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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

It is a week until the Fourth of July, and from all accounts the celebrations will be saner and tamer than usual. This was the year for the mighty spurge, but the civic leaders curbed up in the crisis. With one people blue and belly-aching, they should have been given an opportunity to meet and mingle, and raise a bit of social hell, and kick up their heels, and get back of the woodshed and put 60 days and \$200 under their belts. The observance of the Natal day, gives promise of being as cheerless as an autopsy. The eagle, full of economy, will do no screaming, but auto brakes will, as the funeral processions fill for home.

The fashionable, but otherwise defunct building, is once more despoiling the residential areas. This species will not bite, but their threats to do so scare the pedestrians worse than if they did.

John Kelly writes the Oregonian that the Oregon delegation found liquor more or less elusive at Chicago. (Corvallis Gazette Times). Now let's all tell one.

DON'T FORGET TO WINK
(Chinook, Wash., Observer)
The Lutheran Ladies' Aid will hold a silver tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frans Johnson, on Thursday. Everyone who has resided in and around Chinook for any length of time knows what the word "tea" means in this locality, so everyone can possibly get away do so, and come.

Oregon should invoke the 13-month year, and then use the 12-month year exclusively for the collection of auto licenses during the tenure of the year. The month of the purchase of auto licenses, the fulfillment of the obligation being more painful than getting a back-tooth yanked out, at the hands of a green dentist. If the argument is advanced that the 13th month would be unlucky, why stick on the 14th month, and see if anything else, as a license buying, is remembered of the year, as constituted at present, are highly suitable for doing everything else. January conflicted with Santa Claus; July interferred with Independence Day skydiving, and a fitting celebration of the Fall of the Bastille. March was a likely month, but the wind was always in the north, and October was favorably considered, until it was remembered that then the autumn leaves are at their best. November and December buying would ruin the Yule spirit, and April is just naturally no good for spending money. February, May, June, August and September remain. They are fine upstanding months, and people born in them would be insulted if their fellow-citizens had to buy auto licenses during the tenure of their birth month. As the months are fine for autoing, but none are adapted to paying for it. The 13th month could be called Buyer or Licensee. After it had been established, a smart lawyer would have it declared unconstitutional. It would take the supreme court four years to say so, and no-body would have to buy a license while the jurists were thinking so. Anybody would rejoice, as a license would have to spend their money for nothing but gasoline, moonshine, merry-go-rounds, movies, fashionable geggaws, alligator pears, bridge, trips to Frisco, and football games, vacations, fancy clothes, fishing poles, rifles, clay pigeons, loving cups for giggers, houses, slot machines, wine bricks, and the necessities of life, such as ungravelled beds.

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TOO YOUNG TO LISTEN.
By Alfee Judson Peale.
Most of us still can remember the rage we felt when two grown-ups talking, stopped suddenly in the midst of an intriguing story with a "more of that, some other time" and a significant motion of the head in our direction. We knew that we were considered too young to listen. Sometimes we were even sent from the room with the remark that "children mustn't know everything."

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Another Keynote Speech!

"Is there anything wrong with this country of ours? ... No, my countrymen, there is nothing wrong with this republic except that it has been mismanaged, exploited and demoralized for more than a decade, by a leadership incomparably shortsighted and bereft of true statesmanship, incapable of understanding and dealing with fundamental causes, and incapable even now, in the midst of its fearful havoc of understanding the extent of its own mischief. ... No, my countrymen, there is nothing wrong with our people. ... In all the generations of American history the people in every great crisis have turned to the Democratic party to lead them from the wilderness of disappointment and disaster."

THUS spake the Honorable Alben W. Barkley, U. S. senator from Kentucky today, as he opened the Democratic convention with his ringing, table-thumping key note. What a relief to the harassed and perplexed people of this country! How simple and easy of attainment, the remedy. All we have to do is turn the rascally Republicans out, put the righteous Democrats in, and all will be well in this most perfect of worlds; the land of the free and the home of the brave will again run to the full, with milk and honey.

WHAT a pity Senator Barkley could not have shown the American people the straight path to the Promised Land, four years ago. Had they elected the Democratic candidate Al Smith, instead of the Republican candidate, Herbert Hoover, there would have been no panic of 1929, no collapse in the world markets, no sacrifice, no suffering, all the people would have had to have done this year, would have been to put the Honorable Al back on the job again, and the Golden Age would have run blissfully and peacefully on!

What unmitigated hooley! We wonder how many delegates in that Chicago convention today really believed what their eloquent key-noter said. We wonder how much of his time-honored bally-hoo, the Honorable Alben HIMSELF believed.

Assuming Senator Barkley to be a man of average intelligence,—hardly one-half of one percent. So, as a few weeks ago, we asked what would happen if Senator Dickinson, the G. O. P. keynoter had talked sense instead of nonsense; we ask the same question of the democratic key note today.

This sort of unadulterated whang doodle, has made up the warp and woof of convention key note speeches for over a hundred years. We wonder how much longer the American people will allow the absurd farce to continue.

WE hold no particular brief for the G. O. P. elephant. We admit he is blind in one eye, and his hide is shot full of holes. But we are not sure the Democratic donkey, if put on the spot, would show up much better. We certainly don't believe,—and no one else in the possession of his senses BELIEVES,—that the Republican party is responsible for the present mess this country,—and the rest of the world is in. Nor do we believe that if Al Smith had won four years ago, conditions today would be materially better. In fact our pious conviction is conditions would be worse, and Lady Luck was never kinder to Alfred E. Smith than when she placed the responsibility of running the ship of state, through a world wide depression, upon his rival's shoulders.

HAD the Honorable Alben, had the courage and originality to kick Old Lady Tradition in the shins, and talk sense to the assembled multitude, we believe he would have admitted as much. For after all, enough can be said against the Republican party, without resorting to the moth-eaten wheeze that ONE PARTY IS TO BLAME for all our ills, and all that is needed to bring in the millenium, is to vote for ANOTHER. That isn't true and everyone knows it isn't true. Nevertheless the crazy make-believe of partisan politics goes on,—and on,—and on.

WE are tired of it. We believe most people are tired of it. They are tired of the entire childish farce, they are tired of POLITICS,—they long as never before for sanity, horse-sense and statesmanship in their public affairs, and they don't give a hurrah about the party label a man may wear, who gives some real promise of providing it. The Democrats have a golden opportunity to give the country such a leader. But the key note address of the Honorable Alben W. Barkley doesn't give much assurance they will take advantage of it.

Talks To Parents

TOO YOUNG TO LISTEN.
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AVIATRIX FAILS IN FUR SHIP SEARCH

PORTLAND, Ore., June 27.—(AP)—Mrs. Edna Christofferson, Portland aviatrix, returned Sunday from Alaska where she spent several months flying with W. R. Graham, Alaska air mail pilot, in search of the abandoned fur ship, Baychimo. While the search for the ship was unsuccessful, Mrs. Christofferson said she had staked out two gold claims which she intends to work upon after contemplated return to Alaska next fall.

Low Espee Fares To Ski Carnival

SAN FRANCISCO, (Sp.)—Winter sports—ski jumping, tobogganing and all—are coming back to California, for the Fourth of July! The meet will be held in the Sugarbowl, high up in Donner pass, near Summit, in the Sierra Nevada mountains of northern California. Low round trip fares on Southern Pacific lines, effective over the Fourth, are expected to aid in swelling the attendance at the unique summer-winter festivities.

Hero of Cantigny; Gen. Bamford, Dies

CHARLESTOWN, W. Va., June 27.—(AP)—General F. E. Bamford, 69, hero of the world war battle of Cantigny, died today. General Bamford was retired. Dry slabs \$1.00 per tier. You haul 'em. Medford Fuel Co.

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.

TRAILING THE "TOXIN" TO ITS LAIR



Sooner or later in expounding any illness or impairment of health the neoteric healer arrives at the underlying cause, poisons in the system, and his cure is so simple that even the dumbest — and only the dumbest — accepts it. Just eliminate the poisons and you're as good as cured. Nature will attend to the restoration of your original good health. Nature can do everything — except dispose of these nasty poisons that somehow cluster up your system if you neglect to eat the things the neoteric healer deems fit to eat.

Sometimes the old hokum becomes a bit tiresome and the near-doctor varies it by ascribing everything to toxins instead of poisons. Even the Christians who profess to ridicule the germ theory are fond of telling their customers how to get rid of "toxins" which is paramount to saying the germs have nothing to do with illness but you must dispose of the poisons produced by the germs if you wish to get well. The quacks are naively unaware of it, but toxins simply can't happen unless germs produce them.

From away back in the days when physis physicked the laity has cherished a settled conviction that health, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness all depend upon free and regular action of the bowels. Old time physicians did nothing to correct this obsession. Modern quacks are desperately striving to keep it alive, for it is on this ground they must make their last stand. For years I have been doggedly maintaining that nothing is or can be absorbed thru the unbroken skin. Many a ponderous professor or evanescent authority has furiously disputed my teaching, but no one has proved the actual experiment or test that the skin will absorb anything. Now I venture to make another arbitrary assertion, on the ground of much study and observation, and again I challenge the old timers to dispute it if they can. So far as human health is concerned nothing harmful is ever absorbed from the bowel into the blood. No "poisoning" of the system, no "auto-intoxication" ever occurs in that way.

Today's Guest Editorial

The Mail Tribune, thanks to the courtesy of the American Legion, is printing a series of guest editorials written on important questions of the day by prominent citizens in various walks of life. The Mail Tribune offers these editorials as an interesting feature but does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed.

NO. VII. WHY A CONSTITUTION? BY F. DU MONT SMITH, Chairman, Committee on American Citizenship, American Bar Assn.

To understand why we have a constitution and why it must be in writing, we must understand the conditions that existed when the constitution was framed. When the thirteen colonies achieved their independence from Great Britain, each became a sovereign independent state. Little Delaware, for instance, had the same power to make war and peace, send ambassadors to other countries, make alliances, raise an army or build a navy that any country in the world had and these states were very jealous of their sovereignty. The continental congress was not a congress like that we now have. It was simply a meeting of ambassadors from sovereign states allied for the purpose of carrying on the war of independence. It was very much like the congress of allied ambassadors which met at Paris during the great war. It could not make any law affecting the people, it had no executive, no judiciary and no power of taxation. It could recommend measures to the separate states and seek for contributions to the common fund. In 1781, a new government, the confederation, was adopted and it was little better. It was simply a league of independent states dissoluble at the will of any member. The vote in its congress was by states and it required the vote of nine states to adopt any measure. It had no executive, no judiciary or no power of taxation. It existed solely by contributions paid by the different states and was bankrupt and moribund from the beginning. Somehow we muddled through. By 1787 the condition of the country had become so deplorable, the weakness of its government so apparent, an object of contempt at home and derision abroad, that the great men of the country met in the constitutional convention in May, 1787. That convention was the greatest body of political minded men that ever sat in a single chamber.

It contained 55 or 60 members who would have taken front rank in any parliamentary body in the world then or since. It contained a half-dozen who were the peers of any statesmen that England has produced in its long parliamentary history. It determined to create a true national government, as Webster expressed it, "an indissoluble union of indivisible states" with all the powers necessary to a true national government, a nation and not a mere league or confederation of states. To accomplish that end, it examined all governmental powers, determined what were neces-

Today
By Arthur Brisbane

Boiling in Chicago. Beer, Perhaps, Not Soon. The Turtle's Head. Britain Listens, Builds.

Sunday was quiet in many places, not in Chicago. Thanks to the depression and failure to do anything effective about unemployment, Democrats have their "great chance."

Election betting has started. Huey Long, a powerful personality from Louisiana, who is "sorry he ever went to the senate," bets \$1,000 against \$500 that Governor Roosevelt will carry Texas, by at least 100,000 regardless of bitterness about the two-thirds rule.

Ladies talking politics in Chicago, decide that for some time to come "bread lines" will be more important than "party lines."

Senator James Hamilton Lewis withdrawal from the presidential race is encouraging to Governor Roosevelt. The "stop Roosevelt" movement hoped to keep Senator Lewis' Illinois following intact to use in their fight.

William Green, able head of the American Federation of Labor, wants five things in the Democratic platform, a five-day week, shorter working hours, federal work to give employment, old age pensions, AND BEER.

The five-day week may come, without platform help, as there isn't enough work for six days. For that matter it may be a four-day week. Beer seems probable. You would not have believed it a year ago. But it may take a year or two longer to get it.

Boys of Fanwood, New Jersey, used to believe that the head of a snapping turtle cut off, did not die until sundown. Superstition never dies, no matter how often you cut off its head.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, tells of "a frail bearded Spanish mystic," suddenly coming from the mountains to the village of St. Helena to announce that within six months the world will be burned up.

Chicago would say, coldly, "go back to the mountains and get more details." The credulous villagers have given up work to devote all their time to meditation and prayer. The prophet has gone back to the mountains. He will be annoyed six months hence, but will have a good excuse.

Through four gates, as Bunyan would say, you find easy access to the human mind, the gates of superstition, greed, race hatred, religious hatred.

A hundred times the end of the world has been announced and believed. At the beginning of the year 1000 many sold their lands and goods for next to nothing, put on white robes and went up into the mountains to be as near Heaven as possible, when the end came. It did not come and won't come in 100 million years.

The late Andrew D. White, president of Cornell University, tells of a Jewish prophet who long after Christ, announced himself as "The Messiah," gathered a great following, and announced that he could walk upon the water and those that believed in him could do the same. He walked down a steep bank into deep water, followed by a big crowd. All were drowned. Leaders in superstition often believe what they say. That makes them dangerous.

While our government talks sweet nothing about disarmament, the British listen murmuring "by all means" but they continue building bigger and better airplane bombers, while we suggest that such wicked machines be abolished.

participating, included scores of bank clerks and other civilians, almost as skillful as Britain's army and navy fliers. Britain talks disarmament as sweetly as anybody, but goes ahead with plans to RULE THE OCEAN OF AIR as she has so long ruled the water ocean. The old gold prospector, with his slow donkey, cautiously tapping rocks, on the lookout for Indiana, would wonder at modern prospecting by airplane. Airplanes are flying over the forests, seeking places to land, in the "new Yukon gold fields."

An airplane prospector can stake out claims in six hours that the old prospector could not reach in two months. Interesting information from Bangkok, about Siam's revolution, King Prajadhipok himself encouraged it. He was worried about the drop in rice exports, caused by Siam's foolish gold standard. Rice to Siam is what coffee is to Brazil. And gold seems not to agree with eastern lands. Also likewise Louis the Eleventh, of France, the king of Siam decided that his great nobles were becoming too powerful, and decided that it would be wise to depend on the people, that reverer him.

Louis the Eleventh encouraged the nobles to kill off each other, saying "the less they amount to the more I amount to." You remember how he disposed of the foolhardy Duke of Burgundy. Interesting to mortgaged farmers. In Rumania farmers can have mortgages cut in two, then have 30 years to pay the rest. King Carol himself has had a mortgage thus reduced and extended on his estates, under a new law.

Our "sock the rich" program has not reached that point, but may reach it. All "sock the rich" plans should be worked out soon, before the last of the rich go to join the dodo, the roc, the respectable triceratops, and his family.

Williams Creek

WILLIAMS CREEK, June 27.—(Sp.)—Baseball game Sunday in front of the grange hall between the Wolf Creek and Williams teams was interesting and was won by the latter 12 to 11. Wolf Creek team and a large party of coolers picnicked at the cave camps in the forenoon while several Williams families picnicked under the trees near the ball ground. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Champlain of Seattle spent two weeks vacation at the Kradel Newcomb home. Mrs. Champlain is a sister of Mrs. Kradel Newcomb.

Amos Smith who owns the sawmill at Williams, lost his lumber truck recently when his barn burned. The barn was full of hay. Fred Lichen took another bunch of cattle to the Grayback range last week. His family accompanied him and spent several days camping in the mountains. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Roberts called Sunday afternoon on the John Lettekens.

Provoit baseball team and several others drove to Takilma Sunday where Provoit won by a small score. The week before they played Selma resulting in a tie. The tenth inning gave Provoit a score of one. Provoit has been defeated once since organization. Mrs. Mollie Dahle and daughter Mary Catherine of Berkeley, Calif. are spending their vacation with her sister, Mrs. Stella Stratton and Mrs. Gertrude Herriot and other relatives of Williams and Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Lewman and family are camping a few days in the mountains near Grayback. Miss Mabel Woolfolk of Grants Pass is spending some time with her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Letteken and other relatives on Williams creek. Mr. and Mrs. Doll Lemmon and son Rocco of Ashland spent Sunday with Mrs. Lemmon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Letteken. Mr. Letteken's sister, Mrs. Bert Furgie, also of Ashland accompanied them.

At the school meeting Monday about thirty were present. James Turvey was reelected director and Mrs. A. O. Edwards, clerk. Miss Christine Arent of Huntington Beach, Calif., is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. O. Edwards. Another sister, Mrs. Rowley also of Huntington Beach, has been visiting her, also Mr. Edwards' brother, Charles Edwards of near Los Angeles.

Mrs. Bert Harris visited Mrs. Earl Whistler one afternoon this week. Mr. and Mrs. Art Cooper, Art and Mabel Woolfolk of Grants Pass spent one night last week with their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Letteken. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bryan were business visitors in Medford one day this week.

Gordon Smith of Murphy has signed up with Provoit baseball team as their pitcher for the summer. Little Miss Evelyn Pinco of Klamath Falls is visiting her grand parents.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 29 and 10 Year Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
June 27, 1922.
(Ten Monday)
Ten-acre grass fire west of Jackson street keeps fire department busy.

Edwin U. Judd, founder of Republican party, dies, aged 94 years. First auto to reach Crater lake, through snow, given silver cup. Kian Kleagle says "now is time to clean out the court house, and end gang rule."

Situation at Herrin, Ill., continues serious, with desultory firing night and day. Roseburg circuit judge to hear suit of Earl H. Fehl against hearing city paving assessment. "Kin" Hubbard, famed humorist, passes through city, and drops a line to his old friend, Ed White.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
June 27, 1912.
(It was Wednesday)
Phoenix commercial clubs organize. Ross Lane residents complain of speeding motorists and motorcyclists. Woodrow Wilson looms as probable Democratic nominee for president.

L. Niedermeyer to build a brick livery stable at Fir and 8th streets. Local Bull Moose chief declares Taft's nomination by Republican party "conceived in fraud and baptized in iniquity." Bud Anderson, "pride of Medford," to fight in Klamath Falls July 4. Eagle Point team killed by lightning.

YANGTZE DWELLERS ROUTED BY WATERS

HANKOW, China, June 27.—(AP)—Swollen by continued heavy rains, the Yangtze river rose two feet today and was 38 1/2 feet above normal. Already vast areas of the Yangtze valley are flooded and thousands of persons are homeless. It was feared if the rains continued, last summer's disastrous floods might be repeated.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cougle and other relatives of Williams Creek. Mrs. George Sparlin and sons Jack and Jerry left Monday morning on a trip north. They will go to Washington to visit relatives. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cougle called on Mr. and Mrs. Ben Letteken Monday. Miss Thelma Wilkinson left Saturday for Eugene to attend summer school. Miss Wilkinson is principal of Williams high school.

Flying Into a Temper

Touchy... Irritable! Everything upset her. She needs Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to soothe her nerves and build up her health by its tonic action.

New Way to Hold False Teeth in Place

Do false teeth annoy you by dropping or slipping? Just sprinkle a little Pasteon on your plates. This new fine powder holds teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, pasty taste or feeling. Sweetens breath. Get False-teeth from Jarmin & Woods or your druggist.

WILLARD HOTEL

KLAMATH FALLS OREGON
124 MODERN AIRY ROOMS BATH-SHOWER OR COMBINATION. CENTRALLY LOCATED. FIREPROOF CONSTRUCTION. GRILLE IN CONNECTION.
We Invite Your Patronage
Rates \$1.50 Up
WILLARD HOTEL
2nd and Main, Klamath Falls, ALBERT AUSTIN, Mgr.

CONGER FUNERAL PARLOR

West Main at Newtown
Office County Coroner