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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

A "social revolution" is now underway in the United States, according to Sen. Johnson. He states it will be "bloodless." Unfortunately, it will not be "talkless."

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One swig of the 1933 model blend whiskey, caused a hillman in the burg yesterday, to hurry home and put the still on the kitchen stove.

• • •

"How would you like to have a man wave $100,000 under your nose," inquires the Del Norte, Calif., Triplicate. We fear we would be looking for a good lawyer.

• • •

"WAYS THAT ARE DARK"
(Heppner News)

G. E. Hamaker of Portland, a guest of the club declared himself a democrat and has been called the wet nurse of the party in Multnomah county. Mr. Hamaker gave a talk along political lines and said he would hesitate to forecast the political situation of Oregon.

He complimented Heppner, saying he had been born and raised in a town of this size in the middle-west.

• • •

Everything has gone to the dogs, one group in this vicinity going to a $125 dog.

• • •

The two Alabama youths sentenced to state prison from 5 to 15 years, for stealing a package of cigarettes, will have plenty of time to smoke them.

• • •

Three new saloons will open soon on the upper end of Main street. We will soon have too many.—(50 Year Ago Col, Pendleton East Oregonian). Anyway, they didn't all have to be on a corner.

• • •

THE WEAKER SEX, HA! HA!
(Mt. Vernon, Mo., Chieftain)

We met three children, a sister and two brothers, on our way to work the other morning. The boys had on heavy stockings whose bulge showed the underwear beneath. The girl's two little pipe stems were exposed to the breeze and only her ankles were covered.

• • •

About 20 years ago, the state supreme court held the Eight Hour Law constitutional. People who think the Sales Tax will flatten out civilization, progress, and the future of the Caucasian race, should read some of the fervid moans that decision caused, and take hope. This also goes for citizens who think less of the "New Deal," than they did the old one.

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It is now proposed, as a business proposition, to make cull pears into industrial alcohol, foundation for jelly, and tid-bits. The cull pears, if properly approached, will evolve into a concoction, that will rip off a man's vest at 40 rods, it is alleged. This is a step in the right direction. Two steps in the right direction, would be to produce pancake flour and a gasoline from cull pears. Either one or both, would cause a more needful demand, than any of the items aforementioned.

• • •

YOU TELL HER, DOCK!
(Boise, Ida., Statesman)

Mrs. Josephine Brister was struck by an automobile. Dr. Gunn was summoned and took her to the hospital. After a good bath she felt better and was able to go home. She now wants to know who struck her in the middle of the pike.

• • •

Governor Meier is heralded as "a better governor than expected, but he can't be elected." The Governor has been a better Governor than expected, and if he will give free phones, with his late free electric lights, will be elected anew.

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What was it, that made such a hit with the population, on the vacant lot back of Tom Waterman's?

• • •

Cultivation of farmers for their votes by farm leaders who do no farming more severe than eating Grange fried chicken shows a decline. The farmers are weaning themselves away from false and demagogic exploiters, and showing a disposition to do their own thinking.

Keep Politics Out of It!

IT IS highly important that politics be kept strictly out of the new state liquor administration. In fact an efficient business-like administration, rather than a POLITICAL administration, is imperative.

If various positions and emoluments, in the state-wide setup are given out as political rewards, then turning the entire liquor administration into a political machine will be impossible to avoid.

And such an outcome will be fatal. Only one thing should govern appointments from top to bottom in this new liquor deal, namely the fitness of the applicant for the position, regardless of all other considerations.

Is he honest, is he dependable, can he do the job well; above all, can he be depended upon to resist the temptation that will inevitably be placed upon him, to disregard the spirit and letter of the new law?

From what we can learn of the characters of the three commissioners appointed, this will be the policy pursued. We certainly hope so. They have a big job on their hands and only by hewing strictly to the line of strict enforcement and sound business methods, can they expect to make a success of it.

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THE appointment of the right man for state administrator is particularly important. For upon him will rest the chief responsibility, for the success or failure of this entire "experiment." The personnel of the minor administrative officials should be satisfactory to him; and their loyalty to their chief executive should be unquestioned.

Under such a program this liquor organization would represent an organic unit, sound in efficiency and high in morale, which would go far toward achieving what all right thinking people wish,—a more satisfactory solution of the liquor problem, than has ever been attained before.

"Hello Sucker!"

THE term gold-digger is generally accepted as feminine. It refers to the chorus girl type, playing the eternal game of sex, solely for the money there is in it. We don't know how many books have been written and movies composed, around the gold digger theme, but a very great number.

The gender of the term, however, has been reversed. A few years ago the now notorious Mdivani Brothers, members of a royal Georgian family, launched a little gold digging venture of their own.

Victims of the Russian revolution, with nothing left but a few royal jewels, the family met in Paris and decided it was up to the three sons, Princes Serge, David and Alexis, to recoup the family fortunes.

Naturally the United States, the land of "silk and money," swarming with wealthy movie stars and chain store heiresses was selected, as the happy hunting ground. One of them married Mary McCormack, the glittering prima donna; another grabbed Mae Murray, cinema star; but the "kid" Alexis, really made the ten strike, by capturing Miss Barbara Hutton, the ten-and-twenty millionairess, after pursuing her hither and yon, over two continents.

• • • • •

NOT bad for the Mdivani boys! True, the first two romances didn't last long. But who wanted them to? One bright day Mary and Mae, celebrated their divorces by attending the races at Agua Caliente, but they paid for it. In plain English, Serge and David, after living in the royal luxury to which they were accustomed, were paid their alimonies, and resumed the primrose path in search of other victims. They had their trousseaus, far from shabby, and such essentials as polo ponies, pearl stick pins, custom-built motor cars, etc., etc., galore. They also had oil stocks, from which they promptly proceeded to produce needed revenues.

• • • • •

THEN something happened. In the production of those revenues, it developed that cash, which should have gone to company reserves, or dividends, went into the pockets of the Brothers Mdivani, as bonuses. The brothers had learned something about the methods of high finance in the land of the spree and the home of the crave. An indictment for grand theft followed.

• • • • •

FOR a moment the jail doors yawned. But ONLY a moment. Whatever may be said against the Brothers Mdivani, they are loyal,—to EACH OTHER. Serge in his marital affluence had financed the "kids" pursuit of Barbara with $20,000 of Mae's—or was it Mary's?—savings. So faithful to the royal tradition of noblesse oblige, Alex promptly telegraphed $20,000 of Barbara's millions to Los Angeles, to provide bail for the brothers.

Now they are out and the Hollywood night clubs, are graced by their royal and alluring presences once more.

No doubt a rich field for some heavy moralizing is herewith presented. But we don't know just what the moral is, except,—

Well,—there is no longer much question as to the equality of the sexes. We have gold diggers who wear trousers and gold diggers who don't; while that familiar saying of the late and lamented Texas Guinan, "Hello Hucker," can certainly be as successfully capitalized against one sex in this country, as the other.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

SECRETARY of Agriculture Wallace, addressing the National Farm Bureau Convention at Chicago, says:

"The farmer should look upon the agricultural recovery plan with a broad viewpoint, rather than with a gaze confined to local problems."

THAT advice is easy to give, but sometimes HARD TO FOLLOW.

For example:

The processing tax on various farm products is supposed to be added to the price and so passed on to the consumer, providing the money with which to PAY the farmer for reduction of supply.

But here in Southern Oregon the processing tax on pork has so far been TAKEN OFF the price received by the farmer, thus REDUCING the price received by him.

IT WORKS like this:

The buyer says to himself: "There is a processing tax on pork. But if I try to pass this tax on to the consumer in the form of a higher price I will encounter a lot of troublesome sales resistance.

"So I'll TAKE THE TAX OFF the price paid to the farmer, because he can't help himself, since he has to sell; thus avoiding the necessity of raising the price to the consumer and at the same time saving myself from loss."

THE processing tax on pork in November was a half cent per pound, live weight. In December, it is one cent per pound. In January it will be one and one-half cents and in February two cents.

It is expected to be two cents per pound thereafter.

IN NOVEMBER, in the Klamath country, the half cent a pound processing tax was DEDUCTED from the buying price for hogs, along with a little more based on downward market trends—around three-quarters of a cent altogether. Presumably the same practice will be followed as the tax advances.

If that is true, the deduction will be a cent and a quarter in December, a cent and three-quarters in January and two and a quarter cents in February and thereafter.

NOW let's see how that will work out.

Portland is the principal marketing point for Southern Oregon hogs. The freight cost of getting hogs to Portland from down here is around half a cent per pound, which means that the grower gets about a half cent per pound under the Portland quotation.

ASSUMING that the price will average somewhere around five cents at Portland, the deductions, adding the tax, the price variations and the freight, would look something like this:

December, 1¾ cents, leaving a price to the grower of $3.25 a hundred; January, 2¼ cents, leaving a price of $2.75 and for February and after 2¾ cents, leaving a price of $2.25 a hundred.

It doesn't take much study to see that such a situation will totally destroy the Southern Oregon hog industry.

THE processing tax on pork is designed to help the corn belt, and it probably will help back there, where they have a big surplus. But out here on the Coast we produce only half as many hogs as we consume, and DON'T WANT to reduce our production.

The way it is working out so far, it looks very much now as if this new processing tax will utterly destroy our hog industry and compel us to import ALL our pork from the Middle West.

WHAT shall we do about it?

Well, Secretary Wallace gave us a cue the other day when he said: "It's the squeaky wheel that gets the grease."

The first thing to do is to put up a frightful kick about the way this processing tax is working out for us.

Phone 342 We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

DOCTORS WHO THINK PLEASE WRITE

Some of the methods of treatment which I recommend to the public have been harshly criticized or condemned by certain "authorities." For that reason I have extolled those methods before various medical societies and asked members to let me know what experience they have had with the new methods. I have observed considerable diffidence on the part of doctors who have had such experience. They seem to be intimidated by the loud-mouth brass surgeons or specialists who condemn anything new that doesn't conform with traditional theories or practice.

Sometimes I wish I could afford to run a want ad from week to week, worded like this:

Wanted — Physician of good standing, not over ninety years old, who is competent to give such and such modern treatment for so and so. Mention your clinical training and your experience with the method. Confidential.

In that way I believe I might compile a more comprehensive medical directory of North America for my special service to readers.

I thought it was difficult enough getting such data when I began promoting the chemical obliteration of varicose veins three years ago. But that new departure became the accepted method for varicose veins in a few years despite the sneers and the theoretical objections raised by the self-constituted "authorities." When the diarthermy method of extirpating tonsils came along, the brass throat especialists put up a determined resistance and the compilation of my roster of physicians skilled in that method was slow work. Quite often I learned of a doctor using the new method successfully only through the casual mention of his name by one of his patients who happened to write me about something.

And there's a curious fact. People write enthusiastic encomiums about the diathermy method for the tonsils without any mention of the name of the physician who gave the treatment. But when people are obsessed by some kind of quackery they dwell on the quack's name and refer only vaguely if at all to the method of treatment.

Since I began recommending the ambulant treatment of hernia to the public I have encountered extreme difficulty in learning of physicians who are qualified to give this treatment. I attribute this to two factors. First, the brass surgeons have a kind of corner on the treatment of hernia anyway; for up to the recent past the radical operation has been the only satisfactory method. Second, people generally know that the reputable physicians have nothing other than operation to offer the rupture sufferer, and so the majority of these victims consult physicians only when some complication makes medical attention imperative. As a rule they fool with rupture cure quacks and mail-order fakers in the vain hope of finding cure or lasting relief.

Some doctors, thank heaven, do their own thinking, just as some housekeepers do their own housekeeping. These doctors who have the independence and courage to think for themselves are the ones who investigate, learn and adopt modern advances or improvements in methods of treatment.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Heavens, What Fools!

I have been drinking five bromo-seltzers a day for some time past. My average dose contains 4 grains of acetanilide and 8 ounces of carbonated water. I drink it because I have grown fond of the flavor . . . —T. B.

Answer—Flavor my eye. You mean you have grown fond of the effect of the sense-deadener, acetanilide. The carbonated water (soda, seltzer water, water made to sparkle by pumping carbon dioxide, carbonic acid gas into it) is all right. But your acetanilide habit will ruin your health very soon.

Borax Makes Shaving Easier.

The hardness of the water made shaving unpleasant. Friend suggested using borax in shaving water as softener. Is borax used in this way harmful to the skin?—S. J. H.

Answer—Not at all, indeed it is often beneficial, keeping the skin soft and smooth.

Ben Is Back.

I was operated on for goitre 18 years ago. In March, June and September of this year I took your iodin ration. But have Ben Told it is dangerous for one who has had such operatio nto use iodin in any form. Certainly I have felt better taking it, but . . . —M. P.

Answer—The iodin ration is as desirable for you as it is for one who has had no goitre or goitre operation.

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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

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—Manhattan now has three small theaters devoted to the 45-minute news reels and shorts at 25 cents a throw. The pioneer and best patronized is the Embassy, next door south of the Palace. It gets many bontons in evening dress after dinner.

The other two are Trans-Lux houses, one on Broadway, the other on Madison, self-operated and without ushers. Both have doubled their capacity. Among the confirmed news reel patrons are Bernard Baruch, Jules Bache, Edna Ferber, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Clara Walsh and Dr. Erdmann.

All the news reelers have a change-weekly policy only disrupted by that epical "Three Little Pigs." It played two weeks at one and returned for another five weeks. No other theaters are such certain barometers for political winds, waning popularity and sizing up celebrities.

La Guardia's election was certain if the audience reaction was to be believed. Huey Long was loudly booed before his vane stopped at "This Way Out." Albert Wiggins would rot enjoy what news reelers do to him. Oddly enough, the 25-centers recruit perhaps the most cultured audiences.

Mrs. Irving Berlin, the former Ellin MacKay, seems to be the most successful of all the social upper crusters to dabble in super-Bohemia and retain her popularity in the loftier stratum. An etherial, willowy blonde, she may cast her leisure moments with the anagram set one evening and the next against the 400 backdrop.

The best known residence hereabouts is not in the greater metropolis, but in the largest city "next" to New York—Yonkers. The city that inspired Roy McCardell, as a bewildered cub, to inquire of the city editor, Chapin: "Yonkers, what are they?" The estate so widely publicized is "Greystone," occupied by Samuel Untermyer, lawyer. The locale of a hundred movie settings, its fascicled garden of rhododendrons each year also brings visitors from everywhere.

Most skillful of the prestidigitateurs is Nate Leipzig, whose sleight-of-hand evanishments, as amazing as they are, do not compare to feats of muscle control. He can place a cane—anybody's cane—across the flat palm of his outstretched hand so it requires a hearty tug to lift. A coin can be made to encircle his hand in lightning, snake-like ripples. A table knife placed on his palm, by an imperceptible quick flexing of muscles, flies high in the air.

The adept magician is usually practicing. Fred Keating, walking along the streets, is constantly manipulating a coin in his right hand. Now and then he stops at a corner fruit stand, buys an apple, halves it and digs from the interior a juicy bill, while the proprietor pushes back his eyes in a sudden jolt of wonderment.

The highly-pompadoured Eddie Duchin, shyest of the young orchestra leaders, was recently filmed in a short and for a week thereafter was late at the Casino. Taken to task, he explained: "Gee, I went back to see that short again. Say, I'd work for nothing if they want me. I'm crazy about myself in the movies. I love it."

Thingumabons: Fannie Ward is living permanently in London. . . . Will Rogers' first billing in vaudeville was "Cherokee Bill and His Horse." . . . Al Parker is now one of Britain's ace movie directors. . . . Margaret Fishback puts her insomnia to work. . . . When sleepless, she turns out her best advertising copy. . . . Francine Larrimore was born in Verdun . . . Gil Patten, Frank Merriwell author, is an expert at Kelly pool. . . . Bob Davis is off again to Africa shortly. . . . In the manner of Pullman porters "George," air line hostesses are "Susie." . . . Jack London only hoboed six month. . . . Wilson Mizner's favorite "audience" was Monte Brice. . . . The present Mrs. Jimmy Walker has become a student of metaphysics.

Dr. Thomas H. Miller saw the name Jonkeer Jan Pieter Adolph Teding von Berkout in a newspaper and has been bouncing an agate marble across an agate floor ever since.

Charlie Towne was telling of a luncheon table with a $10,000 lace cover, solid gold plates and delicately flanged goblets by Lalique. "Toothpicks probably splinters from the true cross," observed Irvin Cobb.

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News Behind The News

(Continued from page one)

General Johnson apparently has been making no personal plans to do anything except continue as head of the NRA for the rest of his life. At least his intimates have detected none so far.

The resignation of Bank Deposit Director Cummings went to Mr. Roosevelt about the same time Treasury Secretary Woodin left for his health. The White House chose not to act on it until the furore about the Morgenthau change died down.

Stories are being spread around the country that the labyrinth of new vaults being constructed in the treasury are for the purpose of housing tremendous bundles of new paper money. Other deep-dyed whispers suggest the real purpose is to pile all the gold of the world in there. All the suggestions are silly. The truth is that the vaults were planned by Ogden Mills when he was secretary of treasury for routine purposes.

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LAST TIMES TODAY

ALSO — "BLACK BEAUTY FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY