MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The conclusion of an upstate Democrat of high standing and great dignity that America needs a dictator, is, of course, based upon the premise that he be a Democratic dictator. What the country needs is an army of hard-boiled top sergeants to handle Bolsheviks. The situation is approaching a point where it is either the Constitution or Communism. On one side is a minority, helibent to overthrow the government, and opposed to them is another minority group who assume human needs should not be much higher than a loaf of bread, while they rake in and count the money. In between lolls the great majority—the Public—who suffer from the hellraising of both—indifferent to action, prone to protest, depending for settlement upon a patriotism that neither minority possesses, and whose present woes can be traced to some bum voting in the past. It is not known how long the inconvenience will last, as the public is a glutton for punishment. When hurt enough, they will revert to an old-fashioned, but reliable ism—patriotism. It has been conspicuous by its absence long enough.

• • •

THIS COCK-EYED WORLD.
(SF, Call-Bulletin)

In counting a bit of the optimistic claims of the sun addicts, there is pretty good authority for the statement that there are now in America about 150,000 persons who have renounced clothes—that is, at such times and places as the law may sanction. The John Laws are lifting their eyebrows. While the vast agencies of the government are centered on helping millions of persons to get clothes, it may soon be that Uncle Sam will have to deal with other multitudes intent on throwing them away.

• • •

Over the week-end there was considerable lifting of the cup that cheers, and makes the imbiber think a phone pole is a Canadian thistle.

• • •

FOR SALE—Horse, aged good worker. No bad habits. About 1,200. Cheap to good home. Box 95, care Coos Bay Times.—(Coos Bay Times)—His habits are so good he will kick the hired man, if he smokes a cigarette in the barn.

• • •

Motorists are urged in a nation-wide appeal, not to give rides to hitch-hikers. Motorists are expected to follow the warning as closely as they did the appeal to quit trying to knock locomotives off crossings.

• • •

An Astoria resident reports to the Portland police that "he-blessed" if he can find his pocketbook, containing $550, he left with a gypsy woman to be blessed. The incident disproves the statement of a Yale professor, "that man has lost faith in everything"—everything but gypsy women.

• • •

Bing Crosby, the movie crooner, is the proud father of twins, and amply able to provide for them. They will get their pictures in the papers, just the same as if the inefficient Stork, in accordance with well-established Depression custom, had left them at a home, where the father had not worked for three years, and already had seven children.

• • •

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

"Anything new in the old town?"

"Well, the sheriff called for volunteers to help him catch a half-witted chicken thief, and in less than an hour he had a posse of five hundred men."

"Ah! Anything else?"

"Well, a month ago the treasurer posted a notice asking everybody, in the name of good citizenship, to come in and pay his taxes, and he's still waiting for the first one to show up."

—(American Farmer)

Postmaster Named.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—(AP)—Acting postmasters announced today by Clinton B. Ellenberger, acting postmaster-general, included:

Oregon: Union, Lee Chenault.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

ROCKFORD, Illinois, July 12.—"Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" Sister Aimee is with us again!

And if age has withered or custom staled this amazing woman, your correspondent failed to detect it. She's the same old Aimee, and is packing 'em in at the Shrine Temple, afternoon and evening, putting on a good snappy show at both performances, AND MAKING ABOUT 3000% on her investment.

Yes, an amazing woman! We know all the things that can be—and are—said against her, and don't doubt their truth. She is a fakir, a gold digger, an adventuress, a hypocrite, but she is also,—

One of the greatest natural actresses, since Duse; one of the most persuasive and dynamic personalities, since Carrie Nation; and at least as shrewd and capable in business affairs, as Hetty Green.

And she "gets" you, in spite of all you can do or say,—or at least she gets most of us. When she is hitting on all six, you can no more be indifferent to her than you could be indifferent to a high-powered galvanic battery that pulled the cuff links out of your shirt.

We detest that moth-eaten Hollywood cliche, but the old gal has "It." There is no other word for it. You may have no respect for her, and you may deplore her methods, but if you can sit in a crowd before her for 35 minutes, and remain cool, detached and indifferent, then your insulation against emotional appeal, is greater, and your susceptibility to mob psychology LESS, THAN IS THE CASE WITH MOST OF US POOR MORTALS.

We attended last night's seance with a person of intelligence, discrimination and good horse sense. She went to scoff but stayed to marvel. Nothing that Aimee, or any one else said, appealed to her INTELLIGENCE. Mentally and emotionally she is several generations removed from the cymbal and base-drum type of religion. Yet something—perhaps it was merely the noise, the barbaric RHYTHM—got under her skin. She decided it wasn't so much Aimee as the audience.

• • • •

We have a hunch she is right. It isn't what Sister Aimee is, but what she appears to be to others,—what she can evoke from the audience,—that counts—and leaves 99 out of 100 people who go to hear her,—vaguely stirred, and against their better judgment, impressed.

• • • •

For regardless of Aimee most of her followers ARE sincere. This is real religion to them and they feel it deeply. It is this mass spirit which is genuine and no one better than Sister Aimee can arouse, which sweeps one off his—or her—intellectual feet for the time being,—and Aimee cashes in on it.

Several years have passed and much has happened since we last heard Aimee in Pasadena,—but she has not changed, or as far as we could discover lost one single erg of vitality. She is muscular, forceful, dramatic,—an animal energy fairly exudes from her—she still wears the oyster-white gown (the cape lined with crimson); still has the perfectly coiffured hair—perhaps a little less yellow and a little more reddish-brown than before,—she still flips off her shoe and catching it in her hand, illustrates how Christ filled the shoes of sinners—she still bangs one hand on the other—(ONE—TWO—THREE!) to illustrate the nailing of the body on the cross—she still has that husky voice, which has vocally assailed the Devil, on so many platforms for so many years. And of course, she still has her jazz band for hymns, her choir girls who do a vaudeville turn, and her wisecracks.

• • • •

Say what you will Aimee Semple McPherson has made herself FELT in the world, and impressed her personality upon this generation. Her main purpose has been collecting money not saving souls, but what has the main purpose of most Americans been? And who can be sure Sister Aimee hasn't succeeded in both directions? Certainly she has made money and we have no doubt there were hundreds of people in that audience last night who were CONVINCED their souls were being saved. And after all isn't that what saving souls means?

• • • •

And whatever may be whispered against Sister Aimee, the gospel she preaches is highly moral and soundly orthodox. She is fighting sin and the devil, she is lambasting liquor and tobacco, she is belaboring dancing and the night club. One is not surprised to find few young people in the audience. Her hearers are made up of elderly people or those of middle age,—some of the latter with little children, who are kept awake by the sprightly music, and the quick change of pace, as Aimee strides up and down the platform.

• • • •

California incorporated loses nothing by Sister Aimee's pilgrimages in the Middlewest. Her address was prefaced by painting the glories of her Los Angeles home—the climatic advantages of the sun-kissed state. It was a hot, dank, stifling night. A week of rain, in this torrid heat, has produced a truly tropical atmosphere. One would not be surprised to see ferns and bamboo stalks, and banana trees, pushing through the overhanging elms, as the homeward trek from the "temple" starts up Main Street. In that procession some have visions of the Promised Land no doubt, but more, we wager are figuring how much it will cost to move the family, bag and baggage, out to California, before another winter comes.

R. W. R.

RED CROSS SWIM SCHOOL RECORDS GREAT SUCCESS

Considered the most successful Red Cross school conducted in Medford, the swimming and life saving classes closed Saturday noon, with a total of 159 of the 308 registered members passing the tests. The average attendance for the 10 days was 200.

Those passing the tests include three examiners, 14 senior life savers, 12 junior life savers, 42 swimmers and 88 beginners. Jean Eberhart was instructor for the classes, and was brought to Medford through the cooperation of the local Red Cross chapter. The money paid by those attending the class was only for the use of the pool. Volunteer assistants were Dorothy and Marjorie Goff, Max Gilinsky and Agatha Reddy.

Completing the senior life saving tests were Lewis Conger, Adolph Groth, Eugene Monaco, Carl Vissers, Herbert Gifford, Homer Conger, Ralph Crothers, Nellie Niedermeyer, Florence Hunsaker, Lowell Kuehnle, Herbert Harper and Harold Williams. The examiners were Marjorie and Dorothy Goff and Mrs. Patsy Brock.

The senior life savers plan to conduct a meeting this week to organize a county corps, and all those who have their senior life saving awards are eligible to join the group, according to Miss Marjorie Kelly, who is in charge of conducting the school which just closed.

The group will meet once a week and devote the time to practice work and stunt swimming, with a view to presenting a water pageant. Through this branch of the Red Cross, large picnic groups may secure a member of the life saving crew to accompany them.

EX-CONS NABBED IN ROBBERY ACT

PORTLAND, July 15.—(AP)—Two men, carrying a loaded sawed-off shotgun and a revolver, and identified by detectives as ex-convicts, were arrested early today by four state policemen in a store at Sylvan. They were booked at the county jail on charges of burglary and being armed with a dangerous weapon.

The two, who gave the names of Harry H. Martindale, 22, and Frank Carlton, 28, were captured in the attic of the store. Outside was an automobile said to have been stolen in Tacoma. Police said a federal charge may be filed against the men for auto theft.

Considerable merchandise, sacked and ready for removal, was found in the store.

COUPLE PARTED FOR 77 YEARS REUNITED

DAYTON, Ore. (UP—United again after 57 years separation Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Van Doren are prepared to spend the rest of their days together here.

The couple was married in Edinburg, Ind., in 1872. In 1880 they were divorced after one son was born, at Lexington, Neb., and each remarried.

This spring Van Doren, 80, a widower, met his former wife, 77, a widow, at the home of their son, Earl, at Garden Grove, Cal. A few days later they remarried and came to Oregon to make their home at Van Doren's farm here.

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.

LET'S HAVE A GOOD SWEAT

Now, children, please put your little physiology books away with your Mother Goose and Grimm's Fairy Tales, for that's where school textbooks purporting to deal with physiology belong. Today we're going to have a nice big sweat.

First we ought to find out what sweat consists of, don't you think? And why we sweat and how your dog contrives to keep so well and feel so good although he never sweats at all, except a wee bit on the pads of his feet.

Many of your children are almost as familiar with the da Vinci legend as you are with Little Red Ridinghood. For those of you who are not brought up on fairy tales we may explain briefly that according to the funny yarn a number of children were gilded for some show, and they began to collapse and some died, but the versatile Leonardo stepped in and quickly washed off the gilt or paint with spirits and thus saved some of the children from death by suffocation or autointoxication or something. The best answer to this old wife's tale, children, is this: Rabbits do not sweat at all — they have no sweat glands; and yet if you cover more than one-fourth of the surface of a rabbit's body with an impermeable coating such as paint or varnish the animal will die in a very short time, unless you keep the poor creature warm by artificial means. If you keep the animal's temperature about normal by means of warm covering or a hot water bottle, there will be no ill effect at all.

The harm in such impermeable covering of the skin is therefore not due to suppression of sweat or to any influence on imaginary "breathing" by the skin, but solely to loss of body heat, which is too rapidly dissipated from the varnished surface. Before death from such cause the body temperature falls far below the normal. Warm-blooded animals cannot survive when more than half the body surface is painted, unless they are kept artificially warm.

Recently some fan dancer or stage venus whose body had been painted with some dye or color suffered poisoning. A lot of little boys and girls jumped at this incident as evidence in support of the fancy that the skin breathes or that the sweat carries harmful poisons or "toxic" waste matter from the body. Whatever poisoning occurred in that case, or in any case where the material is applied to the surface of the body, is due to inhalation of some of the poison through the lungs. No one has yet found any good evidence to dispute this fact.

The sweat — perspiration to you, prude — consists of nothing else but salt and water, practically. Traces of a dozen other substances are found in the sweat, but PHYSIOLOGICALLY, my dear children, you may take it as undebatable that the only purpose of sweating in any circumstance is to keep the body cool, and nothing of any importance is eliminated, thrown off, excreted or carried out in or by the sweat, in health or disease, save salt and water.

Not that sweating isn't a good thing, in health and sometimes in disease, but I want to give you little dears the straight out and the low down about it, so you won't be such easy marks for the charlatans who promise to sweat your sins and ailments out of you.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

He Who Tries to Be His Own Doctor.

Sometime ago I saw your article on arsenic poisoning. Sent a specimen to the state laboratory. It came back .03 to 100 c.c. I now write to ask what steps to take to rid myself of the poison . . . —L. B. R.

Answer—Step around and see your physician.

Turn Off the Heat.

Have had several heated arguments on the question, "Is Raw Milk Better for You Than Pasteurized Milk?" Kindly settle it for us.—R. W.

Answer—I've just managed to get the heat about turned off, so please excuse me. Personally, I prefer raw milk, provided the herd has been tuberculin tested.

Little Lesson.

Your Little Lesson No. 10 received. Already I am enjoying benefit, using the diet for my rheumatism.—M. T.

Answer — No. 10 is "Design for Dwindling," dealing with the reduction question. Send 10 cents and stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for the booklet.

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 16.—Diary: This morning Fred K. Detwiler sent his etching of The Arno in Florence, which I've longed to own. Also came a picture of Will Rogers' runaway mules. So breakfasting and Erskine Gwynne came and sat awhile to talk of the days when Paris was not a mausoleum.

Finished the essayette and with my wife to look in on Lisle Bell brought down with what he calls "loose ankles," and he complained they kept a temperature thermometer under his tongue so often he was smoking cigars that way. Then on to Major Bowes' at Ossining and walked through his woods and gardens.

Dinner at the River club with Amelia Earhart and George Palmer Putnam. Then driving with the Martin Conboys in one of those new-fangled three-wheeled motor cars that turn on a dime, to see "The Drunkard." Also talking a moment to the Larry Waterburys and their handsome son, who was sailing at midnight. To bed late.

Since the flourish of the Gondorf brothers, white-haired and aristocratic of manner, almost two decades ago, the wire tapping game, or as crooks call it, "the wire," has languished. It got too much advertising and blackmail succeeded it as the highest form of bunco steering. Wire tapping needs not only stars, but a full chorus and elaborate stage setting—such as a bogus telegraph office, or make-believe pool room.

Despite its cost and the depression it has been revived and with success recently. Now the victims are women, rich, oldish widows with a greed for easy money. Kidnaping threats stifle inclination to squawk.

Repeal has swamped New York with an over-supply of bars. So much so hundreds open daily to practically no business at all. There is a fear that the mushroom growth will go the way of the Tom Thumb golf courses. In mid-town each bar tried to outdo the other in stark magnificence. Some spent $75,000 in decorations. Each, too, had its first few weeks' rush, but in the majority trade dwindled. A half dozen expensive ones have already called it a day.

Personal nomination for the least popular figure among the New Dealers—Prof. R. G. Tugwell.

Sidney Solomon, who so frequently flares into headlines as impresario of the Casino in the park, is a 125-pound dandy with flashing eyes and hair en brosse. Flippant and dapper, even those who profess not to like him admit he has taken his beatings with the bravado of a bantam. In worst defeats he never fails to crow. He makes a rite of his daily barbering and manicuring, wears the most expensive clothes and haberdashery and walks forth invariably with a fresh flower in his lapel, the cock o' the walk.

He is a 75-year-old retired lawyer whose relaxation is dancing. Twice a week he goes to some fashionable place to dine and dance with a fluffy young hired companion. He spares no expense with the dinner and pays $25 for the evening. The only proviso is the dancing lady must sign a statement the evening was of a purely professional nature and release him from any further responsibility. New York!

Bagatelles:—Adolphe Menjou was dismissed from his college theatrical society as an incompetent . . . They are now planning to name it for him . . . Fulton Oursler, amateur ventriloquist, keeps a dummy beside his study desk at all times . . . And when a story problem comes up takes it up with Oscar . . . Jay C. Flippen tips a dollar for a haircut and why not! . . . Floyd Gibbons changes his eye patch three times daily . . . That's why they are so immaculate . . . Arthur McGeogh, gassed with the Lost Battalion, doesn't enjoy a cigarette after the first inhale . . . Whenever Arthur Somers Roche, color-blind, goes on a necktie splurge, his wife takes them back . . . But he keeps on trying . . . Jack Dempsey can't keep his cigar from unraveling . . . Albert Keller, of the Ritz-Carlton and George C. Boldt of the Waldorf occupied every job in a hotel from the scullery up.

There is a family moving in around the corner and the servants gossip they have lived in nine different apartments during the year. Charlie Russell used to tell of the family that moved so often the chickens roosted on the wagon tongue to keep from being left behind.

(Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

DOOMED TO DIE FOR $1.80 CRIME

BONIFAY, Fla., July 16—(AP)—Millard Keith, 18, and Barnard Retherford, 20, convicted of the $1.80 kidnaping of 77 year old Mrs. J. L. Phelps, were sentenced today to die in the electric chair.

Dewey Keith, brother of Millard, was given life imprisonment. The jury which convicted Dewey yesterday recommended mercy.

The other two were convicted on July 4, the jury failing to recommend mercy.

The death sentences were the first to be imposed under Florida's new law which provides that penalty for conviction without mercy recommendation in cases where kidnaping is done for money.

Notice to Fruit Growers

My office is located in the corner of Hotel Holland Building connected with the Carl Tengwald offices.

COURT HALL.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

AS THESE WORDS are written, which is about noon on Saturday, the strike situation is by long odds more menacing than it has yet been. No one can say what the next few hours may bring forth.

The dispatches at this hour point strongly toward declarations of martial law.

The Pacific coast is apparently in for serious trouble.

HERE in the interior, where we lack opportunities for first-hand observation upon which to base our own opinions, these questions arise in our minds:

How did the trouble start?

What are the issues that are involved?

How did the situation come to get as serious as it is?

And, finally, what will be done about it?

THE TROUBLE started with the longshoremen's strike, and the issue involved in the longshoremen's strike was the closed shop.

The closed shop means employment of union workers ONLY.

HERE in the interior, where the boats don't run, many readers of this newspaper may not even know what a longshoreman is. Longshoremen are the men who load and unload ships.

Their hours of employment are uncertain, depending upon arrival and departure of ships and the amount of cargo available. They gather in what are known as hiring halls, and to these halls come both the men who want jobs and the employers who want men.

Some such system is necessary, because of the nature of the employment.

NOW GET THIS, for it is important to an understanding of the hiring hall issue:

In the past, it has been the custom for employers to pick and choose among the men present in the hiring halls, taking those that in their judgment are most efficient, and leaving those that they regard as least efficient.

The union insisted on union supervision of the hiring halls, hiring of union men only and hiring them IN ROTATION, instead of picking and choosing.

THIS ISSUE of only union men in the hiring halls and hiring in rotation, instead of picking and choosing among applicants, is the rock upon which all negotiations so far have been wrecked.

It is fundamental, as you can readily see, to the closed shop principle. That is why it has been so stubbornly fought out.

WE NOW come to the question: "How did the situation get as serious as it is?"

In trying to answer it, this writer, who has not been on the ground at any of the embattled ports, except for a few hours in Portland on Friday, will have to depend somewhat upon the opinions of fair-minded men with whom he has talked in the past week or so.

THESE MEN, in whose judgment this writer has confidence, say that as the strike proceeded it got more and more out of the hands of the responsible labor leaders, who were fighting sincerely for the closed shop principle, and into the hands of reckless agitators whose chief purpose was to stir up trouble.

Communists, or reds, in other words.

PROBABLY you will ask here: How have these reds been able to control the whole body of longshoremen; many of whom must certainly want to get back to work?

In trying to find an answer to that question, you will have to take human nature and mob psychology into consideration.

THE VOTING, remember, has been open—not secret. Men have recorded their votes by holding up their hands, or standing up.

That is to say, EVERYBODY knew just how they voted.

IT IS an established fact, as everyone who has observed such things knows, that men will vote FAR DIFFERENTLY in a crowd to the way they will vote in secret.

This writer, time and again, has seen chamber of commerce and service club organizations swayed by some orator with a special purpose into voting unanimously for things these same men wouldn't have THOUGHT of approving if the voting had been secret.

The agitators who have been active in the longshoremen's strike have known how to take advantage of this quirk in human nature.

ANOTHER THING:

Competent men state that conservative members of the longshoremen's union, who would like to vote to go back to work, have been AFRAID to do so, lest they be beaten up the first time they go somewhere alone.

The radicals haven't hesitated to use force to gain their own ends, while protesting in the same breath against use of force by the authorities to maintain order.

THE TROUBLE started with the longshoremen's strike. The original issue was the closed shop. The situation has got as serious as it is by the simple process of one thing leading to another, with agitators muddying the water at every opportunity.

What it will lead to at this moment no one knows, any more than we can know where the grass fire that starts from a spark will go before it is finally extinguished or dies out. The passions that are engendered by big strikes are as hot as the flames of a grass fire, and just as devastating.

But when a grass fire menaces our town, threatening our homes, our businesses, our jobs and even our lives, we call out the fire department and PUT IT OUT—no matter who started it or what the purposes back of its starting may have been.

Montana Turns to Frog Legs

DILLON, Mont. —(UP)— Montana has a new industry. W. G. Squires and H. L. Tolley have imported a number of Louisiana bullfrogs, whose progeny, they contend, will soon be supplying the Rocky Mountain states with succulent "frog legs." So far as is known, this is the first time that frogs have been raised commercially in Montana.

Coal Tongs 200 Years Old

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O.—(UP)—An iron coal tongs, thought to be the one used 200 years ago by David Zeisberger, founder of Schoenbrunn—first white village in Ohio, near here—was found recently by Harry Clever, pilot at a Schoenbrunn flying field, when workmen were grading the ground.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Court Hall is still buying Bartletts at top prices.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Fair Oriental

Pretty Blossom Chan, who charms Fair visitors with her exotic oriental dancing in Shanghai Gardens, Streets of Shanghai at the World's Fair, was one of the favorites in the Fair's beauty contests until her elimination in the semi-finals.

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
July 16, 1924.
(It was Wednesday.)

Autoists going through Phoenix and Talent are warned to lower their speed, as constables are vigilant.

Rich gold find is reported in the headwaters of the Rogue.

The Brown Brothers erect a new warehouse at Eagle Point.

Community unity is urged by Mayor Gaddis in a radio talk.

Parking regulations extended to embrace North Central avenue.

Revealed that Nathan Leopold and Richard Loed, "thrill killers of Chicago," planned to murder their fathers, instead of 14-year-old boy.

"The courthouse ring" is given an editorial hiding in a weekly publication.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 16, 1914.
(It was Thursday.)

Central Point files application for more electric power.

June, July 12, at high noon, Lotta Esther DeArmond and Ernest J. Smith, both of this city, wre united in marriage at Ashland by the Rev. W. T. VanScoy. The groom is employed at the West Side Pharmacy. The newlyweds left on a honeymoon trip to Portland and Newport.

Weight of all fruit boxes must be stamped thereon, new federal law requires.

Rats become a nuisance on many valley ranches.

"Safety first" fad is introduced in city.

Ashland invites Medford business men to a chicken dinner.

Meteorological Report

July 16, 1934.

Forecasts.

Medford and vicinity: Unsettled tonight and Tuesday, with showers; cooler.

Oregon: Unsettled tonight and Tuesday; local showers in west portion and in mountains. Somewhat cooler Tuesday and in west portion tonight.

Local Data.

Temperature a year ago today: Highest, 90; lowest, 56.

Total monthly precipitation, .02 inch; deficiency for the month, .23 inch.

Total precipitation since September 1, 1933, 11.02 inches; deficiency for the season, 6.71 inches.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 26%; 5 a .m. today, 74%.

Sunrise tomorrow, 4:50 a. m.
Sunset tomorrow, 7:44 p. m.

Observations Taken at 5 a. m., 120 Meridian Time.

CITY	High Temp. Past 24 Hrs.	Lowest Temp. Last Night	Precipitation Past 24 Hrs.	Weather
Boise	88	68	....	Clear
Boston	86	72	T.	Clear
Chicago	80	....	....	.....
Denver	98	68	T.	Clear
Eureka	64	58	T.	Cloudy
Helena	84	52	.12	Clear
Los Angeles	80	62	....	Cloudy
MEDFORD	88	54	....	P. Cldy
New York	90	70	.32	Clear
Omaha	106	76	T.	Clear
Phoenix	106	84	....	P. Cldy
Portland	76	54	.02	Rain
Reno	84	....	....	.....
Roseburg	88	56	....	Cloudy
Salt Lake	94	68	....	Clear
San Francisco	64	52	.01	Rain
Seattle	70	62	.54	Rain
Spokane	84	68	....	Cloudy
Walla Walla	92	68	....	P. Cldy
Washington, D.C.	96	72	....	Clear

All kinds of legal blanks for sale, for rent, no hunting, no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

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

True Value

There is only one certain way to secure a service that has a true value, and that is to call an established, reliable funeral director. Such a funeral director has built his reputation for reliability by keeping faith with those who have used his services.

Here, in the Perl Funeral Home, giving true value for money expended is one of our policies.

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