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Ye Smudge Pot

(By Arthur Perry)

It tones up the nervous system to see a 12-year-old girl riding a bicycle with her baby brother on the handlebars, and cutting corners like a goldfish, in the noon rush of fidgeting 4ds.

A bill is before the legislature to regulate the length of freight trains. A freight train should be no longer than an auto freight truck with four trailers.

The Prince of Wales crooned to the American girl he danced with aboard a battleship in the Canal Zone. Somehow, the idea prevails that His Highness croons about like he rides a horse.

The Republicans of Oregon are going to bury the hatchet—square in the back of each others' necks.

Wanted — Live newspaperman, experienced. Good pay. Short hours. No journalist need apply. Address X-908"—(American Publisher Wantad). A back-handed slap at what the journalist calls the literary cult.

The valley is a trifle behind the rest of the state with blooming violets, pansies, dog fennel and dandelion, but a citizen showed up yesterday beneath a straw hat.

Miss Kay Sparrow has recovered from a light attack of the pip, but is still too weak to trust herself on a limb. She is a Delta Chicka Chirpa girl.

It now appears that the $4,500,000 power construction project is in direct conflict with the sacred Joseph notions, as upheld by the governor, and the horde of Portland lawyers. The circulation of $4,500,000 would perk up business, increase the buying power, enable the masses to pay something besides their respects, and aid the butcher, baker, candlestick maker, undertaker, church collections, and the ruminists.

Jud Aged of Agor was in town Monday. — (Siskiyou News.) Ah, there, Father Time!

If the picnics scheduled for Sunday fail to bring rain, your corr. will see what he can do, in producing moisture for the depressed, oppressed, suppressed farmers. If we bring about a downpour of substantial proportions, lasting four days, we do not want the serfs of the soil to report that the water ran off without sinking in, and the esteemed weatherman, who is not doing his work very well, to claim, to report, that while the precipitation was welcome, it only amounted to ½ of ¼ of ⅝ of .000000000000000003 of an inch.

"Mrs. Casey who broke an axle while driving to Gooseberry Hill, is able to do her housework"—(Paisley Notes.) Something differential in the way of miscues.

This week it is Lincoln's birthday, Tuesday, and Valentine's day, on Saturday.—(Bremerton, Wash., Searchlight. Guess again.

Daisy DeBoe, ex-Secretary of Clara Bow, the cinema tomboy, is in the jail-house for 18 months. The alleged tomboy reports that "she will suffer more than Daisy." This is just as it should be, but you can't depend upon it.

"MONEY CURSE WIDESPREAD" (Port Orford Tribune). We don't give a dang how profanely vituperative, blasphemous and vile spondulicks sets.

HOW COME YOU SO?
(Press Dispatch)

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 10. —(AP)—Henry Lewis, 19, who has been given 18 automobiles by his parents and relatives, pleaded guilty in federal court here today to a charge of automobile stealing.

An Ohio slayer condemned to hang, refused to ride to the state penitentiary in an auto stage, and his attorney secured a writ of some kind to compel the sheriff to take him to the death cell on a train. There is no explaining such contrariness, except that the proposed victim of a barbarous custom of so-called civilization wanted to be straight and unkinked, for the hanging.

Portland — Rogue River Traffic association to hold meeting here for discussion with shippers of northwest of 1931 Bartlett pear situation.

Editorial Correspondence

PHOENIX, Arizona, Feb. 9 —This hold-up business is ceasing to be a joke. Today in broad day light a couple of thugs held up the Orpheum theatre, a movie house, and got away with $4000. The Phoenix police as usual got busy about two hours later and there have been no arrests to date. Phoenix has a city manager, also a mayor, and the police wear snappy white hats and well pressed khaki suits. Down town a policeman is harder to find than a fur overcoat, and when one does find one he is usually kidding some local Clara Bow, or gossiping with the boys in a nearby pool hall. We would suggest the city manager fire the police and engage a new set entirely, then perhaps to make the job complete, the mayor could fire the city manager. Phoenix needs a clean-up.

Yes, Governor George W. P. Hunt is quite a card. The genial governor of California invited him to attend a bi-state meeting in El Centro but the governor declined saying that he couldn't leave Phoenix while the legislature was in session. Nothing daunted Governor Rolph flew to El Centro and decided to continue his flight to Phoenix and greet his excellency on his home grounds. Governor Hunt, who couldn't go to El Centro however, could and did go to Agua Caliente, so the governor of California postponed his visit until Arizona's chief executive could return from his "rest cure."

Yesterday the Governor of Arizona met the Governor of California at the Adams hotel. The latter blooming as usual with his pink cheeks, white collar, buttonaire, and hearty handclasp, the former a trifle seedy after his long motor trip, about as broad as he is long, grumpy, not inclined to fall over himself for the Governor of California or anyone else. An interesting contrast as they shook hands and the movie cameras clicked. Rolph, the typical glad hander, debonnair, suave, ingratiating, decidedly a man of the world; Hunt, getting old, a bit worried about his health, and more worried about the "demanded legislature," looking for all the world like a giant horned toad, just brought in from the desert, and dressed up for the occasion in a suit of clothes a trifle large for him. The atmosphere was a trifle strained for such an auspicious occasion. Bluntly Governor Hunt told Governor Rolph he once suggested that Arizona join California in a common effort for development, but he was told to go way back and sit down for his pains. Nothing was said publicly about Boulder dam, but everyone knows Arizona hates California for the way the latter state has gobbled up the cream from that pan of milk—(Or so Arizona claims)—and Governor Hunt, whatever his shortcomings, is representative of Arizona and 100 percent in his devotion to his state!

But was the irrepressible Jim Rolph daunted by the reception or rendered uneasy by the small crowd of Phoenicians that greeted him? Not that anyone could notice! He had never heard of such a misunderstanding between the two great states, sister constellations in the galaxy of the Pacific firmament, could not comprehend any suggestion of Governor Hunt's ever being spurned by the state of California or anyone else. He had made the flight especially to shake the good Governor Hunt by the hand, express for him his high esteem and friendship and extend to the upstanding intelligent and God fearing citizens of Arizona, the best wishes and warmest felicitations from the men, women and children of the great state of Cal-ee-for-nee-ah!

And Governor Rolph got the crowd—such as it was—the only member of the reception committee, however, who seemed to enjoy himself was that great son of Arizona and friend of the proletariat—Cornelius Vanderbilt! But there was no evidence that "Jim" "got" Governor George W. P. Hunt —not on your life!—A great old card is George!

Speaking of great old men, Comiskey of the White Sox, the old Roman of baseball, is stopping here en route for spring training at San Antonio. He, like Governor Hunt, is getting along and doesn't either look or (they say) feel well. Like Cornelius Vanderbilt, he refuses to talk to newspaper men. In fact no one who visits Arizona seems to fancy talking to the press. J. Ham Lewis has gone to a sanitarium near Tucson to escape reporters and celebrity hunters, and we are told John Galsworthy, the famous English author, has done the same thing.

Gorsh, we would like to interview both of those men — Galsworthy particularly.

Governor Hunt's disposition was not improved any today when the legislature failed to pass his forced contract road bill. The governor sent a special message declaring the measure had to pass to relieve unemployment and this was the legislature's answer. Saw the governor after the noon recess as he stepped into his car, and he looked as tho he could easily have bitten two ten penny nails in two. His resemblance to an angry bull frog was more pronounced than ever. Mike Lanahan, the "acousticon" speaker of the house was also mad—either at the failure of the bill or something else—for the way he smashed his desk with his gavel at the morning session and shut off remarks was a caution. We met him afterward and can't say his greeting was effusive — however, he didn't bean us with his gavel, or say anything directly insulting.

Very interesting — this legislature of Arizona — a real horny handed, hard bitten bunch of men —strong, forceful, competent types —not a white collared "city feller" among them. Mike is a type just as Governor Hunt is a type—men who have done their hard jobs on the plains as boys and young men, simple, self reliant, unpolished, tough and rough—but with a lot of common horse sense, and a lot of power—native power—in both of them.

R. W. R.

Talks To Parents

TRAINING ANGER
By Alice Judson Peale.

Anger is an instinctive response to interference.

A baby becomes enraged if its movements are hampered by tight coverings. Many a grown-up throws down wrathfully the tool that won't work. That the cause of interference is an inanimate object makes no difference.

If we respond instinctively with anger towards inanimate objects, how much more readily we do so when the interference comes from a person who moves purposefully against us.

It is perhaps possible to train a child never to express anger at anything or anybody, but in so doing we would deprive him of a drive in personality essential for overcoming obstacles and obtaining a wholesome equilibrium in social relations.

Certainly we do not wish to so train a child that he will fail to demand his rights, or give up his purposes as soon as he meets opposition.

Anger, properly trained, may be a highly constructive force in the life of an individual. Sublimated and directed forms of anger have been instrumental in effecting many social reforms.

In training a child, we should help him to control such anger as is merely a futile venting of passion, but encourage him to fight for his rights on the playground or in school.

Nor should we try to suppress his anger when it is directed towards ourselves, if our treatment of him has been at fault.

As he grows older the some energy he used in childhood battles will be poured into fighting obstacles in the path of his success, or in allying himself with the causes of broader social justice.

Ask Venue Change

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 12.—(AP) A decision will be given Monday on the defense motion for a change of venue to Marion county in the damage case brought by Andrew Snyder against the Willamette Valley Mortgage & Loan company and its officers. The hearing on the motion was continued yesterday.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

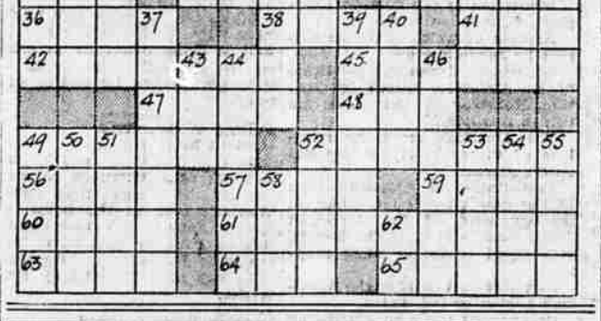
1. Gaping
6. Town in Ohio
9. Stitches
12. Seeming contradictions
15. Largest vegetable growth
16. Persian poet
17. Metal fasteners
18. Ascend
19. Argues
21. Builds
22. Clamor
24. Pull
25. Venerate
28. Try
32. Danish money of account
33. Prepare for publication
35. Deal out sparingly
36. Light variety of a color
38. Close by
41. Oriental ship captain
42. Scoffed
45. Hidden
47. City in Nevada
48. Mother of Peer Gynt
49. Partaker
52. Explosive device
54. Persian fairy
57. Plant of the lily family
59. Genus of the olive tree
60. Toward the sheltered side
61. One who rides
62. Box
64. Powerful explosive
65. Former rulers

DOWN

1. Footless animal
2. Plucky
3. Asiatic native
4. Formal procession
5. Ending of the past tense
6. Line on which a body revolves
7. Snug room
8. State
9. Scattered
10. Scandinavian mariner
11. Cardinal point
12. Understands
14. Unclosed
20. Weary
22. Rodent
24. Tropical fruit
25. Decays
26. Ireland
27. Weathercock
29. Greater quantity
30. Method of action
31. Make trial of
34. Indian comb. form
37. Kind of dog
39. Arouses to a sense of danger
40. Demolish
43. Female ruff
44. Thrown into ecstasy
46. Parts of wooden joints
49. Mineral springs
50. Assist
51. Open court
52. Sudden strong blast
53. Seaweed
54. Antlered animal
55. Organs of hearing
58. Plowed
62. And: French

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

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



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.

SCIATIC RHEUMATIZ, EH? THAT'S TWO BAD.

Here is a report from the banks of the Wabash, or maybe it's the Missouri, far away.

Dear Doctor Brady:

Several months ago I was suffering from sciatic rheumatism, and getting nothing more definite from two physicians than a guess that my tonsils might be the cause of my trouble . . .

Permit the conductor to interrupt the correspondent long enough to say that the very concept of "sciatic rheumatism," is an indefinite guess. If one has sciatic neuritis, that's a definite and painful affliction. If one has "rheumatism." Heaven only knows what's the matter. But one simply can't have "sciatic rheumatism," because there is no such malady. Whatever the patient had, the two physicians were at least honest in their opinion — they could not assure the patient that the trouble came from septic focus in the tonsils. No honest doctor could do so. They gave him their opinion, and the patient should have accepted it and followed the advice they based on it, else it was silly of him to consult the two physicians at all.

. . . a guess that my tonsils might be the cause of my trouble, and their depreeation of the diathermy method of tonsil removal, I appealed to you to name a doctor in ——— who used this method.

Another brief interruption, please, to point out the ingratitude or poor judgment of the two physicians in deprecating a method which is now universally accepted by the best physicians, especially for handicapped patients who are bad risks for the old-fashioned surgical tonsillectomy. Surely if these two practitioners were familiar with the modern method, as every good doctor should be, whether he uses it himself or not, they could not have deprecated it when the patient asked about it.

You recommended Dr. —— —— of ———. He, having first determined that my tonsils were infected, removed them. Five treatments were necessary. I feel sure that a good share of the discomfort I felt after the treatments was due to the fact that I ate all my regular meals, even immediately following treatments. This was no doubt severe on a throat just operated on.

And now the tonsils are all gone, but nothing else with them, except the old rheumatiz, which disappeared almost entirely after the first treatment.

So, believe me, I am very grateful to you, Doctor Brady.

Yours sincerely.

Such a letter more than counterbalances the attacks some of our medical editors and old timers in the throat and nose field have made upon me for my "promotion" of the diathermy method of tonsil removal. I don't want to crow, but it is worthy of notice that the old guard no longer utters any such squawks about this newfangled method — they've been shamed into silence by the alarmingly growing army of people who have been successfully treated by the diathermy (electro-coagulation electro-desiccation) method.

I call attention particularly to the correspondent's assertion that his "rheumatiz" disappeared almost completely after the first diathermy treatment. There is both a warning and a promise implied in that. People with any such focal infection cannot expect to be cured in one sitting; but nevertheless many are so cured in one sitting—perhaps when the septic focus happens to be destroyed or the infected area of tonsil sterilized by the very first application of diathermy.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sore on Lip

. . . advice about a little sore on my lip. I have to cut my mustache in order to treat it. It has been coming for six months or more. There is no pain, sometimes a little sting or itch . . . I think it's what we used to call a rose cancer. Can you tell me what to do for it? (G. R. P.)

Answer.—If it is cancer delay is dangerous. X-ray treatment alone or X-ray with surgical incision, is the best treatment. Such a sore may be a ringworm infection such as barber's itch. Again it may be the primary sore (chancre) of syphilis. Of course it may be some trifling condition that persists because of improper treatment. Play safe and have medical care at once.

Eat Wheat Neat

Teft K. if his bushel of wheat is not all gone to try this: Grind some wheat in your coffee mill, and sift it into a cup of milk just before the milk comes to a boil, till the gruel begins to thicken. This makes a most appetizing breakfast dish. Or try this: Boil a cupful of unground wheat till it cracks open and nearly all the water is cooked out of the pan. This, too, is mighty good eating. Either way is cheaper than oatmeal or other socalled breakfast foods, and the wheat requires less sugar. (F. E. D.)

Answer.—Thank you. There are many ways in which an intelligent household can use a bushel of wheat, the plain undoctored kind any farmer will sell. It makes a wholesome and rather beneficial thing to chew in the raw when one hankers for something to nibble.

The Corrective, Protective Regimen

I have read your talks for many years, partly for instruction in health matters and partly for the humor. Some time ago you gave a protective, corrective diet. It was enough for a man to saw wood on; I don't see how any one with a chair or head job could get away with it . . . (F. E. D.)

Answer.—The diet as I gave it here (any reader who wishes the instructions may send a stamped envelope bearing his address and ask for the Corrective, Protective Regimen) yields approximately 2,400 calories — barely sufficient for the average sedentary worker. Any guy who attempts to saw wood, dig ditches or hike six miles or more a day on this diet is going to go gaunt and haggard. For such activity from 3000 to 4000 calories per day must be stoked and burned in order to maintain an adult at average normal weight and condition. For most adults who are inclined to lay on superfluous flesh after 30, the Corrective Protective Regimen is a safe and sane reduction diet.

SUNDOWN STORIES

DIFFERENT COLORS
By Mary Graham Bonner.

The Little Black Clock had turned the time back to a warm summer day. He led the children to the most colorful spot they had ever visited. There were many little boys and girls there and they sat around a big table on a porch, painted in all sorts of colors.

The children were painting with boxes of paint and paint brushes, sometimes painting pictures on paper and sometimes adding a new color to the many on the porch.

"You can do just as you like here," the Little Black Clock said. "This is a special place to which I have brought you and no one is going to stop you from painting anything you wish."

It seemed unusual and jolly to be able to paint anything around you. And then all the children began talking about their favorite colors.

"I like blue best," Peggy said. "I like red best," John said. "I like yellow best," another said.

"I like orange best," said another. "I like green best," another announced.

The Little Black Clock had left them here and after he had come back he asked them, on their way home, what color had been voted the favorite.

"We couldn't decide on any color after we had talked for awhile," Peggy said. "For instance, when I said I liked blue best some of the others said we wouldn't like to have blue trees or blue bushes or blue grass.

"And when John said he liked red best I thought that it was lovely to have flaming trees in the fall, but that it was nice to have green trees in the spring. At last we decided it was all right to have all the colors we have."

"Well," the Little Black Clock said, "I'm glad to hear you all decided that, but you know I was very proud of some of the pictures you painted."

And the children were proud of the praise of the Little Black Clock. They had to hurry home now. They all had plans for the next day.

Tomorrow—"Valentines."

Quill Points

It seems to be a rule: The softer the hands, the harder the eyes.

Doubtless they call it ground for divorce because it's dirt.

Another thing the modern can learn from his conscience is the habit of keeping his mouth shut.

Robin Hood took it from one crowd and gave it to another, so our system of government isn't unique.

The Prodigal Son ate husks with the swine, so this isn't the first civilization to feed stock and leave men hungry.

Another objection to the college football movie is that your feet aren't cold enough to make it realistic.

For that matter, there always was poison in Dempsey's left.

Americans love Will Rogers because he is just like they were before they decided to keep up with the Joneses.

The good have one advantage. They needn't lie awake thinking up ways to keep out of the papers.

Americanism: A universal conviction that the other fellow is to blame if he doesn't save himself when you honk a warning.

Now if somebody will invent a cigarette that will say "Bonehead" when you don't really want another smoke.

When you say Americans are more modern than Europeans, that just means they have more nuisances in the house.

Spoiled child: A perfect child handicapped by parents who have less sense than it has.

Hard times make life more simple for the doctor. It isn't worth while to keep books.

About all the new cars need is a windshield that will make the pedestrian in front resemble a cow.

Fame: Being bothered by people who wouldn't give you air in a jug if your name wasn't in the papers.

"Arkansas drought sufferers fed from copper still." So are the city drought sufferers.

"The man who raises anything is doomed to poverty," says a corn-belt congressman. This isn't true of the demagogue and what he raises.

Correct this sentence: "Yes, she gave me three letters to mail for her," said the neighbor, "but I didn't read the addresses."

INGALLS SPEAKER AT LINCOLN DAY FEAST

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 12.—(AP) Claude E. Ingalls, editor of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, will be the principal speaker tonight at the annual banquet held here to pay tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. The event is sponsored by the Multnomah county republican central committee.

Other speakers include Mrs. Charles Carver, Jr., Judge J. P. Kavanaugh, McDannell Brown and Robert Grayson.

"How shall we see Japan," asks Puff, "by motor, plane or bus?"

"Let's go the way in which there is a minimum of fuss."

Says Bunny: "If by fuss you mean that we might disagree—

We'd squabble any way we'd go, as far as I can see."

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)

published in Toledo, Ohio, that Toledo stands first in crime percentage, according to the record, with 236.1 crimes for each 10,000 population against Chicago's 64.1 for each 10,000.

Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, editor of Hearst's Washington Herald, decided to interview Dr. Einstein, climbed the rocks on Samuel Untermyer's Palm Springs estate in California and found Dr. Einstein taking a sun bath with a handkerchief over his head.

She climbed down again without an interview "wondering what a regular determined go-getter she reporter would do under the circumstances."

Under such circumstances, Nelly Bly, best American woman reporter with the possible exception of Dorothy Dix, would have got a blanket, put it over Dr. Einstein and got the interview, if necessary sitting on the blanket and Einstein to keep him from getting away.

Mrs. Patterson is a first class reporter. Her account of Charley Chaplin's first night, with Dr. Einstein shedding big scientific tears, and Mrs. Einstein saying "ach weh" should be read by all young reporters.

Unfortunately Mrs. Patterson has more than a million dollar income, thanks to her grandfather, Joseph Medill, who founded the Chicago Tribune, so she won't do the fine things that he might do. Few succeed, in spite of wealth, the worst of all handicaps.

When a lion goes hunting, jackals follow. When he has eaten his fill they eat.

Crime develops the jackals. When a killer had finished his man and left him lying dead in an alley, in the rear of 637 South State street here, two young men, 20 and 22 years old, following the murderer, at a distance, stripped the corpse of its clothing as their share.

Detective Harold Fogarty got them and the clothing, including the shoes. A photograph shows one of the youths laughing as the clothing is held before him.

One entire twelve page section of today's Chicago American carries a single advertisement by "The Fair," Department store.

A similar advertisement published in the Chicago American a week ago produced such results that the advertisement is repeated today.

"The Fair" realizes that it is not wise to whisper in a great crowd of readers, when you can afford to shout.

Such advertising clears shelves of goods employs many in the selling provides work for many more, reducing goods to refill emptied shelves.

The Fair, like big stores in other cities, has branches in different parts of the city, giving the advertiser the full value of newspaper circulation. Major Namm, owner of a Brooklyn store, recently advertised on the same big scale in the New York Evening Journal. If you have the right goods, at right values, and courage to advertise aggressively, you can sell the goods.

"Young" Senator La Follette, who has his father's seat, also possesses his father's ability to say things in a striking fashion. Commenting on conditions hampering the farmers' right to borrow from the $45,000,000 seed and fertilizer fund and ridiculing the threat to send farmers to jail, Senator La Follette said, "If I were a farmer, I should be inclined to violate the law and go to jail, for in Arkansas they are giving the prisoners better food in jail than the Red Cross is giving the farmers."

Go Spray Gun Ready.

It has been estimated, says Nature Magazine, the loss in this country due to attacks of the spring grain aphis for one year was 12 to 15 million dollars. Since there are about 8,00 to 10,000 different kinds or species of plant-lice or aphids in the world, one can readily see that with their rapid rate of reproduction there is great possibility for damage.

for COUGHS
GENUINE FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR COMPOUND
The Reliable Family COUGH SYRUP
OVER 100 MILLION BOTTLES USED

MUTT AND JEFF—The Plotters Get Thicker Than The Plot

By BUD FISHER