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Ye Smudge Pot
(By Arthur Perry)

The sparrows yip at dawn as if their little throats would burst, and people awakened by their screeching, wish they would.

Room will soon be made in state prisons for two boys, 15 years old, who sleep because they were denied use of autos by their benefactors.

Wise men will sermonize, moralize and elucidate upon the tragedy, without mentioning that its cause was too much service station, and too little woodshed.

The crimes, deliberately bloodthirsty, tend to distort the modern honey so fondly cuddled by parents, that the boy and girl of today is different from the boy and girl of the 90's, the 80's, and the 70's.

Human nature has not changed. The boy is still a boy, and the girl is still a girl, and like their counterparts of 1900, 1890, 1880 and 1870, are able to resist every siren but temptation.

In 1919, whippersnappers, of both sexes, are allowed to run hog-wild, armored with nothing but the wishes of their Papa and Mama, a nose-width mustache, and a liberal dabbing of rouge.

This is slim protection for juveniles who would not know what a curfew was if they heard it, and pay no attention to it if they did.

We have been requested to say something in behalf of Harry L. Corbett, a gubernatorial aspirant hailing from Portland, and a good man for all of that.

We urgently ask that nobody judge Mr. Corbett by his picture in the newspapers. It is the poorest piece of engraving ever turned out by an engraving concern, any place, and why the Corbett aides did not reject the work and make them produce another, is the leading mystery of the campaign.

However, it appears that Mr. Corbett would win the heat and race, in spite of the bum workmanship. As a matter of fact, Mr. Corbett is mainly a beauty as any of his opponents, and the aforementioned picture is a base slander. He possesses the Harvard dignity of Edward Carleton, the rollicking cheerfulness of C. Wig Ashpole, the wholesome enthusiasm of J. Court Hall for anything he tackles, and the efficiency, without oratory, of a Copeo sergeant.

WHY EDITORS GO MAD
(Webster, Jr., Freeman)
The Daily Freeman wishes to correct an error in yesterday's issue pertaining to the fifth ward P.-T. A. meeting.

The title of one of the two songs sung by Mrs. E. W. Garth and Dave Thomson should have read "Just a-Wearin' for You," by Carrie Jacobs Bond, not "Just a-Rearin' for You."

The Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, one may read, will be a great benefit to the masses. Sugar, wool, beef, and shoes are removed from the free list and a duty affixed. All four are household and life necessities and will only increase the cost of living from 7 to 21 percent, according to the experts.

This tariff catches the average citizen in the pocketbook, but the Republican party will explain it satisfactorily, as they generally do. The tariff is removed from garlic, endrogh, (whatever that is) and imported automobiles, so everything is balanced in the long run.

"Dere yo' is, Andy!" ejaculated the banker this morning, as he refused the loan for the auto trip to Nova Scotia.

"Arthur Felix is through hatching spring chickens. Mrs. Felix rendered valuable assistance."—(Salmon Jar Jottings). She probably did nothing but all the work.

JAZZING UP PROSPERITY
(Albany Democrat-Herald)
Sweet Home, May 3.—Since the railroad has been given permission to build, Sweet Home has known unusual activity. John Vaughn has added to his real estate office; Tom Burget has fixed his pump at Junction Inn; Everett Smith has installed a new coffee grinder and Mac Putman has also made improvements at the postoffice windows.

Sad-eyed pansies will furnish an enormous yield this year, and are being used to garnish the fried egg-plant, by hostesses who are up-to-the-minute. A raw pansy is better eating, any day, than a fried egg-plant, and offers no problem in skinning, like the chic artichoke.

THE PLANNING COMMISSION "KNOWS"

THE endorsement of the Washington School site for the new court house, by the City Planning commission, was to be expected. The plain truth is that from the standpoint of any planning commission, worthy of the name, no other selection could be made.

A plan for any modern city necessitates a civic center. The city park, with the public library, postoffice and federal building, establishes Medford's civic center. For the City Planning commission to favor establishing such a permanent improvement as a court house, away from such a civic center, would place it in the position of destroying the very program of building reconstruction upon which it has spent so much time and effort to establish.

IT is no exaggeration to say that the construction of the court house on the Washington school site is the keystone arch of the entire planning commission scheme. Abandon that site and the entire structure falls.

Therefore, we were not surprised at the unanimous and unequivocal endorsement of the Washington School site, by the planning commission. We could understand approval of a Central avenue site by property owners,—although as a matter of fact, in spite of a general impression to the contrary, court houses do not draw trade. But for a planning commission to support such action would be unthinkable.

NEVERTHELESS, under the circumstances, the commission deserves to be commended for its action, even though such action was in the line of its inescapable duty. For as selections of court house sites always arouse considerable bitterness and local feeling, such a decision required courage and willingness to shoulder the responsibilities that the creation of such a commission imposes.

By this action the commission demonstrates that it takes its obligations seriously, that in any controversy it can be depended upon to do whatever it regards as BEST FOR THE ENTIRE CITY, regardless of the opposition in certain quarters such a decision may necessarily arouse.

TRYING TO RUIN LINDBERGH

KANSAS is not only the driest state in the country, it is, politically, the most bizarre.

Hon. W. Y. Morgan, editor of the Hutchison (Kansas) News, recently went to New York and sent letters back to his paper. A true Kansas, he couldn't resist talking and writing politics.

After paying his respects to the iniquities of night clubs and speakeasies, "W. Y." proceeded to advocate a national clean-up campaign, under the leadership of Charles A. Lindbergh for President,—the "White Knight of the Air."

Isn't that just like a Kansas editor,—political Don Quixotes, all of them? Such a scheme would not only ruin Lindy, but make a joke of any party that would seriously advocate it.

NO small element in Lindy's tremendous popularity is the persistency with which he has stuck to his job,—his absolute refusal to capitalize to his own advancement or selfish benefit, the fame which his Paris flight gave him.

Lindy is an aviator,—probably the greatest the world has ever known. He loves aviation, he knows aviation, the development of aviation is his very life and soul.

Once put a political bee buzzing in his leather helmet—and Lindy is through! And once put the hero of American youth at the head of a political party, and that party is through!

IMAGINE Lindy flying about the country for votes, side-slipping Prohibition; doing an outside loop in the vicinity of militant Protestantism; dropping his opinions on bobbed hair, agrarian reform, lower taxes, sex appeal and the latest planet.

And imagine the popular reaction to any political party responsible for doing this—for pulling Lindbergh from the heroic role, he won so honestly and occupies so well; and trying to capitalize that popularity for the benefit of the professional politicians and office seekers!

Fortunately, Lindy is not from Kansas, and can be depended upon to smash this latest off-shoot of the corn-belt Uplift. But if he didn't have on his shoulders the leveled head America has ever produced, what a fine mess Honorable Morgan would start and what a tragic farce would be enacted!

How pleasant to sit at a desk and enjoy the early Spring taze. The best school of experience is co-ed, too.

The cheerful optimism of Big Business is no proof of returning prosperity. Wait until the gas station patrons yell, "Fill 'er up!"

Our heart goes out to the New Yorker who pondered the census taker's questions regarding his marital status and answered "precarious."

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 the Mail Tribune.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REST
Rest is a Remedy Universally Used Though Seldom Credited With the Cures It Effects

No matter whether the trouble be tuberculosis of lung or joint, acute appendicitis, a broken leg, writers' cramp, laryngitis, duodenal ulcer, valvular heart disease or simple coryza, rest is the first essential for cure, and one resort to rest by compulsion, by chance or by advice of physician. Nobody ever thinks of publishing a testimonial to the remedial value of rest; there is no incentive for either the healed or the healer to do so.

If your cat or dog licks his wounds while they are healing you are duly impressed with the promptness of healing under such treatment; you ignore the factor of rest, just as the cat or dog does. But the cat or dog is more adept in the healing of wounds with rest than you are, even if you use the remedy, for the animal knows instinctively how to relax, and your instincts are more or less modified by education and custom.

You've observed in your own experience, I hope, how promptly beneficial thorough relaxation is when you have a sharp coryza. When the irritation, the oozing, the sneezing, the throat clearing, the constant impulse to swallow, the annoying desire to cough, and all the maddening discomfort of the attack is at peak level, what do you do? Get mad, get drunk, get the aspirin? Maybe that's your way, but it is not mine. I just give up, and crawl into the little old beddy and snuggle under the edertown and try—I merely try—to get the diaphragm working smoothly and quietly, in imitation of the breathing of a person asleep or under ether. It is a habit worth practicing always before one drops off to sleep; it equalizes the circulation, tends to keep down the blood pressure, warm up the feet and help one sleep. But if one happens to have such a coryza, all the annoying symptoms subside when complete relaxation comes; you might say the relaxation comes as a consequence of the relief of the ailment; I believe the relief of the ailment is due to the relaxation. I mention coryza because it is so familiar; the same beneficial result is attainable in almost any acute distressing ailment you may happen to have.

Every doctor knows this. The one thing about which all doctors agree is that a person coming down with acute what have you should go to bed, if only for a few hours. Doctors are not so dumb as I sometimes make them look. They know the healing power of relaxation, and they know that the only way to make the average dud relax is to coax or order him into bed. When he dozes or sleeps he is bound to relax; if he sits up or keeps about he can't relax, even if he tries; his amateurish efforts are defeated by his own ineptitude.

Here I must break in on the continuity to tell of an extraordinary incident. While writing the foregoing paragraph I suddenly recalled a description of a relaxation stunt published by some noted theatrical man years ago. I remember at the time I considered it rather goofy, but just the same something made me clip the item—and sure enough, here in my file under the head of relaxation, I find the item. The article is by Augustus Thomas, famous playwright, and I cordially invite readers who are interested to listen in with me to Mr. Thomas' method, in our next chat on Relaxation.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Canker Sores in the Spring
Some people complain of spring fever. My annual gripe this time of year is from a crop of canker sores. (P. L. M.)

Answer.—I used to have the darned things, too. The best remedy I can suggest is daily touching of each canker spot with tincture of iodine and glycerin, half and half, on a wisp of cotton wrapped on the end of a toothpick. Then a dozen times daily, particularly before and after food, freely use a warm solution of boric acid as a mouth wash. Of course, no brushing of teeth. Teaspoonful of boric acid to pint of boiled water makes good mouth wash.

Small Pupils and Dilated Eyes
Please explain why my pupils are so very small and then very large by turns. How do actresses make their pupils stay large? (Miss S. H.)

Ans.—Normally the pupils contract in light and dilate or expand when in shadow or the dark. Also they should contract when you look at something close by and dilate when you look at something at a distance. In making up actresses give the illusion of large eyes by painting the eyebrows, shading the lids and beading or darkening even the lashes. They never use drugs in the eyes to dilate the pupils.

When the urine becomes cloudy after standing an hour or two is that a sign of kidney trouble? (S. O. L.)

Ans.—No; that is the normal result of precipitation of urates by cold.

Rice Powder Inflammes Eyes
My eyes blur after reading and feel irritated and look red. Mother says you once warned girls about using rice powder because it might cause eye inflammation. I use rice powder constantly. Do you think it can account for my trouble? (L. J. A.)

Ans.—It may. The starch grains of rice are sharp and irritating, and when the powder is carelessly dusted on with a puff some of the grains may lodge in the lining of the lids. They can be removed only by repeated washing or irrigation with agreeably warm normal salt solution. Heaping teaspoonful of salt in the pint of boiled water. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points

The Chinese soldier isn't like a bandit. He lets the general steal it for him.

"The sparrow can adjust itself to any conditions," says a bird book. Who ever heard of a sparrow picking up nuts and bolts dropped by fliers?

Thousands of tall pines, blazing to the tops like huge torches, make an impressive sight.

And trying to fight such a fire, shoveling sand in the path of the creeping blaze is hot, smoky work. After you have shoveled for ten minutes you wonder how it is possible to hire men for that work at 50 cents an hour.

Mrs. Havens, who lives just across the Manasquan river from the Monmouth county Boy Scout camp at Allaire, watched the fire roaring toward her house with grim philosophy. Thomas Macan, lay had gone in his car to take her away from her house, then in great danger. Mrs. Havens, nearly 80, knows what she wants to do and finds words to express it.

"There isn't nobody more askin' of fire than I be. I've known the fire to jump across a field seven hundred feet wide. And I've seen big fires in these woods in the last fifty years. But the wind is not so very high, and I don't think it will jump across the river. So I ain't goin' to move."

To her remonstrance she replies that she has some valuable hens, a cow that can't be beat, and she stays where she is, promising to move if the fire comes much closer.

Ten men, backfiring and shoveling sand, were greeted by a young Boy Scout: "Everything all right here. Anything I can do for you? No, I haven't got a shovel, O. K. Let me know if there is anything I can do to help you." And he went off to offer assistance elsewhere on the fire line.

Crowds, in automobiles, watching the fires spreading over thousands of acres, wondered whether the government would ever find a way to combat such fires from the air. In southern New Jersey forest fires represent only moderate loss for individual owners.

In the West and Northwest they menace the national timber reserve. Fire that was dramatic, in its fierce blazing, came with the appearance of a wild baby rabbit, galloping feebly away from the fire, on the far side of a high rabbit-proof fence. It had lost its mother and was frightened.

Fifty Boy Scouts shouted friendly encouragement to the terrified little creature, and grown men shouted and waved to help and direct, when the bewildered animal turned back toward the blaze.

It escaped.

FELTS GIVE WAY TO STRAWS SOON ON MALE DOMES

Men, you can't escape it. It won't be long now. And what with every day being warmer than the last, Medford's annual "Straw Hat" celebration plans are nearing completion. Although the exact date hasn't been set, this year's Straw Hat day is rapidly drawing nigh.

Their different this summer, (but before long Medford gents will be looking out from under straw brims of uncertain width. For business there's a neat style, and for sportswear another type that's comfortable and classy.

The local men's furnishings stores will be ready to furnish the entire male population of Medford and the surrounding valley with straws to be initiated that day.

A committee of business men is working out a unique street parade and musical program which will proclaim to the city that it's "on" with the straws and off with the felts.

PORTLAND SYRUP PLANT TOTAL LOSS BY BLAZE

PORTLAND, May 5.—(AP)—Total loss estimated at \$20,000, resulted yesterday when fire destroyed the Crimson Rambler Products corporation here. The syrup manufacturing plant burned to the ground. Equipment valued at \$15,000 was destroyed. Loss to the building was estimated at \$5,000. Five adjoining houses were scorched.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Dip water
2. From a boat
3. Bucket
4. Spanish hero
5. Old-Ireland writing
6. Sea bird
7. Horn
8. Reckless criminal
9. Stroke lightly
10. Asiatic wild ass
11. Secret military agents
12. Godless of peace
13. Disapprover of
14. Dog-eared fragment
15. Railroad systems
16. Growth
17. Noxious growth
18. Dress
19. Less frequent
20. Vibrationless
21. Small tree
22. Germ cell
23. Oriental ship captain
24. Set apart
25. Superlative ending
26. Silk worm
27. Lamb's pen name
28. Affirmative
29. Small tumors
30. Small depression
31. Couch
32. American writer
33. European fish
34. Licked up
35. Sassy
36. Southern construction
37. Approved
38. Mountain
39. Slighted by the
40. African arrow
41. Antlered ruminant
42. Picture stand
43. Large flat-bottomed boat
44. Ship officer
45. Increases the attention
46. The slit
47. Psalm
48. Evergreen tree
49. Hardens
50. Flare superlatively
51. Drop bait
52. Lightly as the water
53. Went slowly
54. Slight again
55. Victim
56. Comfort
57. Epochs
58. Cotton-seeding machine
59. Sanchin liquor
60. Metal
61. Devour

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Brisbane's Today
(Continued from page one)

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
May 5, 1920.
Heavy hunting on Pacific Highway discussed at Chamber of Commerce lunch forum. Gain Robinson wields gavel.

Elks plan big Fourth of July celebration.

Los Angeles.—H. H. Johnson won California primary over Hoover by 150,000.

Rawlins, Wyo.—Convict escapes from state prison with needle as only tool.

Atty. T. W. Miles named on city council to succeed Dr. Hargrave, resigned.

Prof. Jack Hemstreet at Legion meeting, hypnotized Seyler Hall, who thinks he is Dr. B. H. Elliot, the dentist. Prof. Hemstreet removed a jackrabbit from Comrade Herb Alford's saxophone.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
May 5, 1910.
Dr. Oliver, revivalist, "hurts" forest bolts of lightning at sin and the audience.

John R. Allen is given all but one mile of right-of-way for railroad to Blue Lodge by Jacksonville citizens.

Editorial charges Oregonian "little true word of the valley's future," and Medford—"the Pasadena of Oregon."

Col. Touville unloads a "Model 19" for his personal use.

Jacobson-Bade Co. given contract to lay city water mains.

Auto men ask that city put license on livery stables.

Salem.—Recommended that convicts be garbed in "Mother Hubbards."

SUNDOWN STORIES

CLOCK'S PLAYMATES
By Mary Graham Bonner

The Little Black Clock stretched his short legs and got down from the desk in the back hall where he stayed all through the day.

"Tonight," he said to Peggy and John, "I want you to meet some of my little playmates. To be sure I don't play with them as I did before I had the mangle.

"In the old days, of course, I kept the regular 11 time, but now that I'm away 7 o'clock for the rest of the world I don't tick-tock through the hours.

Now, as you know, I have made which makes it possible for me to turn the time backward or forward—so I only see these playmates once in a while.

"Still, the family is very friendly. Come, you'll see."

The Little Black Clock took the children through a private path known only to the Clock.

The direction they took now led them to a place where an old gnomeman sat watching a number of little creatures playing.

Evidently he had been told that John and Peggy were coming to see him, for he spoke to them by name, and then he greeted the Little Black Clock.

More and more of the tiny little creatures came running around, then dashing off, then coming back.

"These are the little playmates," said the Little Black Clock. "What do you call them?" John asked.

"The Minutes," said the Little Black Clock, "and the elderly gentleman is Father Time.

"Come! You must meet some of the Minutes."

"What shall we say to them?" Peggy asked.

"Tomorrow—'Meeting Minutes'."

Oregon Weather.
Oregon: Cloudy on the coast and fair in the interior tonight and Tuesday, moderate temperature. Moderately west and north-west winds on the coast.

MUTT AND JEFF—He's Breaking Our Heart

WHATTA MATTAH, OLD BOY?
OH, OH, OH!! Boo Hoo Hoo!
WOT HAPPENED? TELL YOUR LITTLE PAL. DID YOU LOSE ALL YOUR MONEY IN WALL STREET?
OH, OH!! Boo Hoo Hoo! WORSE THAN THAT!
HAVE YOU GOT APPENDICITIS? IS THE GOVERNMENT GOING TO DEPORT YOU—OR IS YOUR WIFE'S MOTHER BACK AGAIN?
OH, OH, OH!! WORSE THAN THAT!
I BOUGHT A SUIT WITH TWO PAIRS OF PANTS AND BURNED A HOLE IN THE COAT!

By BUD FISHER

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