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UNION LABEL

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Parry

This is the anniversary of the birth
of Abraham Lincoln, who possessed
no equal, and only one imitator of any
consequence. Lincoln was homely
and human, and a collier of apt philo-
sophic epigrams, the most quoted one
being, "You can fool part of the people
part of the time, but you can't fool all
the people all the time." His appraisal
of the ways of the rank and file,
is subject to revision, as of late years
the masses have shown signs of a
passionate desire to be bamboozled,
indefinitely.

A mighty nimrod and ardent placar-
torial artist, is reported to have
baggied a horse pistol at the banquet
of the sportsmen.

The esteemed and hell-for-efficiency
Espee has won its divorce suit, and
no restrictions on corporate squealing
at the crossings.

Time and pains are not being
spared in picking and preparing the
voices.—(Medford Sun). O! Listen to
that basso bawl.

BY HECK! WE'LL HECKLE!
(Eugene Register)

"Well, how long have you been
president up there at that univer-
sity?" inquired the Marion county
senator.

"Twenty-one years, senator," re-
plied the president.

"Well, how long did you say,
now?"

"I said I had been at the univer-
sity 21 years, senator," responded
President Campbell, gravely.

"Well, how long have you been
president up there?"

"I came in 1902, senator," said
President Campbell evenly. "I
have been president 21 years."

THE TIRED BEAUTY
(Albany Democrat)

Oregon is a putting as well as a
slighted beauty, if the sense of
Charles H. Chapman's article in The
Nation, "A Slighted Beauty," may be
taken as true. Mr. Chapman's first
plaint occurs in the first line of his
article.

"It would be inaccurate to say that
the state was born tired," Mr. Chap-
man says, adding that the early im-
migrants had pep in plenty for any
undertaking. He continues: "It was
Oregon's hard luck to have that tired
feeling thrust upon her by the cracker
infusion of the years to follow." At
any rate, the Portland scribe hits
somewhere around the truth in these
outbursts. He is interesting because
he does not speak from the common
chamber of commerce cultish stand-
point. Yet he is not deserving of the
title of unbiased observer. He leans
to the acrimonious extreme. If he
had got free from the commercial
standpoint, he has not succeeded so
well in ridding himself of what sounds
like a personal grudge. "Oregon's
climate is not bad enough to make
anybody curse it nor good enough to
make anybody love it. The winter
rains just barely fall of being execra-
ble. The summers would be divine if
it were not for the smoky haze. . . .
Portland dreams passionately of a day
to come when tourists will flock to
see Mt. Hood as they do to the
Jungfrau."

Chapman has this bit of criticism
which is well worth considering:
"Now Harvey W. Scott is dead and
the Oregonian has flatted down to the
pitch of the New York Times. There
is less free intelligence in Portland
than there was thirty years ago when
he was in his prime. The little col-
lege where he got his fine education
does not produce any more like him,
but it has an enviable football
record."

BERLIN—Two organizations com-
prising all medical societies and as-
sociations in Germany issued a public
appeal to their members to refuse to
treat Belgians and French until the
Ruhr is vacated.

Editorial Correspondence

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 10.—One gets
the idea from Governor Pierce that
Oregon consists of a legislature en-
tirely surrounded by outraged farm-
ers. The picture is scarcely a cor-
rect one. There are nearly 400,000
dwellers in cities and towns in the
state according to statistics at the
state house, and there are nearly 70-
000 Oregonians who pay, or have
paid, a federal income tax. So the
power and insistence of the farm bloc
is hardly in proportion to its num-
bers.

Last night the "Third House" had
an inning. It was supposed to be a
burlesque on the legislature, but it
really wasn't as funny as the legisla-
ture.

G. L. Holman, reading clerk forty
years ago, was imported from Dallas
and did his best to fill a comic role.
Pat Gallagher, a former member of
the house, and a casualty of the re-
cent election assisted Mr. Holman, as
did Dr. Slaughter of Salem. But the
proceedings dragged. The comic note
was forced. Comedy to be convinc-
ing must have a basis of reality and
there was no reality to the burles-
que for the simple reason that to bur-
lesque a burlesque, equals nothing.

The most interesting stunt was put
on by Holman when he read the roll
of members of forty years ago from
memory. When the meeting ended
with everyone singing the Star
Spangled Banner, dancing was an-
nounced and duly enjoyed in the re-
tunda. President of the Senate Jay
Upton, Senator Charley Hall and
Senator Gus Moser joined in reduc-
tion exercises with the prettiest girl
stenographers and pages, and when
the revelry was at its height, Gov-
ernor Pierce walked through from
his chambers with his eldest daugh-
ter on his arm. The governor looked
solemn—very solemn. The scene
was not, we fear entirely to his lik-
ing. In fact in certain quarters there
was almost a suggestion of moon-
light waiting, and the music had oc-
casional suggestions of pazz. Hardly
a fitting picture for a bone dry ad-
ministration of pitiless retrench-
ment. The governor carried it off
however with a bow and a smile, and
to show there was no shameful ex-
travagance Messrs. Hall and Upton
passed the hat to pay for the orche-
stra.

No legislature is complete without
a batch of bills relating to bulls.
They always come up and they are
always passed. Heaven only knows
how many bull bills there must be
now on the statute books. Another
one passed the senate yesterday
which among other things required
one pure blooded bull with every
twenty-five cows. Senator Dunn was
the only member to oppose the bill,
and after the roll call a number of
senators changed their votes from
aye to no. Not enough however to
change the result. The bill passed.

Jackson county fruit growers may
be interested to know a bill has
passed the house and will probably
become a law which requires all man-
ufacturers of spray doze to pay a li-
cense and be subject to control by
the state of Oregon. The measure is
designed to protect the purchaser
from fraud and insures the efficacy
of the spray by requiring certain
standards.

All legislatures are rushed during
the final week but the congestion this
year surpasses all records. With only
four days of the forty left and not a
single important measure has become
a law, none of the appropriation bills
have been passed, while the fight on
irrigation has scarcely started. None
of the oldtime members see how the
essential work can be properly done
without extending the session at least
a week. But an extension is im-
probable. Under the circumstances
nothing can prevent the passage of
considerable half-baked legislation.

On Saturday Senators Dennis and
Johnson delivered lengthy speeches
resenting the impression which has
gone out—chiefly through the spe-
cial message of the governor,—that
the legislature is not backing up the
administration, and is responsible for
delay. Both senators declared the

upper house to be in perfect accord
with the governor and straining every
effort to give him what he wants.
The intimation, tactfully expressed,
was that the governor did not know
and does not know just what he
wants, and has himself been respon-
sible for the last minute congestion.

There is probably considerable
truth to this contention. The situa-
tion is this: Governor Pierce is not
a detail man. He is perfectly sincere
in his demand for tax reduction, but
when it comes to the fine technical
points whereby such reduction may
be attained, he is rather at sea. He
has to depend upon outside advice
and there is no unanimity among the
outsiders. But more important still
is the political equation.

Governor Pierce wants to be in a
position to blame the legislature if
future events demonstrate that his
campaign promises are not going to
be fulfilled,—that is not fulfilled
sufficiently to satisfy the voters. The
legislature on the other hand, wants
to be in a position to blame the gov-
ernor;—they want to give the gov-
ernor what he demands, and put the
responsibility squarely up to him.

As a result although on the sur-
face there is perfect harmony between
the legislature and the administra-
tion—in fact a suspicious excess of
it—there is underneath considerable
friction. Take consolidation, for ex-
ample. It is an open secret that
Governor Pierce's endorsement of the
Hall consolidation was merely polit-
ics,—a payment to Hall for his re-
tirement from the gubernatorial con-
test. Nevertheless the defeat of this
measure has been used by some of
the governor's close friends, in a
fashion which suggests that no mat-
ter what consolidation is effected the
governor will be in a position to
claim that in the defeat of the Hall
measure he was denied the tools he
requested.

The political ramifications in such
a situation are obvious. Moreover
Governor Pierce undoubtedly real-
izes now that consolidation will not
materially decrease the administra-
tive expenses, although it may in-
crease administrative efficiency. Under
the circumstances it would sur-
prise no one if the entire program of
consolidation, in the final show
down is thrown into the discard, and
with this probability in mind both
the governor and the legislature are
maneuvering to put the blame upon
the other.

It is a very amusing situation. It
is also a very confused and compli-
cated one. No one can predict the
outcome. But this much is certain.
Governor Pierce is the master of
them all when practical politics are
concerned. If he loses it will be be-
cause the situation offers no cards
with which he could win.

The house forced Cowgill to bring
out the Adjutant General White bill
Friday. The time set was for 10
o'clock Saturday morning, but Ralph
was called home by wire so the fight
comes up Monday. This is more or
less a family quarrel induced by out-
siders who don't like White. They
claim he is given a life job by the
present statute and the measure
would put his removal up to the gov-
ernor. White on the other hand
claims he hasn't a life job, that he
is now subject to removal, and that
the fight against him is merely a
sponsracy on the part of his per-
sonal enemies. Cowgill has shown
considerable ability in this session
and can be depended upon to give a
good account of himself, when a fight
is involved. He is the antithesis of
Carkin who does his effective work
in the committees and in quiet but
persuasive exposition. The two men
work together well however and with
Judge Dunn make the most harmo-
nious friendly delegation Jackson
county has had in recent years.

Representative Carkin went to
Portland Saturday to address the
Oregon Crime League on his income
tax bill. He denies however that he
will go on the Chautauqua circuit this
summer.

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—Thomas A.
Edison celebrated his 76th birthday,
receiving congratulations from all
parts of the country.



DOING WITHOUT.

FAR BETTER lack aliver pad than borrow one from Michael
Maize; he may assure you he is glad to lend you his for thirty
days; the rules of courtesy he'll keep, for Michael is a genial
man; but in his heart he feels you're cheap, a false alarm, an also
ran. Far better do without a dig than borrow one from Hiram
Hughes; his heart is generous and big, and your request he'll
not refuse; but his respect for you will wilt, and he will murmur
with a sigh, "That man on tawdry plans is built, who borrows
what he cannot buy." Far better do without a lyre than bor-
row mine when you would sing; the boneless smile that men ad-
mire, at you approach I'd surely spring; and though I would
not kick or carp, I'd think sad thoughts about the guy who'd ask
me for my henry-harp, when lyres are in the pawshop nigh.
The borrower forever wends upon a lonely path and drear, and
when he'd count his bosom friends, he finds there are not any
near. Perhaps he wonders now and then why he's denied all
human fun, and walks alone, while other men have companions
by the ton. His neighbors are too blamed polite to tell him why
he is a frost; but every time he looms in sight they hunt their
holes, at any cost.

LINCOLN LITERATURE

By Rev. J. Randolph Sassnett.

His Attitude of Study While
Reading Law.

Whimsical Verse From His Copy Book.

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen.
he will be good, but
god knows when

It is inevitable that the growing
appreciation of Lincoln should find
expression in poetry. Only the poet
can gather up the feelings of a
grateful world of people. As the
passing years bear him farther and
farther from us in time, the poets
bring him nearer and nearer to us
in spirit.

Not that there is a decline in Lin-
coln prose literature. By no means!
Every year brings new books and a
flood of articles, many of which re-
flect new light on matters of historic
significance regarding Lincoln.

One of the most interesting of this
year's productions is an article by
Wm. L. Stidger on "The Lincoln Tri-
ology of Literature." Mr. Stidger
makes a distinct contribution to Lin-
coln literature in giving to the pub-
lic for the first time that he calls
the strongest and shortest poem of
all the thousands that have been
written on Lincoln. It is a couplet by
Joaquin Miller, written at the re-
quest of the keeper of the Lincoln
Memorial Tomb at Springfield, from
whom Mr. Stidger secured it for pub-
lication. It is an amazingly reveal-
ing summary of Lincoln's character-
istics. Here it is, copied by Mr.
Stidger from the original in Joaquin
Miller's own handwriting:

Lincoln.
By Joaquin Miller.
The strength of Hercules.
The sense of Socrates!

Another interesting feature of this
article is that Mr. Stidger points out
that any library of Lincoln literature
must include, the literature Lincoln
lived, the literature he wrote himself,
and the literature written about him.
The literature which Lincoln lived
is named "The Short Shelf of Books,"
which was made up of the following:
The Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson
Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, a history
of the United States, and Weems' Life
of Washington,—all of which Lincoln
literally absorbed in his youth, read-
ing them again and again because he
had nothing else to read.

Mr. Stidger says: "His speeches,
his letters, and his conversation
throughout his lifetime were flowers
blossoming out of the rich soil of the
Bible and these few great books in
which he lived as a boy. His figures
of speech, his simplicity of expres-
sion, his dignity of language, his
loftiness of symbol are all due to
his having saturated himself with the
language of the Bible. The litera-
ture of the Bible was Lincoln's
every-day speech!"

Under the heading, "The Litera-
ture He Wrote Himself," it is point-
ed out that Lincoln was a poet. Some-
times—in fact most often—he was
not conscious of the poetic style of
his language, as is illustrated by a
quatrain from the Gettysburg ad-
dress:

But in a larger sense
We cannot dedicate
We cannot consecrate,
We cannot hallow this ground.

Also, by the following four lines
from the second inaugural:

Fondly do we hope,
Fervently do we pray
That this mighty scourge of war
May speedily pass away.

And, by way of further illustration,
Mr. Stidger gives us the following

beautiful blank verse:
With malice toward none,
With charity for all;
With firmness in the right
As God gives us to see the right.
Let us strive on to finish
The work which we are in;
To bind up the nation's wounds;
To care for him who shall have borne
The brunt of the battle;
And for his widow and his orphan.
To do all that may achieve and
cherish

A just and lasting peace
Among ourselves
And with all nations.

Mr. Stidger takes Marion Mills
Miller's suggestion in "The Poet's
Lincoln" and arranges the Gettys-
burg speech in verse form, the first
and last of which is as follows:

Four score and seven years ago

Our fathers brought forth
Upon this continent
A new nation.
Conceived in liberty,
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.

That from these honored dead
We take increased devotion to that
cause

For which they gave
The last full measure of devotion;
That we here highly resolve
That these dead shall not have died
in vain;

That this nation, under God,
Shall have a new birth of freedom;
And that government of the people,
By the people, and for the people
Shall not perish from the earth!

Mr. Stidger quotes four avowedly
and deliberately metrical pieces writ-
ten by Lincoln, one of which reflects
an early manifestation of Lincoln
humor. It is from his schoolboy note-
book, says Miss Tarbell:

Abraham Lincoln
His hand and pen.
He will be good,
But God knows when.

The literature about Lincoln is so
voluminous that Mr. Stidger con-
tents himself with merely quoting
the best titles, pointing out, how-
ever, that the library of congress
contains over fifteen hundred books
written on Lincoln. Another inter-
esting fact brought out is that not
only is American Lincoln literature
being translated into many foreign
languages, but that foreign writers
are producing Lincoln literature of
merit as, for example, "The Drink-
water Drama," and "The Lift of Lin-
coln" by Lord Charwood.

John Phillip Newman said of Lin-
coln: "Here is one more honored
than any other man while living,
more revered when dying, and des-
tined to be loved to the last syllable
of recorded time." And, as pointed
out before, this love and devotion for
"The Man of the Ages" must find its
supreme expression in poetry. The
following, by Thomas Curtis Clark,
published in the Christian Century,
speaks for us all:

The Miracle.
The wild Kentucky hills were touched
of God,
And lo! A child was born; his sires,
unknown.

Dreamed not that God would for
their tears alone
By raising from their midst a king,
The sord

On which they walked was cursed to
them,
Begrudging them their bread, for all
their toil;
But it was holy ground; for from that
soil
Should come a chosen one; the
dilemma

Upon his brow should be no piece of
gold,
But, like his lowly Lord's, a thorny
crown.

Upon his cross he died; they took
him down,
And lo! They found, before the day
was old,
That they had crucified their one
true friend.

Despite their hate, he loved them to
the end.

And this by the same author:
At Gettysburg,
From these dark streets flamed forth
a brilliant light,
This my clay produced a mighty
tree,

From this rude town emerged the
bravest knight
That ever fought for human liberty.
Can it have been he found his splen-
did dream

Amid these shacks, where giant rats
run wild?
Perhaps from heaven a high, pro-
phetic gleam
Esumared his heart, the while he
thought and smiled.

This very spot was where he laughed
and talked:
They say he whittled, whiling hours
away.

His naked feet these slimy alleys
walked,
And in this hut, perhaps, he learned
to pray.

This is the tale of tales since time
began—
How squalor travailed and brought
forth a MAN!

And this.

The Master.
We need him now—his rugged faith
that held
To the rock of Truth through all the
days

Of toil and strife, the sleepless
nights; upheld
By very God was he—that God who
stays
All hero-souls who will but trust in
him.

And trusting, labor as if God were
not,
His eyes beheld the stars, clouds
could not dim
Their glory; but his task was not
forgot.

To keep his people one; to hold them
true
To that fair dream, their fathers
willed to them—
Freedom for all; to spur them; to
renew

Their hopes in bitter days; strife to
condemn
Such was his task, and well his work
was done—
Who willed us greater tasks, when
set his sun.

In another publication I find some
verses entitled "The Lincoln Spring,"
by Wm. L. Stidger, from whose pro-
fession pen, I have already quoted at
length. Accompanying the poem is
the statement that on the farm where
Lincoln was born, Hodgenville, Ky.,
is a beautiful spring of crystal-clear
water flowing out of a cave under a
great oak tree. From the picture of
the spring one can imagine that Lin-
coln often spent hours in study and
reverie here, as well as slaking his
thirst from its cool water. But let
the poet tell the story:

The Lincoln Spring.
There's a flow of crystal water from
a hillside far away
In the southland where our Lincoln
came to birth one fateful day;
There Kentucky fields are sunny,
and the happy bluebirds sing,
In the trees above the hillside by a
cave-born, cooling spring.

Bending low to reach its waters in
the days of long ago
Lincoln's lips were kissed with cool-
ing in its crystal depths and flow;
Lincoln's soul was washed with sun-
shine; Lincoln's mind was left as
clean

As the shadow of his figure in the
water's rippling sheen.

Other springs were on the hillside of
the lowly Lincoln's youth
And he drank with wistful wonder
from Pierian springs of truth;
For he drank from books and people;
and he drank from mother-love;
Then he drank his fill of worshipping
the Father-heart above.

Other springs were on the hillside,
and he drank with holy glee
From the springs of love and laugh-
ter; lowly life and liberty;
Drank he deep of field and flower;
drank he deep of star and tree;
Filled his soul with Bible lyrics;
drank the cup of destiny.

Other springs were on the hillside
of this eager, wistful life;
Springs of sympathy and yearning
for the humble brother's strife;
Springs that had their crystal
sources where the ancient sages
trod;

Springs that leapt in light and living
from the mighty soul of God!

Surely these are sufficient to
quicken our minds into a great ap-
preciation of those who have caught
up our feelings and expressed them
for us as most of us could not for
ourselves, but I quote one more. It
was evidently inspired by that saying
of John T. Morse's: "Lincoln stands
apart in striking solitude." The poem
finds concrete expression in St. Gau-
den's statue of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln.
By John A. Shedd.
On the highway of the ages,
Lonely stands this man of men.

(Only One there looms above him,
One, the Master of us all).
Wisdom all her brains did lend him,
Strength, his mighty hands did send
him,
Voice he had to shake the nations.
He foretold and he fulfilled.
Loving peace with all his nature,
He chose war at duty's call!

Such a giant! Al must fear him!
No, a little child could lead him,
For his powers and his dominions
All were ruled by Christly heart.

Honor's robe upon his shoulders,
Victory's sword within his grasp,
Never changed his simple manners,
Never turned his steadfast head.

Tall, his head above the mountains,
Feet ne'er left the common earth.
For he was so very human,
Sorrow, laughter, side by side.

Would you know his fame's foun-
dation?
Here it is—an honest man.

We can never truly know him.
Never scan his height, his breadth,
But the whole world's love goes to
him.

And his spirit in our lives
Cannot help but make us nobler
Brothers to all sons of men.

Tongue Twisters

(To be read aloud)

By C. L. EDSON,
Author of the Gentle Art of
Columning.

THE TOUCAN AND TOUCANET.

A toucan met a toucanet.
And asked her for her hand;
"For, toucan live as cheap as one,"
Declared the toucan, full of fun;
And so the thing was planned.

But when the monthly bills were
paid,
The toucan had to sweat;
He learned too late
To estimate
How much the toucanet.

"Cascarets" 10c

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or Constipated
Bowels

Clean your bowels! Feel fine!
When you feel sick, dizzy, upset, when
your head is dull or aching, or your
stomach is sour or gassy, just take one
or two Cascarets to relieve constipation.
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