

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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February 12th, 1935

HOW REFRESHING it is, in such times as these, to contemplate the serenity, the wisdom and the true greatness of a man like Abraham Lincoln.

In the midst of all the bitterness, dissension and uncertainty of the present time, how reassuring to review the life of the Great Emancipator, who guided the destinies of this nation with such courage and restraint, through what was for him and for his countrymen, a far more critical period.

So much has been said and written of Abraham Lincoln, that in one sense there is nothing to add. And yet it may be helpful, particularly under conditions which now prevail, to again review his life and try to determine what outstanding characteristic, seems to set him apart from, and above, all of our other great national leaders.

This characteristic was to our mind his TOLERANCE,—not the tolerance that is sometimes the product of weakness and indecision, but the tolerance that is born of a deep and penetrating human understanding.

At every crisis of his career, Lincoln saw to the heart of things. And because he saw to the heart of things, he never failed to realize, that in every problem, there is the viewpoint of "the other side."

As a result of this quality, Lincoln was constantly subjected to cross-fire from the extremists of both sides. The south accused him of inciting the slaves to armed revolt against their masters; his own radical supporters in the north accused him of cowardice and pusillanimity, when he favored compensation for the dispossessed, in the slave holding south.

At practically every turn of the road the extremists attacked him. For as usual in times of great strain and stress, any policy of fairness and moderation only enraged them. They had tasted blood and wanted more. In the same way near the outbreak of the war, Lincoln's plea for conciliation, was interpreted in the south merely as a sign of fear and weakness, so to their hatred of him, was added contempt.

Nevertheless Lincoln, calm and unafraid maintained the even tenor of his way, to the very end.

Imagine, if you can, any other great leader in world history, with victory certain, after tremendous losses in blood and treasure, officially giving voice to such sentiments as these:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphan, and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

That message was not directed to the people of the north alone, but to the people of the south also,—to the men, women and children of the ENTIRE nation.

Or when following the Emancipation Proclamation:

"In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free,—honorable alike in what we give and what we take away."

Compare such an attitude with that of another great leader following the World War,—Lloyd-George, with his resounding campaign cry of "Hang the Kaiser!"

In this country's history there have been greater warriors, more skillful statesmen, more brilliant political leaders, but to our mind, none who more truly deserved the title of true "CHRISTIAN" than Abraham Lincoln. For when all is said and done, wasn't it "Honest Abe's" tolerance, his humility, his clarity, his true love of his fellowman, regardless of color, nationality or station, which placed him above all other great national figures of modern times?

WE think so. And it is also our belief, that during these present days of stress and strain, bickering and backbiting, the principles that Lincoln stood for, are what this country sorely needs.

With our Townsend friends demanding the scalps of everyone who dares disagree with them; with our Moleys and Peglers calling the Townsends "nuts and fools"; with Huey Long out to soak the rich, and Wall Street out to "get" Huey Long; with the bonus marchers demanding this, and the Sinclairites demanding that; with everyone yelling "give me" and no one considering WHO will have to give...

WHAT could benefit the people of this country more than a revival of the tolerance that Lincoln always displayed,—yes and perhaps equally important, a revival of Lincoln's sense of humor.

For Lincoln never lost that. Most of his wisdom was couched in parable of semi-comic form. And when one comes down to cases, a sense of humor is after all the essence of wisdom, for it is based upon a proper sense of proportion—the ability to see things in the right perspective and thus separate what is true from what isn't.

Lincoln's tolerant spirit,—Lincoln's horse sense,—Lincoln's sense of humor! Just a little of that,—for just a little while—and how long would our petty troubles survive!

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to discuss 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, 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE VICISSITUDES OF THE FAUCAL TONSILS.

The fauces is the narrow passage from the mouth or oral cavity to the throat or pharynx, between the base of the tongue and the soft palate. On both sides the soft palate extends down in two curved folds called pillars, one in front, the other behind the tonsil. We call 'em faucal tonsils to distinguish these particular tonsils from other tonsils which are provided here and there about the throat...

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Is cancer contagious thru kissing on the lips? If so, how counteract the effects? (B. M. E.) Answer—No, cancer is not communicable. Compounding a Cheese Sandwich Our druggist refused to sell us coppers which we tried to get for dyeing hair. He said it was iron sulphate and offered us instead some Madam— (B. R. D.) Answer—He could hand you a package of Madame without interrupting the compounding of the cheese sandwich. Iron sulphate (ferrous) is copper. Copper sulphate is also known as blue vitriol and blue-stone. Perhaps it is just as well you didn't get the copper. It is not very satisfactory as a black hair dye (the method is to dip the hair in a quart of tea in which a piece of iron sulphate (copper) the size of a chestnut is dissolved). This is perfectly safe, anyhow, and probably Madame contains poisonous ingredients. Jazzing Up Mother Nature A physician here practices premature induction of labor and claims as his reasons earlier delivery because of the smaller child, and relief from the strain of the last month of pregnancy... (P. P. F.) Answer—If you mean this is a routine practice, I think it is unwarranted. In certain complications it may be advisable. (Copyright 1935, John P. Dille Co.) Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—A letter: "Novelists and the movies would likely twist my New York career into the usual sub-sister finish—a frail form, dredged out of the dark waters of the Hudson. The fact is I've flirted with danger for three years and am going back home a good-bad girl. That is, I learned to drink and smoke and become shock proof without indulging the major vices. I have about \$80 over bus fare home. I arrived here out of college full of the usual hope, lived in a carefully protected girls' club and write this from a shabby room of the questionable hotel. "I have my regrets but no alibis. I am a product of the era, what your Broadway would call "a slick little chiseler." I know how to get a first class dinner and often a \$10 bill in exchange for nothing more than one of those push-away kisses in a taxi going home. "What I have lost in self respect, I have gained in worldly knowledge but that may yet give me back. I thought one of the finest fellows in my town was a country town poke. But after being pawed by the perturbed New York breed, I think he's an angel. And I'm wishing he'll ask me again to marry."

Communications

"Call of the Undertaker" To the Editor: The New York Times editorial in Friday's Tribune ("Everyday Works but Father") is an effort to make it look like the Townsend plan was anything but a benefit to old age. That kind of bunk might have fooled the people a few years ago, but not any more. People have awakened from newspaper propaganda influenced by those that spend much more than \$200 a month. That old person speak of having \$47 left at the end of the month don't have to exert himself. He would probably be able to take down the phone and call up the furniture man and order an easy chair, or the undertaker and make a payment on funeral expenses. Either one would be willing to relieve him of his \$47. Money bags is a little late with his saying W. A. TRATCHER, Talent, Feb. 12. Diggers Find Thrush Fossil CAIDZ, O.—(UP) An unusual specimen of a prehistoric thrush was found here as a fossil in a piece of soapstone. The fossil, perfect in shape with 20 points, was discovered by workmen on a road improvement job.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

BUNCH of fellows gathered at luncheon. Lot of important business to be transacted—business affecting materially the welfare of the community. Every man present giving up time from his own business; time that as a busy individual he can't afford to lose.

In other words, a typical gathering of typical Americans—the kind of people that have made this country what it is.

The first important business, the occasion being luncheon, is eating, so the first problem is what to eat.

Up toward the top of the menu is a foreign word that none of the linguists present can translate—at least with any confidence. So, being typical Americans, and therefore good gamblers, most of them take a whirl at it.

It turns out to be soup—darned good soup.

That reminds somebody of a yarn. It seems that a young fellow from the sticks took his girl into one of the ritzy restaurants in the city, and when the waiter brought the menu it was in French. Not wishing to display ignorance, he pointed to an item and said: "Bring me that."

The waiter did so, and it was soup. They ate the soup, and the young fellow dropped down a little farther and pointed to another item. The waiter brought it and it was soup—of a different kind. They ate that and pointed to a third item, and again the waiter brought soup; still of a different kind.

Wearing somewhat of soup, the customer dropped pretty well down into the body of the menu, where the hearty viands OUGHT to be, and again pointed to an item and again the waiter departed and returned.

This time he brought toothpicks!

THAT brought forth another one, a gentleman, entering a restaurant in Mexico, had difficulty in making the waiter understand that he wanted steak and mushrooms. So, resorting to the sign language, he turned the menu over and drew on the back of it what he fondly imagined to be a picture of a mushroom and a cow.

The waiter brought him an umbrella and a ticket to the bull fight.

THE scene shifts nearer home. A Southern Oregonian, returning from the city, noted down in the Sacramento valley flocks of turkeys. "What do all these turkeys live on," he asked.

"On grasshoppers," he was told. "And what do the grasshoppers live on?" he inquired.

"Why," was the response, "they live on the droppings from the turkeys."

There's perpetual motion for you.

THAT, of course, reminded something of the old one about the cat and rat farm.

The cats, you will remember, fed on the rats, and when they became fat and sleek were killed, their pelts sold to the fur manufacturers and their carcasses fed to the rats.

The cats fed on the rats, the rats fed on the cats, and the furs were left as CLEAR PROFIT.

Story Starts Quiz



The Oklahoma state board of affairs was investigating charges of George Matlage (above), former inmate of the state reformatory, that guards handcuffed him to a cell and broke his wrists by opening doors. (Associated Press Photo)

bought for gold, why then it takes on an almost mystic glamour, this treasure that is hidden, as it has been since the world was fashioned, in the secret hills. Jud Hitson touched the fringes of that secrecy. The hills were good to him.

Ofentimes we think of the past, the days of Bret Harte, as the time of romance. And the present wears the uninviting habiliments of the humdrum. Still, there is the exploit of the lucky Mr. Hitson, and it is seen that the present is no less a time of romance than were the early 50's. This is a region of romance, and peculiarly so, because it possesses so many of the requisites. Long centuries from now other Jud Hitsons, you might call them, will be looking from the hills to sell the gold they have found. One assumes, of course, that gold will continue to be the hunger of the race. It is not wholly pleasing to assume that it will be so.

Surely, of all that read the story about Jud Hitson and his gold, there must have been a thousand or so who would like to expose the calling of prospector. But it is indeed, a work to which many are called though from whose toll-work ranks but few are chosen. The last of the old prospectors of the days of '49 used to drift through the southern Oregon hills only a handful of years ago. Their ancient eyes were dim with time and distance. They were incredibly weather-beaten and weary. Most of them were venerable with long white beards, tobacco-stained. A burro, the few simple tools of the prospector, a blanket roll—these were all that the jealous years had permitted them to retain. They still were looking for the big strike. But, for opposed example, one family of southern Oregon hillmen, whose members were professional pocket-hunters, took fortune after fortune out of the treasury of the mountains—and squandered it all.

Always, in such discussion, we invoke the semi-humorous assertion of what origin one cannot say. "That's gold in them thar hills." Yonder they rise, rugged and forest-clad, serenely non-committal, and yet speak somehow to promise. It is all true about the gold in the hills. It is there. But there can only be an occasional Jud Hitson—Oregonian

not mean they are bosom companions. Rather it meant that after bowling Mr. Green over with the auto code action, Mr. Roosevelt was merely helping to pick him up and dust him off.

Another way to straighten out the foreign trade trouble would be to call an international trade and monetary conference, but that cannot be done because our diplomats have secretly sounded out the other nations on it and found them not yet ready for it.

Secretary Perkins has now convinced labor leaders that the first step knew of the auto code renewal was when she heard of it at a White House reception that night. The newspapers knew it before she did.

Sensors who have flitted at the tint of red in the AAA (Smith, Byrd, etc.) may have apoplexy when they find that the ousted Mr. Howe has been replaced by Dr. Calvin Hoover (Duke University). Dr. Hoover is not what he sounds like, a combination of Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, but one of this country's foremost authorities on Russian economics.

But they can get together, at luncheons and elsewhere, and after fortifying their spirits with the necessary amount of kidding and horseplay and spin-spinning can get down to business and work like the dickens for the good of the community.

You can't lick a breed like that!

Mr. Hitson's Gold Strike. Jud Hitson of Medford went into the hills a few months ago—three of them, to be specific—and when he came out he had something like \$17,000 in raw gold. Even though gold did not have the meaning it has for us, still should the virgin metal gleaming from its mother-quartz be seen beautiful to any observer. But when you think of all that may be

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History) Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.

Annual banquet of the Jackson County Lincoln club to be held tonight. Nation pays tribute to "Great Emancipator."

The "Page-corner" at Main and Riverside is sub-divided, and building will be erected as soon as plans can be made.

Conflicting reports persist relative to the fate of Floyd Collins, imprisoned in Kentucky Cave.

Central Post plans to give away lots to home builders.

Dan Watson defeats Chris Gotlieb in city billiard championship tourney.

Fair weather, after two weeks of showers and wind predicted for week-end.

Scarlet fever scare on Sardinia creek passes.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY February 12, 1925 (It Was Friday) Mollie Towne of Phoenix, only woman representative in the legislature wins a victory when she speaks in favor of a bill giving women teachers the same pay as men, and it is carried.

Berlin hails retreat of Russian horde on eastern front as "great victory."

Formation of a baseball team at Table Rock is labelled "the first sign of spring in the valley."

A new plasmolite decorates the club rooms of the "Sleepy Thru" through the efforts of Carl Y. Tengwall.

Republicans rolled by editorial declaring, "Lincoln more a democrat, than a republican," and "the name of Lincoln is a sorry satire at a standpat banquet, for he was not a standpater."

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hanby entertain the teachers of Lincoln school at dinner.

Ye Poet's Corner

EVOLUTION There is no Future nor any Past; All is the Eternal Now; What has been does not matter; What shall be shall not last.

Evolution There is no Future nor any Past; All is the Eternal Now; What has been does not matter; What shall be shall not last.

Evolution There is no Future nor any Past; All is the Eternal Now; What has been does not matter; What shall be shall not last.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The Portland citizen, jailed but once in 30 arrests for drunkenness, over a two year period, did fairly well, considering he had no automobile, or "pull."

A million dollars really are as the boy told his teacher, a lot of money.—(Baker Democrat-Herald). For — Bake!

Dock Lagoon, the dentist, is convalescing from some repairs to his nose, which also did not hurt a bit.

At a U. S. Senate committee hearing last week, Frank H. Vanderbilt, New York banker, declared, "If there is anybody who really understands money, I have never come across him." It is quite evident Mr. Vanderbilt has done no loafing around his own bank corner.

Mrs. Dora Thomas is at home, as the result of a bad tooth.—(Yreka, Calif. Journal). Maybe, the gossip flew.

New spring hats for the fair sex, are on display, and one eye.

The government will check up on all yachts on the Pacific coast. It is hoped no yachts, heretofore listed and assessed as rowboats are discovered.

California last year collected \$55,500,000 from its Sales Tax. This is an abominable tax, when it comes to producing revenue, and the handsome figure justifies the horror and hysteria of Oregon voters, in their determination never to have any truck with such a sensible and successful measure.

YE GOOD—BUT IGNORED, PRAYER (Congressional Record) The Chaplain, Rev. ZeBarney T. Phillips, D. D., offered the following prayer: "Deliver us from all coldness of heart, that we may look upon our world with love-filled eyes; silence our tongues to every unkind word; open our ears to the gentle stirrings of the voice of Thy wisdom and make us faithful stewards of the ministry of government; that, seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all other blessings may be added unto us."

The Mayor of Klamath Falls lauds the Governor, and declares "The Big Interests are not dictating to him." To this it is timely to add, that neither does the Mayor of Klamath Falls.

NEWPORT, Ky., Feb. 9.—(AP)—Where there was one bump, there will now be two dents. The marriage license was issued Samuel DeWitt and Marjorie Bump, both of Delaware, Ohio.—(Press Dispatch). May they never be depressed.

An upstate editor has come to the editorial conclusion that "the chief source of our trouble, as a people is due to chronic liars." The scribe failed to go to the bottom of his subject. He did not take into consideration, the chronic believers of the chronic liars, without whom the latter would soon cease.

CORONERS JURORS CHOSEN FOR QUIZ IN HANSEN DEATH

(Continued from Page One) The coroners and jurors chosen for the quiz in the death of Hans Hansen are: Coroner, Robert Walker, a small boy; Jurors, David Hood, Philip Whitlock, Mr. Phillip Whitlock, Huston Pitts, Holene Pitts, Claire Shores, Mrs. C. J. Smith, Mrs. D. W. Stone, R. K. Rians, Ernie Shangle, Louis Clark, Fred Nich, James Brown, Archie Anderson, Charles Carico, Elmer Hayes, and Ellen A. Smith. The inquest will be held at the Per funeral home, with Coroner Frank A. Perl in charge. The auto driven by Carroll, assertedly crashed into the rear of the Hansen auto while traveling at a high rate of speed, resulting in injuries of varying degree to all the occupants of the Hansen car. Carroll was also badly bruised and cut.

WILLIAM SAWYERS RITES TOMORROW

William Spencer Sawyers passed away at his home, 141 South Holly, early February 10, after an illness from heart trouble. He was aged 79. Mr. Sawyers was born at Scottsburg, Ore., April 9, 1855, the son of Andrew and Frances McIlwain Sawyers, early pioneers who came to Oregon in 1850, settling at Scottsburg. He spent most of his life on the original saw of his parents. The family came to Medford six years ago in June, 1929. He had been a member of the Methodist church for the past 23 years. He leaves his wife, Bessie B. Sawyers, one son and two daughters, William B. Sawyers, Medford; Miss Dennise Sawyers, Detroit, Mich.; and Miss Arizona Sawyers, Portland, Ore. Funeral services will be held at the Per funeral home, Wednesday at 4 p. m. Rev. Ralph Peterson officiating. Interment will take place at Scottsburg, Thursday at 2 p. m.

SPANISH WAR VET PENSION RESTORED

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today submitted to congress an executive order modifying the economy regulations and restoring to pension rolls veterans of the Spanish-American war who are listed after August 12, 1898, and who served outside the continental United States. The new regulations eliminating the reductions in pensions affects about 8,500 cases. It resulted from recommendations made by the Veterans' Bureau after an investigation ordered by the President.

Relieves Worst Cough In Jig Time

One dose of Broncholine Relieves the worst cough of yours. Gives INSTANT RELIEF! Another dose or two an hour apart will probably end it for good and all. If you have to take more than half a bottle to get rid of it, you can have your money back. BRONCHOLINE gives you and all other good druggists guarantee. Contains no opium and will not upset your stomach.