

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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

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

Office Mail Tribune Building, 25-27-29
North 21st street. Phone 15.

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

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor.
S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

BY MAIL—In Advance:

Daily, with Sunday Sun, year.....\$7.50

Daily, with Sunday Sun, month.....75

Daily, without Sunday Sun, month.....65

Daily, without Sunday Sun, year.....7.50

Weekly Mail Tribune, one year.....2.00

Sunday Sun, one year.....2.00

BY CARRIER—In Medford, Ashland,
Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix,
Talent and on Highway:

Daily, with Sunday Sun, month.....75

Daily, without Sunday Sun, month.....65

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.

The only paper between Eugene, Ore.,
and Sacramento, Calif., a distance of
over 500 miles, being leased wire Associ-
ated Press Service.

Sworn daily average circulation for
six months ending April 1, 1922, 2523,
more than double the circulation of any
other paper published or circulated in
Jackson County.

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

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED
PRESS.

The Associated Press is exclusively
entitled to the use for publication of
all news dispatches credited to it or not
otherwise credited in this paper, and
also to the local news published herein.
All rights of republication of special
dispatches herein are also reserved.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Many people may wonder why no
firm action has been outlined, by
those elected to do the outlining, for
the handling of the IWW's, an organi-
zation of nuts who are playfully
planning a young revolution in this
state, on May 1st. Discard your fears.
The IWW's are no different than the
Y. M. C. A., or the Epworth League,
or the Spanish War Veterans, or the
Needlecraft Society, and have been
unjustly accused by the "hostile
press." And, furthermore, there is
some voting to do next year, and
IWW's have votes, and the capitalistic
class is getting too fresh, and talking
about spending some filthy lucre in
Oregon for the development of natural
resources.

YOU'VE HEARD THE STORY

(Portland Oregonian)

Mr. Luckey, who is engaged in
the automobile business, and Miss
Watson had attended a party the
night before. Miss Watson lost
certain essential articles of dress
at the affair. In some way or
another, they reached the corner
of Third and Washington streets
in an automobile.

Spring fever, of long standing, is
prevalent, with no available cure
south of the Dominion of Canada.

President Harding's New York
speech was disappointing. He failed
to grow flowery, and create an Utopia;
and seemed to be more concerned
about his native land than European
nations. Neither was there any soft
soap about "the new freedom," and
"the dawn of a New Tomorrow" in
the reddening East of the masses."

This community loves its art and
drama, but it still lives to see a barrel
stave unlimbered, to intensify the
action of the play. Many will recall
the diabolically clever comedian of a
few years back, who was a master
at sticking his foot in his mouth, and
how admirers flocked to the theater
without their evening meal, to see him
do it.

A FINE PLAYMATE

(Marshfield News)

Whooping cough seems to be
the prevailing pastime for the chil-
dren these days.

The Swiss cheese section of the
Main Stem has practically been elim-
inated.

Now that all danger of catching
pneumonia has passed, the Galahes
vikis are hiding their necks and wish-
bones behind furs. This is highly
sensible, considering the weather, and
cheaper than buying moth balls.

There was a shindig consummated
by the upper strata last eve. A num-
ber of the male guests will never
break any records for endurance
dancing.

The leading member of our metro-
politan press is fearlessly publishing
the vital document relative to a gent
who missed being hanged by a hair-
and a red one at that.

YES THEY WILL

(Portland Journal)

Klamath Falls, April 24.—The
I. W. W. strike here has been
called for tomorrow. This was an-
nounced in circulars distributed
today. The men are urged to go
out for a few days and show the
lumbermen what they can do.

With 1134 members of the feline
family sleeping by day and cawing
by moonlight in the biz dist., the
community has the groundwork for a
creditable Cat Show at the county
fair next fall.

Mrs. Minnie Woost of Chicago, is
visiting at the home of her sister,
Mrs. Mary Wurster—(Kaukauna,
Wis., Gazette). Sounds bad.

DON'T BURN UP MONEY.

"Man is a curious animal. He spends a life-time searching be-
low the ground for gold and precious stones and oil, when in most
cases his real wealth is all about him, in the land. It is the
gambling instinct I suppose. Or perhaps a natural aversion to
hard work."

THIS EXTRACT from a letter by the late Franklin K. Lane, has
a certain application locally. There may be a gold mine at the
City Reservoir, there may be an oil well in Eden Valley, and The
Mail-Tribune believes in discovering all the gold mines and oil wells
that can be discovered, but as this is Fire Prevention week, we be-
lieve it is appropriate to consider the wealth that lies all about us,
before our very eyes.

We refer particularly to our timber. Of course everyone knows
in a vague way that Jackson county has timber, but how many know
how much timber or what its value would be if it were cut into
lumber?

Here are a few figures not compiled by any booster organization
but official figures from the United States Forest Service.

There are approximately 4,657,877,000 board feet of yellow, white
and sugar pine in Jackson county, with a stumpage value of \$16,
302,600 and a lumber value of \$93,157,500.

Including fir and all other species, there are 24,722,000,000 board
feet in Jackson county—20,000,000,000 outside the National Forest
and the remainder inside.

There are no official figures available regarding the monetary
value of this tremendous timber acreage, but using the department's
estimate of the value of all timber in Crater National Forest at \$132,
901,900, a fair and conservative estimate would be \$350,000,000, for
the Jackson county total.

Not only that. If this timber were marketed today as lumber, a
majority of the proceeds would not go to the operators. At least
\$200,000,000 would be paid out in wages and these wages would go
to local workers and in turn a large proportion would be distributed
among local merchants.

Furthermore if the young growth of timber is protected from fire
and reforestation continued, there will be a perpetual supply of tim-
ber in Jackson county.

As the Forest Service pertinently inquires "Do we want to burn
it up?"

Forest protection is not a Forest Service responsibility, it is not
a timber owners' responsibility, it is a public responsibility. One
reason alone should be sufficient to make every resident of Jackson
county an active participant in forest protection,—and that
reason is merely this,—forest protection means more money in every-
one's pocket.

Quill Points

Another good memory test is the drip pan under the ice box.

Home is a place where some woman works for her board and
clothes.

The chief cause of social unrest is the sight of another fellow who
manages to live well without working.

Oddly enough, nations never think it their Christian duty to civ-
ilize a people that is able to lick them.

It frequently happens that the girl who looks good enough to eat
doesn't look quite so good while eating.

When the citizens of southern Europe wish to speak hard words
to one another, they can just name their towns.

About the only thing that receives less respectful attention than
a speed limit is the man who was a hero last year.

Ads are much more naughty than they were in the old days. We
saw one today that referred to an undressed kid yamp.

Congress has adjourned, but spring building operations will con-
tinue the sound of the hammer.

The gods on high must smile a little when they hear mortal germs
on this little floating pill call one another aliens.

"Footprints on the sand of time" is a noble line, but the world
has more need of footprints on the pants of time killers.

There is a great future for the man who will invent children's
toys that won't skid when you step on them in the dark.

The chap who says it is impossible to do two things well at the
same time, should observe a flapper chewing the rag and gum.



THE PRAIRIE.

WHERE once the herds of bison spread for seven leagues or
three, and shook the prairie with their tread, as tempests
shake the sea, the farmer, keen to earn his bread, is busy as can
be. Where once the Indian would rouse the echoes with his
whoop, the farmers push their gleaming plows, an earnest, toil-
some troop, and hired men calmly milk the cows, and feed the
swine their soup. I often hear old boys lament the happy golden
days, when all their shining hours were spent in shooting other
jays, when no one tried to earn a cent by growing corn or maize.
The old boy always views with scorn the humdrum life we lead;
we go forth in the golden morn to sow our nutmeg seed, when we
should chase, with hound and horn, until a bison's tread. And
yet one farmer with a hoe is better than a ton of germs who do
not plow or sow or make a grindstone run, who only strive to
carve a row of notches on a gun. The hired man doing useful
chores, who gives the hens their swill, repairs the roof and cellar
doors, and plows the sunlit hill, is better far than all the bores
who only hunt and kill. Where once the herds of bison tramped
clear to the prairie's rim, now handsome dwellings may be lamped
by one who has a glim; where once the unwashed savage camped
we sing our evening hymn.

COMMUNICATIONS

Just a Reminiscence.

To the Editor:

Permit me, just a little reminis-
cence. As we grow older and the
forward reach grows shorter we are
inclined to review the past; some lit-
tle circumstance stirs up the treas-
ures of some long neglected pigeon-
hole of memory and we are carried
back to the days of marbles and
hobby horses. Grow as old as you
please, when that thing happens,
you'll "Stop, Look, Listen!" Just
such a thing has happened to me and
I want to tell about it.

A few days ago a man entered my
office and with a smile offered his
hand. I took the proffered hand and
after scanning his features a minute,
was prompted to say, "There is some-
thing in your features I seem to have
seen, but I cannot now place you."
"Think further back," said he; "away
back, when you were a boy. See if
you remember a boy younger than
you, who was known as 'John Wes-
ley'." Oh how a man will tear open
the door-way to pigeon holes of
memory long ago closed and what
treasures of reminiscence he will
sometimes retrieve. I added the re-
maining word "Johnston," his grip
tightened and at once we were back
among boy-hood scenes of 57 years
ago. Our families were nearest
neighbors on farms in central Illi-
nois during the Civil War days and we
had seen each other for 57 years.
He is younger than I but we went to
the same school and played hide-and-
seek in the same hay-mow. What
questions were rapidly asked and
answered and memories of things and
spots long forgotten. What a won-
derful thing memory is, and how im-
portant it is that our enactments
should be of that character the mem-
ory of which will bring no blush nor
regret.

The father of my new found friend
was known in the neighborhood as
"King Billy." It was a name of en-
dearment not reproach. In 1892 my
father and "Uncle Billy," as he was
generally called by his nearest neigh-
bors had concluded that the manu-
facture of sorghum would be profit-
able and in partnership bought a
large steel cane crusher and evapo-
rator to manufacture sorghum syrup
and sugar, and planted large fields of
sorghum cane. A few months later,
"Uncle Billy" made his call for 600-
900 more soldiers. The war was grow-
ing in fury and the patriotic senti-
ment caught all but a few "Copper-
heads." My father was caught in the
excitement and enlisted for three
years or during the war. I was left
the oldest boy in a family of nine
children to join the noblest mother
God ever created to "carry on" at
home. I'm not going to tell of those
fearful years, but am proud of the
work which as a boy I did under the
direction of that wonderful mother.
Many things happened, which this
visit with "John Wesley" calls up,
only a little of which I want to tell
about.

"King Billy" was too old for the
war and too valuable a help in that
time of need to be spared. The wives
of those who went to the front—and
most of them were there—were called
"war widows," and it was Uncle
Billy's voluntarily chosen duty to see
that they did not suffer. He was an
Irishman of great executive ability,
and the head of a large colony that

had settled in central Illinois on lands
that by industry made all of them
rich men. He was a devout man and
proud to be called a "Shouting Meth-
odist." He was stern in demeanor,
but with the kindest and most sym-
pathetic heart and spent his money
lavishly where there was need. He
loved his adopted country, its flag
and government. It was his weekly
habit,—often if needed—to go all
through the neighborhood, visiting
every war widow and enquiring about
their needs and supplying them. I
have known him to go to more than
one family and finding the wife
sweating over a broken and wrecked
stove, make a memorandum of it, and
against the protest of the proud wife
send to town and buy and install a
new stove and all its furniture. To
other houses he would go, making
memorandum of what was needed,
flour, bacon, sugar and what-not;
then to town and distribute wagon-
loads among a sorely pressed commu-
nity of families, without a thought
of remuneration save a consciousness
of having done a sacred patriotic
duty. He believed that the laws were
made to be obeyed and that courts
were established to enforce them.
Such men are the truly "100 per cent
Americans" and never wear hoods
nor masks. Uncle Billy's Klan were
patriots and were never "invisible."
He bowed first to his God and then
to his President Lincoln.

Those war days left ineffaceable
memories. Mine alone would make a
book were I to write them all down,
but in these days when men are talk-
ing about one hundred per cent
Americanism it is well to give some
concrete facts already proven that in-
dicates what genuine patriotism is.
The mask is the insignia of the high-
wayman. We need more men like
"Uncle Billy Johnston" whose light
was never hidden under a bushel. I
cannot see how it is possible for a
man with such a father and mother
as blessed John Wesley Johnston's
birth and boyhood to be other than a
good man, and as such I greet him.

C. B. WATSON,

Gold Hill, Oregon, April 24.

2 All Leather

Shoes

for 2 Bones.

Will H. Wilson



Whether
YOU
like coffee
mild or full-
bodied you'll
find a super-
flavor in
MJB
COFFEE

— and for super-flavor
in tea — TREE TEA
M.J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO



ALREADY we are thinking
of the wonderful trips
we'll take this summer—per-
haps to a picturesque moun-
tain resort or to a camp-site
on a placid lake—or perhap-
s we'll take a coastwise tour
from town to town. And we'll
keep in mind that happy tour-
ing days and Shell Gasoline
are inseparable companions—
they go hand in hand—always.

SHELL COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA

See the Back Page

Camping Equipment

4-Point Steel Spring Auto Camp Bed. Will fit in back seat of any car. Regular Price.....	\$12.50
Vulcan Steel Auto Bed. Rolls up in compact bundle, full 34 when set up.....	\$13.50
Camp Stools.....	75c
Camp Chairs, hard wood frame.....	95c
Army Folding Cots, canvas covered, new.....	\$3.95
Aluminum Plates.....	2 for 25c
Aluminum Mess Kits.....	50c
Aluminum Canteens.....	50c
Aluminum Canteen Cups and Covers. Each.....	25c
Navy Hammocks, regulation.....	\$3.25
Army Steel Axe.....	\$1.00
Army Trench Shovel, 14 inch handle.....	\$1.00
Army Metal Folding Lantern for candle.....	\$1.00
New Army Trench Mirror, in case.....	15c
Army Haversack, with Strap, rec.....	\$1.25
Loggers' Pack Sacks.....	\$2.75 and \$3.25
Auto Tents and Wall Tents in all standard sizes. Made of U. S. Standard 29 inch base canvas.	

Trade at the Army Store and save money.

United Army Stores

32 Central Ave., South

"Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once."

This applies directly to the business house who pays the traveling
tramp typewriter mechanic more than the job could be worth and finds
the next day the machine in worse shape than ever.

We do all lines of typewriter mechanical work and guarantee the
same. If not satisfactory you have redress.

"Compare the Work."

MEDFORD BOOK STORE

31 No. Central Ave.

EUROPE

Choice accommodations are selected by early reservation.
You add to the pleasure of your voyage by booking pas-
sage now on a Canadian Pacific Empress or on one of the
luxurious Monoclass (one class) Cabin Ships.

Direct Service to Southampton, Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, Antwerp,
Cherbourg and Hamburg.

Get particulars from W. H. DEACON, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept. Canadian
Pacific Railway, 55 Third Street, Portland, Ore.

by Canadian Pacific

IT SPANS THE WORLD