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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager

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SWORN CIRCULATION.
Daily average for eleven months ending November 25, 1912, 275

JOLTS AND JINGLES
By Ad Brown
Sporting Number.

Old timer Larry Lajoie to date is battling at a .403 center. All intimations that he is a has-been may be put in the same basket with those that Charles Webb Murphy is a true sport.

C. B. Owens, National League umpire, has been fired because he frequented a gambling resort. An umpire should take chances on the field only.

He should worry like a lamb and gambol on the green.

Ty Cobb should be given an automobile for the longest holding out record.

By the way does anybody know Bud Anderson's front name? I mean the name they called him by when he used to go to Sunday school.

Grubb After Grab.
Carl Grubb was a visitor here yesterday after supplies for his ranch.—Klamath Falls Northwestern.

Speaking of names S. A. Penny of Olene, Ore., found a nugget worth 90 cents the other day.

When the steelhead get this "swat the fly" idea into their heads the sport will be a lot more exciting.

Such an Ignorant Car.
A young man by the name of Clement fell from a street car yesterday evening and was quite severely stunned and bruised. The car kept on its way—evidently not knowing of the accident.—Wausau, Wis., Pilot.

Proving He Was Well Named.
F. L. Goodspeed was arrested, charged with violating the automobile laws.—Kenosha, Wis., News.

Unfortunate Brides.
It is thought that every bride on both roads between here and Little Rock has been damaged by the waters.—Hot Springs, Ar., New Era.

Who is going to come across with a nickname for Shorty Miles' ball team?

PETER PAN ADVANCE SALE IS EXTREMELY HEAVY

The advance sale of Peter Pan, opening play at the Page theatre May 19, with Maude Adams in the title role, is reported by the managers, Fuson and Gordon, to be very satisfactory. People from Grants Pass, Central Point, Talent, Phoenix, Ashland, Eagle Point, Jacksonville, and other places in the valley, have already engaged seats, and there is no doubt but that every seat in the house will be taken when the first curtain goes up.

This is the opening night of the Page theatre, one of the most splendidly built for a city the size of Medford in the United States, and the most modern between San Francisco and Portland. America's leading actress, Maude Adams, is the first of the many stars that are to be presented this season, and as Peter Pan is probably the most meritorious and successful play ever produced on the western coast, May 19 is a day of great opportunity for the theatre-going public.

Actresses like Maude Adams seldom play in cities the size of Medford. She is at her best in Peter Pan and her superb art combines with the play's delightful allegory in a truly wonderful manner.

DIED.
PHILLIPS—At Sacred Heart hospital, Thursday afternoon, May 8, Ella J. Phillips, wife of Francis H. Phillips, a native of Iowa and former resident of Toledo, Ore., aged 23 years 8 months 7 days, from acute Bright's disease. She had resided in Medford for the past four years at 1110 East Eleventh street and leaves behind her husband an adopted daughter, Carrie Pearl Lockwood. Funeral will be held Sunday afternoon at the Seventh Day Adventist church. The remains will be shipped to Albany for burial.

THE ROMANCE OF BORAX.

THE newspapers recently announced the organization of two boards of business experts to manage the vast interests of F. M. Smith, the borax king. Properties, stocks and securities aggregating \$200,000,000 are placed under control of the board, for reorganization and adjustment.

This huge fortune, far beyond the dreams of avarice, is primarily the result of the protective tariff and is a striking instance of its actual working in the "building up of American industry."

The greater part of this two hundred million dollars has been filched from the pockets of the American people, a few pennies from each, as has every other great fortune of a few days.

"Borax" Smith's career is the stereotyped mixture of poor beginnings, hard struggles, questionable ethics, opportunity, business acumen, speculative daring, blind luck, through all of which ran the thread of acquisitiveness and financial genius. His present trouble is due to his insatiable speculative proclivities.

Before the discovery of the borax deposits of Death Valley and the Nevada desert and in the lakes and swamps of California, the borax used in America was nearly all imported. It sold to the people at three cents a pound. There was no material duty upon it.

After the utilization and commercialization of these borax deposits, a protective tariff of five cents a pound to "develop and encourage an infant American industry" was added. Since then the American people have paid eight cents a pound instead of three cents for their borax.

Borax can be produced and is produced cheaper in the United States than in any place on earth, yet the discovery of borax in commercial quantities, and its development into a huge industry, has never benefited the people one cent, but has cost them an enormous sum in the aggregate.

"Borax" Smith is the father of the borax trust and has been the principal beneficiary of the tariff. The people of the United States have been taxing themselves five cents a pound on their borax to pile up a fortune of \$200,000,000 for Smith, under the impression that they are fostering an industry.

Borax is only one instance—the same story is reshaped on nearly everything we eat, drink or wear. Is it any wonder the cost of living constantly increases when we have been taxing ourselves to create so many fabulous fortunes for the Borax Smiths of the country?

The Underwood tariff may not be scientific, but it provides a wholesale cut in the revenues of the Borax Smiths, who having milked the people as long as possible, realize the graft is at an end and the bunco game of protection is played out, and are retiring to live on the proceeds they have filched.

The new tariff is a move in the right direction, for equality before the law and equal opportunity, can only be secured by abolition of special favors, which free trade alone can accomplish.

If in the reorganization and graft elimination the Borax Smiths' go to the wall—they have only themselves to blame. The sooner we have the readjustment, the better for the country. The rebuilding will be on a sounder basis.

Once an Enemy, Now Friend to University

An indication of the revulsion of sentiment manifest in Oregon against any proposal looking to keeping the two institutions of higher education embroiled in partisan politics, is seen in the following letter written by Cyrus H. Walker, chaplain of the Oregon State Grange, who was formerly one of the most uncompromising opponents of an increase in appropriations. Mr. Walker writes to President Campbell of the University of Oregon, under date of Albany, Ore.:

"President P. L. Campbell, Eugene, Ore.—Dear Sir and Brother: You can quote me as being opposed to a referendum against any University of Oregon appropriations. I was conscientious in the part I took in the referendum of 1908 covering the \$125,000 increase annual maintenance fund, not that I op-

Rapturous Rhapsody on Wraps

(By Margaret Mason)
NEW YORK, May 9.—Sing ho for the rapturous wraps. Only rhapsodies can describe them. You needn't go around wrapped in thought any longer. There is adversity in the wrap crop this season to suit the most fickle fancy. There are long wraps, short wraps, wraps like a shawl; loose wraps, tight wraps, any kind at all!

If you long for a long one, a three-quarter model broadened faille silk or matelasse with Mandarin sleeves and collar of embroidered chiffon is decidedly smart for daytime wear in grey, taupe or black. It is equally charming for evening developed in some bright shade of Nell rose, Nattier blue or canary. It is open low in front and fastens well down on the left side with a fancy ornament of corded silk. Another graceful long wrap in grey chiffon moire is gathered onto a broad band of old silver lace just above the knees with a decidedly bouffant effect. Buxom beauties may rap this wrap but slender sirens are all wrapped up in it.

One of the most adorably artistic models is built on exactly the same lines as the old fashioned dolman. In soft violet chamusee with shirred bandings of the same material outlin-

brocade or chiffon barely reaching to the hips are generous in color if in length and square tailed outaway coats of black broadcloth, watered bengaline or taffeta are mannish and modish at last the same time. Worn with a vest of white pique buttoned in smoked pearl, these outaway coats are masculine enough to fire the fancy of the most incendiary of suffragettes.

Quite fitting accompaniment of the collarless blouse, crownless hat and corsageless figure is the sleeveless coat. Long draped wraps as well as shorter Russian blouse coats and Norfolk jackets are shown innocent of sleeves. Now if some fashion expert would only follow up the sequence with a coatless gown! But alas, they are already priceless.

Of course, you want to be smartly top-coated when you "motor with mater." For the severe tailor maid, loose mannish overcoats of Scotch tweed and homespun have the drop arm holes and outside pockets. They button straight from top to toe. The dull toned mixtures of these materials while not dust-defying, are at least dust-concealing. For the more aesthetic feminine motor maid, a long loose coat of monotonous ratine colored and cuffed in moire, is fastened diagonally with buttons of pearl elay, putty or ash color if it is as serviceable as a dustless duster.

Bright colored coats of ratine belted in the back are also good but more prone to show the soil of speeding.

WISCONSIN TO SPEND \$75,000 AT EXPOSITION

MADISON, Wis., May 9.—A bill appropriating \$75,000 for Wisconsin's participation in the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco is passed here today by the state assembly.

Lord Hope's Mother Dead.

LONDON, May 9.—The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle is dead here today aged 71. She was the mother of Lord Francis Hope, former husband of May Yohe.

STEEL WORKERS TO ASK LONGER HOURS

CHICAGO, May 9.—"Longer hours or more work, or we strike." Excited conferences today followed this unique ultimatum delivered by construction laborers at Gary, Ind., to a foreman of the United States Steel corporation. More than 100 men hired to work 10 hours a day at 19 1/2 cents an hour signed the ultimatum.

WIFE'S EVERY WORD TRUE ADMITS COOK

HARTFORD, Conn., May 9.—"Every word in her complaint is true." This is the answer made here today by Jere Knox Cook, the runaway minister, to Mrs. Cook's application for divorce. Cook eloped with Miss Floretta Whaley six years ago from Hempstead, L. I., and lived for a time in San Francisco and other coast cities.

The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy
Illustration of two figures, one holding a sign that says 'I am for the Strike' and the other holding a sign that says 'I am for the Laborer'.

ONE day, when Mr. Jones returned with what his weekly toil had earned, he found his little wife in tears and mood not suited to her years. It seemed the cook had bade "adieu," likewise the washerwoman, too.

Gold Dust as Strike Breaker

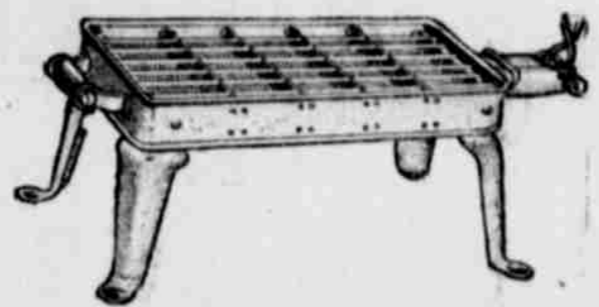
At first within the House of Jones there followed sad despondent moans. No hopeful word could reconcile, no honied kiss inspire a smile. "I never knew before" said she, "how horrid household cares could be."

"Upon my word I'm up at six and working still as midnight ticks. I scrub and run and wash and shine to keep the little things in line, and yet around me here and there I see undone another share. I almost feel as if I'd like to join the other ones on Strike. Some morning try it—get a mop; go through from cellar to the top, and I will venture you must see, the greater burdens fall on me."

Now Mr. Jones was passing wise and later, sprang a glad surprise. Through friends who praised the "GOLD DUST WAY," he brought a package home one day.

From tears to sunshine, Wifey now has found the good of "Knowing How" and striking servants fail to stir, the placid calm content of her.

The Gold Dust Twins



Toaster Stoves \$2.00
One Day Only--Saturday, MAY 10, 1913
ADVANCE ORDERS TAKEN NOW.

The Mission of the Toaster Stove
Fresh, crisp, golden-brown toast! Does it not convey a pleasing suggestion to the palate? Is there any other form in which bread is served that will equal it? Is there anything that gives as much tone to any meal, for toast appears in so many forms and has become the necessary accompaniment of so many delicious dishes, we could hardly do without it. To make toast in the dining room on the table so that it can be served fresh and crisp is my mission.

My name is electric toaster-stove. I might be taken for a five-pound candy box, if I were not made of metal, finished in highly polished nickel and did not have four legs and a mouth. My place is right on the breakfast table close to the lady of the house. A warm friendship soon grows up between us all from the time I make my first appearance at the table my position is assured. She takes pride in having the meal served in its best form and when she discovers how well I prepare the important part for which I am responsible and how little of her attention I require, she finds me indispensable. She likes to have me on the table, because it is as great a pleasure for her to serve the good, hot toast that I make, as it is for other members of the family to eat it.

My important feature—my reason for existence—is my electric heating element. This is just a series of metal strips that give off heat when the current flows. The lady puts a cord from an electric outlet into my mouth and before she knows it, I'm hot—just hot enough to make perfect toast.

California-Oregon Power Co.
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Salesroom in Basement Main Office First Floor

WHERE TO GO TONIGHT

Forget It?
We Should Say Not!

Our Friday and Saturday special this week is up to the standard we've taught you to expect Friday and Saturday of each week. This week we show you a wonderfully dramatic two-reel Lubin masterpiece.

"UNTIL WE THREE MEET AGAIN"
YOU'LL LIKE IT!

Of course there are also two other reels. One is an Edison and the other a Pathe.

'The Unprofitable Boarder' and 'The Gate She Left Open'

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Never More, Never Less

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Vitagraph Special
Full of Vital Thrills with Miss Leah Baird. In Two Parts

THE TRAIL OF THE ITCHING PALM
Comedy
Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

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Frederick Warde

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