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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Not much editorial ferocity is manifested in the press of the state over the three-year sentence passed by a Klamath county judge on a homeless, friendless, and hungry youth, for the theft of four-bits from a movie theater. The press is too busy making sapient comments on the capture and confession of four UofO. students who smeared paint on structures at OSC. They are martyrs in Eugene, and heinous wretches in Corvallis, and the state press is hewing to the line fearlessly, and nobly straddling the fence of neutrality—a trick they evidently pirated from the eminent senior seedgender from Oregon. The lack of commonsense mixed with mercy as displayed by the sagebrush jurist, is nothing for the journalists to grow feverish about, though it generally agreed the victim "got a bad break," which to the layman, appears as a compound fracture. A jury of 12 good men and true, pondering over the fate of a lady accused of liquor violation, lapped up the evidence and became mildly hilarious and abused the bailiff, according to news from Bend. They showed a deplorable and ornery disrespect for the cornerstone of good government. All the jurors have votes, friends, influence, and sufficient funds to employ bright lawyers. They will not be dealt any three year sentences in the "big house." They will get a mild scolding, for thoughtless injudiciousness.

Prayers for rain have failed, so a move is afoot to start cussing.

FERVID OREGON JOURNALISM
(Coos Bay News)
HELLS BELLS! LOOK WHATS HERE!

The Southern Pacific announce a special rail excursion from San Francisco to Los Angeles and return—
942 Miles for $11

The Portland police are encountering competition right at home, in keeping in the public eye, ear and nose.

Reports indicate that in the home, the Thanksgiving turkey has been finished as something to eat, and the family is again on a beef ration.

Domestic hint says the housewife can lessen her labor greatly by performing an appropriate dance with each item of the housework. The preparation of a meal in the modern kitchen would, naturally, call for the can-can.—(Arkansas Gazette.) And from the aroma that greets the nostrils frequently, it would be timely to dance the "hootch."

WHEN WINTER COMES.
(Eugene Guard)

Dr. Walter L. Myers, chancellor of the Eugene Bible university reported to police that his overcoat was stolen from the First Presbyterian church Sunday evening while he and his family were attending services.

WHEN OLDER GIRLS JOURNEY

I always travel simply,
Just my dresses in a bag
And my bonnets in a hat-box,
Though my shoes may make it sag.

My jewels and little knickknacks,
I tie up in a tin
That none would think of taking
Unless he first looked in.

My heavy coat and slicker
Fit nicely in a box,
It is a little extra,
But there's room for all my socks.

The things that I've forgotten,
Like my pictures and my clock,
I crowd into my pocketbook,
Although it will not lock.

My typing and my magazines,
The evening news and candy—
I guess that's all, so simply done,
And everything's so handy!
(Kansas City Star.)

Deer Takes Watch.

WEST BROOKFIELD, Mass.—(AP)—There's a big buck deer loose hereabouts wearing a wristwatch. Bob Canavan of Springfild shot him down. When he got up to the animal, the buck tossed its head, a point of the antlers got under a strap on Bob's wristwatch and off the buck darted, watch dangling.

IS THE MARKET COMING BACK?

THE mass of small investors and speculators who have rushed into the stock market during the past few years are themselves to blame for the collapse of security values which swept away their holdings, in the opinion of Francis H. Sisson, widely known New York economist and banker.

"The small investor is, to a large extent, the victim of his own imagination," says Mr. Sisson in an analysis of the market decline published in the current issue of the Review of Reviews.

"To suppose that the selling wave of the past few weeks was due to adverse developments of corresponding importance in the general business situation would be a fundamental error," he adds, estimating that "even in the absence of a pronounced increase in recent weeks, the general level of industrial operations appears to be approximately equal to, or possibly slightly above, that of a year ago."

* * *

TRACING the phenomenal rise in stock values which reached its peak soon before the crash, Mr. Sisson observes that a part of it was justified by the real progress of the nation's business. "But this normal movement was immensely exaggerated by the changed character of the investing public," he adds.

Millions of persons who had never before considered such speculation were attracted to the market by the fact that they had surplus incomes for the first time, he says, and security dealers established branches throughout the country to profit by this new market.

"Thus the public that has to a considerable extent determined the course of the market in the last few years is a public uninformed as to intelligent procedure in buying securities," his Review of Review article continues.

"The small investor's attitude toward the market seems to have been based on the view that there was no limit to the process of increasing corporate earnings, reinvesting the profits, and thus still further increasing earnings. But the country's business concerns obviously cannot go on indefinitely fulfilling the demands of public imagination.

"When the realization finally came that prices of many securities were out of all proportion to any prospective earning power, the reaction was similarly exaggerated. Not only did the fear of loss impel a rush of liquidation, but the disorder was increased by the fact that innumerable small speculators, unable to supplement their impaired margins were precipitated into the market as sellers against their wills."

This new investing class, or a large proportion of it, will continue to figure in the market in the future, however, Mr. Sisson believes. He adds that "there is a likelihood of improvement with the gradual education of the investing public in business conditions and in market behavior." In his opinion the market is coming back.

THE FORTY-NINTH STATE

A FACT not appreciated by one American in ten is that the federal government still controls an area of 296,875 square miles in public lands, comprising an undefined "forty-ninth state" as large as Texas and a half dozen small eastern states combined. But this "forty-ninth state" will occupy public attention soon for it is President Hoover's policy to transfer control of the vast area from the federal government to the separate states in which the lands are located.

Secretary of the Interior Wilbur explains the President's purpose.

"The plain and alarming fact is that, owing to many factors including division of authority between state and federal governments, the 20 years since the public land report under Roosevelt has shown deterioration of these lands," he says. "There is more likelihood that real conservation and protection will result from local control and local management."

* * *

ALTHOUGH most of these public domains, located in eleven far western states are composed of the mountain ranges and desert lands, it does not follow that they are waste lands; on the contrary, they are of increasing importance, says Secretary Wilbur.

The agricultural and grazing lands of the valleys depend almost entirely on the mountain watersheds for their water supply, he points out, while mining, grazing and foresting operations on the mountains have already threatened to destroy this supply in some sections. State control of such lands would enable each state to achieve a balance between its agricultural and mining and foresting interests which would solve the problem, he believes.

Also, so long as the lands remain under federal control, says Secretary Wilbur, the states will take no steps to develop them as public parks and reservations.

"Recreation has become of outstanding significance in the life of the nation," he says. "The mountains, forest and desert and the great open places are necessary for recreation. But recreation must be based on the proper conservation of the natural conditions prevailing in these regions."

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.

NO MORE CARBOLIC ACID, INDEED THERE IS NO SUCH THING.

I like a good argument, all right, on any debatable subject, except with a chemist on a chemistry question. When you collide with a chemist on such a question you've encountered a bad actor.

A while ago I devoted a talk to a cheap, efficient and safe disinfectant, called hygiene laboratory pine oil disinfectant, and advised those interested in making the disinfectant to write to government printing office, Washington, D. C., including 5 cents, and purchase a copy of reprint 394, United States public health service, "An Efficient Liquid Disinfectant." This gives detailed directions for making the disinfectant, which entailed an expense of about 50 cents a gallon at the time the government bureau gave out the information.

A chemist friend, noting that I suggested the use of this disinfectant in the oil or cutting mixture in machine shops, as a means of opposing infection of workmen's skin with boils and festers thru pollution of the oil by pus germs from such lesion on the hands or arms of workmen who should not be permitted to stay on the job, informs me that this has been found unsatisfactory, because the disinfectant will not kill the common type of pus producing germs (staphylococcus aureus) in any dilution capable of emulsion. He assures me that pine oil disinfectant is very effective against all other disease germs, as the emulsion has a high Rideal-Walker coefficient, is nonirritating, noncorrosive and cheap.

But my chemist friend indulges in, well, not a gentlemanly trick, one might say, in fact a ladylike one. He adds a mean little postscript, to wit:

P. S. Phenol is not an acid. If I refrain from calling cri a cold, please refrain from calling phenol "carbolic acid."

And of course I had to rise to that lure. I offered my chemist friend the best extenuation I could think of. I said "Yes, I know, but"—and I tried to make him see how difficult it is to adopt correct terms like phenol when the laity has no inkling of what you're talking about, unless you explain every time you use the term that it means "carbolic acid."

A very poor argument indeed. It was admirably suited to my chemist friend's purpose. He answers, not too hurriedly either, that the laity seem to need considerable explanation of the term cri, and if we can stretch a chemical point and call something acid that is not acid, then we should not mind stretching a medical point and call something cold that is not cold. Then my victorious friend, manifesting no exultation at all, begs me to teach 'em to say phenol instead of "carbolic acid" while I am educating people to call common respiratory infection cri instead of cold. He assures me that some of the popular beliefs in chemistry are just as painful to chemists as are popular medical delusions to medical men.

Finally, this formidable antagonist reports that whenever he feels cri coming on he inhales a steam containing this pine oil, which seems to give considerable relief. He has a friend who inserts the clear pine oil in his nose for the same purpose, but he himself finds it irritates his nose when so applied.

Win or lose, it is both pleasant and profitable to have friends who argue like that.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
For Bimbos Only.

Note you dwell at length on the bow legged bimbo. How about correction of bow legs in a person, say from 20 to 30 years old? Will any of the appliances on the market that purport to straighten the legs do it? (G. Y. J.)

Answer.—No. Only in children under 5 are mechanical appliances ever helpful in straightening bow-legs, and in only a few of the cases in children. Persons over 6 must undergo operation to straighten bow legs.

The Bran Obsession.

I have been eating bran for the last eight weeks every morning and I feel fine. Father says he read an article by you asserting that bran will form a lump in the stomach or intestine and necessitate an operation. He also says (on his own account) that it is very heating to the blood in summer. I have been using the . . . bran. (E. H. G.)

Answer.—Father got my stuff mixed up with the almanac or something. It would be ridiculous to imagine that bran would do such things. Bran is not heating to the blood, but perhaps the proprietary cereal you eat is somewhat heating in summer. I recommend only ordinary wheat bran.

Meningitis.

What is the cause of meningitis, spinal meningitis? (E. C. R.)

Answer.—Meningitis is inflammation of membranes covering brain or spinal cord. It may be caused by any germ infection. But epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis is caused by a specific diplococcus that seems to be transmitted from one person to another in the nose or throat discharge, much as is diphtheria or scarlet fever.

Olive or Cod.

Is olive oil more fattening than cod liver oil? How much should one take every day? Does warming sweet milk destroy any of the vitamins in it? (M. L.)

Answer.—Cod liver oil is the more fattening. Take a tablespoonful daily. Merely warming milk (not above body or blood temperature) does not destroy vitamins; pasteurizing destroys vitamins—that is heating milk up to 145 degrees F. for 20 minutes. So does boiling.

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Quill Points

The ancients knew fish liver would cure rickets, but moderns feel superior because they know why.

Clara Bow's latest picture demonstrates that "it" is something you lose when you add 30 pounds.

Few things are more pathetic than the surprise of an important citizen when he discovers how unimportant he is in a strange town.

An experienced clerk is one who reaches for a size 13 when a woman wishes to buy a collar for her husband.

Another man can handle your job, never fear. And right now the lad who will straighten the post-Mussolini tangle is practicing on spaghetti.

Americanism: Wishing you were like the cultured people in the movie; deciding it's too much trouble to improve yourself except in appearance.

Simile for today: "As gloomy as a hick town seems to a traveling man on a rainy Monday morning."

If there's anything in this evolution theory, it's about time for some infant to appear with tonsils that screw out.

How does a manufacturer get rich if he's dumb enough to pay $10,000 for an endorsement from some guy the people west of Buffalo don't recognize?

We are a people of many aspirations and probably aren't unanimous in desiring anything except two on the aisle.

The law never sends an innocent man to jail—though it may occasionally jail one innocent of the particular crime with which he is charged.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Comrades
4. Husks of grain after threshing
10. Part of the face
14. Dismounted
15. Clan
16. Summit
17. Weathercock
18. Hindu queen
19. Around: prefix
20. Princely house of Italy
21. The present month: abbr.
22. Placed in another setting
23. Gradual passing
25. That man
26. Prickly seed covering
29. Dry
30. One who aims at realism
35. Iridescent gem
37. Reflance
39. Inhabitant of an eastern continent
41. Builder of the ark: var.
42. The archenemy
43. One who answers
46. Take out
47. Russian prairies
48. Sunburn
50. Soak
51. Preposition
52. English writer of nature stories
54. Faith
58. Saucy
59. The orient
62. Merit
64. Danger
65. Sighting remark
66. The Egyptian sun disk
67. Fall into line
68. Rau violently
69. Hugo waves
70. Device for picking up an object
71. Location

DOWN

1. Surface a street
2. Exclamation of sorrow
3. Scraped linen
4. Metal
5. Streaked
6. Surpasses
7. Wash lightly
8. Encourage
9. Tiny
10. Back of the neck
11. Encloses
12. Withered
13. Passage out
22. Peruses
24. Like
25. Fowl
26. WP., hogs
27. Overturn
28. Lift
30. Going in again
31. Precede
32. Bury
33. Climb
34. Dogma
36. Inhabitant of northern Scandinavia
38. American author
40. Prickly gear
44. Clear
45. Tells tales
49. Denial
52. European finch
53. Fits one knife another
54. Afternoon functions
55. Fixed relation of quantity
56. Region
57. Hotelries
58. Mud or clay: comb. form
60. Plant of the lily family
61. Chapter of the Koran
62. Allowance for waste
64. The typical Irishman

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

A	B	E	L		A	C	E		E	P	O	S		
R	A	R	E		P	I	E		N	A	M	A		
A	R	I	A		E	R	R		T	R	I	M		
B	E	A	S	T		C	I	T	R	A	T	E		
			T	A	B	L	E	A	U					
O	A	T		D	U	E		P	S	A	L	M		
C	L	A	S	P	S		P	E	T	R	I	E		
A	L	A	M	O		L	A	R		T	E	N		
			A	L	M	O	N	E	R					
P	R	O	T	E	A	N		D	E	A	T	H		
E	A	S	T		N	E	W		S	T	O	A		
E	L	S	E		S	L	Y		T	O	R	T		
L	E	A	R		E	Y	E		S	M	E	E		

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7	8	9	■	10	11	12	13
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17				■	18					■	19			
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54	55	56	57			58					59	60	61	62
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66					67						68			
69					70						71			

How odd that those youngsters should have tried to work their way through college by selling liquor. You don't need a college education to be a bootlegger.

Correct this sentence: "My children know I won't punish them before guests," said she, "but they never take advantage of their immunity."

SAMS VALLEY

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., Dec. 7.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Snyder of Gold Hill were in our district Thursday looking after property interests of Mrs. Wyatt.

Mrs. Mary McKinnis and son, Paul, spent Sunday visiting relatives and friends near Grants Pass.

Mr. Ferguson of the Ferguson mineral springs is in the Sacred Heart hospital suffering from an attack of a severe cold.

Mrs. Swank and son of California are visiting with Mrs. Swank's daughter, Mrs. Joe Dusanberry.

Walter Scott, who recently returned home from the Sacred Heart hospital is improving steadily.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Pearson of Salem are house guests for the week at the John Hall home.

ROGUE RIVER

ROGUE RIVER, Ore., Dec. 7.—(Spl.)—Ira Phelps has been ill with a cold and was unable to go to work at the Foots Creek dredge.

Miss Mary LoWe returned to her home here this week from Portland where she has been employed.

Miss Mattie Horton, who has been living in Portland, returned to her parents' home here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Badger have been receiving a visit from Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Stevenson and son Jack of San Francisco. Mrs. Badger and Mrs. Stevenson are sisters.

Martin Burkhart spent Sunday and Monday in Albany transacting business.

Grant Neely returned from San Francisco, where he had been called by the serious illness of his mother, Sunday. He states that his mother is still very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Witt and son Delbert left Wednesday for Los Angeles, where Mr. Witt will be employed for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Milton and small daughter Lois returned Tuesday night from Longview, where they have been visiting Mrs. Milton's mother, Mrs. Snow.

Mrs. William Gaines of Wenatchee, Wash., is visiting her husband, William Gaines, here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wiley of McCloud, Cal., visited at the Wiley and Carter homes Sunday. George Wiley and Jim Wiley are brothers.

Mrs. H. Rose and children, June and Josephine, of Idaho, who have been visiting for the past few weeks with Mrs. Rose's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, left for their home Wednesday.

Mrs. William Moore and Mrs. Bill White were Medford visitors Wednesday.

SAMS VALLEY MOURNS DEATH PHIL WILSON

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., Dec. 7.—(Spl.)—When the news of the sudden death of little Phil Wilson of Table Rock came to our neighborhood Wednesday, a shadow of gloom was cast over our households and expressions of sympathy were heard from all friends and acquaintances of the Wilson family, over their sad loss.

SAMS VALLEY FAILS GET EXPECTED RAIN

SAMS VALLEY, Ore., Dec. 7.—(Special)—During the prevailing cloudy weather of Wednesday, farmers felt strongly hopeful of rain, but Thursday morning dawned clear and frosty again. Wednesday morning was the first morning for some time without a noticeable frost.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
December 7, 1919.

Mercury hits 10 below in eastern Oregon.

Ashland decides to hold poultry show in January.

Fong Chong, Medford Chinaman, fined $100 for selling three pints of liquor.

Medford Elks decide to hold a spelling bee with Kort Hall and Gus Newbury leaders of the two teams.

United States supreme court delays handing down of decision regarding constitutionality of U. S. prohibition.

Home Telephone company puts rate of five cents on all phone talks to Jacksonville exceeding five minutes.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
December 7, 1909.

Dr. J. C. Smith elected mayor of Grants Pass.

City council inaugurates campaign to provide Medford streets with lights.

Commercial club given authority to name canvassers for 1910 census.

San Francisco plans to hold world's fair in 1915.

"King Dodo" plays to large and enthusiastic audience at opera house.

King Leopold of Belgium reported dying.

Washington, D. C.—Carrie Nation arrives, enters bar in the new Union station and smashes glassware worth $35.

SUNDOWN STORIES

MOTHER NATURE'S SECRETS
By Mary Graham Bonner.

Mother Nature began giving her keys to Master Fall and Madame Summer.

"Now, Master Fall, she said, "this key will unlock the good, crisp fall season for everyone. And if Madame Summer saves her supply of keys she will be ready for next year, but I've brought her a little key which she may use some time in the next few weeks, if she wishes.

"When she uses it people will say, 'Why, it's so warm we must be having Indian summer.'

"Then I've brought keys for the winter season and for the spring season—not just one key for each, but several.

"I'll give one of them to Old Man Winter and another to Miss Spring-time, and I'll give them a few extra keys, too, so they can unlock a little of their own weather when it's another season.

"These keys are Mother Nature's secrets and people are always wondering about them. When a warm day comes during the cold season people cannot quite understand it. It is really because of these extra keys. Then there are many others to whom I give keys—to those who unlock chilly, but not very cold weather; icy and blowy weather; rainy and blustery weather.

"Sometimes when the seasons are very late it is because some of my family have mislaid their keys and have to look everywhere for them.

"But they always find them in the end. And then, too, I am always traveling around with extra keys so no season in my world can be lost for long!"

John and Peggy watched Mother Nature as she talked.

As she was leaving, she tossed a snowball into Peggy's lap. Under the snowball was a little trailing arbutus flower. It was another one of Mother Nature's secrets!

Tomorrow—"Elephants Up High."

Mail Tribune ads are read by 20,000 people every day. tf

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Meets His Public

By BUD FISHER