

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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With Medford Stop-Over

GALICIA BECOMES RUSSIAN PROVINCE BY MARTIAL LAW

PETROGRAD, Sept. 30, via London, 3 p. m.—Dispatches received here from Lemberg, Galicia, declare that all the prominent Austrian provincial and city officials, together with the judges, the archbishops of all the churches and the rabbis, intended the establishment of Russian civil government over eastern Galicia and the assumption of the office of governor general by Count F. Rinsky.

M. Rutovsky, mayor of Lemberg, informally surrendering the government, spoke in Polish. He continued: "Not without our co-operation have the Austro-Hungarian troops left Lemberg without firing a shot. There was no struggle here, thanks to our efforts. We believe your excellency has been informed that your troops found here co-operation and a cordial reception. In proffering the government of this capital allow me to express my gratitude to the former military governor, who lessened our hardships."

Count Bobrinsky replied in Russian. After thanking the mayor for keeping order in the town, he said: "I think it necessary to acquaint you with the leading principles of my policy. I consider Lemberg and east Galicia the real origin of great Russia, since the original population was Russian. The reorganization will be based on Russian ideals. We will immediately introduce the Russian language and Russian customs. These steps will be taken with the necessary care. We shall at first limit this to the appointment of Russian governors and other officials. Many of the present executives will be replaced. We shall forbid the convocation of our legislature during the war. All social and political organizations must be discontinued and may resume their activities only by permission. These precepts obtain only in east Galicia; west Galicia will be treated differently."

KITTY MAC KAY COMING OCTOBER 7

"Kitty MacKay," the greatest laughing play New York City has seen in many moons, will be the attraction at the Page theatre on Wednesday, October 7, for one time, direct from a year's engagement at the Comedy theatre, New York. The play is under the direction of William Elliott.

"Kitty" came into New York more than a year ago and by her charm and cleverness took the metropolis by storm. Vice plays and sex dramas retired in confusion before her sweetness and wit.

The morning after "Kitty" made her debut the whole town knew that she had arrived. For twelve months she has kept the Comedy filled with her admirers. Thousands flocked to see the love story that had a laugh in every line.

The story of "Kitty" has to do with a little Scotch Cinderella and is taken to London town. There she meets the handsome officer, but cannot marry above her station. "Kitty" and her slow-thinking, plain-spoken chum, "Mag," do their best to set the town aright. Then there is the family with whom "Kitty" lived, but the story is too complicated to be described here. It must be seen to be enjoyed.

Comprising the splendid organization to be seen here, which is the same that appeared at the Comedy, are such well-known artists as Marjorie Murray, who plays "Kitty"; Paquet Hunter, Eleanor Daniels, Wallace Erskine, Marie Stuart, Rolo Pyott and others.

OREGON'S BOURBONS

THE Bourbons of France had nothing on the republican party leaders of Oregon for obstinate unprogressiveness. The latter prefer party ruin to loss of party control. Defeat teaches them nothing. They still fly the flag of stand-pattism and a day that is gone.

History repeats itself. The same unprogressive political gang that has courted defeat repeatedly in the past by offending the people, placing its own members at the head of the republican ticket, is again courting political disaster by repeating its previous tactics.

The defeats suffered by Furnish, by Fulton, by Withycombe, by Bowerman, by Selling, have been without a lesson to the small coterie of politicians managing the party, who shy bricks at every progressive, like Bourne, who aspires to office. Only the staunch and true standpatter, the man who in his heart of hearts believes in the people-be-damned policies, secures their hearty support.

The same men who ran the Withycombe, Bowerman and Selling campaigns, again captained by the Oregonian, are once more seeking return to political power and prestige. The men who held that the people were incompetent to select candidates and called the assembly to choose for the people, who sought a return to the old order of corporation-ruled parties, who tried to kill the direct primary by a law making it a felony for a legislator to take Statement No. 1, which pledged him to vote for popular choice, who have, in season and out, sought the destruction of popular government—these are the sponsors of the republican candidates today.

R. A. Booth, the millionaire timberman, was selected as republican nominee for the United States senate by a coterie of politicians at Eugene last November. Those who chose him were representatives of the Portland Oregonian, of the Portland public service corporations, of the political crowd then in control of Portland, of the big business interests allied with the Booth-Kelly company and the old guard of standpat politicians. Booth had proved himself tried and true at several scandalous sessions of the legislature.

James Withycombe, nominee for governor, while a motherly old soul, is not in any way, by training or experience, qualified for the executive office of governor. He lacks the backbone and fighting ability a governor of Oregon must have. He is an acknowledged standpatter, believer in political conventions, was a candidate before the notorious assembly four years ago, and not in sympathy with direct primaries, the initiative or referendum. A failure as a farmer, he became a veterinary, though not a graduate, and is the father of commissions, having lobbied through the legislature the bill creating the first one; was appointed to the office of state veterinary at a salary of \$2000 a year in 1888, becoming naturalized as a citizen the same year to hold the office. Since then he has been continuously on the public payroll, either as veterinary or as director of the O. A. C. experiment station. He was nominated for governor by the republicans eight years ago and defeated—largely because of his opposition to progressive policies.

Congressman Hawley, renominated for congress in the first district, is an admitted standpatter and secured some favors in the old days from Uncle Joe Cannon for standing in with the machine. Since the defeat of Uncle Joe, Mr. Hawley has not been able to accomplish anything.

These are the type of men the republican leaders of Oregon ask the rank and file to place in office so that the "good old days" of corporation control and domination by political bosses may come again and the "dangerous" growing power of the people be curtailed. With Booth, the product of big business and tainted land grants in the senate; Hawley, the subservient, pliant tool of the interests, in congress, and Withycombe, amiable easy mark, in the governor's chair to ratify legislative grabs, the Oregon system will indeed be discredited and sent to the junk heap.

Oregonian and the China Nest Egg

(From the Salem Journal.) One of the small but pathetic things that everyone is familiar with is the actions of a good motherly hen when the notion strikes her she should get busy to prevent race suicide of the gallinaceous family. Her intense feeling and self importance; her indomitable determination and feminine persistency; her self-assertive cluck and well-feathered and cross-grained importance are familiar to everyone.

It is with deep regret we note these familiar symptoms evidenced on the editorial page of the Oregonian. We dislike to comment on it, or to call attention to the evident fact that the Oregonian editor, or one of him, has concluded he has laid enough eggs to entitle him to do an incubating stunt. He wants to sit or set, whichever it is, and the desire has reached such an acute stage that, like the motherly-inclined hen, he isn't particular what he tackles to incubate. This is shown by the avidity with which he tackles the china egg just as does his feathered prototype when the incubating fever strikes her.

Some caustic comment might be made as to this idiosyncrasy on the editor's part, but far be it from us to treat it lightly. Only profound regret moves us as we think of our fellow editor laboring under the fever of sedentary motherhood and nestling under his motherly wings a solitary china nest egg. It is too pathetic for laughter, too sentimental for ribald comment and yet not serious enough for tears.

If there was any possibility for his labors resulting in anything, his case would not be so bad; but to know

that he is wasting the warmth of his bosom and his time in a futile attempt to hatch something from a china nest egg, borders on the pitiful and moves one to deep but utterly useless regret. There is only one remedy—let him sit it out, or put him in solitary confinement under a box.

BAYONETS FAIL TO FORCE CENTER

LONDON, Sept. 30, 4:38 p. m.—The Times has received the following dispatch from its correspondent in Bordeaux:

"The constant thrust of bayonet charges and the battering of heavy guns has made but little alteration along the heavily entrenched German center, but the less rigid flank positions have been hammered into brotchen and sinuous lines, both on the left and the right.

"On the left front is the broadening sweep of the allies' turning movement, while reaching further to the north it is pressed at a slightly wider angle.

"While the position in the center is virtually unaltered on the right, it is difficult to trace events in this portion of the front with any great accuracy. Between the Argonne and the Meuse, the French are progressing slightly against entrenched and fortified positions."

With Medford trade to Medford made

Geography of the War Zone

(National Geographic Society's Bulletin.)

CRAONNE—The scene of Napoleon's last victory before the end of the first empire was laid in the village of Craonne, France, in the hills a little more than half way on a straight line from Reims to Laon. The battle took place on the 7th of March, 1814, after Blucher had combined a force of 100,000 men at Laon. The emperor fell upon the advanced guard of this force at Craonne and drove it back upon Laon, where a battle took place two days later. Napoleon was here defeated, and with only 30,000 at his back he was compelled to renounce all ideas of a further offensive, and he retired to Reims. The town has changed but little in 100 years, having scarcely more than 1000 inhabitants. It overlooks the valley of the Aisne, as it threads its way through the high hills to the northwest of Reims.

TERGNIER—A point of strategic importance, a little to the north of a line from Noyon to Laon, France, much coveted by reason of its location on the northern bank of the Oise and on the canal Crozat, which joins the Oise and the Somme, and principally because it is at the juncture of the double-tracked railroad running to the north. From Tergnier are direct lines to Noyon, Laon, Amiens, St. Quentin and many other points in the battle zone. Tergnier's population of about 5000 is interested principally in large railway workshops located there. The town is 27 miles northwest of the Craonne battle fields.

ST. GOBAIN—In northern France, ten miles west of Laon and 17 miles east of Noyon, in the heart of one of the most densely wooded districts of that part of the country Les St. Gobain, which proudly lays claim to

the distinction that it manufactures the largest mirrors in the world. No town in France is more thoroughly French, and none has suffered less from the successive Parisian earthquakes of the past century. The French government owns large tracts of land around and beyond St. Gobain, the remnant of the immense "sylvanum" through which Agrippa opened a great Roman way connecting Rome with the British channel. The town's 1000 inhabitants owe their well-being to its glass company. One of the most curious features of St. Gobain is a subterranean lake about 1300 square yards in area.

ANIZY—A small French town, eight miles southwest of Laon and ten miles northeast of Noyon, which seems to have been a fortress of the Emperor Valentinian in the fourth century, and to have been pillaged by the Vandals in the fifth. The revolution laid violent hands upon the town. Its buildings were demolished or defaced, its old trees were cut down and its fine old church, Ste. Genevieve, was turned into a meeting hall for the electors, who, after putting on the sacerdotal vestments, marched out the church carrying the dais, bent the crosses and carved stalls to pieces, smashed the poor box and stole what was worth stealing. They sold the stone slabs from the graves and established a salt-petre factory in the church.

VIC-SUR-SELLE—A small town in Lorraine, 16 miles north of east of Nancy, whose principal possessions are the ruins of an old castle and some disused salt works. The latter were abandoned when a rock salt mine was discovered at Dieuze. From Vic to the west the country is a vast unenclosed, arable plain, uninhabited, save in the towns or villages, with scarcely one hamlet or farmhouse on the roadside.

As to Public Schools

(From the Newberg Enterprise.) An article in this issue of the Enterprise taken from the Mail Tribune of Medford expresses the feeling of parents all over the land. Teachers in the public schools share the sentiments therein expressed, but it appears as though a system foreign to the real purpose of those schools has been gradually built up until it is difficult to hew a way out to one of practical education and having proper regard to the limits of children's brain capacity and children's intelligence. The fact is that with many public school pupils the school room is a place of mental torture, and it is also productive of physical breakdown.

What the writer of the Mail Tribune contribution says as to the inability of children to read properly or to spell correctly will be indorsed by every parent who has children in the public schools. "Here, you didn't spell 'sugar' right," said a man to the young girl who operated a typewriter in his office. She took a look at the letter she had handed him and said: "That's so; I left the 'i' out." Bless her innocent heart! She was merely a sample of thousands of boys and girls who have "passed" in the public schools.

In Monday's Oregonian Cartoonist Reynolds has a picture that illustrates the feeling children have in regard to school. It is of a little boy, his arms loaded with books, tears streaming from his eyes, as he says: "What chance has a feller got?" his stern father pointing to the school-house, in front of which stands an

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GEO. PUTNAM, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1914.

J. H. YORKER, Notary Public for Oregon. My commission expires November 29, 1915.

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