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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

It is now predicted that "the stay of the legislators in Salem will be indefinite." Many argue that this is the proper thing, if the legislators are corralled in the right area, and others maintain they should be paroled.

Crimes actuated by drugs have played a tragic role in the news of the past ten days. The fantastic capers of a movie beauty, the red-handed slaying of a multi-millionaire, and the fiendish slaughter of a Chicago gang, and a mountain of misery that never attained the dignity of the front page, have all been traced to narcotic users. The Harrison Act, a law for the control of the drug traffic, is on the statutes. Politicians are staging no hullabaloo of alleged righteousness for its enforcement. The drug curse is not being cursed.

There is some talk of establishing an alfalfa mill here, and same should not be confused with barbers.

The lady driver was only traveling 67 miles per hour in front of the beauty shoppe, and was unable to stopue.

A light excuse for not plowing for another ten days fell over the valley last night.

It is a great relief to read that none of the Oregon seedeenders in congress were so terrified their hair turned white, by Senator Jim Reed's cruel threat to publish a list of solons who drink one way and vote the other.

Lady Ford-Coupe of the local initiation British set, has formed a cordiale entente with a sickly social lion, with a vest pocket full of lead pencils, and is hell for calling all males, "Boy." The writer took the starch out of his aloofness by announcing to one and all, that he produced the best hamburger sandwiches to be purchased along the Pacific Highway, from the summit of the Siskiyous to Wolf Creek. Lady has returned from Frisco with a curtain back hat for growing bobs.

There is considerable excitement about the forthcoming shifting of the gears of government from Mr. Coolidge to Mr. Hoover, come next March 4th. It the humble opinion of the undersigned, that the deal will be negotiated in good order. Mr. Coolidge will have to go to work right away, and wants a job "that will keep him busy." He has about decided on newspaper work, and will not be disappointed. Mr. Hoover, who promised during the campaign to abolish poverty is not so keen about it now, as poverty has made other arrangements. He will continue Mr. Coolidge's prohibition policies. Mr. Coolidge's prohibition policy was benevolently neutral, being offensive to neither dry or wet proponents.

Ben Lampman, poet and former editor of the Gold Hill News, who recently underwent a serious operation, is on the road to recovery. This is happy news to scores of friends in these parts. The gentle philosopher will soon have mountain streams babbling, pine trees murmuring, birds singing, and yellow flowers blooming on the editorial page of the Oregonian, as of yore.

22 reasons are given for "the weakening of the morale of the youth of today," by the Temperance Board, and the parents are exonerated.

The boast is made that Californians come to Oregon to fish. On the other hand, Oregonians go to California for avacadoes.

The kidnapers of a four year old girl, did not sink to the depravity of the inhuman whelp who evidently had nothing to do with the kidnaping, but masked in anonymity wrote soulsearing letters to the grief-stricken mother, from pure devilishness.

WOULD DENY VARE SEAT IN SENATE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—(AP)—The senate's special investigating committee today submitted a final report recommending that William S. Vare, Republican, be denied a

QUILL POINTS

Cynicism is the protective covering of a blister.

Causes fail because men begin by fighting for a principle and end by yearning to lick the fellows on the other side.

There is too much said about the evil of law breaking, and too little about the evil of drinking.

Still, the Kellogg treaty will be worth while if it insures everlasting peace until the cruisers are built.

If you wish to measure your manhood, ask yourself whether you would treat the boss as you do if he were merely a fellow worker.

It doesn't seem fair, but the one who hates paces the floor while the hated one placidly enjoys his dinner.

A dominating personality at its wrost: "Yeah; Well, I've got as much right to my opinion as the dictionary has."

Another way to astonish your learned friends by speaking French is to speak it in the same outlandish way the French do.

There will be crooks as long as there are good people who think a man as nice as the treasurer doesn't need bonding.

Americanism: Spending this year's earnings with a clear conscience because you know next year's earnings will pay last year's debts.

Religion may help you to forgive your enemies, but only a miracle can make you forgive the success of your friends.

The great are an inspiration when you see them close. "If that nut can get by," you say, "I know I can."

Daughter has faults, but she won't swap her sex for the assurance that Dad and Mother will be cared for.

Sex equality is at last achieved when a man whines because his wife is too much wrapped up in her work.

Another way to have the world make a path to your house in the woods is to buy stock that promises 20 per cent.

Government investigates a woman who married a rich Indian to get his money, but as a rule white men get more protection than the Indians.

The next great task of Democracy is to kick out the Smith element and its 13,000,000 votes and leave the 2,500,000 pure in heart in complete control.

Some men are tough and hard-boiled, and some are so sure of themselves they feel no need of armor.

Correct this sentence: "Bill has climbed much faster than I have," said the man, "but I like the old fellow just as well as ever."

SARDINE SCHOOL SOUNDS IN SEINE, SINKS FISH SHIP

SAN PEDRO, Cal., Feb. 23.—(AP)—Eight Japanese fishermen of the seine boat Tone have a new and respectful opinion of the lowly sardine today. The Japanese, seining for a school of mackerel, miscalculated and caught 2,000,000 or so tiny sardines instead, and before the fun was over the fishing tender Escansee was fishing for the fishermen, and eventually brought them wet and bedraggled into Los Angeles harbor.

The Japanese dropped their nets and circled around the mackerel. Unknown to them, however, a school of sardines was swimming a few fathoms below the mackrel, and the small fish filled the seine before the mackrel had a chance to get aboard.

When the bottom of the seine was closed and the fishermen essayed to draw in, 300 tons of sardines "sounded." The stern of the fishing boat was drawn quickly under water and before the nets could be cut free, the 50-foot craft was capsized and sank within a few minutes. The crew clung to a lone skiff that remained on the surface until the fishing tender rescued them four hours later.

COLD AND DROUTH BROKEN BY RAINS

Following a period of 16 consecutive days without a drop of rain, that drouth spell was broken yesterday when at 2:10 o'clock yesterday afternoon light occasional showers of spring rain began, bringing down a welcome precipitation which up to 5 o'clock this morning had amounted to .08 of an inch. After this were several light sprinkles during the day, and more are expected tonight.

The rainfall for the season in this vicinity, which season extends from September 1 last to August 1 next, is close to five inches less than normal, as up to today only 8:15 inches had fallen since September 1.

The prolonged cold spell (for the past 10 days during which time the night or early morning temperature was never below the freezing point is also ended, as during last night the minimum temperature up to 5 a. m., was 34 degrees.

Today was much warmer. Probable rain tonight and Sunday and moderate temperature is forecast.

Celery, cut fine and added to cranberry jelly just before it stiffens, is very nice. This is molded and later garnished with celery curls.

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

KEEP YOUR BLOOD PURE AND STRONG

Casually, as though he had just dropped in and was unexpectedly asked by his secretary to say a few words to the eager audience, Mr. Bakerr McFoible, the great publisher and health authority, audibly cleared his throat and told the world this flu is caused by Christmas joy — overeating. Obviously, then, the remedy is to fast a while, then bring on the citrus growers' stuff, etc., and Mr. McFoible clinched the argument by adding that he has been doing deep breathing and all that sort of thing for 30 years and never a day's illness to take him away from the office.

I can give better testimonial than that. I have known for at least 40 years that deep breathing is a silly tilly notion to bemuse a half-baked mind, and I have never suffered a day's illness in all that time. But if anybody wants to start a fight with me, just offer me some grapefruit on the ground that it is healthful and staves off acidosis and the flu—not that I deny any of those bits of propaganda, but I don't like grapefruit and I'm not going to take medicine, acidosis or no flu, so you may pass me the nux vomica or the quinine if you want to give me a bitter dose.

Old timers, I deduce from history reading, were fond of paying the doctor to advise them to keep their chests well protected, their feet dry, their head cool and their bowels open.

Modern valetudinarians are not fond of paying a doctor for anything at any time, but they do love to get free advice from some authority—most of us authorities are self constituted—at least I know I am, and I have my suspicions of many others—people nowadays love to be advised to keep their blood pure and strong. Pure means free from toxins and divers poisons, real and imaginary; strong means heavily fortified with iron. Who tells 'em to keep the blood this way? Ah, that's a trade secret. All I can divulge about it is that real medical men do not tell people any such silly thing.

Now, I beg that the reader have just a little patience with me. I am going to say something that may strike the superficial reader or thinker as radical or sensational, but I assure you it is nothing of the sort and that isn't why I am saying it. I am saying it—or trying to—because it is the simple truth, and because it may be a real value to the reader whose health happens to be impaired. This is the thing I want to say: I believe that no form of iron medicine is worth a tinker's dam—I spell the dam correctly, too—in the treatment of anemia or weak blood. I further believe that all of our great medical fathers, yes, and all of our more or less successful, distinguished or famous medical brethren, who believed or believe that iron is of any use at all in the treatment of ordinary anemia, harbored or harbor a comparatively harmless obsession, that's all.

Well, then, you may now ask if you wish, what is one to do for anemia if iron won't help it?

And it would make a very apt last line for me to answer "Consult your physician," but I'll just say, "First, how do you get that way? How do you know you're anemic? If you're sure about it, what caused the condition? That's a fair answer, and besides it gives me a cue for some more anemia talk in an early issue.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

White Spots in the Skin.

I read your column every day. Some time ago you gave a recipe or formula for a paint to cover white spots in the skin . . .—J. P. F.

Answer—Here it is: Mix your own.—1½ ounces zinc oxid, 1½ ounces calamine, ½ ounce (tablespoonful) glycerin, 1 pint water. To this add drop by drop until you get a tint to match the normal skin, ichthyol. Ordinarily less than two drams (a dram is about a teaspoonful) of ichthyol will be required. Of course this is merely a paint and serves as a temporary cover. I am glad to give the information—no cover charge.

A Quart a Day.

Is one quart of milk a day too much for an adult? I drink one quart each day at mealtime besides eating my three regular meals a day. I am 46 years old, 62 inches tall, and weigh 157 pounds.—Mrs. E. H.

Answer—No. A quart of milk yields approximately 650 calories, or half an ordinary meal. If one takes a quart of pure fresh raw (preferably certified, but not pasteurized) milk a day in addition to three ordinary meals, one should gain 15 to 20 pounds weight in the year. I shall await with mingled emotions the reaction of the milkmen to this—will they invite me to address their annual meeting or will they request me to close my trap? I suppose that will depend on whether the majority of gentlemen prefer 'em skinny or plump.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Some couples jest seem to have the knack o' gittin' along together. Per instance, take Mr. and Mrs. Leghorn Tharp, who've been married nearly two years, an' they're as unlike as two Democrats. "I want to hear our new preacher Sunday—unless it's a nice day," said Mrs. Art Smiley this mornin'.

Your Income Tax

No. 18.

Increase in the value of property accruing before March 1, 1913, is not taxable, even though it was realized after that date. The reason is that the constitutional amendment authorizing congress to tax incomes of individuals became effective as of March 1, 1913. The revenue act of 1928 contains provisions for determining the gain or loss on the sale of other disposition of property acquired by purchase before March 1, 1913. The basis provided is the cost of such property or the fair market value as of March 1, 1913, whichever is greater. For example, a taxpayer bought in 1910 property for which he paid $10,000. The value on March 1, 1913, was $12,000. He sold it in 1928 for $14,000. The March 1, 1913, value being greater than the cost of the property, the taxable gain is figured on that basis and amounts to $2000.

A taxpayer bought in 1910 property for which he paid $5000. Its value on March 1, 1913, was $3500, and in 1928 he sold it for $4000. In this example the taxpayer bases his loss on the March 1, 1913 value, which was greater than the cost, an dthe deductible loss is $1500.

BOILER EXPLOSION TAKES SIX LIVES

GENNVILLE, Ga., Feb. 23.—(AP)—Six persons were killed and four others injured seriously, some perhaps fatally, in the explosion of the boiler at a sawmill owned by W. A. Canuet here today. The mill was wrecked, involving an estimated loss of $15,000.

Portland Author Ill

Ben Hur Lampman Oregon newspaper man and nationally known writer of prose and verse, is recovering in a Portland hospital after a critical illness. Complications developed after an operation for appendicitis.

Quill Points

The weakness of burglar-proof devices in banks is that they are worked by reaching down, instead of up.

Colonel Stewart isn't the first to maintain that one who makes money can't be guilty of much wrong.

Radio grand opera is better. Your mind doesn't wander to the tenor's gold fillings.

Just because the Hapsburg family was killed off, King Alexander needn't think he can squash the people.

But think how much more work surgeons would have if evolution hadn't done a fairly good job.

Our idea of zero in chivalry is for the groom's father to weep at the wedding.

Why ally the farmer? If you can't pay it must be nice to feel that the weather alone is to blame.

Desirable aliens are the kind that live here for years before learning that "one grand" means a thousand dollars.

A night stick isn't like a night club. When a night stick knocks you silly, it leaves your self-respect.

Americanism: A prosperous man with two lodge emblems showing a stranger in the Pullman smoker his bridge work.

No wonder theology interprets ancient Hebrew in various ways. Men can't even agree on an interpretation of a document as late as the constitution.

The greatest enemies of prohibition however, are those who wish to stop the consumption of liquor.

Among the prominent families of the future will be those that began the winter with a flu cure and a sucker list.

People who wonder where files hibernate haven't examined the ink at the post office.

Times change. New York still searches for the real murderer, instead of railroading one in the good old-fashioned way to stop public clamor.

It might save a lot of court expense if the law would frankly limit capital punishment to those worth less than $10,000.

When two stations conflict, it's hard to tell whether one is weaker because you want it or whether you want it because it is weaker.

France will pay if Germany does. Try saying to your banker: "I feel no obligation to pay that note unless the fellows who owe me pay up."

Correct this sentence: "I was in the wrong, dear," said the wife, "and I want to apologize."

Oregon Weather.

Unsettled east; probably rain west tonight and Sunday; moderate temperature. Moderate variable winds, becoming fresh and strong southerly.

Henry Callaghan Was Rank Tenderfoot; Sense of Humor Tided Him Over Bumps on Trail of '98 to Alaska Gold Fields

T. Henry Callaghan enjoys situations in his interesting list of reminiscences, where the joke is on himself. He let it be known immediately, before recounting his adventures in the Klondike, that he was not one of the distinguished "sourdoughs" but a "tenderfoot" who came up on the second stampede to Nome.

Brought up in the interior of Vermont, he had had only one other glimpse of the ocean before he took this trip to Alaska. And where the others took the "briny blue" for granted, he reveled in its wild beauty and in the biting sting of the spray against his cheek.

All his thoughts were not on the gold fields beyond. He thoroughly enjoyed the little adventures along the way and the friendships he made.

There were 450 on the State of California, the steamer upon which he made the trip, and they arrived in Dutch Harbor seven days after it left the States. There were 40 vessels tied up the harbor when they pulled in. One sturdy boat, "The Bear," was sent up to buck the ice so the other vessels could make their way through. The State of California, being the last to arrive, had to lay over 17 days.

The first few days about 20 passengers, including Mr. Callaghan, ventured up the beach, where they gathered mussels and enjoyed a meal around a camp fire.

After the 17 days were up the State of California made its way out of Dutch Harbor into the Bering Sea. They had gone 600 miles when the boat had to pick its way from one ice channel to another.

Saw Walrus

A sight that will always stand out in the memory of Mr. Callaghan was the large Alaskan walrus that appeared in droves in that icy water. They would stick their sharp tusks in the cakes of ice and pull themselves up out of the water.

Then came the large black birds that darkened the horizon as far as they could see, and nestled on the water, turning what would have been whitecaps to sinister black-shrouded wavecrests, over great patches of the water.

Finally they arrived at Nome. Mr. Callaghan remembers one old couple, around 75 years of age, who had made the trip all alone. They made their way feebly out on the beach and, grabbing up several handfuls of sand, the old man said plaintively:

"Mother, I don't see any gold—do you?" The old lady began to cry. That was the last the local man ever saw of them, but the incident has stood out in his mind all these years.

Takes Partner

As he wandered up the beach along, Mr. Callaghan met another lone wanderer, a man from Seattle, with whom he had become partially acquainted on the trip. The two talked the situation over and decided to be "pardners." As they were strolling along they became aware of men standing on porches of the dance halls calling at the tops of their voices:

"Come on in, girls, and dance with the Cheechakers" (Indian name for newcomers.) The entertainers, in their bright colored dresses and brilliant adornment, were seen scampering across the streets into the halls, which were soon crowded. One of them had a pair of rubber boots over her dance slippers as she made her way through the muddy street. Her foot became mired and, after struggling unaided for several seconds, she slid out of the boot and left it sticking there, while she ran into the hall with one boot off and one on.

After a few days Mr. Callaghan and his partner, Jack Robinson, purchased a black horse upon which to pack their supplies. The steed was 16 hands high, according to the local man—which made it impossible for either of them to pack him from the ground. They, therefore, got a box to stand on and finished their preparations for the long journey. This became the object of much "guying" from the crowd, but the two partners laughed with them and were soon on their way up the trail along the Penny river.

The two had a series of unpleasant, though rather humorous, experiences from then on, including the incident of the partner, who was a real tenderfoot, leading the horse into a stream of water, the horse losing its footing and falling over on its back with all the provisions, including a large sack of sugar and one of flour, tied on, being soaked in the water.

Rescues Horse

In its effort to get out of the water the horse came within an ace of kicking Jack over in the water. Mr. Callaghan admits that he used some pretty strong language on his partner before he finally rescued the remaining supplies out of the stream, and got the horse on its feet again.

After the struggle was over the two men sat down on the banks of the stream, silently, to rest. Jack lit his pipe and, after a few puffs, he looked over slyly at his weary partner and said:

"Ain't that hell—what I just did?"

"It sure was—worse than that," grumbled Callaghan, attempting to look stern. But the situation was too much for him and he burst into a hearty laugh, in which the other man willingly joined.

It was the same sense of humor and good fellowship that carried these two "tenderfeet" through a series of hardships and near misfortunes which might have been regarded as tragedies had they been of less gifted temperaments.

COLONIAL CLOTHES HAMPER RUSH FOR EXIT DURING FIRE

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Feb. 23.—(AP)—The stately minuet, being danced at a Washington day program in the Illinois Woman's college gymnasium last night, turned into a frenzied rush for exits when fire broke out in the gymnasium stage.

Miss Eugenia Van Norman of Jasper, Ind., was killed when she leaped from a second story window. Miss Winifred Mackerle, college matron, was burned, probably fatally. Fifteen others were burned or injured enough to require hospital attention, among them being Mrs. Clarence P. McClelland, wife of the college president. Her right leg was fractured when she jumped from a window.

Many of the 200 women in the gymnasium were petticoated, wide skirt costume of Colonial days, and were hampered in making their escape. Several fainted and were carried out by friends.

President McClelland, sitting in the balcony, arose at the first sign of fire and pleaded with the crowd to move to the exits slowly. His words had no effect, the students pushing and crowding frantically toward the doors.

Miss Wackerle was one of the few to remain unexcited. She was near the stage, close to the fire, and begged the others to take their time, assuring them there was no danger.

Damage to the gymnasium was slight, and except for the frenzied rush there need have been no dead or injured, fire officials said.

HOSPITALIZATION BILL RAISED TO $11,800,000

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—(AP)—The $10,000,000 veteran's bureau hospitalization bill was increased to $11,800,000 and favorably reported by the house World war veterans committee.

The measure is to provide particularly for the hospitalization of the increasing number of mentally afflicted world war veterans and to enable the veterans' bureau to care directly for its beneficiaries.

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MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt's Just Bound to Get Jeff in Bad With the Traffic Laws

By BUD FISHER