MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The only way it seems, to make the socalled Intelligent Voter show the said intelligence and vote, is to prohibit them from voting, and then call out the militia to try and keep them from voting.

• • •

Brat Bolsheviks of "Old Oregon" resumed their intellectual hellraising over the week-end. They staged a campus rumpus and yelled, marched, cussed capitalists, and read poems denouncing war. It is a question which is the worst—war or some of the poems denouncing it. For some time past there has been a suspicion that being a staunch believer in Americanism was becoming old-fashioned, and most any form of nut government was better than our own, in the opinion of many university minds. The time seems ripe to start a Russian cafe on the Old Mill Race, if there is not one already established. Nothing is more tragically funny than a wild-eyed collegian, suffering from the hallucination he is a Communist. When the next semester starts, they should be compelled to stay home, or move to Moscow.

• • •

No great excitement was caused in this benighted region when an Oakland, Calif., maiden was permitted to bow and behold the king and queen of England, last Thursday. The last time royalty caused any goose pimples hereabouts was 20 years ago, when Lord Cornwallis-West-Cornwallis of Northumberlandshire graciously looked at a mine on Sardine creek.

• • •

Under a life sentence in San Quentin prison for kidnaping a Los Angeles millionaire is Ray Williams, once a farmer. The ranch failed, and he took up kidnaping, and it failed. Mr. Williams is worse off than the Oregon tillers, chased every waking moment by Wall St. and Portland politicians.

• • •

The athletic girls are again employing their vim and vigor climbing mts. in stead of helping mother wash the dishes.

• • •

Phil Jackson's instructions to employes of the Journal is to beat Mahoney by fair means or fowl and any reasonable minded voter can recognize that it's chiefly fowl.—(Peninsula, Ore., Herald.) It must have been a mud-hen.

• • •

The Sales Tax was decisively defeated, as expected, in every county of the state save this one. It seems Jackson county is too close to California, and too far from the Portland Journal editorials, to act like the rest of Oregon. The great problem now confronting the people, is how to keep the schools open, with the speeches of the Sales Tax opponents. All agree it would be terrible to close the schools, but apparently not nearly as much so as compelling a non-taxpayer to contribute something towards their support. The way to insure the passage of a Sales Tax in this commonwealth is simple but cruel. Close the schools next fall, and keep them closed. By the time the kids have run wild for six months, or their parents have been so busy watching them they had no time for bridge, golf, relaxation, or anything else, Papa and Mama will know how to vote without anybody telling them. This will be such a convincing argument, that even the grange master can't talk himself around it. As long as tricks are used to defeat the sales tax, a better one might as well be used to make it victorious.

• • •

ANTS IN MY PANTS
(San Diego, Cal., Sun)

"ANTS IN MY PANTS. That's what's the matter. So I am going to sell my seven-room stucco Spanish shack. The ants are getting me down. They come in the windows and mess with my personal belongings. I fear they will attack me at any moment, so will sell out for a Chinaman's song. All the furniture goes with the place. Oriental rugs, bird's eye maple dining set, black walnut bedroom sets, electric refrigeration, in fact all the junk in the world that one woman could possibly crowd into seven rooms. The ants are galloping across the place like herds of thundering horses. If you know how to combat ants and have $500 cash, can pay $50 per month until the total $5000 is paid off, drop me a line. My home is in a very snooty district."

Slump Missed Corncob Pipes.

BOONVILLE, Mo.—(UP)—The depression did not affect the corncob pipe industry, which centers in this city. The Phoenix-American Pipe factory, the largest makers of corncob pipes in the world, worked a normal force during the past four years.

The Darrow Report

CLARENCE DARROW condemns the N.R.A. while General Johnson and Donald R. Richberg, director and general counsel of the N.R.A. condemn Clarence Darrow.

The fat is in the fire. With this report, the national recovery review board, of which Mr. Darrow has been chairman, will pass out of the picture, and with it Mr. Darrow—as far as his official connection with the Roosevelt administration is concerned.

But while the song is ended, the discord will linger on. Through the summer and until the fall elections, the people of this country will hear a great deal more of the famous (or infamous) Darrow report. It will place the administration on the defensive, and from it the Republicans will draw political ammunition for their anti-Roosevelt barrage.

Not that the Republicans will agree with the recommendations of the Darrow board. Far from it. Darrow maintains N.R.A. fosters monopoly and oppresses the "little fellow"; and he recommends "socialized and collective ownership and control of industry, followed by a planned use of America's resources."

This isn't the G.O.P. idea. Darrow condemns N.R.A., not because it goes too far to the left, but because it doesn't go far enough. He represents the radical view. Republican opposition comes from the other side of the fence entirely, opposing N.R.A. enough; the latter because it goes too far.

But both oppose this element of the New Deal. As a result, though not in agreement, they will be united in opposition, and thus the administration will be subjected to a withering cross fire.

Politically it is the most severe blow, President Roosevelt has received since his inauguration over a year ago.

Strange Bed Fellows

YES, politics makes strange bed fellows. Here we have the radicals of the country, joined with the ultra-conservatives, in opposition to the New Deal, but for reasons diametrically opposed. The former because the proposition doesn't go far encough; the latter because it goes too far.

General Johnson was quick to seize upon this inconsistency, and take advantage of the political opportunity afforded. Said he:

> "Stripped of its shadowy verbiage the Darrow report means that the choice of the American people is between Fascism and Communism, neither of which can be espoused by anyone who believes in our democratic institutions of self government; nor can any public official who has taken an oath to defend the constitution of the United States adopt or officially advocate such a program."

Quite true. As the Mail Tribune has maintained many times, if the Roosevelt program fails, there are only two alternatives, Fascism or Communism.

Mr. Darrow believes it has failed. Messrs. Johnson and Richberg naturally believe it has not. There the issue is closed.

Who is right? It will take a wiser prophet than this paper affords, to say.

But we agree with Johnson and Richberg to this extent. We DON'T BELIEVE the time has come to declare that the New Deal has failed and something radically different must be tried. We believe the experiment needs a further test and more time.

And one reason for this belief is what we know of Clarence Darrow.

Has the New Deal Failed?

CLARENCE DARROW is an old man,—cynical, tired and disillusioned. He has been a fighter for the underdog all his life, and his conviction there is something incurably rotten in Denmark, has been too firmly crystalized, these many years, to be readjusted now. He has a great mind, but it has never been a judicial one. He is now, and always has been a violent and uncompromising partisan, convinced of the stigma of original and incurable sin, as far as Big Business is concerned.

His underlying social and economic philosophy is well expressed in the following excerpt from his report:

> "Fair competition is merely a resounding and illusory phrase. All competition is savage, wolfish and relentless and can be nothing else. One may as well dream of making war ladylike, as of making competition fair."

This paper doesn't believe that. And of course we know the Roosevelt administration doesn't believe it. For if that is true, then nothing can save this country but the destruction of competition, which would mean EVENTUALLY socialized ownership and control of ALL industry—i.e. socialism, communism, or whatever one wishes to term the overthrow of the capitalistic system.

• • • • •

THIS paper believes there is another and a better way out. We believe the competitive capitalistic system can be retained, and so controlled and regulated, that its abuses will be eliminated; and its obvious advantages preserved.

Only in the past year we believe there has been a great change in the attitude of what is known as Big Business. We believe in the next few years there will be an even greater change.

Not that we expect the millenium. Nor that we expect a sudden transformation in human nature.

But we do expect a REFORMATION,—a clearer conception on the part of all the people of this country, that the Old World is gone, and that a New World is here.

And in this new world, we believe what Darrow terms savage, wolfish, relentless competition, will be replaced by a desire for material well being, sublimated by a sense of real social service.

Not because we shall all become angels, but because we shall all—or a sufficient number—see that unless there is a New Deal—and a REAL ONE—what we have come to know as civilization is doomed.

In other words the compelling force behind this peaceful revolution will be self interest—but it will at last be an ENLIGHTENED self interest.

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.

DR. WILLIAM BRADY IS NOT INTERESTED.

Every little while I find some quack or nostrum monger pirating on my name or my teachings or using without my knowledge or consent, something I have written, usually so garbled or detached from context as to seem to endorse or approve the faker's schemes. Cult healers in the small towns out west have been particularly annoying in this form of theft. Some of them have boldly announced to the gullible public that they employ the method Dr. Wm. Brady recommends or advises, tho in fact I would advise any one who troubles to inquire that such quacks are never trustworthy. If a doctor is not so good, he has to toot his own horn in order to attract new suckers, and the suckers have to pay for the horn tooting, of course.

Today comes an illustrated circular from the manufacture of a line of nostrums for dumb doctors to sell the public. I am ashamed to say that in the regular profession we have a good many doctors whose education was neglected. They don't know how to write prescriptions. Their instructors in medical school were so busy with the care of the various weird machines that feature modern medicine that they just skipped the elementary subject of therapeutics. So the collegiate fop they turn out of the medical school today has to depend on the ready-made junk provided by these "ethical" nostrum manufacturers in lieu of a prescription to suit the requirements of the individual case.

This pretty pamphlet that arrived today has a halftone view of a couple of parasitical "executives" in conference over a glass-top desk. The head man is blowing a bubble that says "This is important news, Dr. Kirk. I should think every phyaician would be interested." And the tough looking bird who takes the role of "Dr. Kirk" bubbles his answer: "Dr. William Brady would be, I'm sure. I'll write him today."

As I failed to receive the promised letter I am taking this means of warning any doctors who might be "interested" that if I learn of a doctor prescribing the nostrum I'll advise the victim to throw the stuff in the garbage can and change doctors.

This nostrum maker employs the familiar dodge of gents in his line—he prints a lot of testimonials which he credits to physicians, but for some strange reason he does not divulge the identity of the physicians. In view of the brazen cheek of the beggar in using my name to give his nostrum an air of respectability, this squeamishness about making known the names of the physicians who, he would have us believe, prescribe or use his nostrum, is funny, is it not? It's just an old Yankee trick.

The circular bears the insignia of the NRA, and I suppose the head man in the racket is an elder or usher or something in some highly respectable church, and can furnish, if required, excellent bank references and all that. Nevertheless—

Dr. William Brady begs to inform this humbug and any medical men who may be just too credulous that he is NOT interested in the promotion of nostrums, popular or exclusively doctors' nostrums.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Healthful Exercise.

Is a vigorous game of tennis in hot weather the type of exercise that uses up stored energy and is harmful for a girl 25 years old?—A. A.

Answer—It is fine exercise for such a girl. Of course any exercise uses some stored energy. Your question implies some misunderstanding of the physiology of exercise.

Precipitated or Prepared Chalk.

What benefit is there in taking a teaspoonful of precipitated chalk in a glass of water once a day? Heard about it at a psychology lecture.—Mrs. F. W. L.

Answer—A quack "psychologist's" show, you mean. Calcium carbonate is the chemical name for chalk. In medicine chalk is especially purified for internal use, and the purified calcium carbonate is called precipitated or prepared chalk. It is a useful antiacid, preferable to soda, magnesia and other alkalis. Send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address for booklet "Guide to Right Eating," which gives instructions for its use. Meantime, be on guard against the miracle men who hit town every so often with their "psychology" lectures and similar bait.

Castor Oil for Warts.

I had a troublesome wart on the last knuckle of my index finger and had tried many remedies to no avail. But Ol' Doc Brady scores again. I applied some castor oil every night for a week or so, and sure enough, the wart has disappeared.—T. C. T.

Answer—Castor oil has some use, after all.

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O.O. McIntyre

LOS ANGELES, May 21.—On Hollywood boulevard, amid the clatter and banter of a jousting restaurant, is Jewell Schuman, whose brown waitress uniform hides the Olympian soarings of a poet. Like the aproned Masefield in a Bowery grog-shop, she tiptoes about, musing her sonnets.

I commended her to Rob Wagner, whose arms — figuratively speaking, of course — are ever open to budding belles-lettres. Jewell is a sparkle from the Texas Panhandle. Lonely nights on the pampas, watching the moon's arabesques on the purple sage, gave her gifts of introspection.

All her girlhood, she tells me, she wielded a hoe. Adding an "er" to the implement in classifying herself provides a naive hilarity. Then Hollywood called. She has no truck with movie stars frequenting her culinary world. Her smile is only for the Keatses and Kilmers of life.

Sudden gusts of the divine afflatus are imprisoned quickly on a scratch pad for customers' orders. Walking toward the kitchen for my navy bean soup, she, eyes heavenward, dashed off this:

there Was a time once in my prime
a great personage I did meet
he is a Czar in our Bazar, Mr. O. O. McIntar!

The high life gyp spot of Hollywood is a combination restaurant and gambling house which a geographical freak renders somewhat immune from usual city and county raids. Many wealthy movie stars have been unpursed but come back like proverbial moths to the flame. The famous Purple Gang is said to be in the saddle. And anyone who doesn't like the tactics gets "a going over."

Our chauffeur in this hegira is Harry VanBuren, a New Yorker who came out here to drive for Eddie Cantor, and took root. His customers before we arrived were Tommy Manville and his bride. While he said nothing, he seemed pleased to get back to day work. He also drove another New York actor whose name escaped him at the moment. "Smokes fierce black cigars," he said. Of course it was George Jessel.

The alertness of Hollywood for broad effects is illustrated by a photographer on one of the leading boulevards. Two days after Lilyan Tashman's passing, his window displayed an enlargement, several times bigger than life, of the unfortunate actress. It was swathed in a profusion of crepe.

There is a twilight view of Los Angeles from an elevation along Sunset Boulevard, remindful of Paris twinkling below the peaks of Montmartre. The vastness of the community is strikingly emphasized. In the procelain glow of evening, with the fireflies of light, the vista suggests dining al fresco at Cafe Coo-Coo and a saunter down the buttes.

The profusion of celebrities is apparent in every eating place, no matter how inconspicuous. Dropping into an out-of-way spot for a snack this late afternoon, we saw John Emerson and Anita Loos at one table. Frank Morgan at another. And Walter Donaldson, the song writer, at still another. There is a brand of celebrity gawkers who have passed the autograph stage. They are called "feelers" They side up to importants, run their fingers over a coat sleeve or touch a shoulder. The regulars are used to it and pay no attention whatever. All save Garbo. She is horrified by such contacts, which have driven her into even greater seclusion. She moves almost every month.

Doris Duke, the blonde tobacco heiress, is basking in the sunshine. All the papers speak of her being incognito. And on several movie lots where she was also a visitor, dragomen have whispered to me: "That's Miss Doris Duke. She's here incognito." Miss Doris might improve upon the Hollywood version of hiding one's identity by beating a big bass drum. Or having in advance of her arrival a lusty trio of trumpeteers.

Many wandering years I have hopefully searched strange hotel walls, as a countryman scans the web for a weatherwise web, for a bright, cheerful picture. Some pastel that would lessen a traveler's longing for home. But no dice. Usually there is a curtseying and simpering shepherdess holding a ribboned crook or a bleak and becalmed seven-master. It's not always financial reverses that drive lonely guests to vault over window-sills. Sometimes, I'll bet a cookie it has been the pictures.

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Communications

"Lucky" Is Right

To the Editor:

Roxy Ann Grange wishes to join the ranks of those congratulating you and your paper on winning the Pulitzer Award for 1934.

The Grange is particularly proud of the fact that two of our neighbors, Mr. H. Chandler Egan, as well as yourself, have recently achieved international recognition.

Roxy Ann was called "the lucky mountain" by the old settlers and it seems to have been a real mascot to at least two of our citizens who reside in her shadow.

Accept our hearty congratulations and very best wishes.

ROXY ANN GRANGE,
Lillian E. Andrews, Secty.

He Is Proud of It.

To the Editor:

For your information, and that of your readers, I am sending in corrections to an article headed "Airways Officials Enjoy Fishing Trip," appearing in The Medford Mail Tribune, May 16, 1934, and request that this letter be printed.

In the article you say that certain Washington, D. C., officials were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Martin, and that Mr. Martin was a member of the local airport radio force, which is incorrect, as you are well aware.

To your knowledge, I arrived in Medford, Oregon, February 10, 1929, in charge of department of commerce radio facilities, aeronautics branch, and have been here continuously since that time in charge of the government radio stations.

Furthermore, you are aware that I am the husband of Henrietta B. Martin, and I wish to inform you that I am proud of the fact.

I also wish to correct the statement regarding W. P. McBride. Mr. McBride is first assistant to Mr. Rex Martin, chief engineer, aeronautics branch, department of commerce, Washington, D. C., and is in no way connected with airports, as was so stated in the Mail Tribune.

Sincerely,
R. A. MARTIN,
Radio Operator in Charge.
Medford, May 17.

Ed Note: So that our readers may judge as to whether or not there was any SERIOUS misrepresentation in the article in question, it is reprinted as follows:

W. F. McBride of Washington, D. C., assistant airport engineer; L. F. Applegate of Washington, D. C., assistant superintendent of CWA construction of airports; W. McKinley of Washington, and Dan O'Neill on a tour of the district, were guests of Mr. Martin on a fishing trip to Rogue river. The fish caught were cooked by Mrs. Martin. The visitors were highly impressed with the valley.

NRA DENOUNCED IN REPORT FROM DARROW'S BOARD

(Continued from page one)

from the Darrow findings in a minority report. This member, John F. Sinclair, now resigned, denounced the conduct of the majority and labeled its findings as "at times misleading and unreliable."

Sinclair urged the president to appoint an "ably staffed, non-political board" to act for the protection of small, independent business which he deemed, in several respects, endangered under the codes.

The NRA itself, in a reply to the review board, which was made public simultaneously with the report, defended itself in language as plain as that of the Darrow document. The NRA administrator, General Johnson, said:

Good Faith Challenged.

"A more superficial, intemperate and inaccurate document than the report, I have never seen. In my judgment this board has missed a great opportunity for a real public service. As it is now acting, it is of no service to anybody—it is a political sounding board. In view of its fixed prejudices and partisanship and its unfair methods of taking and reporting testimony, the conclusion is inescapable that the board is not proceeding in good faith to fulfill its public obligations.

"Its continuance as an agency of government would enable it to promote private purposes at the public expense, and in my judgment, would impair seriously the usefulness of the national recovery administration."

Agrees With Sinclair.

NRA took no public issue with Sinclair's minority report, and Johnson gave out today correspondence between himself and Senator Borah of Idaho, and Nye of North Dakota, which showed the administrator in partial agreement with the minority member's view.

To Borah he had written last December in explanation of his desire for a review board along lines suggested by Nye:

"However devoted and high minded our personnel may be, it must be made up of men trained in industry and dependent on industrial employment for their continued living. The influence of immense industrial units is so great that it at least has power to intimidate even the strongest man, who is so dependent.

"But there are people in this country whose standing rests not in their dependence on, but in their dependence of, this influence. The senator's suggestion, therefore, appealed to me as the missing piece in this organization."

Reactions Awaited.

The reactions of the two independent senators to the Darrow views are awaited almost as keenly as that of the White House. Nye personally had nominated the board's personnel, after refusing to head the agency in person.

Despite the general finding for socialism, the board, in one connection, held restoration of the anti-trust laws, amended and invigorated, to be a crying need. That is Borah's position, as restated in a letter to Johnson dated March 3:

"I am in full sympathy with the effort which is being made by you to deal with the problems presented by the NRA touching small business and the consumer.

Need Trust Laws.

"Of course, as you know, I feel that you cannot accomplish what you wish to accomplish until we restore the anti-trust laws. But, nevertheless, anything that can be done, you will have my support."

The major Darrow report consisted of a brief synopsis and general statement of opinion, ending in an assertion that NRA can't do the job assigned to it.

It contained, also, separate reports on the codes for steel, coal mining, motion pictures, electrical manufacturing, dyeing and cleaning, rubber footwear, ice manufacture and coal retailing. In more or less degree it denounced all but one as oppressive and productive of monopoly, and it proposed radical changes in most. The cleaning code was passed without recommendation on the feeling that "no appreciable results could be obtained by amending the code."

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

ANOTHER primary election come and gone.

Now we'll settle down to five months of forgetfulness of politics, then we'll get all steamed up again for another month.

LOOKS like a lot of wasted effort. Some day, in all probability, we'll make one election serve for the present two, thus saving both money and mental wear and tear.

ON THE Republican side, Rufus Holman attempted, more or less possibly, to capitalize enough discontent to get himself nominated for the governorship in a field of five—it was a field of seven at the start—but failed.

Republicans who feared Holman cast about frantically for a time for somebody to concentrate on, and finally settled on Joe Dunne. This anti-Holman concentration nominated Dunne decisively.

ON THE Democratic side of the fence, Willis Mahoney sought actively to capitalize enough discontent to be nominated in a field of two.

He failed.

He failed, in this writer's judgment, for two reasons. In his capitalization of discontent, in his promise of anything and everything that might win votes at the moment, he went too far and aroused the fears of a large number of people who are neither conservative nor radical—who make up the solid middle ground of opinion that is so important in Oregon.

The other reason is that he undertook too soon to win high political honors.

IN A STATE where pioneer tradition is still strong, Mahoney hardly waited to get dry behind the ears before seeking the office of governor.

That was a little too much for the people of this state—especially the conservative people of the Willamette valley and Portland.

IN KLAMATH COUNTY, where he is better known than anywhere else in the state, Mahoney received a majority of the votes cast. That is something to be proud of, and this writer has an idea that Mr. Mahoney is proud of it.

WHO will be the next governor of Oregon?

Don't try to answer that question too quickly. General Martin demonstrated a lot of strength on Friday. He is credited, politically, at least, with securing the Bonneville dam, which will mean an expenditure of around 30 million dollars of government money.

The people of Portland and the Columbia river country would be ingrates if they didn't remember that—and a mighty large share of the voting population of Oregon is located in Portland and along the Columbia river.

BUT don't underestimate Joe Dunne. He is a colorful character, and right now colorful characters are politically popular. He is a tireless worker, and he has a charming personality. He is politically astute. And he knows Oregon.

So don't lay any bets YET.

ANOTHER interesting point: The last tme it was voted on the sales tax lost four to one. It lost this time only about two and a half to one.

At another election, it may carry.

Central Point

CENTRAL POINT, May 21.—(Special) — H. C. club will meet with Mrs. Fred Sander on Jacksonville highway, May 23.

Mrs. James McGuire of Newburg was a guest of her son, Dennis McGuire, athletic coach of Central Point schools, during commencement week, and returned to her home Saturday accompanied by him.

Miss Elizabeth Fleischer left Thursday morning for a visit with friends in Los Angeles.

The grounds around the cheese factory are being improved by the planting of flowers and shrubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Leever of Seattle arrived Saturday to spend Mother's day with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Con Leever, leaving for home Sunday owing to pressing business.

Don Brittsan has purchased the grocery store of E. C. Faber at Eagle Point.

Mrs. Ethel Fleischer and daughter Barbara left Saturday, accompanying her brother, W. E. Orr and sister, Mrs. Winans, to their home in Seattle, for an extended visit.

Jack Lees and family enjoyed a trip to Crescent City Sunday.

"Brownie," dog mascot of the Omaha fire department, has not missed a fire in two years.

Pimples Relieved

Skin made clearer, smoother, finer, the easy Resinol way For free sample of Ointment and Soap write to Resinol, Dept 75, Balto., Md.

Resinol

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 21, 1924.
(It was Wednesday.)

Auto races scheduled for the fairgrounds late in June, with horse racing in the fall.

Dusty roads for the opening of Crater Lake park, if no rain soon.

Work proceeding on the paving of the Jacksonville road.

Holland Hotel bellboy falls down elevator shaft but escapes unhurt.

Transient indigents flock to county court, with demands for "free gasoline."

New parking laws go into effect, with limit on Main street. Country people object.

President Coolidge "urges all to get outdoors, and see Nature at best."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 21, 1914.
(It was Thursday.)

Local growers complain California strawberries are shipped in, to the detriment of the local crop. Grocers say the local supply is not enough.

"Better Food and Better Home" week will be celebrated here, with a cooking school by the Mail Tribune.

The grand jury, in its report, censures gossips with the advice: "We recommend that critics take the pains to investigate before circulating wild rumors."

Hoboes camped in the Talent district play havoc with gardens.

According to the police, there are less mongrel dogs in the city than at any time in the past five years. There is, however, a plentitude of cats.

(Continued from Page One)

crown to Johnson this time. Darrow scored with such phrases as "insane practice" and "grotesque absurdities," but Johnson blanketed his adversary by questioning his good faith.

Controller O'Connor of the currency amazed a Texas audience recently by coming out strongly in the fourth paragraph of his speech and asserting flatfootedly that "Texas is the largest state in the union." The real bon mot of Mr. O'Connor's speech, however, was his assertion that Mr. Diggs of Dallas "has in a brief period won a high place in Washington. Mr. Diggs is my assistant."

Senator Glass was explaining to a friend the other day his anger at being left out of the stock market conference committee along with Senator Bob Wagne. Said Glass: "Bob says he is a philosopher, but he got just as mad as I did—well, almost."

Entomologists say potato bugs can be combatted successfully by dusting or spraying the plants with calcium arsenate.

VACANT PROPERTY

Pays no dividends. Consult our property Management Department with reference to renovating and renting your property which is now vacant.

Charles A. Wing Agency, Inc.

109 E. Main St. Phone 728

DEAF

Bonephone. The much talked about and wanted bone conduction phone has arrived.

Free demonstration.

Dr. Orville Scheetz
Optometrist
606 East H St., Grants Pass
Near Postoffice

***What* SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND**

SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box. 25c—at druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.