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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Everything happened on July 4th except skyrockets setting fire to the whiskers of citizens who raised them for the day, as a matter of civic and patriotic duty.

• • •

Senators are now debating the Roosevelt supreme court pack plan. They hope to save the President's face, and their own political hides in the next election.

• • •

"A large new sign graces the west end of one of the A. J. Hill and company hardware buildings facing the Pacific highway at the south end of the business district. It is easily discernible from the highway."—(Halsey (Ore.) News)—The last sentence is a supposition, and not the regular order.

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The limbs of some of the trees in the residential sections hang lower over the sidewalk than a business district awning.

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The grain and hay crop failure is now not as bad as feared, and, it looks like the agriculturists would be able to stack it all in the field on which it was grown.

• • •

"The police report Hansen was swinging down the highway at a lively speed."—(Siskiyous News) —Nearer right than intended.

• • •

All the Older Girls are recuperating from holiday auto tripa to the wide open spaces. By the end of the week, husbands hold high hopes of getting something harder to cook than scrambled eggs.

• • •

The feared and dreaded gooseberry pie has broken out again in this vicinity.

• • •

A scientist now reveals, "the depression gloom was heightened by the drab clothing worn by the men." At the time, the menfolks were lucky to have anything to wear, and in no mood to don yellow tights, while trying to remember under which henhouse they buried their money.

• • •

The road to the summit of Roxy Ann is being used extensively by admirers of the view. It would have been a great convenience in the lokal fiery kross era.

• • •

Residents of the Prospect district are busy planting beans and getting out wood.

• • •

"RUNAWAY TEA THRILLS HOLIDAY THRONG"—(Lakeview Examiner)—Time backs up!

• • •

The National Spelling Reform association plans a fall campaign. With all the things that need fixing, it will be a great advance to get after the way pneumonia is spelled.

• • •

The local drift of dog fanciers is now towards setter dogs that will not remain sea'd.

• • •

An automobile that looked like it had been hit by a locomotive, missed another one late yesterday.

• • •

The financial state of France seems to be terrible, from all press accounts. They must dig up $1,800,000,000 to save their own government, or face a crisis. This, they do not want to do, any more than pay the American war debt.

• • •

AND, PRAY, WHAT SHADE?

"Vilhjalmar Stefansson, explorer, says we must change our conception of weather at the North Pole, for according to the United States Weather Bureau the Arctic has known temperatures of 100 degrees in the shade. We have never been very close to the North Pole, but just for the sake of curiosity, we would like to inquire, in the shade of what?"—(Christian Science Monitor.)

P. O. Safe Cracked.

THE DALLES, Ore., July 7.—(AP)—Sheriff and state police officers were investigating today the burglary of the Maupin postoffice, where yeggs cracked a safe, taking $150.

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Expert care and adequate insurance
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The Cost of Rescue

IF Amelia Earhart is alive, her plane must have landed somewhere on a coral reef. Even if her land plane, could have kept afloat on the open sea all this time, those clinging to it, could hardly have survived four days and nights, of suffering and exposure.

So at the present writing there is only that one ray of hope. It's pretty slim, but a waiting and anxious world will keep on clinging to it, until sufficient time has elapsed, to shatter even that.

• • • • •

MEANWHILE the search will go on,—yes, as we have been informed, at GREAT EXPENSE! We can't get the viewpoint of those who are so concerned with the cost of this effort to rescue Miss Earhart and her navigator.

After all this country is not at war,—how could the coast guard and navy be better employed? Our warships are steaming about most of the time, our navy airplanes and carriers, are maneuvering and practicing here and there. Why not devote their energies to something as beneficent and useful as this?

• • • • •

AND whether or not the result of the search is successful, it will be USEFUL. A tremendous amount of information, will result from this tragedy whatever the final outcome, which will be extremely valuable to aviation, and therefore to humanity, for all time to come.

But Miss Earhart is only one person out of a couple of billion swarming over the earth's surface. Why all this expense and trouble for HER? After all she took the trip "just for fun", on her own responsibility,—what right had she to demand that the entire world halt, and devote its energies to finding her, if she happened to get into trouble?

• • • • •

OF course she had no right and she didn't demand it. She demanded nothing. And there is no responsibility on the part of any government or any person, to do anything for her now.

But that's not the way—thank the Lord,—most people feel about it. Livingston was just one man out of many millions; so was Greely; and so have been explorers and adventurers since the world began. But when any of them were lost, and hope of rescuing them alive existed, there have been both individuals and governments ready to spend time, money and risk lives in an effort to save them.

• • • • •

AND that is the prevailing spirit now. We fear our vocabulary is a bit deficient, when called upon to classify those who would count the cost of saving human life,—Miss Earhart's or some other—one life, two or many—when the opportunity is presented.

Such an attitude just doesn't conform to our idea of what a human being should think, or feel, or be!

A Correspondent Answered

A SUBSCRIBER explains why Max Schmeling has been given the double-cross.

It has nothing to do with high finance. It's politics. Herr Maxie is a Nazi. And if he were matched with Louis, Braddock or anyone else in New York, organized labor and the Communists would boycott the match, and gate receipts would be a wash-out.

So Maxie is put on the shelf, until the anti-Nazi agitation blows over.

Very interesting, but hardly convincing.

• • • • •

A YEAR ago Maxie was a Nazi, and with a presidential election in the offing, political feeling was running stronger than it is today. Yet there was no anti-Nazi uprising when Schmeling met Louis, and if memory serves, every member of the Caucasian race in Greater Manhattan, was yelling for the German to knock the colored boy's block off.

Maxie had a match with the British fistic champion Tommy Farr, and Hitler is no more popular with the Communists and workers of England than over here. But there was no talk of boycott. Whatever may be said against Tommy Atkins, no one can ever question his sportsmanship. "May the best man win," is not only the sporting creed he preaches, but practices.

Yet Maxie was given the double cross by the prize fighting impresarios over there, and is once more on the outside looking in. Instead of meeting Schmeling in London, Farr will meet Louis in New York.

Does our informant seriously maintain, that money had nothing to do with this last minute switch?

• • • • •

A GERMAN Nazi won the Vanderbilt cup race in New York York on Monday. According to press reports no winner ever received a greater popular ovation. Where was the anti-demonstration by the aroused Communists, labor zealots, etc., etc.?

So with Baron von Cramm, Nazi tennis star, one of the most popular players at the Wimbledon tournament, who was finally put out by Budge, in the finals. There was no issue made of the titled gentleman's politics.

No that explanation doesn't wash.

• • • • •

PRIZE fighting as a sport is a pretty sordid mess, but as a whole, it has to date kept free from partisan politics.

When the boys on the inside have cashed in on the Farr-Louis side show then Maxie will undoubtedly be called in, for financially speaking, he will then be the best bet,—perhaps another million dollar gate.

Love may make the world go 'round, but the clink clink of the cash register supplies the motive power for the prize fight game, and determines its direction,—nothing else.

AIR TOUR HEADS FOR PENDLETON

ONTARIO, July 7.—(AP)—Oregon's touring air fleet took off this morning for Pendleton after staging a show here yesterday that attracted practically the entire population of Ontario, business houses being closed for the occasion.

Perfect weather aided the stunt pilots and parachute jumpers to go through their routines to the best advantage.

George Armistead of Brentwood, Cal., took first place in the navigation contest for sportsmen pilots on the trip here from Baker; Dr. Paul Sharp of Klamath Falls, who had been leading the field, slipping to third place.

Ethel Sheehy of Fontana, Cal., took first for the lap.

Kansas fattens more than 300,000 southwestern ranch and range cattle on its bluestem pastures each year.

Georges Carpentier, one time European heavyweight boxing champion, is now barman at a hotel in Cannes.

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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, Calif.

CLOTHING AND BATHING

How frequently must one take a bath in order to be both physically and mentally clean, asks a correspondent, equivocally enough to permit a tactful reply.

Cleanliness is physical. Physical cleanliness, freedom from filth, contamination, pollution, dirt, stain, blemish, grime, dust or foreign matter of any kind; neatness of person, dress and environment; asepsis or medical, surgical or sanitary cleanliness or sterility, absence of disease-producing germs; such cleanliness is always normal, wholesome, physiological, desirable, healthful, hygienic. When the concept of cleanliness is carried beyond actual physical cleanliness into the realm of imagination, as suggested by the correspondent's use of the term "mentally clean," it borders on morbid psychology, obsession, insanity. People who bathe several times a day, indeed many who bathe daily when there is no physical necessity for such frequent bathing, are generally abnormal if not definitely unbalanced. They harbor obsessions about contamination, dirt, odor or germs.

After all, so far as hygiene, health, sanitation or medical or surgical asepsis is concerned, cleanliness is not determined by the frequency with which one bathes nor by the noise one makes about one's bathing.

Oxygen in the air is as effectual a cleansing agent as is water. Sunlight is a powerful antiseptic, disinfectant deodorant. Persons who take daily air bath or sunbath, that is, go without clothing or with the least possible clothing, require less frequent soap and water bathing to remove decomposition products of sebum (skin oil) or sweat from the skin. The more unnecessary clothing or covering worn the more is decomposition of these excretions or secretions favored.

Younger skins stand scrubbing with soap and water, in fact the regular application of plain, pure (undoctored) soap and water is excellent treatment for the complexion of the young person. Older skins do not tolerate soap and water so well, because the natural skin oil or sebum secretion is less copious in the older skin—cleansing with plain, pure (undoctored) olive oil, sesame oil or Pharmacopoeia cold cream (ointment of rose water, cold cream made up freshly after the formula given in the U. S. or the British Pharmacopoeia) is generally better for the older skin. A young skin is naturally soft, smooth, clear, oily, perhaps too oily at times. An old skin is harsh, rough, sallow or dull, abnormally dry, irritable, itchy. The physician feels not only the artery but also the state of the skin when he judges the patient's anatomical or physiological age. If your skin is prematurely old perhaps you need an iodin ration or a more liberal ration of vitamins or something—how do I know without a brief letter indicating your plight and inclosing a 3-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mobile Home.

Galvanized iron tank in trailer for water supply. This has been drained and flushed a few times. Is it all right for drinking water, or what precaution should we take to make water carried in such a tank safe for drinking?—(W. J. W.)

Answer—The tank is all right as a container for drinking water. Unless you have assurance from the health authorities that the water is safe for drinking, you should either boil the water or disinfect each quart drawn for drinking purposes. For emergencies a drop or two of common tincture of iodin in the quart of water, allowed to stand half an hour, will make the water safe to drink.

Preparing for Maternity.

I am young expectant mother. Read of woman having twins that were not twins . . . can't help worrying.—(Mrs. E. D.)

Answer—Yes, you can help worrying. Education will save you all that. Send ten cent coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Preparing for Maternity." Or try your luck writing to your congressman or the U. S. Labor Department, Washington, D. C., Children's Bureau, and asking for the bulletin "Pre natal Care."

Green Potatoes.

I ate green potatoes all last season and would like to tell G. F. S., who thinks they are "poisonous" that I have experienced no bad results to date.—(D. L. D.)

Answer—Of course there is no truth in the legend.

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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.

NEW YORK Day by Day

by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 7.—One of America's most interesting journalistic callings is slowly reaching the vanishing point. Aside from a dozen or so dramatic critics in New York, there are no reviewers, save in the large cities such as Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and a few others. Movie critics have absorbed the jobs.

New York had fewer shows the past season than in 25 years. The usual summer revues — Ziegfeld's, Carroll's and White's—which proved the most spectacular openings for celebrity audiences of the year and offered the best talent, are no more. Gone forever.

There are predictions that next season the show list will shrink further. Perhaps three premieres a week at top. The theatre is not dying completely. There is still much life. But it has settled down more than ever before to the survival of the fittest.

It is advanced that there are no great stage showmen any more, such as Ziegfeld, Erlanger, Dillingham, Belasco. But the fact is there are—George Abbott, for instance—but many have been drawn to the surer rewards and the greater financial security of the Hollywood studios. Easier hours, easier living.

Apartment buildings in New York that have had difficulty in being refilled since the depression are those with many guest rooms. The new idea is expressed by the Ralph Pulitzers, who had their 60-room mansion turned into small apartments and rented a small apartment for their own use. The vogue for small apartments is frankly due to the guest pest. Rich folk were helpless with so much room when friends from other cities dropped in. Many large residences became almost like hotels. There is a record of one home on Fifth avenue having 14 guests at one time, and was only ended when the owners fled precipitately to Europe after notifying all they were closing their establishment next day. Mary Brown Warburton's new palazzia in Palm Beach will have no guest room, and neither will Doris Duke's Hawaiian hacienda.

Washington street has an Albanian restaurant—patronized mostly by Albanians and a few uptown slummers. It is a replica of the native cafe and the food is displayed in steaming kettles in the dining room. There are some 20 varieties and the customer selects as many as he desires. Albanian bread is fluffy and gray and is broken into chunks to be sopped in the various stews. Albanians are the greatest of all dunkers. One of the delicacies is finochios. These are giant vegetables suggesting the onion in shape, but having a sweetish candy-like taste. At one of the tables I saw a mustachoed Konrad Bercovici-looking fellow who jotted down stray thoughts on a pad between eating and looking soulful. The waiter confirmed my obvious suspicion that he was a poet of the neighborhood who goes to various foreign cafes nightly to express himself in this fashion.

Harry Richman sends me a copy of the London High Hatter with a double page drawing of himself surrounded by such Mayfairites as the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham Reid, Miss Mala Brand, Lady Inchcape fluttering about in an adorable huddle while their husbands and beaux stand in the background biting their nails in chagrin. Thus the marcelled singer joins the handful of American entertainers who have cracked the British shell of reserve. A list that includes Tallulah Bankhead, Elsie Janis, Sophie Tucker, Will Mahoney and Belle Baker.

Richman has had more rebounds from Broadway's assignments to oblivion than any other performer of his time. A dozen times I have heard the street's dictum: "Richman is through—all washed up." Yet in almost every instance he has come back stronger than ever. For some unaccountable reason his airplane flight to Europe put him crosswise with the favoring Broadway winds. He was gently booed several times at one of the floor shows. Then he went to London to compete with the crack artists drawn by the coronation furore. And already the cabled reports of his success have resulted in a build-up that puts him out front again. He can have his choice of jobs when he returns.

The maid who attends my manicure wants in a mid-town hotel broke out in a roaring laugh in the midst of her ministrations today. In such outbursts I always have a feeling I have put my vest on outside my coat or indulged some other absent-mindedness. "Anything the matter with me?" I asked quickly, reddening to the gills. She replied enigmatically with a chuckle: "You'll never know." And I didn't miss sneaking a peek in every window mirror all the way home. Sometimes I think I'll put on an old wrapper, find an abandoned haymow and just sit there and sulk.

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COUNTERFEIT MOLDS LEFT IN AUTO CAMP

HOOD RIVER, July 7.—(AP)—Police searched today for the owners of a set of counterfeit dollar molds discovered by Mrs. A. Johnson while cleaning a cabin in her auto camp here.

They connected the find with the circulation of spurious coins here and in other eastern Oregon cities recently.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE three-day holiday is over, and in the nation as a whole it appears to have claimed a total of around 564 lives.

In Oregon, Washington and Idaho, the death toll is 31 as these words are written early Tuesday morning.

THESE deaths, remember, are SCATTERED. Hence they are not so shocking. If 564 people had been killed in one place, we would be all stirred up and agog with plans to prevent the repetition of such a horror.

As it is, those of us who are not directly concerned shrug our shoulders and pay little attention to it.

IN OREGON, ten died from accidents over the holiday. Five of these met their deaths in automobile accidents, and three were drowned. One man fell down a stairway. A negro got drunk, attacked his wife with an ax, and she strangled him with her nightgown.

IN WASHINGTON, 14 died—eight by automobile accidents and three by drowning. In Idaho, one was killed in an automobile accident and three met death by drowning. One miscellaneous death brought Idaho's total to five.

California's record was not available as these words were written.

THE pity of it is that these deaths resulted largely from carelessness. Sometimes it was the carelessness of the one who was killed. At others, it was somebody else's carelessness.

But in nearly every case, SOMEBODY'S carelessness was at fault.

WE hear a lot about the merits of leisure. Throughout the world, the hours of labor are being cut down and the hours of free time are being extended. But when we analyze the ways in which people of today SPEND THEIR LEISURE, we wonder sometimes if there can't be too much of it.

If work hours are cut down more and more (as undoubtedly they will be) and leisure hours are extended greatly, the time will come when we're going to have to learn better ways of spending our leisure time.

Already, leisure hours are the DANGER hours.

(Continued from Page One.)

Cummings, who read his message of greeting. Later "Uncle" Dan Roper, secretary of commerce, addressed the boys. Mr. Roper is noted rather for the polysyllabic rhetoric of the nineties than for campfire stories, but he made a speech that surprised his elder listeners and set the boys cheering. He praised scoutdom as the bulwark of democracy.

It isn't generally known, however, that Secretary Roper almost didn't appear. Wouldn't have, perhaps, if a district commissioner hadn't insisted.

It wasn't that he wasn't wanted. It was a slip somewhere. Just as the motorcycle cavalcade was ready to start its sirens to make way for the secretary's car, the commissioner was informed that Mr. Roper hadn't been scheduled to appear.

But you can't stop a motorcycle cavalcade, or a determined district commissioner. The secretary arrived, delivered his piece and made the hit of the program.

Two scions of a former member of the New Deal turned up missing, too, much to the regret of their scoutmaster. They were the 13-year-old twins of the one-time chief advisor at the White House, Raymond Moley. The boys stayed in Santa Barbara because their dad was making a flying trip home and they didn't want to miss him.

They are known as expert taxidermists and, according to their scoutmaster, their wildcat heads would have stopped the show.

Veterans of the A. E. F. who visited the Scout camp had sudden memories of "Sunny France." They knew that not the weeping skies or the good earth make mud, but human feet.

To some of the boys from the desert states, this strange and gummy substance was as unique as a horned-toad to a Vermonter.

"It seems funny," said a lad from Los Angeles, "to have it rain in the summer."

There are plenty of lessons for the race-conscious in tent-land.

"We've got a whole troop of Japanese boys here," said a young Californian, "and they're nice."

We thought we'd discovered some provincialism when one young easterner remarked:

"The foreigners are what gets me. Talking funny languages (we were wrong). "But they're all right," he added quickly. "You ought to see the Mexicans throwing hatchets in the air and others catching them."

Strangely enough, the Washington, D. C., boys have some of the most valued souvenirs for trading. And they aren't branches from George Washington's cherry tree, either. They're sharks' teeth, long buried in a little-known mound on Chesapeake bay. The sharks left long before the politicians arrived.

A prized media of exchange have been milk bottles from Elmira, N. Y. Two hundred of them. Like the treasured colonial flasks, they bear a distinguished mark—a glider. (Elmira is the glider city, you know.)

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
July 7, 1927.
(It was Thursday.)

Sixth street crossing paving to be completed soon.

Grass fire destroys barn on McAndrews road.

No county fair likely this coming fall, due to defeat of special tax levy at special election.

Potter Palmer estate to build packing plant on South Fir street.

Georgia church leader is identified by woman as one of masked men who branded her.

Road to Diamond lake open and in good shape, says George Howard.

John Drew, famous actor, near death.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 7, 1917.
(It was Saturday.)

Twenty German airships raid London in greatest air attack of the war. Bombs kill 37.

Senate votes for withdrawal of liquor supplies and purchase by Uncle Sam, as a war measure.

All Germans suspected of being spies are ordered to leave America.

People ordered to mow the grass on vacant lots and cut off overhanging limbs of trees.

C. M. Kidd buys Dunlap-Ritter building on Main street.

Country Club to give informal dances Saturday evenings during the hot season.

Hobbies of Clarence Mulford, author of the Hopalong Cassidy stories, include firearms, pistols marksmanship, building ship models, and short wave radio broadcasting.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's high commissioner, is named for the mountain near Marietta, where his father, a Union soldier, was fatally wounded.

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Swim Suits . . . . . 10% Discount

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