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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Hull has more attraction for the
pocketbook, than the vote, as demon-
strated by the million dollar clean-up
of the Italian who not so long ago was
assiduously driving back whiskers in a
Chicago tonyorial parlor. An amiable
and affable cuss, the unflinching
crop of suckers valiantly endeavored
to bury him alive in spondulicks, and
nearly did it. Now the financial
atmosphere is riddled by the squeals
of the deceived, and Mr. Macina, hav-
ing demonstrated that he can trim
something besides hair, will soon be
enroute to the hogsgow. There was
nothing new about his modus operandi—
the main idea being to abolish
poverty, without sweating, excellent
bait for any trap. Mr. Macina should
have been a politician. A few tears in
his line of bunk would have elected
him to anything.

REDUCTION
(Salem Capital Journal)

In the meanwhile the general
session closing exodus of legisla-
tive employees and members with
such state property as waste bas-
kets, desk blotters and various
other articles of session equip-
ment has started. So far no in-
stances of members or employees
walking off with desk drawers,
typewriters, cuspoids, or the re-
clining chairs have been reported.

The newspapers will devote the re-
mainder of this month telling how
nobly the legislature acquitted them-
selves, after holding out for a convic-
tion 47 days. Much constructive ag-
gravation was enacted.

There will be no excuse for the
banks and barbershops to close up
now, until late in May, though there
is plenty of provocation for it.

3 high school girls were sorely
wounded, and grossly humiliated Fri-
pm., by being forced to ride in the
back seat of a 4d, owing to seven of
their kind already being in the front
one.

WHY CHARLEY!
(Klamath Falls Herald)

fad has been started in Lührig by
Mrs. Charles Shaulis. Assisted by
an Alredale pup, Mrs. Shaulis
gave the first demonstration while
returning from a neighbor's with
some milk, the pup trying to pass
her without going around, colliding
with the pedals of propulsion, with
the result that the ground sud-
denly flew up and struck her, rub-
bing mud on her various places,
the milk, losing its balance,
sprayed over her. Charley, her
husband, insisted on rubbing it in.
Then she swore vengeance on him
and all other dogs of the curly
chin variety.

When he requested a hand-out from
Patrolman Smart, plainclothes man
on the police force, Olpez was taken
into custody and today was held in
the city jail.—(Salem Statesman).

Lying up to his name.

The bright sunshine has caused con-
siderable spring fever that has been
raging all winter.

The governor is now at liberty to
make political appointments, and it
will soon be known whether the chief
executive is for the party he belongs
to, or the one that elected him.

Remember man, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you shall be.
Prepare in time to follow me.
Tombstone Truths.

Tortured Many Years by Kidneys
"I have had kidney trouble for
twelve years," writes H. P. Pinkney,
West Jackson, Miss. "Pains in back,
joints, catches in the hips, run down
and getting up too much during the
night. But since taking Foley Kidney
Pills, my suffering is over, and I feel
like a new man." Backache, rheumatic
pains, kidney and bladder trouble
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Pills. Refuse substitutes. Insist upon
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where.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

THE THIRTY-SECOND Legislative Assembly just closed, will be distinguished not so much by what it did as what it didn't do. There were an unusual number of freak bills presented at this session. There were a large number of spite and hate bills. There were several hold-up bills.

Not one of these survived the session. When in doubt vote "No" was the most popular slogan from the governor's inaugural to adjournment.

Taxes were not reduced 50 per cent. Consolidation was not effected. But taxes could not be reduced fifty per cent. The consolidation bill, as finally drawn, would have been of doubtful benefit.

The expense of conducting the legislature was reduced over 1921 by \$1000. The estimated expenses of state administration were reduced by over a million dollars. And a perfect avalanche of half-digested legislation was put on the scrap heap.

There are no outbursts of enthusiasm over the achievements of the legislature. But to those familiar with the actual conditions at Salem, there is general relief that the assembly adjourned with so little undesirable legislation to its discredit. The record might have been better, but the point to remember is, it might have been a great deal worse.

Quill Points

The female of the species is more deadly out on bail.

Correct this sentence: "We feel very fortunate," said the new mother, "for John and I both preferred a girl."

There's one nice thing about being in jail. It isn't your job to worry about heating the thing.

Disarming the nations won't help much, anyway, unless a way can be found to disarm suspicion.

How times change. The strap now used in the street car to hang on once was used in the woodshed to prevent hanging.

Job stared sadly at his boils. "Well, thank goodness," said he; "they are not colonial possessions."

Perhaps Ambassador Harvey thinks the breath of freedom comes in short pants.

A few politicians think they are public servants; but most of them think they are public opinion.

It is easier for nations to get together if they don't live too close together.

Only a few men in America have the true look of greatness, and most of them are traffic cops.

You can estimate the length of time the wife has been away by the number of sardine cans on the kitchen cabinet.

The radio eliminates distance. But it still is too imperfect to eliminate platitudes from the speeches.

If Sir Oliver Lodge isn't busy, he might page Bismarck and get an interesting opinion of the French policy.

Some races are superior, of course. But it isn't probable that any one tongue is spoken exclusively in hell.

The decay of patriotism isn't surprising. The best fool story doesn't sound funny on the morning after.

A real vamp is one who can make a man get up and make the fires through forty winters without grumbling.

Correct this sentence: "I keep getting fatter and fatter," said she, "and I don't eat enough to keep a canary bird alive."

The producer seldom benefits. When fewer eggs are laid, the price is higher, but that doesn't do the hen any good.

At any rate the doughboy from the Rhine doesn't have to hunt all over town to get a nickel changed.



ANTI-COUE.

DAY AFTER DAY, in every way, I'm getting worse and worse; I have the fever known as hay, and I'll be busted when I pay the doctor and the nurse. I hear my dippy neighbors claim their ailments have expired; the blind, the bald, the sore, the lame, are working this "get better" game until they make me tired. I shudder when with baleful grins they seek my cottage door, and tell of ailments which were twins, of chilblains in their feet and shins which bother them no more. "We've conquered all our aches and ills," I hear these guys repeat; "we've thrown away the druggists' pills, we pay no more physicians' bills, and life is full and sweet. We merely chant our rigmarole ten thousand times a day; then sickness wilts and hunts its hole and peace pervades the tortured soul, and pain is shooed away. You have hay fever and the flu, you have the blameworthy time; why don't you join our merry crew and chant, a million times or two, the Frenchman's healing rhyme?" But I'll endure my punk disease, as I have long endured; if I took up that healing wheeze, I might become a bore like these who tell how they've been cured.

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EAGLE POINT EAGLETS

By A. C. Howlett

Benj. Whetstone, one of our well to do farmers and stockmen who lives on a farm on Antelope creek, was a business caller last Thursday and so was Roy Conley of Butte Falls who owns the old Hawk sawmill, and I asked if he was cutting much lumber now and he said no, that he was feeding his cattle, that he had plenty of hay and that he was just poking it into them and they looked fine.

Sam H. Harnish who has the contract to take the high school children to Medford and back, was on the sick list last week so had his son Robert drive in his place, but is now back on his old job again.

Carlyle Natwick of Medford, was here for dinner Saturday and reports that he is building a house on the tract of land that fell to his wife in the division of what is known as the Nichols farm, some six miles north of here on Rogue river. After it was divided between his wife Ruth Nichols, and her brother Thomas F. Nichols, they mutually agreed on the division, had a surveyor run out the lines, without the aid of a lawyer, and everything was settled as it should have been between a brother and sister.

L. G. Palmer of Butte Falls was out Saturday and reported the death of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Spencer's infant son aged 13 months, who died Friday.

Last Friday, Feb. 16th, being the 49th birthday of our popular road supervisor, just about the time when he was about to retire, having taken off his shoes and everything as quiet as a death chamber, all at once he and his wife were startled by one of those unearthly yells that few could give except Gus Nichols, broke the stillness of the hour, when I rushed about 20 of his neighbors to join with him and his family in celebrating his birthday. So after the excitement was over they all settled down to spending the evening in visiting and social games until bedtime when lunch was served and the visitors retired wishing William many happy returns of Feb. 16th.

Wm. Butler, one of our well to do farmers and Mr. Van Allen who is living with Mr. Butler, were in town on business with our postmaster and manager of our telephone business, W. C. Clements.

Saturday afternoon just as I was starting down to the postoffice to get my mail, Wm. G. Pierce, the machinist for Hubbard Bros., Medford, drove up on a business errand, and when through drove off and I started right off for the postoffice again and my daughter called me back saying that some one wanted to know if I was authorized to perform the marriage ceremony and she replied yes. It appeared that he stopped at the McPherson store and asked him if there was a minister in town, being told that

Mr. Howlett was a minister he thus called on the phone. He then wanted to know if I could marry a couple about eight o'clock that evening being told that I could, not giving any names he again called up and wanted to know if I could go out in the country about half a mile. Again I answered in the affirmative, as he proposed to come after me and bring me home so that being settled I again started for the postoffice and got thirty rods on my way when who should drive up and stop, and I supposing that he had forgotten something I inquired the cause of his returning. He said that he had come after me and I looked at him inquiringly and asked if he was the man who wanted to be married and he said he was, and wanted me to get right in the car, but I protested that I wanted to change my clothes. Finally I thought of my fountain pen and said I would have to get that to fill out the certificate so we started back to the house and I changed my clothes and got ready and we started, and after we started I asked the name of the lady he was going to marry and he said the name was Mrs. Hannaford, and after we had rode a mile or two I remarked that his half mile was rather long then asked where the lady lived and he said on his place a part of the Everett Dahack place (it was four miles but he was too excited to think). Well, we went on through the sticky mud and finally came to a place near the foot of a hill where the ground seemed to be softer and soon we stuck fast. He tried to back up but the more he tried the deeper we went into the sticky, so Mr. Pierce took the lead off and tried again but every move made it more difficult to get out, so he finally asked if I had on rubbers. I told him I had. Well, said he, I guess we will have to walk and I asked how far it was over to the house and he replied: O, two or three hundred yards. I still had in mind the length of his "half mile" and figured accordingly, and so we started. Of course I could not walk very fast, especially through sticky, and after we had walked about three-quarters of a mile and by this time it began to get quite dark for a man past ninety and almost blind. We finally reached the house and on entering met Mrs. Elizabeth Hannaford, her sister-in-law Mrs. Hannaford, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stille, and ten children, Mrs. E. Hannaford's five, one of the other Hannaford family, and four little Stilles, and in the course of a short time Mr. Pierce was ready and brought in the prospective bride and in less time than it takes me to write it the happy couple were joined in wedlock. And then he and Mr. Stille started to extricate the car from the mudhole.

But then I came up against another difficulty. I had been used to electric lights, but we were off the line and consequently had to depend on a coal oil lamp for light, and I was unable to see to write or read, but I secured the



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assistance of one of the ladies and dictated to her and finally managed to make them out. Then supper was called and after partaking of a hearty meal Mr. Pierce announced that the car was at the door ready to take me home. So we, that is Mr. Wm. G. Pierce, his bride and myself started and in a short time I was landed at the Sunnyside safe and sound. So bidding the happy couple good-night they went on their way rejoicing. Among the Sunday visitors were Dr. M. C. Barker and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn W. Smith, all of Medford.



Tom Mix in "Up and Going"

Another speedy Tom Mix picture, full of stunts and tricks and good humor, will open at the Rialto theatre tomorrow at 12:30. It is called "Up and Going," a story of the Canadian northwest, written by Lynn Reynolds. For action and picturesqueness, "Up and Going" is Mix's most entertaining picture.

One of the big scenes is a fight under water between Mix and Sid Jordan. In this picture there are some beautiful moonlight canoe scenes and thrilling rides through rapids. Eva Novak plays opposite Mix.

Page Bill Closes Tonight

The real story of Omar Khayyam, famous through his "Rubaiyat," is told in Richard Walton Tully's play, "Omar the Tentmaker," showing at the Page theatre last times tonight. The story is unfolded in all the Oriental splendor of ancient Persia, and tells of Omar's exciting and adventurous career, fraught with plot and counter-plot, and his love for the beautiful Shiraz.

Alice Brady at Page

Alice Brady in a role different from those she has played recently is at the Page tomorrow (one day only, giving away Monday and Tuesday to the Elks Minstrels), featured in "Anna Ascends," a film version of a popular stage success in which Miss Brady played the same role she plays on the screen.

It is an exciting story of adventure in which the principal characters are involved in a jewel smuggling plot. The cast includes Nita Naldi, dark-eyed vampire who won recent fame for her work in "Blood and Sand."

The Page also presents Larry Seaman in his latest comedy hit, "The Bakery."

"Betty" at the organ, and a short film, alligator hunting, are on the program.

"Ebb Tide" Work of Art

Distinctly a cinematographic triumph, "Ebb Tide" closes tonight at the Rialto theatre. It is a work of art, which no one can see without keen enjoyment. Lila Lee and James Kirkwood are featured.

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