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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Bull Run water is being served members of the legislature, now in session. The secretary of state is responsible for doing one thing right and appropriate.

Another upstate citizen who wandered into the Cascades for a hike, has been returned to the hospital by a searching party. The hiker was unable to cope with the capers of winter in the high spots, and when thawed out will be as good as new. The rescued one, on his jaunt, wore Oxford shoes, but had on his coat and hat.

A skiff of snow fell this am., hushing up a number of women who have been talking about cleaning house. The women do not like to do the job until after the smudging, but their brutish husbands are too contented.

Hobias Deuel is now sequestered behind the wheel of a spanking Cadillac, which will be used to flit him from his woodpile to his meals. The vehicle is a credit to the community, and guzzles gasoline with more avidity than the popular priced motors driven by the proletariat.

17 days of 1929 have evaporated, and only slight mention of General Nobile of Italy, who exhibited his yellow streak on an Arctic flight, and none at all of Ruth Elder, whose effort to commuit suicide by flying across the Atlantic was balked by a Dutch steamer.

Scotch story No. 3,782,543 showed up on the Main Stem late yesterday.

"Seven-up" is gradually usurping the popularity of bridge, locally, in social circles. Many "seven-up" addicts, like bridge habitues, can do nothing but shuffle the pasteboards in a merry and unique manner. "Seven-up" is a game requiring no great expenditure of brain and brawn, and history cites that it was played upon the coat-tails of a gent in flight.

Elmer Oatman of the semi-rural districts was noted at the Colt. water hole yesterday getting a pail of water. He departed for home with two Jills in the front seat.

Economic truth emitted by a bedraggled member of the human race, in a plea for his supper:

A meal doesn't amount to much, until you've missed a couple.

F. Bybee of J'ville, has a sick steer on his hands. Nothing looks so sick as a sick steer, unless it is a man in the midst of a bum job of wearing out a cold. The ill steer has been standing in the same spot for two days, gazing mournfully at what would be Jackson creek if there was any water.

How are the musicians coming along with their thumping out of numbers, with con amore expressivo, Opus 567

The Balkans, and two wrestlers, are mad at each other.

It's a wonder an electric sign would not start flashing through the night, that had some red in its vital parts.

"Sheepmen of the Malin district report the presence of ticks"—(Klamath Falls News.) One of the vicissitudes of life in the open spaces.

The spring coiffures are on the market, and brazenly expose one female ear.

A phone pole suddenly jumped out in front of an auto on the West Main skating rink Monday eve.

Pussywillows along the creeks are feeling kittenish, and spring will soon be sneaking over yon Siskiyous. Poets are sharpening up lead pencils for the regular output of vernal verse, and the Older Girls of Ashland are pawing around the roots of rose bushes with soup spoons.

Honus Has Job.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan 17.—(AP) Honus Wagner, one-time terror of pitchers, is helping keep order in the Pennsylvania legislature. He is assistant sergeant-at-arms at $7 per diem.

Oregon Weather.

Unsettled with snows in east and probably rains west portion tonight and Friday; temperatures somewhat below normal. Fresh winds, mostly west and northwest, on the coast.

QUILL POINTS

Youth was more respectful in the old days. It had more to respect.

Ford has most of the money? What do you care who owns the air if you can breathe it?

Still, the fool driver **is complimentary**. He knows you will do the sensible thing and save him.

It might be worse. Every once in a while you see a young loafer who doesn't even possess a gun.

"There are more crooks in the city than in the country." Yes, indeed. And ten dogs have more fleas than one dog.

Doubtless a he-man is one who buys his face powder bravely without volunteering the information that it's for his sister.

You can tell the classical authors. They're the ones you get in ten volumes with a magazine you don't want.

Philanthropy: Giving the neighbors your cats and pot plants as you pack up to move into a far country.

Now let somebody offer $25,000 for a plan to overcome America's belief that a prize offer will solve all problems.

Americanism: A "modern" youth thinking all girls are like that because he isn't high enough in the scale to meet any other kind.

There isn't much danger of revolution in a land where the lowly have frequent opportunity to beat some rich guy to a parking place.

Maybe advertising on the radio has value, but holding up the circus seldom increases the sale of peanuts.

A caged bird is content if the cage is big enough, and "free" men are satisfied because they can't see the bars of their prison.

Queer world. A state jails a mother of ten children for selling liquor, and does nothing to the grown children who didn't support her.

Mencken says a man's opinion is worthless if he can't change it without losing money. Could he favor prohibition without loss?

BLAZING the SPORTS TRAIL

By Alan J. Gould.
(Associated Press Sports Editor)

Sport is far from being a modern invention. They played tag and tossed rocks in the neolithic ages, but the big concentration and the high-powered stuff is of more recent origin.

Nineteen twenty-three, for an example that is fresh in memory, had a thrill in every stage of its competitive whirl as it touched off the biggest boom that sports have ever had.

Five years may not mean so much when you're talking about the careers of Ty Cobb or Cy Young, Walter Hagen or Harry Vardon, but the last five have been the most significant in athletic history.

The passing show of 1923 featured the flashing episodes of Dempsey and Firpo, Zev and Papyrus, Tilden and Johnston, Wills and Mallory, Ruth and McGraw. It quickened the pace, started professional values shooting sky-high and overthrew a flock of old-fashioned stalwarts and ideas.

Many, if not most of the sensational developments of sport, the changing times and the new order of things may be traced directly back to the impetus of 1923.

Tex Rickard put boxing on a spectacular big business basis in 1921 when he staged the Dempsey-Carpentier "battle of the century" at Jersey City, but 1923 was a bigger year for the ring, brought to a smashing climax by the "battle of the ages" between Dempsey and Firpo at the Polo Grounds.

Nineteen twenty-three was the year that saw Bobby Jones scale national championship golf heights for the first time, after many a disappointment and launch a triumphant march that is now without parallel in the royal and ancient domain.

When Jones, then just become of voting age, beat Bobby Cruickshank in the playoff for the National Open at Inwood the Georgian shook the jinx that had beset his youthful trail and began the parbeating parade that has carried him to victories here and abroad.

The same year witnessed the ascendancy of Helen Wills, just out of pigtails, to the national tennis peak, ending at the same time the long reign of Molla Bjurstedt Mallory.

"Little Miss Poker Face" they christened the California girl who accomplished the seeming impossible at the age of 17 and started a career that has carried her to world's championship heights.

Look over a few of the other bright pages of that significant campaign of 1923.

On one there's the story of Bill Johnston's first Davis Cup defeat, at the hands of Kangaroo Jim Anderson of Australia. On another Zev's triumph over Papyrus, the English Derby winner, in the $100,000 turf classic at Belmont. A third reveals the Yankees, not yet the super-team, but world's champions for the first time, at any rate, after their third straight clash with the Giants.

Red Grange was a sophomore sensation. Gene Tunney was just a struggling light-heivyweight. Benny Leonard was the ring master and king of lightweights. Jess Willard was trying a dramatic comeback. War-scarred Gene Criqui scaled the featherweight title heights.

Furthermore Yale ruled the football roost in the east and California's Golden Bears won their fourth straight Pacific Coast conference title in one of the greatest unbeaten marches of gridiron history.

What a parade! And what a difference five short years have made, but, like the song, the memory lingers on.

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.

WHY HATTERS GO MAD

No matter what your line may be, if you're human you can't please everybody. Don't I know?

A Nebraska reader sends in a clipping which appears to be an ad. The item informs us that physicians, athletic instructors and other persons of experience over the country are condemning the craze of going bareheaded. This craze originated in the colleges, the item points out—enough to condemn the fad out of hand!—and it is fast declining as "an excuse for either not buying or not taking care of proper headwear."

In the old days whiskers were never attacked by the haberdashers who found themselves stuck with a lot of nifty neckwear. But then, haberdashers are not necessarily mad, or if they ever do get mad they don't get as mad as a hatter.

My opinion of this hatless fad is that it is a healthful one. Not only is it a hygienic habit to go bareheaded at all times when one is reasonably comfortable without a lid, but I believe it is excellent for the hair. If the bareheaded individual finds snow, rain or extreme cold uncomfortable, he still has enough sense to raise an umbrella or put on whatever covering or protecting clothing he prefers.

A newspaper contributor whose writings have wide circulation created considerable concern a year or two ago by telling the world that the bareheaded fad exposed the brain to the risk of grave injury in the summer time, because, he suggested, ultra-violet rays of sunlight penetrated the skull and worked havoc amongst the neurons within. Maybe some folk with very little gray matter to speak of took this seriously and resumed their lids. Aside from sunburn, which is indeed an annoying affliction on one's coco, there is no other objection worthy of consideration when a young man contemplates aggravating the aberration that seems to prevail among hatters.

I tried the thing myself for a season or two, and the first two weeks were the hardest. After that, one loses the self-consciousness that the stares of the hatted world cause in the hatless one. Had I started before the bald spot became a drought I might have saved not only my hair but a powerful lot of trouble with headgear. But, you see, I am just in the dangerous age—not yet old enough to disregard what people say or think of my conduct, and not quite young enough to affect the collegiate bravado. So I am more or less under a lid.

The Nebraska correspondent thought the hatters' lament might give me a good laugh, and it did. She mentions that she saw bareheaded men at a Thanksgiving football game with an inch of snow in their hair, and they all seemed comfortable. Ah, but what penalty will those men pay 20, 30 years hence? That's the reserve argument the old fogies fall back upon, when the hygiene of bareheadedness or the pathology of clothing is discussed.

If I had even a sparse covering of hair, or a becoming toupee for that matter, I'd never again wear a hat unless it were made a felony to go without one.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Atta Bimbo.

As an expectant mother will you tell me how I can successfully nurse my baby?—Mrs. E. G.

Ans.—As an experienced father and a doctor with a mild mortality rate, I would be glad to advise you how to be a 100 per cent mother if you will repeat your question and send a stamped envelope bearing your address.

Personal.

Correspondents should bear in mind that this is a personal service. Do not ask for impersonal information or advice, but only about your own health, hygiene or complaint. There is an essential psychological factor concerned, and accordingly those correspondents who confine their queries to their own personal health will find this service most satisfactory. When in doubt about giving any information or advice bearing on a morbid subject, I do not give any. On the other hand, I am always ready to strain a point or break a rule if I think I can add an iota to anybody's happiness. As to that, however, I am sole judge.

Cataract.

Mother, 69, developing cataract. Christian science notions, expects eyes get better by such means. Consented to oculist's examination, but refuses submit to operation. Becoming more and more dependent on those around her for everything, as she is getting almost totally blind.—S. A. A.

Ans.—The operation may still restore a useful degree of vision. There is no other recourse. Formerly oculists generally advised waiting until the patient was practically blind, before attempting the operation. Nowadays many experienced men operate earlier, as soon as the patient loses useful vision with any kind of glasses.

Rupture.

I have just found out that I have a small rupture. The doctor advised me to use no supporter and said it may have to be operated on if it remains over a year. What will it cost? Do you advise supporters or not?—C. W.

Ans.—I can give no information about expenses. Your doctor alone can judge whether any artificial support is advisable in your case. If a small rupture is reducible, I believe special exercises, particularly elevating the legs to vertical as one lies on the floor, and rising to sitting posture from supine, while you support the rupture with the hand, may bring about radical cure in some cases.

(Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

I wonder what all the 105-year-old ladies, who went to the polls in wheel chairs, will say when they hear that President-elect Hoover attended the races in Brazil on Sunday and licked up some champagne? Who recalls when poor old, tired mother got an easy chair for Christmas instead o' silk hose?

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

Dakota and Illinois favor calling our language "the American language" not the "English language."

A bill is introduced in the Dakota legislature to that effect.

Patriotism is admirable in all its forms, but after all it is the "English language." We borrowed it from the English, and we adopted it. A spade is a spade, and English is English. It is a first class language, created by the genius of English writers and orators and will keep its name.

We can afford to give credit where it is due. Other nations credit us with the telephone, flying machine, the phonograph, the steamboat and a few other things that really are AMERICAN, and don't try to change their nationality.

While we ask a few questions, and get no very satisfactory answer, and sign a peace pact, wise France appropriates nine hundred and eighty-nine million francs for 18 warships. One 10,000-ton cruiser is intended among them, also "six cruising submarines," gigantic undersea battleships, and a big submarine to lay mines, for blowing up enemy ships, is also included.

The French like peace and peace pacts, but they also like SAFETY, and mean to have it.

National prohibition was ten years old yesterday, and Mr. Whalen, New York City's new police commissioner, celebrated by raiding 32 speakeasies, arresting 32 men. This left about 24,968 speakeasies operating in New York City, and heaven knows how many hundreds of thousands throughout the United States.

You can lead men to water; they won't all drink it.

Screen Life in Hollywood

By Wade Werner.

HOLLYWOOD, Cal. — Making what used to be called "the moron movies" has lately become so cluttered up with microphones and higher mathematics, not to mention photo-electric cells and acoustical engineering, that very few film folk would be surprised to see Professor Einstein coming to Hollywood to direct pictures.

Whether the apostle of relativity and the fourth dimension would care to dabble in celluloid is not ascertainable here. Meanwhile, however, it is interesting to note that one of the few motion picture directors actually enjoying the prospect of an ultra-scientific screen era is a former student of Dr. Robert A. Millikan, authority on the structure of the atom and discoverer of the much-publicized cosmic ray.

Talking Smoke.

It was while studying electrical engineering at the California Institute of Technology, headed by Dr. Millikan, that Frank Capra struck up an acquaintance with the photo-electric cell. He did not know at the time that this innocent little cell, with its odd capacity for translating fluctuations of light into fluctuations of electric current, would one day upset the motion picture industry.

What did occur to him, however, was that the photo-electric cell might help him earn the 25 cents an hour he was getting for tending engines in a power house between classes. Part of the job was running outside the building every few minutes to see if smoke was pouring out of the smokestack. If it was, Capra had to adjust the oil-burners to eliminate it.

So the yung engine-tender hung a photo-electric cell inside the stack and adjusted it so that when an excess of smoke made the world look dark to the cell it permitted enough electricity to pass to ring an alarm bell. After that the job was easy. Capra's smokestack could "talk" to its boss.

Back to Old Tricks.

All this was away back in 1915. Instead of continuing his engineering career after graduation, Capra went into pictures and made a name for himself as a director. Perhaps his best-known recent picture is "Submarine."

Now the industry is all excited over talking pictures, with many directors and producers cursing the complexity of the new-fangled apparatus with which they must work. But Capra, signed to direct "The Donovan Affair" as his first talking film, rubs his hands gleefully and chuckles: "Great! Now I can make the photo-electric cell work for me again."

Wall Street Report

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—(AP)—American International, Montgomery Ward, Murray Corporation, Liquid Carbonic and Columbia Graphaphone were among many stocks that rose vigorously in the final hour of trading on the stock exchange today, stimulated by a further drop in call money rate to six per cent. Johns-Manville got into the 200 class again and St. Joseph Lead and By-Products Coke sold at 80½ to 120 3-4, respectively. The closing was strong. Sales approximated 4,100,000.

REBEL WATER BOY MAY TAKE THRONE AS AFGHAN RULER

LONDON, Jan. 17.—(AP)—Authoritative reports received in London today indicate that Bacha Sakao, rebel water boy of the Afghan wilds, may soon be seated upon the throne which King Amanullah has vacated.

Bacha Sakao is merely a nickname meaning watercarrier. His real name is Habibullah Khan, which is the same name as Amanullah's father, who was assassinate in 1919, although there is no relationship between the two families.

British official advices now state that all Kabul except the Arg, or citadel, in the center of the city is in the hands of Bacha Sakao. King Inayatullah, who succeeded his brother, Amanullah, is reported cornered in the citadel.

Kabul is reported comparatively quiet and the foreign legations are safe. Amanullah and Queen Souriya are now safe at Kandahar.

MOSCOW, Jan. 17.—(AP)—A wireless report from Kabul received here today said that King Inayatullar, who succeeded his younger brother, Amanullah, as king of Afghanistan a few days ago, had himself abdicated.

The message said that the abdication was conditioned upon a guarantee of safety for Inagatullah and all members of his household.

Bacha Sakao, leader of the rebels, and one time waterboy, was stated to have entered the royal palace today. The rebel leaders announced that he would assume supreme power under the title of Habibullah Khan.

GOVERNMENT WILL AID KLAMATH CANAL MOVE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—(AP)—Expenditure of $200,000 by the secretary of the interior for the diversion of the channel of the main canal of the Klamath irrigation project at Klamath Falls, Oregon, would be authorized under a bill introduced today by Representative Butler, Republican, of Oregon.

Butler said that the existing channel between the junction of Prospect and Upham streets and the junction of Alameda and Traverse streets in Klamath Falls constituted a hazard to the life and health of the people of that community.

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References: Paul Scherer, phone 1235; R. J. Henry, phone 19-F-4; C. A. Hiles, phone 869-L.

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Pickwick Stages

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By BUD FISHER