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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

This is the season of the year, when plain and fancy poverty protrude the most painfully, and scores, who should have remained at home, possess empty gas tanks. Furthermore, they are slowly starving to death among strangers, instead of among friends.

Several osteopaths and chiropractors attended the wrestling match last eve getting ideas on new holds, for the cure of colds. It was agreed that the one, whereby the opponent is gently twisted into the outlines of a pretzel, ought to cure something.

THE EXCITABLE PHYSICIAN
(Oregonian)
Dr. James T. Rooks, a neighbor, heard the shots and the screams of Mrs. Burshaw, but thought it was nothing serious.

Fletch Stout, the druggist, has the flue. He should hoist himself on his own petards.

Many of the Galshevikis are wearing two pair of socks, where only one showed before.

Last week was Safety Education week. The Portland chief of police arose from a sick bed, to write a letter to the papers, admonishing auto drivers not to take any chances.

Complaint has been filed against small boys shooting woodpeckers, with air-guns. No boy hunter, to date, has mistaken his Paw for a deer.

Jade has been found in Baker county. Jade is what Chinese mandarins give European ladies, in their sly Oriental manner, and what the women folks wear on their little fingers, if they are good bridge players. A jade necklace is more to be desired than a red Packard coupe. If the jade deposit had not been located in Baker county, it would have been found 11 miles northeast of Jacksonville, by a miner squatted on a Nash Hotel radiator.

G. Washington Maddox, the eminent Methodist and shinologist, was accused yesterday of dropping a pants button, in the collection box, and taking out .30 cents in change. The accusation caused Mr. Maddox to flounce out of the barber shop in high dudgeon.

A lion picture is on display at the G. Hunt magic lantern show. Cannibals and natives wilder than farmers, because they can get no Congressional relief, are depicted smoking pipes and cigarettes with great gusto. None of the uncivilized wretches are chewing tobacco.

Prehistoric football photos show a numbers of hustlers for the civic good, in murderous, and other moods.

Win Crowson reports that he is still disposing of chocolates in 5-pound lots to young men, disputing the cigarete ad, which asserts that women, have lost their sweet molar.

Robins are on the fence posts in the Applegate, practicing the spring carols they will warble in front of the Pub. Lib. starting April 6th next. It has always been the notion around here that the robins, skinned out for California right after the county fair. They do nothing of the kind.

Jay Gore has planted 700 acres of wheat, which will not be worth threshing next fall.

The legislature convenes next month, and to date, no steps have been taken to avert it.

Below is printed a poem about a dog, taking a snooze in front of the fireplace.

A fleck on the gray of the hearth-rug;
A stretching of dainty bronze paws;
A yawn and a curling together
In a ball of beautiful floss!
A glint of the fire that is burning
With little snaps of flame;
A glint and the picture is painted
In lines all fair with fame!

There is nothing wrong with the poem, but in real life, Mama raps the dog in a tender spot with a shovel, and desires to know what it means, by bringing fleas into the house.

Umpqua—Grounds around Umpqua river light house station to be improved.

KING GEORGE AND THE PRINCE OF WALES

WHILE King George may live for some time, there is very little likelihood that he will ever fully recover from his present illness. For several years the King has been far from a well man, and this attack of pneumonia, similar to the disease which proved fatal to his father, King Edward the VII, even if finally conquered, can scarcely fail to leave the present King a confirmed, and more or less helpless, invalid.

Whatever the immediate outcome, therefore, it is certain that, unless he formally refuses to accept the responsibilities of his position, the care-free days of the Prince of Wales are over.

Either as Kind Edward the VIII, or as the central figure of a temporary regency, the young man who his sister used to call "Eddy the Lady Killer" will soon assume the cares and obligations of the ruler of the British Empire.

And how he dreads it! It is no longer a secret, that for several years the prospect of becoming King of England has been the Prince of Wales' nightmare. It has even been rumored that he would abdicate and renounce all rights to the throne.

Had he considered only his personal inclinations, no doubt he would have taken this action ere this. But not only would such step have meant a definite break with his mother, but the repudiation of the chief article of his sacred personal code.

Above all else, the Prince of Wales prides himself upon being a good sport and all a liberal interpretation of that term involves. He could not abdicate without laying himself open to the charge of being a "quitter" and shirking the responsibilities which his position placed upon him. So much as he abhorred the idea of ascending the British throne, he refused to take the only action that would prevent it, and went on his way, doing the things he liked to do, and hoping against hope that something might intervent to prevent what now seems certain, and what he considers such a tragedy.

* * *

And only those who understand the political and social conditions in England, and the revolutionary changes that have taken place in the present generation, can understand the Prince of Wales' attitude. Added to this, in Prince Edwards' case, has been his family environment.

While King George has developed from an unpopular monarch to one generally esteemed and respected, it is pretty generally known he has never enjoyed being King of England. He has performed the duties of his exalted office with skill and extreme conscientiousness, but his heart has never been in it.

As King, the Prince of Wales would enjoy a personal popularity never attained by his father. It is probable the responsibilities of the position would develop him, as they did his grandfather whom in many ways he resembles, but subconsciously he he regards the occupancy of the throne from his father's standpoint.

* * *

Moreover, this king business is about played out. Only in Great Britain has it any genuine standing, and even there, in spite of the pleasant fiction about unofficial power, the King remains essentially a figurehead.

Once upon the throne the Prince of Wales would never again be able to call an hour his own. He would literally be the servant of the British people, including the dominant politicians.

No more lion hunting, no more polo, no more all-night dances, no more fox hunting—at least not the kind the Prince has enjoyed—and, even more important, no more freedom and privileges of bachelorhood.

Day after day he would be presented with his program—laying a corner stone here, attending a country fair there, driving in state somewhere else—the deadly drudgery of a futile and ostentatious routine!

* * *

Knowing the conditions, one can hardly blame the Prince. Who in his position would want the job?

And yet unless the unexpected happens he will soon be forced to take it.

How times have changed! He will take it as a martyr and with the firm conviction that he will go down in history as the last of the British Kings.

An Ohio woman shot her husband, thinking him a burglar. Now if she would shoot a burglar, thinking him her husband, that would be news.

Yes, it's a feminine age. Lizzies everywhere, three Ruths in Congress and the cars run by Ethyl. (And we don't get a cent for the advertising).

So many words have a double meaning. "It," for example, may mean sex appeal or a new infant.

Another good way to enjoy solitude is to get the habit of describing your symptoms.

Short romance: Amo, Ego; Reno!

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 KING'S ILLNESS.

Along with several other physicians who had been consulted I was called to testify in a murder trial. The victim had received a blow on the head with a heavy implement which rendered him unconscious for several days before he died. I did not hear the other doctors testify, but I imagine they looked just as foolish as I did to the jury, which was of the average intelligence. The defense liar—lawyer—made it only too apparent to the astute jury that I had not been quite certain whether the patient had a fracture of the base of the skull until the fact was established at the autopsy. I suppose all the other doctors were equally incompetent, in the eyes of the jury, and the inference, you see, was that the poor man might have been saved if there had been a capable doctor on hand, so the only course for the jury was to let the murderer off. Either the defense attorney was skilful enough, or the prosecutor was weak enough to prevent any elucidation of the fact that no human skill warrants an absolutely positive diagnosis of fracture of the base of the skull in the majority of such cases. Put it to yourself this way: If you are aroused from slumber on a very dark night by a commotion in the hen house, and you notice a very dark man hurrying down the street with a large sack over his shoulder are you justified in potting the man? That might seem the plausible thing to do, but if you follow impulse like that you are an unsafe citizen.

To my semi-cynical mind the King's illness presented a tough diagnostic problem to his physicians, and short of making a frank avowal of their puzzlement in the bulletins given out, they displayed good judgment throughout the illness, I think. It would not do to tell the anxious British public that the doctors in attendance were even slightly muddled.

At that it would make no particular difference, so far as treatment is concerned, nor would it alter the prognosis, if the doctors were able to make a positive diagnosis of either lobar or broncho-pneumonia.

The King has long suffered from chronic bronchitis. This is the familiar "winter cough" of many middle-aged and elderly persons. Aside from converting the sufferer into a valetudinarian, and too often a misguided one, this chronic bronchitis is not a serious illness and rarely leads to any serious illness. But perhaps one with an existing bronchitis is more likely to have broncho-pneumonia than a normal individual is. Broncho-pneumonia is otherwise known as "catarrhal" pneumonia, if anybody knows what that means, and was once called "suffocative catarrh," but more latterly "capillary bronchitis." It develops insidiously or without abrupt onset, often as a consequence of acute bronchitis, and is a frequent complication of measles, diphtheria and other acute fevers in childhood. Enfeebled elderly persons seem to regain a childlike tendency to have broncho-pneumonia, rather than lobar pneumonia, which is the "lung fever" of vigorous adults, with its sudden onset with chill, high fever, poisoned heart (pneumonia gerra toxin), typical course of nine or ten days, and "crisis" or sudden fall of fever and comparative relief and safety.

The bulletins from the king's bedside dwelt on the failing heart. That would point toward lobar pneumonia; though even a royal heart may be impaired by common, everyday heart disease such as you and I might have, and such a heart would fail or tire early in the course of even mild broncho-pneumonia.

The reason why I think I should not care, if I were the patient, whether I had broncho-pneumonia or typical lobar pneumonia, is that one's chances of making a good recovery are about even today. If I could have the cold open air treatment, I'd prefer lobar pneumonia, but there are so few good doctors who would give a fellow this boon, especially if a fellow's friends or grandmothers betrayed any horror about it.

This is a little strange, too, and I am at a loss to explain it, for in broncho-pneumonia ("suffocative" catarrh) the trouble is scattered through both lungs and there is usually more or less evidence of deficient oxygenation, so that nice clear condensed cold air ought to be the first aid in such cases. Yet I believe nice, clear condensed cold air is the more essential in lobar pneumonia ("lung fever"), and the nearest approach I can make to an explanation for my queer foible is that I fancy there is something in clear cold OPEN outdoor air that the body requires for the elaboration of the antitoxin it must have to win the battle with pneumotoxin (the poison of pneumococcus).

The King, like Sir William Osler, and like most sufferers from chronic bronchitis or "winter cough," had acquired rather finical habits in recent years. For instance, whenever he travelled by rail his attendants were at great pains to keep the temperature and humidity in the royal train just so. Dr. Osler had no such coddling, but he did become somewhat peevish in his later years at Oxford, about the chilly lecture room or the rawness of the weather, when he made an automobile journey.

Whether it be cause or effect I cannot tell but there is something about the personality of chronic bronchitis subjects that appeals to the affections. It is as though some tender, childlike simplicity goes with the condition. I wish some good psychologist would explain this, in ideas and not just overpowering words. Whatever it may be, King George is no exception, for the kindly personality and great modesty of this good man have made for him a place in the hearts of the American people, such as few other royal personages have had. All our hopes and sympathies on this side of the border have joined with those of the Canadian people in the prayer, Long live the King.

Abe Martin

I'll bet whoever succeeds McNary & Haugen 'll chuck th' firm name. It don't take long t' destroy a truck full o' confiscated Scotch, but I'd hate t' wait around till a load o' censored books burned up.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued From Page One)

education" for men anxious to make up for lost time. And the Canadian wheat pool is a great and successful marketing plan.

Some of Canada's ideas would be called paternalism, even half-way bolshevism, here. This country is so busy looking after the exceptional man, the big fellow at the top, that little attention is left over for the common man. But government will get around to him eventually—if he wakes up and insists on it.

Postmaster General New's report shows a postoffice deficit of $33,363,148. The average American spent for postage $5.11, total receipts $693,633,921. The important news is postoffice airplane development, for which Postmaster General New deserves thanks. The New York 5 cent rate on air letters has increased the service enormously. The so-called "postoffice loss" means nothing. Whether the people pay that money to the postoffice for stamps or pay it in taxes makes no difference.

Chicago Chamber of Commerce has devoted three days to the question of aircraft manufacture, while Chicago offered an admirable airship exposition, including the new model 67. The El Paso, Texas, Chamber of Commerce sent a flying machine to Mexico to congratulate the new president on his inauguration, expressing friendship and a desire to do business.

Flying machines will soon be as important to travel and commerce as railroads are now and as stage coaches once were. Chambers of commerce that are wise will interest themselves in aviation in which, by the way, the chamber of commerce of Seattle specializes more intensely than any other chamber in the country.

American owners of "concessions in Colombia" are indignant because native labor, rebelling, destroys property and menaces life. Native labor should not do that, but it has a grievance. Colombian law says "regular employes must be insured against accident by their employers." American concessionares employ much transient labor and say, "We can't afford to insure a man that only works a week or two." Native labor says, quite naturally, "We can't afford to have a hand cut off without compensation on a short job."

California could solve that problem. In California you insure all your workers, paying insurance based on the amount of your payroll at the end of a year. Thus transient employes cost no more for insurance than regular employes.

Gentlemen with stores of liquor put away in cellars arrange trap guns so that burglars will get bullets in place of whiskey. That's an old idea. The new idea comes from Houston, Texas. A prohibition agent, descending into the secret cave of a distiller, entered a gas trap and died. His cries of warning saved the lives of three companions, who hastily retired. Bootlegging has become a science, a marvelous university for the development of criminals.

Oregon Weather.

Oregon: Rain west and local snows and rains east portion tonight and Wednesday; moderate temperature. Southerly gales, on the coast.

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

THE OFFICE HABIT.

The notary and parish rector have often said, "Kerchoo! You ought to run for wood inspector—we need such men as you. So many ten-cent men are chosen for office, here and here, the souls of thinking men are frozen by sorrow and despair. We need good men for public places, the best men we can find, true men who have the moral grades, who are of cultured mind. We need a man for wood inspector who's not a tinhorn skate," declared the notary and rector, "so be a candidate." And I reply, "I'm much affected by your kind words of cheer and I'd consent to be elected but for one ghastly fear. If I could serve one term, my masters, and then in peace retire, into the ring I'd shy two casters, and run with pep and fire. The trust is great and I might grab it, resolved to do my best; but much I fear the office habit which makes of men a jest. It seems to me that having tasted an office, small or great, man's energy's thereafter wasted as chronic candidate. You seldom see him prompt and willing to take up old time chores; he doesn't like to earn a shilling by painting cellar doors. He'd rather chase the village bumpkins, where but one grew of old. I fear if I were once elected I'd be like the rest, my hoe and spade would be rejected, sane labors I'd detest. My bucksaw would be hanging rusty, my other tools laid down, and I'd be chasing tired and dusty, the voters through the town."

Quill Points

True "Jeffersonian simplicity" in the White House doubtless would consist in adopting a common yellow pooch.

Muscle Shoals situation in brief: You mustn't milk your own cow if your neighbor wishes to sell you milk.

If burdens develop character, posterity will get another great benefit from these bond issues.

You can live longer on a diet of spinach and cod liver oil, if you call that living.

Science knows everything except why the kind of people who borrow books always have dirty thumbs.

Fine example of educated and honest man: A modern who really has read Walt Whitman and calls his stuff rot.

Derbies are trying to stage their comeback too late. What with unbreakable windshields, ear protection isn't necessary.

Americanism: Going in debt to buy her a diamond ring so her girl friends will think she caught a rich one.

Ho, hum! Nothing much to do at the short session but provide for everlasting peace and a flock of cruisers.

Only a few writers make the high-brow magazines. No ordinary scribe can discuss obvious things in such a solemn way.

Wealth isn't everything. The richest maiden on our street has a pimple on her nose every time she has a heavy date.

Nothing is perfect. You never saw a skinny woman who was a good cook.

Don't blame the author if the story has a queer ending. The editor cut out the last part to make it fit the advertising.

Old Job's case might have been worse. Suppose there had been a lot of little jobs to divide among his political supporters.

Note to Europe: Why get sore? When Mr. Coolidge said we would only do what you would do if you had our chance, maybe he was speaking of philanthrophy.

Correct this sentence: "When at last we make up," said the wife, "each of us can take the blame without starting another argument."

FIVE FISHERMEN DROWN IN STORM OFF LONG BEACH

SAN PEDRO, Cal., Dec. 11.—(AP) The United States coast guard told the Associated Press today that five men were known to have drowned when the fishing barge "Blue Sea" sank in a heavy gale off Long Beach, Cal., last night.

Two coast guard cutters were dispatched to the position at which the barge has been anchored 11 miles offshore near Long Beach, from which patrons were transferred to the Monfaloone, gambling ship, when it was reported to coast guard headquarters that the barge had sunk.

TROUBLESOME HACKING COUGHS STOPPED
Coughing is often due to an irritation of the throat that persistent hacking only makes worse. To stop it at once, hold for a time a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound low in the throat, as for a gargle, then swallow. This puts the healing, soothing qualities of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in direct contact with the irritated surfaces, and relief is immediate. Try it. For sale by Jarmin & Woods Drug Store.

If pullets are slow in starting to lay, a light feed of moist mash given daily will be helpful, especially if this is mixed with milk.

Speedy Relief for Sore Throat
Safe Prescription Requires No Gargling
No longer is it necessary to gargle or to choke with nasty tasting patent medicines or gargles to relieve sore throat. Now you can get almost instant relief with one swallow by a famous doctor's prescription called Thoxine. It has a double action, relieves the soreness and goes direct to the internal cause not reached by gargles, salves, and patent medicines.
Thoxine does not contain iron, chloroform or dope, is pleasant-tasting, harmless and safe for the whole family. Also excellent for coughs; stops them almost instantly. Quick relief guaranteed or your money back. 35c, 60c, and $1.00. Sold by Heath's and all other good drug stores.

Santa's Calendar of Gift Suggestions
AT THE
Attic Gift Shop
All Hand-Painted Gifts
—Handkerchiefs.
—Dresser Sets
—Satin Pillows
—Card Table Covers
—Christmas Cards
—Lavender Bags
—Powder Puffs
—Handkerchief Cases
—Boudoir Pillows
—Scarfs
—Sachets
—Aprons
—Towels
Reasonably Priced
GIFTS MADE TO ORDER
325 South Holly
Phone 390-L
Call Afternoon and Evenings
Buy Christmas Health Seals

Notice Pythians
Once a Pythian, always a Pythian. There are many true Pythians in Medford and vicinity who are not affiliated with Talisman Lodge. We are requesting them to communicate with C. E. JAQUA, 504 West Jackson. Phone 1158-W, or with J. W. Wakefield, phone 17.

DANCE
Wednesday
AND
Saturday Nites
WALKER'S
MEDFORD'S NEWEST PAVILION

MUTT AND JEFF—Five Bucks Is a Big Chunk of Dough These Days

By BUD FISHER