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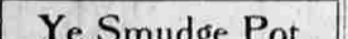
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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

A lady defrauded a Portland lawyer out of \$5000 and has been arrested. It is about time miracles performed by women received the proper recognition.

The oratorical blunders of Colonel Harvey and Admiral Sims are not costly, however painful. The government is now endeavoring to get rid of \$12,916,757 worth of harness purchased by the late Sec. of War Nooty Baker for 24,258 army horses.

PHIDDLE STYSKYS (Eugene Register)

Miss Pherne Nash, of Portland, is visiting Misses Pherne and Gladys Clover, 1394 Lincoln street for a few days.

Here is where an excited real estate agent once remarked, "The pine meets the palm," but just now the Fourth of July has a date with the North Pole.

Before any money is voted for a county fair, the people want to know if Wilson Waite is going to play a cornet solo, and if Doc Helms is going to enter a horse that can trot a half mile in half a day. They also insist on a display of broom corn from Eagle Point.

"Moral Stimula of Europe Weakens"—(Hollis Portland Journal). A number of gents who have been there report that the morals of Europe are highly invisible.

The report that the next legislature will take action against the timber trust is untrue, as such action would amount to something, and delay speeches on the always vital Rogue River fish problem.

BALLED AND CALLED (Roseburg Review)

With reference to the drum major's uniform, will say it cost sixty dollars and has been paid for in cash by myself. In addition to this I have over fifty dollars invested in the band work to date. So may our calamity howlers rest in peace!

Douglas County Concert Band, by A. T. Lawrence, Business manager.

Another unsuccessful attempt was made by one of our leading auto speed maniacs to artificially distribute himself along the S. P. right of way, from a point on the Main Stem King to a handcar 150 ft. due south of the water tank.

Kernel C. Yens Tengwald br. of C. Lake skinned out Tues. eve., for the purpose of giving \$5 to a Frisco preacher. He will return but not alone. His Uncle John is more excited than if he was the victim.

A nice thing about the capture of Roy Gardner, ho-bandit, (if they ever do), will be the scarcity of interviews in the Portland papers from well fed limbs of the law, explaining to the public how smart they are.

Farmers have combined to eat this year's hay crop themselves, unless they get what it is worth.

EVIDENTLY WANTS A MILKER (Roseburg Review)

Wanted—A farm hand willing to help milk; if he doesn't want to help milk he need not apply. Jacob Jones, phone 10-F-15.

"Our line of Royal Worcester corsets have been slashed to the quick, and no woman need be ashamed to be seen in one."—(Ad Klamath Herald). Signs of the decline of social good form in the tall grass country.

Another New York theatrical magnate has kicked the earthly bucket, and is survived by two soulmates and a family.

The jr. sen. from Ore. has delivered his maiden speech, and it was.

OUR MONEY-MAKING PRESIDENTS.

HEAR YE! There are compensations for being President of the United States. Richard Barry, the well known Washington correspondent,—who must know what he is talking about,—declares in a recent Leslie's Weekly, that every President since Grant has left the White House richer than he went in.

Cleveland went to Washington a poor man, he retired to private life with a competence. Benjamin Harrison spent only half his salary. McKinley went to the White House heavily in debt, in five years he had paid off his debts and Mrs. McKinley was left well provided for. Roosevelt made money as President. He went to Washington worth about \$200,000, he left an estate valued at a million dollars. Taft was in debt when he became President. After four years he was out of debt, and had a decent income. Before he became President Woodrow Wilson applied to the Carnegie fund for a pension. Early this year he paid \$150,000 cash for a residence in Washington. President Wilson, according to Mr. Barry saved \$200,000 in his eight years at the White House.

All of which is cheering news. For not a President made money by capitalizing his office, by speculation, or by the slightest infringement of the most punctilious propriety. The money was made from the presidential salary, increased from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year, by the simple process of spending less than was earned.

For contrary to popular belief, the financial demands upon the President are not excessive. He receives a mansion, with a rent value of \$60,000 a year, free of charge. There are no taxes, not even a water assessment. Even the telephone and electric light bills are paid by Uncle Sam.

But think of the servants, also observe them: The major domo at the front door, the butler and his assistants, two chefs and four assistants, a housekeeper, her assistant, five chamber maids, innumerable scullions, two chauffeurs the stable man, a gardener and his assistants,—about 40 in all. A private yacht which costs \$75,000 a year; turkeys, Thanksgiving and Christmas, eggs, Easter; and if you like dogs as President Harding did a prize winning air-dale. All free, not a cent do they cost; the President couldn't pay for them if he wanted to.

In short Mr. Barry shows that the President with a salary of \$75,000 a year, and with \$25,000 a year travelling expenses, with medical attention free, free flowers, free music, free gas, enjoys perquisites of his office totalling the respectable sum of \$200,000 a year.

This is a side of the presidential picture which has been too long sighted. When one considers what President Wilson has back of him and President Harding has before him, no one will begrudge the rift of silver lining, thus revealed. It is justly deserved, and every cent is earned. But the impression that the President has nothing but grief and woe, nothing but sacrifice and suffering, can now be discarded. Money is not everything. But it helps.



THE QUIET ONES.

SOME people quietly proceed, and take no part in fuss or broil; they do their stunts with grace and speed, and make no racket as they toil. Retiring gent, they are not sharks for any pomp or circumstance; they do not rise to make remarks whenever they see half a chance. They do not ask us for our votes and argue in the busy marts; and if perchance they lose their goats they bear their sorrow in their hearts. And in this world of endless noise, where human flippers rant and roar, we learn to love the quiet boys who smoothly do the useful chore. They jog along their even groove, and draw good pay and earn it all; and read chaste volumes to improve their minds when evening shadows fall. They'll be on time, as sure as fate, on time for work when morning comes; they'll have no stories to relate of high adventures in the slums. All through the years they work, serene, these quiet, self-effacing lads; and this old world is worse, I ween, when they are gathered to their dads. Oh, these be times of blatant sound, of strident boast and loud harangue; the men who make the wheels go round are not the fizz-and-fireworks gang.

Shakespeare More Vulgar Than Charlie Chaplin, Says British High Brow

By EARL C. REEVES, International News Service Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, June 14.—Shakespeare has nothing on Charlie Chaplin.

Or, perhaps he has. He's more vulgar.

Norman Wilkinson says so. Norman isn't a movie producer, promoter, scenario writer, or anything like it. Except that, in a fractional way of speaking, he's about to be an exhibitor.

Norman Wilkinson might even be rated with the high-brows. He designed the scenery and costume for Granville Barker's Shakespearean productions. Moreover he's one of the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial hall at Stratford-on-Avon.

Whence all the trouble starts. The Memorial Hall doesn't make it a way. It isn't endowed. So, for gross monetary reasons, it was decided, between annual festivals to the immortal bard, to turn his memorial into a movie show.

What a howl among the high-brows that started! "Twas rank sacrilege, vulgar commercialism, unthinkable, incredible, impossible, and any number of other things, all interrupted freely by exclamation points. Unnumbered letters to the editor were written and printed about it.

Naturally, Charlie Chaplin was freely used in a more or less unflattering manner for purpose of argument. One gathered that the Bard of Avon would turn in his grave, rise and haunt the lives of the governors on and forever after that great first night when Charlie's eccentric trousers invaded the sacred precincts of Memorial Hall.

One gathers also that Norman Wilkinson got rather fed-up with these attackers who used Charlie as ammunition. He tosses Charlie back again into the very teeth of his tormentors.

See Shakespeare for Vulgarly

For he cites his reasons for voting for the Movie-on-Avon proposal thus: "I cannot see anything vulgar in a photograph, even when it moves. There are dozens of photographs in the Memorial theatre already.

"Having been a patron of Shakespeare festivals for a consecutive twenty-four years I have seen performances of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and other of Shakespeare's plays that would make a Charlie Chaplin film seem innocent and beautiful—which it is.

"And if it is a question of vulgarity I must only say, 'read Shakespeare!'"

13 Club Loses

MARSEILLES.—The "Thirteen Club" of this city decided to put its lucky number to the test on Friday, May 13. They went to Monte Carlo, staked 1500 francs each on number 13 straight and stood breathless while the little marble spun around. Number 26 won.

Hamburg Recovering

LIVERPOOL.—Members of the Liverpool Steamship Owners association, who have been in Hamburg recently, say they were struck with the rapidity with which that port is recovering its trade, especially during recent months and the extent to which the trade is being carried by American ships.

Lions and tigers, as well as domestic cats, purr when pleased.

Another Medford Man Gets In Telegram's Hall of Fame

Thirteen has no terrors for Vernon Hill Vawter. This banker was born on the 13th, went to school in his home town for thirteen years, graduated with exactly thirteen honors in the class of 1912, his safety deposit is No. 13 and whenever the University of Oregon's eleven battles on the 13th of the month, Vawter bets his head off—and sometimes wins!

Vernon is cashier of the Jackson County bank at Medford, member of almost every civic organization and committee in his city and a regent of the University of Oregon. He is likewise a married man.

This busy man's father was also a native of the Beaver state. The senior Vawter was born in Brownsville in 1854 and it was in 1888 that he wandered into the village of Medford and decided the people there needed a first class bank. So Mr. Vawter started one and it has been flourishing ever since.

Medford Small Then

Some 400 people of various ages and appetites were living in the town that took the railroad from Jacksonville when the banker decided to stay. Into the business life of the little place the native of Brownsville threw all his energy and ambition. Medford grew and the founder of the Jackson County bank had a great deal to do with making this growth permanent. After the money institution got merrily on its way, the founder decided to do something for Jackson county in a political way.

He served three terms in the house of representatives and for a time was chairman of the ways and means committee. Once it looked very much as if the Medford man were going to be speaker of the house, but Frank Davey got two or three votes more than Mr. Vawter, so the high chair went to the central Oregon statesman.

Vern a Busy Boy

The banker-representative died in February, 1916, still a young man, as the ages of business men run. He did much for the betterment of both Medford and Jackson county. As long as men and women of this generation live, his name will be remembered and honored.

The son took over his father's work in the bank. And he works hard, does this young man of the Rogue river plains. When he hasn't anything else to do he is busy with the affairs of the Crater Lake National Park company, being one of the leading spirits in the reorganized resort. If not Crater Lake, Vern will be busy with the Medford Chamber of Commerce, with Red Cross work or with the University of Oregon's business.

Native of Medford

Vernon Hill Vawter was born in Medford, November 13, 1890. Nearly all of his boyhood months were spent in sunny Jackson county. He often took his trusty bicycle and rode to Jacksonville to look about the streets for golden nuggets. Finding none, he would ride on to old "Gassville" in search of other conquests. Making none, the Vawter boy would wheel on to Ashland.

He attended the grammar school at Medford, the one now known as Washington school. In Vern's boyhood it was just a plain public school, but the teachers were not plain at all. This statement can be proven by many of Medford's prominent citizens.

Enjoyed Queer Studies

In 1909 the boy completed the grammar grades and went to study basketball, football and baseball at the Medford high. He made good grades at first base and at left half, but once failed to make the algebra grade. But what's a little thing like higher education when a fellow can make a triple play unassisted!

After learning all he could about outdoor sports and "post office," young Vawter entered the university at Eugene. There he really had to study a trifle. He majored in economics, as jazzing was not invented.

Still, those dear old college days had their sins—Vawter sang in the glee club and acted in the university dramatic company. Bass he sang, and once he was villain in "Dombey and Son," and later was handsome hero in the great college comedy, "Strenuous Life."

Now a Real Regent

In spite of this, Governor Olcott appointed him a member of the board of university regents. Vawter is the youngest member of the board.

For six years he has been treasurer of Medford Elks' lodge, has been a member of the library board the same number of years he has been in the glee club (four), is past president of the chamber of commerce and was recently raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. He is "simply crazy" about fishing in the Rogue river; says the largest steelhead he ever caught weighed 27½ pounds.

There is one thing that Vernon Hill Vawter doesn't like to do, and that is to watch for the little birdie to hop out of the photographer's big box. He hasn't had his picture taken for years—not since he first proposed and sent one like that used to illustrate this story to the sweet girl of his dreams.

The outcome of a perfect college romance was Mr. Vawter's marriage to Miss Aletha Emerick, of Boise, Idaho.—Portland Telegram.

Where the Fight Money Goes

The burden of taxes in this day is well illustrated by a government estimate of what will happen to the proceeds of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight on July 2.

The country gasped when the tremendous amounts to be received by the principals was publicly announced. The \$300,000 that Dempsey is to receive and the \$200,000 that Carpentier's contract calls for were heralded as revolutionary sums, as the height of extravagance. The world was astounded, almost disgusted.

But the announcement that the government of the United States will receive more from the affair than either principal, the promoter, or all combined, will undoubtedly serve as just cause for another awakening. The internal revenue bureau announces that of the \$300,000 that Dempsey receives, \$161,000 will go to the government in income taxes. Of Carpentier's

\$200,000, after exemptions are made on account of his wife and child, \$93,000 will go to the government, making \$254,000 that the government will properly obtain from the encounter against the \$246,000 to be collected by the principals. In addition, the government will demand a heavy share of the promoter's profits in income and amusement taxes, to say nothing of the levy of the state of New Jersey against revenues.

These are days when imaginations are taxed to comprehend events. Inventions, evolutions and actions continually outdo what has been done before. It will, however, require no great stretch of the imagination to picture the day a few years hence when people will become the serfs of government instead of governments serving the people, if the march of the tax collector goes on.—Portland Journal.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- 1—What is hokey-pokey? 2—What is a gopher? 3—When did the South African War end? 4—Which of the planets is the largest? 5—What sea lies on the northeast coast of Australia? 6—What part of a church is the nave? 7—What is misfeasance? 8—Is Pike's peak the highest mountain in Colorado? 9—In which state do the largest number of Indians now reside? 10—Who wrote the Waverly novels?

Answers to Yesterday's Questions

- 1—Do the tolls paid by vessels going through the Panama canal pay the running expenses of the canal and the interest on the investment? Ans. No. 2—What is an archipelago? Ans. It is a group of oceanic islands. 3—What are milk teeth? Ans. They are a child's first teeth. 4—Which has the greatest fuel value a pound of coal or a pound of gasoline? Ans. A pound of gasoline. 5—What did Simon Bolivar do in South America that gained for him the title of "The Liberator"? Ans. He overthrew Spanish rule. 6—What is one of the chief causes of laziness? Ans. Overeating. The food spoils in the digestive tract and forms toxins and weakens the nerves. This causes a tired feeling or laziness. Almost all lazy persons are big eaters. 7—What is the best blood purifier? Ans. The best way to keep the blood pure is to sleep in the open air. If this is impossible have the windows of the sleeping room open. 8—Why does the skin of old people wrinkle? Ans. There is a layer of fat under the skin and in old age this

COMMUNICATIONS

May Move to Medford.

To the Editor: Would you kindly send me 3 or 4 extra issues of June 2, to distribute among my friends. Being a stockholder in an orchard in Rogue River valley I am taking much interest in Medford and the Rogue River valley, and moreover, since my cousin, Elmer Hedberg, from Applegate, 17 miles west of Medford, came up here on a visit. His mother is living at Boun, Mich. I certainly give him credit for being a booster. The results will be that perhaps a number of his friends up here will take a trip out to Medford next summer, many desiring to get out to a better and warmer climate. Medford, and Rogue River valley, in my opinion seem to be the place.

Yours Truly, P. E. LINDSTROM, Tusten, Michigan.

An Advertisement Helped Her

Mrs. Lucille Mackey, 16 Buena Vista St., Washington, Pa., writes: "Last winter my 3-year-old girl caught a bad cold which left her with a dry cough. It bothered her most at night and she would cough until she vomited. I think she must have had whooping cough. I saw an advertisement for Foley's Honey and Tar. I tried it and bought two bottles and her cough left her before she finished the second bottle. She had gotten awfully thin, but now she is as fat as ever." Sold everywhere. Adv.



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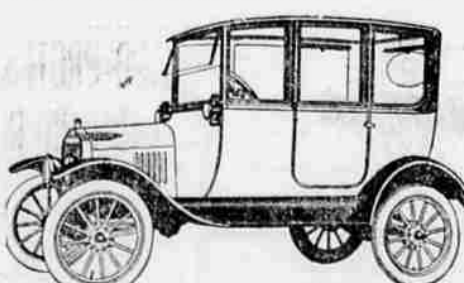
WRESTLING

BASANTA R. W. SINGH vs. HAND RETURN MATCH \$500 Side Bet

FRIDAY, JUNE 17 9 P. M. SHARP AT THE PAVILION ARENA GOLD HILL TED THYE OF PORTLAND, REFEREE Tickets \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50c, plus war tax, at M. D. Bowers, Gold Hill.

Medford-Jacksonville Stage Line FARE 10c Waiting room Medford, 5 South Front. Phone 309 INTERURBAN AUTOCAR CO.

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR The Ford Sedan THE MOST POPULAR CAR IN ROGUE RIVER VALLEY It is safe, comfortable, sensible—all the beauty of an electric with the sturdy dependability of the Ford chassis and the Ford engine—at a price made possible by quantity production and the most efficient manufacturing methods in the world. We will let you ride in one any day—anywhere you want to go. On that ride you will feel sorry for every one you see in any kind of a touring car.



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