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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

There is some talk of establishing a state bank. Just think of everybody who swept out a bank, while working his way through high school, running for bank president!

• • •

A Nevada man, a divorce complaint cites, has not spoken to his wife for three years. His lawyer will set forth he was waiting for her to get through talking.

• • •

Complaint has been filed against motorcyclists who wake people up, with the coming of dawn. An effort should be made to get at the root of this evil, and do something about the people who wake the motorcyclists up.

• • •

A farmer towned Saturday, waving a newly purchased curry-comb in opposition to the Sales Tax. It is a poor curry-comb that won't work both ways, but that is what ails the Sales Tax.

• • •

IN DAYS OF OLD
(Pendleton East Oregonian.)

Martin Cabanski, the Pendleton tailor, has seven children and is proud of every one of them.

"Umapine," the rascally Indian mixed up in the last Indian war, is dead and we are glad of it.

Husbands should take the E. O. home and let their wives see what is going on. We have been requested to make this request.

—(50 Years Ago Col.)

• • •

The Administration announces its intention to abandon its "price-fixing" policy. As a matter of uncomplicated economics, and no regard for what effect it would have on Bulgaria, it looks the thing that needed fixing, is the pocketbook. It is generally agreed that if the pocketbooks are fat, the prices will fix themselves. And, a wallet can't recover from anemia unless something is put in it, to take out.

• • •

One of these days, one of the numerous ladies traipsing over the Middle West with No. 1 Bandit John Dillinger, will get shot while rushing out the back-door of a roadhouse with John. Then the sheriff will get editorial scoldings for lack of chivalry, and poor aim.

• • •

Sideshow oratory is a high form of eloquence beside which stump-speaking and jury-pleadings are merely branches of hog-calling.—(New Yorker.) The Public Speaking Class dissolves into thin air.

• • •

A POETICAL O, Yeah!
CAN NOW BE GIVEN

So want new deals for under dogs,
The masses, we believe,
Are those for whom the tears are shed,
And whom they would relieve;
If voters are so ignorant,
And uninformed and dumb,
Some candidates,
Who tempt the fates,
Are likewise going some.

Through all the bedlam, claim and charge,
And racket going on,
We think it simmers down to this,
With all the issues gone;
The voters want to pick The Man,
With some hoss sense endowed,
Integrity
And decency
This year will win the crowd.

—(Oregon Voter.)

GYPSIES PAY HOMAGE TO PATRON ST. GEORGE

PORTLAND, May 7—(AP)—Knights of the covered wagon, the gaudy bangles and the horse trades—the Serbian Gypsies—gathered here Sunday from all over the Pacific northwest to honor their patron, St. George. More than 100 of the tribe making its headquarters in Portland were present for an all-day dinner featuring platters of roast sheep with onions and garlic, small pigs roasted whole, chicken and cheese cakes.

For Garden Plowing Tel. 913-J.

Sam Insull, J.P.M. and F.D.R.

SAMUEL INSULL has already been convicted by public opinion. Whether or not he will be convicted by the courts, remains to be seen.

The aged financier on his arrival today, makes the first public statement regarding his case, since his flight to Europe, two years ago.

He admits he erred grossly in judgment. He denies he has broken the law or been dishonest.

Well, the lowest type of criminal is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Legally his innocence must be assumed, until his guilt has been proved.

Even those who feel most strongly against Insull should reserve judgment,—as far as his VIOLATION OF THE LAW is concerned,—until his trial is over.

• • • • •

BUT technically innocent or guilty, there is no doubt that Samuel Insull represented that type of insensate greed, and financial exploitation, which more than any other one thing, brought on the collapse of 1929, and which also more than any other one thing, the Roosevelt administration is resolved to destroy.

Whether or not Insull actually BROKE the law, we don't know—no one knows—but that through stock promotion, holding-company manipulation, and all the tricks and dodges of high finance, he did make himself a multi-millionaire, at the expense of proper service to the people, no informed person denies.

• • • • •

AS has been previously pointed out in this column, the tragedy of Samuel Insull is probably the tragedy that he came TOO LATE. We, at least, will not be surprised to learn that he was no more a criminal than the late J. P. Morgan the First, was a criminal. Very likely he merely tried to do with the light and power companies of the Middlewest, what J. P. Morgan tried to do with U. S. Steel. It was Morgan's good fortune, that a subsequent period of great prosperity, made his effort SUCCESSFUL; it was Insull's tragedy that a subsequent period of economic collapse, made his effort end in DISASTER.

Thousands of small investors profited when Morgan won; thousands of small investors lost all they had when Insull lost. Public opinion acclaimed Morgan, public opinion wants Insull's BLOOD. But ethically speaking it is highly probable that these two men played the same game, and shared identical views as to what is right and what isn't, in the administration of Big Business in this country.

• • • • •

OF course this diagnosis may be entirely wrong. J. P. Morgan was strictly speaking an honest man, and what he did, he did within the law. Evidence may show that Insull was dishonest, and that what he did violated the law.

But if such is the case we will be surprised. For a man able enough and smart enough, to do what Samuel Insull did, is usually smart and able enough to secure the best legal advice obtainable, and never disregard it.

The point is what Morgan did within the law, did not violate the unwritten law—that is public opinion—but what Samuel Insull did, was a violation of that unwritten law.

• • • • •

TIMES have changed. What was according to Hoyle a generation ago in Big Business, is no longer according to Hoyle today, and it is all to the good that this is true.

Whether Insull is convicted or acquitted, he will continue to represent a type of American idol that was once worshipped in this country, but is no longer. It was the idol of, each for himself and the devil take the hindmost,—charge all the traffic will bear,—the public be damned, etc., etc., etc. It was the idol of a small extremely capable (and extremely ruthless) group with TOO much money; and the great majority of the people with NOT ENOUGH,—it was the idol of the "billionaire" and extreme selfishness; against the IDEAL, of a competence and true public service.

The latter has won—or at least this paper BELIEVES that it has. And behind all this talk about the Roosevelt New Deal, is the determination to consolidate this victory, and make it impossible to create J. P. Morgans and Samuel Insulls, in this country, at any time in the future.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 7.—In the manner of Arnold Bennett's journal: A lady told me she was lunching today with her husband not seen since divorcing him bitterly ten years ago. It suggested lunching with a cadaver. More than any youth of his years I am impressed with Roy Howard's son Jack.

He is following in his father's ink-stained steps in Indianapolis, after Yale and press bureau experience in Europe and the Orient, reading copy and living with his society bride in a $35-a-month apartment. Today I made a vow to work three hours a week on my autobiography.

Writers should not read their mail until after dinner, a custom I have followed five years. A heavy mail can disarrange thoughts the whole day. My barber, who knows so many things, tells me Kipling was famous at 21 and La Place became greatest of French astronomers under 20. Shelley died at 30.

Brisbane could probably tick off, sans reference, a hundred such examples of youth triumphant. Someone at breakfast said men who rub hands together while talking should be avoided. Probably as flimsy as condemning inability to look one squarely in the eye. Many shyly honest men cannot do that.

Ernest Hemingway, back from a lion hunt, ought to turn out a best seller on such an experience. But his bull fight title, "Death in the Afternoon," wants beating for apiness. A little often makes a brisk sale for a mediocre book. "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," for example. Unabashed ribaldry of youngsters is startling. An egg-faced jerkin, waiting in the Waldorf foyer the other day, greeted a pert huckleberry with, "Hi Strumpet!" And swung off merrily, arm in arm. Those were fighting words back yonder.

I catalogue women instantly as silly or serious, liking both kinds. Indeed, there is no type of femininity I find distracting, save the elbow nudgers at tense moments of a play. Fannie Hurst has added a Siamese cat to the zoo in her study. Complete: Two monkeys, two cats, a parrot, a Pekinese and Scottie. All living in amazing tranquility. A white Russian wolf hound is the most decorative of all domestic pets. They are remindful of Dolores in the Follies. All animals suggest personalities. Clarence Mackey, a chipmunk; Vincent Lopez, a seal; Wilton Lackeye, a tired bloodhound, and so on.

Bob Davis, who has knocked about the Malay jungles, doubts authenticity of a vigorous python biting Frank Buck's arm in that film. He thinks the cinema python was a worn out, playful specimen. The python constricts like a whiplash. Davis tells of a Malay boy coasting rapidly down a steep hill at night on a bicycle. A python stretched across the moonlit road. In a flash every spoke of the wheels and every bone in the boy's body were crumpled. Still Buck remains a hero to me. Wakeful, I like in the dark to close my eyes and form a sort of surrealiste movie — grey squiggles, blurred shoots, flashy rockets and spinning phantasmagoria. In the whirl there is usually a face suggesting a stretched film of Polly Moran riding a broomstick.

A lady in New Orleans tweaks my curiosity inquiring about my harvest of words. I figure the total crop annually more than 500,000, likely a slim estimate. Damon Runyon probably surpasses any modern writer in output. His total probably excels that of all the round table boys. M. called my attention on a walk from the theater this evening that the moon was only beautiful on a large expanse of water. I recalled the time we saw it silant palm trees in Florida upon which orchids were growing. We agreed that was breathless.

What Guy de Maupassant could do with this one! A woman under the marquee of a declasse hotel in the 40's hallooed to me some evenings ago rather late. Supposing she wanted to ask a direction, I halted. At the instant I noted the mood was one of coquetry we both gave a quick start and turned away embarrassed. Her husband was once rather a warm friend. I had dined at their home frequently.

I like a jaded bachelor's Sutton Place apartment at cocktail time when the fly and regulshly rouged ladies on the make drift in. A merry ringle to the wise guy talk. Fireflaught banter covering steeltrap trickery. Such ladies ignore me completely. M. suggests it might be they think I'm a house detective—Caeca invidia est!

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Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

LET WASHINGTON'S BONES ALONE.

Whenever I visit the national shrine at Mt. Vernon I go into a trance in which I work out in complete detail the plans for a clandestine necropsy on the remains of the first president. But back home again or far from the spot, broaching my scheme to colleagues whom I should desire as accomplices, the idea seems almost as foolish as most of my colleagues think it is. Still, you never can tell much without an autopsy, and that applies with particular emphasis to the last illness of George Washington.

On the other hand, I wonder how long any discernible trace of organic tissue (discernible, that is, to the skilled pathologist) would be preserved in such soil as Washington was buried in and in the manner of such burial. As I sit there and listen for the muffled oars of the rowboat in which the four of us would arrive for the night's work, I tentatively turn over a bit of the soil with the toe of my shoe, and wonder whether it is of the character that favors mummification.

These armchair pathologists who make no doubt at all that Washington took cold from getting the neck and shoulder of his coat wet with snow while he was out riding the afternoon of December 12, '79 and then sitting down to dinner without troubling to change to dry things when he returned from his ride insult the quality and character of the man, it seems to me. Washington was no mollycoddle. He was always accustomed to the most vigorous outdoor exercise. It is simply impossible to think of him as timidly avoiding exposure while his soldiers were enduring the terrible winter at Valley Forge.

The latest to account for the last illness and death of Washington in this stultifying manner is a Washington ear, nose and throat specialist, who goes into a trance and imagines Washington consulting him. "You must remember, Mr. Washington," this droll little specialist admonishes a 200 pound man, who stands 6 feet 3 inches in height, "that you are not as young as you once were and certainly not as strong . . . Our advice that you go to a mild warm southern climate for the winter. If you elect to remain in your Virginia home on the Potomac, be especially careful to avoid undue exposure in cold, wet weather . . ." And much more along the same line. This commentator deduces from the authentic records that Washington died of suffocation, brought on by edematous swelling of the larynx from a streptococcus infection. His guess, of course, is as good as any other. But if the specialist, when he is not in a trance, ever diagnoses streptococcus infection in an actual case, he had better not try to make the patient, the public or the health authorities think it all came of getting the neck, shoulders or hair wet.

Personally I am partial to the theory that Washington contracted diphtheria from some of his slaves on one of his rounds and that this brought about his death in two or three days. His own reluctance to pay any attention to his illness, his resolve to "let it go as it came," his assurance that he never took anything for a cold, would be quite in keeping with the early stages of diphtheria. In that stage the patient doesn't feel very ill.

Other doctors opine it was pneumonia, some form of angina (choking), edema (dropsical swelling) of larynx or lungs incident to chronic nephritis. It doesn't matter to me. I'm going to let George Washington's bones alone.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
178 Calories a Bottle.

Please tell me whether beer is fattening and how many calories does it contain.—P. T. L.

Answer—The report of the analysis given by the brewer of the best beer says it contains 0.4 per cent protein, no fat, 5.0 per cent carbohydrate, 4 per cent alcohol by weight, and this would give 71 calories from the carbohydrate, 6 calories from the protein, and 101 calories from the alcohol (assuming one can oxidise or burn all the alcohol), or a total of 178 calories in the bottle of beer. A pint of milk yields 325 calories.

What, No Physician?

Will it be harmful for me to take the calcium lactate for sick headaches if I have a goitre?—Mrs. R. C. D.

Answer—Certainly you should take nothing your physician does not prescribe or approve.

Skilled Dentist Can Match Teeth.

One of the finest dentists in the city put a porcelain jacket crown on my tooth. He promised it would look exactly like my own teeth. But it does not match my teeth at all and looks very bad.—L. A.

Answer—If your complaint is justified and the dentist is a reputable one, of course he can remedy that. Any good dentist can match the patient's teeth.

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Ed Note: Readers wishing to should send letters direct to Dr. communicate with Dr. Brady William Brady, M. D., 285 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

To My Friends

The Voters of Jackson County, constituting the Sixth Senatorial District of Oregon:

I am a candidate at the coming primary for that position formerly held for several terms by Senator Dunn, who is known as the grand old man of the Senate which we admit, he is one of the only two or three of 30 senators who are past 70. The Senate is composed of men between 45 and 55 years of age.

It has been 25 years since my opponent was County Judge, and at that time that county business consisted of a small part of what it has been the past ten years, during which time I was a member of the County Court. I have had a large part in the road improvement of the county; including the selling of the last issue of road bonds and the retirement of more than half of all the road bonds issued and outstanding; taking care of the O. & C. funds so prudently that we could retire the road bonds mentioned; having funds to build our courthouse, and still leave $300,000 in the county treasury for the further retirement of road bonds. During my term of office the county warrants were always at par, even during the panic years of 1931 and 1932.

The county audit shows the funds are accounted for and the courthouse bills paid for as let by the contracts to the lowest bidders, with no discrepancies. It completely refutes all misleading statements and exonerates me in every detail, and I believe you by your vote will do the same. The audit is open for inspection in the clerk's office, to any interested taxpayer.

I am placing my name before the voters of Jackson County for the position of State Senator, believing that I am qualified by my experience for the position I seek, and feel that I can give as good or better account of my stewardship there as I did in the county affairs.

The most interesting and uppermost subject before the voters at this time is the sales tax or school relief bill. It has been referred to the people for action and will be decided by the voters on May 18th. Their decision should be final. I will abide by their decision at all times, as this is a democratic form of government where the majority rules and I will be governed by your vote.

The sales tax, if passed, will relieve about one-tenth of the total tax load. The other nine-tenths of unpaid delinquent tax is a different problem. Some of it is school funds as well as county, city and district funds. It is going to be a serious matter for the county to function if large delinquencies continue, which they will until commodity prices rise.

Some method will have to be found to refund county warrants so the county and schools can receive cash to operate. I believe by my experience I can be of valuable assistance in the legislature to solve that problem. The county cannot at this time foreclose on delinquent property and resell to obtain the funds, as property has little value now and should wholesale tax sales take place all values would be destroyed. A representative of the people cannot look to the interest of the state alone, but must look to his county's welfare as well.

The county courts of the state during my tenure of office initiated many needed reforms and new laws which have been passed and become laws in sucessive sessions of the legislature.

During my term of office I worked with the district attorney, read and studied law and court decisions so that we were able to save Jackson county from all costly litigation. I have helped to draft bills presented in the legislature, which gives me valuable experience along those lines.

As to my qualifications: I am a farmer by calling, have had 20 years' experience as a bank director, 12 years as a livestock shipper and feeder, six years chairman of Rogue River Valley Irrigation district, the first to qualify for federal funds on account of its fine financial condition, and lastly my years of experience on the county court. I have never been appointed or selected by any secret committee of whatever name, nor a party to any intrigue, but have come out as a candidate by the solicitation of friends who have asked that I place my name before the voters for the position of state senator at the coming election.

I would urge you as a civic duty to attend the polls on May 18th to vote. Will appreciate your vote. My slogan: The People's Candidate. My record and experience your protection.

VICTOR BURSELL.

(Paid Adv.)

MEDFORD K. C. GROUP AT KLAMATH FALLS

Many Medford people motored to Klamath Falls yesterday to attend the joint initiation of Knights of Columbus councils from Bend, Klamath Falls and Lakeview.

The southeastern Oregon district was well represented at the initiation and the banquet, which followed, at which covers were arranged for 250 guests.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

SENATOR BURTON K. WHEELER, of Montana, speaking in Detroit, says:

"Attacking America's monetary and economic evils by remonetizing silver is the untried but CERTAIN means of ending the depression."

MAYBE SO.

There's an old hunting proverb, you know, to the effect that "there's luck where there's lead flying"—meaning that if you shoot at random into the air you MAY hit something.

If we keep on passing laws to end the depression, we MIGHT finally stumble into one that would work.

MEANWHILE, a lot of people—old-fashioned in their views, perhaps—cling to the opinion that if fewer laws had been passed and fewer efforts made to end the depression WITHOUT WORK we would be farther along the road to recovery.

GETTING back to Senator Wheeler's speech, what is the chief monetary evil in America today?

Nobody knows, of course—for SURE, that is. But it is highly probable that the principal trouble with our money these days is that nobody is just quite certain what it will be worth a month hence or a year hence.

Tinkering with silver wouldn't make us any SURER, to say the least, as to what our money will be worth in the future.

ANOTHER question, suggested by Senator Wheeler's speech:

What is this country's chief economic evil?

THERE are plenty of answers to that question, but the trouble is that so few of them are alike. The doctors know the patient is sick, but they can't agree on the diagnosis.

A lot of them insist that the trouble is organic and grave, and that serious measures are necessary — including, perhaps, a few major operations.

Others think the patient is merely run down and weak and if given the opportunity for rest and quiet, will recover nicely.

THE brain trusters and the more enthusiastic of the new dealers are in the first group and the general run of conservative business men are to be found in the latter.

PUT as simply as possible, here is ONE economic evil in this country:

People who have money are still afraid that if they lend it they WON'T GET IT BACK. As long as people with money remain in that frame of mind, business recovery will be slow.

They will remain in that frame of mind until their confidence in the ability of borrowers to earn enough to repay is restored. The trouble with so many new laws and new schemes is that they have a tendency to SHAKE confidence, instead of restoring it.

FROM all of this, you will probably gather that this insignificant writer is one of those who would prefer to see the patient given the opportunity for a little rest and quiet, in the hope that a naturally strong constitution will pull him through, rather than seeing him subjected to further serious operations.

Well, you wouldn't be far wrong.

Communications

Is This a Threat?

To the Editor:

In advocating Electa Fehl for the county judgeship, I feel perfectly justified in assuring the voters of Jackson county that there will be, in the case of her election, an efficient, consistent carrying out of the policies adhered to by her husband, Judge Earl H. Fehl.

I wish to stress the fact that Electa Fehl is perfectly competent to do this. She has for years been the constant companion of her husband in every detail of his service to our people.

When during the last year his work was made inexcusably difficult for him by his political enemies, it was his wife who ably carried on the editing of the Pacific Record Herald. She has always co-operated fully with him, giving generously of her intelligent sympathy—a silent, but most efficient partner in all his public work.

It need cause no misgiving that she is not a lawyer, but rather should it be cause for congratulation. The American public cannot soon forget the words of warning uttered by U. S. Attorney General Cummings, and the president of the American Bar association, that the entire association must undergo a drastic cleansing or it would disintegrate from sheer corruption.

Personally I have observed no evidence of a reformation in the ethical standards of the Southern Oregon Bar association. So it is just as well that Electa Fehl is not a member of this profession.

It has been my privilege to see a great deal of her during the last 18 months and I recognize in her a woman of courage and integrity, of consistent loyalties, and of persistent effort in the face of adversity.

The voters of Jackson county are fortunate indeed that Electa Fehl has offered to serve them in the capacity of county judge.

I support my contention by quoting the immortal Jefferson:

"The whole art of government consists in being honest."

ARIEL BURTON POMEROY,
May 6. Excelsior, Minn.

Mother Jailed For Burning Girl

Mrs. Marguerite Reed, 25, was sentenced to 30 days in jail at Lakewood, N. J., charged with burning the leg of her daughter, Ether, 6, with a red hot poker. The woman admitted in court that she had burned both her children on several occasions, and declared she "knew of no other way of making them mind." (Associated Press Photos)

GRIP OF DROUGHT CLAMPS CENTRAL STATES TIGHTER

CHICAGO, May 7.—(AP)—A merciless sun, beating down on the parched prairies of the north central states, gave no prospect of relief to the drought stricken areas today.

Only some moderation in the high temperatures of Sunday was predicted.

High temperatures ruled the nation generally yesterday with the central west taking the brunt of summer's preview. By mid-afternoon they had soared to 100 degrees at Sioux City, Iowa, breaking all records for May.

In Chicago the mercury jumped to 92.1, smashing the all-time heat record for May 6. The previous high was 86. One death was indirectly attributed to the heat.

Hot winds swept parts of Nebraska, passing to the drought peril. Kansas, Missouri, Wisconsin and Minnesota remained rainless and the moisture deficiency in northern Illinois reached 61 per cent since January 1.

Around Wausau, Wis., forest fires menaced the village of Mosinee—site of the mosinee paper mills. Seven families were made homeless. Mill buildings and Mosinee residences, parched by the long dry spell, were soaked with water to remove the danger of flying sparks.

The lower Ohio and Mississippi valleys and their adjacent sections were more fortunate. In some instances the weather bureau reported heavy rainfall in these areas.

Warrants Called

School District No. 20 will pay warrants No. 362 to 397 inclusive at the Farmers and Fruitgrowers Bank. Interest will cease on this date. May 1, 1934.

Signed: S. S. ABBOTT,
District Clerk.

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
May 7, 1924.
(It was Wednesday)

The county court rejects the application of an Oklahoma tourist, with five children, for a loan of $200 to get back home.

Radio is heard in Oregon Caves, at a point 1600 feet down.

Officials doubt that the body of a young man found in Rogue river is that of Hugh DeAutremont, sought for the Siskiyou tunnel murders.

Public Utility commission issues a ruling that beauty parlors can cut hair, but not shave patrons' necks, unless they pay a barber's license.

The king of Denmark snubs Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, during visit to Europe.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 7, 1914.
(It was Thursday)

April rainfall above average of other years, and was .26 of an inch.

"Her Sin, or Tears and Pearls," at the It; "Night Along the Nile, or Egyptian Love," at the Isis; "Kentucky Bloods" at the Star, and "When We Were 21" at the Page.

May Heath, Dorothy Newman, Laura Gates, Louise Quizenberry, and Elizabeth Gore among Medford grade pupils who win musical awards.

A number of home guard teamsters employed in hauling on the Central Point division of the Pacific highway, have quit in disgust, and gone to yelling on the street about there being no work for them and their horses. On the Central Point work they received from $4 to $4.65 per day, for two-yard hauls, and imagine they should have from $5 to $5.65 a day. Those who are yelling the loudest are those to whom feed was advanced for their stock, and deducted from the pay check.

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)

Glass bills over his protest from the floor of the senate.

Speaking of new buildings, the famed American Legion lobby has purchased a building of its own for $125,000.

Copyright, 1934, by Paul Mallon.

Buzzing In Ear Caused By Bee

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 7.—(AP)—Howard Wichgeids, two years old, of St. Francis, complained to his parents of a buzzing in his head.

At emergency hospital surgeons removed a bee from the boy's ear.

Drop in at Tahoma Beer Parlor and Sandwich Shop. Pleasant evening assured. 26 miles north Medford on Pacific highway.

PLAN THOROUGHLY
IDEAS AND ESTIMATES WITHOUT CHARGE
BIG PINES Lumber Co.
Phone 1

MEMBER, THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN RULE
SERVICE MEASURED NOT BY GOLD BUT BY THE GOLDEN RULE

Emergency!

We regard an invalid coach call as an emergency; we keep our invalid coach ready at all times to answer a call on an instant's notice.

In a critical moment, split seconds count; that's why we don't waste time. One calls, and shortly the hurrying wail of our siren comes sweeping toward the scene.

PERL FUNERAL HOME
Morticians
OFFICE OF COUNTY CORONER
SIXTH AT OAKDALE—PHONE 47