

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Autolists continue to guess correctly which direction—if any—a boy on a bike will turn.
"POETESS PUBLISHES NEW BOOK OF VERSE; FRIENDS INVITED TO RETREAT"—(Hildine Longview (Wn.) Daily News)—Cause and effect.

There is considerable talk about "the hidden strength of the Republican party." They better not forget where they hid it.
A New York pastor, deploring the poor grade of sermons, and lack of attendance, advocates the closing of churches, for a lengthy period to revive interest in religion.

Dry leaders now schedule the return of prohibition in 1945, and will conduct a campaign of education towards that end. It ought not to take that long, the way the populace is driving Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons.

The secretary of agriculture holds the reports of voter trends towards Gov. Landon "are just a straw in the wind." They might look like a straw in the wind to the secretary of agriculture, but a number of local Democrats have mistaken the same for a hay-stack.

MULE VS. DOCTOR
(American Med. Jnl.)
Dear Sir: I have Promises to Bring you Some corn. Bit at the same time I have got me a nother mule and it took that Mutch corn for the Mule Bit Lisen I will pay you if Life Last and you will hater Bit Entress one it I can. If I don't I will have something and I and you can trade one fore we want to bease you again Some time hope to here frome you Soon

Blanket sales continue. The price are low, and the weather it would be cheaper and warmer to go to bed than buy next winter's wood.
"A splash party in the river and a rattlesnake hunt in the hills were followed by the severing of William's two birthday cakes in the beautifully decorated Broughton summer home."—(Yakima (Wash.) Republic)—The social whirl does some spinning.

Sunday, 401 persons climbed Mt. Hood in a body. Sometimes one person alone tries to climb Mt. Hood, and then 400 try to find him.
Portland authorities have declared war on "fortune-tellers." These are not the political fortune-tellers, who promise \$200 per month and a chance to split up J. Pierpont Morgan's wealth, at the small cost of a vote.

Some fiend has stolen Del Getchell's new hat by mistake. Instead of buying another, the banker-poet will install a burglar alarm in the two he has left.
The Older Girls knit 41 acres of wool dresses last week, and there some talk of a textile strike. They now talk about how to keep skirts from unraveling. Instead of how to prevent mold on the raspberry jam.

An Eastern Oregon ranger reports he saw a deer chasing a woodpecker up a tree. The object of the chase was a milk-pail away from a tired man is also doubted.
The state Legion convention holds forth at Roseburg this week. There will be great beating of tom-toms, and Douglas county will never want to hear another bass drum—not even the Salvation Army weapon.

HOME SECRET.
The alarm clock, of late, clatters in evil discordance at 6 o'clock. My response to it has become mere routine. I groan, flap a foot feebly about just outside the covers to test the temperature of the morning, groggily poke about for house slippers and stagger forth. Disarray of a room which, on retiring, seemed only the honest marks of family occupancy, the cold, fetid, or muggy air is positively repellent.—Olive Barton in the Good Day Times.

The Tragedy of Zioncheck

THE cry of "mad dog" sends a stab of terror, through the human heart. The police are called out, the dog is rounded up and shot. No chances can be taken with a mad dog. Similarly with some dread contagious disease,—leprosy, small pox, the bubonic plague or what not. The situation is not so dramatic, the reaction not so violent; but no time is lost, in isolating the victim, establishing a rigid quarantine, for in any community no chances can be taken with a dangerous epidemic. But let some responsible and trustworthy citizen, express the opinion, John Jones is a plain nut, mentally unbalanced and morally irresponsible, and let aforesaid Jones from day to day, supply overwhelming evidence of the fact, and there is no excitement whatever. There is no particular public interest. Yes, Jones is a queer, erratic and eccentric bird, but if he is crazy so are scores of others. Besides what is insanity anyway? The border line between a person who is insane and a person who isn't, is hard to find. The subject is dropped. So Jones goes on playing the role of a plain nut, the public is more amused than depressed by his eccentric behaviour, (to watch him is as diverting as a vaudeville show), and what is really a grim human tragedy, goes on to its inevitable conclusion, with nine times out of ten, the most regrettable and tragic results.

YES, we have in mind the late—and NOW lamented—Marion Zioncheck. Zioncheck was just a nut and a joke—a play-boy on the loose. He drank buckets of gin; invented the famous Zioncheck "zipper"; married a pretty stenographer; made monkeys of the motor cops on his honeymoon; painted the Virgin Islands red; threw out his landlady and broke her hip, waded in the fountain at Rockefeller Center, at two in the morning, and was a delicious and diverting front page feature for months.

A long time ago this paper concluded the man was insane, and suggested he be examined and placed in some institution. The general reaction to this suggestion appeared to be that ye editor didn't know a plain drunk from a plain vanilla milk shake, and couldn't take a joke.

BUT how wise we all are, AFTER the event! Everyone now is saying "Of course the man was crazy all the time"—just as after the Schmeling victory they all said they knew Joe Louis was a stumble-bum from the first.

That's human nature—unfortunately. Our HINDSIGHT is so much better than our FORESIGHT. We are so alert and energetic when it comes to something that is obviously and traditionally alarming—like a mad dog or a small pox epidemic,—and completely indifferent to a danger that isn't,—that is somewhat obscure and uncertain—but as far as its destructive force is concerned, may well be, more fatal and far-reaching in its consequences than either.

IT is to the credit of the Washington (D. C.) authorities that they arrested Zioncheck, confined him to a psychopathic ward, and decided he should be withdrawn from circulation for the time being.

It was reported at the time, the Washington congressman was a pronounced paranoic, subject to delusions of persecution and grandeur, fits of pronounced exaltation and despair, that until a cure could be effected he should, be closely guarded, carefully watched, or he might harm himself or others.

As everyone knows Zioncheck escaped. That escape was all added evidence of the man's abnormality. He made a vaulting jump that would have made an Olympic champion envious. In a sudden seizure madmen are often like that possessing super human agility and strength.

WHEREUPON the fatal mistake was made. Once out of the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia, no further attempt was made apparently by the authorities, or the man's family and friends, to subject him again to treatment and restraint. It was a revival of the grand Zioncheck comedy of bizarre antics and monkey shines,—Zipper Z was on the loose again. So the story ended with a jump to death on a Seattle street.

IT'S just good luck that Zioncheck didn't take someone with him in that final jump, or clean up the corridor in a Berserker rage, before he made the leap. That's characteristic of the mental disease from which he was suffering. Every day or so one reads in the press reports of some farmer killing his entire family and then himself; an unbalanced mother crushing out the lives of her children, and taking gas—a large proportion of these shocking unprovoked tragedies the direct result of mental disorders,—almost as well defined in characteristic symptoms, as physical disorders.

But unless there is actual violence and foaming at the mouth no one pays the slightest attention to them. They are just queer,—let them go on, and have their fling—just harmless nuts.

Some of them are harmless of course but more of them are not. And modern science undoubtedly could determine the dangerous ones—the potential homicidal maniacs—as readily, as science can determine, victims of typhoid or tuberculosis.

One of these days this will be done. The time will come when a civilized society will no more tolerate the roaming about of the mentally diseased,—those destined, unless properly cared for and treated to become homicidal maniacs,—than they now tolerate mad dogs or notorious typhoid carriers on the loose.

But we fear that time is far distant. The world progresses,—but it progresses slowly,—very slowly,—it arrives finally after much wandering at the goal it could have reached, generations earlier, by using brains and taking the shortest, instead of the longest, distance between two points.

AND now they are giving Zioncheck the biggest funeral ever seen in the Puget Sound country. Yes, Marion would have enjoyed that, but he happens to be the corpse. The greatest moment in his life comes, after he has left it.

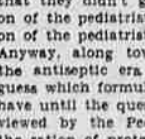
He was able, energetic, fearless, but something went haywire inside and while society could have saved him, Zioncheck could not save himself. He didn't need an audience, he needed help; the man wasn't a show off, he was sick. But because his illness was mental instead of physical, society had no interest either in helping him or protecting itself. So we turn the leaf on that tragedy, and on a brand new page, start to write another one!

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 received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HOODEY IS THE MAIN INGREDIENT IN INFANT FOOD

The old-time baby specialists started... The chief differences between human milk and cow's milk are in the proportion of protein, cow's milk having nearly three times as much protein; and minerals, of which cow's milk has about three times as much as human milk. Incidentally, woman's milk contains a larger ratio of lactose (milk sugar) than cow's milk. To modify cow's milk for a newborn infant it is necessary simply to dilute it with water and sweeten it with some sugar. If one-third fresh milk is mixed with two-thirds water, the proportion of protein and minerals in the mixture will then be about the same as in woman's milk. But the proportion of fat will be too low. Therefore, instead of using whole milk, it is the usual practice to let the bottle of fresh milk stand till cream rises, then use only the top third, which will contain about 10% fat and the same amount of protein and minerals as the whole fresh milk.



that they didn't give the carrying-on of the pediatricist much attention. Anyway, along toward the close of the antiseptic era no one dared to guess which formula the baby should have until the question had been reviewed by the Pediatric Board and the ration of protein and fat worked out by logarithms. Had a baby here in our neighborhood recently. All the real doctors charge fee, so it developed on me to, er, select a formula for feeding the infant. For awhile I was quite perturbed, for it seems the latter-day authors are cagey about giving formulas in language a plain doctor can understand, but finally I got up enough courage to tell the folk to try half-natural, sweetened with a little sugar. I thought that might hold them off so I could get on with my bowling. But, no, they merely checked up on it, made sure I meant half milk and half water and a spoonful or two of just plain old cane sugar in the bottle, and they let the baby have it. The baby took it oke. Not without an occasional spell of squawking. This was a pretty healthy baby. But the baby's pa and ma are not averse to saving ten bucks and they are willing to gamble a bit. Thus we all carried on, and the baby presently relented. "Oh, well," she said, "if you really mean it I don't mind." Fancy — and expensive — foldarol aside, the science of infant feeding is simply this: Make the food as nearly like nature's product as you can get it without getting silly about it. That is, unless you don't know what else to do with your superfluous cash.

Human Milk
Fat 3.5 to 5.0%
Sugar (lactose, milk sugar) 6 to 8%
Protein 1 to 2%
Minerals 0.18 to 0.2%
Water 84.75 to 89.32%
Cow's Milk
Fat 3.50 to 3.50%
Sugar (lactose, milk sugar) 4.75 to 5.15%
Protein 3.39 to 3.91%
Minerals 12.74 to 37.51%

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Heat Exhaustion.
What are the symptoms of heat exhaustion and what will prevent it?
Answer — Ah, ah — naughty — no symptoms in a health column. Avoid eating meat in lunch, only for meal after 5 p. m. Eat plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, drink plenty of water and with each drink of water take a good pinch of ordinary salt. Avoid all alcoholic beverages, and instead use healthful stimulants which have no after-depression, such as tea, coffee, cocoa—these are beneficial hot or cold. Avoid all tight clothing, dark colored clothing, hats (except when protection against sunburn or glare is necessary). Live as nearly nude as you can.

Better Than Average.
I was much interested in your talks recently about maintaining better than average health condition. I'd like to have all of them in a form I can preserve. I saved about five, but missed...
Answer—Send ten cents coin and 3-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address, for copy of booklet "Building Vitality," which contains the gist of all the talks on that subject. (Copyright, 1936, John P. Dills Co.)

NEW YORK
Day by Day
by O.O. McIntyre
NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—The appointment of Richard Watts, Jr., now Dickie Watts along the Rialto—to succeed the popular Percy Hammond, makes a k e s him the youngest dramatic reviewer to spangle the Death Watch. It was Hammond's wish that the ruddy Irishman should take on his critical chore.

Watts has proved himself not only a skilled writer, but one of the interesting figures of the New York scene. Just shading the 30's, he has journeyed to all parts of the world. Expectations and college life, his prototype may be seen on any college campus. A shy fellow who blushes.

He attends first nights always with his mother, whose familiar sprays of orchids are as much a part of the premiere as Herb Swope's curtain lines rush to his front row seat. Watts began his newspapering as the movie critic on the same paper he now adorns. And is one of the town night owls.

A meticulous dresser, he is nevertheless an evening clothes atheist. And always appears in a business suit with a blue-collared shirt. He is a native of Charleston, W. Va., coming from a family of wealth and aristocracy, making him nearest to the Richard Harding Davis type of the era.

Greenwich Village is trying to shake off its past and thus away from the Bohemian rhapsodie that has sullied it with free love, sandaled its feet and streaked it with athletic glibber. Will Irwin claims much of the supposed Bohemia today exists only in the minds of press agents who emphasize the idea that genuine lives in the extra to rent comfortable rooms and squeaky walk-ups. Many believe The Village has had its purge—and is today as free of Leftists and sundry garrulous crack-pots as Sutton or Beckman Places.

The Village is the sixth richest of 26 districts in New York and has a greater percentage of home owners than any other section. So far this season, more than 3000 window boxes adorn these homes, which at no indicative of a mass of tans or a morose of long hair. There are more shades in the village per acre than there is in any other metropolitan area. There are blocks, too, that suggest the Pazo Menocau and Trovadero district of Paris. Church attendance in the Washington Square neighborhood is the highest per capita. All South once described "The Village" as "the finest stronghold of the New York family life." The Yulet suffers from its plethora

copies, privately circulated and I'm privileged to be on the list. Jones is one of the delvers into the foreign quarters of such cities as New York, San Francisco and New Orleans, and knows them well. He is listed by the Literary Guild as one of "the four leading Welsh writers." To which he replies: "I don't know who the other four may be. Reminds me of Queen Victoria who knew only two tunes; one was God Save the Queen, and the other wasn't..."

In crossing a "No Trespassing" stretch of Central Park last night a sparrow cop called, "Hey you, can't you read?" And the lady with me replied: "He not only can read, officer, but he thinks he can write!" My family has more fun.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.
INTERESTING news, of various kinds, in the papers these days. In Europe, the big news (apart from the Olympic games, where American athletes are piling up increasing laurels) has to do with present wars and the possibility of future war.

Civil war is raging in Spain, and Europe is jittery over the prospect that disastrously serious wars may arise out of this comparatively small one.

THE FRENCH, for example, fear that the Germans plan to aid the Spanish rebels. If that should come about, it seems probable that Russia would come to the aid of the existing Spanish government, which is communistic. The present government of France is suspected of leaning toward the communistic government of Spain, Germany and Italy, on the other hand, lean toward the fascist rebels who are seeking to overthrow the Spanish communists.

The possibilities of trouble that are involved in this situation are not hard to see. YOU noticed the other day that a German ship was shelled by a Spanish (communist) warship. Please note now that Germany is kicking up a loud disturbance over that incident, which rather seems to indicate that Germany is looking for an excuse to discipline the present government of Spain.

If that is true, it is significant. ON this side of the water, we are interested in reviving business. The stock market, which is both a vehicle for large-scale gambling and an exceedingly sensitive barometer of business condition, overcomes the fears inspired by the touchy political situation in Europe and reaches a new high level for the past five years.

That means that at the present moment, at least, buyers believe that business is going to get better in this country and as a result stocks are going up in price. So buyers on the stock exchange outnumber sellers, and prices go up.

IT is pleasant to note that while Europe is thinking chiefly of wars that seem inevitable, we are beginning to turn our thoughts to the improvement of business. War means sorrow and suffering and poverty, whereas improvement of peace-time business means higher standards of comfort for EVERYBODY.

EUROPE is a powder keg that might be exploded at any moment by a stray spark—such, for example, as the shelling of a German freighter by a Spanish warship. Europe has been made into a powder keg by the constant incitement of class hatred. This arraying of class against class HAS NOT brought happiness and comfort and prosperity to the common people of Europe. Instead, it has resulted in the rise of

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
August 11, 1926
Offer \$500 reward for arrest of forest firebugs operating Jackson and Douglas counties.
System outlined for western Oregon counties to collect 0-0 tax refund money.

Paul Jannay returns from a week spent at Brown's cabin in the upper Rogue country.
525 cars of pears shipped to date from valley.
First flight of air mail planes due in two weeks.

Portland resident is hounded out of \$21,000 he reports to police.
TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 11, 1916
Dr. E. H. Porter and W. A. Folger delay trip to Boston, Mass., in an auto. The deer season will open next Tuesday, August 15.

Senate agrees to vote ten per cent profit on war munitions.
Allies start new offensive in Saloniki; Russian take Stanislaw.
Sixteen service stations now operating in Medford.

P. & E. excursion to Butte Falls Sunday to draw large crowd of picnickers.
The Grants Pass Courier is sorely vexed because Mr. Manly has been writing some criticisms of Mr. Hughes. The only way to elect Mr. Hughes is to stop people from writing, talking or thinking about him, till after election. Let Mr. Hughes be proclaimed the sacred cow at once.—(Editorial.)

STOMACH NAUSEA MADE OREGONIAN AFRAID TO EAT!

"10 Years' Awful Suffering—Food Turned to Gas and Blot," Testifies Well-Known Oregon Man. "1 Week Van-Tage Treatment Gave Quick Relief."

Mr. E. L. Monroe, of 495 E. Third Ave., Eugene, Oregon, is the latest widely-known resident of this general vicinity to come out with a statement publicly praising and endorsing the "Amazing Mixture of Natural Herbs and Scientific Medicaments" known as VAN-TAGE, which is now being introduced to crowds daily here.

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(Continued from Page One.)
business. Also the government is now making a lot of loans which the banks would have made in 1920. For these reasons, any increase in commercial loans these days is noteworthy and not comparable with the totals of the predepression era.

Since chief pow-wow, the big peace man, tossed feathers all over the office of Assistant War Secretary Woodring, the war department has decided that a certain Capt. Ritchie of the air corps is too crowded in his room. Capt. Ritchie hereafter will sit in the outer office of Mr. Woodring. The Woodring outer office heretofore has been occupied only by two women secretaries, who have had no experience stopping feather throwers.

The department patiently explains, however, that Capt. Ritchie is not being moved to protect Woodring from anyone who may take a notion to throw something heavier than a feather, such as that at all. It is just a question of Capt. Ritchie being crowded.

The official explainer must have neglected to notice Capt. Ritchie's old office before, making the explanation. There is only one desk in it aside from Ritchie's, but in the new Woodring outer office, there are two besides his.

The only point is that the war department has one of the few really bad excuse-finding departments in Washington. Military training has neglected this vital part of Washington activity. War men just do not seem to understand politics, except the personal phase.

If the same thing had happened at the treasury, Mr. Morgenthau would have explained Capt. Ritchie's presence by saying he wanted the Captain to keep close watch on the crooks in Wall Street; Postmaster-General Parley would have said he wanted to keep close tab on the airplane industry (Ritchie is a leading flier), etc., etc.

Not a few offices are guarded by Marines, but the army officers have had no guards, until chief pow-wow's visit pointed the need. Other war officers are expected to get guards like Capt. Ritchie, who is a six-foot Arkansan with a box-cut jaw, air chauffeur to the army bigwigs. He will certainly break the Olympic record for throwing feather throwers if any more come around.

PARK SERVICE PLANS SMALL SCENIC AREAS FOR RECREATION USE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—Development of small scenic areas of the west and southwest was projected by the national park service today as it opened a late summer campaign designed to extend recreational privileges to persons of low income groups. Using allotments made by President Roosevelt several days ago, the service mapped a program to continue during August and September in federal, state, municipal and county recreational areas.

Eight recreational demonstration projects will be developed in seven western states and 14 park service work camps will be used in park areas in as many states. The recreational demonstration program, with individual allotments, includes: Oregon—Silver creek, accessible to Portland and Salem, 10,800 acres, \$58,500.



"VAN-TAGE did more for me than a hundred other medicines combined. It's nothing short of wonderful in its action," states Mr. E. L. Monroe, widely-known Oregon man.

In Medford by Young's Drug Store. Mr. Monroe is a contractor who has lived in Eugene for the past 10 years. He is widely known in Oregon and what he has to say about Van-Tage will be read with interest by hundreds of people. Following is his remarkable statement, which we are publishing below just as he wished it to go to the public:

Weak and Sluggish Kidneys.
"For 10 years I was in awful misery. My stomach was so upset that after meals I would vomit up part of my food and it would turn into gas and bloating and put me in awful pain. At times I couldn't even hold down a drink of water on my stomach. It was awful. My kidneys were weak and sluggish and got me up many times every night and broke up my sleep so that I got up in the morning feeling as tired as when I went to bed.

"I guess I must have tried a hundred medicines in the last 10 years, but finally I found Van-Tage, and it did more for me the first week I took it than the hundred other medicines I tried in the last 10 years combined. It acted on my stomach and worked out the gas as well as the bloating and pain, and now I can eat three hearty meals a day, for the first time in many years, and it all agrees with me. And no vomiting or suffering afterward. It is wonderful for a person's kidneys; in fact, I never have to get up at night any more, but can sleep all night long. This medicine is nothing short of wonderful in its action on a person, so I am gladly giving this statement and hope all poor, suffering people will get Van-Tage and take it."

Over 30 Ingredients
VAN-TAGE contains over 30 ingredients, including the 21 great Natural Herbs, 20 Million Bottles of this Formula have already been sold. The cost of the Great Compound is small, due to immense volume in which it sells. So don't hesitate. Get Van-Tage—TODAY at

Young's Drug Store
MAIN AND CENTRAL PHONES 64

Advertisement for Acme Beer. Features a large image of a beer bottle and a can. Text includes: "Non Fattening ACME BEER", "is brewed of more costly ingredients!", "ACME BREWERIES San Francisco Los Angeles".