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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

The use of the "Lie Detector" as a scientific means of making a criminal tell the truth about his crimes, has one drawback. No way has been found to give the jury so they will believe the prosecuting attorney, if defense counsel weeps.
By the end of the week University students will be home for Christmas. It will be a welcome respite from studies, and speeches by female agitators, on the glories of Communism. Some will be wearing dinky green caps, and looking mysterious like they had the inside dope on when the revolution will start.

The Ethiopians have waged a battle with the Italians, and forced the latter to retreat 15 miles. Press reports indicate that bullets flew like folding chairs, at a wrestling match for approximately 10 minutes.

One of the Older Girls was in a rough shopping jam yesterday, and came out of it with her hair on straight. It has been a long time since she was so mortified.

Update areas continue to boast that spring flowers are blooming in front and back yards, and are being picked, usually by Grandmas. There are no such things as spring flowers around here. This region is so much in the grip of winter, the Chamber of Commerce can't even scare up a good case of spring fever.

The Dub Watson boy is still skeptical, and refuses to swallow Santa Claus.

H. Flewler, the demon baker, has returned from K. Falls, where he has been fixing up a new bakery, as jovial as ever. While crossing the street, he pretended like he was going to run over your car, with his auto, he jumped accordingly, but not gracefully. This tickled Mr. Flewler, no end. Your car, could see nothing funny in being scrunched beneath the wheels of an olive green auto, driven by a homely baker. There was nothing malicious about the playfulness of Mr. Flewler—just good, clean fun. However, it is just as well for the butt of this type of poke to jump fast and far, before he is hit.

COPCO GREEN WITH ENVY.
(Bedlamian News)
Boulder Dam will be the prettiest power plant in the world, with warm blue fly-wheels, canary-yellow generators, turquoise pumps, vermilion engines, and orange drive shafts, according to Allen Trupper True, consulting artist of the government Bureau of Reclamation. The machinery will be finished in ten harmonious colors.

Townsend Old Age Pension forces elected a Congressman in a special election Tuesday. In the present dodged state of the public mind, considerable significance is attached to the victory. It means that in the next Oregon election, a majority of the candidates will all be born in Michigan, and all personal friends of the Congressman.

Sir Samuel Hoare, the British foreign secretary has resigned. He was credited with being the brains, if any, behind the recent French-British peace terms, that provided for Italy to have control over two thirds of Ethiopia, as a reward for invading Ethiopia. The proposed treaty was a masterpiece of half-baked diplomatic plotting. Better peace treaties have been hatched on street corners.

Now that the relief forces have been set to work collecting the taxes from which will come more relief money, we can be fairly sure of results.—(New Orleans Times-Picayune)—Cause and effect in the highest.

"MALE QUARTETTE UNABLE TO SING"—(Madline Montague Messenger)—Wherein a long standing suspicion is established as a blunt and brutal fact.

At a New York society wedding, the cake cost \$7 a slice. No doubt there was considerable figuring on how to eat the cake and get the \$7.

WINDOW GLASS—We will window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Truett & Co. 1000 W. 2nd St.

The Right Wins

SO Foreign Secretary Hoare of England resigns, Herriot of France follows suit, and the partition of Ethiopia, the innocent party, for the benefit of Italy, the guilty one, is—for the time being at least—abandoned.
In spite of the cynics, the result is an outstanding victory, for the essential principles of the League of Nations,—protection of the weak against the strong, support of open covenants openly arrived at, and opposition to militant aggression for the sake of conquest.

THE stage was all set for the commission of a great wrong. While the diplomats of England and France, publicly supported the principles of the League, they privately signed a secret agreement, to violate those principles by giving to Italy the territory of a fellow member, which belonged to NONE of them.

The basis of this action was fear,—fear of what Italy might do, if she were not given, the spoils of war, without fighting for them. England was fearful of her hegemony in Eastern Africa, and her control of the Suez and the route to India; France was fearful, of offending Italy and thus losing her aid, in the event of an attack by Germany.

On the basis of the OLD diplomacy, not only were these fears, but the plan adopted to dispel them, entirely justified. The cardinal feature of that old diplomacy was that when national interests are threatened ANYTHING justifies the means. In that old school, treaties are scraps of paper; covenants are something to recognize when they serve a nation's selfish interests, and break, when they don't.

BUT the governments of England and France who made this secret deal with Italy failed to reckon with either public opinion in their respective countries, or world opinion, as represented by the smaller nations in the League. In short they failed to realize that the world was marked a new era in international relations; that a new conception of what is right between nations, and what isn't, was then born.

IT WAS this new conception that spilled the beans, when the terms of that secret treaty, were finally given out to the world; and forced two of those chiefly responsible for it, to retire from office and from public life.

Whether the fall of the governments in England and France will follow remains to be seen. But so far, so good.

In this column, on Monday last, we remarked the holiday season would be a momentous period in world affairs, for a decision regarding this betrayal of Ethiopia would then be made.

Would it be the lady or the tiger? Would this treaty be accepted, or would it raise such a storm of moral protest, that those responsible for it would be forced to flee before it? The decision has been made. The lady wins.

What the future will disclose remains to be seen. Sufficient unto the day is the "rightness" thereof!

Is There a Santa Claus?

FOR many years the Mail Tribune has printed in the Christmas edition that famous editorial from the New York Sun published in 1897, entitled "Is There a Santa Claus?"

It has occurred to us that this imperishable classic is rather more timely, not AFTER the visit of the gentleman and his reindeer, but BEFORE.

So here it is—not only one of the best things ever written about Christmas but proof that now and then newspapers DO contribute to what is known as permanent literature:

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great satisfaction that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says: 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth: is there a Santa Claus?"

Virginia O'Hanlon, 118 West Ninety-fifth St."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have not been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity exist, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We would have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen or unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle to see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest men that ever lived can tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay 10 times 10 thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

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.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR HEAD OF LETTUCE TODAY?

In the luncheon of the regeneration regime you will find you are so have one-third of a head of lettuce, representing, say, 16 calories, with a tablespoonful of oil dressing if you like, and that represents 90 calories.

Then again you will be delighted to find in the dinner menu another third of a head of lettuce, with another tablespoonful of oil dressing as a dressing. I said delighted.

I offer no apology for the two-thirds of a head of lettuce. That's a moderate allowance. For most of us it would probably be much better if every individual ate a head of lettuce every day.

What this country needs is more salad and less pap. What is salad without plenty of crisp lettuce in it? The reason for the lettuce in the regeneration regime is the richness of lettuce in mineral elements and in vitamins.

Lettuce provides what too much of our modern refined food lacks—minerals and vitamins. What minerals and what vitamins? Who cares? However, if you must know, calcium, phosphorus, iron, copper, manganese, potassium, sodium, chlorine, sulphur, 1.2 per cent protein, 2.0 per cent fat, 1.0 per cent carbohydrate, vitamins A, B, C, G, and now and then a caterpillar or a chinch bug.

Under the law of Moses the Paschal meal included lettuce with lamb and unleavened bread. The ancient Romans believed that lettuce in the evening promoted sleep and that it is still a popular legend that lettuce has some appreciable sedative or soporific effect.

The outer green leaves contain most of the vitamins; the inner bleached leaves are comparatively poor in vitamins. Probably most of the iron in lettuce is contained in the outer green leaves.

Notes physicians in England and elsewhere have prescribed lettuce empirically for "nervous heart" and for other vague "nervous" conditions. Today we know that heart muscle contains ten times more vitamin B than skeletal muscle, and dilation of the heart occurs long before the multiple peritons of beriberi becomes evident. Beriberi is the nutritional disease due to extreme deficiency of vitamin B. Some physicians now believe that much of the heart weakness of patients in hospitals is due to partial vitamin deficiency. Lettuce is rich in vitamin B.

An ordinary serving of lettuce furnishes perhaps 50 units of vitamin G.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Somerset Maugham, gladdened with the roar of the crowd, fairly

zine recently summoned the author of a story which had been rejected because of "over editing." The author belonged to what has become dubbed "the speakeasy school of literature" and recently in this maggoty mood perpetrated a fast-selling book. Inquired the editor: "Why don't you try writing clean stuff?" The writer countered: "After all, you're the one who edited it." The editor replied: "That," snapped the patron of the still barrel, "explains your attitude. You are an old dodo and don't know what makes good writing." Whereupon he swung grandly on his heel and departed.

George S. Kaufman continues to be the stage's most expert collaborator. His style is merciless and nothing is sacred, the attitude of unfeignedness for letting fools live. But in an age of cynicism it delights the multitude. His most recent collaboration also restored Jane Cowd to her former lofty place in histrionics. The actress has encountered rough going professionally for several seasons and just as they were saying she was through she's out front again.

Another fine actress whose path has been dappled by the uncertainties of her calling comes in for a long run with Miss Cowd's triumph. She is Regina Wallace who has broken the long hoodoo of being unfortunately cast so many times she had almost despaired. But such chance victories make acting the fascinating trade it is.

Thingumbobbs: King George keeps a bowl of old-fashioned horchound drops at his bedside to nibble when wakeful. . . The next Illustrators' Show will have a screaming burlesque of "that raid" . . . Gen. Hugh Johnson likes to be the first to arrive at a theater. . . Eskine Grayne's ex-wife, "Polly" is a partner in a newly opened dressmaking shop near the Critlon in Paris.

Bowery barbershop sign: "Shave and all that goes with it—Five Cents." Sounds like a threat! (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

WALKER MAY BE GIVEN JOB IF FARLEY QUILTS
WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—(AP)—Frank C. Walker's resignation as national emergency council director gave strength today to reports he may become postmaster general if James A. Farley quits to give full time to the new deal's election campaign. Walker's resignation was announced yesterday at the White House.

The largest cult temple in India is at Karli, a village in the Poona district. It contains a great hall 126 feet long, 45 feet wide and 46 feet high, and its carving dates from the first century B. C.

Red river, which separates Oklahoma from Texas on the south, got its name through being fed in part by the waters of Red creek, Mud creek, Muddy Boggy creek and Deep Red run.

GUNSMITH repairs for all makes of guns. Sims block, 28 N. 7th.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
BIG headline news at the hour these words are written:
Hauptmann reported to have confessed that he and Isador Fisch collected the ransom money but DID NOT kidnap the Lindbergh baby.

IF YOU'RE at all in the frame of mind of this writer, you'll probably refuse to believe anything further about the Hauptmann case except that Hauptmann should go to the electric chair with as little remaining delay as possible.

(That sounds like a bloodthirsty statement. It isn't intended as such. Hauptmann was convicted in a fair trial, on unassailable evidence, and the efforts to save him from paying the penalty of his crime are coming close to making a travesty of justice.)

THE Republicans have chosen Cleveland as their convention city for next year—prompted thereto, it is stated, by the equable nature of Cleveland's summer climate, cooled by Lake Erie's breeze.

But do you suppose there's any way the Republicans can avoid a hot time at their convention next year? They'll certainly have a lot of hot subjects to handle.

WHILE we're on the subject of politics, Hugh S. (former Crackdown) Johnson, in a speech at Denver, says: "Where are we going? 'The Republicans can't tell us, and the Democrats won't tell us.'"

Do you suppose ANYBODY really knows? ABOUT the only certain answer to that question is that we aren't going back to where we started from. We'll probably wind up, in the end, a LONG WAY SHORT of the goal the radicals have set and a long way AHEAD of where the conservatives would like to stop.

THIS writer, who is a conservative (in the sense that conservatives refuse to believe that wealth can be created without labor, that water will voluntarily flow up hill or that you can spend yourself rich) concedes nevertheless that radicals perform a valuable service in this world.

Conservatives, broadly speaking, are those who are fairly well off as things ARE, and therefore don't want to see any change. SINCERE radicals are NOT satisfied with things as they are, and want them DIFFERENT. Reasonable conservatives are obliged to admit that without the radicals things would REMAIN as they are, and so there would be no progress.

We can't get along in this world without progress. (Note, please, the emphasis placed upon SINCERE radicals. About half the political troubles we suffer from are due to the fact that so many of our political radicals AREN'T SINCERE, but are merely seeking votes in the easiest way.)

"KICKERBICK" Undergarments that fit at Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann's

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Years Ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
December 19, 1925.
(It was Saturday)
Arkansas congressman flays President Coolidge as "granite-faced and granite-souled."

Gus Klocker who won a pig at the Elks' Christmas tree celebration had the pig cut up into roasts which he gave to 14 friends.

Thirteen autos wrecked in Slakynousin past two weeks.
Christmas trade in state best in years, merchants report.

Prohibition in America losing popularity, survey shows.
Welcome rain, amounting to 35 inches falls over the city and valley.

The Fulhler Bakery receives a shipment of "Tebkuchen" and "Pferneuse" from Germany for the holiday season.

\$100,000 sought in bill before Congress for Crater Lake improvements.
County Attorney E. E. Kelly has returned from a conference of prosecutors at Salem on the new Oregon "Bone Dry" law and its enforcement.

Boys with rifles sought for shooting bullets through windows of East Side homes.
C. E. (Pop) Gates is selling Ford autos, \$200 down, and \$25 per month.

Development of lumber industry of southern Oregon forecast.

Editorial Comment

Recovering Cost from Criminals
Announcement of the decision of the Oregon supreme court affirming assessment of \$3982.35 as court costs against Earl H. Fehl in the action by which he was convicted and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary for Jackson county mail theft is a sharp reminder of the high expense of criminal prosecution.

As a matter of general practice the great bulk of such expense is paid for out of the public pocketbook. Salaries of prosecuting attorneys, judges and court attendants, fees of jurors and witnesses, and all other costs and disbursements are required by law to be paid to persons rendering the services, by the county in which the proceeding originates. The law further provides that in case of conviction costs and disbursements must be taxed against the defendant. But cursory survey of criminal defendants, however, is needed to demonstrate the usual futility of such taxing; criminals are rarely in funds.

Costs and disbursements, in the legal sense of the phrase, do not cover all the expenses of a criminal prosecution. They are just certain allowances such as the fees of necessary witnesses. Attorney's fees, pay of court officers and employees, various expenses of trials, are not included in costs assessable against a losing defendant.

Fehl obtained a change of venue to Klamath county and the trial was held there with obvious increased expense to the public. Undoubtedly the amount taxed against Fehl was but a small part of the total cost of the prosecution. It is legally and morally proper that it be collected from him if possible. And firm effort should likewise be made to recover all the law allows in every criminal case in which it can be done.—Portland Oregonian.

Advertisement for Schenley's Mayflower Rye Whiskey. Features a bottle of whiskey and text: "The lightest, mildest-tasting RYE made! It's like the old-fashioned Ryes. \$1.75 QUART No. 143A 90c PINT No. 143C. This proud Schenley Rye is the lightest and mildest you can find today. It is sturdy—yet gentle and clean to the taste—made the way good ryes used to be made. Schenley's Mayflower is in the tradition of those early ryes the forefathers knew. Joe. S. Finch & Co., Inc. Schenley, Pa. Division of SCHENLEY PRODUCTS CO., Inc. SCHENLEY'S MAYFLOWER STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY AVAILABLE IN OREGON"