

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Advertisement for 'Josh' featuring a cartoon character and the text 'The Safety First movement seems to have quite a hold on the razor industry.'

LAUGHS

Her Equipment: "Great stinger, that." "Very accomplished, I understand." "Yes; she has a repertoire of 14 operas and 200 gowns."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Complicated: Patient's Wife—"If you cannot decide what is the matter with my husband, hadn't you better call in some other physicians for consultation?" Family Doctor—"Oh, no, madam! My ideas are confused enough already."

Placing the Blame: "Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?" "Yes, your honor. I would call your attention to the fact that the fool lawyer who defended me was assigned to the case by yourself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Times Are Changed: "The farmer's wife used to get the egg money for little trifles she needed." "Well?" "But now he takes it away from her and buys himself an automobile."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

No Change: BEGGAR—"I haven't tasted food for a month." Dyspeptic—"You ain't missing much. It's the same old taste." Friendless: "Have you no friends?" asked the recorder. "No, judge; nothin' but relatives."—Newburg Journal.

The Oracle: Fortune Teller—"I see by your hand you'll die when you're twenty-seven." Willie—"But, my dear woman, I'm twenty-nine now." Fortune Teller—"Why, my good man, you should have been dead two years. You're living under false pretenses."

A Sympathetic Soul: Billy—"I'd like to be a doctor, Willie—Wraffus?" Billy—"So's when a feller's mother brought him to me I could say keep him home from school a week or so."

Where Ignorance is Bliss: Husband—"Do you keep account of the groceries you order?" Wife—"No, indeed. I keep no account of small expenditures. Husband (who has just received the bill)—"Huh, what makes you think of it as 'small expenditures'?"

KAISER NEAR TO DEATH. RUSS SHELLS HIT AUTO: GENEVA, May 20.—The German emperor and his staff had a narrow escape on Sunday while watching the operations in a village near the River San, in Galicia. According to a dispatch from Budapest which reached here by indirect route, a heavy shell burst 500 yards away. It fell among some automobiles destroying several machines, including the emperor's and killing his chauffeur. The emperor had left his car only 15 minutes before. As more Russian shells were falling in the neighborhood the emperor and his staff left hastily in machines which they commanded.

A FIDDLER FOR PROSPERITY

THE best satire upon American politics and political methods seen in many a day is the spectacle of Eugene E. Schmitz as a candidate for mayor of San Francisco. Mr. Schmitz' printed appeal reads as follows: "BRING BACK THE GOOD OLD TIMES: ELECT SCHMITZ MAYOR."

Eugene Schmitz was a fiddler in San Francisco theater orchestras, with a fiddler's happy temperament, when he was picked by Abe Ruef as a mayoralty candidate in 1901. The labor nomination was given him and he was elected in a three-cornered contest following a labor war. Twice later, by aid of Ruef's corrupt political machine, an alliance for graft between the Southern Pacific, the United Railroads, big business, union labor, the saloons and the tenderloin, he was re-elected.

The care-free fiddler, with genial personality and imposing presence, without executive ability or capacity, became the willing tool of the corrupt politicians. He could not stand power and prosperity and was transformed from an honest man into a thief.

The shameful loot of San Francisco followed the fire. Graft overreached itself. Ruef was sent to the penitentiary, Calhoun was ruined, the Southern Pacific forced from politics, and Schmitz convicted for grafting. The verdict was reversed on thinnest technicalities by a court whose justices owed their appointment to Ruef, and the charges dragged on until finally dismissed by a friendly prosecutor in 1911.

"The good old times," says Schmitz, "means Prosperity and—Schmitz luck." He fiddles further as follows:

During my term of office San Francisco had the best times it ever had; since I went out of office it has had the worst times. Schmitz luck! While I was mayor everybody got rich. There were no idle men in San Francisco; every workman had a job and was buying his house and a piano; every real estate man was becoming a millionaire; every investor was getting great gains; there wasn't a vacant house anywhere. Things were booming!

Of course Schmitz created prosperity—at least for Schmitz, and all that is necessary to restore it is to give him the chance to graft again. That is about as far as Schmitz' logic goes—but a lot of the dear people will fall for any kind of a fakir who shrieks prosperity loud enough.

The fiddler's logic, however, is on a par with that of most politicians fiddling for the pie counter. Substitute the G. O. P. for Schmitz and we have the tune of the republican politicians. Indeed, Schmitz' appeal might have been written by the Jackson county central committee. It is the doleful melody of the Lincoln calamity banquet. It is the song of the protective tariff barons and every other fiddler for special privilege.

It will be a sorry joke on San Francisco if Schmitz is elected—but it need surprise no one. Voters are as likely to follow the strains of the fake prosperity fiddle as the children were eager to follow the strains of the pied piper of Hamelin—with much the same result.

Getting Borah's Measure

(By Herbert Quick) We are trembling on the edge of a crisis.

The sinking of the Guilflight, an American vessel flying the American flag, the loss of the life of the captain of the Guilflight and some of her crew, the killing of an American citizen, Thrasher, on a merchant vessel sunk by a German submarine, and now the sinking of the Lusitania and the drowning of more than a hundred American citizens—all these things have pushed us to the edge of the abyss.

If we are to navigate safely the dangerous waters on which we are afloat every citizen must help to keep to the surface that poise and sanity necessary in this crisis.

For it is a crisis. Never since the nation was founded was there a more terrible crisis. When we found ourselves divided into warring sections the situation was not so strange and fearful; for that was a purely American matter.

If we are drawn into this war, we are made a member of the great group of nations which play world politics, and we become a member forever.

Up to the time of this writing the people have shown an unexpected calm. In the main they have looked to the lonely man in the white house with sympathy and confidence; for they know that on him rests the awful task of making a choice on which depends issues which may not be decided for ages to come.

Not in the Carpathians, nor above the trenches in Flanders, nor over the narrow seas that lead to onstantinople are grouped today the Earth Spirits whose influences change the course of empires; they hover about that white columned mansion enveloped in its green trees overlooking the Potomac.

And yet there are those who seize on this momentous occasion to make a selfish appeal to partisan politics. There is at least one. His name is William E. Borah, a senator from Idaho, who denies that he is a candidate for the presidency, but whose friends are working for his nomination everywhere.

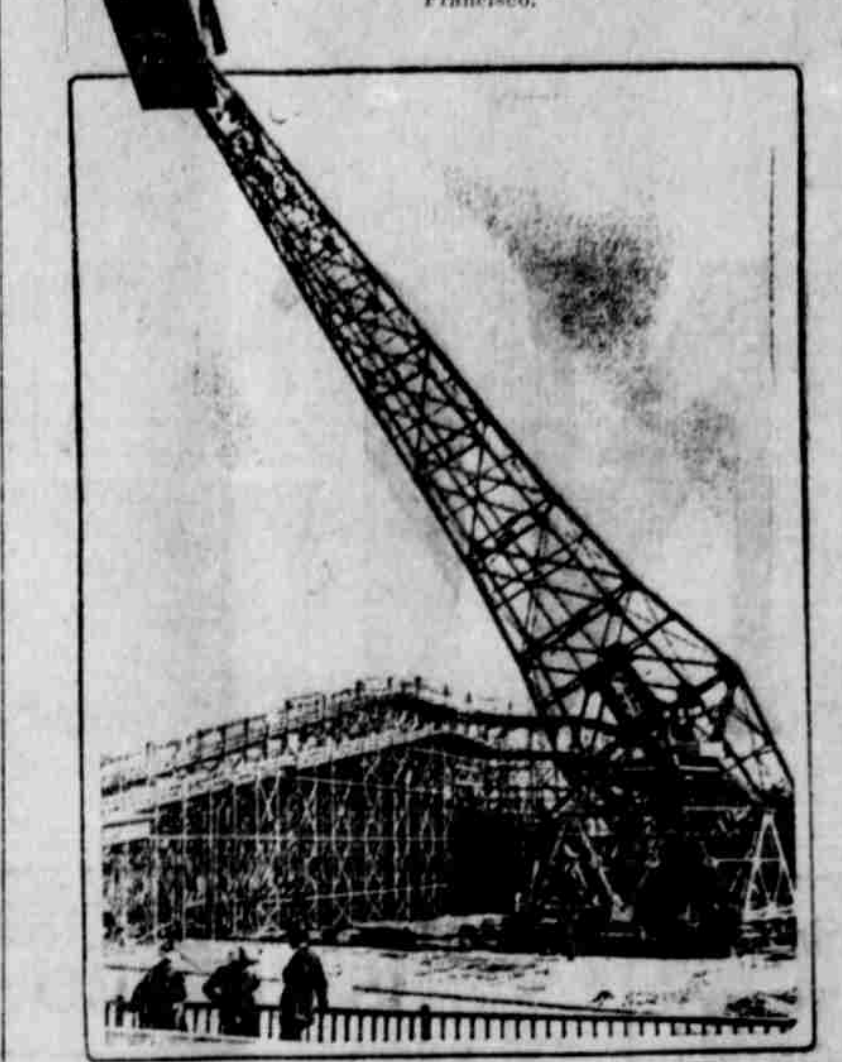
I am one of those who have sometimes regarded Borah as a man of presidential size. This crisis gives us his measure. He is small. He is petty. He is a self-seeker. He sees nothing in this crisis which calls upon him to still the voice of factionalism, or keep the waters clear of mud.

He has been interviewed on the Lusitania horror. He does not sympathize, he says, any decisive change

NEW THRILL DISPENSER AT WORLD'S FAIR

IS GUARANTEED PAINLESS AND FOOLPROOF

The aerospace at the Panama-Pacific international exposition at San Francisco.



(By Mark Larkin.) SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 17.—Every world's fair must have its thrill. And the Panama-Pacific international exposition varies in this respect not one iota from any other exposition.

Only the manner of administering the thrill here is different; in fact, so very novel is this new method of prescribing shivers for the timorous that it merits description. In the old days it was the Ferris wheel that made that tingy feeling dance so blithely up and down the spinal column of the sensation-seekers. But today the Ferris wheel is an antique. It has been relegated to the scrap heap by the onward march of progress and the consuming desire of amusement adventurers for a thrill with more of a tinkle to it.

Therefore, the aerospace. A product of our vaunted modernism is this ingenious contrivance. Ladies and gentlemen, they do say that this is positively the first appearance of the aerospace. 'Tis said that Casey Island, even, does not boast one. And never, so help me, has one been shown before at a world's expo.

And what is the aerospace? Listen, my children, and these shall hear. Briefly, the aerospace consists of a house on a pole 265 feet long. Some pole—what! Said pole catapults said house into the blue firmament to the said altitude of 265 feet, providing the said house be filled with passengers who have paid to the gatekeeper sufficient funds to entitle them to a thrill.

While in the air the pole does a waltz-me-around-again-Willie movement that is terrifyingly pleasurable. However, all who have tried the aerospace maintain that it is not half so bad as it looks. And it is guaranteed to be perfectly safe and absolutely foolproof. Those who invented and promoted it should be paid a bonus, for in the aerospace is found a means of viewing the exposition that cannot be excelled. The raising and lowering of the gigantic arrangement is gradual that one scarcely notices the ascent or the great height even when you have arrived at the very pinnacle of your aerial destination.

As an engineering feat the aerospace is remarkable, indeed. On the base of the great steel frame that carries the passenger car is a huge block of concrete weighing thirty tons. The purpose of this is to act as a balance and governor for the great lever that tosses the thrill-seeker skyward.

VICTOR EMMANUEL PARDONS STRIKERS

ROME, May 20.—King Victor Emmanuel II is asserted, has decided to grant a general pardon to all railroad employes who were punished because of the part they took in the strike of May, 1914. This action is said to be designed as another step to bring about a closer union of all parties in the country.

Reports received from mevery university in Italy say that the students of each will volunteer in a body if war is declared. Dispatches from Verona say that Italians whose homes are in Austria and Italy are pouring across the frontier by thousands every day because they are fearful of reprisals in the event of hostilities.

The authorities at Genoa have been ordered to keep a close watch on the German steamers interned at that port as it is believed their captains may attempt to escape after a declaration of war or to blow up their vessels.

MURDER OF 23 YEARS AGO BEING AIRED IN TEXAS

GEORGETOWN, Tex., May 20.—Hearing of evidence in the trial of Theodore Armstrong, charged with a murder committed twenty-three years ago, began here today. Armstrong is charged with the murder of Sheriff John T. Olive in Bell county, Texas, in 1892. Among the 150 witnesses summoned to testify are Governor James E. Ferguson of Texas and Secretary of State George G. McKay.

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CAPTAIN APPLIGATE

DISCUSSES NAMING OF MT. McLOUGHLIN

More light upon the naming of Mt. McLaughlin or Pitt is shed by Captain O. C. Applegate of Klamath Falls in a letter to his sister, Mrs. H. H. Sargent, which reads as follows: "The story about Captain Applegate originating the name of Mt. Pitt at the time of making the preliminary railroad survey through the Cascade via Fish lake in the early '70's is a pure fiction. As nearly as I remember, the survey was made in 1864 by Uncle Jesse Applegate, who was at that time chief engineer for Ben Holiday, the railroad builder. It was made in an effort to find the best possible pass for a railroad through the mountains from Oregon to California, and the survey mentioned only extended to the Klamath river, near where the town of Keno is now located, and had no connection whatever with a proposed line through the Pit river country. Jesse Applegate was only the engineer, having no proprietary interest in the survey, and the statement that he undertook to dispose of the survey could not, from the very facts in the case, be true.

"Jesse Applegate had known the peak in question for many years only as Mt. Pitt, and it is natural that he would call it nothing else.

"There has been considerable controversy in this matter of the historic name of this peak, but the controversy has occurred in recent years. I shall send you a map of Oregon and Upper California, from the surveys of John Charles Fremont and other authors, drawn by Charles Frause, under the order of the senate of the United States, Washington City, 1845." These surveys were made by Fremont from 1843 to 1846, inclusive, and you will see that Mt. Pitt is the name given for our peak on this map.

Alexander von Humboldt, the great German scientist and explorer, was born in 1769, but he did not begin the preparation of his greatest literary work until he had reached his 74th year—1843. This work, "Kosmos," an essay describing the physical world, I purchased when a boy, and read with especial interest his description of the volcanic mountain chains of the Pacific coast, and, while there were several references to Mt. Pitt, I remember but one case in which it was referred to as "Mt. Pitt or McLaughlin."

"Jesse and Lindsay Applegate began their explorations in and through southern Oregon in 1846 and we personally know that they knew this peak only as Mt. Pitt. These men were great personal friends of Dr. John McLaughlin, who was chief factor of the Hudson Bay company when they came to Oregon in 1843, and appreciated to its fullest extent his great kindness to the Oregon emigrants, and had they known any reason for calling the peak Mt. McLaughlin I believe they would have done so.

"Who was Pitt? Why, Sir William Pitt, otherwise Lord Chatham, the great friend of the American colonies immediately preceding the revolution. I am not able (yet) to produce the evidence that this noble peak was named for Sir William Pitt, a man whom all patriotic Americans should delight to honor, but I have been disposed to take it for granted that this is the case.

"The name of our peak has no connection whatever with the name of the California stream (eastern branch of the Sacramento), which is known as Pitt river. In that case the name should be spelled with a single 't,' as the name came from the fact that the Montmas Indians, who lived along the stream, constructed pitfalls to entell their game.

"O. C. APPLIGATE. "Klamath Falls, May 14."

PREACHER SENT TO FEDERAL PRISON

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 20.—James Morrison Darnell, recently convicted of violating the Mann white slave act, in transporting Ruth Sapher from Owatonna, Minn., to Chicago, and thence to Kenosha, was today denied a new trial by Federal Judge Geiger and sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth, sentence to begin at noon tomorrow. Darnell was formerly pastor of a church in Kenosha.

A Fine Field

Landlady (to applicant for rooms)—Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow? Applicant—I am a doctor of music. Landlady—Oh, then, we shall be glad to have you with us, and I'm sure you will do well here, for there's lots of music in this locality that needs doctoring.

THE PAGE IT Theatre

Medford's Leading Theater TONIGHT King Baggot in the 5 Pound Note A London Coster Drama in 3 Parts

MARY FULLER in The Laugh That Died A Drama of Little Italy

Roses and Thorns Big "U" Emotional Drama

Nellie the Pride of the Fire House NESTOR COMEDY 5 and 10c

Have you heard the "Drumona," the Latest Musical Effect Cabinet? Don't fail to see the last episode of "Zadora" Friday and Saturday, entitled "The Richest Woman in the World."

Mrs. Clayton's Letter

To Run-Down Nervous Women. Louisville, Ky.—"I was a nervous wreck, and in a weak, run-down condition when a friend asked me to try Vinol. I did so, and as a result I have gained in health and strength. I think Vinol is the best medicine in the world for a nervous, weak, run-down system and for elderly people."—Mrs. W. C. Clayton, Louisville, Ky. Vinol is a delicious cod liver and iron tonic without oil, guaranteed to overcome all run-down, weak, debilitated conditions and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis. Medford Pharmacy.—Adv.

STAR Medford's Most Popular Playhouse

Thursday and Friday Five-Part Western Drama

"The Bargain"

William D. Hart As the Two-Gun Man.

Produced by Thomas H. Ince and William H. Clifford in and near the Grand Canyon of Arizona for the Paramount Picture Corporation.

Admission 5 and 10 cents.

Coming Tuesday and Wednesday, "The Spoilers," at 10 cents admission.

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