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Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Cal., Feb. 19.—We hate to admit it, but when coming near Los Angeles this morning, typical Los Angeles habits leaned over the rail of the observation car, peered into orange groves through the brush, and ejaculated: "Ah-h-h! Back in God's country!"

We awoke, gliding over smooth tracks, silently raised the curtain to see the south—rows of green trees loaded with golden fruit roll by, with glimpses of large packing houses, neat villages and towns broad paved highway mixed in between—and it did look like God's country—and also like a durned nice, productive and prosperous country.

Even the peep-shows, pawnshops and cheap-john stores across from the Los Angeles station didn't affect us as they always have in the past. There, brethren, is our achievement for Las Vegas, Nevada. Any place that can make Los Angeles seem like the promised land is some town!

It was foggy. The track behind listened, the ties were wet with it. The long transcontinental train of 13 Pullmans was well filled with easterners and middlewesterners—mostly the latter, we imagine—many of them seeing California for the first time.

"It's pretty foggy," we remarked to a middle-aged woman with a little girl, who said she had boarded the train at Omaha. "Yes," said the woman, drawing in a deep breath of the fog-laden air, "but it's better than ice and snow, isn't it, girl?" and she patted the head of the little girl, beamingly.

"It's fine," said the little girl, "it's just like spring!" Three days ago, ice and snow—now, green trees, green grass and standing barbed-wire on the back platform.

There, in a few words, is the answer to the query: "Why California?"

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. 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.

WHAT, MORE OXYGEN? TRY AND GET IT.
An earnest reader administers a good scolding in referring to my assertion that deep breathing exercise is a silly business.



Even if he has his favorite fiscal ball-sure at hand to encourage him, he will find, if he is a fairly normal individual that he can keep up the deeper breathing for only a few minutes at the longest. After a few minutes of conscious deep breathing there comes an interval in which there will be no breathing at all.

Suppose one wished to jump over a 16-foot wall. If one has good strong legs, what could be simpler than just grasping the footprints and giving a mighty heave, thus lifting oneself over the wall at the cost of a comparatively small effort?

It rained cuts and dots last night. Started in about 1 a. m. and poured until 3 o'clock this morning. Total precipitation, officially, 1.18 inches. Out of the window the street gutters are still running almost even with the curb—far more water in the street than there was in the Los Angeles river the last time we saw it. Incidentally, there was one sharp flash of lightning and a crash of thunder about 8 a. m.—in fact, but for that, we might have been sleeping yet, for our trip to L. V. was trying.

Here is the editorial comment on this storm, by the Brisbane of the Pasadena Post, just come to hand: "The streets of Pasadena today were flowing with liquid gold."

Another crack like that and all Las Vegas did for California will be lost. R. W. R.

Quill Points

People may need meditation, but you can't do much of that in an era of revolving doors.

Among the secret vices that would survive if the world contained only one man is hero worship.

The prize optimist is the one who reflects that sub-zero weather is a blessed provision to kill the flies.

Florida has politicians only in winter. In summer, Nature provides the wind.

A comfortable room in winter is one kept at a temperature that would be called too darned hot in summer.

When you say Bill can't stand prosperity, you mean he is spending money the way you would do if you had it.

Before: "I must dress up; Bill is coming tonight." After: "Why bother to look good? Nobody will see me except Bill."

Finger prints tell whether you can be happy, they say, and this is especially true if they are made with jolly on the piano keys and wall paper.

The fittest survive, and after the next great war the world will be long to those superior haked races that don't know about poison gas.

Americanism: Teaching children to be wicked to fight; teaching them to honor most the men who were our best fighters.

Europe may call Uncle Sam "Slylock," but if he had given more thought to the "lock" he wouldn't be so "sly."

Go ahead with the 24,000,000. It will be interesting to see what kind of a party a dry agent can throw when he isn't cramped for funds.

Still, government could enforce prohibition easily if it had nobody to contend with except stewed wets. The enemy hardest to overcome is the one who calls you "Brother."

Goodness won't make you rich. It just seems that way because the rich can do no wrong.

One reason why Uncle Sam joined the Allies was because no body up to that time had seen a Frenchman stop on the street and use his compact.

You can't keep people loyal to a religion that can be adjusted to excuse whatever men want to do.

The proprietor of the gambling house takes a few chips out of each "pot." In other circles that is called the broker's commission.

Correct this sentence: "I want my kid to speak the truth," said the man, "and no matter how embarrassing it may be, I always tell him the truth."

Brisbane's Today
(Continued from Page One.)
Inside the cab someone laughed and gave the order, "Give him the works, the damned little rat." In a moment Levine, writing on the sidewalk, a bulge in his spine, was dead.

The police say Isidore Sanoff, arrested in bed, confessed the murder. His brother, Edward, drove the taxicab.

Unless they get a good lawyer, the killers may be punished.

President John Quincy Adams and John Adams, both presidents of the United States, would read this paragraph with interest.

Charles Francis Adams of Boston, great grandson of John Quincy Adams, great-great grandson of John Adams, is to be Mr. Hoover's secretary of the navy, so says Washington.

He used to get up three or four times a night.
They would be surprised to see gigantic floating forts of steel protected by submarines under the water and machines flying in the air above them.

"I had to get up three or four times a night," writes an Agmel user. "That is, before I began taking Agmel. But now I can go all night without getting up." The necessity to get up at night is a very frequent complaint, as many people benefited by Agmel testify in their letters. Another sufferer writes: "After I started to take Agmel I began to sleep better. Now I sleep all night. I am feeling wonderful as a consequence."

Ye Poet's Corner

HARBINGERS
Today the sun was shining. And it felt so warm and nice. Hard to make a feller believe. That there still was snow and ice. The hens were all a-cacklin'. And again you'd hear them sing. Everything to fool a feller— Make him think so sure it's spring.

Even old Time out there a-lyin' Where the shop leans to the south. Just a-spantin' like a lizard. With its tongue way out his mouth. While I split wood for Emory. My old duckin' coat I shed. And the sweat kept a-runnin' In big drops from my forehead.

Tonight as I was comin' From the pasture with the cows, I saw a lot of silver pussies Hangin' on the willow boughs. I come mighty near to peekin' To see if there could be up. Perchance, a little snow. Or perhaps a butterfly.

When I suddenly just thought Of what I was about: Of course it can't be Spring yet. For the bees have not come out. Then every little harbinger I think wisest of 'em all. They know more than all the rest. When it's Spring or when it's Fall.

So until I hear their hummin', As they buzz about the air— Will I dig my straw hat out. Or change to Summer underwear. 'Tis then I'll look for flowers. And I'll know why it is warm. Spring, 'twill really be that's with us.

And not a breeder for a storm. —Mrs. T. A. Wilson.

I haven't stopped admiring my wonderful showing of new fabrics since they came in.

I don't remember when I have been so ENTHUSIASTIC over my VALUES as I am this season.

If every man around here knew what I am offering, I would have a MONOPOLY of the Spring clothing business of this town!

Apply It to Any Rupture, Old or Recent, Large or Small and You Are on the Road That Has Convinced Thousands.

Sent Free to Prove This
Every ruptured man, woman or child should write at once to Dr. J. C. Rice, 851 E. Main St., New York, for a free trial of his wonderful stimulating application. Just put it on the rupture and the muscles begin to tighten; they begin to bind together so that the opening closes naturally and the need of a support or truss or appliance is then done away with. Why suffer the risk of gangrene and such dangers from a small and innocent little rupture? The kind that has thrown thousands on the operating table. A host of men and women are daily running such risk just because their ruptures do not hurt nor prevent them from getting around. Write at once for this free trial, as it is certainly a wonderful thing and has aided in the cure of ruptures that were as big as a man's two fists. Try and write at once, using the coupon below.

Free for Rupture
W. S. Rice, Inc., 281 E. Main St., Adams, N. Y.
I have a rupture and I desire to try your stimulating application for rupture.
Name:
Address:
State:

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The public calamity, officially known as the legislature, scheduled to cease its tom-foolery this week, will do nothing of the kind. An excuse for the prolonging of the agony has been found, just when the Portland papers and the home papers of the respective solons were ready to publish applause editorials apologizing for their conduct and alleging that the legislature had acquitted itself nobly.

There never was a session of an Oregon legislature that was not acquitted—by its own self.

If any further evidence is needed to justify the abolishment of the legislature, than the present session, nobody knows what it can be. They have not been putty enough to be entertaining, or foolish enough to be good vaudeville. They have started at 1 p. m. Thursday to observe Sunday, and then forgot to observe Sunday. One senator had his integrity assailed, one stopped a fit with his nose, and another received a black eye. The misery will be prolonged to permit the august body to do something about the case, but, if you look like they will be divorced from this haudable purpose to put more teeth in the Prohibition law. The Prohibition law now has so many teeth it can't get in a good bite and, furthermore, none of the teeth bit. When a legislature finds there is no other way to get out of coming home, they start tinkering with the Prohibition law.

Yesterday this error, casually mentioned to Atty. G. Newbury, the head of a sudden eradication of the legislature, on the grounds of being a nuisance. For a moment this eminent barometer was dumb with horror at something as it may seem speeches. When Guinevas was himself again he said solemnly: "How can you get along without them?"

"The legislature is one of the bulwarks of the state," he further said. "There was no further argument, because bulwarks tells it all.

If necktie horticulturists have started plowing, and not a callous among them.

The coldest weather in 200 years is sweeping Europe. The frosty serves two purposes, the oldest inhabitant can't remember when it was colder, and the chilled bones are too busy keeping warm, to hold the regular spring war.

"ME FAW DOWN"
(Dorris Times)
Miss Elsie Ryan tripped on a rug at the top of the stairs at the home of her uncle, and broke her crystal.

Country hens are laying eggs faster than the February bluejays can demolish same.

President Coolidge, who is in terror for fear he will not have anything to do as soon as he returns from the White House, is vacillating between operating a dairy, and writing pieces for the papers. Nobody has hinted to the chief executive that another serious station is just what the country needs.

A number of new spring suits are being worn by Galshoviks, who sincerely trust they will not be noticed.

One of our most prominent, socially double-china is now triplets.

The warden of San Quentin prison announces that the arrival of Alva Kovee, former prosecutor of Los Angeles, at his boarding house, will be embarrassing to him. This is too bad, but it will also be embarrassing to Mr. Kovee.

Ever so often, a citizen shows up with his ears knobby down by the side, and the seat of his pants in a state of disintegration. The semi-prosperous out of the goodness of their heart start to punch up. A counterfeit paper of Mt. Shasta, Calif., recently being an auto ride to Dunsmuir, Calif., where he had \$10,000 in negotiable bonds, which he clipped. A Mr. Shasta barber who gave the impoverished one a free haircut six months ago, upon learning the truth, demanded pay for the same, but to date has not received it. Nothing shrivels the soul like greed, and it is the most detestable trait that can befall a human.

Oregon Weather
Fair tonight, Friday cloudy with rain in northeast; moderate temperature, and moderate southerly winds.

QUILL POINTS

All things are relative, and in remote sections are young people who feel snooty because Dad's in the State Legislature.

Alas! Too many would-be leaders in Congress are just bloc heads.

Critics like Mencken make us think ours the worst possible government until we picture one run by critics like Mencken.

Americanism: Printing half a column to denounce the destruction of our forests; printing 80 pages nobody reads and thus consuming another ton of wood pulp.

Keep Willie indoors and stuff him with culture and some day he will make a nice secretary for some rough guy who played in the alley as a kid should.

A professional interviewer says it is a sign of true greatness to be approachable. And the horse that will let us ride is the best one in the herd.

If wife takes in washing, and he knows how things should be run in Washington, he belongs to the "intelligent minority."

Every town has one man who won't have a fine funeral because the people have always depended on him to arrange such things.

The Governor of South Carolina has vetoed a compulsory education bill. As one said to the other that time, isn't it a long time between thinks.

If you get on three kings, that's gambling; if you bet you can make three spades, that's entertainment; if you bet wheat will go up, that's big business.

Correct this sentence: "I make a lot of money," said his out-I'm not as enough to think that proves me superior to men who don't!

MUTT AND JEFF—Isn't That Using the Old Bean? We Ask You

I CALLED ON MISS SCHULTZ AT TEN O'CLOCK THIS MORNING AND I PARKED MY CAR IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE. AT TEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT WHEN I STARTED TO LEAVE, I LOOKED OUTSIDE AND THERE WAS A COP WAITING TO ARREST ME FOR PARKING MY CAR OVER THIRTY MINUTES. I SNEAKED OUT THE BACK WAY, AND HERE I AM!

SERGEANT, THIS IS JEFF. I'M SPEAKING FROM HOBOKEN! MY CAR WAS STOLEN OVER HERE THIS MORNING. THE LICENSE NUMBER IS DOUBLE O' FOUR!

JEFF, I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU! YOUR CAR WAS FOUND STANDING IN FRONT OF MISS SCHULTZ'S HOUSE! IT'S OUTSIDE THE STATION NOW!

I GUESS THAT AIN'T USING THE OLD BEAN TO GET OUT OF A PICKLE! MUTT ALMOST GOT A THIS TIME!

OFFICER, THIS IS THE OWNER OF THE STOLEN CAR! O

THANKS, SERGEANT! AND OFFICER, HERE'S FIVE BUCKS FOR THE POLICEMEN'S PENSION FUND. HELLO MUTT! TEE HEE!

THERE'S SOMETHING IN PERU!

Your Income Tax

No. 16.
The cost of capital assets, less adjustment for depreciation and salvage, may be deducted from gross income if their usefulness suddenly is terminated and they are disposed of. For example, a manufacturer may be compelled to scrap machinery because it has become inadequate or obsolete. He may deduct the loss sustained, if he has sold, abandoned, or otherwise permanently parted with the machinery. Such loss must be charged off on the books of the taxpayer and fully explained in his income-tax return.

If a taxpayer demolishes a building used in his trade or business and replaces it he may deduct the loss sustained, but if he buys, as the site of a new building, land upon which is located an old building, demolition of the old building is not considered a loss and therefore is not deductible. The value of real estate, exclusive of the old improvements, is presumed to be equal to the purchase price of the land and building, plus the cost of removing the old building.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Easy With the Conditions, Girls.
My wife sells and peppers her meats and fish excessively. Is this harmful in any way? She thinks not, I think it is, and we await your decision.—H. N.
Answer—I hope I am responding in time to prevent tragedy. Excessive consumption of salt tends to produce flatulence, pallor, salt low complexion, physical and mental indolence. Excessive use of pepper and other hot condiments causes digestive trouble, and often kidney trouble. An occasional indulgence in such things may be harmless, but regular or habitual excess is devastating to health and beauty.

Snuff Taking.
What bad effects has the chewing of Copenhagen snuff on the human body? I have used it for nine years, not heavily, but I know it does affect my appetite. I do not smoke and chew no other kind of tobacco. Just the same I would like your opinion about it, and if you think it hurts a man to use this snuff, here is where I quit.—E. J.
Answer—The snuffing of snuff has the same general effects as chewing or smoking tobacco. The chewing of snuff is equivalent to chewing other forms of tobacco. Snuff taking, in the old manner, is comparatively harmless. Chewing tobacco entitles a man to his place in the pig pen. Chemical tests of numerous brands of snuff showed that some of them contain lead, from the foil the snuff is wrapped in. I believe Copenhagen snuff was found heavily contaminated with lead. If you want my opinion, chewing snuff does hurt a man—get yourself a flock of pipes and smoke like a gentleman. A man's mother, sister, daughter, or wife is entitled to some consideration.

Be Yourself.
Can you give advice to a man 25 years old who weighs 170 pounds and is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, in good health, but would like to weigh less, without in any way injuring his health?—T. C. T.
Answer—If night, if he cares to write to me.

Hernia.
Is there such a thing as a naval rupture after an appendix operation? What type of hernia may develop if one overexerts, and how do we know if we have one?—E. S.
Answer—Yes. Your physician will tell you.

The ole argument, "They'll drink it as long as it's made," has been switched around to "They'll make it as long as they drink it." Most any of us can recall an ole sick spell when we had the time of our lives.

Maybe people don't envy the dead, but a second wife never is satisfied until she eliminates all the furniture selected by the first one.

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