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The M. P. Shows the Way

HATS off to the Missouri Pacific! On its own initiative this railroad has done what we have tried for so many years to get the dear old S. P. to do,—make a specialty of pears on its dining cars.

Raymond Reter of this city has presented us with a beautiful dining car menu which, we admit, took our breath away. Issued by the Missouri Pacific lines, its cover has a half-tone of pears in a silver dish, in natural colors, and below an interesting monograph on pears by Dr. John T. Stinson, director of the railroad's agricultural development department.

On a green pasted-slip under the heading of pears one reads: Pears, like most good things, are difficult to obtain because of the rarity of their production. They are one of the most delicious fruits, whether eaten as picked from the tree or cooked in various ways. The Missouri Pacific lines have purchased the finest of this season's crop so that their patrons may enjoy this delectable and healthful fruit. Missouri Pacific chefs have arranged the tastiest of pear delicacies to tempt you and have made them suitable to each meal of the day.

Study today's menu and enjoy some of this piquantly flavored fruit served to suit you. And inside under the heading "Special Pear Dishes" are the following—including, if you please, "individual, deep-dish pear pie!"

BREAKFAST
 Fresh whole pear, baked pear with cream, steamed rice with compote of pears, fresh pear omelet, French toast with sliced pear.
LUNCHEON
 Baked stuffed pear, pear fritters, fruit sauce, individual deep-dish pear pie, vanilla ice cream, pear glaze.

DINNER
 Fresh pear and pineapple cocktail, pear and lettuce salad cream dressing, individual deep dish pear pie, fresh pear sundaes, grenadine. If the Missouri Pacific can do this for Southern Oregon's principal crop, it would seem only reasonable for the S. P., Pennsylvania Northwestern and Erie,—railroads which handle so much more pear tonnage,—to do as much.

At any rate one good turn deserves another. In the future all the freight and passenger traffic from this district that CAN be shipped over the M. P. lines, should in common courtesy be routed that way.

Ye Smudge Pot

According to reports from Salem, the circus elephant foisted on the state, and eating up the taxpayers at the rate of two tons of hay per week, "has ceased to be a joke." This is something, when one considers that at least one official up there could not cease being a job, if he wanted to.

It has now been demonstrated that the leading cases of mental halitosis in the valley are incurable.

A farmer reports that all his pumpkins left in the field, have been ventilated and shot for some form of feathered wild life.

Foxy males continue to inform the fair sex they look cute and chic in Eugenie hats. There is no excuse for this form of perjury and lack of nerve.

The deep silence continues, over the most interesting part of the ousting of Joe Lillard, colored football star of "Old Oregon," viz: who started it, in the first place.

Gene Noble, who recently lost all of his saddle patterns in the fire, is cutting new ones of heavy paper and seems to know just what he is about.—(Heppner News.) He by way of depressing observation.

The Depression is worse than advertised. A number of Oregon communities have subscribed their quota for the YMCA, in spite of the inability of that terrifically inefficient organization to get cigarettes to France, 1917-1919.

It is noted in the press, that Mr. Capone's favorite bulldog is sick unto death. The restaurant anarchist will probably cause the eminent gangster to proceed to his cell without any further legal flubdubbery.

Three-year lettermen and co-eds of Jackson County Democracy, met last night and displayed more gumption than usual against their traditional foe—the Republicans, who are directly responsible for all Democratic victories. It was decided that there was no use trying, unless some slogan could be found, like "kept us out of war," to make the women cry, and something offered free to the men-folk. So it was voted to adopt "Oh! Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" as the official song, and to give the men a tin lead pencil, a pound of chewing tobacco, and the telephone free. The embattled Democracy announced "they are out for blood in 1932," when it is votes—not corpses—that count. Several speakers declared that "lightning would strike them," and as soon as the Jackson County GOP can meet, resolutions approving of this action, by the lightning, will be passed without a dissenting vote. After the love feast, the wheel-horn Democrats stood around and said, "if the election could be held tomorrow, they would win hands down." The election, however, will be held in November 1932, when the Democrats will lose, toes up.

The mayor of Portland kissed the Portland chief of police when he returned from a trip. We would like to see His Excellency try that trick on our sheriff.

Almae Sempie McPherson held a revival in Boston and half the profits, after expenses were paid, to go to the poor. This amounted to \$62.84. The receipts amounted to \$23,506.30. A special collection for the poor netted \$908.90, which, apparently, the poor did not get, on the face of the \$62.84 split. The Boston poor should hold a revival for the benefit of Almae Sempie McPherson.

HUMBUGGERS
 (Los Angeles Times)
 The local secretaries of the chambers of commerce pass out an endless series of pamphlets telling you how many bears were seen in a redwood tree, and how many eggs the hens of Petaluma lay; but they seldom know anything about the history of their own towns.

The rain struck a responsive chord and, it is supposed, caused "the farmer to rejoice." He is always accused of rejoicing, but nobody ever catches him at it. Approach the average farmer and say to him: "That was a good rain," and he will answer, with a rising voice: "Good for WHAT?"

"LOOSE NUT CAUSES CRASH"—(Hillside Del Norte Tri-plate) The kid no monkey-wrench will fit.

Flight 'o Time

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

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 October 23, 1911
 (It Was Sunday)

President Harding starts speaking tour through South, and in first speech urges fair play for the negro. Same day, Florida swept by cyclone.

Mayor C. E. Gates, issues a proclamation urging all good citizens to go to church.

Ashland joyriders wreck local laundry wagon.

Heavy wind and rainstorm hit valley, damage is slight.

Wine, women and song, incidents main feature of Jacksonville liquor trial.

Oregonians donate auto camp sites along Pacific highway to state.

War threatens in Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, and Bessarabia.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
 October 23, 1911
 (It Was Monday)

Arkansas senator opposing woman's suffrage, declares, "it will be the ruin of America, as they will vote the heart, instead of the head."

19,200,000,000 glasses of beer swigged in America every year, Brewers' congress claims.

University club to give beefsteak dinner in honor of its retiring president, S. Vilas Beckwith.

Commercial club starts fall roundup for new members.

MORE RESPONSIBILITY
 By Alice Judson Peale
 A 16-year-old girl is needlessly extravagant.

She is given an allowance ample for pocket money and for such necessities as lunches, school supplies and hose. But long before the month is up she comes begging to her father.

He has explained to her that he has given her all the spending money that the family budget can stand. He has upbraided and penalized. He has even threatened to take her allowance away entirely, so that like a small child, she would have to ask for every penny.

Is this a good idea? Certainly not, for it is a known fact of human psychology that we rise to greater trusts, to heavier responsibilities when we have failed in a minor one. Also it is true that when others show us how badly they think of us we are likely to justify that opinion.

This extravagant youngster will never learn money sense through being treated like a child. What she needs is to see that getting along on her allowance is a part of growing up, a part of playing fair with her parents. She needs more responsibility, not less.

Instead of giving her an allowance merely for small expenditures it would be a good idea to increase it to include money needed for clothing, for any special outings, for extra lessons.

The spending of money then would not be an irresponsible indulgence, but a serious matter requiring forethought and consideration. To be sure, she would need help in planning and budgeting her expenditures. But advice would have to be sparingly and tactfully given so that her pleasure in her independence and freedom of choice would remain unimpaired. The girl who would not respond to such added trust would be unusual.

Shanghae Studio—Your order completed in one day.
 Coats relined and remodeled at the Fashion Shop, 424 Medford Bldg. Tel. 1181.

SUNDOWN STORIES

PENGUINS' PLAYING.
 By Mary Graham Bonner.

After the Penguins took their sun baths they decided they would go in swimming, but before one of the mothers, Penguins waded into the water and came over and whispered to Peggy.

"The babies are covered with the loveliest, softest down when they are born. Oh, they're so downy and sweet, and even before the baby is hatched and is only an egg it is a beautiful egg—a lovely olive-green handsome egg!"

And now they all were in the water. Some of the younger ones were being taught to use their wings. After they had been in the water for some time they came out with their dinners. The particular dinner they were having today was that of cuttlefish beaks, and it was very delicious, according to the Penguins.

The Little Black Clock had, however, brought a supply of food for John and Peggy. They ate sandwiches and drank cocoa.

Once more they had sun baths and naps. Some rested standing up, some sitting up, and some lying down, and many of them put their heads under their wings as little canary birds and other birds do.

When they got up from resting they fixed their feathers and smoothed themselves. One would stand on one foot and brush his head feathers with the other foot.

Another mother Penguin spoke once more to Peggy and told her that there was a sad chapter in Penguin history, too. Sometimes a mother Penguin's egg was stolen by a sea leopard, and then the poor mother penguin felt so sad that she would take a smooth stone and make-believe it was her egg and that it would hatch out into a lory, downy penguin.

Tomorrow—"Johnny Penguins."

PUFFY

This country needs submarines out of sight to destroy the ships of any nations attacking us, and in the air a fighting fleet, greater by at least one hundred per cent, than that of any other nation, to remind the world that to attack us would mean subsequent destruction.

The Japanese do not profess "our religion, or read our Bible, to any great extent. But when they put their hand to the plow they go ahead in a straight line, not turning back to see if anybody is making faces at them.

When the League of Nations, the United States joining in, says to Japan "Please get out of Manchuria, and stay out, leave those Chinese alone, hurry," Japan, always polite, says "Yes, certainly." "Yes" costs nothing.

But today you read of airplanes from Tokio again bombing Chinese in Manchuria. Some bombs fell near a railroad bridge, others are said to have struck some cities.

Japan says that the Chinese troops fired at her fliers. That is not probable, although China says Japan's accusation is like that of a man, arrested for stealing and killing sheep, who told the judge "I'll kill any sheep that bites me."

For centuries Irish fishermen and their families have lived on the wild, wind-swept islands of Inishkeek, off the coast of County Mayo. You know those courageous fighters of

They wind up at the Pumpkin Patch, our here, Bun and Whiz—No doubt you know exactly what a patch of pumpkins is. Well, if you don't, it's where those things called Jack-o'-Lanterns grow.

And Fuff and Bun and Whiz discover row on golden row!

Card of Thanks
 We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends and neighbors for their sympathy and kindness during our sad bereavement. Also for the beautiful flowers.

MRS. SARAH OVERTON
 MRS. BELLE MILLER and FAMILY
 MRS. HARRY B. CRITCHLOW

Royal Utah Coal, \$13 per ton; factory blocks, \$5.50 per load. Medford Fuel Co., Tel. 631.

Food Sale—Saturdays by Presbyterian Ladies at MacMarr Store, No. Central.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
 Laval, Man of Power.
 What One Plane Could Do
 Japan's Hand to the Plough,
 Irish Paternalism.

Copyright King Feature Synd., Inc.

Pierre Laval, prime minister of France, is here. Read everything he says for publication, although his most important sayings will be uttered privately.

Arriving in New York, seeing big buildings in the biggest city for the first time, he is "struck with admiration" and admires the "disciplined freedom of New York's inhabitants."

There is also some UNDISCIPLINED freedom there among racketeers, gangsters, politicians, bribe takers and givers, etc., but he may leave without learning about that.

When he returns to Paris, and tells what he saw, some Frenchmen may be inclined to take the United States more seriously than they do now, more seriously, for instance, than the French "Nationalists," who tell Premier Laval "Reject all proposals of Hoover, and make your own demands."

That idea seems fair, provided "Hoover" is permitted to adopt the same methods.

Powerful is Prime Minister Laval, most powerful Frenchman since Bonaparte. And France is more powerful than she has been in the last one hundred and twenty years. Ferdinand Tönnies reminds you that Laval comes from the rugged Auvergne mountains and from poverty, and deserves his success.

When he was helping his father, peddling from a cart thirty years ago, the village priests would point out young Laval pushing the cart with his right hand, while reading a book, held in his left hand, and say "There's some one to model yourself on."

That "boy peddler of the Auvergne" will talk with President Hoover "as an equal" to put it mildly, having for background two and one-half billions in gold, the most powerful standing army in the world, the biggest fleet of fighting airplanes, a united prosperous nation in which unemployment has been unknown, a land in which the farmer gets one dollar and a half for his wheat, and the worker buys bread for less than you can get it in the United States.

General Pershing who protests against reducing the army, thinks that 500,000 trained men, ready for service in 1917, would have kept us out of the great war. He is mistaken about that. Europe would have been all the more anxious to get us in, and Europe TOOK US IN.

General Pershing adds "Our mobile force of 30,000 wouldn't half fill Yale's football stadium."

This is true, but one single airplane carrying two men and explosive bombs, would empty Yale's stadium in about a minute if the people could get out so rapidly.

And one airplane, equipped with modern poison gas, could destroy the lives of as many as could enter the Yale stadium.

This country needs submarines out of sight to destroy the ships of any nations attacking us, and in the air a fighting fleet, greater by at least one hundred per cent, than that of any other nation, to remind the world that to attack us would mean subsequent destruction.

The Japanese do not profess "our religion, or read our Bible, to any great extent. But when they put their hand to the plow they go ahead in a straight line, not turning back to see if anybody is making faces at them.

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For centuries Irish fishermen and their families have lived on the wild, wind-swept islands of Inishkeek, off the coast of County Mayo. You know those courageous fighters of

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

REMARKS: Suspicion is aroused upon the hearing of Fourth Alderessa's invention by Eugenie Frye, who tells Fourth's stepdaughter, Sam Sherrill, that the invention is worthless. Fourth's supposed success has brought wealth to his family after years of poverty. During the moneyless period Sam has carried the household responsibilities. She has become engaged to Peak Abbott, young newspaper owner to relieve the financial strain and to lessen the unfortunate social effects of her stepbrother, Nelson. Sam Sherrill, who is interested in the invention and who has no money, she is carried by the strength of Mrs. Frye, who is interested in Fourth and would have backed the invention had been commercially practical. Mrs. Frye finds it peculiar that business men approve the invention. "It's worse than peculiar," she says. "It's terrible."

Chapter 23
A FIGHTER AND A GHOST

SAM smiled in spite of herself. "I can't believe that it's quite so bad as all that. You can undoubtedly find something just as good as Fourth's invention to put your money in."

"You don't understand," Eugenie shook her head vehemently. "I'd rather have lost every cent than have let this happen."

"What do you mean?"
 "What I mean is simple enough. Mr. Alderessa isn't in the book business any more. Not only that, but he has plenty of money." Eugenie looked up, and Sam was horrified to see that her eyes were filled with tears. "It's the end, I won't be seeing Mr. Alderessa any more."

"Nonsense!" Sam spoke sharply in an attempt to stifle an unreasonable and unwelcome surge of pity.

The widow leaned forward with sudden earnestness. "Miss Sherrill, you and I are both sensible people, aren't we?"

"Why yes, I suppose we are."
 "Very well. Being sensible people, we both know what we know. We know, for instance, that I am terribly in love with Mr. Alderessa."

Sam gasped. "We do?" she inquired.
 "Yes," Eugenie nodded. "We not only know that, but we also know that Mr. Alderessa isn't even slightly interested in me."

"Mrs. Frye!"
 "I have no wild ideas about myself," the widow continued calmly. "I know exactly what I am. I'm cheap, and I don't wear good clothes, and my voice is bad. I can't even talk the same kind of English he talks."

"Please don't talk like that."
 "Why not? It's the truth. Do you mind if I put the cards on the table? I'd like to tell you about myself—if you can stand it."

Sam murmured: "I'd be glad to hear." The widow had suddenly become an intensely interesting figure.

"Well," Eugenie began briskly. "In the first place, you must know that never in my life has anybody given me anything. Do you understand?"

"I'm afraid I don't."
 "Of course you don't." The widow smiled. "You'll see soon enough when I tell you a little bit about my life."

"I begin with, I was the youngest one of six kids. My father worked around the docks and he did exactly what you'd call a lot of men's work. He laughed. "I wasn't so keen about living eight or three rooms."

"That's understandable enough," Sam nodded gravely.
 "Is it?" the widow inquired. "I'm not so sure. The rest of them were satisfied enough. I wanted something better. I was different. The widow had forgotten Sam altogether. She was staring back through the years at those crowded rooms in some dingy tenement."

"Yes," Eugenie went on, "I was different, but I didn't know it. All I knew was that I loved to stand outside theaters watching the nice people going in. I'd look at the women and tell myself that some day I'd have clothes like theirs."

She smiled at Sam.
 "I've always known what I wanted and I've always fought for it. I fought for Jim Frye. I fought myself from that temptation to where I am now, and I began to think that I had done so badly."

"Badly?" Sam was genuinely moved. "You've done wonders!" Sam said.
 "Have I?" Eugenie shrugged. "I'll admit that I'd just about decided my fighting days were over. Then, one day, Mr. Alderessa came to my house to sell me a set of

the Atlantic if you have read Sygne's beautiful and powerful play, "Riders to the Sea."
 The Irish Free State, bringing all the inhabitants of lonely Inishkeek back to the mainland, gives to each six acres of good land and one thousand dollars to improve the land.

Here we should call that paternalism. The Angel Gabriel probably has another name for it.

Final Notice.
 In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County.
 In the Matter of the Estate of Elsie C. Clay, deceased.
 Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, Walter Earl Rowley, executor in the above entitled matter, has filed herein his final report, and account and that November 14th, 1931, at ten o'clock, A. M. at the Courtroom in the City of Medford in Jackson County, Oregon, he will fix the time and place for hearing ob-

jections thereto and for the examination and allowance thereof.
 WALTER EARL ROWLEY,
 Executor of the above entitled Estate.

Swiftest, Easiest Way to End Bilious Spell

When you neglect those first symptoms of constipation—bad breath, coated tongue, listlessness, the whole system soon suffers. Appetite lags. Digestion slows up. You become head-achy, dizzy, bilious.

It's easy to correct sluggish bowel action! Take a candy Cascart tonight. See how quickly—and pleasantly—the bowels are activated. All the souring waste is gently propelled from the system. Regular and complete bowel action is restored.

Cascarts are made from pure cascars, a substance which doctors agree actually strengthens bowel muscles. All drug stores have Cascarts. 10c.

temptation attacks Peak more strongly, sorrow, and he fights a sudden, sharp battle.

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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 here. No reply can be made in queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

THE CLEARING OF THE NASAL CHAMBERS.

The common practice of blowing the nose in a double barreled fashion is harmful, for it tends to inflate the Eustachian tubes, which connect the rear of the nasal passage with the ear cavity just inside the ear drum, a pressurized space in the temporal bone where the famous hammer, anvil and stirrup are housed. Frequent blowing of both sides of the nose at once, with a handkerchief or tissue, is a safe method.



learns to hold the throat in the position for pronouncing K. This irrigation is often of great value in the treatment of serious nasal and throat infections in infants.
 Many persons under the notion that the nasal passages run upwards. When the head is held erect the nasal passages run straight backward. The nozzle or tip of the atomizer should therefore be directed straight backward or horizontally as you sit or stand erect. If directed upwards the spray strikes the sensitive roof and irritates too much. Except for special medication under medical direction, nasal sprays are of little value. I believe the soap method is preferable for clearing the nose.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
 A Silver Star Letter
 Our Michigan reader sends this Silver Star letter:
 Dear Dr. Brady:

About seven years ago I used your remedy for a running ear—boric acid and grain alcohol. Since then I have not been bothered at all with my ear nor have I had any earache or other trouble with it. I was 21 years old at the time and had been troubled since infancy. Doctors (four of them) said the only cure for it was operation, which would leave me deaf in that ear. I sincerely thank you. (Mr. T. B.)

Answer—The remedy mentioned consists of a solution of 10 grains of boric acid in the ounce of pure grain alcohol. Drop a drop or two of this in the ear each night and morning for perhaps two months. It has seemed to give much relief in many cases of chronic running ear.

Diathery for Contrails.
 While taking the diathery treatment for extirpation of my tonsils I was engaged as contracto soloist in one of the large churches. I did miss one service. I want to thank you for having referred me to Dr. — for this treatment. He has made a perfect job of my throat. He is very careful and patient... (Mrs. K. E. J.)

Answer—Your experience reminds me that singers and speakers should be engaged as contracto soloist in one of the large churches. I did miss one service. I want to thank you for having referred me to Dr. — for this treatment. He has made a perfect job of my throat. He is very careful and patient... (Mrs. K. E. J.)

Pipes, Cigars and Cigarettes
 In conversation with a nerve specialist at one of Detroit's large hospitals I learned that smoking a pipe is most harmful, cigars next and cigarettes least harmful. Am I right in assuming that the harm is dependent on the distilling of smoke and on the amount of smoke inhaled? (C. C. G.)

Answer—Nicotine is only one of the harmful substances the tobacco user absorbs. Some experiments seem to show that cigarette smoking is less harmful than cigar or pipe smoking. Practically I think it is chiefly a question of the amount of tobacco used. Inhalation of the smoke of course gives greater absorption.

Numerous readers of this column assure me that they have obtained great benefits from snuffing once or twice daily a small pinch of boric acid powder, particularly in cases of chronic rhinitis and perhaps in some cases of chronic sinusitis, where there is constantly more or less occlusion of the nasal passages by boggy swelling and thick secretions. I do not believe this snuffing of boric acid is harmful.

Some people snuff salt water into the nose. This is objectionable. In some cases it may be helpful to irrigate the nasal passages with lukewarm weak salt water (round teaspoonful to the pint), letting the solution run in one nostril from a blunt nozzle and spring or reservoir hung not more than a foot above the head, and out through the opposite nostril, which it does without entering the throat when the patient

Students at the senior high school yesterday afternoon attended an assembly at which the purpose and objects of the Civic Music Association were related by Miss Jane Coude of San Francisco, who is in the city helping to organize the local branch. Miss Coude entertained with two humorous readings and a poem as a part of the program.

Let us iron out those fender bumps
 Brill Sheet Metal Works

Bilious/RR
 Bilious, constipated? Take RR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tough, mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative. You'll feel fine in the morning. Promptly and pleasantly rises the system. No griping, no cathartic. Tastes delicious. 25c. The All-Vegetable Laxative.

TUMS
 for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, gas, candy-like antacid, 10c.

LOCAL STUDENTS HEAR OF MUSIC ASSOCIATION

Students at the senior high school yesterday afternoon attended an assembly at which the purpose and objects of the Civic Music Association were related by Miss Jane Coude of San Francisco, who is in the city helping to organize the