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Ye Smudge Pot

Golf maps are again appearing. The Lord takes not pleasure in the legs of a man. (Salmis 127: 16). The new car was completely demolished yesterday by daughter who is only 16 years old and can drive as recklessly as anybody.

The estimated Associated Press reported the speech of Senator Reed of Missouri Saturday upon prohibition. His resultant poverty, but failed to report the home brew recipe that the senator read to his colleagues.

The Portland ball team, following the practice of many years, is winning games daily on the sporting page of the Oregonian.

James Grievs of Prospect has acquired a monkey, and the present sales have increased 25 per cent. The day has started in the trees and cutting down the rear end of a 4d for the installation of a bed.

The road that Williams Creek runs is badly needed, and would be a great help, but fear is expressed that there is a lack of votes in the vicinity.

ELECTRICITY IS SOMETHING THAT THE LORD KNOWS WHERE AND ENDS IN THE SAME PLACE. It is 1-30 of a second faster on its feet than his nearest competitor, backyard gossip, and when turned loose in Europe will get to the United States five hours before it starts. Nobody knows exactly what it is because it has never stood still long enough.

Electricity is sometimes known as science gone crazy with the heat, and if you can understand it and its maneuvers you can do anything with it except open a can of peanut butter at picnic.

Electricity was looked up by ignorance for centuries until Ben Franklin let it out with a pass key, and since then it has been pulling off more new stunts than a pet monkey.

With it you can start a conversation or stop one permanently; cook dinner, curl your hair, press your trousers, blow up a ball, run an automobile or signal Mars, and many more things are being invented.

POPULAR APPEAL. The parson remarked to the deacons one night: "Exhaustive and painful research has made clear to me, as I hope you may see, why people are absent from church. The shows at the theaters lure them."

The parson went out with the deacons and bought a big radio set. The whole being fixed they got busy and hired a saxophone jazz quartet. The show they put on was a daisy. The comedy was but not raw. And the parson got by with a sermon on "Why I Stray With My Mother-in-law."

So now every Sunday the temple is filled with a holiday crowd. The people guffaw at the "Mother-in-law" and clap when the music is loud. And the parson remarks to the deacons: "My theory, brothers, was right. For the strongest and best evangelistic test is packing 'em in every night!" (Spokane Spokesman Review.)

Editorial Correspondence

LAS VEGAS, Nev., Feb. 16.—So THIS is Las Vegas! After hearing about the marvels of this wild western boom town from all sides for nearly six weeks, we hopped on the Salt Lake Express at Los Angeles last night at 9:27, and here we are.

The train was crowded; the ancient claimers were lucky to get an upper. In our car were a dozen members of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange on a week-end tour to investigate a lime plant near Las Vegas, a well known L. A. mining engineer, a moving picture operator from Pathe with his machine over his shoulder, two bartended college boys from the east with loud neckties, and two fat and expensively dressed ladies from Las Vegas who occupied the drawing room.

We had scarcely left the environs of L. A. when seven of the Stock Exchange crowd in shirt sleeves had started a dollar limit poker game in the other drawing room, and the moving picture operator from Pathe was taking the history of his eventual life before a crowded smoking room, the two college boys standing up leaning against the windows, open eyed and silent mouthed throughout the discourse.

The movie operator was dressed for "shoots" in a collared, soft hat pulled over his forehead, a leather jacket, a pair of just-colored riding breeches, a barometric crossing through a tear, as he showed his legs encased in laced leather boots, and smoked—or tried to smoke—a long thin stogie. Fortunately he carried lighter, and he worked. He talked much and so incessantly that he had little time to puff, so when he was forced to change his verbal reels, as it were, out came the cigar. He had enjoyed a few whiffs before starting on another tale.

We don't see how this "Mr. Pathe" missed the striking marathon now being conducted on the Cinderella roof in Los Angeles. Only three of the 22 entrants are left, after talking without a stop for 48 hours. Emil Oudin of Los Angeles was the last to fall out. He quit as he entered his 47th hour. He just opened his mouth and said nothing, so the judges took him gently by the arm and led him off the floor. That would not do. Without a stogie to light we would match him against the world.

We left the "all-talkie" monologue about midnight, just as Mr. Pathe started a description of steel rods, a concrete structure, the steel rods, and a San Diego with the aid of a fast pair of legs and his army automatic. The mining engineer told us the next morning the talkie endurance contest stopped about two o'clock, when he started alone, just starting his second stogie. The poker party broke up about the same time. The champion spoker of Los Angeles, however, just below us, started in for the nocturnal stop record at 2:38 a. m., so your correspondent began as a total loss, and arose at 6:30 a. m.

It was still pitch dark. The porter was sleeping peacefully, sitting up in the smoking room, but when we turned on the light he opened his eyes. "Couldn't sleep," we explained. The porter gave us a black look, said nothing and departed, no doubt feeling toward us about as we felt toward that human canope in Lower Hell and more nauseous relations than the Salt Lake Temple pipe organ, but no stops.

Now a steady even snore, one may become accustomed to after a few hours just as one may become accustomed to the ticking of a dollar clock, or the pound-pound or the tick of a more noisy wheeled street car. But when what one might call the common, inhalatory, sawing note is embroiled with short staccato phrases, avoidal lip flaps—something like a sheet flapping in a gale—and downright death rattles (unfortunately without the death) there is no hope whatever. Any person unfortunate enough to be awake must stay so. If for no other reason, to hear what combination of sound waves is coming next.

A dim, gray light suddenly appeared at the window and we could see the dark outlines of bare, jagged mountains on the far horizon, nearer a sea of gravel and sand, with occasional clumps of bunch grass and a few tall, spreading cactus trees, or the black, gnarled Joshua trees. As we opened the window, the wind was icy cold.

"Gee, that air is fine!" a cheery voice shouted, and we were awakened to greet a ruffled haired young man in a sports-cloth bathrobe. We recognized one of the younger Los Angeles Stock Exchange men, who the night before had advised us to buy "General Hacking."

"Is it good?" we asked. "Full of dough," was the spirited reply. That perhaps gives an idea of the type of our early morning visit. Without further word, the young man—age is relative, he is probably over 30—started in about boxing, and left arm jolts, vicious uppercuts, stepping in and out, always always on the floor. Bang, bang, bang! Filling up the entire dressing room.

"Habit is everything," he continued, breathing, punctuating each phrase with a short lunge and a blow. "Ten years in the regular army—always up at six no matter when I go to bed. Played poker till 3 this morning. Here I am—reville, setting up exercises" (swish, swish) went his leather bed room slippers on the dressing room floor).

The curtain flapped back, a black face and a pair of white eyeballs flashed—the curtain flapped back again. "Ha, ha!" continued the early riser; "scared that soon—Ha, ha!" At 6:30 the train stopped for an hour for breakfast, "ham and," mmm, coffee, hot cakes—in the neat little U. P. station. If you want an appetite get up at 5:30 on the desert, a winter morning.

A row set out on the east came in—there was a crack in the steam pipe under the car. The provision box was caked in ice three or four inches thick. Long icicles were hanging from the water tank. The porter-buff in a corner by himself and safe had two orders of ham and eggs, two orders of hot cakes, and three cups of coffee. He carried a pall of coffee to the car. The scare must have helped his appetite. One of the late sleepers breezed in shivering, heavy coat over his pajamas, and immediately attacked a plate of prunes, one of a row set out on the lunch counter. "All aboard!" called the porter, and a young man, his pants ankles showing as the wind flapped his coat tails, two doughnuts clutched in his free hand.

So this is Las Vegas! A one-story building, supremely unattractive, set down in the middle of the desert. It may be the wild and woolly boom town advertised throughout California, but thus far it has not lived up to the bill. There was no brass band at the station, no milling crowd of boosters; only a few villagers and stragglers, a few the gas station, a few small western type who come to see the train come in. In the rear, beside the depot, a few decent looking, dead grass iron-pipe fence, a row of empty automobiles covered with alkali dust, mostly Nevada and California licenses, although in passing we noticed one from Kansas and several from Utah.

It was nearly noon when we arrived, the main street was fairly well filled but not crowded, in two blocks we passed at least ten hotels—identified by their signs, not their appearance—the Nevada Hotel, National Hotel, Boulder Hotel, hot an cold water, rooms \$2 and up, on the Northern hotel the prices after the rooms had been painted out.

In one block we counted seven real estate offices, one-story affairs, plastered with stenciled cards—"I room house, \$1000; 150 foot lot on Fremont street, \$45,000; Boulder Park, 50 foot lots, \$98"—plumes of men with big black hats and bigger cigars within.

The only excitement thus far, a "charity" party, a red-headed little girl and a scared looking boy apparently of high school age, on a horse truck—a sign, "We've been hitched"—one clapping cowbell, a procession of dusty ramshackle cars behind people bareheaded from stores to look on.

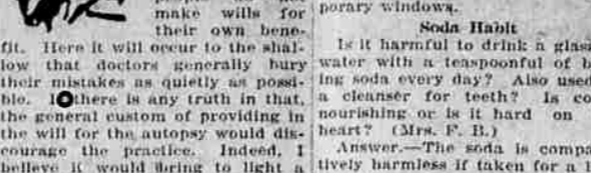
Personal Health Service

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 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.

AUTOPSIES ON TONSILS

Every individual who professes to be philanthropic ought to insert in his will, if necessary, a specific clause asking that an autopsy be made if the physician deems it desirable. What the doctors cannot do, the dead can do for them.



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"Well, if that ain't Lucy Starbuck," marks a much rouged waitress in front of the "Star" cafe. "Good God! A boom or merely boomerang? Wild talk wooty or merely wild and hilly—we have been here only an hour—hope to know something about it in our next."

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 18.—(AP)—Edna Williams, 16, was recovering today from severe head wounds and bruises inflicted last night by her 70-year-old father, W. G. Williams, who, after beating the girl, killed himself and destroyed their house by fire. Williams had been released four months ago from an Oregon state hospital for the insane.

Younger and Shirley Secured Jobs in Gold Country During Stampede; Both Had Interesting Experience

L. N. Younger was 17 years old in 1905 when he left his home in Seattle for the gold fields of Alaska. Seventeen years old and his eyes wide open! He had heard from his relatives about the wild activities at Dawson in 1898, and later at Nome in 1900. It was not so much that he wanted to be a miner as it was that he wanted to get in on the excitement and to see the sights.

The 440 miles from Skagway to Dawson was a tiresome jaunt for a kid just out of knee pants, but he kept a light heart when he looked around upon his companions—all men all much older than he: A. M. of the eighteenth day when they arrived in Dawson, he celebrated with the best of them.

Later he took a job with the Northern Commercial company, which ran a fleet of river boats hauling freight from St. Michaels to Dawson City. While on the boat he came into contact constantly with interesting miners, some of whom told tales of great strikes and others of hard luck and bitter disappointments.

In that year there was what Mr. Younger calls "the great stampede to Fairbanks," where numerous big strikes were reported. He was at Valdez in the spring of 1906 when 1800 started from that city on the same day, a hike of over 400 miles. The Valdez Fire. He was working on the steamer O. H. City, anchored at Chena, 12 miles below Valdez, when the latter town was swept by a tremendous fire just two days after the San Francisco disaster.

Eight square blocks of log buildings were burned in the center of the city, and a most of cold storage boats docked in the river caught some of the sparks and burst into flames, destroying supplies which would have kept the whole town for a considerable length of time.

So dense was the heat from the log buildings that the construction of the town was delayed. Excitement was rampant over recent rich strikes, and miners stung through the streets, drank with the joy of becoming suddenly rich. The noise from the gambling halls and dance halls echoed and reached through the streets of the town with an exuberance that made the heads of sea weary miners swim with confusion.

The boat upon which Mr. Younger landed in Fairbanks carried 350 tons of whiskey. Liquor formed the bulk of the cargo from Dawson up to the new field of mining activity, and as a consequence the landing of a boat was the object of additional hilarity on the part of the miners.

Shirley Knew Celebrities. P. O. Shirley, local man, who left his home in Little Elm, Ore., for the Klondike gold rush in 1897, was well acquainted with many of the famous mining districts. Among these were "Swift Water Bill," who made a tremendous fortune around Lewiston, and "Soapy Smith," a radical and general nuisance, who caused considerable trouble among the more peace loving miners and their families.

Mr. Shirley was a member of the vigilance committee formed at that time to suppress the activities of "Soapy" and his gang. As the meeting of this group was taking place, "Soapy" himself intruded his presence in the meeting and was threatening them when a young surveyor, committeeman, shot him down.

The Yaquna Post, a paper published in 1897 at Toledo, Ore., carried a column called "Our Alaska Letter," and it printed news sent from the Klondike.

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When the amount of the salary of an officer or employe is paid for a limited time to his widow or heirs in recognition of services rendered by the deceased, such payment may be deducted. Salaries paid an employe absent in military, naval or other service of the government, but who intends to return, are not allowable deductions.

Charge Drug Sales. PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 18.—(AP)—Dr. Davis Grisso, physician and surgeon here, was held in city jail here today under \$2000 bond, charged with sale of narcotics. The arrest was made yesterday when federal officers, say, Dr. Grisso sold a government operative a quantity of habit-forming drugs.

Portland, Ore., Feb. 18.—(AP)—Camille Christie, who with her husband, operates a hotel in Klamath Falls, appeared in federal court here today for sentencing on a liquor-sale charge and drew a jail sentence of 30 days and a \$500 fine.

Mrs. Christie failed to appear last week when her husband and other defendants were sentenced. Her attorney put up the plea that there was "nobody home to run the business" if she is sent to jail.

Approximately 3500 acres of land in the Lincoln county, Oregon, are being hunted for by the U. S. Land Office, Roseburg. But if a man is healthy and not overable he can make money.

Here Is Secret Of Skin Beauty. A wonderful discovery is the new French process which gives MELLO-GLO. It is a powder of unalloyed smokes and makes it stay on longer. The purest water made—its color is tested. Never gives a nasty or flaky effect. Will not irritate or clog the pores. Its youthful bloom stays on longer. Remember the name—MELLO-GLO. Health's Drug Store.

Artie Small, who's the chairman of the ticker tape committee, says the welcome to be accorded Bootlegger Ike Lark, who never took his clothes off all during the flu epidemic, is to be the greatest in our town's history. You kin git any married woman's on by tellin' her about some couple that ain't pullin' together.

MUTT AND JERR—They Discuss a Serious Traffic Problem



JEFF, THE CRYING NEED OF EVERY CITY IN THIS COUNTRY IS PARKING SPACE FOR AUTOMOBILES—AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE.

WELL, DRIVE INTO ANY CITY IN AN AUTO AND YOU'LL HUNT FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS FOR A PARKING SPACE; IT'S A DAMNED SERIOUS TRAFFIC PROBLEM, KID!

IT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM! THIS COUNTRY HAS ALWAYS PRODUCED A MAN TO MEET EVERY CRISIS!

I CALL THIS MATTER A JOB FOR TOM EDISON.

WHY?

EDISON? HE'S NO TRAFFIC EXPERT. HE'S AN INVENTOR!

YOU BET HE'S AN INVENTOR AND INVENTING A PORTABLE PARKING SPACE FOR AUTOS OUGHT TO BE DUCK SOUP FOR HIM!

So now every Sunday the temple is filled with a holiday crowd. The people guffaw at the "Mother-in-law" and clap when the music is loud. And the parson remarks to the deacons: "My theory, brothers, was right. For the strongest and best evangelistic test is packing 'em in every night!" (Spokane Spokesman Review.)

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Your Income Tax. Bonuses to employes may be deducted by employers from gross income when such payments are made in good faith as additional compensation for services actually rendered, provided that when added to the stipulated salary the total does not exceed a reasonable compensation for services rendered.

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