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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The remains of an "infernal machine" has been found in Klamath county. It bore no resemblance to, and was never intended to be, the automotive atrocity commonly known as a "bug."

• • •

A lady justice of Seattle, Wash., is the center of a controversy, due to a statement favoring "whipping posts" for women criminals, as well as male felons. This may start a move for the return of the woodshed, and the marching of the boy back of the oil burning furnace fuel tank, while waiting for it to arrive.

• • •

The rally committee at OSC sponsors the formation of a Girls Drill Team for the annual University-State College football game, next month. The question, whether membership in the girls drill team, shall be optional or compulsory, will be presented to the voters, in 1938 elections.

• • •

Democratic leaders of high and low degree, now claim the speeches of GOP. Nominee Landon are making votes for them. The Republicans should worry. The Roosevelt boys will do something to drive them back.

• • •

This week winds up the campaign. Not since the last session of the legislature have the people been so glad to see anything unwind. After next Tuesday, movie theater patrons, in the semi-darkness, at the sight of a candidate, will cease to make a noise, like a steam radiator.

• • •

"SCORE INVOLVED IN AMATEUR DRAMATICS"—(Hedline Del Norte Triplicate). "Implicated" is a better word.

• • •

If automobile production continues brisk, we may eventually have two cars for every filling station."—(Atlanta, Ga., Atlantan). This will be about the time, a service station is built in the middle of a block.

• • •

The "Mothers Marathon" in Toronto, Canada, with $500,000 as the reward for the family enjoying the most visits from the stork, in the last ten years, nears the finish, and accordingly the legal squabbling stage. It will now be necessary for every baby, to have a lawyer, as well as parents.

• • •

Violets, unable to wait until next spring, are reported blooming on the Oregon coast. The unseasonal botanical activity is due to warm weather, and, a number of candidates threatening to tie the reputed modesty of the violets, with their own.

• • •

Photographs of hunters, standing proudly by slain deer, now appear in the upstate press. This is an infallible sign the editors are eating venison.

• • •

BOO! BOO!! BOO!!! (Szzzz!)
(San Diego, Cal., Sun)

"The warning of Mrs. James K. Lytle, first vice-president of the California Parent-Teachers Association, regarding hissing by children at pictures of the nation's leaders at theaters should be examined by parents. The parents might well begin with self-examination, for there have been hoos from adults as well as children."

• • •

The week-end was tempestuous for Communistic candidates and orators, throughout the nation. They were chased off speaker's stands, and targets for eggs and other missives. It was different, in the past on the campi of several tax-supported institutions of learning. The visiting Bolshevik, in one instance, had to eat more luncheons, than he made speeches.

H. C. of L. Declines

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—(AP)—The cost of living in the United States has declined more since 1929 than in a number of other major countries, a study by the national industrial conference board, an industry-supported research organization, shows.

Umatilla Lawyer Passes.

PENDLETON, Oct. 26, (AP)—Col. James H. Raley, one of the best-known lawyers in the Pacific northwest and ex-state legislator died at his home here early this morning after a brief illness. He was 81 years of age.

Improved Daggett & Ramsdell Cosmetics. An inexpensive cream for every skin need. Make-up kits $1.00. Young's Drug Store.

Editorial Correspondence

EUGENE, Oregon, October 24.—When is a good football game, NOT a good football game? Answer: when it is a close, well played game, and the home team loses.

That describes the home coming pigskin clash here today which was attended by quite a gathering from Medford.

It was a good game,—hard charging, headsup football, particularly in the second half, but if anyone got a bang out of it—or would care to see it replayed,—they didn't sit in our section.

• • • • •

There was only one real thrilling moment, from the kickoff to the final gun,—that was in the final quarter when Oregon recovered a fumble in scoring territory and had four downs to do something. With the score only 3-0 against them, it looked as though the lemon and green might get together and go to town,—but they didn't. They did the smart thing, started to throw passes around, for it was plain from the outset that in straight rushing Oregon could do nothing against that Washington State line—led by a certain redskin with the fitting cognomen of Hop-to-it—but after several attempts a pass was intercepted, and that ended the excitement, for the afternoon.

• • • • •

There is no doubt about the material in the Oregon team, a huskier bunch of muscular youths, have perhaps never before been assembled at Hayward field. And they know football, particularly on the defense. But judging by today's performance their great need is a spark plug,—inspiration. This was particularly noticeable in the first half. If it wasn't stage fright, it was something akin to hookworn. The boys simply had no pep,—no punch,—they acted as though they knew they were in for a beating and were merely trying to keep down the score. Prink must have said something to this effect during the intermission, for throughout the second half, Oregon displayed an entirely different spirit. And of course with a break or two might have won.

• • • • •

Not that through the game as a whole, the breaks were against the home town lads. Quite the contrary. W.S.C. made a clean cut touchdown in the first half, but the ball was called back on a foul, and had two chances for field goals, also during the first part of the contest making half a dozen first downs to none for Oregon. But breaks are breaks, and no game is more uncertain than modern football—just one little one at the right time in that final quarter, and all Eugene would be marching up and down the Main Stem now, yelling its collective head off, instead of retiring to their tepees for a quiet family dinner, and the customary pre Sabbath ablution.

• • • • •

Having seen W.S.C. play St. Mary's to a standstill a year ago in San Francisco, this sporting expert had great hopes of an Oregon victory when he learned Goddard, Washington's All-American back, was not to be in the line-up. A year ago Goddard was the entire team, in kicking, passing and running with the ball, but he only sat on the sidelines and cheered this afternoon. That is one rather unusual characteristic of the Cougar footballers,—on tour, the subs don't merely sit in their blankets on the sidelines and observe the play like so many cigar store Indians, they perform as a cheering section. Perhaps this is due to Hollingsberry, the temperamental W.S.C. coach, who as far as emotionalism is concerned, has more on the ball than did ever Mary Garden. Or it may just be an old Washington State custom. The lady on our left thought it wasn't exactly sporting, but we disagree with her. It shows youthful enthusiasm and zip and morale. We feel Oregon might very well adopt the custom.

• • • • •

It was a beautiful day of course—that mid-west drought has apparently moved to the coast to set up its winter quarters. A clear blue sky, a warm sun, perhaps a bit too warm for the energetic young men in the arena—but just right for the spectators. As a spectacle however the game was also disappointing. Perhaps they don't pretend to make much of a showing, for W.S.C., but if they do, then the president of the student body should take a trip down to Medford and see how the M.H.S. lads and lassies put on a big game performance. The U. of O. cheering section, appeared to have a terrible time getting their placards assorted between halves, so they could spell out W.S.C. with no trimmings. There was much shouting of orders from across the way, and considerable commotion in front of the stands, but precious little resulted to look at. The college band also seemed to be taking a day off—for if they played more than one tune, it must have been while your correspondent was napping.

• • • • •

However as above stated it was a good game, from a football standpoint. The lines charged hard and low, there was some properly vicious tackling, good interference, fair kicking.—and these bullet passes—zowie how they shoot through the air these days! To those of us who played football before passing came in, the technique and skill that has been developed in this direction, is always amazing,—how they ever get such speed into a football and how anyone ever snags them, remains one of the insoluble mysteries of the modern game, to those who wore hard rubber nose guards under their football bangs in the late 90's.

• • • • •

Came back to the hotel after the game and got an unexpected and welcome football dessert listening to the broadcast of the final quarter between O.S.C. and the Bruins. It was 13 to 13 when we came in, and a middle-aged lady from Corvallis on the overstuffed sofa was having a great time with herself, rooting for the Beavers. But some Uclan kicked a goal from the field, and that ended Oregon hopes in THAT direction!

Then just for good measure Congressman Mott came in, and in that sepulchral voice of his asked how Jackson county was going for congressman. We told him in our considered judgment, all those who came out against the McGroarty bill would win hands down. Not up to our usual standard of accuracy we fear, but heck and Hector, aren't we entitled to a LITTLE fun on this excursion!

R. W. R.

NEW YORK Day by Day
by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—It is quite comforting to note how hopelessly stupid brilliant people can appear at times. Grandma called it "putting the wrong foot foremost." Once one makes a mis-step it's a great deal like sinking in quicksand. Nothing can be done. You just flounder.

I recall a captain's dinner on the old Leviathan some years ago. One of the most intellectual women I ever knew—a college dean indeed—was seated next to the wizard Marconi. It was evident as she took her seat she was startled by her proximity to the great man.

Sitting across the narrow table I could not help but catch the conversation. She began—like a gushing grass widow—with "What do you think of the future of the wireless, Signor?" An abysmal bromide. The Signor smiled and indulged the luxury of a patronizing Italian shrug.

The lady, red to the ears, was stabbingly conscious of her fluvial inanity. What she meant, of course, was: "Will we ever get in touch with Mars or the life beyond." From then on her talk was hysterical jumble, often pitched shrilly. She kept to her cabin the rest of the voyage.

Richmond Temple, the puff specialist for the London Savoy, cables me Watterson Rothacker has engaged a corner suite at that hotel for the coronation next year. No doubt by time of The Big Parade all windows will be taken, including S. R. O. for a few tall friends. Which is reminding of the Alpine playwright, Bob Sherwood, walking The Strand one day and a carriage starter, nodding toward him, yelled to his mate: "What a bloke for the coronation!"

Ted Woodward was sauntering Park Avenue with one of those jaspers from the West Virginia mountains the other day. A lady leading a Mexican hairless dog came along. Said the mountaineer: "I'd like to sle a well-fed mouse after that one!"

I called on a one-time football star at a hospital six weeks ago. An otherwise handsome fellow, he had gone through much of his life with the twisted nose of a battered pug—giving his expression a gargoyle hideousness. He resorted to plastic surgery. When I saw him he was in bandages and black and blue to the chin and and ears. The first step was to anaesthetize and hit him a smashing blow on the nose with a mallet. Then it was rebuilt and today is perfectly shaped. As Will Rogers might say: "Fitten fer the filma."

Idyllic note: Robert Montgomery, the handsome movie actor, was recently seen wandering about the isle of Capri—alone!

He is a retired general practitioner after many years of successful service. The subject of food cravings came up at Fannie Hurst's. He believes the the body should have what it craves in normal tastes and has always assauged that thirst of fever patients. Similarly he fed starches and sugar where there were demands. He told of a patient who aroused out of semi-comatose and asked for a platter of lettuce salad with vinegar. From a standpoint of medical diet, not the thing. But it was given and he began immediately to convalesce and had a quick recovery eating a plate of lettuce salad daily.

Dogs are fascinatin' critters. Each has a different quirk. Booth Tarkington had a French poodle, a model of docility, until anyone—even Tarkington—plucked a banjo that was around the studio. H. T. Webster had a fighting English bull that could whip his weight in wildcats but was afraid of birds—such as sparrows—and would streak yelping from them. Constance Collier had a Sealyham that refused to walk along the street until a pink bow was attached to its collar. A blue bow would not do. Mistinguett has a Chow that is sent to the corner news kiosk each evening for the Paris Soir. If given any edition but that of the day it will not take it. Richard Canfield once sent a setter to his friend Whisler. One evening a saucer of ale was placed beside the food to see if it would drink. It did, and ever after would not eat without the saucer of ale. My own pooch will run yipping from room to room if anyone squeezes an atomized bulb.

Social note: Moss Hart didn't like his teeth so had them yanked and store molars installed. George Gershwin gave them an "unveiling" with band, buffet and all.

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Night Coughs

Quickly checked without "dosing." ..Just rub on VICKS VAPORUB

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, Calif.

WHO WANTS A HERNIA OPERATION?

Some years ago I had a hernia on the left side writes a man (E. F. C.) from the near west, and was cured by operation. The operation was a complete success, for the hernia has never returned.

Well, with experience like that, one would naturally think the man would know what to do next time he had hernia. So he would—if the world stood still. But the world moves and this man has moved along with it.

About three years ago, he continues, I developed hernia on the right side and, having read your articles concerning ambulant treatment, I wrote and asked for the name of a physician in this vicinity who was competent to administer the injection treatment. You named Dr. ——. He administered the treatment and the hernia seems to have been cured. At least I have had no sign of recurrence.

Now what in the world made the man choose injection treatment when he knew that operation cured his first hernia? He explains that as follows:

In the case of this operation I lost about three weeks' time; had the expense of hospital, surgeon, operating room, anesthetic, dressings, etc.

In the case of the injection treatment I lost no time simply walking from my place of employment to the doctor's office 12 times and suffered none of the discomforts that one must endure in a surgical operation. I want to thank you. I for one am sure that hernia can be cured by the ambulant treatment.

Does anybody, layman or physician, dare to doubt today that hernia can be cured by the ambulant treatment? Name any physician, surgeon or specialist of standing who has the courage to express such doubt and I will show you that the man is simply ignorant of the progress in his profession; or else he is emotionally unstable or downright dishonest.

Another correspondent (L. D. V.) writes:

After reading several of your articles in the paper about the ambulant treatment of heria, I decided to take the treatment. I did not expect it would give me a perfect cure as I was 72 years old and had been ruptured about thirty years. But I am cured. I cannot thank you enough for your valuable articles and for your kindness in directing me to Dr. ——. I found him gentle and skillful, and his fee for the treatment was very reasonable.

Now, who wants a hernia operation?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Horses

This is a "horse" on you . . (G. L. C.)

Answer.—G. L. C. writes the laconic note on the margin of a clipping telling how a boy playing horse ate some poison ivy leaves and was taken to a hospital suffering severely from ivy poisoning. Neigh, it is not on me. Send 3-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address, for monograph on ivy poisoning. You will see that I advise great caution about chewing ivy leaf.

Called

Since you insist there is no such ailment as a cold, what would you call this? . . . (P. M. A.)

Answer.—Send ten cent coin and stamped envelope bearing you address, for copy of "Call It Cri." It not only answers your question fairly, but gives sound practical advice for management of your trouble, including instructions for preparing and using the "fool proof" cough medicine.

Complexion

What is the formula for the skin oil you recommend? . . . (I. D.)

Answer. — Send stamped envelope bearing your address for monograph on Complexion.

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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.

Comment of the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

STILL at Strawberry. Weather: swell. Hunters despondently eyeing sky in search of clouds, which persist in playing hooky. Woods so dry you can step on a twig out here and they'll hear it in Reno.

CAMPFIRE conversation slips from the high plane of historical research. There is desultory discussion of how porcupines pass the long winter nights and the noises they make while doing it. Some back alley naturalist enlarges upon the kandoo fish and its despicable habit of laying its eggs in the flesh of mammals, where available.

Marshall restores the lacking note of culture by asking: "Joe, why was horse stealing a hanging matter in the early days?"

"WELL, I'll tell you," Joe answered. "Out here on the desert a man's horse was his very life. Without his horse he was likely to be overtaken by hostile Indians. Or he might die of thirst before reaching water. Without a horse, almost anything might happen to you.

"So, you *see*, stealing a man's horse was always equivalent to endangering his life and was likely to be equivalent to taking his life. Taking a man's life, or even threatening it, called for stern measures in the old days.

"That's how horse stealing came to be looked upon as a capital offense."

THE Piutes were inveterate horse-thieves.

Out in the Steins mountains country there is a flat under a rim rock and out in this flat is a depression. At the bottom of the depression is a breastwork of rough lava rock. Back of all it is a story.

Piutes had run off an old timer's horses. Giving chase on foot, he found them high up in a meadow on the side of the Seins, along with the Indians' ponies. He mounted one of his own horses bareback, and started hazing the whole band back, taking along the Indian ponies so their owners couldn't give chase.

NIGHT came and he camped on the flat, and at the break of dawn he looked back and saw the Indians coming over the rim on foot. As the advancing redskins dropped behind a rise, he laid a quick ambush in the depression, piling up the breastwork of lava blocks. As the Indians came within range, he opened fire.

Telling of it afterward he said: "Fourteen of 'em were in sight when I started shooting. Two got away, and one of them was crippled."

OVER near the base of the Steins. In the far away days when the Indians were on the loose, a wandering band of Piute warriors jumped a lone cabin whose occupants, a man and a boy, put up a determined fight as long as their ammunition lasted then sought to creep away to the concealing willows along the creek.

The reds discovered them, shot their legs full of arrows dragged them back into the cabin, set the cabin on fire and burned them to death. A mere incident in those days.

A SON and brother of those pitiful victims still lives in the wide open spaces of Southeastern Oregon. He has been busy through the long years since that tragic day.

A doen years or so back, Joe saw him in Burns. "How many scalps you got now, Rye?" he asked. "Oh, 50 or 60," was the answer. "Come up to the ranch some time and we'll count 'em."

Those 50 or 60 scalps (of Indians) represented vengeance over the long years for the father and brother who were shot full of arrows and burned in their cabin at the foot of the Seina on that fateful day of the long ago.

HO HUM. Eleven o'clock. The mahogany wood fire has burned to coals. And it MIGHT rain tomorrow and start the deer on their way to the lowlands. Time to hit the hay.

From the rims above camp comes the shrill yapping of a coyote. There have been changes of vast import since those distant days on the plains of Southeastern Oregon. But still the coyotes point their noses at the moon and sing their mournful song.

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)

sands of voters who are missed by surveys. Sure-thing bettors generally avoid New Jersey.

Kansas—The signs point to a Landon victory here by a small majority. The Republican claim of a 95,000 majority is probably too high. The best authority on the state says 25,000. One canvass indicates only about 3,000.

California—Republican activity has increased lately and the Democrats are still sitting on their hands, but the clockers say Mr. Roosevelt by about 450,000.

The public did not appreciate the greatest service which the late Senator Couzens performed in its behalf. He fathered few bills. His legislative activity consisted largely of exposing defects in tax bills, and for this he was known. But the one thing for which he stood above all others was "open covenants, openly arrived at." He declined to be a party to senatorial committee secrecy. He insisted among his senatorial comrades on the right to say how he voted, what he did and what he thought in executive committee sessions. His hatred of political secrecy was his dominant characteristic in public life.

People will know a mite less of public affairs, now that the rebel is dead.

The ten states to which the first 102 new farm benefit payments were sent two weeks before election were not pulled out of a hat.

Three of the ten were Republican states, Maine, Kansas and Delaware. Three were sure Roosevelt states, Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee. Four were sharply contested battlegrounds, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa and North Dakota.

The AAA crowd obviously wanted to balance the states so as to avoid political criticism, but the laugh behind it was that nearly three-fourths of the first checks went into doubtful Pennsylvania. In fact, the Pennsylvania farmers got $7,738 of the first $8,836 dispensed.

AAA-ers explain the amount is not large, but is "a sample" of what is to come.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
October 26, 1926
(It was Tuesday)

C. E. (Pop) Gates denies he stated that "it takes two gallons of gasoline to make a trip to Jacksonville" at a county seat removal meeting.

Three nabbed for rum violations.

Bill Lydiard returns from a long auto jaunt which took him to Canada.

Increase in valuations in Jackson county will reduce tax levy for the year 12 mills, Assessor Coleman reports.

Special prosecutor named in quiz of Hall-Mills murder mystery in New Jersey.

Sportsmen to meet at Nat and discuss bill to lower license fees.

Coach Callison of the high school tells Kiwanis club about the growth of football in this city.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 26, 1916
(It was Thursday)

T. E. Daniels and John Perl leave for hunting trip in Applegate.

Straw vote in city gives Wilson a two-to-one lead.

First election bets reported.

Sawmill on the Applegate to start operation February 1.

Chris Gottlieb returns from business trip to Seattle, Wash., and reports Wilson sentiment growing.

William Jennings Bryan starts campaign for Democratic party.

THE MAIL TRIBUNE'S Political Safety-Valve

This newspaper will publish communications, limited to 400 words, expressing the political views of our readers. Regardless of party affiliations, all interested are invited to contribute to this pre-election department.

Old Timer Sees Prosperity

In my occasional trips to Medford and Grants Pass I hear considerable discussion concerning present conditions. It is generally agreed that times are good in the larger centers though some contend the farmers as a whole are still in the bad shape they were left by the Republicans a few years back.

I have lived all my life in the country and 77 years here on Missouri Flats of the Applegate, which should entitle me to an opinion on this subject.

In all these years I have never known times to be any better than at the present. Good prices are obtained for cattle, hogs and sheep and practically all products of the farm. There is work for everyone. I just recently returned from a trip to the coast and found considerable need of men in logging camps, fishing boats and other places, with wages from $4 to $9 per day.

The thing that concerns we farmers most of all is this threat of a longshoremen's strike which will paralyze everything.

I cannot conceive how the workers themselves are back of this movement. There seems to be a master mind back of it all, especially the bringing of it to a crisis so near election time.

LOGAN WOOLDRIDGE,
Longest time resident of the Applegate.
Oct. 26, 1936.

WILLIAM M.
McALLISTER
Republican Candidate for
State Representative

Mr. McAllister's experience in law and his thorough knowledge of the needs of this section of Oregon make him especially qualified to serve in this important office.

FOR EFFICIENT REPRESENTATION!
Cast Your Ballot For McCallister

Paid Adv. Republican County Central Com.

Snider's BUTTER IN GOOD TASTE

Don't Sleep on Left Side, Crowds Heart
GAS PRESSURE MAY CAUSE DISCOMFORT. RIGHT SIDE BEST.

If you toss in bed and can't sleep on right side, try Adlerika. Just ONE dose relieves stomach GAS pressing on heart so you sleep soundly.

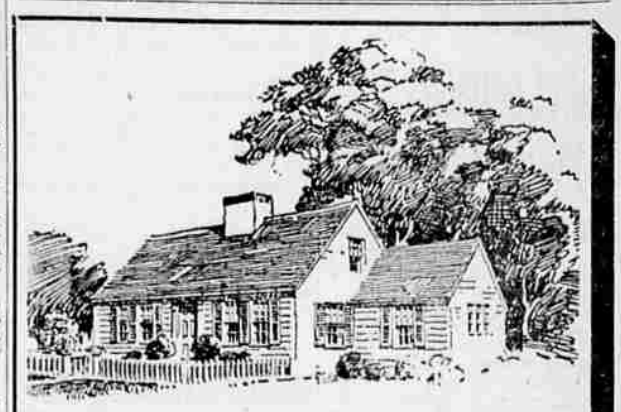
Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels and brings out foul matter you would never believe was in your system. This old matter may have poisoned you for months and caused GAS, sour stomach, headache or nervousness.

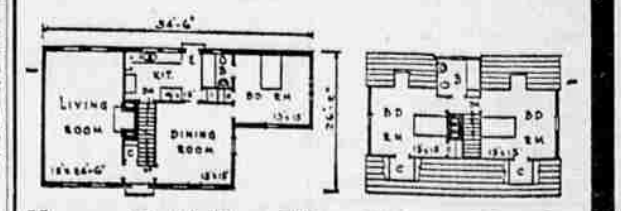
Dr. H. L. Shoub, New York, reports "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adlerika greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli."

Mrs. Jas. Fillen: "Gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. The first dose of Adlerika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never felt better."

Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika and see how good you feel. Just ONE dose relieves GAS and constipation. Jarmin's Drug Store

DR. GEO. S. JENNINGS
Osteopathic Physician and Surgeon and Optometric Eye Specialist announces the opening of professional offices: 310 Medford Center Bldg., Medford, Oregon. Tel. 843





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SPECIAL MEETING

Apostolic Faith, 42 N. Front Street announces our Overseer and Minister, Rev. R. R. Crawford with workers and singers from Portland, Ore., will be here

Tuesday, 7:45 P. M.

Don't fail to come and hear the evangelist proclaim and expound the old time gospel truths with power.

EVERYBODY WELCOME

Come and bring your friends with you.