

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Full Sealed Wire United Press Dispatches

MEDFORD, OREGON.

Metropolis of Southern Oregon and Northern California, and the fastest-growing city in Oregon.

Population—U. S. census 1910—\$840, estimated, 1914—10,500.

Best paved city of size in Oregon. 20 miles asphalt paving costing \$1,000,000.

Gravity Mountain Water System costing \$125,000; sewer system costing \$40,000.

Banner fruit city in Oregon—Rogue River Spitznberg apples won sweepstakes prize and title of "Apple King of the World" at the National Apple Show, Spokane, and a car of Newtons won first prize at Canadian International Apple Show, Vancouver, B. C. Rogue River Newtons won first prize at Spokane National Apple Show.

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

Fruit shipments in 1913 netted growers over \$1,000,000.

Medford is the gateway to Crater Lake on the Pacific Highway.

LAST MEDICINE MAN OF KLAMATHS 'DOCTOR JOHN' DEAD

(Klamath Northwestern)

"Doctor John." The last noted "medicine man" of the Klamaths is dead.

His true Indian name is not well known. He had but one son, who owns a number of cattle and who is holding the funeral feast. Old Doctor John died on December 29, and his body is now lying in state waiting burial.

He lived in a little house beside the lake, two or three miles south of the Agency. He was old; some of his companions say he had seen a hundred winters. He was blind, or nearly so, and was often seen with a child leading him. He was quite deaf. He was scarred and rough. He was silent and stoic unless you approached him properly to bring out his nature. He was a true Indian untouched by his surroundings. He did not take up the white man's ways. He spoke no English.

He flourished in the days of Captain Jack, Boston Charley and those of the old stock. In those days he carried his plants and bugs, his charming sticks and beads, his drums and kettles, his water and fire, in answer to the calls of his sick brethren. He worked to the best of his knowledge and no one could do more.

Old Doctor John will have what is known among the Indians as a big funeral. A beef has been killed and loads and loads of groceries purchased, and a feast will be kept up for a week or ten days.

DEFECTIVE FLUES CAUSED MOST FIRES

The report of the fire department for 1913, which will be filed with the city council upon the return of Chief Amann, will show that forty-six fires occurred in Medford last year, a majority being due to defective flues. The most disastrous fire was the destruction of the Union livery stable. Three fire fires and a defective fireplace in the University club ended the department last month.

PURE FOOD LAW SUSTAINED BY COURT

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The United States supreme court declared today for a broader enforcement of the pure food law.

Regarding the labeling of poison in drugs, it ruled that a certain headache remedy, labeled as containing "no acetanilid," was misbranded because it contained acetanilid, derived from the former drug.

MEXICAN REBELS MEET DEFEAT IN OJINAGA ATTACK

PRESDIO, Tex., Jan. 5.—Unless the Mexican rebels were trying to lead Ojinaga's defenders into a trap, it was evident here today that the former had suffered a severe reverse in the fighting opposite Presidio on the southern side of the Rio Grande.

Until a little after 12 Saturday night the rebels had seemed to have made the better of the engagement. During the early hours of Sunday morning they made an attempt to storm the town, which the garrison met with so fierce a fire that the attacking force was driven back in considerable disorder.

Throughout Sunday fighting raged uninterruptedly. The Ojinaga garrison appeared more confident, however, and the rebels less vigorous in their attempts to close in on the town.

At midnight the sound of firing reached a crescendo, which it was learned here later marked a brisk rally by 2500 of the garrison under General Salazar, aimed, it developed, to interrupt a maneuver by General Ortega, one of the rebel leaders, by whom the latter sought to join forces with General Rodriguez, commanding the rebels west of Ojinaga.

At first Ortega drove Salazar's men back when the two bodies encountered one another in the darkness, but General Orozco, who had remained behind the town's defenses, promptly rushed forward 800 reinforcements and the tide of battle again turned against the rebels.

A desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued, in which both sides lost heavily. No artillery was used, each side fearing it would mow down its own men.

As an upshot of the conflict, the rebels lost nearly every advantage they had gained by a week of hard fighting. The garrison, too, had gained the open from the smallpox-ridden camp, where they have been shut up for days.

ROGUE RIVER ENJOYS REAL SPRING WEATHER

With the thermometer hovering about 70, with the brightest of sunshine showering the hills, with less than half the rainfall experienced this season in California, Medford is wondering why the Southern Pacific is not running excursions from California and the northwest to enjoy a real balmy winter climate in the Rogue River valley.

The sunshine of the past few days has brought up the sap in the trees and buds are swelling. If the warm weather continues a few more days, almond and peach will be in bloom. But Professor O'Gara says that it will not—that the barometer is already dropping and a rain is due for Tuesday.

A warm wind has blown from the southeast for the past three days, carrying off the little snow that remained on the lower levels. The seasonal deficiency in rainfall is over five inches, and orchardists and farmers are praying for rain.

WINTER NELIS BRING \$1.60, HALVES, LONDON

The Rogue River Fruit & Produce association report the sale of a mixed car of Winter Nelis at London, the half boxes for \$1.60 and the full boxes for \$2.30 net, f. o. b. Medford.

Auction prices on fruit is reported as follows:

St. Louis, Dec. 22.—Weiser, Idaho, Jonathan, \$2 to \$2.06, average.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—Ben Davis, \$1.37; Rome Beauty, \$1.77; Greening, \$1.94; Delaware Red, \$1.50; Newtown, \$2.03 and \$1.75.

Philadelphia, Dec. 29.—Rogue River Spitznberg, Blue Diamond, \$1.65 to \$1.90; Wenatchee Spitznberg, \$2.15 to \$2.55; fancy, \$2.08 to \$2.10; Winesap, \$1.80 and \$1.85; Jonathan, \$1.45 to \$2; Delicious, \$2.45 to \$2.65; Winesap, \$2.15.

DANCING SCHOOL OPENS THURSDAY, JANUARY 8TH

Natatorium small hall, H. H. Howell, instructor, assisted by two lady instructors. Thursday for adults and Saturday afternoon for school children. Evening session at 8 p. m. Saturday afternoon 2 p. m.

Will teach waltz, two-step, schottische, three-step, lancers and tangos. For terms phone Walter Merrick. 245

MR. FINCH, FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, OF THE TEAM OF SLATER & FINCH, NOW APPEARING AT THE STAR THEATER



HUTTON POSTOFFICE
ROBBED OF \$41.25

MARU PRESIDENT OF JAPANESE CLUB

The Japanese association held their annual meeting in the Manhattan Cafe Sunday afternoon and elected officers for the year. M. Maru, the University club steward, was named president, and Otto Saito named secretary-treasurer. Julius Saito, the well-known laundry wagon driver and retiring president, delivered an hour's address on the progress of the Japanese the last year. A banquet of Japanese dishes was served afterwards. About thirty were present.

Charity No Relief for Poverty, but Mothers' Pensions Proves Its Worth

(By Judge Henry Neil.)

In every city, large and small, are organizations of well meaning people who propose to care for children in poverty. These people beg from the rich and well-to-do to get money, clothing, shelter and food for poor children. Children who fall into the hands of these charitable organizations are first disgraced, then taken from their mothers and in the end poverty is not even relieved.

Begging is demoralizing to all concerned, even when it is done by a fine lady, or a fine organization of our best people, on fine stationary from a fine office. History shows that begging failed to educate the children and as industry demanded girls and boys who could read and write, the free public school system was established and has just about abolished begging.

No Relief for Poverty

Charity schools were a miserable failure. They have gone. But the Russell Sage foundation and other great institutions will go piffing around trying to convince the people that charity will relieve child poverty. Charity disgraces the receiver, teaches him to beg, and fills the giver with a false pride that hurts his character. Charity cannot even relieve child poverty and it does not even propose to abolish it.

For scores of years this begging business went on unhindered. The United Charities of Chicago collected more than \$300,000 a year, 75 per cent of which went to salaries of "investigators," whose chief work was obtaining jobs for dependent mothers. Such jobs as they obtained were washing and scrubbing, laborious work which ruined the mother and broke up the family. Thousands of families were broken up in this way. The technical court charge for breaking up the family, however, was truancy delinquency, "failing to keep the house clean," or the mother was sent to the hospital broken down. Thus, juvenile court records and the amazing statistics of the charity trust show that no homes were broken up by poverty. The facts are that charity was the cause of all the broken homes that passed through the juvenile court and charity trust.

Charity Broke Up Families.

Early in 1911 I happened to run into this supreme crime against motherhood and childhood. Selling black babies away from their mothers, outraged humane persons all over the world and helped bring on the bloody civil war. But I have seen white mothers, good mothers, noble mothers, separated forever

The postoffice at Hutton, Cal., was robbed of \$41.25, the quarterly receipts, some time between December 1 and New Year's. Postmaster Frank Edwards cashed the money in the postoffice while he went to his gold diggings on Silver Fork. When he returned the cash was gone. Edwards made up the loss and shipped the office equipment to Jacksonville, discontinuing the office. The local postoffice has received no report on the robbery.

The twice-a-week mail at Hutton has been distributed by the miners themselves, and about a dozen are supplied in the winter months. They got their mail and returned to their cabins. There are no clues to the thieves.

from their own children, because they were poor and this crime was committed in the name of kindness and charity. I hope God will forgive them. This is going on in New York state at this very hour and any person may prove it by visiting the juvenile courts and observing the processes.

Appalled at the separation of child and mother, the supreme crime, and the most awful punishment that could be devised by friends, I conceived the idea of pensioning mothers. Quietly the law was passed in Illinois and went into effect on July 1, 1911. Since that time thousands of children have been relieved from poverty and the breaking up of homes has been checked. The few system met with the approval of the public and at this time has been adopted by eighteen other states. The begging charities of Chicago have proven inefficient, in the eyes of the public. The high salaries experts and the horde of "investigators" could not raise last year more than \$70,000, although assisted by companies of prominent business in a. Many charity workers thrown out of work by the failure of the begging societies have been hired by the county as civil service employees to help the pensioned mothers. Instead of wasting their time as employment agents for wash women and scrubbers.

Mothers' Pension System.

The pension system has been found economical as all the money goes directly to the children and their mother and the family is not subjected to the insult of charity any more than the pupil in the public school. Under this system families are not broken up; hope illuminates the life of the mother; she remains at home and takes care of her own children; the little ones may have a home of which they are proud, and the records of the juvenile courts show that the usual juvenile delinquency has almost disappeared from pensioned families.

Before the pension system was adopted in Chicago, 200 out of 1,700 children were brought into court on charges of petty theft and other infractions of the law. After these same 1,700 children had been pensioned only three were brought into court on charges. The cause of this is the pension which enables the mother to remain at home and look after her own children. The results are amazingly successful, and Chicago will soon abolish entirely from the city limits, child poverty, the blight of civilization.

Begging must stop. It is a failure.

With Medford trade is Medford made.

A Rogue River Valley Sunset

To the Editor of Mail Tribune:

One of the charms of this beautiful valley is the fine sunsets and glorious sunrises we so often have, but seldom see anything written about. Some time ago in looking over some old letters I came across a description of an unusually fine sunset we have on January 3, 1910, which will recall the scene to all who were fortunate enough to see it. It was written by Mrs. J. C. Pendleton of Table Rock and is a vivid and true picture of the scene. I also enclose a description she gives of a recent sunrise, thinking perhaps you can use them in your New Year's edition.

"We had a gloriously magnificent sunset tonight, and I must tell you of it. Turner himself would have had to dip his brush three times into his most brilliant paints and then fallen far short of reality. Five minutes before the rush of glorious colors the clouds lay in broken flakes and tiny masses over the tip of lower Table Rock with two bands of pale blue low down on the southwestern horizon. Someone remarked, 'How cold it looks' but as we gazed a faint luminousness and suggestion of color crept in, making the whole

western sky look like an immense opal. The next we knew the hidden lights had leaped forth, and far quicker than I can tell it, the glorious colors poured and tumbled and gleamed brighter and brighter—rose to crimson, old gold, fire gold, molten gold, a dazzling, indescribable orange gold, and the two pale blue bands, shone a dark turquoise blue in contrast to the radiant golden clouds. We rushed outside and the whole heavens were in shining robes. The east was pale blue, over which the Master Painter was hastily splashing, dashing and actually rubbing in the faintest, faintest pink tints with beautiful, majestic Mount Pitt, calm and serene, in its sunny sheen looking so cold and unmoved in all the riot of glorious coloring. 'Firm as the everlasting hills,' came into my mind, but the grand old mountain looked cold and unresponsive, and a feeling of sadness was creeping over me, when, true to the promise of hope and peace and joy to come, the pink flash gave a warm, smiling, living answer to the fast-fading brightness in the west, and long after the color had died out above the Rock, Pitt still shone, a warm, pink cone to our watching eyes."

A Rogue River Valley Sunrise

"One, two, three! The clear notes of the orchard bell break in upon our sub-consciousness, and at the fourth stroke we are fully awake to the fact that it is 6 a. m. and time for busy people to be up and doing. The donning of the daily raincoat takes but a few moments, then to the east window for the usual inspiration from grand old Mount Pitt (Mount McLaughlin, the scientists say, but to us who have dwelt long in his presence it will always be Mount Pitt). One glance suffices to tell us that there are to be sights worth the seeing, and we hastily get into the open air. All the mountains are a deep, dark, mysterious blue. To the north upper Table Rock, to the east, the flat depression where we know lies the world-famed Crater lake; then, in cold, blue white rises the sharp cone of Mount Pitt, waiting as if in hushed silence the coming of the dawn, with canyons and streamers of dark clouds behind and over him, changing into tumbled billows up towards the zenith, these latter already flushed around the edges with dark pink. The eve sweeps on past Rocky Ann to where thumb-shaped Pilot Knob stands boldly out against a strip of clear blue sky; on by Wagner Buttes, with the patches of snow showing clear against the blue-black background, thence to Lower Table Rock in the west, at its

northern end, we catch our breath. What is it? There, slipping down behind a heavy lacework pattern of clouds, is the almost full moon, its clear, silvery splendor making the softest opalescent colors play over, around and among the ever-shifting clouds. An ever-increasing glory of bright coloring in the east, from which Mount Pitt seems to be gradually coming towards us, and this shimmering, fascinating, ethereal moonlight in the west! No wonder we feel awed in the presence of such stillness and of two such pictures from the hand of God. Scarcely breathing, we watch. The moon slowly drops behind the Gold Hill range, and with a long-drawn breath we turn eastward, where the riot of all shades of pink, rose, yellow, old gold and flame color continue to spread in ever-shifting magnificence, with occasional glimpses of turquoise blue, till the whole sky is aflame. Again, fascinated, we watch the colors fade, the clear spaces, once turquoise, change to pure lemon color, then to intense light, and the sun comes up from behind one cloud, only to pass back of another. To the late river, December 12, 1913, was only an ordinary gray winter morning, but to those who were early astir was given two never-to-be-forgotten pictures—the setting moon and the dawning day.

MRS. J. H. PENDLETON.

FLOOD WASHES OUT BLUE LEDGE ROAD

One of the severest snow and wind storms in years raged in the Blue Ledge district last week, followed by a Chinook wind that melted the snow rapidly and made torrents out of the mountain streams. Three feet of snow covered the ground. The road to the Blue Ledge mine was damaged, being washed out in a dozen places, making travel by wagon impossible. The road was built by the Towne interests at a cost of \$10,000 and operations at the Blue Ledge were suspended before it was brought into heavy use.

HORSE BIT HAND OF DEE RUSSELL

"Dee" Russell, well known rancher, while extracting foxtail from the mouth of a horse last week, had his hand badly bitten when the animal clamped down its jaws. A slight

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