

Some Reminiscences of Populistic Days In the County of Jackson

To the Editor: I suppose I have kept you guessing at my whereabouts for a long time as a matter of fact I have been troubled to know where I am at myself sometimes; wife and I came down here to Red Bluff some time ago, just for greens, you know, and to try to get some relief from that tired feeling—no paradox intended—and we had succeeded to an alarming degree, our temperatures and respiration almost normal, the world was looking bigger and brighter. When to there came a calamity too horrid to speak of above a whisper. That awful January 29th issue of the Mail-Tribune, we have always supposed there were luck in odd numbers, but no, nit. I was reading over the many items of interest and all at once my vision rested for the space of ten seconds or so on—on—what?

Oh my respiration went in one jump, 117 1-2 below normal and my stomach made one complete flop bottom side up and at once, I lost faith in humanity. I threw up home, friends and all the residue of a weeks grocery bill and well I guess I might say everything. It has taken the combined efforts of two physicians the past two days to keep anything on my stomach and all they can keep is a hot water bag—Gee! Fortunes of any kind never come one at a time. A great change has come over me and it seems I am awake from the Thralldom of Story—and the red blood goes tingling through my veins and I hear the war cry that we use to hear.

In those good old days of yore,
When all was sweet content,
And all so happy and so poor,
When Andrew Jackson was president.

Well, maybe not quite so far back but about the 70, 70, 70, there was a great tidal wave, i. e. a Kansas Populistic Grauger, Alliance wave struck Jackson county, pretty hard. There were Alliances and semi-alliances and double Alliances and so on and your humble scribe happened to be, there our numerical strength was overwhelming among the more prominent and able members as I recall a few were Rev. Ira Wakefield, Mr. Bradshaw, Bro. Kaiser, Jim Neil, Tom Cameron, Gus Newburg, Poo Bah and I—and hundreds of ranchers all over the county. We used to have meetings semi-occasionally all over the county, everybody turned out, the whole d—n family and the dogs went in lumber wagons, carts, horse-back and a foot, with baskets filled with everything good, we would meet at school houses, halls or any old place, have hot coffee and speeches, the same mixed with song, some like this:

Oh Kansas land, sweet Kansas land,
While on its burning soil I stand.

Then some one familiar with the philosophy of political economy would demonstrate awhile, and then again they would burst into song

I bought a hen for fifteen cents,
Good by old party, good bye,
And the sun of a gun flew over the fence
Good by old party bye.

Mrs. Mary Lease was want to come along and give us a spiel once in a while. I recall once at an open air—and hot air—meeting at Gold Hill she said something about the old party faces being elongated.

I don't remember just what she said: Nobody seemed to care a darn. The old party faces were so long she said that they could eat out of a churn.

There was one unanimity of mind with the whole bunch—we each wanted an office. Fencing this rather beyond the limit, some began to get cold feet, but it was November anyway, also some seemed to have some drops of conscience left, and old traditions and conscience left and old traditions and conditions were hard to forget. I recall a meeting at Central Point where the discussions got pretty hot and Poo Bah and I got so blamed liberal they came near excommunicating us for Renegades.

These occurrences were taking place when the "Kansas Fool" was predominating, we were all attempting to perpetrate the incongruities of the Kansas Man, all belonging to all the aforesaid Alliances and incidentally Coxies among the free silver band was also well up and we were just making out a requisitive for our district when we heard Coxies army had run into a Mudflat, ha-ho chickadee! But now, O how I yearn for a nurse to fix my tyneful lyar, that I might fill the universe with "Concord of sweet sounds." But she, I never could write poetry. Poo Bah used to try to make me think so and was always at me to ring off just a few lines and I recall one time a whole bunch were going home from a meeting, all sitting flat in a lumber wagon, all singing and having a glorious

time, when Poo Bah, says, come Thomas, he always called me Thomas when he wanted to be extra gracious. Yes, come Thomas, just run us off a line or two, well, said I let me see ———

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
The old dry cow comes home most every night,
But the one that's fresh and wears the bell,
You couldn't find if you went to ———"

And that as far as I got, there was such a yell went up one could not hear to think, some one said "Whoa, stop boys something wrong." Poo Bah had keeled over apparently dead, appoplexy some one suggested, one of the boys grabbed a bottle of water and held to his nose and pretty soon he caught his breath and sat up holding his sides, saying, O lordy, O lordy, many a time and oft we have heard the chims at midnight, eh Poo Bah, that we have, that we have. But oh, if I could write real poetry my cup of bliss would bail over.

Coming, bet cher boots we're coming.
When Uncle Same shall call, and all those anachretic entitles we'll have hanging on the wall.
Klo-mnas Ni, Ka, Klat-ta-wa,
THOS. H. B.

ELECTION FIGHT GROWS WARM IN SEATTLE

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 4.—With the recall election only three days away, and partisans of Mayor Hiram C. Gill and George W. Dilling, the candidate of the Welfare league, hurling defiance at each other, Seattle is stirred today by the action taken by District Attorney John F. Murphy, who has issued warrants for the arrest of 235 alleged "floaters" for having registered several times, according to detectives, who have been collecting evidence in the downtown wards. A vigorous prosecution of the offenders will prevent most of the fake voters casting their ballots, the district attorney declares. Evidence against 270 more alleged violators of the law who have registered was placed in the hands of the district attorney today.

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Our Correspondents

EDEN PRECINCT ITEMS.

We are told that Archie Reams is quite sick.

Noah Chandler of North Talent was in Medford Wednesday evening. Miss Clara Allen was a Medford visitor Wednesday.

S. S. Van Dyke of North Phoenix was a business caller in Medford Wednesday.

F. E. Furry was a Talent caller last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Hughes of Fern Valley was in Ashland last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Furry, and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Furry, of Phoenix attended the play, (A Gentleman from Mississippi) and report a good time. Although it rained on them as they went down, and snowed as they returned.

C. E. Houston of Phoenix was taken to Ashland Thursday morning he was operated upon Thursday morning.

Wm. Beardsley of Phoenix is having his drug store moved preparatory to building his new store building which is to be of concrete blocks.

Last summer C. W. Wolters had built for him in his bank building at Talent a big cement vault, warranted to be fire proof. But when the fire occurred Tuesday morning Mr. Wolters felt quite uneasy about the contents of his safe, so intense was the heat that the walls of the vault had cracked in two places. The big door had sprung, and it was necessary to chisel away the stone falling. But when it was opened by state inspector Wednesday everything was found intact.

CENTRAL POINT ITEMS.

Mrs. Ella Roper (Nee Williams) of Grants Pass is visiting here, the guest of her sister Mrs. Elmer Childers.

Mrs. Roundtree of Jacksonville was here for a short visit with her niece Mrs. E. E. Emerson Thursday. Dr. Ray and Frank Loder of the Rogue River power and light company of Medford were here on business Friday.

Dr. Porter of Portland arrived here Thursday to assist Rev. Hazelton in the revival meeting at the M. E. church.

Mrs. Emil Brophy of Ashland is here visiting her mother Mrs. Belle Pleasants.

Mrs. Hughes opened her restaurant to the public Friday morning. At the camp fire entertainment to be given in honor of the old soldiers by the Ladies' of the W. R. C. next Tuesday evening in addition to their splendid program Scott and Tex of proprietors of the Electric theater have kindly offered to give a morning picture entertainment pertaining to the Civil War.

The Misses Piekard of Willow Springs were here shopping the fore part of the week.

Mr. Will Scott and wife were at Medford Friday.

Dr. E. E. Emerson, Joe Boswell, and Charlie Jeffrey were doing business in Medford Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lark and Miss Grace Smith were shopping in Medford Friday.

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Prompt Delivery

Prima Donna ill.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 4.—Stricken with Indian fever while at Calcutta, Mund, Calve, prima donna is ill in Kobe, Japan, according to private advices received here. Her proposed American tour will be cancelled.

Hash's for Health.



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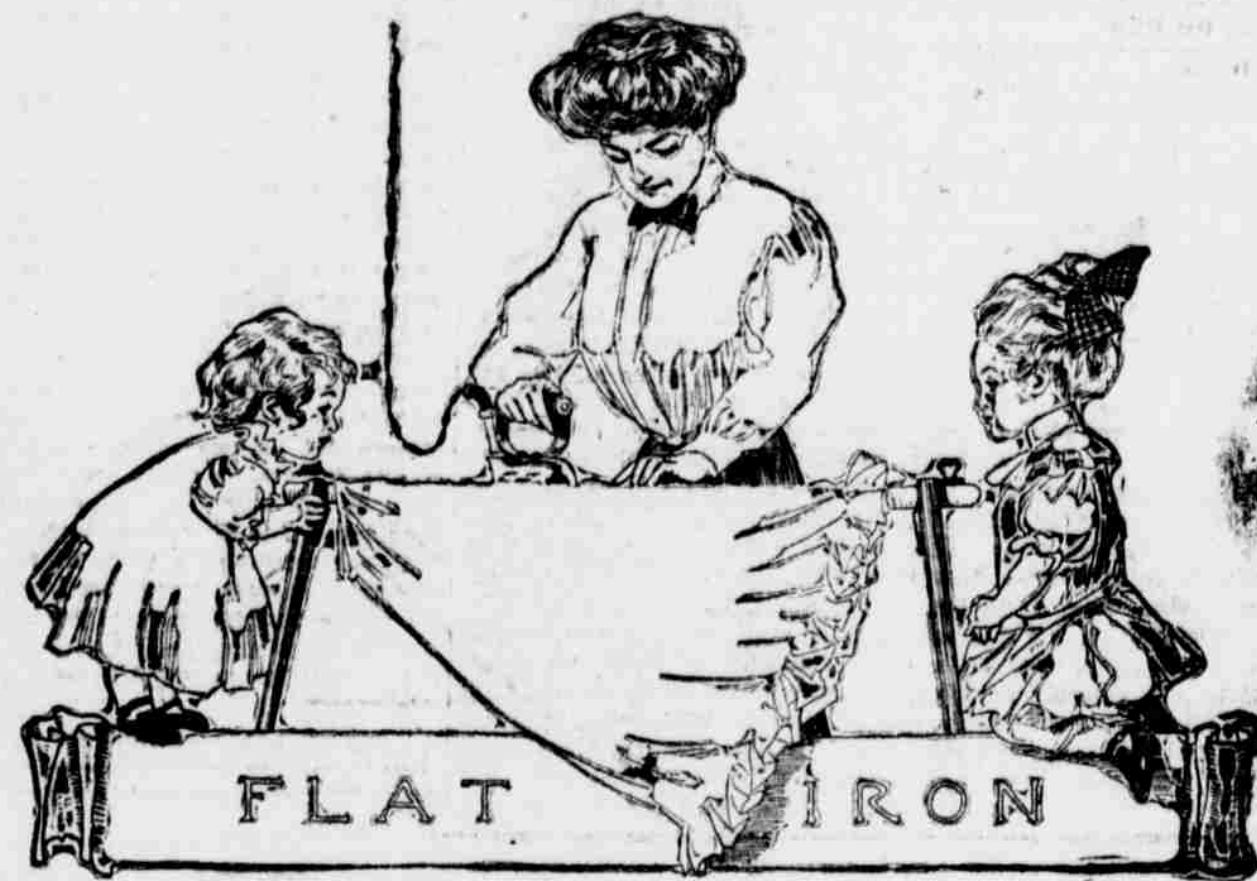
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Hurrah for Medford! SHE IS ALRIGHT; YOU BET--BUT,

MR. INVESTOR: Why Not Enlarge Your Perspective?

Look around—investigate—see what the other fellow has to offer. Medford has made a wonderful growth—But did you ever stop to consider that she did so simply because she is in the ROGUE RIVER VALLEY and that where MEDFORD has traveled with seven-league boots other towns in the same valley have also advanced, though not quite so fast?

DO YOU REALIZE the fact that of all the towns in the public eye, when taken in connection with FUTURE RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT, none lead and few equal Grants Pass?

DO YOU REALIZE that GRANTS PASS is in the HEART OF THE VALLEY and that anything that will grow ANYWHERE in the valley will grow as well OR BETTER in the vicinity of GRANTS PASS?

DO YOU REALIZE that where a dozen profits have been taken from every acre and every lot and business block in MEDFORD, not even the first profit has yet been taken in most instances in GRANTS PASS, and the field is virgin territory in the fullest sense of the word, and the same opportunity that presented itself to you in Medford five years ago is again presented to you today in GRANTS PASS?

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(OF COURSE)