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Ye Smudge Pot

(By Arthur Perry)

There is nothing that Oregon and Oregonians like to fight about so steadily and energetically as taxes. It has been that way always. It is the chief reason why the legislature always causes pains in the lumbar regions, and all other ills cured beat with one (1) bottle of the current patent medicine. There has been more heavy thinking about taxation, with less results, than any other issue. Oregon would shoulder arms quicker, to reduce taxes than to uphold prohibition, and taxes have always been reduced like prohibition has been enforced. We note that the present and esteemed legislature is groomed to wrestle, catch-as-catch-can, with the taxes. They will acquit themselves, as every legislature since 1854 has done. The state song should start: "My taxes 'tis of thee." 150 tried and true friends of the writer, refuse to get mad about anything but taxes. They have never been really angry at the ex-Kaiser, Al Capone, President Hoover, or themselves. Sad to tell, they become whirling dervishes, at the mention of taxes.

The present plan for a tax program can be classified as stem-winding and flabbergasting, and is sublime in its simplicity. Briefly, the proposal is:

(A)—Eliminate all taxes on property.

(B)—Increase the income tax, the excise tax, revive the intangible tax, and

(C)—Tax tobacco and luxuries.

This will the income loss be made up.

Take proposition (A):

The farmers have been looking for this heavenly condition since they first got mad at the Portland bankers.

Regarding proposition (B):

The way to lower taxes is to abolish one tax, and forthwith create three more. That's logical, sensible, and plausible, not to say reasonable.

Anent proposition (C):

The tax on tobacco and luxuries would not amount to a tinker's whoop. Nevertheless, before the tax went into effect, all the perfume users, and 90 per cent of the tobacco users, would be buying their cigarettes and plug cut by mail from cities in states that had no tobacco tax.

Outside of scaring capital away from Oregon, there are no defects in the proposed tax program. It required two (2) years (count 'em) of concentrated study and mental effort to evolve the tax program, and many are aghast to know that they did it in that short space of time.

The legislature will pass the aforementioned tax measures, and when the state supreme court gets around to it, they will declare it unconstitutional, and the same old weeping, wailing, and gnashing will have to be done all over again two years hence.

The way to cure the tax hullabaloo and disgust, is to apply a head tax of, say, $5 on every able-bodied voter, whether he has strength or not to get to the polls. This will net more than they get now, and have a surplus left over. Any citizen unable to scare up $25 is non gratis, to say the least. Of course, some would kick because they had to pungle up the same sum as a millionaire. It is just as feasible a thing to throw a fit of agony about, as anything you can think of, and just so many agony fits will be thrown, taxes or no taxes.

There is just one defect with a head tax, forsooth, two defects:

Everybody could pay it without a financial strain, and it is too sensible for any consideration whatsoever at the hands and heads of the elder statesmen and the lawgivers.

THE LADIES

Women lead in church work, wine makin', bridge, diplomacy, hog callin', housework when driven to it, lecturin', spirituality, swimmin', home wreckin', floriculture, hypnotism, salesmanship, cookin' when she's put to it, in all the blindfold tests, gossipin', reducin', double-crossin', screen work, swingin' by the teeth, sellin' ole furniture, brow-beatin', laundry an' milk men, parachute droppin' an' flirtin'. I don't know o' nothin' women don't seem to take to naturally 'cept housework, spittin', an' bricklayin'. Somethin's come over women. We never see any little, meek, tired-out wives limpin' out to meet ther husbands at the close o' the day, an' we never see 'em follerin' husbands out o' the house in the mornin's an' throwin' kisses after 'em like they used to. Most modern matrimonial "hookups are cold-nosed commercial partnerships. The first up gits breakfast, an' the last one out locks up.

(From Abe Martin's 'The Town Pump)

Editorial Correspondence

PHOENIX, Ariz., Feb. 12.—Coming to Phoenix and to a hotel like this is no way to see Arizona. However, considerations of health and the necessity of being near a doctor, made any other plan this year impossible. When we next visit Arizona we will do so in a car, preferably one of those new models that can be folded into a comfortable berth a la Mr. Pullman. Then we will voyage out into the desert with water and food aboard, a gun and fishing tackle and enjoy Arizona as it should be enjoyed. For outside of the cities Arizona is very much as a was half a century ago,—the real covered-wagon West—the winter climate is as near perfect as winter climate in this country can be—and such an excursion would not only be good for the health, but give any civilized person of romantic temperament a tremendous kick.

This viewpoint results from a motor trip into the desert north of Phoenix, far enough away to lose any evidence of modern civilization,—in a different world, a rolling sea of sand, dotted with huge cacti, bare "cardboard" mountains in the distance shutting off the horizon like stage drops, a gorgeous sunset followed by moonlight, that brings a new magic world and a peace and quiet that literally passeth understanding. In such an atmosphere worries and doubts and fears, that haunt one in any modern civilization, vanish like dew before the morning sun, one feels at peace, in harmony with elemental things, self sufficient, content just to be alive, look into the starry heavens, and let the world far away in its madness go rushing by.

The medical profession is a wonderful profession; modern doctors do marvelous things, contribute materially to the prolongation and happiness of life, but we have a hunch that when all is said and done Nature remains the supreme doctor. At any rate, to any ailing person who could afford such an excursion (for sad to say tripping does cost money) we would certainly prescribe such a trip to the Arizona desert, with conventional sight seeing back to Nature, and we would wager a $10 gold piece to a plugged nickel that amazing benefits would result, if not an absolute cure. And incidentally, such a vacation would be great sport.

A "Pullman motor car" would be the perfet medium of travel. For except in the mountains a car can go anywhere across the state of Arizona. Sleeping in a car would have distinct advantages over camping out. For there are snakes and scorpions—we saw one of the latter yesterday but it was in a bottle fortunately—and Gila monsters, all of them apparently attracted at night by the heat of the human body, and none of them pleasant sleeping companions. A little farther north there are lakes and trout streams, and we are informed the only wild roaming herd of buffalo in the United States, Indians too, thousands of them, and fascinating ruins of the early cliff dwellers.

We saw one of the latter on a trip to the north, and now have a great desire to see more. One is not surprised that the primitive Americans with all the country to choose from should have selected this part of North America for their permanent abode. The climate, we repeat, is as near perfect as any American weather man will permit, the surroundings are beautiful and with your home in a recess built in a rock cliff there is protection from rain in the wind in the winter and the sun in summer. No wonder the natives here turned from warfare to peaceful arts. There was plenty of room and food to go around and one could scarcely live here for any length of time and not be filled with that subtle spiritual exaltation which is undoubtedly the basis for all creative work.

Later: You might know after the blurb above (which could well be printed as an ad by the Arizona Chamber of Commerce) the weather should take a change and show what can be done in the way of a storm. We have seen four rainy nights on this trip, but never before a cloudburst by day. And what a cloudburst. The streets in front of the hotel are filled with reddish brown water from curb to curb, there are no pedestrians on the street, the roof lounge and golf course are not only deserted but cleared of all furniture, chairs, etc.—everyone is cooped up in the hotel, the golfers cursing, in their plus fours, the others engaged in various indoor sports, bridge backgammon, keeno and chess. Some have gone to the movies, a car or a waterproof taxi being necessary. Just had luncheon with a Phoenician lady who says when she first came here 15 years ago it rained like this for three weeks. Imagine what three weeks rain would do to this place! Mutiny would be a mild word for it.

Knute Rockne arrived in Phoenix today and a big crowd met him at the station. He was planning to leave for L. A. by plane this afternoon but doubt if the mail plane leaves in this downpour. Never had seen Knute before—he rather resembles the Terrible Turk who put on that wrestling fiasco the other night—flat nose, flapping ears, hair closely clipped like a convict (and not much of it) but unlike the Ottoman yegg, Knute has a pair of intelligent, kindly eyes and a very pleasing smile. He was met by the Notre Dame alumni, city manager, and Father Joseph Vaughn of the Phoenix Catholic school. The Community Chest drive is on and Knute was invited to speak a few words in behalf of the effort. An excellent talk, bright, witty, brief and much to the point. The quota is $133,000 and they have raised only $83,000 in nearly a week,—looks like a tough job ahead. Knute is now traveling in behalf of the Studebaker Motor Car corporation which is also located in South Bend, Ind. A valuable man we would say. Won't be long before we will hear Knute close his radio talks over the radio, with the advocacy of a freewheeling football shift.

Wonder if midget golf was a flash in the pan. There are a number of courses here, one can be seen from our room. It is deserted now, of course, and looks like a minitaure Venice, water running around the scenic railway and filling the inverted coffee pot. But the striking thing is—in sunny weather it has also been deserted most of the time—we have never noticed more than half a dozen people playing, and no one playing at night. What will the funny papers do if midget golf and Austin cars should go out of style at the same time?

R. W. R.

Communications

To the Editor:

Double employment, or to employ a married woman if her husband has a job is the greatest menace to our employment question. Take any department you wish. City, water, schools, county, stores, banks, notes, highway, telephone, power, light, judiciary, state or government. They all employ women and a good per cent of them have husbands. These women are capable, no doubt, but there are men just as capable that are walking the streets of our little city looking for work—any kind of work. They are heads of families and should have work, while so many of these married women are needed in their homes. We all know that the great war brought on these conditions. Mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts were ready and willing to step into the men's work when they were called by their country. But when it was over and the men returned home to take up their work, did the women step aside and go home to their household duties? No indeed, they still feel they must go out and work and what about the men? They must do housework or be idle. Now don't misunderstand me, I think widows or women whose husbands are unable to work, of course, are the heads of the families. But I also think that any job that is paid from taxes, at least, should be refilled at once with the head of a family and in that way unemployment could be relieved more than any other way. There is entirely too much of this "one-sided business going on. Hundreds of families where both the husbands and wife have good jobs and maybe their next door neighbor in real need. Something is wrong and something must be done about such conditions, because fathers with families and no work are just about at the end of endurance and are not going to stand at attention much longer. Let's hear what others think that are in the same boat I am in. No work and a family to keep. Thank you.

(SUBSCRIBER.)
(Name on File)

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

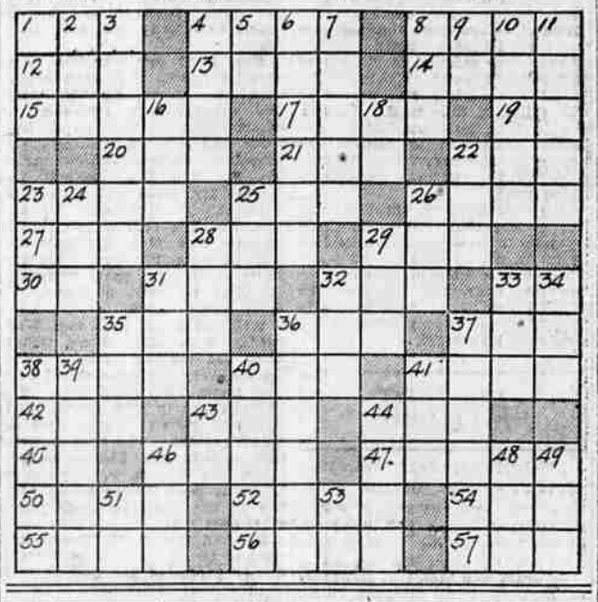
1. Faucet
4. Lie in warmth
8. Fly aloft
12. Solidified water
13. To
14. Eagle
15. Copper coins
17. Vocal solo
19. Above and touching
20. Feline
21. Scarlet
22. Sum up
23. Decorate
25. Vegetable
26. Preceding nights
27. Lubricant
28. What a cow chews
29. Native metal
30. Italian river
31. Large cask
32. Equality
35. Myself
36. Melody
38. Ignited
37. Sailor
38. Fury
40. Head covering
41. Wiles
42. Poem
43. Children's game
44. African antelope
45. True
46. Composition for one
47. Saltpeter
50. Great Lake
52. Roman garment
54. In what way
55. Dispatched
56. Winter precipitation
57. Notice

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

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

DOWN

1. Twitching
2. War aviator of record
3. Writing device
4. Trickless hand at bridge
5. Article
6. Gazed fixedly
7. Asiatic peninsula
8. Ocean
9. Alternative
10. Positive electric pole
11. Tears
16. Head covering
18. European fish
22. Hail and farewell
23. Summit
24. River: Spanish
25. Play on words
26. Sin
28. Mongrel
29. Cereal grass
31. Cravat
32. Hole
33. Entangle
34. The bitter vetch
35. Years of one's life
36. Pool
37. Established principles
38. Flowers
39. Worship
40. Stops
41. Black bird
42. As far as
44. Eat away bit by bit
46. Series of games
48. Fish eggs
49. Female sheep
51. At a point inside
53. Depart



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.

SO THIS IS NEWS TO LITTLE WILLIE?

Once upon a time universities and doctors relied upon the excellence of their service to inspire the patronage of the public. Now they issue bulletins.

A recent skillfully prepared bulletin from a university expatiated the modern conception of the conservation of the teeth. This as we have endeavored to teach, is that the soundness of the teeth is a question, not of so-called mouth or dental hygiene, but of nutrition. Here I must smirk at dentists who owe their education to the brush and nostrum business. These are the agents that promote the vulgar notion that hygiene is a bifulitin word for loud and showy cleanliness, surface polish, in fact snobbishness. I have a large collection of letters from such dentists and if I were to print a few selections from them you'd be amused.

The bulletin did not make it clear that this modern conception of dental hygiene has been worked out by real authorities. Instead it played up the name of a dentist who holds a teaching position in the university and expounded the whole thing as his theory. The dentist who readily played the role of wizard in the comic opera bulletin was shrewd enough to acknowledge nutrition the dominant factor, but yet skillful enough to include an explanation of the buffer action of mineral salts in the blood and tissues which protects the tooth structure from the solvent action of acids which form or accumulate in a state of acidosis.

The dentist's explanation of all this was as hazy and complicated as is the usual attempt of a dentist to deal with a medical problem. Even a professional student is confused by the professor's involved reasoning. The lay reader of the bulletin will probably feel impelled to run right down to the corner and get something to keep down that acid.

In publishing the bulletin one editor facetiously remarked that it would come as welcome news to little Willie.

Oh, yeah? I'd say if-if to that—if it is news and if little Willie's old man doesn't subscribe for this paper. From the letters I infer that little Willie gives this column the o.o. for himself occasionally, and so when Pa or Ma pesters him about brushing his teeth he has a perfectly good excuse, for he can refer 'em all to Ole Doc Brady, who is always happy to assure anxious mothers, fond aunts or ambitious fathers that so far as sound teeth are concerned it doesn't matter one jot or tittle whether a fellow ever brushes 'em or not. Cleaning the teeth is something only a dentist or dental hygienist can do anyway. Daily brushing is merely an esthetic practice and has nothing to do with hygiene, health or the conservation of the teeth.

If anybody asks what about these great university authorities . . . just remember the fable of the fourteen thousand doctors who, for a complimentary smoke, chorussed "Yes, Yes" when the tobacco man asked whether the smoke soothed the larynx. If doctors sing for smokes what do you think it would cost to get a dentist to theorize along a certain line about acids attacking the teeth?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Should Smokers Sing?

I smoke about a pack of cigarets a day. Would this account for a roughness of my voice? I depend in part on my singing for a living . . . (C. A.)

Answer.—Excessive smoking is injurious to the throat. I should think a smoker ought not to sing at all, in public. How about a little self-treatment to break the smoking habit? I'll mail you instructions if you ask for it. Perhaps you would find the England gargle valuable for use just before singing—send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for directions for preparing and using the gargle.

What Kids Put In Their Nostrils

Our three-year old son has fine health but for several months he has had a foul nasal discharge, always from the right side only, and there is a bad odor with it . . . (R. E.)

Answer.—Perhaps the child has a foreign body of some kind lodged in the nasal passage. You should take him to the doctor for examination.

Yes, I Know How It Feels

You tell us, I believe, that what we call an ingrown toe nail does not grow in. Doctor if you had the one I have you would say it grows in. (H. W.)

Answer.—Maybe I'd say more than that. However, as painlessly as possible I repeat it does not grown in. Neither does a wild hair or a wild eyelast. In the case of the nail, the inflamed and swollen tissues at the edge cover the nail; and in long-standing cases the "proud flesh" (granulation tissue) really grows over the edge of the nail and must be cut back or removed. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for instructions for the care of your trouble.

Talks To Parents

GRANDFATHER'S STANDARDS

(By Alice Judson Peale)

In a certain home where the grandfather, a gentleman of strong convictions and dominating personality, disapproves of dancing, the children surreptitiously turn on the phonograph and dance when they know that he is out of earshot. They keep a sharp lookout and should he return, they elaborately pretend to have been doing nothing in particular.

Their mother is much distressed, feeling that her children are practicing deceitfulness. She herself, however, does not in the least disapprove of dancing, and does not feel that she can sincerely ask them to stop.

It not infrequently happens that such clashes arise when the oldest generation lives under the same roof with the rising one. Under such circumstances it helps if the children understand exactly what is their mother's attitude.

In the situation mentioned, the mother can tell her children that she has no objection to their dancing and that they, therefore, have her free permission to do so.

At the same time she can explain that grandfather's ideas belong to a different time, and that although she does not expect them to submit themselves to the standards of a bygone day, she does, on the other hand, expect them to be considerate.

If, for instance, grandfather has come to sit for a while in the living room, they can surely find some amusement other than dancing. But if grandfather should walk in on them unexpectedly when they are dancing, she does not expect them immediately to stop.

The question is not one of right or wrong but of decent consideration for some one too old to be expected to acquire new standards.

LAKE CREEK

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grigsby were week-end guests of Mrs. Tonn and Harry.

Hazel Wilhite, who attends high school in Eagle Point, spent the week end with home folks.

Wallace Ragsdale and Ivan Davies went to Klamath Falls on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Ragsdale visited Mr. Ragsdale's mother, Mrs. E. R. Jones, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fox returned home Monday from Portland.

Mrs. Leonard Bradshaw is spending this week with her mother, Mrs. Anna Brophy, at Eagle Point.

William Almy returned Thursday from Riverside, Cal. He reports Martin Bowle very muc himproved in health.

Grandpa Settles is on the sick list this week.

Harry Short and Gus Peck were doing business in Medford Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Davies of Applegate spent several days with Mrs. Davies' mother, Mrs. E. R. Jones.

Mrs. Cecile Rush was visiting friends in Medford over the week end.

Miss Dorotha Meyer, who attends high school in Medford, spent the week end with home folks, as did Miss Millie Meyer.

Another thing this country needs is a good five-cent tip.—Publishers Syndicate.

Quill Points

Most marriages fail, however, because there isn't room for two cases of self-pity in the same house.

In the old days before mayonnaise became epidemic, table scraps were hash instead of a salad.

Among the poor creatures who never get a square meal are those who think a chocolate soda is victuals.

Another good way to prevent suffering in time of depression is to quit showing off when times are good.

It isn't a "stoic code" that keeps gangsters from telling who sho him. He's afraid he'll get well.

Happily, good times didn't end until almost everybody learned how to affix a patch.

The conviction that colleges waste too much time on competitive sports is greatly strengthened by a losing team.

College heroes are young athgangsters from telling who shot their coach can get a job that pays more money.

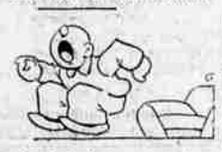
The farmer has one advantage. The law doesn't make him close up because he can't gather his harvest on an hour's notice.

Americanism: Boasting of our Christian civilization; spending $42 of each $100 of revenue for war, and $1.14 for health and education.

Reds may cause a run on the bank, but they aren't the ones who loaned $400 an acre on $100 land.

Still, civilization is safe while "free love" appeals only to bald old reprobates who have lost the capacity to love.

"I drink a little," says Clara Bow, "but who doesn't?" Well, there's Jane Addams—and Mr. Hoover—and Mabel Willebrandt.



The scientist who says nothing is instantaneous should try dropping a match on his outing pajamas.

An intelligent man is one who wants what he needs. A sap is one who wants as much as the neighbors have.

A free country is one in which people resent the laws they have passed to make themselves behave.

You never realize how small the world is until you try to buy a little gasoline without getting a nasty look from passing creditors.

The judge who holds that a married man has a legal right to open his wife's letters might add that he also has a legal right to swat a hornet's nest.

Correct this sentence: "The more I see of congress," said he, "the more I'm convinced that men are gods."

PROSPECT

Mr. and Mrs. Jolliff, who have been staying at Wildwood, have bought a piece of land from Jack McInnis and will live on it as soon as they can construct a house.

Marion Train of Rogue River spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Collier.

Jim Peyton has rented part of his ranch.

Stewart Weeks and Mrs. Anna Weeks were Medford visitors Monday.

Many of the farmers are plowing and some have planted their early gardens.

Leo Hong has been absent from school because of mumps.

C. W. Clarke and son Gene have returned from Santa Cruz, Cal., to do some work on their irrigation ditch.

A local critic says the next time the leader of a jazz orchestra asks radio listeners to send in requests for what they want the gang to play, he is going to ask them to play checkers or dominoes.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
February 14, 1921.

Miss Mary Holmes and John P. Moffat, well-known young people, are wed.

Washington school basement flooded, and there is no school.

Social hygiene expert to address Chamber of Commerce directors.

1920 census shows big increase in Jackson county fruit and cows.

Jewelry salesman held in county jail goes on hunger strike, and resumes eating when told that the sheriff's wife views his actions as a reflection on her cooking.

Legislature kills Crater Lake highway bill.

St. Valentine's day observed with social gatherings.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
February 14, 1911.

Many local citizens received comic Valentines in their mail this morning. This is a childish custom that will be abolished by common sense in 20 years.

Dr. Cook in lectures declares "Admiral Peary and the Arctic Trust have hounded me ever since I found the North Pole."

Oakdale Tennis club seeks better location for courts than one selected by a committee.

Roller skating craze hits city.

President William N. Colvig of the Chamber of Commerce announces he will file suit against local people who have failed to pay their subscriptions to the Crater Lake highway fund.

Search started in Siskiyous for Los Angeles "Times" dynamiters, with report they were seen going through Medford on flat-car.

PUFFY

Today our hero and his valet reach their voyage's end.
"There is a certain letter," Puffy says, "that I must send."
So he sits down to write his Ma back home the single line:
"From far Japan I ask you: Will you be my Valentine?"

SUNDOWN STORIES

A DREARY DAY

By Mary Graham Bonner

"Well," began the Little Black Clock, "do you like today?"

"Do we like today?" repeated John. "What do you mean, exactly, by that speech, Little Black Clock?"

"Do you mean because it was rainy and everything?" Peggy asked.

"More or less," said the Little Black Clock. "I wanted to know whether you thought it was a nice day," the Little Black Clock replied.

"It wasn't a nice day," Peggy returned, "because you see it was raining. Didn't you notice that?"

"Yes, I knew it was raining," the Little Black Clock said. "I could hear the rain even from my place on the desk in the back hall, and of course, I heard the members of the family speaking about the rain. But it's quite possible that you may like a rainy day once in a while."

"Sure, I liked it," said John. "I was out and I played, but it didn't rain all day. It just didn't do anything part of the day. It wasn't as much fun as some rainy days."

"We didn't see, so very much like doing anything, really," Peggy added.

"So, in answer to my first question of all, neither of you really liked today?"

"Not much," admitted John. "I didn't seem to get interested in anything."

"Mother thought it was a horrid day. She said so," Peggy went on. "She said it wasn't really cold but it was chilly and that you felt the chilliness so much."

"Dad didn't like it either. He said it had been a dreary day," John continued.

"That's what mother said," Peggy said. "She thought it was a dreary day, too."

"Just what it was!" shouted the Little Black Clock. "Ah, we'll go and see him."

"What!" exclaimed the children.

"A Wait-and-See Adventure," said the Little Black Clock. "We'll see him," he added.

Tomorrow—"Dreary Day's Laziness"

MUTT AND JEFF—To Much Counting Wears Out The Strongest Bankroll

By BUD FISHER