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LINCOLN A NEGRO, CHARGES DOCTOR NOW FACING TRIAL

VINCENNES, Ind., Sept. 24.—That Abraham Lincoln had negro blood, was a traitor and the worst "tyrant" the country has ever seen; that he was an infidel, blasphemous and a liar—these are a few of the charges Dr. Wilhelm T. Von Knappe, eminent homeopathic physician, makes in a pamphlet he has published. Von Knappe is under arrest on an indictment charging malicious libel.

Von Knappe, of Scotch descent, claims John Wilkes Booth was the patriot of his day, and that W. H. Seward wrote the Gettysburg speech. Ida M. Tarbell, Robert T. Lincoln, Charles M. Thompson, head of the history department of Illinois uni-



versity; James M. Woodburn, head of the history department of Indiana university; Dr. Horace Ellis, state superintendent of public instruction of Indiana, and other eminent people are indorsed on the true bill, and depositions from them will probably be taken.

Von Knappe, among other things, charges:

That Lincoln's grandfather was a traitor during the revolution.

That Lincoln's mother had negro blood and was an ex-chattel.

That Lincoln was a spittoon cleaner in a lawyer's office in Springfield, Ill.

That Lincoln was a pronounced traitor to the United States during the Mexican war.

That Wendell Phillips wrote Lincoln's replies to Stephen A. Douglas.

That Lincoln drove the south out of the Union.

That Lincoln was a rank infidel.

That Lincoln was blasphemous.

That Lincoln was blackballed three times in Masonry and would have joined a negro lodge in Washington had it not been for his wife.

That Lincoln was a woodchuck.

That had Lincoln not been shot in Ford's theater he would have been shot in a colored dive in Washington city after the play.

That John Wilkes Booth is the "bravest patriot of his day."

That Lincoln had two churches torn down in North Carolina and the contents of the cornerstones destroyed to cover up the negro ancestry of his mother.

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WHAT OF SWEDEN?

EXPOSURE of Sweden's neutrality violation by forwarding German messages has raised the question as to where Sweden stands as between the United States and the Central Empires. There is no question but that the government is pro-German in leanings, that the queen is a German and that, while there is division among the people, the leanings are toward Germany.

The bulk of the Swedish newspapers, which may be said to reflect public opinion, are favorable to Germany and antagonistic to the United States. Of 134 articles in Swedish newspapers dealing with the war, only thirty-nine can be construed as favorable to America, and they were in labor papers.

The majority of the Swedish newspapers are pro-German, bitter towards Great Britain, captious toward the United States and skeptical of our being able to aid France with an army. Many articles are printed tending to prove the effectiveness of the submarine war, defending German methods and predicting eventual victory for Germany.

The Stockholm Dagblad declares that Swedish-Americans in the United States are on the side of the central powers, but few of the papers go thus far. The Svenska Dagbladet defends the Zeppelin raids upon London as "only necessary means of self-defense." The Aftenbladet tries to prove that Alsace-Lorraine has always been German.

The arrival of a Swedish commission to induce a lifting of the embargo by the United States upon food products to Sweden makes a consideration of Swedish attitude important, for Sweden has exported an enormous quantity of munitions and foodstuffs to Germany, replacing the latter with American exports. The embargo was the signal for bitter attacks upon the United States, notwithstanding that the Social Demokraten points out that the scarcity of food in Sweden is due to the exports to Germany, and says that the necessity of slaughtering livestock, owing to the lack of fodder, is now put forth as pretext for the resumption of export of meat on a large scale.

Evidently no mistake was made in placing the embargo against Sweden, and none will be made in maintaining it strictly.

THE CAUSE OF THE SLUMP

OREGON Bartletts, which usually command the top notch figure in eastern auction markets, have brought the lowest figures this year, tho the quality has been equal to or above the average.

Investigation in every case has shown that the reason is that the pears arrive too ripe, due to the unusual length of time in transit on account of train delays, improper icing, etc.

The eight days to Chicago has been a schedule in past years, this year the fruit has been as long as eighteen days in transit—sometimes longer, with the result that the pears arrived over-ripe.

Of course, there is no competition here—fruit has to be shipped by the Southern Pacific, at least to its junction with other roads where it can be diverted, but if diverted, there is apt to be a shortage of cars when needed, for the railroad is not likely to exert itself for competitors' benefit. Lack of competition is usually to blame for poor service—tho it must be admitted that in recent years the Southern Pacific has given the fruit growers excellent service. Their service this year is reminiscent of old times of a generation ago.

Of course, abnormal conditions prevail in the railroad world. There is a shortage of equipment and a congestion of freight. The war has burdened the railroad systems with great troop and freight movements, naturally complicating traffic conditions—but the California growers seem to have no difficulty in getting their fruit to market in good condition. But, then, California has competition in the railway business—and we have none.

If the Southern Pacific could not have properly cared for perishable freight, it should have so advised the growers, permitting them to dispose of their pears to canneries—for the canneries offered good prices. As it is, they have impoverished growers, unnecessarily burdened their lines and probably laid the foundation of damage suits.

A Glimpse of Southern Oregon

BY FRED LOCKEY.

(In the Oregon Journal.)

There is a charm about southern Oregon that is hard to analyze and harder to describe. Recently I was in Jacksonville, the county seat of Jackson county, and the one-time metropolis of southern Oregon. Walking along the quiet stone-flagged streets, with their Sabbath-like calm, I stopped to admire a fig tree. The owner invited me in and told me to help myself. I climbed up into the tree and ate my fill of delicious ripe figs and then together we sat under the wide-spreading branches of a venerable old black walnut tree and cracked and ate walnuts.

But that is a slow job. A person would starve to death cracking and picking out the meat of black walnuts. My fingers were brown with the stain of the walnuts. It was mid-afternoon. The air of the late autumn day was fragrant and spicy with the odor of grapes, quinces, pears and other fruit.

I started out of town to the northward. Almost it seemed as if I had been transported to some other country. Large-leaved fig trees, heavy with their luscious purple fruit, hung over the fences. I stopped to pick and eat a few caraway seeds, and in a moment I was carried back to the caraway seed cakes of my boyhood. Here a clump of pampas grass had grown to huge proportions. From the broad green leaves at its base high

stalks bearing princely plumes were waving in the lazy sea breeze of the Indian summer afternoon. Woodpiles of laurel and dark red manzanita were stacked up for winter use. I walked along a little-traveled footpath and heard the oak leaves rustling underfoot. In the fields on each side of the road were cornfields and orchards. Here among the corn shocks yellow pumpkins glistened in the sunshine, while on the hillsides the peach trees were clad in autumn's brilliant lining of scarlet and gold.

Surely the valley of the Rogue is a valley of serene delight. A blue haze lay over the valley. The wide-spreading oaks were heavily laden with great clusters of olive green mistletoe. Here on a brushy hillside a group of Angora goats lifted their dainty heads to survey me with mild curiosity. Walking with unburied tread a band of bronze-colored turkeys were taking their way across a stubblefield, filled to repletion and too indifferent to pursue the evasive grasshopper. The road wound northward like a dusty gray ribbon. The dust was fine enough to make, if

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not bread, at least high grade mud pie.

The road was a history of those who had gone before me. Here an auto had made its dimple trail; here a snake had made its sinuous way across; here, daintily as a deer's track, an Angora goat had left its tell-tale hoof mark; here a group of small prints of bare feet showed where some children had come from school. My eye lingered with satisfaction on a pretty girl of 18 years or so under the trees in a farm yard, and then wandered to a sign on the gate: "Pure honey, 10 cents a pound."

As I lingered along enjoying the beauty of the country a locked farm gate tempted my curiosity. I solved its mystery and an old wagon road beckoned me up the hillside. On both sides of the old road was a heavy growth of pine and manzanita, the tinted red limbs of the latter making, in places, a veritable jungle. Here and there a stately oak rose above the lower growth or a green-leaved, red-limbed madrone. Finally I came to the wreck of an old barn in a clearing, and just beyond it an old cabin in a ruinous state. I went thru its broken doorway. The fireplace had fallen in. On the wall were newspapers in lieu of wall paper. Most of them were dated 1873. Just outside, coming almost up to the doorway, was a long-neglected vineyard and a hundred feet or so to the southward was the largest fig tree I have ever seen. It was literally loaded with ripe, bluish purple figs. The tree was probably 40 feet high and had a spread of between 75 and 100 feet. On all sides the limbs came down to the ground, but I scrambled thru and found that my fig tree was in reality a group of six fig trees, whose limbs had become so interwoven, and intertwined that it seemed to be but one tree. So heavy was the foliage that it was almost dusk under the fig tree arbor.

Finally, as twilight fell, I took my way southward to the quaint, the somnolent and peaceful village of Jacksonville. In a cool back room, where I drank a pint of freshly made cider, Emil Britz told me about the old place I had visited.

"My father, Peter Britz, who came to Jacksonville in 1852, planted those fig trees there in about 1872 or '73," he said. "The house has not been occupied for 25 or 30 years. Mr. Carson of Grants Pass, the fruit inspector, says those are the largest fig trees in the state."

Mr. Lay, who sat with us at the table, said: "Last year I picked a five-gallon oil can full of figs from one limb. The ground all around the trees was ankle-deep with ripe figs and there were at least 2000 pounds of figs still on the six trees. Wild persimmons have now grown up into a regular jungle on one side of the fig grove. You will get a wonderful view of the whole valley from up there. Some day people will discover the beauty and charm of our country and once more we will awaken to life and growth."

CENTRAL POINT

W. D. Lewis of Sacramento, Cal., arrived here Saturday morning to spend several days with his sons, Israel and Irmial Lewis, and old friends.

A. P. Gillett arrived here Saturday, accompanied by his grandson, Adiel Dubell, who will attend our high school this fall. Mr. Gillett will occupy the house owned by Miss Mary A. Mee on Fourth and Manzanita streets.

Mrs. George Wilkerson of Creswell was calling on many friends here Friday morning. Mrs. Wilkerson had been a resident here for a number of years.

Mrs. Stella Purkeypple of Canada is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Daisy Stidham, and sister, Mrs. J. K. Ross.

Israel Lewis and wife and little daughter are spending a few days at Crescent City.

Little Ruth Warner, who has been spending the summer with her grandparents at Eugene, has returned to her home here.

Mrs. M. O. Broadben and daughter spent the last of the week at Medford.

Edward Kahler and wife of Portland are here visiting his parents.

Miss Arlene Hay is enjoying a few days' vacation with her sister, Mrs. Oakes Ames, at Medford.

Miss Reva Arnold left for Mouth Friday evening, where she

will attend the normal school. She was accompanied by Miss Fern Dalley of Medford.

Mrs. Smith and daughter of Tolo were shopping here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester of Table Rock were calling on friends here the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Shipley Ross and Mrs. Fred Roper of Grants Pass spent Sunday here with relatives.

Will Hammet and wife and little daughter of Grants Pass were calling on friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Lemester Price has returned to her home at Crescent City after an enjoyable visit with friends here.

Mrs. W. E. Prive, Miss Mary A. Mee and Jess Richardson motored to Medford Saturday afternoon on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldritch, who have been living on the Hubbard place, where he has been foreman, have moved in town in the Hitler place.

Miss Katherine Thompson has returned home from Merrill and is now helping her brothers at the prune dryer.

Miss Agnes Dunlap will leave Wednesday morning for Eugene, where she will attend the state university.

Mrs. Harry Capleton and children of Antelope spent Saturday evening here with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindt of Cottage Grove, who have been conducting a series of meetings here for the Seventh Day Adventist church, have returned to their home. They were accompanied by Lawrence Wade, who will attend school there this fall.

EAGLETS ABROAD

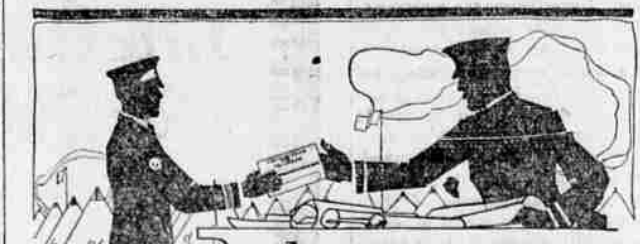
By A. C. Howlett

The last time that I wrote for the Mail Tribune I was in Seattle, Wash., and was giving an account of what I saw along the route from Spokane to that city, and when I closed my letter had just given an account of passing the city of Harrington that is situated in the edge of the great wheat belt of the state of Washington. After leaving there we pass thru a country that was diversified with hills and vales and in many instances did not have the appearance of a productive country, but we occasionally would see teams of four, six and in one instance of eight horses or mules with two wagons loaded with grain, and nearby would see large warehouses along the railroad track for the storing of wheat, for that is the principal production of the soil. And soon we came to another town, Odessa, where everything looked as tho the people were alive and prosperous, for by this time we were getting into the very heart of the wheat belt, and while some would be hauling their grain to the warehouse, others would be threshing, and some would still have

A Woman's Way

It is the way of woman to bear pain and discomfort without complaint. Women awaiting motherhood should be given every help which will make for less pain. Millions of women have used the safe, tried and reliable external massage known as "Mother's Friend". The abdominal muscles relax naturally and without strain when baby is born. Stretching pains during the period are avoided and the crisis is rendered safer for both the mother and

the coming child by its regular use. The woman who falls by any chance to procure "Mother's Friend" should be furnished it by those who are dear to her. Write to The Branded Regulator Company, Department K, 300 Lamar Building, Atlanta, Ga., for book, "Motherhood and the Baby". It is free. "Mother's Friend" is procurable at the druggists. Do not go a single night without using it. Ask for a bottle today without fail.



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Medford, Oregon, Jan. 15, 1917 TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This is to certify that I, the undersigned, had very severe stomach trouble and had been bothered for several years and last August was not expected to live, and hearing of Gim Chung (whose Herb Store is at 241 South Front street in Medford) I decided to get herbs for my stomach trouble, and I started to feeling better as soon as I used them, and today am a well man and can heartily recommend anyone afflicted as I was to see Gim Chung and try his Herbs. (Signed) W. R. JOHNSON, Witnesses:

- M. A. Anderson, Medford. S. B. Holmes, Eagle Point. Frank Lewis, Eagle Point. Wm. Lewis, Eagle Point. W. L. Childreth, Eagle Point. C. E. Moore, Eagle Point. J. V. McIntyre, Eagle Point. Geo. B. Von der Hellen, Eagle Point. Thos. E. Nichols, Eagle Point.

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