MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
"Everyone in Southern Oregon reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 76
ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
E. L. KNAPP, Manager
An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at Medford Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—in Advance
Daily, year.....$5.00
Daily, month.....60
By Carrier, in advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways.
Daily, month.....$ .75
Daily, one year.....7.50
All terms, cash in advance.
Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.
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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Many report they have not felt so good since the comparatively pleasant Great War ended, and will vote for another Great War, instead of another election, if duty calls.

* * *

The rumor that Santa Claus would have red whiskers this year, has not been confirmed, by Kidville leaders.

* * *

"Nothing was left unsaid" is RIGHT.

* * *

CHAINED BY DEMON BEANS
(Pendleton East Oregonian)
Appetites cannot be regulated by process of law. The man who craves beans will defy the world, if necessary, to obtain beans. He feels that it is his right to eat when and what he pleases. A shotgun in the hands of the law will not keep him from his beans.

* * *

A great deal of grape vinegar is in course of construction.

* * *

BURLINGTON, Wis., Oct. 29.—(AP) Only amateurs past 70 years of age can compete this year for the title of champion liar of the United States. —(Press Dispatch.) Father Time hatches conspiracy to rob valley of another championship.

* * *

Some of our fanciest bridge players, after pondering the new scoring rules, feel like taking up mathematical astronomy.

* * *

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL
(Oregon City Enterprise)
Miss Nellie Peters received painful injuries from the talons of a large horned owl with a wing spread over 34 inches which she captured in her bare hands. She will be stuffed and put on display in the windows of the bank on Main street.

* * *

"O. M. Lyons has returned from Portland, without having his eye removed"—(Paisley Items.) Lucky Mr. Lyons! in these hind of times.

* * *

Man will now start tinkering with the weather, and it will be spoiled, as is everything that Man tampers with, while trying to think.

* * *

It is about time the apple cider was taking the blame for bum driving down the Main Stem.

* * *

One of the Older Girls dropped an electric iron on her right foot yesterday, and for a fleeting second it hurt worse than a new pair of shoes.

* * *

F. Bybee, the J'Ville serf towned yesterday, and said neither party cut his hay for him last spring and summer, so he would elect his own hired man to throw the same at the cows this winter.

* * *

The hills are full of nuggets, and the nuggets are full of hills.

* * *

Uncle, 87, woke up this morning when he dreamed he heard the fast freight from Crescent City whistling for the Oak Grove crossing.

* * *

A duck hunter found a wallet in the Klamath tules. There was not enough in it to bother with a lawyer.

FANCY WRITIN'
(Smith County, Kan., Pioneer)
Undertaker Al Cole was at church, Sunday.
Slim Rowding has a new blanket for his Ford. Look out, girls!
A touch of winter Tuesday. Them what had overcoats used them.
Bill Bowman was mad again yesterday. His wife didn't call him until 11 and the pancake batter was dead.
Judge Korenke's barber pole has quit going around. Its carbureter is out of kelter.
Parm Moyers spent Monday evening at home with his wife and reports a very pleasant time with his radio.
Dinner will be served tomorrow in BonTon cafe. Bring your pocketbooks.
Them that haven't, git! Tod Reed called at the Barrus Brown coal house, Tuesday night.
Mayor Rice will attempt a talk to the Civic League women, Monday.
Bruce White hauled home the fallen trees in front of Bert Lowery's place, and his wife made stovewood of it. Bruce is always forehanded.

Sergeant Promoted

SALEM, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Robert R. Carey, first sergeant in the Oregon National Guard, was promoted to second lieutenant and assigned to Co. E of the 186th infantry at al. Grande it was announced today by the National Guard headquarters here.

Election Returns

WITH the largest vote in local history predicted, and with one of the longest ballots in years, the task of compiling the election returns tonight, promises to be the biggest job this newspaper has tackled for a long time.

So that everything may be done to give accurate returns to the people AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, the Mail Tribune office tonight will be closed to the public, and only employees of the paper will be admitted.

The paper's loud speaker however will be functioning, and the first returns will be given over it, to those who gather in front of the Fir Street office, where there is ample space for a considerable crowd.

These returns will also be broadcast over KMED, so the people may get the results over the radio in their homes, or at social gatherings, and as previously announced these returns will be supplied simultaneously to patrons of the Holly theatre at their election frolic.

Unless the presidential race is closer than generally anticipated the identity of the man who will occupy the White House for the next four years will be established definitely tonight. There is little likelihood however that the results of the race for state, county and city offices, will be definitely known until tomorrow or the next day,—and as in the primary the final outcome in certain contests MAY have to wait upon the official returns.

A Great Campaign

WHATEVER the results of today's election, it will go down in political history, as one of the most interesting, in many years. There is general rejoicing that the battle is over, but few will deny that feeling things sincerely and intensely has its compensations.

Never before, both locally and nationally, have party lines been so generally disregarded. Never before have so many people taken their politics seriously.

All of which is entirely to the good. Intense political feeling has its drawbacks, of course, friendships are sometimes shattered, feelings are hurt, but such wounds are soon healed, political differences are quickly forgotten.

The great danger to our democracy, does not lie in taking our politics too hard, but not takeing politics hard enough. public indifference, not political intensity, provides the real threat to the successful survival of American institutions.

Don't Forget to Vote

WHICH brings us to our customary election day proclamation. If you haven't voted, when you read this, vote now. The polls don't close until 8 o'clock. Above all don't fall back upon that shameful alibi of the slacker "My vote won't make any difference, anyway."

Your vote will make a difference. Every vote makes a difference. If a very few people in every county in California, 16 years ago, had gone to the polls and voted for Hughes, instead of staying at home and letting the other fellow do it, the course of American history would have been changed, and the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, instead of Woodrow Wilson would have been our War President.

The same thing may be true this year. One can never tell about politics or anything else regarding the future in this whirligig of life.

Election day is the one day, when a literal equality prevails. The ONE day when YOUR vote is just as important as every other vote, when you—and you—and you,—have the supreme power of determining the destiny of your community and your country in your own hands.

Don't throw away that power, don't renounce that priceless privilege which has been given you by such sacrifice in blood and treasure, through so many ages.

So if you haven't voted, VOTE. And whatever the results, know that you have done YOUR part, in performing the first duty of good citizenship.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Year Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
November 8, 1922.
(It was Wednesday)

Walter M. Pierce is elected governor and carries Jackson county by 1014. William Bates, the barber, is the only man who will admit he voted for the Democratic candidate. County road bonds for the Klamath highway carry big. Earl Gaddis defeats Ben Lindas for mayor by 137 votes. Democrats gain in congress.

Paul Luy, a high school student, appears at a dance at the Nat, in "peon pants," and is divested of the same by members of the "Order of the M." Luy was forced to go home in his overcoat and the peon pants were hung up in the high school trophy room as a warning to others.

Compulsory school law carries in state.

Election results in east taken as sign modification of prohibition demand.

City makes ready for celebration of Armistice Day.

Heavy rains boom Bear creek.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
November 8, 1912.
(It was Saturday)

Shasta Limited held up by bandits near Delta, Calif.

Turks butcher Armenians at Salonika. America urged to give funds to Armenia.

Mike Spance admits aiding in murder of George Dedaskalous, whose body was found neath the farm bureau warehouse.

Grants Pass votes $1500 per year license for saloons.

The Suffrage club holds a banquet at Hotel Medford.

Fishermen claim power development of Rogue will "spell ruin for fish."

City gets black eye from furniture sales on vacant lots.

HIGHWAY RELIEF WORK TO START ABOUT DEC. 15TH

Highway relief work, as provided by federal funds, will start by mid-December, according to definite word received yesterday by the county court from the state highway commission. Bids for the Siskiyous rerouting, the Central Point cut-off, and other highway projects in this county, entailing close to $200.000 will be let December 14, and work will start immediately thereafter.

B. A. Martin, state highway engineer, said yesterday that details would be started at once to make ready for actual work as soon as the bids were let. The work will start either from Ashland south, or from Neil Creek south. It will require two months more time to complete the survey to the summit of the Siskiyous, but this will not hamper start of the work.

A high percentage of the employment will be given to the worthy unemployed of Jackson county, and care will be exercised by relief and welfare agencies to see that all are bona fide residents. In the past, public work has caused transient indigents, and unemployed from other sections to rush here and claim Jackson count residence. An effort will be made to eliminate this phase in the coming work.

Members of the county court were gratified yesterday, that the state highway commission had reached a decision and that assurances of employment were given for Jackson county people.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON HEALTH

How does tobacco affect health? The answer to this is mainly expert opinion, though there is some scientific evidence to support medical opinion. The facts I give here are my gleanings or conclusions from the works and current utterances of many medical authorities.

So far as effects are concerned it makes little difference whether tobacco is chawed, smoked in pipe, cigar or cigaret or snuffed.

Fully developed adults (persons 22 to 24 years of age) may use tobacco temperately for many years without apparent injury to health. Children (persons not yet developed) are invariably injured even by casual indulgence.

What constitutes temperate or moderate use? There is no consensus about this, but a fair limit is total abstinence during the working day, indulgence only after the day's job is done, the evening meal is over and the hour of relaxation or reverie has come. The devotee who is not an addict knows that such temperance gives the greatest enjoyment. The slave of the tobacco habit who musters sufficient strength to recover self control adds his or her testimony to the truth of this.

Any tobacco addict who has one or more of the following complaints ought to consider seriously whether continued excess is wise:

Irritable, hacking, unproductive cough.

Dyspepsia with or without heartburn. In some cases the symptoms are difficult to distinguish from those of duodenal ulcer.

Constantly furred or coated tongue.

Abnormally rapid pulse—physicians call it tachycardia.

Palpitation or consciousness of heart action.

High blood pressure without obvious organic cause. Tobacco is a common factor of this.

Tremor of the fingers of the extended hand.

Vertigo or dizziness.

Frequent or daily dull headache with irritability or irascibility.

Insomnia.

Now for good measure let us toss in some of the more lugubrious pathological effects of prolonged heavy use of tobacco:

Amblyopia (any impairment of vision). First there is failing perception of green, later loss of perception of red—tobacco color-blindness, which probably accounts for many accidents from failure to heed traffic signals.

Pseudo-Angina Pectoris: This condition of inveterate users of tobacco may be impossible to distinguish from true angina.

Progressive deafness with or without tinnitus (head noises).

Infantalism or retarded development in one or more ways, where the tobacco habit is acquired in childhood.

Cancer of the lip, tongue or throat, in later life, is ascribed by good physicians to tobacco addiction.

Finally, we must deny some popular notions:

No one knows whether it is the nicotine or other constituents of tobacco, its juice or its smoke, that accounts for the characteristic effects.

It is immaterial whether a smoker "inhales" or not, though of course inhaling the smoke exposes a greater area of mucous membrane and hence the drug is more quickly absorbed and the effects more quickly felt.

There is no appreciable difference in effect between so-called mild and strong tobaccos or between so-called light and dark. There is no satisfactory evidence that so-called denicotinized tobacco or tobacco having a low nicotine content is less injurious to health than ordinary tobacco or tobacco with a high nicotine content.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Doris Is a Sensible Girl.

I agree with you about "cri" and the harmlessness of exposure to everyday cold. Often I put in stockings just washed and not yet dry; get soaked in sudden showers; stand and almost freeze on corners waiting for cars; sit in drafts. I am not afraid of night air or dampness. I wear the same amount of clothing summer and winter--just three pieces. I seldom have any cri. I'm glad to have a good doctor to back me.—D. R.

Answer — You bet I'll back you. I'm puzzled about the three pieces —wonder if it can be two stockings and a whatchacallit. Anyway, the only thing you need consider in deciding what to wear is your own comfort. Likewise in deciding what not to wear.

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UNDERGRADE CUBE BUTTER ADVANCES HALF CENT POUND

PORTLAND, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Advance of ½c lb. in the price of undergrade cube butter on the produce exchange for the week's initial session, appears the chief result of the recent heavy decrease of out-astate offerings on the exchange prime first and first advanced ½c lb.

There were rumblings of a shortage of undergrade butter on the open market and even extras were inclined to find a sale at printed values, if available. However, there appeared a sudden shortage of practically all butter. Butterfat values continue firm.

There was no change in the local egg situation for the day and general conditions throughout the country were steady.

Live chicken trade was generally unchanged for the day. Hen prices were steady to firm for all weights but there remains a very sluggish tone in springers, even at the record low mark.

Steadiness is reflected i nthe market for country-killed meats generally, although the market for calves is not any good.

There is a changeable tone in the market for tomatoes. Local outdoor stock is going out of vogue and hothouse and California outdoor stock taking its place. Prices are firmer in spots. Some higher.

Markets

Livestock.

PORTLAND, Nov. 8.—(AP)—CATTLE 25, calves 10; uneven. Bulls (yearlings excluded) good and choice (beef) $2.00-2.50.

HOGS 150; trifle weak. Feeders-stockers, 70-130 lbs. good and choice $3.00-3.50.

SHEEP AND LAMBS 100; steady.

Portland Produce

PORTLAND, Nov. 8.—(AP)—HAY—Buying price from producer: Alfalfa $11.50-12.00; clover $9.00-9.50; eastern Oregon timothy $17.00-17.50; oats and vetch $10.00-10.50.

Butter, eggs, butterfat, live poultry and country meats unchanged.

Onions, potatoes, wool, quotations unchanged.

Woman Hit By Truck Is Fatally Injured

PORTLAND, Nov. 7.—(AP)—Mrs. Elizabeth Sears, 66, of Portland, was fatally injured when struck by a truck on a street here last night. Harley Lyman, driver of the truck, was arrested for driving without a chauffeur's license. He said Mrs. Sears walked into the street and turned back toward the sidewalk as he started to make a left turn.

AUXILIARY PLANS MANY ACTIVITIES ON ARMISTICE DAY

Gold Star Mothers who have no means of transportaiton and who wish to participate in the Armistice day parade and luncheon, are asked to call Mrs. Ray Wright, Phone 641-H. Mrs. Wright will be at the City park, opposite the Library to receive and conduct the Gold Star Mothers to their cars.

The Junior parade and members of the Auxiliary will form at the City park at 10:30 a. m., Armistice day. The parade starts at 11 a. m., it was announced by the Legion Auxiliary today.

The Auxiliary Armistice day luncheon will be at the Hotel Medford at 12:30 p. m. Those who wish to attend and who have not done so will please phone Mrs. K. D. Ross, 640 or 1091-Y.

A series of radio lectures that will take place each Saturday was also announced today. These lectures are non-sectarian and non-political, composed by the American National Coalition society and distributed to patriotic organizations in all parts of the United States.

This society represents every national patriotic organization. The lectures are given to educate the American people in Americanism. There are 40 lectures in the series. The American Legion has given the first seven. The next seven will be given by the American Legion Auxiliary. From KMED, Saturday at 1 p. m., November 12, 1932. Mrs. Goodwin Humphreys, junior past president of American Legion Auxiliary of post No. 13 of Medford will give the eighth lecture.

MERCHANTS VOTE TO CLOSE STORES

Acting favorably upon a request that all Medford stores close all day Friday of this week, Armistice day, presented by Lee Garlock, commander of Medford post of the American Legion, members of the retail trade division held a meeting at the Chamber of Commerce this morning. The action on the part of the merchants was unanimous, and those wishing to make purchases for the holiday are urged to make them prior to Friday.

It has been customary for Medford retail establishments to close in honor of the Armistice day celebration in past years, and today's action merely confirms the request made last week by the executive committee of the merchants' group. About 35 Medford merchants attended this morning's meeting.

Leave for East — Superintendent and Mrs. E. C. Solinsky of Crater national park will leave tomorrow by train for Washington, D. C., where Mr. Solinsky will attend a superintendents' conference.

The Saga of the Barroom Door

By A. B. Williams

Aweary and tired I sat me down
Amid the ruins of an old town—
A town which in the feverish craze
Of that hectic rush, the golden days,
Was in the spotlight for awhile
Then faded out like a baby's smile.
Gone is the glamour of that brief span
Just like an old batterred alley can—
Like many another of that day—
Springing to fame, then passing away—
Gay as long as there was lots of gold,
But when it was gone the dirge was tolled:
Like wanton dames with whom men flirted,
When gold was gone they soon deserted.
Sitting at rest there quiet, alone,
I soon was startled to hear a moan,
As though someone by sorrow depressed—
Someone forlorn, bereft and distressed.
My sturdy heart gave a sudden pound;
I cautiously swept my glance around,
But not a sight of a living soul
Rewarded me as my glances stole.
Then, thinking 'twas but a fairy's jest
I dismissed it and resumed my rest.
But I was ere long again disturbed
By a louder sound, quite plainly heard,
And glanncing near at a battered door,
The which I had noted not before,
I was most strangely amazed to hear
The following tale, distinct and clear:

* * *

"Ah, friend," it ran, "it's many a year
Since a mortal man has lingered here,
And I so long for a little talk,
I would like, ere you resume your walk,
To chatter for a bit of a while
And moments brief of your time beguile.
I'd like to chat of the bygone days
When there were lustrous and great displays.
Events of moment pass in my view
Of times past when this camp was new,
Long ere I was displaced to rot
And by the people now all forgot—
Comedy, tragedy and drama
In almost endless panorama.

* * *

"At a barroom's portal I stood guard
Where men met sociably or they warred.
And now unreserved I'm free to say
I was scathed in more than one melee.
Here in my body behold the holes
Punctured by bullets as reckless souls
Belched forth their ire in spits of flame
And, missing victim, went through my frame;
And my panels, too, which you see silvered,
Were in some mighty combats shivered
As an unlucky man went crashing
Against me as his foe was smashing.
I've seen gambling, dancing and singing,
Men with their raucous voices ringing,
Men and women in gay carousals,
Fists flung freely in mad espousals.
There was lots of fun and frolic, too—
You'd be surprised what men will do.

* * *

"I recall quite well one incident,
When a Northern and a Southern gent,
Each upholding his side in the war,
Got tangled up in a milling spar
And when they had fought with hand and claw
Friends interposed and called it a draw.
They all then adjourned up to the bar
And Stars and Stripes and the Single Star
Were reunited, with penitent heart
And pals remained till death did part.

* * *

"More than one hurried lynching bee
Was planned and guarded well by me.
'Nevada' Horner, a well-known tough,
And 'Spanish' Jake, who was bad enough,
Were hustled uphill to yon pine tree
And both yanked into eternity
(Much too helpful and free they had been
With the property of other men.)
And some half of a dozen others
Got a taste of the hemp that smothers.

* * *

"There was one case I remember well
Which started a merry dose of hell.
When Dud Marks brutally killed his wife.
It was not long till the news was rife
And every man was rounded up soon
And gathered in haste to the old saloon;
Then as a posse they trailed away
To bring the murderer quick to bay.
He was spied ere long in some granite hills
Well armed with gun and with leaden pills.
And soon was a royal battle on
Until light of day was almost gone.
When from the besieged the firing ceased
The men closed in and found life released.
A well-aimed bullet had found its mark
Within that body lying there stark.
His grave was made at that very spot
And I guess by now it's most forgot.
A funeral for his wife was had
Whose fate, poor soul, had been quite sad.
I was a witness to every plan—
The services and the hunt for man.

* * *

"Another event I well recall
That descended like a sudden squall.
When Nell Tucker plunged into the room
And sent her husband unto his doom
In she walked without any adoo
And making survey of the gathered crew.
She walked straightway to her errant mate
And shouted, 'Now it's you for a crate.'
And ere the crowd could gather its wits
She plugged him plenty with many hits.
'Twas really a marvel that in that crowd
The casualties were but a single shroud.
Nell's husband hed been a ne'er-do-well
And a poor excuse with whom to dwell.
The woman had the living to earn
At whatever chore her hand could turn.
At last, wearied of her parasite,
She had proceeded to fix him right.
The woman was never brought to trial
For not a jury in forty mile
Would be found to convict that woman—
She had, they'd say, but showed acumen.

* * *

"And to my memory also comes
One incident that took the plums—
An amusing one as I ever saw,
When 'Dusty' McQueen married a squaw.
He picked for a wife an Indian maid
Said he was partial to brunette shade.
McQueen invited the entire town:
The affair he wanted done up brown.
So on the night of the nuptial fete
The groom and his bride were there in state.
One night in Hymenal month of June,
Yes, sir, right there in that old saloon.
A justice of peace performed the rite
And the crowd with cheers voiced its delight,
And then by way of a wedding dower
Sprinkled the pair with a golden shower.
Then a bumper all round was served
Till the dusky bride was quite unnerved.
The event concluding with royal feast
Which was some banquet, to say the least.
To McQueen's credit, let it be said,
Was true to his vows till he was dead.

* * *

"You bet I'll never forget the day
Which saw the demise of 'Buckhorn' Keigh.
Now this 'Buckhorn' was a married man—
He had a wife and a girl named Nan
The latter a tot about six years old,
A favorite of the whole camp's fold.
He was a straight but quarrelsome cuss,
Which often led him into a fuss.
And upon that day, as was his wont,
He used some language stinging and blunt,
Which he aimed especial at 'Yank' Sevier
And wasn't choice for a man to hear.
'Yank's' ire was roused and he grabbed his gun—
He was quicker on draw and so he won.
He potted Keigh with a deadly toll
As fast as the cylinder could roll.
And as 'Buckhorn' sank expiring down
He fell upon Nan and drenched her gown
With his own ebbing, crimson blood
And both collapsed with sickening thud.
Nan entered the room joyous and glad
With a supper summons for her dad.
The men's bronzed faces went deathly white
As they gazed upon that ghastly sight;
But soon as they could their wits command
They began to take affairs in hand.
Nan, dead in a faint, was carried home,
And the mother given an epitome
Of the tragic ending of her mate.
At which she also became distrait.
The missus took the affair real hard:
It was evident she was greatly jarred.
All aid possible for her relief
Was volunteered to lessen her grief.
Each month for years men raised a purse
For needs of self and Nan to disburse.
The funeral was a formal affair,
Conducted with real feeling and care.
While technically it might be said
Sevier was guilty of throwing lead,
Yet, according to the pioneer creed,
'Buckhorn's' language sanctioned the deed:
And though the law made its legal play
He was acquitted without delay.
But never after was he the same
And a lone wanderer soon became;
And later on, when they found his corse
'Twas said he died of deep remorse.

* * *

"I can't let the occasion go by
To tell how 'Old Soak' Dean did try
To make a record for running speed
When he imagined to death he'd bleed.
Dean was the camp's most noted bum,
Always boning bar guests for rum.
Whenever he was lucky enough
To 'mooch' supply of the fiery stuff
Outside he would saunter through my frame,
Slip into a chair which handy came
And, folding his arms across his lap,
He soon dropped off in a sodden nap.
Chanced one day, in a spirit of mirth,
A wag who wanted his money's worth,
Strolling along where Dean was dozing.
Then like a wild maniac posing.
Shook Dean roughly and let out a yell
Like a demon just escaped from hell.
He whisked a razer across Dean's throat
And o'er the deed pretended to gloat.
The razor blade had been ground so dull
It wouldn't sink into anyone's hull,
And painted a bright and fiery red,
Just like on it real blood had been shed.
When 'Old Soak' visioned the crimson blade
He gave a jump and straightway made
A record run to Doctor Doray,
Whose habitat was six blocks away.
Holding his throat with a frenzied grasp
And breathing with a feverish gasp.
Somebody, he gulped, a knife did stick
Into his throat, and cried, 'Doc, be quick
For sure it is I'm bleeding to death
And down to my last expiring breath!'
Of course the doctor could find no sign
That called for services in his line.
He judged 'Old Soak' had got the D. T.'s
And then began issuing some decrees:
'You've got to cut out this swilling gin
Or the bughouse you will soon be in.
There's no injury—you're all entire
Except your rum-soaked brain's on fire.'
Then Dean wiped his hand across his throat
And saw of a joke he was made the goat.
For awhile he sure was mighty sore
And deadly and direful vengeance swore.
Yet he realized well where lay his drink
And passed it up with a knowing wink.

* * *

"Talking of funerals calls to mind
One that was of a different kind.
A bawdy dame who was 'cashing in'
Was sore beset by her weight of sin.
I guess she once had a happy home,
Ere the primrose path began to roam,
And memory of those innocent years
Made her repentant of her arrears.
She wanted, when she had passed away,
A decent rite and some one to say
A few kind words for her erring soul
So God would forgive her blackened scroll.
In this camp's youthful, hectic span
We hadn't had a preacher man:
So 'Lightning' Darby he volunteered
(He was a man who had been well reared)
To offer a few words of respect
For her whose life was badly wrecked.
Say, man, that sermon you should have heard!
'Twas not the usual gospel word,
Not a great deal about the Divine,
But along an entire different line.
For text he took the proverb well known
'Let him without sin cast the first stone.'
He told the men they must bear the blame
For that poor woman's downfall and shame;
If she were given dues that were just
They'd find her victim of some man's lust.
He pictured a young and innocent girl
Whose trust had drawn her into life's whirl.
A wife she should have been, true and good,
And an ornament of womanhood.
He strongly adjured his hearers all
That women were women, though they fall.
His words came forth like a thunderbolt
And gave the concourse quite a jolt.
They made men's hearts in their throats to rise
And tears to glimmer in blinking eyes.
They gave her burial with chastened thought,
Even put up a stone to mark the spot.

* * *

"There's many a tale I could relate
About that barroom's pioneer estate,
But further story I must forbear
For I would not have your patience wear.
I wish that now, for the old time's sake,
You'd give my knob a friendy shake.
I've felt the beat and the pulsing throb
Of many a hand upon my knob.
Home folke and those who went and came
And not a few who've achieved some fame.
And bidding you now a long farewell
I will rest in peace for quite a spell."

* * *

I then gave the knob a hearty grip,
When something suddenly seemed to slip,
And I awoke with surprise and start
And violent thumping of my heart.
So vivid and real it all had seemed,
But evidenly I had 'slept and dreamed.
I ventured a stealthy glance around,
And sure enough, there upon the ground,
Lay a weather-beaten and battered door,
The same which had just given its lore—
The bullet holes and splintered ribs
Evident it had viewed stormy scenes
And history of no minor means;
And I pondered, as I resumed my walk,
What tales they'd tell could walls but talk.

Jenkins' Comment

(Continued from Page One.)

gent management, the thoughtful cooperation and the inevitable measure of SELF-SACRIFICE which it must have if it is to be wholly successful, government will deteriorate.

If we will keep these facts—for they ARE facts—in mind on election day and vote with a little less attention to narrowsly selfish interest and a little more attention to the broader interests of the whole public, government will come nearer being what it ought to be and what we really want it to be.

Ariel Power Quiz Date Schedule

SALEM, Nov. 8.—(AP)—The federal power commission today informed Charles M. Thomas, public utilities commissioner, it had set the date of the hearing on the Ariel development project of the Inland Power and Light company for November 18 at Portland. The hearing was called at the instigation of the Oregon commission when it requested the federal body to cooperate in the complete investigation of the Northwestern Electric company and all its affiliations.

Leaves for Klamath—Chal Strange is spending several days this week in Klamath Falls, attending to business matters.

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