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Ye Smudge Pot
(By Arthur Perry)

The lamentations and the wailing over the condition of the nation, are so pessimistically mournful in these parts, that the Hum-dingers, Inc., all have faces longer than a busy undertaker. Instead of a pleasant next summer, the High Links of the Sober Club will be staged. In all the history of money-grabbing, the dollar never encountered such chasing and squeezing as it is today. Many have ripped the Yale lock off the henhouse door, and put it on their pocketbook. When they open the pocketbook, the moths will fly out.

"The court sentenced the prisoner to life imprisonment"—(Oregonian.) Serves him right.
C. Wig Ashpole, the Eagle Point boy who made good in this city, is Len Carpentering in California. His excuse for desertion of his native valley has not been known to the public, but it will be horse-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight.

Country sausage is now the main tidbit for breakfast. Most of it has a rural flavor, but was not manufactured too far out in the country.

"The full committee of the W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Sharp Thursday, and adopt resolutions upholding the Constitution"—(Salem Bar News.) Girls, don't be hasty!

The latent Texas lynching turned out to be no worse than an early evening shivaree.

The moon rose majestically over R. Ann last evening, and for 7 minutes it looked like the heavenly object would not make it. It was the largest moon of the season and measured three axe handles across the beam. The moon comes out in the Tropics, and back of E. Ulrich's barn, 5 miles as the crow flies this side of Prospect.

"Dr. Johns, the dentist who was smashed in an auto crash, is able to be in his office, but finds it painful"—(Hepburn Notes.) So will you.

RAPTURES DE LUXE

The bridal train was followed by a host of relatives and friends to the home of the bride. And there I believe the insatiable appetite of Pluto could have been satisfied as it was in old at the ambrosial feast of the gods. The table was filled with the choicest fruit of the country, cakes so mellow 'twould make a heavy smile to think of them, and the steaming dishes of oysters were welcomed by all. Congratulations and presents were many and seemed to be appreciated. The charming organist entertained us again for a short time with her melodious voice and soft touch. She made us all to feel as if we were in the blue bells beneath the canopy of the Queen of the Night. (Laurel, Miss Chronicle.)

Pussywills have started to move along the creeks or cricks. The social lions have started to whet their lawns, as they are forced to accompany a homely maiden to rippling brook, pussywills, like spring flowers, always being picked by couples, who don't know why they are doing it. The pussywillow flourishes all over North America, and has what Prof. Reimer calls a tendinous membrane. The sharpened jack-knife enables this to be severed without much physical effort. A social lion who would have his social status deranged if he cut a stick of wood for his Maw, will whack up a haystack full of pussywills for a handsome female and think nothing of it. But it is the only thing to pick at this time of the year. The pussywillow is packed home and stuck in a vase on the dining room table, and visiting Older Girls say: "How wonderful!" When they were young, as they still are, and they acted contrary, Maw would take a pussywillow and make them tap-dance, as they try to do now to make them stop. They will have a silhouette and be wif-like.

Infants engaged in putting one foot in front of the other, are making their appearance downtown in new walking harness, with their Maw handling the reins. They don't let up in the collar they should. The harness is the only thing a baby dares to wear or use that is not colored pink.

Editorial Correspondence

Still, these fellows who dress to protect everything but their heads probably have a nice sense of values.

Bread cast on the waters will return again, and this is equally true of your dough.

You can recognize the way to Easy Street by the friends sacrificed along the way.

People in China are run down, too, but it's lack of rice and not excess of corn.

America's isn't the first government of that kind, Robin Hood took from the rich and gave to the poor.

There's some good in a bald spot. It's the only thing that can make some men reflect.

For that matter, our prosperity was psychological, too, but we got fat on it.

A sap is a man who spends \$25 for a gun and risks getting shot to protect the \$3.70 in his pants pocket.

The wicked are punished soon or late. Many a rural loan shark has had to foreclose and take the land.

Americanism: Poking fun at those who don't hurry as we do; beating them to the cemetery by about thirty years.

It doesn't pay to be too smart. Only those who make mistakes know the joy of getting tax refunds.

Birds mate for life, it is true, but they never make the mistake of getting the wrong kind of bird.

The Democrats kept their promise to cooperate. They're jumping on Hoover, too.

Personality is that vague something that keeps you from looking the way you feel while riding in an Austin.

Man may be superior, but you'll notice that no other animal waits until he's old enough to die before he learns how to live.

We quit trying to understand political economy when we discovered that consolidating a business to reduce waste makes it a menace.

Brisbane's Today
(Continued from Page One)

wages, and start business going.

However, that is for the wise men at Washington to decide.

Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis's conservative paper prints this in big type: "Birth of twins expected by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt." A few years ago, such a positive announcement would have been impossible, not to say in shocking taste. But now the X-ray looks through intervening tissue, and reveals the two little skeletons, with cunning crooked legs, tiny little hands that will never know hard work, and there is no doubt about its being twins.

These little children will be the direct descendants, in the sixth generation, of Commodore Vanderbilt, founder of the family, who was able to recognize a good new idea, and changed from rowing a boat to getting hold of a railroad, and some millions.

How quickly generations pass, especially in the case of the very rich and very poor. Both classes marry young, the poor to make life bearable, the rich, because so many offer to marry them.

A well dressed young man not off in New York yesterday, at the Grand Central station, took the elevator in the Biltmore hotel close by, to the 14th floor and jumped. His wrist watch was marked "Jerry M. Noonan of Santa Fe, N. M." and he had written a telegram saying: "I have arrived at my final destination."

That telegram raises the interesting question: DO WE REACH A FINAL DESTINATION when we jump, from here?

It says in the Bible: "In my father's house are many mansions." Do we go to some of them, and stay there forever, or do we travel from one to another, perhaps from one planet, or big star, to another, on the series of millions and millions of universes as far as relativity will permit, with constant change and new experiences, and perhaps, improvement all the way? That would be an attractive program.

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

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Personal Health Service
By William Brady, M. D.

Rigid 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. Only one letter received only a fee 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.

A TOUCH OF NEURITIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE

Having declined for years and years that there was no such thing as rheumatism, I gave many of our older readers great joy when I announced here last winter that

I was developing a little rheumatism in the left knee. But the glee of our friends was short lived, for only a few months later I was reluctantly constrained to report that I was suffering from a broken bone you'd indicate approximately the name or at least the situation of the lesion, even in every day gossip. Otherwise, it would be needless to mention the matter at all. So when you seriously mean you have neuritis you should say so, as I do. You must apply the appropriate adjective, such as sciatic, optic, facial, trochlear or brachial if you expect intelligent people to take your diagnosis seriously. If you go about prating of your "neuritis" the only logical conclusion we can draw is that you have too much imagination or, if there is anything actually the matter, then you must be rather dumb to guess about it—you ought to consult a physician.

There is a type of brachial neuritis that occurs in drivers of closed cars. This form of brachial neuritis is ALWAYS on the left side, the side next the open window, so the French physicians assure us. They describe it as "sciatica" of the shoulder. Mine developed, our old-timers will be delighted to learn, immediately after a drive of several days across country. I had the window on the left open most of the time; when the wind was too strong that window was closed and the window on the right was open. Did I take "cold" in the brachial

neuralgia? I am experiencing — one can scarcely say suffering — a touch of brachial neuritis at present. Do not be disturbed by the adjective I apply to my neuritis. That merely indicates where the trouble is or what nerve it involved. It is only polite to give an inkling like that if you're going to mention your trouble at all. If you were to tell someone you were suffering a broken bone you'd indicate approximately the name or at least the situation of the lesion, even in every day gossip. Otherwise, it would be needless to mention the matter at all. So when you seriously mean you have neuritis you should say so, as I do. You must apply the appropriate adjective, such as sciatic, optic, facial, trochlear or brachial if you expect intelligent people to take your diagnosis seriously. If you go about prating of your "neuritis" the only logical conclusion we can draw is that you have too much imagination or, if there is anything actually the matter, then you must be rather dumb to guess about it—you ought to consult a physician.

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neuritis? I suppose the old-timers will feel positive I did. But I don't believe any kind of neuritis is ever caused by cold. At the very best the evidence in all such cases seems to me just about as unconvincing as it is in my own case. How come I didn't get it on the left side, where our French colleagues say it INvariably occurs?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

More Funny Physiology.

The physiology class of school would like to know something about aspirin tablets. What do they contain, what is the effect of using them regularly, and are blank's make pure and harmless as they are claimed to be?—M. M.

Answer. — Physiology covers a multitude of things in the public school curricula. "Aspirin" is the common name for a chemical compound, acetyl-salicylic acid ester. Your chemistry teacher can tell you what that means. Of course, aspirin has purer or less harmful aspirin than another. The drug bennum sensation and so relieves all kinds of aches, pains and unpleasant feelings, even a normal sense of fatigue or weariness, as many a misguided victim of the drug has discovered to her cost in health. I know of no other pain-killer less injurious than aspirin. At the same time I think anybody who lightly swallows a dose of aspirin in the childish belief that it can cure or remedy anything other than pain or ache or sensation, is to be pitied, for of course the drug is not a miraculous agent and cannot bennum sensation without having certain harmful by-effects. One of these is destruction of red corpuscles or interference with their oxygen-carrying function—which is important where the victim has the aspirin habit. Another injurious effect is poisoning and impairment of the heart muscle. For a coward and I just love to be comfortable, but I'd rather put up with an ordinary ache, pain or vague depression than take a dose of aspirin or any similar dope. If it came to a question of a downright disabling headache or pain in the neck or something, I'd rather take a chance with a few aspirin tablets than with any of the popular headache, neuralgia, gripe or cold curing, so-called.

Eating Glass.

A party claims he saw a man eat a small amount of glass. Can that be true? Would appreciate it if you will answer same as much argument has been caused over said topic.—S. E. H.

Answer.—Certain defective individuals include bits of glass, along with nails, buttons, and the like, in their menu. The dimes and quarters they collect from the admiring spectators scarcely pay for the anesthesia for the operation that becomes necessary eventually to remove the foreign bodies from the stomach. If the heroes survive the stomachic and perhaps occasional attacks of acute alcoholism, and the plagues that attend depraved existence. The popular notion that ground or powdered glass is a dreadful poison is still popular, but the truth is that indulgence in powdered glass is not fatal at all.

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SUNDOWN STORIES

By Mary Graham Bonner.

"We are not like our cousin, the Bullfrog, who is always playing hide-and-go seek under the moss and stumps. Mostly he plays 'hide' with little of the 'go-seek' part of the game.

"But let him have his own ways as we have ours. 'Yes, go-room, go-room, go-room,' the other Green Frogs said to the Speak-or-Frog.

"To be sure, when the winter is here we take a good sleep, but why shouldn't we sleep in such nice weather for sleep."

"Our cousins, the Bullfrogs, are tadpoles before they become frogs, but different frog families have different ways.

"People don't seem to know this. Some day we may have a chance to tell them more for a few tadpoles, yes, I fear me, go-room, people know very, very little about Frog history. Maybe we don't know much about their history. We don't know about their great explorers and heroes and travels, but we might be able to exchange a few historical facts."

"Go-room, that would be a good idea," the other said. "Peggy and John laughed to themselves. It was a funny idea to think of a group of frogs sitting down and exchanging historical facts with a group of people. How different their talks would be! "The frogs have been telling some of their history," John announced. "I like that kind of history."

"All right," said the Little Black Clock, who had just arrived. "I'll turn the time back now and you can hear some of the other members of this great family talking, and some day later on we'll come back to Frog Hollow. But let's go to a nearby patch of woods. The spring peepers are about to go to bed."

They followed the Little Black Clock until they came to some woods, and all around were they little frogs, known as both Tree Frogs and Spring Peepers. They were stopped.

Tomorrow—"Spring Peepers" Bedtime.

Quill Points

Think how America's great heart would bleed for the starving farmers if they were in America.

If only the banks would use safety paper for notes as well as checks.

Notes to railroads. The old lively stable moat survived by opening garages instead of housing for government aid.

Once in a while you find a judge so honorable he doesn't hesitate to jail his own bootlegger.

How the senate must suffer when Mr. Hoover suggests something it can't afford to oppose.

Of course you can get an electric clock to keep exact time, but then what use would you have for a radio.

It must console a farmer to know he can get free seed next spring if he can live until then without eating.

A great and wise president is one who happens to be on the job when everybody is making money.

If there's no other way to decide whether a statesman is a good republican, why not look up his income tax return?

Americanism: Convicting the poor man and clearing the rich one; wondering why people prize money above everything else.

If Sir Thomas Lipton must build slow boats, he might call the next one the Wickershamcock.

Now if the scientists can only develop some sound device that will amplify the voice of conscience.

How happy the Cuban must be when he reflects that he can speak his mind and be shot by his own government instead of the bloody Spaniard.

If you have a car door that won't open, you can take it to a repair shop or you can park the car and leave a package on the seat.

If old Dablin had been whipped up to a gallop and had knocked somebody down, the jury wouldn't have called it an unavoidable accident.

A popular and troubled movie star blames all of her unfavorable publicity on hard luck. There's always some tattler present when she gets drunk.

It doesn't pay to monkey with a government. It threatens to seize a Chicago man's brewery if he doesn't pay income tax on his illicit profits.

It must be a great satisfaction to the jobless to reflect that the new tariff protects them from the product of cheap foreign labor.

Dawes is the right man to lead the G. O. P. If ever the party needed a good excuse, it's now.

Correct this sentence: "You ran over this pedestrian," said the judge, "and being a pretty girl isn't going to keep you out of the housework."

By BUD FISHER

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
February 4, 1921.

Eleven feet of snow at Crater Lake, six feet at Siskiyou summit.

K. of P. Lodge donates \$112 to feed the starving Armenians.

Brigadier-General George White urges the establishment of an Armory in this city.

Legislature passes an anti-punchboard measure.

Herbert Alford will resume playing the saxophone at the Nat dances.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lathrop buy a new Hudson.

Senator Thomas introduces bill in Legislature asking state to spend million dollars building east Crater lake to Medford.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
February 4, 1911.

Mayor Canon warns principals of leaving town, "they must not be brutal or bloody."

White glazed brick for the Sparling building arrive, and work will be rushed.

Report that Applegate will be topped by a railroad thrills city and Grants Pass.

Assistant Postmaster Ralph Woodford receives a letter from the fifth postmaster-general saying the establishment of rural free delivery between Central Point and Jacksonville will be taken up by the fourth assistant postmaster general at an early date.

County court votes \$7500 towards the construction of an Armory at Ashland.

Local carpenters demand \$4 per day of 8 hours.

Bank of Jacksonville grows 143 per cent in 2001.

Central Point declares for paved street, "in holy war on mud."

PUFFY

"As souvenirs," says Bunny, "I would like a Chinese junk. Though I'm afraid there isn't room enough left in my trunk."

"For me," says Puffy, "I think a Chinese doll would be the thing. If I could have a live one with a name like Ching-a-Ling."

Talks To Parents

MEDICINE.

By Alice Judson Peale.

Two-year-old Ann shuddered when her mother gave her the new tonic which the doctor had prescribed.

Since it would have to be taken all through the winter months her mother decided to use strategy.

The medicine, being flavored with maple syrup, was really quite palatable. Next evening she appeared with the bottle and spoon, poured herself a liberal dose and swallowed it before Ann's wide-eyed gaze.

"It's good," said mother. "Good," echoed Ann, "then Ann wants some, too."

Mother looked doubtful. "This is mother's bottle, but you can have just a little bit."

The baby took it, shivered again but said with determination: "Good, very good."

Three evenings in succession this performance was repeated. On the fourth evening she no longer shivered, and her determined "good" had an authentic ring. She had acquired a taste for the prescribed medicine.

The wish to imitate their elders is strong in most normal children. A little benevolent scheming, utilizing this tendency will often make a child do gladly what he would otherwise do with the greatest resistance.

Since most children must take medicine so often, it is well worth while to set up a pleasant attitude toward it whenever possible. Certain tonics, such as cod liver oil, which most children at first dislike, become pleasant after they have acquired the taste.

By rewards and the stimulus of adult example, we can help the child to accept something which he may learn to like for his own sake.

North Carolina sweet potato growers are standardizing on one or two good brands.

Assessed valuation of farm lands in Oregon ranges from \$2.27 per acre in Clatsop county, to \$242.25 in Fulton county.

Vale—Local turkey growers sold three carloads of turkeys short time ago.

MUTT AND JEFF — The Ocean Greyhound Was a Frankfurter.

