

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Complete Series: Thirty-ninth Year: Daily, Fifth Year.

PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY BY THE MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

A consolidation of the Medford Mail, established 1889; the Southern Oregonian, established 1902; the Democratic Times, established 1872; the Ashland Tribune, established 1894; and the Medford Tribune, established 1906.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager

Entered as second-class matter November 1, 1909, at the postoffice at Medford, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Official Paper of the City of Medford.

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Full Leased Wire United Press Dispatches.

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SWORN CIRCULATION:

Average Daily for:
November, 1909 . . . . .1,709
December, 1909 . . . . .1,842
January, 1910 . . . . .1,925
February, 1910 . . . . .2,128

March Circulation:

Table with 4 columns: Date, Circulation, Total, Less Deductions. Rows for March 1-31.

Net total . . . . .59,550
Less deductions . . . . .1,450
Average net daily . . . . .2,302

MEDFORD, OREGON.

Metropolis of Southern Oregon and northern California and fastest-growing city in Oregon.

Population, April, 1910, 8,509.

Banner fruit city of Oregon—Rogue River apples won sweepstakes prize and title of "Apple Kings of the World" at National Apple Show, Spokane, 1909.

Rogue River pears brought highest prices in all markets of the world during the past five years.

Write Commercial Club for pamphlets.

On with the Road! Let Heidelberg be unconfined!

A spring hint: Swearing at the stovepipe heats no carpets.

Spring has millinery stores everywhere, with rainbows for ribbons.

All honor to the Woodville boosters! May they live long and multiply.

The tent city, though but just erected, already boasts a good population.

Thirty-six freight cars were unloaded in Medford in one day this week.

The engineer for the Crater Lake road is here. The dreams will soon be a reality.

The "smoke house" is the new name of the Jacksonville courthouse. Everybody smokes.

The forestry bureau is to spend \$6,000 at once on the Crater Lake road. Score one for the Commercial club.

Taft is determined to force more battleships on the country. A million-dollar warship is no match for a thousand-dollar airship, but the shipping trust needs the coin.

Men grumble at the increased price of the square meal, but they are going to pay about \$350,000 to see Jeffries and Johnson meet in the squared circle. Which, after all, is a matter of beef in another form.

A Philadelphia physician recommends automobiling as a cure for weak hearts. The success of the operation in some cases seems to depend on the efficacy of the after-cure.

The Crater Lake road is not the only pebble on the beach. The county court has caught the fever and has ordered a macadam road from Medford to Jacksonville. Let us hope they have another attack soon.

Street paving seems to be infectious. Even Salem and Baker City have it in acute form. The latest from Salem is to the effect that the statehouse elevator is to be remodelled. Shades of McMannus! Where does the constitution get off?

Oh, fame is like a barber's chair, You wait your turn with patience vexed, And scarce get placed in comfort there Ere it's your move. Fate hollers next!

\*This does not refer to the colonial.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

A FRAUD order was issued against E. G. Lewis of St. Louis, Mo., in 1905 for violating the federal bonding laws, and his institution, the "People's U. S. bank," closed. Lewis induced the deluded women he had persuaded through his newspaper to purchase his bank stock, to exchange the stock for his personal note, unsecured. As but 87 cents on the dollar could be returned to the people for bank stock, Lewis was enabled to secure it by promising par, and thereby secured the cash coming to the stockholders.

When Lewis' notes were due, he wanted to exchange them, first for stock in his land company, then in his publishing company, then in his new bank, organized under state laws, and not under federal supervision. The first installments of interest on these notes were paid, none since. The Lewis notes have been repeatedly presented for payment and payment refused.

Why does Mr. Lewis not pay these notes? Why does he not keep his word to the poor women he induced to invest with him?

Lewis has three main companies—the printing company, the realty and building speculative company, and the People's Trust Co., the fiscal agent for the others as well as the American Woman's League, which he has organized, presumably to supply funds for operating the others.

The plans of the League is to induce all the women possible to hustle subscriptions to magazines, upon which the Lewis concern reaps a commission of fifty per cent. As soon as \$52 worth of subscriptions has been secured, the hustler is made a member of the Woman's League. If these subscriptions total enough, a club building will be built out of the proceeds for the women.

The title to the club building remains in St. Louis. The money to build it is raised through the energy of the women of the locality. The Lewis concerns invest no capital but secure a building.

The women who hustle enough subscriptions get the benefit of correspondence school instruction from St. Louis. Many women, however, start the work, but lose heart before securing sufficient subscriptions to entitle them to membership. They get no return for what they turn in.

Members of the Women's League are supposed to subscribe for the Woman's National Daily and other publications put out by the Lewis Publishing Co., in which they are advised to deposit their savings in the People's Trust Company, and to invest in the land and building company by continuing their subscription efforts.

The scheme is an ingenious one, a wheel within a wheel, the machinery turned by the humble women of the country hustling for subscriptions.

Of all classes of get-rich-quick sharks, the most contemptible is the get-rich-quick parasite who preys upon the small wage-earner and the inexperienced and impractical women of the country.

PSYCHIC PHENOMINA.

WHAT is psychic phenomina? The performance of something that baffles the human understanding, or something that material mind is trying to understand in the spiritual realm.

For all ages the longing to peer into the supernatural has caused much controversy, much bitterness and endless theories. The Bible is full of theories and any kind of argument can be backed up with excerpts from the greatest book on earth today.

Thousands of different religious sects are on earth with new ones constantly springing up.

That we live in the age of miracles no one can doubt. Each new wonder is unfolded in rapid succession. Its works revealed and as a rule their simplicity excites a passing comment and it passes off as a matter of fact.

The phonograph, wireless telegraphy, flying machine and the thousand and one other almost inconceivable wonders ever astound the public mind for a day, then are accepted as a matter of fact to make room for the next and so on ad infinitum.

Yet with all of these the one question above all that baffles the human race is, what is this life after the change, called death? The pooh-poohing of a subject or drowning it in ridicule, does not solve it or explain it. The mad race for wealth pursued to a finish with all the success imaginable simply ends in pursuing a phantom which ends at the change called death.

Evolution in everything is constantly taking place in religion as well as material things. The human mind is a perplexity that no man can fathom, as it is in a constant state of evolution. Progressive thinkers step to the front with new ideas and are dubbed fakes, cranks, etc., yet the greatest philosopher that ever trod the earth was crucified for his advanced ideas.

It is right and proper to investigate on any line that suggests itself to the human mind—for the uplift of the human race and this will find its greatest help in toleration of religious ideas—especially of the races. This mysterious little journey called life is a mystery and may the time come when men of all creeds shall show great toleration for each other, especially towards investigation that tends to solve the riddle of the ages.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

CELIA. that I once was blest is now the torment of my breast. Since to curse me you boreave me Of the pleasure I possessed. Cruel creature to deceive me, First to love and then to leave me!

HAD you the bliss refused to grant, Then I had never known the want. But possessing once the blessing is the cause of my complaint. Once possessing is but tasting. 'Tis no bliss that is not lasting.

CELIA now is mine no more. But I am hers and must adore. Nor to leave her will endeavor. Charms that captived me before No unkindness can disprove. Love that's true is love forever. —John Dryden.

OLD TIME THANKSGIVING.

OVER the river and through the wood, To grandfather's house we go. The horse knows the way To clear the sleigh Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood— Oh, how the wind does blow! It stings the toes And it bites the nose As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood, To have a first rate play. Hear the bells ring "Ting-a-ling-ding" Hurrah for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river and through the wood Trot fast, my dapple gray! Spring over the ground Like a hunting hound. For this is Thanksgiving day.

Over the river and through the wood And straight through the barnyard gate We seem to go Extremely slow. It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood— Now grandmother's cap I spy! Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin pie! —Lydia Maria Child.

THE ORIOLE.

ONE of the ones that Midas touched, Who failed to touch us all, Was that confiding prodigal, The blissful oriole.

SO drunk, he disavows it With badinage divine; So dazing, we mistake him For an alighting mine.

A PLEADER, a dissemler, An epicure, a thief, Betimes an oriole. An ecstasy in chief.

THE splendor of a Burmah, The motor of India, Departing like a pageant Of ballads and of birds.

I NEVER thought that Jason sought For any golden fleece. But, then, I am a rural man With thoughts that make for peace.

BUT if there were a Jason Tradition suffer me Behold his lost emolument Upon the apple tree. —Emily Dickinson.

IN AUTUMN'S GARDENS.

OR quiet beaches shelving to the sea Tall maidens sway, and thistles. All day long Flows in the wooing water dreamily, With subtle music in its slumberous song.

Herb-robust hears, and princess feather bright. And gold thread clasps the little skull-cap blue. And troops of swallows, gathering for their flight O'er goldenrod and asters hold review.

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and land. Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where they stand.

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake its mighty breast when summer is no more. And devastating waves sweep on and break And clasp with girle white the iron shore. —Celia Thaxter.

IN VANITY FAIR.

EARTH gets its price for what earth gives us. The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;

The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us. We bargain for the graves we lie in. At the devil's booth are all things sold. Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.

For cap and bells our lives we pay. Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking. 'Tis heaven alone that is given away. 'Tis only God may be had for the asking. There is no price set on the lavish summer. And June may be had by the poorest corner. —James Russell Lowell.

SECRETS.

ROSE climb up to her window And in through the casement reach And say what I may not utter In your beautiful, silent speech!

SHE will shake the dew from your pet-als; She will press you close to her lips; She will hold you never so lightly In her warm, white finger tips.

AND then—who can tell?—she may whisper While the city sleeps below. "I was dreaming of him when you woke me. But, rose, he must never know." —Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

THE GIST OF LIFE.

OH, to be up and doing, oh, Unfearing and unshamed to go In all the uproar and the press About my human business! My undissuaded heart I hear Whisper courage in my ear. With volucious calls the ancient earth Summons me to daily birth. Thou, O my love; ye, O my friends— The gist of life, the end of ends— To laugh, to love, to live, to die, Ye call me by the ear and eye! —Robert Louis Stevenson.

F. E. Bybee of Jacksonville was in Medford Saturday on business.

COMMUNICATIONS.

What Debs Would Do.

To the Editor: I read in your paper recently an editorial on one-man power and wonder if there is not some way to head J. P. Morgan off before he owns us all. I am sending the following that looks like the right prescription if properly filled, by Eugene Debs on what he would do if elected president. F. M. NELSON.

Butte Falls, April 4. "If I were president I should use all the power at my command to place the people, the whole people, in possession and control of the railroads, telegraph, telephone and express, all operated under the supervision and directions of commissions of first-class experts in their respective lines, and I would at the same time reach out for the coal mines, oil and gas fields and place them all in control of the whole people for the benefit of all. Of course, I would not overlook the packing plants and the cold storage concerns. I would put the beef trust out of business in jig time, as I would all the rest of the trust, by transferring the title deeds to the people in their collective capacity and having them operated for the benefit of every man, woman and child of the nation.

"This program carried to its logical conclusion would mean an industrial democracy, the equal right of all to work and to produce wealth for their own use and enjoyment.

"I would give every woman the right and opportunity claimed by man, set her economically free and make her equal citizen of the industrial democracy and the social republic. I would at one stroke liberate almost two million children from the industrial pens in which they are now fed to the mamon of capitalism and give them to the playground, the school and university. There are plenty of able-bodied men and machines to do all the necessary work and produce all the necessary wealth. I would use all my power to abolish the federal judiciary, as now constituted, consisting wholly as it does of corporation attorneys, and establish tribunals directly responsive to the people. Anything less is despotism and not democracy.

Congress could even now under capitalism abolish the entire federal judiciary, except the United States supreme court alone, and ought to do it, for the average federal judge today is simply the tool of the corporations that placed him there. The appointment of "Private Car" Lurton to the supreme bench by President Taft is conclusive in this point. A more abject tool never served the corporations at the expense of the people, nor a more notorious one, essentially qualifying him for the federal judiciary under the economic despotism of the American trusts.

"There are other things that I would do but this would do for a beginning. These are things the working class is organizing economically and politically to do and it is going to do them in good time. If the constitution or anything else stands in the way, the social revolution will sweep it away like chaff from the track of progress. The political state in its subdivisions will be abolished and the new industrial state will supplant it and proclaim equal freedom to all. EUGENE V DEBS

- 123456 Just a few of our snaps in
123456 REAL ESTATE:
123456 1 new modern 7-room
123456 house on South Peach st.,
123456 lot 130x130; price \$3500.
123456 500 acres fruit land, close
123456 in, no waste land, \$100 per
123456 acre.
123456 1 lot 86x154, close in on
123456 King street, \$500.
123456 2 corner lots, close, on
123456 Holly; a bargain if sold
123456 soon.
123456 80 acres Fruit Land, \$15
123456 per acre; will trade for
123456 Medford property.

McDONOUGH & DEMMER Stewart Bldg.

CHOYNSKI WANTS DEFINITE PROPOSITION FROM JEFF
CHICAGO, Ill., April 9.—"Yes, Berger has wired me to come immediately to the coast to help Jeffries train, but I don't get fat on promises," said Oje Choynski today. "I am waiting for definite terms from Jeffries and when they come I'll consider them." Choynski was sent a "rush" message from Jeffries' training camp at Rowardannan to "come at once" and assist in shaping up the "hope of the white race." Haskins for Health.

Two Points To Remember When you are Buying a Watch

FIRST—YOU SHOULD LOOK FOR A MOVEMENT THAT YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY SURE WILL KEEP PERFECT TIME. WE CAN SHOW YOU THE FINEST MOVEMENTS MANUFACTURED SECOND—YOU APPRECIATE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF NEW STYLE CASES. COME AND GLANCE IN OUR BIG SHOW CASE—YOU'LL SEE ABOUT TEN TIMES AS MANY WATCHES AS WILL BE SHOWN BY MOST JEWELERS AND EVERY DESIGN IS A BEAUTY—PRICED LOW.

Van de Carr & Jasmann EAST MAIN STREET, MEDFORD, OREGON.

RARDON'S Confectionery WE WILL HAVE TO-DAY ICE CREAM in Strawberry, Vanilla, Maple Nut and Tutti-Frutti Flavors. SHERBETS in Orange and Pineapple.



'Taint No Use Lookin' for Fiah, Honeys

under a 'lectrical cooker. I turns on de switch—and de 'lectricity cooks de oatmeal! Cooked evenly all over—without no bother and no fuss. De cutest lil cooker you ebah see."

Why should any housewife drudge over a kitchen fire when General Electric cooking utensils as simple and inexpensive as this cereal cooker can do the work for them. We will be glad to show visitors how to cook with electricity.

ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC COMPANY