

FORMER MEDFORD BOY DECORATED CROIX DE GUERRE

F. H. Bennett, son of Roger S. Bennett of the Christiana Cafeteria, has just returned from France where he saw eight months' service with the United States army ambulance service with the French forces. Young Bennett, who was an ambulance driver, went through many dangers and was cited for bravery in action on November 9, two days before the signing of the armistice, for which he is to be awarded the French croix de guerre.

Bennett enlisted in the service last July while attending Leland Stanford University in California. During the time he has been in active service, his duties have taken him into Northern France and Belgium. He was also as far as Aix la Chapelle, Germany.

According to Bennett there were approximately 6,000 Americans on special duty with the French government in the ambulance service. Ninety per cent of them are made up of college men, many of whom went in answer to a call from Marshal Joffre at the moment the United States entered the war.

The Stars and Stripes, official paper of the A. E. F. commenting on the unit, said: "Indicating the character of their service is the fact that more than 80 per cent of the S. S. U. men have been awarded decorations not only the croix de guerre and D. S. C., but the French Médaille Militaire, the four razers and, in the case of an officer, the Legion of Honor."

Bennett was one of twelve of the unit cited for bravery. He expects to return to Leland Stanford University with the starting of the new semester.—*Journal (Mo.) News Herald.*

Mary Pickford Featured at The Liberty Theatre Tonight



"In innocent, and innocent" MARY PICKFORD in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" A Paramount Picture

Not since her memorable triumph in "Tess of the Storm Country" has Mary Pickford had such an opportunity for the exhibition of her amazing talents, as in the production of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Frances Hodgson Burnett's celebrated story of faith and love, which will be shown at the Liberty theatre tonight only.

The delicate touches with which the noted author adorned a beautiful idea, the tenderness with which she suggested something half philosophy,

half theology, make this picture intensely appealing. The story, founded on a love and trust that know no fear, come close to you and warm your heart. The picture reveals a pathetic story, behind which is the shadow of a spiritual purpose, and its influence cannot be other than uplifting and edifying.

Best of all, it reveals the inimitable Mary Pickford in a character the very essence of which is womanly nobility, a nobility intensified because the character is clothed in rags.

PORTLAND TOMMIES THRILLED BY "THE BETTER 'OLE" PLAY

(By Leone Guss Baer, in Portland Oregonian.)

"Lord love 'em," said H. Radford Allen. H. Radford is Henry Radford and he plays the philanderer, Bert, in "The Better 'Ole" at the Heilig.

When he said "Lord love 'em," he meant a dozen or so English soldiers who were sitting in the audience last night. The reason H. Radford Allen said "Lord love 'em" was because he had just heard one big husky Tommy out in front yell right out loud in the middle of the fun, "Lord love ye, Bert."

"It's a wonderfully inspirational thing to hear those lads enjoying the play," said Mr. Allen. "I've tried to get under the skin of the role I play, and so have the others, my co-workers, but when the audience lifts a fellow up and carries him through on its shoulders it's mighty gratifying, and their warm sympathy and ready response prove to me more than anything else that the character's snatches of truth.

"Those Tommies out there now. I hear them calling across the footlights and it's music to my ears. It's that way every place we have English soldiers in the audience, or Canadian lads. The American lads laugh and applaud, but it's the Tommies who talk out loud to us and megaphone messages to us through their hands from all over the audience.

Mr. Allen says that the one pathetic bit in "The Better 'Ole," the episode when a postman fetches the mail for the soldiers, no matter what sort of an audience we've got, letters were precious few and mighty precious over there, and the scene we enact is absolutely true in sentiment. Naturally, our doing it in pantomime stretches it out a bit, but many and many a time I've had that same experience, being left looking longingly after the retreating figure of the postboy when everyone save myself had a letter. It was terrible when the postman came on the evening before we were to go over the top, and no letter from home was there for some of us. If folk only realized what it means to a lonely, homesick person to get a cheery letter, I believe the postage stamp industry would pick up more. It takes such a short time to write a letter and it means such a big thing to the homesick soul who gets it.

"Papers, books, visits from people, entertainers, nothing takes the place of the letter you are looking for, and when it doesn't come nothing can solace you."

Mr. Allen has seen active service all through the war and has been wounded, and his experiences would make Private Peat's narrative sound like a telephone book.

"It's nothing at all," he dismisses the subject of his wounds. "Lots of lads are so much worse off, I can't even talk about it."

"The Better 'Ole" is the feature at the Page tonight.



What you pay out your good money for is cigarette satisfaction—and, my, how you do get it in every puff of Camels!

EXPERTLY blended choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos in Camel cigarettes eliminate bite and free them from any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor.

Camels win instant and permanent success with smokers because the blend brings out to the limit the refreshing flavor and delightful mel-

low-mildness of the tobaccos yet retaining the desirable "body." Camels are simply a revelation! You may smoke them without tiring your taste!

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OBITUARY.

DAY—Mrs. Myrtle B. Day died April 18, 1919, at Dr. Jarvis' sanitarium, Ashland, Ore. Mrs. Day was born at Goshen, Missouri, April 8, 1879, where her early girlhood was spent and her education was completed. With her parents she moved to Gold Hill, Ore., in 1889 and made this city her home ever since.

Since the appointment of her brother-in-law, H. D. Reed, as postmaster here she has become very well known as assistant postmistress in which capacity she became one of the best known persons in this part of the county. About four months past she resigned her position in the postoffice and went to Portland where she worked very hard and broke down her health and was compelled to return home about two weeks past for treatment. She was taken to the sanitarium at Ashland on the tenth of the month and suffered a serious operation on the twelfth. She rallied for a short time then became weaker until the end came quietly on Friday the 18th, at 4 p. m.

Mrs. Day was always known as possessing extreme nerve power and it in the last several years she had any ailments no one ever knew of it. She never complained about anything; always making the best of every phase in life; was one of the jolliest and liveliest ladies in the community. She was very active in the Rebekah lodge of which she has been a member several years. In public life she was always the most willing in going ahead and doing more than her share to succeed in any capacity where help was needed. The place she has made in the heart of this community will be very hard to fill.

The funeral was conducted at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Blackburn at the old home here at 2 p. m. Easter Sunday, by Rev. Belknap of Central Point. At the grave side the Rebekah lodge members held a brief service in farewell to their sister and Rev. Belknap pronounced the benediction of the best attended and the largest funeral ever known in this neighborhood. Fifty cars were used to carry the bereaved friends and relatives to the Rock Point cemetery where rests all that remains of Gold Hill's best known lady citizen.

She leaves to mourn her loss her mother, Mrs. Blackburn, and her younger sister, Mrs. H. D. Reed, of Gold Hill. She rests by the side of her father who preceded her some years past and the grave is shaded by evergreen Madrona trees that, at the time of the burial were a mass of blossom. The most beautiful season of the year; flowers in abundance covering the coffin and shooting from the earth everywhere; the whole earth covered in a deep carpet of green on the finest day yet this season witnessed the farewell, and typified the birth of another soul in the great beyond.

WOMEN'S PRESBYTERY MEET WEDNESDAY

The Womens Missionary societies of Southern Oregon Presbyterial will hold the annual meeting in the Medford public library, Wednesday, April 23rd. The sessions will begin at 9:45 and will be held both morning and afternoon. The meetings will be full of inspiration and it is hoped that the women of all denominations will join in them. Two splendid speakers, Mrs. E. T. Allen of Urumia, Persia, and Mrs. B. J. Giffen of McMinnville have been secured for the afternoon session and every woman interested in missionary work should hear the message they bring.

He Escaped Influenza
"Last spring I had a terrible cold and gripe and was afraid I was going to have influenza," writes A. A. McNeese, High Point, Ga. "I tried many kinds of medicine, but remained clogged with cold. I then took Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, feeling relief from the first. I used seven small bottles. It was a sight to see the phlegm I coughed up. I am convinced Foley's Honey and Tar saved me from influenza." Checks coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. For sale by Medford Pharmacy.

CROWN JEWELS LAST TIME RIALTO TONIGHT

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown" sang the poet some hundreds of years ago—and that was before the world had imbibed democratic ideals. Picture how uneasy must be those crowned heads at the present time with Portugal and Russia as very recent and very lively examples of royal vicissitudes of fortune.

In "Crown Jewels" to be shown at the Rialto theater for the last time tonight a European monarch foresees the possibility of revolution and ships the crown jewels to America. An international band of conspirators work out an elaborate plan to replace the genuine jewels with imitations and are frustrated by a French refugee, Diana De Lille, after a thrilling and tremendously dramatic battle of wits.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHNSTON NEW HEAD CAMP LEWIS

SPOKANE, Wash., April 22.—Major General William H. Johnston, who commanded the 91st division during the war, was assigned today to be the permanent commander at Camp Lewis, Wash., according to a special telegram to The Chronicle from its Washington correspondent.

Equal Rights for Women

Every woman has the right to be as healthy, vigorous and efficient as her husband, son, brother, or friend. Nature intended woman to be unhampered and unhandicapped by any sex weakness. But, unfortunately, woman is very predisposed to constipation, not of necessity, but due to faults or bad habits of omission or commission.

Constipation is nothing but a bad habit. Taking purgative, cathartic, or laxative medicines to force the bowels to move is another bad habit—even a worse habit.

But Nujol is particularly suitable for the overcoming of constipation and its resulting evils in women.

Nujol is not a drug—does not act like any drug.

Nujol acts by bringing about a readjustment of the mechanism provided and intended by Nature for the removal of food waste from the body.

Nujol is effective at any age, under any conditions, especially during those periods and conditions in which the use of purgatives, cathartic or laxative medicines is not only harmful, but dangerous. Nujol is safe, pleasant to take, sensible, agreeable in effects, never forms a bad habit.

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today, and send coupon for free booklet, "Thirty Feet of Danger."

Warning: Nujol is sold only in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. Insist on Nujol. You may suffer from substitutes.

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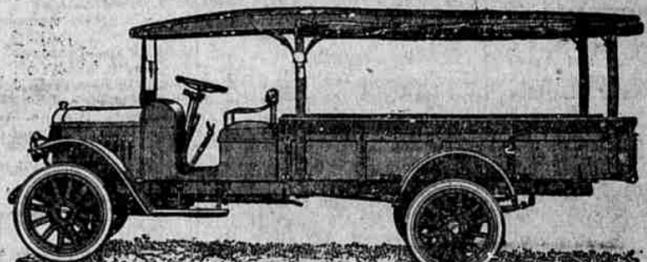
JOYFUL EATING

Unless your food is digested without the aftermath of painful acidity, the joy is taken out of both eating and living.

KI-MOIDS

are wonderful in their help to the stomach troubled with over-acidity. Pleasant to take—relief prompt and definite.

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ITS terminal is your store or plant and it runs direct to any door with every street and every road its own right of way. And a railroad for only \$1085 (chassis).

It will pay back its cost in 12 months' time, and you can buy it for a portion of its cost down and the balance in monthly payments.

It's a big truck with 10-foot loading space, worm drive, the boasted feature of \$5000 trucks, electric lights and generator, and it weighs only 2400 pounds.

Pays its way from day to day.



More miles per gallon
More miles on tires

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