

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 enclosed. Letters should be kept in a separate envelope. 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.

POSTURE AND VARICOSE VEINS.

The long veins of the legs and arms are equipped with valves, which at least help to support the weight of blood above them and tend to prevent back flow. Such valves are not found in many long veins in the trunk. From this anatomical observation, scientists have reasoned that nature intended man to be a horizontal creature, but per- versely man insists on being upright (physically merely) and one of the penalties nature imposes on man for this perverseness is varicose swelling in the veins.



How much sense there may be in that observation I do not know. It seems sound up to a degree. I believe it is a bad thing for anybody to let his uprightiness become a fixed habit. Everybody, particularly everybody past the flexible age of youth, should indulge for a while in reclining, and discard his dignity and find some exercise for play or exercise in other postures than the upright. One need not necessarily stand on one's head nor even attempt to roll somersaults, but the stunts are excellent medicine for the ailments caused by excessive upright- ness. But some form of physical activity which takes one out of the stiff vertical for a few minutes now and then, is in my judgment, a fine thing for health, good nature and longevity, and I don't care what the erudite medical editors and professors think about it—some of them apparently never think of all—they just rehash ideas they glean from the medical contributions that real thinkers submit to them for publication. One such medical editor uncovered, as he fancied, a weak spot in my armor and told his readers that "some health column conductor has a strange notion that somersaults are a good form of exercise." I have never had such a notion, and have often warned readers that somersaults are not exercise. Nevertheless, few somersaults now and then, between serving two customers or writing two letters, help materially toward counteracting the evil effects of dignity—excuse me a moment, while I roll myself a half a dozen. All I need is a pad for the soles.

Now I feel more cheerful. It sometimes seems too strenuous for you—lots of people 50 to 80 years of age roll 'em regularly—here's an easier stunt, and a good one to indulge in whenever you can steal a minute away from the counter, stove, desk or bench, especially if you have varicose veins anywhere in the lower half of the body. Lie on your back with your legs elevated to vertical, and wobble your toes and slowly flex and extend your feet for a minute, if you can take two minutes, include a few flexions of the knees and hips while you are lying there.

Prolonged standing is not so good for one with varicose veins, but a daily walk, at a fairly brisk pace, is good, especially if you wear nothing to impede natural abdominal breathing, and make sure that your shoes are made to fit your feet and not vice versa. The practice of plucking six miles of oxygen on the hoof every day, opposes any tendency toward varicose enlargement of the veins of thighs or legs. Copy along walking in nice shoes, with your knees around the legs, and tight foot- wear.

In another talk we shall deal with the treatment of varicose veins.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Lady Says It
I never miss your daily articles and your answers—the sarcasm, I love it. I can picture you chucking as you write or dictate, and still I imagine you are nice and merry and kind at some of the sarcasm is for gut- siders. — (S. A. H.)

Foods Containing Iron
Kindly say which foods con-

tain the most iron and are beneficial in anemia. (J. M.)

Answer:—Egg yolk, dried beef, fresh peas, spinach, old fashioned molasses (not the stuff that should contain emulsi- fied, sweetened condensed milk, wheat bran, dried prunes, maple syrup, almonds, raw wheat grain, any kind of liver cooked as you prefer, lean beef, peanuts, wal- nuts and raisins are good sources of food iron. I doubt whether any form of iron (medicinal or food) will prevent or cure anemia if seldom if ever due to a deficiency of iron.

Oily Hair
Can you advise me what to do for excessively oily hair? I am unable to use creosol, but there must be something else that will serve a similar purpose. (Miss R. C.)

Answer:—Some persons suffer with seborrheic dermatitis. Wash- ing, or bathing will serve the purpose of removing excessive oil from scalp and hair, if applied as a dry shampoo and then brushed out. Often a little creosol is mixed with the hair oil or oil to give it scent. Sebor- rhea is perhaps the best remedy for local use, to oppose sebor- rhea or excessive oiliness of scalp and hair. But it has to be applied in ointment form and is tedious agent to use. An editorial friend tells me a skin specialist prescribed the follow- ing as a lotion to prevent the hair from turning grey, "though it seems to me a remedy against seborrhea, dandruff and premen- strual falling of the hair. Any- way my friend says his wife has used it with satisfaction for a few years: Carbon disulphid, carbon tet- ra-chlorid, sulphur precipitated. This effects the solution of the sulphur. But owing to the slight poisonous character of the sol- vents in the recipe, I should prefer to use a colloidal sulphur, which dissolves in water.

The well known "Visitor from Australia," standing on the ruins of London bridge, would find everything covered with ice.

Helen Morgan, indicted for running a night boozing club, says the federal court is tiresome, the whole affair bores her, and yawns as she waits \$1000 bail.

You can't blame the little lady for being bored. She knows that bootlegging, part of our so-called civilization, is here to stay.

Looking up one little lady and interfering with her trade is like killing one mosquito instead of draining the swamp.

"The Roman 'Observator,' or- gan of the Vatican, says Calles and his friends are responsible for the assassination of Obregon.

The latter, says 'Observator,' had 17 bullet holes in his body. Total, half-bred young mur- derer, had only six bullets in his gun. Who fired the other seven?

ZAGREB, Jugoslavina, Aug. 3.—(AP)—All of Zagreb was silent this morning. The ancient capital of Croatia was mourning Stefan Raditch, leader of the Croatian peasant party, who died suddenly last night just as he seemed to be entering the road to recovery from wounds sustained in the parliamen- tary shooting at Belgrade on June 29.

The colleagues of Raditch were stunned at his sudden death. When Svetozar Pribitchewich, president of the independent democratic party, which is allied with the Croatian peasants in opposition to the Serbian domination of the cabinet, entered the death room at mid- night, he fell in a swoon. He was carried from the room and revived.

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CITY CLEANING & DYEING CO.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)
CONSISTENCY

Consistency is over praised; I'm often disgusted and amazed; because it's boasted so, if it's the greatest thing designed, a man should never change his mind, or let his ideas grow. I can't keep my convictions straight, like other gifted poets; my views are changing all the time; the things that used to seem sublime now look like 29 cents. Consistent men are living near the same opinions, year by year, they always en- tertain; they never switch from views they hold, which views sidestep safe and sane. I am an optimist today, because I'm feel- ing blithe and gay. I have no pains or aches; my works are clicking, hour by hour, and I feel able to devour all kinds of pies and cakes. "It is a splen- did world," I cry; "there are no clouds ahead the sky, the birds chant jolly tunes; it is a lovely world to me, and any man who don't agree are full of musty brains." But even while I chant my hymn a pain shoots down my starboard limb, my foot begins to swell; the rheumatism now returns, and every muscle throbs and burns—I know the symptoms well. "It is a doleful world," I sigh; "I won't be happy till I lie beneath a willow tree; the east wind threatens dreary rains; the birds are croaking sad refrains, alas, and woe is mine." "You are not con- sistent," says the jay who hears me talk, day after day, as I trot everywhere; "you say the world is worth all it cost, and then you say it is a frost, a lemon and a snare. The world is either good or bad, it doesn't change, my lad, with every passing breeze; to hear you talk one day it suggests a rose, the next a chunk of cheese."

Later he met in the garden of the Raditch villa Dr. Ante Trumbich, former premier and president of the Croatian federalist party. The two fell into each other's arms weeping like children.

The funeral of Raditch probably will be held on Sunday.

BELGRADE, Jugoslavina, Aug. 9.—(AP)—The body of Stefan Raditch, Croatian peasant leader who died yesterday, will lie in state for several days at the peasants' hall in Zagreb. Peasants from all parts of western Jugoslavina already are arriving to pay their last respects to their leader.

News of the death caused great surprise throughout the country and aroused spontaneous expressions of deepest sorrow everywhere.

A silent crowd gathered before Raditch's house in Zagreb and the workers and students paraded the streets carrying black flags, men and women openly weeping.

C. Lake Scores in Botanical World

The following article was written by Miss Elizabeth Morse, re- search specialist on fungal growths doing work for the University of California. She was interviewed by a Tribune reporter last week, before leaving for Crater Lake, where she made the dis- covery of a unique plant, which she describes.

Every loyal Oregonian, who does not wish to see his state out- done in any way will be glad to know that a very rare plant, which has never been reported from any locality on the earth's surface, outside the state of Cali- fornia, has been discovered grow- ing at Crater Lake. The writer has seen a single specimen in the flower collection in the commu- nity house at Crater Lake, and so she was keen on its scent. It appeared that a large territory could be covered best in a limited time by taking the rim drive, which makes a circuit of 36 miles about this one of nature's won- derful spots. The other tourists had been let into the secret, in- cluding the genial driver, so some glances were spared from the mar- velous scenery to peer into the forest on either side for the desired plant. As mile after mile was covered, the heart of the writer grew more and more heavy with disappointment, when, lo, behold! The most beautiful col- ony of Sierran Puffballs in a sandy bank by the roadside, that the writer has ever met, came into view.

The poet, Wordsworth, was known to exclaim, "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky." Our hearts gave such a leap that they bounced us out of the car onto our feet—to view at closer range these snowy white, globular, spined puffballs. One was fully mature, measured about 1 1/2 inches around, and had clear amber drops oozing at differ- ent points on the peridium (cover- ing). Two or three plants were smaller and there were a few very small ones, just starting on their mushroom existence. The writer has seen larger plants in Sequoia and General Grant na- tional parks, having more elevated

positions, but never any more per- fectly symmetrical or perfectly white. Of course, the plants were carefully collected, for there are plenty of spores left to produce their species another year.

These were packed that night at 2 a. m. and shipped to Berkeley at 7:30 on that fateful Cascade limited July 29. The writer does not yet know if they arrived safely at the botany build- ing, University of California.

This plant was first observed on the eastern slope of the Sierras by Dr. H. W. Harkness, a beloved physician of Sacramento many years ago. He gave the name lycoperdon scabrum to these plants—some later students are somewhat in doubt if this species of puffball entirely fits into the genus of lycoperdon. They have been noted from time to time, but no thorough study of them has yet been made.

Until just recently the Sierran puffball—a popular name assigned by Dr. W. A. Setchell, chairman of the department of botany, Uni- versity of California—had not been reported as occurring farther north than Tehama county, other south than the San Bernar- dino mountains, east than the eastern slope of the Sierra. Frakes and west than the Big Oak Flat road into Yosemite. This season the writer has found this mushroom growing at Mt. Shasta City and at Medicine Lake, Mt. Shasta, thus moving its lo- cality about 100 miles north.

And now, it has jumped its local boundary into another state. Has anyone ever seen a mushroom answering this descrip- tion on Mount Hood?

The Sierran puffball appears to be a mountain species. Just now it grows and forms its pyridial pyramids, and why it appears in such a limited area, are problems which are concerning some botan- ists in the botanical world.

ELIZABETH E. MORSE.
Doing research work with west- ern (cont.) University of California Botany Building.

Any data which can be sup- plied regarding the unusual func- tion will be thankfully received.

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Ye Smudge Pot by Arthur Perry

Several of the town boys have been sentenced by their Papa to G.A.S.O.R.

That side residents have asked for the abatement of the town, or the dogs that spend their nights arguing with it.

BEST WISHES TO YOU THIS WEEK Mr. Hoover says Mr. Rockefeller a new Ford car for his birthday present. And now another cash customer will have to wait a while. (Kansas City Star.)

IMAGINATION GANG LOOTS FAST TRAIN

Hell broke loose in southern Oregon again last night, when a fast train was made to rob, plunder, plunder, and snuff out many lives, when the wretches believed by the police to have been members of the DeArmentant Boys, were talked in their attempt to hold up the Crescent City Limited four miles southwest of the Hot Air Tin Mine diggings. The population of this city in 1920 (30,000) stood aghast, at what would have been an outstanding atrocity, if it had occurred. The plot was hatched in the attic of the ten-story skyscraper which went up April 13th last, when three readers were testing time. A noble edifice occupies the space of the sky- scraper, its growth being stunted by its failure to put enough bricks at once of each other.

As the engineer was tying his showings, which the freeman had playfully untied at the last water tank, he saw shadowy figures scurry into the heavy timber, evidently running to carry a number of the boxes in the office, surrounded for a vedant growth, none of which exceeded in height a Catherine Treston bush. The com- edians vanished like the queen of spades in Jay Garcia's left hand, when his low trick is a success. They stood on the trunk until convinced the onrushing iron horse would not be courteous and turn out for them.

One of the gang looked like a woman. She may be the girl Ray DeFinition presented with a check of candy after school, when he was a kid of nine. Nothing further is known regarding the Tiger lady of the Trainrobbers.

The Houdinners, Inc., will take steps at once to formulate plans for a Jubilee of Apoptosis Realized.

The alert, keen-eyed, fast think- ing officers of the law are pointed by the developments, and so is everybody else.

GARDEN ROSE Harden rose is man's somewhat imperfect notion of a problem caused by the hyperactivity of nature. It never rains but it pours. On the other hand, it never dries but it drouths. Hence the necessity of equipping the household with a private system of irrigation.

Garden rose is easiest engaged on a sort of perambulator pro- vided for the purpose, but most people conclude that this is merely an added expense and prefer each time they water the grass to assume the posture of that famous Greek father and his sons, who were involved with the serpents.

Careful persons remove their hose to the cellar after each watering, but this grows monotonous so you conclude to conceal it in the garden under the bushes. However, when it rains you cannot rid yourself of the thought of its lying there in the open getting wet.

You will not have owned a garden hose very long before you become aware of the reign of the old proverb that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. In the midst of playing a waltz stream on the dancing the hose will suddenly give a demonstration of life's ebbling tide. You look back reprovingly expecting to discover that this is somebody's idea of a joke and instead witness the tragic spectacle of a burst artery. You try to staunch the flow with a touch of the damper, but soon realize that nothing less is re- quired than a surgical operation with a safety razor blade to re- move the diseased part. In most instances it will be found that the hose is past surgeon's aid. Not, however, until you yourself have barely escaped committing heart hurt with the razor blade.

(Baltimore Sun.)

WE are somewhat surprised Governor Smith. He is too seasoned a campaigner, and too wise in the political game, to be ignorant of the fact that a public debate in the Calvary Baptist church, with Rev. John Roach Straton, eyes do him no political good, and may do him considerable harm.

The only explanation is that the usual genial Al lost his temper. It may be granted that Dr. Straton was somewhat intemperate in his declaration that Governor Smith is the "deadliest foe in America today of the forces of moral progress and true political wisdom." But this is a political campaign, and Governor Smith must know that this is mild compared to what will be said about him before the campaign is over.

If Mr. Smith is to publicly challenge all such statements, he will soon find himself doing very little else, and consequently handicapped in his program of carrying out a constructive and aggressive campaign against the Republican party.

Moreover, while such a debate might provide amusement and excitement for Al's convivial supporters in New York city, and might, probably would, result in a moral victory for the New York Governor as far as Greater New York is concerned, we fear the effect upon the rest of the country would be far from the Governor's liking.

After all the American people, as a whole, demand certain qualities of dignity and true greatness from any individual who aspires to the highest office in the land. The spectacle of a free-for-all debate with a fire-eating divine of the Straton type, on the part of a man aspiring to be President, would not conform to their ideas either of propriety or good taste.

In short, if this debate really occurs, which we very much doubt—it would almost certainly result in a far greater political loss outside of Manhattan than any possible political gain within.

One is forced to the conclusion that for once the redoubtable Al made a political error, and, in the heat of his resentment, stepped into the trap the Baptist pastor laid for him.

NO EXCUSE FOR MUD SLINGING

AS we have previously observed, this is going to be a very torrid campaign. Before it is over a great many foolish things will be said, which the authors will probably regret when they return to sanity, about the time the new year dawns.

We know Mr. Hoover will be above joining in this hysterical jamboree, and we believe Governor Smith will, as well as a man of his temperament can—follow his example. The only regret is that the rank and file in both parties cannot be depended upon to do the same.

Furthermore, although we believe Governor Smith, in dignifying Dr. Straton's diatribe made a tactical blunder, we believe he is perfectly justified in his resentment. We oppose Al on a multitude of counts, but his personal character is not one of them.

In fact, we gladly concede that one remarkable thing about Governor Smith, undoubtedly the most remarkable, is that, in spite of his environment and his associations, in spite of the sordid standards of the political school in which he received his early training—no reliable person has been able to establish any facts reflecting upon his personal honesty, or what might be termed, his essential, native decency.

If it is necessary to call Smith a crook, a second-story man or an Old-Scouse in order to defeat him, then as far as we are concerned he is elected already.

We sincerely and strongly believe in the desirability—from certain angles—the necessity,—of electing Hoover this fall, not only because we believe he is the best qualified man in public life today, to successfully solve the important problems facing this country, but because we believe that the control of Tammany Hall should be kept away from the White House and from the government of this country forever.

But if to do this it is necessary to sling mud at Governor Smith, attack his religion, traduce his character or deny his essential "respectability"—then we as an insignificant link in the Republican newspaper chain, can be counted out of it.

However, it isn't necessary. Abusing Al Smith or abusing Secretary Hoover, slinging mud of any kind in this campaign instead of making votes is going to lose them.

In short, it is not Al Smith the MAN we oppose, but the political and individual forces with which he is affiliated, and to which he would, as an honorable man and a good sport, have to pay his political debts.

That as we see it is the supreme issue, as far as Smith is concerned, and the outstanding reason why he should be beaten.

When Noble writes his book, the most gripping chapter doubtless will be the one explaining why a leader should accept rescue and leave his crew behind.

Still, homicides seem few when you think how many slow drivers hold the middle of the road and won't let you pass.

MUTT AND JEFF—Who Is This Mysterious Bozo?

Comic strip panels with dialogue: GENTS, YOU'LL OBSERVE I'M LOCKING THE DOOR! IF THAT MYSTERIOUS BOZO IS AROUND TONIGHT I'LL FIND HIM! IF HE'S IN HERE NOW HE CAN'T GET OUT! ARE YOU INSINUATING I'M THE GUY? OR ME? I AMN' INSINUATING NOTHING! IF THERE'S ANY FUNNY STUFF PULLED OFF I'LL KNOW IT'S ONE OF YOU GINKS! IF YOU WEREN'T MY OLD MAN I'D— HEY! LET GO! WHAT'S THIS? ARE! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO IT IS! MUTT? JEFF? CICERO? THE DOOR'S LOCKED.

BY HORTENSE-DEBRIS

Comic strip panels with dialogue: DEAR HORTENSE: I HAVE A BIG BEAU THAT MAKES ME WAIT ON HIM ALL THE TIME. WHAT SHALL I DO? DEAR S:- GIVE HIM THE AIR. HORTENSE. DEAR MISS DEBRIS: I LOVE MY HUSBAND BUT HE REFUSES TO SPEAK TO ME. WE HAVE BEEN DIVORCED FOUR YEARS. WHAT CAN I DO TO GET HIM TO TALK TO ME? ZORA W. DEAR ZORA:- ASK HIM FOR MORE ALIMONY. MISS DEBRIS.