

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 1899; the Southern Oregonian, established 1902; the Democratic Times, established 1872; the Ashland Tribune, established 1894; and the Medford Tribune, established 1894.

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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year by mail \$5.00
Per month by mail \$0.40
Per month delivered by carrier in Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Talent, Phoenix, Central Point, Gold Hill and Woodville \$0.50

Full Leased Wire United Press Dispatches.

The Mail Tribune is on sale at the Ferry News Stand, San Francisco, Portland Hotel News Stand, Portland, Bowman News Co., Portland, Or., W. O. Whitney, Seattle, Wash., Hotel Spokane News Stand, Spokane.

Postage Rates:
8 to 12-page paper \$0.10
13 to 14-page paper \$0.12
15 to 16-page paper \$0.15

SWORN CIRCULATION:

Table with columns for date and circulation figures. Includes rows for Average Daily for November 1918, December 1918, January 1919, February 1919, and March Circulation (1-31).

MEDFORD, OREGON. Metropolis of Southern Oregon and northern California and fastest-growing city in Oregon. Population, April, 1916, 8500. Banner fruit city of Oregon—Rogue river apples won sweetstakes 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.

Wright brothers now hold a monopoly of flying contests in America.

A new German airship is 45 feet long, and has a 120 H. P. motor.

The man who really knows himself is never a bore.

Wisdom comes with years, if folly doesn't beat it out.

Many a woman has lost a good friend by marrying him.

The band master frequently puts on more airs than the band can play.

Perhaps sympathy is never really lost, but lots of it seems to be misplaced.

The things that come to those who wait are the things no one else wants.

A girl can't even throw a kiss without sometimes hitting the wrong fellow.

Wickersham is to save the coal trust. A love tap on the wrist of the trust.

Shepherd Taft has blown the whistle for his flock to recall the wanderers. Those that don't respond will be labeled goats.

The New York Sun is out for Beveridge as Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1912. The Democrats might go farther and fare worse.

The Rogue River Courier celebrated its 25th birthday with a creditable sixteen page issue April 8, containing a history of the paper and reminiscences of pioneer days.

An eastern publisher says that western Indiana desperados play no part in the modern dime novel. Airships and autos have taken their place. Thus even the dime novel keeps up to date.

The Southern Pacific has awakened to the fact that there is opportunity for a railroad to Crescent City—but probably the awakening will come too late, as it did with the P. & E.

Albany merchants have declared war on mail order houses. The Mail Tribune has for a long time refused this class of business. Medford people must buy at home if they want to build up a city.

Last year \$423,000,000 was spent by Uncle Sam for past wars and preparations for new wars. This was 70 per cent of the government's income. No wonder the government cannot afford a weather bureau at Medford.

WHO IS A REPUBLICAN?

President Taft has taken the helm as leader of the republican party. He has rebuked Cannon and Payne for reading the insurgents out of the fold and invites all to return. However, they must vote with the regulars to be recognized as members of the G. O. P., for "by their fruits ye shall know them."

At the same instant Attorney General Wickersham, Senators Lodge, Nicholas Longworth and other administration leaders, denounced the insurgents. Mr. Wickersham declared the time of running with the hares is over. Treason has ever consisted in giving aid and comfort to the enemy. If anyone wishes to join the democratic party let him do so, but let him not claim to be a republican and work in and out of season to defeat republican measures and to subvert the influence of a republican president.

In other words, Taftism is henceforth to be recognized as republicanism. But what is to become of the insurgents? and probably a majority of the rank and file are insurgents.

The tariff is the splitting wedge. President Taft defends it as the best tariff the country has yet had. The insurgents "cannot stand for it," and pronounce it "an excuse to cloak tariff excesses."

Senator Beveridge has thrown down the gauntlet to stand-patters and in impassioned words declared "By this sign, revolt, we conquer." The coming battle is not so much between political parties as such, as between the rights of the people and the powers of pillage.

To this President Taft has replied that while "no man has the right to read another out of the republican party, he reads himself out if disloyal." And plainly speaking, the insurgents are disloyal and in the executive's mind, have read themselves out of the party.

Most of the regulars seem to prefer democratic success to insurgent victory, hence the prospect is for a democratic house. But the arrival of Bwano Tumba may unite the warring factions, or split them wider open and they may march to victory under his banner.

The contest will be an interesting one to watch and the developments of the next few months will be awaited with interest.

ELECTRICITY.

Man has reached out with fingers of copper and seized upon the very power that holds the stars in place.

This mighty energy, yelet electricity, unknown, uninterpreted, unseen, has been set a thousand tasks in home and office, factory and mill, mine and railroad—tasks which are as nothing to its giant strength. Fire and water, wind and wave, all have been harnessed and their energy changed into electricity. When this great planet daily spins, carrying us into the grim darkness away from the sun, electricity is summoned to give us light. When yearly the earth tips us into the frigid ether out of line with our solar system electricity awaits but the pressure of a finger to give us heat.

Mythology, the very poetry of imagination, pales into insignificance before the marvels which electricity has wrought. A flash and our messages cross the seas; with the speed of the very lightning our voices span the continents; great trains appear and disappear like meteors through the night, bringing together the east and the west, the north and the south; mighty ships defy the wide, wind-tossed waters and broad pinions of canvas conquer the very air which shrouds the spinning earth.

Weak, puny, ephemeral, compared with the life of the planet, man comes, studies, labors, goes, but ever leaves behind in books the shell-like record of his knowledge upon the coral bank of time until, some day far in the future, scientists shall reach with knowledge swift and sure into the great universe far beyond our ken and read there the secret of electricity.

Coal burns and is gone, steam condenses and is once more water; gas dissipates and is lost forever; water flows back to the sea and must be raised particle by particle if it would turn a wheel again, but the power which whirls the giant electric motor rushes out and away on its circular path, nothing lost, nothing consumed—come out of nothing, gone back to naught. It flows into the mills and does the work of millions of horses and rushes out none the loser for all this energy expended. Thousands of miles a second it pours from the powerful generators and equally as fast it returns when its task is done.

Faster than the very planets whirl, more powerful than all the forces of wind and water combined, large as the very universe, still it halts at the mere beckoning of a finger to please a lady's whim. Great enough to combine its forces and destroy the very earth, still it obeys the commands of a tiny human and performs tasks far beyond the scope of any other force or power. Now it drapes in banners of glorious, radiant, chromatic light, the glistening fields of Arctic ice and snow, and even while these magnificent auroras play about the polar caps the same force is busy lighting the humblest hamlet and the homes of millions of men who do not understand.

In its great nebula furnace in the heavens stars are made anew—born amid dazzling light and terrific heat.

In the tiny electric laboratory furnace of the scientist it unravels the secrets of the earth's early life and history.

From sun to sun, in Hertizian waves that speed nearly two hundred miles a second, it whispers the gossip of the heavens. From land to land, through the mysterious ether, it waves the messages of man, freighted with the sadness of death, the mysteries of birth or the thousand earthly cares which make our lives important, responsible and worth while.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

THE PART CONTAINS THE WHOLE STRIVE not to say the whole. The poet in his art is like the painter in his art. The whole and say the smallest part.

THE young moon's silver arc her perfect circle tells. The limitless within art's bounded outline dwells.

OF every noble work the silent part is best; Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

EACH act contains the life, each work of art the world. And all the planet laws are in each dew-drop pearl.

—William Wetmore Story.

SEEING NELLY HOME. In the sky the bright stars glittered. On the grass the moonlight fell. Hushed the sound of daylight's bustle.

Closed the pink eyed pimpernel, As down the moss grown wood path, Where the cattle love to roam, From Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was seeing Nelly home.

CHORUS. When I saw sweet Nelly home, When I saw sweet Nelly home, How I blessed the August evening, When I saw sweet Nelly home.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered O'er her brow as white as snow, And her cheek the crimson sunset Scarcely had a warmer glow. Mid her parted lips vermilion White teeth flashed like ocean foam. All I marked with pulses throbbing As I saw sweet Nelly home.

When the autumn tinged the greenwood, Turning all the leaves to gold, In the lawn by alders shaded, I my love to Nelly told. As we stood together, gazing On the star spangled dome, How I blessed the August evening When I saw sweet Nelly home!

White hairs mingle with my tresses, Furrows steal upon my brow, For a love smile cheers and blesses Life's declining moments now. Matron in a snowy kerchief, Closer to my bosom come, Tell me, dost thou still remember When I saw my Nelly home? —Unidentified.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERY ONE!"

IN the rush of early morning, When the red burns through the gray And the wintry world lies waiting For the glory of the day, Then we hear a merry cheer, Just without upon the stair, See two small white phantoms coming, Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing Rows of little socks to fill? Are they angels floating hither With their message of good will? What great spells are these eyes weaving As like larks they chirp and sing? Are these palms of peace from heaven That the lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold, Eager faces peep through, With the first red rays of sunshine, Chanting choruses come in view. Mistletoe and gleaming holly, Symbols of a blessed day, In their chubby hands they carry, Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary Of their innocent surprise, Waiting, watching, listening always, With full heart and tender eyes, While our little household angels White and golden in the sun, Greet us with the sweet old welcome—"Merry Christmas, every one!" —Louise M. Alcott.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

(From "The Theologian's Tale.") SHIPS that pass in the night and speak each other in passing, Only a signal show, and a distant voice in the darkness, So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another, Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence. —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

BETHLEHEM.

LITTLE town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie! Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by, Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting light, The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morning stars together, Proclaim the holy birth! And praises sing to God the king And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of his heaven. No ear may hear his coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive his still, The dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray, Cast out our sin and enter in, Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell, Oh, come to us abide with us, Our Lord Immanuel! —Phillips Brooks.

HOPE ETERNAL.

IF this great world of joy and pain Revolve in one sure track; If freedom, set, will rise again, And virtue, flown, come back, Were to the purblind crew who sit The best with each day's care, Nor gain from past or future sight To bear and to forbear! —Wordsworth.

Young Folks

A VALENTINE PARTY.

Appropriate Games to Be Played by the Young Folks. A "heart contest," after the style of the "donkey party," affords much fun. For this cut a large heart of turkey red calico and sew it to a sheet. In the center of the heart fasten a small heart cut from white cloth. The sheet may be draped above a door until you are ready for it. Give each guest a white cardboard arrow with a pin in it. As each one takes his turn he is blindfolded and turned entirely around once, then left to pin his arrow in the white heart. He must pin it where he first touches the sheet and must not be allowed to feel along. He then takes off his blindfold and lets the next one try his luck.

A heart shaped box of bonbons makes a pretty prize. The box may be easily made of heavy paper, with a little decoration in water colors, or some appropriate line in fancy lettering, such as "Love will find the way," painted on the cover.

If you are fortunate enough to have a long hall a little target shooting is sure to prove enjoyable. For this have a frame the shape of a large heart made of wood or pulp board. In the center of this paint a white heart about two inches in diameter. Around this paint a blue heart two inches larger all around; around this a yellow heart two inches larger than the blue one; around the yellow, one of red; around the red, one of black, each two inches larger than the preceding one. Have bows and arrows ready. On each bow tie a knot of bright ribbon and on each arrow a knot to match that of the bow. The girls choose arrows, the boys bows, and partners for the shooting match are those whose colors match. Let the partners shoot by turns—the girl first, then a boy. Each tries to hit the white heart. After a girl has shot her arrow and had her couplet read the one who reads the couplets may pull out her arrow and give it to her partner with which to try his luck, or each girl may have the two arrows tied together, and then each can take his or her arrow as a souvenir.

There are two sailors in this picture. You see one standing under the tree with his hands in his pockets. Where is the other? Only the head is shown.

Combination Rhymes. Pencils and paper are furnished each guest. Each one then writes a question, folds over the paper and passes it to his right hand neighbor, who writes a noun, folds again and passes to the next, who must write a rhyme answering the question and using the noun in doing so. For an illustration, one question was "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" and the noun following was "gumdrops." The parodied rhyme was as follows: A maiden chanced on a sunny day To cross the field where I raked the hay. Her cheeks were rosy, her hair was brown, And she looked a queen in her russet gown. "Where are you going?" I asked the lass. "To buy some gumdrops. Please let me pass." So I stood aside, and she went her way, But I often think of that sunny day And that queenly girl with hair of brown Who charmed me so in her russet gown. The author of the above lines had never practiced or laid claims to being a rhymester.

"Whom Do I Call This Time?"

If this game is played by a large company it adds to the fun. A stake is set up in the middle of the room or on a lawn. A "grace hoop" stake will do. There must be a ring for each player and a name of a player attached to each ring. There are two sides and a captain for each side. The hoops lie in a pile, and the captain of one side takes a hoop and tosses it toward the stake, exclaiming, "Whom do I call this time?" If the captain fails to place the ring over the stake the captain of the other side takes his turn. On the other hand, if the ring goes over the stake, No. 1, next to the captain of the other side, has a guess as to whom name is written on the slip attached to the ring. If he guesses correctly he can choose one from the other side; if his guess is wrong that side loses a player, and so on till one side for outnumbers the other. Prizes, of course, add to the charm.

A Sailor Puzzle.

There are two sailors in this picture. You see one standing under the tree with his hands in his pockets. Where is the other? Only the head is shown.



A Sailor Puzzle.

There are two sailors in this picture. You see one standing under the tree with his hands in his pockets. Where is the other? Only the head is shown.

Combination Rhymes. Pencils and paper are furnished each guest. Each one then writes a question, folds over the paper and passes it to his right hand neighbor, who writes a noun, folds again and passes to the next, who must write a rhyme answering the question and using the noun in doing so.

For an illustration, one question was "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" and the noun following was "gumdrops." The parodied rhyme was as follows: A maiden chanced on a sunny day To cross the field where I raked the hay. Her cheeks were rosy, her hair was brown, And she looked a queen in her russet gown.

"Where are you going?" I asked the lass. "To buy some gumdrops. Please let me pass." So I stood aside, and she went her way, But I often think of that sunny day And that queenly girl with hair of brown Who charmed me so in her russet gown.

The author of the above lines had never practiced or laid claims to being a rhymester.

"Whom Do I Call This Time?" If this game is played by a large company it adds to the fun. A stake is set up in the middle of the room or on a lawn. A "grace hoop" stake will do. There must be a ring for each player and a name of a player attached to each ring.

There are two sides and a captain for each side. The hoops lie in a pile, and the captain of one side takes a hoop and tosses it toward the stake, exclaiming, "Whom do I call this time?" If the captain fails to place the ring over the stake the captain of the other side takes his turn. On the other hand, if the ring goes over the stake, No. 1, next to the captain of the other side, has a guess as to whom name is written on the slip attached to the ring.

If he guesses correctly he can choose one from the other side; if his guess is wrong that side loses a player, and so on till one side for outnumbers the other. Prizes, of course, add to the charm.

The woman who says she doesn't care how she looks is either a genius or a liar.

Paek Saddles

Paek Bags

We can supply you with just what you want in Paek Saddles and Paek Bags.

STOCK AND DOG SOAP

is good for all skin diseases of man or beast.

J. E. Smith 314 EAST MAIN STREET

Medford Shoe Shining Parlor

OH, HERE WE ARE AT LAST!

For ladies, gents, children, this is the place where you will save time and money by getting your shoes shined by an experienced artist. Oiling and dyeing is my specialty. Now, don't forget the place, No. 4 South Central avenue. Open from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays till 2 p. m. The coast Champion Bootblack.

V. W. HOWARD, Prop.

The Services

OF AN EXPERT AD- WRITER ARE AT YOUR COMMAND

Free

OF CHARGE CALL MAIN 3021

NOTICE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S LAND DEPARTMENT REPRESENTATIVE

Mrs. S. J. Adler will be at the Hotel Moore until April 16 for the purpose of seeing those who are interested in the company's famous Alberta Wheat Lands. He will be prepared to furnish complete information, including maps, literature, prices, etc. Call on Mr. Adler and arrange to take advantage of our low-rate semi-monthly excursions during this season and inspect these lands.

IDE-McCARTHY LAND COMPANY Colonization Agents Canadian Pacific Railroad.

FOR SALE

SIX new hot frame cash, 3 ft. by 6 ft.; price, each \$2.50 TWO fine, well-bred colts, 1 and 2 years old, sired by Black Farceur, imported by Ruby Brog. FINE SEED CORN FOR SALE. APPLY TO BROOKS' ORCHARD, JACKSONVILLE ROAD, NEXT PLACE WEST OF THE OLD THOMAS PLACE.

J. E. ENYART, President. J. A. PERRY, Vice-President. JOHN S. ORTH, Cashier. W. B. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

THE MEDFORD NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL \$50,000 SURPLUS \$10,000

Safety boxes for rent. A general Banking Business transacted. We solicit your patronage.

"Defeated by trivialities," said a man of talent whose life had been a failure—and that mistake showed how he had made all the others.

Nothing is trivial that either defeats or conquers.

It is not trivial to use the right or wrong stationery any more than it is trivial to use the right or wrong words; to state your case clearly or to blunder.

The standard paper for business stationery

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the water-mark"

is not generally used by men who make blunders; nor by men who forget that instant prejudice, or favorable impulse, is an important consideration.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men. Prove this for yourself—let us give you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.

Made by HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, the only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

A complete line of Old Hampshire Bonds, all colors, carried by us: We will be pleased to quote prices.



Medford Printing Co. 38 S. CENTRAL AVE. MEDFORD, OREGON