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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Another dry agent has been found guilty of a misdemeanor, though the shot was fatal.

Uncle, 85, was a pleasant older gentleman. He had a cold. He stated it was his first cold since one winter of '74, in Wyoming, when he stayed out all night to keep the Utes from scalping him. Uncle is curing the cold by starving it, and is getting hungry himself.

JUDGMENT DE LUXE
(Salon Capital Journal)
A dispatch states that the Ku Klux Klan plans to send 500,000 Klansmen to take part in the inaugural parade of Herbert Hoover at Washington in March "so that he and the world may know by whose loyal help he has been chosen president." No wonder the nominee flees to South America.

Everybody with a full gasoline tank, is aiming for California.

Many report that their fireplaces are delightful ornaments, and not constant of the weather.

It was reported a family reunion was held at Medford, Tuesday afternoon, when seven women and a stray male gathered around an attractive vehicle of recent vintage. This was an error, as it was a mass ceiling.

The glit salesman who sold your coat, six shirts with non-shrinkable collars, went through town Wednesday.

A survey of the wild-life of Oregon is proposed. A way must be found to struggle along somehow until the notch-tailed woodpeckers are counted.

Winter, and Bill Coleman's puttees are in evidence.

The young lady got her finger caught in a sewing machine, but it looked like a fine rim had dropped on sense.

The cigarette ad, that formerly cured a cold, is now engaged in taking off fat.

Len Carpenter, who went to Mexico, without being sent, writes that he is anxious "to get back to the valley." Len can face the North Star, and put her foot in front of the other until his destination is reached.

All the better lamentations are bites of industry, with all hands bottling the holiday miment.

The European situation is in a bad way. The United States impatiently requests that France pay what she owes, and there is a decided inclination on the part of an infidel grand jury to have Alvin Karpis, who is in England, explain how she walked 20 miles through an Arizona desert, without spoiling the shine on a pair of grey suede shoes.

Mike Wonnack, the rainbow hunter, has taken the preliminary steps towards panning the Leon Harris gold nugget watch chain.

The Del Gellell boy, who is going to college, and worked all last summer at the Elmer and Copco, Crater Lake, or an old station, has made the golf team.

Jeremiah Cooley dropped in this morning, and left his subscription. He has never cured himself of his boyhood habit of getting up before breakfast.

Percy Bray did not jump any too soon, as the consensus of opinion seems to be that the Democratic party is going out of business.

Brasil's Independence.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—(AP)—On the occasion of Brazil's Independence day, President Coolidge today sent a message to the president of Brazil saying: "It affords me special pleasure to send to your excellency cordial felicitations on this independence day and best wishes for the continued prosperity of your great country."

Lady Heath Athlete.
NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Lady Heath, British filer, was an athlete in her school days, and in recognition of this the A. A. U. has invited Britain's foremost athlete to its anniversary dinner on Monday. She once held high jump and hurdle championships.

A PARABLE OF OUR DEMOCRACY

ONE might write a little American parable about Brad Hulbert and Charley Dawes, entitled "The Vice-President and the Waiter."

Brad and Charley were boys together back in Marietta, Ohio. Brad was the son of a rich man and lived in the finest house in town. Charley was the son of a poor man, and had to earn his own living.

By hard work and keen business sense, Charley made a fortune, gained honors and fame in the World War, and was elected Vice-President.

Brad lived elegantly on his father's money for a few years, lost his fortune in horse racing and gambling, and finally ended up as a waiter at Rector's by night and "The Gentleman of the Bowerly" by day. His nails were carefully manicured, and frequently he referred to his friend, "Charley Dawes."

Last Saturday Brad died, not quite so elegantly as he had lived, and when among his effects many letters from Charley Dawes were found, the Vice-President, who happened to be in New York, was notified.

The former rich man's son ended his life in the Globe Lodging House; the former poor man's son, now a millionaire and Vice-President, drove to the grave in his limousine, with a United States secret service agent by his side, and balanced accounts with the undertaker.

The moral of this little tale is so obvious we haven't the heart to mention it. But the next time some soap-box orator declares we live, not in a Democracy, but merely in a soulless plutocracy, where the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, we hope someone will arise and repeat the parable of the Vice-President and the Waiter, the true facts of Brad Hulbert and Charley Dawes.

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND

STATE SENATOR SAM BROWN of Marion County (no relation to the famous army belt Browie, who spelled his name with an "e") sees no reason why the public service commission should not fix and guarantee the farmer a profit for his crops, just as the power companies are guaranteed a profit for their power.

This is an interesting suggestion. But we fear such a scheme would not be practical. For by the nature of things, the manufacture and sale of power is not only Big Business, but monopolistic business. The growing of farm products, also by the nature of things, is neither.

Guaranteeing the farmer, for example, a high price for his wheat—or any other farm product—would result automatically in every man with an acre of land to his name, going into the wheat raising business.

Whereupon the venerable and omnipotent law of supply and demand would come in, and with the price guaranteed, the people who think they must eat bread, and KNOW they must pay taxes, would have to hold the sack and pay the Piper. Any individual land owner can grow wheat; no individual can manufacture power.

The McNary-Haugen bill had the same weakness—there was no provision to control the supply.

The farm problem is a real and pressing one. The farmer needs, and undoubtedly will be given, state and government assistance.

But this much, we fear, is certain. Whatever the final solution, it must carefully conform to, not disregard, the law of supply and demand.

CAPTAIN CAREY

"JUMP!" he said.
"You'd better jump, Sir!" I said.
"Hell, no! You jump!" he said.
"I jumped then, and I think he jumped after me. But I never saw him again."
Never again! For Captain W. J. Carey of the sinking Lamport-Holt liner "Vestris," with his wife and baby waiting for him in his Liverpool home, went down with his ship.

Some of the rescued passengers blame him for the disaster. This is a terrible accusation, and one Captain Carey can never answer. Perhaps he was to blame, and then again, perhaps he wasn't. Without his testimony, no one can be certain.

But right or wrong, if there is some Celestial ledger, where the deeds of men are recorded, the captain of the Vestris, we believe, still has a balance on the right side.

Whatever his errors of judgment before, Captain Carey made no errors at the end. Not only women and children first, but every man before him, down to Alf Dunnean, the Cockney steward.

"You better jump, Sir!"
"Hell, no! You jump!"
Alf jumped and was saved, Captain Carey and the ship Vestris were alone.

However he may have lived, Captain Carey was a hero at the death: true to the unwritten law of the Sea, faithful to the finest traditions of the Service!

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Gets Into Hot Water at Home



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.

FOOD AND ACIDOSIS

In McCollum & Simmonds' excellent little book on "Food, Nutrition and Health," may be found two tables of foods listed according to their acid-forming or base-forming character. Every food substance that is oxidized or utilized in the body leaves one or another by-product, "ash" or waste which must be disposed of through one or another excretory channel—kidneys, lungs or intestine. Some foods give an alkaline or base, some give an acid, and some give a neutral ash.

McCollum & Simmonds list, first, the neutral foods, as follows: Butter, starch, cream, tapioca, sugar, glucose, lard, the fats of beef and mutton, and fish and game and fowl.

Then the acid-forming foods, as follows: Oysters, egg yolk, chicken, fish, veal, pork, lean beef, eggs, white bread, wheat, oatmeal, graham bread, corn bread, rice, peanuts.

Finally the alkali or base-forming foods: Tomatoes, raisins, dried beans, prunes, carrots, beets, potatoes, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, oranges, lemons, peaches, turnips, radishes, apples, asparagus, almonds, bananas, dried peas, milk, dried currants.

Of these foods, according to McCollum & Simmonds, oysters, egg yolk, chicken, fish and white bread yield the greatest amount of acid ash; and tomatoes, raisins and beans the greatest amount of alkaline ash.

There are probably still a few persons who imagine the citrus fruits make the "system," that is, the blood or tissues, acid. On the contrary, the citric acid of grapefruit, lemons, oranges, limes or tangerines is oxidized into carbon dioxide and this combines with alkalis in the blood to form alkaline carbonates. So that these foods are particularly valuable when one desires to increase alkalinity in the blood or reduce acidity in the urine. Malic acid, in apples, peaches and other fruits, as well as in tomatoes, is likewise converted into alkaline material. Probably a liberal use of tomatoes in the diet is the best possible way to oppose acidosis.

Acidosis, we must remember, refers to the reaction of the blood and tissues, not to the degree of acidity in the stomach. McCollum & Simmonds say something about excessive stomach acidity in some cases of acidosis, but they are not qualified to consider that and I think they are wrong in assuming any relation of the hydrochloric acid in the gastric juice to pathological acidosis. At any rate, nobody should refrain from eating tomatoes or other acid fruits through any false conception of their acidity.

As for that, I have given these tables of acid-forming and alkali-forming foods with reluctance, for I doubt whether it is wise for anyone to prefer or reject any of these foods merely because it is or is not acid-forming. In very few instances indeed is such a restriction in diet practically effective, even in real sickness. I hope the lists are given here will tend to reassure some readers, and not induce anyone to become fidgety about his vitals.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Loose Stamps Debate the Mails.
Considering my well-known propensity, you will readily understand what a temptation a loose stamp or a block of stamps are to me when they flutter into the hopper on the way to the incinerator. Affix your stamp to your return envelope and lead us not into evil, Amen.

Toe Itch.
Roger, aged 13½, has two red inflamed toes, just on top. Sometimes they look scabby. I have him put on fresh stockings every day and have done away with tennis shoes and socks, so dear to the heart, because I thought they might sweat his feet more than leather shoes. We sent him to our hospital here for violet ray or something of the sort they recommended, and it did seem to clear it up for a short time, but now the trouble is as bad as ever.

Answer.—Let Roger wear his tennis shoes or sneakers whenever he likes. But let him go barefoot at home whenever it is possible. In his shoes and in his stockings sprinkle boric acid powder copiously every day. Apply to the inflamed skin once daily for four or five days, then discontinue till further needed, some half-strength Whitfield's ointment. So-called Whitfield's ointment is not a ready-made or proprietary preparation, but must be made up to order by the pharmacist, and this is the standard formula:

Saleylic acid.....25 grains
Benzolic acid.....50 grains
Petrolatum.....1 ounce

This ointment has a well merited reputation as a remedy for toe itch, particularly parasitic (ringworm) toe itch such as patterns of swimming pools and public gymsnasium spread or contract by walking barefoot. It is well to dilute the ointment about half, by mixing it with an equal quantity of petrolatum (petroleum jelly). In most cases, test it prove too irritating. It is well to apply it for only four or five days, not longer than a week, then discontinue.

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Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The great celebrity arrives; we've heard about him all our lives and we are anxious to behold the man of talents manifold. We have admired, again, the product of his resplendent pen; we had him pictured in our mind, a figure stately and refined, a man of high and kingly mien, of splendid form and grace, a man with fine scorable face, a credit to his sex and race. And now at last he's coming here, and in the Town Hall he'll appear—or in the largest of our parks—to read some extracts from his works, or lecture for an hour or three—and we shall all be there to see. Upon the platform now he stands and smiles and bows and waves his hand; and from the crowd there comes the sigh we have when sweet allusions die. Is this the fellow we've admired, whose friendship we have long desired? He is a man with bandy legs; his eyes resemble hard-boiled eggs; his hair is pink and falling out; he walks as though he had the gout; his clothes have never known a crease, he stutters when he speaks his piece, his teeth require a dentist's care. His whiskers are too long to wear. The audience is shocked and grieved; men feel they have been bilked, deceived, and women who had planned pink teas and other social jamborees in honor of the famous guest, decide they'll give that scheme a rest. I've never met a famous writer who didn't disappoint me, quite. I think it is the safest game for those who have accomplished fame to hide themselves in cave or den, and dodge admiring fellowmen.

They are old; discarding useful things bought last year simply because you want shiny new ones.

The Joker in our prosperity is the fact that our \$2,000 automobile, on which we still owe \$900, has a trade-in value of \$450.

Double jeopardy is when the traffic sign says to do this and the voice from the back seat says to do that.

Note to farmers: The reason Big Business gets legal advantages is because it knows just what it wants.

An investigator says the chief cause of theft is laziness. But sometimes it is the laziness of a certain pony.

The ads make other radios seem much more wonderful than your kind, but it seems wonderful, too, when you read the ad describing it.

Correct this sentence: "I haven't time," said the great man, "to listen to your praise."

NEW ICE CREAM ORIGINATED HERE

To S. A. Kroschel, head of the Gold Seal Creamery of this city, goes the distinction of originating an entirely new and different ice cream, which will be in Medford stores and confectionery establishments tomorrow. This new ice cream will be known as Tropicalfreeze and derives its name from the many flavors of tropical fruits, which are used in its manufacture. As a result of months of experimenting, Mr. Kroschel has secured an ice cream which is exceptionally tasty, then the careful blending of fruits, and Tropicalfreeze will be a regular Gold Seal product, beginning tomorrow, available at all dealers in Gold Seal products.

Mr. Kroschel, one of Medford's pioneer creamery operators, not only devised the delicious blending of flavors in Tropicalfreeze but also originated the name by which this product will be known to southern Oregon people.

A NEW YORKER AT LARGE

By G. D. Seymour.

NEW YORK—Caravan of city-bound motorists crawling homeward on Sunday evening from Long Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and upstate New York are bright with autumn flowers and red and gold fall foliage.

Once the cargo was gathered ruthlessly wherever it was found in woods or fields, but now it is purchased at roadside stands. No Trossachs signs protect private property, and the wholesale harvesting of nature's tokens is sternly forbidden in public preserves.

To many country-dwellers within a hundred-mile radius of New York, the week-end journeys of city motorists have become the principal source of revenue. Families which fanned a few hilly acres and sold their produce to metropolitan markets, have found that there is a greater profit in flowers and autumn branches sold at the roadside for a minimum price of a quarter a bunch.

One wayside vendor on an obscure dirt road 30 miles from New York sold 35 bunches of dahlias and gladioli on Columbus Day at 25 and 50 cents a bunch, and doubled that volume on the following Sunday, besides doing a brisk business in oak and maple branches. Proprietors of larger stands on main highways who combine the sale of flowers and squash apples and cider, are finding demand than vegetables and fruit.

Godfather to Home Town.
Adolph Zukor, who landed in New York as an immigrant boy from Hungary, and rose from an apprenticeship in an upholstery shop to eminence as a motion picture manufacturer, is "supporting" the European town where he was born in 1873. The circumstance, known to few even among his own associates, is related by Will Irwin in a biography of Zukor.

Revisiting Hies after the world war, Zukor found his people penniless, diseased and starving. He set up his own relief organization, interviewed every family himself and fixed an allowance for each, according to its need. With the immediate privation abated, he restored the mill and the winery and counselled with the proprietors about methods of marketing their products. The community is once more healthy and orderly, but money is still scarce and many ocean liners bring Zukor as many as 60 appeals for aid. He has a special compartment in the desk of his New York office for such letters, and an agent in Budapest who sees that his promises of help are carried out.

Coney Prolongs Life.
Once Coney Island was like an orchard under the first chill of autumn. As soon as Labor day had passed, the resort was closed for the winter, and became a gaunt huddle of boarded shacks and faded pavilions.

But since the new board walk was built Coney continues to live and sparkle through the fall and well into winter. The walk is the daily promenade of thousands, and concessionaires remain to minister to those who flock thither after the traditional Mardi Gras has symbolized the official closing. Even in mid-winter it is possible for hardy swimmers to find a bath house open and to take a dip in the surf. There are few winter attractions yet, but the proprietors say Coney is on its way to new popularity as a year-around resort.

Hillsboro—New courthouse at this place is now occupied by treasurer and school superintendent.

Satisfaction Guaranteed
For many years, men and women everywhere have been using and recommending

Foley Pills
A diuretic stimulant to the kidneys
Quick to relieve
Try them
Sold Everywhere

For Sale by
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A WASHINGTON BYSTANDER

By Kirke L. Simpson.

WASHINGTON—Unwavering devotion of a group of now deceased veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic in Washington to the service of less fortunate comrades in arms who might find themselves homeless in the nation's capital has kept alive for years a curious temporary home for these old soldiers amidst in the shadow of the capitol dome.

It is a sort of veterans' hotel, where through the years since it was founded by comrades of Washington G. A. R. posts, in 1870, thousands of aging fighting men of the past, many of them destitute, have found lodging and food without cost for periods of 10 days or even a month at a time while they struggled with details of pension claims.

Veterans' Shelter.
Originally the home was maintained in rented quarters and with government aid of \$2000 or so a year. As the numbers of the civil war veterans dwindled with the passage of time, the governing board opened the home to men of Spanish war service in army, navy or marine corps, and now its shelter has been extended also to world war veterans.

Also, under the more active urge of the men of 1898 and the American Legion, the old naval hospital building, the site of which was acquired more than a hundred years ago, has been turned over under a 15-year lease to the temporary home corporation at one dollar a year. Congress denied the navy's application to sell the ground, now worth perhaps \$150,000 as compared to an original cost of \$2000, on plea of the veterans of three wars who are joined in rendering this service to destitute comrades.

But while two generations of younger veterans continue the active management of the home and it operates as a sort of civic center for odds and ends of societies and lodges that form a fringe about ideals of patriotic war service, a dozen fine old men of the 60's still are the honored heads of the institution. Its president for years has been Byron W. Bonney, now 87.

Labor of Love.
In illustration of the feeling these G. A. R. men have for their work, Paul McGahan, spokesman for the American Legion before congressional committees in a successful effort to continue the lease of the naval hospital, related suggestions that the maintenance of the home be completely taken over by the government.

"We would hesitate to commit ourselves to a point where they would pass out of the picture," he said, speaking for both Spanish war and world war veterans. With their old pensions, they have been a labor of love. There is no question of money involved. None of the officers of the home is on salary, allowance or wage."

And more than that: As long as there remains a single man of the 60's physically able and willing to serve, he will be president of the board of managers. Upon that the younger service men are agreed. Yet so far have the old soldiers of the Civil war marched into the past that of some 3000 veterans housed and fed at the home this year, not two score were Grand Army men.

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By **BUD FISHER**