

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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UNION LABEL

Ye Smudge Pot

Mr. Jack Dempsey, on account of his shipyard record is not a popular heavyweight champion. Most people hope Mr. Carpenter will hit him so hard he will be arrested for second degree manslaughter, when they meet July 2.

There is much causing of Attorney General Daugherty and Henry Albers, but who was the Oregon politician who recommended to the first named, that the second named should not go to jail for alien blating in a tumbled time. The attorney-general surely did not free the gent on his own hook.

Speaking of enterprise, there is the Klamath Falls insurance agent who advertises the Pueblo disaster as a warning to take out life insurance.

PRODDING THE STORK (Albany Democrat) Moreover Albany must have it soon, for the Oregon Products show would be incomplete without a "Made In Oregon" son, is coming next week.

The news that a religious wave is sweeping over Russia is good news, with the probability that everybody will want to take up the collection.

Weeds are the whiskers. Of the vacant places. Useless alike— Upon lots and faces.

Nothing is ever heard of the Vice president of the United States. Let's see! His name is William Howard Debs.

The Hygienic Marriage bill was defeated Tuesday. This is a good thing. The next step would have been to empower the fool legislature to pick out a man's wife for him. This would have required an Appraiser of Hearts commission, with 200 jobs to fill by appointment.

MISS WHOZUS SERVED (Pendleton Tribune) Mrs. William Matlock was a charming hostess for a meeting of the Spizzierinkum club on Friday.

The Scenic Preservation society is worrying for fear "ruthless hands" will devastate the primeval beauty of Oregon forests. They need not fret. Oregon progress would rather see them burned up, than sawed up, any time.

Tourists are being robbed of their cars. The loss of the vehicle ain't so much as the danger of being forced to stay in one place all summer.

"SPECIAL ALL THIS WEEK. KOVERALLS FOR CHILDREN. THAT WILL NOT WEAR OUT—(Ad Portland Oregonian). The durability of youth.

Mr. Wig Ashpole "mes, shook hands with a lady he knew when she wore short skirts and went to school, and she has quit going to school.

"2000 abakes for sale. Call or address M. Andrews East A st."—(Want ad Grants Pass Courier). Just the thing for mid week and Sat. night struggles.

"Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they find it"—(Job 28:12). Official Naah text.

Citizens desiring to visit Tahiti should not be depressed by the post-ical outbreak of Mr. Wrecks Lampman day before yesterday agent that enchanting land. There are several radical alterations the Lampman person would make in the arrangements of Heaven, if he ever gets a chance.

Notice Members of the B. P. O. E. are requested to assemble at the Elks Temple, Thursday, June 9, at 2:15 p. m. to attend the funeral of Bro. Chas. Prim to be held at Jacksonville. E. C. JEROME, Exalted Ruler.

YESTERDAY'S ELECTION.

MINORITY rule is bad. And yet in a majority of the elections in this state, outside of the most important, the decisions are reached by a minority. It seems impossible to awaken the people as a whole, to one of the fundamental duties of good citizenship, the exercise of the franchise which is the foundation of democratic government.

And yet in yesterday's election and in all elections, it is doubtful if the results would be changed by a larger vote. There is apparently some law at work, effective equally on the proponents and opponents of any issue. This assumption is supported by a well known practice in all newspaper offices. The first returns, representing perhaps only one or two per cent of the total, are invariably accepted as the basis of predictions of the final outcome. And in nine cases out of ten, these predictions are sustained.

Moreover in yesterday's elections and in other elections, the result is usually indicative of a certain discrimination on the part of the electorate. The service men's compensation measure was the most important measure on the ballot, and it was unquestionably passed by an overwhelming majority. The next measure in importance,—or perhaps better the next measure regarding the desirability of which there was the least doubt,—was the emergency clause veto and this too has undoubtedly passed.

The apparent defeat of the legislative regulation amendment is to be regretted, but the opposition to increasing the pay of legislators is so ingrained in Oregon, that this feature of the measure probably proved too great a handicap for the obvious virtues of the measure as a whole to overcome.

There will be no harm done, if as seems probable the hygienic marriage measure and the women jury measure were defeated. The first bill was theoretically sound, but practically impossible, while the second bill was sound as far as the right of women to serve on juries is concerned, but it is very doubtful if women as a whole care for the privilege, or that benefits derived would compensate for the complications and expense involved.

So while the potential dangers of minority rule, can not be minimized until conditions arise, which result in an obvious defeat of the public will, involving serious dangers, Oregon will probably continue to muddle along complacently confident that the rule of a decent average will somehow be sustained.



COFFEE.

EVANGELINE is brewing a noxious sort of drink; it might be laundry bluing, it might be brindle ink; but coffee she believes it, this beverage of death; and when her hub receives it he swears beneath his breath. The two were lately married; the bonds of love are strong, the husband hasn't carried his grievance very long. He hasn't started brawling, the riot is delayed, though often he's recalling the coffee mother made. And inwardly he's quaking, he knows not what to do; Evangeline is making a most atrocious brew. Her coffee tastes like leather, it gives an awful jolt, and he is asking whether it's time for a revolt. He hates to hurt her feelings, but must he always drink a brew of carrot peelings that puts him on the blink? He hates to spoil the glamor surrounding love's young dream, but he has katzenjammer from coffee that's a scream. It can't go on forever, he'll dump the martyr's crown; some day his wrath will sever the bonds that hold him down; some day, the galled possessor of grievance and cares will wreck a costly dresser and break a lot of choirs. Another home, once cheerful, all desolate will be; a young wife, sad and tearful, will ask for a decree! Though moralists are shoving the customary bunk, no man can keep on loving on coffee that is punk.



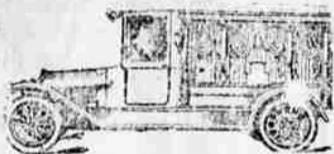
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