MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Daily Except Saturday

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The minority will vote Friday, and, it is feared the majority in accordance with long established custom, will do everything else. The majority is always so shiftless when it comes to going to the polls—they view it as a journey unto the south end of the earth. So if voting Friday inconveniences you in the least, don't do it. It only takes as much times as required to powder the nose for a bridge party.

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Dewey Hill, the Prospect hired man and hillbilly athlete, has a sprained ankle, boil on his elbow, mashed thumb, and a torn ligament, so did not play his usual bang-up game at first base against Eagle Point Sunday. Mr. Hill feels about the same as friends with whom he shakes hands heartily.

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A motion was made for the club to sponsor the coming Sam Gordon, contract bridge expert, the first week in October.—(Pendleton East Oregonian.) Better late than never, but what's the ruah?

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It is now charged that Republicans who registered Democratic to vote for Gen. Martin, have betrayed the Democratic party and the president, and have been wooed and won by Mr. Mahoney's promise to fill their pocketbooks, if they have a pocketbook. It seems that Mr. Mahoney's whacking-up of the wealth planks, has enthralled the Portland and Willamette valley Populists and worse, who in 1930 were going to get their electric lights for nothing. The Republican party, if it had any gumption, would guarantee a full pocketbook, and furnish the pocketbook (pigskin), and provide fried chicken at the taxpayers' expense, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

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A GRIEVOUS MIS-CUE
(Heppner News)

Henry Robertson, Sr., has been losing chickens from cats catch-im them so he has been laying for the culprits, as it were. Wednesday night Mr. Robertson saw two bright eyes shining in the darkness and felt sure he had the guilty cat at his mercy, he fired. Well, upon investigation, he found he had shot his son's pet dog.

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She mowed the lawn with the ease and grace of a woman whose husband was an outstanding bowler, and her oldest boy a tennis crack.

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In his recent invasion of Corvallis, candidate Holman, running for governor on a wholly socialistic platform, compares himself to Jesus Christ, who, he says, was "also" persecuted. — (Corvallis Gazette-Times.) The elephantiatis of the gent's ego is good, but will not rate high in a community that once sported a political freak, who was not alone a Messiah, but an Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great, when his delusions were feeling fit.

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A Communist who knew something about Communism, showed up unexpectedly Monday. He did not think the injustices of the world, or natural-born greed would be cured by splitting former President Hoover up the back with a meat axe.

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17 millionaires now have homes on the lower Klamath river. These are the fellows who were chased out of Oregon by the legislature, and to improve fishing in the Rogue.

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WORKING ON A MOUSE'S TAIL

A Scientist Learned How To Make a Woman's Skin Grow Young

(Adv. Lit. Dig.)—Don't scream, Girls!

Attend Festivities—Mrs. A. B. Cunningham returned to Medford from Eugene Monday, having attended the Mother's day festivities on the University of Oregon campus. Mrs. A. J. Hauk, who was a guest of her daughter, Miss Barbara, on the campus, was joined in Eugene by Mr. Hauk, and the two continued to coast points to spend several days.

To Los Angeles—Mrs. J. Wilson of this city will leave on the train this evening for Los Angeles.

A Blow to Kidnapers

THE return of little June Robles, and William Gettle, to their grief stricken families, just when hope of their rescue alive, was at the lowest ebb, provides a dramatic climax to our latest kidnaping cases, which in genuine heart interest no words can properly describe. The joy that reigns today in these two households, can be imagined, but the story must be left for those concerned to tell.

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WHILE the people of the entire country share in this jubilation, to them the most important feature of this surprising news, should be the fact that NO RANSOMS WERE PAID.

The Arizona kidnapers apparently lost their nerve. Ransom money was offered, but it was never collected. The letter that first told the authorities where the child could be found, came from Chicago. This shows how country-wide this kidnaping racket is, how deeply woven in the fabric of the underworld.

The same fact is revealed in the Los Angeles round up. The first clue came from a dictaphone placed in a residence where holdup men were believed to have a hideout. The final tip came from a member of the underworld. Crime is not only organized in this country, but it is in constant contact from one coast to the other.

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THE Los Angeles kidnapers have no money in their hands, and only punishment before them—may they be given the maximum the law allows!

The Arizona kidnapers have no money, and with Uncle Sam joining in the purusit, will be marked men the rest of their lives,—here's hoping they are apprehended SOON.

A few more kidnaping cases like these, and this despicable and inhuman device of the underworld to make crime PAY, will be less popular than it recently has been.

For there is only one reason why criminals try kidnaping,—for the money there is in it.

If through better methods by the police and the secret service, both state and national, it can be made so hot for kidnapers, that the chances of getting the money, are too remote to justify the risk,—

Then this racket—as a racket—will quickly disappear.

Martin Versus Mahoney

THIS dramatic contest between General Martin and Mayor Mahoney of Klamath Falls, should interest the people of Jackson county.

For the issue involved is one which this section of the state clearly understands.

That issue, briefly, is the issue between, a man fitted in every way for the office he seeks; and a man absolutely unfitted.

For months Mayor Mahoney has been promising the people that if he is elected, not only the "outs" will get in, and the "ins" will get "out"; but those who HAVE will be forced to hand over what they have, to those who have NOT.

During the same time General Martin, one of the best congressmen Oregon has ever had, is sticking to his guns in far off Washington, loyally supporting the president, and merely sending sane and sensible messages to the people of Oregon, largely concerned with figure facts, and his sincere desire to serve them.

It is a struggle as old as the country. Older, in fact, because the contest between the true statesman and the professional demagogue, can be traced back through the annals of ancient Greece.

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WHO will win? It looks like a hoss race at the present writing, but we can't believe the Democrats of Oregon are so blind to their party's,—and their state's—interest that they will desert a man of General Martin's standing and calibre,—for an out and out adventurer and opportunist, like Mahoney.

Certainly the people of Jackson county should know what harm empty promisers and agitating table thumbers like Mahoney can do,—how their elevation to positions of power and trust, inevitably lead to strife, dissension and increasing turmoil.

General Martin not only has lived in this state over 40 years, and knows the state thoroughly, but has a war and peace record,—a record of administrative ability and constructive achievement,—which is not surpassed by any citizen of the state.

Mayor Mahoney has no record that is to his credit. He knows nothing about the state. He hadn't been a resident of the state long enough to qualify when he talked the voters of Klamath Falls into putting him in as mayor.

• • • • •

TALK, talk, talk,—promise, promise, promise—that is Mahoney. Stick to your guns, serve your country, your state and its people,—that is Martin.

It will be very interesting to see what the Democratic voters do on Friday. It will be particularly interesting here in Jackson county where if the members of the Democratic party have really learned their lesson, they won't throw over a man of vision and constructive achievement like General Martin, for just another self seeking politician, like the mayor of Klamath Falls.

Communications

It Will Get Outside Money.

To the Editor:

One of our best known, heaviest taxpayers, and employer of labor, asks me to call attention to a phase of the sales tax question that has not been very much stressed, and that is that the tourist will pay the heaviest part of this tax. The tourist "industry" is reckoned as about the largest in the state, amounting to millions of dollars in expenditures. We can just as well capitalize on our tourist drawing card as not.

Another phase is that the person that really is hard up can make purchases of less than 25 cents on which there is no tax, and purchases from 25 cents to $1 is only one cent.

And again, the property owner is begging you for a relief on his property tax. You have had the sympathy of the property owner so far, but if you are not willing to grant this relief I am afraid that this sympathy will be a thing of the past.

GEO. IVERSON.

Medford, May 15.

Interested in Constable Race.

To the Editor:

It is not my intention to write you a long, bothersome letter, but I, like many others, have selected a candidate whom I feel should be brought to the attention of every citizen interested in electing good, competent public officials at the election next Friday. I refer to Howard McKinney, candidate for constable on the Democratic ticket.

I have known Mr. McKinney for a number of years, and am firmly convinced that we would be fortunate indeed to have him serve as our next constable.

In addition to being an honest and level-headed, taxpaying citizen of our community, Mr. McKinney has spent many years in active law enforcement work. He has also served before as constable, having been elected for a two-year term in another locality.

We have learned to our sorrow and regret, that the work of our constable is decidedly not child's play—the man we elect should be experienced, conservative and honest. I sincerely believe that Mr. McKinney thoroughly measures up to the high standard we should set in the selection of our public officials.

MRS. M. A. ROBINSON.
1021 West Tenth St.,
Medford, Ore., May 15.

Oregon Weather.

Cloudy tonight and Wednesday; fog on the coast; cooler east portion Wednesday; moderate west and northwest wind offshore.

Phone 342 We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WHY ALL THE CRI IN THE WINTER?

One of the stock arguments of advocates of the cold delusion is that acute respiratory ailments prevail chiefly in the winter or the colder part of the year. That is true. It applies, however, as well to diphtheria, epidemic meningitis, scarlet fever and other respiratory infections as it does to coryza, bronchitis or pneumonia.

In the colder months of the year people are housed up and coddled more than in the warmer months. They get less sunshine on naked skin. They take less open air exercise. And they are more crowded together in poorly ventilated rooms where they come into closer contact with persons who have the cri.

The experience of the builders of the Panama Canal with pneumonia and the experience of the British with pneumonia on the Rand in South Africa showed clearly that overcrowding of men in barracks or living quarters was the important factor. In both places when the men were provided with more room to live and sleep in, pneumonia ceased to handicap the work.

As for exposure to cold and wet, the experience of all polar explorers, woodsmen, hunters, who suffer severe exposure, far outweighs the popular notion. It is strange that people who have had the least experience with exposure are most positive that it is a dangerous thing; and those who have endured the bitterest exposure to cold and wet have the least fear of it, for they know that aside from exhaustion and freezing it never causes or predisposes to any illness.

Eliminate the factor of intimate contact with individuals who happen to be carriers of infection or who are just coming down with or just recovering from some acute respiratory infection, and the rest of the evidence favoring the theory of illness or "lowering of resistance" by cold becomes insignificant.

In the autumn, winter or spring people who cherish the obsession of "taking cold" absorb little or no sunshine. The ultraviolet of sunshine is probably essential to enable one to develop and maintain natural or normal immunity against respiratory infection.

Through the colder months of the year schools, dwellings, offices, stores, theaters, workrooms, conveyances and nearly every other place except perhaps churches, are generally overheated. So few people spend so little time in church anyway that it doesn't make much difference if the air there is more healthful.

Aside from the discomfort caused by overheating, it probably does no great harm in itself. But wherever the air is overheated it is sure to be excessively dried out, and the lack of sufficient water vapor in the air is injurious to the health of mucous membranes and skin. Even where special provision for maintaining a better humidity is made, if the temperature rises much above 68 degrees F. it is almost impossible to keep the humidity as high as it should be—that is, as high as it is in open air at that temperature on a pleasant autumn or spring day. We do not know just how much influence the factor of aridity of the air may have on the individual's natural immunity, but physicians generally believe it is a factor of chronic respiratory diseases at least.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Immunization.

Had three injections given to me in the CCC's, one for typhoid and the others for other diseases. Would it harm me to take these injections again if I have to?—C. J., Jr.

Answer—The bacterin of "vaccine" injected hypodermically to immunize against typhoid fever also contains the bacterin necessary to immunize against para-typhoid-A and paratyphoid-B. Usually this is administered in three successive doses at intervals of a week or more. No harm in having that or other bacterins or serums subsequently.

Syrup and Sugar.

We use considerable corn syrup (dark). Is it wholesome? Would it be as well to make our own syrup from cane sugar or brown sugar with flavor added? Which is better, beet sugar, corn sugar or cane sugar?—Mrs. F. G.

Answer — They are all equally wholesome and nutritious. Suit your taste and pocketbook. Personally, I'd rather have some old-fashioned molasses on my pancakes—not the diabolic stuff they call molasses these days, but the genuine open kettle molasses, which contains no sulphurous acid (sulphur dioxide).

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Ed Note: Readers wishing to should send letters direct to Dr. communicate with Dr. Brady William Brady, M. D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
BY O. O. McIntyre

ON THE WAY, May 15.—We are gliding serpent-like, with two puffing engines, through the Colorado high-

country. The winey air is thin and heady — a slight giddiness. Sheer boulder cliffs are speckled green with pine fir. Tired-looking women come to frame shack doorways to wave.

Trans-continental trains are the high country's only relief from the bleak, slate-gray monotony. About the mountain-side cabins are tender tugs of domestic effort. Porches of broken rock. Graveled walks tumbling with an intaglio of sage brush. In back yards goats tethered to long ropes.

Bald-faced cattle stand dumbly near the almost dry water holes of the ravines. Lean men idle about the station platforms with the same immobility, typed by the inevitable row of pins in their coat lapels. But the civilizing influence of the movies has flowered a chic among the mountain maids.

From a smouldering glower of amethyst clouds hanging low on the Missouri horizon last night an electrical dazzle forked the sky. Streaks of fire raced along the ground and exploded with ziz-boom-aah. Then the patter of rain. Nowhere is so cozy as in a train, seemingly in spaceless levitation, plunging gallantly through a storm.

There is horrendous and strangely sustained coloring about the frame towns on the high country's plateau—jaundiced yellows, sickly pinks and poisonous greens of wall paper. It is doubtless an effort to startle the eye in the surrounding flat monotone. If that is the aim, it's a good job.

At Raton, New Mexico, I took advantage of a 15-minute halt for a leg stretch with the Boston. We strolled down the wide main street. Three corners away I thought I heard the conductor's "Bo--aa-rd!" and my heart stood still. I got back in nothing flat, white faced and gasping. "What in the world is the matter?" inquired the Missus. "The high altitude," I fibbed. "It got me." Thus avoiding fraidy-cat hoots.

Our 82-year-old aunt, a prodigious reader all her life, knows more about the Santa Fe trail than those of us who have crossed it many times. To reach octogenerian years with restful curiosity is a fine accomplishment. And to attain it with a prideful glow over our national heritage, as she has, is even finer.

The sun glares down mercilessly on New Mexico's arid miles. The only reliefs to the vista are the snow-capped ridges, faery in their tumbled whiteness. Out the car window I see a Mexican in sombrero and denims plodding the motor highway. He must be miles from a settlement. Alone on the lonely prai-ree. He does not even glance up at the rushing train. Perhaps his thoughts are of the coming moonlight, the strumming guitar and a senorita. But from where I sit New Mexico does not seem to cradle such romance. It is a world of alkaline gray, holy, profane, grim although exquisite with haunting stillness.

Will Hays is a constant affront to the sluggard. He has the activity of the lizard darting about hot stone piles of the desert. At every station he has handed a sheaf of telegrams and the typewriter of his secretary, Earl Bright, is always clicking. Yet he regards these trips as a sort of let-up.

Albuquerque has become a mecca for autograph hunters, more persistent than those around the New York theaters. They specialize, of course, in movie stars, who take advantage of the longest stop, 25 minutes, to promenade the station platform. Shawled burnt-black Indians still squat before their piles of for-sale pottery. The depression has not worn them down. And why should it? In all my visits here I have never seen one make a sale. A train porter tells me the Indians lost their best customer when Roscoe Arbuckle passed from mortal view. Every once in a while in a larkish humor he would buy them out and scatter the souvenirs among the train's passengers. And the old bucks would be "off the reservation" for days.

Things came to the customary pretty pass midway between Albuquerque and Gallup this evening. "So you did the packing?" observed a certain lady bent over the family suitcase. I feared some dereliction and, affecting to be still languidly wan from that high altitude at Raton, flickered the affirmative and inscrutable smile of Mona Lisa's brother. "Wrapping a bottle of red ink in your pajamas," she continued flipping me the loose cork, "certainly smacks of genius!"

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

HIGHER-UP employees of the state liquor commission want bigger pay.

Members of the liquor commission think they ought to have it, while the state board of control, consisting of the governor, the state treasurer and the secretary of state, think they shouldn't.

The papers are full of the ensuing row.

• • •

WHAT about it? Should they have their boost in pay?

Before answering that question, remember that when these jobs were being given out the state liquor commission was fairly SWAMPED with applications.

It looked as if about half the population of Oregon wanted jobs with the state liquor stores, and everybody who was supposed to have any influence was being besieged to use it in behalf of somebody.

• • •

IF THESE jobs were so desirable then, at the going rate of pay, why aren't they equally desirable now?

• • •

IT IS often said that public service is poorly paid—and it may be true.

Still, at every election there is a spirited and sometimes bitter fight to get these jobs—and if we may believe campaign statements the candidates are amply qualified to fill the positions they seek.

So this question naturally occurs: If the public jobs are so desirable as to cause such a scramble to get them, why is it necessary to PAY MORE?

Shouldn't supply and demand govern in the filling of public jobs, as elsewhere?

• • •

THE MAIL TRIBUNE is awarded the Pulitzer prize for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the past year.

That is a very high honor indeed—the highest that can come to an American newspaper.

We can all feel a great deal of pride in the fact that this high honor has come to a Southern Oregon newspaper.

• • •

THE disinterested public service lay in the upholding of law and order, which were threatened by the Banks mania in a time when general misfortune was causing much twisted and inaccurate thinking.

The Mail Tribune, under the leadership of Robert W. Ruhl, its able and talented editor, opposed twisted thinking and appeals to blind prejudice with clear, accurate and honest thinking.

Its enlightened leadership of public opinion won out, and saved this community—one of the finest on the Pacific Coast—from a fate that might have been terrible.

• • •

THE Pulitzer award for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered in 1933 by ANY American newspaper, goes to the Mail Tribune, published in a SMALL city in Oregon.

The Pulitzer award for the best editorial written in 1933 goes to E. P. Chase, of the Atlantic, Iowa, News-Telegraph. The News-Telegraph is published in a small city in Iowa.

• • •

THAT is to say, newspapers published in small cities won the two highest honors that are awarded in this country.

There is nothing surprising about that. The quality of newspapers published in the smaller cities is at least equal to the quality of the newspapers published in the nation's great cities, and the disinterested public leadership displayed by the small city papers is FAR SUPERIOR to that displayed by their big city contemporaries.

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Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
May 15, 1924
(It was Thursday)

Drive opens for a road to the Blue Ledge mine.

President Coolidge vetoes the bonus bill.

Police order "lazy transients to keep going," and "home loafers" are faced with prospect of a municipal wood yard.

Citizens engage in writing to the editors about the Ruch road paving.

"Human fly" climbs up the side of the Hotel Holland building, and the collection amounts to $54.10.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 15, 1914
(It was Friday)

Apathy rules at the polls, and a light vote is cast.

"A powerful influence" blockst construction of railroad to Crescent City, a Portland paper charges.

Private Harvey Ling of the "Sleepy Seventh" is ordered from the room for failure to obey Lieut. Elmer Foss' orders to drill. The military organization is in an upheaval.

City directory for year shows Medford has 10,500 people.

Vining theater at Ashland is opened, with many local folk in attendance.

Heavy rains in Applegate wash out road to Blue Ledge.

Dog poisoner again busy in city.

Malta Commandery No. 4 ...K. T., Masonic Hall, Ashland, Ore. Stated conclave, Wednesday evening, May 16th. Routine business. Red Cross and Malta degrees. Meet 7:30 sharp. Sir Knights invited.
J. H. HARDY, Commander.
W. H. DAY, Recorder.

To LaCrosse — Miss Kate Shepard left by train today for LaCrosse, Wis.

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"MY DEAR, ICE TRAYS THAT STICK ARE OUT-OF-DATE..."

Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

Automatically—at a *finger* touch—ice trays glide from the freezer of the Super Series Frigidaire '34! And here are some of the other features:

Automatic defrosting; Lifetime Porcelain inside *and* out; Sliding Utility Basket; and the Frigidaire Servashelf.

Nor is that all! . . . *double* Hydrator capacity; interior lighting; faster freezing; and extra room for tall bottles.

Will you come in and see what's happened in electric refrigeration?

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Adults 20¢ Anytime — STUDIO THEATRE — Children 10¢ Anytime

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Philo Vance comes back to match wit, nerve, and daring with the most dangerous killer ever created by S. S. Van Dine, master mystery story writer!

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Warner Bros.' new thrill-hit from the Cosmopolitan serial, with Mary Astor, Ralph Morgan, Helen Vinson, Jack LaRue

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With GILBERT ROLAND
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