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Smudge Smoke

J. W. Shirley, as lively as any of the tired bank clerks, has a new suit of clothes. Ah there, J. W.!
The first bluejay of the season was sighted in the Phoenix district Wed., and it will not be long before the fragrant fishpole starts blooming on the sides of 4ds.
More of the natives are oozing around in gay-hued vehicles of late vintage.
Kazu Maru held a jamboree Thurs. in commemoration of his 18th year upon the surface of the earth. A pleasant time was had by all.
Telf Pymale is feeling fine these days, and has a new sister.
Dock Robinson and Ernie Britt of Jville were in town Fri. Dock is over a bad cold and the election of Hoover.
Wig Ashpole has a handful of cows eating up some of Mike Hanley's grass.
The ho. ho. 5 went to K.Falls and administered a 29-23 rebuke to the ancient foe, Fri. eve.
Our typewriter is not functioning with its usual perkiness, as it was fixed by an expert the 1st of the wk.
John Carlin of Portland and Salen was here on state tax business one day last week. He looks about the same.
Hens have started to set on the Applegate.
Horse Brownlee has gone to Chicago. Arrangements have been made to probe for the bullet as soon as it hits.
The evening star was noted in all its cold beauty last eve. It is up in the air, angling south of Jacksonville, about where Prof. Helmer said it would be.
Speed cops are reminding people of the advent of another year and frowning at the business ends of autos.
The mornings and toast continue crisp.
Hobias Deuel spent a few days in the metropolis last week. To date Mr. Deuel has not told a big town reporter about the water, the pear crop, or the football team.
The hardier variety of Galshevniks have made their appearance in spring wear. It is reported that the flounce will be a big item in spring duds for women.
A new series of colds are due, as a number of the older boys have been running around after-noon without their overcoats.
A severe tantrum swept over G. Washington Maddox, the eminent Methodist and ethnologist Mon.
E. Davis has his knife hand in a sling.
State dairymen met here last week. They discussed the failure of the cows to put sufficient water in the milk, and recommended that some be kept out of range of water faucets.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)
is to be abolished. Soldiers of Afghanistan are to be allowed to follow and bow down to their religious leaders, the "holy men," or pirs, and women will be kept in seclusion.
All the suggested reforms will be thrown overboard. Wise Amanullah, he wanted peace.
The state of Pennsylvania demands that a jury pass sentence to death on a boy of 11, convicted of killing a witch or "hex." The jury are told not to consider age, but the seriousness of the crime. The boy confessed and said he was helping to kill a witch because he thought he would see some interesting magic.
Also, if they could get three hairs from the witch's head and bury them eight feet under ground, the witch's spell would be taken off them.
To send that boy to the electric chair, instead of sending him somewhere to be properly fed and educated, would be worthy of the primitive witchcraft days.
"American bankers," a rather loose term, are supposed to have decided not to buy the German bonds, then supplying cash for their allies. The sum would run to billions and there is no demand for so many German bonds here.
There ought not to be, considering the opportunities in American investments.
The Chinese poor creatures, butchered, starved, forced into revolutions of which they do not know the meaning, know at least one thing, and that is, that it is important to have good roads.

State Press Comment Upon Bureau's Error In Locating Crater Lake

An error of the Department of Agriculture in placing Crater Lake in California, has brought caustic editorial comment from a number of upstate papers, three being as follows:
CRATER LAKE STILL IN OREGON
The alert Oregon Journal discovered last week that the United States department of agriculture had been broadcasting the misinformation that Crater Lake is in California. Quite an uproar has resulted. The Portland chamber of commerce and the Oregon chamber of commerce and the state highway commission and the bureau of public roads all find themselves heated up, to say nothing of business organizations of Medford and Klamath Falls. And in an effort to put the department of agriculture in its place and bring confusion upon its army of place-holders the state chamber has sent it this statement:
It is appalling that men in your department in positions of sufficient importance to be responsible for the descriptive articles on the Pacific highway... should so lack sufficient information of Pacific coast geography as to place Crater Lake in California rather than in Oregon. If Crater Lake were a more or less obscure scenic attraction it would be excusable, but when so eminent an authority as the late E. H. Harriman designated this beautiful lake as the "eighth wonder of the world" and your own department and other governmental departments have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in making it known to people from all over the world, it seems absolutely inexcusable that such blunders should be made. Thousands of school children all over the United States know the location of Crater Lake.
It was quite proper thus to correct an egregious error and doubtless next time the department of agriculture sends out an article on the Pacific highway somebody will be detailed first to look at the map so as to tell of Crater Lake as and where it is.
For the life of us though we can't get very much excited over the blunder that has been made. Because, after all, Crater Lake is where it is and not where ignoramus put it erroneously. The great value that the lake has, aside from the pleasure that it affords to Oregonians who visit it, is as an attraction for tourists from other states. And tourists cannot see it unless they come to Oregon. Even if they start for Crater Lake thinking it is in California they cannot get there without finding out that it is in Oregon. So where in do we lose anything through the error?
Crater Lake as one of the world's wonders is in a national park and belongs to the nation. But Crater Lake geographically is in Oregon and belongs to Oregon. And as the state chamber of commerce points out in its protest, "Thousands of school children all over the United States know the location of Crater Lake. So do many thousands of other intelligent persons. So why worry?" (Eugene Register.)

BALLY-HOO PAYS
That California bally-hoo pays is proved by the fact that the United States Department of Agriculture has followed the lead of the Golden State and placed Oregon's greatest scenic asset, Crater Lake, in California. This has brought forth a protest from Oregon state chamber of commerce to Secretary Jardine which reads in part:
It is appalling that men in your department in positions of sufficient importance to be responsible for the descriptive articles on the Pacific highway... should so lack sufficient information of Pacific coast geography as to place Crater Lake in California rather than in Oregon. It seems absolutely inexcusable that such blunders should be made.
There is nothing surprising about this—for the ignorance of bureaucrats is monumental, and California has merely taken advantage of the lethargy of Oregon in failing to properly advertise her scenic assets to appropriate them and give them the advertising deserved to her own profit.
If our Oregon has ever advertised Crater Lake, we have never seen it. What little publicity it receives is from the Southern Pacific and from the necessarily limited efforts of Medford. As a state we are long on protest but short on publicity. We are still suffering from our inferiority complex. —(Salem Capital Journal.)

ANOTHER EFFORT TO STEAL CRATER LAKE
With some interest is noted the fact that the enterprising and erudite United States department of agriculture has given itself the pleasure of officially declaring that beautiful and attractive Crater Lake, so long supposed to be one of the dearest scenic possessions of Oregon, is located in California. How we ever came to harbor the notion that Crater Lake was in Oregon territory is hard to say. Of course, trustworthy and painstaking surveyors said Crater Lake was in Oregon; famous cartographers, carefully checking the reports of the astute surveyors, accepted the statements at their face value, and recorded Crater Lake on the maps of Oregon. George H. Himes, curator of the Historical society, who knows the geography of Oregon as well as Justice Tom McBride knows its political history, has frequently declared that Crater Lake is in this state, and his testimony has been overwhelmingly corroborated by all the trail-makers, pathfinders, road builders, hikers, sportsmen, trappers, anglers, and tourists in the northwest. But it seems that all these persons, whose opinions, views, and beliefs we heretofore regarded as authoritative, were merely victims of a strange, widespread hallucination, and were seeing simply as a beautiful charming mirage in Oregon the Crater Lake that is actually in California.
It would have been very hard to make us believe that so many sober and intelligent persons could have been so strangely and stupidly misled as to the whereabouts of Crater Lake had not the highly intelligent United States department of agriculture suggested they were all sufferers from strabismus. Of course, the knowledgeable United States department of agriculture makes no direct reference to the eye trouble of those from whom we imbibed the belief that Crater Lake was a part of our beautiful state; the United States department of agriculture has simply said in a widely-circulated description of some of our highways:
Among the most interesting points along the highway is Crater Lake, located in California, just south of the Oregon border. The lake is within a few hours' drive from Route 99 (Pacific highway) over the Crater Lake highway.
That is short, pithy, and convincing. It calls no one any hard in a way that makes no insinuations about poor eyesight; makes no suggestions as to the quality of the liquor consumed by those who thought they saw Crater Lake in Oregon. The United States department of agriculture just pushes aside the notes of the surveyors, the evidence of history, the old and new maps, and all the other facts concerning Crater Lake, and with a whir of the typewriter whisks the magnificent body of water from its age-old crater in Oregon, to a nice new location in lovely California. We suppose that Crater Lake national park, to which the wonderfully opalescent waters of Crater Lake have long been a glorious mirror, and which has for so many years been part of the Oregon domain, has also been "lifted" by the United States department of agriculture and handed to California.
The Portland chamber of commerce, which takes a very deep interest in everything that concerns the health and prosperity of Oregon, will suggest to the United States department of agriculture that it check up on the evidence that leads it to believe that Crater Lake is in California, and that if it finds it has been in error in bestowing on California what is indubitably ours, it will at once restore the property to the rightful owner. It is but a short time ago that the chamber of commerce discovered a well known publishing house in the very act of moving Crater Lake to California, and succeeding in preventing the rape. The chamber was also instrumental in exposing and nipping in the bud, the daring plot that was hatched to steal Multnomah Falls and bestow them on California. It is rather odd that all the robberies practiced against Oregon in the way of lifting our scenic treasures have profited California. The Senator does not seek to allege that California is a Fagin that is teaching publishing houses, United States departments, and others, the tricks for which the "Artful Dodger" was so well known; we are merely commenting on a noteworthy coincidence, which should induce Oregon to keep a watchful eye on Mt. Hood. —(Portland Spectator.)

QUILL POINTS

Wall Street isn't original. The Puritan authorities made the little fellows suffer in stocks, too.
A clear conscience makes people sing, and doubtless the fact that bathing is an acquired virtue accounts for bathroom melody.
A fortune awaits the heavy thinker who invents something to give a man besides slippers and bath robs.
The chap who sighed for a lodge in some vast wilderness probably yearned to hear only one radio at a time.
A young intellectual usually outgrows it when he mixes with tax; a "criminal operation" is one that pays a \$500 fine.
A young intellectual usually outgrows it when he mixes with the crowd and discovers that other people are smart, too.
In the modest days of yore, beauty was skin deep instead of knee deep.

John Johnson Writes of Sights and Experience in Orient

Editor's Note: John W. Johnson and Scott Davis, well known Medford men, sailed from San Francisco on November 9th for a trip around the world. Their voyage will be of several months' duration, during which time they will visit scores of Asiatic and European countries. At the request of this paper, Mr. Johnson will describe the interesting trip for Mail Tribune readers, the following letter being the first of his colorful articles which will appear from time to time.

We arrived at Yokohama on schedule, and have been something more than busy doing Japan. We disembarked from the President Cleveland the morning of the 25th, and were busy the first hour clearing our baggage through the customs and passing medical inspection. We had a great deal of fun thrashing our way through the surging horde of Asiatics on our way to the government customs, and making different ones we had to converse with under our particular brand of conversation. In the hustle and bustle of getting our baggage through, I left my overcoat on a table where the luggage was inspected, and was half way on our way to Tokyo, thirty miles away, before I discovered that I had left it. I immediately stopped the bus we were riding in and managed through the aid of a missionary, to catch a taxi back to Yokohama. The driver took me to the wrong custom house at the opposite side of the city. I surrounded myself with about two hundred Japs and finally made some one of them understand that I was in the wrong place. At any rate, I managed to get to the right place, and found my coat, and the next job was to get to Tokyo, as all the buses had left. I took a rickshaw and rode about three miles to the electric railroad station, and arrived almost as soon as the others at the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo.

Hotel Is Beautiful
This hotel is rated as one of the finest in the world, and by some people it is claimed to be the finest, due to its unusual architecture and Oriental design. It is not only beautiful, but the service is excellent. The structure is only four stories, but it covers such a large space as to be most unusual. I should judge it to be about three hundred feet wide and five hundred feet long.
After getting comfortably settled in our new quarters, we started to see as much of the city as possible, visiting the parks, the main shopping centers, and looking at the thousands of interesting displays and active street life that is so intense in all the Oriental cities.
Impressions of Yokohama
The first impression of my visit to Yokohama and Tokyo was the terrible devastating influence of the great earthquake of three years ago. It seems that published reports of this disaster failed to convey to one's mind the ghastly results of this earth disturbance. Miles upon miles of streets are being rebuilt completely, and out of this terrible wreckage, a new Tokyo will emerge. Where formerly the streets were from twenty-five to forty feet wide, these streets are now being widened to eighty and one hundred feet. Very crude methods are used in their struggle of reconstruction, and in very few instances have we seen any modern machinery being used. Labor is so cheap and plentiful that modern methods seem unnecessary.
You see thousands of men drawing heavy carts filled with mud and dirt from the excavations, where it is shoveled by hand, and in many instances it is carried away in baskets borne on the shoulders of the laborers.
Japanese Are Tolerant
To see Yokohama and Tokyo during this period of reconstruction is to comprehend the willing-

ness of the Japanese to toil, for verily, I would declare Japan to be the land of labor. The intense energy of these people is something at which to marvel. Everyone is working and the masses are very poor. The common laborer does bestial work, yoking himself to a cart, pulling heavy loads like a horse, works from seven to seven, twenty minutes to eat his rice at noon, making eleven hours and forty minutes of soul killing labor, for which he gets one yen and fifty sen, amounting to the huge sum of seventy-two cents in our money.
"Tenderloin" Is Visited
After spending the rest of the day sight-seeing and visiting the shopping places, we hired a guide and taxi and with two other gentlemen, we took in the "Tenderloin of Tokyo."
Vice is controlled and regulated in Japan with the same degree of thoroughness and system as other things in which the government has a voice. The Japanese are a very clean people in a moral sense, and such deviations from righteousness on the part of the women generally, the result of poverty and the struggle to live. I will not attempt to explain the manner in which this phase of life is systematized and regulated, but will devote this letter to a more desirable subject.
I find the customs, the ideas and ideals and habits of a people different from our own a most interesting subject to study and analyze.
Tokyo Has Holiday
The day following our first day a Tokyo was to be given over as a holiday to welcome the return of the imperial palace, Emperor Hirohito. Everything was closed, and no one was permitted on the streets but those having a permit. We were here too late to get such permits thru our U. S. consulate, so we decided to go to Nikko, one of the most attractive places in Japan, with the shrines and temples of the Shinto and Shoguns. Nikko is about one hundred miles north of Tokyo and we left in the morning via electric train. Upon our arrival, we hired a guide (English speaking) and taxi and drove to the temples.
Japanese Temples Viewed
It is almost impossible to describe the beauty and art written in these historic monuments of a peoples' devotion to their gods, erected as they were three hundred years ago. They stand as perfect and as beautiful as the day they were finished, as the government has kept them perfect. For every twenty years they are given a new covering of lacquer, preserving the marvelous colorings, as well as the structural material from the ravages of time.
The Red Lacquer Bridge, over the wild mountain stream, upon which only the imperial family may cross, and the mausoleum of Ieyasu, which enshrines the ashes of the great Shogun, afford attractions of special interest. The Pagoda, the Daylong Gateway, the splendid interior of gold, lacquer and bronze and marvelous wood carvings, the living monument of testimony to the art and devotional faith of ancient Japan.
The Shrine of the Sacred Horse, over whose gateway is carved the Three Monkeys, who "hear no evil." Will describe those later to you. This was a most enjoyable day, and we left in the evening for Tokyo.

MARY OF ENGLAND IS KEPT INDOORS BY A BAD COLD

LONDON, Jan. 12.—(AP)—King George today enjoyed another restful day but his subjects were gripped to learn that his queen, who has borne with quiet courage the countless burdens imposed by the long illness of her husband, was suffering from a cold. Her indisposition, however, was described as of a minor character and not sufficiently serious to justify issuance of a medical bulletin.
Her majesty did not leave Buckingham palace yesterday or today. Because of the cold weather it was deemed inadvisable for her to leave her rooms and risk exposure.
Tonight's bulletin, signed by Sir Stanley Hewett and Lord Dawson of Peckham, said: "The king has had another restful day and otherwise the condition of his majesty remains unchanged. The next bulletin will be issued Monday morning."
It is an extremely rare occurrence for Queen Mary to become even slightly indisposed. The news of her cold therefore aroused wide-spread sympathy and called attention to the long strain to which she has been subjected, since her royal consort was stricken two months ago.
On no one, perhaps, have the burdens resulting from the king's sickness fallen heavier than on the queen. Her majesty played a big part in nursing the king during the critical days. She has been at his side early and late, seeing to every detail for his comfort.
The "snackies" are like jazz in church. When the novelty wears off, the net achievement is just another noise.

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Table with columns: Leave Medford, Leave Ashland, Busses leave from Hotel Jackson. Rows: A.M., NOON, P.M., P.M. with times.

-Dear Lois- (extract from Norma's letter)
I heard that Jack took you to the club last night and called you a beautiful creature. Did you wear that lovely coat trimmed with fur you got at...
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