

WASHINGTON DAYBOOK

By Herbert Plummer.

WASHINGTON. — Back in 1913, when Morris Sheppard came to Washington from Texarkana, Tex., to represent his state in the United States senate, one of the first things he did was to buy a book with a large number of blank pages.



At the conclusion of his first day as a senator he returned to his office and made an entry on page one. A year later, at the close of each senate session since he has done the same thing.

The other day he took time off to total these entries. And he found that not only does he hold the distinction of being the author of the prohibition amendment and the sponsor of a new move to make the buyer of flour equally guilty with the bootlegger, but also the record of being champion in attendance at sessions of the upper house of congress.

Here's his record: Absent only 76 days out of the total of 4,243 days he has served since the beginning of his term in 1913. Has not missed a day since February 3, 1923. Has missed only 15 out of 3,059 roll-calls, and none since February 3, 1923.

Has missed only 49 quorum calls out of 7,953 and none since February 3, 1923. And he says his figures are correct, for he has not only jotted his record down daily, but just as often has checked it.

Guard. A senate split in one act: SCENE—Chamber of the United States senate.

TIME—One day after senators voted to take flexible tariff provision out of president's hands and give it to congress.

CASE—Read of Pennsylvania and Edge of New Jersey, republicans and high protectionists; Simmons of North Carolina, democrat, and low tariff apostle.

REED—(smoothing under sting of defeat in having president's power reduced) "... we might as well adjourn, now that the democrats on both sides of the aisle have decided to take the bit in their teeth."

SIMMONS—"Does the senator mean to say there are a lot of democrats on the other side of the chamber?"

REED—"We can prove it by the last roll-call."

EDGE—"I am just wondering if that same coalition will work as well when proposals to raise agricultural rates are made by representatives of the coalition on this (republican) side of the aisle."

REED—(with some spirit) "I do not know what tea of affection and this coalition together, but I do know how light they are as a whole. But I hear that the coalition may not stick throughout the consideration of this bill."

SIMMONS—(smiling and suave) "I will say to the senator that it was tightly enough glued yesterday."

REED—"Yes; they were very tightly glued yesterday. ... We have discovered what a 'progressive republican' is. I have learned that he is a republican who always votes like a Mississippi democrat."

Lincoln Admirer. A portrait of Calvin Coolidge which occupied a prominent place on the walls of the state dining room at the White House has been removed to a hall. White's famous portrait of Abraham Lincoln now hangs in its place.

President Hoover is a great admirer of Lincoln.

JACKSONVILLE

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 31. (Special)—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bunch had as guests Sunday the following: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bunch of Coquille, Dr. F. G. Bunch and wife and William Roberts of Medford and Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Roberts of Ashland.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tinty of Ashland were visitors in our city Sunday.

Mrs. J. G. Viall of Phoenix is spending this week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. O. Sanden.

THE LUXURY HUSBAND

BY HAYDIE GREIG

SYNOPSIS: While Barbara futilely attempts gaiety in her decision to reopen her country home with a gorgeous ball, a simple party at Bill Foster's apartment celebrates the success of Ray's "Grievin' Blues" at the club that night. Included among the guests is Pete Anheim, millionaire manufacturer of floor lamps, and a "Bliss" of Rita's since childhood. Anheim, long reconciled to Rita's laughing refusal of his marriage proposals, is convinced Ray is the choice and determines he shall be included in a supper Pete has under consideration. The next night, Rita comes to the club in excited happiness—with good news for Ray.

DREAMS—AND REALITY

Chapter 23
RITA lived in an ungalley stone apartment house, inhabited mainly by theatricals, musicians, artists and the like. Despite the lateness of the hour, as she and Ray climbed to the third floor a medley of sounds came out from the surrounding apartments.

"Not much peace and quiet, eh?" laughed Ray.
"This is the time when they live here. During the day it's like a morgue."

Rita's apartment was artistic, yet combined solid comfort. The furniture, mostly old, had been purchased at auction sales, the newest articles in the living room being two stupendous floor lamps.

"Pete's offering," smiled Rita. As Ray wandered about, examining the collection of signed photographs of girls and men who wore the undeniable stamp of the theatrical profession, Rita brought supper from the kitchen and laid it upon the table.

"What's the celebration?" Ray inquired. "You haven't told me the big idea yet? Women seem to delight in hanging onto good news in a tantalizing manner. ... And men hate awfully to be kept in suspense."

But she persisted in keeping silent about it. Lelaurely she poured the coffee, experiencing all the keen delights of anticipation.

"It's this, Ray," she told him at last. "You remember meeting Pete Anheim last night? Well, he seems mighty struck with your music. At lunch today he told me that a young fellow in whom he is interested has written the book for a revue. They're aiming to put it on Broadway. Pete's backing it financially and he thought that it might be a first-rate chance for you if you were to have a shot at writing the score."

Ray was staring at her dazedly, his face working convulsively. The next moment he had sprung to his feet, almost upsetting the table.

"Rita—do you mean that?"
"Sure. You don't think I'd let you to that extent? I'm all a-fire for you to begin. I'm sure you've got the stuff in you—the stuff that gets the public."

Ray was striding up and down the little box of a room. Suddenly, coming to a standstill, his hands shot out and he grasped the girl by the shoulders.

"I can't believe it yet! That friend of yours, Mr. Anheim, must be a peach! But, of course, it's really you I have to thank for this—when am I to begin on it?"

"At once. And I could help you with it—if you wanted me to—"

"Sure, I want you to!" quickly. "I'll never be able to thank you sufficiently."

"There doesn't need to be any thanks shooting around among pals."

"Pals," he exclaimed, taking her up quickly. "Yes—that's what we are—wonderful pals, isn't it, Rita?"

"Here, stop your ranting and have some more coffee."
She laughed, but there was a suspicious throb in her laughter. His brain was in a whirl! To be asked to write the score for a revue!

"You'll have to step on it," Rita was saying. "Pete's going to get the producer to send the book round here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? I wish they weren't so strict in Bill's apartment about music after midnight—that's the time I feel most inspired."

"Why can't we work here on my piano? No one cares how much row you kick up. Did I tell you that who is now employed in Klamath Falls, was visiting relatives in this city Sunday.

At the C. E. convention held in Medford, Miss Ruth Severance was elected intermediate superintendent for the following year.

Mrs. Marie Barnes, who is head nurse on the surgical floor at the Josephine county hospital at Grants Pass, visited her sister, Mrs. Leonard Lyons and family Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison left recently to make their home at San Francisco, where Mr. Morrison has work. Mrs. Morrison is the daughter of Gus Mitchell of this city and has spent the summer here.

Gold Mill Burns SOUTH PORCUPINE, Ont.—(AP)—The mill at the Dome gold mine, one of the first to be constructed in the Porcupine field, has been destroyed by fire, with a loss estimated at \$1,500,000.

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—heaviest Evening advertising volume always precedes broken sales records.

Women want Evening Papers

—they spend ninety cents of every good American Dollar and heaviest Retail Advertising Volume, planned to interest that Dollar, runs in Evening Papers.

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—Evening Papers are homeward bound when purchased.

Twice the Action

—swift, modern transportation permits full coverage of both city and suburban fields today for tomorrow's sales, with an Evening Paper.

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—department stores, chain stores and markets distribute the BULK of the Nation's merchandise; their heaviest advertising campaigns are launched in Evening Newspapers.

EVERYBODY READS THE

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Every Evening of the Week and Sunday Morning

EVERYBODY READS THE
MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
Every Evening of the Week and Sunday Morning