MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE, MEDFORD, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1924



THE CAMPAIGN OPENS (Ozark, Mo., Monitor) We are for neither Johnson or Coolidge. One is always overhet, while the other has a temperature so low at all times that ice-cream is melted lead by comparison. One says so much he can't keep track of him-self, while the other doesn't talk self, while the other doesn't talk enough to display intelligence. We have always understood that a pro-gressive, such as Johnson claims to be, is nothing more or less than a stand-pat Republican who has lost control of his talking apparatus, while a reactionary like Coolidge is a Black Abolitionist who has forgotten what he stands for. We are for the ticket of our fore-We are for the ticket of our fore-fathers, the ticket of Jefferson, of Jackkon and of Cleveland, and when the time comes to nail our flag to the masthead, he it Underwood or Mc-Adoo, Ralston or Cox, we expect to keep the old banner waving until the last vote is polled. For we believe in the theory that to the victor belongs the spoils, and we demand a change in the postmastership first of all.

A LADY TALKS

A LADY TALKS He's a nice boy—that's what's the matter with him. They guit making his kind, right after the war. If he gave me the slightest excuse, I'd slap him as hard as I could, just to be the first woman to ever raise a hand against him. He'll like as not wind up as a drummer. He knows his gro-reries. I never saw a skirt change to fast. Three weeks ago she couldn't get into a car on a side street, without monality way shows as voice as squealing, now she's as noisy as a praveyard. Awful high-minded, too. Let it go at that. She's got a friend who is part of the wall at the dances. And the host said, have an eye-opener, but I was across the kitchen from the sink. One little shot won't hurt you, he said. And I said, one little shot won't do me any good. So we went into the fireplace, and I giggled worke than them that took their three fingers in a wash bowl.

HARD ON ANY BODY (Chico, Cal., Enterprise) Mrs. Mary Body of Santa Rosa Is trying to secure a divorce from her husband, Every Body, mem-ber of one of the pioneer families of Sonoma county. She says of Sonoma county. She says Every Body is too convivial in his habits.

dicious girl knows what. when and why-without asking foolish questions. Men love girls who understand by reasoning it out on their own hook, Judicious girls make few mistakes. They are of the kind of girls that men -(who are not of the stronger sex even if they fancy they are)-are anxious to marry

to manage: mer

gravitate toward

then, swallow that down with a glass o' water," said druggist Artie Small, t'day, as he sold a liver sandwich Wouldn't a toupee parted on th' side be refreshin' novelty?



SAID to Robert Ginseng Bunn, a youth of fair renown, "It's foolishness to pick a gun, as you weave through the town." "Oh, gaffer, these be parlous times," the goodly youth replied, 'and godless men, intent on crimes, pervade the countryside. To me it seems there is no sense in handing out the mon without a try at self-defense, and so I pack a gun." "Far better dig up fifty cents than ply if gun," said I; "far better yield to strong arm gents than make the bullets fly. You cannot say whom you will kill when once you start to shoot; with slugs and buckshot you may fill some innocent galoot." One night some roughnecks bade him sop and dig the good long green, and Robert fired and shot a cop who hurried to the scene. Now ruined is his useful life, and he abides in jail, and I have heard his heartsick wife put up a bitter wail. Remorse, like some old taunting hag, is with him face to face, as wearily the long hours drag, in sorrow and disgrace. Men say he'll be acquitted when his case is tried in court ; he'll not be sentenced to the pen, or made the hangman's sport. But life will always spell despair to Robert Ginseng Bunn ; how much of grief, how much of eare, from carrying a gun!



\$22.50 for a Suit, regular price, \$27.50

\$15.00 for all Overcoats valued at \$20.00