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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

From the press of the state, it is gleaned that the Older Girls are all busy putting up Dill Pickles, for the needy, and against the coming of grim Winter. On the published lists of foodstuffs, the Dill Pickle is ever present, and in sufficient quantities to last through the present depression, and well into the next one. The Dill Pickle is all right in its place, but is neither satisfying nor filling. It usually shows up thinly sliced, on the left side of a sandwich, and is generally left untouched. In 1928, along with electric vibrators, it enjoyed a short prominence as a reducer of feminine fat. It has a certain salty charm, and possesses all the possibilities of a grapefruit, for sudden and unexpected bombardment, but is too lazy to squirt.

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It now develops that the surplus of local hellraising is due to spontaneous cussedness, and failure of the Truth to pollinize due to heavy spraying with arsenate of Lies. The friendliness of the valley has been hatepecked. The plan now considered is to market the malignancy, by hiding behind women's skirts, and let them take the blame.

• • •

The new county jail is now ready for occupancy. With the campaign on, some downtrodden and disgusted Democrat will want to prove the taxes are too high, by swapping places with the prisoner, in the end cell.

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MONTGOMERY, Ala., Aug. 26.—(UP)—The state senate has passed a salary slashing bill only to find that the bill raised many salaries.—(Press Dispatch.) How like a legislature, when trying to think.

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Something should be done, and right snappily to halt the ravages of Economy in this county. In approximately a month, the body politic has been smacked twice in the exchequer—once to the tune of $32,000 of federal funds, and once for a modest $35,000, from the same source. This is sufficient jack to keep several citizens needing work on the business ends of picks, for quite some time. The alleged economy walked arm-in-arm with Efficiency, and the couple were the cause of considerable enthusiastic hurrahing, none of which is now audible to the naked ear. They also caused a great number of speeches. Nobody recalls a single word of the orations on tax-slashing, except the starting remark of "Ladies and Gentlemen, and Mr. Chairman." It will be a long time before another dose of economy is swigged recklessly. It is no trouble to prove that the county failed to get the cash, and that it is now too late to annul the self-inflicted divorce. The only result is that Windiness scored a victory over Commonsense.

• • •

This is the last week Maws can spank their little dears, before turning the task over to the schoolma'ams.

• • •

The Eads Boys moved a safe from the courthouse Saturday and had no audience at all, due to the Depression, and the fear that bystanders would have to help pull on the rope. The Messrs. Eads were confronted with the problem of getting an overgrown safe through a window that was too wide one day and not long enough the other. The receptacle was as awkward to handle as a fork-load of spaghetti, but eventually mind won over matter. It was the first safe ever battled in Jackson county before an empty grandstand. It was in vidid contrast to the time the steam-shovel operated on the Sixth street crossing. The engineer was a nervous wreck from trying to scoop up dirt instead of bystanders. The attendance at the new edifice was larger, and composed exclusively of grunters.

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THE CORRECT SIZE-UP
(Emporia, Kans., Gazette.)

That crazy man who shot the Archduke in Serbia 18 years ago did the world a bad turn. But perhaps the world was in pretty bad shape or one little bullet wouldn't have done such a vast amount of damage. The war came perhaps because the world was festering in greed and pride and arrogance of nationalism. Then the miserable peace came because the war didn't help things much; because the war left the world still greedy and proud, still arrogant in its nationalism. Tariff barriers went up and world trade and production were blocked and the economics of civilization got a cramp that turned into paralysis.

Ring Down the Curtain

AND now F. A. Bates, stormy petrel of the Foots Creek mining district, has decided he would rather leave the county than face the charge pending against him in court. Perhaps the decision has been influenced by his stage manager, L. A. Banks.

Bargaining by M. O. Wilkins, Bates' attorney, for dismissal of the case, would be laughable were it not for underlying facts and motives, and the expense already caused the taxpayers of the county.

Last spring, a charge against Bates was dismissed in the justice court at Gold Hill upon request of his attorneys and relatives, with the understanding that the accused would leave the county and refrain from creating further turmoil in the Foots Creek region where his neighbors claimed he had accused them of everything from sluice box robbery to dam dynamiting, varying his activities by writing a series of threatening letters.

Bates' proclivity for trouble-making gained new impetus when the publisher of the Daily News heard the "Foots Creek Miner's Tale of Woe," and apparently with but slight investigation, or substantiation, proceded to make a martyr of Bates, citing his case as a "breakdown of law and order!", "an attempt to rob an aged man of his property!", etc., etc., and a political issue.

The initial blast in the battle for Bates was quickly followed by a retraction but the elderly miner and his alleged woes fitted in so well with political plans that were being initiated, that the case was revived from time to time editorially. Finally convincing himself that he had thoroly cowed the courts, and that it was time for the grand climax wherein Banks could pose with strong arm extended to shield the downtrodden, the publisher heralded to the world that Bates would return and face an indictment found by the last grand jury.

Hearing of the case against Bates drew near, likewise election day. Banks bore down heavily on the martyrdom of the miner, getting in many a good lick for himself as the champion of the oppressed, hurling challenge after challenge in the teeth of "the gang," and bringing out—as he had long intended to do—M. O. Wilkins, as independent candidate for district attorney.

Wilkins was to ride into office on the wave of popular recognition which it was fondly believed would follow the defense of Bates when the case was tried.

The stage was set, the parts were duly assigned—Bates, the suffering sacrifice in gangdom's den of lions, and Wilkins, a Daniel! the fearless defender—before the public gaze for weeks, meantime the News keeping up a constant ballyhoo of "breakdown of law and order!", "Jackson county will be shaken to its foundations!" It was, in the parlance of the ring, a push-over.

But something slipped!

Resentment in the Foots Creek district against the Banksonian ballyhoo boiled over, and within the space of a week the Daily News and its editor, Bates the miner, and his daughter were named as co-defendants in libel suits aggregating $200,000, brought by four men of the district.

And to cap the climax, according to the Daily News' own statements, it was rumored that Bates had again taken pen in hand to add to the already large collection of his letters, which it is feared may be produced in court.

No wonder Mr. Banks would ring down the curtain on his show and whisk the sawdust martyr from the public's eye. The Daily News publisher has a perfect right to be "regusted."—E. C. F.

Little Orphan Annie Recall

THE recall move against Judge Norton, like Topsy of Uncle Tom's Cabin, never was born, it "just growed up," according to its chief advocates, who are pardonably bashful about acknowledging parenthood. However, the long-suffering citizens of this community have a fairly unanimous and definite idea that the "little orphan Annie" recall, was fathered by Earl H. Fehl and surreptitiously dumped on the doorstep of the Daily News, much against the wishes of the newspaper's owner.

It is also generally believed that Fehl not only deposited the waif on the Banksonian sill, but through some pressure, not yet explained, eventually "made him like it." If this hypothesis is correct, it reveals an adroit manauver on the part of Earl in his effort to rebuke Judge Norton for daring to permit a verdict against him.

Fehl—fathering a child of the left hand in the nature of a recall, while Banks takes the "little orphan Annie" to his bosom, clothes it in such respectability as he is able to muster and with the hint of a primace of distaste, murmuring—"me too."—E. C. F.

An Open Letter To Will Rogers

The Parable of the Humorist Who Tripped the Burdened Man.

Dear Mr. Rogers: I have been a reader of your daily articles for a long time. I believe you are one of the best-loved men on the American continent. I have never known of any one having a single unfriendly thought chalked up against you. With that in mind, I am going to revamp for you an old story:

There was a man whose back was bent beneath a heavy burden. He had carried it far. Often it seemed that he could no longer go on. But, somehow, unsuspected reserves of fortitude always rose sufficient to his need. So he kept bearing on toward his goal.

As he tottered along a busy thoroughfare an onlooker, with a sense of humor, thought to furnish a laugh to the passersby. So he expertly tripped the load bearer, hurling him to the ground.

"What man," do you ask, "would do a thing like that?"

Unhappily you, Mr. Rogers, are that man.

How do I know?

Because I am the man you tripped—as are all those other Americans who are trying to "carry on" against the odds that our country is facing today.

We are summoning every scrap of fair-mindedness, every ounce of heroic endeavor in ourselves and our neighbors. We are building our faith on those forces of righteousness that have made our country noble as well as great. The way is long, the load heavy. Beneath it many of us have gone down to our knees. But we're trying to press on.

I admit that a laugh is good medicine for us. And you have served us well in that way. But when you use your rare gift to ridicule an American president whose trials are great as were Lincoln's I believe you are going too far. You ridiculed Hoover's acceptance speech. I wonder—would you have ridiculed Lincoln's great inaugural address? Would you have mocked the Gettysburg speech.

Technically, as a humorist, you would have been within your right to do so. But this is a time when all of us must sacrifice something—just as in military war. Won't you sacrifice your technical privilege of launching jabs against what you know is heroic and true? Won't you sacrifice tripping us whose backs are bent beneath the load, even though our fall might look funny?

Won't you, Mr. Rogers, let that be your service to America in its hour of trial? LEON C. LE VAN.

Redwood City, August 18, 1932.

When needing duplicating sales books, flat-packs or fan-fold cash register forms, ledger sheets for bookkeeping machines or any other kind of printing, don't order from out-of-town firms and pay more. Phone 75 and one of our representatives will call.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Winding the Machine.
Our Patient Jobless.
Why Does Japan Worry?
What Shall We Be?

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The campaign, in which a great, free and mighty people will wind up their government machine and set it going for four years more, is under way.

It gains momentum slowly, like a long freight train, starting its cars one at a time, each with its separate jolt. There are notifications and speeches, in which full grown men solemnly criticize and blame others.

There are separate little machines, each with its ticket, socialist, prohibition, labor, meaning only protest.

The active powers announce that our troubles are practically overcome, just a little patient co-operation and all will be well. The ten millions idle feel less optimistic, and a good deal depends on how many of them are put to work before November comes round.

Candidates of various colors appear at meetings, flanked on either side by officials of heroic organizations of former soldiers. They are well organized, and when they say they want something, many candidates say "Amen."

Perhaps if the ten millions idle knew how to organize themselves, or interest candidates, there would be fewer unemployed.

In other countries, ten millions would not be so easily managed. But ours, as the late Lord Northcliffe remarked, is "a docile people."

Mexico has a jobless problem, and a hunger problem. Thousands marching on Mexico City were stopped by soldiers, when their rulers became convinced that communism guided them.

But Mexico's problem is simple, compared with ours. The government offers its own land to the hungry idle, saying "Raise corn, feed yourselves." Mexican workers, given land, can take care of themselves as their Indian ancestors did before them.

Our workers, from factories, typewriters, railroads, banks, have grown too far away from the land. Only a pay roll can take care of them.

Kaku Mori, distinguished Japanese, has a "back to Asia" plan, and says Japan must be self-sufficient, work out her destiny in isolation, refuse League of Nations interference.

He says, also, Heaven knows why, Japan anticipates trouble with the United States.

This country is not dictating her course to Japan. Meddlesome officials that talk about Shanghai and Manchuria do not represent the American PEOPLE.

Japan needs land, for her surplus millions, can cultivate it well, and protect its inhabitants. That does not concern us, unless Japan tries to take some of our land.

If Japan can seize many square miles of territory and thirty million population from China, in Manchuria that does not concern us. We looked on, and even cheered, while our associates, the allies were stealing colonies and billions from Germany, setting up silly new nations and wiping out the Austro-Hungarian empire. Why should we protest if 60,000,000 Japanese are able to take land from 400,000,000 Chinese? That will straighten itself out later, without

This nation, or at least ninety per interference from us.

cent of it, thinks as little as does Japan, of the League of Nations. Some men in high places, craving Europe's applause, would deliver their country to the league, if they could, but they cannot.

We are not exactly "such things as dreams are made on," and possibly our little lives are NOT "rounded with a sleep." We may come back, bombardment by cosmic rays, by the sun's actinic rays, and other forces changes us, from generation to generation, over long periods. And herein, it seems makes its own strange changes, not controlled entirely by the Mendelian discoveries, made by the learned monk, experimenting with fruit flies.

If we come back, as many in India believe, to live in lower forms of life expiating our mistakes, or if we come back, as common sense would suggest, to continue the work for which we were put here, there is no knowing what we may be like before the end of our hundreds of millions of years on this planet.

Israel Zangwill predicted that the great conqueror of future ages would be "an epileptic chess player, carried about the field of battle on an air cushion."

That is feeble prediction. In a few centuries at most, there will be no more fields of battle or great generals, and probably no more epilepsy, in much less time. Science progresses more rapidly than human decency.

Machines will make our muscles unnecessary, the brain alone will be important. You may find yourself, in your reincarnation of the year ten million, a brain propelled by its own flying machine with rudimentary hands and feet, attending to its important business as a butterfly does, flitting from place to place, pushing buttons.

The female of our species may be compelled to preserve size and weight, for maternity reasons, in which case, she may fly about, carrying her little thinking husband, as she now carries her reticule, or as the huge parasite crab, described by Darwin, carries under her left flipper, her tiny husband, as small as a ten cent piece.

The crab husband was once a fine, powerful, upstanding crab. Evolution made him what he is, and, according to scientists, there is no knowing what evolution may do to us. It has millions of years in which to work upon us, and has barely started. Ten million years hence, we may live on this earth, never touching it with our feet.

Hitch-hiking, by the way, is building up a class of itinerant workers who cover a wide range of country, and do anything they can find to do—usually in competition with local and more or less permanent labor.

That is something to think about.

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.

WHEN NEURALGIA MAKES A NOISE LIKE APPENDICITIS.

In a paper read before the Buffalo Academy of Medicine, Dr. John B. Carnett, professor of surgery in the medical school said:

"In patients referred to me for chronic appendicitis I find the pain and tenderness in the lower right abdominal quadrant are due to neuralgia in 98 per cent of the patients and in the other 2 per cent I find a duodenal ulcer, stone in the kidney or some similar lesion. I, therefore, have given up operations for chronic appendicitis and cure the lower right-sided pains by non-operative measures directed toward the underlying spinal nerve lesion causing the neuralgia. Of the patients sent to me for a hurry up operation for acute appendicitis I find in over half of them that the trouble is neuralgic and do not operate."

It seems that the diagnosis of "chronic appendicitis" is losing vogue. It always has seemed rather a gamble in which our modern brass surgeons have too eagerly indulged.

A further observation by the same authority is worthy of broadcasting:

"The acute toxemia of tonsillitis, cold or other infection is responsible directly for fever, pulse hurry, and leucocytosis, and indirectly its induced acute neuralgia causes lower right abdominal pain and tenderness with vomiting. The symptoms enumerated constitute the usual textbook picture of acute appendicitis and they are due to acute neuralgia of the abdominal wall can only be determined by applying the tests for neuralgia. In any doubtful case I anesthetize the right eleventh and twelfth intercostal and first lumbar nerves with novocaine injections to eliminate parietal hyperesthesia and thereby am enabled to recognize the presence or absence of any associated subparietal or true appendiceal tenderness."

We need not attempt to interpret the scandalous medicalese in this. The lay reader will get the gist of it, namely, that intercostal neuralgia due to tonsillitis may make a noise so like appendicitis that a hurry up operation may be perpetrated if there happens to be a brass surgeon at hand.

Intercostal neuralgia may closely resemble the pain of gallstone colic. Dr. Carnett declares that the pain in the region of the right shoulder blade, regarded the world over as indicative of gall-bladder inflammation, is always due to intercostal neuralgia in his experience. He declares that too many gall bladders are being unnecessarily removed in the futile expectation of curing pain and tenderness which is actually due to neuralgia in the abdominal wall.

Right here I dare suggest that a physician whose education, training and practice are not limited to the tenets of a single "system" or "school" is better qualified to deal with such conditions than is the narrow little fellow who purports to practice only this or that "pathy." Beware of the chap who accepts the designation of a "pathist" of any kind.

Intercostal neuralgia has led to many unnecessary kidney operations, and to countless operations on women who too readily believe the pain originates in tubes or ovaries.

In the hands of charlatans who run irrigation plants or colon filling stations a great many gullible victims of intercostal neuralgia are subjected to endless and vicious "treatment" for a colitis which does not exist, further than the mechanical irritation set up by the vicious "treatment." This is one of the new self-perpetuating lines of business in which the victims seem to like being humbugged and to resent being enlightened.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Dish Washing.

Is hot water sufficient to wash dishes, without soap? My brother's family will not use soap.—L. B.

Answer—Yes, but the use of soap makes the job easier, quicker and requires less hot water.

Not to the Third Generation.

Strong, healthy, athletic young woman, youngest of five children. Father was syphilitic before any of his children were born. They are all apparently healthy, except the eldest. What risk involved in marrying this young woman?—R. E. C.

Answer—So far as syphilis is concerned, no particular risk other than that involved in any marriage. Syphilis is not transmitted to the third generation. There is no "hereditary" syphilis, but only congenital syphilis, which is present when the child is born, tho it may not manifest itself until the child is weeks or months old. If the infant shows no sign of the disease in the first year of life, probably it has escaped.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Communications

Wilkins Gives Version.

For the second time I find it necessary to correct publicity statements in your paper, evidently intended to discredit F. A. Bates. This defendant is not seeking postponement, but conceded postponement at the suggestion of George Nielson, deputy district attorney. The stipulation was prepared over the desk of Mr. Nielson, he and the writer dictating its contents to the official stenographer in the district attorney's office. Its necessity was that both parties could act upon the policy of DISMISSAL WITHOUT PUBLICITY. It was conceded that the filing of large damage actions by the principal or prosecuting witnesses had so discredited their testimony in the criminal case that it was dead and its further continuance was an unnecessary burden to all parties, and especially the State of Oregon and Jackson county. Hence you will find upon the signed copy of the stipulation, "And it further appearing to the parties hereto that it would be to the best interests of all parties interested that this matter be so disposed of" by dismissal.

Mr. Nielson requested that no publicity be given to the signing of this stipulation, and the writer conceded it. On the following day we found the Mail Tribune saying that the F. A. Bates trial was coming up soon, and we again called at the office, to advise that to cut off untrue publicity in the Tribune, we were filing the signed stipulation, which we did at one o'clock Saturday, August 27.

Yours truly,
M. O. WILKINS,
Atty. for F. A. Bates.

Jenkins' Comment

(Continued from Page One)

pects of all. They get lonely on long drives, and want someone to talk to.

"It's useless to flag a man and his wife; they simply NEVER offer rides. The older and more battered the car, the better the chance of a ride. The big, shiny cars practically never stop for us."

There's some human nature for you.

"HOW do you spend your nights?" was asked.

"Oh, we sit up," was the reply, "usually in railroad waiting rooms or hotel lobbies. There are washroom facilities in such places, and one has to keep clean and neat. Otherwise, one never gets picked up."

ASKED what kind of work he did, the young fellow answered: "Anything that turns up."

Within the past six months, he has worked at Santa Maria, San Luis Obispo, Aberdeen, Washington, Goldendale, Washington, and Weiser, Idaho, and is now heading back to Salinas.

That is covering a lot of country.

Ye Poet's Corner

SUMMER'S SLIPPING BY

When the sun goes creeping south,
And the land is touched with drouth;
When the air grows thick and murky,
And the wind fitful and jerky;
When languar permeates all nature,
And the hills seem shrunk in stature;
When dog-days haze is in the sky,
I know that summer's slipping by.

When the fields are gray and sere,
And deadened weeds around appear;
When ripened grain is in the bin,
And thistle down is on the spin;
When leaves begin to lose their gloss,
And crisp and dusty grows the moss;
When mountain grasses become dry,
I know that summer's slipping by.

When mountain streams have dwindled down,
And peaks have lost their snowy crown;
When brown are turning forest cones,
And reptiles slumber on the stones;
When Tokay grapes begin to cure,
And black and huckleberries lure;
When trout disdain your tempting fly,
I know that summer's slipping by.

When lark and robin cease their song,
And grouse and partridge part with throng;
When quail and pheasant cease to pair,
Woodpeckers listless cleave the air;
When squirrels chatter as they forage,
And bees accumulate their storage;
When butterflies begin to die,
I know that summer's slipping by.

When picnic lure begins to pall,
And swimming holes no longer call;
When autos get to look forlorn,
On bright and early Sunday morn;
When folks loll lazy on the lawn,
And there's less activity at dawn;
When people from the lawnmowers shy,
I know that summer's slipping by.

When mother seals the last jar lid,
And her preserves are stored and hid;
When dad surveys the woodpile o'er,
And wonders if enough's in store;
When kids begin to talk of school,
And sit repining on a stool,
And heave a sad and mournful sigh,
I know that summer's slipping by.

When I begin to lose my pep,
And slow and languid grows my step;
When fain I'd woo a morning nap,
And seemingly don't care a rap
Whether I meander through
The woods with their enchanting view,
No need for almanac, for I
Well know that summer's slipping by.
—A. B. Williams.

SMALLER HANDBAGS NOW PARIS VOGUE

PARIS. —(AP)— Smaller handbags are in vogue with a number of Parisians. Flat pouches, five or six inches deep and seven or eight inches long, made in a restrained design in keeping with the vogue for simplicity are often seen. The pouch of velvet, brocade or heavy crepe is also a favorite for evening.

LILY PONS ENDORSES BLACK AND WHITE

PARIS.—(AP) Lily Pons, French soprano of the Metropolitan Opera company, is among smart women who have adopted the vogue for white hats with dark costumes. With a black frock she wears a turben of white jersey ribbon trimmed at the left back with a point of black stitched jersey. With it she wears a white jersey scarf.

WOMEN'S CLUB LEADER WEARS BLUE SUIT

WASHINGTON.—(AP)—Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, new president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is wearing a suit of blue silk, trimmed with gray fur. With this she wears a small blue straw hat.

Be correctly corseted by ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN's Sixth & Holly streets

Desirable houses always in first class condition for rent, lease or sale Call 105.

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
August 29, 1922.
(It was Tuesday.)

Senate comes out strong for soldier's bonus, and want it paid out of war profits. "Only a square deal for the boys who did the fighting," says Kansas solon.

"The Idaho Wildcat" to fight here Labor day.

Box seat sale for county fair a big success.

Stores of city to close Labor day. Last holiday of the year.

First car of local Bartletts sold in New York for $3.25 per box.

Labor shortage still continues. More tourists willing to work.

Fair directors take out rain insurance for opening day.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
August 29, 1912.
(It was Thursday.)

Report that pure food law being violated here to be probed.

Under a new ruling by the postal department, local people will get Sunday mail Monday morning. Congressman Hawley told to rectify this.

Mrs. J. F. Reddy will organize a suffrage club at Trail.

Car of pears sold in Chicago for $2.10 per box.

Another copper strike at the Blue Ledge mine.

Water Wagon auto of Prohibition party to visit city.

Railroad to Crescent City is incorporated for $50,000.

Linen Proving Popular Dress For Evenings

PARIS.—(AP) Linen evening gowns in soft shades of blue, yellow or coral pink are a favorite with both smart Americans and Parisians.

Princesse Sixte de Bourbon-Parme wears one of pink linen designed like a gardening apron. It ties at the waistline in the back and is trimmed in front with two little pockets made of pleated linen strips to simulate baskets.

Corlune Griffiths, American motion picture actress, is another follower of the mode. She has an evening frock of blue linen designed with a wide pocket across the front.

August special. Three loads 16-in. slabs for $6.75. Med. Fuel Co. Tel. 631.

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WILLARD HOTEL
Cheerful Service
Modern Surroundings
Central Location
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Rates $1.50 Up
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ALBERT AUSTIN, Mgr.

CONGER
FUNERAL PARLOR
West Main at Newtown
Office County Coroner

Mail Tribune
Bargain Days
Will Be
Announced
Wednesday

Mrs. Thaden Under Knife Of Surgeon

AKRON, Ohio, Aug. 29. — (AP) — Mrs. Louise McPhetridge Thaden, co-holder of the refueling endurance record for women fliers, was recovering in a hospital today from an operation for appendicitis. She was stricken here while on her way to the national air races at Cleveland.

Dairymen Picnic.

CHAMPOEG, Ore., Aug. 29—(AP)—Some 300 dairymen and their families from nine counties were at Champoeg yesterday for the second annual picnic of the Oregon State Dairymen's association. Those present voted to gather here next year for their annual picnic.

Crash Victim Dies.

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 29—(AP)—Milton E. Pugh, 4, of Portland died in a hospital here Sunday from injuries received in an automobile accident August 19. Police said he was struck by a hit-run driver.

Free Picture of your baby made by Shangle if you purchase a $1 Baby Dress, etc., from Wurts Gifts. Prizes for the mothers.