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**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry  
 The highways and byways are now cluttered up with one-eyed frogs, trick bicycles, young ladies executing the grapevine on roller skates, beasts of the field and pedestrians.

**JUSTICE IS BALANCED**  
 (Abbie Decker)  
 Alphonse has some heart for his man who is serving a life sentence for having a pint of home brew in his possession, was given a parole to go home for his mother's funeral. And the Detroit millionaire who was fined \$400 for having \$1 bottles of liquor was fined out of his pocket and everybody is happy.

The Older Girls are wearing shawls, draped elegantly over the shoulder, like a barber leaves a towel, when he hobs their bangs.  
 Now is the time for all good citizens to hit out for the cyclone cellars, as the editor of the Eugene Register has started complaining the weather, and comparing it with the Texas brand.

Wuffed on the wings of spring, the first young man armed with a ukulele showed up last evening, but refrained from porpoising anything.  
 It is now March, according to the calendar, and the best information available, coming in like a lion, and will depart like a Rotarian.

Several were in from the Stix today.  
 H. van Ivoenberg, Jr., who went to Washington, D. C., in behalf of a tariff on bananas, slipped back home on the 24th.  
 Bill Gore has solved a lot of bearded barley, before he saw his boy's mustache.

The Portland Journal editorially proclaims that there is no fire in the center of the city. There has also been a gradual decrease in hind fires blowing out on the Main Drag, since the first months of the first Wilson administration.

There has been a deluge of fish legislation, but no bill providing that fishing poles be hammered into hoe handles.  
 Galshewikis with good looking arms, and no vaccination marks, are tired of suffocating in sleeves that come to the elbows.

The 1929 cat crop is on the market. Most of the kittens are black, and now big enough to run in front of autos.  
**LINES ON CONGRESSMEN.**  
 (Congressional Record)  
 As to the membership of the House—well, it has become the custom of late to deprecate Congress, and especially the House of Representatives. Our members are not, as a matter of fact, equally well, or even good. Let me say that they are as wise and as good as the people who elect them. I believe most all of them are above the average of the electorate which they represent. (Applause.) Even the congressmen from Chicago and New York rank above the people who send them here. (Applause and laughter.)

Undoubtedly we have too many lawyers in this House, more than we can really use for any good purpose. However, all of them are ready talkers and good fellows, even if most of them are as innocent of political economy as they are of the Spanish language.  
**Radio Patron Saint**  
 PARIS, France, March 1.—(AP)—Saint Berthold has been proposed as the patron saint of radio. As the story goes, a serf in Italy in the twelfth century was prevented by his master from going 20 miles to hear Berthold preach. He was lamenting his lot when suddenly Berthold's voice came to him out of the air and he heard the whole sermon.

**Died in Harness**  
 NEW YORK, March 1.—(AP)—The last published work from the pen of Harvey O'Higgins, in the March Mercury, says: "The American prefers to die in harness rather than rest in his old age, as the European does." O'Higgins, taken with pneumonia, died yesterday. He was in his third year.

**BURNS**—Plans discussed for street improvements throughout the city.

**Editorial Correspondence**

SAN DIEGO, Calif., Feb. 27.—Who said old ruined horticulture? Someone told us a few years ago when Col. Manly was using up a box of matches a day at the Triconia, they hoped he never would strike oil. For striking oil would mean ruining all the beautiful pear orchards. Well, oil hasn't ruined the orange groves south of Los Angeles. Near Whittier and Anaheim we saw oil drills pumping in the center of an orchard, loaded with the golden fruit. We didn't have time to stop and light a match. But we saw plenty of black liquid thereabouts, with iridescent green spots afloat thereon, so it must have been oil. And the fruit looked flourishing. Gosh—think of having an orange grove and an oil well all to one. Some people seem to have everything!

We stopped at Santa Ana to see the Mahoney brothers, who sold the Coos Bay Times at Marshfield about a year ago, and started a new paper, the Santa Ana Times. Santa Ana is a flourishing place of over 30,000 people, with a large and prosperous looking business section and a good hotel, the Santa Ana Inn. There is another evening paper, well established, with a circulation of over 10,000, and the Mahoney boys (their aggregate age is over 100) admit they have a hard time getting out a good, newsy sheet, their paid circulation is growing and they are both crazy about the town and the people and—of course—the climate. Certainly quite a climatic change after Coos Bay. Dan Mahoney asked permission to be named in this old friend, "Art" Perry.

Had lunch at Ole Hanson's "dream city," San Clemente, alias the Spanish village. We had heard of San Clemente, and were button-holed by one of its agents in San Bernardino a month ago. Therefore had a definite picture in our mind of what it would be—plastered with penicillin and real estate signs—an army of super salesmen holding up each touring car, etc. But we were given a surprise—and a pleasant one. Really a very beautiful little village, the architecture entirely Spanish—but good Spanish—everything in the village

in excellent taste. An attractive hotel, splendid Italian restaurant, coffee shop, little bank, a one-theatrical newspaper, comfortable looking clinic and hospital, and a swarm of tiny houses—all white and terra cotta and inviting. Directly on the Pacific ocean with a golf course in the making, we should say San Clemente would be an ideal place to stay for a while—and not a bad place to live, if one had nothing particular to do. There are only about 500 people there now, so the business opportunities can't be very alluring. But when all of this coast from Los Angeles to San Diego is built up—as it will be sooner than most of us expect—we wager San Clemente will be in the super-"Tycoon" class and Ole also.

It is only two years since we first took this coast trip and yet there have been many changes. The Valencia hotel at La Jolla, where we stayed quite a spell now, has a very imposing Moorish tower and a large addition overlooking the ocean—there is a new and attractive colonial hotel nearby. We noticed many new homes and buildings in the Pearl City. It was a nice sunny day, the Pacific shimmered below, a silvery blue, but visibility at sea was poor, due to a heavy haze. (They must have smudged here last week about)

Speaking of smudge, we left Pasadena in a heavy one this morning. To us the night hadn't seemed very cool, but the service station man said it hit 30 early this morning. The sky was a spotty black until we reached Anaheim. (What's that knocking on my door, "Quoth the raven never more"?)

Slighted Mr. and Mrs. John Tomlin and Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Salade on our arrival in San Diego. Mr. Tomlin is selling boxes, and Dr. Salade is buying gasoline at ten cents per gallon. According to the newspapers, there is horse racing down at Tia Juana. The doctor, who has been here for two months, advises us not to go down. He says it is worse than three-handed-four-handed in Medford, which coming from one is—as they say—a mouthful.

hotel will beg me to send over some fresh legs for a special party. But I'm not much interested now in anything except the laboratory.  
 "Prohibition killed the frog business. When old John Barlowe died, the sports quit and that sort of stuff. Most orders for legs are filled now from cold storage sent from the south."  
 "Even the colleges are breeding their own frogs by degrees. I managed to keep enough schools out of my books, however, to take care of all I can catch."  
 Jackie, Beck's youngest son, now nine years old, already is preparing to carry on the family tradition.

**NANCY'S DAUGHTER CHRISTENED WITH RITE AND STUNT**  
 PARIS, March 1.—(AP)—The Paris edition of the New York Herald today says the name Sharda Rajah Holkar has been bestowed upon the five-week-old daughter of the former maharajah of Indore and his wife, the former Nancy Miller of Seattle. The christening was accompanied with all the pomp and ceremony of the Hindu rites. The south wing of the castle at St. Germain was transformed into a temple for the occasion, and the only persons present other than officiating priests were the relatives of the former maharajah and the maharajane's mother and grandparents, who came from America for the occasion.  
 The ancient Oriental ceremony was concluded with a quiet Occidental luncheon and a modern entertainment, including music and stunts by a conjurer, and some acrobats.

Frank Wilson, 73-year-old blacksmith of Omaha, has invented an airplane propeller with curved ends which he believed possesses many advantages over the ordinary kind.

**MUTT AND JEFF—Bankers Are Like That**



**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, care of this newspaper.

**NERVOUS WRECKS CAN HAPPEN, BUT**

If you're at all nervous or run-down or neurasthenic or of a nervous temperament, please do not pay any attention to this chapter unless you have the first chapter in this story which was printed here a few days ago. If you didn't say that first chapter, as I advised, you will get nothing out of this one but irritation, which isn't good for a nervous wreck at all. If you didn't save the first chapter, and still persist in reading this one, on your own head be it. I've warned you off. If you are not of a nervous type and have no occasion to excuse your conduct or behavior to yourself or to others, then read on. You can't do you any great harm, I'm sure.

Nervous wrecks occur all too frequently; plenty of people are exceedingly nervous whatever that may mean; the luxuries, indulgences, foibles and pretenses of civilized life unquestionably account for the vast number of neurasthenic individuals in the population of these Excited States. But just the same there is no such thing as nerve energy and consequently there can be no exhaustion thereof. Disease conditions that popularly masquerade under the pleasant names of neurasthenia, run-down nervous system, nervous exhaustion are commonly due to wrong living, and by that I mean any and all errors of hygiene and not particularly habits of which good people are ashamed.

Take a simple, primitive example, which should mean more or less to you according to your attitude toward evolution: Watch your dog and see how he reacts to the sight of a squirrel or a cat or some such attractive prey. He takes after the object of his excitement, or he wants to. Restrain him by physical means or by command; he does not chase the cat, but his heart does, or rather his heart behaves as if it should if the dog were tearing across the country after the cat. Train your dog to obey your command in every such situation; yet expose him regularly to the temptation, the stimulation, the sight of the cat or squirrel, never permit him to chase the cat or squirrel at all and soon you have on your hands a nervous wreck. If nervous dogs are ever so despicable.

Sit at a desk or stand at the counter or bench or kitchen table all day, do all your chasing by proxy or all your adventuring in the movies or in book, all your exercise holding down the cushions of a car, never run a step, never play an active game, be a great sport, a fan but not a participant yourself, blow off tiring quantities of steam, yelling and cheering at the ball game or the football game, while you just sit there like an automaton, never climb any trees or cut any grass or work in the garden, never go fishing, always keep your heels well below your head, yet try to pretend you're just as good a man as the chap who knows how to live and live right, and when your pretense about this falls to seem convincing to your true self go and drown the thought in booze or belch it with tobacco or blot it out with your favorite nostrum or drug, and it would be a queer thing indeed if you remained quite normal and a remarkable exception to the rule. You didn't read as an excuse "poor nerves."

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**  
 Tin Doctors Rather Brassy

The company I work for, writes a young woman, offers free medical examinations to employees. My boss is mad because I refuse to submit to examination by the company's doctor. I have my own doctor, who is a good reputable physician. The boss declares the company can demand that I be examined by the company doctor, and he says there must be some reason why I won't consent.  
 Answer—A stung showing the direction of the wind, of course you are not required to submit to an examination by the tin doctor at all. Your own doctor's health certificate is all the law can require, if your own doctor is a legally registered physician.

**Your Income Tax**

No. 23  
 The value to be cared for by depreciation is the cost of the property, if acquired by purchase after February 28, 1913. If acquired by purchase prior to that date the value basis is the cost of the property or its fair market value as of March 1, 1913, whichever is greater.  
 Depreciation of a home or property used for pleasure or convenience, such as an automobile, can not be claimed.  
 Depreciation due to changes in the social or business conditions of a neighborhood, or changes in the market value, or fluctuations of market value, can not be claimed.  
 Depreciation of land, whether improved or unimproved, can not be claimed.  
 When in the course of years the owner of property has claimed its cost as depreciation, no further claim can be allowed.  
 As R. H. Rogers of New Orleans was sinking for the third time in the Mississippi a rescuer grabbed his hair and dragged him into a boat.

**Review of Current Literature**

By Book Lovers of Medford  
 A Guidepost to the Best in Late Books As Selected by County Librarian Miss Fay Woolsey for Reaction of Local Readers.

**"A Lantern in Her Hand,"** by Dean Streeter Aldrich. Reviewed by Grace C. Voss.  
 A rich and memorable novel of the pioneers who, in their youth, left home folks and childhood friends—left with a cheerful courage, a sturdy faith, and wonderful visions to make a home for themselves and for their children in the land but recently vacated by the buffalo and the Indian.

**Abbie Deal**—with the warm Irish heart and sturdiness inherited from her peasant mother, with the love of beauty, the steadfastness of the Scotch, inherited from her aristocratic father—Abbie Deal, brought up in a log cabin in Iowa, took the covered wagon trail to Nebraska as a young bride; there she lived in a rude stroller on the prairie, raised her young family and companioned her husband through all the heartbreaking struggles of the pioneer days—a song on her lips and a lantern in her hand.

To those still among us who pioneered with a few precious belongings, the story of Abbie Deal will revive memories almost forgotten; memories of weeks of drifting snow and sullen sleet; periods of monotonous drudgery, when hot winds parched with their feverish breath; the planting of the first fruit trees; the building of the new home; memories of days when every nail, every bolt, every string was carefully hoarded; of days when candle molds were struck on string, like huge beads, ready for the molding of the wax; when flour, browned in the oven, substituted for talcum powder—for this is a story of homely every-day happenings, and the characters seem like old friends.

To the rest of us comes a greater appreciation of the lives of tall poplar and cottonwood trees, and the gnarled walnut trees standing like sentinels guarding the now prosperous farms—farms with every modern convenience—and the fresh realization that it was through the courage and dreams of the early pioneers, dreams dreamed into the very country, that made possible the cities, the homes, the factories, the churches, and the schools of today. And that, today, in new countries, the Abbie Deals, lantern in hand, are lighting the way for future generations.

**The Secret of Spirit Lake**—By Joseph B. Ames. Reviewed by A. C. Allen.  
 A story of Boy Scouts and one which will find many interested readers among boys. It is a story of mystery, treasure, caves and the great out-door, things which will never intrigue the youthful mind.

Mr. Ames is the author of many books written about the activities of Boy Scouts. His treatment of this story is such as to hold the interest throughout and, while his plot is trite, yet he skillfully injects certain situations which tend to heighten the interest and increase the suspense. His ideals are good, his situations are plausible and his fictional "facts" acceptable.

The writer of this review admits his complex regarding facts in fiction and senseless situations. So many authors insult one's intelligence by the distortion of facts—and facts are used in fiction—and the inexcusable use of unconvincing, useless, name-calling situations.

In Mr. Ames' story he fails to care into that unforgivable rut and I confess to a slight turning of my stomach. This occurs when the three boys, two of whom have just been released from captivity by the third, see the villain approaching the cabin in which they were bound. The boys are armed with revolvers and they are ready to jump out, but they jump on the villain, the three of them, have a rough-and-tumble fight and overpower him!

Why will they do it? In real life such things just aren't done and in real fiction it shouldn't be done. If the author wanted the scuffle he could easily have had the guns laid aside for the moment or could—But what's the use? Aside from that one break it's a good story.

**"The Road to Heaven,"** by Thomas Beer. Reviewed by Rosina Garfield.  
 If the prospective reader of this illuminating and interesting modern story is seeking a Bardecker of

Marsh, you will see where some of the more daring offer suggestions. The road accepts them but they are soon forgotten, and the forgetfulness shown with bullets and exile.  
 The Russo-Japanese war should have brought to the minds of the court of Russia that their army was there only in body and not in spirit. The fact that a huge nation the size of Russia should be defeated completely by a tiny nation like Japan, shows that it was the spirit of the Japanese that carried them to victory. The remedy could only come from the rear, but unfortunately it was not to be forthcoming. Instead of sympathy and understanding, land, schools and freedom, the lash was applied more vigorously. What else could the final result be? Only too obvious—revolt, murder, pillage, slaughter and then—  
 Slight, and steepled of figure, great of mind, Lenin, the outcast, the exile, comes to life; the frog is hot and he strikes. Kerenka's faltering government is paralyzed; revolution within a revolution, Lenin, with his masterful and convincing oratory, reaps the harvest he has been sowing for years.

The intimate life of the czar, the weakness of his character, the mother love of the empress for the young and sickly heir to the throne of all the Russias. The devastating power of the mad monk, Rasputin, on the empress. The havoc caused by the Russian army by this mad wretch, is clearly pictured by the author.  
 We have heard of the Bolsheviks for the past years, wondering perhaps just what kind of terrible people they were. Mr. Marsh will give you a very clear picture of them, leaving little doubt in your mind as to why they are what they are.

The Fall of the Russian Empire should be very interesting reading to those who would know what goes on, just over the fence.  
 VALIE—Vale Electric Bakery changes hands.

**Give freely**  
 When your Children Cry for It  
 Mothers, who take one simple precaution, are seldom worried. With a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria in the house they can do what their doctor would tell them to do—when baby is fretful, feverish, colicky, constipated or stuffed-up with cold—give a few drops of this pure vegetable, pleasant-tasting preparation. It comforts baby and soothes him to sleep in a jiffy. It's perfectly safe for the youngest infants. Give it freely—and as often as needed, specialists advise. A most liberal dose is all it takes to comfort and relieve older children when feverishness, bad breath, no appetite, colds, etc., show they need a good purgative. The mark of genuine Castoria is the Fletcher signature on the wrapper. Look for it to avoid imitations.

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**By BUD FISHER**