

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor. SUMPTER S. SMITH, Manager.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The lower house of the legislature is showing no signs of ever changing. The upper house will soon have everybody on their's.

"Another Auto Stole by Youths in Jail"—(Herald Eugene Guard). Sounds plausible.

The chief trouble with the anti-Jap hullabaloo is that the Almighty dollar sticks out too far. Eradication of the spindulics from the controversy would end it.

In the campaign of the civic organizations to develop "the beauties of Oregon," the first move will be to prohibit bowlegged gals from wearing short skirts.

MAN THE CROWBARS!

(Yreka Journal)

Don't forget that February 12, Saturday night, will be the time to do your bit toward building the new swimming tank for the town and have a mighty fine time while doing. Ross Nelson Post is taking the trouble of collecting the funds and attending to the building of this tank, which is to be on a cost-minus basis—everything is to be donated that can be pried loose.

The Portland police department is now forced to explain how "The Shadow" they caught with a brass hand is not "The Shadow."

Another autoist has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Southern Pacific, that the cowcatcher should be left on the locomotives.

Steps are underway to put time fuses on the first hundred orators at the Lincoln Day banquet next Saturday.

A cute trick of oil sharps is to eat a handful of mud brought up by the drill to determine if there is any signs of grease. If any of the mud strikes to the crew, it is a certainty that the lubrication is all, and the good work must go on. Your corr. was served a portion of mud from Col. Mundy's gusher Fri. It was palatable, but not cooked quite enough.

A LONESOME CORPORATION

(Chico Enterprise)

The Diamond Match company did not profit.

The excessive rains this winter, is the answer to the prayers for same filed in 1914-15-16-17-18-19, by the public in general, and farmers in particular.

"How many people read the Bible on Sunday?" asks the Pacific Christian Advocate. About as many as those who read the scandal section of the Frisco Examiner.

AN IDOLATOR RENIGS

(Boston Post)

"Woodrow Wilson's utterance goes home in clear, strong sentences. He is a master of statement. He is real all through, from top to bottom—there isn't a sham in him. No man in our time shows so high a level of thought. His logic is perfect. His fine type of culture shows originality, a knowledge of men and a passion for facts."—(Woodrow Wilson, by William Bayard Hale, 1912).

"Vagueness and reiteration are the secrets of his verbal power. All his life he has hid his head in phrases. He learns nothing thru the years. He is the merest purveyor of platitudes, never pretending to an original theory, nor advancing a novel principle."—(Woodrow Wilson's Style, by William Bayard Hale, 1920).

The quagga, the striped wild horse of South Africa, is virtually extinct.

GHOSTS.

DO YOU believe in Ghosts? Of course not. But your great, great, great grandfather did. For ancestors so sufficiently remote always lived in lordly manors, and every manor had a ghost room. Ghost rooms did not go out until bath rooms came in.

Now it looks as though ghost rooms might come back again. At any rate there is a great revival of interest in spirits, and all phenomena related thereto, as exhibited by the fact that ouija board factories, are about the only concerns which have not been reduced to naught.

And now comes Julius Magnussen, the Bernard Shaw of Denmark, who has written of a spirit experience, which has startled all Europe. Mr. Magnussen never believed in the occult, never bothered with moving tables, and ringing tambourines, but devoted himself to literature of a rather cynical and materialistic nature.

But one day a friend persuaded him to try an experiment. The result of that experiment has been portrayed in a book called "God's Smile," which isn't as humorous as it sounds.

Briefly Mr. Magnussen encountered the spirit of his father, and has since been unable to write anything but what his departed progenitor has dictated. "What has happened to me," he cries, "here I am, an ordinary citizen, full of wit, full of mockery, full of disgust at all humbug, and now my hand insists upon writing these religious ideas and lyrical phrases."

He says he intensely dislikes to put the maudlin parts down, but he has to. "From now on," declares the spirit, "you can do only what I tell you to do; from now on you must obey me."

Magnussen says he resisted. Whereupon he felt his shoulders pushed back and his penholder was moved so strongly that it broke. He took another and it wrote this immediately: "There you see. I broke the penholder in your hand merely to show you my strength. I am a powerful spirit. I could smash your desk into dust."

Rather terrifying isn't it? And not nice of father. But from such a source, the tale is interesting. Of course, there will be those to dismiss Magnussen as another neurotic, who needs more exercise and less artistic temperament.

And there will be others who will be intensely interested in this exceptional experience as they are in all experiences of the supernatural and spooky kind.

But the accumulation of such "records," from Sir Oliver Lodge to Conan Doyle, can't be readily dismissed, except by those who call everything humbug which they have not themselves experienced. If all this is delusion and self-hypnosis, then it is time some scientist diagnosed the ailment. Until the phenomena is rationally explained there is some excuse for former sceptics like Magnussen to maintain with Hamlet, "there are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."



Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason

THE WET HOME.

I STAND upon the shore and peep at creatures that infest the deep, all sorts of things with fins and scales, from shrimps and lobsters up to whales. (Of course, you'll say, with scornful grins—these haven't either scales or fins; smart alecks always gather near to show where little breaks appear). As I was saying on the shore I stand and hear the breakers roar and wonder how the things that roam forever in that briny home can stand such moisture all their lives, and not get mad and beat their wives. No magazines or books are there, no glowing hearth, no easy chair; there's nothing for a fish to do but soak itself the long years through, and dodge the bigger fish that strive to catch and swallow it alive. There's no place for a fish to go, no lecture hall or movie show. I have a sympathy profound for all the fish that scoot around, and ply their fins and wag their tails, the sharks, the devilfish, the whales. I would invite them from the deep, and give them beds in which to sleep, and places where they might get dry, and noggins of denatured rye, but they can't understand the tongue in which the invitation's sprung. And, maybe, as they see me stand in solemn grandeur on the land, they wonder why I don't wade in, and like them wield the trenchant fin.

COMMUNICATIONS

Carroll Denies Stories

To the editor: Referring to different statements which have appeared in your paper in the past fifteen days relative to my activities in the valley, the following are false and should be corrected:

"Carroll refused to return without extradition papers." This is absolutely false as I was willing at all times to return as soon as requested. Carroll while posing in this city and Ashland as the prospective purchaser for \$50,000 of the Johnson Jewelry store at Ashland made the acquaintance of a school teacher, employed in the rural districts, and according to the police told wonderful tales of his wealth and importance in the business world. His father he said was the leading diamond merchant of Antwerp, Holland. The school ma'am fell for his line. While testing out the Buick automobile Carroll took the teacher on an auto ride, one day, and running out of funds for refreshments, stopped at the Austin hotel in Ashland and presented a check for \$50. The clerk told Carroll he would have to have some one identify him, and he called the school teacher from the new Buick and told the clerk this "young lady will identify me." The young lady said "Yes, I know Mr. Carroll, he is all right, he is going to buy Mr. Johnson's jewelry store." Whereupon she wrote her name on the back of the check in blissful confidence.

First, I never at any time posed as a prospective purchaser of any jewelry store; Second, I have never represented myself as a son of a diamond merchant in Antwerp, Holland, or any other city. Third, I never presented any check in the Austin hotel in Ashland for \$50 or any sum requesting endorsement by aforementioned school teacher and she never was required to

make good any such check. In fact, I have never been in the Hotel Austin, with the school ma'am.

Feeling that an injustice has been done me by the publication in local papers of statements that were untrue, pertaining to my case, I wish to say that should any further untrue statements appear in any paper, I will feel justified in publishing all the true facts pertaining to my case.

(Signed) A. R. CARROLL, Care County Jail, Jacksonville, Ore. Note: The facts disputed were given a reporter of this paper by police officials.

The racoon of South America frequents the sea shores and eats crabs.

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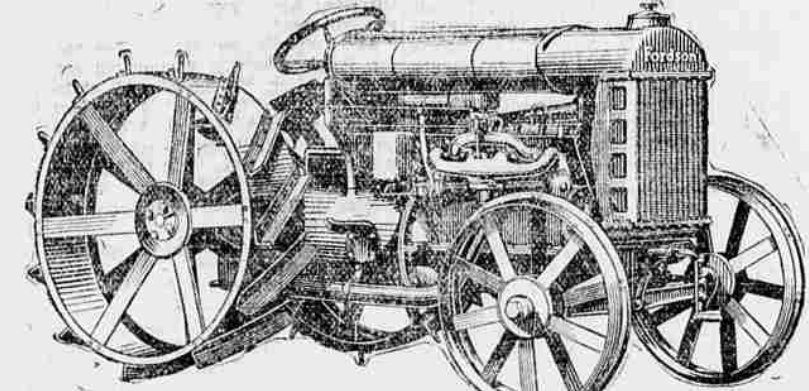
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Oregon Prune Week February 14th to 19th Everybody in the Northwest should eat OREGON PRUNES

During Prune Week. This is your opportunity to buy average orchard run of Oregon Italian Prunes, 1920 crop, at following wholesale prices. Take advantage of this offer:

By freight prepaid, 100 lbs, or over, lb. 10c By parcel post, prepaid, 25, 50 or 75 lbs, or over, per pound 11c

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Advertisement for Greater Medford Club: "Greater Medford Club PHILANTHROPIC DANCE AND PROGRAM TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8 At the Natatorium Admission 50c Each Dances 10c"

Advertisement for The Perl Funeral Home: "SYMPATHETIC SERVICE Rendered in a Quiet Dignified manner at THE PERL FUNERAL HOME Your loved one is taken into the Home where there is always some one with them. Our Residence is on the Second Floor. We are Licensed Embalmers and are prepared to make shipment to any part of the United States or Foreign Countries. We will take complete charge of any Service and make all arrangements. Lady Assistant. Phone 47. Corner of Sixth and Oakdale, One block west of Postoffice."