

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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

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Daily, with Sunday Sun, year, \$7.50
Daily, without Sunday Sun, year, 6.50
Daily, without Sunday Sun, month, .65
Weekly Mail Tribune, one year, 2.00
Sunday Sun, one year, 2.00

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Official paper of the City of Medford,
Official paper of Jackson County.

The only paper between Eugene, Ore.,
and Medford, Calif., a distance of
over 100 miles, having leased wire. Associated
Press Service.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

One of the gentlemen pardoned by
Acting Governor Ritter, when he was
acting, is back in the skookum house
and begs your pardon.

BADLY NEEDED

(Los Angeles Record)
Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid
plans a propaganda film, in which
Mrs. Reid will play the leading
part. The proceeds of the film
will be used to build a cannarium.

The United States uses 17 times as
much dope in a year as China, but the
Chinese are heathens.

The legislature, in its wisdom, has
passed a bill increasing the butterfat
in ice cream. Still the governor thinks
the legislature is not doing anything.

Many parlor rugs are noted on the
lungs of Ford's.

It begins to look like Ireland could
not escape Peace, and gosh! how they
dread it.

MAN MUST EAT

(Pendleton East Oregonian)
WANTED—To exchange my \$300
equity in a new Dodge car for a
good milch cow and chickens.—
Phone 1197-J or write Mrs. Young,
307 Aurora St.

MEN! WHAT OF YOUR TROUS-
ERS? HAVE THEY THE PROPER
SMARTNESS—(Ad in Sacramento
Star). There is not a more intellectu-
al pair of britches in the state.

The spring building boom is on, and
one of the structures will not be a
garage.

RUM SMUGGLERS CUT OFF AT
BOTH ENDS—(Hillside Walla Walla
Times).—One of the discomforts of
bootlegging.

The maiden who wired his folks for
permission to carry one of the Vander-
bilts, whose wealth is \$8,000,000, is not
apt to get it.

All the Portland papers are saying
nice things about this year's ball team
now, as they will have no chance to
do it, after the season opens.

A Klamath Indian was arrested for
being full of wirewater last week, and
gave the name of Albert. De Con-
scious. The extract of rat poison
knocked out everything but his name.

There ought to be a law limiting
auto trucks to twice the size of freight
cars.

A shortage of gasoline is predicted for
next summer. The land will also
run out of sugar doing the fruit can-
ning season.

DOGGONE!

(Chico Enterprise)

Bishop's Market is putting in an
up to date sausage kitchen. The
equipment includes a late model
silent cutting machine, which has
a capacity of cutting 4000 lbs. of
meat an hour. All other machinery
necessary for the manufacturing of
baloney, frank friters and
other sausages, has been put in.

Influenza From Neglected Colds
Stop your coughs and colds before
they become serious. If neglected
they lead to influenza, la grippe,
asthma and bronchitis. Three genera-
tions of users have testified to the
quick relief given by Foley's Cold
and Tar from coughs, colds, croup,
throat, chest and bronchial trouble.
Largest selling cough medicine in the
World. Mrs. S. L. Hunt, Cincinnati,
Ohio, writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar
cured me of a hacking cough, wheez-
ing and pains in chest." Refuse sub-
stitutes. Sold everywhere.

Save money on wrapping paper by
using white print paper in rolls. Ask
this office.

Editorial Correspondence

SALEM, Feb. 9.—Governor Pierce
is very emotional. He can't feel
strongly about anything without cry-
ing. Sometimes he cries real tears
and other times he merely sobs in-
wardly. But when aroused he always
cries in some fashion.

The Governor read a special mes-
sage to a joint session of the two
houses at noon today. It was in no
sense a big stick message. It was an
appeal. An appeal to do certain
things, above all pass an income tax
consolidation, a tax on insurance com-
panies, a severance tax, etc.

For Joe Singer the House Sergeant
at Arms and for Colonel Mercer the
senate factotum it was an occasion for
pomp and ceremony, calling for such
kallant announcements as "The 'one-
able Senate has arrived' and 'For-
ward March' with certain approved
military maneuvers, but for the Gov-
ernor it was a very solemn and sombre
occasion. Flanked by a member of
the senate and a member of the house
the Governor walked up the aisle like
Robespierre going to his execution—
or did Robespierre shoot himself.
Whatever the historical facts—for the
Governor it was funeral. He strode
forward like Melancholy on a monu-
ment, and only when arrived on the
throne did he smile, as the applause
broke out, a forced rather pathetic

smile quickly lost in clouds of gloom
as the written message was unfolded.
Yes, it was an appeal. An appeal
full of heart and soul and tremolos.
Certain things must be done. They
had not been done. Why had they not
been done. It was all very, very sad,
and as the reading progressed the
tremolos came nearer and nearer the
breaking point. But the Governor did
not break down. One felt the tears
were near the surface but they did not
fall. Only moderate applause greeted
the final word. His Excellency folded
up the manuscript, shook hands
gravely with the Speaker and the
President of the Senate, and the touch-
ing drama was over.

And here comes the strange feature
of the performance. Following the
special message John Carlin was
asked why in the name of Humanity
he had not reported out his consolida-
tion measure.

Representative Carlin replied that
at the Governor's request the Con-
solidation measure was to be held over
the week-end.

Anyone who can understand that
can understand the strange convolu-
tions of an emotional nature working
in a political atmosphere.

There is another great emotionalist
in the Legislature, W. F. Woodward

of Multnomah father of a large family
of educational bills, mostly deceased.
Mr. Woodward is called Grandma.
The term is neither kindly nor ac-
curate, for Mr. Woodward is a fine old
gentleman, sincere, conscientious, an
eloquent speaker and a hard fighter.

But he too has the sentimental com-
plex. He is easily touched often punc-
tuates his declamations with tears,
and is scrupulously polite. There is
nothing rough about him, nothing
crude. And he makes a specialty of
uplift legislation. So they call him
Grandma.

Well this was a great day for Grand-
ma. He won two victories and his joy
over them was quite pathetic. A fine
looking old gentleman with a stylishly
cropped VanDyke, sensitive lips and
an idealistic forehead—rather re-
sembling a prosperous deacon—actu-
ally jumping up and down clapping his
hands, face flushed and eyes brimming
with tears of gratification. It so ef-
fected Kap Kuhl, who isn't feeling
very well anyway, and looks worse,
that he resigned the gavel and gave
some one else the empty honor of pre-
siding, while he wandered around the
corridors and smoked a box of Camels.

The two great lachrymose victories
were first-giving parents of children
of school age the right to vote in
school elections regardless of prop-
erty qualifications, and second the
eight hour day for lumber camps in
Oregon.

Both good enough bills but both
strongly opposed in certain quarters.
In fact, the eight hour bill, strange
to say, had the opposition of the farm
bloc. But for once the farm bloc lost.
The cause was oratory.

Now oratory bores the individual.
Can you imagine anything worse than
to be shut in a room alone with a pro-
fessional orator. But oratory—good
oratory never bores a crowd. It hits
some primitive chord in the human
mass that can, if properly directed
transform things.

It so happened that McMahan of
Marion, a lean hungry looking individ-
ual with a consuming passion for the
under dog, gave one of the best
speeches of the session in favor of
the measure—a speech from the heart,
a speech full of genuine feeling, a
speech that bored through the hide of
the hardest boiled auditor, for it was
brimming with simple sincerity and
conviction. McMahan went far back
to the feudal Ages, and on to slavery
and on to his own humble life feeding
the hogs to get an education. And he
help up the eight hour day for labor
as the liberation of the worker, the
gateway for contentment and comfort
and a square deal.

Spontaneous applause followed the
closing climax. Then Woodward
walked to the speaker's desk for the
final argument. That speech of Mc-
Mahan had fired his blood like wine,
he too became inspired and impassioned.
He trembled, he pleaded, he begged
and implored. He took off his spec-
tacles, his voice quavered and broke,
he tore the air, he slammed his fists,
and then very dramatically he
stepped suddenly, was silent a mo-
ment, and amid perfect silence con-
cluded in a calm conversational tone
"Gentlemen I ask you in justice to
yourselves and in justice to the work-
ing man you pass this bill."

Before the tension could pass or the
emotional atmosphere change the roll
came. The bill won by a nose.
It is a ten to one bet that without
those speeches it would have lost by
a mile.

What becomes law in this state de-
pends upon things like that. Legisla-
tion is really a great gamble.

Ex-Chief Hittson dropped in yester-
day to listen to the senate oratory.
He is en route home from the Port-
land auto show.

TRAIL ITEMS

The snow has nearly all disap-
peared again around Trail and stock-
men are wearing smiles once more.

Mrs. J. T. Zimmerlee, who has been
in Medford the past two weeks, to be
near her daughter, Mrs. C. Blaess,
during her sojourn at the hospital,
has returned to her home. Mrs.
Blaess's many friends will be glad to
learn, she has recovered from her re-
cent operation sufficient to return to
her home in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hutchison had as
Sunday guests, Mr. and Mrs. W. T.
Houston and Mrs. M. E. Middle-
bush.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Frelund spent
the week-end visiting friends in
Grants Pass.

J. L. Ragsdale and son Wilmer
were Medford visitors Monday. Mr.
Ragsdale also visited his mother that
day, who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Young, who
camped near Rogue Elk last sum-
mer, are now at Mills City, Ore., on
location work. Their many friends
around Trail are hoping they will re-
turn to this part of the country in
the spring.

Keva Hutchison and Miss Velma
Whitfield of Medford spent Sunday
at the Bar 8.

Miss Bernice Phillips is staying
with the Stewarts, caring for Baby
Lee; while Mrs. Stewart is in the
school room.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Pritchett visited
at the Howe home Wednesday and
Thursday.

We are sorry to learn Mrs. E. E.
Ash is again on the sick list.
Mrs. Poole entertained Mr. and
Mrs. Pritchett, Mr. Simms and Min-
nie Poole at their home near Trail
Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Frelund spent
a very pleasant evening at the Hutch-
ison home on the 25th. Home-made
candy and popcorn was a treat
which all enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Sheridan,
Ore., who are spending the winter
here for the benefit of their little
son's health, reports him greatly im-
proved.

Mrs. Sanburg and Mrs. Tony ar-

"Venus Was Piker," Say Art Students, Beside Beauteous 1923 Damsel



NEW YORK.—We modestly venture the assertion that Venus had
nothing on modern girls, after viewing photograph of Miss Lynn Van
Voorhees, of the Greenwich Village Follies, chosen by the New York
Art Students' League as the most beautiful model to appear before
them this season. Her measurements almost identically coincide with
those of the armless statue, as do those of Miss Margaret Leahy of
Boston, here to rival American movie beauties.

Miss Mae Mordoff and Irma Ash
spent the week-end with the former's
parents in Medford.
Johnnie Ragsdale was a Sunday
guest at the Adamson home.

Robert Clugston of Evans Creek were
transacting business at the court
house Wednesday.
Both teams of the Jacksonville high
school accompanied by other students
played at the Applegate school Friday
night.

T. S. Hardinger, special deputy of
the United Artisans of Portland is in
this district visiting members of his
order.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. and Mr. and
Mrs. D. R. Woodcock of Medford were
Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. F.
Moore.

Mrs. James Kilburn and Edmund
Kilburn of Portland, who were called
here by the death of their nephew last
week, returned to their home Mon-
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Copple of Appa-
legate visited their mother, Mrs. Kate
Copple Thursday.

E. A. Fleming, who has been in the
east for the past six weeks arrived
home Saturday.

The booze case of M. M. Helflin and
Nona Dunlap terminated in Judge
Gardner's court Thursday night by
conviction. It was a hard fought case
in which the charge of perjury and
bribery were used and seems to be a
case for our next grand jury.

Mrs. Henrietta Fick, who recently
underwent an operation at the Sacred
Heart, is improving rapidly.

The members of the Presbyterian
church at their last meeting elected
Mrs. Vivian Beach trustee to the place

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The California Oregon Power Company
Medford, Grants Pass and Klamath Falls, Oregon
Yreka and Dunsmuir, California.

vacated by Mrs. Pope and on Monday
February 12 there will be a meeting
at the church for the purpose of or-
ganizing a men's club.

John Broad, who has been employed
in the meat market at Klamath Falls,
is spending this week visiting his
mother in our city.

Miss Katherine Buckley of Rich-
mond passed through en route to the Sacred
Heart hospital where she was called
on a special case.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bostwick vis-
ited relatives in our city Sunday.

Mrs. E. R. Jones, who was taken to
the Sacred Heart hospital last week,
was able to return to her home and is
improving slowly.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bud Lawrentz
Friday, Feb. 9th, a baby girl. Mother
and babe fine. Bud is stepping high

Tongue Twisters

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

BY THE PEE DEE RIVER.

Down by the ready Pee Dee,
Where the Muddy waters flow,
A lady, Sadie Leedy,
Was wooed by Cody Poe.
Cody Poe was a D. D.,
And able, as D. D.'s go;
But this Pee Dee Poe was - cody;
Indeed he needed dough.
Lee Leedy, dad of Sadie,
Was a rich old Pee Dee dad,
He opposed the plea of Poe, D. D.
With all the power he had.
So Sadie said to Cody Poe:
"We'll do a coup d'etat;
From the Pee Dee depot we'll
elope, Oh,
Won't that pooh-pooh pa?"
So out of the Pee Dee depot Poe
And the lady Sadie flew,
And the knot was tied for Poe, D. D.,
By a J. P. P. D. Q.

PNEUMONIA

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SAN FRANCISCO
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awaits the visitor to San Fran-
cisco! New furnishings of unusual
charm and comfort, a lobby designed
to provide the atmosphere of a
luxurious home—and a new Dining
Room, considered one of the most
interesting in America—all contribute
to your comfort. It is the only hotel
with running hot water in every room.

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DAILY
BATHING

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M. TOY
Managing
owner



THE PROCESSION

FORTY million cars go by, burning up the gasoline; long I
watch them as they fly, flivver, bus and limousine; day and
night they sweep along, all their engines going strong, blowing
horn or sounding gong, autos yellow, black and green. Jabez
Jimpson bought my pup, and the bill long since was due; now
I see him hitting up fifty miles or fifty-two; he must know I
need the cash, for my children cry for hash; but he drives as
though he'd smash all the records—hear him chop! There goes
Japhet Jingo Jones; seven months have gone their way since he
borrowed fifteen bones, which he would return next day; fifteen
bucks I sorely need; they would save my life, indeed; but this
Jones is showing speed, with a jaunty hip-hooray. Here comes
Peter Tinkle now, searching 'neath the silver moon, and he owes
me for the cow that he bought the 10th of June; little, little does
he care that I have no shirts to wear, that my granny's feet are
bare, as he chants his jocular tune. Down the vales and up the
hills I can hear the motors clink; if the owners paid their bills,
how the long parade would shrink! Autos yellow, green and
red would be standing, cold and dead, in some gloomy auction
shed, quicker than the eye can wink.