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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

A great fact has dawned upon the Josephine county opponents of the Williams cut-off road. With a wisdom heretofore revealed only in a Solomon, or a Prof. Einstein, they have, by dint of heavy thinking, discovered that $7,500 votes is more than 12,500 votes. And votes, they have also learned, are what really count in elections.

In the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey, an effectual curb has been discovered for the reckless kid driver, and the drunken driver. One display of recklessness, resulting in apprehension, and their driving license is annulled until they furnish $11,000 surety bonds. They will act human in the future. This is very sobering, and Papa cannot argue and stall about the damages, and payment thereof. It takes all the joy out of half killing a pedestrian while delivering a bunch of celery.

What the Older Girls want, is a style of dieting that will keep Father Time from chiselling crows feet at the outer corners of the eyes.

Elvin Eby was married last Wednesday evening at Cecil. All friends in Morgan wish them a happy life together. — (Morgan News in Pendleton East Oregonian.) Wherein a groom grabs all the limelight.

It is supposed the governor would be surprised to get a letter from Jackson county once, that did not concern a shotgun or a fishing pole.

California grapes make the best jelly. There is a brisk demand for Willamette valley hops for poultices.

Two more people have been nabbed, on allegations they were endeavoring to expend a portion of Mr. Alexander Pantage's $12,000,000, for false testimony at his forthcoming trial. To date, no money has changed hands, the alleged bribers being so awkward they always get caught before the transaction gains momentum. From the frequency of their capture, it looks like the bribers would be cautious—but they are not.

RIGHTEOUSNESS PREVAILS
(New Orleans States)

To support its schools, Tennessee collects about $12,000 a month from a tax on malt extract, which has no market save that created by home brew demand and annoys only would-be violators of the Volstead law.

Fall sowing of long nosed carpet tacks on the main travelled speedways has started.

Janice, the $200 screw-tailed Boston bulldog, showing off before company, fearlessly attacked the grizzly bear rug and tore out a glass eye. The grizzly bear belonged to father, so Janice did something very smart.

FANCY WRITIN'

You may go when you will
Or stay as you may—
I tell you this is another hot day.

We saw a lovely Apoplectic pony going by a Tuesday.

Mr. Reeves covered Mrs. Sanders perches a Thursday.

I would rather sit by the side of
a the road—
And see the trucks go by
Than be a driver in the truck
And the dust a flying high.

We sure have seen some fancy days at the fair when we went out in Busses and Hacks and had bells on their horses.

Mr & Mrs John Cross and J. W. Baker and wife went down to Eldorado a Thursday and they found som of the Pines Cats enjoying life down tear.

The Chatauqua drew a crowd and the children sure had something to talk a bout.

A partie wanted to know the other day who helped us with our Items—well we have the Items—and then we do not need much help as we live on Ucald Ave—311 lots to be heard and more to be seen.

A partie said I see wher Guy Treadway is going to Teach the Moran school—I said you wants look at the heading be for you start in—then go a head.—La Harpe correspondence in Iola, Kan., Register.

Portland — New Alder theater opened to public recently.

Editorial Correspondence

"PEBBLE BEACH, Sept. 8.—Beaten five and four doesn't sound so good. But everything is relative, and when Chan shook hands with Doc Willing on the 15th given a few minutes ago, there was a miniature celebration in the Medford contingent. For Chan had ended like the grand golfer he is. From nine down on the 19th hole, he proceeded to show that 'Irish stuff' that's in him, and gave the Portland medalist the scare of his life. Five holes out of six did Chan win and not by luck or because his opponent blew up, but because he gritted his teeth, set his jaw and shot par and birdie golf.

From nine down at the 19th to four down at the 28th—Was there never a better comeback in a national amateur tournament? And with half a break—Chan would have done even better than that. But on the fatal 14th—fatal for Bobby Jones, Don Moe and Voight—Doc Willing's pitch hit a spectator in the back and dropped dead just beyond the edge of the green, when it should have gone at least 20 feet further and into a barranca. Chan made the shot that Bobby Jones and the other two stars failed to make, a straight pitch over the sand trap for the pin,—and had that spectator can with the others instead of turning his back—nothing could have prevented a win on that crucial hole. But it was not to be. The hole was halved, Willing making a beautiful putt and Chan was dormie five,—which means he had to win five straight holes to prevent his defeat,—practically an impossible proposition. However, Chan characteristically made a try at it. He played the next hole perfectly—got his par,—but Doc Willing did the same thing—and the semi-finals were over!

The largest gallery of the tournament surrounded that 15th green—and to say they were pro-Egan is expressing it mildly. From a sporting standpoint almost too much so. For, after all, this man Willing is a wonderful golfer, played a fine game throughout, and behaved in an exemplary manner. But added to the fact that Chan is very popular down here, was the fact that he was the under dog, making a gallant fight, and no crowd can resist that sort of thing. There was a small gallery to start the second round,—most of them waiting for the Johnston-Ouimet set-to—for this looked like a battle, with Ouimet only four down. But when Chan started to come back the news spread like wildfire and the Johnston gallery literally melted, as men and women ran ahead to see Egan stage what in many ways was the most exciting and dramatic drama of the entire week. They cheered for him, applauded him when he made good shots, and shots not so good, and at one hole a group of young men staged a prayer meeting for Egan to win. It was in fun of course,—but there was an undercurrent of seriousness. The feeling for Chan was really intense. If he could have pulled off a victory, Pebble Beach would be celebrating yet.

But it was not to be. One might go over that match and point out a score of times when an inch here or a little break there might have made all the difference in the world, — but what's the use? It's over. Chan didn't win, but he made a record that has never been equalled in American golf and probably never will be. For a golfer 15 years after winning a national title, and with little tournament play during that time, to come back and against the cream of the country's mashie wielders, qualify No. 16 and fight through for three days to the semi-finals — that's enough for any man—or any golfing star. And after that frightful morning round to come back and go down fighting—with only one over par for 16 holes—why bother with post mortems.

F. Ray Davis, former court reporter now living near Fresno, joined the Medford gallery today, as did Mr and Mrs. Wally Campbell former residents—now of Pebble Beach. Everyone had a fine time. And for an hour and a half what thrills! But when Doc Willing sliced into the ocean on the 4th and a gallery group cheered. That was a bit thick.

And now for the finals tomorrow—Oregon versus Minnesota. It promises to be a great battle. This man Johnston is a Yale graduate, now a stock broker, who once won the western amateur. In physical stamina he can match Doc Willing, also in golf skill but we doubt he can match the Pearlander in aggressiveness—and aggressiveness counts in this game—more than those who regard it merely as a species of glorified croquet suppose.

Well, as far as we are concerned "may the best man win." Taking Egan out of the tournament is like taking the last three letters out of Hamlet.

Later: And now it is really over—with "Jimmy" Johnston the new champion and a very popular champion he will be. The brand of golf in the finals was the poorest of the entire tournament,—Willing suffering what we predicted, his first upset,—shooting over 89 against Johnston, while the day before he shot a 74 against Egan. The high light of the round was a shot from the ocean by Johnston, as he stood in several inches of water on the 18th hole and between waves, whammed the ball to the green. That shot marked the turning point, from then on the St. Paul star was up and the Portland dentist down.

More interesting sidelights on this mob psychology business. When he was four up on that morning round, Johnston shooting 8s 42, Dr. Willing was about as popular as the Florida fruit fly. On the 8th hole when he failed to get out of the bunker the gallery actually cheered. This made several Oregonians so mad that while their sympathies were originally with the St. Paul boy, they flopped over to Willing en masse. And the funny thing is that the entire gallery followed suit in the afternoon. As soon as Willing became the under dog, and plucky, but hopelessly tried to get back on his game, the cheers were all for him and not for his opponent. When the cups were presented—Chan Egan by the way received a bronze medal as semi-finalist, and made a speech—Willing got as enthusiastic a reception as any of them.

It was a great tournament,—at a wonderful place,—and all the Medford crowd had a fine time. An effort was made to get Bobby Jones to stop in Medford with Chan Egan, but naturally demands upon him are great and he could not arrange such a stop at present. Bobby did pay a deserved tribute to Egan in his speech at the presentation ceremonies, saying that he thought Chan Egan was even greater when he dedanced the Pebble Beach layout, than when he played on it and put so many of his friends out of the running.

Dropped over to Santa Cruz Sunday and saw Bobby Jones, Cyril Tolley, Glenna Collett and Marion Hollins play a foursome on Miss Hollins' new golf course which she has laid out on a subdivision of hers. (Marion by the way has made several hundred thousand dollars in California real estate). Somehow couldn't get much interest up after real competition down at Pebble Beach. It was interesting to see this Glenna Collett halve holes with two such marvels as Bobby Jones and Cyril Tolley. She wasn't as long with the woods of course, but when it came to total strokes she was often on an equal footing. Perhaps the men weren't trying. At any rate both of them looked very much bored and so were we.

In fact, after nine holes we quit and started for San Francisco. Tolley and Miss Collett were five up at the turn, if we remember correctly.

It was hot, too. There was a big gallery. Peter Hay came over from Del Monte with his red coat to do the ceremonies. But somehow nothing seemed to click. Noticed for the first time that Bobby Jones wears a large diamond ring on his left hand. Somehow it doesn't seem to suit Bobby.

R. W. R.

BRUSSELS—(AP) General Wrangel, leader of the Russian White Army, who died here in April 1928 expressed the wish to be buried in Russia, after Russia's liberation from "Bolshevist oppression."

Pending this remote eventuality, the general's body, which was provisionally inhumed at St. Gilles cemetery, is soon to be conveyed to Belgrade. There it will be solemnly buried in the vaults of the Russian cathedral whose naves are adorned with 146 flags which belonged to regiments of the Czar's armies.

The flags were brought to Jugoslavia after the disbanding of the White Army.

Clean rags wanted at the Mail Tribune office.

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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

NO ARTICHOKES FOR DIABETES OF COURSE NOT HONEY

people in the industry, not the bees—are piling up their heavy artillery and exercising in small arms practice, in anticipation of my annual slighting remarks about this complex yet quite natural mixture of cane sugar, glucose or, dextrose, levulose, water, pollen, dust, bits of the remains of bees, an occasional dash of formic acid, fragments of comb, coloring matter from flowers or plants, traces of mineral salts and generally a reasonable amount of vitamins. That is a fair view of the composition of honey. I submit it without comment on the aims or purposes of the manufacturers. I have not the slightest interest in the life of the bees, nor any desire to rob the dear little beggars of the fruit of their toil. In return I ask that they shall feel and manifest the same indifference toward my existence and business. I have no rheumatism today, thanks to diathermy. But even if I had a touch of the genuine thing I should much prefer to worry along without any therapeutic effort on the part of the bees. In fact I question the efficacy of the bee sting treatment; it is much too feeble for rheumatic that has really settled anywhere. At least so it seems to me. While I was receiving the diathermy I had a practical demonstration of this principle. It was a pretty hot day, and when the doctor had the gadget working in supplementary high and left me for a moment to attend to a paying patient, I grew restive and perspiracious and in trying to reach for my hanky some how I managed to disconnect one of the electrodes, which began to bounce playfully against my neck. It was like being struck by lightning. I don't feel anything but I saw flashes, scotomata and sparks and smelled mutton frying. Upon subsequent exploration of the crater it was estimated (as the papers would say) that several lusty hives of bees working in shifts might make a similar impression in 24 hours. But I didn't mind, because the diathermy brought complete relief to the lame shoulder in only three or four sittings.

In some communities honey purports to be a desirable food for diabetic patients. Somehow the notion prevails that the levulose (invert sugar) that constitutes approximately half of all the sugar of honey, is readily assimilated and utilized by one with diabetes. Perhaps it is a sure better adapted for one with diabetes than is ordinary cane sugar or glucose or fruit sugars. But if a diabetic individual eats honey or levulose at all freely glucose soon appears in the urine and an excess of blood sugar is usually found. So the bees have little or nothing on the cane or the beet or whatever fruit one prefers as a source of food for the diabetic individual.

Honey ordinarily contains a fair amount of Vitamin A and Vitamin B, but that is scarcely a good reason for including it in the diet of a diabetic person, for there is no good evidence that honey is superior to orange in vitamin content, and orange contains less than a fifth as much carbohydrate as honey does, and every diabetic knows that carbohydrate in his diet must be strictly rationed according to his individual tolerance and activity.

Recently I have had many inquiries about the value of artichokes in the diet of the diabetic patient. There must be some cause for this sudden interest in artichokes in a particular community. All I can say is that artichokes contain over 12 per cent of carbohydrate, a special carbohydrate called inulin, which is readily changed to levulose in digestion. Perhaps such a vegetable may be taken in slightly greater quantity than other vegetables by a diabetic patient. But the difference is too small to be of much importance.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The Roaches Lingered but Departed

Please accept our thanks for the valuable suggestion you went to regarding the banishment of roaches. After it took them two or three weeks to make up their minds to leave us, they finally left—as adieu.

Nothing we had ever tried before helped appreciably. All the family send thanks to Dr. Brady. (Miss K. B. W.)

Answer—I am glad to give the information to any correspondent who asks for it and inclosses a stamped addressed envelope. You see, the agent I recommend to put the kibosh on the roaches is not a safe one to publish in a newspaper. Miss K. B. W. mentions it in her note, but I carefully deleted the name of the substance.

A Banker and His Money

How do you regard the stimulators that are being so widely sold at the present time. The —— stimulator, for instance. Do you believe these machines bring about the results claimed for them, and would you advise the use of one for a person who is indoors day after day? (K. J. J.)

Answer—Well, as a bank president, how would you regard a gadget I might offer, which I assure you will turn out just as good greenbacks as you can get from any mint? Brother, pass the hokum on to some less gullible sucker, and send a stamped envelope bearing your address. I'll mail you a ticket to the Somersaultaquin and if you will attend that show faithfully, as directed, you won't yearn for a stimulator to neutralize the evil influence of your sedentary habits.

Tale of the Finical Brother in Law

I have a brother in law, now about 30 years of age, who seems in perfect health. For 20 years he has absolutely refrained from eating any kind of vegetable or green, limiting his diet to meats, potatoes, pie, cake, fruits, etc. He says he does this because he has a sensitive stomach which will not permit him to partake of any vegetable. Is his health likely to be impaired in later years? (H. C. S.)

Answer—No, the diet is all right. Potato is a good representative of all the vegetables, fruits serve as well as greens for roughage, mineral matter and vitamins. So let the lad alone, or try to tempt him with a bit of salad now and then, just for fun. Even an exclusive meat diet is evidently compatible with perfect health, as the Arctic explorers, Stefansson and Andersen have recently demonstrated, by living a year on such a diet under constant study and observation of physiologists and physicians.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One)

in hospitals wounded. Henderson says the disorders have quelled.

But Aun Abd-el-Hadi Sil, formerly secretary to King Feisal of Iraq and a signer of the Versailles treaty, says Palestine's troubles are not ended. The Arabs will fight the British, if necessary, to retain control of Palestine, in their hands 13 centuries, and to prevent establishment of a Jewish Zionist state "within the gate."

Those interested in the Arabs and their history might read Richard Coke's book, "The Arab's Place in the Sun," recently published in England.

Many nations great of old, Babylonians, Assyrians, Macedonians, Persians, have lost their world importance as racial groups.

But the Arabs, recuperating their strength from century to century in their desert fastnesses, hang on as more or less of a world power.

Our drys would rejoice at power developed by Mohammedans after prophets imposed prohibition upon them. Wets will find satisfaction in the fact that prohibition Arabs haven't accomplished anything to speak of for more than 800 years. They made a start, then died out.

There is a great difference between Arabs and Jews, both belonging to the Semitic branch of the human race.

Jews scattered all over the world are everywhere working and succeeding. And they stick together, calling themselves JEWS.

Arabs in Asia and North Africa do little, lack racial cohesion and race consciousness.

They do not call themselves "Arabs." They say "I am Iraqui," or "A Yemeni," or "A Zanbari."

Lack of cohesion means lack of strength, the difference between sand and steel.

An airplane, of respectable size, but much smaller than the great German Dornier plane, rose from the Delaware river on Friday with Captain Miguel Kryguel at the controls. Nearly 30 feet long, wingspread 93 feet, the American Dornier Super-Wal, is built to carry 30 persons. It is, however, not an American product, being built at Friederichshafen, and assembled here.

The United States should be able on its own account to compete with Germany or any other nation in airplane building.

Reading today about the Schneider cup race, contest for world speed supremacy in the air, a supremacy upon which safety in war would depend, you notice that in the race there were six fliers—three British, three Italians, NO AMERICAN.

This richest country in the world attends carefully to economy, less well to some other things.

The International Congress of Psychology gives you this startling information: "Children who know their Little Red and created more than children whose biblical knowledge was meager."

Professor Hightower, of Butler University, examined 3316 pupils in public and delinquency schools. He doesn't say that the Bible caused the lying and cheating, but tests show that those who say, "Give children a knowledge of the Bible and they will walk the straight and narrow way," are mistaken. Mere knowledge of the Bible is not sufficient to insure proper character.

The professor should remember that children remembering the Bible well, expounding it intelligently, are clever. Some use their cleverness to thwart false methods of education and other processes with which they disagree, which thwarting sometimes involves what adults call lying and cheating.

Myrtle Point—Myrtle hotel dining room opened for business.

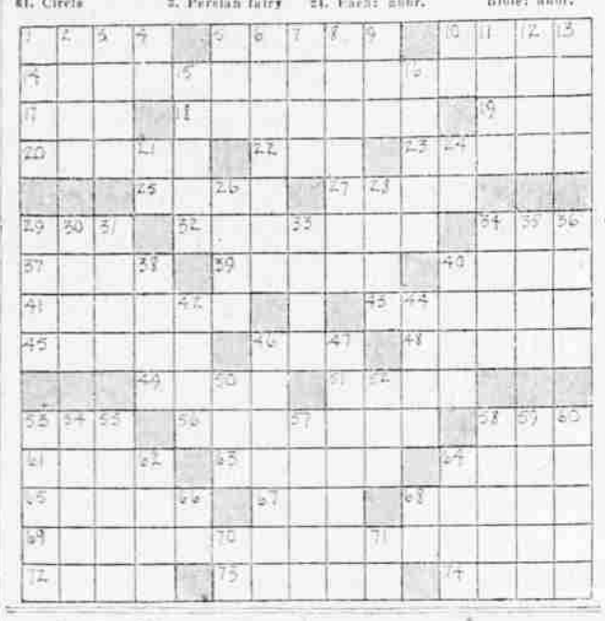
MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution to Saturday's Puzzle

S	P	E	A	R				C	H	A	M	P		
P	L	A	T	E	S		S	L	A	T	E	R		
A	E	R	A	T	E		T	A	T	T	L	E		
C	A	L		E	N	D	E	D		U	L	E		
E	T	A	H		D	I	M		A	N	O	N		
	S	P	I	K	E	D		S	T	E	W			
		L	E	R		C	A	T						
	H	O	L	Y		P	O	L	I	T	E			
P	O	N	Y		G	U	M		C	A	S	T		
A	M	A		P	A	R	E	S		I	T	E		
S	I	G	N	E	D		S	E	A	L	E	R		
S	N	E	E	R	S		T	E	N	O	R	S		
E	G	R	E	T				P	A	R	S	E		

ACROSS
1. Undermines
4. Francesca: painted
10. Cast off
11. Invested with full power
17. Propeller
18. One to whom property is willed
19. Be situated
20. Accumulation of people of a common stock
24. Operate
25. Relate
26. Pointed part
27. Island of Scotland
29. American writer
32. French astronomer
34. Parrot alike
37. Slothful
39. Wooden fabric
40. Medicinal plant
41. Basher of bacon: var.
43. Novel by George Eliot
45. Sitting of ears
46. Short sleep
48. Restrain
49. Philippine white ant: var.
51. Paradise
52. Fairy
56. Principal star in The Scorpion
58. The bitter retch
61. Circle
62. Draw
64. Broad smile
65. Coin of the Indian Islands
67. Southern constellation
68. Fatty fruit
69. Pertaining to past geological periods
72. Irish
73. Animal allied to the civet
74. Sphere

DOWN
1. Precise location
2. Wingtike
3. Persian fairy
4. Symbol for tin
5. Mimic
6. Worthy of love
7. Pertaining to the ear
8. Building nests
9. Compass point
10. Note of the scale
11. One of two equal parts
12. Canal
13. Stalker
14. Standard of perfection
16. Coat with an alloy of tin and lead
21. Size of shot
24. Each: abbr.
28. Grate
28. German river
30. Prehistoric inhabitant of Great Britain
33. Aroma
34. Girl's name
35. Surface
36. Scheme
38. Assumed character
39. Hern
39. Charles Lamb's pen name
40. Word of solemn assent
42. Girl's name
44. Short poems
46. Salt of nitric acid
47. Fine cotton fabric
50. Insect
52. River in Scotland
53. Run away together
54. Pertaining to a lobe
55. Idiots
57. Grother of Mayers
58. Heather
59. Competitor
60. Part of a fishline
62. Supplicatious Seol.
64. Smooth-spoken
66. Hawaiian bird
68. King of Bashan
70. Worthiest coding.
71. Part of the Bible: abbr.



WELCOME SECRETARY OF ASHLAND Y. M. C. A.

ASHLAND, Ore., Sept. 9.—(Special.) Mat Thompson, newly elected secretary of the Y. M. C. A. work in Ashland and Mrs. Thompson were the honor guests at a covered dish dinner served at the Congregational church on Friday evening by the members of the board of directors and their wives. Wirt M. Wright was spokesman for the board and called on Rev. Fallis of the Methodist church, who gave the welcoming address to the newcomers. Superintendent George A. Briscoe of the Ashland schools gave the welcome on behalf of the schools. Mr. Thompson spoke in response to the welcome, forecasting some of the work he hopes to accomplish in Ashland.

Those who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. Wirt M. Wright; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Briscoe, Mr. and Mrs. Mat Thompson, Rev. and Mrs. Barney, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Billings, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gilmore, Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Mitchelmore, Rev. Fallis, C. D. Gaffney, John Rigg, O. F. Carson, H. C. Galey, D. M. Spencer, Mrs. Murry Murphy.

ASHLAND DENTIST IS ROBBED OF FILLINGS

ASHLAND, Ore., Sept. 9.—(Spl.)—Dr. C. P. Tilton is the second of Ashland dentists to report the loss by theft of a considerable quantity of dental gold. Only a few days ago, Dr. C. W. Hanson discovered robbers had visited his office and carried away gold to the value of $25. It was thought that the thieves had been looking for morphine or cocaine. Dr. Tilton reports his loss at $25.

Do You Remember?

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
Sept. 9, 1909

Portland—Rumor E. H. Harriman, rail wizard, dead. News withheld to avert Wall street panic.

Bert Anderson, Wes Green and C. H. Glaize buy Deierlein orchard for $18,200.

Greater Medford club tag day nets $597. Mrs. E. H. Pickel high with $36.05 in sales.

Headline—Grand jury grinding.

A. Couro Piero nets $550 from 50 wealthy apple trees.

Editorial Opinion—"The intolerant attitude breathed by Commander Peary toward Dr. Cook is arrogance."

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
Sept. 9, 1919

Nation wide mine strike looms.

Gen. Pershing forced to kiss babies while on walk.

Record for Bartlett pear prices broken with $5 per box average.

Miss Helen Yeckey resigns position as Mail Tribune bookkeeper.

Editorial—Vote for good schools.

Court Hall rescued from drowning in Rogue River by Miss Winifred Mackaye of Boston, Mass.

Teachers Pets

(Contributed)

Teachers of Jackson County are especially invited to visit the booth of the Humane society of the county fair this year and see what other children are doing in other states.

Posters from Bellingham, Washington; Altoona, Pa.; Warren, Ohio; Sioux Falls, S. Dakota; Clifton, New Jersey; Canada, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Quincy, Ill.; West Haven, Conn., and many others are represented.

This poster work correlates itself most beautifully with English and art classes and the teaching of humaneness can be joined easily with opening exercises, reading, nature study, literature, oral and written composition, history, art, visual instruction and civics.

While every child should be intellectually educated, it is certain that the education of the heart is even more essential to the welfare of society and to the individual happiness, and children are entitled to both. A strict regard for the rights and feelings of whatever has feeling is the cardinal principle of civilization, of courtesy and of christianity. Children are fond of animals, and by no other means can kindness be so thoroughly inculcated than by humane teaching. It is not only the suffering of the animal we are try ng to prevent, it is also the moral degradation of the person who causes this suffering.

In the state of Connecticut last year 6,000 rhymes and posters were submitted by children of 132 towns and villages.

Let us this year have some representation from Medford in the national poster contest. Information supplied by the Jackson County Humane society.

Children in Jackson county are asked to send in their pictures of any size of themselves and their pets, together, to be exhibited at the humane booth at the county fair. A prize will be awarded the best one. Pictures will be returned after the fair. Write you name and address on the back of your picture and mail at once to the Jackson County Humane Society, Medford, Oregon, Box 935, or leave them at Colvig's Drug store, West Main.

The Weather

Oregon: Fair but with fog on the coast tonight and Tuesday. No change in temperature. Gentle northerly winds on the coast.

From Youth to Age

There are three trying periods in a woman's life: when the girl matures to womanhood, when a woman gives birth to her first child, when a woman reaches middle age. At these times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps to restore normal health and vigor.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

MUTT AND JEFF—Butchered to Make a Rummies' Holiday

By BUD FISHER