

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Parry.

A wheelbarrow load of bills were passed by the legislature yesterday. None of the lot will throw any of the heavenly bodies off their orbits, before the first of the month. One, however, is a beacon of wisdom, and a masterpiece of deep thinking. It provides for the appointment of a commissioner of oil, and oil prospects, in every county of Oregon. Of course, there are no oil wells now, but the legislature has a long head. If oil is discovered, a commissioner of oil, will be handy.

A Rod and Gun club will be formed in the valley. This is a step forward in home management, and all sincerely hope, parents will never have to use a gun on their offspring.

One of the planks in Henry Ford's platform for the presidency, is 'the abolishment of poverty.' Here is a campaign cry, more alluring than anything that can happen to the taxes, and will get everybody out of overalls by Christmas.

PLAIN ENOUGH

(Roseburg (News-Review)

Should it be the desire of the Citizens of Roseburg, that their City be not cleaned, they should at once have the Night Officer discharged from his duty.

JOHN ISON, Night Officer (Ed Adv.)

A LADY TALKS

If that husky don't trot back with my necklace pretty pronto! there's going to be a new face on the early evening patrol of Main street, as sure as you've got a whisker in your moustache. Enough is enough. I don't care if she has got a new hat on her head, and four wheels under her. When I say, 'produce!' Produce! Produce!, she calls me Dearly, but kind words don't get me my jewels. She came here from Frisco, but that little auto mechanic knew her in Klamath Falls, for seven years. I don't care where she came from, but I know where she's going—the hospital, kid! And, when I was discussing the matter with her the other day, that old codger over there chirps up and says, "Don't fight, little girl! Cats and dogs do that in lowly! That bit was her chance. She went to chattering to him. I ain't no tiger lady like Clara Phillips, but their making a wildcat woman out of me. I got a heart in me, as big as an ox, and I'm kind and not too rough, and I always thought I had some rights, and that necklace is mine, and I want it. It ain't the necklace, its the principal of the thing. Why right now, I'd give her the shirt off my back out she don't know it.

MULE—SPECIES UNKNOWN

(Pendleton Oregonian)

WESTON, Feb. 5.—A. J. McIntyre is still limping from the effects of a violent kick in the right thigh which he received last week.

The scimitar, the national weapon of the Turks, is on display, in the Win Crowson's west window, and, it is the offhand judgment of the general public, that it would cause an ugly wound.

Conservation of the woodpile has caused a decline of Hrs. in the steam radiators.

Between a federal income tax, and a state income tax, tollers never will get their nasal organ off the economic grindstone. When both get to working good, the workers can do nothing, but give up all they earn, and trust to luck it will be enough.

If you have got to get in a hole, patronize home industry at the Cornerio del Mainz et Grappo Vlas.

Bible Thought for Today

THE ONLY HELP.—For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.—Isaiah 41: 13.

Editorial Correspondence

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 8.—Legislatures are all very much alike. They start out with a flourish, then they quickly go into a decline, and finally a few days before adjournment everyone discovers at once that time is short, nothing has been done, and there is a hurry call for action. Presto! Bills begin to come out like pop corn from a popper and there is a rush, day and night, until adjournment.

The "pop" period started today. Heaven only knows how many bills were passed or what they were all about, least of all the members of the legislature. But they proceeded to roll up like the proverbial snow ball and tonight the legislative record of this session is at least twice as large as it was this morning.

The Jackson county delegation led the procession. Two bills by Cowgill passed the house. One compels the county treasurer to give bond for the District Irrigation funds in his possession, another puts the expenditure of funds in an irrigation district under the direction of the irrigation securities commission with the governor a member of the commission. There was a hard fight on the latter with Burdick of eastern Oregon, leading the opposition, but Cowgill won.

Senator Dunn's bill preventing a voter from changing his party within 30 days of a primary election also passed the senate. There were several speeches against it. Senator La Follette of Marion quoted the scriptures regarding a sinner that may repent unto the last and maintained that if a democrat saw the error of his ways even two hours before election he should have the right to vote the straight republican ticket. Senator Zimmerman, the dirt farmer representative and Non Partisan adherent, fell back on Abraham

Lincoln who changed his party from Whig to Republican, and maintained our modern Abrahams should have the same right. But Senator Eddy seconded Judge Dunn's endorsement of the measure and said it was in the interest of "honest politics." So the bill passed. Almost any bill advocated by Senator Eddy will pass. The Roseburg solon is clearly boss of the senate. Not boss in a derogatory sense. But boss because of his high character, keen intelligence and growing prestige. The Eddy school bill was the turning point. When that passed in spite of the fight Portland made against it, Senator Eddy became the leader of the upper house.

As predicted four weeks ago the Upton-Joseph bull fight has been entirely forgotten. Upton chews gum and smiles like a Cheshire cat and Joseph chews a cigar and almost smiles back. He doesn't really smile. He can't. But he no longer glares. He appears quite chastened and contented. Things are going well. Upton is president, but the Moser machine which was scheduled to run over the opposition is only hitting on one cylinder and sometimes doesn't hit on that. And Upton seems to be enjoying himself. A month ago he was the "biggest crook" in the state of Oregon. Today he is one of the most popular presiding officers the upper house ever had and everyone agrees he is doing extremely well. The tragedy has given way to a sort of placid chewing rural drama. The fight has departed, only the Bull remains.

H. L. Walther, Paul McKee and several officials from the California Oregon Power company and Captain Vance of the Home Telephone company were here yesterday to oppose a bill which would base assessments of public service corporations upon the amount of money invested or something like that. The latest re-

port is the bill has been killed. Everyone seems agreed it should be. But let it be remarked right here that when it comes to slaying giants and dragons and such like "Jack the Giant Killer" had nothing on one H. L. W.

John Carlin is the busiest man in the house. When anyone wants a new consolidation bill or a new income tax bill they go to John. The governor has given him at least two important commissions, and his opinion on assessment or taxation bills are eagerly sought for and highly regarded. He wasn't given the committee but he is doing the work. So merit sneaks its level even in the legislature.

Just as Eddy dominates the senate, the Farm Bloc dominates the house. Our advice to anyone who wishes to put something over in the house is to put on a pair of false whiskers, a weather beaten Stetson, scatter some alfalfa seed on a mud spattered ulster, and make a noise like a barn yard. You can't lose. What the farm bloc wants, goes. What the farm bloc doesn't want, doesn't go.

Take market roads for example. The farm bloc is death on taxes except when taxes benefit the farmer. The market roads bill passed the house today. It means the expenditure of something like \$13,000,000 on market roads, that is county roads, connecting with the main highways. The highway commission opposed the bill on the ground that this sum will be needed for maintaining the paved highways already constructed. The members called an emergency meeting to side track the measure. Men the stamp of Yeon and Doth opposed the bill. But when Graham, who introduced the bill, talked about the poor hard working farmer and how the time had come when the legislature must decide whether the farmer was to be given a square deal or not, there was nothing to it but Kap Kubik's "The measure having received a constitutional majority is passed."

As far as actual results are concerned this tax reduction talk is bunk. Perhaps a million dollars in all will be lopped off, but when tax paying time comes around no one will notice it. The tax burden may be shifted slightly, but the burden will be there for some one in Oregon to shoulder. There will be new taxes, too,—income tax, gas tax, and other taxes. No,—the hard fact is state taxes are up and will stay up. The real problem is to keep them from ascending higher.

The rosiest man in Salem is Senator Charley Hall. He blames everything on the anti-Klan Bloc. Hardly. And yet this much is certain,—the Klan is not in favor either in the house or senate. It has no power whatever. Even the Federated Patriotic Societies are against it. Politically speaking, the chickens are coming home to roost.



ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

WHEN in my cozy room o' nights, I count my blessings every hour; I push a button and the lights shine forth with potency and power. Last night the button failed to work, some dynamo had broken down, and midnight shadows seemed to lurk o'er all the sore and saddened town. My aunt produced an ancient lamp, with misfit glass and shade of green, and its exterior was damp with evil-smelling kerosene. I cranked it up and lit the wick, and said, "Now, we shall have some light;" the smoke it sent forth, dark and thick, increased the blackness of the night. When turned too low it gave no light, when turned too high it acted drunk, and I exclaimed, "Dodgust the wight who ever made such hopeless junk." I fooled with it in my abode, neglecting more important chores, and in the end saw it explode and blow my aunts clear out of doors. My clothes were wet with kerosene, my hide was full o' broken glass, and neighbors say they wist and woen my language shriveled up the grass. Our fathers used such dizzy traps to light their homes, and thought them great, and much I fear we modern chaps don't realize our rich estate. I count my blessings, count them all, since with that coal oil lamp I wrought; I press a button in the wall, and lo, the light to me is brought.

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UNITED CREDITORS ASSOCIATION 800 Spalding Building Portland, Oregon

The largest and most efficient organization serving the creditor public.

This service is in common use in Jackson County.

Tongue Twisters

(To be read aloud) By C. L. EDSON, Author of the Gentle Art of Columning.

THE HOTTENTOT. Ott Totten, commonly known as 'Tot' Was smitten on odt Hutton; So Ott and Tot, they cast their lot In the "bush" land raising mutton. Totten thought that a Hottentot, Was bright as a Scot or Britton; But the Hottentot is a rotten lot, Of which much rot is written.

Up to the cot of Ott and Tot, Hottentot came trottin'; And drew a gat and was "spittin'" shot. Ere Ott his gat had gotten, The Hottentot took a shot at Ott, And all but hit Tot Hutton; Then Ott tried pottin' the Hottentot, While the kat-kept putt-putt-puttin.

Sill Totten shot at the Hottentot, But Totten's aim was rotten; But the Hottentot made Totten hot When the Hottentot hit Totten.

THREE THINGS it will pay you to know about my Spring fabrics:

That means STERLING SERVICE

2—Big variety of patterns. That means EASY SELECTION.

3—Last but not least, Klein's prices. That means GENUINE VALUES

These are three, sound reasons why you should stop in here before ordering your new garment.

KLEIN THE TAILOR

128 E. Main

Mann's Department Store advertisement for a Red Mark Sale. Features various clothing items like Union Suits, Night Shirts, Dress Shirts, Pajamas, and Overcoats with prices. Includes the store name and address: Medford, Oregon.

Thor Electric Washer advertisement. Features the Thor logo, the text 'ELECTRIC WASHER', and 'THOR ECONOMY'. Includes a list of three facts about the washer and an illustration of the machine. Ends with 'Peoples Electric Store' and contact information.