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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Ferris.
Citizens will march to the polls next Fri. It has been a very ladylike campaign, with no candidate threatening felonious assault upon the power company, for trying to rob the children's children of water in Rogue river and main tributaries. Nobody is mad at anybody, and not a pistol has been cocked, or a challenge hurled.

Ye Smudge Pot
Friday was warmish, and many asked: "Is it warm enough for you?" not that they cared, or particularly wanted to know.

The Older Girls, poets, and Peoria Bill Gates are thrilled by the blossoming of laurel, dogwood, and madroña trees, on rural hillsides, and meadows. They say nothing about the horse chestnut blossoms that smell as sweet, and look as pretty in the moonlight.

The Elks tom-cat is going to the hospital for a minor cerebral re-tuning. In plain English, Dock Phillips will whack a bump off his noggin. The alteration is due to an alteration.

S. Morris the T-Rk tiller towed Wed. He is over a three months stay in Ashland last winter.

The H. Flewler's dog, Kipp, is over the hills for a cerebral re-tuning. In plain English, Dock Phillips will whack a bump off his noggin. The alteration is due to an alteration.

Col. TouVelle, the Jacksonville acquire, showed up half-dressed on Thurs. He had no nose in his button-hole, per usual custom.

The eclipse of the moon started Fri. night at 9:44 pm, on time. Prof. Reimer of Talent stated the moon was entirely out of its umbra at 10:30 pm, yesterday, and everybody but Jim Bates, the chinwacker, took his word for it.

Constable Nicholas Young, hung out his fistline to dry in his backyard Wed. pm, and when he went to get some it was gone. The constable says he knows who committed the vandalism, but they will be voters some day.

Haying has started. Showers, and a shortage of hay-hands are predicted.

A number of thrilling races occurred on the Medford-Ashland unit of the Pacific Highway, which is rapidly coming to the front as a speedway, the past week. Most of the impromptu contests are due to drivers of a popular make of auto, being insolently passed by vehicles of superior internal mechanical fortitude, after the salesman told them nothing could pass them. Nothing more serious than ruffled dignity, has resulted so far.

F. Luy, the Antelope common, barbed his sheep last week, and they now look worse than the price of wool.

Dave Rosenberg has gone east to study the pear mkt.

The Girls Drum Corps tooted and trotted down the Main stem Fri. pm, and, warmed up to their work.

With the opening of the baseball season, a catfish derby, and the hills and steins calling today, people will be as busy as if there was an election, and they had no time to vote.

The first forest fire of the season came Fri. in the Applegate. It was not attributed to a cigarette.

O. Hunt, the magic lantern king, has been battling a cold.

The Tom Cariton boys of Plounce Hook are fattening up.

L. Coleman has resumed operations on the business end of an oil pump at his old stand.

Closing time for Too Late to Clarity Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Come On—Wake Up!

WE fear the following announcement will come as a shock to a great many people: A PRIMARY ELECTION WILL BE HELD THIS COMING FRIDAY!

Yes, that's true, although outside of the aspiring candidates themselves few people up to the present writing, have seemed to realize it.

Perhaps there have been more desultory primary campaigns in the past but if so, this column can't recall just when. There have been plenty of candidates buzzing about, as usual (with a normal proportion of incompetents and self-starters), but with the exception of the gubernatorial race, the public reaction to all of them, has never passed the emotional level of: "Oh yeah?—well so what!"

Of course no primary arouses the public interest of a fall election,—it shouldn't, any more than spring football practice should arouse the keen interest of the "Big Game."

But the populace as a whole SHOULD be aware an election is to be held, before the morning the ballot-boxes open—or so it would seem.

This year, however, unless there is a decided change, a majority of the good people of southern Oregon won't know there has been an election, until it's all over.

WHICH will be unfortunate. For as has been stated in this column approximately a million times, every election is a test of good citizenship, and in these parlous times democracy is on trial as never before.

The man—or woman—who has a vote and refuses to exercise it is not only a shirker, but contributes to that spirit of laissez faire and indifference, which more than any ONE factor, has destroyed democracy elsewhere in the world, and if not overcome will do the same here.

So our opening word today is a reminder,—a string on the mental finger so to speak,—that five days hence, (only FIVE) there is to be an election, and it behooves everyone to make their plans now, to go to the polls on Friday, May 20th, regardless of anything else they may have in mind.

For on election day—any election day—NOTHING is so important as that you—and you—and you,—VOTE! HOW you vote is not nearly so important as that you DO vote. For a voting error can later be corrected, but there is no correction, for persistent failure to exercise the franchise, for minority government,—none but the death of democracy itself.

YES we admit it. This is an old story. But most important truths ARE "old stories."

There is one feature, however, that is new. Heretofore this appeal to vote has been published either election day or the day before. This year we are putting it out FIVE days in advance. Perhaps that will help. We certainly hope so.

Where Will You Be May 20th?

AS above stated there has been no public interest in the primary except in the gubernatorial contest.

Well this is better than no public interest at all, and the popular concern is entirely justified.

For in the Democratic primary, nothing less than the issue of GOOD GOVERNMENT is at stake.

FOR the past four years, Governor Charles H. Martin, has given the state of Oregon, one of the best,—if not the VERY best,—administrations, the state has had in its entire history.

It has been so excellent,—so outstanding,—that it has aroused enthusiasm and approval, not only in Oregon, but up and down the coast,—in fact throughout the nation.

TO give his state such government, Governor Martin has had to be on the job night and day, never relinquish the reins of active leadership a moment, and with a belying pip in one hand, and a marlin spike in the other bang the heads of those who would, board the ship of state, arouse a mutiny among the crew, and pull "old iron pants", (as they like to call him) from the pilot house, and set up some special privilege form of government of their own.

WE realize our metaphor is somewhat mixed, but we trust the idea is clear for it's a perfectly sound one. The above has been literally true.

Governor Martin HAS had to bang heads like that, or he would never have gotten to first base in his determination to give the people of his state, efficient, fearless, non-political and absolutely honest government.

His victims have ranged all the way from those who sought special privileges for organized labor, to those who sought special privileges for big business and capital; from those who sought special privileges for incompetent partisan heelers, hungry for jobs, to those who demanded special consideration because they were 100% yes-men to the New Deal; from subservient boot lickers on one hand, to lurking bomb throwers, (or at least POTENTIAL bomb throwers) on the other.

And to all of them, he has had the same answer, and to all he has applied the same technique:

A swift kick where it would do the most good, and an unequivocal request "to keep going and never come back!"

STRONG medicine! Yes, but Governor Martin is a strong man. And it takes a strong man in this day and age to give the people good government.

And yet with all his rugged force and fearlessness, Governor Martin, has been genuinely democratic, essentially liberal in viewpoint, and where real suffering and discouragement have been found, most considerate and sympathetic.

A rare combination. Yes but General Martin has been a rare governor. And now the question is, CAN THAT SORT OF GOVERNMENT BE SUSTAINED!

EVERY sorehead individual, every thwarted special interest, says "no, it can't be!" and if they have their way it won't be.

They are out to "GET" the Governor,—and unless the members of the Democratic party in Oregon, who want good government,—have enough gumption to go to the polls on Friday and VOTE for it—they WILL get him.

AND that—well that would be nothing short of a public catastrophe as this column views it.

Not so much for the personal rebuff it would be to one of

the best governors this state has ever had (from the PERSONAL angle there would be many compensations if General Martin, after his many years of service, could now retire from public life) nor for the body blow it would be politically to Oregon Democracy,—but for the dire results to the cause of good government in this state.

For such an outcome would serve notice on every citizen who wants good government and is willing to fight for it:

"Don't do it. If you get good government, the people of Oregon, will only overthrow it. Join the back-slappers and baby-kissers, if you want to get anywhere. Good government?—honest, efficient, fearless, fair, non-partisan government? Don't be a sap. FORGET IT!"

And for at least a generation, with the fate of Governor Martin before them, the public officials of this state, would forget it.

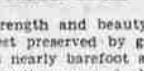
Personal Health Service

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 directed 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, 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

SHOES A NECESSARY EVIL

What kind of shoes do you recommend for a fourteen months old girl who has good feet and legs and is beginning to walk? inquires a mother. No shoes at all, replies Dr. Brady. Now, and for the rest of her life, shoes should be regarded as an evil made necessary by civilization and custom. The health and strength and beauty of the feet are best preserved by going barefoot, or a heavy barefoot as conditions will permit, now and always. When foot covering is necessary to protect the feet the more closely it follows the soft moccasin type the better. No stiffening whatever should be used in the footwear of children under five years of age. No heels should be permitted on shoes worn by girls under 12 years of age. Every child, for that matter every adult, should go barefoot or wear only soft moccasins or unrestricting sandals whenever and wherever this is reasonably possible. I am not advising anybody to make a monkey or a nuisance of himself. But there are many occasions and circumstances when one may enjoy going barefoot. For instance, when working in one's own garden. People who have tried this often become quite enthusiastic about the benefits of it. Let me see, wasn't there a craze back in the nineties for walking barefoot on the dew-covered grass night and morning—the Knipp cure? Aggressiveness of the shoe salesman has made many customers believe the support of shoes is essential to preserve the arches or some such poppycock. From this silly notion it is an easy step to the idea that arch props are necessary to prevent falling arches. The truth is that right or stiff support of any kind tends to break down the arches and produce flat feet. Weak, pronated or flat feet, weak ankles, are due, not to lack of support for the feet, but to inherent or constitutional weakness or deficiency (for example, mild unrecognized and untreated rickets in child-



hood); and to loss of strength in the natural supporting muscles and ligaments from lack of use—put an arm in a sling and it is certain to grow weak from lack of use. Put stiff shoes, rigid soles or insoles, arch props or supports of any kind on the foot, and the feet are certain to become weak from lack of use. Going barefoot is the finest exercise and insures the best development of the feet. Wearing shoes or not wearing them has nothing whatever to do with the size, width or beauty of the feet except so far as improper footwear weakens and deforms the feet. What kind of shoes to put on the baby? What kind of a baby deserves such maltreatment?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Monographs

Will you be good enough to list the monographs you have, especially those on matters of hygiene or keeping well. (J. B. K.) Answer—Some of them are as follows:

Wheat to Eat, Care of Hair, Excessive Sweating, Menstruation, Menopause, Hay Fever, Acne, Arthritis, Vitaminas Everybody Needs, Iodine Ration, Pocket First Aid Kit, Bed-wetting, Hives, Regeneration Regimen, Belly Breathing, Bread and Milk Club, Home Sanitation, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Pruritus, Conservation of the Teeth, Tobacco Habit, Diabetes, St. Vitus' Dance, Piles, Drops, Prostatic Obstruction, Blackheads and Pimples, Valvular Disease, Cardiovascular Disease, Somersaults, High Calcium Diet.

Any one available free if you inclose stamped addressed envelope. For any three in addition inclose 10 cents.

When You Grow Too Old To Live Is a woman of forty years too old to have her first baby? (Interested.) Answer—It depends on how old she is—physiologically. Some women of forty are old women. Others are still in their prime and wholly fit for maternity. If you have serious doubts about it you're probably too old, for a woman physiologically young would not hesitate to make hay while the sun shines.

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 285 El Camino Beverly Hills, Calif.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK.—Wall street scene: It is about 3 o'clock on a warm, sunny afternoon. The scene is in a brokers' office, perhaps an underhand peg from where Washington took the oath of office. It is certainly no further than that. A young fellow who has been with the firm only a short time stands out the window. He is bored, and tired of having nothing to do. There just isn't anything for him to do.

Fired with ambition, he begins to wonder if he is ever going to get anywhere, if he is ever to find any outlet for his energy. So he walks into the office of a junior executive. To complain about his lack of responsibility. He really puts up a good spiel. The junior executive looks down at his own desk, and smiles a little reminiscently. "and sadly. On the desk is a crossword puzzle. Completely worked."

Lexington avenue scene: It is the going-home hour and New York has just been bathed in electric light. Of course, it is still day. But the lights come on early in New York.

Suddenly, around the corner and down the street comes a blind man. He is playing a violin and with him is walking a blind woman, probably his wife. They have a sign, of course, which says "We Are Blind."

She leads the way slightly, perhaps by half a step. And she is tapping with a stick to guide her husband. She also is holding a tin cup in the time-honored fashion of alms seekers everywhere.

I am standing perhaps 20 feet from the pair, to one side. I run my hand into my pocket for a coin. Since I make no noise they cannot possibly hear me. And being blind, of course, they can't see me. Nevertheless, the split second the coin is withdrawn from my

pocket the "blind" woman turns, says "Thank you," and advances to meet me. She raises the coin unerringly to the hand that holds the coin. The coin rings into the cup. As they toddle off the old man's violin breaks into an old "bliss" song, "Out In The Cold Again."

Barbershop scene: This one happens in the basement shop of a hotel. The barber is talking to a man whose face is a coil of hot, steaming towels. A man-curler, who is not a rondo, has the patron's right hand. The shoe-shine boy is putting an extra flourish to his flannel rag as he strives for a "gleam" on the man's shoes. Nothing is said. Nothing out of the ordinary. But you can tell when somebody important is having the works in a barbershop in New York. You know it is somebody whose name means something. So you just hang around for a few moments. And finally ask for a shine, although it is really one of the few times you can recall that you don't need a shine. And then, eventually, you win. For that guy can't stay under the towels all day. Not without being parboiled.

Well, it's an old friend revealed to you. As the towels are uncoiled, you catch the friendly, familiar countenance of Vincent Lopez. Back from a long, long jaunt on the road.

The club's contribution, Jacobo said, would be not less than \$7,500. The title bout will be held in the Yankee stadium June 22. Jacobo has estimated it will gross more than \$1,000,000.

Jackson county farmers will meet at the Courthouse Auditorium, Tuesday, May 17th, at 8 o'clock p. m. Holmes Bishop, President of Associated Farmers of California will speak. All farmers are invited.

Closing time for Too Late to Clarity Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE COUNCIL of the League of Nations, meeting in Geneva, votes to recognize the Italian conquest of Ethiopia.

Putting it briefly, and in the language of the common people: "Them as has gits."

THE general federation of women's clubs, meeting in Kansas City, will elect its officers on Monday, and campaigning is now active. One candidate, talking to a reporter, says: "A little flattery is one of our best ways of getting votes. Women like to be told they have a pretty dress; that they look as young as ever."

"Most women know they are being flattered, but they like it anyway."

SHUCKS! Who doesn't? This writer has a shrewd idea that he can detect it every time he is being flattered, but knows perfectly well that he is pleased and sometimes influenced by adroit flattery.

Human beings are all pretty much alike, and what influences one is pretty sure to influence another.

AND it's still true, and probably always be, that molasses will catch more flies than vinegar.

A NEW dance, known as the "Jubilee Dip," was made its appearance in Memphis (Tennessee), and a correspondent describes it thus: "As the dancers swayed from step to step, their movements were reminiscent of laborers toiling in delta cottonfields or along the levee hoisting to their shoulders the cargo from the glamorous packet boats of another day."

If they had to do all that for eight hours a day, under the eye of the boss, it would be WORK, and half the politicians in the country would be crying over their pitiful lot. But, done as a new dance, it's SWELL, and they can hardly be to stop long enough to eat.

Human beings are a funny lot, aren't they?

Welles' Views

Such is a brief history of Welles' career. It leaves all sorts of puzzling matters—his relations with Secretary Hull and with the president, his plans for the future and the like—on one side. The really important thing about Welles, in view of his present position, is how he thinks to the Democrats. At the 1932 inauguration, he hoped for the post he now holds. He did not get it, but, as usual, he waited and worked until it was his.

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KLAMATHS OPPOSE TRUST FUND PLAN FOR CASH AWARD

KLAMATH FALLS, May 14.—(AP) Tribal leaders of the Klamath Indian reservation want to hold more than \$5,000,000 in their own hands, they indicated in a vote yesterday.

They balloted 149 to 6 to divide evenly among the 1,450 tribesmen the money due from the government in settlement of the long-fought Yamsay mountain land case.

Doubt that congress would approve the Indians' decision was expressed by B. G. Courtwright, reservation superintendent, who indicated further conferences probably would be necessary.

A proposal by Dore Crane and Boyd Jackson, native delegates to Washington, that a portion of the sum be prorated and the balance held in trust was voted down by the tribal council.

The award followed 17 years of litigation. The Indians contended that they had been deprived of \$2,000,000 worth of forest lands, and interest since 1920, valued at \$7,000,000, but it was reduced to \$5,313,008 by deduction of certain reservation expenses.

The tribe's claim recently was upheld by the United States supreme court.

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