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Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 7.—Seldom before has the contrast between Los Angeles and San Francisco been so marked. In spite of dark skies and a steady drizzling rain,—here is San Francisco, a city in its own right, smart, buoyant, happy; Los Angeles, an overgrown village, without character or cohesion, dowdy, second rate, suspicious, sullen. The depression in its clutches, discouraged, struggling, frustrated; San Francisco gives the distinct impression of having survived and conquered it. In the hotels and shops of the downtown districts, the contrast is particularly striking. Here they greet you with a smile, and a clean and breezy courtesy, they act glad to see you and are eager to serve you. In L. A. it was very different. We can't say there was outright discourtesy, but there was a decided atmosphere of ennui, hookworm—"oh what's the use." We can't believe this is merely editorial imagination, or an exceptional personal experience. We are convinced that Old Man Depression has Los Angeles down,—far down,—whereas San Francisco has the old man DOWN, and as it steps blithely on its way, feels stimulated and renewed by the experience.

Will Rogers is always saying he knows nothing about it, except what he reads in the newspapers. One of these days some bright young reporter will probably make his reputation as a columnist by exclusively treating items which the newspapers never print.

For example: Early last evening in front of a large department store on Market Street, an old man of the sea, was beating his hands on the large glass window and screaming for help. The scream wasn't a loud one, in fact at times it barely rose above a frantic husky whisper. But it was as loud as a very old and feeble man, so weak he could hardly stand, could make it.

There he tottered, beating his bare hands on the window, and crying for help, just as the M. T. editor strolled by. Naturally we went up to see what all the noise was about. So did three or four others.

"What's wrong?" we inquired. The old man turned his head to see who was greeting him, but didn't stop turning the window.

"Can't you see what's wrong," he replied, in a querulous, decidedly ill-tempered voice. "I am dying—I am dying."

"Better stop all that noise, Dad," remarked one of the other bystanders. "The cops will run you in."

"The cops eh, the cops! What do I care for the law and the cops when I'm dyin', can't you see I'm DYIN'!—what air you standin' thar for—cant you give a dyin' man a hand and take me to my room—where I can die in peace. Can't you, can't you," and the old scarecrow turned a face on the rapidly increasing crowd that was livid with impotent senile rage, yet was the face of death, if gaunt pallor and trembling lips, ever made one.

He was a little shriveled man, and his age might have been anywhere between 80 and 102. His sparse hair was long and snow white, unkempt whiskers, white also. He had on a pair of dark spectacles which kept coming down on his sharp beak like nose as he shouted, and he looked lost in a large, ragged overcoat in one pocket of which was wadded a soiled bundle of newspapers.

Not an inviting sight, but great Pete, a convincing one, as far as the country editor was concerned. The old man was plainly very ill if not actually dying, and to get him to a hospital quick or a first aid station, was obviously the thing to do. By this time, the crowd had grown to between fifty and sixty people, blocking the sidewalk entirely, but not a policeman in sight, or any store that looked as though it might provide a phone.

Being nearer to the old boy than anyone else, we took hold of one arm—it was limp as a rag—and asked a young chap nearby to do the same, but the moment he felt a hand on him, he crumpled up like a camp chair, went to the sidewalk in a heap, and proceeded to roll back and forth, moaning and groaning in a more sepulchral fashion than ever, while the crowd scattered to give him space. The crowd was interesting. Some looked tense and scared, others were cynical and suspicious, still others laughed and joked, while many walking along the street merely looked in for a moment, and then passed on as if an old man in his death throes on Market Street at 9:30 p. m. was an every day occurrence.

At this point someone touched our elbow, and we turned to face a young sailor, with a round face and cheery smile. "Say mister," said he, "better leave that old fakir alone, it's an old Market Street gag. He's just trying to make a touch—he's no sicker than I am."

Someone else chimed in, "He's just drunk—seen him before—here comes the wagon now."

Sure enough, with siren shrilling, a wagon marked San Francisco health department, screeched up to the curb and a couple of husky uniformed men hopped out and in no time had the poor old derelict between them, his legs dangling like empty pants on a clothes line, and shoved him up the steps and in the rear door.

There he slumped over, his face in his hands, and moaned "Don't take me THERE, don't take me THERE, take me home, I am dying, take me home."

The wagon dashed off. "He will sober up and be O. K. in the morning," said the sailor, lighting a cigaret.

Just to satisfy our hunch we called up the Market Street relief station this morning. The old man died in the night—acute alcoholism.

This all happened within a stone's throw of the office of the San Francisco Examiner. But there wasn't a line in the newspapers,—worn out delinquents buried in the potters field don't get them.

And it's still raining—the wettest year in the bay region for many a moon. The opening of the Pacific Coast Baseball league was rained out and it looks as though the polo fields between Texas and California all-stars will be rained out today. Went into A. G. Spaldings to get our twice busted brassie repaired. On the same mission in L. A. the young man in the golf department was very grumpy and skeptical, admitted the 90-day guarantee, but claimed the Medford firm from whom it was purchased would have to tend to that—charging \$2.50 for the job. A gyp and we told him so, but we had to have the brassie for our daily dozen at Palm Springs. Here how different! As soon as the manager heard we were from Medford, he wanted to know the latest about Chan Egan. "He didn't do so well in Georgia, in the high 70's, but he sure is a grand golfer, one of the best this country has ever seen. Classify the golfers as to age and he will beat the world." As to the brassie of course they would put in a new shaft and it wouldn't cost us a dime.

Yes, we admit it—this experience probably had some effect upon our judgment concerning Los Angeles and San Francisco at the present time.

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.

GALVANIC 8 ORS MOUTH

Next to economizing by voluntary use of outdoor bedding, especially sagging springs and mattress, makeshift or trick dentistry gives people the greatest punishment. It is odd how people who can afford and will have only good clothing and food will begrudge investing in good dentistry. For anyone who has a fair conception of the value of health and comfort good dentistry is always a good investment. Cheap, bargain dentistry, makeshift work, is like paper shoes, always extravagant in the end. A great many persons have more or less gold in their teeth, fillings, inlays, crowns, bridges. Sometimes such persons permit the dentist to put in amalgam fillings, too. The presence in the mouth of two such dissimilar metals suspended in normal saliva, which is a fair electrolyte, completes a galvanic battery.

Young man complained of sore tongue of several months' duration and of a metallic taste. On one side and underneath his tongue was a whitish-gray patch, opposite the so-called hygienic fixed bridge of gold. Two similar patches appeared on the lining of the cheek. The young man smoked a pack of cigarettes a day. At first the doctor regarded the patches as smokers' patches, but they remained unchanged after the smoking was stopped.

Then the doctor learned that the sores had come shortly after the hygienic fixed bridge was placed in the mouth. On removal of this denture all the sores disappeared. The young man had several amalgam fillings in his teeth. Later the same gold bridge was replaced and within a week the sores returned on tongue and cheek lining, and the metallic taste again became noticeable. The bridge was again removed and within a week the metallic taste disappeared and the mouth has remained normal since. Dr. Lester Hollander reported this case and two similar ones. He attributed the trouble to the presence in the normal saliva of a fair electrolyte, saliva being a fair electrolyte, so that a galvanic battery is completed.

This will interest a great many persons who have gold and amalgam

fillings or other dentures and are troubled with so-called aphthous stomatitis or inflammation of the mouth with minute vesicles or "canker sores" or with leukoplakia—white patches, smokers' patches. Generally it is easier and better to have amalgam fillings replaced with gold inlays.

Another not uncommon and usually unsuspected cause of recurring ulcers or canker sores in the mouth is the habitual taking of laxatives containing phenolphthalein.

Still a third cause of sore gums particularly is a deficiency of vitamin C in the diet. It is well to supplement the diet with tomato juice or citrus fruit juice or other fresh fruit or vegetables when the gums seem spongy, tender and bleed easily.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Breathe While Swimming Swimming instructor said it is best to inhale through the mouth and exhale through the nose while swimming. Have tried hard to do this, but still I inhale and exhale through the mouth. This seems more natural for me. (A. W.)

Answer—It is all right, though I believe you will do better in a race or in a long swim if you learn to breathe as the instructor advises.

Cataracts Saw a newspaper report that cod liver oil would remove cataracts from the eyes. Wife has cataracts both eyes. Please tell me if you know anything about this. (H. S. G.)

Ans.—I know nothing about it. A correspondent sent in a brief note saying that a member of her family had taken cod liver oil under direction of the physician and this had brought great relief to cataract, but I could elicit no further particulars. In animal feeding vitamin G has seemed to prevent development of cataract and to clear up or lessen opacities. The victim of beginning or developing cataract might take a quart a day of metabolized vitamin D milk and beef liver and eggs, to provide the vitamins.

Galvanized Ware Is it safe to salt fish in a galvanized bucket? (L. P.)

Ans.—It would be likely to contaminate the food with zinc. Better use wooden bucket or barrel. (Copyright, 1935, John P. Dille Co.)

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

is he is among the increasing number of arteriosclerotic who feature a black shirt with collar to match. Some wear them with a cream white tie and others with bright red. And a few truck drivers wear them without tie.

Upper Fifth and Park avenues have become familiar now with the professional dog walkers. Uniformed, they parade their charges—sometimes five or six on a leash—in the early morning and late evening. The promenading pooches are, of course, of high pedigree and seem conscious of their blooded ancestry. Dogs have the very human trait of being susceptible to snobbery. E. Henry Wall once picked up a stray and irrelevant professional of the Paris alleys and after a polishing process it would bark at beggars along the street and the waiters who served tea at Rumpelmayer's. Proof that snobishness is not inborn, but acquired.

Heywood Brown's 16-year-old son seems a chip off the old block. He has acquired an extensive vocabulary. So much so he often taxes the lingual laxity of his teachers at the Horace Mann School. To one recently he observed: "I'm sorry I can't acquiesce with your adolescent enthusiasms for Shakespeare." Already he has shown a flair for writing but may staidest it as a call for "feet" he will be thought trading on his father's name. Young Brown reads incessantly, revealing in biographies like Belloc's "Milton" and his recreation is a small bet daily on the ponies. If he wins, he stands treat to several classmates. Often he goes out night clubbing with his Dad.

Precocity and frankness in youth are puzzling to many who, even edging 20, were often led by an off ear to the woodshed. But moderns at 18 have lost adolescence entirely. In the Ritz grill one breakfast an elderly gentleman rustled his paper and glanced at his wrist watch. Finally a young sprig draped in "You're late son," snapped the waiter. "Sorry, Dad," he replied, "but I was tight as a goat last night." In another minute they were discussing this and that amiably. One minute later in my day, and I would have been shaking my head to get the ring out of it. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

FIRST LANDING MADE ON ASTORIA AIRPORT ASTORIA, Ore., April 9.—(AP)—The first landing on the new Astoria airport built with CWA and SERA money, was made yesterday by Jack Hallberg, local flier. Construction work is about 80 per cent complete, but landing conditions were good.

Be correctly corrected in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Now I Eat HOT DOGS! Upset Stomach Go in Jiffy with Bell-ans

MODERN WOMEN Need Not Suffer Monthly Pain and Delay due to Colic, Cramps, Headaches, or Similar Causes. Chichesters Pills Dissolve and Give Relief. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, has joined the black shirt. That mounted on skirts so that they may be easily transported through the forests where wood is to be cut for the CCC camps.

Notice MRS. CLARK, SPIRITUALIST Minister and Medium. My work is done scientifically and with a guarantee. Readings daily. France circles Friday night, 225 South Riverside.

CHICHESTERS PILLS THE DIAMOND BRAND

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS. THIS headline flares across the page: "Europe Unable to Agree on Security Policy." Of course! Every nation in Europe wants to be secure itself, and wants just as badly to make every other nation INSECURE. Under such conditions, agreement is impossible.

EUROPEAN nations talk loudly of their desire for security, but when they achieve it they have no use for it. Germany had security back in 1914, but threw it away for a mad scheme to conquer the world. France, now sitting so near the top of the European heap as anyone would probably do likewise if she felt SECURE ENOUGH.

THE relief bill has been before congress for the greater part of three months, and hasn't yet become law. By the time it DOES become law, the season when relief is most acutely needed will have passed and the season when employment is most plentiful will be here.

THE politicians spend most of their time these days criticizing and attacking—"flaying" is the word the headline writers prefer—the business men who are furnishing all the REAL employment there is. If the business men of the country were no more efficient than the politicians, we WOULD be in a bad fix.

ANOTHER headline: "Germany Building Air Fleet Equal to British; Austrians Enter Re-armament Race." As a result, France, Italy and Russia are building more ships and bigger guns, and even this country is getting into the race.

THE neighbors buy a bigger and better car than yours, and at once you feel the urge to go them one better. Human nature is pretty much the same, whether it is manifested by nations or by individuals.

ASHLAND, GRANTS PASS COPCO HEADS SWITCHED ASHLAND, April 9.—(Sp.)—E. Archibald, until Monday, Ashland manager for the California Oregon Power company, has been transferred to the Grants Pass office, and his place will be taken by Al Tuttle, who comes here from Grants Pass.

ASTORIA, Ore., April 9.—(AP) Emil Laapas, 60, suffered burns which caused his death today when his small frame house on the Astoria waterfront was destroyed by fire. He had no known relatives here.

ALL MAKES OF WATCHES repaired by expert watchmaker. Brophy's Jewelers.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—(AP)—The army is finding out it started something when it sent those two horses to the farm boy in South Dakota. Suddenly the mail of the field artillery has jumped. Young and old have turned to the army as a kind-hearted institution that will listen to their troubles and perhaps donate a horse or a mule or two.

A few farmers have suggested that it would be a fine thing if the army would just lend them a few horses or mules until the crops have been "laid by."

One young man asked the army please to send him a mule to help him support his bride. An old woman in Evansville, Ind., wrote to ask if the army had any chickens. She said she could make a go of it if she had a few.

To all horse-seekers, Lieutenant Colonel R. M. Danford of the field artillery is mailing this letter: "Only a comparatively few field artillery horses are condemned and sold each year. Most of the animals that have to be discarded by the army are mercifully destroyed because it would be cruel to sell them into old age slavery."

Artillerymen recently took up a collection to buy two army horses for Leroy Johnson, a South Dakota 12-year-old boy who had appealed for help.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Years Ago). TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (It was Thursday) Governor Pierce urges California to complete highway to Oregon state line.

Medford offers a free site for county courthouse, if and when, removed from Jacksonville.

Workers finally reach the body of Floyd Collins, Kentucky hillman, who perished in a rock slide in a cave last January.

High school band leaves for state music contest.

Sams Valley school children visit the Gold Hill cement plant in operation.

Twenty Years Ago Today (April 9, 1915) (It was Friday) Smudge pots were lighted last night in the orchards of the valley for the second time this year.

Trolley strike in San Francisco threatens Panama-Pacific fair success.

A band of gypsies traveling in a prairie schooner, camp along Bear creek, and police forbid any fortune-telling.

Increased valuation of Jackson county timber brings protest to assessor.

Rain is predicted for next Sunday, causing the postponement of several picnics and fishing trips.

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"NOW I FEEL FULL OF PEP!"

Say these happy women Is periodic pain dragging you down? Do monthly upsets leave you with no ambition to work or play? Next month try Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets.

Mrs. E. Laverty, 224 State Street, Middletown, Pa. says, "I had cramps and was always rundown at my period but since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets I am feeling full of pep. I used to dread the time but now I need not worry. They took the pain away. I would recommend them to anybody."

Was Greatly Relieved "Every month I thought I was going to die with pain. Used to stay in bed at least one day. I tried your Tablets and was greatly relieved." Mrs. Gertrude Heiser, 1002 W. Huntington St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Try Them Next Month They relieve periodic pain and discomfort. Chocolate coated. Sold at all drug stores. Trial size 25 cents.

Steady improvement in the condition of Tom Pason, from an attack of typhoid fever is reported and he will soon be able to walk.

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Easy chairs, sleep-inspiring beds large rooms with luxurious fittings. Unsurpassed service and luxury are yours at amazingly low cost.

New HOTEL CLARK P.G.B. MORRIS Mgr.

HOTEL LAREMONT

Enjoy... all the benefits of a country estate in town.

Tennis, riding, golf, dancing, quiet nights to insure sound sleep. Excellent meals at moderate family prices. Large outside rooms with bath \$2.00 and \$2.50. Ideal location overlooking Golden Gate, convenient to all Bay cities. Write today for descriptive booklet.

BERKELEY California

NASH HOTEL 2045 University Berkeley, Calif. A STRICTLY modern establishment with a charming home environment appealing to the tourist or residential guest.

Centrally and conveniently located. Reasonable rates by the day or month.

The ideal home for yourself and family Pacific Coast-bound tourist

Why Children Everywhere are Menaced by Worms

[Round Worms or Stomach Worms] ... How even city children catch the infection; why Worms make children pale, dull, or cross; why modern diet encourages the danger; why even adults suffer; why symptoms are misunderstood.

Drugs and cats play in the soil and grass where the tiny, unseen Worm eggs have been scattered by the millions. The eggs stick to the fur or jaws of the animal, from where they are easily carried into the child's mouth when he pets or plays with his four-footed friends.

Drinking water, fruit and leafy vegetables, such as lettuce, cabbage and spinach, may carry the tiny Worm eggs to the child's stomach, even in spite of careful washing.

U. S. Government Bulletin No. 288 shows that out of 2,000 school children examined, as many as 49 out of 100 in some schools had worms. No child is 100% safe. If in doubt, have your child's stools examined by a laboratory—or give the child Jayne's Vermifuge, for 105 years the first thought of millions of mothers who have learned to recognize the signs and know just what to do. Your child may be undernourished—but may not have worms. Ask your druggist for the PLEASANT Vermifuge in the largest bottle for the money—

Full grown Stomach Worms are seen shown in their proportionate size (13 inches). Scores of them are often found in one person's system. When tangled into knots they may cause serious trouble and discomfort.

WISE country mothers are ever on their guard against the common Stomach Worm (also known as Round Worm), which continues to persist in spite of all modern safeguards, plumbing, garbage disposal and hygiene. But city mothers are amazed to learn that Worms are plentiful in the city, too. There are only two main signs of them—pale faces, thin bodies, poor appetites, crossness and irritability, constant nose picking, slobbering, bad dreams, grinding of teeth in sleep, or vomiting. Any one of these signs may mean WORMS!

The hairy legs of flies may pick up the Worm eggs and later drop them on the child's food. No safeguard can stop this menace.

JAYNE'S VERMIFUGE

FOR INDIGESTION