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Ye Smudge Pot... By Arthur Perry

Mention is being made of the "major problems" of the campaign.

The neighbors' leaves are falling on the trees, having, and the legislature should do something about it.

Miss Hill and Mrs. Tornado rubbed fenders late yesterday.

It is surprising that the Amalgamated Tobacco Chewers of the Willamette Valley, have not launched their annual war against cigarettes.

Some are getting in their winter's wood, and some are going to California.

The unrestrained sneeze is reverberating on our leading barometers as the days grow cooler.

Gene on the wing, and in ancient days are going south.

Discriminating and dressy males are flaunting the double-breasted vest.

The wretch who told a pioneer woman, her angel cake tasted like a bakery product, was able to recognize friends this morning for the first time.

Fall housecleaning has been completed in the home. Fall housecleaning is not so devastating as the spring holocaust, but is an unnecessary necessity.

"SMITH MILKS COW IN BUSINESS SUIT"—(Yreka Journal). Note the drowsy cows are wearing.

This metropolis was hit by a shiver again this morning, of short duration.

J. W. Homedew of Hollywood, California, is a business visitor in North Bend today. He is a guest at Hotel North Bend—(Coos Bay Times). Meet Mister Mountain-brow.

There is some talk of building a tenement on a vacant lot that under no circumstances and by no application of engineering skill, can be used as a service station.

THE SLACKERS... Some there are who will not vote. No matter what the issue.

Their hard-boiled mental tissue. When action might accomplish good.

You'll never find them helping. But, boy! if things go wrong, you bet.

They do the loudest yelling.

Some there are who think to vote. Demands their lofty station.

And haughtily remain aloof. From vulgar agitation.

They slant responsibility. Upon the other fellow.

WHO WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

LET'S forget the political campaign for a moment. (Loud cheers from the gallery). And let's imagine we were stockholders in a large and prosperous business, and the time had come for the selection of a new business manager to take the place of a man who had made a great success, but did not choose—there we go again—did not feel inclined to continue.

And let it be assumed, the field of applicants had narrowed down to two, and we were called upon to decide between these two.

Do you get the picture? Here are two men who want to manage the business in which we are stockholders—here they are, let us say, before us and we have to decide.

What do we do? Choose the one who is the best talker, or best mixer, or best handshaker, or the biggest promiser?

Of course not. We look at them, of course,—for after all the outside of a man is often some indication of what is inside him. We size them up externally; we ask them questions, perhaps, but what do we always do before we make a final decision? We look into their past records. We find out everything possible regarding what they have done before.

The President of the United States is manager of the largest corporation in the world. His problems are essentially business problems. Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith are the two applicants for this position. Then why not forget for the moment the so-called issues, personal and partisan, of this campaign, and regard the matter not as a political or temperamental problem, but in a common-sense way, for what it is—essentially a business problem.

That's all! Who would you choose?

Men scorn the lazy grasshopper, but it would be interesting to know what the grasshopper thinks of the busy little bee that gathers honey for men to steal.

These peace treaties are a good thing. When the nations violate them and begin another war, nobody will have the gall to be horrified by another's bad faith.

The "r" months are here and oysters may be eaten, which reminds us that spinach should be eaten in months containing a "q."

Americanism: "I wish to be good, but it's the law's business to keep me that way and I won't make any personal effort."

These fearless fellows who voice their opinions regardless of consequences must be surprised when nobody seems to give a darn.

Edison says we should eat the same things every day. It is a universal practice, but seems to result in the development of four legs.

Correct this sentence: "There are six amateur hunters in the party," said he, "but it won't be necessary to pick shot out of anybody."

Remember the king in Bible times went crazy and ate grass. Think of falling for a spinach fed established by a man like that.

Our government was designed as a system of checks and balances; but when the job-holders get their checks now, there isn't any balance.

Nature's laws are consistent. Squeeze a toy balloon and it swells in another place. Now pat a man on the back and watch the head swell.

If his telephone voice seems to indicate ownership of the earth, he is five-feet-two and his secret ambition is to grow sideburns.

Americanism: Taking your oath to tell the truth; feeling abused because the lawyer persists in prying the truth out of you.

Example of a man kidding himself: A lawyer feeling righteous because he refuses the case of an obviously guilty criminal who is broke.

Scene 1: "Mr. Brown, we'll pay you any price to manage our business and avert disaster." Scene 2: "Meet our Mr. Brown; we made him what he is."

Correct this sentence: "Our boy got licked by the neighbor's kid," said she, "and it served him right for starting a row."

MUTT AND JEFF—Augustus Mutt Calls on Candida te Herbert Hoover

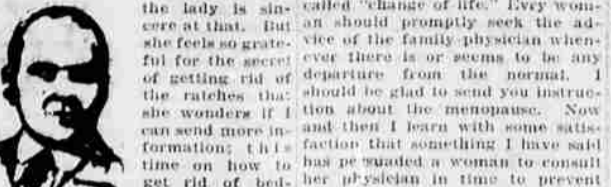


Personal Health Service

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.

ARE YOUR GUESTS GOING?

A correspondent says she wishes to thank me most sincerely for the information I sent her about the extermination of cockroaches. "I cannot find a single one now, and I am so grateful," she says.



Well, I believe the lady is sincere at that. But she feels so grateful for the secret of getting rid of the ratches that she wonders if I can send more information; that is, time on how to get rid of bedbugs.

I blush to confess that I am a shade less good on bedbugs than I am on cockroaches. I have a surprisingly thick stack of testimonials from readers who have used my ammunition against cockroaches. These guests are quite satisfied with the way they know they've whipped. If the host once manages to impress upon them that he is weary of their company, they have the grace to gather up their things and clear out. And when they go they're gone for a while. Not so with bedbugs. These guests do not appreciate hospitality at all. They are obnoxious toward the host's feelings and ignore his hints that he will be so lonely after they have departed. Moreover, bedbugs evince a supreme contempt for the ethics or rules of the game. Vicariously I recall how a distinguished bedbug came to us once at a time when we had not been entertaining all winter. I had been in the country "on a case." I had left a surgical stool there, and the people had nearly lauded it for me. When I brought the stool home and unwrapped it, lo and behold, out hopped Old Granddaddy B. B. sniffling brightly and asking his way to the guest chamber. And that stool was presumably sterile. So, you see, these aggressive guests manage to get about regardless of cleanliness or anything like that.

I am still afraid to risk printing the name of the powder that makes cockroaches wish they had never been born. It is a nuisance to all of us, but you had better write me for that, and inclose a stamped envelope bearing your name and address, but no clippings. You must tell me you are entertaining cockroaches, and never mind where you saw my ad. I can deduce that much from the observation of the address on your letter.

Plan of battle against B. B. is fairly safe to publish. But, as I said, I am not so good on bedbugs. I can only give you my best wishes. Thorough formaldehyde fumigation of the room or rooms infested is pretty effective in locating out these pests. Even sulphur candles, if used without the services of an expert, may do the business, but remember that sulphur will bleach colored things.

An old reliable plan is to squirt into every hole, crack or nook where the wily bedbugs may hide, in bed, closets, walls, floors, corners, or a strong (poisonous) solution of carbolic acid and corrosive sublimate—say a mixture of one pint of 3 per cent. (1 to 200) carbolic acid (phenol) solution and one pint of 1 to 500 corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury) solution. Of course this poison should be entirely used up in one application, and never kept about the house.

One experienced housekeeper assures me that the liberal use of borax on the furniture, on the walls, and another says that the filling of all cracks about bed or closet with crude laundry soap will do the trick.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. No Blood Pressure. Kindly print in your column what information you may have about low blood pressure and high blood pressure.—P. D. S.

Answer.—That, in my opinion, would be a thousand times worse than placing morbid information in your own hands privately. I mean to be kind when I refuse to give out any such information. This is merely a health column.

Canvasser. Kindly tell me what I should know about cancer of the uterus. I am 58 and would like to know what warnings to heed that I should see a physician. I am well as far as I am aware, but would like to know what symptoms to heed.—Mrs. R. E. S.

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.) PAINFUL LUXURY. It must be painful to a man to journey in a rich sedan, along the village street, and mark the butcher's gloomy stare—he ares that butcher for his hair, and other forms of meat. It must be painful to behold the grocer who is waxing old, and needs all monies due; he owes that worthy grocer cash for prunes and beans and succotash, a sack of flour or two. I'd hate to drive my automobile in state around the village green if everywhere I met sad grocers with imploring eyes, and butchers having weary sighs, to whom I was in debt. I couldn't much enjoy my car, or drive it where admirers are, if tailors looked askance, suggesting that they need the goods I owe for costly vests and coats, and dressers pots of paint. It is a luxury to slide along the blooming countryside, to push the gas and steer, if you are not afraid you will meet some creditor, on weary feet, who's chased you for a year. It takes the brightness from the day to have some chap come up and say, his face all dark with woe, "I wonder why you don't produce the money for that large fat goose you bought six months ago?" It makes you how four crested head to hear the baker talk of bread for which you haven't paid; you lose your pride in your fine bus when every merchant's cuss his ledgers has displayed. This sort of thing I would not choose, I'd rather walk in misfit shoes, and know I'd paid my bills, than be in debt and ride in pomp where all the jazzy speedsters romp along the sun-kissed hills.

ASHLAND LIBRARY IS MADE OFFICIAL IN UPPER VALLEY

ASHLAND, Oct. 6.—(Special).—By a ruling of the county court, Ashland public library will be allowed to function as official library for the upper end of the valley and \$675 will be allowed annually to finance the service. A struggle for this recognition has been going on for several years. City librarian, Miss Blanche Jilcks; Wilbur Poley, president of the library board, Mrs. Frank Dickey and Mrs. H. A. Stinson were members of the board who conferred on Wednesday with the county court. Judge Sparrow told the delegation that the matter would be taken under advisement and the ruling was made Thursday morning. The money will be used to secure more books for the use of the rural districts and a small amount will be used as a service fee.

The old chimneys on the Ashland hotel are being removed. They had become unsafe so their removal will do away with a hazard to pedestrians and will also improve the appearance of the building.

Enrollment at the Southern Oregon Normal school has reached 375. There is a very heavy attendance from Jackson county while every county in the state is represented.

Mrs. Julia Helman and small son Rita and Mrs. Frieda Berger and two children have been spending two weeks in Portland. On their way south they were met at Eugene by Mrs. Rosa Powell and returned with her to Salem to attend the state fair. The party has returned to Ashland.

Miss Thelma Hevory, who has been ill at her home on East Main street for several days, is making a favorable recovery.

Ed Gibson, brother of Mrs. Nate Bates, has been spending several days here, visiting his sister and family. Mr. Gibson left Wednesday for Portland where he will take a boat for New York City, and from that port will sail for Europe on an extended trip.

Mrs. Geo. Brookmiller and her two daughters, Edith and Betty, left Thursday morning for Tucson, Ariz., where they will make their home. Mr. Brookmiller has preceded his family to the new home and is employed there by the

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SAMPLE PRESIDENTIAL BALLOT

I intend to vote for President at the November election. I am registered as a (Name party) Signed (Name) Address (Fill out and mail to Straw-Ballot-Contest-Editor, Mail-Tribune, Medford, Oregon.)

PIONEER PICNIC LAST THURSDAY WELL ATTENDED

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Oct. 6.—(Special).—The pioneer picnic held at the Masonic hall Thursday, was well attended, regardless of the rain. There were about 200 pioneers and native daughters and sons present. A very enjoyable day was spent by those present. A beautiful basket dinner was served in the dining room of the Odd Fellows hall.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Fetch of Phoenix, Ariz., have taken up their residence at the Sutton home on East California street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe McIntyre moved back Friday to their home in Jacksonville. They have spent several months at Clarence Kasser's logging camp on Applegate where Mr. McIntyre has been working.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Ingham and son, Bobbie, from Doris, spent the week-end visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis in Jacksonville. They have spent several months at Clarence Kasser's logging camp on Applegate where Mr. McIntyre has been working.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Arnett and two small sons of Applegate were visitors at the T. C. Norris home Tuesday.

Coel Ager, formerly of this place, but now of Portland, visited at the Knox and Hartman homes Wednesday. He has been doing photographic work for the Southern Pacific on the Redwood highway.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lewis and sons, Robert and Ray, Miss Julia Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chittwood and daughter, Dorothy, Mrs. S. K. Ogle, Mr. and Mrs. Kiv Krogan, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Ethel Olson and daughter, Violet, and Mrs. Carter were among those from Jacksonville who attended the Christian Science lecture at the Itallo theatre Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bigh elder and daughter, Curtis, moved from Portland Wednesday and are guests of relatives in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. John Higginbotham of Central Point and Mr. and Mrs. Ward of Eagle Point were among the many who attended the Grange meeting held at the E. S. hall.

Miss Olive Jenkins and sister, Mrs. C. C. Horton, arrived from Salem Monday evening, where Mrs. Jenkins has spent the past three weeks.

Mr. John Miller returned Monday, after attending the wedding of his son, John Miller, Jr., at Sacramento, Calif. John Miller, Jr., and wife accompanied him here and left Tuesday for Portland, where they will spend a few days and will stop here again on their return.

Mrs. Richardson and Miss Patsy McNeef of The Dulles were guests at the home of Mrs. W. W. Cameron Thursday.

Ora Phillips, wife and baby, were in our city Tuesday, en route to Klamath Falls.

For Quick Relief—Take This A. B. McDonald, Box 51, Lindside, W. Va., writes: "I am glad to tell you that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is the best cough and cold remedy that can be bought. I had a severe and racking cough that was not helped by other medicines, and before I used the bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound my cough was gone." For sale by Jarmine & Woods Drug Store.

BROWNSBORO BITS

There was a good attendance at Sunday school last Sunday and several visitors from Reese Creek and Medford. Among them was Rev. D. D. Randall, who reviewed with us the work of Paul whose life made up the last quarter's lessons in Sunday school.

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HICKMAN APPEAL ON WAY BY AIR TO WASHINGTON

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 6.—(AP) An appeal to the United States supreme court on behalf of William Edward Hickman, Los Angeles slayer, was speeding on its way to Washington today by air mail. Hickman signed the document at San Quentin prison last night and it was then brought to San Francisco and mailed. Filing of the appeal will not automatically postpone Hickman's execution date, set for October 19. Unless the high court takes action before that date he will be hanged on schedule. Hickman was convicted of kidnaping and murdering 12-year-old Marilyn Parker, daughter of a Los Angeles banker.

