

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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HONG KONG KOLUM



Luddy Jlane—You askee what saddest word in Melican tongue. "Please remil."

According to the New York Tribune a Sixth Avenue, New York tailor put this sign out:

WANTED A few girls to clean walsts.

Also a few bright girls. Apply ninth floor.

From Vaudeville (Ben Ryan and Harriette Lee.)

"So you are a chorus girl?" "Yes."

"I was on the stage once myself." "Oh, tell me about it!"

"No, it was only a short engagement."

"Please tell me. I know you must have been great. Tell me."

"Well, a man threw my hat on the stage and I had to go up and get it."

Today's Bellringer Ex-Senator Lodge was talking in Boston and told the following story to explain a point in his argument:

"A country lout in Massachusetts got a job once shooting muskrats for the owner of a mill. He sat for several hours a day in the sun on the dam, watching for the rats, which were rapidly undermining the mill owner's property."

"One morning a villager passed. "What are you doin', Si?" asked the passerby.

"I'm paid to shoot muskrats," came the reply, "they're underminin' the dam."

"There goes one now!" said his friend, "why don't you shoot him?" "Si sat motionless."

"Do you think," he asked finally, "that I want to lose my job?"

Stella's Bargain Counter Just because a husband isn't interested in his wife's welfare is no sign that a farewell wouldn't be interesting to him.

This Gentleman is Probably the Big Man of the Town (From St. Louis Republic)

Mr. Huegely owns elevators at Beaumont and Huegely, Ill.

Not Always So. "My dear friends," said the minister, seriously, "it is deeds—not words—that count most."

"Oh, I don't know," came back the fresh young boarder, "did you ever send a telegram?"

His Own Fault "What do you mean?" roared the angry husband, "by keeping me standing here on the corner looking like a fool?"

"John," replied his lady wife, "I may have kept you waiting, but the rest you did yourself."

Faithful "Hey," cried the carpenter to his apprentice, "didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"

COMMITTING HARA-KIRI

IN replying to the Mail Tribune's comments upon Portland's efforts to close the lumber mills of the Willamette valley by securing preferential rates for Portland, the Oregonian says:

There is an opinion in Portland that Portland cannot and will not grow unless the state grows. Any lack of prosperity in Southern Oregon, or any part of Oregon, is certain to find its direct reflection here.

The Oregonian resorts to barefaced falsehood to cover the sins of the metropolis and dodges the issue by attacking the Mail Tribune for having exposed the Pecksniffian hypocrisy of Portland in promising co-operation in the upbuilding of the state while doing its utmost to destroy its development.

"It is not true that Portland dwarfs the activity of any part of Oregon for its own benefit," says the Oregonian.

Then why did the Portland chamber of commerce intervene in behalf of the Southern Pacific against Medford in the six suits brought by Medford before the state railroad commission and the interstate commerce commission for more equitable freight rates?

Why has Portland spent tens of thousands of dollars and fought for years the efforts of Astoria and Columbia river ports to secure the same terminal rates granted all Puget Sound ports, which in consequence have six times the commerce of Portland and Columbia river ports?

Why is Portland today appealing to the interstate commerce commission to force the same rates for lumber from Portland to California that the mills of the Willamette valley and further south pay—mills that have many miles shorter haul?

Why do Portland jobbers combine to kill new industries started outside the metropolis by underselling at less than cost the product manufactured in the territory affected?

What does Portland do for Oregon except milk it? Do Portland banks loan money in Oregon? Does Portland capital develop needed industries?

The list of Portland's sins against Oregon is a long one. Innumerable instances could be cited. She has been caught with the goods. But her own lack of commerce and loss of prosperity proves that she is committing hara-kiri.

THE UNPAVED STREETS

THERE are approximately twenty miles of paved streets in Medford. There are approximately forty miles of unpaved streets.

The paving rebonding plan would make these forty miles of unpaved streets help pay the cost of paving those paved.

While it may be admitted that the paving benefits in a measure unpaved streets, it does not benefit them anywhere near the proportion that it benefits the paved streets.

When the paving was laid on Main street all property-owners advanced rents, in many cases quadrupling them. The increased rentals in most cases more than paid the cost of the paving.

A house upon a paved street rents for more than one upon an unpaved street. Most of the speculative lot owners advocated paving, hoping thereby to increase the value of their property and sell. Their own greed prevented sale in many cases when there was a market.

Paving in many cases was simply for speculative profits. Why should the owners of unpaved lots be forced to pay the speculators who got caught?

If the bonding scheme carries, taxes will be exorbitant. The credit of the city will have been exhausted. There will be no money, either from direct taxation or from the sale of more bonds for paving more streets. The unpaved streets stand little chance of becoming paved in the next twenty years.

Why should the property owners on unpaved streets face exorbitant taxation for thirty years to come to pay the bills that the owners of property on paved streets voluntarily incurred for their own benefit?

It is taxation without resultant benefit. It is unjust and unfair. It spells ruin to owners of unpaved property, comprising two-thirds of the city, whose market will be destroyed.

SCENE FROM ONE OF THE GREATEST PHOTOPLAY DRAMAS THAT HAS EVER APPEARED IN MEDFORD



"The Right of Way," with the distinguished dramatic actor, William Faversham, supported by Jane Grey.

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor: Colonel Medynski, the putative father of the Medynski plan, took occasion a few weeks ago in one of his suave and polished articles in the city papers to address a few kindly and soothing remarks to those benighted and anxious citizens of Medford who live off the paving.

Well, don't begin to watch for your paving too soon, you off-paving people, for you'll have plenty of time to watch. Some of you have noticed that fact already, if you have carefully studied the official publication of the Medynski plan in the papers. You will find in that part of the plan containing the charter amendments that power is given to the city to construct new pavements as well as to pay for and maintain the old ones; but you will also find that the tax levy for paving, for refunding, maintaining and construction is limited to 18 mills on the dollar.

Now, that 18 mill restriction is sure a little joker well worthy of the subtle Hibernian mind that drew up the amendments and ordinance. Thus, while it seems to limit all special taxes under the Medynski plan to 18 mills, yet a little further on no limit is left but the sky, so far as taxing to carry out the plan itself is concerned.

The city council is plainly directed to make a levy large enough every year to meet the Medynski payments for that year, with no "5's" nor "10's" nor 18 mill limit, about it. But, mind you, that little old 18 mill limit will come up smiling when any new paving is talked of. Here, then, is the gist of the whole matter, so far as the chances for any new paving are concerned:

Not until the time comes, in the far distant future, when an 18-mill tax will yield enough to meet the annual Medynski payments and have a pretty large surplus for maintaining the old pavements, can any money be devoted to new paving.

"And how long will that be?" do you ask.

Not so very long, perturbed spirit of the pave.

By the year 1931, if Medford property has by that time got its second wind from the Medynski knock-out, and has by then crawled up enough to be assessed as now, at four million dollars, then the 18-mill tax will just meet the Medynski bond payments for that year. After that, for a few years, it will yield enough for a little surplus for maintenance, and about the year 1936, if everything goes well, there will begin to be surplus enough to construct a block or two of new paving every year. And 1936 is only twenty years and a few months away.

And what is twenty years among friends? In the bright lexicon of the Medynski promises twenty years will be as but a day or two. They will be gone "while you wait."

While you wait in your graves—that is—perhaps—in the posthumous, if your own petitions are profitably bought.

Anyhow, it is likely to be one place or the other for many of you, for the Medynski plan "will get you, if ye don't watch out."

G. E. MARSHALL.

proportion for public improvements. A relief measure was imperatively demanded and the Medynski bond net, so as to place the burden of public improvements where it belongs, was approved by the public in mass meeting by the citizens' committee and unanimously by the city council at two separate sessions. When all at once the money changers and tax-dodgers became alarmed and selected the famous Bull Moose for their tool or leader, starting a campaign to defeat the expressed wish of the people.

The public in the meantime started a referendum petition to compel the council to respect our rights and to place the measure on the ballot. This petition contained 600 names. When the petition was presented to the council the Big Four, with the Bull Moose as their leader, most offensively denied the petition. But the money changers, several lawyers and others were called in five secret sessions with the Big Four to discuss plans to defeat the people.

The Miles plan was devised, which contemplated taking of one-half the paving assessment off those who had not paid and suing the incumbents for the balance, refunding one-half to those who had paid in full with thirty-year city warrants without interest. Merciful heavens, what a relief! The citizens in distress asked for bread and they were given a stone.

After that week of strategy led by the military strategists, they met in council, cocked and primed to put the people in a hole. They passed the bonding plan and then in triumphant jubilee proceeded to pass on the Miles rider when the city attorney told the Big Four that they had gone to the limit and could not put two competitive measures on the same ballot. Shades of Moses! What a commotion! There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The Bull Moose was wild with despair. That great military authority who wrote a great work on the mistakes of Napoleon was beaten by his own strategy. If one of Napoleon's corporals had been guilty of such a blunder he would have been cashiered on the spot. I don't know exactly what that means, but think it's something like this: He would be discharged and paid off in Miles 50-50 city warrants without interest.

If people don't become confused by these calamity howlers and will

stand by their colors, they will win hands down, and when the sun shines out bright on the morning of November 10 it will light up 500 emancipated homes with a new and happy light. Then I expect Colonel Sargent will come down from his home in Jacksonville with tears in his eyes and acknowledge his mistake and thank me for giving him what was coming to him. I have the utmost contempt for these anonymous correspondents who evidently ashamed of their stand, are ashamed to show their colors. Such communications will have little weight with the people.

"For my eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He's stamping out the vineyard where the grapes of wrath are stored. He has loosed the lightning of his terrible quick sword. And his truth is marching on. Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! And his truth is marching on."

J. S. HOWARD.

Expectant Mothers Relieved of Pain

A most valuable help to women during this interesting period is a splendid external remedy called "Mother's Friend." It is applied over the muscles of the stomach, gently rubbed in, and at once penetrates to relieve all strain on nerves, cords, ligaments and all parts involved. It makes the muscles as pliant that they expand naturally. And at the same time they are invigorated by the absence of harassing pains so apt to distress the mind. Get a bottle of any druggist. Write to Bradford Regulator Co., 105 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a fascinating book.

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THE PAGE

Matinee Daily at 2 p. m. Evening 7 p. m.

THE LAST APPEARANCE TONIGHT OF WILLIAM FAVERSHAM and JANE GREY in SIR GILBERT PARKER'S Tale of the Great Northwest

"The Right of Way"

Five Acts of Stirring Photo Drama PUNCH JONES

e of program tonight. 1ME 15c, 25c and 35c. at 7 P. M.

Star Theatre

Where the Crowds Go

Herrmann The GREAT

And His Company

Coming TOMORROW--One Day Only Tickets Are Now Being Sold Fast for this Attraction. Reserve Your Seats NOW Two Performances Daily

PRICES: Afternoon, 15c for children, 25c for adults. Evening, all seats reserved, 25c for everybody. If you want a good seat buy now, as they are selling fast. Afternoon performance begins with pictures at 2:15. Vaudeville comes on promptly at 3:30. Evening picture at 7:15, vaudeville at 8:30 sharp. Herrmann and his company's part of the entertainment lasts fully one hour and thirty minutes.

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH.

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sniffing, mucous discharge, headache, dizziness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.

Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's not sold elsewhere.

John A. Perl UNDERTAKER

LADY ASSISTANT 26 S. BACLETTE Phone M. 47 and 47-J8

Ambulance Service