MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Congress is in the throes of a charity spasm, and is figuring on passing the shipping and British war debt refunding bills. If there is anything left when they get through it should be donated to the starving Armenians. All the nation can do is hope and pray all land east of the Mississippi is not ceded and deeded outright to Russia.

KILLS HERSELF IN LONG JUMP—(Hdline Salem Statesman). Broke a record.

The Civic Improvement clubs of San Francisco and vicinity received $6000 for their services against a bill before the people of California at the last election, $2000 of the aforementioned sum going to a high mogul and expert on improvement. The improvement seems to have been incomplete, as they went and told the legislature about it.

FARMER BORED TO DEATH BY BULL—(Hdline Dubuque, Ia., Times). The politicians are at work again.

The community is figuring on holding another banquet for the purpose of eating an aqueduct under the esteemed Espee, where Sixth street meets it.

With all the moonshining, bootlegging, rum smuggling, alley guzzling, bribing, and general hellraising going on throughout the land, in connection with Prohibition, it looks like the manufacture of evidence to catch 'em is a sign of laziness.

GO AHEAD! QUIT BAWLING! YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS
(Lakeview News)

Miss Bryan, delightfully charming, executed two numbers, and blublublublu blublub lublu blublu gugugugugugugugugu gugugugug to a large gathering of friends and kin.

A LADY TALKS

His commission is $3000 a month, just from what he gets on the side selling a patent shoe polish, but he slipped out of here without paying for his pancakes. Elsie says: "The poor boy, he's got so much on his mind." She's always got an alibi for her sweeties. She's the type that gets 'em between the eyes with a soft-nosed bullet, when the long lane starts turning. He shot off his bazoo in a fatherly manner to me all one morning, and I said when he finished: "Don't you ever have any rational moments?" I never saw a drummer yet that wasn't making $25,000 a year. I'm reading the Hellhounds of Hollywood. I'd like to see that place. I went to a dance last night, and made a hit with the Grandpa set.

One of these days, some citizen will break his neck in the shell-hole district, and six years afterwards the supreme court will render a decision that a hole can not be obliterated with good intentions, and, that defendant has no hole to crawl out of damages sought by said plaintiff, however painful it may be.

SO NICE OF 'EM
(Chico Enterprise)

Rev. D. T. —— will preach his farewell sermon on Sunday next; the choir will render an anthem of joy and thanksgiving, especially composed for the occasion.

The sun is shining brightly in the valley, and a blizzard is raging in Portland, but the metropolis don't believe anything they see in the papers.

The Sell dingers made a decided hit with the patrons of the Alamo during the past week, many people being unable to hear them.—(Hamilton Journal). Sub. by K. L. M. Probably very appealing.

With Medford trade is Medford made.

Editorial Correspondence

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 13.—Grants Pass is right. It's the climate. Salem tonight looks like a stage setting in Way Down East. Wheeeeww! It has been snowing all day and tonight a gale is driving the fine flakes right through the whiskers of the Farm Bloc as they march down to the evening committee meetings. The capital steps are snow slides, and the evening train out of Portland is frozen to the track near the city limits and will be an hour late. An old fashioned hack on runners with sleigh bells jangling slid up State street this evening, and a few minutes later a Limousine dashed by with a bob sled on the rear, crowded with boys and girls yelling their heads off. At sundown ex-Governor Olcott and his twin sons were observed muffled up like "He men of the silent places" returning from a hunt in the hills. The ex-governor is having a fine time apparently. He never goes to the state house. That's the reason.

* * *

The farm bloc suffered its first real reverse in the house late today. The bill to put two dirt farmers on the game commission was defeated. Speaking as a dirt farmer himself, Representative Cowgill opposed the measure. One needs an adding machine to total the number of bills being killed these last few days. The senate embalmed the Kuehn bill to reform the initiative today, in spite of Gus Moser's strong plea for the measure. Senator Joseph led the attack against it, and enjoyed himself tremendously. Gus became somewhat sarcastic and said it was inspiring to see a new champion for the initiative in the Portland senator who was supposed to be in the senate to advance his own interests and protect the interests of Meier and Frank. Joseph rose to correct the Multnomah senator. He said he was there not only to represent his constituents and fight for the Oregon system, but was there to keep his eye on Gus.

* * *

Gus Newbury arrived today in the blizzard, and took his seat with Judge Dunn in the senate. The two men looked rather alike, which of course, will be considered an insult by both of them. But they do,—or did. They both stick up their heads rather like very intelligent wild turkeys, when there is something interesting said. And as consolidation was being debated there was something interesting most of the time.

* * *

That S. P. crossing bill is still in committee and Ben Day of the S. P. apparently wants it to stay there. Ben Day has a way, we observe of getting what he wants. Nevertheless the Jackson county delegation is determined to get results and the Jackson county delegation is one of the most effective in this legislature. That sounds flattering. It isn't particularly. We said "this legislature."

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 12.—Honorable John Carkin presided as speaker of the house this afternoon. In contrast with the Satanic, Mephistophelean countenance of Kap Kubli, John looked like a cherubic emblem of purity and light. But he proved to be no baby at the business and made a valiant effort to do the impossible, which means to eliminate needless conversation and speed up the transaction of business.

Speaker Kubli earlier in the day pleaded with the members to reduce the oratorical tonnage, and confine themselves to important subjects under discussion, but the words were no sooner uttered than Representative Lewis introduced a resolution calling for new flags in the house chamber and new flags on the state grounds to be followed by a request for unanimous consent that a certain bee bill be placed on its final passage.

* * * * *

The thing simply can't be done under the accepted rules of procedure. There is the inalienable right of free speech and as long as a certain proportion of the membership in every house suffers from acute vibration of the vocal chords, there is no escaping such congestion and waste of time, as the present session, and all sessions before have suffered. The only thing to do of course from the speaker's standpoint is to do his best and that is what John did. That is what Kubli does. That is what speakers have always done since the days of King Canute.

* * * * *

But the mention of "bees" was too much much for Representative Lee of Clackamas. Anything savouring of humor is always too much for Mr. Lee, for he considers himself something of a village wit. He also likes to hear himself talk. My, how he does like to hear himself talk!

And it is difficult to blame him for he has the most powerful voice ever heard outside of a three-ring circus. He could get a life job anytime with Ringling's. He might blow the tent down but he would make himself heard. Depend upon that. The last man on the last row would hear him, even if it happened to be feeding time in the animal enclosure.

* * * * *

A conscious sense of humor combined with a conscious sense of vocal power,—there everyone must admit, is a formidable combination. So when Hon. Calliope Lee arose there was nothing for the speaker to do but press in on his ear muffs and wait until the storm was over.

"Speaking of bees!" shouted Mr. Lee, as the flags by the speaker's desk started to flutter, "I know a little about bees. They stung me once to the tune of about a $1000! And let me say right here and now that unless this bill is passed there won't be a bee in the state of Oregon in five years! Not one!"

There was more of it. Quite a gale in fact. But that was the essence, the humorous essence as it were.

Mr. Lee sat down, while the echoes reverberated through the corridors, folded his short arms upon his ample waistband, and looked defiant,—he always looks defiant after he sits down,—as if to say "That is merely a starter. If anyone forces me I will blow this entire assembly across the Willamette!"

* * * * *

But as remarked before there is something contagious about—or to be accurate let us say vocal violence—it hits a responsive chord in every legislative breast. Hon. Keeny from Eugene is particularly susceptible. Lee can't roar without Keeny talking, and Keeny can't talk, without Lee roaring,—if there were no rules of the house we believe these two gentlemen would absolutely solve the problem of perpetual motion.

Keeny, however, is not as highly endowed vocally as Lee. He has a large well muscled mouth, but few teeth. As a result there is a certain deficiency in articulation. In fact when Keeny talks, and he talks at least two-thirds of the time, he gives one the impression somehow of a large church bell swinging to and fro, but from which the clapper, by some kind Providence, has been extracted. There are certain sounds, much gesticulation, unquestioned earnestness, in fact everything is plain but just what Mr. Keeny is trying to say.

* * * * *

Speaker Carkin appreciating this fact asked Hon. Keeny to talk louder and Keeny responded by opening his mouth wider and putting a little more pepper in his uppercuts, but aside from that there was little improvement. As few people knew what Mr. Keeny was talking about few people listened, whereupon the Eugene representative brought out a paper from his pocket and started to read. He said everyone had heard it before which was fortunate for his argument for no one heard it then.

They heard a noise, they saw the bell swinging, but no intelligible words came forth. Speaker Carkin suggested that Mr. Keeny keep to the subject at hand and Mr. Keeny smilingly,—he is a most affable and good natured gentleman,—replied that he would, and perhaps he did. He talked for fifteen minutes longer at any rate.

Whether on or off the subject it is the Messrs. Lee and Keeny and others similarly afflicted who are responsible for the fact that quick action in the house is impossible. In the senate it is different. The senators seem more mature, they seem to know how to talk and also how to keep still. As a result the senate adjourns frequently with the calendar cleared and waits for the house to catch up.

If there were no rules, no superstition regarding the inalienable right of every legislator who wants to talk, talking, forty days would always be enough to transact the necessary business. But until parliamentary procedure allows the speaker to use a club or a muzzle on the Lees and Keenys, these last minute rushes particularly in the lower house, will continue. It can't under the circumstances be otherwise.

* * * * *

Before ascending the throne Hon. Carkin presented his measure for passage recommended by the governor to put highway commissioners on a salary. As author of the bill John supported it, of course, and he was backed up loyally by Cowgill, but the measure was beaten by a small majority as, in our opinion it should be. Why on a program of economy pay for a commission when the best men in the state can be secured for nothing! Tom Kay as usual made the best speech for killing the bill,—he is the Wise Man of the House and one of the most capable men in the legislature. The plea that whatever the governor wants should be given him,—that the legislature should be merely a rubber stamp failed as it should. The governor, as before remarked, should be given the essential tools—consolidation, an income tax, etc., etc.,—but putting the highway commissioners on $3600 per year salaries can not be regarded as essential tools.

Quill Points

Home is a place where somebody knows how to make thickened gravy.

Fable: Once there was a woman who wasn't secretly rather proud of her "nerves."

The survival of jay walkers would indicate that the blooming idiot is a hardy perennial.

Alexander was lucky. He conquered the world and died before the time came to collect the indemnity.

The chief difference between the old-fashioned dime novel and the modern novel is $1.90.

It must be nice to be a conservative leader and have nothing to do but be alarmed once in a while.

The man who owns a used car never has to wonder where his small son picks up that kind of language.

A wicked wet comes in handy, however, when a dry needs a little whiskey for a sick wife.

The difference between domestic service and matrimony is that a girl gets paid for domestic service.

The league isn't bothering about the Ruhr business. Just wait until something serious turns up.

THE FAILURE.

JAMES DINGBAT failed in many things, he seemed to have no luck; as ivy to a tree-trunk clings, disaster to him stuck. He opened up three kinds of stores, and always, soon or late, the sheriff came and closed the doors, and put his seals on straight. And people said, "This Dingbat wight is lazy, tired and slow; he isn't constituted right, or he could make things go. We've known him since he was a boy, and we have always said he never would success enjoy, he'd never get ahead. He has no purpose high or true, he's not with zeal replete; his head is full of liquid glue, he reasons with his feet." James Dingbat failed a dozen times, and then he bought a lyre, and soon his fame, through many climes, spread like a house afire. The odes he sold, by pecks and pecks, made all the world grow pale, and money orders, drafts and checks, came in by every mail. With fortune's smiles on him bestowed, he was a happy man, and to the country club he rode in his large blue sedan. And people said, "This Dingbat scout has now lived down the past; ah, well, we never had a doubt that he would win at last. In him we always recognized a man of noble worth, and so we're not at all surprised that he astounds the earth."

LITTLE PHIL SAYS HE SLEW SLEUTH

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 14.—Felipe ("Little Phil") Alguin, recently deported from Mexico, confessed to Louis D. Oaks, chief of police, that he killed Detective Sergeant John J. Fitzgerald here a year and a half ago, the Los Angeles Times stated.

The confession was said to have been made yesterday while the train on which they were returning to Los Angeles from Texas was crossing Arizona.

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BALTIMORE NUN KIDNAPED, AND ESCAPES CAPTORS

FREDERICK, Md., Feb. 14.—(By Associated Press). Policemen in this city and Baltimore were searching today for a man and woman who are believed to have kidnaped Sister Cecilia, a music teacher at the Notre Dame academy here yesterday afternoon and to have taken her to Baltimore, where she escaped from a house there, after being held captive for several hours, and returned to the institution in a dazed condition.

Stewart Cathcart, a taxi driver of Baltimore who brought Sister Cecilia to Frederick in his car last night, was locked up in jail at the request of Father Kane. While not believing Cathcart to be implicated in the kidnaping the priest stated that Cathcart gave evasive answers to many of his questions.

According to Sister Cecilia's story as recited to Father William J. Kane, overseer of the Notre Dame convent, she was struck over the head with a blunt instrument by the man, and drugged. She was still in bed today suffering from fright as a result of her adventure.

Sister Cecilia, whose age on the convent records is given as 31 years, was formerly Miss Marie Whalen of Verona, Pa., a suburb of Pittsburg.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 13.—Robert L. Osborne, the policeman whom Sister Cecilia of Frederick, queried as to train or taxi service to that place, said today he did not notice anything strange when the nun approached him.

Osborne said Sister Cecilia told him of a "sick friend" in Frederick who needed her and asked him if he couldn't find some means of getting her there. The patrolman said he asked several taxicab drivers to accept her as a passenger but when told that she did not have the required amount of money they refused.

Finally, he said, Stewart Cathcart, who is being held by the Frederick authorities for questioning, consented to drive her to that place.

Sister Cecilia told Cathcart, Osborne said, to drive carefully and to pick out the smoother roads, as she did not feel any too well.

IRISH PLOTTERS DOUBLE CROSSED

LONDON, Feb. 14.—Six women and a man named Forde arrested yesterday at Limerick, are reported to have attempted to obtain the release of thirty prisoners from the jail there. They bribed the sentry to allow the prisoners to escape over the wall. This he agreed to do but soldiers in disguise came over instead and captured the waiting plotters.

A document signed by Deputy Maloney of Liam Deasy's staff, asserting that the morale of the irregulars is broken, is said to have been found on Forde.

GERMANS BALK AT ORDERS TO PAY

DUESSELDORF, Feb. 14.—(By Associated Press). One hundred million marks, representing the fine levied on Gelsenkirchen as a result of the clash between German police and French troops on Monday, are due from the town today, while the French retain in custody several officers arrested in connection with the incident.

One report from German sources declares that the men arrested, including the burgomaster and the chief of police were subjected to a beating.

The expulsion of the German functionaries for refusing to carry out the orders of the French has extended to Vohwinkel. The burgomaster and the chief of police have been forced to leave town.

BERLIN, Feb. 14.—(By Associated Press). The municipality of Gelsenkirchen, according to advices received here has declined to pay the fine of 100,000,000 marks demanded by the French as penalty for the clash there between police and French gendarmes on Monday.

Aspirin Gargle in Tonsilitis

Cut This Out and Save if Subject to Sore Throat

A harmless and effective gargle is to dissolve two Bayer Tablets of Aspirin in four tablespoonfuls of water, and gargle throat thoroughly. Repeat in two hours if necessary.

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Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother, you must say "California." Refuse any imitation.

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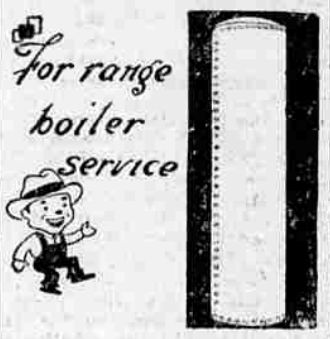

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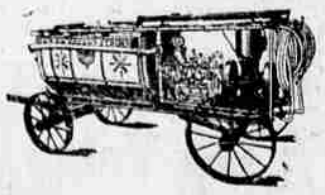

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This is to certify that Gim Chung of Medford, Ore., has cured me of goitre and stomach trouble. S. M. Leonard, 509 J St., Grants Pass.

This is to certify that Gim Chung of Medford, Ore., has cured me of rupture of four years' standing. F. G. Isham, 413 S St., Grants Pass, Ore.

Medford, Oregon, Jan. 13, 1917.

This is to certify that I, the undersigned, had very severe stomach trouble and had been bothered for several years and last August was not expected to live, and hearing of Gim Chung (whose Herb store is at 214 South Front street, Medford), I decided to get herbs for my stomach trouble, and I started to feeling better as soon as I used them and today am a well man and can heartily recommend anyone afflicted as I was to see Gim Chung and try his Herbs.

(Signed) W. R. JOHNSON.
Witnesses:
Wm. Lewis, Eagle Point.
W. L. Childreth, Eagle Point.
M. A. Anderson, Medford.
S. B. Holmes, Eagle Point.
C. E. Moore, Eagle Point.
J. V. McIntyre, Eagle Point.
Geo. Von der Hellen, Eagle Point.
Thos. E. Nichols, Eagle Point.