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Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, CAL., Feb. 23.—The Huntington library and gallery, including the garden and grounds, are all the advance notices claimed. Admission is by ticket only, the same being free upon written application. The day was beautiful and there was fairly large amount of visitors, but no crowd, and with the aid of catalogues, we believe everyone eventually identified Gairdner-Permuter's famous "Blue Boy"; Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons"; Turner's "Marriage of the Adriatic"; etc., etc.

In addition to these famous paintings, the market value of which runs into eight or ten figures, there are 150,000 rare books, 4000 manuscripts and over 800,000 "valuable" autograph letters and documents. The old maps intrigued us particularly. One drawn in 1826, showed California as an island off the Pacific coast, reaching from New Spain, or what is now Mexico, up to the Canadian line. In a marginal note, one learned "Ye North Pole is included," but we could find no sign of Los Angeles, San Francisco, or the Golden Gate. On the mainland, the geographer got as far north as "Lagoo Del Oro" (no doubt Gold Beach) and dismissed the rest in old English script, "Ye unknown world."

Well, that is still the viewpoint in this neck of the woods, there has been little advance in geographical knowledge in nearly 300 years. We didn't think so much of "Blue Boy"; his suit needed pruning and his face washing—or perhaps his father, an iron-monger, wouldn't let him shave. In fact, the only portrait we enthused over was by Sir Thomas Lawrence—"Mrs. Sarah Moulton-Barratt," known as "Paddy"—an aunt of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A sprightly, fresh-faced snappy miss was Sarah. She was the only lady in the collection who had "it." We honored her by sitting down for three or four minutes, and carefully reading her paragraph in the catalogue.

A class of school girls were being shown through by a Catholic "Sister" and Messrs. Potash and Permuter of Pittsburgh were showing themselves through with even greater celerity. The lady of their party being half a mile or so in the rear. Mr. Potash wore (among other things) a light brown coat, white vest and gray spats, his companion was in his golfing tweeds. When they got in the "Blue Boy" room we tried to keep up with them, but the crowd interfered.—Potash could give Red Eagle pointers in the matter of picking holes, and Permuter wasn't far behind.

J. S. Prime Warbled Parody on "Banks of Wabash" to Lighten Trials of Dash to Klondike

"On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away," was the popular song, sung the country over. When J. S. Prime, of Medford, left San Francisco on the S. S. Australia in 1898 for the Klondike Trail and his share of Alaskan gold.

As the five or six hundred people, with their dogs, horses and cattle, loaded onto the boat for the big adventure, matches of the song could be heard all around the deck.

Mr. Prime joined a party of 16 other miners, four of whom were old "sourdoughs" who had been to Dawson, at the time of one of the first big strikes, cleaned up a "pile," spent it all in San Francisco, and were now returning to their claims.

In those days it took 14 days from San Francisco to Skagway, on the way up the S. S. Australia spotted a boat that had run on the rocks, and rescued all its passengers. This added a few hundred more to the already crowded quarters, but according to Mr. Prime, with most of these happy-go-lucky adventurers, it was a case of the "more, the merrier."

One couple in the ship-wrecked crew, decided to get married shortly after their rescue, and the captain of the Australia, tied the knot, before the hearty crowd of well-wishers.

After landing at Skagway, it was found that the Australian could not continue on to Dyea, so the passengers were put onto big flat barges along with their supplies. They were next met by tugs, which took them as far as they could, and then let them drift into Dyea with the tide.

The hardships of training dogs for the trails was one of the first tasks at hand. Mr. Prime's four dogs which he had brought all the way from Nebraska, soon became accustomed to hauling 500 pounds 10 miles at a time, up the Dyea river. This was gradually reduced as the trails became more difficult.

It was the day after the big slide at Chilkoot Pass, when Mr. Prime arrived back to get his last load of supplies, and upon hearing of the tragedy, he assisted in digging many of the victims out of the snow. That night was a stormy one for all of them, as they traced upon the dead, stacked in the "morgue," (a barn), at Sheep Camp.

Many of the miners died of meningitis on the trail, according to Mr. Prime. Taking sick at night, most of the victims would be dead in the morning, with no apparent chance of warding off the attacks, once they were underway.

We heard the former say something about "Eighty thousand dollars—STAGE MONEY!" as he whistled by Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Holly Family" and veered into the porcelain room.

"These are worth a pile of money, too," was Permuter's comment as the pair continued in "high." "Shine" for collectors—but in a flash he said that case over there—and then spread out "chairs"—outa date—do you suppose Huntington ever used em—naw—he just had so much money—

We missed the rest of that sentence as they passed from our range and in our hurry, nearly ran over a big woman who, looking at her catalogue, was asking her male companion if he knew who the Karl of Essex was. The latter wasn't real wise-cracker, for he said something about missing "he was grandfather of Sir Hudson Sedan," which brought a big laugh from the R. W.

Finally we caught up with our quarry in the ancient tapestry corridor—they were seated, Potash longingly handling an unlighted cigar. Permuter was mopping his brow with a large blue handkerchief.

"You know how this guy Dyea works it don't you," the former was saying, "do you think he pays \$300,000 cash money? NAW! It's like this—they're in a combine—and when they want some thing, they just bid it up among themselves—and when it's high enough they run with it to the newspapers,—and there, it's all in the headlines,—but they ain't gold ruffin'—except to themselves—when some rich man comes round—they add on a few hundred thousand—knock off a few for cash—and it's sold."

The latter nodded his head in agreement. When we came out nearly an hour later, Potash and Permuter, both were smoking. We had an idea they were on their third cigars. The ladies were still not in sight. Which only shows there are at least two ways of doing the "Huntington gallery."

This ticket admission method is no doubt necessary but it has its drawbacks. The gallery and museum are so full of interesting things—they should be browsed over from time to time—throughout a month or even a year. But your ticket is only good for the day. Trying to do the Europe in a day, is like trying to do Europe in a week. And next to shopping, "doing" picture galleries, museums, etc., etc. At both pursuits, women are far better than the men. There's a reason, but we don't know just what it is.

R. W. R.

have ever seen, is depicted in the moving picture now showing in Medford "The Trail of '98." This is a wonderful production—the only one I have seen that is true to life, and it should be stored in the Archives at Washington forever.

We also saw the curtain go down on that picture, he sees the closing of the west. Barbed wire ended the old cattle days—the airplane ends the methods and means of the gold rush—and the old-time miner and cowboy have passed into history," he said.

Ye Letter Box

To the Editor: We see in the Medford Mail, Tribune of February 23rd that the poor pension bill was killed in the lower house; no doubt the ones that did it to be treated like mice. Take into consideration the up-keep of all the poor homes in the state and the disgrace they are to any civilized country.

Would it cost the state any more than it does now, I think not, then the disgrace of going to the poor house. Just because you have worked hard all your life, till sickness or accident has brought you down, now you are old and can't work you can go the poor house to die.

It is a disgrace to any Christian land and more so to this fair land of ours, the land of the brave and the home of the free. Free what? Free states work for nothing and pay three prices for everything you have to buy and when the wage earner can only eke out a miserable existence, then when he or she is past drudging, well, they can go to the poor house or take poison, any way it makes no difference just so they are out of the way, where if they had a little help they would not have to slave on the poor farm while the bees strut around in his boiled shirt and rides in his two or three thousand dollar car that the county has paid for while your old pauper can walk or sit and see him go by, hooey-out, if Mr. Lower House, you are drawing down enormous salaries for what? for to trample the less fortunate under you; your day may not be far away.

I know an old lady that has undertaken seventeen operations, raised her family over the wash tub, done the city or county laundry, done the city or county laundry, I say not, she is still struggling to maintain her self. She often says they may haul me to the benighted but never to the poor house, and there are others just like her, born under the

stars and stripes, I think it is a disgrace to them and in my eyes it is a shame to unfurl it over such an institution as a poor house.

Mrs. A. N. C.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

gustau's meals, his imagination seemed to outstrip all possibilities. But Uncle Sam's menu would make Gargantuan seem an ascetic.

Americans last year ate more than nine billion pounds of pork alone. Their total production, not including importation, of dressed meats, was 16,555,000,000 pounds.

The people do not eat enough mutton, the best meat especially for children, and all but manual laborers. Mutton and lamb consumed in 1928 amounted to only 671,000,000 pounds. Of goat's meat only 1,000,000 pounds were eaten. Americans are unwisely prejudiced against it.

The biggest bank in America, a two billion dollar concern, is created by merger of the Guaranty Trust and National Bank of Commerce. Myron Taylor, one of the biggest business men in the country, outlived that deal.

This means hard thinking and figuring for Charles E. Mitchell and his directors of the National City Bank, biggest of all until now. National City, divided and distributed, sells at the equivalent of \$2300 a share, and many that have invested lower down bless its name. But it is hard to give up first place. Wall Street will watch National City and wonder what that dollar colossus will do. Other banks may be gathered in, and the people will watch the shopping with interest. In 25 years a two billion dollar bank will be called "a nice little bank."

Very glibly men, especially when easy profits are mentioned.

Women's Hose \$1.00 Pair
Silk from top to toe with pointed heel.

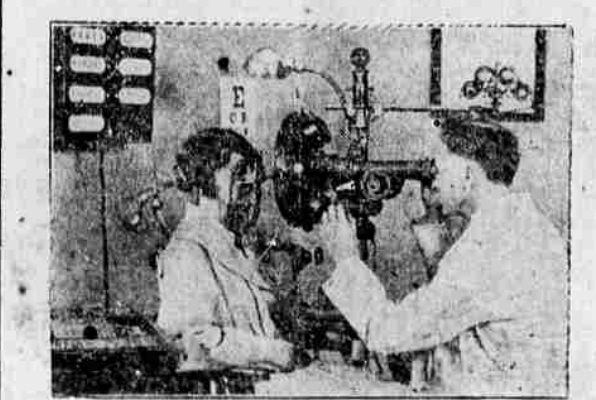
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COURTESY

-Dear Lois- (extract from Norma's letter)

Hear the news? Jane had an engagement party Saturday night. John naved about her dress, which we selected at

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Smudge Smoke

Eddie Carleton was an interested spectator at the Horticultural meet Fri and stumped on O. A. C. O. S. C. professor with a question. Ed wanted to know how much prussic acid there was in a pitchfork full of alfalfa, when under a pear tree. The query went unanswered. Eddie is a bright boy; Al Carpenter was chairman, and did not sit up straight in his chair. He appeared languid, Paul Scherer contributed an oration to the proceedings.

The weather of the week was muggy Fri and rainy, and more of the same in forecast for the tail-end of the week.

Bees, other than those in bonnets, were skimming around the first of the week.

The Professional girls will give a banquet next Friday to the men who think they are their bosses.

Jim Carpenter's report was in town Sat, and reports the loss of another pound, and that the next-calling ape he has chained in his front yard is feeling fine.

Many couples will journey into the hills today ostensibly to pick wild flowers, of which there are none, as the couples well know before they start.

F. Preston of the Applegate was a week-end visitor. He had on his Sunday suit.

Tennis enthusiasts are rejoicing as four new tennis courts will be built for the edification, etc., etc. The writer can not understand the Einstein theory or why a man wants to play tennis.

T. Bill Innes has been entertaining a cold all week.

G. Washington Maddox, the eminent alibiologist and ex-Methu-dist got a letter from a certain party last week and it has been a long time since there was no much sunshine in his soul, and he was as carefree as a lark on a fence post, and laughed uproariously, whether there was anything to laugh about or not.

Gasoline is now 21.5 cents per gal. and no place to go.

Several up and coming nudes are resplendent in spring duds. Remember the story of the hare and the tortoise—whatever that was!

Women of the residential areas are bending their backs over last year's flower beds.

BOILING LARD POT CAUSES 5 DEATHS

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—(AP)—Fire started when a pot of boiling lard ignited, burned to death five children of Mrs. and Mrs. John Ooms of Lansing, Ill., last night. A 15th child, and the parents were recovering from serious burns.

Their home was destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Ooms each grabbed a child and ran outside, their clothing ablaze.

Five children who were asleep had no chance to escape. They were Anna, 4; Edward, 1; Gerlin, 7; Herbert, 13; and Sadie, 9.

BIG LUMBER LOSS IN IMPROPER HANDLING

WASHINGTON (AP)—Lumber dealers are expected to profit by a compilation of proper methods of handling and transporting lumber resulting from a survey recently completed by the national committee on wood utilization of the department of commerce.

The survey, which included scientific research, and investigation of the successful practices of the lumber industry in this country and abroad, disclosed that losses running into millions of dollars annually result from improper handling and storing.