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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

ORDER CHILDREN VACCINATED AT END OF SEMESTER (Hillside Del Norte Triplettes) Crawl, inhuman, unusual, and unnecessary.

Our bright young men are hitting out for college, to return next winter wearing nose-width mustaches and dragging their feet.

There seems to be plenty of energy to dig down a beautiful shade tree, but none to saw it up into stove wood.

Local scientists have discovered that an electric washing machine will keep the wash, and the wash, and the grapes properly fermented to produce the ingredients evenly, thus reducing the danger of a bum batch, more than one could ever dream.

"Where's my head," said Lady Ford-Come of the local initiation British set, as she scratched a fleabite on her ankle (American style) instead of rubbing her ankles together for relief, as they do in Klingland.

FAIR ENOUGH (San Antonio, Tex., News) Lost—Will the gentleman that took my tan trousers from the seat of my coupe Saturday morning either sell me back the pants or buy the coupe? They look together make a knock-outing combination if they are not hot. No questions asked if they are returned.

Inquiry is made in a number of upper papers about what Al Smith has ever accomplished for humanity, that compares to the work of Hoover in Belgium. Mr. Smith originated from the field of political activity. William G. McAdoo, son-in-law and Crown Prince of the Wilson administration and apologist for the disorderly conduct of the Ku Klux Klan. And, what is more, he did a neat job of it.

Candidates are beginning to show up, whose lives are an spotless as a piece of white paper, and who seek as a piece of white paper.

For the fastidious mother there are adorable rompers made of white dotted Swiss trimmed with very tiny insertion of red. Valenciennes lace—(Fashion notes, this paper.) Here, Maw, you come in the house!

Taku Makamura, who has been getting up for years at 4 a.m. to mop out the cat, has an office complexioned motor vehicle, and now gets up at 3 a.m.

The weather continues very civil.

Henry Chance sustained a mortal puncture late Tuesday, when he accidentally got in the road of a bullet fired by idiot J. Galoot. Mr. Chance was standing behind a group of bushes, that are just beginning to take on their autumnal colors when Mr. Galoot made the deduction that a deer might be loafing behind them identical bushes, and let fly with both barrels. When the supposed deer moaned: "I'm shot!" Mr. Galoot was dumfounded, (the always well, never found it out before) being known far and close as a careful hunter. This is the first time Mr. Chance has ever been shot for a deer, and reports from the hospital, as we rush to press, are that it will be his last.

The boy previously had convinced police that Walter Collins, and the mother, Mrs. Christine, after her refusal to admit he was her boy, was held in the psychopathic ward of the General Hospital for observation. (Associated Press dispatch.) What a mother gets for disputing the word of the police, when called upon to identify her own son. The mother was right, later events proved.

Should early frosts threaten, cover as many as possible of the tender vegetables, and late-blooming flowers so as to prolong the garden season. Any plants tender that they are likely to be injured, should be taken indoors.

September is a good time to divide clumps of phlox and similar perennials. It is the month when it is possible to transplant the ex-pensive Oriental poppies with success.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19.—Have you noticed? When Al Smith meets the Democrats in Nebraska, they tell him his speech pleased that great section of the corn belt in the Democratic column.

And when Herbert Hoover meets the Republicans in New Jersey they assure him that HBE speech pleased this wet commonwealth safely in the Republican column.

Every time a Democrat steps into the Democratic headquarters in Washington or New York, he promptly announces Al will carry his home state.

Every time a Republican steps into the Republican headquarters he says the same thing about Hoover.

So there you are! Perhaps there is no more foolishness in this campaign than any other, but there is enough.

What the politicians say for publication and what they say privately are two very different things. We have visited both Hoover and Smith headquarters here, not as a newspaper man but as a stranger interested in the political destinies of both of these distinguished citizens.

The Hoover men admit they are worried over Massachusetts, New York and Rhode Island.

The Smith men admit that if the election were held today Hoover would carry California. But they expect him to say something about Boulder Dam which will change the situation materially, before November.

Meanwhile those gentlemen who put hard cash on the election are betting even money Hoover will defeat Smith in California by 100,000.

We attended a night club and cabaret last night—you know—just to see what things are like. If this night club is typical of the breed, we are going to save our money next time.

The place was fairly full of tobacco smokers. There were a number of White Rock and Tiger also bottles about, and one fat man was well plastered. Not so far gone, however, that he couldn't dance or at least stand up on the floor and walk about with no regard for the music and loss for his partner.

Every now and then, he would drop his partner entirely and shuffle across the floor alone salamiing and lumping into those who couldn't get out of his way.

No one paid any particular attention to him except his partner and those whom he ran down. He just missed our table with one of his salami, and smiling in a silly fashion said something that sounded like "Allah be praised," then he blinked his heavy eyelids and shuffled on.

He was absolutely the only evidence of high revelry, however—and he found no one to work with him. His partner, a plump lady in black, appeared to be stone sober and having far from a gay time.

Most of the people in fact looked on while perhaps a dozen of the younger ones—a few not so young either—dined. Then every now and then eight chorus girls came out—always the same girls but in different costumes—and performed in the spotlight. Among other things, they demonstrated that the human "limb" is more attractive covered with silk, than with talcum powder.

Walking on Geary street late this afternoon, I saw absolutely no crowd gathered in front of a radio store and found they were listening to Senator Borah addressing a meeting in Detroit, Michigan.

What a marvelous thing the radio is! Standing on the curb one could hear Borah's words as clearly as if they were in the room with him, also the applause, laughter, and cheers.

Governor Smith says he will settle the farm problem after he is elected. A long pause. "I am wondering if that is not rather a severe test upon the patience of the American farmer." For several minutes the loud speaker was a riot of laughter and applause with an occasional "whoop."

And again: "I do not wish to cast any reflection upon the distinguished body of which I am a member. But this is true, when the senate does not understand a thing, and has no idea how to solve it, they promptly turn it over to a committee or a commission. Governor Smith, when asked his specific plan for settling the farm problem, replies he will hand over the details to a commission. Isn't it fair to assume he is adopting the traditional congressional procedure?"

It was a good speech. Being in the newspaper business we were interested in our reaction. It gave us an increased desire to read the account of the speech in the morning paper.

QUILL POINTS

Your social status is revealed by the kind of people you gossip about, not the kind of gossip.

It may not be significant, but the chickens that can't decide which side of the road to choose usually are pullets.

The styles may have a good moral effect, after all. There can't be much sex appeal if you don't know which sex is which.

Our next effort to win Mr. Durant's \$25,000: Deport all violators and offer snooters \$1000 for each betrayal.

It's easy to tell an accomplished liar. The weaker his argument, the more he quotes statistics.

Some people deserve health. But there's no way to uplift those who need help if they also need a bath.

The ass was the only animal in Bible times to argue with the boss, which may explain its use as a party emblem.

Sunday would seem as impressive as ever if people still wore their good clothes only on Sunday.

The little things matter most. You can be happy in time of war, but not if a shoe pinches.

Every community has a wonderful dancer who "dates" with young boys because the men of her own age who once called her a good sport now have wives.

The reason a "fallen" preacher's sin is so vulgar and atrocious is because a man must be very bad to be had at all in that environment.

Americanism: Offering to pay the great man's railway fare if he will sacrifice \$5000 worth of his time to address your luncheon club.

Correct this sentence: "We passed a man who had a flat tire," said he, "and none of us tried to say anything funny."

MUTT AND JEFF—A Swell Gift to Mut



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.

POPULAR TYPES OF TOE ITCH.

Like all Gaul, venomous snakes, arthritis and divers minor afflictions, toe itch comes in three varieties of forms, namely and to wit, the simple itech associated with hyperhidrosis (which is medicable for excessive sweating) and fungus (which is curable by means of fungicides) or ringworm infection of the feet prevailing in the summer months, or swimming pools and other places where people go barefoot, and the dew itch caused by the invasion of the skin by the larvae of the hookworm, the sections of the south where the soil is polluted.



Simple toe itch is an annoying feature of only a few cases of excessive sweating of the feet, it is unprofessionally relieved or prevented by going barefoot, whereas the other two forms of toe itch are contracted usually by going barefoot. I frequently urge the practice of going barefoot as a good thing for the development of the feet, for the general health of the individual and for the prevention of hyperhidrosis or fungus (malignant sweating). Of course, we presume the client has enough sense to avoid punctures, skidding and the like. The main objects of this talk are to warn readers that there is some risk of contracting fungus or ringworm dermatitis by going barefoot in public circumstances, or about swimming pools or other bath establishments, and to warn tourists about the danger of contracting hookworm by going barefoot in any region where the soil happens to be polluted by the primitive habits of people who harbor hookworms in the intestines.

In my judgment it demands the skill and expert knowledge of the physician to make a diagnosis of the kind of toe itch in nearly all cases. Obviously there is nothing to prohibit one with hyperhidrosis from catching hookworm or fungus and nothing to prohibit one with either of these from having hyperhidrosis. So how are you going to tell what ails you? It is difficult enough for the doctor to make sure in many cases.

It may be highly unscientific and even wrong, but somehow I feel justified by going barefoot in public circumstances, or about swimming pools or other bath establishments, and to warn tourists about the danger of contracting hookworm by going barefoot in any region where the soil happens to be polluted by the primitive habits of people who harbor hookworms in the intestines.

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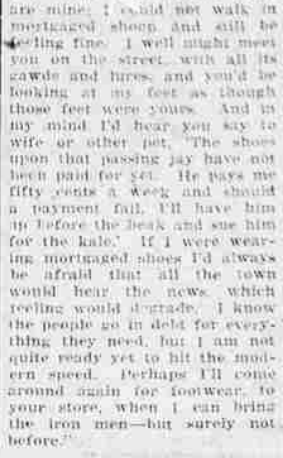
Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

CREDIT SYSTEM I want to buy a pair of shoes—a stylish pair and they, but viewing them I had the blues—E found I lacked the price. I only had three bucks or four with which to make my bid, and it would take some smackers more to buy that pair of shoes. We'd talk it down! the merchant said, "is the modern way." So you saw my name in green and red and promise you will pay, then you cough up four bits a week until the bill is paid. This people's parlance we seek in this great world of trade. "The shoes I wear," I made reply, "are old and badly run down at the heel and they are out of line, and get some better style I feel, to know that shoes are mine. I fear that I was born too soon, in-fashioned ways are mine. I could not walk in mortgaged shoes and still be getting time. I will attach mine you on the street, with all its yards and acres, and you'd be looking at my feet as though those feet were yours. And in my mind I'd hear you say to wife or other pet, "The shoes upon that passing jay have not been paid for yet. He pays me fifty cents a week and should a payment fall, 'll have him by the back and see him for the lads." If I were wearing mortgaged shoes I'd always be afraid that all the town would hear the news, which feeling would degrade. I know the people so in debt for everything they need, but I am not quite ready yet to hit the modern speed. Perhaps I'll come around again for footwear to your store, when I can bring the iron men—but surely not before."

Tularemia. I read of a disease called tularemia that infects people who skin or dress rabbits that have died of the disease. I wonder whether my boy is in any danger. He has a wild rabbit as a pet. Answer—I think not. Only seven out of 314 wild rabbit livers examined by health authorities in Washington showed the bacterium tularemia. Ticks and probably blood sucking flies transmit tularemia from rabbit to rabbit (or other rodents) and from rabbit to man. Many cases of tularemia in man have been traced to infection through cuts, scratches or punctures of the skin of the hand while skinning or dressing the rabbit. A kind of "boil" develops at the site of the inoculation, two or three days after inoculation, then fever.

(Copyright by John P. Dille Co.)



Our young criminals will call that taking crime TOO seriously.

Simmerings of Oregon Politics

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 20.—(P) A "near-sighted" Christianity which considers only America and is blind to the rest of the world will not have vision enough to lead America into larger and fuller life, Rev. Charles C. Merrill, D.D., of Chicago, Ill., told delegates to the Pacific Slope Congregational congress here today.

Dr. Merrill is secretary of promotion for the national Congregational commission of missions. "There are great areas of American life to be Christianized, such as its politics, its industry, its race relations—the fundamental problem in the country today is that of the living together, and that is the problem with which Christianity is peculiarly fitted to deal on it ceases to be Christianity," said Dr. Merrill.

The world will wait a long time before hearing two shorter or more interesting radio talks.

Raymond S. Blunt, of Chicago, is called the human time clock. He remembers where he was, what happened every hour, every minute of the last ten years. In four short months of this year, for instance, he spent 968 hours in sleep, 25 hours in church, 263 hours at meals, 48 hours on pleasure, etc.

That's interesting, but keeping track of time, hours and minutes, is not as important as putting some things into the hours and minutes. For instance, the minute in which Thomas A. Edison decided that two messages, as well as one, might be sent over the same wire at the same time, was more important to the world than all the well regulated hours in the lives of ten thousand other men.

Serious rebellion in Barcelona, Catalonia has been to Spain what Ireland once was to England, a thorn in the side. Tuesday there was a rumor that Dr. Rivera, the Spanish president, had been shot.

Canada thinks that a young man committing a crime should remember it. In Quebec, Robert Chagnon, bank teller, pleading guilty to the theft of \$100,000, will go to the penitentiary for ten years.

Eight days after he enters prison

Hectic Tia Juana No More

Mexico's Aunt Jane, the hectic Tia Juana, is no more. Her quaint and catchy name, since the sensational Petef case two years ago, has been officially whitewashed to the ways of the various amusement makers and pavilions. And the "little burg" across the border is about as interesting as a worn-out chorus girl with a fatal attack of religion.

According to C. A. Hutchinson, assistant business manager for Jim Corbath, California Jock club, there is only one reminiscent feature of the days of "Tia Juana" she showed us what is said to be the largest bar in the world. This stretches the length of a double block is 250 feet long, and is operated, significantly enough, by 49 bartenders on Sundays and holidays.

But the death of Tia Juana has given birth to Agua Caliente, and for that, many the souls of beauty and insurance he advised. Two miles to the south of the border town, out of what was formerly a piece of dry desert land, arises the majestic arch of a gleaming campanile with mellow bells chiming out the quarter hours a welcome to tourists now flocking in large numbers to the already famous hot springs resort.

Beneath the arch of the campanile winds the well-graded road which takes the visitor a half mile further to the entrance of the hotel. This is a perfect reproduction of an old California mission, which spreads its protecting walls around a series of exquisite little patios and snugly quiet beneath the outstretched arms of palms and old oak trees.

At Agua Caliente the solitude of the mission atmosphere to be broken by the footstep of a brown-robed padre, until he catches sight suddenly of a brilliantly dressed Mexican porter, who graciously bows admittance. Then all is gayety, song and laughter of the more genteel sort.

Beneath the arches that surround the main part of the casino building, tourists are seated at the bright bequeathed tables of green, red and orange, and are served by gracious Mexican waiters, whose black tuxedos provide a balancing background for the galaxy of color about them.

The dash and rhythm of old Spanish folk songs are rendered at frequent intervals by a group of five musicians, who divide the patio and serenade the guests. Their stringed instruments consist of three guitars of varying sizes and contours, one violin and the Spanish equivalent of the old-fashioned autoharp.

The leader of the group is the possessor of a golden baritone voice and a pair of lustrous black eyes which, when directed at the heartstrings of the feminine audience, (hardboiled reporters excepted, please.) The orchestra numbers are supplemented by the periodic entrance of Spanish dancers who give clever versions of the fandango, the Jarabe, the jota and other native dances.

The large casino, with its twinkling chandeliers and elaborate architectural effects, including a dazzling gold and crystal bar across one end, is as well ordered as an 18th century drawing-room. Gathered intently around the tables today were a representative group of the Hollywood movie colony, including Joseph Schenck, who adviser of the fourth Tennessee infantry during the civil war, died here last night at the home of his son, James P. Warren.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 20.—(P)—William Whitman, widely known cotton manufacturer, died at his home here today after an illness of more than a month. He was in his 87th year. He was chairman of the board of directors of William Whitman & Company of Boston.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—(P)—Word of the death of Col. William C. Beecher, last surviving son of the late Henry Ward Beecher, in Whitefield, N. H., Monday has been received by friends here.

Col. Beecher, who lived in Brooklyn Heights, where his father's famous Plymouth church is located, had been vacationing in New England, when he was taken ill with pneumonia, from which he died. He was an attorney. He was born in Brooklyn January 26, 1849. He is survived by his widow.

Classified advertising gets results.

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A Little Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause." But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called "Relax" Orderlies has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the lax, dry, evacuating bowel called the colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough, natural movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose.

Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Relax Orderly at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at the nearest Retail Drug Store.

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By BUD FISHER

