

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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HONG KONG KOLUM



China Boys Information Bureau. Benny—You ask what matter with you hens. Flind 'em lay stiff an' cold in morning. Lookee and see—maybe allasamee dead. (Wanted best cure?—bury dem.)

Those who prefer fish for Thanksgiving dinner may be mildly interested to know that Bait Fischer is a Brooklyn butcher.

The moon certainly looks engaging when there's a ring 'round it.

Whatever You Do, Hiram, Don't Let 'Em Soak You on a Pair of Store Teeth!

Uncle Ike Kant bought a new set of store teeth fifteen years ago but has never used them. He says they are all right to eat with, but he can't chew twist without spitting them out.

The Old Turkey. Now when we gaze upon your rack. No wonder we should scold, For what is left will sure come back. Warm'd over, hashed and cold. —Judge.

A lotta families will rattle the (turkey) skeletons today.

Today's Bellringer. Recently, according to F. R. Feind, the famous advertising writer of New York, a reporter approached a 95-year-old farmer and asked him to what he attributed his long life. "I'm not certain yet," responded the old man. "I've been framing up a deal with two or three of these patent medicine concerns lately and I don't know yet which one will come across with my price!"

Stella's Bargain Counter. It ain't hard to be poor—it's the easiest thing in the world.

In the Observatory. Young Woman Visitor—(After five minutes of staring through giant lens)—Oh, I see the moon! And the stars! Wonderful! Professor—Now, Miss, if you will step aside I'll take the cap off the lens so you can see through it.

Last night I asked my wife if she could recall our wedding day. "I wish I could," she answered.—B. B.

He Had the Sand. In a sand pit William fell; Swallowed earth from out the pit; Father smiled and calmly said, "Brave boy! Will is full of grit!" —Tiger.

It's a Bum Excuse, Anyway. This morning when I came to the office the boss asked me what made me late. "My watch was slow," I replied. He couldn't pass up the chance. "From being with you so much," he came back. Some Bird, This. "I want to buy a couple of sparrows." "Singers, I suppose?" "Yes—one that sings in ideal staff for my wife and one that sings bedtime for me."

THANKSGIVING—AS IT MIGHT BE

If we had a sugar factory we certainly would have something substantial to be thankful for this Thanksgiving time—that is, to judge by the experiences of other communities.

Half a million dollars distributed in the valley through the farmers would certainly be something to be thankful for—and that is what is happening in the beet sugar districts.

Here is what happened in Ogden, Utah, the other day. Medford might have the same story another year if the farmers all realized their opportunity.

OGDEN, Utah, Nov. 15.—Any financial depression that may have existed in Ogden was dealt a knockout blow today when nearly \$400,000 was put into circulation by reason of payments for sugar beets and the monthly pay roll of the Southern Pacific shippers. It was estimated this evening that the Amalgamated Sugar company had distributed checks aggregating more than \$200,000 and the shops' pay roll was almost equal to this amount. Including the amount paid out today and the checks to be distributed within the next few days, the sugar company will have paid out about \$340,000 for beets delivered prior to November 1.

Central Point might in another year be enjoying a prosperity like that described at Longmont, Colo., if its farmers would only wake up and cease opposing irrigation and sugar beets.

LONGMONT, Colo., Nov. 14.—The business section of Longmont have the appearance of a Saturday before Christmas and the banks gave a commendable imitation of a Chicago wheat pit in panic times, all owing to the fact that the farmers have received their first checks for the season's beet crop—a snug little sum of something like \$700,000, being for that portion of the crop delivered before Nov. 1.

There was not a merchant in town but what, directly or indirectly, got a chance to handle some of that \$700,000. Bills that had been run during the season were settled, new goods were purchased and new luxuries indulged in.

The laborers who have cared for the crop during the season, were on hand to receive their last pay.

It is estimated that the money to be expended by the sugar company next month, will total upwards of \$500,000.

Talent could in 1915 be in the same class with Spanish Fork if the farmers in the northern end of the valley would co-operate as they should.

SPANISH FORKS, Utah, Nov. 16.—Today was a busy day for the Spanish Fork stores, as the Utah-Idaho Sugar company distributed among the farmers of this vicinity approximately \$200,000 as the first payment for the 1915 crop of beets. The farmers were fortunate in getting the bulk of their crop in before the storm and in most localities the beets were unusually good.

Phoenix might be enjoying in future years similar scenes to those described at Lehi, Utah, in the following, if its farmers put all their available acreage into sugar beets.

LEHI, Utah, Nov. 14.—Tomorrow, November 15, is payday for the farmers of the Utah-Idaho Sugar company and \$425,000 will be paid to them for the beets delivered in October. Last Wednesday the factory and office force were paid \$22,500, which, with the checks paid out for coal, lime and other incidentals, will make a total distribution of over a half million dollars by this factory in one week.

These dispatches cover only a small strip of territory—but the same story is repeated from every beet sugar district. Medford business men have done all that can be done to secure the acreage. They have proved their good faith in the enterprise by subscribing \$20,000 for a company to lease land and conduct operations—only to find in many instances that farmers will neither sign themselves nor lease their land, save at outrageously exorbitant prices.

The fate of the factory hangs in the balance—it is up to the farmers whether or not prosperity like that described elsewhere blesses the valley another Thanksgiving.

THE ROMANCE GONE

THE world can be thankful to the kaiser for one thing—for stripping war of its romance, for ripping off the brass buttons, for tearing off the tinsel and glamor. He has exhumed the whitened skeleton from the splendor of its whitened sepulchre and dangled it before the world.

German efficiency as applied to war leaves no detail of destruction to the imagination, overlooks no system of slaughter, omits no item of terrorism. It reveals war, as it is, an atavism of barbarism.

Even Roman thoroughness failed to rob war of its glamor. The feudal ages clothed it with the romance of chivalry. The formality and etiquette of the succeeding century dignified it. The French revolution and Napoleon glorified it. The kaiser alone, since Attila the Hun devastated Europe a thousand years ago, has, by resorting to all the methods of human annihilation evolved since Cain slew Abel, brought the world to a full realization of what war really means.

Written history is largely a story of human conflicts, in which are recorded the triumphs—the triumphant are glossed and the vanquished forgotten. The victory is depicted, the defeat overlooked. The story of the strong is magnified—the tale of the weak unrelated.

War is a business—the business of murder and ruin. And it has been as thoroughly organized as any of our great industries. The kaiser has created a murder trust and is as ruthless in enforcing the propaganda as any of our commercial trusts. And his methods must be copied by the rival trust to secure an even break.

Yes, war has lost its romance. Artillerymen never see the masses of humanity they are destroying. Infantrymen shoot from covered trenches against unseen enemies. Victory is decided by preponderance of munitions. The most guns, the most powder and shells, the most human fodder, drives back, but fails to capture the enemy. The great victory is a thing of the past. Individuals have been replaced by masses—all are units in great machines directed mechanically from unseen sources.

They still reward unusual savagery with an iron cross, hoping thereby to shut out from public view the millions of wooden crosses over the millions of human corpses. But the effort is a pitiable failure. The ghosts of the dead will not down. The wooden crosses remain, the iron are lost.

Anticipating The New Baby

Every expectant mother should have at hand a bottle of "Mother's Friend." It is applied over the nipples, makes them strong, they expand without undue strain, pain is relieved, nausea is overcome and the skin is thus preserved against scald and other defects so common where "Mother's Friend" has been neglected. Write for a valuable book and free by Standard Regulator Co., 142 Jones St., Chicago, Ill.

SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL KENSINGTON

Corner Geary and Jones Sts. "As Hotel of Refinement." Centrally located within theatre and shopping district. 150 sunny outside rooms with bath. Beautifully furnished. On diners car line to the EXPOSITION—TEN MINUTE RIDE. Seven story steel and concrete building. RATES: \$1 to \$2.50 a day. From Ferry or Depot take "FERRY" or "DEPOT" car to our entrance or our lobby street car passes the door. Write for Booklet.

WARSHIP ORDERED SOUTH TO PROTECT AMERICAN LIVES

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—Admiral Winslow, commanding the Pacific fleet, was ordered from San Francisco to Topolobampo, Mex., today, with his flagship, the cruiser San Diego, which will carry also 275 additional marines, ready to land to protect Americans and other foreigners.

The gunboat Annapolis already is at Topolobampo, protecting Americans driven from sugar plantations by raiding Indians.

The cruisers Raleigh and New Orleans are near by and can reach Topolobampo in case of need in less than a day.

The San Diego's trip from San Francisco will require about six days.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—Orders to Admiral Winslow to go to Topolobampo followed radio advices received here yesterday of the second sacking of Los Mocthis, Sinaloa, within two weeks, and the mistreatment of Americans there.

These outrages are credited to Villa adherents, including some Mayo Indians.

The San Diego arrived here November 13 after an extended cruise along the Mexican west coast.

COMMUNICATION

Something Better

To the Editor:

When the Medynski plan was submitted to the voters of Medford at the special election the voters were entreated to vote it down by the opposition, claiming that something better would be presented at the next general election in January. Now that the bond measure was voted down by a small majority we never hear a word of a something better measure to be placed on the ballot at the January election, and we believe with many others of our fellow citizens that nothing better was ever intended to be placed on the ballot at the next election, and many who voted against the bond issue have expressed themselves as having been deceived and had they known what they now know that they would have voted for the bond issue. They feel that they have been lied to and if they had a chance again they would vote for the bond issue; so if no better plan shows up soon I am in favor of placing the bonding plan on the ballot at the coming election. A change of a few votes would carry it. The time is fast pressing, the situation is tense and no measure of relief is being presented for the relief for those whose homes are in jeopardy and whose occupants are utterly unable to pay off an encumbrance unjustly incurred for public improvements which belong to the city at large to pay.

As time is growing short I suggest that steps be taken immediately to again submit to the people the only practical plan ever presented for the relief of a large number of our unjustly oppressed fellow citizens. I offer no apology for again bringing up a measure that was supposed to be effectually put to sleep. Justice and right never are forever put to sleep. J. S. HOWARD.

ONE DOSE RELIEVES A COLD—NO QUININE

"Pape's Cold Compound" Makes You Feel Fine at Once—Don't Stay Stuffed Up! Take it now.

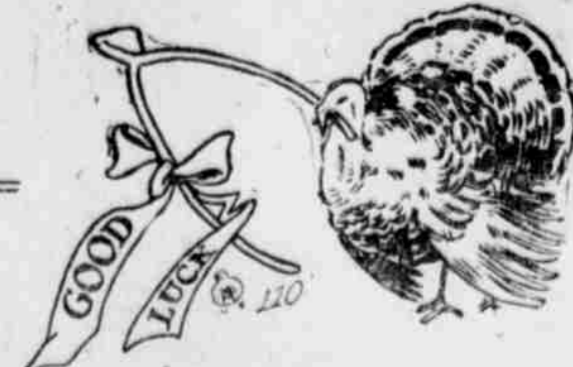
Relief comes instantly. A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end grippe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Ease your throbbing head! Nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound" which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, causes no inconvenience. Be sure you get the genuine.—Adv.

John A. Perl UNDERTAKER LADY ASSISTANT 28 S. HARTLETT PHONES M. 47 and 47-28 Ambulance Service

AUTOS Sold on Monthly Installment Plan. POWELL AUTO CO.



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Wishes to Extend to Their Many FRIENDS and DEPOSITORS

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The Page Medford's Leading Motion Picture Theatre

Daily Matinee 2 P. M., Evening 7 P. M.

Tonight :: Tonight :: Tonight

TWO DAYS—BEGINNING TODAY—TOMORROW LAST TIME

THE UNRIVALLED DRAMATIC ACTOR

Edmund Breese

—IN—

"The SONG of the WAGE SLAVE"

Based on the famous poem, "The Spell of the Yukon," by Robert W. Service.

The "SONG OF THE WAGE SLAVE" is a great big strong story, tense with vital action in every one of its five wonderful acts. This is a drama for the many.

HEARST-SELIG NEWS

No Advance in Prices. Evenings 5c, 10c and 15c Matinee, All Seats—Adults 10c, Children 5c