

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor.

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EM-TEES

To Amaryllis, (Kind of a City Guy's Elegy.)

I, Amaryllis, listen kid, I love you just as I always did; Just because I've gone away Ain't no reason, I might say, Why I have forgotten you, Amaryllis, you will do!

All them glad days in September, Amaryllis, I remember, When beneath the harvest moon, That there love spell broke too soon, 'Course, we'd order died that night— Amaryllis, ain't I right?

Amaryllis, gosh, it's tough— This lonely thing is right bad stuff; If a guy could just forget All the past, he wouldn't fret; But memories are never slack; Amaryllis, kid, come back!

Uplift Ooze, (By Herby Cough-man)

Do! Do with all your might; anybody, anything. What good are you if you can't do? If you are married, do as you please, if you dare to do it. But do, do, do; Every minute of the precious day Even if you have to do Nothing!

Wild Animal Stuff, Mr. Weeks is recovering from the injury he received by being clawed by a cow.—The Myrtle Creek (Ore.) Mail.

Scandal, There was a woman from one of the adjoining towns who made quite an exhibition of herself in New Boston Friday, so it is said.—Sandfield Cor, of the Berkshire (Mass.) Eagle.

Our Own Travelogues, LOS ANGELES—The natives call it Loose On-salt-teeze — and it is some loose, believe us, Amaryllis. There are 600,000 people in L. A., and how they live lord only knows. Of course, there are 25,000 people who work making movies, and we hazard the guess that there is about an equal number working in cafeterias. Many of the inhabitants of this village have gained so much skill that they can balance a bowl of soup, a dill pickle, three sandwiches, a barque-load of salad, a tapoca cream pudding and a glass of milk on one tray without doing anything more than spill just a teeny-weeny drop of the soup, maybe, down a neighbor's neck. Los Angeles is the biggest city on the Pacific coast, but San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Santa Monica deny it. The climate is—oh, well, what's the use?

Mr. Bacon Please Write, The Shakespeare club held a very interesting and pleasant meeting at the home of the president, Mrs. Jas. H. Tobias, on last Monday afternoon. The time was spent in making peanut fudge and hearing a paper on Harold Bell Wright, the great American novelist, by Mrs. Ralph H. Millinger. The next meeting will be held with Miss Lickens, who will discuss Polyanna, a book that has made a great hit in literary circles.—The Redversville (W. Va.) Beacon.

Simple Folks, Sedgwick is the kind of a town where a young fellow hangs about kissing his girl.—The Peabody (Kan.) Gazette.

BELL-ANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

MONEY IN SUGAR BEETS

EVERY day or two sees an advance in sugar prices. Profits to the makers under normal conditions are tremendous. Now they are fabulous. And there seems nothing to prevent their mauling the general public to their heart's desire. These are surely halcyon days for the sugar interests—who take care not to share their profits with the actual producers—for the beet growers are paid the same as when sugar sold for half of what it does now.

A sample of the past year's operations is afforded by the statements of the American Beet Sugar Co. for the year ending March 31, showing gross receipts of \$10,479,293, a gain of \$2,174,870. After paying preferred stock dividends, \$2,874,831 was left over for the common, nearly 20 per cent. No wonder beet sugar operations are on the increase—and the tariff left on indefinitely to protect this "infant industry."

Everywhere throughout the country there are strikes, a sure sign of prosperity, of toilers demanding a share in the prosperity. Statistics show that the increased wages already granted total \$700,000,000 annually. But the beet growers are under contract and held in bond. They cannot strike.

The New York Times recently printed statistics concerning the price paid for beets in Europe—where they do things better than in the United States. The French government has decreed that the price of beets for the coming year shall be \$9.65 per ton, paid to the grower by the manufacturer. The Austrian government has fixed a minimum of \$8.12 as a figure to be paid the Austrian farmer.

Yet American manufacturers are paying an average of \$5.50 a ton to the farmers of the United States—only \$4.50 and \$5 to the farmers of the Rogue River valley—a little more than half that paid the European farmer. There is money in sugar beets—to the manufacturer—and the public pays the tariff.

The war, of course, is the excuse for the robbery of every man, woman and child in the land by excessive prices for sugar—but there is no reason why the profits of the beet sugar kings should not be shared with the actual producer—the beet grower. The consumer would not feel so exasperated if he knew the loot was being distributed among the farmers—but there is no division of spoils.

When contracts are offered for another year, the grower should insist that they be based upon the price of sugar—so that the farmer may share in the profits he helps create.

DO THE PEOPLE WANT EFFICIENCY IN OFFICE?

A BITTER fight is being waged against Secretary of State Ben W. Olcott by the Portland Oregonian, Governor Withycombe and the stand-pat wing of the republican party.

It is not denied that Mr. Olcott has made an efficient and satisfactory secretary of state, that his administration has been a business regime and that he has conscientiously administered his office. He is admittedly competent, honest, conservative and careful. The charges against him consist in an appeal to prejudice.

Mr. Olcott was appointed to the office by Governor West and nominated and elected by the republicans. Governor West, throughout his regime, endeavored to secure efficiency and ignored politics. Yet the fact that the appointment was made by a democratic executive, though approved both at the primaries and the polls by republicans, disqualifies Mr. Olcott in the eyes of the reactionaries.

As a member of the state board, Mr. Olcott has all along acted as he thought for the best interests of the state. He opposed Governor West when he thought he was wrong and sided with Treasurer Kay when he thought he was right. Similarly, he has opposed Governor Withycombe when he thought he was wrong and supported him when he thought he was right. But this does not satisfy the governor, who seeks to build up a political machine that accepts without question the dictates of his kitchen cabinet. Had Mr. Olcott blindly followed the governor there would be no opposition to his re-election.

As a matter of fact, it is a good thing for the state to have an officer on the board of control who is independent and honest enough to disagree with his associates when they act contrary to his best judgment—especially when that officer has his records in such excellent shape as Mr. Olcott.

No business in Oregon, public or private, is more ably administered, with less friction or greater efficiency or with a more perfect, up-to-date system, than Mr. Olcott conducts the office of secretary of state. Any citizen can secure at a minute's notice any information he seeks, and it would be a great mistake to permit partisan politics to replace such a man with a politician of the old school—trained in the theory that public office is machine spoils.

A NEW CHARITY PLAN

JUDGE HENRY NEIL, father of the mothers' pension system, has evolved a new plan for charity work which promises a better cure than the present enterprises that finker with results and ignore causes.

More than half a billion dollars was bequeathed to benevolent and charitable institutions last year. Judge Neil proposes instead that the money be used to endow individual family homes, where dependent mothers and their children can find a refuge. He outlines his plan as follows:

If the whole \$500,000,000 given to benevolent institutions in 1915 had been used for individual homes for dependent mothers and their children, 100,000 families could have been preserved and the children cared for by their own mothers as God intended, in the course of a few years the public institutions which are so expensive and so destructive of our ideals of family life, could be closed up and childhood poverty abolished.

There would have been these individual homes bought in different places so there never would be a "colony." In this way the families would not be branded as charity people and would retain their self-respect, necessary for all growth and progress. In the mothers' pension homes children will be raised under normal conditions including their own mother's love and companionship, and the founder of each home will have the satisfaction of knowing that all of their money will remain in the place where it will do the greatest good.

The idea is worth while, as it would not only provide healthful food, clothing and sanitary surroundings, but also provide the mother love so necessary to a child's mental and spiritual development, which no great institution can provide no matter what its endowment.

What Became of Joe Dies?

A True Story of Pioneer Days of Southern Oregon by O. A. Stearns.

(Continued From Tuesday.)

In 1861 the road from Ashland, in Bear creek valley, crossed the Cascade mountains southwest of the Grubb ranch, from whence one branch turned east past the Wells ranch, crossed the head of Grizzly, thence turned northeast up a narrow glade to the "Kimball Hoxie" place. The Grizzly prairie ran near, by south from where the road or trail crossed it, and was nearly two miles long.

Joe Dies and his party had been staying with their bachelor friends, James Kimball and James Hoxie, for quite a time and Joe's health had somewhat improved so that he took an occasional jaunt with some one of his companions in quest of game.

It was when returning from one of his hunting trips toward the Cascade summit that he and Hebert Taylor came into the road near the Wells place about sundown on a late October day. They had met with no success that day and were on their way to camp. Just after passing the Wells place they came in sight of some horses nearly half way down Grizzly prairie, and recognizing them as some of their animals, and fearing they were heading for the Rogue river valley, Hebert handed his gun to Joe and telling him to go on to camp, that he would go and get the horses and left him for that purpose. Shortly after he had left Joe he heard a rifle shot in the direction of the point of timber through which the trail led, but there was no second shot. He caught

the horses and proceeded to camp expecting to find Joe there ahead of him. Not finding him there he very naturally concluded that Joe had shot a deer and was delayed by reason of having to dress it, but would arrive later.

Supper having been prepared and eaten and there being no appearance of Joe, his comrades became uneasy and resorted to the firing of a gun at intervals, thinking that in the darkness Joe must have lost his way; but though they kept up the firing at intervals all night it was without avail. As soon as it was light enough to see some of his comrades went to where he and Hebert had separated and by diligent search tracked Joe to where he entered the belt of timber. There they found fresh deer tracks and soon saw the bloody trail of a deer and a man's tracks following it. They followed these tracks around through the brush for some distance until they entered the denser timber, where they could follow them no more.

They spent that and the following several days in a thorough search, aided by all the residents of that neighborhood, but the only further sign was several miles to the northward where it would seem that some one had sat against a dead tree in a small burnt deadening. After a week's search all hope of finding him either alive or dead had to be abandoned on account of an early snowfall, so his companions reluctantly gave up the search and returned to Gassburg.

(To Be Continued.)

IDAHO FRUIT CROP IS A TOTAL LOSS

BOISE, Idaho, May 11.—Another freeze last night completed the destruction of southern Idaho's fruit crops which was badly damaged by a heavy frost Tuesday night. The state horticultural inspector reported today that there is little left of the apple crop, while peaches, pears, plums and small fruits were wholly destroyed. The loss to the growers was variously estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000.

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor:

As the political cauldron simmers and bubbles nearer and nearer to the boiling point, we hear the critics everywhere tuning up to campaign pitch. They have centered their forces at the one point they most wish to discredit, the present administration. Time, that great adjuster of all things, will give Woodrow Wilson a full measure of reward for the service he has rendered his country, but why not give a man his roses while he lives.

In calling Mr. Wilson for a second term, we are, saying the least, extending but a reward of merit; it is the very least reward we can offer for same, efficient service. Must this reward be turned away because of party prejudices?

We hear the present administration criticized for the stand it has taken in both the Mexican and European affairs. These critics lose sight of the fact that it sometimes requires more moral courage, more strength of character and a better judgment to stay out of a fight than to get into one. There is not one good excuse for a nation to enter into a fight in the offensive state, and that is to render aid to the oppressed and down-trodden. There is but one laudable excuse for a nation to enter into war in the defensive state, and that is when our people, our flag or our country is attacked by those who would destroy them.

When our citizens court danger by taking passage on ships that are found for war zones they are taking chances that are not approved by the heads of our administration. When our people move into semi-hostile countries like Mexico, they

MEDFORD ASTONISHED BY SIMPLE MIXTURE

Medford people are astonished at the INSTANT action of simple buck-thorn bark, gingerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-Lika ONE SPOONFUL removes such surprising foul matter it relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. Because Adler-Lika acts on BOTH lower and upper bowels, a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. L. R. Hawkins, Druggist.

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can reasonably expect to be in more or less danger in case of an uprising there.

Then we hear these same critics declaring that Mr. Wilson's theories and practices in political reforms, hampers his business. Whenever political reformation will hamper any kind of business that business is in need of reconstruction, for there is something wrong with it. If a business is depending on corrupt politics for a prosperous existence then it is a parasite and, though it may add something to the pomp and show of unhealthy conditions, in reality it saps the life from our country and leaves it poorer than if that business had never existed.

What we want in our executive chair is not a trouble-breeder, who will embroil us with other nations; neither is it a man of self-centered impulses, who has no higher aim than selfish ambition, but we do want a man with a vision; not a visionary man, but one with a vision

Advertisement for 'FATIMAS' cigarettes. Text: 'You are missing something good every day you put off trying Fatimas - 20 for 15¢ A SENSIBLE CIGARETTE'.



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of a new nation, swept free of political graft and trickery, of a nation that has been plunged beneath its Jordan of political reform and emerged spotless and clean.

The immortal Washington and his associates had a vision long before the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, a vision of a nation unfettered by the chains of tyranny and oppression. Likewise, Lincoln, looking into the future, saw a race of people freed from the shameful bonds of slavery, and our country is exalted to an enviable place in the rank of nations

today as a result of the far-reaching sight of these men and of their lofty achievements.

Woodrow Wilson is a man with a vision. He sees a nation that can exist, prosperous and content, without a regime of graft and political inflation. He sees the ship of state majestically sailing the seas of time, her prow pointing always onward, and her hull cleaned of the barnacles common to her kind, and we have no safer, saner pilot for that ship than Mr. Wilson himself.

H. C. GLASCOCK.

Advertisement for 'RED CROWN' gasoline. Text: 'Straight Distilled Refinery Gasoline RED CROWN the Gasoline of Quality Standard Oil Company (California) Use ZEROLENE, The Standard Oil for Motor Cars'.

Table titled 'REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers & Fruitgrowers Bank'. Columns include 'RESOURCES' and 'LIABILITIES' with various financial figures.

At Medford, Oregon, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, May 1, 1916: I, R. F. ANTLE, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. R. F. ANTLE, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of May, 1916. T. B. LUMSDEN, Notary Public. My commission expires March 22, 1920.

Advertisement for 'MARTIN J. REDDY, The Jeweler'. Text: 'We Offer Distinctive Things for Weddings and Graduations. Nothing is so ever-lasting as jewelry. A good watch is dignifying, useful, something to be proud of. The Reddy kind is such. MARTIN J. REDDY, The Jeweler 212 EAST MAIN ST. House of Quality. Visitors Always Welcome'.

Advertisement for 'MR. ED ANDREWS DRAMATIC ART' and 'MRS. ED ANDREWS VOICE CULTURE'. Text: 'Pupils prepared for legitimate and silent drama. Thirty years' experience. Opera, oratorio and concert coach. Fifteen years' experience in public work. STUDIO—SPARTA BLDG. ROOM 3. RESIDENCE PHONE 827-R'.

Advertisement for 'CENTRAL POINT PACKING CO.'. Text: 'Start the Day Right—ACORN BRAND BACON FOR BREAKFAST End a successful day with our succulent, spicy HAM. All the leading stores in the valley carry our products. We Pay Highest Prices for Cattle, Sheep and Hogs. HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR WOOL. CENTRAL POINT PACKING CO.'

Advertisement for 'THE JACKSON COUNTY BANK MEDFORD, OREGON'. Text: 'BANK SERVICE The relation of this bank to the community is not that of a private business or enterprise—it is a public institution. We believe the banker acts as the agent of the people, and in order to fulfill completely his trust, he must be in a position to offer a maximum of service, a service to meet the requirements of all. OVER 22 YEARS UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT'.