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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

There will be an "Efficiency Week" in January. There are too many gents at large already oozing efficiency from every pore, and unable to get anything done.

The outstanding display of applesauce so far this week, is the combination boast and gloat of upstate papers over the spryness of Justice in the case of W. R. Lloyd. Lloyd, you will recall was dangled from the end of a rope Monday bt the state playhouse, and the prison chaplain said, in effect, that it was the neatest piece of slaughtering he had witnessed in a long time. Justice was not swift. The victim ran out of friends and money and a lawyer.

MOST UNUSUAL
(This Paper)

The O. A. C. football team will pass through the city at 7:45 this evening Angeles, Calif., where they will play aboard train No. 11, en route to Los the University of California team Saturday.

It is about time for a Portland democrat to get back from Omaha, Neb., and report an overwhelming sentiment in the middle west for McAdoo for President.

"I have read all the letters in the Rhinelander case," informs a local female uplifter, "and I missed the 3000 word letter. My brainless wonder built a fire with it. Both him and Rhinelander are so disgusting."

John Perl has a new shut car. It is of the make so popular with our "robbed farmers."

"How To Make a Steam Heat Radiator Ornamental"—(Hdline Good Housekeeping.) That's a radiator's long suit.

All the "money mad" are not in Florida. The valley has some coin angry.

W. P. Wahl returned from Eugene without having his left eye removed. —(Brownsville News.) Not knocking Eugene.

It is now claimed that juvenile delinquency is largely due to the police and flivvers. When will the blame be placed where it belongs—on the Hearst newspapers.

Salem plays Medford Saturday at 2. An epidemic of colds is predicted in the labor ranks.

In the meantime highway cultures had swooped down on the automobile and stripped it of everything but the engine, wheels and body.—(Klamath Falls Herald.) The miserable bacteria.

SOUNDS COMFORTING
(Baker, Ore., Democrat)

W. E. Thomas, known throughout the country as "Kentucky Thomas," for he was born in the "Bluegrass state," an evangelist of the Southern Methodist church, is conducting evangelistic meetings at the M. E. church South at 7:30 o'clock each evening and from all reports he is spreading terror in the hearts of those who have been traveling the road to perdition.

G. Washington Maddox did not get a letter from his girl this morning. As a result Mr. Maddox was as approachable as a mule, and as sociable as a wildcat.

The bride is a woman of wonderful fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for, with a manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the odors of flowers, and a spirit as joyous as the c-rolling of birds, and a mind as brilliant as the glittering tresses that adorn the brow of Winter, and with a heart as pure as the dewdrops trembling in a coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment, where the heaven tuned harp of Hymen shall send forth those sweet strains of felicity that thrill the sense with the ecstatic pulsing of rythmic rapture."—(Wahoo, Kas., Times.) Sounds nice, but can the lady cook?

What a Surprise!

LONDON—The black museum of Scotland Yard, where relics of murders and other crimes are stored, has received a surprise visit from the [illegible] of Wales.

THE FATE OF FRANCE IN U. S. HANDS.

IF THE French crisis is to be averted without disaster, the United States will undoubtedly have to build the bridge of escape.

Such a bridge will be built with American gold, and the reopening of war debt negotiations by France today, indicates that the first step has already been taken.

The recent settlement of the Italian war debt furnishes a useful precedent from the French standpoint. The terms granted Mussolini were the most liberal terms yet advanced by the United States to any debtor nation.

France has good reason to believe that equally liberal terms will now be offered her, and such terms France will be quick to accept.

With the Locarno treaty signed the chief obstacle to a French loan by the United States disappears. Therefore a prompt settlement of the French war debt will pave the way for a generous American loan, the consequent stabilizing of the franc, and a return to stability in French politics, if such a return is humanly possible.

* * * *

Such an outcome may be impossible. It will certainly be impossible unless the French people agree to a more drastic financial policy than they have heretofore found acceptable.

But assuming that the necessity is now generally apparent, then with American financial assistance, the herculean task of averting bankruptcy and possible revolution in France, can be accomplished.

The next few weeks will be critical ones in France, no less critical than those hectic days in 1918, but as Briand with the assistance of Clemenceau won the day then, he may win the day now. With a vote of confidence under heavy odds during the last night's session, he has at least made an excellent start.

But win or lose in Paris, the fate of France will ultimately rest with the United States and the United States in spite of French talk about Shylock, will undoubtedly build the financial bridge of rescue in 1926 as she did the military bridge of rescue in 1918.

QUILL POINTS

In union there is strength. And then there's Borah.

Still, think how many, many people in America never have shot anybody.

The worst form of inheritance tax is an inherited disposition to spend too much.

Affluence makes very little difference to a man who likes to wash his own car.

Minute men still work the country, but the accent is too often on the last syllable.

You can tell whether it's a new car or a paint job. A new car will miss you by two feet.

The call of the wild: "Hey, up there in front! Step on 'er."

Normal people object to letting the State raise the children; they prefer letting chance do it.

As Congress gets things more in hand the day approaches when cheer leaders will make good presidents.

America, lone among nations, respects the rights of the weak, the Indians having nothing left to take.

Zoo animal to another: "Isn't it nice of these freaks to parade before the cages where we can see them?"

One good way to study the scornful tone is to tell the barber that you usually shave yourself.

Land of opportunity! If he can't write insurance and his wife won't keep boarders, he can get elected to some office.

Correct this sentence: "She's in the sixth grade," said the woman, "and never yet has rebuked her parents."

SAYS SOUTH CAN MEET WORLD DEMAND FOR COTTON

AUBURN, Ala., Dec.—Boll weevil or no boll weevil, the cotton belt of the United States can produce all the fleecy staple the world will consume and pay for at a "living price," in the opinion of Alabama Experiment station officials.

This could be accomplished thru intelligent use of fertilizer and better varieties of seed, said Professor M. J. Funchess, director, after studying results of experiments extending over a fifteen-year period.

The added cost necessary to increase production would be small compared with the net return and it would not be necessary to extend the cotton area, he explained.

PRECIOUS RUBBER.

I WENT to buy a rubber tire, and when the dealer named his price, methought, a moment, I'd expire, and lay my weary form on ice. The dealer wept and wrung his hands; "The price is not my fault," quoth he, "for Fat plutocrats in Lunnon town have cinched the trade in rubber crude, and run the prices up or down, according to their whim or mood." "Ods bodkins, if these things be," I said, "I'll jolt those foreign rubes; I'll go and plant a rubber tree, and grow my easings and my tubes." I bought a thousand rubber plants and set them out in stately rows, and all my nieces and my aunts are guarding them from insect foes. Some day a easing I'll require, and to my orchard I'll repair, and choose a fat and luscious tire from gorgeous festoons growing there. But meanwhile I'm exceeding sore, my wagon runs upon its rims, I smile and twitter nevermore, I've left the ranks of Sunny Jims. I feel there's something wrong or worse, when I must pay a tribute vast if I'd put tires upon my hearse—twice what they cost me in the past. There is no shortage in the crop, the trees do well, the yield is big; but sundry plutes are out to cop our savings and we have to dig. Until my rubber trees are large, and tires and tubes by them borne, upon its rims I'll drive my barge, believing man was made to mourn.

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 this newspaper.

Why You Take It So Easily.

Referring to the great prevalence of nasal infections, Dr. W. F. Briggs of Duluth remarks that "nasal infection here is indeed common, especially in climates such as we have here in Minnesota."

This sounds at first prick of the ears like a knock on Minnesota climate than which, at least, in my judgment, there is certainly not a more healthful climate in the country. But let Dr. Briggs finish his remark:

"During a large part of the year we are housed in."

So, after all, it is just another outcry against the unwholesome indoor climate, the artificial Sahara, which is pretty much the same everywhere.

But Dr. Briggs throws light on a very common and very vexing question of health and hygiene when he utters this remarkable remark:

"I am rather firm in my belief that nasal pathology is usually painless and symptomless. Pain and distress symptoms arise only as a result of disfunction under stress."

In other words, many persons have chronic trouble in the nose, such as sinusitis, which gives rise to almost no discomfort until the nasal organ is called upon to function against some such stress as the abnormal dryness of overheated indoor air. Then the victim becomes conscious of something wrong.

I believe that every individual who sets up his own personal casualties from encounters with drafts, wet feet, change of weather or other exposure, against the scientific fact that such factors cause no respiratory disease, is living testimony to the truth of Dr. Briggs' teaching. These people with chronic low grade nasal lesions or 'say painless infected tonsils, experience discomfort from mechanical circulatory changes which in a normal individual causes no discomfort at all.

Further, I venture to say, and without reference to ordinary intelligence, most people are rather dumb about slight functional ailments, that is, most people somehow fail to be conscious of or else learn to ignore slight functional derangements, and these people very cordially blame drafts, wet feet, light clothing and the like for their discomforts—it seems to be a human weakness to prefer an etiologic alibi when any little thing goes wrong with health. Not one person in a thousand has as yet taken to heart the good sound advice of innumerable health teachers to undergo a periodic health examination. People seem to prefer to remain rather dumb about their own minor deficiencies.

"Nasal infections occurring in the infant," Dr. Briggs asserts, "usually have their origin in the chronic rhinitis of the nurse or mother, either by direct contact as in kissing, or through the act of sneezing or coughing."

There is a whole sermon there, which ought to be preached over and over again. We might use the term respiratory infections instead of just nasal infections—and respiratory infections include diphtheria, measles, epidemic meningitis, pneumonia, coryza, simple sore throat, mumps, whooping cough, influenza and numerous other diseases too often wished on the helpless infant under the disguise of "just a cold." Not only nurse or mother, but the conscienceless svisitor, or the ignorant visitor—the editors say I shouldn't call folks ignorant—the visitor who refuses to accept the teaching that "just a cold" is just an infection.

Remember, then, malefactors "just a cold" is ordinarily conveyed not to exceed five feet in your conversational spray, and as far as 12 feet if you perpetrate a sneeze or cough in the presence of other persons without first muzzling or covering your nose and mouth.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Frostbite Sequels.

Please tell your readers of a simple home treatment that gives great relief to the itching and irritation that often persists after frostbite of the feet. Use very salt water as hot as bearable and soak the feet 15 or 20 minutes at bed time. A large handful of salt to the quart of water is about right.—(Mrs. W. E. L.) My children want me to thank Dr. Brady for their delivery from castor oil.

Answer—As long as the children feel that way, I don't care a tinker's mound of sand how mad the castor oil manufacturers feel about it, nor by what devious and surprising ways they go about getting me punished.

Folks, Meet Miss Wisenheimer.

I have just invested a snug sum in a nose shaper, and along comes your report that it is absurd to imagine such a contrivance can alter the shape or size of the nose. All I hoped to do was to elevate the tip of my nosesomewhat. Do you think the nose shaper will do the work? Secondly, what do you think of the food specialist who says we should not mix starches and acids or starches and protein, and another food specialist who says we should not eat sweets and starches together or eggs and milk at the same meal. —Miss R. L. S.

Answer—Maybe your nose will turn up a bit, at that, when you realize that you have been stung. But charge it off to education. I think the plausible mail order swindlers who propagate that line of hokum about food combinations ought to caution the Creator against growing any more fruits on this misguided world and they should enjoin the angels from serving any more angel food to poor ignorant mortals who never pause to ask whether the stuff contains sugar and starch or milk and eggs. Did the "specialist" tell you all that before or after you subscribed for his "course?"

The Old Ones Are Perennial.

Please answer through your columns whether or not it is harmful for a child to sleep in a room where there are ferns and plants. —T. N.

Answer—It is not harmful, but rather healthful, to sleep in a room where there are growing ferns or plants, for the porous pots evaporate considerable water, more water vapor is evaporated from the leaves, and the plants give off oxygen and take up carbon dioxid from the air. This latter influence is practically of no importance in relation to the purity of the air, but the growing plants help to improve the condition of the air by evaporating moisture in it, and they give off nothing whatever that can injure health of children or adults, night or day, asleep or awake. Cut flowers in a bed room or sick room have no effect upon the air, one way or another.

Who's Who

Klementy Voroshilov.

Those who have followed the fortunes of Russia during the past few years were surprised at the announcement that Klementy Voroshilov was to be the new commissary of war of the Union of Soviet Republics. Of all the Bolshevist leaders he is least known. When the official list of the "Red" generals appeared in a Soviet paper two years ago his name was second from the end.

He was chosen because he combines those qualities which are much in demand in Russia at the present time, modesty, lack of ambition, considerable experience along military lines coupled with the lack of conspicuous military ability.

Voroshilov was born in 1881 and was practically reared in the Communist party. He was the son of a peasant family and spent most of his life in the city among the proletariat. He became interested in the Marxian movement when a young foundary workman. In 1904 he joined the Bolshevist wing of the social-democratic party, and became a trusted member who could be called upon to sacrifice his life for the cause and did not seek power.

Then in 1917 the revolution broke out and he still occupied the same position in the party. In 1918 he was given command of the detachment of troops sent to combat the Germans in the Ukraine. With his "drunken stragglers" pitted against trained troops he could accomplish little. Later, when he participated in larger undertakings, the credit was given to others for political reasons. He was one of those who participated in the organization of the regular "Red" cavalry but the credit went to another general who was brave and illiterate and would appeal to the peasants.

In 1925 when Trotsky was accused by Bolshevist leaders of being a "bad communist" and was given a "vacation" in the mountains, Voroshilov was given command of the Moscow military district. He also assisted Frunze, his predecessor in the war office, in a general cleanup of the "Red" army.

I've allus known that a saxophone player 'll defend its young, but I wuz considerably surprised when I read where one jumped from behind his instrument an' killed a Floridy landlord. A celluloid collar should not be polished when it's warm.

Poems That Live

Lucy Ashton's Song.

Look not thou on beauty's charming;
Sit thou still when kings are arming;
Taste not when the wine cup glistens;
Speak not when the people listens;
Stop thine ear against the singer;
From the red gold keep thy finger;
Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

—Sir Walter Scott.

Know Nothing, Fear Nothing.

"I hate thorns!" grunted Growly the Bear to his boy friend, Peter. "But on that day long ago when I followed my nose I did not let them stop me. Head first I crashed into a berry bush, through briars, tangles and all, and got my eyes well pricked for it, too. But to find out what the strange sweet odor was that I smelled made me brave the pain. And through the berry bush I pushed my way into a clearing by the side of a woods.

"'Umph, 'Umph!'" grunted I to myself. 'New regions to explore! Lots and lots of trees, too. What fun! Never can tell what may be waiting just around each trunk!'

"A little shiver ran down my spine. Now, my nose always begins to twitch when I am terribly excited about anything, and it was twitching then, so, of course, I thought the same thing that sent the twitch had sent the shiver, too. In a second, though, I began to feel queer. The bristles on my back were rising just as they did when the wind whispered that Wild Cat was a-hunting. Yet I saw not a thing to be afraid of. Nor did I hear a sound. As for my feet—well, my feet were bound to run. I turned tail and shuffled back toward the briars, through which I had just come. Then I right-about-faced.

"'Huh!' I was so mad at my fur and my feet that I snorted. 'Me, Growley, a great grown yearling, being carried off by my feet when I don't want to go! And what for?'

"Just at that moment I caught another whiff of that delicious sweet odor.

"'I am going into that woods if it takes a paw!' grunted I, growling to keep up my courage, for I was scared, although I didn't know why. I hadn't gone far before the sweet smell got mixed up with something else—another odor, strange, terrible. Oh, how I hated it! And if I had been older and wiser I would have known that it was that odor that had made my bristles rise and my feet want to run. My nose had caught the scent of that creature that a Bear fears more than anything else in the world—a Two-Legs.

"Now, a wise old Bear would have turned back, but not a Cub. So I kept right on. And, would you believe it, all the way across that clearing I kept growling to keep up my courage, for with every step that smell kept growing stronger and stronger and I kept getting scarier!" Growly chuckled at the recollection.

"And you can believe, Boy, I didn't dash into those woods in any hurry. I paddy-pawed around the edge for a while. Then I advanced as far as the second row of trees and nosed about in the leaves. I found a few tender roots and a bit of trailing arbutus that the sun, stealing through the treetops, had fooled into thinking it was really spring. Nothing happened, so I grew bolder and walked deeper into the woods."

Next—"On the Run!"

Dec. 3, 37—1,888 years ago.—Caligula celebrates the festival of Neptune. The one ambition of the young Roman emperor being to outdo his predecessors in extravagance and voluptuousness, he observed the pagan holidays with maniacal enthusiasm. At one banquet, on which he spent $400,000, among the dishes being brains of flamingoes and nightingale's tongues, he made the remark, "A man should always be frugal unless he is a Roman emperor."

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Blizzards in Colorado.

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 3.—(A. P.)—Winter laid a snowy covering over the Rocky mountain states today with promise of the storm continuing tonight. The snowfall extended from Montana to New Mexcio. In the southern portion of the intermountain area the storm raged with greater intensity. In southern Wyoming and northern Colorado the storm attained almost blizzard-like proportions.

Order Navy Court Martial.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—(A.P.)—Three naval officers were ordered tried by court martial today as a result of the collision last September of the light cruiser Milwaukee and the American schooner Benjamin A. Van Brunt off Hampton roads.

This is EARL E. SHOPPER, JR. The pride of the Shopper family. Who must either spend $6.95 for an envelope something or other or forego his social activities until after the holidays.

22 shopping days left before Christmas.

Children's Pictorial Cross Word Puzzle

Running Across.

Word 1. A beast of burden used in the desert.
Word 4. Place.
Word 5. A tract of land deposited at the mouth of a river.
Word 7. A form of the verb "to be."
Word 8. An African animal which has black and white stripes.

Running Down.

Word 1. A city in Spain.
Word 2. Past tense of eat.
Word 3. A South American animal.
Word 6. A thick, dark liquid obtained by distillation of wood, coal or peat.

YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE ANSWERED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

UNITED STATES SENATOR
JAMES J. CROSSLEY

Of Portland, Oregon, hereby announces that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for U. S. Senator at the May, 1926, primaries.

Will work zealously for development of Oregon and Oregon ports, for irrigation and reclamation and fulfillment of measures for real benefit of farmers as suggested by their organizations. Favor World Court. Reform Senate Rules and will support necessary provisions for law enforcement.

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