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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

It will soon be Fire Prevention, or Don't Burn Down Your Barn week, as a wise hillbilly might be hiding under it, as a protection from city hunters.

• • •

Sally Rand, of Chicago, who dances practically naked behind a large fan, has been fined $200 and sentenced to jail for a year, for exposure of shank and torso. Sally complains that this is twice what a gangster suspected of murdering nine men, receives when guilty of vagrancy. It is now known definitely what became of Sally, and in the future she should stay up her alley.

• • •

YE MUFFLED KNOCK

Services at 10:30 a. m.
Subject — "The Three Great Failures."
Choir.
Sermon.
Pipe organ offertory.

• • •

Upstate sections desire a road built to Mt. Jefferson. The road will be a scenic asset. It will also enable amateur mountaineers to get lost quicker, and rescue parties to start hunting them sooner.

• • •

AND, LIVE IN A CAVE
(Eugene Register-Guard)

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor) Stay off the highways and save a lot of money you spend for gas and car upkeep.

Go to fewer movies and talkies. Let moonshine alone.

Take care of things and do a little more work at home.

Do these things and you can give many unemployed people something to keep the wolf from the door. A good N. R. A. code.

• • •

"Nothing will retard the return to Prosperity but too much efficiency," says Clarence Darrow, famed criminal lawyer. Nothing is so deadly as efficiency. Many will remember the efficiency engineer, who swooped down upon the commercial club 14 years ago. He mapped out a program of efficiency that required the spending of $4 to keep from spending $1. For this he efficiently collected more than he had coming. He left behind a number so infatuated with efficiency, they are unable to get anything done to this day. He also planted two glass top desks, where but one existed before. It took all forenoon for the owner of the desks to efficiently decide which one he would loaf at, all afternoon. Attorney Darrow fears, and may be with good grounds, that another plague of efficiency kids are on the way, to indulge in an economic stall.

• • •

"He's probably dead now, but if not, I'd like the solo motorcyclist who cut in between my car and a coach near Polhill on Sunday to know that his survival owes nothing to my good wishes.—Kensington.—(Agony Col., London Times.) So say we all!

• • •

It is now alleged that moonshine has more age." The producers now count to 20, instead of 10, to age it.

• • •

"School opened last Monday. The school board has not yet selected a janitor from the 21 applications for the place"—(Salmon Bar Items.) One of the teachers must be homely.

• • •

THE HITCH-HIKER

He makes himself the highway grace,
And thumbs his way from place to place;
Whatever town to him is fair,
He quietly hitch-hikes over there.
Thus he is never paying bills
For breakdowns in the roadside ills.
Thus happens to him never woe,
Because he hitch-hikes to and fro.
How nice to travel in a car
At 50 pleasant miles per hour;
No fare, no gas, no oil to buy,
Just ride and let the goody guy
Take all the risk above the ground
By hauling derelicts around.

(Astoria Budget-Astorian)

• • •

One of the outstanding cussers of the American form of government, during the local insurrection, has been sent home to his own native land. If he talks about the king, like he talked about Hoover, he will be hushed, without any hellraising.

Ring Lardner

RING LARDNER, 48, in the prime of life, died this morning of tuberculosis. His death is a great loss to American humor and comedy. Lardner might be called the literary offspring of O. Henry and George Ade In him were fused the qualities of both the greatest short story writer and the greatest humorist of the late 90's, but as is often the case with children of exceptional parents, in neither field did he attain the eminence of his forebears.

His humor prevented him from delving as deeply into the core of urban American character as did O. Henry; his facile creative faculty prevented him from reaching the heights of Indiana's "Mark Twain."

In versatility—sheer virtuosity,—Lardner however surpassed both of his predecessors. He could turn out a straight sports story that would knock the fans off the bleachers; he could knock off a children's verse that would make all the ladies smile through their tears; he could compose a comic opera between the soup and cordial, and produce a best seller "serial" with one hand; while he outlined a new song hit with the other.

• • • • •

IN THIS rare facility he resembled Eddie Cantor, who in addition to his preeminence as a stage comedian, can whenever he wishes make the first page of the Saturday Evening Post, or give Rudee Valee a number that he will like to croon.

Like practically all the stars in modern American humor, Ring Lardner was self made. He graduated from a newspaper sporting desk, as Will Rogers graduated from a cow ranch, and O. Henry from a drug store. Unlike the synthetic school of wisecrackers he imitated no one, but struck out for the grass roots unassisted and alone. He was always himself, which is perhaps the keystone of any creative work that lives.

• • • • •

HIS untimely death provides the Anti-Tuberculosis League with a strong talking point. With more money than he knew what to do with, with every care that science could provide, he was nevertheless unable to ward off the ravages of the White Plague. The two chief reasons, are the two chief causes of the sustained toll of this dread disease: first, failure to start fighting at the first warning; second, failure to disregard the mysterious optimism, that this ailment engenders.

Victims of tuberculosis are almost always, feeling better, quite convinced they are going to beat the game. So Ring Lardner abandoned the Arizona desert and returned to New York which he knew and loved so well.

• • • • •

HAD he abandoned New York ENTIRELY, and made the desert his permanent abode, he might be well and alive today. Perhaps those who knew the man best would not be surprised to learn, that he realized this, and deliberately preferred to shake the dust of the wilderness from his feet, and step from the Broadway Limited to the pavements and bright lights of the big city, his first and only HOME!

It Can't Be Evaded, Now

WE TRUST the report from upstate that there will be no special session of the legislature, is baseless rumor and nothing more. The reason given is "no agreement could be reached on tax matters."

How do they,—or anyone else—know,—until they try? Not to call a special session, for such a reason as this, is to admit the failure of representative government—its complete and utter breakdown.

For certainly this state never has needed a special session more. There is the tax problem to be solved, the relief problem, the liquor problem, the problem of higher education and many other problems.

These matters can't be allowed to slide. Even granting a solution of the tax and relief problems is impossible—which this paper doesn't believe,—a solution of the state liquor problem would alone justify a special session.

• • • • •

BEFORE the first of the year, prohibition will certainly be repealed. There is no doubt, whatever, that liquor control will not be assumed by the government but will be left to the states.

Already there are functioning in 10 states, official control boards for the regulation of intoxicants—their duties now being confined to beer. The moment prohibition is repealed these boards will all be ready to assume regulation and control of spirituous liquors.

• • • • •

THAT is as it should be,—and MUST be,—if confusion is not to be worse confounded, and chaos and demoralization, follow prohibition repeal, in every state which is unprepared.

Not only that but the tax revenue from liquor, will not be received; while abuses will creep in, which the longer action is delayed, the harder they will be to correct.

A SPECIAL SESSION MUST BE CALLED! It is inconceivable that any responsible leaders upstate or anywhere else, would think any other course possible, at the present time!

THREE PAPER PLANTS PLAN CONSOLIDATION

PORTLAND, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Plans for merging three pulp and paper plants in the Pacific Northwest into what is believed will be the largest independent paper producing organization in the United States, have been agreed on and will be ratified by directors of the concerns involved in the near future, according to Eugene Bashore, of Blyth & company, Inc., handling the negotiations.

Companies involved in the merger are the Rainier Pulp & Paper company, Shelton; the Olympic Forest Products company, Port Angeles, and the Soundview Pulp company, Everett.

AMSTERDAM, Holland, Sept. 26.—(UP)—Professor Ehrenfest, renowned German physicist of Leyden university, committed suicide today. He shot himself after wounding his sick son whom he was visiting in the Amsterdam clinic.

Game animals in the national forests are estimated to have increased 40 per cent since 1926.

DETROIT GANGSTERS GET QUICK SENTENCE

DETROIT, Sept. 26.—(UP)—A jury of Detroit housewives and merchants acted quickly today to convict two alleged gangsters under Michigan's public enemy act.

The gangsters, James Licavoli and Joe Bommarita, were found guilty one hour and 18 minutes after the jury received the case. Recorder's Court Judge John V. Brennan imposed sentence immediately, sending the two to the Detroit house of correction for 90 days, the maximum penalty under the law.

Rich Sportsman Arrested

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, Germany, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Moritz James Openheimer, internationally known racehorse stable owner and manufacturer of paper goods, was arrested today, charged with fraudulent practices involving millions of marks.

John F. Daniel, chief of the Kentucky department of mines, has recommended that wagon mines employing less than six men be brought under the state law regulating safety.

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 El Camino, Beverley Hills, Cal.

EXPECTANT TREATMENT OF APPENDICITIS

Up to the time I had it myself I always believed in and practiced expectant management of acute appendicitis. That is, I thought it wise to wait 48 hours, and consider an operation then if the attack seemed to warrant it. But I thought my doctors were taking too great a chance when they allowed my attack to run on and on for hours before they trundled me off to the operating room.

In England for a year or more there has been a controversy in the profession over the treatment of appendicitis. We referred to it here last May. Quoted the Dr. Robert T. Morris of English surgery—Lord Moynihan, who declared that patients never die of appendicitis in England; they die of its treatment. By that he meant that physics are fatal—where there is an acute bellache which may possibly be appendicitis, never, never, should the patient take or be given any kind of laxative or physic. That only tends to aggravate and stir up and spread any inflammation there may be. A vast amount of experience in this country has proved that the appendicitis patient who has received a physic or laxative has a poorer chance to recover than has the patient who has not received such medicine. The "healing, soothing' efect of castor oil is sheer old fishwife and it is time that sensible folk realized it.

Moynihan went further and said that an aperient (British for physic or cathartic) had been the cause of perforation in every such case of gangrenous appendicitis he had seen—and we all know Moyni has seen plenty. He said no danger would ensue from expectant treatment if apperients were withheld and nothing, not even a swallow of water, was given by mouth. Which all sounds impressive coming from such a great surgical authority. But just the same, I'd rather have the operation for mine, that is, if I felt reasonably certain that the trouble was acute appendicitis.

Now a London surgeon by the name of R. A. Ramsey would "leave severe-alone" cases of appendicitis in which there is reason to believe the inflammation involves more extensive structures than the appendix, that is, where there is some peritonitis with congestion and greater friability of tissues, but this surgeon insists upon operation as the best treatment in routine cases.

Still another prominent English surgeon, R. J. McNeill Love, seems to favor expectant treatment—he retorts that the best way to leave such cases "severely alone" is not to operate. But they all agree that in any case the four F's must be vigorously enforced: Fowler's position (shoulders higher than hips), fomentations (application of cloths wrung out of hot water, or perhaps a poultice, for relief of pain), fluids only and four hourly temperature chart.

I don't know—maybe we'll have to send a delegation of American surgeons over to settle the controversy. Our surgeons know how to deal with appendicitis.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Piece of Glass Swallowed.

About a week ago I had a dish of canned cherries and found two or three bits of broken glass in the cherries. Don't know whether I swallowed any of the glass or not . . . —W. C. A.

Answer—If you did, it was probably passed in the fecal matter within 48 hours. Whenever bits of glass or ground glass powder have been swallowed, the best course is (1) to avoid cathartics for the few days, and (2) eat plenty of banana, potato and any and all fresh vegetables or fruits, to provide a large pulpy residue to coat the foreign material and protect the lining of stomach and intestine. The same rule is best where any foreign object is accidentally swallowed by a child. In all such cases I think a daily dose of a tablespoonful of flaxseeds is beneficial; either raw and whole or swallowed after steeping in boiling water if you prefer.

Malaria.

Several years ago I contracted malaria on Long Island. Every spring or summer since I have had an attack . . . Mrs. L. G. B.

Answer—If the diagnosis of the original attack was positive (malaria parasites seen in red corpuscles in blood specimen examined under microscope during the chill), probably the best plan is to keep a supply of quinine bisulphate capsules on hand and take ten grains a day for a period of a month each spring or early summer. The dose is best taken at bedtime.

Choking.

Your suggestion to press the ball of foot against footboard to relieve leg cramp at night is so helpful. Here is a similar suggestion I have found helpful: When choking, raise your left arm over and close to the head for immediate relief. It seems simple, but it is effective—M. M. G.

Answer—Thank you. Our readers will soon determine whether it is effective.

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

YORK HARBOR, Maine, Sept. 26.—We entered Maine, first time for me, through its oldest town, Kittery, settled in 1647, by crossing a spindly bridge at Portsmouth, N. H. Along streams were many fishermen and at once the distinct aroma of pines. And a woodsy feeling.

There's an agreeable, established look about Kittery. Venerable nestors hobbled the sidewalks on canes, greeting one another with frozen twinkles and exchanging sudden stingy blurts. There's a formidable impression this is a Cal Coolidge community of close chewers and tight spitters.

For Maine strikes a stranger as stern. I thought of that 'Way Down East" blizzardy line of parental greeting to the fallen daughter: "Out of my house! I'll have no dinner of your gittin'!" The only emotional outlet in the crust were gypsy palmists bivouacing along the highways—dozens of them.

I was especially interested in the William Dean Howells summer residence and study near by, now occupied during the season by John Mead Howells, his architect son. In this house Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, Hamlin Garland, Opie Read and scores of noted authors used to gather for a week-end in style.

York Harbor shimmers the same aqua-marine hue of the Mediterranean—the clearest stretch of water the entire native and transient population lives in bathing suits from May until October. Many children were burnt licorice black.

A short drive up the fabled rock-ribbed coast is Kennebunkport, where Booth Tarkington and Kenneth Roberts, the writers, live. We saw the home where Tarkington turned out so many novels. A dog raced across the estate. I wondered if it might be the one that turns so ferocious upon hearing the plink of a banjo.

Ogunquite is one of many artist colonies with a little theater where such valiant troupers as Blanche Ring, Mabel Taliaferro, Hilda Spong, Anne Seymour, Ruth St. Denis and Mary Nash appeared this late summer in quixotic revivals of 'Philip Goes Forth" and "The Late Christopher Bean." The power of suggestion plays queer pranks. We saw the names on a billboard and I hopped out to rush across the street to speak to Blanche Ring. And skipped right back as red as anything.

Th esurging ocean, beating for centuries against Maine's coastline, has hammered a fiercely ragged fringe. Ridges of sharp teeth jutting far to sea do not give it the softness of most sea shores. I wondered if Maine's austerity was not reflected from its forbidding coastal lines, just as cordial warmth seems to spring from Kentucky's soft verdure. From the vast forest silences of Maine comes, too, the closest-mouthed types the world produces. That is the Maine guide. I know a man whose guide spoke but four sentences an entire season.

Maine is remindful of the fast hold the camping movement has on youth of America. The first of such camps was established in Maine in 1896. From here they spread to almost every state. But Maine has maintained her lead, and has the greatest number by far.

I talked to a young policeman along the beach at York Harbor, a hardy rookie with a down-yonder twang. He said it has been the poorest season in memory of the oldest inhabitant — and inhabitants come venerable hereabouts. 'Some of the regulars," he twinkled, 'have scarcely one yacht to rub against another."

We dined at Old Orchard, from the beach of which so many airships have taken off for European flights. Memory offered a twinge for the fate of brave Phil Payne, the newspaperman, whose last mortal view of America was from here. The dinner was quite naturally fresh trout, so highly bespoke. I am not much of a trout man, but I stoked up on the finest cole slaw ever tasted. And a cinnamon sprinkled apple dumpling that was a lulu.

I am not savvy, but along the roadside are canary-yellow signs in black letters, 'Kiss Your Wife." I saw them everywhere. I suppose it's just Maine being terribly, terribly old-fashioned.

(Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

RELIEF ORDERED FOR TEMBLOR SUFFERERS

ROME, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Premier Mussolini ordered that extensive assistance be sent to four towns along the Abruzzi mountains where eight persons were reported killed in an earthquake.

The Stefani (Italian) news agency reported that the death toll was eight but other reports indicated death among the hundred or more persons who were injured.

More than 825,000 persons were aided by the Kentucky state relief commission from October, 1932, to July 1, 1933.

THIS PAPOOSE NAMED 'BLUE EAGLE'

This young man's name, Franklin Delano Blue Eagle Knapinski, was chosen by his patriotic mother, Mrs. Frank Knapinski of Milwaukee. Of Indian descent, Mrs. Knapinski said "Blue Eagle" was a name long honored in her family. (Associated Press Photo)

Ring Lardner, Who Gave World Humorous Side of Sport, Succumbs to T. B.

By DAL HARRISON

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Ring Lardner, who once noted that there wasn't much difference between his native Niles, Mich., and his adopted New York, because both begin with an "N," has lost his long fight against tuberculosis.

The lean, six-foot humorist who made you and me know Al, and who became a ranking figure of American literature, died suddenly at his East Hampton, Long Island, home last night, in the 48th year of an active, interesting life.

For ten years Ringgold Wilmer Lardner fought the disease. During those years, with the specter drawing steadily closer, his humor flowed on, bringing laughs to the faces of those who saw on the stage "Elmer the Great" and then "June Moon," and to others tens of thousands who read his 'Story of a Wonder Man," "Love Nest," and other stories.

Heart disease complicated by other ailments, was given by his doctors as the immediate cause of death.

Only in the last few years has the Lardner typewriter gone on short hours. His doctors ordered him to the southwest, and he remained there many months. When he returned to New York several months ago he was reported much better.

His days of quantity production, however, were over. He did a column on radio in the weekly 'New Yorker"—A humorous, critical column that carried a sting for those artists, those sponsors and those stations which he felt were not serving the public need for entertainment. The sweep of the humor that filled "You know me, Al," "Gullible's Travels," "Own Your Own Home," and the hilarious, 'How to Write Short Stories" was gone. Occasionally it flashed on those last published writings, but the spontaneity and wit of "Treat 'Em Rough," "The Young Immigrunts" and "Symptoms of Being 35" were not there.

His journalistic experience was devoted almost entirely to the sport page—South Bend, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and back to Chicago. He traveled with the baseball clubs, the White Sox and the Cubs, in the days of "Doc" White, Mordecei (Three-fingered) Brown, Frank Chance, Tinkers, Evers and the many others of Chicago's heydey of baseball. He became a recognized authority on the game, loving it for its sport and for the humanness of its players. From this experience he drew the material for the development of his best known character, the egotistical, bumptious, lovable and dumb bushleaguer, Jack Keefe, who told of his experiences in the big league by means of letters to "Al."

"He called me a dumb ox, and I said, 'Oh, is that so?' and he didn't have no comeback."

Such was the character that centered serious attention on Ring Lardner as a humorist. At the time Lardner was conducting the "In the Wake of the News" column in the Chicago Tribune, a post to which he succeeded following the death of "Hek," a pioneer sports columnist. On Mondays, instead of running the usual column, Lardner wrote child verse, based, it was said, on the antics of his own children. These later were collected and published as "Bib Ballads," his first published work.

Lardner has told that the "Jack Keefe" letters were based on his experiences with an illiterate but mighty ball-player who brought letters from his wife for Lardner to read and answer. The wife was always asking for money, and the ball-player was always full of reasons why he couldn't send any.

Few writers were ever more highly regarded personally than Lardner. He spent prodigally, backing the shows of his friends, helping those in need.

Surviving him are his widow, the former Ellis Abbott of Goshen, Ind., and four sons—John, James, Ring W. Jr., and David.

Lardner was especially fond of music and in his baseball reporting days did the lyrics of a song, "Little Puff of Smoke, Good Night," the "puff of smoke" being a pickininny. "Doc" White, a star pitcher of the White Sox, wrote the music. Later, Lardner wrote a joyous satire on the song writing business in "June Moon."

Funeral arrangements have not been made.

Mrs. Philip Rosenbaum grew a pineapple in Lauderdale county, Miss., this year. It is believed the first grown in that county.

DISCOVER BODIES IN PARKED AUTO BERKELEY HILLS

OAKLAND, Cal., Sept. 26.—(UP)—Bodies of Maurice R. Roedere, 50, and Mrs. Naomi R. McSwain, about 40, were found in a parked automobile in the Berkeley hills last night.

Investigators said Roedere apparently had shot and killed Mrs. McSwain, then shot himself in the mouth. A revolver was in his hand.

The bodies were discovered by Allan Green of El Cerrito.

Mrs. McSwain was the divorced wife of J. F. McSwain, Oakland businessman. She was the mother of Stephen McSwain, a radio entertainer, known professionally as 'Dude Martin," and of two daughters, Marjorie, 16, and Barbara, 15.

Roedere's wife works for a Merced cement company, where he formerly was employed. Police understood he was almost without funds after having been without work for a year.

Police said the position of the wound in Mrs. McSwain's head indicated she was shot without warning. Her vanity case was open, indicating she had been powdering her face when she met death.

Investigators said Roedere and Mrs. McSwain had been friends for several years. They frequently went riding together.

It was believed the dual tragedy took place yesterday.

BAKERY DRIVERS STAGE DISORDER

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 26.—(AP)—Bread wagons were overturned, large bakeries picketed, and a number of arrests made today as a bakery wagon drivers' strike got underway.

Union officials said 1250 of the 1500 drivers in the city had gone on strike, while bakery owners asserted only 600 were out.

The drivers' union is demanding union recognition, closed shops, a 42 hour week and a new wage scale.

CENTRAL POINT GRANGE PLANS BOOSTER NIGHT

A special meeting of the Central Point Grange is to be held Saturday evening, Sept. 30, in the Grange hall. The date has been set by the National Grange as "Booster night." A special program and entertainment has been planned and every member of the grange is urged to be present. Friends and those interested in grange work are invited.

Warrant Call.

Notice is hereby given that School District No. 49, Jackson County, warrants No. 4170 to No. 4267 inclusive are called for payment. Interest to cease on September 29, 1933. Warrants to be presented for payment at the office of the District Clerk, City Hall, Medford, Oregon.

REBECCA JENSEN,
Clerk School District No. 49

WANTED——Guitar and banjo players for junior string band of 50 pieces. Beginners accepted, 25c per lesson. Instruments furnished. Erskine Music Studio, Sparta Bldg. Phone 1343-X.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 26, 1923
(It was Wednesday)

Winter comes to Crater Lake park with first snow of the season.

Medford and Ashland high school resume athletic relations.

Militia called out to adjourn Oklahoma legislature.

For the first time in history the Green Springs mountain road will be kept open all winter for auto traffic.

Every town in the valley raises its quota for Japanese relief fund.

Paul Godward and Miss Hackert, both of Jacksonville, are wed.

Three tourist families are granted right to stay in city auto camp all winter, or until they can get funds from home.

Jackson county wins third prize at state fair and is the Chamber of Commerce disappointed!

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 26, 1913
(It was Friday)

The heavy fruit shipments of the past fortnight has exhausted the ice supply here, and some will be shipped in from Roseville, Calif.

Several autoists have crashed into the curb, as a result of endeavoring to comply with road rules, and turn the white spot in the middle of the street, instead of cutting corners.

William Bates is making plans for a duck hunting trip in Klamath county.

A beam ceiling is being installed in the lobby of the Nash hotel.

"Father and Son" or "The Curse of the Golden Land" at the Isis, a "Two Reel Vitagraph Special": "The Evil Power," "A strong production in two parts" at the Star." This picture shows the terrible fate that overtook an American doctor, who mis-used his occult power.' At the Page, Mrs. Guy Childers and Hattie Tichner, will appear in song selections.

Communications

Seems Like Monarchy

To the Editor:

Wonder if it isn't about time we had an election in this county of ours. It seems the following offices are filled by men that have been appointed: County judge, county commissioner, and county sheriff. With two state representatives to be named soon it looks as though Jackson county is well along the road to becoming a monarchy. Surely must be about time for the people to have a little say about who should occupy these positions.

DALE FLOWERS,
Medford, September 25.

A Rose and One Thorn

To the Editor:

I am prompted to express an opinion or two regarding the policy of your worthy newspaper.

First, I want you to know that we place high value in your constructive editorials regading tax, relief and other emergencies now pending. These worthy editorials have no doubt set many of us to thinking about some of the pressing needs of the time, formerly entirely left up to committees, legislators and others delegated to find solutions to such problems. We are at last faced with the facts that these jobs can not be successfully accomplished by these few unless the voters also have an intelligent understanding of the same problems and vote accordingly.

I also heartily agree with you regarding the necessity of sending the best qualified men to the state legislature. It is high time serious consideration is given to all angles regarding selecting men to handle these important positions. It is not a matter of sending a professional or business man or a farmer, or as you say, a Republican or Democrat, but first let us consider his qualifications. Surely we have among us two men who are broad-minded and conscientious enough as well as interested enough to consider the needs, the call and the cry of our state above everything else, who, if sent to the legislature will think and act according to his highest intelligence in behalf of the welfare of the state of Oregon.

Now for a little criticism: Do you find it necessary to publish court reports of neighborly or family squabbles involving children as well as men and women on the very front page of your newspaper? If necessary to publish this class of news, could it not be placed in some obscure section?

MRS. N. F. OHRT,
Trail, September 25.

Notice of Taking Up Estrays.

Taken up at Big Oaks Service Station on the Crater Lake Highway, on Sept. 24th, 1933, the following described stock:

One bay mare,
One brown mare,
One mule colt (yearling),
One brown colt.

No marks or brands by which they can be identified.

Owner may have same by paying costs of keep and advertising.

Dated this 25th day of Sept., 1933.

LEW BLOOM,
Constable of Medford District.

Approximately 1,000 of the county's needy residents at Ishpeming, Mich., have been supplied with free wood for the winter.

Swedish Massage Hours 2 to 5
Corrective Exercises By Appt.
Oscar S. Nissen, P.T.
Physical Therapeutics
Formerly Director and Instructor Massage Dept., Boston City Hosp.
528 E. Main St. Medford, Ore.