

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 3.—Not as hot here as expected. In fact for Washington in July it is cool. This is to say you can sleep with a sheet over you, at night, and not feel in need of constant ice packs, to keep from melting away entirely.

Thanks to the Portland Journal's veteran correspondent here—Carl Smith—secured a seat in the senate press gallery. Had tickets for the public gallery but all the seats were taken, because Huey Long was holding forth, and had been for several hours. The idea of standing up in the gallery to hear anyone speak, with the mercury around 90 and the humidity about 300, did not appeal—although there were plenty of standees who felt otherwise.

Fortunately Huey's harangue had been going on so long the newspaper boys were bored, and had either repaired to the nearest saloon, or were napping in the work room back of the gallery. One or two were writing their stories for the final editions. As a result your correspondent had the press gallery practically to himself, and secured a seat on the rail almost directly over the Kingfish from Louisiana.

To us Huey was extremely disappointing. Having talked more or less steadily for seven hours, no doubt he was weary. True he waded his arms considerably and shook his forefinger, about in the air as if it were on a swivel joint,—but he lacked vim, vigor and conviction. Now and then he would whirl around, cock his eye at the gallery, and launch out with what might pass as a wisecrack, but there was no punch to them, and while we were there at least no real humor. But at the least suggestion of banter or REAL EFFORT on the part of the Kingfish, the gallery would fairly roar with laughter—we have an idea the gallery was all that kept Huey going.

Certainly the senators didn't. Senator Glass was sitting in his seat all lunched up like a cucumber pickle, with an expression on his face that suggested he not only had detected but CONTINUED to detect, an extremely disagreeable odor. Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the administration leader, sat only a few seats from Huey, and was all dressed up in a clean Palm Beach suit but appeared to be frozen. Minute after minute ticked by and he never moved nor did he change his expression. The only two senators who appeared to take the slightest interest in what the Kingfish was saying were Senator Clark of Missouri (the son of Champ Clark and looks very much like him) and the large, urbane and well dressed senator from Massachusetts, Walsh. Clark favored the amendment to some transportation act that Huey advocated, Walsh opposed it. But neither of them appeared much concerned one way or the other, and only injected a few remarks, as Huey talked on.

Senators were constantly going and coming in—Huey went out once and came back with his face looking more like that of a sorrowing hippopotamus than ever,—both cheeks bulging out and his jaws working industriously,—perhaps he had crammed in a hot dog sandwich, with one twist of the wrist. At any rate it kept him quiet for five minutes.

But five minutes out of seven hours is not long. Huey talked on, walking all over the place as he did so, and actually at times giving the impression, that he couldn't stop if he had so desired. We began to believe his mouth had run away with him so to speak, and that at any moment he might snap out of it and call in the sergeant-at-arms to close it for him.

The other distinct impression we received was that Huey had been up late the night before and was suffering from a hang-over. His remarks were rambling, his voice thick, and he had the negligent, loose-jointed, don't-give-a-damn manner of one who had been on a bender and not completely recovered. We know this couldn't be true, for Huey had been on the wagon for many months, but this was the impression he created.

The impression was not lessened, when the vote was finally taken and Huey, as soon as the total was announced showing his defeat, bent far over, slapped himself on the thigh, and went into a perfect paroxysm of laughter.

Strange behavior it seemed to us for a senator who had talked for seven hours to save the poor farmers of this country from what he termed the stranglehold of the railroads.

But in the press room, no one was surprised. "Oh that's just Huey, win lose or draw he's always a good sport."

Good sport? Seemed more probable that Huey Long is essentially an actor,—is always playing a part, and playing it for the gallery,—that such a demonstration following his defeat is not good sportsmanship, it is merely that at heart he doesn't CARE,—as long as he can get a hand and put on a good show.

NEW YORK, July 8.—In the manner of Arnold Bennett's journal; M. did not understand my dejection at breakfast at a dear old friend had been gun to universal. A warm faithful pink and tan dressing gown I got in the Burlington Arcade, faded, wrinkled. The paths of life, how happy we have been together. I came upon William Lyon Phelps, with umbrella, hurrying cross-town to a matinee. An ice cream suit with his white hair. He is the sort who is still asking of a cigar lighter does it really work? The light here of a college lat at 70. Arrived: Faith Baldwin's newest book photographed.

Amazing how amiable writers and artists manage to retain their callow youth and touching interest in the nude. Vide: The Dutch Treat Year Book. Most of it back fence stuff—the cellophane century! Some one was saying the most jumbled, scatter-scrambled studio was Noyes McMein's. I kept thinking about that name I saw in a small named window sign at the Pull Street entrance in Chinatown; O. Y. Kan, M. D. Why is that? One of the sweetest names I think is Kendall Banning. He is used to be a magazine editor. Quite handsome. Gelett Burgess has a grand name, too. Like swallowing a plum.

PERSONAL HEALTH SERVICE

By William Brady, M.D. Signed reports 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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE LADY SWALLOWED AN EGG. Reader sends a clipping from a small town paper and asks for comment on the familiar old legend which runs as follows: "The whole town of is gabbling about the woman in the clinic who had a T-inch rattle-snake in her stomach. A white back she swallowed a snake egg or whatever it is they come from, when she drank from an Arizona brook."

Right away the yarn becomes ludicrous. Might as well have included some allusion to throwing snowballs in Panama as refer to a brook in Arizona. There hasn't been a brook in Arizona since about 1190 B. C.

The medicine are stumped in getting rid of it. The champion liar goes on. "For fear it will snap and cause instant death. The last ruse was to stick a mirror down her throat, hoping to attract the reptile out peacefully."

The reader who sent in the clipping says the thing might well be ignored, considering the source, but he suggests that this same story crops up every little while and probably causes considerable anxiety and worry to credulous folk. Invariably it is a woman who unconsciously swallows the snake egg while taking a drink. The egg, like a good egg, hatches, and the little snake grows and grows, and the poor woman brings forth a snake.

Every last one of these morbid yarns is an invention of a defective mind, and the story is circulated by morose and moronic publications, of which there are plenty. As the tale is bandied from one halfwit to another, it accumulates salacious additions which lead tale tellers astray.

A sequel to the appearance of the yarn in the country weekly was published a week later. This time Anansi really cut loose: "I am thinking of the thought up a lulu; So We All Got to Talking to the Bartender!"

F. P. A. strains to be the most conscientious columnist. His long hours with the make-up man over a marble slab splitting typographical hairs and begging among accomplished writers for mis-used whoms. Remindful of Sir Thomas Browne, author of Religio Medici, who wanted much time puzzling over queer problems, such as whether stocks live in reptiles, and if elephants have joints. Also the ghastly wonder if a man weighed less a second after the last breath. Every soul has a micahre taste. I like queer surgical instruments, the actor-like dingers to pinch things around the corner and get a broken cork out of a bottle. I used to prou with Louis, our medical student servant, for harzains in the Ecole de Medicine quarter. Where, I wonder, are Louis and his dreams?

My legacy from the dawn is an occasional stark wide-awakeness. I try lately to seek sleep in alphabetical sequences. Adelle Blood, Elsie Carmen, Claude Duval, David Elginbrood, Elsie Ferguson, Faith Gartney. And there I stick!

Someone remarked at the Roy Howards tea that Edison used to keep a raw chestnut in one pocket and a raw potato in the other, the great scientist—of all men, Rheumatism. Walter Trumbull, I believe, knew a man who cured his rheumatism by drinking a glass of water every hour for two days. Rudyard Kipling, Booth Tarkington, Eugene Fields, Harold Frederick, Elsie Morris have the most microscopic chirography in the writing profession. I never knew a famous author to write big. Too much time, paper.

Why do most ladies nowadays write it "tonite" and "alright"? Studying for Prof. Zacharson's Angel? I can always chivy a gulp of admiration for people with Z in their names. Zona Gales, the two Zooz-Akims and Beckley, Douglas Z. Doty, Florenz Ziegfeld. Or an X Like Francis X. Bushman. When Zona Gale became Mrs. Breese what punning, what punning. Unweary use the head that suggests a punning name. Haidy and Quik et alia. To say nothing of Odd!

COMMENT ON THE DAY'S NEWS

By FRANK JENKINS. CONTINUING, today. Linsey Sisemore's reminiscence of early days in Southern Oregon.

AS Mr. Sisemore remembers it, the second industrial enterprise in the Rogue River valley (the first was a salt factory) was a pottery. It was started by a man named Hanna. He got his clay from a cut bank on the Rogue, and hauled it several miles in a wagon to his home, where his pottery was operated. The clay was ground up in a crude mill operated by mule power. When brought to the proper consistency, it was shaped on a potter's wheel by Mr. Hanna's skilled hands.

THE potter's wheel, in case you do not know, is a flat disc, which is whirled at considerable speed by a foot-power treadle. The wet clay is placed on this whirling disc and shaped by the potter's hands. The potter's wheel is one of the earliest machines known to have been made by man.

ONE of Mr. Hanna's standard articles of manufacture was a shallow vessel for holding milk—which was probably known as a "crook," that being the usual name for it. The milk was allowed to stand in these vessels until the cream had risen, so that it could be skimmed off. Many an older citizen will remember raiding these crooks and eating the cream.

ABOUT all the younger generation knows about cream is that it is something that comes out of a spout on the separator, or from a bottle brought by the milkman. A NOTHER, and rather specialized, article produced by Mr. Hanna's pottery was a lamp made somewhat in the shape of a champagne glass (perhaps the younger generation, at least, will know what that means). The top of this lamp was shaped like a saucer, and in this shallow dish oil was placed and a wick dropped into the oil and hung over the edge. This wick, when saturated with oil, could be lighted and used as a lamp.

IT didn't give quite as good a light as candles, but was a lot less trouble. I WANTN't any Copco, which must have left the politicians rather out on a limb. But then there were fewer politicians.

ANOTHER standard article of household equipment in those days was a "Brophy" holder. A "Brophy," Mr. Sisemore explains, was a little rolled-up spool of paper, and the holder was the box in which these "Brophies" were kept. It was placed usually near the fireplace, and when somebody wanted a light—for a candle, or a lamp, or a pipe—he took one of these spools of paper, ignited it from the coals of the fire, used it for whatever purpose he had in mind and then carefully extinguished it and put it back in the box for future use.

THEY didn't waste much in those days. (BY THE way, Linsey says these "Brophies" were usually made out of the weekly newspaper after it had served its intended purpose in the way of information and entertainment. Newspapers had a longer useful life back in those times).

White's Want Best Of Bright Sayings. The Crystal Springs Dairy, which is owned and operated by E. J. White and sons, will give away \$5 every month for the best bright sayings of children in connection with their Bright Sayings advertisements, which will run in the Mail Tribune once a week, starting today. Mr. White says he will also give a prize at the end of the series for the best scrapbook of the advertisements.

White's Want Best Of Bright Sayings. The Crystal Springs Dairy features White's Velvet Home Maid Ice cream, Golden Gurney Grade A Milk and cream, cottage cheese, buttermilk, eggs, and they also make the delicious ice cream treat "Oo My," which Mr. White says is becoming very popular with both children and adults.

Long Lost Pet Deer Returns To Kitchen. TOWNSEND, Mont.—Jack Reynolds and his long lost pet "Buckie," a 3-year old deer, have been reunited. On a hiking trip Reynolds saw a familiar deer form and whistled. The deer followed him home and calmly came to rest on the kitchen floor. The animal had been found in 1932 when a farm.

In Auto Accident. THE DALLES, Ore., July 8.—(AP)—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McAlpine of Fresno, Calif., and daughter were brought to a hospital here yesterday suffering from injuries received in an auto accident near Moro. Some believed injured seriously. Reports of the accident indicate the car skidded and overturned when McAlpine attempted to avoid striking a cow.

BARBER, JUDGE, FINANCIER—EX-RANGER RUNS THE TOWN

PORT DAVIS, Tex. (AP)—Nick Mersfelder never knows whether his customers want to get a shave, borrow a few thousand dollars, have an alarm clock or six-shooter fixed, or swear out a warrant.



The former Texas Ranger has been the town's barber 64 years. Jeff Davis county's justice of the peace 40 years. The Indiana gave up the land. He is the big moneyed man hereabout, and he rides a bicycle. Cattlemen's Friend. Nick, as everybody knows him, succeeds the barbering, tinkering business and stock only when there's a meeting of stockholders of the local trading company or bank. He holds big interests in both. He is the cattlemen's friend when they need money.

Born in southern Bavaria in 1858, he came to Texas while he was young. He got his start by buying cattle and land and "selling 'em at an advantage." Then he started lending money. A bachelor, he likes women but won't cut their hair.

Recently, three women from out of town, accompanied by a local resident, visited Nick, the strangers just wanting to see the famous man. As they entered, Nick snatched a six-shooter and growled. "Dance," he commanded one of them. "Slip the shoes off."

Later, Nick gave her a shaving mug. It bore the name of a man who was killed in a saloon shooting match here when Nick was young.

GROUP CAPITOL ON UNIVERSITY SITE TALKED BY BOARD. (Continued from Page One) announced neither board would meet today.

Introducing its progress report the committee of the planning board recommended that the ideal arrangement would be to have first the legislative action and then the architectural competition, which would require a special session early in the fall. "The date for the proposed legislative session is all important," the committee stated.

The progress report recommended a group capitol plan rather than a single capitol building. In its summary on the considerations for sites, and without making any recommendations, the report states:

1. The site for the future capitol should be very ample in size, and in such shape and location that it allows satisfactory development of the approach.

2. A capitol group requires even more space than a single capitol building. This committee recommends a group plan.

3. The old capitol site is very inadequate for many reasons.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Year Ago)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 8, 1925. (It was Wednesday.) Heat and cyclone take death toll in east and middle-west.

County court bans giving of gasoline to stranded tourists, "with orchardists crying for help to save their crops."

Dokkie band under direction of F. Wilson Walk to give concert in city park Friday evening.

Fred L. Heath, Sr. is confined to his home with a severe bronchial attack.

Prohibition expense in county reduced during June.

Two trustees escape from the county jail, after serving half of sentence for moonshining.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 8, 1915. (It was Thursday.) Mrs. E. E. Kelly and family left yesterday for Ashland, where they will camp and attend the Chautauqua.

22 of an inch of rain fell yesterday, and was welcomed by the fruit-growers.

Notice of the county court they would place a speed cop on the Pacific highway between this city and Phoenix, has "increased the speeding and reckless and yelling at night." Phoenix residents report.

The city was in darkness for ten minutes last night, when fuses blew out in Riverside sub-station.

The W. H. Gore auto, which rolled off a grade in the Skakkyous last Sunday, was not as badly damaged as first reported. The top end body were wrecked. The car will be as good as new when repaired.

D.A.V. CHIEF SEES M'NARYS DEFEAT

PORTLAND, July 8.—(P)—James E. VanZandt, commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, took occasion Sunday to re-state his opposition to President Roosevelt in an address before several hundred ex-service men and their wives.

VanZandt was en route to Newport, Ore., for the state convocation of the V of F. W.

The commander also declared that Senator Charles McNary (R., Ore.) would not be re-elected, and indicated he believed Senator Frederick Steiwer (R., Ore.) was being considered in the east as a possible Republican presidential candidate.

In reviewing the passage of the bonus bill in congress and its subsequent veto, VanZandt declared: "Next year when we go to the polls we are going to answer President Roosevelt for placing us alongside the lowest and loudest slacker in the World war."

MEET the WIFE



MRS. HOMER S. CUMMINGS. When Mrs. Homer S. Cummings tells a story, and she tells many good ones, her most intent listener is her husband, the attorney general, who never is far from the side of his small, plump, dark-haired wife, no matter how large the party. Mrs. Cummings is famous for her informal Sunday night suppers where only those are invited who can talk brilliantly. And they do. She likes to decorate with sheafs of calla lilies. . . . thereby starting a Washington feud. She is an omnivorous reader, and has traveled all over Europe many times. She is a former member of the Kentucky State Bar Association. She calls him "Pickie." They grin when asked to explain the "Colonel."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

News Behind The News. LONDON, July 8.—(AP)—George Washington Hill, 50, president of the American Tobacco Company, married his 39-year old secretary, Mary Harper, in the Caxton Hall registry office today.

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Ye Smudge Pot. Italy prepares for a war, declared to be inevitable, with Ethiopia, unless the attacked land agrees to an "armed protectorate," or events arise that compel Premier Mussolini to march to the front.

Ye Smudge Pot. An organization to be known as "The Younger Democrats" will be formed, "to battle for the New Deal in the 1936 campaign."

Ye Smudge Pot. Farmers have started threshing this wheat, the first of the season. The California courts have ruled that an incompetent movie actress, who sought \$1500 per month maintenance money, pending the settlement of her divorce suit, will have to tough it out on \$400 per month.

Ye Smudge Pot. The weather continues chilly, but detrimental to nothing, but the wearing of white golf pants.

Ye Smudge Pot. Rugged individualists of the Prospect area, are now dancing all night, and hunting cougars all day with a bow-and-arrow.

Ye Smudge Pot. The Georgia farmer stung by a bee, and bitten by a snake, and a bulldog last Saturday, is something like the local citizen, who 20 years ago, had his eye blacked by his wife, his trunk seized by the sheriff, fainted on the depot platform, when bitten by a dog, and was operated on for appendicitis before he regained consciousness.

Ye Smudge Pot. The estimated Corvallis Gazette-Times speaks editorially of the "Ashland Tribune." What they are thinking of is the Medford Tidings.

Ye Smudge Pot. They're wrong side to, in Crayland. They're upside down with ears. They walk around upon their heads. Their feet up in the air.

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