

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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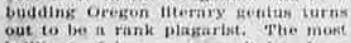
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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Oppal Whiteley bunked the staid, old fashioned Atlantic Monthly, says Elbert Bode in the Oregonian and so a budding Oregon literary genius turns out to be a rank plagiarist.

The most brilliant of her passages, it has been discovered, were stolen from obscure French books. The sad part of the mess is that the Atlantic Monthly probably turned down any number of really clever and original stories, while floating around with the young lady's bumco game.

Strides towards normalcy this week include a 2 cent drop in the cost of peanut brittle, and Ingersoll watches are back to pre-war prices, causing an unexpected loosening of the tenaciousness of economic conditions.

THE FUTILITY OF TRYING TO BITE A HOLE IN FAME (Yreka News)

YREKA HARKY

Is known from one end of the country to the other because you can read it backwards and forwards with the same result.

HUT—It cannot exist on fame, it must have patronage to live and prosper.

The American soldier, who took two shots at Blackie Bergdoll and missed him, has been discharged from the army, but that's not punishment enough.

Dresses thinner than beanery maple syrup have made their appearance on Boulevard du Mainz. The fur of the simlan is also around the female larynx, and Mike Hanley will soon show up in his bear skin overcoat.

Gold Hill now has some slight idea how Millville felt when Casey struck out. The picking of pears will begin August 1.

HEIRES YOUR HAT! (Pendleton Tribune)

The Commercial club is taking steps to oust some of the campers who are too appreciative of the advantages offered by Echo's free camp grounds in Spike's grove. Several families have moved in there and have become so attached to the place that they are planning to stay all summer and they find this quite a way to lower the cost of living, as fuel is furnished and even some campers who are travelling with horses are using the lawn for horse feed.

Peggy Joyce, who has been a professional cleaner of millionaires for several years, is the daughter of a barber, and what a lady tonorial artist she would have been, had she followed in her father's footsteps.

Newspapers publishing lists of those who will run for office next year, can save space by printing a list of those who won't run.

Opponents of the "bigger navy" plan now realize that it will take one to make Admiral Sims keep his mouth shut.

The Tacoma W. C. T. U. has signed a pledge not to indulge in gossip. This is contrary to the old policy of greasing the skids for a lady headed for hell.

The community is filled with the usual Sabbath desire to get off the floor of the valley.

A man by the name of Pitcher is water superintendent at Cottage Grove, Ore., and has been ordered to go down to Juanita Creek and find out what the matter is.

Mrs. Stillman has fired 16 lawyers in her divorce suit, and there will be a chance now for somebody else in New York to get a case tried.

Troubled for Ten Years

If you suffer pains and aches during the day and sleep-disturbing weakness by night, feel tired, nervous and run down, the kidneys and bladder need to be restored to healthy and regular action. J. T. Osburn, R. F. D. No. 1, Lucasville, O., writes: "I had kidney trouble for ten years. I tried many remedies but they did me no good. I took Foley Kidney Pills and they helped me so much that now I am well." Don't delay. Sold everywhere. Adv.

WASHINGTON'S CLIMATE CHANGES.

THE U. S. Senate is troubled. The members are clear about everything but the weather. And the weather is important in Washington. The burning question is not about the tariff, or disarmament, or Ambassador Harvey, but has summer really started.

All senatorial signs indicate it hasn't. For example, Senator Thomas is no longer there. For many years the Colorado senator was official harbinger of the dog days. When he discarded his iron gray toupee and entered the chamber with his pink dome shining unblushingly, everyone knew it was time to discard flannels on the inside, and drape them on the surface. Senator Thomas was as infallible as the moon.

And another weather vane,—very vain,—is missing. Senator J. Ham Lewis always welcomed summer with grey silk suit, salmon-pink silk shirt and turkey's egg cravat, to match his whiskers. But there is no J. Ham. The Illinois senator is somewhere in the vicinity of the Blackstone,—which is in Chicago.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is particularly worried. The Massachusetts senator has never been a specialist on the weather; he has left such primitive affairs to the democrats. But now there are no democrats,—at least none to speak of,—certainly none responsive to the sunshine. So what is Henry Cabot to do? When summer comes he always puts on a white waistcoat stiffly starched, over a stiff, holed shirt, surmounted by a choker collar. Has the great climacteric arrived? Henry Cabot Lodge doesn't know,—the only thing in the world he doesn't know.

In the House it is different. Uncle Joe is weather dictator over there, the only portion of his former dictatorship left. In April he releases one button on his vest, in May one each week, and when summer has actually arrived, he throws his vest into the discard and appears in his galluses. So the House is easy in the weather line. But meteorological conditions are not the same in the upper chamber,—they never are. Particularly, with the presiding officer, such an imponderable factor. For Calvin Coolidge of Northampton, Massachusetts is in the chair. Now Calvin is not only calvanistic, he is cool,—very cool. Moreover, he almost never talks. So even if there were an embryonic democratic weather vane, said vane would not be able to understand him. Even Senator Thomas might have contracted influenza, had he doffed his toupee in Calvin's presence.

Therefore, an anxious world observes the senate climatically all at sea. In the good old days, the Democrats announced the weather and also adjourned for summer vacation. There is no summer, and there is no vacation this year.

Should the Democrats be called back to restore normalcy? Might one suggest the matter be postponed for the present and be the subject for debate three years from next November.



EVENING HOURS.

THE day with its worries is ended at last, its troubles and hurries are things of the past; the sun has descended, the night shadows close, the evening is splendid, it brings me repose. All day I was drilling and sweating around, and mowing and mulling, and pawing the ground; I weeded the onions and wrestled with trees until I had bunions on fingers and knees. And off in my toiling I murmured, "By James! What profits this mowing? What good are men's games? We labor and labor, and labor some more, till Death with his sabre comes up to the door. We're plowing or hewing or building a wall; what good are we doing? What use is it all? We fill up the hollow, we drain out the weir; and people who follow, won't know we were here." And now in the gloaming my rest is so sweet, I think of my roaming around in the heat, and know that it fitted my soul for this hour, and toil is acquitted of charges so sour. I carried my burden until the day's close, and this is the guerdon—a tired man's repose.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- 1—What is a duenna?
2—What is a microphone?
3—What part of North America is nearest to Europe?
4—What is a freshest?
5—What does knopped mean?
6—What is the part of a plow called which turns the earth?
7—What is a parapet?
8—For what is a windlass used?
9—What is tatio in music?
10—In what year was the presidential campaign called the Hard Cider Campaign?

Answers to Yesterday's Questions

- 1—When are lands said to be in escheat? Ans. When lands for want of heirs fall back to their original owners or to the state they are said to be escheat.
2—What is an indenture? Ans. It is a written contract. Formerly two copies were made and so cut or notched as to show their correspondence.
3—How did the Charter Oak in Hartford, Conn., get its name? Ans. From the fact that the charter of the colony was hid in it in 1687 when the British governor tried to secure the paper.
4—What is the origin of the phrase, "Fifty-four, forty or Fight"? Ans. It applied to the northwestern boundary between the United States and British possessions. Americans claimed the true line to be 54 degrees and forty minutes but the claim was given up and the forty-ninth parallel was accepted without the fight.
5—Who said, "Let us have peace"? Ans. General Grant.
6—What is a judge-advocate? The person who conducts the prosecution in courts-martial is called a judge-advocate.
7—What is an alouge? Ans. It is a paper attached to a note or bill of exchange for receiving endorsements which are too numerous for the note itself.

8—What is a fulcrum? Ans. It is a point on which a lever rests.

9—What is a hawser? Ans. It is a small cable.

10—What sort of a roof is a hip-roof? Ans. A hip-roof is one having sloping ends as well as sloping sides.



Believe Morals Affected by Home Surroundings

Jacques Jaccard has a theory that morality is mostly a matter of location and that the strongest man is helpless in the grasp of environment. He has expounded this theory in "Honor Bound," a romance of the South American rubber country intense in sheer virility, which he has produced with Frank Mayo in the principal role. "Honor Bound" shows at the Rialto theatre starting tomorrow.

New Chorus Girl Type in "39 East"

There have been chorus girls and chorus girls depicted on the screen, and invariably they have been of the same type—beautiful, seductive creatures, gowned in the latest Parisian fashion, leading a prize dog on the leash, with a host of millionaires ever at their feet clamoring to give them all their hearts desire. Constance Binney creates a new type of chorus girl in her portrayal of Penelope Penn in "39 East," the Rachel Crothers play shown in picture form tomorrow at the Page theatre.

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BABY DRAMATIC CRITIC INTERVIEWS MARY PICKFORD ON THE SUBJECT



Mary Pickford and Baby Guss Price

LOS ANGELES, June 11.—Guy Price, Jr., America's youngest dramatic critic, claims the unique distinction of being the first newspaper man to sit on Mary Pickford's lap, while obtaining an interview.

Young Price, who resides in Los Angeles, was assigned by a local newspaper to visit the studio of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary's name in private life) and carry out the delicate mission of interviewing the film star on whether Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are expecting an heir.

As soon as Price, Junior, saw Mary he held out his arms to her. Although she was busy before the camera Mary stopped work right then and there and took the youngest reporter of them all on her lap and hugged him tight.

But then, you see, Price Junior, is only fourteen months old.

The way he happens to be a journalist at such an early age is because he "inherited his liking for the stars," his father being widely known as the dramatic editor of a Los Angeles newspaper.

TAD'S TID BITS ON WORLD SPORT

The Fox and the Bulldog This photo of Jim Corbett and Jack Dempsey, taken recently at Atlantic City, is a wonderful picture, showing the two distinct types in the boxing game.

On the left you see Jim Corbett, the first heavyweight champion under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. He was the man who made cleverness the greatest ring asset. It was Corbett who sent brute strength and bulldog tactics to the rear. Before that, under London prize ring rules, the man with the thick neck, the short nose and the strength of a bull ruled the roost.

Corbett proved that was all wrong. He knocked out the hero of that style of fighting and made the brainy fighter the king.

Look at the picture again. Look at the noses of Corbett and Dempsey. Corbett has the long nose of the fox, Dempsey the short nose of the bulldog. Our greatest boxers and ring masters have had long noses. There were Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Jack Dempsey (the Nonpareil), Abe Attell, and Bombardier Wells. Today we have Georges Carpentier and Benny Leonard.

Our greatest sluggers have had short noses such as adorns Dempsey. There were John L. Sullivan, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Terry McGovern and Kid Lavigne.

In the coming battle the long and short noses will meet.

Is the clever man to rule, or the bulldog?

Give Him Air, Boys, Give Him Air

Dear Tad: I suppose it would be as much as your job was worth to publish the following paragraph, but once in a while you pull a fast one which is really refreshing when compared with the stuff turned out by some of your press agency colleagues, and perhaps this will not be altogether wasted. Here goes:

Why Carpentier?

He licked a few dubs like Beckett and Wells, outpointed a few fair middleweights like Willie Lewis, Harry Lewis, and Jeff Smith in twenty-round fights, and was badly beaten by Klaus and Papke.

His best performances were his victory on a fool over Gunboat Smith, when the Gunner was beginning to make things hot for him and the alleged fool was admittedly unintentional.

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"Goo-rrr-ah-h-h?" questioned Price Junior, as soon as he was comfortably settled on Mary's lap.

"No, I'm sorry," answered Mary, "but I haven't any little girl or boy for you to play with. Won't I do?"

"Burr-rug-a-goo-a-goo. Er-er-er-hmmmmmm."

"Why, the idea. He wants to know if I intend to have a playmate for him the next time he sees me," confessed Mary blushing.

"I refuse to answer. Ouch! He's got hold of my hair," cried the actress. "Please stop pulling so hard on that curl—I'm dreadfully sorry, but Doug and I both hope so sometime—yes, I'll tell you the very first one, only please—nice boy."

"Won't you come up for bread and milk some afternoon with Doug and me?" the "movie" star asked.

"Yum-yum-yummy-yummy," cooed Price Junior.

"And then you can have your afternoon nap on my very own bed. Would you like that?" said Mary, her golden curls all tousled.

"Mmmmm-mmmmm," hummed Price, Junior, contentedly.

al and didn't hurt a bit, and his being shaded by Joe Jeannette in a fifteen-round go (at which Joe was compelled to weigh in at 175 pounds). He could have made just as good a showing against Jeffries, Johnson, Dempsey or Harry Willis (if he made them weigh in low enough).

Then, to crown it all, he deliberately avoids meeting Fred Fulton and Frank Moran. No one can blame him for avoiding Fulton, who is a white against a man he thinks he can lick, but, Ye Gods, what do you figure will be the effect on the morals of a man about to meet Jack Dempsey of ducking Frank Moran on the ground of being too dangerous. Barnum was right.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

And It Only Travelled a Foot.

Pretty soon the athletes will be writing about great knockouts. You'll read stories of punches THAT ONLY TRAVELLED A FOOT.

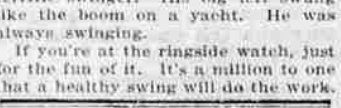
That's all apple sauce. As the bloke who never saw a camel before siped when he lapped one for the first time. THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL.

One writer recently stated that the first punch that dropped Wilard at Toledo was a left that travelled only a foot. The writer, sitting at the ringside that day, saw Dempsey pull that very same left right from the floor. It not only travelled one foot, but about four feet. A man MUST SWING in order to add left to the sock. A cannon ball dropped a foot wouldn't do as much damage as a cannon ball dropped 100 feet. It's the same with a punch.

Fitzsimmons was boosted as having knocked out men with a left that travelled six inches. Fitz was a notorious swinger. His punches usually swept through four feet of air before they landed.

Jeffries is also credited with knockouts with punches that travelled six and seven inches. Jeff was another terrific swinger. His big left swung like the boom on a yacht. He was always swinging.

If you're at the ringside watch, just for the fun of it. It's a million to one that a healthy swing will do the work.



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Advertisement for F. N. Clark & Company of Portland, Oregon, seeking a representative. Text includes 'REPRESENTATIVE WANTED' and details about the position.

Advertisement for Gates Half Sole Tires, featuring the text 'The Next Time You're Ready to Buy a Tire' and 'GIVES YOUR OLD TIRES 5,000 ADDITIONAL MILES SERVICE.'

Advertisement for Medford-Jacksonville Stage Line, featuring the text 'FARE 10c' and 'DAY OR NIGHT WEEKS-CONGER CO'.

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