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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

The young men seem divided between golf pants and corduroy pants, the latter squeaking ominously with each manly stride.

Maine went democratic yesterday—like Texas in going republican.

A number of the thin-blooded, possessing overcoats, are wearing same, and what will the tourists say.

There was a twilight last evening in subdued colors. Mr. Thomas Swan says the pinkish hue scattered along the backbones of the foothills beat anything he ever saw.

Very busy weather for the county fair. More Al Smith casualness.

"It's a small world," remarked Lady Ford-Coupe of the local imitation British set yesterday, as she tore a fender off a member of the lower class.

PROSPERITY ITEM (Eugene) Compliments were made through the columns of the Register a few days ago about certain persons of saving disposition dumping their garbage at the city limits.

"1000 Bills Seize."—(Hillside Portland Telegram) An, mayhap, you have noted.

The bond issue to smooth out the roller skating rinks and bicycle paths was smacked between the horns.

The nation hopes that the husband of Ruth Elder, female flyer, note the divorce he is seeking, and that Ruth is sentenced to wash the dishes.

The son of the President has gone to work for a railroad. It is suspected that John will do some work, as unlike other kids of prominent Paw, he did not start with the always deliberative section crews.

THE S WATCH The man who undertook to supply the world with cheap watches, and came near doing it, has passed away, but he will be long remembered by men who were boys a generation ago and later, and by older men who, along with the boys, were possessors of Ingersoll watches.

The objection to a two-story garage is that it affords young Lindberghs a better opportunity to break their necks when it doesn't work.

If the good really die young, a lot of middle-aged people are going to be surprised at a certain gate.

If daughter is in despair and doesn't know what to do with herself, there isn't a single party or anything tonight.

What's the use? When you're young they change geography as fast as you learn it. When you get older, they change the dance as fast as you learn it.

Correct this sentence: "I don't care if he is against farm relief," said the farmer; "I'll vote for him because he has the right idea on the immigration question."

MUTT AND JEFF—Who's Looney Now? We Ask You

THE AUTHORITIES PUT JEFF IN THE BOOBYHATCH YESTERDAY AND I'M GONNA SEE HOW THE LITTLE NUT IS TODAY.

HELLO, JEFF, DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

SURE! YOU'RE CONNIE MACK. HOW'S YOUR BALL TEAM?

LISTEN! WILL YOU ANSWER ME ONE QUESTION?

I WILL IF YOU'LL GET ME A PIECE OF TOAST. I'M A POACHED EGG AND I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO LIE DOWN!

WELL, WHY ARE YOU WHEELBARROW UPSIDE DOWN?

BECAUSE I'M CRAZY!

IF I TURN THE OTHER SIDE UP THEY'LL PUT SOMETHING IN IT!

HE AIN'T SO CRAZY, AT THAT!

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Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11.—Speaking of hypocrisy—and we have heard a great deal about the hypocrite crop recently—could anything be more hypocritical than the democratic campaign now being carried on?

To the northern vote: Vote for Smith and get your Raskob highball. To the southern vote: Vote for Smith, don't be fooled by this wet talk; he will enforce the 18th amendment more stringently than a republican president ever did.

To the laboring man: Vote for Al; he is the workman's friend, and the foe of the money grabbers. To Wall Street: Vote for Governor Smith; he is the best pal the business ever had.

To the southern whites: Vote for Al Smith and uphold white supremacy; down with the "nigger" party. To the northern blacks: What has the republican party ever done for you? Jump on Al's bandwagon, black boys, and get your gin.

To manufacturers: Don't be afraid of the democrats any more. Smith is for a higher protective tariff. To the ex-Bryantides: Vote for Smith; he will reform the tariff, for the poor man will get protection and the rich man will lose his tariff privileges.

To the farmer: Vote for Al and you'll be a millionaire. To the eastern consumer: Vote for Al and watch the price of bread go down.

If there is a single issue the democrats don't favor in one part of the country this year, and suppose in another—depending entirely upon whether it promises to get votes or lose them—we don't know what it is.

For the sake of emphasis, the above has been slightly exaggerated, but not much. Evidence can be supplied to support every statement made, as far as giving representation of the Raskob policy is concerned.

The democratic party has made many false starts and had guesses in its history, but at its worst it always stood for something.

This year it stands for nothing, as far as any genuine national policy is concerned, except whatever Raskob's board of strategy thinks will get votes.

Anything to win, is the watchword! To your tents, O Israel! For the whirlwind is on its way.

Chan Egan is not going to keep out of the old people's home, if the San Francisco sport writers can help it. All he needs to complete the perfect picture of senility is a long bunch of snowy white hair.

QUILL POINTS

The honeymoon lasts as long as she continues to say "our car."

It's silly to call liquor an "issue" in the campaign. An issue is something you can use to get votes.

There's parking space farther out, of course; but Rats! nobody can see your new car out there.

The tallest monument in the cemetery expresses the heir's gratitude for the money.

It's true love if the petting continues in spite of anything the mosquito can do.

The objection to a two-story garage is that it affords young Lindberghs a better opportunity to break their necks when it doesn't work.

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Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will 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.

MAY WE NOT ABATE A JOE OR TITTLE.

What can we do, asks a Michigan correspondent when a doctor in our state university writes such trash as this? (See enclosed clipping).



The item tells first how little we know about colds, then assures the newspaper reader that "it is pretty well established, however, that what we regard locally as colds are really influenza, in some way or other, contributing to the development of colds."

Quite a lot of information, in view of the fact that we really know so little about colds.

But I can't tell the Michigan correspondent what to do about it. You pay your money and takes your choice.

A New Jersey correspondent writes: "I have benefited not a little by your teachings. I heartily endorse your views on the subject of drafts and their harmfulness."

But I can't tell the Michigan correspondent what to do about it. You pay your money and takes your choice.

When his putter tricked him in the morning he compensated with dizzy shots from the rough and traps. When his four shots wavered in the afternoon he fought young Thompson on a standstill around and on the greens.

But mostly, it was with the driver, youth's favorite weapon, that Egan for the fourth straight day eliminated a southern California man eleven most twice as young as himself.

They carried Egan into a one-hole lead at the ninth hole, two at the eighteenth, three at the three-quarter pole and five at the finish, still eight to go.

Egan could not shout: "Why Should He?" Egan could not shout: "Why Should He?"

In order to explain I must seem to abate only position one little bit or tittle. I agree with the opinion that a draft or wind or sudden chilling when one is warmed up by vigorous exercise, is likely to cause stiffness, soreness or lameness. In fact, I have never knowingly questioned that.

I do condemn, as indefensible the unwarranted habit of calling lameness or soreness a "cold." And I am not quibbling about mere terms. I condemn the sly attempt of the University of Michigan health service writer or all other health propagandists or medical writers who would seize upon this fact as a sort of support for their indefensible theory of "disease resistance" and the alleged influence of chilling of the body in the development of respiratory diseases.

With no desire to gain anything other than revelation of the truth, I challenge any authorized representative of the medical or health propagandists who exploit this idea to debate the question with me publicly. Surely, if either they are wrong or I am wrong, and the wrong party ought to be squelched and suppressed before any more harm is done.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. It is unhealthful to sleep in a damp room, on the ground floor with no cellar, but a sound, waterproof floor, provided the room has ample light and ventilation, the little direct sun. Is mere dampness unhealthful?—E. A.

Answer—I think not, this I believe many physicians still ascribe to such as "obstruction" to such dampness—whatever mechanism may be. The lack of direct sunlight is, of course, not healthful, for direct sunlight carries something essential for health, life and growth, something akin to the

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

BLOTTED LANDSCAPES

"You have a lovely country here," remarked the tourist, joyed; "but it would lovelier appear if all the signboards were destroyed. You mountain has stupendous lines, its beetling crags are good to see; but you can't see them for the signs."

I noticed some time ago something about cottage cheese in your column. But I do not know how to make it. Please give directions for making it.—Mrs. G. C. M.

Answer—First, buy or rent a suitable cottage. Then get an amount of nice clean, fresh milk. Set the milk in a pan in the cellar for several days, until it is well soured. Then strain the excess of liquid out through a bit of cheesecloth, and the portion remaining in the box is cottage or "Dutch" cheese. It is probably delicately Dutch because it is a great treat and inexpensive. It would be well for the country if more of our people, especially the Hi-berrians and Skindennatives ate more Dutch cheese. I believe this very nourishing and appetizing delicacy gives one all the benefits that may be derived from any fancy sour milk beverage. Simple home made "cottage cheese" is as delicious and as healthful a staple as any other kind of cheese, and it is true economy to make it a staple in the family provision budget, even if you have to buy it ready made.

Keep Everything Out of Your Ears. Is it injurious to put sweet oil in ears to relieve earache. After a cold in my head one of my ears always aches and sweet oil seems to relieve it. Would you suggest some other remedy?—E. M. P.

Answer—As a general rule oil should not be used in the ears, because it tends to leave a hardening, irritating residue. You might use some warm glycerin instead.

Roaches Have Retired. How to get rid of cockroaches and promised to write and thank you if your advice was good. It took several weeks, but now we never see one about the place and it is a wonderful relief, for which we thank you very much.—H. C. G.

What could a New York high school boy say, anyhow, living as he usually does, with at least one spicakery on the block, and knowing exactly where it is. Some high school boys even make money on wet afternoons, holding umbrellas over ladies and gentlemen emerging from taxis to enter the speakery basement doors.

The answer to Mr. Durant's question, "How can you enforce prohibition?" is "You can't; bootleggers won't let you."

Headlines the bill are Colby and Murphy with the Shannon Sisters in a spirited presentation of song and dance, "The Party." Jack Colby and Patricia Murphy are considered one of the leading eccentric dance teams and the Shannon Sisters are a trio of talented misses of unusual singing and dancing ability.

In their offering of "Songs and Rarities," John Vale and Ila Clare bring to vaudeville a group of splendid vocal selections. Vale possesses a superb voice of marvelous range and power, and appeared with the St. Louis Municipal and San Francisco opera companies.

Chas. F. Simon, a long, lean and lanky fun maker, is an eccentric comedian. He has a collection of weird musical instruments from which he extracts music in a manner that causes much laughter.

Emma O'Neil keeps the show livened up with her side-splitting postulation on husbands. At henpecking she is a past mistress. Interspersed with her verbal rampage on the poor down-trodden hus-

bands are a number of special songs. Stanley and Morton, a pair of glad lancers, have a variety of style of "kellys," "lids," etc., which they juggle in an unusual manner. In their adept hands the hats become boomerangs, for no matter what part of the house the hats are tossed they always come back to the tosser.

Those countless motion picture fans who have been waiting for another "Tolable David" are having their desire answered at the Rialto theatre, where Richard Barthelmess, in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," is now playing.

The story has been transferred to the screen with all the exquisite whimsicality and sentimentality with which the author and originator invested it. Barthelmess has simply and definitely reincarnated this "Tolable David" and given the finest performance of his already brilliant career.

The story deals with the adventures of a mountain boy, homeless and without family ties. It has many thrilling and dramatic moments, and a sweet love story that grips at the heartstrings. While the period covered by the story includes the Civil war, there are no war scenes in the picture.

We'll All Be Flying If Our Dreams Come True. If the dreams of the two leading men in support of Claire Windsor in "The Opening Night," the Columbia Pictures production, which will be shown at the State theatre tomorrow and Thursday night, come true, we will live in quite a different world. John Bowers is interested in the manufacture of airplanes and hopes to see the day when they will become as common as flyovers. Then motion picture fans will be flying to aerial theaters in their own planes and will probably find as much trouble parking them in the ozone as they do hanging up their flivvers today.

E. Elyn Warren, the other lead, visualizes quite a different future. He is running competition with the fire department in creating fireless cities.

Mr. Durant, who seems to worry about prohibition, first offered \$25,000 for the best essay on how to enforce it. Now he offers \$5000 in prizes for similar essays exclusively by high school boys.

Lat William J. O'Shea, superintendent of public schools in New York City, says, "No you don't. No New York high school child shall compete for your prize, which is nothing but a political scheme. I am anxious to keep the schools absolutely free from politics, therefore, no essays from New York."

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What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria. At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product, a baby remedy meant for young folks, Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria. Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

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By BUD FISHER