

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. A journalist was loose upstairs last week, it was reported. They know he was a journalist because he said so, and tried to borrow money from fellow journalists.

Atty. Wm. McAllister has a new girl at his house, necessitating longer and longer talks to jury. Woodpiles are being robbed, the police hear. The culprit is not, as they would like to see it, a dog, but a man.

Big Jim Farley, the pm. general, and guided light of the Administration, arriving in Frisco Wed., and so excited the local Democracy they're speculating called him Large James Farley.

A crescent edition of the moon was shining bravely and brightly back of Jville Fri. evng., and has recovered from its recent eclipse.

Pin-head rat has showed up again—but not in the pears. Duck hunters were disgusted Thurs. to hear that the gov't has failed to let them lie in a Klamath county puddle with a shotgun and kill more than ten (10) ducks in nine (9) hours of any day.

V. Photo Colvig of Hollywood visited folks here last week. He is the honest, burk of the bound in the Walt Disney pictures.

The Lions urged people to save toys for Christmas, the 1st of the wk., and seem in a slight rush. Auto dealers report they have sold more new cars this summer than in the last two years and it looks like it.

The Ethiopians have the moral and poetical backing of Del Getchell the banker in their embargo with Mussolini.

Your corf. was promised the first venison steak of the season Tues. by a mighty hunter who never kills a deer.

Bill Allen has returned from a sojourn in British Columbia and now wants tea at 4 p. m. The tomatoes are coming along fine, due to plenty of water and sunshine, and a good word spoken in their behalf by Peoria Bill Gates.

Another corner has succumbed to the oil octopus. Jackson County, supervisor of many hysterical foundation shakings, had its raters slightly trembling the end of the week.

Leon Haskins has a boy learning to be a pilot, by sweeping off the sidewalk, and the lad is still weak around a fire hydrant.

Several citizens are planning new igloos. The weekly inhumanity was held at the Armory Thurs night, without a side rumple. A victorious gladiator kicked around considerable, while a photograph played, from causes undetermined.

Daniel and Dubb Watson, both consummated birthdays last week. There has been no rain for nine weeks, and no agriculturist seems to care.

The watermelons will soon be ready for somebody to get shot for one. Ben Harder explained the 1935 banking law Tuesday, at a luncheon, and spoke courteously of same. It has long been regarded by the layman as flabbergasting and befuddling, etc., etc.

Picking, packing, and peddling of pears impends. Polygamist Charged. KINOMAN, Ariz. Aug. 3.—(AP)—County Attorney Elmo Bollinger said today he has filed criminal charges against eight residents of the Short Creek community in the northern Arizona strip, immediately south of the Utah line, for living in a state of polygamy.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Eugene Dietrich, business agent of the Longshoremen's Union here, told police he believed he had wounded one of six men he said attempted to force their way into his home early today.

Lynch Law—It's Cause

JUDGE LYNCH is getting pretty close to home! Down at San Jose a few years ago. Now, he has moved north to Yreka, just across the Oregon line. Clyde Johnson who, police declare, confessed to the murder of Pliege Chief Daw of Dunsuir, was taken for a ride early yesterday morning by an armed mob, and hung from a tree until he was dead.

So there is another knot in the hemp for old Judge Lynch, and throughout this fair land, the time-honored debate regarding lynch law will again be carried on.

THIS debate will have one curious feature. As far as opinions for PUBLICATION are concerned, they will be overwhelmingly against such lawlessness,—lynch law will be universally and scathingly condemned.

But expressions of opinion NOT for publication will be of a very different tenor.

Let anyone canvass opinion today in Dunsuir, or Yreka, or the small hamlets and ranch homes between,—and what will one find? Here will be the popular, word of mouth, sub-rosa verdict:

"It served the blankety blank so and so right. If we had a few more of these lynchings there would be fewer murders and kidnappings and such like crimes. That bird got just what was coming to him."

Shocking! Granted.

But we might as well face the facts. That IS the honest opinion of the man in the street, when an atrocious crime is committed, and there is no doubt—at least in the public mind—of the guilt of the victim. It is rough justice, but the rank and file justify it, because they are convinced it IS justice. And that's what they want—JUSTICE.

WHAT does that mean? Does it mean that this section of California is less civilized than other sections, that they have as a people advanced a very short distance from barbarism; that psychologically speaking they are still in the frontier stage? We think not.

That part of the country compares favorably with any other part of the country, in education, enlightenment and respect for law and order. Northern California is sparsely settled, and Dunsuir is not exactly a Y. M. C. A. town, but about San Jose, California, where a few years ago two kidnaping murderers were lynched, and not only was this mob action endorsed by the rank and file of that prosperous metropolis, including its chamber of commerce, but the then governor of the great state of California publicly and officially UPHOLD it!

What is behind this sort of thing—how can it be explained? As we see it the answer isn't hard to find.

LAWLESS METHODS OF SECURING JUSTICE ARE BEING UPHOLD BY PUBLIC OPINION, BECAUSE LAWFUL METHODS HAVE BROKEN DOWN!

If legal justice were quick and sure in this country—as quick and sure for example as in England,—there would be no revival of lynch law—at least not north of the Mason and Dixon line. It wouldn't be heard of, because in the minds of the rank and file, it wouldn't be needed.

BUT with crimes of violence on all sides,—with the war of organized crime against a peaceful and law-abiding society gaining day by day on all fronts; with arrest of the guilty parties, leading to conviction only about three out of ten times; with conviction leading to prompt and proper punishment, not one time in twenty; with parole boards letting out confirmed criminals to resume their careers of violence and crime on one hand; and soft hearted or venal governors, pardoning killers to kill again, on the other,—what are a long suffering and an outraged people to do about it—but as a last resort when some particularly heinous crime breaks down normal restraints, take the law into their own hands.

NOT that we would condone lynch law. Nor sympathize with it, no matter WHAT the provocation. It can't be condoned by any self respecting newspaper, nor by any right thinking citizen. It is MORALLY and LEGALLY WRONG, and once officially sanctioned, would lead to far more deplorable conditions, than the conditions which have produced it.

And we believe the time has come for the people of the country as a whole to try to understand it.

The plain truth is lynch law is coming back, because the conditions which first invoked it on the early frontier are threatening to come back.

The early pioneers were not inherently lawless, in fact quite the reverse.

It was because they cared so MUCH for law and order,—the security of life and property,—that when the constituted authorities failed to do the job for them, they formed their vigilante committees to do it for themselves. And it worked.

And the people of this country are going back to vigilante methods, more and more, UNLESS some way is found, whereby this country can again be made reasonably SAFE, for honest, peace-loving and law-abiding citizens.

EVERY parole board that releases a convicted crook, every governor who commutes the sentence or condones a guilty criminal; every shyster lawyer that resorts to this subterfuge and that, this delay and some other, with solely one end in view, to obstruct justice and get money for himself—these are the agencies in this country equally if not MORE responsible for the revival of Judge Lynch, than the various and sundry citizens, who under the excitement of the moment and yielding to aggressive and misguided leadership, try to correct one crime, by committing another.

CONGRESS DUE TO QUIT AUGUST 20, 7 BILLS DOOMED. WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—(P)—A Republican leader who knows congress looked over the 17 major bills awaiting final action today and predicted at least seven would be scrapped to permit an adjustment in two weeks—or August 20 at the latest.

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. Writing 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.

WHEN OLD AGE SETS IN. Right after I had finished a series of articles telling the maybe more of it I had a right to tell about keeping young or postponing senility, darned if a letter didn't arrive from a Kansas farmer who said he had been giving a good deal of time lately to thinking, while they were digging out his farm, on the subject of growing old. He observed that at 60 or so there is generally some evidence of failing sight, falling memory, stiffening joints, sluggish digestion, and worst of all, the much dreaded prostatic enlargement which makes miserable the existence of so many elderly men.



And so he thought a few articles in this column on the care of the human body at this time in life should be interesting and instructive. Any day now I expect to get a letter from some one asking why I write something on how to keep well. Frankly, I've been turning that very idea over in my mind for 20 years or more, and some day I'll do it when you least expect it. The Kansas philosopher whose farm is buried in dust does not believe the partly worn out human machine can be rejuvenated to any great extent, but he cherishes a fond hope that the bearings can be oiled up, the battery recharged, and the old fellow kept on his feet and out of the soldiers' home for a few more years.

In reply to the dry farmer's request, beg to state that I have nothing new to add to what I said in the series of articles which he probably dismissed as trivia or tripe. What little additional wisdom I was able to collect I included in the booklet "Building Vitality," which is now available at ten cents a copy if you write for it and enclose a stamped envelope bearing your address. It would be trite to say, and so I did not say that proper treatment or prevention of senility begins before you are born. But the condition of one's teeth has a good deal to do with it, and certainly we know that the diet of the mother before the child is born largely determines the condition of the child's teeth. So if any of you younger readers contemplate having a baby, you had better file your order now and as-

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Valley Pioneer Remembers Yreka Lynching of 1895

Royal E. Brown, pioneer merchant, of Eagle Point, recalled today, that "in the fall of 1895, four prisoners in the county jail at Yreka, Calif., were taken by a night mob, from their cells and hanged in the courthouse yard. Singularly, Brown recalls, that one of the 1895 victims of mob vengeance, "The Prospective Mother," include in cents coin if you want a copy of the Brady Baby Book. Be sure you get your vitamins. (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)



(Continued from Page One) is Chairman Doughton of the powerful ways and means committee. The triumvirate decided recently to teach Mr. Doughton a lesson.

Doughton had promised the republicans eight hours of debate on his tax bill without consulting the triumvirate. Byrna, O'Connor and Bonard, that that was too much time and decided to show Mr. Doughton who was leader. When Doughton tried to arrange for eight hours, the triumvirate had Boland object, something unheard of, in the end they had to agree to six hours, but Doughton now knows whom to consult when he wants to arrange debating time.

One-third of the members of congress have sent their families home or to resorts. That may delay adjournment.

When Secretary McLaughlin left the senate finance committee witness chair, he leaned over to Treasury-Critic Harry Byrd and said: "We two apple growers should not be so far apart."

Congressman Wilcox of Florida is offering \$1000 to anyone who will tell him how a democrat can get a job with this administration. At least he made the offer in replying to a constituent who asked him the question.

GOING ZENITH There's A Reason SEE PAGE 12 Pruitt Melody Shop

FORMER MEDFORD YOUTH FIGURED LYNCHING 'JOKE'

(Continued from Page One) ity, but no compassion was to be seen on any face.

Knobs of excited men were on every street corner throughout the day, some arguing as to whether death came by strangulation or by a broken neck. No one seemed to know. One doctor said he saw no signs of a break—another that the neck had most certainly been broken.

View Lynching Tree Hundreds of cars, each loaded with curious passengers, drove out on the Fort Jones road to view the tree where the man had been hanged. A perfectly common looking pine tree, the crowds nevertheless continued to stare at it all day, and many mothers pointed out to the children where the body had swung. "Dutch" Martin, brother of Fleming Martin, and the man who first touched the body springing from the tree, was busy showing people just where the body hung, the exact limb from which it hung, where the rope was tied, and every ounce of information that he knew.

All listened intently, and all were grim-faced about it—and certainly all felt that "they can't kill our police officers and get away with it." Said "Dutch" Martin: "My brother came in and woke me up about 2 o'clock. He was so excited I didn't know what he was talking about for ten minutes! Then, as soon as I could tell, we jumped in my car and started out to look for the lynchings. A service station man told us he had seen some cars on the Fort Jones road, so we went out that way. When I saw which the reporter was one, through the doorway. But the crowd was working on the body, and no one was being admitted, although crowds were standing on the sidewalk outside talking about the affair.

Men, women and children were milling about the doorway, and many were holding their faces close to the glass of the back windows trying to get a look. Said one: "I saw him twice when he was alive. I might as well see him twice now that he's dead."

Photographer Popular One of the most popular men in Yreka yesterday was "Snap" Goodrich, the photographer, who had rushed to the scene as soon as the report had come in that Johnson had been lynched. He got four good "poses" of the corpse, one from each angle, by use of a flashlight bulb, it being dark.

Asked if he were interested in selling the photographs, he stated that the Oakland Tribune had sent an airplane for them, and that copies would be in Saturday's paper in Oakland. But Saturdays were trooping into his place to look at them first hand. The pictures showed that the body swung from a small limb only a few inches through, and that the toes cleared a barbed wire fence by only a few inches. Goodrich pointed out that the man, barefooted, could not possibly have knocked bark off the pine tree, as was first reported. The bark, he said, had been carried away by souvenir hunters.

Another man, who refused to divulge his name, was proudly exhibiting the dead man's socks, taken from his empty cell at the jail. Martin Lange, the jailer, who was spirited away by the throng, and forced to walk home the 10 miles from Grenada, was willing to exhibit the rope burns on his wrists, his lacerated feet from the crushed rock along the road, and the piece of rope with which his wrists had been bound. He said he intends to keep the rope as a memento. He was shot at by Hall, the man now awaiting execution for the Quigley-Kent murders at Yreka. He told his story to the by-standers while leaning his tender foot on the shattered door through which the raiders had gained entrance. Written large upon the jailer's door was a placard: "Visiting Hours 2 to 4 on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, ONLY." Lange ruefully added that it was too dark for his visitors to read this Friday night.

Luke Lange stated that it was common knowledge in Yreka that Johnson would have been lynched several days ago, had the authorities not maintained that he would be instrumental in the capture of Miller. (his partner in the slaying of Daw), who is still at large.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—To sit so gallant and away with the elephantine lumberings of a Fifth Avenue staccato of life on the sidewalk and streets below, is about as much fun as the metropolis offers. Every block is shifting as the kaleidoscope.



Across from my perch this sundown was a graceful u l smokerette lost in the style sweeps in the pages of Harper's Bazar. In front a harried Casper Milquetoast with an umbrella and a dent in his derby. And across the path a brikpin with a nevermore pair of gloves in his breast pocket.

Reminded of Bill Nye's smile: "His gloves stuck upon out of the pocket of his coat like the fingers of a drowning man calling for four more beers." We halted a moment in front of a feminine type restaurant with window tables and there came this reflection:

I never saw a skinny girl eating one of those gooey double luxuro chocolates. And I never saw a fat woman who wasn't. A lurch and an elderly gentleman drops his glasses. They were run over the glass powdered fine enough to put into an enemy's oatmeal.

Too, a girl alighted at Hick's fountain, churning her drink with a spoon and swinging the glass in circles to get the last mixed drop. Darling thought: Soda jerkers have studied 50 years and the Confectioner's Journal has given recipes of millions of drinks with palate pleasing names, but no one has beaten the good old chocolate ice cream soda at Rumpelmayer's for 22 years.

A sheen of Bowery brass in the avenue's pomp. A flight-up "Dress Suit for Hire" parlor. A statistician should strike the average of dress suits men wear at class reunions and the vintage of Irwin Cobb's. The one with frog buttons! Menjou and Jack Whiting gum up full evening attire for most of us. Maybe, to it's the end of the Dress Suit Era. Slacks for a slack period!

A Claire Luce type swings daintily out of Dunhill's with one of those Bedingtons on a leash. The dog that looks and acts like a shy lamb. That such a noble animal as the dog should be subjected to changing styles! Where is the Spice, Pug, Newfoundland and the Canic? They vanish like the buffalo and Indian. I hear there's not a French poodle in all Paris. Not even in the Parc Monceau.

A half dozen women smoking in a single block. Not one self-conscious. I remember my father returning from New York to tell the old Nestors on his hotel verandah of Rosina Vokes smoking a cigar, lighting the wrong end so the wrapper unfolded. It was supposed to be the funniest thing on the stage. Rosina Vokes was a cult. Like Cornell, B. Lillie and Tallulah. One must be in advance of 50 to remember. Beatrice Herford once opened a Rosina Vokes theater. There were Rosina Vokes cigars, hats, etc.

The five-and-ten building that covers the Wendell acreage is undergoing the finishing touches. More than London Tower, the venerable mansion was cloaked in gloom. There was a knothole in the high spiked fence where the pedestrian could see the asthmatic dog Toby in his several military dollar playground. Shutters flapped in the wind, dim lights flickered mysteriously at windows and now and then late at night a shawled Wendell sister would peep furtively out the door and scurry to drop a letter in the corner box. A sepulchral haunt made for mystery makers. Poe would have loved it.

A lady spiraled up to our conning tower at the public library. She opened a book I've wanted to read, Lowell's Bigelow Papers. This was a George Ade sum-up of things in the generation before Ade. The most interesting of all biographies should be one that Ade turns out. The only real modern of his generation.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3.—(AP)—John Pershing Heiner, a cousin of General John J. Pershing, hanged himself today in a closet in his mid-city apartment.

An opened letter from his wife, urging him to bear up under his poverty, was found on the floor under his door. It had been delivered a few hours after he took his life.

Heiner was a native of Butler, Pa., and was formerly a well-to-do investment broker. A note from his landlady requesting last week's rent, which was past due, indicated he was penniless. No money was found in his apartment.

Mrs. Gladys Heiner, his wife, is in Los Angeles with her son, John R. Heiner, who was taken there because of falling a world war veteran, was the son of Harry P. and Mary Pershing Heiner. He graduated from the University of Pittsburgh in 1915.

KEYS and exact lock repairing. Medford Cycles, 21 N. Fir. Ph. 281.

Flight 'o Time (Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Years Ago) TEN YEARS AGO TODAY August 4, 1925 (It was Tuesday) Traffic officers arrested autoists for auto law violations. Two small forest fires raged in Crater Lake and Prospect districts. Seven cars of pears shipped from this city so far this season. B. H. Conkle is named principal of Medford high school. 12,902 visitors to Crater Lake so far this season. City council nearly completes preparation of a new city ordinance calling for a bond election for a new water system.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 4, 1915 (It was Wednesday) Warsaw falls to German invaders, as Russian arms under Grand Duke Nicholas retreat. Riga's fall matter of days. The police issued warnings Wednesday to three or four farmers who insist on stopping their teams wherever they please on business streets without regard to the traffic ordinances. Wednesday afternoon a farmer stopped his team on a street crossing necessitating pedestrians going around while he argued with a friend about irrigation. It is also reported that farmers using the Pacific highway have given "dander" up and are slow about giving autoists the right of way, driving so that it is necessary for the machine to slow up or take to the ditch. The deer season opens August 13, and a number of local hunters have already gone to the hills to prepare camps. New prices on Ford cars show reductions on all models.

KIN OF PERSHING, POVERTY NAGGED, IS SELF SLAYER

WHEN - - - - - When the garage door drags And the pergola sags, And the back steps are aflop; The down spout leaks And the floors all creak, And the sweet peas need a prop; When a little paper and paint Would make a room look new, And you wonder how in the world You can get it all attended to; JUST PHONE US BIG PINES LBR. CO. PHONE ONE