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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

The favorite riddle-raising phrase of the day is: "My friend! You can't eat the Constitution!"

A 1936 model auto showed up yesterday with a pair of marcelled front fenders. It seems the automotive engineers have thought of everything, but putting eyes in fenders.

A Klamath Falls boy of tender years created some news Wednesday by biting his dog. This is regarded as the first bit of ruggid, if unsanitary, individualism in a long time.

William Bolger has written an essay on what ails Job, of Biblical fame, as the result of a "rioting" on his neck several months ago.

One of the Older Girls has presented your clerk with an angel cake. She was thanked and assured that the social item of 30 years ago in The Mail Tribune, telling of the celebration of her 22nd birthday, would not find its way into the Flight of Time column.

A man has been arrested in California for appropriating postoffice funds. It might be petty larceny, and it might be a 1-man reform movement to get postoffice pens that would write.

The chickens (feathered variety) that have been loitering in the business area, continue to do so. They are now figured to last until the peas are scratched up in somebody's kitchen garden.

"I am convinced that potential borrowers will need to be encouraged to borrow." (Cong. Record)—They may drag him down to the bank, but he won't take the loan.

"BORAH AND FEAS CONTINUE THEIR CHEWING MATCH"—(Hollie Baker Democrat-Herald)—In more polite, but less accurate journalistic circles, it was known as a "spirited controversy."

Something matters but the Townsend plan. An upstate candidate has endorsed the great, grand work of the Parent-Teachers' association and they have but to command, and he will obey, he states.

Signs of spring are plentiful. Nature lovers have taken to running around rural pastures, and report the beauty of the meadows, as reflected in a mid-puddle.

Objections have been filed to the general circulation of the state prison magazine. The publication, as yet, has not fearlessly demanded "turn the rascals out."

There is considerable dispute about the collapse of the "Old Oregon" basketball team, resulting in a miserable showing after a rocky start. Outside of not getting enough points, it seems the referee's eyes are too good.

Ray Stephenson, the lumberman and Democratic warhorse emerged from 19 years of married life on Lincoln's birthday.

Newspapers all over the country have been printing interludes with soldiers telling what they're going to do with their "bunkies." The laugh is that most of the soldiers are married.—(Ohio State Journal)—Keenest observation of the week.

The weather continues to act like Peoria Bill Gates was the weather man, and T. Waterman was his assistant.

WELL! DON'T DO IT! This is a very dangerous business. Particularly if we believe what we think. It will lead us to do things which we may later regret. Or it will lead us not to do them, which we may regret even more. It makes for investigation and analysis—for dissection and probing—and it is not long before we begin to detect flaws in those very delights that we once believed to be perfect. We may even go so far as to discover business errors in ourselves.—(Exchange).

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A Prison Newspaper

WE see no objection to the inmates of the state penitentiary publishing a newspaper, or two of them if they wish.

Confinement and solitude tend to stimulate the divine afflatus, and who knows from the short terms at least—another Shelley or Keats or G. B. Shaw might be developed,—to enrich the literary world, after release has come.

But the paper should be a PRISON paper and not a paper of general circulation. It should supply information, inspiration and general mental pabulum, for those on the inside, not those on the OUT.

A prison paper circulating outside the gates and bars, would in fact be both an absurdity and a danger. It is difficult for us to believe, any such publication at Salem has been seriously considered by the responsible authorities in charge.

But if it has been the idea should be dropped. Imagine what such a publication would become, not only special pleas for this inmate or that, stump speeches in ten point type, for this lost cause or some other; but a medium for code messages to the outside, plots, counterplots, vapourings of plain nuts and what have you!

Under proper supervision let the boys have a newspaper, a good outlet for their unexpended mental energies, and perhaps a source of better morals and harmless amusement. But let it be properly supervised and kept where it belongs, within the gates.

G. B. Shaw

SPEAKING of George Bernard Shaw, the Portland Oregonian consigned him to oblivion the other day, as a broken down old hack, allowing meaningless trivialities to seep through his white whiskers; a wreck of his former self, who for the sake of his friends and himself, should be placed incommunicado in some old man's home.

The occasion for this outburst was the famous dramatist's brief stop at Miami, Florida; en tour through southern waters, and his pungent comments upon certain elements of the American scene, to the group of newspaper men that greeted him.

Perhaps Shaw's comment on President Roosevelt was the exciting cause of the Oregonian's display of bad temper.

Said G. B. S.: "You have a good president, but the bad Constitution is getting the best of him. . . . As to the Constitution, chuck it into the ocean. You're making it into fags with amendments anyway."

NOW we maintain,—DOES that remark justify the assumption that Mr. Shaw has reached his second childhood, is no longer the wit, iconoclast, and paradoxical shilling-shoeker he used to be?

If so we fail to see it. In fact it sounds to us, just like the old G. B. S., who has been a raging and roaring bull in the political china shop, ever since he became a member of the now defunct Fabian society.

When asked what he thought of Miami, the glittering gem of the South Atlantic ocean, he replied:

"I don't like Miami worth a damn! How can I? I haven't been ashore yet."

Well, like it or not like it, would the famous author be willing to say a few words?

"I never say a few words. I start out with 5000."

And so on and so forth. Ruddy-faced, sprightly, as quick on the verbal trigger as Billie the Kid, ever was on his six-gun we should say the old boy was running true to form instead of running down.

In fact we fail to see how any fair-minded or intelligent observer could deny that George Bernard Shaw, at 79, is one of the most brilliant and extraordinary men alive, if not a truly great one.

He has written more good plays, put out more clever and stimulating books, delivered more witty and amusing speeches, than any other man of letters of this generation—and as far as we know any other.

Moreover he is still writing plays—not so good these days—but not so bad either. And he is still talking—talking—talking—we for one will be deeply saddened when some undertaker will get a call, and that inimitable talky-talk, flashing like heat lightning over this hum-drum planet will cease, forever.

FOR whether we agree with Mr. Shaw or not—and most of us DON'T—we fail to see how anyone with a sense of humor, or even an active sense of the realities in this perplexing world, could fail to enjoy him. He exaggerates of course,—he is a crank and a fanatic,—he often doesn't mean what he says, or say what he means, but running through all his jabber and his rapid fire repartee, there is now and always has been a sound kernel of fundamental truth. It is not the truth that he expresses, but he delivers the short, sharp verbal blast that, to the discerning, so often reveals it.

So we say more power to him. And instead of being consigned to an old man's home, may he flit over the land and sea, for many more years to come!

Al Piehe reports poor luck on a fishing trip to Ray-Gold dam.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY: February 14, 1916 (It Was Monday) Roseburg high won southern Oregon district championship.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY: February 14, 1926 (It Was Saturday) The Anti-Saloon League is charged with "meddling in politics, while rum flows free."

Orchardists prepare to spread dormant spray among the trees.

The West Side community holds a party in honor of the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hoover.

The College Women's club meets with Mrs. Charles A. Wing.

The "Who Do" club of Phoenix entertain their husbands with a chicken dinner.

Income tax blanks for year mailed to 42,000 Oregonians.

White House roof needs fixing, economy delays repairs.

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LIVING OVER A GARAGE: We live over our place of business, writes a northern correspondent, and wonder if there is any danger to the children's health, from the gas tanks and the service station garage.

There is no particular danger from the gasoline storage tanks, aside from fire and explosion, but living over a garage where automobile engines are run for a few moments at times, either to warm them up or for tuning or other repair or adjustment, involves risks to health and life.

Even in a garage where nobody lives upstairs or in adjoining apartments it should be an inflexible rule, if not a law, that an engine shall not be started nor allowed to run when the garage doors are closed, unless a flexible pipe is first attached to the exhaust and carried out of doors, to protect workers or patrons from the danger of carbon monoxide gas.

Garage buildings, particularly small, private garages, are generally constructed cheaply and without much regard for ventilation. There is such a narrow margin between safety and a harmful or a fatal pollution of air with monoxide gas, that no one can afford to take a chance. It is best to be a crank about avoiding such pollution, insisting on wide open doors whenever an engine is started or run in the garage.

Carbon monoxide gas is odorless, gives no warning, often causes the victim to "freeze," to become helpless for the brief moment when he realizes something is wrong, and so he slumps down and quietly succumbs to the gas. It is not itself poisonous, but it combines with the hemoglobin of the red corpuscles to form carbon monoxide-hemoglobin which prevents the hemoglobin from carrying oxygen to the cells and tissues. Oxygen starvation, in other words, Carbon-monoxide-hemoglobin is a comparatively stable compound, and therefore it is difficult to replace it with oxyhemoglobin; that is, the blood will not readily take up oxygen and carry it to the cells and tissues when it is saturated with carbon-monoxide. Artificial respiration alone is of little value in monoxide poisoning; it is essential that the vic-

tim be made to inhale carbon dioxide, 5 to 10 percent of it mixed with oxygen or air, in order to pry the monoxide loose from the hemoglobin.

A child is more quickly overcome by carbon monoxide than an adult. Small animals such as mice, rabbits, are more quickly overcome than children. A canary is most sensitive and may be carried to warn of dangerous saturation of the air with monoxide.

As little as ten parts of monoxide in 10,000 parts of air will cause headache and other symptoms; 15 to 20 parts will produce dangerous symptoms.

Characteristic symptoms of monoxide poisoning are: tightness across forehead, headache, flushing of face, throbbing in temples, dizziness, weakness, nausea, fainting, loss of consciousness, perhaps convulsions.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS: Any Way But Boiled. Is there less caffeine in coffee made by the drip process than in percolated? The drip coffee is made quickly—goes through the grounds only once.—(Mrs. A. P. K.)

Answer—I should surmise there is less caffeine in drip coffee. In my opinion the best coffee is made in a coffee pot without any tricks about it, except that it must never be permitted to boil, and should be served and drunk immediately.

Oleomargarine. Please advise if oleomargarine is fattening. I am trying to reduce and have Ben Told to use it instead of butter.—(H. C.)

Answer—it is practically the same caloric value as butter. If you want to reduce in a healthful, comfortable way, send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Design for Drivindling."

Cod Versus Halibut. I work in a place where I am exposed to lots of cold drafts. I have been taking cod liver oil during the winter. A co-worker takes halibut oil capsules and claims them to be better. Would appreciate your opinion.—(M. P.)

Answer—Drop for drop, halibut liver oil probably contains more vitamin D and vitamin A than cod liver oil. But what has that to do with cold drafts? (Copyright, 1936, 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.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY: By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 14—Thoughts while strolling: Nobody can twist an apron end into an anguished ball like Pauline Lord. Or strut about a cabaret floor like Harry Richman. Somehow I always expect Norman Bel Geddes to be wearing a turban. Three famous Buicks—Gene, Pearl and Frank.

Look alike: Premier Laval and Mayor La Guardia. Boy meets girl: Dick Maizey petting Rosie, the Hippodrome elephant. Admiring red-heads: Mrs. John Chapman. Lillian Gish's perpetual expression of timorous innocence is drama in itself. Trigger stuff—an Edward VIII case all ready.

From the Look Just the Same as 15 Years Ago Club: Tom Mix. From wonder child to wonder lady: Helen Hayes. And Charlie McArthur has fulfilled his marriage promise to her. "Oh, thing is certain. You'll never find life dull with me." How about a League for Those Once in Love With Cissie Loftus?

Mac Murray still gracefully waiting the nights away. Broadway's best known chop house lady—Helen Gallagher. Never knew a girl called Flo who wasn't a bit of a tomboy. Most expert of the derby wearers—the new British king. Old times' sigh: "The right world but the wrong generation."

Either playing names—Eva Symington and Spring Byington. Dusky Josephine Baker topy turves Paris for years, but New York bestows only an indifferent shrug. Why is that? Those frosted cakes in Schrafft affect me emotionally around 8 p. m. I want to bay like a hound!

F. Scott Fitzgerald, stering and chunking up, is reputedly one of the most difficult authors from whom editors may wangle stories these days. He is the literary symbol of an era—the era of the new generation—and editors continue to want stories of flask gin and courteous collegiates preceding ladies through windshields on midnight joy rides. The public has acquired this Fitzgerald taste, too. But Fitzgerald has taken an elderly and naturally serious turn. Mellowed in the term. He wants to write mellowly, too. And if they won't let him he won't write at all. So there.

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Strike City Mayor

Chinatown is feeling the pinch of the times. Its opulence depends on tourists. I counted but four other diners outside of our party of three at the Port Arthur the other evening. There was a drop to the big and piano-box souvenir shops and we were the sole visitors to the prop joss house. But Chinatown has never been the same for me since the passing of its pseudo-Mayor, Chuck Conners. Chuck, as a guide, vented his exasperations that made one scent optum look about furiously for a flying tong hatchet and the alppery tread of local Pu Manchus. Chinatown has always been 80 per cent phoney, but with an efficient clique it provided a shudder or so for visiting cousins.

Prater Hunt's ranch in Alberta, Canada, adjoins that of King Edward and it was in this communion that Hunt authored "The Barbeque Prince," a biography of the then Prince of Wales. No American likely has known the "new king" more informally. He has ridden range with him, played poker in a lamp-lit ranch house and feasted on mid-night beer and cheese while each discussed their jaunts to all parts of the world. But such contacts are now lost forever. The new king will never travel again, save to India, to receive his emperahip. One of Hunt's prized possessions is an enlarged kodak of him and the prince horseback autographed "To Spike—E. P."

Paul Whiteman is another American who has met the king in after-midnight informality. During his year's stay with his band in London, the prince on several occasions sent for Paul and his boys—Bing Crosby and Pee-wee Byers among them—and when everybody had departed kept the band leader for a night cap. He likes a sip of beer before retiring.

Major Bowes has become the most gifted man in America. It sometimes requires a truck working all day to carry the perishable stuff to hospitals and orphanages. From Wyoming, for instance, the other day came a 250-pound elk with instructions for Oscar to prepare it for 25 of the Major's friends. The same day 20 crates of grapefruit from Florida, etc., etc.

On page 266 of "Cornish of Scotland Yard" last night I read about Mr. Ingleby Oddie, Coroner of London. And ever since I've been peering down cellars and looking up smoke stacks muttering: "Who has the body, Mr. Ingleby Oddie?" (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

Lincoln and the G. O. P. To the Editor: In your editorial, headed "The Many Sided Lincoln," February 12, you appear to disapprove of "The Journal" trying to appropriate "Lincoln" on behalf of the Democratic party.

As I have not read the Journal article in its entirety, I will not attempt to discuss it, however, as regards the Democratic party "appropriating Lincoln." I believe that you are in error. It is not the Democratic party, but rather those Republicans disgusted with the reactionary leadership of the Republican party, who have taken "Lincoln and his progressive and humanitarian ideas" with them into the ranks of the "Rejuvenated Democratic party." I speak advisedly when I say "the rejuvenated Democratic party," for today former Republicans, like myself, have joined

their ranks behind the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt who is attempting to follow in Lincoln's footsteps, regardless of the ridicule and misleading statements of Republican leaders.

Wednesday night, I listened to former President Hoover's address, hoping that on "Lincoln's Birthday," Mr. Hoover would rise above petty politics and jealousy and devote his time, on the air, in paying "tribute and honor to the greatest man in American history," but alas, my hope proved fruitless.

As I listened to Mr. Hoover, I recalled the Inauit trial and Mr. Inauit's statement that he had consulted Mr. Hoover before flooding the country with apparently worthless stock. I further recalled that, just a few days hence, Mr. Hoover, in his capacity as a member of the board of trustees for Stanford University, appeared in a California court seeking permission to apparently gamble with the trust funds of the university, inasmuch as he asked permission to buy common stock with the funds, giving as his excuse that the interest rates were so small and the expense of running the college so great. This attempt gives credence to Inauit's statement during the trial.

At the close of Hoover's address, I tuned in on Vandenberg of Michigan again hoping that here would be a Republican who would not deprecate the memory of Lincoln, but again I find spite, petty politics and jealousy predominant. The Republican party has deserted the ideals of Lincoln or, at least, it does appear that the leaders of the party have.

My grandfather, known in the old

days as a "Black Republican," a personal friend of Lincoln's, made this prediction, over twenty years ago: "Unless the Republican party wakes up and returns to the ideals of Lincoln, it is doomed to extinction within the next thirty or forty years."

From the present leadership of that party and their alliances, it does appear as though that prophecy was well on the way to fulfillment.

HENRIETTA B. MARTIN. Medford, Feb. 13.

United States exports of chemicals and allied products in the fall of 1935 reached the highest value recorded for several years, fertilizers leading the chemical export list.

North Carolina is believed to have virtually a monopoly on the mineral pyrophyllite, used extensively in the manufacture of chinaware and lead pencils.

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One of the major figures in efforts to settle the general strike which gripped Peoria, Ill., a city of 17,000, was Mayor W. E. Schurman, shown as he left a conference on the situation. (Associated Press Photo)

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