

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

AN INDEPENDENT, NON-PARTISAN PUBLICATION... OFFICE: 215-217 Third Street, Medford, Ore. Telephone 215-217.



EM-TEES

Uplift Ooze

Save. Don't fritter (doughnut fritter, we should say) away your kale. Save it. If you must spend money, spend somebody else's money.

Some Girls. At the annual turkey roast of the Rural Improvement Society of Hewitt, chicken was served, no turkeys being available. However, the cooking was done by the young ladies of the community and nobody knew the difference.—The Hewitt (Ohio) Sun.

Editor Seems Peeved. Polk Daniels is a great talker. He tells so much more than he hears that he should have been built with two mouths and one, instead of the way he is.—Howard (Kan.) Courant.

Harmony. Perle Young, a member of the Los Angeles Hotel Men's association, read a paper explanatory of the methods by which the authorities and hotel men were able to cooperate and bring about a harmonious understanding in the Angel City.—The San Diego (Cal.) Union.

The Stuffer. He had a sly smile, anyway, And I should have known better than to trust him. He grinned at me like a fox. I trusted him, too, In spite of it. Why did I not recognize that gloating air, Ho had? Why did I not know that behind those glittering eyes, Lurked his horrid plot? But I submitted to him and what happened? Well, what happens to anybody when they Go to the dentist. —A.L.

You said something. Ah, you said something.

The Circus. When the street is stir with the bands and gilt paint, your heart is fluttered—don't say that it isn't. Don't say that you're planning to go to the show just because Jehu and how want to go! When I was 100 I won't be afraid to totter downtown just to see the parade, and if they won't let me go out in the front I'll go by myself, and I'll blow my last cent for what is there left for a civilization boy when the circus don't give him full measure of joy? The circus is always the same as before, the elephants waddle about as of yore, the bands rattle along in their crimson and gold, with the same mystic strains that impressed us of old, and the clowns crack their jokes, twice as old as the hills, while the wire artists charge with the same ancient thrills.

Live there a man who would let one own, who would leave out one and or disown with one clown? Today and tomorrow, pest punner and tall joke in the circus, with side show and all. CHAS. B. DRISCOLL, See ya Monday, Charles.

Why Smoke the Cigars When I.A. Gondas are only 10c.

BUSINESS CANDIDATES

NEWSPAPER offices are being flooded with literature advertising the election of "a business man for president." Cartoons are also being furnished gratis, depicting the United States as a demoralized workshop or machine, with Uncle Sam donning a business man's suit to straighten affairs out. Ormsby McHarg, who came to Oregon seven years ago to induce legislators to vote against the popular choice for United States senator, is the front of this tainted news propaganda.

There are two business men prominently before the public suggested as presidential candidates. Both are the heads of large manufacturing institutions. One of them makes his money by manufacturing a commodity for the slaughter of humanity—the more people slain, the more money he makes—and he pays as wages the minimum amount the unions compel. He is therefore "sound, safe and conservative." The other business man has made automobilizing possible for the poor man, lowers the cost of his product to the public annually, pays a minimum wage of \$5 a day to workmen and spends his money in an effort to stop the slaughter of humanity. He is therefore "a dreamer, impractical and unsound."

The former of these two business men is T. Coleman Du Pont, head of the gunpowder trust. The latter is Henry Ford, builder of the Ford automobile. It is needless to say that the business man's campaign is in the interest of Du Pont—not in the interest of Ford.

What kind of a patriot is this powder king? His concern has a monopoly of the manufacture of smokeless powder for America by international agreement—a monopoly legalized by grace of the Taft administration. It has been selling the government its powder since the civil war at twice the price the government could have manufactured it. It maintains a strong lobby at the nation's capital, employing former congressmen and retired army and navy officers to protect its monopoly of government sales.

Under the international agreement, made in 1897, as set forth in the suit brought to dissolve the trust, the Du Ponts bound themselves not to cut prices against European factories. The world was syndicated and partitioned between the powder makers and competition eliminated. Not only this, but the secrets of improvements made in powder by United States government experts were transmitted to the German powder makers, who are under supervision of the German government, and reports made to the German concern of all powder purchases by the United States government. Here are the clauses from the agreement with the United Rheinisch Westphalian Gunpowder Mills:

Tenth—That any and every improvement upon said process or either of them made by either of the parties hereto at any time hereafter shall forthwith be imparted to the other of the parties hereto.

Thirteenth—That the parties of the second part (the Du Ponts) as set forth in the suit brought to dissolve the trust, the Du Ponts bound themselves not to cut prices against European factories. The world was syndicated and partitioned between the powder makers and competition eliminated. Not only this, but the secrets of improvements made in powder by United States government experts were transmitted to the German powder makers, who are under supervision of the German government, and reports made to the German concern of all powder purchases by the United States government. Here are the clauses from the agreement with the United Rheinisch Westphalian Gunpowder Mills:

Through this agreement the German government knew to a pound the powder the United States government had in reserve. And, of course, Du Pont is a loud advocate of "preparedness." All such patriots are.

So much for the business candidate's patriotism. His business ability is shown by his financial transactions.

By the sworn testimony of the Du Ponts in the government dissolution case, their concern, before the present war, paid 18 per cent dividend upon \$35,000,000 of watered capital and created, in addition, a surplus fund of \$16,000,000. They were able to do this by selling powder at extortionate prices through their monopoly. This financial history of the concern was thus related before the congressional committee:

At the death of Eugene Du Pont in January, 1902, the president of the company, the old company, three men, T. Coleman Du Pont, Pierre Du Pont and Alfred Dupont, formed what was known as the "Delaware 1902 Corporation," with a capital of \$20,000,000, and they issued \$12,000,000 of stock. The cash paid in by the three was \$2,000,000 or \$1,000,000 apiece. The three took 75 per cent of the stock, \$9,000,000 of the stock, for promotion fees, giving \$2,000,000 of the stock to the 1899 Delaware corporation, the old company, and they also gave the balance of this company for \$12,000,000, unsecured. Later they formed the big holding company, the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Co., of New Jersey, with a capital of \$10,000,000, \$25,000,000 of common and \$25,000,000 of preferred.

These three for their Delaware corporation, for which they owned 75 per cent, took about 44 per cent of the combined common and preferred stock, the control of it, for promotion fees, and they made the New Jersey corporation pass a resolution authorizing payment of the \$12,000,000 that they had given the Delaware corporation for the purchase of their stock, and they did it. The total investment of the three men in the Du Pont trust was \$200,000, that is all the money they ever put in it, and that is the testimony of Pierre Du Pont, the treasurer of the trust.

This was afterwards increased to \$35,000,000 of common stock, making the total capitalization \$60,000,000. The preferred stock represented the property, holdings and assets of all descriptions and put on the market at \$70 a share, representing \$17,500,000. The common stock was water.

Talk about business! It makes one's head swim. If you want high finance to do for the blunders of government, vote for T. Coleman Du Pont.

Mr. Ford also is no slouch in finance and knows how to irrigate his stock issues—but he is disqualified because he shares a portion of his profits with his employees and rebates another portion to his patrons. He advocates single tax as a cure for insupportable taxation and federal ownership of natural resources as a remedy for social injustice—rank heretics to Wall street, but, worst of all, he is fool enough to spend his money trying to restore peace and stop the blood-fest, which will curtail the golden harvest of big business.

Du Pont might carry his own rotten borough of Delaware—but all his wealth and the most carefully planned campaign possible will never make him president of the United States. Ford, disavowing his candidacy, swept Michigan, and came near carrying Nebraska, with a strong vote in Pennsylvania and other states—which shows that big business' reputation sometimes means popular endorsement.

Ford, standing for betterment of humanity's lot, will be remembered long after Du Pont, representing profits from human woe, is forgotten.

RATAN DEVI THRILLS GOTHAM



RATAN DEVI

New York—the big, bored, blasé town—has a new thrill. It is—Ratan Devi. No, not a new cocktail, cigar, or cosmetic.

Ratan Devi is a singer. Of English birth and a student and exponent of folk-songs, she married Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy of Ceylon.

In the act Ratan Devi begins playing the tamboura, which makes a sort of unchanging drone more like the humming of bees or the twanging of a gigantic Jewsharp than anything else.

And then come the songs. They have a strange and haunting effect.

They seem filled with the melancholy of the far east.

There are shades of sound that are not employed in our songs. At times the melody rises to a wail; at others it dies away into a mere whisper of longing or passion or regret.

Then the lights go up and New York shakes itself out of its trance, out of its dream of India and Hindu mystery, and passes out into the noisy, busy streets.

(P. S.—Ratan Devi and her spouse have two little sons who seem all Hindu. Their idea of a hawking good time is to be allowed to sit some place quietly and think and think and think.)

AN ADVERTISEMENT

I am the Great Comforter; such men have called me for ages. I am the supprease of woe, the pacifier of troubled hearts and weary minds. I am Forgetfulness. I am Inspiration. I gild the fancy with delightful color; I dissipate the mists of the morning and I erase the darkness of the outside night. Men love me, and I repay them with All of me. Men hold me more precious than the love of Woman; men have forsaken wives, children and homes to woo me. Men have resigned fortune, fame and power for my sake. Men barter their SELF-RESPECT for me every day. But I am a fickle jade. And those who woo me must be young and strong if they would enjoy my Magic Kiss to the uttermost. For, when I have become used to them, I can give them nothing. When they grow old in the love of me, I scorn them. Only my new lovers can possess me. I am the pale queen—ALCOHOL!

What Became of Joe Dies?

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

(Continued From Saturday.) I see two men walking along a trail near a small prairie. There is timber on either side of them. One is a large man with ruddy complexion, the other is smaller with black hair and beard and rather wild complexion. They both have guns and outfit pouches with powder flasks. They have evidently been hunting but they are carrying no game. They halt and are looking toward the southeast, where there seems to be quite a large prairie. A low come horse was down the prairie and the larger seems to be pointing to them. He hands his gun to the smaller man and walks rapidly away in the direction of the horses. The smaller man starts to go thru a point of timber bordered with brush just north of the head of the larger prairie. He proceeds but a short distance when he halts. He sees a deer. He raises his gun and fires! The deer falls. He rushes to wards it but before he reaches it, he sees it jump and stagger away into the timber before he can get the shot gun in his shoulder. He follows the deer after the deer thinks it must soon fall dead, but though he sees quite a quantity of blood,

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit. Open studies of the system keep running and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to hot and cold water, we are spending thousands of dollars a year for medicine, many of which are of no use at all. The reason for this is that we do not take a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of Epsom's phosphate before breakfast. This phosphate will get every fibre of the system in motion, the phosphate will get every fibre of the system in motion, the phosphate will get every fibre of the system in motion.

Medford Creamery Butter. Cream that is sure to whip always on hand. Medford Creamery 115 No. Central.

Klein for Suits. TO ORDER \$25.00 UP. Also Cleaning, Pressing and Altering 128 E. MAIN, UPSTAIRS.

OPENS WEST POINT TO ENLISTED MEN. The war department has issued the following to all officers of the general recruiting service: The act of congress approved May 4, 1916, provides as follows: "That the president is hereby authorized to appoint cadets to the United States military academy from among enlisted men of the regular army between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two years who have served as enlisted men not less than one year, to be selected under such regulations as the president may prescribe."

TWO TRIPS DAILY MEDFORD and EAGLE POINT. H. H. Harrison's Auto will leave Medford for Eagle Point at 8:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday at 11:15 p. m. Sundays leave at 8:00 and 9:30 a. m. and 1:00, 2:00, 5:30 and 9:30 p. m. Leave Eagle Point for Medford daily, except Sunday, at 9:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday nights at 6:30 and 2:30. Sundays leave Ashland at 9:00 a. m. and 1:00, 4:30, 6:30 and 10:30 p. m.

HOCHAMBEAU. Imported French, English owned by Walter R. Hochambeau. The stand at corner 5th and Main, Monday and Tuesday, Talent Wednesday and Thursday, Viscon Barn Friday and Saturday. PHONE 3-42 OR 3-43.

JOHN A. PERL UNDERTAKER. Lady Assistant Mrs. S. BARTLETT. Phone 3-47 and 3-73. Ambulance service. Colored.

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