

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Ferry. The New Year started off with everybody full of optimism, or equidistant thereof. Even bankers predicted nobody would come out the little end of the horn the coming twelve-month. Socially there was much doing on the initial day of 1936, and one of the Older Girls was superb in her imitation of Miss West.

Below zero interest is being manifested in the mandate of the people to be held January 31. Judge Coleman was 65 years old Wed., and was able to have two celebrations at the cost of one.

The Brown Boys of Eagle Point ate in town the middle of the week, getting a respite from the best cooking in the world. Reports state pussywills are injudiciously blooming in the Talent area.

A number of speed idiots were caught violating the basic speed law, but not on East Main street, the past week. The moral effect, however, was good. Quite a few became cautious and slowed down to 62 mph, going home for supper.

Santa Claus brought the youngest B. Hammond boy a shotgun, which takes him out into the open spaces frequently. The next important day is Ground Hog Day, Feb. 2. It falls on Sunday, so the barbershops are left without an excuse to close up.

The state police are frantically installing all automobiles get their 1936 license plates without delay or back-talk. Most of the motorists beat them to it.

A "tool of Wall Street" was here the first of the week from Frisco on business. He was serving Mammon in the first auto of its kind ever to deprecate the Rogue River valley.

Merv Chastain of Grants Pass who formerly threw baskets for Medford HI, visited Thurs. He was the slickest proposition who ever wore basketball pants in these parts, and was as fast as the lightning that nearly hit Brayton on his front porch, last summer. Time and Grants Pass have slowed him up considerably.

Statistics issued at the court house this week show that marriages and divorces were about even for the past year, and it is estimated there were 84 percent less shivers. The district attorney reported there was a decline in criminal offenses, and martyrs. There was also no hysterical dramatics on court house steps, and everybody kept his shirt on.

Messrs. Ward and Maury Spate, a couple of young Democrats old enough to know better have been mentioned for the legislature. They always have been level-headed, cool thinking and conservative, heretofore, so all fears may be groundless.

Copious rains fell over the valley the past week. Many farmers accepted the rains, but held to the view they would be needed more next June.

The President's speech on the air Fri. night enraptured F. DeSouza (D), and dejected the Republican county chairman, whoever he is.

Jim Bates' bum foot is bothering him, and he is wearing a cane. A crime wave rolled over the city the past week, and rural residents have everything nailed down, except the hired man.

No. A is going to start a drive for new members, to bring it up to full fighting strength. There is practically no enthusiasm for a war hereabouts.

Stanford won the Rose Bowl game and all local grid experts turned out to be poorer guessers than Peoria Bill Gates.

Wet at Bend. BEND, Ore., Jan. 4 (AP)—The infant New Year—only four days old—has already brought Bend nearly a fourth as much precipitation as measured here during the entire year of 1935.

For Hope that Wear buy NOLDB & HORST Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

The President's Message

THAT was a good political speech delivered by President Roosevelt to congress last night. But it WAS political. And those who don't like politics injected into presidential messages, didn't like what the president had to say to the members of the 74th congress, and through the radio to the American people. But what do such critics expect? We have entered the year of another presidential election,—the campaign has already started,—what is to be expected, from the leader of one of these parties, and the head of the present government? A long winded treatise on international law, or a scholarly discussion of the Lost Digamma? How could a message at such a time and from such a source be anything but political.

FOR that matter, what is politics anyway? According to Webster's International dictionary this is the accepted definition: "The theory or practice of managing or directing the affairs of public policy; hence political affairs, principles, convictions, opinions, sympathies or the like"

The president is the manager and director of this country's public affairs, how COULD he deliver a message on the state of the union, and avoid touching on political principles and convictions, or expressing his own "political opinions or sympathies"—especially his sympathies.

President Roosevelt very clearly, and in an unusually forceful fashion, expressed his political convictions, both regarding international and domestic affairs; and in both directions, was rather more explicit, than perhaps some thought the occasion called for.

All right. They are entitled to their opinion. But in our judgment, the present is no time, either nationally or internationally to pussyfoot, to straddle, or sit idly by waiting on tradition or precedent. Conditions are too serious both at home and abroad, for the heads of governments to be anything but frank outspoken and uncompromisingly REALISTIC.

For that is essentially nothing but clear headed and courageous leadership, and leadership is the great outstanding need.—PROPER leadership,—not only in the United States, but throughout the world.

Instead of being CONDEMNED for his forthright challenging address to the people of his own country, and indirectly to the world, President Roosevelt should be COMMENDED. We only wish more heads of governments, to the east and west of us, would follow his example.

Moreover such a speech clears the atmosphere. It blows away the fogs of doubt and speculation and reveals the fundamental issues. We can quite understand how one might entirely disagree with the president's political OPINIONS, but we can't understand, how ANYONE could criticize him for expressing them. Either expressing them to congress, in his annual message, or to the American people over the radio.

THE radio feature appears to have griped the president's political enemies, especially. Changing the hour of the address, from noon until night, so more of the people of the country could listen in, aroused the republican leader of the house, to such a state of rage, that several times he appeared on the verge of apoplexy.

Why all this heat? Isn't what the president of this country has to say about the state of the union,—and the state of the world,—of just as much interest to the people of this country, as to the members of the congress? (And might we suggest of even more importance!)

We still live in a democracy, the people still rule (theoretically at least), what does this so-called "breaking of precedent" do exactly but ENLARGE AND EXTEND THE AREA OF INFORMATION, give the people as a whole an opportunity to know more about their government and its policies, than would otherwise be possible?

In that something to condemn? Is there anything reprehensible in giving the people of the country more information about their own affairs rather than less? ABSURD. It is merely good sense,—good government—taking advantage of modern improvements in communication, instead of disregarding them.

THERE is another point to consider about this annual message,—and about everything that is going to happen politically between now and this coming November.

We have entered the campaign zone—not far, but we are IN. And from now on party lines are going to be more and more tightly drawn. Just as the regular Democrats are declaring this message one of the greatest state papers in modern history (which it ISN'T); the Republicans are panning it from stem to stern, and refusing to find anything in it, but a lot of partisan and fermented applesauce.

It was ever thus and promises so to continue (for a few centuries at least!) People who are not as much interested in either party, as in the TRUTH, will refuse to accept either view, and arrive eventually somewhere between the two extremes. The judgment of the message, and what one hears about it, in the press and elsewhere, should therefore be taken with this in mind. In nine cases out of ten, citizens aren't speaking, just REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS.

AS far as this paper is concerned, we repeat, the president made a good POLITICAL speech. He defined the salient issues clearly and showed once more that he is really forming a new political party in this country—in fact has really done so.

Take it or leave it, is our motto,—but don't be SILLY, don't deny the leader of a party and the head of a government the RIGHT, to clarify the principles of that party, and use every legitimate method, of getting his ideas over to ALL the people, when congress opens or at any other time!

THE message as a whole we liked, and with the broad principles enunciated we heartily agree. One feature of it we didn't like,—and of many of the president's speeches and papers of the past, we have the same criticism to make.

That is his appeal, direct or implied, to class prejudice. We think there is enough of that in the country now without any stimulation from high places, particularly from the White House.

On the other hand we realize the demands of practical politics and perhaps, if one wishes to accomplish anything on the LIBERAL side in this country, statements which could come under this heading, can't be avoided.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Signed letters pertaining to persons 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.

ON THE TRAIL OF PLAIN WHEAT

On the way to Monterey the other day we lamped a feed store on the outskirts of San Luis Obispo. Bringing the, or, conveyance to a halt we wriggled out from behind the wheel the feed store ample head room and leg room in the latest models, but it seems each new model encroaches more and more on one's rib room and walked stiffly into the store.

It was like attending a fair. Never before came across such an attractive showing of feeds in such a place. Not only was there plain wheat available but several grades or varieties at your pleasure. Nor was the man in charge apparently astonished when we confessed we wanted the wheat for our own use. On the contrary he was prepared for just such business—and here I think the feed store man offered an excellent example for other feed or seed store people. Smilingly he turned from the bag of good looking wheat in which we were fondly playing and observed that he had something a bit more suitable for kitchen use, and he showed us wheat in another bin all cleaned or winnowed ready for cooking or chewing, though we had already chewed some of the other ordinary stock after having blown the chaff and straw out of a handful.

Fine. We'd take along a peck of that. How much would we like, inquired the polite dealer. A peck would be enough—later if it proved satisfactory we might want larger quantities, but today . . . Certainly. About how much would we like . . .

And so on. Well, you may have guessed by now what the difficulty was. Actually the feed store man did not know how much a peck is. So we kind tightened up and bought only ten pounds—he seemed to know how much a pound is. But the man's unfamiliarity with standard weights and measures of North America cut his sales 50 per cent—now figure out for yourself how much a peck is, and if you can't find the answer that way you'll find it in Webster's International, or I'll have you in trouble. A peck is 8 quarts, or the fourth of a bushel, 15 pounds of wheat, as wheat runs 60 pounds to the bushel.

Anyway the clean wheat cost us two cents a pound. Back home we ran a teaspoonful of it once through the old coffee grinder, cracking it coarsely. We cooked

as the sky crumbled into pink. I wondered if it might not be his first night out with the usual indiscretion.

Another block and a pair of hotel detectives I know. Both debriefed, whiffing whacking George Jessel cigars and sporting conspicuous fudge buttons. In unison they both wanted to know what I was about at such an hour and there were quick, knowing glances at my floppy house slippers and uncollared neck. Strange how we look upon almost everybody out of routine with suspicion in the sliding shadows of night. And I had the uncomfortable feeling I should explain. But a taxi careened up with a silk-batted morning jag. I moved off before he had a chance to wait with me. Any time, day or night, drunks will try to hell me around in a walk.

There's a reason for drawing this mental blank. Morpheus was coy last night. I counted sheep, read Hiawatha, downed a hot glass of milk and jolled around in a tepid bath. But just as I'd feel myself slipping away I would be swimming again in the wide-eyed frisk of the goldfish.

At 4 a. m. I yanked trousers over my pajamas, muffled into a great coat and drifted a couple of blocks east to one of those back-room neighborhood places. It was drained of the usual bustle. The bandy-legged man-of-all-work was cleaning up the ice box.

A Bosam madam, trying to look maidenly with wistful bangs like Helen Morgan's, was dawdling over a flat beer and reading a tabloid. The bartender was checking up the cash register. After a Scotch appraisal I ordered a round for the house and a hot lemonade for myself.

Madam pondered over what she would drink. She had been bearing it up, she explained, since early evening, and if I didn't mind she'd have a stiff old fashioned and go on to her flat around the corner. Bundy Legs' choice was a beer and the bartender laid aside a cigar, tucked it, pencil like, behind his ear to drop in the box again.

There's a touch of the forlorn about a drinking den with the tide out. A hoppy sour aroma, like the dry snarl of a dog at a work house. Most corners dimly after midnight is false. Madam told a music hall joke and locked hopefully into her emptied glass. While turning up my coat collar before opening the side door, I heard the bar man say: "One of the Sutton Place crowd." I felt distinguished.

A block away a knot of people and a stalled car. A half dozen peering into the lifted hood. Nowhere does an auto breakdown attract a crowd as in New York. In the back seat a bright and roused blonde had curled up and was relaxing with deep cigarette inhales. The clerkly looking owner tinkered here and there, glancing at his wrist watch and perspiring freely. One gained an impression somehow he was in more than ordinary dilemma. The frequent watch-glancing was the give-away. He knew he should be somewhere he was not

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—This will be another of those aimless, wandering and runaway columns. It always is when I have to sit a half hour with no one to talk to, and the slightest mental twitch. Frequently it has the unexpectedness of a table tipping experiment. Let a long while, then buckkity-buckkity.

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

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS. YOU'VE heard, possibly—or maybe read somewhere—that sawmilling is a wasteful industry. If you want to find out what a whooper that is, take a trip sometime through one of the big mills of the Southern Oregon country.

You'll not that while logs are coming into the mill by the trainload nothing much GOES OUT but finished lumber. You see no trucks hauling away refuse, and no rubbish piles are building up. It is said of pork packing plants that they utilize all of the hog but the squeal, and a modern sawmill does nearly as well with the logs that come into it.

THERE'S a big trash burner, to be sure, but in modern plants the trash burner isn't much more than a pinch-hitter, functioning when something goes wrong temporarily with the "hog"—the machine that chews the refuse up and makes efficient fuel of it.

When the "hog" breaks a tooth, the refuse burner takes care of the situation until the break is repaired. ONE thinks, of course, of lumber as the product of a sawmill. Well, in its various forms, lumber is the PRINCIPAL product. But at these big mill electricity is a by-product. Practically all the refuse, after being converted into "hog" fuel, is burned under the boilers, and the power thus generated is converted into electricity, which runs the hundreds of machines of various sorts.

THEY have brains in charge. For example, the steam that turns the great turbines condenses into hot water, and this hot water is led back into the mill pond, which is thus prevented from freezing over in cold weather. SLICK, isn't it?

THERE'S plenty of brains around such a place. The sawyer's for example. The sawyer stands besides the head rig, as the great logs pour in. Beside him is a sheet of paper showing the orders the mill is cutting on. With those orders in mind, the sawyer directs the cutting of each log in just the way that the product of it will fit most advantageously the orders on hand.

If you try that doesn't take brains, I think it some time. THEN there's the filer, whose job it is to keep the saws sharp. They have one big circular saw, whose job it is to cut the logs into proper lengths. This saw has to be "dished" just enough that when whirling at high speed centrifugal force will spin it out straight. It is the filer's job to calculate just the "dish" needed and put it into the saw when it is being sharpened. This he does by hand, with a hammer.

This saw costs around \$4,000, and things that cost that much have to be handled carefully. THE log is cut into lumber by a mighty saw at the head rig, and then it travels back and forth through the mill, being sorted, graded, dried in kilns and cut to lengths and sizes required by orders, winding up finally in box cars at the other end. Machinery of the latest type helps at every point in these processes, keeping the operation so efficient throughout that here in the Pacific Northwest, far from the world's great markets, the highest lumbering wages IN THE WORLD can be paid.

That's what efficiency does. A TRIP through one of these great mills is a real treat. Goodness only knows what it costs, in one way and another, to send a party of visitors from end to end—requiring two hours at the very least—but it is cheerfully and courteously done. It is an experience long to be remembered.

Highlights Of Roosevelt Talk

(By The Associated Press) Domestic Affairs. "Now, after 34 months of work, we contemplate a fairly rounded whole. . . . We have invited battle. We have earned the hatred of entrenched greed."

"I spoke (in 1933) of the practices of the unscrupulous money changers . . . who had admitted their failure and abdicated. . . . But now with the passing of danger they forget their damaging admissions and withdraw their abdication."

"They offer to lead us back toward the same old error into the same old dreary street."

"If these gentlemen believe . . . the measures adopted by this congress . . . have hindered rather than promoted recovery . . . let them propose the complete repeal of these measures."

"I shall we work to the children who have worked all day. Child labor is a local issue and so are your starvation wages. . . . Shall we say to the laborer 'You're right to organize, your relations with your employer, have nothing to do with the public interest. . . .'"

"Our resplendent economic autocracy does not want to return to that individualism of which they prey . . . give them their way and plunge us into a political rally where in he challenged his foes."

"We are justified in our present confidence. . . . Based on existing laws it is my belief that no new taxes . . . are advisable or necessary."

"Therefore, also, we can anticipate a reduction in our appropriations for relief."

World Affairs. "The temper and the purposes of the rulers of the many great populations in Europe and in Asia have not pointed the way either to peace or to good will among men."

"The people of the Americas must take cognizance of growing ill-will, of marked trends toward aggression, of increasing armaments."

"Nations seeking expansion . . . fail to demonstrate that patience necessary to obtain reasonable and legitimate objectives. . . ."

"They have therefore impatiently reverted to the old belief in the law of the sword."

Demos Job Lead. LOS ANGELES, Jan. 4.—(AP)—Of the 1934 voters out of 1,200,000 in the county who have registered, Democrats led Republicans today, 1,235 to 494. There was a scattering of minor parties, and 81 who declined to state political preferences.

"KICKINICK." Undergarments that fit at Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann's.

Editorial Comment of Nation's Press on Roosevelt Message

New York Herald-Tribune.—(Republ.) The unconscious irony of the message lay in the sharp contrast between its devotion to peace abroad and its incitement to hatred at home. . . . In this message he for the first time made the fomenting of hatred among Americans his open goal.

New York Times.—(Democrat.) His definition of his own administration, as had been indicated in advance, a challenge to his political enemies and a rallying summons to his supporters. . . . With the grave and weighty words which he employs with regard to international affairs give to his address an importance which will be instantly recognized.

New York Post.—(Independent Liberal.) The president's message was a challenge to autocracy. . . . Last night Mr. Roosevelt was in a fighting mood. . . . to a morally and politically bankrupt although highly vocal Tory opposition, he threw down the gauntlet of combat. . . . despite Tory clamor, he was the overwhelming majority of the American people wholeheartedly behind him.

Washington Star.—(Independent.) In the president's address, which was a masterpiece of words and excellent delivery, it was difficult to discern a recommendation, with the exception of a commendation to the congress of American neutrality and a new law on that subject.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.—(Independent Democrat.) "The nation would have welcomed a message with more detail. Mr. Roosevelt perhaps claims too much and admits too little. He offers more cheer for social idealists than for harassed taxpayers. However, the message is obviously the utterance of a man whose confidence is unshaken."

Rochester Time-Union.—(Independent.) It is not only distasteful, but even embarrassing to the American people for the chief magistrate to deliver on such an occasion a bitter partisan harangue, essentially a campaign speech, taken as a whole the message was far from attaining the level of real statesmanship, though it may have been politically adroit.

Albany, N. Y., Evening News.—(Independent.) We are left with nothing definite save the recollection of an astonishing political speech by the president who departed from tradition and turned a meeting of congress into a political rally where in he challenged his foes.

San Francisco Chronicle.—(Republican.) The address turns out to be not a message to congress, but to the voters, in behalf of his personal reelection. . . . the speech begins with a fierce attack on Japan and Italy, denouncing not merely their conduct abroad, which might be our business—though Mr. Roosevelt expressly refrains from making it that—but also their form of government at home, which emphatically is not the business of the American government.

Atlanta Journal.—(Democrat.) It was a rough night for autocrats, both at home and abroad. . . . the president's challenge, hurled like a thunderbolt at the whole tribe of entrenched greed, will put new heart into democracy everywhere.

Cincinnati Times-Star.—(Republican.) The address was quite alien to Mr. Roosevelt's former manner in its intolerance and its violence of partisanship. It sounded as if Mr. Roosevelt had given up all notion of appealing to moderates and middle-of-the-roads, and that he was out to please the radicals alone.

Oakland, Calif., Tribune.—(Republican.) This speech was both rich in human and emotional values and lacking in statesmanship and purpose. . . . President Roosevelt spoke as a man to the nation and not as an executive to congress. The congress and nation which listened had occasion to applaud an earnest individual who spoke for himself and his party and not of the state of the nation or the legislation which is in prospect.

The Seattle Times.—(Ind.) The president's message was not a report on the state of the nation. In the main it was devoted, though incoherently, to the mistakes and wickedness of other nations and the weakness of unnamed gentlemen who don't like the new deal. It was a message of no helplessness to congress, of no encouragement to the country, and a sad message, saddest of all in its more personal implications.

Miami, Fla., Daily News.—(Democrat.) If one thinks it was a bit rough in the president to outline the issue and spotlight the enemy as he did, there is this to be said: The president did not start it. . . . it is a militant speech, notifying all congress that if they want a fight they can have a good one and no quarter given or asked.

Springfield, Mass., Daily Republican.—(Independent.) It (the speech) is an aggressive, at times caustic, reply to the national manufacturers' association, Mr. Hearst, the DuPonts' American Liberty League, and various organizations that have of late taken the field with the avowed purpose of destroying Roosevelt.

Newark Evening News.—(Independent.) Mr. Roosevelt's speech . . . forecasts a bitter and dirty presidential campaign. By his own example and by his own vindictiveness he has stirred dissension at a time when we need unity. . . . a speech that calls so many bitter names, that indulges in so much ill-timed invective is not worthy of the president.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.—(Independent.) So long as the president reported on the state of the world . . . his speech fully comported with the dignity and duties of his office. When he began a report on the "state of the union," his address became the political oration of a candidate for office, with more than a trace of demagoguery.

Chicago Daily News.—(Independent Republican.) The only manner in which last night's radio speech (of President Roosevelt) can be interpreted editorially is to treat it for what it was, an undisciplined political speech by the prospective candidate of the democratic party.

Approve P.W.A. Loan OSWEGO, Ore., Jan. 4.—(AP)—Friday's balloting resulted in a vote of 137 to 76 in favor of accepting a PWA loan and grant of \$140,000 for the construction of a water system here.

Be correctly coseted in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Announcing The Opening of The First National Institute of Allied Arts

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MRS. C. R. ALEXANDER 106 Almond Instruments Free to a limited number of children and adults who are enrolled at this time.

The First National Institute of Allied Arts of South Bend, Ind., has no connection whatsoever with the National Institute of Music and Arts.

Good Looks Are Deceiving. Many extremely robust looking people are not as well as they look and should in reality be under the constant care of a physician. He alone, through his correct diagnosis and scientific treatment, can restore you to perfect health so that you really feel as "well as you look."

A Prescriptionist Fills Rx Carefully at HEATH DRUG STORE Medford Building Phone 884

