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MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION 1935

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

In Clackamas county, press reports reveal, bandits broke into an establishment and "robbed slot machines of approximately $200 and the till of about $1.50." This indicates the business trend more clearly than a chart, with 72 lines all running uphill.

• • •

Motorists seem to be refraining from beating trains to crossings, to be robbed and murdered, or both, by hitch-hikers they befriend, as they wend their weary way along the highways. Standard equipment of an auto should be a couple of pairs of handcuffs and a supply of Oregon boots, with the understanding, the befriended one, shall stick his wrists and ankles in same, are proceeding on the journey. Thus the Good Samaritan has protection, and the etiquette of the road would be revised. The appealing twist of the hitch-hikers' thumb, would be answered by the motorist, with a friendly wave of a set of bracelets.

• • •

Professional Good Men of the upstate areas have suddenly ceased their pestering of the Governor, and threats of his recall have disappeared, as if by magic. It may be the magicians are just resting from their agitation, while thinking up new meanness for the early fall hell-raising.

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The foreign correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, chased from Italy, by Il Duce, declares "Mussolini does not want war." The layman has never seriously doubted this, as far as Mussolini was personally concerned. However, they feel he still regards it as a fine thing for the other fellow.

• • •

Grandpa Woodpecker is recuperating from being shot at and missed by a 12-year old boy. "He just didn't aim at anything in particular, and danged, if I can figure out how the tot missed me," ruminated Grandpa to callers yesterday.

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Emerson said that if you invented a better mouse trap, the world would make a path to your door. But if you put out a better slap trap, they are apt to elect you to office.—(Lewistown Journal). Painful truth item.

• • •

An aluminum corporation offers to buy all the Bonneville Dam electrical power, and build a huge factory on the Columbia river. This looks like a dandy labor-creating and tax producing proposition. But hold your cheering! Some Portland politician will discover it is a plot of Andrew Mellon of the aluminum trust, "to throttle the farmer and the worker." Then look out for the enrapturing slogan: "Aluminum without cost to the taxpayers."

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Hog raisers are now getting almost as much for the hogs they raise, as the ones they didn't.

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Guy Tex of C. Pt. is celebrating a birthday today. Little is known about the number of his years, except that his is too old to boil.

• • •

A scenario writer of Hollywood offers himself as a human icicle, to be frozen stiff, and revived by a scientist. If he comes out of the refrigeration intact, he plans to get married, and be the first man in history to jump from the ice-box to the frying pan.

• • •

HOW EDITORS GET RICH

A child is born in the neighborhood; the attending physician gets $10. The editor gives the loud-mouth youngster and the happy parents a send-off and gets $0.

When it is christened the clergyman gets $10 and the editor $00.

It grows up and marries. The editor publishes another long-winded article and tells a dozen lies about the "beautiful and accomplished bride." The clergyman gets $10 and a piece of cake and the editor gets $000.

In course of time it dies. The doctor gets from $25 to $100 and the undertaker gets from $50 to $200, the editor publishes a notice of its death and an obituary two columns long, lodge and society resolutions, a lot of poetry and a free card of thanks and gets $000.

—Exchange.

ROME, Aug. 12.—(AP)—Italy summoned a new unit of its reserve military power to the colors today.

The Last Laugh

HE laughs best who laughs last. Former President Hoover is having the last laugh.

Stepping from the Overland Limited at Chicago he smilingly greets the reporters and fires another broadside at President Roosevelt and his administration:

> "The nation has a right to know before this session of congress ends what changes this administration proposes in the constitution. The administration's acts and utterances since the supreme court decision on NRA have evidenced a continuous intent to change the constitution directly so as to authorize concentration of power . . . This creates one of the most momentous issues since the civil war."

Saying which Mr. Hoover proceeded to an air-conditioned lake front hotel, lunched with a few personal friends,—NOT political leaders,—and lighting a fresh cigar boarded the afternoon limited for New York.

• • • • •

YES, ex-President Hoover is having a fine time,—the best time he has had probably since the days in war swept Belgium.

He is not pleasing the Roosevelt administration, neither is he pleasing the powers that be in his own party, but he is pleasing HIMSELF.

It would, we think, take a very pitiless and bigoted type of mind to begrudge the former president this little holiday he is now so thoroughly enjoying. All partisanship aside, we feel he had it coming. For during the last two years of his administration and the first two years of his successor's the sage of Palo Alto certainly suffered in body and spirit, as few presidents and ex-presidents have suffered.

• • • • •

NOW the worm has turned. That old law of compensation is functioning at last. The time has come when "Herbert the Harassed" can get back, at his enemies,—not only his political enemies but his personal ones; not only the Democrats and particularly the president who gave him such a terrific beating; but that inner circle of conservative Republicans, who never liked him, don't like him now, and boil with rage whenever he writes an article or issues a public statement.

In short former President Hoover is doing as he darn pleases. That would be a grand and glorious feeling to anyone, but a man who for four long years, could never do—not even fish,—as he liked to do; and who try as he would, could never really get on with the boys", it comes near being Heaven.

• • • • •

OH it's great to be a free man again, say what one wishes, do as one likes, and tell those who don't like it to go jump in the lake.

The Republican leaders who never liked Hoover, who never loyally supported him, are now on top in the party councils, and see a great opportunity before them. The New Deal is a flop, F. D. R. is slipping, victory is in the bag, if they only play their cards carefully and no one spills the beans!

Then Herbert Hoover comes along and issues another statement! How that man does get in their hair. Can't he see he is through, can't be nominated and if he were, would be beaten worse than he was before. Why does he keep messing things up, spoiling all the sure-fire issues the Republicans have by putting HIS tag on them. Why the man is poison. Can't someone shut him up!

• • • • •

IT would be interesting to know how many prominent Republicans have tried to do this very thing. It would also be interesting to know how many have asked him to announce that under no circumstances will he be a candidate in 1936.

There certainly have been plenty. But while Mr. Hoover's sense of humor is somewhat deficient, his sense of justice isn't. And he believes watching certain chickens come home to roost, and having his own inning, is only his just due. So he intends to have it.

He IS having it! Not that he really intends to run for president again. He is too smart for that. But he DOES intend to keep the boys guessing—and until the psychological time comes say nothing definite about it.

For no one knows better than he, that the moment he formally retires from the race, his little holiday is over—the curtain comes tumbling down on his "last laugh." The extras would no sooner be on the street than he would be placed on the political shelf permanently and forever.

But until that time H. H. is sitting pretty. He does not want to be the nominee, but he does want to say something about who will be—and as long as his intentions are in doubt, that will be his privilege.

Yes indeed it's a long lane that has no turning. Herbert Hoover has waited a long time, but the turn is here.

Our considered judgment is that President Hoover is, today, all things considered, the happiest man in the United States.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—In the manner of Arnold Bennett's journal: A bright day turns misling. A day to be lost in a mystery story. Something by Gaboriau. I was noticing one of those magnificent caricatures by Frauh this morning. So European. Yet he hails from Lima, O. As did the late Ray Rohn.

And who has not been wonder-struck by those lightning-likenesses of Flagg in charcoal? Ten minutes et voila! Mark Twain must have had the ideal head for sketchers Bryan for caricaturists. Mlcahe tale from a nearby flat: A parrot squawked "Glory!" and fell lifeless.

A stripling named David Murray has been sending columnists contributions over a period. The point: He kept on writing with no reward save occasional recognition. I see he landed the other day in a national weekly. An accomplished stylist sauntered out of the Raquet club this morning. Suit, shirt, collar dore gray with a loping deep blue polka-dot. B on a woozy morning after a blurry night dresses up like a last act Billy Gaxton, goes to the Biltmore and breakfasts on chilled grapes and thin brown bread smeared with cream cheese. Pouf goes the hangover!

A lady in St. Petersburg, Fla., writes of the fishman who roams back alleys with his clarion sing-song: "Fish dis' mawnin'. Nice fresh fish. Caught 'em alive, sell 'em dead. Attaboy, the fish man coming' Fishman got 'em, you take 'em, take 'em away. Fishman got erythin' but money. Take 'em away." Literate poets have done worse.

Jim Quirk used to rattle off the come-on spiel a cruising night cabman, sheltering near the Lenox in Boston, delivered to roaming drunks. In a brogue as thick as a Lindy beef cut, renomous with insults but strung together with Irish blarney. Ziegfeld wanted to spot it in a follies. With Quirk as the cabbie and Leon Erroll as the drunk.

I wonder if there's a happier writing pair than Rupert and Pat Hughes. They work at night at adjoining desks in their Hollywood home. Often into dawn. Rupert stopping now and then to walk up and down, puffing fiercely black cigars, and drinking scalding potions of coffee. He rivals Damon Runyon as a java addict. The Hughes sleep until noon and then dress for a showy luncheon place intetting from one to ten guests. That is their relaxation. They are inseparable. When Rupert gets off on his hobby—the pecadillos of George Washington—she puts her finger to her lips: "Now Mr. Hughes!" And he subsides. Flushed and horribly confused.

Adela Rogers has become the sob sister for my money. She knows how to squeeze out the last pitying tear with a climaxing sentence. There used to be one in the middle west who could dish such pathos and a soupcon of philosophy. Her name was Jessie Partlon. Of a banker who smashed up his life, wine, women and the ponies, she wrote: "He went down a dark, crooked alley to a blind end."

A writer receives novelties in pencils. Each an inventor's dream of riches. I have one with a tiny electric glow for making night notes. Another topped with a strip of magnifying glass for looking up phone numbers. And the Col. Hartfield silvered crayon that stretches into a yard stick. To-dayday came one that with a twist a year becomes a perpetual calendar. One by one they will disappear. Like flies and pins, no one knows where pencils go!

Hattie Bell Johnston transfers this idyllic from a remote littoral of Italy. "The view from my balcony, oo-la-la! Alto Montecaniti in the distance covered with grape vines and shoe-dauber trees. Peasants with wine casks on carts perpetuate the ancient cavalcade. This inn makes its own wine, vinegar, olive oil. The nights are starry, bright and still and from time to time music floats in from the twinkle of the thermae not far away." Another letter today from a dot in Pennsylvania called "Helen Furnace." Thyra Samter Winslow's "My Own, My Native Land" arrives, autographed. A supreme artist of the short story who writes far too little. It came out at dinner last night that Walter Hoxey is making strides with the tabloid Mirror.

A fresh fortune-telling craze in the cafes—cards, palms, coffee grounds. Versailles and Tokay each has a squad. I peek into the open-fronted "Flying Trapeze" now and then hopefully, but have yet to see anyone swinging overhead "with the greatest of ease." For a book mark: "Here I Fell Asleep!"

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(Continued from Page One)

posed to have been submitted to him, officially or unofficially.

The objection was based on mechanical obstacles. A new minting machine system would have to be established to make the new coins.

This may be one reason why the treasury was not very anxious to have hearings on its proposed bill. Another was that hearings would give the bankers an opportunity to show what complications the new fractional coins would add to their business.

Even so, the bill might have gone through congress without trouble except that it was so vaguely drawn that it gave the treasury powers beyond those strictly needed for the coinage of doughnuts.

The recluse of the cabinet is Labor Secretary Perkins. She is so adverse to publicity that her own Democratic publicity organization is unable to get anything out of her. Recently the women's division of the national committee decided that the labor secretary was getting the worst publicity of any cabinet member. It schemed to build her up quietly.

To effect that purpose three different attempts were made to get information about her home and her life. Each application was turned down by her secretary, even the one that came from the official Democratic magazine of the national committee.

This establishes a new record for political shyness among public officials. Usually they are willing to pay for such advertising.

What President Roosevelt's oil message to congress meant was that the states will be given an opportunity to work out production control, if they can. The oil crowd within the new deal is not very enthusiastic about the state compacts, but had no other ideas. That explains why Mr. Roosevelt's message was so short, in fact the shortest he has sent to congress this session.

Underlying skepticism seems to be based on the fact that the pacts are gentlemen's agreements, and there seems to be some question whether everyone in that industry is a gentleman.

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.

NEWER KNOWLEDGE OF PEPTIC ULCER

Ulcer of the stomach (gastric ulcer) or of the duodenum (intestine just beyond the stomach) is called peptic ulcer. Various views as to the nature and cause of this common condition have led to the use of many different methods or plans of treatment. At best, no treatment as yet has proved very satisfactory, though the Sippy regimen or some modification of it, has given victims of peptic ulcer the greatest degree of comparative comfort and safety.

The conviction has grown upon the profession that more is involved in these cases of peptic ulcer than the local lesion in the mucous membrane. A question on which there has been much speculation is "Why doesn't the healthy stomach digest itself?" or "What causes the erosion or digestion of small areas of the mucous membrane of stomach or duodenum which produces peptic ulcer?" Overstimulation or irritation of the stomach with hot sauces, condiments, or alcohol, has been considered one factor of ulcer. Then some physicians have regarded peptic ulcer as a local infection, some have thought it hereditary, and some have favored the view that it results from some interference with the circulation of blood supply of the affected area of gastric or duodenal lining. The multiplicity of opinions has led to various methods of treatment.

McCarrison, British army surgeon in India observed the frequency of peptic ulcer among tribes in the south whose diet was mainly rice and tapioca (poor in vitamins) and a striking rarity of the disease among the Sikhs whose diet was largely milk and vegetables (rich in vitamins). In experimental work he found that monkeys fed on diets poor in vitamins usually developed peptic ulcer. McCarrison was one of the first to prove that an adequate supply of vitamins is essential to maintain normal nutrition and health of the gastro-intestinal tract. Many other investigators have confirmed this since. Vitamins A, B, and C appear to be particularly essential, and D to a lesser degree.

Manville found that with a deficiency of vitamin A there is a failure in the secretion of mucus in the stomach, and mucus is the natural protective of the delicate stomach lining against irritations of all kinds and against digestion by the gastric juice itself.

Heretofore the diets generally prescribed in the alleviation or treatment of peptic ulcer have been seriously deficient in vitamins, and if it is true that inadequate supply of the several vitamins is a predisposing cause of peptic ulcer, it becomes obvious that a diet used in the treatment of the condition should include, or be supplemented with, optimal rations of the vitamins, that is, more than the normal body requires to maintain health, for it is necessary to restore the depleted vitamin reserves in the body if you hope to bring about good nutrition and anything like normal functioning.

These are just some crazy notions of mine, which you will not find in doctor books, not for five or ten years yet.

Take 'em or leave 'em. In any case I challenge any physician or other scientific person to question any of them.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

It Is Fatal to Black Widows

Is the story about Harold Lloyd turning scientist and searching for a chemical to destroy black widows some kind of joke?

Answer—I don't know. Harold might get a good cue from the Los Angeles county health department. They have found that spraying with a 10 per cent solution of lethane in light oil disposes of the spiders and is comparatively harmless to man and animals. Lethane is an organic thio-cyanate.

Alcohol Still Depresses

Please give your opinion on this claim of the whiskey people that "scientific research proves that (a certain brand of whiskey) stimulates the circulation." (F. D. L. S.)

Answer—That's for the moron public. It is as "scientific" as the claim that a certain brand of tobacco steadies the nerves or increases endurance. Nothing is too silly for Forty Million Americans. No medical authority or other competent person imagines alcohol stimulates the circulation. Every authority knows it depresses the circulation.

X-ray Diagnosis of Tuberculosis

Can lung tuberculosis be detected by X-ray when an ordinary doctor fails to diagnose it? (C. J.)

Answer—X-ray picture gives only corroborative evidence. X-ray evidence alone may be misleading, for other conditions may cast shadows similar to those of tuberculosis. This is one of many questions answered in "1000 Questions and Answers on T. B." a book compiled and published by National Tuberculosis Association, New York City.

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.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

TWO interesting paragraphs—that is, if you find world news interesting.

"Governmental plans for an Ethiopian mission to Japan, to leave Addis Ababa soon, were disclosed today."

"An authoritative Tokyo source indicated today that Toshiharu Harima, first secretary of the Japanese embassy in Rome, has been designated to open a Japanese legation at Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, in January.

THERE'S a community of interest, you see, between little Ethiopia and a big and rather truculent Japan—just what no ordinary, average, everyday person knows: that knowledge being reserved for the diplomats of the inner circles.

But it looks as if Mussolini might be stirring up a larger horneta' nest than appears on the surface.

YOU may think you're not interested in these developments in the news of the world, preferring the latest murder story much nearer home, but if war DOES start in Ethiopia you'll probably be interested before it ends.

EXCEEDINGLY political headline: "Borah May Enter Republican Race." Presidential race, of course.

His "friends" are putting him forward, and it isn't known yet, the correspondents on the Washington front inform us, whether or not he will run.

He may, if he can be assured of an adequate expense fund and a good campaign manager.

OF course he'll run, if the prospects look good. Borah has been wanting to run for President for nearly as many years as this writer can remember, but something has always arisen to make it look unwise.

The old part of it is that if Borah had become a Presidential candidate at any time in the past he'd have run as a near-radical, whereas if he makes a campaign now it will be as a near conservative.

Borah hasn't changed. It is politics that has done the changing.

Somebody dropped a good story about Borah in Southern Oregon a while back. It ran something like this:

Borah was out riding in Rock Creek park (one of Washington's beauty spots) one day, and everything was lovely and he was as happy as any human being can be. But suddenly he discovered that both he and the horse were going in the same direction, and that ruined the day for him.

FOR years, Borah professed to believe in a lot of the things the New Dealers are now pushing hard, because in those days nobody else could see them with a telescope.

But when the administration took up these isms, along with the New Deal, Borah had to jump the reservation and become a near-conservative, lifting his voice in defense of the constitution.

He just couldn't go in the same direction with anybody else.

REVEREND J. W. ANGELL MOVES TO CALIFORNIA

Rev. Joseph W. Angell will deliver the sermon at the 11 o'clock service tomorrow in the Monterey Presbyterian church. He will fill the pulpit in the absence of Rev. George Easton Petrie, who is attending the Synod of California now in session at San Francisco.

Next Sunday morning Mr. Angell will preach at the Mayflower Congregational church, the pastor of which, Rev. John Hunter, is leaving Monday for a vacation at Idlewild near Palm Springs.

Rev. Mr. Angell has just arrived here from Gold Beach, Oregon, where he is closing a pastorate of more than six years. With Mrs. Angell he is residing at 310 Willow street, Pacific Grove, former home of Miss Virginia Streng. Mr. and Mrs. Angell plan to remain here permanently.

Although they have never resided here before, Mr. and Mrs. Angell have been frequent visitors since their first trip here in 1908.—Monterey (Calif.) Herald.

Rev. J. W. Angell and Mrs. Angell are well known in Medford, and Jackson county, having for several years resided in Phoenix.

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Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 25 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
August 12, 1925
(It was Wednesday)

Gertrude Ederle starts training for English channel swim.

Charley Chaplin, movie comedian, improves, but is still a sick man, doctors report.

Plane arrives from Eugene for patrol of forest fires.

California and Montana shaken by quakes, damage slight.

137 cars of pears have been shipped east to date, from this valley. 37 cars were dispatched yesterday.

Tourist travel to Crater Lake still heavy.

Oregon Jones, notorious southern Oregon bandit, is killed, and three guards are killed in the bloodiest prison break in Oregon penitentiary history. Three convicts—Ellsworth Kelly, James Willos and James Murray escape.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
August 12, 1915
(It was Thursday)

$300 in prizes to be awarded school children at county fair.

The It theatre has been replaced by the Empire theatre.

Zeppelin raid on English coast kills 26 persons.

Furniture for the new Barnum hotel on Front street arrives.

Will and Stanley Lydiard, accompanied by their two sisters, Miss Grace and Miss Sue, started Wednesday morning for Lakeview, where they will visit relatives for a few days and on their return will visit Crater Lake and other sights along the river road—(Table Rock Tablets).

13,675 acres of land have been signed up in the valley for irrigation.

LORDS RETURN TOPIC OF REV. W. A. DAWES SERMON TO BAPTISTS

The Lord's Return was the subject of Rev. Wolford A. Dawes at the Baptist church Sunday morning.

Many references were quoted from the New Testament and also in the Old Testament, a doctrine dear to the heart of God's people. The sermon dealt with the truth in the New Testament. Later he may take the facts in the Old Testament:

1. The fact of His return.
2. The manner.
3. The results.
4. The time.

"Jesus said he would return. 'I go to prepare a place for you; if I go I will return.'

Every writer of the New Testament refers to his return. They called it 'a blessed hope'," said the pastor.

"The return is not based upon philosophy, not based upon hearsay but upon the Word of God.

"The manner. Pentecost was not the return, not the destruction of Jerusalem, not death, death being sorrow and grief. When Jesus comes there will be rejoicing. 'The same Jesus shall return in like manner,' Rev. 19. Every eye shall see him. Two parts coming for his church and coming with his saints. King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

"Results: Those who are asleep awake, mortal shall put on immortality. John said, 'Now are we the sons of God.' When he shall appear we shall be like him. Henceforth laid up for me a crown of righteousness, the service that is acceptable is rewarded.

"Time: The Lord is yet to come and receive to himself.

"Jesus said, 'No man knoweth the hour.' Be ready, accept Him now, be a faithful servant, resting in his promises," the speaker concluded.

Use Mail Tribune want ads

JACKSON COUNTY 'GRANGE LUNACY' EDITORIAL TOPIC

Portland Publication Grills Farmer Organization For Action In Banks Case —Called Reactionaries.

Under the title "Jackson County Grange Lunacy," published in "Everybody's Business," a Portland publication, of which Kelley Loe is publisher, the Bellview Grange, and the Pomona Grange, as well as Jackson county is placed on the editorial grill.

The article is an aftermath of the resolution passed by the Bellview Grange and reported adopted by the Pomona, in which State Senator Peter Zimmerman and Dr. Albert Slaughter of Portland, members of the state executive committee of the grange were criticized for signing a petition for an investigation of the murder trial of L. A. Banks, former local agitator, and demanding the resignation of Zimmerman and Slaughter, as members of the executive committee. The article holds the two signed as citizens, not as Grange officials, and that an investigation—not a pardon—was sought for Banks.

The article states:

"Jackson county is perhaps the most reactionary of any in the state. Patrons of husbandry there, either through inoculation with reactionary ideas, or through intimidation—or both—have taken on the hue of Jackson county politics."

Other excerpts from the article read:

"In the two years that have elapsed since Banks' conviction, many citizens have come to the belief that possibly there was a miscarriage of justice in the trial, which was held while intense feeling prevailed in Jackson county, and to a degree throughout the state.

"Jackson county was one of the two counties in the state, which favored the sales tax, which is a fair illustration of the extreme reaction in that section.

"There is other significance in the action of the Jackson County Pomona Grange. It serves a double purpose; first, to extend prejudice against an investigation of the Banks case, and second, to provide an excuse for an attack on liberal officials of the state grange * * The policy of the reactionaries appears to be to use whatever issue promises to be successful in a particular section to weaken state grange officials."

The article further states, "this paper (Everybody's Business) is informed the action of the Jackson Pomona, may now be transmitted to granges throughout the state for their action.

"Other granges will be asked to endorse the Jackson County Lunacy."

Copies of the publication have been received by many Jackson county grangers, and the article above-mentioned created considerable resentment.

At a meeting held in Phoenix, Saturday, July 24, the Pomona considered approval of the Bellview Grange resolution, but no public report was made on the action taken.

Tender Refloated

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Aug. 12.—(AP)—Aided by two tugs, the United States coast guard cutter Pulaski yesterday pulled the 65-foot cannery tender, C. P. B. A. No. 2, off the sands of North Spit, one mile north of Coos Bay, Ore., where it ran aground during a dense fog Thursday.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 12.—(AP)—Three men were injured, two seriously when an Illinois Central freight train was dynamited three miles south of here early today.

First Church of Christ Scientist
15 Minute Devotional Period
KMED
8 o'clock a. m. Daily
August 12 to 17 Inc.

Music!
Flowers!
Clothes in
A New Setting
•
Save Thursday
Night
See Wednesday Night's Tribune