

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

The Medford Sunday Sun is furnished subscribers desiring a seven day daily newspaper.

Office Mail Tribune Building, 25-27-29 North Fir street. Phone 75.

A consolidation of the Democratic Times, the Medford Mail, the Medford Tribune, The Southern Oregonian, The Ashland Tribune.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: BY MAIL—IN ADVANCE: Daily, with Sunday Sun, year... \$7.50 Daily, with Sunday Sun, month... 75 Daily, without Sunday Sun, year... 6.50 Daily, without Sunday Sun, month... 65 Weekly Mail Tribune, one year... 2.00 Sunday Sun, one year... 2.00 BY CARRIER—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent: Daily, with Sunday Sun, month... 75 Daily, without Sunday Sun, month... 75 Daily, without Sunday Sun, year... 7.50 Daily, with Sunday Sun, one year... 8.50 All terms by carrier cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford. Official paper of Jackson County.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

A newspaper man of Butte, Mont., was robbed of three suits of clothes Tuesday night. He was some sort of a freak, as it is against the ethics of journalism to have over one pair of jeans.

The plot to return Emperor Karl to his throne looks like a scheme to keep the "a" out of Hungary, and proves the contention that Europeans, as a whole, would rather fight than plow.

IN A DIAPHANOUS SKIRT. (Salem Capital-Journal) Mrs. Reveal of Silverton was visiting friends in Salem Wednesday.

Week after next there will be a drive to get funds to buy a box of Gold Dust, for scrubbing out the bowl of the drinking fountain at Main Stem and Centrale Avenidas.

The more one reads of the Stillman divorce case, the more one becomes convinced that laws regarding the carrying of dangerous weapons are strictly enforced, in New York.

All efforts of autoists to have collisions at down town street intersections this week, have no far failed.

Ninety per cent of the tourists will visit the Northwest, via Canada this year, according to estimates. They are filled with a desire to see the land, where the Canadian soldiers came from,—not to stack their thirist.

The pressure of spring work in the orchards has been no great of late, that the horticulturists have not had time to change neckties.

A REGULATION BLUFF NEVER KNOWN TO WORK. (Corvallis Gazette)

The person who took the Iver Johnson wheel from the Son porch about two weeks ago is known. If the return is made at once, there will be no prosecution, otherwise there will be and without mercy.

THE OWNER.

Lawyers drifted over to Jville this a. m., to dispose of a load of herewiths, and wheresses, and object till their lungs played out.

The flu and spring fever together, are a fine combination, and apt to cause a languid feeling in the victim. By 1925, service stations will be as thick as saloons in 1919.

SWEET AND SILLY. (Eugene Register)

"Dear Miss Page—We are two high school girls, each go with a boy who loves us, but we do not love them and they spend a good deal of money on us. Shall we now tell them that we do not love them, or break their hearts by telling them when they propose?—Two Wondering Girls."

The legs of the law claim that when they bought their new lids, they were a surprise to the city council, and this emotion was not intended for the general public.

William Jennings Bryan says "The Democratic party will awake," but he will go right back to sleep again.

Barbers that used to spend their spare time honing a razor, are now fixing up a fishing pole.

"Castles in Spain," and a \$500,000 hotel at Crater Lake.

Helped Her Little Girl

Children need all their strength for growing. A lingering cold weakens them so that the system is open to attack by more serious sickness. Mrs. Amanda Flint, Route 4, New Philadelphia, O., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my little girl of the worst tickling cough I had tried many things and found nothing to help until I got Foley's Honey and Tar." Given immediate relief from distressing, racking, tearing coughs. Sold everywhere. Adv.

YOU CAN GET MOST ANY OLD THING AT MOST ANY OLD TIME AT DE VOE'S

MR. WELLS AND A NEW WORLD

H. G. WELLS first emerged on the literary horizon, as a spinner of scientific fairy tales. He made a name as an English Jules Verne. The second installment of his Saturday Evening Post series, shows that he has never lost the faculty of fanciful exposition, and his "salvage of the world" might be termed a frank return to his initial manner.

In this second installment the author of "New Worlds for Old," unifies and elucidates his cosmic system into a United States of the world. Civilization is to be saved, not by a League of Nations, but by an obliteration of all nations and an amalgamation of all races and all nations, into one super-nation.

The essential clarity and sanity of the author's intellectual processes, emerge sufficiently toward the end of the article, for him to pause with the query as to whether or not, what he has said is merely rubbish. As a romantic speculation it isn't, any more than the Arabian Nights or Grimm's Fairy tales, but as a practical program for serious application today, it is; and unless we are much mistaken, will be so considered by the public at large, if the public at large consider it at all.

Mr. Wells isn't a freak. He possesses at once the most versatile and penetrating intellect, in the literary world of today. But he is essentially literary, he is primarily the artist, and the reconstruction he seeks to accomplish, must be evolved not in the world of imagination, but in the hum drum world of reality and fact. His error lies, we believe, not in his analysis, which places the ills of today upon somewhat artificial national distinctions, largely the product of an antiquated tradition, and imperfect educational system, but in his assumption, that such distinctions can be easily removed, and that an entirely new and revolutionary political concept can be accepted over night.

The United States of the world is coming some day,—perhaps in less than a thousand years. But the event is so remote, that one believes Mr. Wells could better devote his talents today, to working out practical methods of feeding the world, as it is, rather than in transforming it into what in this century at least, it can never be.

The human trait that makes competing nations, goes back to the jungle. In a million years it has probably changed but little. The Diplodocus fought the Stegosaurus, not because there was any essential difference between them, but because there was a superficial difference,—because Dipy had a seventeen-foot tail, perhaps and Stegy's tail was only seven. They fought because of some vague primitive urge, based apparently upon the realization that Dips were not Stegys and Stegys were not Dips. And their descendants have been fighting ever since, from the time of the Antrapoid Ape up to the Chicago race riots.

There is something,—we don't know what,—which makes every living organism hostile to any similar organism which is not identical. It may be the style of a tail, the make of a torso, the language or the complexion,—whatever it is, it reacts on the individual as the red rag on the bull frog, and the merry struggle goes on.

Mr. Wells eliminate all this by calling it needless, which it may be, but how in Heaven's name will he convince the Greek and the Turk, the German and the Frenchman, the white and the red, the yellow and the black! To us it looks like a problem not for Mr. Wells, but for the evolution of the ages. And the ages, like the mills of the Gods, grind slowly,—so slowly that the average man in the street,—and he is the determining factor in all fundamental changes,—will we fear, dismiss Mr. Wells' articles as a waste of time. Unless he should still be interested in fairy tales, which of course is entirely another matter.



RED NOSES.

JOHN BARLEYCORN is planted, the law has put him out; no tanglefoot is granted to any thirsty scout; no barkeep hands the bitters, the bourbon or the rye, to any human critters, as drouthy months go by. But oh, the crimson noses I see upon the street—as red as any roses that make the summer sweet! Where do they get their tinting, their bright autumnal hue, since vintners are not vinting, and brewers do not brew? The barkeeps are not flinging the glasses as of yore; the doors that once were swinging, swing in no more; John Barleycorn is busted his graft is past and gone, the old brass rail is rusted, there is no demijohn. But oh, the crimson noses that through the ether plow! The looker-on supposes they should be bleached by now. They should be fair and whiter than is the driven snow, since Barleycorn, the blighter, was slain long months ago. There should be no such noses, since Barleycorn is dead, but every hour discloses new shades of blooming red. Oh, can it be that water will tint the human beak, as well as stuff that's hotter—the booze men used to seek? And can it be that drinking down where the streamlet flows, will paint a fellow's blinking and blooming, blistered nose?

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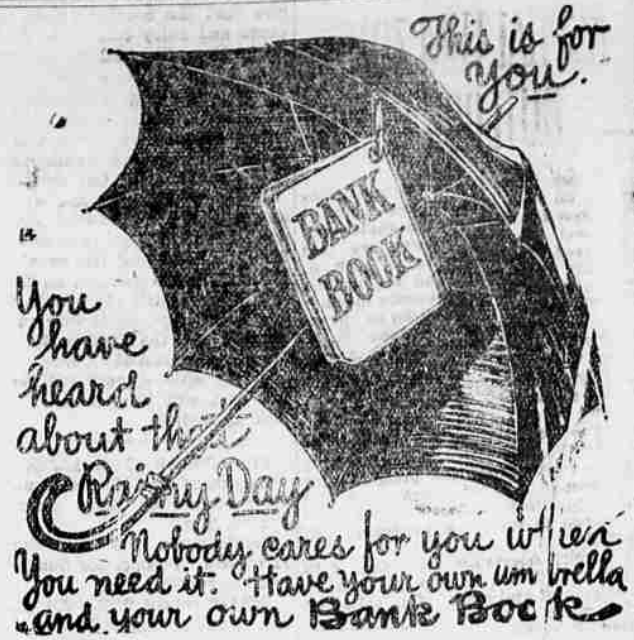
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When you use electric lights or other service, you have the use of distributing lines with transformers, poles, copper wires, cross-arms and insulators, sub-stations, with transformers, switchboards, and regulating devices, high tension transmission lines connecting the different power plants, which are located at different points on the lines so that in case of an accident to one or two plants the other power plants would carry the load and keep up the service.

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