

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. March is due tomorrow, according to the calendar, and barring the unforeseen, will make it. "Beware the Ides of March"—also the Snides thereof. This month comes in like a lamb, and goes out vice versa.

It is in March that Spring officially arrives. Then all Nature awakens, and some of the victims of the world rest and unrest, start to toss in their sleep. The meadow lark and the robin and the oval-tailed bluejay, start to sing, but they have no taxes to pay, on the 5th and 15th inst.

Youth gets exuberant in March, and feels of its oats, playing hooky, and going on nightriding journeys to social hops in the rural districts. Then the Switch and Swat division of the Rod and Gun club steps to the front and center.

The women folks in March bloom forth in new get-ups, and start to plan their summer get-outs.

MISSOURI JOURNALISM (Ozark Monitor)

We have to apologize this week for the non-appearance of The Monitor last week, due to the fact that at the Jefferson Davis Memorial meeting on the Saturday previous, our foreman, Lige Perdue, partook too freely of the moonshine distributed, which said moonshine, being too new for good drinking, overcame him.

We regret this exceedingly. We wanted to comment extensively on the death of Sterling Price Terwilliger, a worthless old coot who has sponged a living for the last fifty years on the good people of Caney's Fork, never doing an honest day's work or a dishonest one in all that time, and being about the fetch-takedest, ornery, good-for-nothing that ever dragged out sixty years of no-account existence.

Also we wanted to say a few words on the elopement of Seth Morgan's oldest girl who ran away with a St. Louis drummer and will probably go to the bad, because in all the twenty-two years of her life the poor girl has never had a decent dress or a pair of shoes to fit her on account of the stinginess of her Dad, who has labored under the impression that all women are good for are to work. Whatever happens the girl cannot be any worse than her home life, although we hope she will not be led astray and abandon the paths of rectitude, because, in spite of her handicap at having old Seth for a father, she was a good girl at heart.

There were several other matters we would have discussed upon, but it is too late now. As for Lige, poor, repentant old Lige, we haven't a word of reproach for him. He fit with Marmaduke all through the war between the States and was wounded several times. He was a devoted adherent to the Lost Cause, lost but glorious vital, and carried the Stars and Bars to many and many a victory. That he was a faithful man is manifested by the fact that he refused to be reconstructed until Cleveland's second election and has succeeded every time there has been a republican president since. Right now he is out of the union to remain until the screaming bird of Victory again perches on the banners of Democracy.

Lige Perdue has earned the right to get on a high lonesome on such occasions as these, and far be it from us to reproach him. However, next year when the time for this festival draws nigh we shall greet it with less misgiving than we ordinarily would, because we are talking lessons in typesetting, so that if Lige should fall in the contest with white liker, things will go on just the same.

THE NIGHT was dark and windy, the raindrops on me beat, the thunder raised a shindy, as I went down the street. My lonely way pursuing "I'll walk around," I said, "note what the boys are doing, and then go back to bed." The night was wild and juicyful, no stars were in the dome; it was no errand useful, that took me from my home. A vain and foolish longing had led me thus astray, to see the people thronging along the Great White Way. And as I passed an alley, two highwaymen took toll; while one of them kept tally, the other pinched my roll. They smote me with a spanner and knocked me cold and flat, and in a brutal manner, they spoiled my Sunday hat. And when the twain skeddaddled on brisk and lawless legs, my brains seemed badly addled, like last year's storage eggs. Yet I had sense remaining, enough to see the truth, as, struggling, weeping, straining, I journeyed to my booth. I sighed while pouring cruses of ointment on my dome, "I would not have these bruises had I but stayed at home. My nutty, dippy yearning to roam the streets by night, and see the white lights burning has got me in this plight. Hereafter I'll be wiser, I'll stay at home and read the Memoirs of the Kaiser, and then my head won't bleed."

HEAD COLDS Melt in spoon; inhale vapors; apply freely up nostrils. VICKS VAPORUB Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

THE REAL STAND-PATTERS.

A SCORE of individuals in Salem ask that their names be taken from a petition demanding the removal of State Bank Examiner Bramwell. They signed the petition, it seems, under a misapprehension.

Of course. A large number of petition signers never know what they are signing. It is a matter of common knowledge that a petition demanding anything, from free beer to compulsory hair clipping, can secure the required number of signatures if a sufficient fund is raised to pay a sufficient number of professional petition circulators.

The abuse of the initiative is notorious, and the absence of sensible safeguards has reduced this essentially desirable privilege to the very brink of farce.

Yet at the recent session of the legislature a great hue and cry was raised, vociferously led by the Portland Journal, when it was suggested that the Initiative be safeguarded and reformed. The idea was, in brief, to have the voter go to the petition instead of having the petition brought to the voter. But this same and excellent proposal never had a chance. Nor did a measure which would do away with the sale of signatures at so much "per."

The reason of course was the sanctity of the initiative. Such a flawless gem of popular government must not be touched. No one denied the present abuses. No one denied ample room for improvement.

But the first suggestion of modification was promptly interpreted as an assault upon the inalienable rights of a free people and every proponent of the measure was promptly labelled unclean—"a serpent lurking in the stand-pat grass."

Of course, the reverse was true. To stand-pat means to stand still,—to stubbornly oppose all change,—to hang out until Hades condescends for the status quo.

That was the attitude of the majority. They refused to budge. The Initiative must be held inviolate. Any suggestion of change was taboo.

So the stand-pat minority, so called, formed the real Progressive Bloc. They refused to consider any legislative enactment saner or saner. They didn't wish to kill the initiative. They did want to improve it. They held it to be quite possible for a group of sensible men to amend the initiative law, do away with some of its most flagrant abuses, without outraging the Oregon system or destroying civilization.

But the tribal taboo was too strong. The time honored superstition too potent. Any reform of the initiative law is, therefore, postponed for another two years.

All of which is both ridiculous and stupid. There is no good reason why the abuses of the initiative should be allowed to grow and multiply. Nothing made by human hand is incapable of improvement. To oppose all suggestions of improvement with the parrot cry of political treason is merely to emphasize the reformatory need.

Quill Points

Thrift consists in the knack of saying "No" when friends come a-borrowing.

Friendly nations are those that pretend to see altruism in one another's grafts.

Modest people wouldn't be so annoying if they had anything to be modest about.

Our idea of zero temptation is Berlin's offer of marks to keep the Ruhr miners loyal.

The widow at Doorn was old enough to know better, and if she has to take in washing, we shall waste no sympathy on her.

France didn't intend to annex the Ruhr, but she may have bitten off more than she can eschew.

Heinie's stubborn determination not to give an inch would indicate that he has changed since 1918.

There is something pathetic, also, about the fender all furrowed and wrinkled with careless driving.

The average man can't tell the difference between a spiritual blessing and the way he feels after a good dinner.

Correct this sentence: "They had been married eight years, and his heart beat madly as he bent to kiss her lips."

It is the ignorance of the mass that makes war possible; it is the mass of ignorance that makes peace impossible.

What man, being flattered by a newspaper write-up, ever was wholly satisfied with the number and vigor of the adjectives used?



ON THE STREET.

THE NIGHT was dark and windy, the raindrops on me beat, the thunder raised a shindy, as I went down the street. My lonely way pursuing "I'll walk around," I said, "note what the boys are doing, and then go back to bed." The night was wild and juicyful, no stars were in the dome; it was no errand useful, that took me from my home. A vain and foolish longing had led me thus astray, to see the people thronging along the Great White Way. And as I passed an alley, two highwaymen took toll; while one of them kept tally, the other pinched my roll. They smote me with a spanner and knocked me cold and flat, and in a brutal manner, they spoiled my Sunday hat. And when the twain skeddaddled on brisk and lawless legs, my brains seemed badly addled, like last year's storage eggs. Yet I had sense remaining, enough to see the truth, as, struggling, weeping, straining, I journeyed to my booth. I sighed while pouring cruses of ointment on my dome, "I would not have these bruises had I but stayed at home. My nutty, dippy yearning to roam the streets by night, and see the white lights burning has got me in this plight. Hereafter I'll be wiser, I'll stay at home and read the Memoirs of the Kaiser, and then my head won't bleed."

Sports

GIANTS SURE TO WIN FLAG AGAIN SAYS J. J. M'GRAW

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—With more games to spare than last year, the New York Giants will win the National league championship and retain their world's title next season, in the opinion of Manager John J. McGraw, en route from Cuba to his team's training camp at San Antonio, according to those who quote him here today, will use O'Connell, \$75,000 star from the Pacific Coast league regularly at center field.

PARIS, Feb. 28.—Referring to the arrangement for a bout between Georges Carpentier and Battling Siki the Echo des Sports, say that the winner will take 25 per cent of the gate receipts and the loser 20 per cent. The Petit Parisien says that the contract will be signed today.

PARIS—Negotiations are said to be under way for a boxing contest for the world's light heavyweight championship between Georges Carpentier and Battling Siki as the principals.

CHICAGO—Jens Willard, who is matched to box Floyd Johnson of Iowa 15 rounds May 12, announced he would establish a training camp at Excelsior Springs, Mo., before going to New York to complete his conditioning for the bout.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 28.—Ad Santel of San Francisco, claimant to the light-heavyweight wrestling championship of the world, and George Yassell of Houston, Texas, will meet in a two out of three falls, two hour time limit match here tonight.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—A return match between Joe Beckett and Georges Carpentier has been definitely set for June 14 in London. The match was previously scheduled for May 11.

At Salem: University of Oregon 61; Willamette university 26. At Pullman: Whitman college 23; Washington State college 15.



The Elks Minstrels again scored a hit last night before the second largest Medford audience at the Page theatre. The house was packed and the audience was appreciative.

Delegations from Grants Pass and Ashland were present at the American Legion meeting of the local post last night. Regular meetings of the post and auxiliary were held. The Ashland women took charge of the auxiliary meeting and put on initiation ceremonies, while past commanders of post No. 15, Ralph Cowgill, Frank Farrell, George Coddling and Elmer Willard were the principal speakers of the evening reporting on legislation during the past session of the state legislature, which was of interest to the legion. The meetings of post and auxiliary were followed by dancing and refreshments.

Studio Light, a magazine issued by the Eastman Kodak company for the information of the profession contains four reproductions, in the last issue, of Oregon scenes. Crater Lake, Crescent lake, the McKenzie river and a section of highway are shown in this magazine which reaches thousands of photographers all over the country.

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Effective March 1, 1923 Change in Schedule of Stages With through service to Portland and way points daily NORTH BOUND Leaves Medford daily 8:45 a. m.; for Grants Pass and Roseburg with direct connection to Portland; also 2:00 and 6:00 p. m. for Grants Pass only. SOUTH BOUND Leave Roseburg daily 4:20 p. m. Grants Pass 12:00 noon, 4:00 and 8:05 p. m. For Medford and Ashland. FARES Medford-Grants Pass \$1.15 Medford-Roseburg 4.15 Medford-Portland 7.85

We Save You Money Stopovers permitted at Roseburg, Eugene, Salem if desired. Tickets on sale at UNION STAGE DEPOT Nash Hotel Bldg. Phone 309

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