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OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Spring, which has been here all the time, officially arrives today, and is no doubt glad to meet itself.

• • •

If what all his political foes say is true, Andrew Mellon, "the greatest secretary of the treasury since Alexander Hamilton," is also the poorest income tax evader since Al Capone, Chicago gang king.

• • •

Taking a chance on starting them again, the press of the land comments that five years ago next month the boys of the land launched "tree-sitting," of which there was quite an epidemic.

• • •

It is claimed that the juvenile beer drinking is "exaggerated." This is true. To date no infant has swallowed a beer bottle cap, instead of a safety-pin.

• • •

PLYMOUTH, Mass. — (UP) — The board of health has recommended that a new course be given in the schools, to be called "The Art of Brushing the Teeth."—(Press Dispatch.) To which, when school finances permit, a course in scientific washing behind the ears can be added.

• • •

Friday, May 18, the populace will have a chance to exercise their voting powers, and, as in the past, many will be more interested in exercising themselves. To halt this form of adult truancy from a civic duty, there should be a law prohibiting any person of voting age from playing golf or bridge, fishing, picnicking, or standing around cussing, unless they can show an affidavit they first went to the polls. A small proportion of the voters in primary elections, possess the strength to get to the voting places. They pour out more freely in the general elections. Even if they vote wrong, they should be required to go through the ordeal.

• • •

C. Strang, the pioneer pilliat, is getting ready to celebrate 50 years of passing out the liniment, and mixing up the cough medicine in this burg.

• • •

The latest social wrinkle is to spell "John" this way: Jno. This does not accomplish anything in particular, except to effect a saving of h's, of which there will always be a sufficiency.

• • •

A 24.5 pd salmon was caught Sunday. This is an outstanding piscatorial feat, but will never raise any 4.3 pd spuds.

• • •

The mayor of Klamath Falls, Democratic candidate for governor, will explain "my difference with the power octopus." The difference, as far as this county is concerned, is approximately $112,000 in tax money, alone, not to mention the matter of a payroll. His excellency got off to a flying start by calling Portland an "oligarchy." Few, including the writer, know what "oligarchy" means, but it sounds like a venemous mouth full. Probably when the campaign warms up, the slogan will be: Crush the Oligarchy, and get your Fried Chicken for Nothing.

• • •

A number who have no use or need for rain, have joined the farmers in demanding it.

• • •

What does it profit a pedestrian to duck an auto while crossing the street, and then fall over a boy's bicycle, left lying in the middle of the sidewalk?

• • •

ADD WOES, ETC.
(Agony Col.)

Dear Aunt Ada—I am a girl 16 years old and I long for nice clothes. My father and mother are strict on me. My mother won't let me use powder or read books, curl my hair, nor speak to boys. I am a good housecleaner, but do so much, and never get no clothes, except what people give me, that I am tired of housework and then when I want to go to work and get clothes my father says "If you go to work I'll break your back." He also said "I am not worth feeding." What would you do?

ANXIOUSLY WAITING.

8 Midget Photos 10c Pessley Studio.

Why Not Be Honest?

SOMEONE should compose a comic opera, with international diplomacy as a theme.

Observe today's exchange of notes between Secretary of State Hull and Hoki Hirota, foreign minister of Japan, for example!

"Japan", declares Hoki Hirota, "has no intention whatever to provoke and make trouble with ANY other power." (Pekin and Moscow papers please copy!)

• • • • •

"I RECEIVE this statement with especial gratification," replies Secretary Hull with a deep bow "and I am glad of this opportunity to state categorically that the United States, on its part, has no desire to create any issues . . . in its relation with other countries. (This should at once remove Japanese exclusion laws, the Stimson note on Japanese seizure of Manchukuo, and the 3-2 naval treaty.)

"No questions exist between our countries incapable of amicable solution."—Hirota.

"If unhappily there should arise in the future any controversy between our two countries the American government will be prepared as I believe it always has in the past, to examine the position of Japan in a spirit of amity."—Hull.

"Proceed, my Dear Gaston!"

"Oh no—After you—my dear Alphone!"

Everything is perfectly lovely in the Far East, always has been and always will be—or so the official representatives of these two world powers declare.

• • • • •

WHAT a farce! Why indulge in such absurdities? OK for a Gilbert & Sullivan revival, but a waste of words and sealing wax, as far as the people or future policies of either nation are concerned.

Everyone knows, Japan still resents the 3-2 naval treaty and will demand equality with the United States at the next meeting.

Everyone knows Japan even more deeply resents Japanese exclusion,—(and who can blame her?).

Everyone also knows—even if they didn't read the last Stimson note—that Japan's disregard of the League of Nations, invasion of Manchuria, and present military, naval and aviation programs, are a direct CHALLENGE to this country and all other powers with trade or political interests in the Far East.

Then why try to maintain no questions between the two countries exist which can't be settled as easily and as amicably, as settling who shall pass the lemonade at the next Sunday school picnic!

• • • • •

The answer, of course, is the cardinal sin in international diplomacy is to tell the truth.

At least, it always HAS been. One diplomat says what he doesn't believe, another replies in the same coin, and there is a great bowing and scraping and palavering, which fools no one—not even the man in the street.

• • • • •

PERSONALLY we regard such diplomacy as both silly and dangerous—silly because it fools no one WORTH fooling; and dangerous because it raises a suspicion regarding all diplomacy and all international actions,—shakes public confidence and breeds distrust.

Why can't we have, under President Roosevelt a NEW DEAL internationally? Not the adoption of a truculent policy, or even a brutally FRANK one,—but an elimination of the "make-up and make believe", on one hand; and the adoption of an honest, friendly, and REALISTIC attitude on the other.

Keeping up these artificial and hypocritical exchanges between two world powers in this day and age, appears to this paper to be as out of date, as trying to revive the court of Louis XVI, or again dress our diplomatic corps in powdered wigs and knee breeches!

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 21 — American movie stars are now able to vault London social barriers that bonafide social registrants cannot hurdle. To

exploit a cinema celebrity has become a Mayfair fad. Such blandishment has almost made an expartriate of the elder Fairbanks.

The Adolphe Menjous were fairly swept off their feet by a barrage of invitations that began the moment they stepped off a boat at Southampton a year ago. Also Corrinne Griffith. Thomas Meighan has been in tails and white tie every evening since his recent arrival there.

Anna May Wong, the Chinese film player, has long been a favorite in perfidious Albion but the past winter her popularity has taken on the proportions of a furore. She has been the outstanding guest at select estates along the country-side and carried off to the Scotland shooting lodges.

English hosts and hostesses to the movie folk are not the celebrity chasers of New York's "cafe society" but dukes, lords and ladies of the peerage. Punch's puckish glossariana are turning out jingles about the "new schism in British social life." A fine how-de-do! Raw—thuh!

And Noel Coward in his new London menage of dove gray and silver has towelings and bath curtains to match his bath-robes. Mostly cherry red.

It strikes me the best named of the stage characterizations was Chic Sale's Burt Blurt. He was the all-knuckles and teeth reciter in the schoolroom scene, a combination of bravado and bashfulness. Advancing to the center of the platform, he announced he would get off some made-up niffies. While getting them off he would punctuate them with hand waves to arrivals such as "Hi Boy."

Nowhere is lovelier in a snow storm than Madison Square at night with its checker-board of window lights, dark hush of trees and the white clocked spire in fume-like upshoot. Snow muffles a cotton-wool world of chasms and peaks, shadow figures that dart across the square which, like the French wagon restaurant, is speckled with every conceivable type. Madison Square abounds with flat dwellers and all seem to drift out into the snow at night—the shrinking man with his pipe and wife's poodle, the buxom rooming house keeper, large florid and auspiciously golden, the white mustached and retired army officer, the romantic and anaemic ashleady and, of course, the chirping bootblacks.

One sees Harry Armstrong, venerable, heavy set and white haired around town especially at the Lamos. Only to intimate circles is he known, yet there is probably not an adult in America who has not at some time or other given voice to his famous song, "Sweet Adeline." On rare occasions he can be induced to draw up at the piano and sing it himself. A companion is Harry Von Tilzer, who, incidentally, wrote more song hits than any other song writer, past or present.

The only noticeable change in George M. Cohan since he went all of a sudden arty and became a Guild star is the cut of his coat pockets. Since his bamboo cane and nasal twanged song and dance days they have been sliced slant-wise—so he could plunge his hands into them for that humped-over wide-apart walk. Today his pockets are horizontal — and with flaps.

Al Jolson sinks into deep melancholia when away from his wife, Ruby Keeler. In his bull-frog mumbo-jumbo he moans for "My Ruby." To her he is "Daddy." Out of her sight Jolson sees the world through the glass darkly. Although he has $2,000,000 in vaulted cash, he worries about his job and that and thinks the stage is finished. Gilead is blameless. Nothing can be done.

I always think of black Mississippi, the Broadway hackman, when I see Jolson. Mississippi was last of his roaming guild who hung tragically on around the Winter Garden. The sheriff finally took his horse and gig. Jolson, in a sick bed, heard about it. "You still want to hack?" he asked Mississippi. The negro did. His impounded outfit was reclaimed. And forlorn Mississippi hacked and lived handsomely without collecting fares until he clip-clopped over the horizon.

I was parked with a drunk at a dinner last evening. I could not help but think that if I awakened some morning in his fix I'd pay a doctor all I had to get myself unsilled.

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Phone 542 We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

DENTISTS DO LISTEN.

Early in January the following item appeared in this column:

Dentists Please Listen.

A friend practicing a branch of surgery has his office in a professional building. Repeatedly he has seen untoward reaction to novocaine or other local anesthetic administered by the dentist. He advises all dentists to give along with the novocaine or other local anesthetic a moderate dose of sodium amytal, perhaps 1½ grains. This promotes desirable amnesia and prevents untoward effects from the local anesthetic.

The suggestion brought an extraordinary number of inquiries, some from laymen, but most of them from dentists.

Most of the laymen who inquired about it wondered whether it would offend their dentist if they called the item to his attention, or perhaps whether I could or would send the dentist the scientific data or give him the reference so that he might learn about it for himself.

Most of the letters from dentists were quite frank and courteous requests for more detailed information. A few of them were scurrilous. The dentist of low intelligence and breeding will never, never forgive me for (a) not brushing my teeth and (b) for attempting to brand him "Dentor."

Sodium amytal is otherwise called sodium iso-almyl ethyl barbiturate. It is now much employed in preparing patients for operation and in preparing for childbirth. It may be given in capsule by mouth. Its effect is to diminish fear and apprehension. It contributes to the relief of pain and the prevention of shock. It aids in establishing the amnesia of forgetfulness or indifference that is so desirable for the prevention of surgical shock. The drug is hypnotic, sedative, analgesic (relieves pain) and amnesic. It is also a most effecient remedy for convulsions which occur in certain kinds of poisoning.

By virtue of the license conferred upon him by the state or province in which he practices the dentist is permitted to prescribe or to administer whatever drugs or remedies, anesthetics or analgesics or hypnotics or sedatives he deems necessary in any case. In short he is given every right and every responsibility that a physician has—so why should he not be a physician in fact as well as in name? If any dentist renders a sound, reasonable argument against this proposal, I'll be glad to give it publicity. As conditions are at present it does seem that it is an unjustifiable extravagance and waste of human energy and time maintaining separate professional schools for the education of physicians and dentists. Any man who would practice any form of dentistry should have a general medical education as a groundwork, and then such technical postgraduate study and instruction as his special field of practice may require. Some dentists already have such a sound training. Others have by diligent study on their own hook made up since leaving dental school for grave deficiencies in their education there. But a good many dentists in practice today are not qualified to assume the medical and surgical responsibilities a dentist must assume.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Design for Dwindling.

Have you given your readers any advice on the use of the new reduction medicine—I can't give the name of it, but no doubt you will know what it is.—N. J. O.

Answer—Yes. In the hands of the patient's own medical attendant it is a valuable remedy in suitable cases. I have tried it out on the dog—the sly old dog who conducts this column—and I find it takes off weight at the rate of two or three pounds a week without injuring health. Send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for booklet "Design for Dwindling" if you intend to reduce.

Healthful Site.

We plan to live on a hillside overlooking a bay. There is considerable marshy or swampy land around the site. Our basement is water proof. One doctor says the place will be unhealthful for me and for my baby. Another says it is a healthful spot. —Mrs. M. J. D.

Answer—So far as the marshy or swampy land goes the spot is healthful enough. Only objection would be mosquitoes. But there is no malaria in your section of the country.

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Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

OFF for the ski races at Government Camp—along, apparently, with about half the population of Southern Oregon. Road crowded with cars full of happy people off for a holiday.

Boy! It's good to see people enjoying themselves again after all these gloomy years of depression.

—•+•—

SUN shining, water sparkling; hills changing from drab grays and browns of winter to delicate green of early spring.

Brush and trees along the lake bursting into leaf. Spring in the air.

Some change from a year ago at this time.

—•+•—

PESSIMIST in crowd observes wind is in south. "Look out," he says. "Can't tell what will be happening tomorrow."

Darn pessimista!

—•+•—

TWO pelicans, looking about as big as navy bombing planes, winging their way up the lake, obviously just back from the south.

They twist their heads this way and that, looking things over—probably saying to each other: "Hardly any change at all since we left last fall."

And then adding, like as not, "Gee, but it's good to get back home."

—•+•—

LUCKY bums!

When winter comes they hone to go south, just like all the rest of us, but no railroad trickets to buy and after they get there no hotel bills to pay.

Being a pelican isn't so bad.

—•+•—

PAST the former site of the ski races above Fort Klamath. Sun hot and dust flying.

Might be all right for a Fourth of July celebration, but no good this year for a snow carnival.

They'd have to put roller skates on the skis.

—•+•—

OVER the park boundary—which Dave Canfield says, the bears know as well as the humans, coming up to it wild and skittish and getting nonchalant and friendly as soon as they step over.

Take it or leave it. It's Dave's statement, and he has been known to kid people.

—•+•—

A LITTLE snow beginning to show up. It gets gradually heavier until at Government Camp it is four or five feet deep.

This time last year and the year before it was so high you had to crane your neck till it creaked to see out of the gash cut by the snow plows.

Great stuff, this early spring, but over by Ashland the Emigrant dam has only what looks to be about two pints of water behind it. Not much snow up here to make more.

In this world of sorrows, there is always something to spoil the hash.

—•+•—

GOVERNMENT Camp, at last. Automobiles everywhere, few of them more than a couple or three years old, and an astonishing number brand new.

There's been a depression, of course, but it takes more than a depression to stop the American people from having what they want.

Thank the Lord!

—•+•—

CROWD colorful and happy—everybody out for a good time.

Mighty good thing. If we got out for a good time more and sat around and crabbed about the government and taxes and the inherent cussedness of human nature LESS, we'd be better off in the long run.

—•+•—

FAT peanut vendor, with a voice like a fog horn and a grin like all the money in the world, circulating through the crowd and people buying freely of his wares—more because of his friendly grin than because of the peanuts.

Personality sure wins, when it comes to selling things.

Baby parked on blanket, sprawling over the edge and digging chubby fingers into snow as if it were sand at the beach. Crowd divided in opinion as to whether it will kill him or do him plenty of good.

Heated arguments get under way on this point as crowd waits.

—•+•—

CROWD scattered over sun-drenched flat at base of hill, up which ski run—or whatever they call it—stretches, almost losing itself in dark timber at top.

Tiny figures appear way up there. There is a blare of bugles, a flag waves, and down from the crest a crouching figure shoots, starting like a bullet and gathering speed as it goes.

Reaching the lip of the jump, it flashes upward, arms outstretched, reaches the crest of the leap, drops, its skils touch the snow; it wavers a moment, then steadies, takes the rest of the incline and skims out across the flat at the bottom, ending in a swirl of snow and the excited jabbering of the crowd.

Anything more graceful than a ski jumper would be hard to find.

—•+•—

OVERHEAD an airplane circles and dips. What the devil would the pilot do if his engine stopped in this rough country, with landing fields far away?

But that's his problem, and the spice of danger probably adds something to the pleasure of his afternoon.

Anyway, the engine doesn't stop.

—•+•—

DOWN on the ground a gas-driven contraption known as a snowsled, propelled over the snow by a flanged screw, dragging happy children on sleds, grunts and barks.

It would be a great affair if it could pull a fellow up the hill again after he had come flashing down.

But shucks! That would be too soft! If we ever get so lazy we can't climb the hill again after coasting down we'll be in a bad way.

—•+•—

AND so on through the afternoon, till the sun slants down behind the hill and the chill of the snow-covered high country creeps up and chases away the summer warmth.

The program ends, the spectators disperse. Up in the great bowl at the top of the mountain, the mysterious, glowing blue of the lake fades to a dull, leaden hue.

The crowds head for Fort Klamath and light and laughter and dancing and the awarding of the prizes for the afternoon's events. For a little while we've forgotten such things as responsibilities and earning a living and staving off our creditors till business gets better and we can pay them off.

It's been a great day, and we're all better for it.

SECOND DILLINGER AID TO TRIAL

Charles Makley (left) was the second Dillinger henchman to go on trial at Lima, O., for the slaying of Sheriff Jess Sarber. He is shown with his attorney, William Fogarty. Makley was closely guarded as he went into court soon after Harry Pierpont, first Dillinger gangster to be tried for the slaying, had been found guilty and sentenced to the electric chair. (Associated Press Photo)

'Brain Trust' Legislation Soft-Pedaled, Says Price, As Session Nears Close

By BYRON PRICE
(Chief of Bureau, the Associated Press, Washington

Less will be heard from the administration left-wingers during the next few weeks. Word is going around quietly that public utterances provocative of controversy in congress are not in order now.

It appears the professorial "ideamen" in the Roosevelt camp have obtained about all the legislation they will get this session.

The stock exchange bill is being rewritten, the Tugwell pure food and drugs bill has been recast and then sidetracked, and many collateral proposals of the brain trust are quite dead.

If adjournment does not come before May 15, it will be because the situation on Capitol Hill has got entirely out of hand. The leaders' central idea is to keep dilspute to a minimum, get the appropriations bills and a very few others passed, and send congress home.

This may not be easy, although most guesses are it will be accomplished somehow.

While the administration is refraining from tossing new controversies into the situation, the opposition will not be similarly quiet, having tasted victory in the St. Lawrence treaty and veterans' allowance roll calls.

Those Billions!

The impression grows that Mr. Roosevelt will end the fiscal year, June 30, with a far smaller treasury deficit than the seven billions he forecast; but that may not mean quite what is indicated on the surface.

Upwards of five billions remain to be spent. The president is making his budget plans on a two-year basis, however; most of the emergency appropriations legally can be carried over to next year if unused.

Next fiscal year will see heavy spending, and the first real balance will be struck on June 30, 1935.

Around the postoffice department special responsibility for the air-mail cancellations is attributed to Karl Crowley, the department's solicitor.

Crowley is a Fort Worth, Texas, lawyer, once a member of the Tennessee legislature, delegate to two Democratic national conventions. He probably will have more to say about the contracts later.

Administration officials, scanning the financial skies for a sign of loosening credit facilities, were encouraged in a small way by the PWA's recent bond action.

Municipal obligations taken in by the government only a few weeks ago because there was no other market for them were sold at a profit.

Not Caught Napping

Some fast footwork led up to Henry Ford's announcement he had restored the $5-a-day minimum scale in his factories.

On March 12 the national automobile chamber of commerce, with which Ford hasn't been going along, met in Detroit and decided secretly to cut work hours in accord with the NRA plan.

The idea was to spring the announcement at the Washington NRA labor hearing March 14. But Ford heard about it, and came out with his $5-a-day news on March 13.

The chamber went into action and got out its own announcement ahead of schedule, on the same day.

The date of Postmaster General Farley's heralded resignation as Democratic national chairman seems to be growing less and less definite.

One idea put forward among Democratic politicians is this:

That he may stall until after the election. Then, if his friend and former assistant, the newly-appointed Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, should be defeated for reelection, O'Mahoney could be slipped into the chairmanship.

It is too early to forecast how that will turn out.

Communications

Mrs. Martin Opposes Mrs. Fehl

To the Editor:

In order that there may be no misunderstanding in the public's mind regards the stand taken by the "Good Government Congress," regarding the candidacy of Electa A. Fehl, I wish to make the following statement and request that this letter be published.

While we admire Mrs. Fehl's loyalty to her husband, it is impossible to support her candidacy for the office of county judge, as this organization cannot go on record as supporting any individual that is incompetent to fill the office sought.

We feel that Mrs. Fehl has been ill advised in this instance, as it was our hope to demonstrate to the people of Jackson county that the "Good Government Congress" was organized for the express purpose stated on the membership card, that is: Good government and the protection of the rights of the people.

We desire, that the coming campaign be not a campaign of villification and mud slinging, but a campaign conducted on the qualifications of the candidates seeking office, for it is in this way alone, that we may select capable, honest men to fill city, county and state offices.

HENRIETTA B. MARTIN,
President Good Government Congress.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO.
March 21, 1924.
(It was Saturday)

Woman who wrote "Silver Threads Among the Gold" dies in poverty in a Brooklyn, N. Y., rooming house.

Republicans show that millionaires in Teapot Dome scandal contributed to the Democratic campaign fund.

Butte Falls contests Medford high claim to state championship and is beaten, 50 to 15.

"Rip Van Winkles" to pay expenses of Mike Jacobs to Chicago, if the basketball team goes. He is the yell leader. Fund is still short $900. George Hunt donates the receipts of the Rialto theater to the cause.

Taxpayers' committee opposes construction of road to Ruch.

The O.-C. tax refund bill is introduced in the Senate by Sen. McNary.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.
March 21, 1914.
(It was Sunday)

Mrs. Edwin Janney leaves for Seattle, accompanied by her little daughter.

A number of village cut-ups last night expended considerable time in moving the street car east from the end of the track, being stopped by the police. Some of the gang, according to Sergeant Mego, worked harder in devilry, than at anything they have laid their hands to in six months.

Army of California idlers reported headed for this county, and "they will be given no reception by the Commercial club."

The first trip is made by the trolley car on the electric line to Jacksonville.

Mexican factions battle for possession of Torreon.

Willamette valley counties oppose Pacific Highway plan.

(Continued from page one)

Notes

Two Wall Streeters were talking it over the other day and agreed the days of easy money-making were about over. They believed modest investment profits can be expected generally, but that big investment profits will be rare.

Vice President Garner has been running wild with his little gavel. He raps the appropriation bills through the senate so fast that the senators have no time for orating.

The administration has certainly soft-pedaled all phases of the money issue except silver. The committee for the nation is still agitating as much as ever for further depreciation but no one pays any attention.

Book publishers say there is a market now for books critical of the New Deal, but that the market for praise is dead.

When the congressmen learned that their restaurant showed a profit of $5 for the first few months, they beseeched the authorities to reduce prices. They have been eating at a government loss for so long that they hate to see the governmenut come out even on their food.

SALEM, Ore., March 21.—(AP)—Governor Julius L. Meier today issued a pardon to Arthur B. Tweed, who was sentenced to 10 days in the Multnomah county jail for disorderly conduct.

Oregon Weather

Fair tonight and Thursday; moderate temperature; gentle changeable wind offshore.

Faster Relief Now From Neuritis

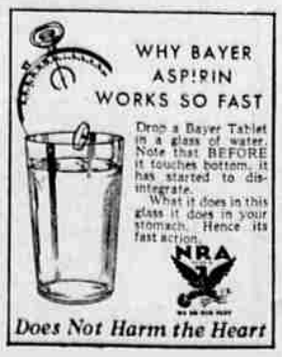
Real BAYER *Aspirin "Takes Hold" of Pain in Few Minutes*

Now comes *amazingly quick* relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia . . . the *fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, here, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.*

When you buy, though, see that you get the *Genuine* BAYER Aspirin. For Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "BAYER Aspirin."



Does Not Harm the Heart