

Medicine Man's Murder Saves Life

(Continued from page one)

away, but was too well grounded in the old Indian customs to even think of such a thing.

It was three weeks after the little girl died before four of her uncles came after him. They found him sitting by his campfire waiting. He saw them and knew what they were going to do, but did not move except to cover his head with his blanket. They rode slowly by and shot him to death. Uncle Sam heard about this, decided it was a bit too raw and had the four uncles arrested and taken to jail in Durango, where later they had a trial.

They say it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, but it may surprise you to learn that this killing of the old Ute medicine man probably saved me from dying of thirst in the desert not long afterward. Way down on the desert nearly two hundred miles from nowhere in any direction is a government post marking the corners of four states. Here Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona corner, the only place in the United States where such a thing occurs. And these desert sands are rich in fine gold but no water is available.

Every now and then some guy would invent a dry washing machine to extract the gold by blowing the sand away while the gold, being heavier, was supposed to fall straight down into a container and be saved. And in every case some gold was saved. But most of it would be blown away with the sand, so it always turned out to be a fizzle. Now I knew all about that but a fellow had invented a machine that would handle 60 tons of sand in a day and talked so glowingly of future prospects that I decided to go along with him.

In his wagons, besides his machine, he hauled grub, horse feed and, most important of all, several barrels of water. A number of old sourdoughs were going along with him, about the raggedest looking bunch I ever saw. Even their burros appeared skinny and scraggly. But burros are the best bet for the desert because they can live on hardly anything and can get along for days without water. I had the only first class outfit in the crowd. But then I was always noted for having a good outfit.

I was able to make the start when they did, but they told me exactly where they were going and I promised to start inside of a week and would catch them along the road somewhere.

I said this place was 200 miles from nowhere. It is not that far off from anywhere in a straight line, but travelers do not follow straight lines. They follow roads and trails which often lead them a long way from a straight course.

Now I well knew I was going into a gawd-awful tough country, because several years previous a fellow I had been chumming up with and myself came flying out of a little Utah town with a swarm of angry Mormons not far behind who were thirsting for our blood. And we made our getaway across part of this same desert. And all that saved us that time was the hard corn we were able to buy from the Indians at a dollar for every five handfuls, and the directions they gave us for finding the few hidden water holes along our route. I hadn't done anything myself, but my pal had and when the city marshal failed to arrest him after putting four bullet holes through his clothes and got shot himself during the scrap, he had to get out of town quick. And, as I was his pal, I didn't want to be left behind for them to take their spite out on me, so went with him.

Ten years afterward a cowboy was telling me about a trip he made through that section. He said he had camped overnight at a certain spring along the road and shortly after daylight one morning a couple of dozen Mormons came tearing into his camp looking for two Gentiles, one of whom had shot the city marshal in the town they came from, and asked if he had met them along the road. He said he had not. That made it apparent that they had left the old freight road at those springs and struck out over the desert. They decided not to follow. The cowboy heard them say there was no use to follow as the Gentiles were as good as dead anyway. Nobody, they said, could live to cross that desert unless they had good outfits especially for the occasion. I asked the cowboy if he remembered the date on which this occurred and, after he had told me, I quietly informed him that I was one of the two Gentiles and that we had not perished, but had made it through in good shape to a point in Arizona, much to his amazement.

So I figured that if worse came to worst I could manage to make it all right. I was full of curiosity about all this gold down there and you know a fellow will go anywhere in the world and cheerfully face any hardships if he thinks he will find gold. Will only say that my extreme perseverance, or you may call it pure stubbornness, caused me to go too far. I couldn't go any farther, neither could I take the back track. As a climax one of my horses laid down and died and I shot the other to shorten his suffering. The Indians had had a crop failure the year before and had left that section for other parts. There was not a solitary blade of grass anywhere and the water holes had all dried up, as I found out from a couple of stragglers I met. There I was, marooned

on the desert with my outfit. Plenty of grub and only a half-pint of water left.

Matters looked pretty bleak. I can assure you. Imagine my relief then when I spotted a cloud of dust out on the desert coming steadily closer and finally it arrived. It was caused by a bunch of Ute Indians on their way to Durango to serve as witnesses in court at the trial of the four uncles who slew the medicine man I spoke of. And they had an interpreter along. They had their outfits lashed to travois poles and by a little shifting of loads made room for my stuff and also furnished me with a pony to ride.

The front ends of these travois poles are fastened to the saddle, leaving the other ends to drag on the ground, one on each side, of course. The packs are lashed to the poles behind the horses, making it possible for one to ride the horse and also to haul quite a load behind at the same time. And a horse can skip right along with a load nearly as fast as he could go without it.

So they brought out most of my outfit. Some things I threw away and some I gave to the Indians. There was a little fat squaw with them who resembled a bird of paradise more than anything else. She had on the reddest shirt, the greenest skirt and the yellowest leggings I ever saw. She and her buck were especially kind to me, so I wanted to give them something in return.

In my outfit was a brand new black, shiny raincoat that I didn't need, so I gave it to the little squaw. She nearly died with happiness and put it on over her other clothes. The collar turned up, came about even with the top of her head and the bottom dragged on the ground, but she wore it all the way up to Durango, though it was hot enough to roast an egg in the sand. And the last I saw of her she was going down the main street with the coat still on.

On the way up the Utes told me all about what had happened, through their interpreter. They couldn't understand why Uncle Sam should butt in and have those four uncles arrested for simply following the old Indian custom. They had a law that when a medicine man fell down on his job, they bumped him off. I told them I thought it was a good idea and I was going to try and introduce the custom among the whites when I got back.

Arrived at Durango, I was still 200 miles from my headquarters and had only about \$14 or \$15 left. How to get home with all that outfit I had was a puzzle, so I stuck around a while to see what would turn up. One could get a fine meal for two-bits and beds were four-bits. I ate in a swell little restaurant where electric fans made it nice and cool and kept the flies out.

Now Durango (at that time, anyway) was one town where the Salvation Army was not welcome and one night as I came out from supper the Army was just marching up the street. There were two men, an oldish lady, a girl of about 17 and another girl of 12 and they stopped right across the street in front of a saloon and began to sing. Quickly a crowd gathered and did all the things it could think of to hinder the Army from either singing or talking. When they sang the crowd would sing a drinking song louder and drown out the sound. Each of the men in turn tried to speak, but the crowd streamed in and out of the saloon, getting noisier all the time. The old lady tried to say something but was not heard. The young lady was bare-facedly insulted when it came her turn and had to stop. I was getting madder and madder at the unfairness of it all, but didn't see what I could do about it. Finally the little girl stepped bravely up and faced the crowd and they seemed to quiet down a little.

She said, "You men don't like us Salvation people and do all you can to hurt us. But we like all of you just the same and if you will come down to the barracks, we will show you that we do like you and will do anything we can to help you and make you happy." She said a lot more, but the crowd got tired of it and started to sing, "Johnny Fill Up the Bowl."

Believe me, I was getting pretty well worked up. Then the young lady began to pass the tambourine around but was hooted and sneered at for her trouble. Finally she saw three of us sitting on the curbstone across the street and came over. I was the last one she approached. Looking in the tambourine, I saw 15 cents in it and, rising to my feet, ran my hand into my pocket, grabbing all the silver my fist would hold—about \$7 or \$8—and dropped it in her tambourine. I faintly heard her say "Thank you, Sir," as I turned hastily away and went up the street. In a few minutes I began to cool off and said to myself, "What in hell did you want to do that for? Here you are broke and 200 miles from home and just gave your money all away. What a fool!"

you that \$35 now and get it off my mind."

OLD AGE PENSION OR POISON DOSE?

As it is now apparent the Townsend old age pension bill is but an impractical though beautiful pipe-dream and foredoomed to be turned down at this session of congress, J. C. Reynolds, an old-timer of 71 years, is offering a substitute measure, which it is hoped will afford a simple and efficacious solution to this much discussed situation.

Reynolds proposes that the government procure a large supply of the gentle but efficient drug called morphia, sufficient to secure the extinction of life in each and every one of our eight million citizens of 60 years or more who, having aided in producing the country's present wealth, have served their purpose and should now be rated as decayed timber of no further value and eliminated from the picture.

Morphia, a mild, sleep-producing drug, officially administered in adequate doses, would effectually and permanently put an end to their sustained misery and at the same time afford relief to the heart-rending anguish of our taxpayers, many of whom are now suffering from nervous prostration brought about by gloomy thoughts of an impending sales tax.

The above-mentioned elimination when accomplished would open the way for our eight million idle workers to obtain employment. Not only that, but such a charitable act would be fervently welcomed by those of advanced age, who would much prefer to pass out painlessly (or be passed out) from a land of never-ceasing contention, than to continue to live and listen to the lamentations of our money accumulators whose inordinate affection for the dollar has never been surpassed, or even equalled by any of nature's phenomena.

The actual cost of the drug would probably be no more than 20 cents per head and, if purchased in carload lots, much cheaper, and the operating expense quite insignificant compared with the money saved in pensions. A tremendous business revival would immediately occur, which would benefit druggists, undertakers, clergymen and others immensely and perhaps end the depression.

One of the greatest benefits indicated, if this measure is adopted, would be that the fifteen billion dollars now held securely by our bankers in their vaults would remain intact as this vast sum will be needed shortly to finance the not far distant European conflict which, even if never paid back, would be a more praiseworthy method of investing the money than by wasting it in pensioning people who are citizens of the richest country on earth.

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Questions & Answers By Doc Wise (The Medicine Man)

Dear Doc: What kind of fish grow the fastest? Wallie Walloper. Answer: Brook trout. They grow an inch every time they are talked of.

Dear Doc: Can you tell me the reason a stork stands on one foot? Bill Barnacle. Answer: If he lifts the other he'll fall down.

Dear Doc: What is the average length of time after a man dies before he is forgotten? R. B. Rubenstein. Answer: Nine days; unless you marry his widow.

Dear Doc: Who's the wisest man on record? Who the most foolish? Tom Bigbee. Answer: The wisest man on record was Solomon, of course. As to the most foolish—

A gink that lives in our town Will take the booby prize; He introduced his sweetheart To a lot of other guys.

Dear Doc: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed? Rufus Rumager. Answer: At the bottom.

Dear Doc: What would you say if, just as you were coming out of a store with your arms full of parcels, a large rude man should bump violently against you, knocking you down and scattering your parcels in every direction? N. Dignant. Answer: Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Dear Doc: How many yards does it take to make a shirt? Millie Menthol. Answer: It generally takes three yards to make a shirt; but I once knew an individual who got three shirts out of one yard—after dark.

Dear Doc: Have you heard anything definite about the raise expected by the workers of our country, for which we are waiting patiently? A Workingman. Answer: Don't you read the papers? Everybody has already received a substantial raise—in taxes. Is it possible you were overlooked?

Dear Doc: I am 20 years old, six feet four inches in height, but quite slim, weighing only about 90 pounds. Have tried several occupations without success. Am unable to determine what I am best suited for. Can you help me? Billy the Kid. Answer: You neglected to state whether you had two eyes or only

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one. If you had but one eye you would make a splendid darned needle.—J. C. Reynolds.

Old Jacksonville By FRED M. LAW

They took our courthouse away from us And moved it to their town, But one thing, boys, they didn't take Was our gold beneath the ground.

For it takes men who are strong and brave, With arms that are strong and brown, To dig down in beneath the streets For gold beneath the ground.

Some miners prospect on the creeks Some search the hills all round, But we men folks from Jacksonville Dig just beneath the ground.

It may be only a vacant lot Or where a street runs up and down, Or, perhaps, beneath a chicken house— But there's gold beneath the ground.

Our ladies dress in well-made clothes And some in velvet gown; Perhaps their men, with brawn and brain, Work just beneath the ground.

I think I'll move to this dear spot

RIALTO Adults 25c - Kiddies 10c Ends Saturday

FRANCIS Leticia HOWARD BRITISH AGENT PREVUE SAT. NIGHT

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And never make a sound— And join the boys with pick and pan, For gold beneath the ground.

And if a fortune I should make I'll travel the country round And I'll tell the people that I meet Where there's gold beneath the ground.

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