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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Crime, cussedness, and Prohibition violations have again been attributed by reform organizations to newspaper publicity. The average journalistic ignoramous cannot understand the connection, being under the fool impression that what the newspapers print, has nothing at all to do with the raising of angels, or the fermentation of illicit concoctions.

Motorists plan to spend the morrow going nowhere, and returning from that objective.

Mary Jane, 16, who studies so hard she can't wash the dishes, roller skated 17 miles after supper last night.

Grandma can not raise dahlias this spring and summer, as the legislature in its wisdom, after four days of heavy thinking, favors a license fee of $15 for same.

An $80 Algerian cat of this city ate up a $15 Hartz Mountain canary on a $437 Persian rug Wednesday, while the boss was on the back porch combing the hair of a $200 Pomeranian pup.

Fleecy clouds are now appearing in the sky, which is where they belong, and therefore spring will arrive in this valley next Wednesday, the chairman of the committee gets the rain out of the way. Aaron Rodin landed a two-inch fish weeks yesterday, and reports this delicacy has less fat on their ribs than usual for some reason.

Sensonal hats for the Galsheviks are appearing. They are tight fitting, in violent colors, and put on with a shoe horn.

Denuding cows of their corns continues briskly in the rural areas.

Science now proclaims that carrots produces courage in the eater. Anybody who eats carrots already has courage.

One of our sterling basketball players went to a game without his pants. This ties H. Flowher, the reputable plenman, who once endeavored to participate in a drum corps contest without his drum.

The womenfolks on Jackson street are out with spades these sunny afternoons, and to date have not made a mis-lick and cut off a toe.

Oratorical opportunities have been numerous in these parts the past week, and outside of a gentle limbering up of the larnyx, the orators have behaved. Does this mean that our galaxy of public speakers are running out of wind? One would say, No! though hoping so. The veterans of the Rogue River forum are just waiting for an auspicious occasion, to stand up on their hind legs and talk until they drop from exhaustion.

THE PERPLEXED ENGINEERS

Days when a brave woman could earn the applause of the country by yanking off her red petticoat and flagging a train just as it neared a broken rail are over, mostly because broken rails are rarer and red petticoats extinct. The New Jersey farmer who saved a train by waving a flag and a burlap bag, the other day, recalled those heroines of the past generation to find, and, being given to idle speculation, we tried to picture the situation if a modern woman should come across a broken rail. If she removed a garment (any garment) to use as a flag, with the probabilities against her finding one large enough to be seen, the chances favor a horrible wreck, because a really modest engineer could do no less than close his eyes and speed past. Engineers, no doubt, favor a return of the good old days, in the interest of safety.

(Columbus, O., Dispatch.)

Professor Blows Glass

PITTSBURGH, Pa. — (AP) — Fred Wagner blows bubbles for a living —but they're glass bubbles. He is said to be the only professor of glass blowing in America. At the University of Pittsburgh, Professor Wagner blows glass for the instruction of chemistry students, who hope to acquire that art for use in research.

Richard K. Kickens, freshman at Kansas State Agricultural college, Manhattan, is the only boy at the school studying domestic science.

An aftermath of the hurricane of 1926 is still evident at Havana. Navigation is held up by the remains of two naval hulks, one in a canal and one near a dock.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Cal., Feb. 13.—The hotel we are now staying in would in Europe be called a "Pension"—which means a sort of glorified boarding house. There are hundreds of them in southern, and some of them in central, California. This one bears the Andalusian title of "Miramonte Hotel," and closely resembles the Claremont inn in Claremont, the Crown Hotel across the street and Cloyn's Court in Berkeley,—all of them exceedingly comfortable, comparatively inexpensive, and patronized almost exclusively by elderly people,—the women outnumbering the men about ten to one.

We know of no more rejuvenating experience for a middle aged person than to spend some time in one of these family hotels. For all values are comparative and in such an environment anyone who can walk upstairs without assistance, saunter down the street without a cane, drive a car without a chauffeur, eat a piece of beefstead without lockjaw, is promptly classified as a spring chicken.

It is one of the major ironies of life that when we are young we want to be old, and when we are old we want to be young. Nothing is more pleasing than to be taken for 21 when we are only 17. Conversely, when the golden age of youth has passed and Old Father Time has left some marks which will never be effaced, nothing so warms the cockles of the heart as to have someone say, "What, are you 60? Why you do not look a day over 45!" It is human nature apparently always to long for what we haven't got, and never properly appreciate what we have until we haven't got it).

On a vacation like this the two most important factors are the weather and the place where one resides. We have devoted considerable attention to the weather, and now feel these American pensions deserve a few words. Here goes:

SCENE: Miramonte lobby a large living room with tall plate glass windows, reaching from the floor nearly to the high ceiling; very light and cheery when the sun shines, but the sun is not shining today, except at intervals. For the first time in four days there was no smogging last night, the weather prediction is "uncertain." Gathered before the fireplace are five elderly women, three from Massachusetts (they are Colonial dames), one from Rhode Island (who could be a Colonial Dame but never bothered about it) and the fifth from California, a permanent resident. Their combined ages would make 350 look sick.

We shall call them Mrs. A., B., C., D. and E. (Mrs. F. is not present, she has gone to Los Angeles to hear the famous Viennese psychologist, Dr. Alfred Adler, talk on Freudism and the inferiority complex).

Mrs. A. sadly): Mrs. F. is aging rapidly, not nearly as spry as she was a year ago.

Mrs. B.: I think so, too, and yet she keeps saying one is only as old as one feels. I thought when I saw her hobbling out to the car this morning if she is as old as she feels she must be a hundred.

Mrs. C.: But she keeps going,—hasn't missed a lecture in a month. And Tuesday she went to the Huntington gallery. I admire her energy.

Mrs. D.: So do I particularly in such weather. The forecast is uncertain, which means a downpour is CERTAIN. I will say this for Rhode Island,—the weather isn't as good there as here, but at least they don't pretend it is. They tell the truth about it.

Mrs. E.: California hasn't had weather like this in 30 years. But like the rain,—we let so little of it, and it is such a help to the farmers.

Mrs. C. (testily): What farmers! I have been here two months and haven't seen a farmer.

Mrs. E.: Perhaps you would call them orchardists—all the people on these orange tracts—and then there are lots of them in this country and near San Diego. Did you see that cartoon in the Times this morning? I think it is such a fine newspaper (finds copy on table and reads):

Roses are red and oranges are gold,
The smudgepots cured of little cold.
And there will be $150,000,000 decline
The pockets of our valentine!

Now isn't that clever. You would never see anything like that right on the front page of an eastern newspaper.

Mrs. B.: You wouldn't. They only advertise billion dollar rains and one hundred and fifty million dollar colds in California! I have had a cold for two weeks now—

Mrs. E.: Oh, Mrs. B—think if you had such a cold in Boston,—why years ago I spent a winter there and had a cold all the time. Of course that is before they discovered how easy it is to cure a cold with orange juice.

Mrs. A.: I can't drink orange juice; it gives me indigestion.

Mrs. E.: That is odd. I have a friend who suffered horribly from rheumatism, lived on nothing but orange juice for three weeks and was completely cured.

Mrs. I.: But sauer kraut juice is the latest thing.

Mrs. C.: You're far behind the times, Sarah. It is tomato juice now.

Mrs. A.: You can have your juices. Nothing helps me but quinine. Now, Mrs. B. here has had a cold for two weeks because she doesn't get out enough. I am as old as she is and I get out every day.

Mrs. B. (sweetly): You find the rain helped your rheumatism?

Mrs. A.: It didn't rain yesterday,—a beautiful sunny day—I went to the Community theatre and back.

Mrs. B.: All of two squares away—did you take a taxi?

Mrs. A.: No, I went with Mrs. Montgomery.

Mrs. B.: In her limousine?

Mrs. A.: Well, that is better than sitting here reading all the time.

Mrs. B.: Well, MY eyes are good.

Mrs. A: So are mine—I can't read the bill of fare here,—but that is because they are printed badly.

Mrs. C. (apropos of nothing): The food here is very good, and they take such good care of you,—plenty of blankets and hot water bottles.

Mrs. A.: Yes, but I wish they had more avocados—and not so many figs.

Mrs. B.: The figs bother my teeth, too.

Mrs. A.: Who said anything about teeth? I haven't been able to eat seedy fruit since that attack of colitis four years ago.

Mrs. E. (also apropos of nothing): Sunshine is the best doctor.

Mrs. D.: Then let's go to Egypt,—it's beginning to rain now.

Mrs. E.: No, that's just the man cleaning the windows. Why there's Mrs. F. now. (Mrs. F. enters using umbrella as cane). How was the lecture?

Mrs. F.: Oh, delightful—Dr. Adler absolutely agrees that one is only as old as one feels. You missed a perfect treat—I feel ten years younger. (Slips on floor and is picked up by the assistant clerk, an athletic young high school student).

Clerk: Did you hurt yourself?

Mrs. F. (ignores query): And tomorrow Dr. Ameau Kalji, a Hindu leader, is to speak at the Shakespeare club at two-thirty. I MUST NOT MISS IT.

The striking feature of these family hotels is what a good time the old ladies have. (One also wonders where the old men have gone).

How interested and up and coming they are. When it isn't a lecture or an art exhibition, or a woman's club fiesta, or a movie, it is the latest book or some striking article in the Atlantic or the Living Age. Well read, well informed and everlastingly at it, in some way or another.

There is humor in an old ladies' home just as there is humor in a Boy Scout meeting. But our dominant reaction is one of admiration and wonder. Think what women of three score and over were doing in this country 100 or even 50 years ago! Aye, we live in a wonderful age. R. W. R.

LUMBER ORDERS MORE THAN MILL OUTPUTS

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 16.—(Special)—Orders exceeded production by 14.1 per cent and shipments were 3.8 per cent less than cutting during the five weeks from January 5 to February 2, studies made by the West Coast Lumbermen's association on the reports of 136 major mills of the Douglas fir region in Washington and Oregon show. Mill stocks are 9 per cent over those reported as of January 1 for 136 identical mills.

Production for the first five weeks of 1929 for 213 mills reporting to the association was 757,314,098 feet, or 32.4 per cent below the 1,136,857,385 capacity of these same mills.

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 THEORIES GOOD DOCTORS SHARE.

Reader asking me to recommend a nose and throat specialist appends a rider:

"Is it too much to ask that the doctor you recommend practices as you teach about the infectious character of cri? The correspondent goes on to describe what a glorious comfort it is to be free from worry about the children's wet feet, changes of clothing, and so on. Ah, but so many mothers just can't be happy unless they are constantly worrying over such bogies.

An important part of this health service, in my estimation, is the answering of such inquiries, of course by private letter. Every day I recommend many physicians to readers who ask for them. Sometimes I happen to know the doctor or specialist I recommend, and even know his attitude on medical questions. As a rule I have had such intimate acquaintance with the physician I recommend, but merely the knowledge that he is a reputable, competent practitioner in the field for which I recommend him.

A very good pediatrist — you know that means baby specialist, only the pediatrist himself prefers to be called a child specialist, since folks are children until they begin voting, and babies are just miniature people—the child specialist then, has probably received some desirable patients, thanks to my good opinion of him. However, I know that he knows that I know how to get good sound ideas about feeding and care over to the mothers, and do it first; for this good pediatric man got plumb annoyed at one time and wrote me with some acerbity that I was cramping his style with my specious propaganda of candy for kids. It seemed that just as soon as he opened up with his line of dietary counsel the progressive young mother would stop him with "Oh, but doctor, we always give Gerald plenty of sugar and pure candy as dessert, because Dr. Brady says . . ."

Well, then let the pediatrists snap out of it. That's all I shall say about it this time.

Some of these good specialists I recommend may be not numbers in their own limited sphere of influence, but they should remember that I've got the stuff. They know perfectly well that I am always open to reason, but they had better remember that I have no respect at all for mere authority. I do not mean to be egotistic or conceited, but in a purely medical or health question, a question of opinion, concerning a general subject (not a technical or special one) I defer to no other physician. My own opinion, in my opinion, is quite as good, in fact I find it a shade sounder and more sensible in many instances than the opinion of any other man. At any rate it will explain why I get a lot hot under the collar when some wise one inquires the name of my authority for this or that opinion. I am the best authority I know, or at least as good an authority as there is on any question of general medicine and health.

Probably very few nose and throat specialists, for example, at present coincide with me about the ear question in more than a point or two; I am charitable about that. Few of them have the time or opportunity to study the problem as thoroughly as I have done. Be patient. Ours is a progressive profession and in time we'll share a lot of newfangled theories.

QUESTION AND ANSWERS

Corn, Callus Company (Lamid.)

Several months ago you gave a remedy for corns as follows: "Vanity beneath bunions and corns. Give away your shoes and go barefoot." Paint the corn or callus—but not the bunion—with a solution of 30 grains of salicylic acid in half an ounce of flexible collodion daily for a week or so. This will also remove warts." I took the clipping to my druggist who laughed and said he had a couple of warts but he'd hate like h——— to throw away his shoes. Nevertheless I want to tell you this is the finest thing I have ever used. I have gotten rid of two corns and a big callus, thanks to your always practical help.—Miss H. G. A.

Answer—The formula was making people happy long before I heartened and uplifted the medical profession by joining the ranks, formerly. I believe, it contained a dash of Indian hemp (cannabis indica), presumably to lend a romantic atmosphere. However, we're hard-boiled these days and we assume anyone so goofy as to grow corns has had enough romance to last for a while. The daily painting of corn or wart or callus with a solution of 30 grains of salicylic acid in one-half ounce of flexible collodion is the best home treatment to be had. But do not apply such a remedy to a bunion. Bunion is not amenable to any medicine. Bunion demands orthopedic corrgetion, surgery, as a rule. If you can't afford to throw away your shoes, then at least wear shoes made to fit your feet, and stop making your feet fit the freak things the shoeman shoves on. Going barefoot always cures corns and calluses. Correct footwear always prevents bunion, though once you have developed a bunion you're out of luck and you may as well make up your mind to have the operation and get it over.

How Do I Know?

Are sweet baths beneficial to one who has high blood pressure —L. K.

Answer—Foolish question No— Sweat baths of one sort or another are of considerable value in the treatment of certain disease conditions. Like many other useful remedies this one is dangerous when trifled with. I haven't the slightest idea what ails the one who has high blood pressure. Such a patient should follow his physician's advice.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

NUNS EVICTED FROM CATHOLIC SCHOOL IN CAPITAL OF MEXICO

MEXICO CITY, Feb. 16.—(AP)—The department of interior has closed the Catholic school "Jeanne Chezard" here and evicted 10 nuns charged with leading a community life in the school. Convents are prohibited in the Mexican constitution.

The mother superior, Maria Concepcion Solis, said that she and her nuns belonged to the order of the Incarnate Word.

They were warned they would be punished if they violated the religious laws again.

News of the SCREEN

At Rialto Tonight.

No greater compliment can be paid to a motion picture star, than to say that he has the habit of surprising his audience with unexpected thrills and situations. This is said to be true of Ken Maynard, the young western star, and his latest picture, "The Phantom City," at the Rialto tonight.

"The Phantom City" deviates from the usual western, in that the plot, while not strictly new in theme, has many deviations from the stereotyped "western". For instance, inject a creepy, shivery mystery idea into a western thriller.

Hunt's Craterian

Cranchon and Marco's newest startling offering, "Rolling On Idea," coming to Hunt's raterian tomorrow, is said to be one of the best stage shows there people have sent out.

From the rhythm of the opening number when the bevy of girls rolls along, across and around the stage to the finish, featuring the truly sensational work of John Dove and the Whirling Duo, the act spells novelty. Maxine and Evelyn Pracht" do a toe dance on roller skates. Thirty persons go through a complete stage act on roller skates and not a one of them "faw down."

Irma, Dot and Hazel also have their roller skates along.

"Next to gittin' all cuddled up in bed to read an' findin' the pages uncut, the most provokin' thing is squeezin' into a dinette an' then findin' you've fergot to put tho butter on," says Mrs. Lafe Bud. Prohibition wuz goin' to save the home an' yit ever' time a home is raided a truckload of assorted booze is found.

Quill Points

It's queer that police never know where to find crooks until a general roundup is ordered.

Many Europeans do not recognize the Monroe doctrine, but you can't blame them. Monroe couldn't, either.

If you would judge a man, observe whether green grass prompts him to speak of poetry, sheep or golf.

Those critics who say senate speeches change no votes, aren't thinking of the votes back home as the senators are.

The hyphen in "co-ed" indicates the combining of two things, such as education and husband-hunting.

Alas! You know it's a circular letter if it needed an air mail stamp to make it seem important.

Two can say "charge it" as cheaply as one.

"North Carolina pays the second largest federal tax." Yes, but she collects it from cigarette smokers. Does the man who milks the cow deserve more credit than the one who feeds her?

If you do evil you will suffer. "But," you say, "I did evil and no harm came of it." You are mistaken. You may have done something men call evil, but obviously it wasn't.

Americanism: Laboring to get rich so you can enjoy life; dying rich without having had time to enjoy anything.

It's only a question of time until some scientist kicks in with the theory that all the energy is contained in female atoms.

Brisbane thinks airplanes could destroy our battleships, but those little South American countries haven't any planes.

It's hard to decide whether the generation abolished Bell or just anticipated it.

Aw, what's the use? By the time evolution produces a pedestrian who can leap over cars, he'll crack his head against low planes.

Correct this sentence: "Girls of your age," said the mother, "didn't even think about boys in my time."

When some doctor experiments on a dog to discover a means of curing man's disorders, people call it cruel however little the dog suffers. "Why sacrifice poor dumb brutes for the good of man?" they ask. Then they eat steak from a steer that fell bawling when knocked in the head, or perhaps order eat raw oysters—presumably alive.

Little book review for today: "The Great Galilean" by Robert Keable (Little, Brown & Co.) An effort to prove that Jesus, though a mere man, would be a sufficient God if men would accept his teaching instead of Paul's. A book to interest laymen and enrage clergymen.

Your Income Tax

No. 12

Salaries paid employes constitutes one of the largest items of business expenses, which are deductible from gross incomes. To be allowed such claims must conform closely to the words of the revenue act of 1928, which provides for the deduction of "a reasonable allowance for personal services actually rendered. The test of deductibility is whether the amounts paid are reasonable and whether they are, in fact, purely for personal services. Money paid an officer of a corporation, for which no services, or services inadequate to the compensation are rendered, is not deductible salary. Reasonable compensation is held to be an amount that ordinarily is paid by like enterprises in like circumstances for like services. For example, an officer of a corporation received in 1928 compensation in excess of the amount ordinarily paid for services such as he rendered, and which bore a relationship to the amount of his stock holdings. The excess would not be treated as salary, but as distribution of earnings of the corporation and the amount of such excess would not be considered a deductible items.

Ye Letter Box

To the Editor:

Referring to the meeting of the Traffic association reported in your paper Thursday evening I notice that they assign as a reason for the high cost of local packing the fact that our fruit brings better prices than the fruit of other districts. The growers may, therefore be thankful that their fruit has about reached the peak in the matter of price as these charges, once established, like taxes, never have a downward tendency.

I knew there was something strange about the cost of packing our fruit and this is the most lucid and illuminating explanation of the why yet offered, which in effect is that the packers are taking all the tariff will bear or the commodity will stand.

Another interesting suggestion developed at the meeting was that concerning the care in handling fruit. In this connection I suggest that if the packers will quit trying to put 60 pounds of the grower's fruit into a 50-pound box it might have a tendency to cut out bruising the fruit to say nothing about increasing the grower's packout. In all of the discussions of this body I have never heard of any constructive suggestion as to increasing the per centage of packout to the grower.

Now we all believe that these gentlemen are interested in the welfare of the valley and the matter of marketing the fruit in this valley to the best advantage will redound more to the welfare of the valley than anything that can be done. So I suggest that these gentlemen discuss ways of increasing the packout and reducing the cost. They are, so to speak, agents of the local growers and they ought, at least, once in a while, consider his side of the problem.

HOWARD A. HILL.

Rogue River, Feb. 15, 1929.

To the Editor:

There has been considerable said about a union high school uniting Sams Valley, Gold Hill, Foots Creek, Evans Valley and Rogue River in one union high school. The most recent issue seems to be written under the name of Asil Walker, dated "Gold Hill, Ore., Feb. 12.—(Special)—".

I shall take the pleasure of expressing my views in this matter. It is quite evident that a considerable number of these union high school boosters in our district—neither are taxpayers or people that would have a legal right to vote on this matter.

Mr. Walker's views on this union high school would be all right if the northwestern corner of Jackson county was dead and held no future, but this is not the case with Evans Valley and Rogue River.

We want the Gold Hill commercial club and the work at large to know that our undeveloped resources will make the town of Rogue River one of the best towns in southern Oregon, but we must keep our resources as they develop.

We have nothing in common with Gold Hill, but a friendly spirit, therefore we must turn our eyes to the north of Rogue River where we find the beautiful little Evans valley. There is, according to the geographical survey, some seven or eight thousand acres of farm land on the floor of this Evans valley. All of this will be brought under irrigation within a few years, supplied by water from a reservoir dam in Evans creek and other sources turning those dry fields into blooming orchards, green fertile fields and pastures for dairy herds.

I will also draw your attention to our timber, the geographical survey shows that only one-eighth of our original forest is now standing in the United States, of which the town of Rogue River and Evans valley can proudly boast that they have one of the finest bodies of timber left standing today, which, owing to the scarcity of timber milling operations will necessarily commence in a few short years.

This body of timber constitutes a cut of a 30-year period at 300,000 feet a day. This must come down a water grade to Rogue River and pass on to the outside world. When our resources are developed we will have a thriving town, populated by many more people than at present. Evans Valley will also have many more families than we have on our farms at present, therefore we shall need a good school system right here in Rogue River to care for our girls' and boys' future education.

We note Mr. Walker drew our attention to the fact that Central Point was able to educate one hundred eleven students at much less per student than we are our 50 students. We agree that this is true. We are also glad of this fact, as we will soon have this number of high school students in our school. This article also stated we objected to the proposed union high school for fear of business interest. This is true only in part, since Rogue River and Evans valley have the resources to back up their educational interests. We believe that business and education should go hand in hand here in Rogue River, as it has been the case in any growing and prosperous community. The tax payers of Rogue River and Evans Valley have always supported their schools with the best interest of their students and community at heart and will continue to do so.

E. W. WILSON.

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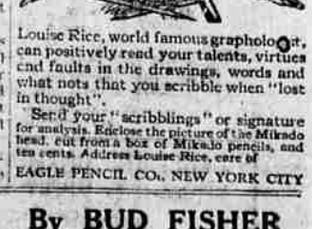

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Send your "scribblings" or signature for analysis. Enclose the picture of the Mikado head, cut from a box of Mikado pencils, and ten cents. Address Louise Rice, care of

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MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Refuses to Flirt With a Shroud

By BUD FISHER