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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Mathematicians with pencil and paper have figured out that under the Roosevelt plan to distribute wealth by swatting-the-rich, each of the 126,000,000 people in the land will receive $2.70. The average enthusiast for the notion will spend that much for stamps on letters to the editor.

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The glorious and oft-times gory 4th passed with a minimum of celebrants, being blasted loose from legs, fingers and eyes in these parts.

• • •

Swivel chairs have ruined many young lawyers in government service. They sit and learn to retard, hamper, delay and object. They are a boil on the neck of progress.—(La Grande Observer) — A motion to strike is in order.

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The carefully nurtured and high pampered rural corn, is now almost as tall as a city weed, ignored by both Man and Nature.

• • •

The research department of Yale university has discovered that "the world was once all gas." How times have not changed!

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The delusion of a wandering Portland orator, addicted to oratorical invasions of the fried chicken belt of the Willamette Valley, that Governor Martin is "a failure," should start state-wide agitation for more all-around failures in high places.

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Press dispatches state that St. Louis bombists heaved a bomb at a beer parlor, and missed it. This seems like a technical error. With beer-parlors so plentiful, it does not seem plausible or possible to miss one. The bombist just failed to hit the one he aimed at.

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The meadows are now dotted with calves, that in another six weeks, can be readily mistaken for deers, by careful hunters.

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A young man of Detroit, who never amounted to much, and three ladies, who said to tell, were not what they should have been, confessed the murder of a New York lawyer of established social and professional standing. The feminine portion of the crime received $9 apiece, and the male kept the balance, $100, found in the pocket of their victim. All race life in prison. It was an unprofitable adventure for all concerned, not to mention the mentality exhibited. One of the ladies bewails the poor financial returns.

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Summer is here. Many of the Older Girls have their fall hats.

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"If the banks would lend money," you hear people say, "we'd begin to get somewhere." — (Chico (Calif.) Enterprise)—It would give the masses a chance to throw it at the birds and the new autos with more vigor.

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HOME TOWN PAPER.

What a saga could and should be written about the home town paper. The home town paper with all its bungles and blunders, grows out of the grass roots and is part and parcel of all that makes the home town a home town. The scent of the dandelion and the wild rose are mingled with its print. The home town paper is full of typed pictures of the home town scenes and faces. Here is a wedding of the folks you know; here is a funeral of the folks with whom you were intimate, and in between the lines you see through smiles or glistening tears the places and faces so familiar to you. The home town paper has a heart and soul for folks who are at home all the time. As soon as the boy sends the home town paper bouncing on the porch with a clever curve, the home town folks stop, "unjax," loll out in a rocker, unroll the paper, and soon get buried up to the ears in the home town news about Dick, Tom and Harry, Miss, Mr and Mrs. this and that and what's 'agoin' on in the ole home town." The home town paper has a heart and soul and a voice. — (Shawnee (Okla.) News).

City Warrants Called for Payment.

Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand in the General Fund of the City of Medford for the redemption of Warrants Nos. 4697 to 4788 inc. Interest on the above Warrants will cease after July 8th, 1935. Dated this 5th day of July, 1935.

GUS H. SAMUELS, City Treasurer.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, July 2.—We can find no one in New York who is interested in the colored problem. Nevertheless if one cares to investigate the colored birth rate, compare it to the white birth rate, look fifty years ahead and do some simple arithmetic, he will be appalled by the result. If one includes under "colored" all the non-whites, the so-called Nordic stock on Manhattan Island will in less than fifty years be hopelessly outnumbered. And to be outnumbered in a democracy means to be dominated and controlled.

New York city with its Italian mayor, less than a week ago went wild over a new heavyweight champion of the world, the son of a black Alabama cotton picker. A certain colored boy from Ohio state recently cleaned up everything on the track, in Berkeley, California—100, 220, hurdles and broad jump. And now New York also has a colored Messiah, black as the ace of spades, known as "Father Divine," who following the leadership of Bob Shuler of L. A., announced his entrance into politics, at a huge mass meeting here Sunday.

But after all, what can be done about it? The blacks, browns and yellows are HERE, and they DO multiply. The whites have been dominant for many years, perhaps they should be willing to hand over the reins to those who aren't. At any rate, willing or unwilling, that is what in the course of time they are going to do unless the colored problem in the north is handled as it is in the south—which is an eventuality not very pleasant to contemplate.

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This Father Divine assembly up in Harlem yesterday must have been an extraordinary spectacle. It started at six in the morning d.s.t. and didn't end until nearly midnight, some 17 hours later. The main purpose of the meeting was to register new colored voters, but it amounted to a highly emotional testimonial to the divinity of Father Divine,—"a small colored man in a blue suit, with a white evening waistcoat buttoned with gold studs,"—not at all impressive in appearance they say—but a master at working up the brethren to a black heat. To give an idea of the attitude of the colored people toward their new Messiah, here is a brief quotation from one of them, published in the morning paper:

"Talk of emancipators,—talk of emancipators when you have A MIGHTY GOD sitting right there on the platform!"

This was a rejoinder to some white politician who horned in for the Republicans and expatiated on the devotion of his party to that great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln.

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The greatest outbursts of perspiring enthusiasm came when Father Divine's "godhead was mentioned", the audience—to again quote the newspapers—"stamped and shimmied, wept and waved their arms, charlestoned and jumped up and down, until it seemed as if the hall would not last through it."

Shades of Tweed and Dick Crocker—everyone admits, Father Divine will be the boss of Harlem at the next election, and several hundred thousand colored people will vote as he dictates throughout Manhattan. But who is interested in "The rising tide of color!"

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A trip across the country by train certainly demonstrates clearly how the sales tax has been spreading since it was first adopted only a few years ago. On the present trip we have never escaped a sales tax in the diner, which means if there are any states which haven't adopted the sales tax from the Pacific to the Atlantic, we happened to pass through them in the night. In New York states, they expect to raise between 40 and 50 millions in 12 months.

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Happened to be down on Wall Street today when the news came over the ticker that the House had beaten President Roosevelt on his holding company issue—"death to holding companies is beaten" read one newspaper banner. The newsboys with extras made as much noise as if war had been declared, and in office buildings and on the street did a land office business. After reading the dispatches it was difficult to see what all the noise was about. Merely one provision of the measure was voted down, and there will probably be another vote on that question tomorrow. That proper regulation of holding companies—the elimination of the holding company ABUSE—is desirable, no fair minded person should question, and in spite of the rejoicing in Wall Street today, we are confident the people of the country as a whole will sustain President Roosevelt in his efforts in this direction.

• • • • •

We doubt if anyone from the proverbial "wide open spaces" can spend anytime in New York city and not wonder how in Sam Hill, those men and women who have to work and live here all the time, stand it. How is it possible for the human body—and mind—to endure such noise; such crowds; such a mad rush in such a mad world,—and a world so unnatural, so entirely man-made and artificial,—day after day,—not the sight of a blade of grass, or a tree, or a brook, a cow or a horse (not that one sees many horses anywhere now except in a circus)—nothing but steel and stone, brick and tile, asphalt and glass—and above all noise—noise—noise everywhere all the time.

• • • • •

Well yesterday (which was Sunday), we found the answer—at least as far as some people are concerned. We took a train to White Plains early in the morning and then a motor trip cross country to—or near—Bridgeport, Connecticut and back to Ossining on the Hudson—where the ex-convicts come from (when they are let out of Sing Sing). We saw train after train loaded with children steaming out into the wide open spaces of New York state—children sent out for a few weeks in the wilds, in summer camps financed largely by private subscription. And up near Ossining we visited an old school friend who has lived and worked for many years, in the very center of Manhattan's business district, and likes it. Yes he likes New York and he likes his work, and we have an idea no one could persuade him to abandon either.

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And this is the way he does it: Many years ago he purchased 30 acres of dense woodland, on the hills above the Hudson, built what he calls a shack (it is a six-room house, with every comfort and convenience) and there he lives seven or eight months of the year with his wife and two children. He isn't a rich man—not by any means. According to Park Avenue standards he is a poor one—just a white collared, salaried man. But there is his home—and believe it or not—it is just as quiet, just as simple, as a similar home would be down on Rogue river. Fox roam about those hills, and deer also; he can walk over a hill and catch speckled brook trout, returning in time for dinner—(true the trout stream is stocked and a part of a rich man's estate, but it is real trout fishing just the same). From his living room porch he can look over the tree tops to the quiet waters of the Hudson—it is four miles across at this particular point, and looks like a lake—and from another hill to the south of the house he has a perfect view of the Empire State building and the New York skyline, 35 miles away! He has no near neighbors, no noise—except perhaps the occasional whistle of a New York Central train—no smoke, no motor traffic, nothing but Nature—and Nature au naturale—no lawns to mow, no gardens to weed or tend,—just rocks and wild flowers, birds and trees, acres and acres of his own in which to roam. A smart man. It TAKES a smart man to beat the New York game. R. W. R.

JULY 4 TO BE BIRTHDAY FOR EIGHT IN PORTLAND

PORTLAND, July 5. — (AP) — The birthdays of eight young Portlanders will be a gala occasion each year, all because Doctor Stork selected July 4 to usher them into the world. The new arrivals included five boys and three girls.

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.

PUZZLES IN THE MAIL BAG

After a long and determined struggle I have nearly, but not quite, conquered the crossword puzzle habit. I can now turn the page right over without even taking a peek just to see whether I can get the first horizontal word. That is, I can do that week days. Sundays I relapse. If the Humdinger in the Sunday paper is within reach at breakfast time, I'm sunk. I go into a kind of daze which lasts all day of nearly up to time to turn on a program and enjoy a good archeatra.

Next to crossword puzzles, I get the greatest pleasure from the puzzles in the daily mailbag. Just for fun, here are today's puzzles:

1. I know you will consider me crazy but here is my trouble. I seem to have a very weak stomach and have a good deal of trouble with it, but the great trouble is that every time I get a haircut it makes me sick at my stomach and I turn pale and I am that way for about three days, and then I am all right again, but for the three days I seem to lose all my strength. I am 30 years old. (John Doe.)

Solution: Indeed I haven't any. I filed it in the Have Another Go department, and had another go at it time and again, and finally told the young man that perhaps his trouble is allergy, that is, he is sensitized or hypersensitive to some substance in the barber shop, and a series of skin tests by his doctor might reveal what substance it is, and so enable him to avoid or escape future trouble. I did think of the hysteria angle, but dismissed it immediately, for it is my experience that a blind guess of "hysteria" is generally wrong.

2. I saw your article about the mouth condition of the young man who had gold and amalgam fillings. My son has those white patches on his cheeks and complains of a metallic taste. But he has no gold in his mouth. Would the galvanic sore mouth come from amalgam alone? —(Mrs. J. F.)

Solution: Not only mercury and gold, but any two metals, say silver and copper, may give rise to metallic taste and galvanic sore mouth. The usual cause of white patches in the mouth, however, is smoking.

3. When I first heard of garlic for high blod pressure I had been practically starving myself for four months following a stroke. That was three months ago. Then my blood pressure was 180. Each week it came down a little, 170, 165, 158, 152, and last week it was 145. Every day I chop fine a small piece of garlic, put it on a card and wash it down with a glass of buttermilk. Only one friend has ever detected that I use it.—(W. R. O. B.)

Solution: No accounting for tastes. So far as we know, there is no sound basis for the notion that garlic cures anything. So far as we know, I say. On the other hand, certainly a nip of garlic does one no harm, if one likes the flavor.

4. Make my living handling plants. Eight months ago plant poisoning both hands and arms. Treatment by M. D. and two dermatologists gave no relief. Rubber gloves with leather gloves over them, still the skin trouble continued. Took ten days off, and trouble cleared up. But have to work to live. Read that it is an alkaloid condition. Figured acid would counteract it. Bathed skin in strong carbolic acid solution. Hands became numb and whitish. Inside ten days skin trouble cleared up. No more trouble for over a month now.—(L. D. J.)

Solution: Alkaloid does not mean alkaline. Morphine is an alkaloid of opium, but it is not alkaline. Phenol (carbolic "acid") is not an acid. Pure grain alcohol is the antidote for phenol (carbolic) burn. The application of carbolic in solution in water or in saliva is too dangerous — may cause gangrene or death of the issue, and invariably delays normal healing. However, you may have discovered something. I don't know. Those two dermatologists—I hope they were Doctors of Medicine too?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Smart Alecks Sometimes Compile Books.

Our physician says children of the type of our children need cod liver oil. But a book by M. C. ——, whoever he or she may be, implies that "goats which were fed with cod liver oil died suddenly with heart lesions, implying that the cod liver oil was responsible. . . . —(Mrs. E. D. G.

Answer — Well, your kids are not goats, are they?

Writer's Cramp.

The only way I can write is to grasp the pen or pencil in the manner a wrestler might hold a teaspoon. I suppose it is writer's cramp. In other words, when writing it is impossible for me to relax my muscles so that I can write properly. . . . —(C. B. S.

Answer—Practice writing left-handed. Practice writing with the muscle-movement or freehand. Make yourself a present of a noiseless typewriter, streamlined, air-cooled and with knee action.

I Now Have Four Dentor Friends.

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your article about "Galvanic Sore Mouth." I wish every person in the state could read it. . . . —(C. DeM., D. D. S.)

Answer—Thank you, Doctor. Heaven knows I haven't many friends in your profession. "Galvanic sore mouth," lay readers will not remember, means white patches in the mouth, with metallic taste, from the electric reaction of amalgam and gold, or any two metals in the electrolyte saliva. Cheap makeshift dentistry is a poor investment.

(Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

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

GOOD NEWS FOR RHEUMATICS

If you suffer from rheumatic pains and fevers, neuritis, neuralgia, and muscular pains, here's news. Williams R. U. X. Compound, an effective analgesic and antipyretic compounded from a doctor's prescription, has been especially prepared to bring quick relief, often within 48 hours, and it contains among the few chemicals which authorities recognize as beneficial for such conditions.

See Heath's Drug Store today for your bottle of Williams R. U. X. Compound. The first bottle must satisfy or your money will be refunded.—Adv.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 5. — Thoughts while strolling: When better tunes come along, they are usually by Jerome Kern. His "Sally" score is still something to shoot at. I'll never be able to disassociate Henry Hull from that ornery Jeeter Lester. Nobody looks dandier in a colored shirt than Tullio Carminati.

Looks alikes: Hendrik VanLoon and Buddha. When I first saw his name in a magazine I thought Numally Johnson was a girl. The tired business man doesn't care for revues with Marxist message—hence the flop of "Parade." No one has been able to imitate Floyd Gibbons' breathless excitement on the radio.

Lavender's the color for ladies. Wonder if Joseph Wood Krutch ever met Thomas Steele Cain? Name for a Boston: Pop-eye. Add rarely see one without the other married couples—Pat and Rupert Hughes. Lois Long's sum-up of the Normandie: "Some hunk of ship."

What was so bad about the horse and buggy days? Still another name surging up like a hiccup: Jouett Shouse. And Cecil Sisson in Houston would be swell for a seltzer bottle manufacturer. Jimmy Savo is always bearing down on one of those long, twisted Italian stogies.

Overheard: "He'd give you the shirt off his back—if you'd wash it for him." Louis Calhern certainly marries gorgeous women. The first days of that Tacoma kidnaping all I could think of was "Karpis Delicti." Fred Allen and Tony Wons could swap voices and nobody would know.

A fine professional howdydo has sprung up between the Octavus Roy Cohens. Some months ago Cohen was called to a Hollywood studio to do an original. He did it and moved to another studio. In the meanwhile his wife, who used to write under her maiden name, Inez Lopez, joined the writing staff of the first studio to which her husband was called and was assigned with Frank R. Adams to work on the shooting script of her husband's story. The comic strip complications are endless—if the picture isn't so hot Mrs. Cohen can blame it on the story and her husband can lay it to the scripting. Etc., etc.

A rather bewildered drunk, who had just received a punch in the jaw, weaved up to Harry Richman in a cafe and inquired: "Pardon, mister, but do I still appear to be smiling? My mood is frolicsome!" Then there's one about the night club owner calling to the doorman lugging a drunk to a taxi: "Put a card in his pocket. He might want to come back some time." Also that famous bathing beauty who was always found, ho, ho, in a dive.

The gentleman looking less a part of the sophisticated first night scene he graces so conspicuously is Percy Hammond. He has a pontifical manner and with a pie pan hat and a Belasco collar he could pass for a curate of the English country. One to whom the ribald mot might be affront. Indeed none of the critics, save perhaps George Jean Nathan, express the glossiness a stranger might expect. The erudite Brooks Atkinson, among other high gifts and ornithologist of note, would not look out of place as an attendant at a Discuri of culture known as the shooting gallery and pin ball hall. Yet in aisle seats all suggest a group of savants attending a post graduate lecture at the Sorbonne. Although they see each other in close communion many consecutive nights, year after year, there are no petty jealousies among them. Between acts they clot under the sidewalk marquee to discuss almost every subject under the sun—save the play they have come to see. There's an unwritten law about that.

Two of the most consistent first-nighters in my years of intermittent premiereing—I thrill to the theater in stretches and suddenly find it deadly—have been Robert Rubin and Clara Bell Walsh. Mr. Rubin casts a practiced eye over the movie possibilities for his organization. Mrs. Walsh is generally a friend of every player in the cast. The more auspicious openings, such as a Lunt-Fontanne, Noel Coward or Katharine Cornell opus, have among the front rowers Julia Glaenzer, Bernard Baruch, the Irving Berlins, Tony Biddle and the Frank Storrs. No offering since has brought out the notable fine-feathered audiences of the Follies.

From a home town weekly: "The girls of that era remember how Odd McIntyre, when dancing, stepped all over their feet."

I was rather good at hopping upon ankles and sliding down too.

(Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

Aerozep, Odd Craft To Get Test Soon

RAPID CITY, S. D.—(UP)—An aerozep, strange aircraft, will be ready for its test flight here soon, its builders, the Rev. C. H. Loocke and Lorrin Hansen of Rapid City, announced.

The ship is composed of a dirigible-like center part with vanes running in corkscrew fashion around it. That is mounted between wings with a cabin suspended below and a large motor in front. The dirigible section is inflated and revolves to give the craft its forward thrust.

Shrapnel Kills Vet 17 Years After War

KANE, Pa.—(UP)—Joel F. Williams was stunned when a burst of shrapnel knocked him to the ground, but a hasty examination disclosed no wound. He picked up his rifle and resumed the march in the Meuse-Argonne with his buddies of the 112th Infantry. That was in 1918.

A short time ago he was admitted to a hospital suffering from an abdominal tumor. His sinking condition defied 21 blood transfusions. He died.

From his back, surgeons removed a sliver of steel an inch long which he carried 17 years.

Youngsters Retain Cinema Features

HARRISBURG, Pa. — (UP) — Only two-fifths of the "essential features" of a motion picture retained by the average adult is lost to a child of eight and 90 per cent is retained by a boy or girl of 15.

The estimates were made by Dr. Edgar Dale, Ohio State university, who, in conducting a conference on motion picture appreciation here, said high school students show keen ability to criticize movies and spend more time discussing the direction, photography and casting than they do talking over the plot.

Has Operation—George Schnebele of 407 South Newtown street is a patient at the Sacred Heart hospital, having undergone a major emergency operation there yesterday.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

July 5, 1925
(It Was Sunday)

City is deserted as majority of population celebrate the birthday of the nation by long motor trips.

June was a normal month, except for 108 degrees on the 24th.

Users of city water, living outside of city limits, to have water cut off in 30 days.

Record breaking prosperity is shown by June bank statements.

First home-grown cucumbers on sale in local stores.

Tourist travel on Pacific highway now at its height. President Coolidge in speech at Boston, declares "the nation is on wheels, and disregarding the teachings of the forefathers, for thrift and calm pleasures."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

July 5, 1915
(It Was Monday)

Assassin who tried to kill J. Pierpont Morgan, financier, tries suicide.

We hear many remarks about the scarcity of flies this summer. Several different reasons are given, some giving the credit to the fly swatting committee appointed last year by the improvement association. — (Kanes Creek Items.)

City is deserted today, with scores attending celebrations in nearby towns.

W. H. Gore Sunday lost 150 tons of hay by fire, and his automobile, when it rolled off an embankment in the Siskiyous.

Oregon Weather.

Cloudy tonight and Saturday; occasional light rains northwest portion and on the coast; slightly warmer east portion tonight; cooler east and south portions Saturday; moderate west winds off the coast.

DANCE!

SATURDAY, JULY 6TH

At

Dreamland

GEO. DAYTON
And Music

"FOX TROT CONTEST"

Men: 40c Ladies: 20c

LAST CHANCE!

ENDS MIDNIGHT SATURDAY

The NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Tire Sale

PRICES SLASHED 10%

AND A

TUBE FREE

WITH EVERY SILVERTOWN TIRE PURCHASED

ALSO — THE GREATEST JULY CLEARANCE SALE OF

Used Tires ALL SIZES AS LOW AS 50c

NO DOWN PAYMENT

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD

Lewis Super Service Station

Complete Automotive Service — Wrecker Service—We Never Close

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