

MRS. J. S. HOWARD PIONEER SETTLER OF MEDFORD DEAD

Mrs. Martha B. Howard, wife of James S. Howard, the "father of Medford," and pioneer engineer of southern Oregon, and herself a pioneer of Oregon, died Saturday, April 14, 1917, aged 86 years, 1 month and 7 days, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Roberts, of Crater Lake avenue. She was born in London, England, March 7, 1831, coming to America in 1850. She was married to Mr. Howard December 21, 1854, and a few years later the couple left for Oregon, crossing the plains by ox team, arriving at Jacksonville in October, 1860, where they engaged in the merchandising business. After a fire destroyed their store in 1883, they moved to Medford, being the pioneer settlers, and the first merchants.

Mrs. Howard was prominent in the social and religious life of the early days. Her home was the meeting place of all the ministers and they always kept a spare room for their use, before there were hotels and school houses in Medford. She was the mother of six children, three of whom are living, Charles J. Howard of Kerby, Or.; Mrs. Nettie L. Webb of Hollywood, Cal., and Mrs. J. E. Roberts of Medford.

The funeral will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from Per's chapel. Interment at Jacksonville cemetery.

ROSENBERG BUYS HARGADINE RANCH

David Rosenberg returned from Portland on Saturday, in which city he completed the negotiations for the purchase by himself and his brother Harry of the big Hargadine ranch of 5600 acres, east of Ashland.

The Rosenberg brothers will use the ranch in connection with their extensive sheep raising industry, and expect to soon have a large herd of sheep roaming over the land. The property was purchased from Ben Selling and Joseph Simon of Portland. The purchase price is not given out.

"It is the finest sheep-raising lay-out in the valley," said Mr. Rosenberg on Saturday. "It has both winter and summer range. We have been after this property for several months."

REBECCO TO LECTURE UPON NEW RUSSIA

At the request of many members of the Drama league, as well as the general public, Dr. George Rebeco has changed the subject of his lecture at the public library hall tonight to the "New Russian Democracy and Its Prospects."

Dr. Rebeco is probably the best informed student of Russia in the northwest, is himself a Slav and has a thorough knowledge of the events and causes leading to the Russian revolution which has overthrown the autocracy and promises the creation of a republic. What the prospects are for the permanency of the proposed republic and the aims and ideals of the revolution will be succinctly set forth by the lecturer, who is a member of the state university faculty.

WHEAT BREAKS ALL RECORDS AT PORTLAND

PORTLAND, April 14.—Wheat went above the \$2 mark here today for the first time in the history of the Merchants' Exchange, when 30,000 bushels of May bluestem sold at \$2.08 a bushel. The price broke all Pacific northwest records for wheat. Flour also jumped 10 cents a barrel to \$12.40 retail. One week ago flour retailed at \$11.20 per barrel.

STOCK EXCHANGE FIRM ANNOUNCES FAILURE

NEW YORK, April 14.—The failure of the stock exchange firm of Morris & Pope was announced today. The firm consists of Lewis G. Morris, exchange member; J. Hathway Pope and Frank H. Parier. The failure is not regarded as important.

With Medford trade is Medford made.

HOW UNCLE SAM IS HUNTING SUBMARINES IN THE ATLANTIC

Correspondent Aboard Hydro-Aero-plane in Massachusetts Bay Depicts How Undersea Terrors Will Be Sought by Uncle Sam's Blue-jackets.

By J. H. DUCKWORTH.
MARBLEHEAD, Mass., April 14.—Why seaplanes play such an important part in anti-submarine warfare is not clear to me.

I have just returned from a long flight over the Atlantic ocean after taking part in practice operations, in co-operation with a mosquito fleet, against a U-boat. My pilot was Clifford L. Webster of the aviation squad, tenth deck division, Massachusetts naval militia.

I now understand why it is that a special type of fighter, steady of nerve and sure of eye, is required for this adventurous and hazardous work. I realize, too, why seaplanes are called the "eyes of the fleet," for from a lofty aerial perch I have seen laid below me vast expanses of water and long stretches of coast line as on a map.

It was not a good day for flying. The anemometer atop the big hangar at the Burgess company plant told that there was a thirty-mile wind blowing.

The Burgess-Dunne seagoing aircraft was gently lifted by a big crane and swung out of its floating hangar and lowered into the water and towed to the landing stage. They gave me a heavy fur-lined leather jacket, a pair of fleece-lined fingerless gauntlets, a woolen cap and goggles.

"Turn on the two switches under the hood, please," I did. Standing up, Webster gave the motor a couple of turns, and the engine commenced to roar until the whole harbor reverberated with the sound. We were soon skimming along at forty miles an hour.

I felt the dual control in my hands pulled back. The nose of the machine was gently tossed upwards. The water suddenly seemed to drop away from under us. We were flying. Steadily rising, we reached the entrance to the harbor at an altitude of about 500 feet. We then turned round and made several big circles around the harbor, all the while getting higher and higher.

I could easily see lying on the harbor's bottom, thirty feet below the surface, the mushroom anchors to which were attached the yacht moorings. The combination looked like some strange marine plant.

Theoretically, we were out to locate a German submarine that was supposed to be lurking somewhere off Boston harbor, waiting to torpedo incoming and outgoing ships. As soon as we had detected the pirate we were to send out a wireless to the mosquito fleet and to drop warning smoke bombs.

"Look out; we are being shot at," laughed Webster. Whereupon my pilot commenced to put the machine through some circus evolutions I had not bargained for.

We volplaned at steep angles; we banked and we shot up like a skyrocket to avoid shrapnel that Webster pretended was being shot at us from a submarine's anti-aircraft guns.

Now we had spotted the hiding submarine. We hovered over the lurking place of the hostile U-boat like a giant fish hawk waiting for an opportunity to pounce upon its prey. We were dropping high explosive bombs, sending out wireless calls and firing off smoke bombs and hanging around until the patrol boats could come up and finish the job.

FROST FORECAST FROM CENTRALS

There seems to be considerable misunderstanding in the valley about the manner in which the frost warnings will be given out to the orchardists, by the weather bureau. Owing to the large number of people to be advised and the fact that many of them are on long distance telephone lines requiring the payment of tolls it would be practically impossible to call each orchardist individually and give him the forecast. The telephone operators at all telephone exchanges in the valley will be given the forecast each night a frost is expected and will give this information to anyone on request.

Clay Wilson, of Wallace, Idaho, a former resident of this city, who has been visiting his brother, V. T. Wilson, in Medford, since his recent enlistment at Spokane, in the navy, left Saturday for the Mare Island naval training station at San Francisco.



Correspondent Kerby in the submarine chaser Lynx. The arrow points to Kerby.

CLUBS FORMED IN LONCOLN SCHOOL TO AID WAR ORPHANS

In connection with the work being done in this valley for the French war orphanage, Mrs. Brackinreed has visited the schools of the city and addressed the pupils on the subject of forming clubs to adopt some of the orphans. As a result of her appeal, three clubs have been formed in the Lincoln school. The "Lafayette" club has thirty members, and has adopted a little three year old boy, Henri Salette; the president of the club is Helen Philbrook; Myrtle Garnett is secretary and treasurer. The members of this club belong to the B ninth grade in the junior high school, located in the Lincoln school; the club will issue monthly a club paper, to be called "The Lafayette Gazette."

The "Lincoln Raymond Salette club" numbering twenty-five members, has adopted little Raymond Salette, from whom the club takes its name. He is a brother of Henri Salette and is seven years old. This club is composed of A ninth grade pupils of the junior high school. Its officers are Herbert Gray, president and Pauline Johnson, secretary-treasurer. The third club is the "Lincoln Germaine Thepenier club," of thirty members, belonging to the fifth sixth and seventh grades of the Lincoln school; the club has adopted Germaine Thepenier; its officers will be elected later.

In the undertaking of this work Mrs. Brackinreed received the cordial support of Mr. Hanby, principal of the school, and also that of Miss Harding, teacher of English. It is greatly hoped that the other schools will respond in like manner, and that the Lincoln school, which has been the first to take part in this work in so generous a measure, will inspire the other schools to follow its example.

SCHOOL MASTERS CLUB MEETING

Superintendent of Schools A. Mel-do Hills and other educators of Medford are in attendance today at the meeting of the Schoolmasters' club of southern Oregon at Rogue River. The day's program follows: "New School Legislation," State Superintendent J. A. Churchill.

"Application of Business Principles to School Administration," round table discussion, Principal H. H. Wardrip, leader, Superintendent George A. Brisson, Superintendent G. W. Agor.

Luncheon served by the ladies of the Rogue River Civic club. "The Park Barrel in Congress," by Professor C. G. Maxey of O. A. C. "The Possibility of Physical Training in the Public Schools," by Mr. Clark, formerly physical instructor in Spokane high schools.

HIGH PRAISE FOR HIGH SCHOOL FROM SUPERINTENDENT

"The Medford high school is an institution we can well feel proud of," said State School Superintendent J. A. Churchill just before departing for Rogue River on Saturday morning. "Nowhere in Oregon have I found conditions better than here, and I have visited many of the high schools."

Superintendent Churchill inspected the high school Friday and delivered addresses before the student body and the Parent-Teachers' association in the afternoon.

"Your high school has a splendid

corps of able teachers, and its equipment is good," continued Superintendent Churchill. "It also has a fine student body. I was particularly struck by the attentiveness of the students in class rooms and the general interest displayed by them."

"The recent enlistment in the army, navy and national guard of so many boys has in a way disorganized many high schools throughout the state. A striking feature of this situation is the fact that the number of high school students enlisting is far ahead in number and proportion as compared with the boys of similar age enlisting from outside high schools. This not only illustrates patriotism, but a high order of intelligence and appreciation of duty to government and nation by the students of Oregon."

Harry Helms, formerly of Medford, and now located in Yreka, is spending a few days in the city.

Newspaper Writer Aboard Sea Wolf Chaser Tells of Thrilling Chase in Sea Wasp Lynx—Obeyes Signal From Airship Which Sights U-Boat —Trail Followed Like a Sleuth.

BY F. M. KERBY.
BOSTON, Mass., April 14.—With a swirl of green water under stern and a soft purr of engines that grew in a moment into a steady, intensive throb, we swung away from the pier and headed into the Atlantic.

I was starting out to hunt a U-boat.

The first newspaperman aboard the first "chaser" to be called into service by the United States navy. I was aboard the sea wasp, Lynx, until a few hours before owned by N. F. Ayer, Boston yachtsman, and built by him for the Massachusetts naval militia—but now painted with a coat of battleship gray, commissioned in the United States army and attached to the first naval patrol operating from Charleston navy yard!

I had been picked up at the Boston yacht club. It had taken just sixteen minutes and 30 seconds for the Lynx to make the twelve-mile run from the navy yard to the club pier. "You had better put on those oil-skins and a sou'wester," said Ensign Arthur Blake of the U. S. naval reserve, her commander. "It is going to be pretty dirty outside."

We were now heading directly into the northeast, somewhere to the north I knew was Marblehead, where my colleague Duckworth was to perform his part in the war game by going up in a seaplane from the Marblehead naval flying base.

A grey and green streak shooting along above the water, and the distinct whirr of the seaplane's propellers, notified me that Duckworth with his air pilot was on the job.

It is the duty of coast patrol boats of the type on which I stood to pick up the signal of the air scout or merchant vessel that has sighted an enemy submarine.

We proceed at express train speed to where it was last observed. We follow its trail by means of the surface disturbance if the submarine is not deeply submerged, or by air bubbles and oil waste if the sea permits.

We watch for the appearance of its periscope if the U-boat commander dares to come up to take a look around. We plump a three-pound projectile from our forward gun, or

send a spray of steel-jacketed bullets from our Colt automatic, onto the periscope.

Above all, we go questioning, turning in and out within fifty miles of the coast-line, ever ready to heed the call of our leader and with our sister chasers strung out like a flight of sea birds, we ring about and guard the coasts in co-operation with the trawler patrol and the destroyers further out at sea.

"The effective range of this Hotchkiss rapid-fire gun," said Ensign Blake, "is something over two miles. And when we get our Colt mounted we will only pray for a chance at a sneaking submarine."

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