MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

An excitable upstate journal is in a fine frenzy, over the threat "of Wall Street gold flooding the nation." As long as the gold is round and yellow, and properly engraved, or a good enough counterfeit to escape detection, the layman is in favor of the flood, and will not view it as the 7-year itch, or a plague of grasshoppers.

• • •

An orchardist strolled out into his backyard Thurs. am., about 2:30 o'clock, lit his pipe, but his neighbor was not watchful, so a general smudging was not launched.

• • •

FOR SALE—Dandy little '28 Chevrolet roadster, in good condition, cheap. Also youth's blue wool suit.—(Bend Bulletin.) A dandy five-room bungalow and lot 50x50, was swapped in 1928 for this very car. The boy that toured the country, and viewed it from a clothes basket in the rear seat is a big boy now.

• • •

President Hoover's Reconstruction program is a fizzle, according to the statesmen leaning up against the Bill Gore bank, and looking sad when the womenfolks pass. The reconstruction program needs a little time. The benefits of the spring rains do not show up until late in August.

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It would be news if a prisoner at the bar, getting 15 years for stealing a ham, and a lecture to which he can make no reply, would up and give the court a lecture.

• • •

In 1916, the people were "kept out of war," and saved.

In 1922, the taxes were whacked in two, righteousness injected by saints in their shirttails, and both both their pocketbooks and their souls saved.

In 128, fancy engineering came to the rescue, the bootleggers all voted, and the masses were saved, scientifically.

In 1930, the people were wired for free electric lights, and saved—along with the "water for their children's children."

This year the populace is being saved as never before, the exact methods being still in doubt.

From all this salvation, nothing has been saved but the surface, and the childlike faith of the farmers, that they can be saved by campaign speeches and piffle.

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The initial strawberry shortcake of the year, has made its appearance. As in the past extreme care is exercised to see that the strawberries are not wasted.

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Monday Mrs. —— had an attack of pantomime poising.—(Theresa, N. Y., News.) In other words, spring dancing.

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"Most people who are said to be acting the fool aren't acting"—(Thomaston, Ga., Times.) The meanest dig of many a moon.

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AT 16 OR 61: DITTO
(Roseburg News-Review.)

Dear Nancy Lee:

I have been a reader of your column for the past ten years. I want your advice on my problems. I ah 61 years of age and in love with a man of the same age. He has proposed to me twice.

• • •

The grape and hop acreage of the valley shows an increase. The grape will be used for marmalade and jelly, and the hops for poultices to reduce swollen ankles and cure the ear-ache. The landscape will also be dotted with cornfields, the harvest of which will be ground into corn-meal.

• • •

The Youngest Set are rolling hoops and roller skating in the street. The main object is to skate through the hoop, and miss a 4d . . . Miss Meiji Kamanaki got a washboard and ironing set on her birthday. Just one of life's little ironies . . . Miss Mary Josephine Plymale has recovered from a bum eye. She tried to cut her brother's hair. Any woman knows she is a better barber than the tonsorial artist . . . The I. Coleman girl got an eyeful of the Bill Heath boy, the 1st of the wk. She issued no statement, but does not seem to think much of the latest WM. . . . Donald Casebolt, the home-run hitter of the Jackson school, is estranged again from his girl . . . she only likes end runs, he reports . . . Sam Richardson of the East Side, is studying the "economic crisis," and can discuss same as inteiligently as his elders.

Dance at Rogue Elk Sat. night. Admission: Men 50c; women free.

The Perfect Lover

THE refusal of Governor Rolph to pardon Tom Mooney was no surprise to those familiar with either the psychology of "Sunny Jim," or the psychology of California regarding this notorious case.

Sunny Jim abhors political and personal controversy, as Nature abhors a vauum. He is no quitter. He will fight when cornered. But no man in public life will run faster and farther, from a squabble, in which circumstances do not force him to participate.

His passion for a choker collar, a clean-shaven jowl and a buttoniere is only exceeded by his passion to bask in the sun of popular approval. He loves his wife and family, but—Oh,—HOW HE LOVES HIS APPLAUSE! In that official plane he flies as unerringly to the nearest cheering crowd, as the busy bee to the nearest honey-laden flower. When public acclaim is involved he is indeed Tom Moore's "perfect lover":

"No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

Sunny Jim is the perfect sunflower. He gravitates as naturally and inevitably toward the smiling skies of popular approbation, as a comet toward the earth.

To have expected Governor Rolph to have pardoned Tom Mooney therefore would have been to expect him to go against his nature. Under the circumstances no doubt many people will be surprised and disappointed at his decision. But only those who don't know their Jim Rolph and their California.

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FOR in California the Mooney case has long since passed the realm where facts and figures—or even abstract justice—are of any importance. The state is divided between the pro-Mooney and anti-Mooney factions, with the clevage not a factual but an emotional one. In spite of the years that have passed since the trial, public feeling still runs strong.

To have pardoned Mooney, Governor Rolph would not only have gone against his nature, he would have gone against his crowd,—his set,—he would have committed the unpardonable sin of his "sunshine creed,"—stirred up a mess, refused to "play ball."

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TRUE such action would have brought him vociferous acclaim, not only from the radicals of California, but from the radicals and reds of the entire world. But this favorable reaction, in its volume and intensity would have been nothing compared with the outburst that would have come from the Market and south-of-Market street crowd.

And while this opportunity to become a national and world wide figure no doubt tempted him,—as all opportunities for popular acclaim do—he no doubt easily resisted it, for beneath his well tailored exterior, Jim Rolph is, always has been, and ALWAYS WILL BE, essentially a "south of Market street boy".

So Jim Rolph refused to pardon Tom Mooney. Freshly shaven, discreetly debonnaire, with the inevitable "fleur de jour" in his buttonhole, Sunny Jim handed down his decision, then fled from the after-clap, as fast as the Limited could take him, to the Governors' "rodeo" at Richmond, Virginia.

"False to the principles of true justice" proclaimed Mooney's attorneys. Mebbe so. But true to himself, and true to the spirit of California

Why Mooney Isn't Free

ON the basis of abstract justice, and on the basis that nothing is settled until it is settled RIGHT, the fight to gain the release of Tom Mooney will undoubtedly go on. And in the opinion of this newspaper it should.

We don't see—and have NEVER seen,—how any fair-minded person, free from the California complex, could study the facts in this case, and oppose either giving Mooney his freedom, or a new trial.

Our entire system of jurisprudence is based upon the assumption that a person should be adjudged innocent, unless his guilt is proved BEYOND ALL REASONABLE DOUBT.

A review of the case should, we believe, convince anyone that Mooney's guilt has never been proved BEYOND A A REASONABLE DOUBT. His guilt is fairly saturated with doubt, and only by accepting evidence that was FALSE, and perjury that was ADMITTED, can an impartial person arrive at any other conclusion.

This was the view of the Wickersham committee. It has been the view of innumerable outstanding leaders of the American bar, it has been the view of every informal and impartial tribunal that has passed upon the case.

• • • • •

YET Governor Rolph is the third California Governor to deny a pardon, similar action has been taken by the California Supreme Court and the pardon board.

What does this mean? That the Governors of California have been corrupt, that the entire system of jurisprudence in that state is rotten?

We think not. The explanation, we believe, lies in the statement above that the case has long since ceased to be a factual, and has for many years been an emotional one—as far as California is concerned.

The plain truth is, that from the standpoint of abstract justice, from the standpoint of what is legally right and legally wrong, Tom Mooney did not get—and as long as public opinion in California remains what it is—CAN NOT GET a square deal.

• • • • •

WERE Mooney a different type there might be more hope for him. But he is an exceptionally strong character, and from the standpoint of sunny California, a very disagreeable and dangerous one. He represents as completely the antithesis of the real California spirit, as Sunny Jim Rolph EMBODIES it.

The following may appear as a far fetched statement, yet we regard it as essentially true—

THE FUNDAMENTAL REASON WHY TOM MOONEY REMAINS IN SAN QUENTIN, IS DENIED EITHER A PARDON OR A NEW TRIAL, IS BECAUSE HE PERSONIFIES IMPLACABLE HOSTILITY TO THE SPIRIT AND THE PERSONALITIES, WHO HAVE BUILT UP CALIFORNIA AND MADE IT WHAT IT IS TODAY.

In other words, those who demand freedom for Mooney, demand from the standpoint of California, incorporated, placing abstract justice above state loyalty and pride.

And those who realize what it means to ask any true Californian to do that, can easily realize why Tom Mooney occupies the same cell today, that he entered 15 years ago.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Spring in Chicago.
Sam Mule Is Bumped—Next?
To Discourage Air Men.
Sad Desert, No Dates.

Copyright King Features Synd., Inc.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 21.—Fine spring weather here, and no weather is finer than good weather in Chicago.

Men twenty stories in the air hang outside of windows, cleaning them, calmly making a living, and indignant, most of them, because they are forced to use safety devices.

The 1933 exposition, planned to celebrate "one hundred years of science," from 1833 to 1933, is progressing well. It has a fine back ground, with big Lake Michigan on one side stretching toward the east, huge Chicago and its skyscrapers to the west, and around it, monuments to Chicago's energy and good citizenship. The great Marshall Field Museum is one of the finest buildings in America and one of the world's great museums. Beyond it stands the aquarium, given by John G. Shedd, and at the water's edge the planetarium, given by Max Adler, in which all the movements, sizes and distances of earth, moon, sun, neighbor planets, stars, comets and nebulae, are made plain. There is, in America, no more important educational institution than that planetarium, except the public school.

Such men as Marshall Field and Max Adler should have monuments in Chicago, bigger and better than any others, except the Lincoln monument. It would be profitable, as well as just, to honor good citizenship, and thus encourage it.

Today supplies its usual story of a life snuffed out, such as you read daily here and in New York.

Today's victim, Sam Mule, alias Morley, would be hurt if he could know what small headlines, how few words, are devoted to his killing.

He was an ex-convict and a bootlegger "muscling in" on territory pre-empted by his betters in the great industry.

A blonde lady and two men rented a room opposite Mule's headquarters. The lady sat at the window in a rocking chair "scattering cigarette stubs about, to pass the time while she watched."

Once Mule came by, but his new wife, Lillian, 22-year-old Minnesota girl, was with him. Slugs from sawed-off shotguns scatter, so they let her pass. She had done nothing to make her death desirable. Next day Mule came, alone, on his last earthly journey. Slugs blew off the top of his head.

This little incident will interest the future friossart, chronicling our doings, chiefly because it now attracts so little attention.

We have one of our biggest industries, bootlegging, organized on a murder basis and take it for granted.

Senator Capper of Kansas tells the house that our nation must "provide controlled inflation of the currency," and if it fails to do so, congress will print two and a half billion dollars' worth of currency, pay the soldiers' bonus in full and distribute the money all over the country. That, Senator Capper says, would help everybody. Kansas would get thirty-five million of the new dollars.

A bill introduced in the house of representatives to reduce drastically the pay of officers that fly in both branches of our air service reflects little credit on the judgment of patriotism of the man introducing the bill.

A congressman, sitting at his ease in the safety of a comfortable chair, enjoying his $10,000-a-year salary, cuts a poor figure when he seeks to reduce the pay of flight officers, called upon every day to risk life in the most important branch of the national defense.

Army and navy flight officers, and mechanics that accompany them in their flights, risk their lives for pay that is now far too small, since their families may at any moment be left dependent.

They are called upon to experiment with new planes, to carry out, as a matter of routine, dangerous, close-formation flying at terrific speed. The economical congressman should, just once, try the well-named "hell diving," the plane plunging perpendicularly downward, 300 miles an hour, practicing the discharge of bombs at enemy craft.

Our airplane defense is weak enough as it is, without any mean, stingy, narrow-minded and contemptible economy to discourage airmen on whom the country relies for the development of our air force now, as it would rely on them for its safety in time of war.

Joseph H. Appel of New York, wandering over the desert in Africa with his wife, sends word from Biskra that business depression has reached those distant places. A blight on the date palm has wiped out the native's chief food supply, and a cash blight, nearer home, has nearly wiped out the tourist crop. Without tourists or dates, North Africa feels like one of the speculators that went in at the top and came out at the bottom.

The natives in and around Biskra and the many oases, over which human beings have fought for one hundred centuries, have one hope left. They are now praying for a plague of locusts. The insects would strip the palms and make the oases look bare, but locusts are good to eat, an acceptable sort of manna.

Biskra and other oases in North Africa are now under the best management they have ever known. France owns them, owns also the fine hotels built for tourists and is building more of them. Everything modern, cooking, of course, excellent. The government of France is not afraid to try anything, from hotels to railroads. And if government railroad workers strike, France has a remedy. The strikers are called to the colors and ordered to operate the road as soldiers.

To refuse would be a court martial offense, with conviction sure, so the railroad men changed suddenly to soldiers, go to work. Our railroad presidents would call that "government ownership with a kick in it."

Everybody agrees that this nation's railroads must be preserved, and if they are to survive the government must do something for them. How about buying them, at a fair price to stockholders, and letting people own and run them?

Three years ago that would have sounded like paternalism, bolshevism, socialism and confiscation rolled into one. But with New York Central down to 20 from nearly 300, and other roads shrunken in proportion, a suggestion to buy might not be so unwelcome.

Perhaps governmetn ownership, retaining of course, and paying well the ablest railroad managers, could succeed in competition with automobiles, truck, canals and airplanes.

Picture frames made to order. The Peasleys, opp. Holly theater.

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 The Mail Tribune.

ALL THAT WHEEZES IS NOT ASTHMA

Asthma is — well, frankly nobody knows just what it is or why, but anyway the condition is a periodic one, like migraine or epilepsy. While a spell, seizure or attack is on, there is little difficulty in seeing what ails the patient. But between spells nothing whatever ails the patient, so far as ordinary observation, or a medical examination, or the patient's own sensations can show. That is the characteristic feature which distinguishes asthma, bronchial or spasmodic asthma, as physicians call it, from other diseases in which wheezing or difficult breathing happens to be a prominent symptom. A lot of people assume they have ashtma when in fact they have no such thing. Many of these take what purports to be good treatment for asthma when the treatment can't possibly help them even if it is good for asthma. But then, we might say virtually the same thing of numerous other ailments—indeed that is why the most successful nostrums purport to be good for so many different complaints; the manufacturers, kind-hearted scoundrels, want to give customers plenty of liberty in the matter of their ailments, as long as they all ask for the same medicine. Thus the nostrum makers keep customers' senses benumbed without all the fuss and bother of using a lot of different dopes for the different complaints.

One reader writes that he has had asthma for 20 years. He was a miner for many years. He still can work outdoors, though he breathes hard and only wheezes when he has to walk any distance, and he coughs and coughs and raises much phlegm and has a rattling noise in his throat.

Obviously the man hasn't asthma at all, but rather anthracosis or chronic bronchitis or chronic lung inflammation from the coal dust deposited in his lungs in the years he was employed as a miner.

I do not know what the record duration for an attack of asthma is, but we may safely say it is not more than a few weeks at the longest. Anybody who purports to suffer constantly, over a period of months and years, with asthma, is in error, that's all. The usual duration of an attack of asthma is hours or days. When the attack is over the patient is perfectly well, at least there is no wheezing or other difficulty in breathing.

If this seems quibbling about a technical question, my motive is better than you think. There is little we can do for a victim of anthracosis for example. There is a good deal we can do for an asthma sufferer, when we are sure his troublels bronchial or spasmodic asthma, as doctors call it, and not some other wheeze.

Difficulty in breathing occurs in many cases of heart disease, lung, pleural and bronchial affections, anemia, and sometimes from kidney disease. It is unfortunate for the welfare of the patient to confuse such difficulty in breathing with asthma.

One may have any of these other diseases and still be subject to genuine asthma, of course.

A characteristic of the difficult breathing of true asthma is that the difficulty is only with expiration or breathing out. Indeed the sufferer is obviously too full of air and embarrassed to exhale it.

To the best of our knowledge asthma is a neurosis akin to migraine, epilepsy and hives. I don't know the cure for it, but in many cases a course of calcum lactate, ten grains three times a day for a period of eight or ten weeks, seems beneficial.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sherman Said It

From Liddell Hart's "Sherman," p. 378. Sherman on his march to the sea wrote his wife: "It is a general truth that men exposed to the elements don't 'catch cold' and I have not heard a man cough or sneeze for three months, but were the same men to go into the houses, in a month the doctor would have half of them." This was written in February, 1865. "Numbers of the men had been marching barefoot. Thousands had split boots and tattered clothing." (Mrs. D. L. L.)

Answer. Thank you. All actual evidence is against the theory or superstition that exposure to cold or wet causes or predisposes to certain diseases. Our men in the trenches in France and Belgum observed the same truth.

The Diaphragm and High Blood Pressure

Received your instructions on Belly Breathing four months ago. My blood pressure was so high the doctor told me. . . . I take six breaths lying on my right side, and six lying on my left side. It is wonderful how much relief I have obtained. . . . I am 63 years old and feel 90 per cent younger. . . . (W. E. R.)

Ans.—The regular daily practice of the Belly Breathing exercise helps to prevent or reduce high blood pressure. Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for the Belly Breathing instructions.

(Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Ye Poet's Corner

Our Beautiful Pythian Home.

The aged and crippled Brother Knights,
They have a place to go—a Home
With best of care for their delight,
Need not go hungry or to roam.

It's a life insurance for old age
They need not die to receive their share
Of benefit the Pythian heritage
But spend their last days without care.

Our Knightly Home with Sisters dear
The brother Knights with kindness act
Are all united to give cheer
Makes this a real home in fact.

D. T. GERDES.

Pythian Home, Vancouver, Wash., April 20, 1932.

Talks To Parents

THE MIDDLE CHILD.
By Alice Judson Peale.

Blake was born when his older brother was not yet two. When he himself was hardly out of dresses, a baby sister lay in his mother's arms. He never got much attention.

The first child had been hoped for and welcomed. To his mother he was a daily delight, to his father a source of pride. Had he not duplicated himself in his son?

But a second son was no such significant event. Chiefly he was an additional expense, an added care, a further tax on his mother's energies.

The arrival of the baby girl was something else again. To each parent she brought a new experience.

This time it was mother who could see herself in her child and father who could experience the peculiar tenderness that a parent feels toward a child of the opposite sex.

Blake, coming between brother and sister, must have sensed that he did not count for much.

Is it any wonder that he developed a far less attractive personality than they? ! !

Is it surprising that he was irritable, with streaks of meanness and ill-concealed jealousy, and that he once burst forth with "I hate father. He thinks I'm stupid just because I can't talk to him the way brother does. I can't talk to people who are cranky."

The child in the middle often has such a difficult time. He stands especially in need of love and appreciation.

Of course, every position in the family picture has its special advantages and disadvantages, but the position of the middle child is peculiarly likely to give rise to feelings of jealousy, inferiority and that antagonism which makes it so difficult for him to accept his parents as an ideal.

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
April 22, 1922.
(It was Saturday)

Oregon auto law is held valid by Judge Calkin, in test suit filed by Tom Merriman, the blacksmith.

Frost danger lessens, with rain in prospect.

Tax meeting scheduled here, postponed until after primaries.

Emily Frazer Brown wins dental essay contest in local schools.

Charges of graft hurled against the "gang," and recall petition against Sheriff Terrill threatened.

First baseball game of season with Ashland.

President Harding denies claim of "Imperial Wizard," that he is a friend of the Ku Klux Klan.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
April 22, 1912.
(It was Monday)

Titanic disaster laid to lack of spy glasses by lookout. Also charged the crew was drunk.

City in need of a good piano tuner, as none are available this side of Eugene.

Mrs. E. H. Porter returns this week from an extended visit in east.

A driving club is formed to operate the county fair horse races.

Medford-Central Point macadamizing to be completed this spring.

Labor shortage in the valley.

C. E. Gates sells 14 Overlands in a month. Among the buyers are Gus Newbury and E. E. Kelly.

Primarily for use in forest fire protection and control the U. S. forest service has built 7167 miles of telephone line in the 14 national forests of Oregon.

Dance at Rogue Elk Sat. night. Admission: Men 50c; women free.

Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 706.

Swem's Gift Shop

Offers Hundreds of Card Prizes at 50c-$1.00

Recent price reductions have made available many attractive things that were formerly priced beyond the customary amount spent for card prizes. The things listed are just a few examples and there are many more!

Peasant Pottery Pitchers
Were 75c to $1.25.
Now 50c

Glass Cookie or Cracker Jars
Hand painted decoration.
Were $1.50.
Now $1.00

Decorated Waste Baskets
All colors. Were $1.00.
Now 50c

Intaglio Plaque Etchings
World famous scenes. Were $3.75.
Now $1.00

Guest Towels
Hand made in fine linen.
Were 75c and $1.00.
Now 50c

Pottery Vases, Bowls, Jugs
Shapes, sizes and colors galore. Most of the pieces have been priced from $1.25 to $2.50. Some even higher.
Now $1.00

Chinese Brass, Hand Carved
Bulb bowls, vases, trays, candlesticks, etc. Dozens of items that were $1.00 and more.
Now 50c

Swem's Gift Shop
On Main Street

Salem in Tank Meet.

SALEM, April 22.—(AP)—Junior and senior swimming teams of the Salem Y. M. C. A. will leave tonight for Tacoma to enter the northwest meet there tomorrow.

Crystalglow—Kodak gloss supreme. The Peasleys, opp. Holly theater.

EVERY WOMAN faces this question

"How do I look to other people?" If you have a lovely skin, attractive eyes, and plenty of enthusiasm, you need not worry.

So many women, though, risk their beauty by neglect of constipation. It often causes loss of pep, sallow skins, dull eyes, pimples.

Yet constipation can be overcome by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. This cereal provides "bulk" to exercise the intestines, and Vitamin B which tones the intestinal tract. ALL-BRAN also supplies iron for the blood.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that of lettuce. Special cooking processes make it finer, more palatable. It is not habit-forming.

Surely this is safer than abusing the system with pills and drugs—so often habit-forming.

Two tablespoonfuls daily will correct most types of constipation. If your intestinal trouble is not relieved this way, see your doctor.

At all grocers. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

HELPS KEEP YOU FIT

NO MAN LOVES A GRAY HAIRED WOMAN, HE SAYS

Love And Gray Hairs Are As Far Apart As The Poles

ONLY THE FAMILY IGNORES GRAY HAIR

"I worship, adore and idolize my mother, no matter how old, gray or wrinkled, and Dad is the same way about the mother of his boys, but love—real, true love—such as one feels for the opposite sex which thrills, enraptures and inspires a passionate desire to possess and love you shrinks unconsciously from gray hairs, crows-feet, deafness and other signs of old age," declares C. J. Mains, the nationally-known expert on gray hairs.

"Stop and think a minute and you'll agree with me. Love is a misused word expressive of the feeling of delight, rapture, jealousy or passion toward the opposite sex not kin to you. A man retains his mother on her lofty pedestal. She is enshrined there. No man divorces his mother, but he leaves a girl he loved or might love if she falls, has halitosis, bad habits or is untidy and old for him. No mother needs to keep her figure, youth or winning ways to please her children, but wife or girl friend, who a man never worships but only loves, must avoid gray hair, fat and wrinkles or love flies out the window.

"Women happy with family and domestic life can afford gray hairs because it brings respect, adds dignity—but her days for love, a new job or socially mingling with the younger set are over the same as with a man who is happy at home, well fixed and head of his business.

"Young married folks shun the company of gray-haired men and women the same as children instinctively shun gray hairs except in their parents. Love and all it means avoids the company of gray hairs. They like you, admire you, repect you, but—

"Bosses give jobs now and then to gray hairs out of compassion, but they rightly feel they are hiring a liability instead of an asset, whereas with youth they delight in giving 'Pep' first chance. Men and women complacently living in the past on their past performances, serenely confident they are intrenched in their wife or husband's love, their job or social strata, would be amazed to find how easily a younger person could supplant them. Maybe in small towns your competition isn't bothersome, but try getting along with gray hairs along Broadway, New York, and see how soon you lose out.

"Some stay gray because the family urges it—they don't care. But how about you? Why not look your youngest and be spic-and-span from head to foot? Sometimes even a sweetheart says he or she doesn't mind gray hairs, but they'd propose or accept much sooner if the gray-haired old-age barrier wasn't there. Women instinctively hide their real age, yet sometimes foolishly brag about gray hair.

"I can show men and women in two minutes how to get rid of their gray hairs and never have another. Without obligation I will gladly tell you how to look years younger—make your hair youthful and beautiful. The Nationally known Lea Tonic Co., Brentwood, Md., backs up every word and assure you Lea's Hair Tonic will delight, amaze and satisfy you or money back—no questions. A dollar bottle of Lea's Hair Tonic starts you and not even your barber or closest friend need ever know. If out of town, write: Lea at Brentwood, Md., or your druggist, send dollar for bottle and directions, postage paid. All good drug stores sell Lea's Hair Tonic."

Rheumatic Cripples

New Medicine Guaranteed to Free Your Muscles and Joints in Less Than a Week or Money-Back.

No matter how crippled and helpless you are with rheumatism, you can now ease that pain in a day and break rheumatism's terrible grip on your system in less athan a week.

A $1 bottle of RU-MA is guaranteed to free your muscles and joints from all crippling stiffness, swelling and torturing pain or your money refunded.

No long wait for that awful agony to stop, for RU-MA eases pain the first day. Magically your muscles and joints limber up, swelling vanishes, aches and twinges disappear, away go crutches and canes.

Jarmin and Woods have so much confidence in Ru-Ma that they want every rheumatic in town to try it and guarantee money-back if it does not stop your rheumatic misery.