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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

A Michigan mother of ten children has been sentenced to life imprisonment, upon her fourth conviction for violation of the Prohibition laws, and the Governor has been warned not to show signs of being human, and pardon her. Throughout the land apologies are being offered for the law, which by its very severity is making a farce of the 18th amendment. Rum ships are landing their cargoes upon the sands, a stream of trucks are chugging out of Canada, and the ginger ale sales are stupendous. It is really about time law enforcement officers, both state and federal, and indulged in oratory praising their devotion to the Constitution, and their own efficiency.

\$50 REWARD for information leading to recovery of Hoots, a white model, no questions asked. (Portland Telegram.) A neighbor takes action.

Our leading exponent of the healthful value of fresh air, who refuses to stay in it, is now arguing plenty of heat, hot water, and body, but refuses to do any of it himself.

It is estimated that \$200,000 will be spent for Santa Claus. At least \$19,000,000 of this vast sum will be expended upon people who already have more luxuries than they know what to do with.

The editor was not invited to partake of the lunch or coffee, although he was present in the hall. (Country Paper.) Another journalist snubbed.

It can be safely assumed in many cases, that turkeys sprang from jay-birds, and did not make much of a leap.

Audley Drury is visiting his mother and expects to spend X here. (Jasper Items in Eugene Guard.) New money in the community.

The prevailing dirty story concerns a rooster, and has a bigger circulation than any newspaper in the county.

GILLIE! HE'S A RUTE!
(Arony Column)

"Dear Annie, Laurie,"
This summer I was introduced to a fellow who asked me about five times to go out with him but I refused each time as I didn't know anything about him then. But since I've heard many people say that he was a very good fellow.

Now the trouble is, although he is very friendly he never asks me to go anywhere with him and I don't know why.

Yesterday seemed like an April day, along towards May. If a horrid winter has been about his future. He is entitled to lay around until haying starts in New England. Many will recall the moving pictures of him on the business end of a pitchfork.

Several of the social lions are mad at their girl friends and it doesn't look like the olive branch would be proffered until after December 25.

LINE FOR THE PAT

Down at the place where we put the dinner
Where there's a pain in parts called inner,
Down where we ought to be inches thinner,
That's where the vest begins.

Down where we'd hate to have some one strike us,
Down where the belt buckle loves to spick us,
Down in the realm of the umbilicus,
That's where the vest begins.

Down where I fear there's a terrible lot of me,
Down where some people are hipopotami,
In the department of laparotomy,
That's where the vest begins.

Down where the form grows a little fatter,
Down where in youth we were somewhat flatter,
Down where, in brief, there is too much matter,
That's where the vest begins.

(New York World.)

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT CHRISTMAS TREE!

THE evergreen was selected as the Christmas symbol by the early Christians—the symbol of eternal life—and it has become such an important element in the annual festival that no one would like to see it disappear.

Nevertheless, if the present indiscriminate cutting, and needless waste of Christmas trees is not halted, the time is not far distant when the price of trees, particularly on the Eastern market, will make them prohibitive, in many parts of the country.

We live in a Christmas tree country, and also a timber country. Everyone who desires can get a Christmas tree, and yet this should be no excuse for wasting them.

A rancher in the Applegate district has protested against Christmas tree vandalism on his property. Instead of picking out a small tree, he declares intruders have this year, and in previous years, cut down large trees and taken only the tops. He has protested to the Federal Forest Service, and has asked this paper if he isn't entitled to protection.

We have informed him he can find protection at law. There is a state statute, and also a federal statute, making it illegal for anyone to cut down a tree, within view of a highway, within 150 feet of a highway or on ANY property WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE OWNER.

We are also in receipt of a communication, protesting against the decoration of Medford's business streets with Christmas trees, of which the following is an extract:

"Timber is one of our greatest assets. Officials of the Federal Forest Service are now touring the county, pleading for the protection and conservation of our trees, with special emphasis upon reforestation. Yet we see hundreds of young trees linking our business streets, and representing needless destruction and waste. These are small Douglas fir, our most valuable commercial tree. It allowed to grow they would be worth thousands of dollars to future generations. Either we should as a community condemn all schemes of forest conservation, and let the tree-hog run wild, or else we should stop this practice of denuding our hills of young growth every Christmas season."

The decoration of our business streets with Christmas trees is attractive, and we would regret to see the practice discontinued. But in the future, we do believe, this practice should be carefully regulated.

In this direction we would suggest that the cutting of these trees be carried out hereafter under the supervision of the Federal Forest Service. An adequate supply of these trees could be secured and no harm done, if the cutting were intelligently carried on, and conformed to a scientific process of thinning. Moreover, we believe, these trees used now only as decorations should be distributed to the public a few days before December 25th to be used as Christmas trees in various homes. This would entirely eliminate the element of waste, and reduce the number of young trees destroyed, each holiday season, in this district.

The experience of Colorado in this regard might well be taken as an example of what the indiscriminate cutting of Christmas trees entails. Colorado was a great timber state, but cutting so reduced the available supply that the state has now gone into the raising of Christmas trees as a permanent industry, and residents of that state are allowed to cut down only those trees that have been properly tagged by the authorities.

Now is the time to consider this problem instead of waiting until it is top late. As our correspondent points out, the Christmas tree has unquestioned commercial value. In any forest, however, or in any tree plantation, thinning is as necessary as it is in the growing of fruit.

Let this thinning be devoted to the production of Christmas trees and instead of Christmas tree cutting representing destruction and waste, it would represent a benefit to the forests and a benefit to the people of this and future generations.

HENRY FORD AND MR. EDISON

"WORK AND SPEND" is Henry Ford's Christmas advice to Young America. And he points to Thomas Edison for justification of his abandonment of the adage, "Work and Save."

Good advice for any potential Thomas Edisons hereabouts, but not, we fear, for the average youth of today.

The trouble lies in the matter of emphasis. Thomas Edison would undersecore work, for work always has been and is today his overwhelming passion. But the average young man would be inclined to undersecore spend, and that would lead to trouble later on.

Thomas Edison was never interested in money. He was interested in what he accomplished, not in what he got for his accomplishment.

This, unfortunately, is not the temper of Young America today. Not what can I do, but what can I get, is the popular and prevailing slogan.

Therefore, we believe Mr. Ford might better have retained the "Work and Save" motto. Mr. Edison is only one of those outstanding exceptions that prove the rule.

There's good in everything, and the ultimate smash of the bull market will convince many more people that gambling is wicked.

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.

DO THEY SPRAY IT ON OR RUB IT IN?

A news dealer submitted an interesting question the other day. He said his hand usually tingles after the customer when he receives money for a paper or magazine. He remarked that some doctors say 16 diseases can be carried by hand-shaking or contact with the hands, and he wondered whether he might contract any definite disease in this way.

It is reasonable to assume that certain diseases may be conveyed through such contact of the hands. I think of scabies at once, the old-fashioned "seven year itch." Then I think of ringworm; next of common pus germ infections such as are ordinarily responsible for boils, festering of slight wounds and sometimes acute blood poisoning (septicemia); and finally I think of the familiar epidemic eruptive diseases such as smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, though I have considerable doubt about these last mentioned diseases—that is, I believe they rarely if ever spread by contact, but only through the nose and throat discharges.

I advised the news man that a habit of washing the hands frequently through the working day, and the development of a conscience about bringing hand or fingers to nose or mouth, would insure safety against any infection likely to occur through such contact of hands. But I realized too late that I had not given the man a fair answer, and I hope he may notice this item now. I should have directed his attention to the real risk involved in his work, as well as minimizing the significance of the risk he asked about.

Anyone whose occupation involves conversation with many persons in the day necessarily risks ordinary spray infection, give and take, if the adversaries in the spraying duel approach within five feet of each other. This applies for intelligent, polite people generally. Unfortunately, not all people one may do business with are intelligent or polite, and therefore one must add the risk of being poked by an occasional boor from a distance of eight or ten feet; that happens when the ignorant or impolite customer sneezes or coughs with uncovered mug, if the nuisance happens to have cri. For the benefit of such boors and nuisances I may explain that cri is any form of respiratory infection, anything a boor or nuisance would call a "cold."

Of course the person on one side of the desk, grill, table or counter is as likely to give or take respiratory infection in the conversational spray as is the person on the other side. It is a 50-50 proposition. Neither health or hygiene intelligence nor sanitary conscience is confined to any class. Plenty of folk who know better virtually spit in one's face and so pass along respiratory infection of one kind or another. On the other hand, plenty of folk who know perfectly well that they have or are coming down with cri have an easy conscience and unhesitatingly conceal the fact or misrepresent their condition in order to remain at play or work, literally peppering every unfortunate who happens to approach them. Of the two classes the latter seems to me far more contemptible and culpable. Though, also, these educated criminals have strong moral support from our old fogey public health authorities, who still persist in teaching that some vague "colds" are not communicable.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Excessively Dumb But True and Me
Faceliveness or levity seems out of place and is in questionable taste in a column like this, is a reprimand I have earned. Experienced advice assures me that serious folk will take my attempts at humor seriously and frivolous folk will take my real health teachings as jokes. I know everybody but three and me is pretty dumb, yet I do doubt whether it is as bad as this. At that, with so little space available, it is sometimes a puzzle how to mix the ingredients in just the right proportions.
The Charlatan's Light
The course consists of going twice a week, when the patient sits under a purplish light for about three minutes. It feels hot and is too strong to look at. —C. W. A.
Answer.—Data insufficient. If you will just name the doctor I will tell you whether he is reputable.
Child Training
Will you kindly recommend a good book on child training? Mine is two years old and very active. —Mrs. A. H. C.
Answer.—Yours must be a good one. Many such books are obsolete when as old as that. Dr. Watson's "Psychological Care of Infant and Child," W. W. Norton Co., is an excellent book.
Swallow the Seeds
Please tell me whether it is harmful to swallow the seeds when eating grapes. —J. E. P.
Answer.—It is advisable to swallow them with the grapes, unless your physician for particular reason cautions you not to do so.
Boric Acid
Please tell me is boric acid good treatment for the eyes? —Mrs. S. D. B.
Answer.—The eyes normally require no treatment. If there is something the matter with the eyes, better have medical advice. Boric acid, say a teaspoonful dissolved in a pint of boiled water, makes a comparatively harmless antiseptic lotion for the eyes, but it has no remedial virtues aside from the antiseptic uses. It is foolish to use an antiseptic except when dealing with infection. For ordinary bathing of the eyes, if you feel that such care is necessary, better use simple salt solution, about the same salt strength as the tears, and that is a rounded teaspoonful of common table salt in the pint of boiled water.
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Have you ever noticed that the fellow with inside information is allus on the outside? At Purvisance, o' th' Paragon drug store, is attendin' a chef's convention at Bloom Center.

Quill Points

Alimony: Punishment for being a poor judge of women.

Cows would be "out of work" too when they go dry—if they were like men. But when a cow can't give milk, she makes beef.

We may not need more cruisers, but the man with the most poker chips is in the best shape to suggest quitting.

If she glares when her thumb is on the button, the thing usually under her thumb is a husband.

Example of ambiguous sentence: "He exercises in a night shirt and pants."

You lick the kid because you are bigger than he is—physically. Money isn't wicked, after all.

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Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

FEELING FINE

It is a pleasant thing to meet the man who claims he's feeling fine, who has no blemishes on his feet and nothing wrong about his spine, who says that life is rich and sweet, and it is futile to rhyme. I'm always meeting mournful guys who sadly tell how tough they feel; one has some trouble in his eyes, one has a boil upon his heel; another has to cut out pies and fill himself with flaxseed meal. On every block I meet a wreck who stops to tell a dismal tale, or shooting pains athwart his neck, or ills that make him weak and pale, and drugs that use up all his kale. Men talk to me with sighs and groans of fierce diseases rooted deep, they tell of ills in frantic tones, of maladies that make them weep, of spasms in their collar bones that rob them of their nightly sleep. I meet a dozen men like these, who talk of poultices and drugs, of every brand of punk disease, of remedies in flasks and jugs; they moan and mourn and I would freeze one's spirit to behold their mugs. And then I meet the sprightly jay who has a glad and buoyant air; he says "I'm feeling fine today, and I could whip a grisly bear; of course I'm getting old and gray, but I have energy to spare. I'm old but I defy the years to put a single crimp in me; I'm active as the bearded steers that romp and gambol on the lea; I have no use for sighs and tears, for any inborn malady." I take him to my bosom then, and clasp him in a fond embrace, and kiss again and yet again his eloquent and beaming face; for I grow tired of doleful men who camp around the walling place.

The oil investigation finally proved that a millionaire can't tell a lie.

Americanism: Yearning to get big money without earning it; doing business with the fellow who has found the way to get it.

The hunting season is justified in many ways. It makes many a \$35 cow worth \$150.

They say solitary confinement shortens life. But a fool idea seems to live longer under such conditions.

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A NEW YORKER AT LARGE

NEW YORK—Nightly around 8 o'clock Fay Bainter and John Halliday come in the stage door at Maxine Elliott's theater. Twenty minutes later the stage manager and the electrician arrive. There are no scene shifters, for there are no scenes to shift. Not even a doorman is needed at the stage entrance.

Broadway's only two-character play, "Jealousy," has as its complete cast:

Maurice.....John Halliday
Valerie.....Fay Bainter

The scene remains the same from act to act and from night to night. The first act takes place in a studio in Paris, the second in the same place, two months later, and the third unfolds before the same set, its time being later the same day.

The two players come onto the stage together at the beginning of the play. Once or twice, in the course of the three acts, one of the other exits for a moment, but only for a moment. Toward the middle of Act Two the stage manager rises from his chair in the wings to supply a rap at a downstairs door. In the third act the knock is repeated. But he has no offstage dialog or other atmosphere to supply; the two persons on the stage are sufficient unto themselves as they unfold the tale of two lovers and a murder.

Could Trade Roles.

The two roles of "Jealousy" are abnormally heavy ones, of course, yet neither Miss Bainter nor Mr. Halliday admit any more exhaustion after the performance than after the presentation of a play in which their lines are fewer and their time onstage briefer. Miss Bainter says she never has had a play that seemed to speed to its end so quickly.

Each player knows the other's part in its entirety, and either could recite all the lines alone, for it has been easier for both to learn all the dialog, since there are but two roles, than to memorize merely the cues and taglines. It has been suggested that some time, at a special invitation performance, the players trade parts, Miss Bainter acting the male role and Halliday the part of the woman without carrying the exchange of impersonations beyond the transference of lines and action.

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