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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Two OSC. co-eds went hunting Sunday and got lost in the hills, much more completely than a man, and without waiting for a storm.

The news photos of Fatty Arbuckle, film comedian of a decade ago, and recently wedded, indicate that he has been hit in the face, regularly, with a custard pie since his retirement.

S.—Why be so conceited? It's your car and dog we girls like.—(Personal Co. KC. Star) A resounding smack square between a social lion's horns.

'AIN'T IT THE TRUTH
(Portland Spectator)

Financial depression by itself, as an isolated fact, wouldn't do us such great harm. But it is allowing financial depression to become mental, spiritual and physical depression as well, that is disastrous to our well-being.

Uncle, 87, had a birthday Tuesday. Everybody tells him he looks 60. He reports he feels 102.

Pampered bulldogs with glossy hides and the first asthmatic wheezes of their race, are lolling around in the front seats of Milady's motors waiting to scare the daylights out of sociable gents with the notion to shake hands with the driver. After the fright, the swain is supposed to forgive and forget, and pat the darling. One of these days a bulldog will be mysteriously strangled to death.

W. L. Kummerland and son, Leonard, were in town Saturday doing some week end trading. Leonard has been too busy on the ranch of late to give much time to his music, but admits you never can tell what is just around the corner.—(Heppner News.) With Len, it's what's behind the barn, that's going to concern him.

It has been six weeks since a Portland politician visited the valley, to sneer at Hoover, cuss the press, play horse around the Grange halls, and founder himself eating fried chicken.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—(UP)—A modern version of the Bible, written in modern language even to elimination of most of the "thees" and "thous" will be published soon.—(Press Dispatch.) A fine howdy do! and just what is needed.

Jackson Frost, here last March and April, has returned, and is very busy among the pumpkins and the maple leaves.

Bill Butts, who beat up his wife Saturday night, will be out of the hospital in about ten days if everything goes well.—(Iola, Kan., Register.) Ye convalescing conquering hero.

The Oregon State football squad returned from a trouncing, at the hands of the Trojans, and the coach announces there will be new faces in the line-up. It can not be that a varsity, composed of men with whiskers, could be guilty of the high school offense of "posing," "hogging the show," and brotherly relations when packing the pigskin. The alibis offered listened that way, though the defeat was attributed to "the emotional rebound of Southern California." The State college, unlike Oregon, does not suffer from a plague of traditions, and a trio of smart and wily campus politicians.

"ALL WHISTLERS ARE MORONS"

We do not know when man first discovered that he could whistle, but there is no doubt that the chap who first did it—probably by accident—must have been considerably astonished. No doubt he whistled again with amazement. Since then men have acquired the art without much trouble.

In early years one longs to be able to whistle like father, and therefore perseveres until, behold, one eventually finds one can whistle even worse than father.

Generally speaking, whistling means that the person who is whistling is cheerful. The chief practical use to which whistling can be put is to convey that we are quite happy and unembarrassed. When you have been made to feel extremely foolish, for instance, and know you are looking it, you strive to show that you are neither feeling foolish nor looking foolish by whistling in a nonchalant manner: whereupon you look more foolish than ever.

It is natural for every happy man to whistle. When the millennium arrives and we are all happy, the noise will be frightful. For this reason one is glad to think the arrival of the millenium probably will be delayed. (Boston Transcript)

Will Ainsworth Make Good?

WE TRUST the always reliable A. P. erred when it quoted J. C. Ainsworth as saying:

"I know I shall find the work most interesting and I shall endeavor to please everybody."

Mr. Ainsworth will never find work on the Highway commission interesting if he endeavors to please everybody. Any man in public life who endeavors to please EVERYBODY, ends by pleasing NOBODY—not even himself.

What Mr. Ainsworth should have said,—and what he undoubtedly meant—was that he would endeavor to be FAIR to everybody, that he would play no favorites, that he would regard each road problem presented to him from the standpoint of the welfare of the entire state, and not from the standpoint of any selfish local interest.

From what we know of Mr. Ainsworth that would be his natural attitude toward the important position he has assumed. That was the attitude of his predecessor, H. B. Van Duzer, and was the chief reason Mr. Van Duzer held his place so long, and was so highly respected throughout the state.

* * * * *

IN FACT, unless we are greatly mistaken Mr. Ainsworth instead of trying to please everybody, will soon be trying to please NO ONE BUT HIMSELF. We mean by that, he will disregard the pleas of self interest on all sides, and at all times be TRUE TO HIMSELF,—to his sense of what is right and just, for the best interests of the highway system and the people of this state.

That was Mr. Van Duzer's policy. We are certain it will be the Ainsworth policy. It takes courage, character and a high sense of public responsibility. But it is the only policy that can win, the only policy that can prevent either complete futility, or eventual disaster.

* * * * *

AND from what we know of "Jack Ainsworth," he possesses those qualities, and has that conception of the public duties he has assumed.

If we are correct in this, then Mr. Ainsworth either as a member, or as chairman of the State Highway commission, can't fail but be a success; and there will be no further excuse for the members of the commission wasting their time and energy, in fighting among themselves.

For all of which, let us be duly thankful.

The Truth About Hoover

HERE is a tip for some ambitious newspaper man in Washington. Write the "True story of President Hoover's unpopularity." That he IS unpopular no well informed person denies. But what is the real cause?

Is it simply that nobody loves a depression President? We would like to believe that, but can't. Is it because the President really is, as some of his press critics maintain, lacking in candor and frankness? From what we have known of President Hoover's character we can't believe THAT.

JUST WHAT IS IT? The authors of that best seller, "The Merry Go Round," throw little light on the problem, for the book is plainly biased. There is obviously no attempt to give a true appraisal of the President, but merely to enumerate and exaggerate his imperfections. In innumerable little ways the authors show they simply DON'T LIKE THE MAN, and make no effort to disguise their hostility.

* * * * *

ANOTHER popular book, "The Mirrors of 1932," shows a similar personal prejudice,—the President can do no right, whatever he does is wrong. Such extreme judgments are never convincing.

Perhaps no one thing is responsible, but a combination of them all with hard times as the basic factor, and a stimulant to all the others.

But we would like to have some intelligent and IMPARTIAL person tackle the problem,—we believe such a book would be extremely timely, interesting, and of great value not only to the President and the Republican party but the entire country.

We can't escape the conviction that if President Hoover were better understood, if the atmosphere in Washington were cleared of needless personal suspicion and hostility, the entire country,—everything about it, and everything in it, would be the better FOR IT.

A New Hero Is Born

IT WAS ever thus. In sport, as in life, the pitcher always goes to the well too often.

With two world series scalps on their belt, the Athletics, far in the lead all season, were two-to-one favorites over the hard-pressed Cards. With Lefty Grove and Earnshaw in the box, and sluggers like Simmons, Foxx and Cochrane at the bat, it looked like easy money for Connie Mack.

But as usual up "jumped the devil," this time in the shape of one "Pepper" Martin, an unheralded rookie from the wilds of Oklahoma.

* * * * *

THE series isn't over, there is still some doubt as to which team will win, but there is no doubt about this boy Martin. NO matter what happens tomorrow or next day, MARTIN IS MADE.

Not only has he practically won each game the Athletics have lost but, win or lose, he has equalled and will undoubtedly exceed, the world series hitting record for all time. And even more extraordinary he has done in the series just what he boasted he would do before the series started—something unprecedented in sporting annals.

So a new sporting hero is born, to take his place with Babe Ruth, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson and other baseball stars.

Which is a good thing for the game and even a better thing for young Mr. Martin.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS OF COUNTRY IN CONCLAVE

DETROIT, Oct. 8.—(AP)—Delegates to the fiftieth convention of the National Funeral Directors' association today gathered for the election of officers and the transaction of other business. The national conference of embalming boards elected Glen Masy, McMinnville, Ore., as secretary-treasurer.

The Irish potato crop, largest in Alabama's history, this year was 4,441 cars.

SCHOOL HEAD DIES OF HEART ATTACK

BEND, Ore., Oct. 8.—(AP)—Clyde T. Bonney, school superintendent at Sisters, dropped dead at his home last night from a heart attack. He was formerly school superintendent of Wasco county. While attending University of Oregon he won considerable renown as a football player.

Springfield. — County bridge crews started redecking Elmira road bridge and repair of 80-foot bridge on Noti road.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

A Useful Fund.
Britain Worries.
All This Will Pass.
Eel, Lizard, Squirrel.

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The President's conference and his announcement concerning a five hundred million dollar fund is well received by business and the stock market.

The most encouraging part of the program, which must be read between the lines, is to increase the "flexibility" of the Federal Reserve Board, making it possible for that institution to fulfill its function as intended.

The plain English of the matter is that the Federal Reserve can print money, issue it against good security, and thus make credit available for those entitled to it.

But the Federal Reserve transactions limited to prediscounting commercial paper, the kind of paper that becomes scarce or disappears in a depression, the Federal Reserve automatically ceases to function when it is most urgently needed.

It is the duty of the country and the government to reassure the millions of bank depositors needlessly alarmed as to the safety of their deposits, and make it possible for banks to obtain currency against so-called "frozen assets" that can be sold only at an outrageous sacrifice in such times as these.

The British form an unpleasant mob when really aroused, and, unlike bigger mobs in India, cannot be handled with light sticks in the hands of a few soldiers or police. For that reason Britain has wisely done whatever was necessary to keep the mob quiet. The dole was part of that necessity.

In Manchester yesterday idle men and women, infuriated by reduction of the dole, attacked mounted police with stones, and were dispersed only by firemen with powerful streams of water.

Abandonment of the gold standard in England reducing the value of pounds, shilling and pence, cutting down the buying power of the dole that is left, may arouse more trouble.

The British, said to be worrying about "a collapse in the United State," should reserve some worrying power for home use.

By way of reminding you that it is possible to take things too gloomily, John M. Ellis, of 25 Broadway, New York City, sends an editorial statement from which extracts follow:

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension: Never the future has seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it.

"In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies and influence of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely.

"It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference in the issue of events.

"Of our own troubles no man can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom—the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy and of charity—no man need seriously to despair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this wide-spread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity."

It may comfort you a little, perhaps persuade you that the end of the world has not yet come, to learn that what you read above was published in Harper's Weekly on October 10, 1857, seventy-four years ago.

In spite of all that gloom, and various Civil war panics that followed it, the United States DID COME BACK.

And it will come back again, more prosperous than ever, more intelligent. Also let us hope that intelligence will take the form of forbidding high financial crooks to dump tons of millions of shares of worthless stock on the gambling public.

One philosophical person, making the best of other men's troubles, says the depression will be good for the United States, "rousing us from our lethargy."

It will stir up new ideas, new resources, and that will be history repeating itself. Our ancestors a million years ago lived in a constant "depression." Their teeth were too feeble to compete with the wolf, their nails not strong enough to compete with the panther's claws, they could not climb away from danger like the monkey, or fly away from it like the bird. THEREFORE THEY HAD TO USE THEIR BRAINS. And on that necessity all our progress is based.

In the present emergency, only thinking, planning and working are essential to the success that can be found as well in a depression as at any other time. The man of 1931 requires the equalities that Voltaire attributed to himself in a letter to D'Argental, "I am subtle as an eel, lively as a lizard, and industrious as a squirrel."

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 the Mail Tribune.

MEDICAL PROFESSION WILL INVESTIGATE SPECIALIST RACKET

The comedy of specialism in American medicine is now approaching the burlesque stage. The more intelligent portion of the population is getting "wise" to the specialist racket as this has been tolerated, if not actually sanctioned by the medical profession of America. At the last annual meeting of the American Medical association in Philadelphia in June a resolution was passed that a commission on qualifications for specialists, consisting of nine members, be appointed by the speaker of the house of delegates of the medical organization. This commission is to give consideration to the present status of specialism in medicine and define the various specialties which may be considered necessary for the best interests of the public and scientific medicine. The commission is to consider the questions of education, training and clinical experience a doctor should have if he is to limit his practice to a special field or be known to the public as a specialist.

Well, better late than never. From the way our all-around specialists, our brass specialists, have been growling and snarling back at my animadversions on the evil, one might fancy that the organized profession intended to maintain the good old policy of dignified silence about this scandal. Let us hope that the investigations of the newly established commission may at least remind a few of the quacks within the ranks that the "clinic," "institute" or "group" system of plucking the gullible public is doomed. After all the high pressure tricks of specialism have been worked on the wiseacre public, and all the fast talk about this being an age of specialism has brought in the smart ones, it begins to look as though the honest family doctor were due to stage a come-back, at least for a lot of goofy folk who, in the din of self-adulation made by the brass specialists of the day, really imagined the family doctor was nearly extinct.

I commend particularly to the attention of the commission the kingpin of brass specialists who calls himself an "internist" and employs all the wiles of quackery in sharp competition with honest general practitioners. When they have classified these hardboiled fakers, then I hope they will turn their attention to the eye-ear-nose-and-throat boys and set up a minimum of five years of general private practice as a requirement for a license to practice as a nose and throat specialist, an additional five years if the doctor is conceited enough to think he can be a specialist also in diseases of the ear, and an additional ten years of general practice, making twenty in all, to qualify a man to hold himself out as an eye specialist, oculist, opthalmologist.

Pending the completion of the work of this commission, I advise all patrons to beware of the rabble of specialists now competing for public confidence. At least four out of five of them are brass specialists, fakers, though members in "good standing" in the medical association. I mean they are fakers when they demand or exact a larger fee for services than any honest, capable general practitioner in the same community ordinarily charges.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sleep and Weight.

Can weight be lost by loss of sleep? How much sleep does the average adult require?—J. B.

Answer—1. No. 2. Younger adults require nine hours, middl eaged adults eight, elderly adults six or seven hours.

Narcotic Depressant.

My husband and I have an argument which we have agreed to ask you to settle. Is whiskey a stimulant or a depressant?—Mrs. W. K. B.

Answer — Alcohol in any form is narcotic depressant.

Baby Has Bow-Legs.

Twenty-months-old baby has noticeably bowed legs. She has had Super D nearly every day of her life and is still getting it daily. She walked at 13 months. Can you advise anything to straighten her legs? —M. S.

Answer—I don't know what Super D means. See that the baby gets plenty of sunshine on naked skin. Get her a pushmobile or a bicycle or tricycle to encourage her to use her legs. Later (after three years of age) if the bowing remains uncorrected, see the doctor about braces or other orthopedic treatment.

Safe Milk for Children.

We plan a trip through a part of the country where milk is not generally pasteurized. How can we purify milk for our children?—E. F. M.

Answer—Boil it five minutes. No objection to this for temporary precaution, or if the children get a good daily ration of fresh fruit or fresh vegetables or their juices there is no objection even if you continue boiling all milk for an indefinite period.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

SUNDOWN STORIES

MORE WALRUS WAYS.
By Mary Graham Bonner.

As they were leaving the walrus called them back.

"I don't want you to think I am rude about my weight," he said, "and I do wish you'd come back and meet some other members of the family.

"We're all such a friendly family, and while we're not so fond of people we are devoted to each other.

"We might like people better if they hadn't hunted us, and so you really can't blame us for not liking your kind."

"I don't blame you in the least," said John. "I don't wonder animals hate people and dread them the way they have been treated. Do tell us more about yourselves."

"You must meet a mother walrus," said the one who had been speaking.

Now a mother walrus began to speak. There were many, many members of the family around the spot where John and Peggy were standing.

Some were lying about on the land, others were in the icy water, and still others were lying on cakes of ice, as though it meant no more to them than lying on the sand of the seashore meant to John and Peggy.

"I'm like every mother walrus," she said. "I would do anything to protect my young.

"You may see me as an ugly creature, for I'm not much for style, but I love my young and never fear any danger if I can protect them, and I would rather lose my life trying to save them than live and see them perish."

John and Peggy thought she was splendid, and they grew to love each member of the walrus family, with such fine qualities as they had.

Tomorrow—"Walrus Dinner."

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
October 8, 1921.
(It Was Saturday)

Harvard defeats Nebraska, 19 to 0.

Alta Knips is named president of the high school senior class; Ward Beeney of the juniors.

Largest crowd of the season attend boxing boute at Nat, which prove to be fizzle due to local stars being matched with set-ups, who "offered no resistance, and were scared to death before they entered the ring."

Special services for fruit pickers and packers planned for local churches.

Twenty-six members of the city council of Chicago pass through and are greeted by Mayor Gates.

Chief of Police Timothy issues orders that street arguments that hinder pedestrians will have to stop.

Yankees win fourth game of world series from Giants, 4 to 1.

The father of Dennis Russell, for whose murder Dr. R. M. Brumfield is on trial at Roseburg, dies of a broken heart.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 8, 1911.
(It was Sunday)

Chicago churches pray that Secretary of Agriculture Wilson will not preside at the Brewers' association convention, but the secretary refuses to change mind.

King street property owners ask that street be opened and paved.

Still no word of missing Medford maiden, age 19 years.

Work of selecting jurors for McNamara brothers, charged with Los Angeles Times dynamiting, proceeds slowly.

New street lights in Ashland turned on.

Reginald H. Parsons is elected president of the University club, A. S. V. Carpenter, treasurer. There are more than 100 members and 44 universities represented.

Heavy rain follows brisk windstorm.

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: Despair at her pressing need of money, and an impending scandal when her half-brother's marriage to the maid of all work will become public cause Sam Sherrill to consider marrying Peak Abbott. She is really in love with Freddy Munson, and has planned to elope with him before she discovered the secret of her half-brother, Nelson. The odds are against happiness with Freddy, because of the lack of money. Sam works on the Express, of which Abbott is the owner. Both Nelson and her stepfather, Fourth Aldersea, are improvident. Fourth is a determined aristocrat, despite poverty, and is furious at the news of Nelson's escapade. Sam tells Peak that if he still wants to marry her as he has said, they are engaged. "Do you mind if I ask a few questions?" Peak replies.

Chapter 10

A STAR RUBY RING

"NO," Sam told him.

"Then why," asked Peak slowly, "are you telling me this just now in the midst of the other business? I suppose there's a reason."

"Yes, there's a reason." Sam nodded thoughtfully and then asked an abrupt question. "Peak, could our engagement be announced in tomorrow morning's paper?"

"Tomorrow morning?" He mechanically took out his watch and glanced at it. "Why, yes, I think so. I could get it in the Express, anyhow, and probably in the others."

more it will be told to the world in the early hours of tomorrow morning. We'll give it a good write-up and we'll print your picture. In one paper, at least, it will seem like the social event of the year and Sonny will be lost in the shuffle."

"I hope so." Sam went to her desk in the corner, selected a sheet of paper and a pencil, and handed them to Peak. "You'd better write the notice now. 'Mr. William Fenton Aldersea, Fourth, announces' and so forth. There isn't any too much time."

Using a magazine for a table Peak went to work. He wrote busily, and scowled, and erased, and then rewrote. Finally he looked questioningly at Sam.

"What shall I say about the wedding date, or shan't I say anything?" he asked her.

Sam shrugged. "That's up to you."

"No it isn't." He shook his head. "It's up to you."

"All right, then. Give it a definite date, and make it as soon as possible." Sam made swift mental calculations. "If wedding invitations can be engraved in a week we can be married a month from today," she told him. "How about that?"

"What shall I say about the wedding date?" Peak asked.

"Good. Then will you go ahead and do it?"

"Why?"

"It's just this way." She sat up straight, and spoke swiftly. "The news of Nelson's marriage is sure to leak through sooner or later. It will probably be in tomorrow afternoon's papers. It will probably get some attention, too, considering who he is, and that he eloped. Especially considering the girl he married. Am I right?"

"Yes. I'm afraid you are."

"Well then," she continued rapidly, "I thought it might counteract the effect a little bit if my engagement to you was announced at the same time. Do you see what I mean?"

Peak considered that for a time. Then he said gravely: "I see what you mean—a sort of counter-irritant. Not a bad idea. Probably it would work, too."

"It couldn't do any harm, and so I wish you'd go ahead with it, Peak, I'd appreciate it if you would. I'd be grateful."

Once more Peak considered. Then he looked at her. "Look here," he said slowly, "I hope you're not saying that you'll marry me just because of Sonny. I don't believe it is necessary. People will forget about Sonny soon enough, but this thing that you are thinking of doing—well, it's rather serious."

"I see what you mean, Peak, and it's perfectly reasonable, but I think I can answer it. It's just this way." She hesitated. "If you don't want our engagement announced tomorrow, you can have it done whenever you like—next week or next month. Do you understand what I'm driving at?"

"I think so." He smiled with relief. "You mean that you had decided to marry me anyhow, regardless of Sonny."

"Yes." She looked away. "That is if you still want me, knowing what you do, and under the conditions that we've talked about before."

"I do."

"Good." Sam spoke impersonally, as though the subject had nothing to do with herself. "Then it's settled."

"Yes." He drew a sharp little breath. "It's settled, and what's

Once more Peak whistled. "That's pretty short notice isn't it?"

"It can't be too short notice for me."

He was thoughtful for a time and then he shook his head definitely. "If you don't mind Sam, I'd rather let the question of date ride for a while."

"Why?"

He hesitated. "Well, I just feel that this is a pretty serious business and I don't want you to rush into it too fast," he said. "I'd rather you waited a while and got a bit used to me. Then you can see if you still want to go through with it."

"I've made up my mind, Peak and I won't change it."

His frown was troubled. "I know," he said, "but at the same time I'd feel better if we waited. Do you mind very much—just to please me?"

"Of course not," she assented in a tired voice. "Whatever you like is agreeable to me."

Peak finished writing the announcement, read it to Sam, and made a few changes at her suggestion. Then he smiled. "We'll have to think about a ring, old girl," he said, "and we'll have to think about it in a hurry or people will say this business is highly irregular. What do you crave in the way of a ring?"

She smiled back at him. "Anything you give me will be beautiful I know."

He hesitated. "I have my mother's engagement ring. It's not a diamond, but a rather beautiful star ruby. I'd like you to have it for reasons that are purely sentimental, but, of course, if you'd rather—"

"No." Tears unaccountably came into Sam's eyes. "I'd love to have your mother's ring, if you want me to have it."

"Fine! Then that's settled too. I'll bring it to you tomorrow."

He put the announcement in an inside pocket, and once more glanced at his watch.

Sam said: "You'd better hurry on your way. You have a lot to do tonight."

(Copyright, Freeman Lincoln)

Sam wants to see Freddy once more. What causes her excitement, Monday?

Seaside. — A. G. Allison, Los Angeles produce broker, securing acreage in this section for growing of peas for next year.

South Carolina spends more money for fertilizer than any state in the United States.

End Piles Quick

No Salves—No Cutting

Your itching, bleeding, protruding piles will go when you actually remove the cause—bad blood circulation in the weak, flabby parts—and not one minute before. Salves or cutting can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. HEM-ROID, prescription of Dr. J. S. Leonhardt, succeeds because it stimulates the circulation, drives out congested blood, heals and restores the almost dead parts. HEM-ROID has such a wonderful record right in this city, that Jarmin & Woods say one bottle of HEM-ROID tablets must end your Pile agony or money back.

Never Dangerous to Cure Eczema

That's What Doctors Say

Some people have an idea that it is dangerous to try to cure eczema—that the "poison" will go through your system.

That's all wrong, doctors say.

Nobody knows exactly what causes eczema, but plenty of folks know how to stop it—how to get relief that's nothing short of magic.

Eczema — tetter — salt rheum — no matter how long you've had it, no matter how many things you have tried—

When it itches so it almost drives you crazy—when you think you just can't stand it another second — put some Moone's Emerald Oil on it.

If that doesn't give you—instantly—greater relief than anything you've ever tried, money back.

Don't be afraid of its hurting you or your clothes—use lots of it. And remember that Jarmin & Woods and Heath's Drug Store and every first-class druggist guarantees it.