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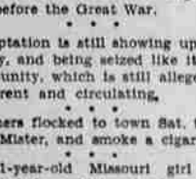

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The government might as well be spending billions to assure a bit of happiness for the poor, as having slickers, already with more than they need, stealing it, and cutting the pay of their workers, after every particularly rich haul.

• • •

It's a question which uses the most vitrol—the state treasurer in his personal peeve against the governor, or the orchardists in their war on "pinhead rot." The pears are not the only thing that produce "pinhead rot."

• • •

A street corner diplomat has returned from upstate, where he posed as a Californian, and portrayed the horrors of the Sales Tax, producing $80,000,000 per annum revenue in that state, with no great anguish to anybody.

• • •

Cheer up, everybody, the lie detector doesn't work.—(Toledo Blade.) Just as if it mattered.

• • •

Grandmaw's geraniums have been blooming two days, and still no dashing flower bandit has executed a daring coup in the night, and made off with them.

• • •

PIONEER WRIST SLAPPING
(Pendleton East Oregonian)

A few days since we noticed a fine piece of artistic work on the beautiful residence of Mr. J. E. Adams on Wild Horse creek. Mrs. Adams is a lady of unusual good taste and has had her home beautifully painted and varnished. The work was performed by a Pendleton artist, but as we failed to see his ad in the E. O. we forget how to spell his name.
(30 Yrs. Ago Col.)

• • •

Plowing is the order of the day. Some of the furrows are as straight as the path to eternal life, and others are as crooked as a state highway, built before the Great War.

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Temptation is still showing up frequently, and being seized like it was Opportunity, which is still alleged to be current and circulating.

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Farmers flocked to town Sat. to be called Mister, and smoke a cigar.

• • •

A 11-year-old Missouri girl has graduated from high school, according to press reports. The lassie can now resume her senior year kindergarten studies. If the efficiency of pumping education into kids increases, they will receive their diplomas while still in the cradle. Under modern methods, the tads know what year Hannibal set out to conquer the Romans, before they know the street number of their home. Youngsters get their education faster than they drive the family 4d.

• • •

The Clarence Woods pasture and Prospect baseball field has been plowed up. It was on this pleasant, forest rimmed tract that Dewey Hill, the Prospect hired man and athlete, made his historic mistake, by sliding into what he mistook for third base.

• • •

The Walla Walla penitentiary riot has revived the question of how to remove the causes of crime, and editors, savants, heavy thinkers, and sob sisters have started discussing it anew. The riot demonstrated that nine causes of crime were removed by straight-shooting guards. The records show all the victims had viewed the interior of other prisons, and when freedom came, took immediate steps to return to cells. There would be less crime, if fewer criminals insisted on being incarcerated. Some men, (everybody knows at least one) who devote their life to getting into the penitentiary, It takes some 20 years. Others make it in 20 minutes.

Toll of Flames.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—(AP)—Nine persons perished in two fires in widely separated sections of Manhattan today.

Phone 542. We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Phone 332. Reinking Trucking Co for Modern Fuel Oil deliveries.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 16: Every day in every way, war comes nearer and nearer. At least so the newspapers say.

There is to be war between Japan and Russia, as soon as Manchuria thaws out. There is to be war in Europe, perhaps before.

We don't deny war evidence is overwhelming. We fail to see how the European mess can be cleaned up without fighting, and we fail to see how Japan can get the room and resources she wants, without mixing it up with the Soviet bear.

Yet so much war talk, for such a long time and so persistently, makes one suspicious. If Japan really were determined to fight Russia in the Spring, wouldn't she make some effort to disguise her purpose, allay the suspicions of the world and particularly of Russia?

Would she listen to this war talk month after month, without denying it, without at least maintaining, she is not inviting it—making a peaceful gesture now and then? The Japanese aren't fools. They realize how the world would view one nation that would deliberately insist upon invading another.

Or has Japan made up her mind, and decided to be hard-boiled about it?

We don't know. Probably no one outside of the Elder Statesmen in Japan, knows. But because these wars are being advertised so generously BEFOREHAND, we have a hunch they won't come off—at least not in the immediate future. Our belief is when modern nations really want war, they act first and talk about it afterward,—not the other way around.

• • • • •

If we have the right slant on the American attitude toward war—either in Europe or the Far East—it's one of "hands off."

"Let them fight if they want to, we won't get in it this time." Very sensible, and considering our recent war experience, very natural too.

But don't forget this. If war on a large scale really breaks out, it will be easier to TALK about keeping out of it than ACTUALLY doing so. War interferes with trade, and if Japan fights Russia, she will treat ocean going commerce in the Pacific much as Great Britain treated it during the World war in the Atlantic. Uncle Sam won't like that. Neither will John Bull. Many people have forgotten that before Germany insisted upon her U-boat warfare, the United States was much nearer a break with England than with the Central Powers.

• • • • •

One of these days someone will write up Main Street, Los Angeles—it is quite as unusual and picturesque as the Old Bowery in New York—nothing quite like it anywhere else in the country that we know of. It is sort of combination of street carnival, Coney Island, a honkey tonk, a circus side-show, and the Tia Juana of ten years ago. And then there are the shooting galleries. A newspaper man gave us a new slant on them the other day. We have often wondered how they make a go of it—who wants to shoot at clay pipes and whirling rabbits, when they can go out in the hills nearby and shoot at something real?

Well it seems the city gunmen do. They use them to keep in practice—or so our reporter friend claims. They find it hard to practice in the congested district of a large city, and they don't fancy motoring fifty miles to test the trigger finger. So they drop down to Pete's and crack over a few pipes and see how often they can ring the bell.

Strange some enterprising shooting gallery owner doesn't set up a few "uniformed cops" with a box of cigars when the bullet hits a vital spot!

• • • • •

We knew John Cupp was one of the best salesmen and one of the worst golfers in Southern Oregon, but we didn't know he was such a fast worker. John checked in at this hotel the other day, and then after ringing him three times without any luck the fourth try brought the information he had gone. Checking on those calls indicates John doesn't work on an NRA schedule when he's away from home.

And here's another disappointment. Dropped in early at the Brown Derby in Hollywood yesterday, and there was Joe Brown alone at a table having luncheon. Imagine the opportunity of seeing Joe with no company around, feeding that face of his. We expected he would at least slip a butter plate into his mouth by mistake. But he did nothing but consume his modest lunch in the most meticulous and orthodox fashion. That mouth of his was a great disappointment also. Like John Gilbert's voice it's half make-up. It isn't actually small or Cupid's bow, but it isn't so noticeable—nor so grotesque—in fact the man is rather good looking. Somehow in general appearance and expression he reminds us of Jim Stevens. We almost asked him to sing "Old Man River." R. W. R.

WEDDING BELLS FOR EX-FILM IDOL

It's wedding bells again for Francis X. Bushman, one-time matinee idol. The former motion picture star obtained a license to wed Carmela Ponselle (left), a mezzo soprano of the Metropolitan opera company of New York. Bushman is shown above as he appeared when a movie favorite and as he looks now, a retail liquor dealer. (Associated Press Photos)

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.

HYPOPITUITARY OBESITY.

Woman had a waist measure of 27½ inches and hip measure of 45 inches. Above the waist she was not at all fat. Below the waist she was big enough for two women her size. Piano legs. A great girdle of fat around the loins, hips and hypogastrium. Fat pads above the knees on the inside of the thighs. Aside from fat pads on the upper arms she was not obese north of the equator.

All this had overtaken her in the past two years. She was 38 years old. Other signs or symptoms the doctor noted in her case, but which need not concern us here, confirmed his opinion that her pituitary gland function was deficient. In such circumstances the obesity is likely to be largely confined to the southerly hemisphere. In this particular case a month's treatment with the proper ductless gland substance or thormone brought about a remarkable change. The woman lost only 2½ pounds weight but she had to have her skirts reduced around the hips three times. The mental sluggishness had passed and she was now bright and alert. The haggard, almost emanciated appearance of her face and neck had improved. Apparently there had been a redistribution, rather than a reduction, of fat.

It is not always necessary for one with this hypopituitary type of obesity to receive glandular treatment. A carefully adjusted dietary regimen, together with a moderate course of exercise, has proved entirely adequate in many cases.

Hypopituitary individuals (men or women) usually have a high sugar tolerance—that is, they can eat a greater quantity of starches or sugars than normal individuals can, without excreting sugar thru the kidneys. Moreover they are not so strong as normal individuals, and they usually have a great fondness for starches or sugars in one form or another—anything from potatoes to bon-bons — probably because such food is quickly obsorbed and gives energy immediately.

So we must be patient with these hypopituitary folk. They are miserable without their carbohydrates. In many instances they suffer genuine distress and even serious collapse if they go too many hours without some carbohydrate food. Probably due to their faulty ductless gland function they have hypoglycemia (too little sugar in the blood) and they feel "right" only when they partake of some food which will temporarily bring the blood sugar up to the normal level.

However, a high protein, high vitamin, high mineral salt diet not only reduces but makes these hypopituitarians feel satisfied and "right" even without their accustomed gorges. The craving for sweets disappears. Makes 'em quite human, in fact.

Yes, yes. Keep your shirt on and tuck your napkin under your chin. We shall now serve breakfast and we cordially invite all hypopituitarians to sit in with us. I don't know what it is about these fat low down ginks, but they are almost invariably kind, unselfish, gentle and you can't help loving them. All right, Hawkins, we're ready. You may serve now, but don't answer "Very good, sir" unless you want to go out on your ear.

Breakfast — One portion of fruit; one egg and the white of a second egg; optional, clear coffee or tea, a bread substitute, and a sugar substitute.

Lunch—Three ounces of lean meat, fish or fowl, or small helping of meat, fish or fowl or pot cheese and a glass of buttermilk or skim milk. Or a large helping of pot cheese; one cup 5 per cent vegetables; one portion fruit; bread substitute; optional, lettuce with special dressing.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Chronic Carbon Monoxide Poisoning.

In this column recently we suggested that a garage worker take half a teaspoonful of sodium hyposulphite every alternate evening as a remedy for the mild carbon monoxide poisoning to which his work exposes him. French physicians have highly extolled this remedy for the after-effects of monoxide gassing and for the effects of mild chronic monoxide poisoning. Now a distinguished authority in this country, Prof. Yandell Henderson, of Yale, says that this treatment would be of no avail whatever. Professor Henderson adds that the proper prophylaxis against such monoxide poisoning is that the garage should be supplied with flexible metal hose to be placed over the exhaust vent and connected with a suction apparatus discharging out of doors. For treatment fresh air, or in extreme cases inhalation of carbon dioxide to stimulate respiration should be recommended.

Low Down About Low Life.

You spoke of parasites in connection with Athlete's foot. There are two cases of it in our household. We have assumed the trouble was caused by a germ . . . (L. H. E.)

Answer—No, a parasite, a fungus. Its management is described in detail in booklet "Unbidden Guests." Ask for copy and inclose dime and stamped envelope bearing your address.

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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, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—Diary: Betimes and a note from Constance Collier; she misses the New York sunshine in London. Also came an original George Belcher crayon which Frank Crowninshield sent my lady and we hung it in the bedroom hall between etchings of Henry L. Doherty and a Morgan Dennis Scottie. Working until twilight and through the town, meeting Lee Olwell, the gazeteer, who told me as comical a tayle of a clinkpot as ever I heard. Then came upon Walter Chrysler Jr., and pretty Betty Shuster gazing into the shop windows. And idled with them a moment.

To dinner with the Messmore Kendalls and much high but stimulating nonsense. Home and to bed by 11 reading Elizabeth Cobb's "She Was a Lady!", a grand bit of fiction I did not put down until 4 a. m., wondering how one so young acquired such knowledge of life.

Every man who has incubated a setting of jitters trying to sleep in a strange town will understand this one. It was 3 a. m. and from the Hotel Astor emerged a sleepy-eyed pajamaed figure muffled in an overcoat. Proceeding to the middle of the car tracks he twisted a man-hole covering half around, waited to hear if passing cars resounded with the same clackety-clack. And when they didn't slouched back to the hotel.

A disillusioned and wealthy young man has left the Rialto flat after several experiments angeling shows. He is Joseph V. Reed, whose love for the theatre is keen but he found the chicane in the stage world degrading, so he quit cold. The chiselers, however, only smile. They know there will be many more "reeds to be shaken by the winds."

Unseen radio audience proves far more terrifying than in-the-flesh audiences to even those accustomed to appearing in public. When Katharine Hepburn made her first broadcast recently her hands trembled so an announcer had to hold her manuscript. Merlin Aylesworth, who as head of a big broadcasting chain, knows microphone technique better than the average, has to fight off terror. And such old stagers as Amos 'n' Andy have occasional flurries of fright. But most terrifying of all is to go on the air, turn a page and find the next one gone!

Personal nomination for the most beloved of the veteran newspapermen—Walter Trumbull.

Literary teas to "successful authors" are not touching off temperatures any more. It began to dawn upon the unsuspecting just what they were—a publisher's three-sheeting for a doubtful scribbler. The writer of good books does not need such circusy drawing room didoes to boost sales. Sinclair Lewis abhors them. As do Louis Bromfield, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Willa Cather and William McFee. And Ring Lardner never attended one in his all too short career.

The Singer Building on lower Broadway, first "tallest building" to waver across the downtown sky, was also first to employ women elevator operators. They were young girls then but became matronly after 25 years and so far as I know are still there. There was one I remember startlingly remindful of Lotta Faust, whose decollete stage gowns uptown brought out all the first row rams of the era.

Bagatelles: Singapore now has a Frank Buck movie theatre . . . Bing Crosby is another to put it all in annuities . . . Russell Wilson, of Cincinnati, is the only dramatic editor to become mayor of a first class American city . . . The bank raider Jos. W. Harriman smokes 50-cent cigars in his de luxe private hospital suite . . . Freddie Kaplan, Broadway lawyer, is considered the town's best backgammon player . . . A roundup of owners of unmuzzled police dogs, goody, goody, is ordered . . . Somerset Maugham writes in longhand and dictates from it . . . Kathleen Norris learned Italian to be able to read Dante's Inferno in the original.

Lucius Boomer tells of the hangover from the Beaux Arts ball that teetered in at noon next day looking for the cap to his mandarin costume. He knew exactly where he had left it in the large ballroom under a certain table. A women's luncheon was in progress in the ball but he went in, looked about and, bewildered, inquired: "Let me see another one of your big roomy rooms!"

DROWNED CITY SEEN BY FLIERS OVER LAKE

CASABLANCA, Morocco—(AP)—A submerged Roman city in Lake Dafet el Roumi, south of Casablanca, was discovered by airmen.

Flying low over the lake they saw, 30 feet beneath the surface, a vast quadrangle with a square tower at the corner of each wall.

The existence of a sunken city is spoken of in local legends, but historical records are lacking. Archaeologists believe the city was engulfed by an earthquake or volcanic disturbance.

Medford Fuel Co. for better Fuel Oil Service. Phone 631.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

TUESDAY evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Pine Tree theatre, the Medford Gleemen will sing in Klamath Falls.

The admission price will be 50 cents for a concert that in any metropolitan city in the country would cost from $2 to $3—and would be worth it.

THE Medford Gleemen is an organization of 40 business men of this city.

It is directed by James Stevens, a nationally known star of grand opera, whose voice, coupled with a magnetic personality, wins everyone who hears it. Two years ago, in Portland, the cities of Southern Oregon presented a Southern Oregon program at the Portland Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Stevens' singing was the feature of the program. They just simply wouldn't let him quit.

His numbers alone will be worth many times the cost of admission.

BUT it isn't this concert alone that interests us here in Southern Oregon. It is the spirit back of it.

LISTEN:

These busy business men of Medford, whose hobby is singing, are going over to Klamath Falls Tuesday evening at their OWN EXPENSE. They will pay all their own travel costs and buy all their own food.

Every cent taken in at Tuesday evening's concert, above the small necessary costs involved in the use of the theatre, the printing of programs, tickets, etc., will go to the Pelicans, Klamath's leading charity organization, to be used for its fine charity work.

Could there POSSIBLY be a finer gesture of good will and mutual helpfulness?

MEDFORD and Klamath Falls are the two principal cities of Southern Oregon. Southern Oregon is an orphan community, forgotten by the rest of the state. Whatever it gets, it will have to GET FOR ITSELF.

If it is going to get anywhere near as much as it is going to want in the future, its communities will have to WORK TOGETHER.

Generous recognition of that fact is back of this trip of the Medford Gleemen to Klamath Falls.

MEDFORD and Klamath Falls are unusually situated as neighboring cities. They are not competitive in any way. EACH is the OTHER'S best customer.

Over in the Klamath country, they buy and consume Rogue River valley fruit and produce. Here in the Rogue River valley, we buy and consume Klamath potatoes, grain, hay and meat.

Year in and year out, a steady procession of trucks passes back and forth over the mountain, carrying the products of one community to the market in the other community.

It is a mutually helpful trade, valuable to both of us—for the nearby markets are the profitable markets.

IT IS generally believed that Medford and Klamath Falls are in sharp competition with each other for tourist trade.

Medford is interested in the Pacific highway and the west entrance to Crater Lake. Klamath is interested in the Weed highway and the east entrance to Crater Lake.

Hence, it is assumed, they must compete with each other for tourists, each taking from the other all it can.

IN THIS writer's humble judgment, that ISN'T TRUE.

The harder Medford and Klamath Falls go after tourists, each on its own account, the more tourists will come. Those who come north by way of the Pacific highway will be apt to return by way of the Weed highway. Those who enter Crater Lake from the west will be apt to depart by the east. Those who come north by way of the Weed highway will be inclined to return by the Pacific, and if they enter the park from the east they will depart by the west.

The result of friendly competition for tourists on the part of both cities will be to bring to EACH city MORE tourists than it would be able to secure for itself if it worked alone.

BOTH Medford and Klamath Falls have much to gain by the growth and development of Southern Oregon. This desired growth and development will be promoted by co-operation.

The more Medford grows, the better will be Klamath's nearby market for its products. The more Klamath grows, the better will be Medford's nearby market for its products.

Each city has much to gain by the other's progress.

THIS writer knows that this generous gesture on the part of the Medford Gleemen is appreciated in Klamath Falls and that it will go far toward building up a new spirit of friendliness and helpful co-operation in Southern Oregon.

QUEEN MAY IN MUSICAL FANTASY

May Betteridge, chosen to rule over Southern California's orange empire as queen of the national orange show in San Bernardino, Cal., is shown wearing a Japanese costume in which she will appear in a feature of the spectacle, a Japanese musical fantasy. The queen hails from Los Angeles. (Associated Press Photo)

GRIEVING BELGIUM PREPARES TO SEAT LEOPOLD AS KING

(Continued from page one)

there came a pounding at the door, urgently summoning to the telephone.

It was thus, in Switzerland, that the young prince learned he must prepare to be king.

Prince Hurries Home

He went at once to the quarters of his consort, and broke to her the news. They started for Brussels immediately, arriving here early today.

The crown prince and princess, the former Princes Astrid of Sweden, 28 years old, hurried to the royal castle at suburban Laeken.

Like Queen Elizabeth, prostrated by grief the prince and princess remained hidden today in the castle behind the guarded, grilled fence, while a throng milled soberly about outside.

The first important ceremony during the period of mourning, which will continue until after the funeral, will be removal of the body to the royal palace in Brussels tonight.

The body will be borne on a caisson between solid walls of war veterans along the route through the city — war veterans who remember the great figure of a man six feet two inches tall who risked his life almost daily to be close to his soldiers during the trying days of the World war.

To Lie in State

The body will lie in state at the palace until Thursday when it will be taken to the Saint Gudele cathedral. Interment will be in the royal crypt at Laeken.

How the widoed, 58-year-old Queen Elizabeth was holding up under the sudden sorrow could not be learned today. Since the first outburst of passionate distress in the death chamber where she knelt weeping beside the body, she has passed the time in privacy.

Only the second son, Prince Charles, was with the queen until last midnight when Prince Leopold and his wife arrived from Switzerland. Their sorrowful meeting took place in the queen's favorite apartments in the palace at Laeken.

For the next three days, the crown prince and princess are expected to maintain privacy insofar as possible—the princess particularly. It is unlikely that she will appear in public.

Takes Oath Friday

Prince Leopold will take the oath of fidelity to the constitution before a joint meeting of the chamber and the senate Friday. Afterward, he will be proclaimed king and, with completion of that act, Princess Astrid will become queen.

In the castle awaiting removal to Brussels, the body of the king lay today in a bed of rosewood, strewn with white lilacs, a heavy bandage around the head.

The face was unmarked, except for two cuts over the right eye.

The lips were parted slightly. The light moustache was trimmed neatly. The body was dressed in the olive uniform of a general.

Everywhere today people were still talking almost as though they could not believe the tragedy actually had occurred. As they recounted the story of the accident, amid a few whispered rumors that he might have met with violence, ministers of the government and authorities at Namur confirmed the manner of his death.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Suffer from Backache?

Elmer Ross of 628 So. 16th St., Boise, Idaho, says: "Some time ago I had a pain in the small of my back. When I sat down, the ache became more severe and I felt as stiff and sore across my back. My kidneys seemed to be weak, acted much too freely. Dr. Pierce's Anuric completely rid me of the backache and kidney weakness." All druggists.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg. "We Do Our Part."

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
February 19, 1924
(It Was Tuesday)

Sale of Bartlett pears to canneries is recommended at fruit conference

Craters promise city an expert to lay out city park plan.

Visiting revivalist claims, "a great shortage of whiskey, presages the success of Prohibition."

"Pep" rallies to be held every day until Ashland-Medford high school basketball game Friday night. C. of C. orator tells students and team, "you are standing at another Marne—rout defeat, and fight unto death."

Hotel Holland to enlarge lobby and re-decorate.

"Slip of a boy" who admitted 17 burglaries, is sentenced to 15 years in state prison following a two hour lecture by the court.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
February 19, 1914
(It Was Thursday)

Committee named to draft a new city charter.

A couple of intoxicated citizens made the welkin ring in the neighborhood of Sixth and Grape streets about midnight, and were taken in tow by the night police. One of them insisted upon laying down in the middle of the street.

The A. B. Basco Musical Comedy company will return for another engagement at the Page.

Tango professors making $85 to $100 per day teaching valley people how to do the dance. "When not tangoing," says an editorial, "the students are cussing the taxes, and the president of this country."

The University clubs will hold its first annual ball at the Holland hotel.

(Continued from page one)

sonal bill of a Republican leader, that means war.

The personal bills are those little ones you never hear about. They relate usually to private claims made against the government by citizens. Mr. Snell's bill proposed to refund about $2,000 to a bonding company in his district. Forty minutes were spent debating it but Zioncheck blocked it.

Since then Republicans have been objecting to Democratic personal bills consistently.

That appears to be the real motive behind the action of Republican Fish objecting to all the Democratic bills, rather than the fact the Democrats wanted to bar the Lindbergh airmail protest from the record.

When Mr. Snell gets his $2,000 the war will be over, but not before.

Senator investigators said they were studying the gift of Pan American airways stock options to Charles L. Lindbergh.

LUMBER
DRIVE-IN SERVICE
BIG PINES
Lumber Company