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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

There is considerable ado on the editorial pages because Roy Riegels, center of the University of California football team ran the wrong direction New Year's Day, resulting in the defeat of his team by a slim margin. Everybody runs in the wrong direction, some occasionally, and some eternally. It is better to run in the wrong direction, than to never run at all. Many run too long in the same place.

One more sunny afternoon and there will be spring bonnets and young ladies going swimming.

Perhaps you recall the Gotham painter who found $52,300 several months ago and returned same. Well, a Chicago gent, occupation unknown, found $22,000, and his picture is not in the papers.

Farmers report that blackbirds are mingling with the chickens at meal time.

"MOTHER GOOSE" TALE
(Yreka Journal)

John E. Overstreet was shot late Thursday afternoon when hidden in some bushes near a river while hunting and waiting for game to light, and was mistaken for a lone goose by his hunting companion, Walter Dow, who had seen a lone goose on the river and saw a shadow moving in the bushes in the dusk and fired, expecting to get the goose, when Overstreet sprang to his feet crying with pain.

A Humdinger, Inc., was noted pointing straight up late yesterday. Another skyscraper.

The local imitation British set is gaining, as several of the more stately matrons are using "Old English Curve Cut," in their automobiles.

It is now proposed to have a survey of the geological stratas underlying Oregon. This is a crying need, as the crust of the earth in this state has started to weaken. What is needed, is a survey to determine the number of acres now used as tourist campgrounds, that are suitable for the raising of spuds.

A marine in Texas at 36 pancakes. This is regarded as a heroic achievement. This gourmand, as Tomus Swem would describe him, would make no such inroads in the local pancake output. A report will be filed next week, showing how many plates have been mistaken for pancakes in these parts.

Gray chiffon spread a flimsy blanket over the valley again this morn. There is much beauty in the fog, if one has sense enough to distinguish the beautiful in Nature. Mrs. H says it is "a soft, silent shroud." Dumb folks regard it as a nuisance, that does no good except to make the motors hum pleasantly, and take the curl out of male marcels.

We have been asked to make a helpful suggestion to the members of the legislature, and have wired as follows: DON'T MEET.

Battleship searchlights on ancient autos are terrorizing the highways.

Old fashioned clothesbaskets are having quite a vogue here. This looks bad for the washing machines, which can only churn, not strain the malt.

The last batch of cigarettes was not thoroughly de-coughed.

Time has started to gnaw on the pretty calendars.

F. Bybee has all his beef au jus, on the home place.

Quits Ring for Check

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 4.—(AP)—Presenting his son Patrick with a check for $10,000 with the request he retire from professional boxing, Michael E. Daly, factory manager, yesterday eliminated the city light weight champion with the stroke of a pen. "Pat" said that henceforth the ring would be but a memory to him.

Some Sheik.

ERIE, Pa., Jan. 4.—(AP)—If allegations are correct, John Schwartman of near Northeast, Pa., is quite a strong fellow. Mrs. Aida Porter of Meadville is suing him for $5,000. She avers that when he hugged her one of her ribs was

REFORM IN OREGON SCHOOLS DEMANDED

AMONG the evils which the forthcoming Legislature should eliminate in this state is that involved in our antiquated and inefficient method of school textbook selection.

Under the heading of "Textbook Muddle in Oregon" last week's Oregon Voter calls a spade a spade, and shows how the present system saddles this state with an inferior educational system.

The chief trouble is Oregon, unlike California and Washington and practically every progressive state in the Union, imposes the universally discredited textbook uniformity system. As a result, except in Portland and a few other of the larger districts, children in Oregon's public schools are not enjoying the educational benefits available to children in other states.

* * *

As the Oregon Voter well says, all educational method revolves around the textbook. Teaching process must be adapted to the textbook. The textbook is the structure of learning. Educational method is conditioned by the textbook. It controls like a harness.

No matter how capable a teacher may be, unless she can substitute a good textbook for an inferior one, she must restrict her method to the limits imposed by the use of the inferior text.

* * *

The people of Medford are proud of their public schools, and justly so. But this excellence has been in spite of the Oregon system, not because of it. It has been particularly due to Medford's good fortune, in having Superintendent E. H. Hedrick, one of the most progressive and efficient educational administrators in the state.

Mr. Hedrick's administration, however, has been continually handicapped by this antiquated system of state uniformity and control. Medford schools are good. But if the Medford district had control of its own textbooks, and could thus raise its educational methods to the high level maintained in the Eastern states or in California, Medford schools would be far better.

* * *

Locally and nationally there is nothing more important than education. The future welfare of our country depends upon it. It is little short of a crime that the children of Oregon should have been victims of an educational system which has been abandoned and repudiated by practically every state in the country, except a few of the more backward ones in the far South.

The 1929 Legislature will have many important problems before it. But none more important than the solution of this textbook problem,—the giving to the children of this state the benefits of the best system of education that human skill and intelligence has devised.

YES INDEED!

THE record-breaking feat of the "Question-Mark," with a four-day non-stop flight to its credit, demonstrates the probability, in the near future, of a non-stop flight around the world.

An examination of the globe will show that a plane on such a flight could be re-fueled from land, approximately every 24 hours. It could be supplied not only with gasoline and oil, but hot coffee and sandwiches.

Only a few service stations, at strategic points, would need to be provided.

* * *

We wouldn't particularly envy the aviators attempting such a flight. Nor can we perceive the practical value of such a demonstration. But it would be a glorious stunt,—and glorious stunts have their place in the development and progress of aviation.

Furthermore, with increase in the speed and dependability of the airplane, Arthur Brisbane's prediction, that one of these days a plane will fly around this ball of dirt with the sun—or at least never out of its sight—does not seem such a ridiculous pipe-dream after all.

At any rate,—WHAT AN AGE TO LIVE IN!

If you contribute $300 you may become a postmaster and get investigated, but if you contribute half a million, you become an ambassador and get decorated.

The best Paraguay and Bolivia could do would have been chronicled in the late war, as "nothing to report on the western front."

In spite of that "Boner" New Years—or perhaps because of it—Captain-elect Riegels has been presented with a wrist watch. We trust he will not find on closer inspection it also contains a compass.

Another husband who trumped his wife's ace has been shot but will recover. During convalescence he can study the origin of that old adage, "Unlucky at cards, lucky in love."

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.

SKINNY WINNIE GAINS THREE POUNDS A WEEK

Skinny Winnie has berated me time and again because I candidly confess I like 'em plump. Then, too, I devote so many articles to handing out sympathy to Corpulent Cassie and outlining painless methods of reduction. As Skinny says, of course it doesn't matter if I'm that kind of person, but I might now and then lay aside my questionable admiration for — well let us not use the epithet the frail one applies to the other sort—long enough to give some useful information for readers who want to put on more flesh.

That's the way I like 'em. It is only the kind that doesn't want to get plump—you know the kind I mean. Darn it all, I have no grudge against the holy frights. I suppose I sympathize more with the plump people because they are so much easier to sympathize with. What I mean—aw shucks, the truth is that once you've braved the somewhat cold, emaciated quarry, you generally find the poor thing is quite pleasant to get along with, provided no charlatan has already titled the unfortunate with the obsession of colitis.

Drs. Appel, Farr and Marshall treated sixteen male patients and thirteen female patients in the mental and nervous department of Pennsylvania hospital for undernutrition (underweight) with insulin, and the male patients made an average weekly gain of three pounds, while the average weekly gain among the female patients was 2.4 pounds.

These patients received doses of insulin varying from 5 to 25 units daily for from two to eight weeks.

In three cases this treatment had no apparent effects. In four cases the insulin had to be discontinued because the patients did not tolerate it very well, though even in these cases there was no great reduction of the blood sugar.

The insulin was injected with hypodermic syringe in the usual way, half an hour before the meals, and the patients were given a diet that (including between meal lunches) yielded approximately 4,000 calories daily. Orange juice was kept at hand, to give to any patient who manifested any symptoms of excessive reduction of the blood sugar. We need not give these symptoms, further than to say we have all had them now and again when we happened to be physically fatigued and empty (if not consciously hungry) at the same time.

If the favored fat folks will kindly skip the remainder of this article, I shall try to indicate to the gaunt ones how this hypoglycemia (too great reduction of the blood sugar) feels, for probably skinny folks are prone to suffer from such spells and they should have a good emergency remedy at hand. Usually several hours after the last meal, say 3 a. m. or in mid afternoon if you are at work, a queer sense of uneasiness, apprehension, almost fear, comes over you; you may feel rather squeamish, all-gone, or rather faint and dizzy; you are pretty weak, trembly, even breaking into a cold sweat. Ha, ha! It is nothing. Your blood sugar is running low, that's all. Grab for your orange or orange juice, or your cache of candy, or raisins, or bottle of milk. In a few minutes you will be all right—if it is hypoglycemia.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Peroxide

Would the use of peroxide on the scalp every three or four weeks cause the hair to turn gray or fall out? (Mrs. W. R.)

Answer—Peroxide bleaches out the hair. I suppose some shades of hair bleached with peroxide might look gray. I do not think it would cause the hair to fall out. I cannot give any advice about bleaching or dyeing the hair, although I assure you I'd bleach or dye mine if I wished. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for instructions about the care of your hair. Do not use clipping, but ask for what YOU want.

Tuberculosis Is Not Tubercular

Can a person, not tubercular, contract the tuberculosis germ by kissing a tubercular person? (F. M. P.)

Answer—Not unless the tubercular person is tuberculosis. Tubercular doesn't mean tuberculosis; it means nodular, little nodules, such as might be present in various diseases. Kissing would be one of the most likely ways to contract tuberculosis if the tuberculous party has the disease in active state—that is, if tubercle bacilli are present in the sputum.

Red Measles Is Regular Measles

I would like a little information about red measles. We are under quarantine for this disease. The baby has them and the city doctor barred the other children from school. Only one of them, aged 4, has not had measles, all the others have had them. Does the law require that these children remain out of school until this one child comes down with the measles and gets over them? The city doctor claims a child will take red measles as many times as exposed. Other doctors we have consulted about this disagree with him. Does the "Measles" sign they put on the house mean that everybody in the house is quarantined except mother and father? If so, why can't mother and father carry the disease as well as the other children? (Mrs. T. J.)

Answer—Red measles is ordinary measles. Ordinarily one attack of measles protects against second attack. Adults who have not had the measles should be subject to the same restrictions as are placed on children in the household. There is no evidence that child or adult who is not coming down with measles can carry the disease. Incubation period (time from infection to first symptom) is so uniformly 9 to 11 days, that the best sanitary regulations permit other children of the household to remain in school one week, then at home a week, after which those who fail to come down with measles may return to school.

Abe Martin

O' all th' people who'er bobbin' up that used t' know Herb Hoover when he wuz strugglin' thro' college, not one has said anything about loanin' him a dollar till Saturday. "He'll be jest six month ole th' next time slot machines are suppressed," said Mrs. Lafe Budd, t'day, when somebuddy admired her new baby.

Quill Points

Dollar chasing is justified, if only because there is plenty of parking space on Easy street.

Bolshevism can't thrive in a land where the worker has learned to spend Sunday in a red silk bathrobe instead of a red undershirt.

The prosperous always have been naughty. The world just seems wicked because more are prosperous.

Middle-age is that period when an ankle is just a shank.

Americanism: An unschooled $40-a-week metropolitan feeling superior to a university man who makes $75,000 a year in "the sticks."

Blessed are the poor and ignorant. They don't feel under obligation to raise a bedroom window.

Smile for today: As carefree as the man who told you the darned stock was bound to go up.

Funny people. They fear planes because of wrecks and keep right on trying matrimony.

Can't the young intellectuals call a spade a spade without calling it a blankety-blank spade.

Most of us are satisfied with our lot for the same reason that Adam didn't yearn for electric lights. We don't know what we're missing.

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

LAMPLIGHT

It is a dark and stormy night, and now the blamed electric light goes out—confound such tricks! Around the house Tired Father tramps and digs up sundry ancient lamps and greasy candlesticks. They give a dim, religious glow, and half a yard away or so, it's possible to read; but all the lamps and candles smoke, and as we read we gasp and choke, and say harsh things indeed. Our eyes grow watery and sore; Tired Father opens wide the door, to let some fresh air in; then all the sickly lights go out, and people hear Tired Father shout and raise a dreadful din. He burns his fingers on a lamp, and we behold him paw and stamp, in fury, fierce and dire; a candle spills some red-hot grease upon him and he yells "Police!" and also "Thieves!" and "Fire!" But presently he simmers down; he banishes his angry frown, and says, "My children dear, when I was young that sort of thing spoiled every blessed evening throughout the long-drawn year. Professors, millionaires and vamps, all sorts of people had their lamps—they were the best things known; and while the lamps and candles smoked, good people sat around and joked, without a sigh or groan. In palaces and stately halls cheap candles guttered on the walls, or in the chandeliers; the haughty duchess and the queen had lamps that burned up kerosene and were not moved to tears. It's good at seasons to go back along the dim and misty track to things our fathers knew, to lose our blessings for a while, so we may greet them with a smile when they're again in view."

One reason why it's cheaper to rent is because the wife doesn't insist on tearing up and changing the interior every year.

How strange that conscience urges us to tell all we know only in regard to people we don't like.

One thing the nations have in common is a belief that the others won't let a mere treaty interfere with their plans.

Happy thought! Why not do as banks do and call your star mechanics vice-presidents instead of raising their wages?

Correct this sentence: "We spent the evening discussing his people and my people," said the wife, "and then he kissed me another good-night."

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER DOES PRINCE OF WALES

LONDON, Jan. 4.—(AP) An Evening News dispatch from Melton Mowbray says that while hunting with the Quorn hounds from Hungarton, the horse ridden by the Duke of Gloucester fell at a wide brook near Barsey, throwing its rider into the stream.

The prince, who is the third son of King George, was drenched but escaped with a shaking.

A WASHINGTON BYSTANDER

NEW YORK.—Those who spend from $6000 to $22,000 apiece on their motor cars, in order to ride in something that isn't one of a hundred thousand, go to the automobile salon to do their shopping. At this year's salon here the average cost of the cars on display, all custom built, is $9000, and the figure varies little from year to year.

The salon is the advance style show of the automobile world. George F. Baker, Wall street banker, is an annual visitor to it in quest of a new car. One or more of the Mellons generally attends. At every salon for years W. C. Durant has purchased a car. All the mass producers of automobiles attend, and sometimes one of them may be found stretched out on the floor under a car that has caught his eye, examining some new design of the custom body builders.

The meekest detourer may fitly interest himself in the innovations revealed at the salon, for new features, which win favor will be incorporated in the stock car which he himself purchases a season or so hence.

Why Not Door Knobs?

Thus it may be that automobile doors will open with knobs, in another year or two, instead of with handles. Handles have been used from time immemorial not only on automobile doors but on coaches and carriages before them. This year one body designer offers a sedan, the doors of which open at the turning of ordinary household doorknobs. If the novelty is popular, automobile designers will wonder why they didn't think of it a dozen years ago. If it isn't, it may never be heard of again.

Several cars upholstered this season in snake or reptile skin—one in water moccasin skins imported from India.

Another car has a signal system, which eliminates the speaking tube from rear seat to chauffeur's wheel. A set of pearl handled switches is connected with the dashboard. Whenever one is pressed lightly a bell beside the chauffeur rings and an instruction is lighted on the dashboard. The signals are left, right, quick, slow, turn around, go home, stop.

Spirit of Aviation.

The influence of the airplane is visible not only in new streamlines and radiator louvers, but also in an aero-phaeton, finished in burnished aluminum and designed as nearly as possible like a plane.

Its dashboard instruments include a compass; an inclinator, indicating at what grade a car is traveling; an altimeter, showing the distance above sea level; and even a device which registers the revolutions of the motor per minute. Its rear seat is like that of a two-seater plane, and it has a tail effect which is a replica of the vertical fin of a plane. On each fender is a landing light, and the small luggage compartment in back is about the right size for three sandwiches and a bottle of orange juice.

Not the least of the striking effects to be seen is in the combinations of colors. One designer displays shades adapted from famous paintings, using on one car the colors Michael Angelo employed on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, on another the hues in which Da Vinci painted the Mona Lisa, and on a third the shades of Titian's Flora.

Connie Says Applesauce

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—(AP)—Constance Talmadge, back from abroad, insists "it's all a lot of applesauce," this talk that she is to marry Townsend Netcher, Chicago merchant. "He's just a long time friend." Netcher met her at the pier and referred questions with a blush to the lady.

Oregon farmers are alert for new and more profitable crops, particularly deficiency crops not now grown in Oregon but for which there is a demand. In development of these new enterprises county agents are lending material assistance, says F. L. Balard, state county agent leader.

A NEW YORKER AT LARGE

By Kirke L. Simpson.

WASHINGTON. — Unofficial Washington didn't take kindly at all to the first informal ukase of H. Hoover, president-elect.

It had to do with plans for his inauguration. Despite wails of anguish against the era of inaugural simplicity by the Washington citizenry as represented by chambers of commerce, boards of trade, federated clubs of all kinds, and other organizations of non-political character, Mr. Hoover decreed even simpler inaugural services than those of his immediate predecessors in the White House, if that was possible.

The Hoover declaration of policy took the local folks between wind and water. They thought it over in silence for a while, but finally broke into open revolt. These simple installations for presidents may be all very fine for political reasons and in keeping with traditions of a great democracy; but they don't help advertise the home town of the White House.

Civic Inaugural Plans.

Just what to do about it, commercial Washington did not know at first. Finally, however, the Washington Advertising club had a bright idea. It began agitating for what was described as "an old fashioned inaugural celebration—a purely civic celebration to be arranged by the city itself."

It's a novel idea. Heretofore details of inaugurations have been largely in the hands of the political cohorts which make the city their home for such time as they hold office here. The project of overriding Hoover objections and surrounding his installation with all the old time trappings contemplates fixing it up as Washington's own tribute to the new president, details of the city celebration to be fitted in with the official ceremonies.

What seemed to have actually got the impending local uprising against inaugural simplicity into the action stage was the announcement of mine host of that Pennsylvania hostelry, the Willard, that 200 Hoover home towners from Palo Alto had made reservations for inauguration week. The advertising club got busy instanter, calling for a conference of every sort of civic organization representatives to work up plans for a big show March 4.

May Set Precedent.

Just what the outcome would be was not clear when this was written. It seemed entirely probable, however, that Mr. Hoover was going to see his first pronouncement calmly brushed to one side by Washington folks and an elaborate inauguration fiesta worked up regardless of his point of view. He has again met the public and bids fair to be theirs this time.

If the civic celebration goes through the new president hardly could ignore it or withdraw the light of his countenance from its functions. And if Washington residents beat Hoover on this, it is unlikely that any future president will be able to dictate the ceremonies of his installation as did Wilson, Harding and Coolidge, pruning them down to increasingly simple observances. The public will be served, even the voteless public of Washington.

The Sequel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4. — (AP) — Edward Anthony, author of "How to Get Rid of a Woman," is married. He was eastern press director of the Hoover campaign. His bride is Esther Howard, who did similar work for the state Hoover committee.

Game Nets $60,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 4.—(AP) Shrine officials announced that the fourth annual East-West charity football game played here last Saturday had netted about $60,000. The money will be turned over to the Shriners' hospital for crippled children.

Catch Big Snake

PANAMA, Jan. 4.—(AP) Representatives William S. O'Brien of West Virginia, S. Harrison White of Colorado, William Williamson of South Dakota and Charles E. Winter of Wyoming after a luckless day fishing in Panama bay caught a 15-foot boa constrictor swimming in the Panama canal. The snake was lassoed and put into a sack.

MUTT AND JEFF—A Moose's Head Will Soon Adorn the Club Rooms of the Local Lion Tamers

By BUD FISHER