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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Labor Day is history, and the next chance to go fishing and gallivanting, will be Medford Day at the county fair.

Hides of variants are once more adorning the rounded neck and sharply shoulders of the fair, and gosh! how they hate to do it.

The ex-seceder from Oregon who won distinction by connecting a farm aid bill that neither himself or anybody else could ever determine just what it meant, and the Jr. seceder from Oregon, are both reported in hot pursuit of a tariff measure brewed by Oregon.

Most chronic habit—Congressman Hawley. The tariff is the only earthly topic that can be discussed learnedly by all, unhampered by the slightest knowledge of the tariff, so the senatorial seceders will go after Congressman Hawley's head in measure, fearlessly and dogmatically. The attack will sound devastating, but will do no damage. Congressman Hawley has too many friends with votes, to annoy to the point of political anger. If Congressman Hawley should take a notion to run for the senate, one certain leading citizen of the state would resume the practice of law.

AND THAT'S A LOT
(Eugene Register)

If for no other reason we ought to welcome him (the California tourist), because fewer of the females in his case wear men's pants than is the case among our own natives.

The J. Cochran Robin family leaves soon to spend the chilly period in the south. Cochran Robin is superintendent of the walk.

Two girls, who have been mad at each other since the fall of 1922, as they were of a party over \$2.65, took a drink together on the 31st and are friends once more.

White a fugitive from justice, he risked sending a letter to an Oklahoma newspaper in which he said he might rob banks but denied a charge of chicken theft. (Press Dispatch.) Professional pride leaps forward.

A visitor, who did not appear hungry, called this morning, and while the undersigned was not looking checked into a paper was a clipping that told of the surprise of a young lady (single), who had been running around with a man (married). The wife discovered the cheater (fine word that), and was slightly put out at the trend of the romantic events. The young lady held that the wife was unreasonable and had no grounds to be suspicious, and asked Aunt Priscilla of the lovelorn column, to furnish a recipe to fix things up. The husband good also up Aunt Priscilla's recipe.

OTHERWISE HUNKY-BOHY
(Bangor, Me. Commercial)

There is no doubt about it, the country is all wrong. One has to read to find that out. Only about 30 per cent of the eligible voters vote. Writers of history text books are teaching our youth that Beilieu Wood was a battle, whereas the official records class it as a local engagement. Eight million of our minutes are that, and are ruining our national taste. Our medical education is all wrong, and so is all the rest of our education. Exposure of the human form, due to slavish subservience to style, is undermining our health, although it is saving many of us from pneumonia and tuberculosis. Three-quarters of us do not brush our teeth.

We have no great native music, and our theatres are all wrong. In art we are several thousand years behind the Hottentots. We are too much-mad, and devote too too much time to pleasure. A New York gentleman complaining that when our athletes enter an international contest their sole aim is to win.

In spite of several severe magazines of huge circulation devoted to the art of hanging curtains and making currant jelly, the American home is being destroyed. Wages are so high that we don't know what to do with our money, but the average American can't afford a doctor. We are losing our hair and our teeth and most of us have to wear glasses.

In short, we are in terrible shape, and there is no hope for us unless we walk six miles a day, drink lots of water between meals and take something to our bath toilet.

Editorial Correspondence

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 1.

There is always something new. For the first time in history the good ship Sedan has made the voyage from Medford to San Francisco in one day. And it's such an easy trip, we wonder why for so many years we made Cornish or Willow an all-night stopping point. All one needs to do is start two or three hours earlier and your trip is 23 hours shorter.

We set sail from the Rex Cafe at 6 a. m. Saturday and rolled on the Berkeley ferry for San Francisco at 5 p. m., feeling as fresh and frisky as a couple of sun-dried and dust-blown daisies. In spite of a tough and dusty seven-mile detour north of Weed, where they are paying a portion of the Pacific highway, we made Cornish at 12 minutes of 12, where we had lunch. Leaving there at 12:30 we struck the short-cut near Woodland before 3. But there—there was something new again. All the way to Berkeley there was a steady stream of cars from San Francisco and we suddenly realized we were motoring at the start of the Labor Day weekend. The procession was literally continuous—an unbroken line rushing along bumper to rear tail light, apparently bound for the state fair at Sacramento or Reno, Nevada. They could hardly be making for the dried out territory of the Sacramento valley. Under such circumstances good time was impossible. Incidentally, there should be a law against driving too slowly as well as driving too fast. Every-one going south appeared to be out for a sunset stroll. The doctor was so disgusted he took off his shoes, exposed his jaeger socks to the ocean breeze and went to sleep!

Let some one assume we broke the speed laws somewhere en route our log can be offered in refutation. Ten hours driving time from Medford to San Francisco, an average of 42 miles an hour according to the speedometer reading—3 miles below the California speed limit—ah, ha, fooled you again. An easy one-day trip!

"One good thing," opined the doctor, as he opened one eye to mark the procession on our left still unbroken, "no one will be left in San Francisco; plenty of seats at the theatres."

So, after dinner, we decided to see Janet Gaynor at the new Fox theatre. The entrance was imposing—a rich red carpet spread on

the sidewalk and many liveried attendants about. But they were all saying the same thing, "All seats waiting—all seats waiting!" A new line to us, so the doctor investigated and reported that as usual they had all wrong—in fact their grasp of the English language was so imperfect, they were saying precisely the reverse of what they thought they were saying.

All seats were not waiting. The seats were all filled and about half of the population of San Francisco was waiting!

Well, the other movies would be deserted, so we wandered over to the California to see Roland Coleman in "The Bulldog Drummond."

"All seats waiting! All seats waiting!" No red carpet, but a certain blue light and more liveried attendants chanting the same song.

A Medford huddle was called and it was decided to do some waiting on our own account. "Best chance in the balcony," said the pale-faced dandy, so we climbed to the top of the building and joined a crowd that resembled the snipers in the mob scene of "Hobbesville." Waiting was right. For a solid hour we stood in line, being marched and counter-marched by a squad of affable ushers who were dressed like West Point cadets and we hope will go there some day.

"Bulldog Drummond" was almost worth it. A good talkie, somewhat overdrawn in spots, but Coleman is a real star and as usual, grabs the show.

In a few minutes we cast off for Carmel and the national amateur golf tournament, which is the objective of this one week sojourn. This being the first time in history this important golfing event has been staged west of the Rockies, California is pretty well hopped up over the ancient and honorable game. We hope there will be some news in it. However it looks doubtful.

For everyone is sure Bobby Jones will win his third amateur title and Bobby winning again is no more news than that old scheme of the dog biting a man. However we started out with something new and perhaps that's the way this excursion will end. Some young man—perhaps one scarcely mentioned in the advance doings—will bite that Jones dog. From a news standpoint we hope so. But from the standpoint of "may the best man win" we are not so sure.

Here comes the doctor—as fresh as a—Bye-Bye! R. W. H.

Daily Meteorological Report

Sept. 3, 1929.

Medford and vicinity: Fair tonight and Wednesday; warmer Wednesday.

Oregon Fair tonight and Wednesday. Warmer in interior Wednesday.

Local Data

Temperature (degrees) 76 45
Highest (last 24 hours) 82 76
Lowest (last 24 hours) 44 45
Rel. humidity (per cent) 34 88
Precipitation (inches) 0 0
State of weather: Clear Clear
Lowest temperature this morning 44 degrees.

Total precipitation since Sept. 1, 1929, .06 inches.

Sunrise today, 6:42 p. m.
Sunrise Wednesday, 5:39 a. m.
Sunset Wednesday, 6:40 p. m.

Highest a year ago today, 95.
Lowest a year ago today, 36.

Observations Taken at 5 A. M.
120th Meridian Time

CITY

Baker City 66 38 Clear
Bismarck 76 46 Rain
Boise 76 46 Clear
Bozeman 66 38 Clear
Des Moines 62 32 P. C. C.
Fresno 90 60 Clear
Helen 74 40 Cloudy
Los Angeles 66 38 Clear
Marionville 70 40 P. C. C.
Portland 74 50 Clear
Red Bluff 74 50 Clear
Reno 74 50 Clear
Salt Lake City 72 38 Cloudy
San Francisco 70 36 Clear
Santa Fe 62 32 Clear
Seattle 68 32 Clear
Spokane 68 32 Clear
Walla Walla 74 46 Clear
Winnipeg 62 Cloudy

W. J. HUTCHINSON,
Meteorologist.

Radio Program

KMED

Mail Tribune-Virgin Station

Tuesday, Sept. 3
6:00 to 6:15—KMEM.
6:15 to 6:30—News and market reports by Mail Tribune.
6:30 to 7:00—Coleman and Lawton and Medford Service Station.
8:00 to 8:30—Big Tail.
8:30 to 9:00—Rogue River Cannery.
9:00 to 10:00—California Oregon Power Co.
Wednesday, Sept. 4
9:30 to 10:00—Model Clothing Co.
10:00 to 10:30—Mann's Dept. Store.
10:30 to 11:00—Heath's Drug Store.
11:00 to 11:30—Medford Electric.
11:30 to 12:00—Lewis Super Service.
12 noon—News flashes by the Mail Tribune.
12:15 to 12:30—Jackson County Edge & Loan.
12:30 to 1:00—KMEM.
1:00 to 1:30—City Cleaning & Dyeing.
1:30 to 2:00—Modern Dairies.
2:00 to 2:30—Dr. Sandhoffer.
2:30 to 3:00—KMEM.
3:00 to 3:15—KMEM.
3:15 to 4:00—News and market reports by Mail Tribune.
4:00 to 7:00—The Crescent Dairies.

STUTTGART, Germany, (AP)—The parish priest of Walldorf says that he discovered imbedded in a cross over the tabernacle of the town church a torch which was covered with varnish to preserve it from decay and was surrounded by a Latin inscription stating that the relic was from the crown of thorns of Christ. The church formerly belonged to a monastery of the Augustines who were closely affiliated with the Lateran church in Rome.

Burns—Paving of streets in this place progressing rapidly.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to discuss 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.

DOCTORS SHOULD NOT GRIN AT A FUNERAL.

A reader sends a page from a popular weekly magazine containing an article entitled "Funerals That Kill the Mourners." The article is printed under the caption "Science and Invention," the I fail to detect any science in the two columns of guff, however much invention there may be in it.

The article is a rehash of the hackneyed newspaper idea that the late Ambassador Herrick "caught cold" by marching bareheaded at Marshal Foch's funeral and a collection of half-baked comments by laymen, undertakers and the like on the grave menace of health and life in our quaint custom of baring the head at a funeral, irrespective of the weather. The reader assures me that this article ought to hold me for a while—but it probably won't. He says, for I'll be just as ornery about the "catching cold" business as ever, and as for that he will stay with me to the last aneurysm. He says in such matters he will bank on my judgment rather than that of the esteemed weekly magazine.

In the funny article a Springfield newspaper is quoted as saying that "Undertakers appreciate that many colds are contracted in cemeteries when men stand with bared heads in a chilly wind. They are unused to such exposure and suffer from it, whereas the undertakers, being accustomed to it, suffer no ill effects."

I certainly prefer an undertaker who can crack a good joke at the right time, but I hold he should save his best stuff for the wake and not disturb the decorum of the mourners at the interment. Let obscure authorities on man pathology cut out as much as they please; undertakers should bear their burden with due solemnity, whether it is a profitable planting or not.

Some time when the Springfield doctors are attending strictly to business and the local undertakers are enjoying a brief lull, I'd like to challenge a select committee of them to meet me in a bar-headed contest in some convenient graveyard when the weather is right for a bad cold. I'll leave it to the boys in the stovepipe hats to choose weather just as dirty as they like. I'll go as lidless as I was the day I was born, and the caskeeters may cuddle under my ever too covering or protection they prefer.

Not until somebody shows that undertakers are less susceptible to any particular illness or ailment than minister doctors or farmers are, can we listen to these droll assertions of the funeral directors and Surgeon Gen. Hugh S. Cumming with a straight face.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Might Help.

What can you suggest that might help a person who has spells of depression of the heart with difficulty in breathing?—S. H.
Answer—A doctor.

Way in Ear.
I am bothered by the accumulation of wax in my ear, so deeply that I cannot remove it with wash cloth. This affects my hearing. How can I remove it or prevent it from collecting?—L. B.
Answer—Better have your doctor syringe it out. Watch how he does it, or ask him to show you how, so that you may repeat the syringing from time to time. It is unsafe to insert anything in the ear in the attempt to remove the wax.

Safety First.
You've added another bogy to the list already cherished by timid folk, by your recent article on the perils of the bath. Why not now give us an article on the dangers of picture hanging. There's the case of Uncle Amos who slipped on a cake of ice while hanging a picture, fell under a passing coal truck and badly damaged the Persian rug in the bath room.—C. B. S.

Answer—If I recommended the hanging of pictures, such an article might be in order in my column. But as I recommend only the hanging of those who make the pictures, it doesn't seem appropriate.

Look on This Picture.
My husband had suffered from constipation for years, and I guess I pestered him for six months before he consented to try laxatives. He wouldn't do without laxatives, and since taking them he can eat baked beans and bean soup, which he loves, without any unpleasant effects.—Mrs. T. J. W.

Answer—Flaxseeds whole, cost 25 to 30 cents a pound. A teaspoonful or two daily, washed down with water or other beverage, taken with jelly or other food, will save the average credulous Yankee household seventeen dollars a year now squandered on physic.

And Then on This.
Please send Constitution and By-Laws of the Broad and Mill club. I believe you can effect the conservation and eternal salvation of the human race with your wonderful system. I know it can be done—setting people to do it is another thing. It is too cheap and easy. Folk don't want anything cheap and easy. The Lord has been trying that on them for six thousand years and they are still asking "what shall I DO to be saved?"—Rev. W. T. I.

Answer—But Mrs. T. J. W. was different.
(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points

You can tell an American abroad. When he sees a public house, he looks for a back door to sneak through.

People feel sorry for the poor monkey stared at in the zoo, and yet life guards seem to enjoy it.

The real problem of the Allies is to get all Heine can pay and yet leave him enough to buy their products.

Endurance records don't seem remarkable in a land where almost everybody has kept at it until he found a parking space.

For that matter, there is bribery and official corruption in the enforcement of the law against stealing.

Don't tell Willie, but the ancient Mayas were wonderful mathematicians and the only survivors of the race are huskies in the movies.

When a sick husband stops his whining prayers and begins to curse his wife knows he is out of danger.

Correct this sentence: "John still plays his mother in all things." said the wife, "but I don't feel her."

The young people aren't as quiet as they were in your day, eh? Well, would you care to be as quiet as the old people were then?

Some people think they are rushing to the defense of Lindbergh when they are just bragging about knowing him.

How superior an American tourist feels when he tomes coine on the ground for Arabs to scramble for! And then he comes home and competes with his own kind as the Arabs did.

Americanism: Thinking the speaker a great man who flatters him, thinking him a dangerous crank if he tells us the truth.

Note to movie producers: It would be interesting to hear a dog talk, but it would become tiresome if he didn't say anything worth while.

Now if somebody had stolen a railroad from the Chinese, that wouldn't have been news.

A fanatic is a man who thinks you a narrow-minded dry or a wicked wet if you don't cheer when he talks nonsense.

Modesty: A man's polite excuse to hide his head in the locker room when there's a hole in one of his socks.

How times change! The near-naked American, swaying and

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Fesive
2. Desist
3. Lachrymose
4. Mistake
5. Vary
6. Later volume
7. Numerals
8. Revers
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12. Fixed charge
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18. 300 sheets of paper
19. Mescaline
20. Former Philippine military governor
21. Sonnet
22. Prevaricator
23. Celebration
24. Sealed joint
25. Seasoning
26. Hipped
27. Hipped
28. Knight's title
29. Perfume
30. Human beings
31. Sun
32. Animal doctor
33. Roman garments
34. Table mat
35. Fish out
36. Serve network
37. Promote
38. Worthless
39. Low tide
40. Dined
41. Southern constellation
42. Charge for services

1. High winds
2. Deputy
3. Aye
4. Ocean liners
5. Hawk
6. Left out
7. An Apostle
8. Proffered
9. Sooner than
10. Metric measures

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