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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Welfare workers report the word "poverty" has a disheartening effect upon its victims. The condition, it seems, is no fun, either mentally or physically. What is needed is a short, sweet word for running out of money.

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The Pan-American conference at Lima, Peru, is beginning to show faint signs it may turn out to be just that.

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The bracing weather is being widely enjoyed by citizens braced against the stove.

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"A rumor spread in Washington, until contradicted, that Henry Wallace had gone back on the New Deal. It originated in Henry's remark, 'We've got to learn a little common sense'." — (Minneapolis Journal) — Meanest dig of the week.

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Texas friends of Vice-President Garner have launched a movement to "draft" him as the Democratic presidential nominee in 1940. Disapproval by Madam Perkins and her alien labor agitator pals, is devoutly desired to cinch the nomination.

• • •

"SKI COURSE, CAPITALISM, OTHER SUBJECTS COVERED"—(Hdline Baker Democrat-Herald)—Some oratorical leaping around.

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DOMESTICATED DEAD-EYE DICK
(Oakland (Calif.) Tribune)
"Every time he lighted a cigaret he made one astounding backward motion of the arm and, without looking, shot the match neatly into the fireplace. When his guests made ready to depart, they congratulated him for a perfect score—not once in an hour and a half had he missed the fireplace.
'He'd better not,' said Mrs. Newberry. 'I've trained him not to throw matches on the floor."

• • •

The annual editorial jabbing of the custom of selecting All-American football teams has started. The selecting has more variations than a pear tree has pests, and the prospects of abolishing the practice are slim. It brings out the cross-word puzzle complex—and there are people who atill try to work them. It is impossible to select an "All" team in any sport that will please everybody, but there is no particular harm in the experts trying it. There was once a basketball star in these parts, whose agility and accuracy, branded him All-State. But, he never found his name written on the list. When booed by fans of opposing teams, he would dribble the ball to the vicinity of his vocal tormentors, and invite them to watch him drop the casaba through the net from a tantalizing angle. Furthermore, he generally made good on his boast. The charge against him was saucineas and cockiness.

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Quite a few last night accepted the challenge of the Rialto to see two horror pictures at one setting. None came out filled with a desire to enlist for an expedition to pay back Mars for her recent radio invasion.

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SOFT ANSWER BARKED

"It is with hesitancy that we approach the task of placing these words in print. For one thing a sense of modesty is involved. Then, too, the subject is one that must be handled with delicacy, if we are to avoid hurting the feelings of at least one of our readers.

But if the DIRTY THIEF who is stealing Chronicles out of the boxes does not stop this practice we are going to be compelled to do something about it."—(The Dalles Chronicle.)

ASK EXEMPTION FOR OREGON MADE WINES

EUGENE, Dec. 9.—(AP)—A revision of the state liquor law legalizing manufacture of light wines and state raised fruits and berries for sale outside state liquor stores was asked in a resolution passed by the Oregon Horticultural society.

The resolution asked such exemption to cover domestic wine of 14 per cent alcoholic content and less.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

Jim Farley - His Book

IN certain circles to call a man a good politician, would be regarded as an insult. In these same circles, it would be impossible, to convince anyone, that James Aloysius Farley is a GOOD man.

Nevertheless we believe no fair minded person could read Jim's book, just out, called "Behind the Votes" and not agree that Jim does qualify as just that—a good man, AND a good politician.

• • • • • •

YET that doesn't exactly express it. For there is nothing righteous about Jim. He isn't "good" in the sense of being 100% pure, or high minded or meticuously ethical.

Jim, as revealed by his one and only book, is a very practical man. And on his own confessions one would never select him as a hero of an Horatio Alger story, or permanent president of the Christian Endeavor.

No,—but that is merely equivalent to saying that in this world today a man can't qualify as a good man, in the strict, conventional sense, and also qualify as a good politician.

It would be like calling a professional gambler "good." In all orthodox and respectable circles, this would be called a contradiction of terms,—for the moment a good individual decides to make his living gambling, he ceases to be good.

• • • • • •

WE dont' know why it should be so difficult to make ourselves clear regarding Jim Farley and his book, but it is. Perhaps because Jim himself is a contradiction.

Jim boasts he has more friends, more people he calls by their first names, and with whom he corresponds in his familiar green ink, year in year out, than anyone in the United States.

This might sound like boasting from anyone else. But not from Jim,—one accepts it as a perfectly honest declaration of fact, which no one would question for a moment. It isn't a tribute to Jim,—his sweet nature nor his irresistible charm,—it's merely a tribute to Jim's efficiency, industry and persistence as chairman of the Democratic national committee,—making friends has been his business, for making friends means making votes.

And Jim regards votes for his own candidates and own party, very much as the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr., regarded dollars for his own bank account,—there could never be too many,—in fact there could never be quite enough.

In this direction it is characteristic that Jim in commenting upon the the result of the 1936 election which he predicted so accurately, soberly maintains that had President Roosevelt gone to Maine and made a speech, only the state of Vermont would have been carried by the Governor of Kansas. In other wards F.D.R. would have carried 47 states. Well 47 states, in Jim's ideology would be better than 46, and every state in the union would be better yet,—in fact everything would be perfect. Nothing less than EVERYTHING for his party and his boss would ever satisfy Jim. That gives some indication perhaps of the man's fanatical devotion to his party and its leaders.

• • • • • •

AND while Jim in his book, naturally puts his best foot forward, and undoubtedly at times has his tongue tucked away in one corner of his ample cheek (with the chewing gum), one gets the definite impression that the book, like Jim is essentially frank, open,—straightforward. Instinctively Jim avoids events in his political past which might shock the fastidious, but this avoidance one feels is INSTINCTIVE, one is convinced there is no conscious effort to paint the picture "Behind the Ballots" with anything but a realistic brush.

• • • • • •

THAT Jim is no "goody-good", no "lily-white" is equally obvious. And this observation brings us to the distinctive feature of this interesting opus, and keynote of the author himself,—

JIM FARLEY IS AS GOOD A MAN, AS HONEST A MAN, AS STRAIGHT-SHOOTING A MAN, AS SPLENDID A CITIZEN, AS ANY HUMAN BEING COULD BE, AND STILL BE A GOOD AND EXCEEDINGLY EFFICIENT POLITICIAN!

That sums up the book and the man, as we see them.

Jim Farley has legions of friends; this book, unquestionably will make more of them. For no one can read it and not become convinced that while there are not many tricks of the trade Jim would not resort to, if he believed they would make votes, they would be TRICKS OF THE TRADE, "stratagems and spoils" which are a part of the political tradition, and accepted as, strictly in keeping with the professional politician's code.

Many things he would countenance would undoubtedly shock any high-minded, non-political idealist terribly,—and properly so,—but they woud not shock Mr. John D. M. Hamilton, for exampe, who is trying to do for the Republican party what Mr. Farley has done so capably for the Democratic.

In other words, Jim wouldn't be guilty of anything treacherous, underhanded, mean, petty or ignoble,—he would always be fair, and square on the up and up, as far as the code of his profession is concerned.

The only fly in the ointment is his profession happens to be an inherently shady, tricky and hypocritical one,—and Jim therefore can be called a good man, just as a kindly, straight shooting, essentially self respecting individual who turns professional gambler can be called "good",—in this sense,—

As good as his trade allows.

Central Point

CENTRAL POINT, Dec. 9.—(Spl.)—Woman's relief corps, No. 27 elected officers during the Saturday meeting on December 3, for president, Mrs. Lorlie Minnick; senior vice-president, Edna Kilburn; junior vice-president, Sally Musty; treasurer, Etta Purkeyple; chaplain, Freda Lawrence; conductor, Hattie Thompson; guard, Ida Henderson. Convention delegates named were Virginia Powell, Clara Farra, Edna Kilborn and Hattie Thompson. Alternates were Freda Lawrence, Martiena Hugger, Etta Purkeyple and Tillie Maple. At the close of the business session the fourth quarterly birthday luncheon was served. The eight honor guests among the group were M. Hugger, F. Lawrence, Ida Henderson, Sally Musty, L. Minnick, Eva Smith, Erma Hedgpath and Comrade J. C. Woods. Next meeting will be on December 17 at 2 p.m.

A 7 o'clock potluck dinner served by the ladies of the Christian church on Saturday night preceded the screen showing of a beautiful collection of "snowflake" slides, possessed by Evangelist J. M. Alley, who is at present holding a series of meetings in Medford.

Election of officers for the ensuing year at Wednesday's meeting of the Civic club, resulted in the office of president going to Mrs. L. Bither; vice-president, Mrs. Edna Kilburn; secretary, Mrs. O. M. Minnick; treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Powell. Excellent reports of the past year's accomplishments were read and plans discussed for future activities. Dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. Minnick. Before opening the business session, John Long, a local high school student, came to the club room and gave a fine talk on the importance of the sale of Christmas Seals for the prevention and suppression of tuberculosis.

The postoffice department's parcel post business grew from $2,100,000 in 1919 to $140,000,000 in 1938.

Phone 342. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

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, Calif.

BABIES ARE CHILDREN

In my professional youth I did apply for a commission in the army medical corps, for in those days soldering looked pretty soft to a cinch country doctor. The army looked me over, discovered I thought Mt. Shasta was in Russia and that Napoleon spent a week-end there on his way thither and hither, and decided the people back home needed me more than the army did. Perhaps I didn't hear very distinctly when the examiner whispered across the room when my good ear was plugged, but I have always heard all I needed to hear, being deaf and dumb lately at tea parties.

Fifteen year later, the government having kept a close surveillance over my work in the interim, I was practically dragged in by the seat of my pants, a commission thrust upon me regardless of the tin ear and my abysmal ignorance of French history and American geography, for couldn't I treat the flu or dress a wound although not at all suited for service at tea parties? Yes vagrant Mt. Shasta still stuck in my crop, so when I saw marching orders coming I developed a great bellyache and was rushed off to the hospital for an operation. Good old appendix—the one and only time I ever had so much as a reasonable doubt of my own. There is a divinity that shapes our ends. With Dr. John B. Murphy, pioneer in the surgery of acute appendicitis and Dr. Reginald Fitz, pathologist who taught physicians how to diagnose the trouble in time to save the victim, we (editorially speaking) owe much to gangrenous appendicitis—it kept us out of war. Nowadays, every time we whiz past snow-capped Shasta we stop for a while and gaze at her cold splendor and wonder what her game was.

One of the solidly established specialties in medical practice is pediatrics—healing sick children. In the gay nineties the field embraced only well-to-do infants from the instant the cord was severed up to the time the tots entered kindergarten. Later, as more and more doctors who couldn't, wouldn't or needn't make a living as honest family physicians crowded into a specialty where the pickings were better, the limitations of the field were expanded to include children up to the early 'teens. Still later practically all practitioners grw tired of trying to serve people on the pay-if-you-like plan and it became necessary to designate as the proper prey of the pediatrician all who were sick or well and still credulous enough to vote a straight ticket. Snobbish untutored young parents now found it necessary to step lively in order to procure a contract whereby they could take the unhappy child every week or every month to the racketeer's impressively appointed office to find out just which kind of cracker and whose brand of fancy sugar to feed him and whether to let him play about with bare knees or dress him with regard for the specialist's peculiar notions about exposure to the weather.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Stimulant

You said coffee contains caffeine, tea theine and cocoa theobromine. Please tell me what stimulant—(a cereal beverage) contains to take the place of these.—(C.S.A.)

Answer—It contains no such alkaloid. There is nothing in it of a stimulant character.

Tuberculosis

Is it advisable for a tuberculosis patient to have an operation for cancer of the breast? Would there be great risk of pneumonia from the effects of ether in such a case?(R.P.)

Answer—The operation is advisable if the tuberculosis is not too far advanced, even though there be greater risk of pneumonia.

Milk

I drink a quart of milk a day. M. told that if one has not got hardening of the arteries, drinking milk will bring it on, as there is a lot of calcium in milk, and if you have it the milk will help to make it worse. (A.L.J.)

Answer—There is no ground for the notion. Most people get insufficient calcium to maintain health and longevity.

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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.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—To those who enjoy fires, floods and other bizarre and eccentric spectacles the opening of the opera season was an interesting first night experience.

GEORGE TUCKER

But I think it was over-larded with too much gilt to be really important. This is an old cry, I know, but people do not attend opera openings in New York to hear opera. Lawrence Tibbett is a great name and he is universally admired, probably more so by people who know nothing of opera than by genuine students of opera themselves, but Tibbett was wasted and squandered on this opening night. They would have bedandled themselves and attended had Laurel and Hardy been cast as Iago and Othello (pardon me it is Otello at the Met).

It gets a little too much for the senses when society really preens and perfumes itself for this great annual event. It's sort of like a flower show. I love flowers but I do not like to walk into a room where 14 million blossoms are vased under a single roof. The myriad fragrance make too great an assault on the nostrils. The ladies on opening night are lovely to behold, but they are more interested in the society photographers than the arias. If they knew that no one would notice them or comment on their gowns they would not be there. On the other hand, maybe they would be there, too, because they are inordinately curious as to what someone else will have on.

Maybe I'm wrong, but opera openings seem to me wholly and altogether insincere. It would be all right with a majority of those who attend if the manager suddenly came forward and told them that the performance could not go on as scheduled, but that—in the emergency—he had secured the services of four jugglers and a jui jitsu expert. You see what I mean? In the theater the play's the thing, but in opera it's just an excuse.

Of course, not many of those who attend the premiere knew anything about opera, but that is opera's fault—not theirs. The whole idea of opera is non-democratic. It is not available to the public because it is too ridiculously expensive. It is hamstrung by traditions that should have been discarded at the turn of the century. To suppose that good opera cannot be produced at a figure less than a king's ransom is, well, stupidity. They will tell you that the audience for opera is too limited to permit its production on the same basis as a Broadway drama. Why is this? Opera has endured for centuries and if in this time it has not created a sufficient demand then there is something wrong with opera—not the public.

Every now and then opera in New York comes perilously close to failing, and I am not surprised. I think perhaps it would be a good thing if it were to fail, for then its true adherents would reorganize it on a more democratic basis—that is, on a larger but less ornate scale and bring it within reach of the average taxpayers. After all, the idea of opera, as with all art, is to entertain and not to serve as a backdrop for a jeweled necklace.

Communications

Conservatism is the Noun

To The Editor:

In appraising the movement to liberalize the Republican party on one hand and to conservatize the Democratic party on the other, it is necessary to keep in mind facts that seem to slip easily from the mind.

Under a two party system, one party is inevitably conservative, while the other is forced to be "liberal." It is also a fact that voters of every class and station are predominantly conservative. This explains why the Republican party has been in power most of the time since the Civil war—and parenthetically, it may be observed that former Democratic administrators have been rather more conservative than liberal. To be sure, Wilson got pretty close to the liberal line at times, but it will be recalled that he was re-elected by a split hair, through a misplay by Republican leaders in California.

The conservative party has the support of practically every business, financial and profesional organization at all times, and probably a majority of agricultural, religious and labor organizations as well. Add to this the support of all the leading newspapers and its power is invincible, except during political storms when the voters get away and wander from the reservation. These squalls are however of short duration, and when the wind subsides and the party emerges from its cyclone cellar it will find the political sea as calm, and the water of the same temperature and salimetry as before.

There may be, probably will be, a fringe of wreckage, of reputations and other things, washed up along the beach, but this will soon disappear and be forgotten.

No, the Republican party doesn't need to liberalize itself, even if it desires to do so, and could. It has served its supporters well, and these supporters have been loyal to it, even through the colorful Harding administration and the colorless administration following.

There is no reason for the party to get jittery. It is already on the way back, and when it is all over, it will remain the same Grand Old Conservative Party. Conservatism always remains conservatism.

J. A. MOORE,
524 W. Bartlett St
Medford.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

FRANCE and Germany sign an agreement pledging themselves to "amicable discussion of difficulties instead of resorting to armed force."

It sounds like a victory for common sense, doesn't it?

BUT on the same day this sensible-sounding agreement is signed by Germany and France Italy renews demands for a slice of French territory in Africa. The demand, to be sure, is unofficial, but there is every reason to believe that it has official sanction.

Italy, remember, is GERMANY'S PARTNER.

QUESTION:

If you were a hard-headed Frenchman, inclined to look facts in the face, just how much would you say the newly-signed agreement with Germany is worth?

IF it had been inscribed on paper, it might be worth the paper it is written on, but we are specifically informed (at 50 cents a word for cable tolls, even at press rates) that it is written on cream-colored sheets of vellum.

It is exceedingly doubtful if the new French-German agreement is worth that much.

THE point is that you can't judge nations by what they SAY they will do—for, the chances are, their fingers are crossed and they don't mean it. You can judge them only by what they actually do.

More often than not, what nations do in their dealings with each other is CONTEMPTIBLE from any standpoint of private ethics.

AS a matter of fact, if you have read your history discerningly, you must have come to the conclusion that throughout the ages and taking them as a whole individual men have been unbelievably honest in their dealings with each other whereas nations (taking the whole record of history) have been unbelievably dishonest not only in their dealings with each other but in their dealings with their own citizens.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One)

fairly orderly compromise between political and economic necessities. To the taxpayer, however, it appears as a whimsically complex, ridiculously burdensome series of imposts. It badly needs to be better understood.

The scheme's originator was John Hanes, a passionate promoter of business-government peace. It found easy acceptance with Henry Morgenthau, for it is modeled on a public relations venture which Morgenthau himself tried five years ago, as head of the farm credit administration. Then farm credit was new, and its scope was not appreciated. Morgenthau and his lieutenants toured the country, holding meetings at which they described their work and offered their facilities to the farmers. As a result, farm credit got under way with a bang.

The obvious trouble with the Hanes scheme is that taxation has been under way for a good many millenia. Hanes will have no clean sheet to work on. Intense partisan feelings are aroused by the mention of taxes. Business men are convinced that New Deal taxes are vindictive. Tax cranks abound in every community. The Hanes tax forums might well degenerate into regular witches' sabbaths of complaint. Worse still, they might be used by Republicans as heaven-sent pulpits for blasts against the administration.

These are the considerations which may well make the president hold back. Hanes believes that they can be got round. He hopes that careful planning of the program of each forum will give representation to every point of view, without permitting political uproar. He feels that it is vitally necessary to gather a record of taxpayers' opinions. And he argues that the potential good results are so great as to make the risks worth-while.

Even if the president does approve, nothing will be done with the Hanes scheme unless Senator Pat Harrison and Representative Robert L. Doughton give their full consent. The treasury is exceedingly anxious to conciliate the chairmen of the house ways and means committee and the senate committee, for whom both Morgenthau and Hanes have a high regard. It may be that, if the plan goes through, members of Harrison's and Doughton's committees will wish to join the caravan.

Meanwhile, to repeat, the scheme is exceedingly interesting as evidence of new tenderness toward the taxpayer. Evidence along the same line is also to be found in the treasury's determination to enforce the "closing agreement" clause of the tax laws. This clause, one of the most sensible the treasury ever produced, was first sponsored by General Counsel Herman Oliphant.

In brief, it allows the treasury to agree with a taxpayer that, after the payment of a given tax, he shall not be held substantially liable for more. It is intended particularly to facilitate large business transactions, in which the treasury's habit of accepting one tax payment and then suing for another has always been a disturbing influence. Hitherto, the few closing agreements have been made. Now the word is, "Boys, come in and make a deal." In fact, even if Utopia is not at hand, a better day is dawning.

TO YOU from Washington by Ethelyn Evans

MRS. Charles L. McNary, wife of the senior senator from Oregon, was one of the distinguished guests attending the tea given in honor of Mrs. Arnelli, Jr., Colorado, president of the National Federation of Women's Republican clubs, which is meeting in Washington this week. Another guest of honor was Mrs. Wm. E. Evans, California, vice-president and member of the advisory committee of the federation. Mrs. Evans is well known in Medford, having made talks before "Pro America" and other groups of women.

The tea was given by the local League of Republican Women, of which Mme. Cantacuzene (granddaughter of President Grant) is the retiring president. The president-elect is Mrs. Edward E. Gann (the "Dolly" Gann of the famous Alice Longworth-Gann social tempest when Mrs. Gann was official hostess for her brother, United States vice-president, Charles Curtis). Each claimed precedence at dinners, in receiving lines, etc., until the White House side-stepped the impasse by giving separate official dinners for the speaker, Nicholas Longworth, and the vice-president.

Additional members to the advisory committee of these federated Republican clubs will be selected from groups throughout the nation. Oregon may win one of the coveted assignments.

LONGWORTH mansion for sale along with hundreds of fine old homes in the heart of Washington, most of which were built very high and very narrow because land here sells by the square foot and not by the lot. Some of these old residences have been purchased as national headquarters for various organizations, but many historic, and tradition-haunted dwellings are passing out of the picture, with only a bronze plaque on a hotel, apartment house, or office building to show that on that site early national history was made and famous men and women lived or visited therein.

The Longworth 5-story, 20-room, 6-bath home on Massachusetts avenue was for many years a social center, but now "Princess Alice" is off on an extended lecture trip (all the Roosevelts seem to lecture or write or both), and she spends much of her time in Ohio. From that state she would file for election, should she live up to intermittent rumors and decide to run for the national house of representatives (where her husband was probably the most personally popular speaker ever elected) or for the national senate. It is expected Mrs. Longworth and her daughter will continue to spend many months in the capital, off and on. She is a gracious hostess and entertaining guest, and, according to the press reports, was the life of many a party at the White House during the early days of the new deal—for instance, appearing at one of her "cousin's" official gatherings loaded down, tinkling, and glittering with solid gold chains, lockets, bangles, rings, bracelets, and earrings at the time all gold was being called in and the dollar was being devalued.

UNUSUAL Governmental Routine—queer quirks in our political system, we calls 'em! Three states, including Oregon, electing two senators at the same election—one of whom will never take the oath of office or serve, unless the president should call a special session of congress. However, they have all been assigned office space, and they are entitled to an allowance for the hire of five clerks, should they decide to get that busy, plus their proportionate share of the $10,000 annual senatorial salary. The regular mileage allowance of 20 per mile applies only to travel to and from a formal congressional session. Miss Gladys Pyle (South Dakota) is actually in the city, occupying her suite in the senate office building, but it is doubtful if Mr. Thomas Stork (California) or Mr. Eric Barry (Oregon) intend to travel so far. The terms of all three expire on January 3, 1939.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
December 9, 1928
(It was Sunday)

Democratic senators launch move for income tax quiz against Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon.

The Prince of Wales returns from an African tour.

Medford postoffice receipts for last quarter shows a $6,091 gain over last year. This indicates the growth and prosperity of the city.

Copco takes steps to have Swedish people locate in the valley.

Pictures of old time football players of city displayed in store windows to excite wide interest.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
December 9, 1918
(It was Tuesday)

Kaiser attempts to commit suicide in Holland exile, Berlin report says.

President Wilson en route to Europe to attend peace conference declines invitation to visit Germany.

Mrs. T. J. Fuson is recovering at her home from an attack of the flu.

The work of laying the concrete foundation for the Tomlin box factory will start next week.

Brown Bros. of Eagle Point ship two carloads of hogs to Portland.

Chevrolet JINGLES

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The meat eating proclivities of the Jack Spratts—
Opinion also divides when it comes to liking cats.
No half-way about it—you either don't or do—
And if you DON'T you're sure to fume and stew!
You fuss when old Tabby occupies your favorite chair.
Want to put the bloomin' feline down the cellar stairs!
Shucks, don't let that "fiddlestringer" get you down
Forget it, hop in YOUR Chevrolet and just drive around.

Chevy M Hurd

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Service Dept.—32 North Riverside
Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

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