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UNION LABEL

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

One of these days a pedestrian is going to get caught between an awning and the side of an auto freight truck.

The sheets have started to take on their autumn chill, and only six weeks ago they were hotter than the well-known dickens.

Suits for "alleged theft of affections," for more of less respectable sums have been filed in Pacific coast courts this week. The victim of the thief in both cases was a gent, and gosh! how he hated to be robbed.

The black walnuts have started to bounce off the sidewalks. They are an outstanding delusion, as inaccessible as a bank vault, and harder than the average human head.

The middle Dick Sherwood boy has altered his mustache until the same looks like a couple of hairy commas, one under each nostril.

A bunch of the boys who have been running from the Pops since early in June, got together yesterday afternoon and nailed the hide of the Tammany tiger to the side of the Bill Gore barn.

Miss Tillie Tornado is fighting the proposed ordinance to abolish parking (double) in front of beauty shoppes, over the week-end.

The Governor has granted a ten-day reprieve to some hunter doomed to be shot for a deer.

William Randolph Hearst will support Hoover for President, and outside of that, the Republican campaign is going along nicely.

More new 4ds have shown up, and there is a carload of coughs in each and every one.

THE GREAT AMERICAN VOTER

Absolute sincerity and a successful political career are utterly incongruous. . . . Anything like complete candor with the voters is fatal to any candidacy. . . . And when they elect the best man to office it is not because he is the best man and they have found it out, but because of a large number of complex and ridiculous reasons far removed from the merits of the man or the issues and more indicative of a failure to comprehend than an ability to do so. . . . When the American people decide an issue rightly it is an accident. . . . The simple truth is, that the great mass of the voters are utterly uninformed and unintelligent, impervious to reason, can be reached only through their emotions, are swayed wholly by their prejudices or personal interests. . . . Talk about conducting campaigns on a high plane! If you want to get in a position to serve the people it is necessary first to fool them.

(From "Political Behavior.")

"The groom is to be congratulated upon his choice for a bride, as she is a woman, and one of the heaviest property owners in the county. (Clayton Notes.) Wherein a promising shiftless-in-law uses excellent judgment, twice in a row.

The nippy morns have caused a decline in naked shanks.

This will be a "whispering campaign," but the orators are bound to yell their speeches.

ALTITUDE RECORD WON BY GIRL, 17

CURTISS FIELD, N. Y., Sept. 7.—(AP) Seventeen-year-old Eleanor Smith was officially informed yesterday that she had made a woman's altitude record flight flight of 11,663 feet on August 21, and thereupon confided that her next great ambition was to fly the ocean; really fly it, not just go for a ride.

But she admitted that at the moment there were two seemingly insurmountable obstacles, to-wit:

(1) "Pop won't let me."

(2) "I'm too light, my legs are too short and my arms aren't strong enough.

Clean rags wanted at the Mail Tribune office. tf

Editorial Correspondence

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 6.—The Manufacturers' building at the state fair here is an eye-opener. If all the things exhibited are manufactured in the Golden Bear state—and we suppose they are—California could maintain itself in style without eastern assistance. Shoes, automobiles and automobile parts; saddles, harness, tractors, medicines; swimming suits, hosiery, suits and clothes, overalls; furniture, crockery, and what have you!

As you enter the grounds a KGO loud speaker greets you, and apparently works all day, with baseball reports, play by play, and music of all descriptions. At the Senator hotel it is again KGO filling the lobby with sound and the resonant tones of the announcer. Coming over on the Short Line, everyone was invited out on the two-hour-four ferry for a "bite." Again KGO assailed the eardrums. Yes, mates, this is a radio age.

The crowds enjoy the jumping frogs, but the jumping frogs exhibit no joy in the crowds. Such boredom as they exhibit on their dejected countenances! Nor is there the slightest break in their facial gloom when they "vamp"—and yesterday one of them landed kerplunk over four feet from where he—though the name is Leaping Lil—started. Later on, there is to a leaping frog meet somewhere in California—in Stockton, if we remember correctly. The frogs no doubt hope it rains.

Sutter's fort is in the center of Sacramento, and is now a museum surrounded by a beautiful park. The main building, with its thick walls, is delightfully cool and is crammed with relics of the early 49ers—mining tools, guns, pistols, stagecoaches, prairie schooners, etc., etc. Even here one can't escape the prohibition question. One part of the fort is marked Sutter's distillery. A card on the door explains that Sutter abandoned it when he was unable to prevent the Indians from breaking in and getting gloriously drunk. Across the courtyard a saloon was started and successfully conducted for two years, when it was put out of business by a crowd of rip-roarin' miners.

Sutter was apparently an unusually mild-mannered and generous man. He established the fort as a center for a big farm project, and had rooms especially built for the arriving immigrants who were always more dead than alive after their trek across the deserts and mountains. He treated them and fed them for nothing—let them later work it out as farmers.

Then James Marshall came in one night with his bandanna full of gold flakes he had picked up in the millrace. The room is shown where, after closing the windows and doors, he revealed his discovery to the amiable Sutter. The following colloquy is left to the imagination.

Both of them no doubt had dreams of a fortune. If so, the dreams never came true. The gold rush wrecked Sutter's fort, the wild and woolly prospectors, drunk every night, literally tore the place to pieces. Sutter moved away; so did Marshall. They both died poor men, while the slicker and more unscrupulous easterners made fortunes.

They are restoring the fort now, inside and out, and collecting exhibits from all parts of the state. Sutter's fort is well worth a visit now. It will be even more interesting in the years to come, when one can inspect the inside rooms as they were over 80 years ago.

This is being written in the balcony of the Senator hotel. Senator Shortridge just passed by with his daughter, the latter in her riding togs and derby hat, looking very snappy. She is exhibiting at the horse show this evening. The senator is very tall and distinguished looking, said to be the finest orator in the state.

A bell-hop approaches—

"A call for Senator Carp! A call for Senator Carp!"

Can it be that California also has a fish problem!

R. W. R.

QUILL POINTS

It may not be significant, but where you find fundamentalists, there you still find aprons.

Among the things whose Atlantic passage seems limited to one direction are planes and cash.

Wealth has advantages, but those in the cheaper cars always seem to be having the most fun.

Why shouldnt we have low-brow literature. Must an infant go hungry because it can't digest meat?

It seems to be a general rule on the highway: The less horse sense in the driver, the more horsepower in the motor.

"How much can a farmer make in a year?" asks a magazine article. Nobody knows. A farmer never worked all year.

Americanism: Hating people who think you aren't equal to them; scorning people who think they are equal to you.

Still, a Protestant Congress wouldn't be slow to impeach a President taking orders from Rome.

The old boy who says women aren't as attractive as they used to be might add that watermelons and green peaches have lost their appeal, also.

What does the box office man do with the seats behind columns when no out-of-town rube appears?

When the agent offers you something "offered only to the best people" and you say you are broke, he thinks there are two liars in the rooms.

When we write our scenario, the hero who knocks out fourteen rogues won't continue the picture with unbruised knuckles.

Writers never go on strike. They know darned well too many kids are ready to quit the sixth grade and take their jobs.

Prosperity has spoiled us, and you never see an entire family out in the front yard polishing a new-model Ford.

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.

THE NOSE KNOWS

Many noses one sees these days may not know very much, but they look bright enough.

Sometimes I wonder whether a nose is of any earthly use in protecting a person against perils in the environment. One's nose gives warning of the proximity of very, very dead things, but these are seldom dangerous. But is the nose so knowing when it comes to recognizing real dangers?

Winslow and Kligler found 51,000 colon bacilli (these germs come from the intestinal canal of man and animals) and 42,500 streptococci (these germs are pyogenic factors of suppuration and septic or severe inflammation) in one little gram, barely a third of a teaspoonful, of dust taken from city streets.

A fellow inhales a gram of dust while absorbing six miles of oxygen on the hoof in the city. What becomes of the 100,000 assorted germs he takes in with this dust? Dear me, just think of all the microbes one ingests in the peck of dirt each of us must eat here in a lifetime!

For my part, I am not going to worry about it at all. If the germs are still viable I am confident that the normal nasal mucus will tangle them up and soon terminate their dastardly careers.

Reassuring, if you are inclined to fret about such things, is the observation of Arnold, Ostrom and Singer, who made 400 tests on 42 normal persons, the nasal passages of each person being sprayed with an average of 20,000,000 such germs. From 90 to 95 per cent of the germs so applied were rendered non-viable (incapable of living in culture or of multiplying) within five to ten minutes. Good work for the nose! These investigators made sure the germs were not passed down the back of the throat, for swabs of this surface showed none of the germs going that way. They made as many as eight successive seedings of the same bacteria at 30 minute intervals, yet the mucus secretion in the nose still carried on its very efficient disinfecting function with no signs of exhaustion.

Another observation made by L. Arnold, M. L. Ostrum and Charlotte Singer is worth quoting. They found that persons placed in a cold room (temperature 45 F., humidity 30 per cent) has the same natural disinfecting power in the nasal mucus as persons in a room at ordinary temperature (70 F., humidity 70 per cent), but the same subjects when placed in a hot room (95 F., humidity 90 per cent) showed a retardation or failing of the protective process. To my mind the moral of this is plain—overheating predisposes to respiratory infection; exposure to cold does not.

People without much knowledge of physiology are prone to put considerable confidence in various antiseptic sprays, gargles, washes and the like, in preventing respiratory infections. I have little or no faith in such practices, but I have considerable faith in the power of the normal secretions of the mucus membrane to take care of any disease germ that may find their way in there in spite of reasonable precautions about keeping out of range of the person who has the disease.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Never Mind the Liver.

Could you suggest a diet that might tend to keep one's gall bladder and liver in healthy condition? I have been alarmed at the number of friends of mine around middle age who have had the former removed and enlargement of the latter. So many women who neither smoke nor drink seem to be afflicted.—W. S. M.

Answer.—Ah, but so many women can swear! Your question, madam, reminds me that knowledge of physiology and hygiene and even an elementary knowledge of disease, after all, makes for a cheerful mind. For instance, I have never been the least bit alarmed by the frequency of such disease as you mention. To my mind it seems enough to keep my tonsils and teeth in the best possible condition and to make sure about my immunity against typhoid and to give all physic and other "aids" to the bowels a wide berth. Then, too, in a general way, I strive to avoid overeating—which implies, on the other hand, getting a sufficient amount of exercise every day. I never wear corsets. I roll myself a few somersaults every day, just to counteract dignity. As for diet, I don't believe there is any diet that will do what you ask. In short, I might answer your question by paraphrasing the almanac epigram: How's your liver? It depends on your life.

Bimbo Whoops.

My baby three months old has the whooping cough. Somebody advised me to take him to the gas plant and sit there an hour, and by doing this two or three times the baby would be cured. I had him to the doctor and he gave him the whooping cough vaccine, but it doesn't seem to do much good.—Mrs. S. C.

Answer.—The idea that the air around a gas house is beneficial in whooping cough is an old one, though I have never observed any appreciable effects other than an hour or more in the open air anywhere will give. The "vaccine" is usually given in several doses—perhaps you should return to the doctor for the second and third doses. I believe the "vaccine" is a valuable remedy, even after the whoop has developed. Certainly it is a potent remedy if given before the illness develops. The more hours the baby spends out of doors, day and night, the better he will get along. See that he is properly protected from noise, molestation by other children, flies, and sun shining in his eyes, but otherwise sunlight on the bare skin is very beneficial. Try to find a cool place for the baby in the heat of the day. The baby should wear nothing but a diaper through these hot summer days, and only a light night or sleeping garment after sundown. A wide bellyband made of stockinette, or better, one made of firm muslin or soft linen with insertions of elastic webbing in the sides, and eyelets and a flap to lace at the back, is good in all cases of whooping cough, as it gives support during the spells and tends to shorten the spells and the illness.

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It's a wonder th' girls don't take a few o' th' newspaper beauty hints. I expect a lot o' th' New York night clubs would have t' close up if it wuzn' fer th' patronage o' dry sleuths.

Ye Letter Box

To the Editor:

Napoleon is quoted as saying that "armies travel on their bellies." It takes this national campaign to reveal that at least some armies also vote on their bellies. The great thirsty brigades of Tammanyites and wet nullifiers who are marching under the dripping banner of Alfred Emanuel Smith will cast a ballot expressing and typifying their fiery thirst and their gross appetities. I wish to point out to the Jackson county quota of this wet army that when they vote to get a drink they may be voting to miss a meal. In the cold, dreary dawn of the morning after, when this Tammany crowd is in complete control; when the bars are let down and a tidal wave of immigration from southern Europe (just the kind Tammany wants to colonize this country with) floods our shores; when money tightens up and your banker refuses to negotiate that little loan that is so necessary when you go to trade in your old car; when your business mysteriously drops off; when prices fall; when lockouts and strikes fill the front pages of your newspapers; when the unemployed begin to mobilize and threaten; when free soup-houses are opening and breadlines forming, and when the fear of loss and bankruptcy and poverty walks with you by day and troubles your dreams by night, it will then be too late for you to regret or recall your thirsty vote. All you can do to solace yourself will be to hungrily remember the thrifty, happy, fat years of silent Cal. And don't forget this: It will be four long, miserable years before you can get a chance to kick Al Smith, Jimmy Walker, Judge Olvany and Raskob, et al., out of office and get back to three meals a day.

BERT ANDERSON.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

ENVY

The banker has a shining coach that must have cost nine thousand scads; and when they see that bus approach, a spasm shoots through many lads. They view the banker stony-eyed, they hum their little hymn of hate: why should he thus in splendor ride, while they can hardly pay the freight? Why should the banker have a wain all up to date, as smooth as wax, while they are struggling, all in vain, to lift the mortgage on their shacks? The rich men ride in gilded carts, each day we see them going by; and sad men torture their poor hearts by asking why, and why, and why? They hate to see the other skates enjoying things they cant afford; and so they rail against the fates and keep themselves and neighbors bored. If that rich banker, princely man, effete and most resplendent toff, should drive around an old tin can, would all these men be better off? Green envy is the foulest thing that ever poisoned human hearts; it's hotter than a hornet's sting, it yields a thousand pricks and smarts. We can't enjoy the things we have, if there is envy 'neath our shirts; there is no balm, there is no salve, that will relieve our aching hurts. You have a home you might enjoy, and find your days serene and sweet, but you detest that rich old boy whose palace stands across the street. It has a butler in the hall and Persian rugs are on its floor; it makes your place look cheap and small, and so you are exceeding sore. You cuss all men with princely wads, you fill the air with grief and groan, while you should thank your divers gods you have a rooftree of your own. Oh, look a while the other way, and contemplate the homeless wight, who chortles debonair and gay, yet knows not where he'll sleep tonight.

LABOR BLACKLISTS 'CANNED MUSIC'

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 7.—(AP)—A resolution blacklisting all forms of "canned" music was passed at the fiftieth annual convention of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor today.

In introducing the measure, Elmer J. Madden of Newark, chairman of the resolutions committee, declared that the phonograph, player piano, talking motion pictures and other inventions tended to deteriorate the public's enthusiasm for music and swelled the ranks of unemployed by putting musicians out of work.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—(AP) Representative Tilson, eastern republican speakers bureau director, announced Ohio Dunkards had informed him all of the 200,000 Dunkards in the United States had decided to vote for Hoover.

Millions in Royal Jewels

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Old Turkish sultans who loved to gaze upon their jewels perhaps would turn over in their graves if they knew that the new Turkish officials were considering the sale of their precious horde to establish a state bank.

"The Turkish crown jewels, for many years hidden in the Green Vaults of Constantinople, are among the world's largest collections," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Georgraphic society. "The sultans' throne is of massive beaten gold, studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds sete in mosaic. It has been appraised at more than $15,000,000.

Drinking Cup With 3000 Diamonds

"Few travelers have ever broken through the seclusion of the treasure room to see the jewels and only lately have photographers been permitted to take pictures of the collection. There is another throne of ebony and sandalwood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, rubies, emeralds and asphires; a toilet set thickly studded with turpoises and diamonds; and armor, pistols, saddles, sandals, simitars, turbans, daggers, swords and canes all bejeweled, not to mention the long strands of pearls as large as cherries, rings, bracelets, anklets, and all sorts of other gorgeously designed jewelry for various uses.

"One wonders if the old sultans were thrilled to drink out of the tankard gleaming with 3000 diamonds, or to stick their hands into a salad bowl containing a half bushel of unset stones or a half peck of buttons studded with diamonds. One of the world's largest emeralds, as large as a man's hand is included in the collection.

Russian Crown Dazzles With Precious Stones

"Since the tzar was overthrown the Russian crown jewels now in Moscow, have been in the spotlight with rumors of their sale. Some authorities claim the Russian horde to be the world's largest. The head of the tsar must have dazzled with 32,800 carats of diamonds and rows of pearls at royal functions, when he wore his best headdress. There are other regal crowns of magnificent filligree work, artistically set with colored stones above a base of expensive fur.

"The famous Shah diamond which formerly hung in front of the Peacock throne when it was in possession of the emperor of India, is in the collection and scattered here and there among the gorgeous array are diamonds as big as walnuts, rubies and emeralds as large as pigeon eggs, inlaid golden plates, bejeweled wall hangings, robes, swords, scepters, pendants, canes, staffs, religious emblems, tapestries, and whatnots. The famous Orloff diamond reposes in the handle of Catharine the Great's scepter.

Tower of London, Britain's Jewelry Shop

"The brightest spot within the grim gray walls of the Tower of London, if not in London itself, is the jewel room where the crown jewels of Great Britain are on exhibition. To reach the large glass case which incloses the gems, one has to run the gantlet of guards from the lowly but dignified 'beefeaters' (Yeomen of the guard) to some of the picked guards of the empire. And should a visitor attempt to take one of the gems he likes most, he would find that an unseen steel safe would immediately encase the treasures, the door behind him would become fast, and the outer gates of the Tower walls would clang shut to avert his escape. Appraisers admit that $30,000,000 is a low estimate of the value of the royal jewelry.

"One of the most striking pieces is Queen Mary's crown. Lying on a white satin pillow, it scintilates wit hmany jewels including the famous Kohinoor (Mountain of Light) diamond. Some of the smaller diamonds were cut from the Cullinan, the largest diamond ever found. In the rough it weighed 3024 5-8 carats. The Kohinoor is believed by the Indians to bring an evil spell upon a masculine owner, hence it si Queen Mary's stone.

"Fortunately the king wears the crown of England but a few minutes during his coronation ceremony. It is a magnificent creation weighing five pounds—somewhat heavy for comfortable headdress. Its golden form is nearly hidden by diamonds, rubies and sapphires. The king's crown, of lighter weight contains the Black Prince Ruby and beneath it 700 diamonds cut from the Cullinan stone. The crown of Queen Victoria, also on exhibition, sparkles with 3000 diamonds, 341 pearls and many sapphires in an arch over a purple velvet form while atop is a mound of 548 diamonds and a cross with four large sapphires and 4 diamonds.

Carpets of Pearls

"The Princes of India have been collecting jewels for thousands of years and among them are some of the most elaborate displays of gems. It was from India that the famous Peacock throne was taken to Teheran, Persia. Shah Jahan, one of the great Indian Moguls daily sat on this solid gold four poster seat, dispensing justice. The monarch's back rested against rubies, emeralds and sapphires which adorned the peacock's tail, while overhead was a pearl-fringed canopy. His turban was ablaze with daimonds, his chest hidden by ropes of pearls, and his fingers literally wrapped in gold and precious stones.

"The Carpet of Pearls, in the Nuzerbagh palace at Baroda is one of the world famous jeweled creations. It is 8 by 6 feet square. Besides the pearls which form the larger part of the carpet, there are 3 large diamonds, 32 small diamonds, 1263 rubies and 569 emeralds which form a flower design in the center. Imagine an eastern potentate sitting on the gorgeous Peacock Throne with his shoulders nearly stooped with the weight of pearls, his legs and arms arrayed in golden jeweled bracelets and anklets, his head crowned with as many stones as some jewelers handle in many years and with a Carpet of Pearls hanging before him.

"The Gaekwar of Baroda is said to have the largest collection of pearls and the Maharajah of Indore runs a close second. A royal wedding or state function attended by the Indian princes in their jewels represents many millions of dollars. At one royal wedding the Maharajah of Indore wore a scarf of pearls valued at $3,500,000. Eighteen of the pearls were set with carat diamonds. This potentate also has one of the most bejeweled turbans in India which is a mass of rubies, emeralds and diamonds.

"Among the famous jewels the Cullinan stands out as the largest diamond. The Excelsior is second largest, weighing 971 carats in the rough. The Orloff diamond is a 193 3-4 carat gem. The Hope diamond, which is owned by an American woman weighs 67 1-8 carats. The Regent diamond now on exhibition in Paris weighs 136 7-8 carats. It was formerly a French crown jewel. The 'Star of the South' a 125 carat stone now is owned by the Gaekwar of Baroda."

Daily Meteorological Report

September 7, 1928

Forecasts

Medford and vicinity: Fair tonight and Saturday. Slightly warmer Saturday.

Oregon: Fair tonight and Saturday, armer in interior Saturday with low humidity.

LOCAL DATA	5 P. M. Yesterday	5 A. M. Today
Temperature (Degs.)	79	43
Highest (Last 12 hrs.)..	82	79
Lowest (Last 12 hrs.)..	44	43
Rel. humidity (Pct.).....	22	79
State of weather.....	Clear	Clear

Lowest temperature this morning, 42 degrees.

Sunset today, 6:35 p. m.
Sunrise Saturday, 5:44 a. m.
Sunset Saturday, 6:33 p. m.

Observations Taken at 5 A. M. 120th Meridian Time

CITY	High Temp. Past 24 Hrs.	Lowest Temp. Last Night	Weather
Baker City	78	38	Clear
Bismarck	90	60	Clear
Boise	86	50	P. Cdy.
Denver	86	60	P. Cdy.
Des Moines	78	54	Clear
Fresno	....	68	Cloudy
Helena	80	48	Clear
Los Angeles	94	62	P. Cdy.
Marshfield	68	42	Clear
Phoenix	106	74	Clear
Portland	66	50	P. Cdy.
Red Bluff	98	58	Clear
Roseburg	70	46	Clear
Salt Lake City..	90	62	Clear
San Francisco ..	84	56	Clear
Santa Fe	78	50	Clear
Seattle	60	52	Cloudy
Spokane	76	50	P. Cdy.
Walla Walla.....	76	52	Clear
Winnipeg	...	66	Cloudy

L. W. DICK, Meteorologist.

Rags wanted at the Mail Tribune office. Must be clean. tf

MUTT AND JEFF—Ivan Hands Out Some Medicine To a Pest

By BUD FISHER