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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Another day is done, a majority of the late candidates will be feeling like a sinner at a revival meeting.

The Social whirl has been enlivened several times recently with Wine, Women and Song—the last named doing the most damage.

An Irate Pennsylvania ave. matron, disgusted with the looks of the front yard, has appointed her head-winner and bowler on a lawn mowing committee.

"The governor has the breeding of a hog. The truth is not in him and I have no respect for him at all."

HAIRN'T THAT NICE? (Maornina, Pa. Times) Word received here today said the young woman was seriously ill when she arrived in Tacoma.

There seems to be a number of things the matter with the Knox liquor law, which is intended to regulate the gussing of spirituous, malt and vinous beverages in this state.

The chairman of the U. S. Steel company reports, in a speech, "there is no poetry in business."

The three kidnapers of a Los Angeles millionaire, who pleaded guilty to save their necks, complain they were "double crossed by the district attorney."

COULDN'T HAPPEN TO US (Congressional Record) Sometimes favors are curses to recipients. You cannot satisfy the demand for easy credit with easier credit.

Club to Meet—The Mothers' club of Sacred Heart church will entertain at cards Wednesday evening in Parish hall.

President John J. Tigert of the University of Florida started in football, basketball and track during his student days at Vanderbilt university.

If You Haven't Voted—Vote!

HERE'S another election day, when no duty can compare with the duty of marking a ballot. The polls don't close until 8 o'clock tonight. If you haven't voted,—VOTE. And get the rest of your family to vote.

The Crooked Lawyers

NATIONAL attack is being made on crooked lawyers. Encouragement of crime by lawyers guilty of dishonest and unethical conduct is opposed by organizations in all 16 states.

One of these states is Oregon. Five of the 16 are western states—California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Utah.

But a reason for less than satisfactory progress in Oregon is found in a comment: The Oregon Bar association has tried for several years to persuade the legislature to pass a law integrating the Oregon bar.

The lawyer in the legislature who opposes a measure that would purge the profession of its undesirable members betrays his calling. The lawyer is, in legal lore, the arm of the court.

And he is, in the eyes of exalted members of the profession, the friend of the court. The responsibility that rests upon lawyers, as citizens and as members of a great profession, and that equally rests on other members of society, is well stated by Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes. He said:

"Of what avail are schemes for promoting social welfare if the organization of society fails in its primary duty of protecting life and property from criminal assault; if the criminal law is flouted by corrupt political alliances; if, despite official honesty and vigilance, delays and protracted complexities embarrass prosecutions; if, even after conviction, laxity and dilatory methods in appellate proceedings bring the processes of the courts into disrepute?"

And Chief Justice Hughes also said this: "No community can be trusted to promote social welfare that does not have the self-respect and stamina to insist upon the enforcement of its laws."

Reduced to the simple language of the street, Justice Hughes means that safety and high living standards are impossible if courts are slow, if officials have any other master than the public, and if citizens haven't the nerve to compel law enforcement.

And he is right—terribly right.—Portland Journal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McIntyre

LOS ANGELES, May 18.—Once to all come the Big Moment. I imagine it arrived for my wife's aunt at one of those big celebrity gatherings here last evening.

place of honor at the most conspicuous table in the room. And at an auspicious moment was asked by none other than Will Rogers himself to take a bow before the sea of faces.

She shook hands with and was paid graceful compliments by Adolphe Menjou, Edward G. Robinson, Jack Warner, Dr. Grannin, Lee Tracy, Louis B. Mayer, Fred Stone, Dolores Del Rio, etc., etc. About her swirled Marlene Dietrich waiting in a wine red caped creation with Joseph Von Sternberg.

As casually as she saw Bob Mitchell, the drayman, jog along back home did she see Lowell Sherman, Frank Borzage, Harold Lloyd, Joan Blondell, Wheeler and Woolsey, Myrna Kennedy, Verre Teasdale and others drift by. At 1 a. m. on the way home she observed: "I'm a bit tired, but I fear I cannot sleep!"

Likely the most popular couple among "the" motion picture folk are the Watterson Rothackers, Rothacker, a Chicagoan, retired from the business side of the industry at 38 and no inducement to return has swayed him from a set resolve to travel to far places and return for several months each year to his Southern California ranch for a season of "open house" to his friends. Not even Eddie Gwert would deny that's a heap 'o livin' podner.

Next to Will Rogers, the swiftest fellow on his after-dinner feet out here is Jack Warner. He has the trigger-minded wit that sparks liveliest when the target for god-natured heckling. He deflates with quick asides and without ever letting go of a disarming smile. The best of the amiable cynics since Wilton Lackey.

Los Angeles is honeycombed with a catholic selection of eating taverns humorously named. One somewhere today caught my eye—"Burr Cellar." I have card indexed it as a picnic ground for my next setting of hiepic.

As fugelman of the local literati, Rupert Hughes is fittingly president of the Writers' club. I could write a fat tome on my genuine affection through the years for Rupert. But as much as I love him, I had grumpy

to relate his entreaty to be guest of honor at a special dinner by that organization. A galoot who can only respond to an evening of flattering speeches by making a silly bow has no business trying the role of an honored guest at a banquet. He should be among the blundering bus boys.

Fred Stone has been house guest of Will Rogers for several weeks. Basking together while Mr. Rogers has been trouping as a chaperone for her daughter, Mary, Stone and Rogers are Damon and Pythias of their profession, trying awkwardly to hide sentimentalities by exchange of ranch house epithets. Their specialty at private parties is a cowboy diet, a twilight, threedy that gives Rogers an opening for a falsetto tenor that should only be done with lantern slides. The conclusion is a strolling through the park pas seal, the mock gravity of which is a boon to the vest button industry.

Two days here is complete answer for New York's shelling Rialto. All the fulgurous figures that sav Broadway's best-lighting dazzlere in this city. Along one block of Hollywood Boulevard, one will see more erstwhile important of the legitimate stage than from Columbus Circle to Herald Square. If there is a feeling of martyrdom in the transplanting, it is not obvious to the casual eye. But they are actors all—and who knows?

The tan polo coat with top-hatted evening dress is an accepted sartorial inconsistency here. Lee Tracy effects it. John Barrymore, too, I hear, although I did not see him. Then those loud checked rainbow coats of the Santa Monica beach, the spectrum on a bust. Also the pint-cup sized gardenias the bloods wear in their lapels. It almost gives me courage to try out a few of my own home grown sartorial riots. The way they dress I should be able to pass by in a high fog without sending the populace shinning up palm trees. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

President Coolidge recovers from a severe cold.

Work starts on construction of Crater Lake highway.

Medford defeats Talent, 6 to 2, and Talent fans delect the umpire.

A. C. Allen ruins a pair of tires trying to negotiate the Greensprings road.

Letter to the editor says "Morgan gold is holding up development of Oregon."

First grass fire of the season on West Ninth street quickly extinguished.

Fruit crop will be 70 per cent of normal here, is prediction.

SHANGLE HONORED BY PHOTOGRAPHER GROUP

J. Verne Shangle received notification yesterday afternoon that he had been appointed assistant director of the commercial division of photographers for this district, which is comprised of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.

A meeting of this group will be held in Portland tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, and Mr. Shangle plans to attend, he said today.

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If the 3,000,000 bricks in the Indianapolis motor speedway were

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 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

BETTER TWO WEEKS THAN A FORTNIGHT "A neglected cold lasts 14 days, but if properly treated it can be broken up in a fortnight."

Sometimes I don't know. For that matter, I suppose many books are filled with stuff I don't know. So is this column—do you hear you all right? What I mean, though, is that there are terrible moments when I wonder whether my teachings ever do harm. If anybody sincerely thinks so it would be kind of him or her to tell me so and point out precisely why. At any rate I do respect the critic or opponent who writes or speaks as a lady or a gentleman. Moreover, I have never yet and I never shall divulge the identity of any correspondent who prefers to remain anonymous—to the public. But no one can expect me to take seriously an unsigned letter, whatever the subject or object may be.

Various bloated corporations pretend to offer their employees, as one of the advantages of employment, health or medical service. These corporations engage a contract doctor, so look after the lower grades of employees. The doctor is usually a shrewd enough fellow, that is, in taking care of his own commercial interest and the interest of his employer, the corporation. But the very nature of his job tends to rob him of something deeper and more precious, I hardly know what name to give it but it is the spirit which distinguishes the scientist or the artist from the merchant or the industrial executive.

Although a few physicians who practice under their own names and without subsidy may still employ so-called "cold serum" or "inoculation" injections for the purpose of immunizing against gripe for the season, this experiment has been carried on of late years mainly by large corporations that have their own doctor to look after employees' health. The general consensus of physicians who tested the method was that "it is hard to see what results, if any, this attempt to immunize with stock bacteria has had." But the company doctor can fill in an idle hour by summoning a group of messenger girls or typists or bundle boys to the company's dispensary, "hospital" or "clinic" and giving them a few "shots." So the experiment goes on.

Funny how these shrewd young doctors who grab off the soft-looking bertha with wealthy corporations arrive at their conclusions. In one of the largest banks in New York, for example, the record of absenteeism in a recent "grip" epidemic—whatever that may be—did not rise above 7 per cent, while the rate in other large Wall Street institutions was anywhere

from 15 to 25 per cent. The bank employees presumably adhere to special instructions as to diet—the diet laid down by the savant in charge being "alkaline, non-fatty, non-carbohydrate, strong in fruits, vegetables and fluids." It must be chiefly by means of this, too, this remarkable diet so kindly served by the big paternal bank corporation, is supplemented by suitable "inoculations" and besides all that "amufflers" with any fever are sent home."

If they forbid 'em the premises whenever they have anything resembling gripe, feverish or not, the absenteeism would drop well below 5 per cent.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Must Be Good But Cheap. Please forward the name of a competent doctor who will give me inexpensive treatments for a keloid.—R. A. Answer—I can give no information about fees, cost or expense of treatment. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address and I'll be glad to name a competent physician for you to consult about keloid.

Pulse Hears. I went to the office for physical examination and was turned down because my pulse was so fast. The doctor said it was 136, and told me to come back in a week, and meantime to take plenty of exercise to bring it down. I have never smoked, drank or abused myself in any way. I take only three or four cups of coffee a week. When I went back the pulse was still too fast, but only 102. How can I get it down, and just what should it be?—M. S. Answer—Assuming you are a young man it should be somewhere between 60 and 80 beats a minute. Excitement of the examination may explain part of the rapid heart action. Any good doctor can give you medicine to steady the heart rate so you can pass the examination.

Here's Ambition. I am fast approaching the dread age of 40. Maybe this isn't so dreadful to you, but it seems so to me. Also I am conscious I am slipping. I have taken on 10 pounds in the past year or so, and I find I can't exert myself much without getting quickly winded. Now for a man who has always enjoyed good health... I'm willing to follow any regimen that offers a chance to come back...—D. R.

Answer—Too bad. You're Scotch, aren't you? I was going to suggest that you send 10 cents in coin and a stamped envelope bearing your address for a copy of the booklet "The Regeneration Regimen," and even an additional dime for "The Last Brady Symphony." (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

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

piled one upon another they would extend more than 25 times higher than Mt. Everest, which towers 29,141 feet.

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 May 18, 1924. (It was Sunday) Bonus bill passes the senate over veto of President Coolidge.

New pipe organ in Rialto theater makes hit with public.

Grading starts on Reese creek unit of Crater Lake highway.

Citizens rise to protest against new parking ordinance. W. A. Gates opposes it unless there is a time limit on Main street. Charged that an auto was parked on Friday noon at corner of Main and Central, until late Saturday evening, and left after owner had watched the Saturday night crowds from this point of vantage.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS. NOTHING stronger than 88 beer may be sold in Oregon hereafter. The sale of even that mild beverage mustn't be promoted by big signs. High-powered flasks can't be carried on the hip into beer parlors. And so on.

READING all this, the breakfast cynic remarks: "I'm afraid they're going to throw so many restrictions around the sale of liquor that I'll be tempted to start drinking again."

SO MUCH for the cynic. Now let's be serious. An automobile dealer said to this writer the other day: "Sale prospects looked pretty good to me the first of the year. But I'm not so sure now."

"I'm beginning to be afraid that the money we were going to take in on new cars is going for booze. I know quite a few people who can't accumulate the down payment on a new car, because every week the money they confidently intend to save for a new car goes for liquor."

ONLY a few days earlier, a groceryman made this remark: "Business is still a lot better than it was at this time last year, but it doesn't seem to me it's quite as good as it ought to be, everything considered."

"I can't help wondering if the amount of money being spent for liquor doesn't have something to do with it."

"In these days, people have only so much money to spend, and if they spend a lot of it for liquor they won't have so much left to spend for groceries."

PROHIBITION wasn't much of a success. There's no denying that. After trying it for a decade and a half, the people of this country turned against it, decisively.

But there's also no denying the fact that for a considerable number of these prohibition years this country saw the greatest prosperity any country ever saw in the world's history, with bigger markets for the products of industry than had ever been known before.

It's just possible that one reason for these big consuming markets lay in the fact that people were spending for SOMETHING ELSE, such as automobiles and radios and washing machines and electric refrigerators and good clothes and new houses, the money they had formerly spent for booze.

SUPPOSE we put it this way: In a town of a certain size, TWO stores

prosper, getting business enough to keep them going in fine shape. But another store comes in and so splits up the existing business that none of the three prospers.

The liquor business is a NEW business. It comes into every town and competes with already existing businesses for its share of the community's spendable cash.

To that extent, you see, it is exactly like a new store coming into town to compete with the stores already there and established.

THIS isn't a prohibition lecture. What has been here said is intended merely as a cold-blooded discussion of a subject that is admittedly of considerable importance.

The views of the two business men here quoted indicate that it is a subject that comes rather close to all of us.

THE PROHIBITION question wasn't settled when prohibition came in. It wasn't settled when prohibition WENT OUT.

For thousands of years people have been seeking earnestly for a solution of the liquor problem, but to date their search has been unavailing.

Liquor was a troublesome problem thousands of years ago, and it is a troublesome problem still. It will doubtless be a troublesome problem a thousand years hence.

ABOUT the nearest approach to a solution of it yet found is TEMPERANCE.

That is to say, if ALL PEOPLE were strictly temperate in their use of liquor, never consuming more of it than is good for them, most of the ancient and present evils of the liquor business would disappear—including the evil of competition with other forms of business.

New York state applications for code seals are running alarmingly behind expectations.

The best government bond authorities say the treasury's conversion plan proved to be only about 50 per cent successful.

Those old rumors about General Johnson leaving the NRA may come true in the near future. At least he had his head in his hands lately, thinking about it. (Copyright, 1934, by Paul Mallon.)

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It's rolling hills on every side Reach to mountains far and wide Whose tops of white and sparkling snow Shed a radiance far below. Lofly fir and hemlock green, Guard its river's silver sheen Where glistening fishes all-day long Float to the music of its song. In springtime when the orchards bloom With branches like a snowy plume, Birds, bees and golden butterflies Flit to and fro noath shining skies, In autumn comes the peach and pear For bounteous harvest everywhere. And when at eve our tasks are done, We sit and watch the setting sun, Our happy hearts then dwell upon The beauties of our Oregon. —L. F. J.

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Heath's Drug Store

Medford Bldg., Phone 884.

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