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 MEDFORD RATE ASSOCIATION

### What Are the CCC Boys Doing?

YESTERDAY we told something about what the camps have done for the C. C. C. boys. Today we shall give an idea of what the boys do in the C. C. C. camps.

While we visited only two of the camps, they are no doubt typical of them all. While the camps are conducted by officers of the U. S. army and navy, and these officers determine their administration, the work is done in the national forests under the direction of the U. S. forest service. Karl L. Janouch, assistant supervisor of the Crater Lake national forests, has active charge of the camp programs in the Medford area, and provided the car, gasoline, AND ALSO THE LUNCH,—on this trip of inspection.

PERHAPS you have noticed the absence of forest fires this year. It has been hot and dry, yet to date, there have been practically no fires reported. Under normal conditions July and August are the forest fire months.

There is a reason!

With 1200 C. C. C. boys in the woods, clearing out brush, debris, and other fire hazards, the risk of fire has been materially reduced.

Of course the forest fire season is not over by any means. Many weeks of hot weather have dried out the forests, and also increased the tourist travel to the woods and Crater Lake, and therefore the fire hazard. There may be forest fires, in fact in all probability there will be. One good thunder storm would probably start several. But when they do start, WATCH THEM GO OUT!

FOR these C. C. C. camps are, above everything else, fire fighting camps. One might term them volunteer fire departments in the forests. Each camp has a fire house. In the fire house, complete fire fighting equipment is stored, and as a result of fire instruction and drill, all the boys are ready to go at the first alarm. There are kits ready for a two-man fire, there are kits ready for a 25 man fire, and any units of 25 to as far as you wish to count. There are water pumps and hose, ready for immediate use. Old Man Forest Fire is going to get the surprise of his life when he does decide to start something. He will get a smash on the schnozle, about half a minute after the gong sounds!

UP TO July 1st, practically all the work in the camps, was camp work,—clearing the ground, constructing buildings, installing the necessary sanitation systems, etc., etc. For only about six or seven weeks have the men and boys been working in the woods.

What have they done, and what are they doing?

Well, on this trip, from the Elk Creek camp, up the Buzard mine road, and across the mountains to Union Creek, via Woodruff Meadows, we saw some of the work first hand.

A few miles beyond the Elk Creek camp, for example, a squad of C. C. C. boys were building a bridge over the creek to connect with a new forest service road to Huckleberry Lake. One boy was running an air compressor, on the bank of the creek, others under the direction of a bridge foreman, were putting huge bridge piles in place. Everyone was busy, and no one had a shirt on. This trip was made when the mercury hit 108 in Medford, and it wasn't very much cooler, in the woods, several thousand feet up.

When this road and bridge are completed, there will be a good "service road" to some of the finest hunting ground in Southern Oregon. It won't be so good for the deer and bear, but it will be good for the hunters!

FURTHER on, along the narrow but passable mountain road, we ran into another squad. They were shirtless also—one we noticed with a bad curvature of the spine—but as busy as so many ants. They were constructing a phone line through the forest,—very useful to the forest service, particularly in fighting fires.

Finally at Union Creek the C. C. C. boys were pounding nails into a new ranger station residence,—some house too,—nearly completed now, and no fooling, a residence fit for a forest king.

IN addition to such useful work the C. C. C. boys are constructing truck trails, horse trails; clearing huge areas of forest, to reduce fire hazards; making improvements in the forest camp grounds, and finding, improving and making available water sources.

The latter are very important. For they provide water for stock permitted to graze in the forest, increase and render forage more accessible. Springs are found, opened up and water diverted into troughs built out of huge logs.

Incidentally we saw several bands of cattle, roaming through the woods, which belong to our new county judge,—Earl Day of Sama Valley. They were fine looking stock, fat as butter, but their manners were terrible! Instead of getting out of the road, (as their boss would), they stayed in it, shuffled along in the dust about 20 feet in front of the car, and the more we gave them the horn the harder they shuffled. Had a mountain creek not intervened, there is no telling what might have happened. As it was each member of the party brought at least eight tons of dust to Medford, inside and out, and if you don't believe it, ask the family bath tub!

NO one knows how long these C. C. C. camps are to remain, but the local forest service has prepared a program for two years. According to one of the C. C. C. boys at Union Creek, word has already gone out to prepare winter quarters. This may or may not be official. But there is little doubt the work will continue here this year until December, and unless a miracle happens and the N. R. A. should transform the surplus of labor to a shortage, at least a two-year schedule will be carried out. Perhaps snow shoveling will be on the agenda during the winter, and we can travel to Crater Lake and enjoy winter sports at any time.

THIS much is certain. Thanks to the C. C. C. camps, the national forest area around Medford is going to be put in a shape, that a year ago, the most ardent forestry enthusiast would not have believed possible. Work is being done and improvements made, for which under normal conditions, appropriations would NEVER have been available.

And when the work is done, Southern Oregon will have a national forest that will BE a national forest. Fire protection will be as nearly perfect, as human ingenuity can provide. Recreational areas will not only be more accessible and numerous than ever before, but more comfortable. The dream of

T. R. and Gifford Pinchot will at last come true. The natural resources of our forests will be available to us, and conserved permanently for this and future generations!

### 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, 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

### DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT OF A TOO PREVALENT MALADY

From the far west comes this appeal, and it is typical of too many cases:

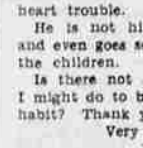
Dear Dr. Brady: We have been a happy family for a number of years. But recently my husband has taken up drinking beer. He has been warned by his doctor should take the strictest measures, anything containing alcohol, as he has some heart trouble.

He is not himself any more, and even goes so far as to abuse the children.

Is there not something which I might do to break him of this habit? Thank you.

Very truly,  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

Perhaps I am prejudiced. If so I offer no apologies for my attitude. Here is the advice I gave his wife and mother:  
My Dear Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_:



For his own sake as well as yours and the children's, you should take the strictest measures. At first offense leave him, with the children, until he comes to his senses. Or if he abuses you or the children, have him arrested and punished. Unless you take a firm stand now your home is in danger. Don't let booze rob your children and yourself of your happiness. Better a little unpleasant publicity if necessary, than the miserable lot of the drunkard's family. This is the time for you to be brave and preserve for the children the chance of which their faithless father is robbing them.

If I knew of any medicine or other treatment that would help, I'd be happy to recommend it. I believe you hold in your own hands the only remedy. Use it and your children will bless you. Yours sincerely,  
Dr. William Brady, M.D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

I expect this will bring the usual hail of vituperation from our friend "Disgusted," and some choice bits of sarcasm from monitors filled with Dutch courage and safely hidden behind false whiskers. It is remarkable how fond the defenders of booze are of anonymity, and how frank and open the people who take occasion to approve the teaching of the truth about alcohol.

The stock argument of those who would have us think that "light wines

and beer" are rather good for anyone, on the rare occasions when they attempt to argue, is that a man may take a glass of beer or wine and go on about his business and who can deny him that privilege? If that were the truth, there could be no serious objection to drinking. But unfortunately it is not so. The truth is that if he isn't man enough to say no to the first glass, the 4 per cent of alcohol in it will sufficiently numb his consciousness to make him even more susceptible to the invitation to have another. One glass alone affects his judgment, as we can prove scientifically. Several glasses intoxicate him, as even the lay recognizes.

So I believe I have given this mother sound advice, and I challenge anyone to show wherein I have erred.

"When a man places his right to enjoy a 'glass of beer or light wine' above the right of his wife to whatever comforts he could and should provide and the sacred right of his children to the respect and affection of their father, why, no measure that may restore the man to his place as head of the family is too severe."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS  
 Collectors Out of Luck.

Is there any way one could preserve a collection of your newspaper articles? Owing to the poor quality of news print they do not last long when filed.—T. P. A.

Answer—I do not know. Perhaps a librarian could suggest some way to preserve newspaper clippings. I rather like the idea of the articles fading out in a year or two, for that makes it less embarrassing for me to change my views and teachings.

Sometimes I catch myself ridiculing antiquated notions I was promulgating forcefully last spring.

Fear of Maternity.

I am 36, rather short and fat, but as far as I know, in perfect health. Would I be taking an unnecessary risk to have a baby? Everyone seems to have such a terrible time when babies are born around here. My neighbors across the street was taken to hospital with septic poisoning; woman next door.—Mrs. S. K. C.

Answer—Don't be silly. Every woman who achieves maternity has to take some risk—and I've never heard a mother regret having taken the risk, or even hesitating to take it again. Don't listen to Saltygang stories. Engage your physician and follow the doctor's advice.

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Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M.D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

### NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Prize fights are doubtless the nearest brutality to bull fights in this country, yet I find myself suddenly liking them. Perhaps because of the Carnera-Sharkey fight I rubbed elbows with old associates of whom I am fond and so seldom see.



In front of Grantland Rice, with a green eye-shade pecking at a typewriter. On one side Hube Goldberg and on the other Francis Albertini, clenching a big fat cigar. We were co-slaves on the same paper years ago. All graying now, we sat there watching two half-naked men, hitting, gasping, reeling.

I believe it's the crowd that fascinates with their soft murmurs, sudden silences and sharp up-roads. The man next seat wore a big badge, held a watch and seemed important. A cop jerked him by a collar yank and thumb jerked toward the bleachers. The important gentleman was a cracker.

I started to turn my head when I saw the king-kongish Carnera's up-percut land. But something brutal and primitive riveted my gaze on Sharkey as he crumpled like a marionette at the end of a cut string. Face on the resin, his legs twitched and he was still. Dismayingly thrilling.

I hear Clare Boothe Luce, aesthetic attendee of prize fights, rarely sees a 'blow struck, closing her eyes at the beginning of each round and opening them at the close. She enjoys the roars and electric excitement.

Down a verdant path in Central Park I came upon a tearful rose-bud seeking her lost little brother. I assured her we would find him and set off hand in hand. Upon inquiring his description, she explained between sobs: "He's 7, going on 8, is in 2-A and is vaccinated." Despite the vague description, we found him watching a baseball game while having an affair with a double deck ice-cream cone.

A gay crowd of writing folk suddenly cast off for Iceland the other week—Edna Ferber and her sister, Fannie, the Ralph Pulitzer, the Arthur Samuels, Allison Smith and one-sonly Russell Crouse, and the Marc Connellys. Many cross-the-ocean jaunts this summer had the same spontaneity. Some one cries: "Let's! And away they go. In this instance some one telephoned Russell Crouse from Hollywood, suggesting the trip. He phoned the others and they met at the pier.

Russel Crouse and Allison Smith are of the married literary maintaining separate menages in the manner of Fanny Hurst and Jacques Danielson. Only in the Crouse-Smith alliance their apartments are in the same building, but on different floors. They arrange engagements together over the telephone.

The current "life of the party" in what Hollywood calls the better cinema circles is Donald Ogden Stewart, writer, scenarist and quondam actor. His particular brand of brombaha is said to be as unpredictably mirthful as Charlie Chaplin's. And when they team together everybody simply dies—ho, ho.

The Prince of Wales is definitely considering an incognito trip to America which will have a double royal angle. While here the ex-King Alfonso may drop over, casual like. They have his high spots tanshem in Paris, Madrid and on the Riviera. To come together would furnish untold political significance. Any way, the trip is being buzzed about the Savy and Charleses. The Prince in mellow moments looks on his last visit to the States as one of his happiest. He went places, saw and did things the public did not know about. Such as Harlem with the lid off, private road-house parties that out-did 32 rue Blondell, etc., etc. He has not forgotten.

Michael Arlen has made the most graceful of all exits from the literary picture. He had one shining field of literary-tricks, all cut to the "Green Hat" pattern. He dazzled the public with them and, realizing he had no power of diffusion, quit. No amount of entreaties will interest him in writing a novel, short story or play.

I like a burlesque producer's way of handling charity bequests. On small note-paper he writes: "I'm honored by your request for a check just received and beg to subscribe—"

### BRAIN TRUSTEE PREPARING NEW FOOD, DRUG ACT

(Continued from Page One)

time comes you'll get good reading about some of your favorite remedies, concoctions, lotions and foods.

Although Dr. Wiley blazed a terrific trail in getting his pure food and drug act passed there still has never been a criminal conviction in the courts for its violation.

Tugwell is out to tighten up the act in the dice.

He has President Roosevelt's backing—which counts for quite a little these days.

Indisputable evidence that General Hugh Johnson is going to brook no interference in his drive to put national recovery over the top was manifested in an unadvertised call the other evening from NRA to the radio commission.

The general inquired of the other boss whether the commission had everything that went out on the radio. An answer was given in the affirmative. This seemed to satisfy Johnson for he hung up without further requests.

Not that our 600 broadcasting stations are lying down on the Blue Islands. Far from it. NRA is getting time on the air almost at a minute's notice. But it is significant of what might happen "just in case" some small independent or some advertiser had unkind things to say about the blue bird that Johnson hopes will mean happiness.

Also this is significant of what might happen if some radio commentator did offend NRA headquarters. Would it lead to censorship? Under proposed "emergency" conditions the government could take radio over.

Would that be followed by an attempt at newspaper censorship? These are academic questions. If ever put for serious answers there might be repercussions.

A slowly growing movement is apparent around Washington to interest Uncle Sam in the idea of pumping his public works money directly into payrolls.

Those valiantly trying to sell the proposition are arguing that the quickest way to get cash into men's pockets is to put it there. They urge on Interior Secretary Public Works Administrator Ickes and his Work Administration that the \$3,300,000,000 should be allocated primarily to filling pay envelopes.

Say these crusaders: Find out if a proposition is sound, let the local authorities arrange for construction and have the government underwrite the weekly pay of the actual workers thereon.

Look out you half-baked auto drivers!

Your president is showing just a bit of irritation about the way incompetents are sweeping and swooping around our highways and streets. Friends of Mr. Roosevelt say he has expressed keen annoyance recently over the number of drivers-at-large who should be incarcerated. He has run into them everywhere. He has found them in abundance in our national capital. Perhaps nothing will come of this consideration of the accident figures. Again perhaps something will.

President Roosevelt has developed—and evidenced—some rather decided views as to how such evils should be corrected.

SALEM, Aug. 16.—(AP)—The state highway commission today added another project to the ones to be awarded at the meeting of the commission in Portland August 25. This will bring the total lettings on the two-day awards, August 24 and 25, to a million and quarter dollars, it was estimated.

The new job calls for 5.53 miles of oil mat surfacing of the Fort Klamath-Crooked Creek section of the Dalles-California and Crater Lake highways in Klamath county.

A road built on the island of Crete about 1500 B. C. is still good enough to run an automobile on at 60 miles an hour, says Prof. John S. Worley of the University of Michigan.

here the reader has to turn over the leaf—myself my well wisher." (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

### ROAD OIL PROJECT IS ADDED TO LIST

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### LAST CALL TO SEE "OLD IRONSIDES"

S. P. EXCURSION FARES  
 Again AUGUST 18-19  
 \$2.65 Round Trip  
 Children \$5.30 Round Trip Adults

In answer to public demand we are again offering these bargain fares to Portland and back to allow you to see "Old Ironsides." Tickets good on all trains Friday and Saturday. You won't have to be back until midnight, Aug. 21. Your last chance. The old frigate leaves Portland, Aug. 22.

**Southern Pacific**  
 J. C. CARLE, Agent, Tel. 31.

### Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County history from the files of The Mail Tribune of 29 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY  
 August 16, 1923.  
 (It was Thursday.)  
 Mary Miles Minter's father says she is 30, but a film actress involved in the William Desmond Taylor murder scandal, says she is 19.

John Peri catches a 23-pound salmon at High Banks, and great is the excitement among the fishermen.

Travel record to Crater Lake again broken.

Hot weather of the past few days causes people to throng swimming holes.

Dokkie band, under the direction of P. Wilson Walt, wins the silver medal at national convention of D. O. O. K's.

Grain and hay yield in the Table Rock district is large; pear crop at Talent being packed, and farmers of the Sama valley area rush threatening to get through in time to go deer hunting.

Grass fire in back yard of Guy W. Conner home endangers the life of a pet wren.

Kansas heat so terrific, stores quit business. It was 78 here.

Attorney W. E. Crews and wife return from an auto trip to Klamath Falls, by way of Crater Lake.

Miss Phoebe Hanco (Mrs. Bert Theofel) is visiting friends in Astoria.

Dr. W. W. Howard and party of friends climb Mt. Ashland for the view.

The W. H. Gore family have returned from a vacation trip to California.

Slater Johnson returns from a three months' trip in the east.

"Quo Vadis" is the film wonder of all time to be shown at the Page; "Star Escapes the Snare" at the Ugo; Gaumont Weekly No. 60, showing "The Largest Ship in the World Ever to Be Launched Sidelways," at the Isis.

Jenkins' Comment  
 (Continued from Page One)

The Klamath country is expecting a record potato crop.

THE situation as to pears, in which Jackson county is primarily interested, appears to be about average.

Average production from 1926 to 1930 was 22,900,000 bushels. Total production last year was 22,000,000 bushels. Total indicated production this year is 22,300,000 bushels.

Jackson county is expecting a good pear crop.

APOLLO PIANO STUDIO — Announcing Class Lessons for beginners, 25c. Under direction of Mrs. Apollo Right foundation, European method. Start your children right and watch their progress! Enroll now. "Apollo Piano Studio for results."

The North Carolina Motor club reports the state has 1,335 no-accident school bus drivers in 44 counties.

**RIANTO**  
 WORLD'S FINEST SOUND . . .  
 RCA High Fidelity — Wide Range  
 Shows at Mats. . . . 15c  
 2:00 Evs. . . . 25c  
 7:15-9:15 Kiddies a Dime

### Ends Tomorrow Night

Love Opened the Door to Romance . . . Ambition Slammed It In Her Face!

She crashed the headlines—but crushed her love!

**Ann Carver's PROFESSION**  
 Fay Wray  
 Gene Raymond  
 Directed by Eddie Buzzell  
 Shop and Screen Play by Robert Fishkin  
 A Columbia Picture

FRIDAY - SATURDAY  
**TOM KEENE**  
 in a rousing drama  
**CROSSFIRE**  
 With BETTY FURNESS  
 EDGAR KENNEDY

### Editorial Comment

We have in our midst today nobody else but the well-known Mr. L. A. Banks of Medford, who arrived from the south, accompanied by a proper escort. Mr. Banks expects to spend some little time here pending perfection of appeal to the supreme court, and then will return to Eugene for another indefinite stay in those cultured surroundings.

Mr. Banks as a member of the Jackson County Good Government Congress, acquired quite an insight into the details of good government, but nothing to what he will learn here from the government established and maintained by Mr. James H. Lewis. Mr. Lewis, as the Mussolini of his particular bailiwick, has worked out some good plans for good government which should be quite enlightening to Mr. Banks when he sees them in operation. We expect Mr. Lewis will give Mr. Banks a chance to start in at the foot of his good government works and work up. Inasmuch as Mr. Banks expects to be connected with the institution for some time, his ideas on good government will no doubt undergo some very radical changes.—Salem Capitol Journal.

### Diamond Lake

DIAMOND LAKE, Aug. 16.—(Sp.) Dr. and Mrs. Churchill and son Bob arrived at Diamond lake Saturday to start a two weeks' pack trip through the Umpqua national forest. They are from San Diego, Cal.

S. W. Johnson of Portland, former halfback at Pitt, '22 to '24, took a beautifully colored 26-inch rainbow trout with him to prove that the fishing is good at Diamond lake. Mr. Johnson plans to have the fish mounted and put in his office. T. A. Jones of Medford accompanied Mr. Johnson on his trip to the lake.

V. V. Harpham, supervisor of Umpqua national forest, and his family are at Diamond lake for a two weeks' vacation.

Earl Neal and family were over the week-end by setting and fishing at Diamond lake. Mr. Staver proved to be the best fisherman of the three when he caught a five-pound rainbow trout Sunday morning. Staver, Balkstrand and Plyston are in southern Oregon appraising the assets of closed building and loan companies.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Nettek at Eagle Point spent several days at Diamond lake. Mr. Nettek enjoyed the fishing while the boys spent their time swimming.

R. W. Crowson and friends spent Saturday and Sunday at Diamond lake.

### GARMENT MAKERS CALLED IN STRIKE

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—(AP)—A strike order affecting some 80,000 garment workers went into effect today, but as rallying places of the strikers were scattered through the city it was difficult to determine to how great an extent the order was obeyed.

The strike was called to demand a 30-hour week and to protest against alleged sweatshop conditions in the dress industry.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 16.—(AP)—Several thousand workers in the dress and cloak trades went on strike today in Connecticut. Picketing began at scores of small shops here and in Bridgeport.

The workers are demanding the minimum wages and maximum hours proposed in the National Recovery Act blanket code as against the \$3 minimum and 40-hour week which they assert the employers offered them.

### JIMMIE DUNDEE SHOT DURING STREET BRAWL

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—(AP)—Shot in the left shoulder in a street fight early today, Jimmie Dundee, prize fighter, whose police say is also known as Jimmie Marino, was treated at the Central Emergency hospital and then booked at the city prison as a vagrant.

### BUS PASSENGERS HURT IN SMASH

BAKER, Aug. 16.—(AP)—Eight passengers of Union Pacific stage carrying 19 persons were cut and bruised early this morning when the bus was forced against an embankment by a truck operated by an unidentified driver near Battlement Springs on the old Oregon trail in Baker county.

The injuries were said by hospital attaches to be of a minor nature and most of the injured were scheduled to leave Baker today. The injured are: Mrs. Nathaniel Marlar of Home; Rudolph Swink, South Carolina; Frank Guttridge, U. S. S. Augusta, Bremerton; Mr. and Mrs. Emil Greason of Washington; Floyd Freeman, Arkansas; U. S. S. Memphis, Bremerton; Wade Julian, Buhl, Idaho; and Neida Ruby, Boise. Mrs. Marlar and Mrs. Goettch were the most seriously hurt.

### YE SMUDGE POT

Yesterday was hotter than the iron seat of a wheat binder, upon which the farmers place a calfskin, the hairy side up, to keep cool.

Any warden is wise enough to know that when his charges start reading the Bible, and start boasting about the trip across the Atlantic in the Mayflower, they are digging a tunnel under the west wall.

The Galabreviks have reverted to the pancake hat, set at precarious angles on the noggins of the wearer, and leave the impression with the casual observer, they will never hang on until she gets to where she is going, if any place.

The Cuban revolution, according to the press dispatches, proceeded in an orderly manner, and with the minimum of murders, considering that a temperamental mob was on a rampage, and thrashing for the job of Senor Machado, le presidente. A female diplomat just had to show off, so a dark tropical admirer cocked herself on the running-board of an auto, squealing hysterically, "Peyito Inquidero's shoes," and otherwise making a delightful fool out of herself. Perhaps you have noticed in the accounts of uprisings in India, Persia, Lithuania, Russia and elsewhere, there is generally a mad woman, who should be home washing the dishes, raising hell in the limelight. Just what Senor Inquidero's shoes had to do with Senor Machado's curtness, or the betterment of Cuba, is not explained. The suspicion arises that the lady in the rumpus was just another publicity cat.

John Anderson, the C. P. tiller, encountered some more hard luck Monday. He is forced to go to the Coast to attend a dairy conference, and is late.

"The best Eugene could do was a party degree," (Weather returns, Oregonian.) It really does not stack up very favorably with our own measly 108.

Corn-on-the-cob is all the rage, and next to Chinese noodles is the most awkward of all grub to devour. It takes a lot of manipulating of the upper lip to keep a doubtful mustache out of the melting butter.

Plans have about been completed to fix the Univ. Clubski roof, right after the first rain.

Handles of beer faucet sand wrists of bartenders are kept hot, squirting the amber fluid. Statisticians show that beer is ranking almost as many dimes out of the citizenry as a carnival merry-go-round. As soon as beer came, there was going to be no taxes, according to Jim Bates, chinwacker and a young Einstein when it comes to tax problems. He was going to drown the taxes in the suds of the hop, and has gone down for the second time himself.

The Depression cost \$10,000,000,000. In one way and another, according to experts. It wasn't worth it.

Another thing that doesn't seem to pay much better than crime—is agitation.

The tin roofs with frost on them, will look just as cold next winter as they look hot now.

The valley was subjected to a rash of statements over the week-end, viz: one Gov. one Cong.

Marcus, the small son of Mr. and Mrs. Giles McKinney, who drank a quantity of coal oil and ate raisins last week, is improved and the attending physician states he will recover. — (Sheridan (Wyo.) News.—That's fine, but how about the boy.

Fewer Hillarians in Argentina. BUENOS AIRES.—(AP)—On the fiftieth anniversary of free public education the minister of instruction reported to congress that Argentina now has fewer than 800,000 literates in a population exceeding 11,000,000.

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Corn-on-the-cob is all the rage, and next to Chinese noodles is the most awkward of all grub to devour. It takes a lot of manipulating of the upper lip to keep a doubtful mustache out of the melting butter.

Plans have about been completed to fix the Univ. Clubski roof, right after the first rain.

Handles of beer faucet sand wrists of bartenders are kept hot, squirting the amber fluid. Statisticians show that beer is ranking almost as many dimes out of the citizenry as a carnival merry-go-round. As soon as beer came, there was going to be no taxes, according to Jim Bates, chinwacker and a young Einstein when it comes to tax problems. He was going to drown the taxes in the suds of the hop, and has gone down for the second time himself.

The Depression cost \$10,000,000,000. In one way and another, according to experts. It wasn't worth it.

Another thing that doesn't seem to pay much better than crime—is agitation.

The tin roofs with frost on them, will look just as cold next winter as they look hot now.

The valley was subjected to a rash of statements over the week-end, viz: one Gov. one Cong.

Marcus, the small son of Mr. and Mrs. Giles McKinney, who drank a quantity of coal oil and ate raisins last week, is improved and the attending physician states he will recover. — (Sheridan (Wyo.) News.—That's fine, but how about the boy.

Fewer Hillarians in Argentina. BUENOS AIRES.—(AP)—On the fiftieth anniversary of free public education the minister of instruction reported to congress that Argentina now has fewer than 800,000 literates in a population exceeding 11,000,000.