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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Everything in the way of fancy legislation for the sacred fish of the Rogue has been proposed or passed, except to put aromatic bath salts in the deep pools.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers!" promises to be the campaign song of the Republican party. Among the eminent Christian soldiers are Albert B. Fall and Harry M. Daugherty.

Attorney Gus Newbury has hurt his arm—the one he waves at the jury.

A number of the Older Girls are away on visits, their brutes of husbands looking as lonesome as the north end of the depot on a foggy night.

WHY EDITORS SWOON
(Eugene Register)

EUGENE, Ore., July 4.—(To the Editor)—In response to your editorial of yesterday the blood of my ancestors has again coagulated in me.

Visiting marathons by lady drivers are frequently interrupted by California tourists turning around in the middle of the street.

The lead has jammed in the golden pencil that was constructing a railroad to the coast.

Every now and then somebody is apprehended working a cuss-word puzzle, and an intensive search would probably reveal a woman knitting a pair of socks for the Belgians.

Dormant spray is being squirted on the trees, and the results are visible on the shady sides of edifices.

More Gabardicks are following in the footsteps of the immortal Kansas citizen, who wore no socks, and made Bert Anderson mad with his Populistic talks.

INSPIRED OBSERVATION
(Exchange)

"Under the heading, 'Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath,' the following appeared in a paper:

"'Miss Cecelia M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and Rufus Bacon, janitor.'"

Sec. Work announces that the tariff will be the issue. Hurrah! Whoopee! The tariff is a subject all can discuss at great length and learnedly, without the slightest knowledge of the subject.

The haters of Al Smith are having a hard time putting hoofs and horns on him before his admirers can get the angel wings adjusted.

Swimmers throughout the land are making the usual finds of stogies carefully dying 20 feet into two feet of water. Also many filled with a desire to swim or die, are doing the latter.

Lady Ford-Coupe of the local imitation British set, has lost 15 pounds in the campaign to be a string-bean, but is getting over back of one ear.

THE FLOWER OF GALOOTERY
(Press Dispatch)

CAMDEN, N. J., July 4.—(By Press)—William Ingram, 40, of this city, was in a hospital tonight with his teeth blasted away, the victim of a Fourth of July prank.

While he sat asleep on the porch of his home, presumably with his mouth open, a practical joker thrust a large firecracker between his teeth, lighted the fuse and fled.

Residents of this neck of the woods are returning from holiday duties to the binding of the wounds.

BEST WISE-CRACK OF THE WEEK—The best dressed girl in this neighborhood remarked yesterday that one of her new shoes stays down as well after she has assumed a sitting posture that it makes her feel very conspicuous.—(Ohio State Journal.)

INDIAN OUTBREAK FEARED NEVADA UTAH BORDER

SALT LAKE CITY, July 7.—(AP)—A serious situation has arisen between Goshute Indians and white residents in the region of Ibapeh on the Nevada-Utah line, said a telegram sent by United States Marshal H. O. Pack to Attorney General Sargent in Washington today.

THE CASE OF WILLIAM HICKMAN

OVER seven months ago the entire world was horrified by the unspeakably atrocious crime of William Edward Hickman.

Not until two months had passed was he brought to trial. Another two months elapsed before he was sentenced to hang.

Now that sentence has been upheld, but Hickman's attorneys announce they will carry their fight to the United States Supreme Court.

There is no question, whatever, of Hickman's guilt. There is no question, legally or otherwise, of his sanity and responsibility for the cold-blooded murder of a defenseless little girl.

But seven months have already passed, and thanks to the indefensible technicalities of our criminal laws, another seven months will probably pass before this young man is brought to justice.

* * *

We do not like, or theoretically believe in, capital punishment. But as long as it is the law, it should be enforced; and if it is ever to act as a deterrent to crime, it must be enforced promptly.

In England or Canada, as everyone knows, Hickman would have been brought to justice, and the degrading incident closed, no longer than thirty days after the crime was committed. If the supreme penalty had been life imprisonment, the case in California would have been ended at least six months ago.

But while most of our states retain the death penalty, practically none of them enforces it, until so much time has elapsed, that all—or nearly all,—the alleged moral benefit has been lost.

* * *

The American people should do one of two things. Either retain the death penalty, and insist upon a revision of our legal procedure, which will render such scandalous delays in justice impossible. Or,—abolish the death penalty, make life imprisonment the maximum punishment, and have the satisfaction of seeing monsters like this boy Hickman placed PROMPTLY where they belong and where they can molest little girls and menace society no longer.

The present practice of retaining the death penalty, and either disregarding it, or delaying its execution, until the crime which justified it has been forgotten, eliminates what good there may be in such a procedure, and exaggerates its evils.

QUILL POINTS

It takes an unusually keen interest in the common welfare to make a pedestrian worry about the diminishing crude oil supply.

Four girls can sleep in one bed, but there never was a bed big enough for two men.

The hit dog howls, but that proves nothing. He howls all the louder if he doesn't deserve it.

Perhaps a politician just seems crooked because he is trying to lean so many ways at once.

Rodin's "Thinker" is a great piece of sculpture, but not realistic. The man's feet aren't on a desk.

The way to discover which side a Chinaman is on is to wait and see which side kills him.

Now that the Klan is unmasked, the only Americans who cover their faces wash it off at night.

Americanism: Spending a little money because you're bored and can't think of anything else to do.

The lower class doubtless is the one that is paying $2 a month on a car instead of $8.50.

The soviet system seems to lighten the toil of everybody, including old Colonel Stomach.

Friendship is cemented by the sharing of some disaster, like a war, or a famine, or swellhead.

Wall Street is a place where little lambs are led up to a high place and shown how gravity works.

If only the reformer would labor among those who need it instead of scolding people already somewhat better than he is.

Apparently an uprising of farmers doesn't affect a convention much if only 16 of the $,642,000 uprise.

Mr. Coolidge will cast a fly among liver-fed tame trout, and that's that. But are there any hens in a coop if he should wish to do some shooting?

Correct this sentence: "He argues with me as though we were equals," said the boss, "but I'm never tempted to fire him."

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.

LITTLE CHUNKS OF COLD LOGIC
No. 6—Mrs. Meeker and Milder.

As I glance through your article I can "sympathize," just as you say you do. Nor do I doubt that you suffer cramps, or headaches, just as you say you do. I only contend that cultism or self cold feet cannot be blamed for such troubles. Normal women do not suffer such trouble from any such causes or fancied causes. There must be something wrong with your health that makes you peculiarly sensitive.

Certainly cold tends to aggravate cramps and warmth tends to relieve them, no matter what their cause or character. Charm is muscular cause. Warmth relaxes. If an individual has some abnormal condition, some disease, minor or major, functional or structural, that happens to give rise to cramps or a spasmodic tendency, that individual is likely to be abnormally sensitive to cold, which stimulates or excites the muscular spasm.

I am afraid I cannot maintain the claim that I know it all. Dr. Peter Heubscher of St. Louis, Mo., told the American Society of Immunologists, also I, that Eskimos never get "common colds" in spite of their exposure, unless the "colds" are introduced by an outsider. Maybe the Eskimos lack horse sense or a sheepish instinct.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Moisture.

Is it harmful to drink sodas? I have heard that sodas and soft drinks will ruin one's stomach. I like to mix a drink composed of lacteric acid and sugar in cold water, as a substitute for lemonade. Is that all right?—K. McL.

Answer.—An occasional soda or fizzy soft drink is comparatively innocuous, but in my judgment the habitual use of these artificial beverages is injurious to the stomach and the health generally. Your substitute for lemonade is not particularly harmful, but why resort to such a substitute when you can get any number of real fruits to prepare wholesome beverages if you don't care particularly for lemonade?

Cataract.

Some time ago I saw something in the paper about a remedy for cataract without an operation. Since then my mother has got a cataract in one eye and is getting another in the second eye. I sure would like to know if they can be removed without a surgical operation.—Mrs. H. L. J.

Answer.—No, there is only one way to remove cataracts, and that is by operation. This is painless and without serious danger to the patient. Nowadays the cataract has to be removed before sight is greatly impaired. Your mother should have the advantage of an eye surgeon's examination and advice before the cataract is greatly affected in the better eye.

Bow Legs.

Can you tell me anything that will remedy my being bow-legged? I am 15 and my right leg is slightly bowed, enough so that people remark about it.—E. B. W.

Answer.—Are you taking Cotton's Vitamin Tonic? Often a vitamin tonic will work wonders when all that is needed is a nudging of life to make them seem straight.

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Communications

D. A. R.'s Vindicated

To the Editor Independence, a young woman on July 4 wrote one thoughts with tears in the eyes of the men of our nation, telling what we had gained our independence. It became evident that no one of a young mental temperament was with imbecilled feelings. The preamble to the constitution was worth as much as those to provide for the common defense and insure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," and "amendments which on earth the right of each citizen. Yet that one is often abused in exercising our right we transgress the rights of others. This was done by Mrs. Helen Tufts Baker, who also accused our national officers of dictating to the chapters whom they should invite to address their meetings. This national society was severely criticised both publicly and officially, and it was necessary to use drastic measures in order to check the organization. Mrs. Baker was [illegible] by the national society and expelled. The charge brought against her was authorship of a pamphlet "Our Threatened Heritage," in which she made statements injurious to the good name of the society, belittling its work, falsely accusing its officers, making statements derogatory to its interests, and containing propaganda contrary to the expressed policy of the society in regard to its patriotic work.

When Mrs. Belle was questioned about the black list she readily admitted never having seen a list outside of the state of Massachusetts and had never known of any national officer possessing such a list. Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, president general of the society, said she deeply regretted the necessity of inflicting such drastic punishment as expulsion on any member, but the good name of the organization was above any personal feelings.

We replies that such a thing as the "black list" was never authorized by the national society and that it has been thoroughly proved by Mrs. Belle's own statements. We still have free speech and the right to listen to whom we please. Every member must take an oath to uphold the policies of the society, which are based on our duty to and in defense of our country.

Under like chapter, D. A. R.'s did not take sides either way. Their information came solely through the press and immediately Miss Ann M. Lane, past vice president general and past state regent, who is again chairman of national defense, made the statement that no such list had ever been sent her. As Miss Lane is a woman of unquestioned integrity, courageous and conscientious we regretted should accept her statement in preference to someone playing for notoriety. The local members regret that our national society is thus [illegible].

D. A. R.

Time to Can Apples.

To the Editor:

Most of the housewives never think of canning apples, yet the latter grade make the best applesauce for flavor.

Take the early varieties here grown when ripe and quarter the apple (don't, as this is not necessary unless you want to slice the apples). Green apples can be boiled to a pulp with the skins on and rub the skins out of the pulp when they are thoroughly cooked to get the flavor from the skins. The flavor of the apple is just under the skin and to get it you want to boil the peelings with the pulp, even if you slice and peel them, put the peelings in a muslin bag in the last case to get the flavor. Does add sugar, until boiled and peelings are removed, and you will find the real flavor of the apple in the sauce. Can the fruit varieties for winter use as may be [illegible] and you will be surprised. The late varieties don't make as good sauce as the early ones, so time may be saved.

C. E. VELIE.
Central Point, July 4th.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason)

IDEAS OF FUN

We gaze with much amazement on our neighbor, Beeswax Jones; he's bought a famous lexicon that cost five hundred bones. It is a monumental work, the noblest of its kind; its erudition may well may irk the uniform type of mind. This Beeswax Jones, he saved the scads a heap; and hoped to have a heap; and all the time he read the ads of autos good but cheap. When he had saved five hundred planks he hoped to buy a car, and threw the gravel on in chunks, while driving near and far. He dreamed about the happy time when he would have a bus, a boat that would set up and climb, and make no beastly fuss. He talked about the golden day when he would walk no more, but ride in his upholstered dray along the sandy shore. And then he read an ad absurd about a lexicon dissecting every sort of word that culture shines upon. For many nights he lay awake deciding what to do; should he blow it his hoarded stake, that he might chug and choo? Would he be happier behind the windshield of a wain, than if he tried to store his mind with facts both sage and sane? And he decided in the end he'd rather sit and read than go ker-whooping round the bend at an unholy speed. And so his dictionary book in twenty volumes came; while through their printed leaves he looks, folks say it is a shame. That any man elects to walk that he may read and learn—it is a thought at which we balk, a sentiment we spurn. When Jones goes by men tap their brows, and say, "Dumbalas!" For who would in deep volumes browse when he might burn up gas? And yet this Jones contented looks, and happy as the birds, as he goes home to read his books which, treat of ten cent words. Since happiness is all men wish, among their diverse homes, we'll simply have to let Jones fish among his dreary tomes.

Abe Martin

Th' newspaper pictures of women in politics makes 'em all look like wonderful pie bakers an' great home makers, an' still it's claimed th' camera never lies. There's nothin' smart about winnin' a girl. Shakin' one's th' real test.

11TH CHICAGO NIGHT CLUB IS CLOSED UP

CHICAGO, July 6.—(AP)—The padlocking of the Alamo cafe, one of the bright spots along Wilson avenue on the north side, today had brought to fifteen the number of Chicago night life resorts closed by the government on prohibition evidence.

The charges against the cafe were that crooked joy girl dancers were served for the convenience of patrons bringing their own liquor.

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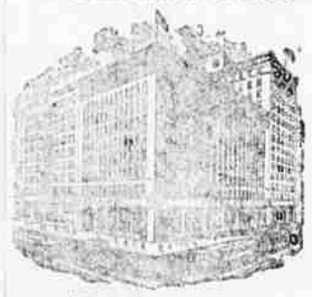

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