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## Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The snow! the snow! the beautiful snow!
Which falls with a silent hush,
And long before the day is done,
Will be a mess of slush.

Snow in this section causes evils like the above, reddens up the air-cooled knees, and reveals the fallibility of the soles of shoes and similar equipment in man. It generally arouses the spirit of chivalry in the young, with the result that they throw snowballs at everybody but themselves—the older the pedestrian the better.

It is fit and proper at this time to make passing mention of the town of Wercaopansk, Siberia. The mean annual temperature in Werchojansk is two degrees above zero, and the average during the winter months is 53.9 degrees below zero.

The legislature this week-end is not standing around in the road in Salem. Instead, the august body, or the greater portion thereof, has adjourned, which is the one thing they do with speed and dispatch, and gone to Portland. There are three things a solon can do in Portland, towit:

(a) Massacre the Volstead Act.
(b) Go to a movie.
(c) Go to bed.

B and C, the weary legislator can do at home, but he would rather do it in the metropolis. As to A—my gracious no!

Yesterday this department proposed that the way to end the misery was to keep the solons in Salem over Sunday. This is a severe remedy, but so is the ill, and the only way to stop the practise of observing the Sabbath by quitting Thursday afternoon. On the other hand, while they are adjourned, they can pass no fool bills.

There is no use talking about abolishing the legislature, however badly needed. It can't be accomplished legally, morally, or scientifically, in spite of what Man has done in the air, beneath the waters of the sea, and in the far corners of the earth.

There is talk of some more new roads to be built above us.—(North Highway News, Grants Pass Courier.) It don't sound feasible.

The Portland young lady arrested for wearing boys' clothing was let off with a lecture. Every community should have a civic lecturer, to talk to female tourists in khaki pants.

Quite a few of our juvenile cigarette smokers also have the cigarette lighter habit.

Plans are afoot for a Valentine Day dance, Feb. 14. So far no social activity has been cooked up for Ground Hog Day, Feb. 2.

War by machinery won't be so terrible if somebody will invent a machine to do all of the saluting. —(Toronto Star.) Another dirty dig at the 2nd loot hosts.

**YOU'VE SEEN IT**

The grand stand is alive with eager faces,
Gay pennants wave, and happy voices shout;
And now, before the final thrilling races,
Two plain and humble work-horses come out.
They haul the cumbersome and heavy drag
That levels down the turf for races here,
And, as they pass the stand, some country wag
Begins to clap and whistle and to cheer.
The crowd is quick to join in the affair
And rocks the stand with tumult and applause!
The band strikes up a military air!
The two work-horses, startled, turn and pause,
And then they straighted and throw back their heads,
And pull their burden gaily to the tune,
And, prancing as the joyous clamor spreads,
They find their Moment over all too soon.
But they have had their Moment, anyway!
They have been feted actors in the show!
And afterward, recalling this proud day,
They'll swagger, just a little, as they go. (Scribners.)

**Furniture Chief Named.**

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—(AP)—Officers of the National Retail Furniture association, elected today, include: Herman Schoenfeld of Seattle, president, and Samuel Kohn, Denver, first vice-president.

## Editorial Correspondence

CARMEL, Cal., Jan. 19.—It was clear and cold at Point Lobos this morning. Delores Del Rio wore Edwin Carewe's lemon chamois gloves which amused her tremendously. When not before the camera she danced about, waving these gloves in the air, which reminded one of Fred Stone waving his padded mitts as the Scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz 20 years ago. Delores would be good in comedy. But she made her big success in romantic tragedy, and so will continue in that role. The men who finance movies have only one rule—repeat a success until it proves a failure, then drop it forever. As a result, one success inevitably produces a tiresome series of imitations,—the producers following along like sheep.

It was cold—and for the first time in our life we saw a cello played with gloves—big buckskin gloves at that. The three-piece movie orchestra was bundled up to the ears, and the cellist, fingered the strings with his gloved hand. The tone produced seemed in no way impaired. It is difficult to believe these orchestras affect the actors one way or the other. But, according to the movie tradition, music to suit the action is as necessary as direction and makeup. The powers that be in movieland are more subservient to tradition than judges of the Supreme Court.

Also, for the first time, we saw a movie gag born. Carewe, bundled up in a sports coat, had an inspiration between "breaks." He strolled over to a character actor called "Dad"—a little man without teeth, thick-lensed eyeglasses and a three-cornered revolutionary hat—and, grabbing him by the arm, said:

"I got it, Dad. When they are eating you steal a leg of lamb and put in your violin case,—something to eat on board ship. The captain asks you to tune up your fiddle. You say you can't,—it's busted. The captain jerks the fiddle case out of you arms and opens it it. See—the leg of lam'. Good gag, eh?"

Dad laughed with what seemed to us an exaggerated heartiness, and proceeded to act the scene out with many gestures and grimaces. When Evangeline is produced it will be interesting to see if this masterpiece is included.

It warrned up a trifle in the afternoon so we accepted the invitation of "Wally" Campbell to play golf at Cypress Point—a very expensive and sporty course near Pebble Leach, only completed a few months ago. It is an interesting example of what Man will do for the sake of sport. An 18-hole course laid out on sand dunes,—with as solid looking grass greens and turf fairway now as one could imagine. It represents an investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars,—and one membership costs $2000. Greens fees are $2 per day, and caddies' fees $2 for 18 holes. This may be of interest to the members of the Medford golf club. It shows what a lot they are getting for their money.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell have a beautiful home on Pebble Beach. They are former well known Medford residents,—Wally at one time owned and operated the Suncrest property. He misses the steelhead fishing and intends to try his luck on the Rogue sometime this summer. Mr. and Mrs. George Boone Carpenter, also former Medford "ranchers," are spending the winter here. They still own the Foothills ranch near the end of Kings highway.

We are leaving in about an hour. After clearing weather for three days,—some of it comfortably warm,—a low fog has started in. A high fog in California, as everyone knows, is a drizzle; a low fog is what we would call in Southern Oregon a "million dollar" rain. The doctor's orders for one important member of our party is "dry warmth,"—so the good Ship Sedan is pointing south in the general direction of Los Angeles. This is no place to stay indoors and watch the rain drops chase each other down the window pane.

R. W. R.

## QUILL POINTS

You can tell a civilized country. It's one where people kill the birds and then spend millions to fight insects.

How pleasant a winter resort woul be if none of the palms were horizontal.

The radio is a blessing to a hick town. People can set their watches now without calling Central.

You can learn many things from a book on child training—including the fact that the writer hasn't any children.

A vibrating electric exerciser is a great thing. You develop new pep and vigor as you hustle to meet the installments.

An "improved model" is one that has some attachment whose only function is to make you dissatisfied with the old one.

A "boob" is one who works all day to get four dollars instead of wrking six months to pay for $50 of "easy money."

Still, the good old days might seem naughty, too, if we could find a Monday morning paper of that period.

Another good memory test is to sit down and recall the things you were worried about at this time last year.

Americanism: Sending missionaries across the sea to "develop" people who never make seven-column headlines.

You can tell an American in hell. When Winter comes, he stays indoors and yells for more heat.

Epitaph for a Secretary of Etate: Peace is sweet, but O how bitter to work for a peace medal and then not get 'er.

Phonograph grand opera has faults, but it doesn't ask you to believe the heroine simple enough to adore a 265-pound tenor.

Nature tries to balance things. The smaller the husband, the taller the pile of bundles he carries.

Higher salaries would give us more capable officials? So? Have movie salaries given ust more capable actors?

Our favorite announcer is becoming addicted to grammar and we expect any morning to hear him call them "sitting-up exercises."

## 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.

**DON'T TELL THE DOCTOR.**

Readers have not commended on it, but I beg to call attention to the pleasing fact that you seldom find in this column the maddening suggestion to "consult a competent physician." I used to run that advice once or twice a day quite regularly, but it seemed that we have a lot of incompetent physicians among our readers and they got pretty mad about it and made considerable trouble for me by complaining about unfair discrimination. Besides that, so far as I could observe, the competent physicians who gained in practice if not in prestige thru this annoying habit of mine didn't thank me particularly for my pains. So I wish you would notice as you give the column the up and down, how rarely I recommend this course to a correspondent nowadays.

For that matter, there are not enough competent physicians in the country to go around, so doubtless a good many readers must inevitably consult incompetent ones if they ever do get desperate enough to require medical advice. For the benefit of these less fortunate readers I wish to offer a few hints to patients. My object is two-fold: first, I want to help you to get your money's worth when you do consult a physician; and second, I want to make a little less smooth the way of the far-too successful quack.

On your way to the doctor's office, or while you are cooling your heels in his waiting room, just run over your sins in your mind and make up a good story to tell the doctor. You know, you don't want to go in there when your turn comes and sit like an idiot waiting for the doctor to say, "Well, what's on your mind?" You should be all prepared to file your complaint, that is, to tell him right off the bat what you are complaining of, what brings you to the doctor, your present symptoms, worries or suspicions.

Now be careful here. You must never play into the quack's hands you know. It all depends on how you present your complaint to the doctor, if he is a quack in a gentleman's clothing. It would be a fatal mistake for you to tell the doctor you've got a bad cold, or the flu, or that you guess you have a touch of rheumatism, or that you are bilious, or that your nerves are all shot, or that you have anemia, or that your old neuritis is coming back on you, or that you don't digest your food, or that your kidneys are bothering you, or that your heart is weak, or anything like that. If he's a quack that fixes it for him so he doesn't have to think any more about the case at all—he knows you are a gullible one; if he is a gentleman really, he will stop you and make you answer his questions. But if he has to do that he will tacitly list you as a Dumb Dora or a Dumb John.

Don't try to present your doctor with a ready-made diagnosis. On the other hand, don't be an impudent nincompoop and attempt any funny answers if he puts questions. The proper way to state your complaint is in your own words. What is it you feel, notice or fear? What sensation are you complaining about? Don't try to explain it or give it a fool name. Just tell the doctor you have a dull ache here — point out the place—or a sudden loss of weight since such and such time, or whatever it may be that has brought you to the consultation. Don't try to impress him with your medical knowledge. Be yourself. Tell him your symptoms, and leave it to the doctor to explain them.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**

**What, No More Lies?**

Please advise me how to teach the essential facts of sex in life to children (both boys and girls) ranging in age from three to nine years.—Mrs. B. B. J.

Answer—You may purchase from the government for five cents a pamphlet called "The Wonderful Story of Life," which gives you an excellent outline of the way to teach the children. This is sold by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Don't forget the nickle if you write for it.

**Rounding Out.**

Please advise me by return mail if it is possible to round out the figure after nursing a baby a year. Madam Willing of New Hickville promises to do this. Her treatment costs ten dollars and consists of 300 tablets. —D. L. V.

Answer—If taxation were fairly apportioned, Madame Jilkins of Sapburb would pay into the government that winks at the game about 98.5 per cent of the proceeds as unjust profits. The grafters probably take little more than half of her gross receipts now. The only way to restore firmness and roundness is by suitable exercise and perhaps special dieting to put on weight.

**Trench Mouth.**

Some time ago you gave a remedy for trench mouth. I have forgotten what it was, and now my daughter is suffering with trench mouth and seems to get no relief from the treatment she has had.—Mrs. H. Y.

Answer—It was the remedy advocated by Dr. J. C. Bloodgood in his oral clinic, sodium perborate. Make a paste of it with a little water, and spread the paste upon the sores on gums, or in mouth or throat. Allow this to remain five minutes, once daily. Then besides, make a weaker solution of the per-borate in water—say a tablespoonful in a pint of water, to use as mouthwash and gargle many times daily.

**Polypus.**

Kindly tell me the symptoms of polypus growth in the nose.—S. A. M.

Answer—There are no particular symptoms; any obstruction of either side of the nose, constant or intermittent, should warrant examination by the physician, who will determine what is the matter.

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**The 5-dollar bill needs a little dressin' down, too, fer all it'll buy. If you've paid any particular attention to it you've probly noticed that it's allus a Republican who says, "Of course the country needs two great political parties."**

## Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

And Germany, obliged to be cautious, for the present, is found preparing secretly for possible war against Poland, much to the indignation of Britain and France.

However, the fact solemnly signed states what is not true in a way to make sentimentalists happy. That will put a stop to tiresome convention for a while.

Thanks to Senators Reed and Moses, this nation expressly exempts the Monroe doctrine from the peace pact, reserving the right to fight for that doctrine. In various other ways, we took the mainspring out of the watch. If we now proceed to build fast cruisers, submarines and fighting planes, to prepare for peact pact possibilities, no harm will have been done.

Last year it cost $10,589,000 to run Harvard College, money well spent, if only one new and important idea should be born of all the young heads.

The boys paid in tuition fees $2,400,330 Football and baseball brought in $998,959.58. Lectures on philosophy do not draw any "gate."

It's a fine college, none better, perhaps, but every college recalls the French saying about travel: "Les voyages forment la jeunesse, quand ils ne la deformant pas." "Travel forms youth, when it does not deform it."

Colleges form youth, if they teach it to think for itself. They deform youth, when, as often happens, they teach it to think in a groove, all the little brains working along the same line.

That Edison or Lincoln would still have been Edison or Lincoln after four years at Harvard is improbable.

This is mentioned to comfort those that cannot send children to college. Real life and hard work are a good college, with many brilliant graduates.

Building contractors in New York fight the workers' effort to establish a five-day week with extra pay to make up for the last day.

Electrical contractos have yielded to the men, giving the workers five days a week, at something over $13 per day, a substantial increase.

In some lines the five-day week appears to be not yet feasible or practical. But long ago the eight-hour day seemed preposterous. It is established now, with Saturday afternoon off, in many unions.

Ford hires 30,000 extra men, to make a five-day week possible, for plain business reasons. Workers, earning sixty billion dollars a year, must be the best customers of motor factories and other industries. They need one week day to spend and enjoy what they earn and what they buy.

Certainly, prosperity has not diminished with the arrival of the eight-hour day and higher wages.

## Washington Daybook

WASHINGTON. — Friday, April 14, 1865, dawned as a great day for young Harry Clay Ford, manager of Ford's theatre on Tenth street, owned by his older brother, John T. Ford.

President Lincoln sent a White House messenger that day for tickets to the presidential box for the night performance of "Our American Cousin," with Laura Keene in the steller role. Young Ford went in person to see that the box was put in proper shape for the distinguished patron. He was not content with the arrangements for the president's comfort and went to his own adjoining home to bring back a tall-backed, satin upholstered rocking chair.

It was in that chair Lincoln was seated when a bullet from the derringer fired by John Wilkes Booth inflicted the wound that ended his life the next day in the little house across Tenth street still preserved as a Lincoln museum.

The chair and the circumstances of its being placed in the box figured largely in proceedings of the military commission which investigated every aspect of the assassination conspiracy. And presumably because it was among exhibits at the trials, the chair came into possession of the government.

It now reposes in storage in the basement of the Smithsonian Institution which does not exhibit relics of such tragic events as the murder of a president.

**Widow Asks Its Return**

Ford's theater never again was used as a show house. Its theatrical career ended when Booth's pistol hammered out its death note. It still sands, haunted now also by memories of later tragedy; a dingy, sad memorial housing only musty files of the long ago, with its future unsettled. Nearly all the actors, whether of stage or audience in the swift events of that April night in '65 are dead.

Yet out of that dimming past has come a pitiful plea from an aged woman, widow of Harry Clay Ford, for return to her of the chair that her husband provided for Lincoln's comfort. She needs it now to find the means to live out the brief remaining span of her life in comfort, for she is otherwise destitute and dependent upon her sons for support.

Word of her plight came to Secretary Davis of the war department in a letter from the widow, Mrs. Blanchee Chapman Ford, now 73. She lives in Rutherford, N. J. The Bystander has talked with old men in Washington who remember her as one of the two Chapman sisters, stage stars of a day before the word vaudeville came into general use.

**Would Provide Comforts**

"I will not deceive you, sir," Mrs. Ford wrote Secretary Davis. "I am offered a price for the chair by a man who is a great lover of Lincoln and who wishes to add it to his private collection. (Mrs. Ford underscored deeply that word 'private.')

"Will you not return the chair to me (the rightful owner) thereby placing me in a position to relieve my sons of their great responsibility and keep me from the few remaining years I have left at least comfortable?"

Secretary Davis was touched. A search of all the old records is now in progress to determine the legal status; but, if necessary, Mr. Davis will go to congress for special legislation returning the old chair to Mrs. Ford.

## About New York

By G. S. Seymour.

NEW YORK—Richard Bennett's contract with the producer of "Jarnegan," in which he plays the central role, has a clause forbidding him to make curtain speeches.

The actor first got to lecturing his audiences, 14 years ago, when he was in "Damaged Goods," a social problem drama which some play-goers found distasteful in theme, but in which Bennett deeply believed. Since then he has been the most ardent of the curtain lecturers, frequently taking ill-behaved audiences to task or berating critics for unkind words. Some months ago he carried his crusading beyond the stage, and appeared on the dance floor of a Broadway night club reading a Bible.

On the night "Jarnegan" opened Bennett made a gracious curtain speech with permission from his employer—but when he continued to do so on following nights, with less good humor, it was suggested to him that an injunction might be necessary to silence him.

**Alice Brady Remonstrates**

A lot of theater audiences deserve scolding for their behavior, but producers find that the actor who administers it often injures the play and his own popularity. It was news for the cables when Rosetta Duncan stopped a London performance of "Macbeth" in New York to have a laughing spectator ejected, and when Alice Brady stopped a performance at New Haven to ask a college boy crowd to behave better.

Miss Brady is always a jester, even when her curtain lectures are seriously meant. The incident in New Haven occurred when Yale fraternities had bought out the house, and the youths were roistering without intended disrespect. Miss Brady stepped to the front of the stage and said, "Boys, you needn't be sore because Maryland won the football game. If you'll behave until the show is over, I'll come out and sing you a song." They did, but she didn't.

Two years ago, in Wilmington, a play of Miss Brady's was all but halted when college boys who had bought out the galleries began to thump each other over the head with flour-filled socks.

**Barrymore As Himself.**

John Barrymore in his stage days, was an irrepressible curtain lecturer, but never by way of rebuking his audience. In Philadelphia, when he was touring in "Hamlet," he found Leopold Stokowski, orchestra conductor, in the house one night. Emerging between acts, after the tensest scene of the play, he said: "I'm glad you appreciate a great genius in your midst—I mean Leopold Stokowski!" He went on to praise the conductor's genius, and suddenly, with Machiavellian glee, exclaimed, "I wish to God we had him with this troupe." Just at that moment somebody in the gallery emitted a shivering cheer and Barrymore, flashing a look up toward the roof, shouted: "How did you get down from Hartford?"

And Raymond Hitchcock, emerging from the wings between the acts in any given town, says solemnly: "I'm always glad to be in your marvellously pleasant city, and my cast agrees with me that our visit here has been the pleasantest of our tour. You may be sure we shall always have a warm spot in our hearts for——" and then, peering with feigned alarm into the wings—"Joe, what the hell is the name of this town?"

## Screen Life in Hollywood

By Wade Werner.

HOLLYWOOD, Cal.—For a long time people have been hearing about California's unusual weather. Soon they will be hearing the weather itself. Some of it already has been recorded upon sound film for use in the jungle scenes of Greta Garbo's next picture. The monotonous patter of rain on a roof was needed and (it being "unusual" weather that day in sunkissed Los Angeles) the microphones were set up and the rain allowed to tell its own story.

The studio sound-smiths are collecting other local noises, too; partly because they have to try out their new talking picture equipment on something, and partly because "stock shots" of common sounds are a good thing to have on hand in case of emergency.

Under the circumstances it seems most unusual to some sound enthusiasts that Mary Pickford twice has bobbed her famous curls without once having a sound-camera on the scene to catch the historic snip-snip of the shears. Silent photographs of the new bob have been made, however, and these show the conservative haircut affected by the star has been changed to a "real" bob that alters her screen appearance most decidedly.

**Expensively Cheap.**

Cheap things cost most in the long run according to those who write advertisements for luxuries. In the movies they often cost most even at the beginning. The front of an apparently costly mansion may be erected by set-builders in a few hours, while a broken-down waterfront saloon for the same picture may take days to build and "dress." It took the set-dressers two hours and 15 minutes to furnish a very expensive-looking cabaret for "Children of the Ritz." A low-class cafe for the same picture took nearly five hours of their time. Generally speaking, it costs more in time, and therefore in money, to collect worn and wobbly furniture for a set than to rent new stuff. Old and out-of-date shoddy clothes likewise cost more, when they are urgently needed in a scene, than the best of new tailored garments.

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**MUTT AND JEFF—That's Just the Place Ima's Been Looking for All These Years** — By BUD FISHER