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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

The von Kame government in Germany has been knocked into a corked hat. The Kaiser and his half baked son the Crown Prince, trest in Holland, and hope they can once more cross the Rhine. There is vague prattle of another war. If so, a soldier "with no vision," not a dreamer will name the day the advancing armies halt. In the next defeat there will be no ideals to light on.

The private secretary of the president, Mr. Tumulty, has been mentioned for the presidency. (Prolonged cheering.) He should be rewarded. Vociferous applause. He has not the fizz in the present administrative fizzle.

The rain has washed away the Rogue River Valley Blues.

The annual edition of the Smudge Pot is selling like the proverbial pancake, and at the present rate, the author thereof will break even, which is all any one in business ever admits he is doing.

This is St. Patrick's Day. The gentleman is supposed to have chased all the snakes out of Ireland, as you know. If he was alive today, he would probably be actively engaged in politics and reform work. In his time nothing was wrong but the snakes.

The complexity of life grows more so. In Red Bluff, Cal., last Sunday night, one preacher took for his sermon text, "There is No Hell," and another one took for his sermon text, "There is a Hell." No team work.

Mr. Bryan, who stated last Saturday he would run for the presidency of the "nation called him," is the recipient of no yelling, and will probably make the race from force of habit.

A hurry-up call for a plumber has been sent out by Charles Freese of Tailholt, Cal.

There have been no notes to Mexico for three months from this land, which may account for a corresponding lack of disorder.

Kort Hall was caught eeling Mr. Ed Brown Tues., admiring his puttees, and friends fear he will go and do likewise.

"What habit is so abnoxious as cigarette smoking?" asks the Anti-Cigarette Journal. Nothing, unless it could be a cotton smouting tobacco juice as the wind listeth.

HUGE SHIPMENT OF REPUBLIC TRUCKS TO WEST

Thirty-seven car loads of Republic trucks recently made up the first solid train load of power wagons to cross the continent for use in California. The consignees required that 40 per cent of the trucks in the shipment should have giant pneumatic tire equipment all around, so great has been the demand for trucks with air cushion protection. The Republic truck is handled in Medford by the McCurdy-Bowen Motor Co., and is becoming a factor in the motor transportation of the Rogue River Valley and southern Oregon. Adv.

SHILOH 30 STOPS COUGHS. SINCE 1870. Weyman-Bruton Company, 1107 Broadway, New York City.



NO AUDIENCE

MY neighbors all have had the flu, its fiercest pangs they claim to know; and so there is no man in view who'll listen to my tale of woe. Oh, none will hearken to the tale of all the agony I knew, or pay attention to my wail—my neighbors all have had the flu. I'd like to have some chaste disease that no one else has ever tried; some new affection of the knees, or an eruption of the hide; then I could talk the livelong day of aches original and new, and no cheap skate could rise and say, "I've had that ailment worse than you." Then I could look with high disdain on all the people of this grad, who wrestle with old-fashioned pain, the chestnut ills that Adam had. Then in my joy I know I'd make the welkin echo with my song; alas, one cannot choose his ache, he has to take what comes along. Oh, sickness makes the spirit sag, and all the anguish is in vain, if one can't stand around and brag, and show some diagrams of pain. And none will listen to my spoil of gaudy suffering I knew; men care no hoot how tough I feel, for all the boys have had the flu.

WANTED,—ANOTHER ST. PATRICK.

UNCLE SAM needs a St. Patrick,—but not for snakes. Snakes are pretty well taken care of at the present writing. But the subtle serpents of sordid selfishness are multiplying alarmingly and here is where a Twentieth Century St. Patrick could be of tremendous value.

Summing up the ills of the world and the hour, they can all be reduced to the lowest common denominator of personal selfishness. The great moral exaltation of the war has been followed by a spirit of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost, which if not checked, threatens to plunge the world back into the abyss from which, through four years of unprecedented sacrifice, it so gallantly struggled.

Probably the reaction was inevitable, and the phase is fleeting. But on this 17th of March a St. Patrick who could chase the snakes out of sordid self-seeking from our hills and prairies, would render a service to humanity fully as great as the famous Irish apostle who saved his country from paganistic reptiles.

Selfishness is the main spring of the partizan politician who places his personal and party advantage above the public welfare, selfishness is the guiding light of the profiteer, who blindly sanctions human suffering if it allows him an extra ten per cent, selfishness is the soul and body of the Bolshevik agitator, who would destroy civilization on the chance of bettering his own condition.

Selfishness, selfishness, selfishness,—the blind passion of grab, is the legitimate successor of the peril that made Europe a shambles and it must be met with the same spirit of determined and disinterested hostility, if the world that was saved is to endure.

"An unselfish person is a fool," said our old friend Nietzsche. Perhaps. But if so then the world needs a few fools for sacrifice. But our private hunch is the man who heaveus a normal concern for his own advantage with a wink now and then for the other fellow, not only is no fool, but he is on the road to the ultimate wisdom of the ages. For an enlightened self-interest realizes that the man who says the world is mine oyster ends by breaking his false teeth on an empty shell.

Washington says emmigration to Germany is not as large as expected. This was before the report that in view of the water shortage at the Hotel Adlon, guests were allowed to bathe in beer.

The expression on the President's face in the first movie taken in six months, will probably show whether or not he had seen Mr. Bryan.

As predicted last Monday, the German revolution that started as the lion of Pan-Germany promises to exit as the lamb of a soviet republic.

Some misguided mortals are always confusing strength with stubbornness, and character with an ability to be disagreeable.

Mr. Bryan was given a warm welcome in Washington—by the Republican senators.

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NUNN PRAISES THE G. HILL HIGHWAY

State Engineer Herbert Nunn, who was here last week conferring with the county court regarding a patrol on the Crater Lake road this summer from Medford to prospect, made the trip from Salem in his car and says the roads were good, exceeding a small stretch between Oakland and Yoncalla and near Seaton, where they encountered some mud.

Mr. Nunn says the piece of the Pacific Highway between Central Point and Gold Hill is the best road in the state. It has six inches of bituminous base and a two-inch hard surface and was built by the Clark-Henry Co.

"The Rock Point bridge is one of the best built structures in Oregon," continued Mr. Nunn, "and is a credit to the state, county, highway commission and the builders. The bridge cost \$48,000."

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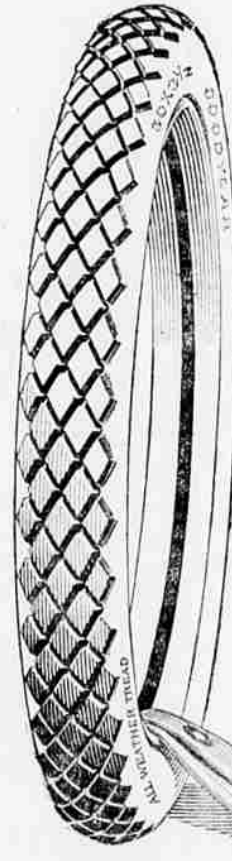
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