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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Next to seeing an actor get hit with a barrel stave, Medford audiences like to hear nasty digs about the demise of Ashland.

The most exciting foreign news yesterday was the startling information that the premier of Spain was having some trouble with his girl.

A gent from the north end of the county was in town yesterday. He was being chased by the Pope, and was surprised that he had not seized the courthouse.

Improvement is noted among the lady autoists. They can now park their vehicles in the middle of the Main Stem, during the busiest traffic hour, and only tie up seven cars for an indefinite period.

JUST TOO SWEET!
(Press Dispatch)

The executive council of the Boy Scouts organization of Cleveland, Ohio, has instructed the boys—they are all under 17 years of age—to make it their business to seek to persuade women to give up cigarette smoking.

Vacant spaces are hives of industry, from the activities of grasshoppers, insuring some fat on the Thanksgiving turkeys. Grasshoppers are the favorite grub of fish, and are used extensively by fishermen, with a hat full of flies. However, a fisherman who catches a fish with a grasshopper is rated as a son-of-a-gun, and a low order of human. Ants and woodpeckers pickle grasshoppers away for next winter's fodder. A grasshopper can kick harder than one of the late Hillcrest orchard mules, in proportion to his heft. Capeo immortalized the woodpecker, in a notion thought up by Horse Bromley—all by himself, and without the aid of a conference. (Hurrah for Horse!) Holy Writ took a crack at the grasshopper for his shiftlessness. Refugees from Kansas often recall the year the grasshoppers ate up everything green, and the pumphandles. Like the Humdingers, Inc., the grasshopper is always on the jump, and proud of it.

C. Wig Ashpole and H. Flewher have established cordial relations. Mr. Ashpole is after a vote, and Mr. Flewher is trying to sell a loaf of bread. Both are rough and robust greeters. Keen interest is being manifested in whether Mr. Ashpole will get in his cordial swift kick, where it does the most good, before Mr. Flewher catches him with a hearty headlock, and earhold. Your correspondent hopes so.

Lightning flocked to the east last eve in a business-like manner. A number of forest fires started by a carelessly thrown cigarette are expected.

Owing to the heat, many villagers were out on the front porch in their stocking feet last night.

CARROTS VERSUS DEATH—Hidine Lit, Dig.: Death will win, but will know it has been in a battle.

The moral tone is on the up again. Young men having education rammed into them at Eugene and Corvallis, have discarded the marcel.

A number of the fair sex are sporting well-fried arms and shoulders, and they wear their sunburns well.

College Football Star Is Killed By Bolt of Lightning

WOLFEBORO, N. H., July 12.—(AP)—Harold Leslie Hamm, 21-year-old Dartmouth football star of Arlington, Mass., is a victim of lightning.

He was killed yesterday afternoon while fishing from a wharf on Lake Winnepesaukee during an electrical storm.

The Dartmouth fullback had been a counsellor at a boys' camp. A bolt struck the water a few feet from the wharf where he was sitting and skipped along the surface of the lake, striking the steel rod which he held in his hand. A camp physician tried for two hours to resuscitate him.

IF W. J. BRYAN WERE ALIVE

WE TRUST the spirit of William Jennings Bryan is not hovering over this mundane sphere at the present time. For we can imagine no spiritual anguish more acute, than the Great Commoner would suffer, were he conscious of what is now going on in that party which he led, and to the service of which he dedicated his life, for so many years.

We vividly remember that look of utter despair on the Great Commoner's face when Governor Cox was nominated and with tears in his eyes he said his heart "was in the grave."

But Governor Cox was merely moist. And the Democratic candidate in 1920 was as strongly opposed to Wall Street and Tammany Hall, theoretically at least, as was Mr. Bryan himself.

But today the Democratic party is being led, not only by Mr. Bryan's most hated enemy, but by the one man in this country, who represents, in a most exaggerated form, the things in American public life the Great Commoner most heartily detested.

"A rollicking Tammany leader in a brown derby hat." That is a picture of the Democratic candidate, drawn by one of his close friends and supporters. And now that leader has placed his campaign in the hands of John J. Raskob, a multi-millionaire from Wall Street!

Would the evangelical home-spun soul, of Mr. Bryan, been more outraged had the name been John D. Rockefeller?

• • •

Aye, verily, times have changed! In less than a decade the Democratic party has been transformed,—not only into a new party,—but actually into a party that is the almost perfect antithesis of what it was only a few years ago.

This transformation extends even to the party under the leadership and domination of Woodrow Wilson. The League of Nations was of course the one ideal closest to the heart of our last war President.

But in Houston the other day, while the delegates cheered the dead leader whenever his name was mentioned, they proceeded to not only bury the League of Nations, but give it the epitaph adopted by President Wilson's bitterest enemy, "No entangling alliances."

Need there be surprise that lifelong Democrats are deserting their party? Nothing could be more certain than that if Mr. Bryan were alive today he would be leading the embattled and crusading hosts of that Democracy he knew and loved, against the forces now advancing toward the White House, under its battle-scarred banner.

QUILL POINTS

Doubtless Mr. Heflin, even as a boy, carried water for the elephant.

About all you get out of being a prominent citizen is a fine funeral you can't see.

How strange that Christian people should call their worst calamities "acts of God."

A friend in need is a friend who would gladly help you except that he spent his last dollar yesterday.

Redundancy: The use of too many words: as, "He is a lawyer politician."

It's too late to feel vindictive, but we hoped the two ants old Noah took aboard got into the butter.

A "political boss" leads in the same way a mule's nose does. Whichever way the mule decides to go, the nose is out in front.

Americanism: A sublime faith that Harold will get over his dumbness and become a great man if forced through college.

Mr. Reed favors "impartial enforcement." Everybody will agree enforcement has been partial in one sense.

The latest statistics show that 83 per cent of the valedictorians now have good jobs working for chaps who dropped out at the seventh grade.

No, beloved, the stock exchange member who borrows money to speculate with doesn't give a mortgage on his crop, mules and household goods.

There is a little safety-first conservatism in all of us, and when Henry Mencken took off his coat at Kansas City he revealed suspenders.

Each generation produces at least one great "liberal thinker" whose life work consists in saying: "Darn religion."

Correct this sentence: "She is an only child," said the gossip, "but she doesn't resent criticism."

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.

TAKE UP THE STUDY OF MAN

Before the World war devastated Europe it was a fine thing for the medical student to spend a season in the great medical clinics and schools of the old world, before settling down to practice. Aside from the advertising value of such a tour for the young doctor, there was much of real educational value to be had abroad and not then available in America. Today no medical student or physician need go to Europe to complete his training, because American medical education is equal to anything a man can get abroad, and indeed the trend now is in the opposite direction—European students and doctors come to America to get the embellishment Americans formerly sought over there. While Europe has suffered from the war America has been singularly fortunate. Medical education in this country has had no setbacks.

I am not familiar with other fields of technical or professional education, but it seems to me as a layman that America has not advanced so rapidly in elementary and high school education. Our educators still look to Europe for guidance and example. Especially is this true of physical education. In this field we have a lot to learn from Danish, Swedish and German educators in particular. The leaders in this branch of education in America have their eyes on Europe and they flock to Europe at every opportunity for newer knowledge and more successful methods. Notwithstanding our unadmirable habit of boasting about the superiority of everything American and our sometimes crude conceptions of "patriotism," the truth is that physical education in our elementary and high schools is still on a primitive basis and indeed is often administered by untrained or poorly trained executives whose quaint methods cost the taxpayers as much as properly qualified supervisors and instructors would.

The great obstacle to the progress of education in this and related fields in America is the ignorance of the present regime of educators. Their schooling included no physical education at all, or at most merely sketchy dabs at it. If they received any instruction in human physiology it was not very serious, just a vague course in something called "health," "hygiene" or whatnot—of course these subjects have little to do with human physiology or with human anatomy. In short, our present regime of educators got that way without troubling themselves much about physical education, and consequently they cannot comprehend why such education should be given more consideration in the elementary and high schools than it has had in the past. This, I think, explains why even the leaders in this field are lukewarm in their attitude toward this reform.

An arithmetic teacher who would teach that six times five make 35 would not hold a job in the schools, but we employ many teachers who teach equally silly drivel under the heading of physiology, health, hygiene or "that body of yours" or some similar Mother Goose title. These untrained teachers are not to blame. They do the best they can. It is the executives higher up who are to blame.

To all youthful graduates from school I would say now is the time for you to take up the study of man.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Web Fingers

Our 3-months-old baby has two webbed fingers. At what age should they be separated? The family doctor said the longer we wait the better the job can be done. (Mrs. O. S. W.)

Answer—Provided the baby is thriving the earlier any such plastic surgery is done the better the cosmetic result will be.

Frozen Canned Food

A case of tomatoes and some canned salmon was frozen in the cans. Is this stuff fit to eat? Some tell me it is poison. (M. H. O.)

Answer—It is not poison. The freezing does no harm except perhaps spoiling the flavor of the food. If the food tastes all right it is still perfectly wholesome.

Window Glass Admitting Ultraviolet

Please advise me whether any kind of a window glass can be obtained that admits ultraviolet rays of sunlight. I purpose to use such glass if obtainable for a sun porch. (C. H. A.)

Answer—Glass that admits ultraviolet rays is now made by various manufacturers among them the Vitaglass Corporation, New York City, and the Pittsburgh Plate Glass company. There is also a kind of wire screen filled with a transparent substance that admits ultraviolet light, but is not weather proof, and this serves very well to exclude wind and cold for temporary sun baths. The glass that admits ultraviolet rays is still pretty expensive.

Chicken Breast

I have just discovered that our baby, a year old, has what is called a chicken breast. I am greatly worried and would like to know what causes it and what can be done to restore it to normal. (Mrs. R. W.)

Answer—Rickets, from shortage of vitamin D in the diet or from insufficient sunlight on the baby's naked skin, and any obstruction of the upper breathing passages, may cause chicken breast. Better give the baby a daily dose of cod liver oil for vitamins A and D, also a daily sun bath. Have your doctor examine for adenoids or other obstruction.

(Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

N wonder a good chamois skin cost two or three dollars, fer ther faint t' exceed thirty-five chamois in existence, an' ther never wuz enough t' supply even th' needs of a town as big as Urbana, O. Th' funniest thing yet is women gittin' fleeced on "home work" schemes.

(Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)

The Pullman porters say they will strike for $150 a month and "abolition of all tips."

The bigger salary is a good idea, if they can get it. Abolition of the tips would be extremely foolish, and ruin the service, taking away incentive.

At present every Pullman car porter is "in business for himself." And that means doing your business well, with your heart in it.

The death of Alfred Lowenstein, Belgian of many millions, becomes more puzzling. He drew out $500,000 cash before the flight that ended with his disappearance. A seaman tells of seeing a parachute coming down, and police tell of a mysterious man landing at a London dock the night of the disappearance.

The probability is that Lowenstein, worried and irresponsible, jumped to death. If he did, it will never be proved, and British law may tie his estate up for 30 years.

Russia worries about Japan's desires to absorb Manchuria, to be used for Japan's overflow population. That does not worry the United States.

Asia belongs to Asiatics, and Japan's spread in Asia would have only the building up of a gigantic Asiatic power, but it is our business to build a greater, stronger power here.

Some very important Americans, neatly divorced in Paris, are worrying. The rich were amazed to find how easily a divorce could be produced in France.

Now they find that money is useful there as well as here. One judge and various court officials are accused, and 142 prosperous Americans divorced by that one judge, many of them remarried, may find complications in their lives.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

PRIVATE GRIEFS

The Reaper took my spotted cow upon a fateful day, and I, with gloom upon my brow, pursued my doleful way. I told my friends about my loss at every mark and turn, and many of them came across with sympathy to burn. I told about the hours of pain my good old cow endured, and how I called in doctors twain, in hopes she might be cured. Through the sad watches of the night I lingered in her shed, to find, when came the morning light, that she was doubly dead. Day after day I told my tale of sorrow and distress; and that a larn like that grows stale I didn't even guess, until I noticed people hide behind a barn or tree, and as I walked the countryside I had no couldn't find a man who'd wait until I told my tale; he'd wring his hands and pull his freight as soon as I set sail. At last I realized the fact that I'd become a bore, that I was blowing little fast in letting sal. tears pour. Although my cow was all I claimed, a creature I admired, my neighbors couldn't well be blamed if they grew sick and tired of hearing of her mournful doom, that dismal tragedy; they couldn't gather round her tomb and rend their beards with me. For they had sorrows of their own that held their souls in thrall; one man had lost a silver bone, bet on a game of ball. And one had lost a setting hen, and ellc a brace of geese; and in this world of weeping men he saw no hope of peace. Another had a maiden aunt just come to visit him, and as he walked men heard him pant in anguish deep and grim. They all had griefs and woes enow, and foolishly I dared to think they'd hear about my cow with patience unimpaired. I'm slow at times the truth to see, I'm blind to hints and clews; but when that truth comes home to me, I paste it in my shoes.

MALMGREN IS DEAD
(Continued from Page One)

they had just one hope, and that was that somehow, out of the murky skies, might come a rescuing plane.

This dream, the men said today, born in infinite pain, was finally fulfilled when Chukhnovsky Tuesday emerged from the heavy, low-hanging clouds like a rescuing angel.

Rescued at Last

Starving as they were and dying inch by inch, the plane bore a promise of life, but for the moment this was not destined for fulfillment, and 36 hours of further suffering were before them. The plane could not land, but Chukhnovsky, disregarding his own peril from a forced landing on North East land, directed the Krassin by wireless to the spot where the two men were huddled.

All last night the Krassin plunged again and again through the thick mas of ice flocs through the 20 miles of sea that separated it from the dying men. At 5 a. m. today the captain on the bridge saw a figure on an ice floe.

Two hours later the ice breaker drew alongside the group on the floe. One man stood waving faintly a tattered flag and the second lay exhausted on the ice. Beside him was the body of Dr. Malmgren.

Honor to the Dead.

The doctor, although widely experienced in Arctic life, had been harder hit by the accident to him when the gondola crashed than he knew, and was not equal to the long and difficult journey before him. He died from cold and exhaustion near Brock island.

Eager as the Russians were to minister to the needs of the living men, they did not forget the dead. While all stood at salute the body was carried aboard the vessel and laid in state. It was a moving scene and many hardened men, participating in it were not ashamed to show tear-stained faces.

As the Krassin turned it bow for further rescue work, Captains Zappi and Mariano, given up for dead weeks ago, were taken below, where they were bathed, given food and fresh clothes.

Of the 16 men who set out in the dirigible Italia for the North Pole on May 23, three have been rescued, two are definitely known to have died, five are in grave peril near Foyn island, awaiting rescue, and the remaining six have disappeared entirely, with the probability that they are long dead.

In addition to Captains Zappi and Mariano, the third rescued man was General Umberto Nobile, commander of the expedition, who was taken from the ice by the Swedish flier, Lieut. Einer Lundborg. The two dead are Dr. Malmgren and Vincenzo Pommela, motor attendant, who was killed May 25 in the crash of the gondola on the ice.

The five men whose whereabouts are known are Lieutenant Alfredo Viglieri, Professor F. Behounek, Giuseppi Biogi, Natale Ceccioni and Felippo Ttoano. Ceccioni has a broken leg and was last reported in a precarious condition.

The six missing who were carried off in the bag of the Italia to almost certain death, were Lieut. Ettore Arduino, Prof. Aldo Pontremoli, Dr. Uko Lago, Renato Alessandrini, Attileo Taratti and Calisto Cisca.

There are at least nine others who have been swallowed up in two rescue parties, the one headed by Roald Amundsen, famous explorer, and the other headed by Captain Sora, Italian Alpine chasseur.

The Amundsen party of six left Norway in an airplane last month and has since dropped out of sight, while the Sora group started afoot across Northeastland and his crew aboard the Russian plane which sighted the Malmgren group also has been added to the list of would-be rescuers in difficulties, since this plane made a forced landing yesterday, damaging its landing gear.

The group has enough provisions for two weeks and will make an effort to repair the plane.

Rescue Pilot Stranded

MOSCOW, July 12.—(AP)—Another ironical twist was given to the Nobile rescue efforts today with news that the Russian pilot Chukhnovsky and four companions were stranded near North East land, after having discovered the walking party of the Italia and giving directions for its rescue.

Professor Samoilovich, head of the Russian expedition aboard the ice breaker Krassin, sent a complete report on the discovery of the Malmgren group Tuesday, July 10. The report was as follows:

"A plane piloted by Chukhnovsky, with Strande, Shelagin, Alekseev and the movie operator Blushstein aboard, took off to search for the Viglieri group at 4:30 p. m. July 10.

"Circling twice, the plane disappeared in the direction of Karl island. At 5:30 p. m., the plane reached the island without seeing the faintest sign of the Viglieri camp. Proceeding farther and flying low, Chukhnovsky, at 6:45, suddenly discovered the Malmgren group of three huddled together on a small, sharp-edged iceberg. Two of the men stood waving flags while the third lay prostrate.

"Circling five times, Chukhnovsky returned, but due to heavy fog did not succeed in reaching the Krassin. Radio contact with Chukhnovsky ceased at 8:36 p. m. and it was not until 10:36 a. m. on July 11 that Chukhnovsky radioed he had been forced to land a mile or two southwest of Cape Platen, being unable to give the precise location on account of fog.

"The crew has two weeks' supplies of food, weapons and ammunition. Chukhnovsky urged the Krassin to push to the rescue of the three unfortunates who apparently were in a desperate position."

The three men started from the spot where the Italia had crashed on the ice five days after the disaster in a desperate attempt to reach land. They were D. Malmgren, Captain Alberto Mariano, pilot of the Italia, and Captain Filippo Zappi, Italian navy navigator.

Leaving a group of six men commanded by General Umberto Nobile behind, the trio headed for the coast of North East land on May 28. They carried provisions for 40 days. As time passed and repeated attempts by fliers and other searching parties to find them failed, the fear prevailed that they had perished.

Yesterday word came from the Russian ice breaker Krassin that the soviet flier Chukhnovsky had located the men on the ice far to the north of where they had been sought.

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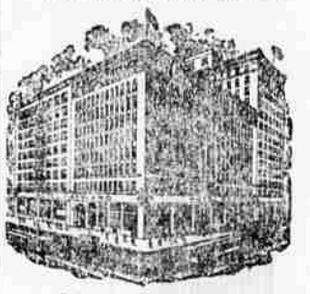

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By BUD FISHER