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ROBERT W. HULL, Editor.
S. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager.

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Official paper of Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

It is refreshing to read of a mil-
lionsaire like Mr. Doheny, even if he
did buy up politicians on the hoof.
At 40 he had a dime, at 60 he is the
third richest man in America. When
property hit him in substantial
hunks he did not tighten up, and
grasp, and, grasp. Instead he pun-
ged up the spindulicks liberally to
the friends of the lean days. This is
contrary to Rule No. 1 of being knee
deep in gold. Gents thus encumbered
are usually hard-hearted, and willing
to part with the sleeves in their vest
for a worthy charity. St. Peter will
look over the books and say: "Doheny,
you paid Fall and McAdoo too much,
but the records show you yanked an
old, red out of the poorhouse. Now
get over there among that bunch of
humans, who had a heart."

Some of the Galchevskis are wear-
ing the straight bow, which is the
shortest road to homelessness.

Farmers are busy sowing wheat
they will lose money on next fall.

WHERE'S HIS BETTER 2?
(Cops Bay Times)
Charles Forty of Port Orford
passed through Marshfield today
in his way to Seaside, where he
will make his home.

Hysteria over "Evolution" has hit
our fair city. The leading downtown
foe of the Darwin theory, is putting
up a stiff fight against it, unham-
pered by the slightest knowledge of
the Darwin theory.

Old Edd Binna, who has been fight-
ing the Beef Trust for 17 years, with-
out getting in a solid punch, has put
up his dukes against the fish trust.

It is all right to figure that the Con-
gressmen charged with accepting
graff in the Disabled Veteran scandal,
were opposed to the bonus, because
they didn't want the "boys to prosti-
tute their patriotism."

The YMCA, secretaries in Turkey
have been detailed to feed the ousted
beauties of the Caliphate's harem, but
the girls won't overeat, if the organi-
zation delivers grub, like it delivered
cigarettes in France.

A PRINTER DEPARTS
(Oakland Tribune)
The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed-
ward Kelly, of 338 West Market
street, has been brightened by the
arrival of a daughter. Mother
and child are getting along nicely.
Why worry? Call Roswell Phillips
Adv.—027-11

Your corr. has been advised to lay
off Eagle Point, and Eagle Point
ought to practice what she preaches.

The Snides of March are here. The
same snide the burg went crazy over
a few years back, is being resuscitated
in an effort to get a tail hold.

The Craters will have charge of this
sheet on All Fool'd Day. The hol-
in-the-ground in charge of this col-
gets off easy. All he will have to do
will be to sit down in front of a type-
writer and start his hands to going.

SHINING FACES OF CLUB WOM-
EN BRIGHTEN CITY—(Hdline Pen-
dleton East Oregonian.) Fanny!
Where is my powder puff?

Rialto Green and Dorothy Greider
went through Callahan last Sunday
for a ride—(Vreka, Cal. Journal.)
Some more of everybody's business.

The Salem papers tell of a candi-
date for constable, who announces, as
they all do, "I stand for strict enforce-
ment of the Prohibition law, and
straight shooting." The "straight
shooting" plank of the platform is
new, and in accordance with recent
murderous events in high spy and
smoop circles.

Manufacturers of meals for brutes
are getting under new spring bonnets.

Eme Mohr's handsome young clerk
and piscatorial enthrall, caught a
fish Tuna. Cussing of the taxes, while
fondling 187 bamboo poles is the
order of the day.

The co. et. has been handed another
prayer to build a road into a rich
agricultural and heavy voting district.

WHO WILL THE DEMOCRATS NAME

WILLIAM G. McADOO'S eminence as a Democratic candi-
date does not proceed from any inherent superiority, but
from the flatness of the surrounding country.

If there were any Democratic candidates available comparable to
Cleveland and Wilson in bye-gone years, Mr. McAdoo, with his oil
spattered halibutments would be dropped like a hot cake. But there
are none.

Therefore the McAdoo movement refuses to down, and unless
something very unexpected happens, Mr. Doheny's special counsel
will enter the New York convention with a substantial lead over his
nearest opponent.

But this does not mean a McAdoo nomination by any means. In
fact, as a sporting proposition, the former Secretary of the Treasury
has only about one chance in ten of landing the prize. This is un-
doubtedly a chance worth striving for, but it does not alter the fact,
that in all likelihood a dark horse—a very dark horse—will win the
Democratic nomination.

Who will the dark horse be? Ah, there is a very interesting
question. Certainly it won't be Al Smith, it won't be Reed, it won't
be Davis, it won't be Underwood, for with any of these candidates
the Democrats would be beaten before they started.

The candidate with any chance to win must be liberal, he must be
untainted by Teapot Dome, he must be far enough removed from
Wall Street to satisfy the followers of labor and the farm bloc, and
probably he will have to be dry enough to satisfy William Jennings
Bryan.

Where is such a candidate? Ex-Governor Ralston of Indiana is
mentioned. Governor Ralston is not well known in the country out-
side of Indiana, but he is as well known as Governor Cox—who, if we
remember rightly, was the candidate in 1920. He is a good cam-
paigner they say, and perhaps has never been attorney for any thing
as wicked as a bank or corporation.

Ralston and Walsh—how would that sound? Not impossible.
But wouldn't Bryan and Walsh sound better? Seems so.

Bryan however recently selected some president of a Florida col-
lege as his candidate. Isn't it possible however, that during the last
perspiring hours of that New York convention the Peerless One might
be persuaded to relieve his scholarly favorite and again offer him-
self as a sacrifice?

Not impossible at all. In fact, we are not going
to be at all surprised to find that dark horse none other than William
Jennings Bryan—a good man who has often been put down but has
never been put out.

QUILL POINTS

If that Bok peace plan doesn't work, let's fight next time where
it doesn't rain all the time.

Out where Nature laid out a 2,000-mile golf course, that's where
the west begins.

Perhaps in time the test of Americanism will be to keep from
grinning when saying "seofflaw."

Apparently some go to Florida to escape the cold, and some be-
cause it is too hot for them.

We often think judges would be more lenient if they didn't have
to listen to so much oratory.

Most of the people who are bent with toil have learned how to be
bent without being broke.

The disadvantage in being a very small tax payer is that you never
learn to lie with a clear conscience.

Why should this glorious free people accept foreign titles when
all possible honor is conferred by the word "millionaire"?

"Crossing the bar" meant that one had finished with life. Cross-
ing the street means that one is about to finish.

So live that the attending physician won't need to tell the in-
vestigation committee that you can't be seen just now.

An alien might be forgiven for suspecting that the red represents
courage, the blue fidelity and the white whitewash.

Correct this sentence: "I don't care if the old batteries are dead,"
said the bride; "I know it wasn't I that left the switch on."



DIFFERENT TASTES

WE ARE too prone to rise and say, "Our neighbors are a
bonehead crew; far from Culture's path they stray—
they do not like the books we do." This morning Gaffer Cripes
came by, and said, "I feel a mental wreck; I read that Joseph
Conrad guy till I had fancies in my neck. I found his story pass-
ing time, a washed-out, dreary thing and pale; I wonder how he
got his fame? He surely cannot tell a tale." Then indignation
filled my breast, I thought to swat him with my lyre; but pru-
dence told me it was best to let it slide and curb my ire. This
Joseph Conrad seems to me the monarch of the writing men, and
when with him I sail the sea, romance and youth are mine again.
So when a nutty neighbor claims that Conrad is a false alarm, a
bitter wrath within me flames, and I am moved to do him harm.
But Gaffer Cripes spends hours and days perusing Shakespeare,
in his shack; he reads the sonnets and the plays, goes through
the book, and then turns back. And Cripes can quote forever
more the Bard of Avon, line by line; but Shakespeare is to me a
bore, and gives me spasms in my spine. And so I say it is not
well to roast a friend in bitter tones because he praises Harold
Bell while you are boosting Bedford-Jones.

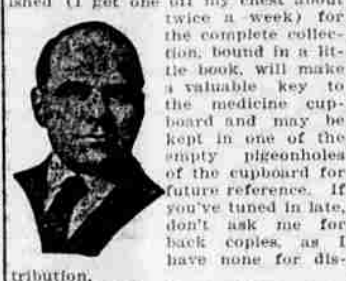
Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.
Noted Physician and Author

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 this newspaper.

When You Imagine You've Caught Cold Into It

This is the fourth of a series of articles
about the medicine cupboard,
which I hope mother, aunt Fanny or
sister Kate is carefully cutting out
and preserving until the series is fin-
ished (I get one off my chest about
twice a week) for the
complete collection, bound in a lit-
tle book, will make
a valuable key to
the medicine cup-
board and may be
kept in one of the
empty pigeonholes
of the cupboard for
future reference. If
you've tuned in late,
don't ask me for
back copies, as I
have none for dis-
tribution.



Sodium citrate has another purpose
in the medicine cupboard besides that
which I described in the last article.
It may be advantageously employed,
together with a still milder remedy,
common table salt, to prepare a solu-
tion for a wet dressing for any sore or
wound which behaves as you may
possibly imagine a wound behaves
when you're "taking cold into it." Of
course, there is no such possibility—
the idea and the phrase itself are
ridiculous.

When a puncture, cut, scratch,
abrasion or other break of the surface
is followed after some hours or days
your swelling, redness, perhaps throbb-
ing pain, you may be fairly sure the
wound has been infected, usually thru
your own careless or unintelligent
handling. Germs of the type which
produce inflammation and suppura-
tion—chiefly strains of streptococcus
and staphylococcus—have invaded the
tissues thru the wound. Perhaps you
put the germs on the wound yourself
in some dirty ointment or salve, or
carried them there with your inquisi-
tive fingers, or rubbed them in from
your unclean clothing or from dress-
ings which were not sterilized. If, be-
sides the local discomfort, you feel
somewhat chilly or feverish, as the
coming down with so-called "grippe,"
that is probably what doctors call sep-
ticemia and what laymen call "acute
blood poisoning." In time of septice-
mia prepare for the surgeon. But let's
see what we can do for the merely
local evidences of wound infection
such as I have described.

Dissolve a tablespoonful of sodium
citrate and three tablespoonfuls of
salt in a pint of boiled water; soak
gauze or common cheese cloth in this;
wring out to prevent dripping, and
apply many thicknesses loosely upon
and around the hand, foot or region
affected, as hot as bearable, and
change these compresses several times
a day or night. If the wet compress
be covered with some oiled silk, rub-
ber dam or waxed paper, with a little
cotton and a bandage, it will do for
several hours, but should not be per-
mitted to become dry—pour a little of
the solution about the seat of the
wound once or twice in the night, or
if the wound is painful, remove the
dressing and soak the member for
half an hour in a few pints of the
solution, kept as hot as bearable, then
apply a fresh dressing.

Such a dressing serves every good
purpose of a poultice, yet does not
favor bacteria growth as poultices do.
The solution favors drainage from the
infected tissues—always a desirable
surgical condition. Such a dressing is
the ideal first aid or home treatment
for the condition described, be it from
wound, boil, carbuncle, corn, eczema,
burn, hangnail, runaround, felon or
what not.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

About Names and Initials
Altho only initials are printed with

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LAUREL GRAY
LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE
WORLD

by Laurel Gray

Damocles, draw nigh. Lend me
your ears. I have a secret to reveal.
Men are queer creatures. They
That's my secret. What? You know
it all along? Oh, Shucks! I thought
I was telling
something new.
Men love to be
flattered. Men
love to be en-
dowed and jollied
along. Men in-
sist they be set
upon a neat little
hill-top and at
the base thereof
shall come all
the fair maidens
of the land and
worship them.



Why? That's the odd thing about it,
my sisters. Nobody knows. Privately
I blame mothers and sisters for this
ego of the masculine sex. Men are
spoiled at home. Men grow to become
calloused toward their doting moth-
ers and fond sisters, and when they
are turned loose in the world, they
seem to fancy that all the women are
just alike—especially created by a
benign Providence to cater to every
musculine whim. But then, again,
men must be tolerated. They must be culti-
vated and, alas—we must marry 'em.
The point is that the chap who hap-
pens along who thinks of the girl
first is the one who ought, to be Mr.
Right for any girl, no matter how
fastidious she is. Me—myself—I
know I would count unselfishness as
the first musculine virtue, and good
looks, cash on hand, and ability to do
the baby-fox trot, in less important
relation.

Styles in men's clothing from 1822
to 1922 were exhibited by the national
clothing's convention in Chicago re-
cently.



Father
as much as
anyone needs
SCOTT'S
EMULSION

Almost every part of the whale
has a commercial value.

Abe Martin



What's harder'n buyin' a dime's
worth o' picture postal cards an'
then tryin' t' think who t' send
'em to? If woman jest knowed
they looked all right wouldn't it
save 'em a lot o' worryin'!

The Australian government has
made an agreement with the Anglo-
Persian Oil company to import Per-
sian crude oil.

MOTHERS AND OTHERS

As a reliable remedy for build-
ing up health and vitality Hufe-
land, the famous Swiss Tonic,
stands without an equal—it is a
pure vegetable compound, with a won-
derfully successful record since 1860.

It has relieved innumerable nurs-
ing mothers, and other women
of nervousness, general debility,
constipation, and attendant ills.

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See Them

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an extra pair to help wear out that old
coat.

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