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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The editor of the Bend Bulletin, addressing fellow scribes, declared that Oregon suffers from many complexes, and the editor elucidated a vital mouthful. He listed as the three outstanding complexes—California, poverty, and inferiority. It has long been the quaint notion in this state, that California owed its prosperity to wickedness, instead of gumption, and that no Oregonian with any expectation of going to heaven, would remain in California any longer than his pocketbook would permit. Oregonians are notoriously poorer than the starving Armenians, the full details of which can be obtained from any poverty-stricken wretch languishing behind the wheel of any auto costing over $3000. As to inferiority, any number of citizens always feel like they could put on a plug hat and crawl under a snake. The editor forgot to mention the two stem-winding complexes: (a) that nothing really matters except to catch a fish, which should be made the life work of all forward looking Oregonians; (b), that nothing can be accomplished unless it is ordained by Providence, and approve dby Portland.

THEM FEMALE DRIVERS
(Huntington News)

Last August a woman from Gashland in Clay county, driving borrowed Ford on which there was no insurance, pushed victim down, breaking left ankle, screamed and backed over it, breaking it again.

A fly crawled up the west window of this sanctum this morning, and in six weeks there will be 8,906,542 of same.

A bunch of junior high boys and girls congealed in front of the Armory Saturday night and paired off for the stroll home, but had to be shuffled again as the Titian-haired miss did not get the best looking basketball player the first time.

Miss Rachel Johns fell down stairs Tuesday, breaking a bannister.—(Grenada Items.) It might have been a limb.

Human nature probably has not changed so much as some people seem to think and we don't believe the modern girl sits any closer to the young man in the roadster than one or more of the good old girls of our set used to sit to us in the hammock in the dear, dead days of some thirty or thirty-five years ago, not that they'll admit it now.—(Ohio State Journal.) Quite true. However, the hammock was added and abetted by the law of gravity.

A sturdy yeoman of the Len Carpenter type of plowers, is exhibiting a callous on his right paw as evidence he has had a-hold of a plowhandle. The callous is all by itself, and the gent is being congratulated on his horny-handedness.

There is considerable "whooper" among the younger set, owing to the whooping cough.

President Coolidge is still in a high state of mental turmoil about what he is going to do when he departs from the White House next Monday, as it would be a national calamity if he did not go to work at once, though it appears to this eminent galoot that he might take a week off.

Charming young lady, good-looking, affable, and of pleasing personality, age 27, worth $240,000, desires advisor and companion. Address Box L.—(Sacramento Bee.) 150 were killed in the rush.

Stockmen have started branding their bovines. A redhot iron is slapped on flank of the bovine, and the air is redolent with the scent of burning hide and hair, as he lays prone. The picturesque stockman then grabs the stricken cow by the tail and pulls him from the corral. The process is alleged to be painless to the brute, who looks like he had been to a dentist for the painless extraction of a back molar.

Heiress Weds Cowboy.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25.—(AP)—Miss Katherine Thorne, whose engagement to Clymer S. Bowen was announced here less than a month ago, was married yesterday at Phoenix, Ariz., to George Gillespie, cowboy actor, friends learned today. Miss Thorne is the daughter of Robert J. Thorne, former president and at present a director of Montgomery Ward & Co.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Cal., Feb. 24.—If you intend to read this evening's discourse, we suggest you first peruse the communication from Mr. C. M. English of South Oakdale and the Breakers club of Santa Monica and Los Angeles, printed in another column of this paper: !:**&&$--' !&&$**!

We are indebted to Mr. English for the first indication in six long weeks of wanderings that our daily observations have been read, which of course is highly gratifying. For the late Charles Dana once said to a group of cub reporters: "Don't worry about what they say of what you write; only worry if they say nothing!"

We fear our correspondent, however has taken our occasional comments upon the sun-kissed climate of California too seriously, or we have not made our satire sufficiently emphatic. As we remarked when we struck our first cloudburst on this present trip, this is the rainy season in California and those who expect perpetual sunshine, had better go elsewhere.

In fact, we would probably seldom mention the weather—also it is naturally an important factor on any vacation trip—were it not for the attitude of the typical Californian concerning it.

WHEN such a cloudburst as we encountered in Santa Barbara (the hotel proprietor advised us to delay our departure, for fear the highway would be washed out).

WHEN over an inch of rain falls in one night as it did here less than a week ago,—and the native sons and daughters all cry, 'Oh Joy! O-H Rapture," as the newspapers talk about "dollars drop from the Heavens," and "our streets run with liquid gold."

WHEN, as also happened less than two weeks ago, several houses in Los Angeles are struck by sun-kissed lightning, one burned down, a girl knocked over by a bolt from the blue, and several buildings and trees demolished, the humdingers all arise and proclaim: "Unprecedented — unusual — never happened before—the storm came from Oregon—or it's all the result of sun-spots!"

WHEN freezing warnings are issued, the skies are black with smudge for four consecutive mornings and an elderly citizen of Paso Robles slips on the icy sidewalk and breaks his leg, and the same chorus sweetly chirps:

"Isn't it awful what weather they are having in the east—10 frozen to death in Chicago—and did you see the report from Medicine Hat—f-o-r-t-y-t-w-o below!"

WHEN one drives up the mountain to see the view, and can't see over half a mile because of the haze, and the loyal Pasadenean alibis thusly:

'Haze—we never have haze, or fog. It would be perfectly clear if it weren't for the smudging last week!"

(We can produce witnesses to this statement, made only yesterday).

WHEN we say day after day and week after week these things go on, the temptation to comment upon it,—to laugh at it,—and occasionally attempt to prick the balloon of California self-satisfaction and conceit is almost irresistible—for us, we admit, entirely so.

The weather elsewhere may be—probably is—worse. We (meaning the assembled winter tourists) come here because of that fact. But what the California weather is—is not the point. The point is,—what the irrepressible Californian,—particularly the transplanted one—tries to make it APPEAR.

If the typical Californian would say: "Why, yes, we have rain,—sometimes weeks of it. We also have frosts and freezes, occasional fogs, and wind storms and thunder storms are not unknown. But all in all we have a good winter climate. If you want none of these things you better try the desert."

If that were the attitude, the weather would not be so frequently worthy of comic or caustic comment. But it is not the attitude as every tourist, familiar with this great state, and its prevailing psychology will testify.

No the prevailing attitude of the Californian regarding California is, and always has been, "Whatever it is, is not only right it's perfect."

As a result, when conditions obviously aren't perfect, it is human nature instead of accepting and commending the time-honored alibi of "very unusual," to ridicule it—instead of agreeing with the humdinger protestations to shoot them full of holes.

This is particularly likely with the visiting Oregonian, for when any southern Californian hears you are from Oregon, he takes on such a tone of complete mystification or patronizing pity, that it's enough to bring tears to the eyes of a cast-iron bullfrog.

"Oh, yes, from OREGON; this rain must seem natural to you—seems pretty hot here, don't it, after Oregon" or "Oregon, yes, I was there once, I've got a nephew living in Tacoma!"

California is not only perfect, no other state on the Pacific slope exists. So—

As long as we are in California, and sending letters every day, recording our impressions and experiences,—very much as we might write them to some friend, we shall probably continue to comment from time to time on the weather, when it is sufficiently "unusual."

We will not—and never have,—misrepresented conditions in this regard. If we are sued by the Southern California Development League, we will not only call in from six to ten reliable Oregon witnesses, who have accompanied us this year, we will support every statement by reports of the U. S. weather bureau.

We shall try not to overdo it. But we frankly confess we do get a great kick out of this peculiar California psychosis. Not because we don't appreciate the fact that California winters are milder than those further north, but because we do appreciate the fact that a state like an individual, that is supremely provincial, smug and self-satisfied, is also very frequently supremely ridiculous.

We dislike to disagree with our good friend, Mr. English, and are sorry he finds our correspondence so reprehensible. But you see he is judging California by the climate in Los Angeles, while we have tarried this year nearly everywhere in California BUT Los Angeles.

Besides, we are not a song writer, and when strolling down the street with the water running down our neck, we have never been able to sing:

It's not raining rain, my dears;
It's only raining violets.

R. W. R.

Screen Life in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD, Cal. — One by one the hardhearted picture producers of Hollywood are making their western stars walk the plank.

Apparently they have become convinced that film fans no longer want hard-riding, two gun heroes. Warner Brothers have not made a western in 18 months; Fox disbanded all western units several months ago; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has done the same; Paramount announces it will make one more Zane Grey western then quit, and now FBO lets it be known that none of its 1929 pictures will star cowboys. The FBO pronouncement is the severest blow of all, for last year that studio was the most active glorifier of frontier life. Now Tom Mix, Tom Tyler and Buzz Barton, the boy western star, will have to look for another home.

Wings and Spurs.

In an effort to forestall extinction, several of the western stars sprouted wings and rode airplanes through the clouds instead of roping steers from a horse. Tom Mix, after changing his mind about going to South America, tried galloping in the sky for a change. Buck Jones also mounted an airplane and rode the wind; Buzz Barton tried a juvenile air-western, and Hoot Gibson still is hopeful that he and Ruth Elder, the girl flyer, will be able to revive the public's interest in wide-open spaces. Airplanes, however, are so much more expensive to operate than horses and most producers quickly lost their enthusiasm for cloud-hopping broncho-busters.

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

ATTENTION, NERVOUS WRECKS

Honestly, just between ourselves, I do sympathize a great deal with people who are nervous, have weak nerves, nervous trouble, nervous breakdown and all those familiar alibis. Just because I am candid, frank about it, is no sign I don't like you or that I wouldn't go far out of my way to help you. I'll say this for the nervous wrecks I have so unmercifully dealt with here from time to time these poor misguided folk who would explain everything as "nerves" or "nervous exhaustion" or neurasthenia are generally well above the average rating in intelligence, that is, general intelligence. Of course there is no getting around the fact that all "nervous" folk are terribly dumb, quite childish, innocent, and consequently gullible, in matters of physiology, hygiene or health. As an indication of the credulity of "nervous" folk I cite this chap von Hokum or whatever his name is, who has been frimming 'em with considerable success for 20 years with his plausible line of flapdoodle, and von Hokum is by no means the only miracle man who has made a nice fat living off the nervous wrecks of the U. S. A. I mention von Hokum only because of his pioneering; space forbids mentioning the raft of others who have gotten up books, courses, magazines, pamphlets, resorts, personally conducted excursions and popular lecture circuits to tell customers how to keep their nerves in order.

Yes, indeed, I have the greatest sympathy for a nervous sufferer, provided the poor misguided fellow is not too insistent upon his alibi. I can pass over one positive assurance from such a person that his trouble is of course from his nervous condition, but if he keeps on trying to make me believe or acquiesce in that little deception I begin to get enrvous myself, and when I'm nervous I'm pretty crabbed, they tell me.

The beginning of this story is simple enough, but I despair of ever getting the outline of my idea over to the nervous reader in a single issue, and my experience in trying to carry such a story over for another day has been discouraging. In fact, I seem to run up against a powerful bit of discouragement of one kind or another in my teaching. Even this particular story, this little lesson in right living will undoubtedly be criticized as containing too many words and not enough practical advice, yet if I were to set in print the bare outline of this story I know it would never make any lasting impression on the very folk I want to impress. I've got to get their attention, a bit of interest and if possible a little bit of sympathy before I can drive home the lesson.

Will you believe, you nervous ones, that it grieves me when a poor nervous wreck writes to say that maybe some day I'll have nervous breakdown and then I'll know what suffering means. Not a chance, not a chance, so long as my mind remains intact, yet it grieves me to find that the reader has received such an impression. Fret and chafe as I will, this story can't be condensed into half a column, so here's the bare introduction today. If you are nervous but good natured, please watch for the rest of it and save this part until you have the lesson complete.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Feed the Poor Fellow.

Would you advise food for my husband who has gall bladder trouble?—Mrs. T. G. W.

Answer.—Why, yes, a little. The poor fellow can't help it, so it wouldn't be fair to starve him. Unless his doctor forbids specific items I'd say give him whatever he wants to eat, until they take him to the operating room.

A Discovery.

I have only recently discovered your section of our paper, and I now have an additional column to turn to, and I am quite delighted with the discovery . . . oh, how I long for some of those curves you seem to admire, and for some of the fat so many women are wild to get rid of.—H. K.

Answer.—They're not quite so wild as they were a year or two ago, however. Nay, nay, the great ambition now seems to be to have and to hold lots of curves. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to tell a skinny winny how to get that way—if she will kindly furnish the stamped envelope bearing her address.

Depends on the Shave and the Shaver.

Is it harmful to shave within 15 minutes after eating a hearty meal?—J. H. A.

Answer.—Depends on the extent and character of the whiskers or other adornment to be attacked, and the general strength, occupation and condition of the shaver, though if either task must be put off in favor of the other, I should say let the dinner wait.

Teacher Must Read Claptrap Magazines.

My teacher said that exercises like raising the eyeballs and looking sideways if done regularly will cure nearsightedness and as I am very nearsighted . . . —Miss L. F.

Answer.—Your teacher shouldn't believe all she reads in the funny papers. That eye exercise notion is merely a mail order humbug.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Abe Martin

News is news, an' if Col. Lindbergh don't cut out his habit o' lightin' ever'where right on the dot he's liable to find himself hidden on an inside page. Evelyn Nesbit is allus either dyin' alone and deserted in a garret, or gittin' married forthright.

—(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Your Income Tax

No. 19

Income includes gains realized by the sale of a single piece of property, as well as from the sale by a person engaged in buying and selling as a business. Ordinarily, gain or loss resulting from the sale of property acquired by purchase after February 28, 1913—the first income tax law applying to individual incomes became effective March 1, 1913—is the difference between the cost and the selling price. The gain is income for the year in which the sale is made and cannot be pro rated over a number of years. For example, a taxpayer bought in 1919 a piece of real estate for $5000 which he sold in 1928 for $7000. The $2000 profit is taxable income for the year 1928.

Ye Letter Box

Stop Knocking

To the Editor:

No one likes a knocker. A great statesman once failed of election for president because he started out on his speaking campaign as a knocker.

We have been reading your editorial correspondence "Bob," in the Tribune with its daily weather complaints.

We have been here right in the heart of Los Angeles for over a month past and found the weather condition fine all the time, the temperature has been five to ten degrees colder than usual but this condition has prevailed, as you know, all up and down the Pacific coast, Medford included. We have had two nice refreshing rains only, one on our arrival a month ago and one last night.

Now if Southern California has such "awful" weather we are pondering why you "almost break your neck" to get down here every winter. Candidly "Bob," you can write very interesting and pleasing articles for the Tribune, so why not cut out this everlasting daily knocking on Los Angeles and give us something along a different line.

CHAS. M. ENGLISH.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

lions trying to buy safety for their own little souls, hereafter. The change is a real improvement.

Riding on the "Broadway Limited" through the prosperous state of Pennsylvania, on the way to rich New York with 6,000,000 population and most of the money, you see farms, well kept, where men work hard for small profits, if any.

Here and there chimneys rise above big factories of glass and steel. Nearby are groups of small dingy houses in which the "hands" live, when they are not in the factory.

That arrangement is what we call "civilization" and fortunately it is improving. Those "hands" before the French revolution lacked food and clothing. The farmer dared not disturb wild animals eating his crops, because the nobles wanted to enjoy killing the animals. At one time it was necessary to forbid peasants to eat the bodies of those that died of the plague.

Now the "hands" in many cases have automobiles, movies, radio sets, electric washing machines, and savings bank accounts. Things improve slowly but they do improve.

Riding the Pennsylvania railroad, you observe that it is intelligently planned and ably managed. It serves eight out of the ten biggest cities in the United States, and reaches the most important northern Atlantic seaports.

And it is a railroad that looks ahead, it was first to establish a combination rail and air route from ocean to ocean, with Lindbergh in charge of the flying. Forty-eight hours from coast to coast will be the schedule at first, later 36 hours. The Pennsylvania, not content to move with things as they are, is spending $100,000,000, preparing extra facilities, including electrification of the road, in anticipation of forty millions that will soon live in New York's metropolitan area.

We must reconcile ourselves to permanent lack of information in one direction. Dr. Millikan, wise beyond human conception, says "Einstein's postulate that it was in the nature of the universe impossible to find the speed of the earth, with respect to the ether," rests on negative results of experiments by Professor Michelson.

If you ever wanted to know how fast our earth travels through the ether, give it up, for the present. We know how fast Earth turns on its axis, how fast we travel, in an eclipse around the sun. But how fast we fly through the ether, if there be any ether, we can never know unless perhaps scientists attach too much importance to their own limitations.

To realize how many mistakes even a great mind can make, read Bacon's "natural history," compare his chapter "touching the impression which the passions of the mind make upon the body," with Darwin's admirably exact "expression of the emotions." Bacon possessed probably, the greatest brain ever formed excepting that of Aristotle, but speculating without facts he was as helpless as a child.

COMMITTEE APPROVES TEETH FOR DRY LAW

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—(AP)—The Jones bill to increase penalties for prohibition law violation was approved without amendment today by the house judiciary committee.

Chairman Graham of the committee said he had been instructed by the committee to ask for a special rule under which the bill might be brought up for consideration in the house.

Twenty-five Sourdoughs Enlivened Sanctum With Tales of Trail of '98 Scribe Finds Gold In Heart Interest

Mary Greiner

One by one they stood over this desk—or set in the chair opposite as they preferred. Twenty-five miners, who had treked the trail of '98 to the gold fields of the Klondike. Twenty-five trails they took—over practically the same route — because miners are also human.

Mary Greiner

It was great having the boys with us, all thru last week and the week before. They infuse the atmosphere with the breath and spirit of early Alaskan adventure. The journalistic ether was transformed into a sensitive medium for all the changes in weather and human moods, typical of those hectic days in the Yukon.

The "Iron Mikes," grinding out Associated Press dispatches in the room beyond, became alternately, the chug, chug of steamboats, picking their ways thru ice channels out of Dutch Harbor; and hydraulic giants washing gold down the sides of snow capped cliffs.

And whenever anything dropped, up here—and things do drop—even stock market quotations—it was, most assuredly, the clink, clink, of gold coins on the bar of some dance hall or saloon.

Over the trail, and up that back breaking hill at Chilcoot Pass I followed each miner to get my share of the gold he was after. And when he made a big strike, we both rejoiced, and for several minutes afterwards, we dreamed individually of the prizes to be purchased with that much wealth—of power and castles, and fine clothes!

Then, he gambled and lost his "wad," and my heart sunk down into my French heels—until he "about broke even" again, and went home to his family—and I wrote another story.

Start Anew

It was always tough, losing sight of that much gold, just thru some careless gesture of my guide thru the Klondike. But about then, another miner came thru the door, and we started on another stampede to Dawson or Nome.

This time, perhaps, there was no mention of gold, and I wondered for a few moments what we were going after. But we enjoyed the moods of the northern sea—the strange black birds that rode on the crest of ice freighted waves—and the walrus that stuck its tusks in the frozen cakes and pulled itself up to a level with our steamboat.

We enjoyed the color and life of the dance halls at Dawson, and the drollery of the old sourdoughs, who had staked a few claims and let them take care of themselves for a spell.

It was interesting, meeting Robert Service, and Tex Rickard—Soapy Smith, and Swift Water Bill—all in action. It was fun, but a little scary, climbing aboard a raft, and shooting thru the center of the wild White Horse Rapids down Miles Canyon.

And the first thing we knew here we were back home again to tell our adventures—we'd forgotten all about gold! The "miner" had gone out the door, and I was at my desk again—just as poor as ever. Tough luck for a working girl. But shucks—one has to make a little whoopee—even on the Trail of '98.

And now, thank you, one and all, Messrs. Miners. Your 25 trails to the Yukon were all worth while—even if they were hard to travel in high heeled pumps. And do you know, I have a hunch, that some day we're going to meet again—all on the same trail this time—bound for a glorified Klondike, far beyond Alaska. And when we get there—maybe we won't have to worry about gold.

HAMILTON LAUDED FOR FAIR DEALING AS HOUSE LEADER

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 25. — (AP) — Ralph S. Hamilton of Bend, was inducted, with fitting ceremony Saturday afternoon to the "honorable and medieval order of past speakers of the house of representatives of the state of Oregon."

In token of their appreciation of the "fairness, integrity and ability" with which Speaker Hamilton has presided over the house during the past 40 days, members presented him with a double-barrelled hammerless shotgun. A silver platter, gravy boat and sandwich tray, also in flat silver, were presented to Mrs. Hamilton.

"It has been a privilege to have the deliberations of the house presided over with such fairness, integrity and ability," said Representative Lonergan, in making the presentation. "It is our hope that you will always shoot as straight when using this gun as you have with us in this session."

Speaker Hamilton in his response and thanks said: "Joe Cannon wielded a wicked gavel and Theodore Roosevelt used a club, but I am sure that this is the first time that a presiding officer has been given a shotgun."

New Refrigeration

TORONTO, Feb. 25.—(AP) A new process for the refrigeration of fish by which it is reduced to very low temperature rapidly and renders the characteristics of the fresh product has been developed by the biological board of Canada. Further experiments are being made to extend use of the refrigeration method to beef and poultry.

Glycerin Mixture Stops Constipation

The simple mixture of glycerin, buckthorn bark, saline, etc. (Adlerika) acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and relieves constipation in TWO hours! Brings out old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Don't waste time with pills or remedies which clean only PART of the bowels, but let Adlerika give stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and see how good you feel. Heath's Drug Store.

Stomach Disorders First Revealed by Coated Tongue

Your tongue is nothing more than the upper end of your stomach and intestines. It is the first thing your doctor looks at. It tells at a glance the condition of your digestive system—and physicians say that 90% of all sickness starts with stomach and bowel trouble.

A coated tongue is a danger signal of those digestive disorders which lead to so many kinds of serious illness. It tells why the least exertion tires you out; why you have pains in the bowels, gas, sour stomach, dizzy spells.

Coating on the tongue is a sign that you need Tanlac—the medicine which has helped thousands who were physical wrecks from stomach and bowel troubles—who had "tried everything" in vain and about given up hope.

Tanlac contains no mineral drugs; it is made of barks, herbs and roots. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

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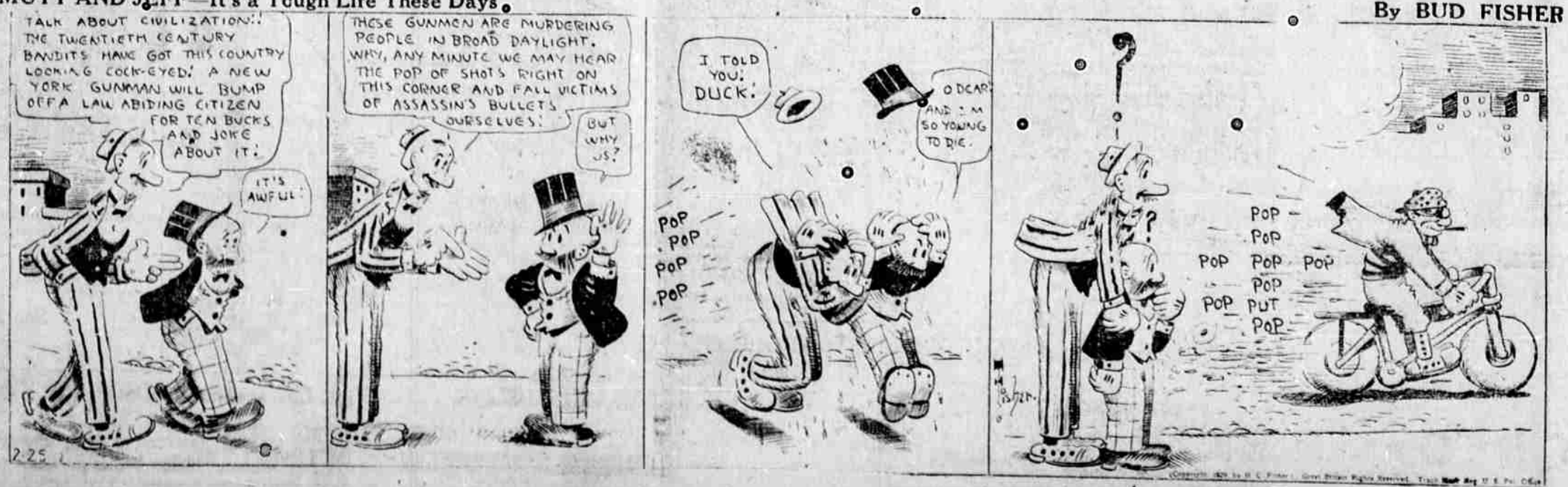
By BUD FISHER