

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

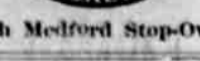
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With Medford Stop-Over

I. W. W. CAMPAIGN TO DEFEY POLICE IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK, March 5.—Bodily defiant and promising "real work" for the police before they are through with them, Frank Tannebaum, unemployed leader, and the 190-odd men arrested with him last night in invading St. Alphonsus Roman Catholic church while services were in progress, awaited arraignment today in careless indifference.

"We industrial workers of the world are just beginning to fight," said Tannebaum.

The police asserted that Alexander Berkman, who served a long penitentiary term for shooting H. C. Friek, was among those in the crowd at St. Alphonsus church. The church floor was found littered with knives, razors, pieces of broken glass and miscellaneous rubbish after the invaders had been taken to prison.

The industrial workers of the world, who have been organizing the unemployed on a large scale here, were declaring today that if the police have decided on a policy of wholesale arrests, they will speedily fill the jails to overflowing. Noon meetings were arranged in the factory districts, at which it was announced industrial workers of the world orators would voice their defiance of the authorities.

Police Commissioner McKay was in personal charge of the situation. Tannebaum, who is 21 years old, was charged today with inciting a riot. His formal arraignment was postponed until tomorrow and his bail increased from \$5000 to \$7500.

CARRANZA OFF FOR CHIHUAHUA

NOGALES, Sonora, March 5.—Accompanied by his staff and a body-guard of 500 troops, General Carranza left Nogales today on a special train for Cananea, Sonora, en route to Chihuahua City. Members of the party professed not to know whether they would first visit Juarez or travel overland from Cananea.

Special Agent George Carothers conferred with Carranza today before the latter's departure. It was stated that proper protection for foreigners' lives and property was discussed. Neither Carothers nor American Consul Frederick Simpich, who was present at the conference, would comment upon it. Carothers said that he would make a report today to the state department, which would make public any portion of it the officials saw fit.

CIVIC FORUM GIVES COLONEL GOETHALS FIRST MEDAL

NEW YORK, March 5.—Colonel Goethals, builder of the Panama canal, was presented by the Civic Forum with a medal last night for "distinguished public service," the first awarded by that institution. Mayor Mitchell took advantage of the occasion to state in Colonel Goethals' presence why he asked him to become New York police commissioner.

"It was not because Colonel Goethals was a great engineer" he said, "it is because he is a great administrator, and if the New York legislature does its duty I know we will secure him."

THE SPASM AGE

(By C. K. McClatchy in the Sacramento Bee.) THIS good old earth has passed through the Stone Age, the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, the alleged Golden Age, and now is "in the midst" of the Spasm Age.

The world is in the throes of a general hysteria, of a dementia universal. Men and women are running amuck with frenzied fads. In the name of Humanity, "reforms" are demanded that are inhuman. In the name of Reform, progress is asked to step backward. In the name of Progress, women strive to strip from womanhood her brightest jewels. And in the name of "Womanhood," denatured males and "advanced" females seek to recreate woman after a new pattern of sexual athleticism but sexless idealism.

Verily, the old whirligig of Time is spinning around so rapidly and so dizzily, to the accompanying corymbant antics of the howling derisives of the New Idea, that Sanity herself wears a troubled air when surrounded by insanity.

By legislation, in the twinkling of an eye, in the taking of a breath—as the years have come and the years that are to be counted—we are told we all will be washed clean not only from the sins that stain, but even from the peccadilloes that annoy.

Mankind and womankind are to be purified on earth for the everlasting life in Heaven. No longer will there be any need of purgatorial hereafter. Reclaimed by Statute and made wild again through the blessed grace of the Brothers and Sisters of the New Dispensation, there will be no grosser party to be strained in the fiery sieve of Eternity's middle state.

White as the breath of Jack Frost, and chaste as the icicle that's curbed by the frost from purest snow and hangs on Dian's temple. Woman will wander through this world—not marrying and being given in marriage—but a joyous and radiant creature, the star-eyed goddess of her own will, her love as free as the air, and scorning those shameful fetters with which inhuman custom so long has bound her.

As for man—weak, pitiful man—he will arise, by the help of freed woman, to tread the mountain paths of Love and Liberty whereas today an inhuman and a grossly slavish world martyrs a Murtly Diggins.

But all along the road of the new St. Vitus-dance reformatory movements—halting at this sub-station or at that, and wondering when they will go farther—are vast hordes of men and women—obsessed if not possessed—creatures who, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, pipe away on their fads and expect the whole world to follow and dance to their music.

The very air is clamorous with their hysterical appeals. They seek, everywhere for legislation to prevent everybody else from doing that which they do not care themselves to do. Nothing appalls them. Nothing daunts them. Nothing confuses or confounds them. Statistics and science they have taken into their camp—and, like gnomes with stolen children, have disfigured them to make them pass for their own.

With flaming banners, blaring trumpets, and the shrieks of thousands of frenzied voices, they have rushed in not only where Christ forbore to tread—they even have misinterpreted the Book and misread the Life to use as a weapon a Scriptural boomerang.

Some of them go even so far as to ignore and scorn the lamp of Experience, and in their arrogance will demand that those who have been in the light must follow them into the darkness. Young girls—just fresh (and still fresh) from Know-all Institutions of Theoretical Infallibility—become Presidents of Mothers' Clubs; dogmatically tell mothers and grandmothers who have borne, and nursed, and reared fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, that their method was almost criminal; and insist that young mothers shall rear their infants on the truly scientific principles mapped out by long-haired men incapable of becoming fathers, and enthusiastically endorsed by short-haired women who never took the first step toward motherhood.

No wonder a good-old-fashioned grandmother told one of these lights of the New Science of Motherhood that she had better get out and get a record before she presumed to instruct those who had had experience as well as theory.

Although David danced before the Ark, and the sight evidently was pleasant in the eyes of the Almighty, there be those who consider all dancing an abomination before the Lord, and who would have all mankind and all womankind debarred therefrom.

And even some municipal legislators can be found who will darken reason with prohibitory ordinances—ordinances which die in dishonor or live to be disregarded and laughed at.

Love was born with this world. Love has been accepted as the herald and the companion of marriage. When heretofore two young souls gave themselves unto each other until death should them part, they were supposed to be united in that alone which makes life worth the living—in that alone which connects Birth and Death with its bridge of roses—which, stretching from Time to Eternity, hallows the one and sanctifies the other—Love—Love, twined upon infant lips and in the consecrated soil of the glorified mother—Love, anointed by Humanity and accented by Divinity itself—Love, that stands tiptoe upon the mountain top of Heaven's highest hope—Love, that Trust and Faith tell us will yet abide somewhere forever and forever when the stars are quenched, and this brave world has gone down in darkness and in gloom.

But times have changed. Cupid is to be banished. Science, and Medicine, and the Higher Culture are to preside over the marriage ceremony. Love's rainbow archery, with golden arrows tipped with myrrh and frankincense, is to be discarded, and Spectacled Faddism will be the dominant genius—while the emblems of the marriage license will be a stethoscope and a tape measure.

Marriage no longer is to be a ceremony of the heart, but rather one conditioned upon the regularity of the bowels. Heigh, ho! No wonder the naked little boy shivers, and weeps, and will not be comforted.

And in this Spasm Age the Czars of a Faddism that demands eugenic marriages (or none), and university-approved and scientifically-nursed babies, are to the front declaring that wet Damnation lurks in every drop of wine; that an atom of beer contains the concentrated essence of 10,000 poisonous devils; that the wine-grape vines shall be torn up, or used only to make grape juice for the Bryans of this earth.

Immigrants Returning to Europe to Buy Farms

Most of our recent immigrants were tillers of the soil in their native countries. They are good farmers. The soil which they farmed in Europe has been under cultivation for over a thousand years and is still fertile and productive. These new residents are land-hungry, and save all that can be saved out of their wages for the purpose of purchasing land. The ambition of our peasant immigrants is to save enough by industrial wage-earning to enable them to buy land. They consider the status of the owner of a farm—even of a very small farm—far above that of the industrial employee. The social and financial status of a farm-owner is deemed to be the most desirable one, excepting probably that of the owner of a saloon. All their present hardships are forgotten for this cause, all their energies are expended for this end, all their visions of happiness in old age are pictures of the yearned-for farm.

Besides the "immigrant bankers," who stimulate the exportation of the immigrant's savings and the re-migration of the immigrant himself, the agents of certain foreign governments, financial institutions, agricultural concerns, and a large number of other parties co-operate in

keeping our peasant immigrants in ignorance of American opportunities. This very ignorance is the source of the income of many employment offices, unscrupulous lawyers, politicians, notaries public, large numbers of foreign-language newspapers, certain town-plot sharks, speculators in land and foodstuffs, and an army of other auxiliaries. They all live on the inexperienced and credulous immigrant.

The masses of peasant immigrants are, practically, kept from learning about American institutions, methods, and ideals. Agricultural opportunities in the United States of which these types of settlers might avail themselves are secrets for them, sealed with seven seals. They desire to discontinue industrial employment as soon as possible and re-engage in agriculture on land of their own. Knowing nothing of farming in this country, they are easily influenced by the exploiters, and are induced to re-migrate to Europe when they have saved enough money to buy a little land in a great many instances total and irreparable ruin is the result of such re-migration.

From "Our Recent Immigrants as Farmers," by Lajos Steiner, in the American Review of Reviews for March.

Buttons That Grow on Trees

A button to the average man is a rather negligible object, until it happens to be missing from his coat, vest or trousers—invariably at the most inopportune time—and then it becomes an object of much importance and considerable solicitude. He wants it replaced forthwith and hies to his tailor. There he finds that the individual has carefully selected the exact shade of button that matches the delicately mingled colors of his suit, a fact which he had probably not thought of before, and that the stock of this particular kind of button has been exhausted. At once the button takes on a new importance, and perhaps the query presents itself—of what is it and whence does it come?

"Out of 1000 well-dressed men taken from an average city crowd, how many could tell, if asked, where the buttons that so artistically embellish the fancy greys, browns, or blues of their fashionable attire have their origin? Ten—perhaps. And yet each of them is an unconscious walking advertisement of one of the unique products of several Latin American countries," writes Edward Albee in Monthly Bulletin of the Pan American Union, and proceeds to give an account of the vegetable ivory button from its birth on the tree until it

is placed as a finished product on the card and offered for sale. It appears that it has been something like fifty years since some rubber gatherers in the forests of northern Ecuador first told of a peculiar species of palm which they found in great numbers, whose fruit was a nut resembling in form and color the miniature head of a negro. These nuts were called "negritos," and upon further investigation it was found that the kernels, when thoroughly dried, had the appearance and texture of denture ivory. Sample lots of these nuts were shipped to Europe, and although at first they were thought to be useless, it was soon found that they furnished an ideal material from which to manufacture buttons and other small ornamental objects for which the more expensive ivory had hitherto been used. The dried kernel could be saved, carved and turned on lathes into all sizes and shapes of buttons, while the texture of the material is such that it readily absorbs dyes and will take on a high and permanent polish. Henceforth the ivory nut became an important product and now adds considerably to Ecuador's export trade. Something like 20,000 tons are shipped from that country each year, worth about \$1,700,000, while Columbia and Panama are both increasing their output.

A Knocker's Prayer

Lord, please don't let this town grow. I've lived here for 39 years, and during that time I have fought every public improvement and knocked everything and everybody; no firm or individual has established a business here without my doing all I could to put them out of business; I've used every underhanded method known to the knocking fraternity to injure their business; I've lied about them, and would have stolen from them if I had the courage; I've done all I could to keep the town from growing; never have I spoken a good word for it, but instead I've knocked it hard and often.

It pains me, O Lord, to see that in spite of my knocking this town is beginning to grow. Some day, I fear, I will be called upon to put down sidewalks in front of my property, and who knows but what I may have to help keep up the streets that run by my premises? This, O Lord, would be more than I could bear. It would cost me money, and I could not afford to pay out any money, though all I have was right here in this town.

Then, too, more people might come if the town begins to grow, which would cause me to lose some of my pull. I ask, therefore, to keep this town at a standstill at least, that I may continue to be the chief knocker. Amen!

A BUSINESS MAN.—Ex. Look! Look! Smoke Governor Johnson cigars, they're made in Medford, you'll like them.

SEEDS

We carry a complete line of Field and Garden Seeds in package and bulk.

SPENCER'S SWEET PEAS ALL COLORS

Now is the time to plant Sweet Peas.

We make a specialty of Lawn Grass Seeds, Alfalfa and Clovers

A Novice Can't Do It You had better buy "store" glasses at 25 cents than to pay for specially ground lenses that don't fill your requirements perfectly.

To be able to accurately fit glasses requires years of patient study, with a single devotion to the one object alone.

Dr. Rickert Eye Sight Specialist Suite 1-2, Over Deuel's 8. & H. Green Trading Stamps Given

IRISH HOME RULE STARTS ON THIRD, FINAL PASSAGE

LONDON, March 5.—The Irish home rule bill was introduced in the house of commons for first reading this afternoon. It was certain of passage. Debate on it will begin Monday, when it will be called for second reading.

In the commons it has a majority, but the house of lords assuredly will reject it. Many politicians think the liberal administration which, with the Irish and labor members of the lower house, is backing the measure, will be forced out of office before this can be done.

BRAZIL THREATENED BY NEW REVOLUTION

BUENOS AYRES, March 5.—Meager dispatches received here today reported serious rioting at Rio de Janeiro. A revolution is threatened, it was said, as a result of racial disorders in the interior.

NEW YORK CITY NAES 190 I. W. W. RIOTERS

NEW YORK, March 5.—Several hundred men who, under the leadership of industrial workers of the world, have been marching on the church edifices recently, were arrested last night in the Saint Alphonsus Catholic church on West Broadway after disregarding warning that if they entered the church it would be under peril of arrest.

In Rutgers square over 1000 persons assembled to hear speeches which the police charged ridiculed the churches which sheltered the unemployed on previous nights and urged drastic methods to get what the speaker asserted were the needy's rights.

Made in Medford. Smoke Mt. Pitt and Governor Johnson cigars, they are home made and first class.

Cheap and Easily Made, But Ends a Cough Quickly

How to Make the Very Best Cough Remedy at Home. Fully Guaranteed.

This pint of cough syrup is easily made at home and saves you about \$2.00 as compared with ordinary cough remedies. It relieves obstinate coughs—even whooping cough—quickly, and is splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, spasmodic croup and hoarseness.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents, worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. Tastes good.

This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the appetite, and is slightly laxative—both excellent features.

Pinex, as perhaps you know, is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and the other natural healing pine elements. No other preparation will do the work of Pinex in this mixture, although strained honey can be used instead of the sugar syrup, if desired.

Thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada now use this Pinex and Sugar Syrup remedy. This plan has often been imitated, but the old successful combination has never been equalled. Its low cost and quick results have made it immensely popular.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

PAGE THEATER

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MATINEE AND NIGHT THE Carnegie, Alaska-Siberia Exposition Pictures

FARTHEST NORTH WITH THE CAMERA Thrilling Hunting Scenes under the Midnight Sun. WITH INSTRUCTIVE LECTURE SIX REELS

Polar Bear and Walrus Roping within ten feet. PRICES—10c, 15c, 20c. Special Bargain Matinee Sunday, 10c, any seat Matinee 2:30 P. M. Evening, 7:30.

N. B.—Don't fail to see the display in the Page lobby. It's worth seeing.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if Bladder bothers you—Drink lots of water.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then set fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithine, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIETARY PILLS. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

ISIS THEATRE

Photoplays Today Only Jerry's Uncle's Namesake Vitagraph Comedy in two Parts

CONCENTRATION Biograph Drama THE MOTH Labin Drama

Here Tomorrow THE TWO ORDEALS No. 2 of Adventures of Kathlyn Two Reels

STAR THEATRE

NEW VAUDEVILLE TODAY Van & Davis

Comedy singers and eccentric Dancers

THE FIGHT FOR MILLIONS 4 part thrilling melodrama

MUD BATH ELOPEMENT Farce comedy

COMING TOMORROW "A MESSAGE FROM MAIRS" A four part production and a big novelty in photoplays

ADMISSION 10 CENTS