

A Singular Case of Resurrection

By F. A. MITCHEL

The investigators of the Rockefeller institute may be very proud of themselves. Indeed, they have reason to be. They have substituted live parts of the human body for dead parts; they have set heart substance beating outside its proper place in a man's breast. If they keep on they may in time make a man out of parts of other men. But if the stories of what Indian fakirs have done in keeping persons alive in a comatose condition for many years is true these Rockefeller or scientific fellows or whatever they are have yet much to learn from an antique and apparently undeveloped civilization.

There is a story going the rounds among the undergraduates of a certain university which, if it can be substantiated, puts the modern scientific investigator to shame. Arnold Gereau, assistant professor of chemistry—he has charge of the laboratory—is one of those phenomena who spring up once in a century. He is very young, and it is well known that he was born with certain mental powers, a certain supernatural knowledge of things on which many a man has studied for a lifetime without making any progress whatever.

Willbur Stockbridge, a member of the class of '15, so the story goes, one day went to Professor Gereau with a yellow bit of paper on which was written in old English style:

This is the body of William Arbuckle, private in his majesty's—th foot. Captured in the patriot lines with maps showing our fortifications on the upper part of Manhattan island. He was condemned for a spy. An Indian serving with the same regiment—he had joined it at Singapore—proposed to General Washington to put the man to sleep for an indefinite period instead of executing him. The general, who was averse to the execution, consented, and Arbuckle was turned over to the Indian, who claims that any time after fifty or even a hundred years life will still be in the body. But not one man in many millions will be able to effect a resurrection.

Young Stockbridge told the professor that in excavating for building purposes on the upper part of Manhattan island on property owned by his family a tomb had been discovered containing the body of a man in British uniform of a former period. The paper had been found in the lead coffin in which the body had been buried.

Gereau—mind you, I don't vouch for this—arranged with the student to bring the find to the laboratory, which at the time was closed on account of the spring recess and would therefore be at the professor's individual disposal. No one has attempted to give the process by which Gereau manipulated the remains of Private Arbuckle, but it is claimed that he effected a resurrection. The professor avers that he worked on lines which are being followed by modern scientific investigators. He must have had an inkling of the method by which animation was suspended by the Indian or he would not have been able to restore it by reverse action, which, he says, he applied. He gives as a fundamental principle that the Indian knew how to suspend—not kill—the action of the heart, and Gereau restored the pulsations, which are the basis of animal life.

Whether the story is true or false there is one part of it that fits in with modern scientific investigation. It is said that Gereau found that certain members of the body had suffered from the long suspension of their functions. The resurrected man showed signs of decay, and the professor feared that, though he had remained in an ordinary condition of health for more than 150 years, he would die within a few hours after resurrection.

A test was begun of different organs, and the first tested—the kidneys—showed decay. Gereau at once telephoned to the College of Physicians and Surgeons for a pair of sound kidneys and, removing the ones affected, introduced the new ones. He supposed for some time that Arbuckle had died under the operation, but half a bottle of Irish whisky brought him round. The liver was next tackled, and half of it replaced. There were other parts to be substituted, but those mentioned were the principal replacements.

These operations required several hours, and another hour passed before Private Arbuckle spoke. Then he opened his eyes and cried out in a voice that seemed to come through dry leather:

"Corporal of the guard!" Gereau was delighted. It looked as if he might save his patient, for while the man had doubtless been deanimated in good health his being brought back to consciousness was not only a difficult matter, but a dangerous one.

There are several versions of the rest of the story. Some say that Arbuckle was sufficiently restored to remember and speak of his expected execution. Others aver that Gereau, finding his breathing defective, worked his arms vigorously, but in spite of his efforts the man died.

It is said that at one time Arbuckle sat up and was given a stiff drink. Raising the glass he shouted in a horn-like voice:

"To his gracious majesty King George. God bless him and confound his rebellious subjects!"

Stockbridge and Gereau have both been asked to make a statement, but have refused either to affirm or deny the story. It is suspected that they are afraid of coming under the ban of the law, which might involve them in a charge of murder.

Burp Fruit Yield Predicted

The orchards of the valley are blooming from one to two weeks ahead of their blooming season, apricots and almonds were in bloom ten days ago, the cherries and peaches followed suit and the apples and pears are now coming in, making the orchards a fairland of pink and white blossoms.

The average rainfall of the past winter has furnished an abundance of snow in the mountains and the soil is saturated far deeper than for the past several years. No pests have as yet made themselves evident and the growing knowledge of the fruit men and use of advanced methods of combating any which do appear assures against any disastrous results. Most of the trees are heavily set and the county pathologist predicts the heaviest yield of many years.

The only condition to be greatly feared is a heavy frost and the government has sent a bureau man, J. Cecil Alter, to take charge of an observation system in the valley and issue warnings.

The fruit men of the valley are enrolled in a controversy over whether a better way of combating frost than by the use of oil cannot be found, the anti oil men favoring wood or other means and claiming that the oil does more harm than good. However, no definite conclusion has been arrived at and most of the fruit men will smudge with oil this year.

The Farmers' and Fruitgrowers' league in session at Medford Saturday, carefully discussed the whole subject of frost protection and decided that at present oil smudging was necessary, but that an active campaign should be started to endeavor to find a substitute for the obnoxious oil. A few of the valley orchardists are said to have decided to use wood this year.

EDUCATION.

(By Levi M. Eagon.)

We should improve the mind— Our time is flying fast— And leave our troubles all behind— Make the future excel the past.

We should strive to do the right As the moments fly; Strive with all our might To improve as the days go by.

Our time is on the wing, As we are all aware, To our minds pleasure bring, To others our goodness share.

We should help good things to improve, And work with a cheerful heart, As we through this world do move, And from all evil depart.

We should strive to make tomorrow Better than today, And do not troubles borrow Or waste our time away.

We should try to please a friend, Keep our minds on what's good and true, We should not with our enemies contend While the world we go traveling through.

THE IDEA

Why send a letter away in a plain envelope when you can get the glass of water envelopes at the same cost as the white ones, and by using them help yourself by advertising your town?

Classified Advertisements

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

FOR RENT—Five-room modern house; one-half acre ground; fruit, berries and chicken house. Four blocks from high school. P. A. Van Nice, 1307 Iowa street. 89-21*

FOR RENT—Six-room house on Terrace street. Privilege of garden. \$5 a month. Phone 265-J. 89-21*

FOR RENT—Cottage at 523 North Main street. Also furnished room apartments. Call at 63 North Main street. 89-11

WOOD FOR SALE—Sixteen-inch pine \$2.25 a tier, oak \$2.50 a tier. Phone 485-R. 89-41*

FOR SALE—One of the best cows in town. T. L. Powell, phone 130. 89-41

FOR SALE—Team of mares, harness and truck wagon, at Ashland Mills. 89-11

FOR SALE, SEED CORN—Raised 3 1/2 miles south of Ashland. In 1915 produced 30 to 50 bushels per acre. Thoroughly acclimated, and guaranteed to produce big yellow ears. Fred C. Homes Jr., R. F. D. 111, or phone 2-F-22. 89-41

WANTED—To buy, a small band of sheep. Communicate with W. H. Smith, 166 East Main, Ashland. State price. 89-21*

Dry Law Prevents Indian Trouble

Since the first of the year there has not been an arrest for selling liquor to an Indian, introducing liquor on an Indian reservation, Indian assault, cutting, or murder in the state of Oregon.

United States District Attorney Reames gives all credit for this clean-up to the passage of the prohibition law. Here are its direct results to the government:

A straightaway saving of \$70,000 a year.

A total saving of at least \$100,000 a year.

A tremendous decrease in Indian crime.

An opportunity for the district attorney's office to devote twice as much time to the duties for which the office was created—protection of public property and stoppage of fraudulent schemes to rob.

"It's a godsend to us" said Mr. Reames this morning. "Last year there were 58 cases of liquor to Indians, each costing directly \$1200 and, counting in time of court and officers' salaries, \$1500 each. That meant more than one case a week. You can imagine what it means in saving of time to have that routine removed.

"When a case was brought up first the man was arrested. Then he was taken before a commissioner on the reservation. That meant a trip from Portland to the reservation for the United States marshal. Then the case had to be investigated by this office and afterward it was presented to the grand jury. For this witness, sometimes in large numbers, had to be brought here from reservation, in any case a great distance. Then he was indicted and the marshal had to go back to serve the warrant. Last came the trial, bringing all the witnesses back to Portland. You can see the expense and loss of time."

Mr. Reames also states that in all but one Indian murder case tried during his administration, the cause was liquor. In the single exception the defendant was freed.

Crack Trapshooter Enthuses Over Park

E. B. Morris, one of the crack professional trapshooters of the coast, was in Ashland Wednesday representing his company, the Western Cart-ridge Company, and was taken through Lithia Park by T. H. Simpson. Mr. Morris says that he has been visiting Ashland occasionally for the past nine years and has heard of the park quite often up and down the coast in the last year, but that this was his first visit to its environs. "And let me tell you, you have the greatest beauty spot on earth. The trouble with your people is they are not half enthusiastic enough, the country and even the rest of the state doesn't know about it, but when they do—well, I would like to be in certain lines of business in Ashland." Mr. Morris, in line with his work, has visited practically every resort in the United States, and gives it as his unqualified opinion that Ashland is the most attractive place in the country and has the biggest future. He is a frequent visitor to the many springs resorts of the coast and proclaims the Ashland waters to have any of the other coast mineral waters outclassed. He gave instances of several springs resorts of the northwest and stated that when Ashland has been properly advertised, this city will get hundreds of tourists where the others get one.

Mr. Morris is pretty much of a hard-headed business man, to use his own words, and is enthusiastic over the opportunities in Ashland and has made arrangements to keep in close touch with things here.

The realization of Ashland's possibilities as a resort become apparent in a short while to the casual visitor who has the perspective to see the advantages of the city. Upon the impression which Ashland makes upon the stranger must rest the success of the city's resort dreams, and it is the unqualified approval of widely travelled visitors such as Mr. Morris which indicates the appeal Ashland will make to the tourist travel.

Mr. Morris left Ashland a confirmed booster for "Oregon's Famous Spa" and said: "I take charge of a big shoot and barbecue in Portland Sunday, and you can bet every one of the 250 guests whom we expect will hear from me of the beauties which I have discovered in Ashland."

Commercial clubs and colleges are becoming more useful in promoting the flax industry.

North Bend will get a new depot 20 by 40 feet.

FRUIT and FARM

HEALTH, WEALTH AND CHICKENS

By O. H. Barnhill

The old saying, "many are called, but few are chosen," applies with peculiar force to those who embark in the chicken business in Ashland, for the path to poultry success is not an easy one to find amid the jungle of high feed prices and low egg prices.

One of the last and best successes along this line is that accomplished by E. O. Smith, erstwhile architect and college professor, who came back from California to recuperate from a serious siege of typhoid fever and found health and some wealth in a humble hen coop.

Smith has been fooling with chickens, off and on, ever since he was ten years old. Last year he kept an average of 67 hens, which paid a net profit of over \$2.00 per hen. This year he has 115 hens and says that as his flock increases in size the profits per hen increase, which is just the opposite experience of most people. Smith thinks that if he had the necessary buildings and fixtures he could handle 1000 hens and still make as much money in proportion as he is now earning with his flock of feathered egg producers.

To accomplish the notable success above mentioned required the same application of brains and painstaking attention to details that made E. O. Smith a successful architect and an instructor in the largest technical college on the Coast at the tender age of twenty and a few years.

He compounds his mashes and scratch foods with the same accuracy and care that a scientist bestows upon an important chemical process, adding a little more of this or that until just the right proportions have been found. He even experimented with the amount of litter required on the floor of the pens until he ascertained just how many inches deep it should be. Only sterile eggs are sold for table use, the hens which produce them not being permitted to

associate with crowing cockerels or ribald roosters.

Customers are now paying five cents per dozen more for such eggs than the stores are selling the product of the barnyard hen for, the latter being vastly inferior in quality, on an average.

After experimenting with various breeds the buff and white Orpingtons were chosen as the best all 'round breed. The hens laid last year an average of 150 eggs each and those that were sold for meat brought from 75 cents to \$1.15 each. This is a record hard to beat. Of course, the hens were sold at retail, dressed. The writer never saw finer poultry than these splendid birds of Smith's. It would pay anyone who is at all interested in fine poultry to pay a visit to this flock on Hargadine street. Those who want eggs for hatching could hardly do better than get some from this flock.

Mr. Smith attributes his success to the care with which he selects his laying hens. He is constantly weeding out the poorer ones, practice enabling him to judge accurately which are the most profitable. Getting feed cheap and obtaining good prices for eggs and dressed poultry were also considered of prime importance.

A point which is worthy of special mention at this particular time is the keeping of eggs in the preparation known as water glass. Mr. Smith put away 35 dozen in this liquid—which costs only a cent or two a dozen—last May and found them perfectly good in January. The eggs, however, must be sterile and strictly fresh to start with.

The detail production of Mr. Smith's flock of 67 hens is as follows: 648 dozen eggs sold for... \$186.15 79 dozen eggs used at home 19.75 Poultry sold... 122.30 Increase in stock... 30.00 Value of manure... 10.00

Total... \$368.20 Cost of feed... 226.10 Net increase for year... \$142.10

The People's Forum

Trimming Their Sails to Catch the Hyphenated Vote.

(By Henry G. Gilmore.)

Neutrality, in the matter of favoring neither side in the terrible conflict now terrorizing the whole world, is, in view of certain disclosures appertaining to Germany's barbaric treatment of its foes and its insidious and crafty methods of "bringing things to pass," a by no means easy task to one in search of actual truth, no matter from what quarter it may emanate. In justice to Germany it may be said, however, without reservation of any sort, that the world owes the Teutonic race, as a nation, an immense debt of gratitude for its successful inquiry into channels of scientific and technical research—beneficial in a thousand directions—but there is nothing but condemnation to be hurled against a power for the development of that autocratic military spirit which, at this moment, is so woefully oppressing, in one shape or another, the nations of the earth.

Returning directly to the subject matter of this article, it may be said that in June, 1908, there was a secret midnight meeting at Potsdam, called and presided over by the Kaiser, for the express purpose of "preparing for the day" when the great German nation should set out on its mission of conquering, by force of arms, the entire human race, as it would almost seem, in the interest of the "God-given house of Hohenzollern."

In the presence of his brother Henry and his advisers, "after long hours of fervent prayer and Almighty God had sent him the necessary enlightenment," the Kaiser disclosed his entire plan of operations and, towards the close of his address dwelt upon the immense influence he wielded in these United States of ours in determining a presidential election. The former are the Kaiser's exact words, and his claim is so arrogantly presumptuous and wide of the mark that nothing but insanity of a very pronounced type can furnish an excuse for their utterance. Said the Kaiser, "Even now I rule supreme in the United States, where almost one-half of the population is either of German birth or of German descent, and where nearly 3,000,000 German voters do my bidding at the presidential elections."

Now, with all that has been said by Mr. Roosevelt and others about hyphenated Americans, and the strenuous efforts now being made in Washington and elsewhere in secur-

ing the German vote at the forthcoming presidential election, it is not a little curious, even at this early date, to observe how senatorial and congressional sails are being set to win over the "3,000,000 German voters who do my bidding at the presidential elections."

There is nothing the country needs so much at this juncture as an unswerving adherence to the principle that, once a citizen of our great republic—foreign or native born, it matters not which—he can not, for a moment, permit himself to masquerade in roles, the unsparring enemies of all that is bound up in the welfare of a free, progressive and humanitarian nation such as Uncle Sam's dominions have proved themselves to be, again and again, down the vistas of both time and opportunity.

The unpatriotic and mischief-making hyphenated vote should, as such, be chastened, if not wholly eliminated, by November next, and the incoming president made to feel—whoever he may be—that, after all, the Kaiser is not all-powerful in dominating the independent action and political well-being of the American nation. Might never did make right, and the American people are bound to live and end their days in the maintenance of principles that have always had right and justice on their side as foundation stones in the integrity and solidarity of the nation.

A Novel Machine For Shoe Repairing

We have been operating our new electric shoe nailer for about four weeks and find it the best and quickest way to give our customers first-class work and service.

Before this machine was installed two men did all the work we had. Since this machine has been in operation we have been able to give our customers the benefit of the cost of extra time it took to do the work with a hammer. Our price now for ladies' half soles is 35 cents and for men's half soles 50 cents.

The volume of our business has increased so that it requires four men to turn out the work we are receiving daily.

There are three reasons why our business has increased so fast:

First, we use the best of shoe leather obtainable.

Second, the workmanship is the best.

Third, our prices are the lowest on the coast.

All work guaranteed.

EASTERN SUPPLY CO. (Paid adv.)

Belleview Notes

(By the Language Classes of Belleview School.)

In the language of the immortal Perry, "we have met the enemy and we are his'n."

It all came about in this way: Last Wednesday night about the usual number of contestants appeared to vie with us for honors in spelling. Victory seemed to smile and beckon to us as of yore. There occurred nothing of an unusual nature in the first 30 minutes of the contest, but from then until the finish the battle was fast and furious. The opposition had Marcus Kelts left standing and we were all down except the teaches. He must have got lonesome, nervous, or excited, for Marcus spelled him down too. We tried once more by two, and met with the same bitter defeat. We will do better next time.

The Sunday school has begun work on an Easter program.

Mrs. W. L. Moore received word a few days ago that her brother, residing in Iowa, was accidentally killed in attempting to make a railroad crossing in an auto ahead of a train. The family has the sympathy of the entire community.

The Claxton family arrived a few days ago from Canada to make their home among us, having bought the Gibson ranch. We bid them a hearty welcome and hope they will like their new home.

We find it necessary either to make an apology for an article that appeared in this column sometime ago, or fight a duel. We choose the former, humiliating as it is. We intended no harm to anyone and thought it would be understood as a joke—as it was locally—when we published something a few weeks ago about Mrs. J. B. Hunter. Now the facts are that J. B. Hunter, single and unmarried, at home and in his house work is known locally as "Mrs. Hunter." Hence the reference in our recent article to "Mrs. Hunter." Result: His mail box is stuffed with catalogues from mail order houses to "Mrs. J. B. Hunter," advertising everything from lace to lingerie—silken hose to millinery. He is daily expecting a calling down from his people in Florida for "fooling" them. Three different young ladies that we know positively were making active preparations to propose to him, this being Leap Year, have gone to looking elsewhere. These are only a few of the things that are happening all on account of our thoughtlessness. Mr. Hunter is a good friend of ours and highly respected by all who know him. We are truly sorry and are ready and willing to do all in our power to make amends.

Prof. Spencer brought the spelling team from the Talent school Thursday afternoon for a contest with our school. The team consisted of five young ladies of the 8th grade. Our 7th and 8th grades consisting of 11 pupils succeeded in getting defeated at their hands. However, we enjoyed their visit and hope some other occasion will bring us together again.

Wilbur Beagle is out of school on account of trouble with his eyes.

Little Irene Miller has returned to school after an absence of several weeks.

Elmer Bagley entered school Wednesday. He has been attending school at Rogue River.

One memorable event that happened week before last was in some way overlooked, to wit: Charles O. Porter, the only P. G. in the high school who has no diploma, came out from behind the brush—mowed the grass—or, in other words, shaved off the goaties which had been his own pride and everybody's else wonder for the past few weeks.

The Medford domestic science students are serving lunches "cafeteria style." They consist chiefly of soup and are meant to be a hot supplement to the lunch brought from home. The pupils who wish to get the lunch hand in their names on the previous day. In this way there is nothing left over and the lunches can be served at cost. The cost is only two or three cents per pupil. It makes the lunch much more appetizing and should be a great convenience to those who eat their lunch at school.

C. W. Barrick, chief engineer at the state prison, was here last week to complete arrangements for the installation of fish screens on the irrigation ditches and streams of southern Oregon. Practically all the ditch owners have signed up for screen installation. The screens are to be made at the penitentiary and furnished the public at cost. In company with Screen Superintendent Sandry, he will visit the various ditches to secure a better idea of the various types of construction desired.