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Ye Smudge Pot

The Seattle babe of four years, who teethed on an old pipe, and chews up a couple of cigars every day, will be all right as long as he don't start smoking cigarettes.

If you have something you desire done wrong in a first class manner, get a gent full of efficiency to do it.

It is argued that the acquittal of Mr. Sinclair, oil baron, was not due to his great wealth. On the same premises, as the smart lawyers say, it can be argued that his great wealth did him no harm in the final result.

Nastiest Dig of the Week: President Coolidge's idea of attending the opening ball game of the season is to go home after the first inning.—(Ohio State Journal.)

Gay colored lingerie for males is on display in the stores. This will result in shirts, if worn at all, being accidentally unbuttoned, down to the equator.

THIS MAD AGE (Palo, Cal. Times) People all over this section sat up Tuesday night with their nets, while Professor Witherman talked intimately of potatoes.

Yesterday was as perfect as a candidate for office on the Republican ticket, 1500 votes behind, before the voting starts. It was the candidacy of your court, who stated last Wednesday, and reiterated Friday, that it would be just what it turned out to be. Many scoffed, but the evidence was placed before them and defies contradiction. The weather is now in the hands of the official weather man—and look at it!

The program was dispensed with in order to enable the women to talk.—(Salem Statesman.) Why editors wear that frightened look.

Good results are being obtained from the "No reverse turn" signs, several turning around in the middle of the block last week, and escaping detection.

PAJAMAS It is within the memory of most of us that the customary sleeping attire of man was a nightshirt, a sort of plain, ungarmented smock that made one look ridiculous when confronting a burglar. In fact, it was well-nigh impossible to tell a burglar from a nightshirt, and it was regarded as a shameful sort of thing that no self-respecting man ought to allow himself to be seen in outside the circle of his immediate family. The one and only justifiable object after putting it on was to turn out the lights as soon as possible.

Then came pajamas. The early models were as plain as old-time fluffers. Their advantage lay chiefly in the fact that they were cut in such a way that they could not work up around the neck, as the nightshirt had a way of doing. The opportunity to create a masterpiece was there, however, and succeeding years have seen improvements and adjustments until the pajamas of today represent a perfect expression of the craftsman's art.

Tragically enough, the shame attached to appearing in public in a nightshirt has descended to the pajama. And so it has come about that a man must retire when he imagines he is looking his best. He arises in the morning and discards a magnificent creation in azure or apple green that would make the hero of a musical comedy envious and puts on some drab affair, thus spilling his whole day. Actually he dresses for bed and undresses for the street.—(Baltimore Sun.)

Cigarette Price War Brings Drop Wall Street Stocks NEW YORK, April 23.—(AP)—A cigarette price war, having as its first effect, reduction of the retail prices of three leading brands to the level of two packages for 25 cents, started today. Wholesale prices to dealers were reduced to \$6 a thousand from about \$6.40 by three of the largest companies.

Prices of tobacco company stocks broke \$3 to \$12 a share on the New York stock exchange, with American Tobacco "B" leading the decline.

LOS ANGELES

A NOTHER ONE of these cynical, atheistic, obscene and wet magazines, like Mercury, is now coming off the press under the title of "Plain Talk."

The May number discouraged us by leading off with a foolish article by Senator Wheeler on Nicaragua, but just as we were to throw the thing in the wastebasket with a hearty curse, our eye struck an article entitled "Los Angeles, City of Dreams."

Los Angeles, as some of our readers know, being one of our cherished aversions, we read what some Pasadena reporter had to say and immediately decided that the following paragraph alone was worth 35 cents:

At the present moment Los Angeles may be described in a sentence. It is the precise opposite of San Francisco. San Francisco is perhaps the most charming town in America. Los Angeles is probably the most stupid. San Francisco is old, proud, romantic, civilized, conservative, cultured, buoyant, modest, serene, tolerant and wise. Los Angeles is immature, saudy, blatant dull, radical, uncultured, boastful, intolerant, provincial and nouveau riche.

Here, in the last analysis, is an artificial city which has been pumped up under forced draught, inflated like a balloon, stuffed with rural humanity like a goose with corn. In common with most other American cities, Los Angeles has acquired its population largely from the farms and small towns, but there the similarity ceases. Unlike other cities, where this process has been gradual and the subsequent assimilation painless, Los Angeles has lured the yokels so rapidly by the ringing of a bell and the blowing of a horn that the town has never been able to catch up with itself. Endeavoring to eat up this too-rapid avalanche of antipodes the sunshine metropolis heaves and strains like a boa constrictor swallowing a goat. Los Angeles has never imparted an urban character to its incoming rural population for the simple reason that it has never had any urban character to impart. On the other hand, the place itself has assumed the manners, culture and general outlook of a huge country village.

Superficially and quantitatively Los Angeles is a city. It has street cars, tall buildings, much noise, heavy traffic, theaters, department stores and hotels. Qualitatively it cannot be placed in that category. A city, properly so-called, requires more than a mob of people, a chamber of commerce and modern plumbing. A city is a state of mind. A city, properly so-called, requires among other things some age and tradition, some romance and atmosphere, speed and form. A city requires a population composed largely of individuals accustomed to the marvels, terrors and customs of urban life. They possess a feeling of conscious superiority to the yaps. This is what Los Angeles does not possess. How could it? Her people as a whole are not yet city broken. They do not think in terms of urbanity.

In brief, Los Angeles has now reached the full flower of corn-fed adolescence. What it needs more than foreign trade or factories is simply to look in the glass. Some day it will catch up with itself mentally. When that time comes a great, vibrant world metropolis, worthy of the name, will be emerging as the center of the Pan-Pacific area.

In other words, with the few minor exceptions noted above, Los Angeles is a fine place. Our only criticism of the article is the author's admission that he lives in Pasadena and works on the Pasadena Star-News. Los Angeles and the Los Angeles newspapers are bad enough, but at least they are alive!

QUILL POINTS

Three R's of modern politics: Religion, rum and rottenness.

It's cheaper to smoke cigars. Acquaintances haven't the nerve to say: "Gotta cigar!"

Now that minding your p's and q's means minding your joints and quarts, it won't do to say a man is up in G.

One way to be happy is to shy from things that threaten to become essential to your happiness.

There's one sure way to escape criticism. A germ is cussed, small as it is, but nobody knocks an atom.

A parking space is a place where you leave the ear to have those little dents made in the fenders.

Another thing the ultimate consumer pays without realizing it is the salary of the bill collector.

They say canned grape fruit, which doesn't squirt, is just as good as the fresh. But it isn't sporting.

What's the use? Even if you were rich, you'd have no place to put all the things advertised in the magazines.

Americanism: Cussing the big ear that feeds us dust; glorying in our ability to feed dust to another one.

When a criminal is convicted and sentenced, it's all over but the appeal and delay and final acquittal.

There's a bright side. Chicago also contains many American-born people who never have killed anybody.

A submarine seems to contain more intricate machinery than anything else man has built, except a model kitchen.

If brevity is the soul of wit, the skirt designer has about reached the end of his little joke.

Correct this sentence: "The reason the women all like her," said the gossip, "is because their husbands think her so wonderful."

THE NEBBS—Front!

Comic strip 'THE NEBBS' featuring a character named Anthony and a secretary. Includes dialogue bubbles and a drawing of a man in a suit.

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.

TOO MUCH CHATTER ABOUT TOO MUCH SPATER

The health commissioner of New York City recently announced that respiratory infections were at their lowest prevalence. Commenting on this good news a metropolitan editor remarked that the health commissioner coupled the announcement with a timely injunction not to avoid taking the necessary precautions to check incipient colds.

As the health commissioner is an ardent proponent of wet feet as a factor, the "necessary precautions" probably meant wearing one's rubbers and keeping one's chest protector on, these teacherous spring days.

That's about what the whole thing amounts to. A medical journal editor, referring to the same announcement, gives utterance to the pessimism that is widely spread through the medical and sanitary professions:

"The old fashioned measures of isolation and quarantine are still effective in preventing the spread of colds of all forms. However, the people almost unanimously would resent an official quarantine of cases of colds; only a few observe voluntary isolation of colds; even the campaign to 'cover coughs and sneezes' has had little effect on the public."

This medical journal editor is right about it. But why this pessimism? Well, maybe you can get a clue from another quotation from the same editorial article:

"The people are surfeited with commonplace advice to keep the feet dry and avoid draughts."

Far be it from me to inject personalities into the discussion, as the New York health commissioner said I did at our last encounter, but may I not fairly ask what the health commissioner thinks about this comment from the New York State Journal of Medicine? Can it be that the editor suspects the health commissioner's attitude on wet feet is ridiculous?

Of course he people will resent any official quarantine of "colds" as long as the health authorities assure them that some "colds" are not infectious.

The health authorities take no such pessimistic and inconsistent attitude in reference to the prevention of diphtheria or smallpox, although certain people do vigorously resent being quarantined or isolated with such disease.

The health authorities betray a weakness here. They're in an embarrassing predicament, thanks to their obstinate, old fogeyism and dogmatism. They have incautiously committed themselves, on the wrong side of the question, as everybody can now see, and they prefer to let the thing drift on, pass the buck to the public, anything rather than acknowledge that they have made a mistake.

I urge the reader to remember this when his own child comes home from school with measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria, or what not, contracted from some alleged "cold" the health authorities admit to school. Remember it particularly when some fustian health officer has the temerity to "warn the public" against wet feet, draughts and insufficient clothing.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Girls Should Mind the Paint. We two girls work in the office of a builder, and cans of paint stand in the room back of the office all the time. We've noticed that the odors of the paint constantly. Can it injure our health? The paints include enamel, flat, turpentine, benzine, varnish, shellac and white lead.—Miss F. C.

Answer—Inhalation of turpentine, benzine and alcohol or wood alcohol (shellac) is harmful to health. The employer should provide proper ventilation to carry away the fumes.

Business Woman Likes Good Coffee. You do deserve credit for a really good cup of coffee, and now I can have it for I make it myself in my own little kitchen before I start on the morning hunt of 17 blocks to my store. I make it your way and, O boy, I thank you every morning!

Answer—The coffee you find in most restaurants, lunch counters, tea joints and the like, suffers mainly from one thing—it has a bad bull. I am so glad to know that my method cured your coffee of the bull.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason)

LEAN GIRLS

"Girls must be thin to be admired," the Old Doc told me, looking tired; "we know Dame Nature didn't mean that damsels should be lank and lean; they were designed for graceful curves; and it affects my weary nerves, and gives me fantoms in my hat to see girls angular and flat. The moves set the modern styles, and foolish maid accents with smiles the delicate and thin, and they must thin and boyish be. The well known, dazzling movie queens have cut out pies and pork and beans, and live on divers brands of slaw, and other cow feed, eaten raw. They have the diet of a bird until they cut their weight one-third, and we behold them beauties, lank and lean. What would the grand old sculptors say of beauty as it is today? What would great painters say of maids who are too thin to cast their shades?"

The Old Doc blew his flivver's horn as evidence of wrath and scorn. "The sally girls cut down their weight, by sacrifices truly great, and while they're losing weight," said he, "they also lose vitality. The pep and strength that should be theirs they sacrifice to fashion's snares; they must keep pretty well, thank you. But then, I never take seriously the hygienic advice of shady dentists and other near authorities."

Do you think aluminum ware is injurious to health when used as a cooking utensil?—M. U. S.

Answer—It has been used in our kitchen for years and we manage to keep pretty well, thank you. But then, I never take seriously the hygienic advice of shady dentists and other near authorities."

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When Mr. Chaney was discharged from the army he faced a difficult situation. He was broke and had a wife and family of small children. Like hundreds of others men just out of the service, and in the same financial condition, he had a hard time to keep the wolf from the door. However, he finally landed a position as federal prohibition agent, which he held at the time he was elected district attorney. In order that the people of this county may get the proper slant on the grand jury investigation of the district attorney's administration of the prohibition fund, it will be well to review briefly the conditions existing previous to Newton C. Chaney's election.

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about better co-operation and teamwork at the court house, to the end that the laws could be more strictly enforced and at least expense to the taxpaying public. Frankly, this resolution, while written in general terms, had particular reference to prohibition law enforcement, which had practically broken down under the system of organized lawlessness.

After rather an unusual campaign, Mr. Chaney was elected district attorney.

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and valuable transferred to his lawyer's pocket. In the meantime the taxpayers stood the cost of the trial and the overhead. This was the situation that existed when Chaney was elected in the year of our Lord, 1924.

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And what became of the fines collected? Here is what happened: It was put into the prohibition revolving fund, to be used in catching half a dozen more bootleggers. Now here is how the old system stands: Under the old system the bootleggers won, the lawyers won, the taxpayers lost. Under Chaney's system the bootleggers lose, the lawyers lose, the taxpayers win.

Now what about this prohibition fund that the grand jury has been investigating? I have doubts as to whether they have any right under the law to question its expenditure beyond what the record shows in the county treasurer's office. They are authorized by this prohibition account contemplated a secret fund to be spent in a secret manner to secure evidence, by the employment of undercover men. Many of these undercover men are criminals or near-criminals. They must have immunity, and they must have the protection of secrecy. You and I and the other so-called good citizens never aid the officers in securing evidence; in fact, I suspect that at least a small minority of us are willing to see prohibition law enforcement break down and the officers hamstring.

Now you and I know that Newton Chaney had administered this fund just as was intended by the law that created it. This secret fund has been used by Chaney to organize the forces of law to defeat the forces of organized lawlessness.

The attack on Mr. Chaney and the prohibition fund has a political angle also, which it may be necessary to discuss later.

The time has arrived when every man and woman in Jackson county who believes in law and order should come openly to the defense of a conscientious and hardworking public official. Mr. Chaney for the past year has been beset on all sides by political enemies—vindictive and unscrupulous.

When Mr. Chaney was discharged from the army he faced