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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

A reward of $540,000 has been offered for the apprehension of the bomb plotter against the life of Herr Hitler, who departed from the Munich shrine of Nazism, in time to escape burial beneath nine feet of debris. Mystery angles cause suspicions Der Huntzfuehrer had previous knowledge of the blast. The reward is the largest in European history. It is still not big enough to induce Herr Hitler to catch himself and claim it.

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The Governor of Washington announces he will smoke no more cigarettes, because people in his commonwealth spend more money for them, than they do butter. This voluntary renunciation of Lady Nicotine is listed an aid to the dairy industry, and mayhap the opening gun of the 1940 campaign. Incidentally, there are no tobacco farmers in the state, to be roiled by the edict. Editorial comment admires the heroic reform move of the chief executive, but confess inability to follow its logic. If the idea spreads candidates for the legislature will soon be throwing away their pipes, because the farmers buy more oleomargarine than cigars.

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THEY'RE BOTH GOOD
(Salem Capital-Journal)

"An amended complaint has been filed in the case of Atmozone vs. W. C. Brown, in which it is asked that the defendant be restrained from manufacturing, selling or offering for sale an ozone device and representing it as the same device as the plaintiff's attorney."

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Sen. Norris of Nebraska now proposes to make Armistice Day, also Thanksgiving Day. By bunching Labor Day, Hallowe'en and the Fourth of July on October 9, more excuses for the banks and barbershops to close up, would be eliminated.

• • •

"German subjects are told bluntly to pull in the belt. The French—a subtler people—decree the wasp waist."—(Detroit News)—The Germans, however, with great efficiency, may cut off the loose end, and boil it down for soup.

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In the trial of a Californian charged with the theft of a cooked turkey, the jury disagreed, and ate up the evidence, but left enough for a retrial of the case.

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Your Corr. has started the propogation and spawning of a mustache, the result of betting one Herbert Strang Old Oregon would defeat Oregon State upon the gridiron. Had he won, the growth on the Strang upper lip would have been whacked off, a consummation devoutly to be hoped for, but now destined never to be. Mr. Strang journeyed to Eugene and cheered loudly for the retention of his do-dad, and victory for the cow college. It's a guess which made him the happiest. The incubus grown in payment of a foolish bet is going to be a puny affair, and a feeble imitation of the one flaunted by the victor. We are not going to raise more whiskers than the Premier of Finland, whose face is adorned with sideburns, a goatee and handle-bar mustache.

Brandels 83 Today.

Washington, Nov. 13.—(AP)—Justice Louis D. Brandels, who retired from the supreme court bench ten months ago, today observed his 83rd birthday anniversay. At his home the justice was said to be in excellent health.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

A Great Game

TOWARD the end of the football season, there is always some wise, old sour-puss to arise and proclaim that the days of college football are numbered.

The reasons invariably come under the heading of the "game ain't what she used to be"; too much this, or too much that, with commercialism usually the clinching factor.

Well as far as that goes, the "game AIN'T what she used to be" in those bygone days, when the flying wedge, guards-back and the tallyho were in their heydey.

• • • • •

IT is today far MORE interesting and exciting. Also far LESS dangerous.

In fact the football game, as colleges play it today, is in the opinion of this department, the best out-door sport that was ever invented, or is likely to be. And while, like other sports, it may have its ups and downs, we don't expect it to be abandoned until, the Washington monument has crumbled into dust and all outdoor sports are being conducted high up in the stratosphere.

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YES, as long as there can be college football games, like the "big game" at Eugene Saturday, with the result in doubt until the final gun,—not an empty seat in the entire stadium; the sun shining from a cloudless sky, the bands playing, and so many thrills and so equally divided, that the winning side got only half a dozen more than the loser, no one need worry about the longlife and popularity of intercollegiate football. It will last as long as youth, vigor and love of competitive sports last.

Which, we hope, will be quite some time!

Keeps You Guessing

AND then, in football there is the never-ending factor of uncertainty,—a factor more constant and active in this sport than any other.

One NEVER knows how a game is coming out,—one can't know. It is quite different in baseball, or track or rowing, when nine times out of ten, the net RESULT is a certainty before the contest starts. There are upsets of course in any sport, but nothing to compare with the way the dope-bucket is kicked around, week in week out, during the football season.

And this factor is a constant stimulant of public interest.

• • • • •

TAKE the results on Saturday for example:

Who would have guessed the University of Iowa would topple over Notre Dame? No one. Iowa was merely a "breather" for the Fort Wayne champs. And yet when the final whistle blew the score was Iowa 7, Notre Dame 6. And there was no fluke about it. The Buckeyes won on their merits.

Even more surprising, though of less general interest, was the victory of Princeton over Dartmouth. Dartmouth supposedly had one of the strongest teams in the East. She had simply slaughtered, both Harvard and Yale, lost to no one, while Princeton had been massacred by Cornell, and only able to nose out Harvard, the week before by two or three points.

Yet the Tigers turned on the boys from Hanover and made them take the short end of the score and like it. Not an expert in the country in his wildest moments would have even suggested either result.

• • • • •

YET there they are, and before the season is over there will undoubtedly be more of them.

And as long as this uncertainty,—this everlasting surprise element—persists, old "sourpuss" need not worry over the demise of the pigskin sport.

He may have lost his speed, but the grand old game of football HASN'T!

More "Quarterbacking"

EVERYONE who saw the big game Saturday is "quarterbacking" the contest, so why shouldn't we once more impinge upon the sacred precincts of the sports department?

Oregon was the favorite.

O. S. C. won.

More than that no impartial person would deny that Oregon State deserved the victory,—the better team that day came out on top.

How come?

Only the Saturday before O. S. C. had been completely outclassed by Southern California, while Oregon had run over W. S. C. to the tune of 38 to 0. Moreover where Southern Cal had beaten Oregon State 19 to 7, Oregon had held the same team to a 7-7 tie.

Finally O. S. C. had only a week to recover from that terrific U. S. C. battering during which any real workouts were impossible; while Oregon was in tip top shape physically after the W. S. C. triumph, and presumably tuned to the pink, for that revenge of which all Eugene was so confident.

What's the answer?

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IN this department's opinion, just one thing,—MENTAL CONDITION! Yes, the experts were all wrong when they pointed to that shellacking by the Trojans, as something that did the boys from Corvallis no good.

It did the boys from Corvallis GREAT good. In the first place it put them in the enviable psychological position of the under-dog. In the second place, it steamed them up to the maximum fighting pitch, to do or die for dear Old Siwash!

Smile if you will, but that's the spirit that wins football games, and to this department at least it was evident in everything the O. S. C. team did, in Eugene on Saturday last. They were in there psychologically to WIN,—or ELSE— —

• • • • •

IN short that drubbing by Southern Cal did the same thing to Oregon State, that the bitter upset defeat by U. C. L. A. did to Oregon, a couple of weeks before.

Washington State had to suffer for that U. C. L. A. trimming, and Oregon had to suffer for what happened in Portland on November 4th.

At least that's the explanation as we see it. That and the fact that odds in favor of Oregon were at no time warranted, and the game was from the first, a toss-up, with the team winning that got—and didn't give.—the breaks.

And the "Aggies" were in that mental condition, last Saturday afternoon, to get theirs while the getting was good, and give NOTHING!

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.

ANYWAY VITAMIN B PROMOTES NORMAL UTILIZATION OF STARCH AND SUGAR

A physician distinguished for his work in the field of diabetes remarks in a personal communication that he has not found that vitamin B reduces the dose of insulin required to keep the diabetes patient sugar-free, but his observation has been limited to casual trials of the vitamin B treatment in a few cases. Yet this physician advises his patients to take daily certain tablets containing vitamin B-complex. Just why, he does not make clear; presumably because he believes the necessary dietary restrictions required for successful treatment of diabetes lower the daily intake of vitamin B below the level necessary to maintain health and vigor.

I suspect this good doctor is laboring under a misapprehension which is too common among physicians in this country—namely, that the dictum of the A.M.A. about any new medical problem is so because it bears the official stamp. So many, many times the A.M.A. dictum, although vehemently set forth in hot blood, has proved in due time to have been wrong—and so many, many times the master minds running the A.M.A. have hedged and reversed the hasty false verdict without any formal acknowledgment of the error—that only a nice easy-going doctor with a not too critical mind can take the A.M.A dicta at face value.

The reason why I suspect the good doctor is a bit bamboozled is that the good doctor informs me that a certain brand of medicine (a vitamin B-complex concentrate) which enjoys approval of the A.M.A. is in his opinion the best for diabetes patients because it is of high vitamin B potency and it is economical for the patient to buy. That impression has evidently been drummed into the good doctor's head by the constant reiteration of the potency of the medicine in the official organ of the A.M.A.

On actual analysis, however, it appears that when compared with another brand of vitamin B-complex concentrate which does not enjoy "approval" of the A.M.A., the medicine preferred by the good doctor costs his patient, unit for unit, nearly twice as much; and as to vitamin potency, that is a matter of biological assay in any case—it makes no whit of difference whose brand it may be, if it is biologically standardized at so many units per gram or dose.

In some instances the "seal of acceptance" of the A.M.A. may mean something and be worth what it costs—what it costs the purchaser of the medicine or other product. In other instances, as in the one described, it is not only superfluous but an unjustifiable expense which the luckless consumer has to pay.

Today, perhaps many laymen and many doctors, too, may not know, when a medicine or food purports to contain a given amount of this or that vitamin you may rest assured the amount of vitamin is really there, no matter who the maker or vendor of the product may be—for the U. S. government keep close watch on these things and promptly cracks down on any one who tries to deceive the public in that way.

QUESTION and ANSWERS

Postcard Pique

I hope Dr. Brady is buying improved real estate with the stamps he appropriates . . . wrote him three weeks ago inclosing twenty-five cents in stamps and never had a reply. (Anonymous).

Answer—Handling a large volume of mail, most of which is forwarded, it is impossible to avoid some errors. I endeavor to satisfy any correspondent who informs me what he wants.

Coffee Is Good

When you printed instructions for making good coffee I begged the lord and master of this household to let me try your method, letting the coffee stand over night in cold water and brewing in a plain coffee pot . . . percolators and other gadgets have given satisfactory results part of the time but when the coffee is not so good the l. and m. says his whole day is ruined . . . We tried it, and now he thinks it is a wonderful idea, for the coffee made your way is consistently good. (Mrs. W. E.)

Answer—That may be something in that idea that good coffee for breakfast gives a man a better spirit to carry on. However coffee is made these points are important:

1. Fresh ground coffee is best.
2. Let the coffee soak for a while (half an hour or overnight) in cold water, before putting on the fire.
3. Never permit it to boil.

Potassium Chloride

Having had hay fever for twenty years and never finding much relief, I am happy to tell you that thanks to potassium chloride taken as suggested in your column I have been able to sleep and eat in comfort the past season. (Mrs. B. H.)

Answer—Thank you for the courtesy of your report. The potassium chloride treatment for numerous allergic conditions as well as hay fever, is simple, safe, economical. For instructions send stamped envelope bearing your address. It is beneficial in many cases of hives, giant hives (angioneurotic edema), spasmodic asthma, migrain, eczema, sinusitis, hyperesthetic rhinitis, hay fever, etc.

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.

The Capital Parade

By Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner

Released by The North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

Washington, Nov. 13.—Constantine A. Oumansky, ambassador to the United States from Stalin's Russia, has not had a happy homecoming. At the dock he was asked whether he had been a member of the O.G.P.U., and testily explained that it was "beneath his dignity" to answer.

Arriving in his drafty but imposing Washington embassy, he has probably already discovered that his welcome will not be so warm as of yore.

Ambassador Oumansky is a small, sleek, natty man with an amazingly insinuating manner and such a display of gold teeth that his ready smile seems almost ostentatious. In the old days, no one excelled him in the peculiar communist trick of intellectual acrobatics, by which realism and idealism were exquisitely blended, and the most ardent American liberals were made to feel that a blood purge was a small thing between friends. In the old days, Ambassador Oumansky was decidedly popular among extreme new deal left-wingers and their numerous friends and camp-followers.

Since the Russo-German pact, however, Ambassador Oumansky is going to have to find his friends and companions chiefly on the German embassy staff, a group with which his contact was formerly limited. The left-wing new dealers, like liberals all over the world, clung to their faith in the Soviet Union until the last breathless moment. Now their bitterness is compounded by their disillusion. It is not only a matter of a few high officials staying away from embassy receptions, which, being rather conservative, they always wanted an excuse to avoid. It is a general feeling, among 90 percent of Ambassador Oumansky's real cronies, that they have been sold down a very nasty river.

The Oumansky career, at least in its beginning, is decidedly mysterious. General Krivitsky, writing in the Saturday Evening Post, is authority for the statement that Oumansky is a former member of the O.G.P.U. However he started, he somewhere acquired an unusual facility in languages. This facility, plus the insinuating manner, earned him successive posts with Tass, the Soviet foreign news agency; as press censor at the Soviet foreign office, where he was cordially detested by every Moscow correspondent; and as councillor of the Soviet embassy here.

His most remarkable talent seems to be surviving his patrons and bosses. Their downfalls only appear to open to him the way for higher things. He became ambassador when his predecessor, Alexander Troyanovsky, was subjected to one of the milder forms of purge.

He was the personal protege of Maxim Litvinoff, yet Litvinoff's dismissal from the post of foreign commissar does not seem to have affected his standing. Possibly he was saved from the usual fate of friends of the fallen by the influence of L. M. Kaganovich, another Soviet bigwig, who is supposed to have patronized him. In any event, he knows the peculiar arts of rising in the service of a dictatorship.

With his saponaceous manner, his quick mind and his fluent command of phrase, he might, under certain circumstances, be called an agreeable man. Certainly he is an interesting one, if only as a strikingly perfect specimen of a successful public servant in one of the great modern tyrannies.

One of the oddest points of resemblance between the two tyrannies is the presence, in most German and Russian embassies, of a special party man whose task it is to keep an eye on the chief of mission. Even now Oumansky has a councillor, Chuvakhin, host at the recent celebrated embassy reception, who speaks very little but Russian and a few central Asian dialects, and seems to have no visible duties beyond watching the management of embassy affairs.

Troyanovsky was a professional diplomat without Bolshevik background, and it was an open secret that he did not get on well with Litvinoff. In the Litvinoff era, the inference as to Oumansky's relationship to Troyanovsky was all but inescapable, and was commonly drawn by informed persons here.

Now that so much muddy and bloody water has gone over the dam, it is amusing to contrast the positions of Oumansky and Dr. Herbert Scholz, who used to be the party man in the German embassy. Scholz, now living on an astonishingly lavish scale as German consul general in Boston, is a large, loud-talking fellow with brass, hearty manner, who used to make a specialty of selling nazism to conservatives as a safeguard against bolshevism.

Oumansky's old specialty was selling bolshevism to liberals as a safeguard against nazism. They never spoke in the old days, but now they ought to get together and condole over the ruin of their sales talk.

At the National Capitol With John W. Kelly

(Continued from Page One.)

qua, N. Y. August 14, 1936. In an address praising the neutrality act of 1936 (including the mandatory embargo), he said:

"Nevertheless, if war should break out again in another continent, let us not blink the fact that we should find in this country thousands of Americans seeking immediate riches—fool's gold, blood money—would attempt to break down or attempt to evade our neutrality."

First to attempt evasion was United States Lines. First to announce that the subterfuge was legal was Commissioner Truitt. "Economic royalists" who availed themselves of legal methods of reducing their income tax were denounced by the new dealers; held up to public scorn.

MARITIME commission has not encouraged shipping out of Columbia river, although when Joe Kennedy was chairman such assurances were made. When the red-headed friend of Mr. Roosevelt was transferred to the diplomatic post of ambassador to England, the Columbia basin lost its one friend. No encouragement was given by the commission when businessmen wished to build a shipyard and construct two or three freight carriers for the commission. Rather, the commission discouraged reviving the shipbuilding industry on the Columbia.

When no one was certain the European war would break, Charles E Dant of Portland, requested permission of the commission to transfer several of his freighters (tied up in the Willamette) to the Panama flag. Commissioners refused, reminding him that all American merchant vessels are auxiliary to the navy. (A policy waived when United States Lines made a similar request).

The commission has insisted on such requirements that no individual or group in the Portland area could comply when negotiating to establish steamer lines out of the Columbia.

HERE is one for the book, told by Dean William Schoenfeld, O. A. C., here attending the annual conference of land grant colleges.

A ripe apple exudes ethylene gas, an anesthetic. A carload or two of pears in a Hood River warehouse ripened when they were supposed to remain green. Ripe pears cannot be shipped; they are too soft.

A scientist from Oregon State investigated, found several boxes of apples in the warehouse and suggested they be removed and the warehouse filled with green pears. The latter were well-behaved. Then the scientists had some apples stored and the pears ripened, and a discovery had been made.

To ripen a box of green pears, put in a couple of apples and cover the box with a cloth. An apple placed near a tomato plant, under a little tent, will ripen the tomato. A Chicago department store filled a window with Oregon holly; also displayed a box of apples in the window—the berries and leaves of the holly fell off. Growers who ship rose cuttings, instead of waiting for a frost to defoliate the stems place them near apples. Page Adam!

SENATOR Holman, Oregon, was planning introduction of a bill to standardize gas masks and the war department was interested and willing to cooperate until the neutrality act was passed.

Someone decided that legislation dealing with such a subject at this time would frighten people into belief that the United States may be involved in the European war. However ,the bill has been drawn and can be tossed into the hopper in an emergency.

Cox Dines With F. R.

Washington, Nov. 13.—(AP)—President Roosevelt had as his luncheon guest today James M Cox, the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for president in 1920, when Mr. Roosevelt was the party's nominee for the vice-presidency.

Blackmail Denied.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 13.—(AP)—David L. Lawrence, Pennsylvania Democratic chairman, pleaded innocent today to charges of blackmail and selection of a jury was begun for the third in a series of trials resulting from a grand jury investigation of charges brought against several prominent Democrats a year ago.

In The Day's News

By Frank Jenkins

WATCH Holland. Another blitzkrieg may be in the making there. The Dutch, at least, fear that such may be the case.

IF you want to know why, take a look at the map.

Holland, bordering on the North sea, lies directly between Germany and England. It would provide a close and efficient taking off place for German air attacks on England. There have been concentrations of German troops along the Dutch border.

Putting two and two together, the Dutch reason that they may be in for trouble.

THUSDAY night there were "border incidents." Border incidents are apt to be the prelude to trouble.

Holland's first line of defense against German attack is flooding of the low country lying between. Preparations have been made to do that, many villages having been already evacuated.

If there is an attack against Holland, it will be sudden and fierce, in the hope of driving through to the North sea before the flooding that has saved Holland before in history can be made effective again.

THE Hitler bombing incident is officially laid to foreigners.

The reason why is plain. The nazis don't want it to appear that there is any division of feeling at home. That would encourage their enemies.

The explanation looks a little cockeyed. Much preparation was required for the placing and the timing of the bomb in the Munich beer hall. How could foreigners have managed it WITHOUT GERMAN CO-OPERATION?

A CALIFORNIA man proposes to the Democrats that they hold their 1940 convention in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, which would be donated, and in addition they would get a million dollars to be raised by an admission charge of $1.50 to the public. So far, it is reported by the dispatches, the Democrats think it smacks too much of a promotion scheme and are inclined to turn it down.

THIS writer thinks it would be a good scheme. The show will be well worth the $1.50 admission charge, and besides that might be a better way to raise campaign money than by donations, most of which have a string attached.

Maybe something new in the way of political financing is in the offing.

Meteorological Report

Forecasts

Medford and vicinity: Unsettled tonight and Tuesday with occasional rain, little change in temperature.

Oregon: Unsettled tonight and Tuesday, occasional rain west portion, snow over higher mountains, little change in temperature, moderate to fresh southerly wind off the coast.

Local Data

Temperature a year ago today: highest 50, lowest 31.

Total monthly precipitation, .05 inches; deficiency for the month, .74 inches.

Total precipitation since September 1, 1939, 2.46 inches; deficiency for the season, .19 inches.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday 49 percent; 5 a. m. today, 99 percent.

Tomorrow: sunrise 7 a. m., sunset 4:51 p. m.

Observations Taken at 4:30 a. m., 120 Meridian Time.

CITY—	High Temp. Past 24 Hours	Lowest Temp. Last Night	Precipitation That 24 Hours	Weather
Boise	61	30	.00	P Cloudy
Boston	46	30	T	P Cloudy
Buffalo	...	28	.00	Snow
Chicago	47	29	.00	Clear
Denver	62	34	.00	Clear
Eureka	57	46	.00	Cloudy
Havre	63	31	.00	Clear
Los Angeles	81	66	.00	Clear
Medford	58	30	.00	Cloudy
Omaha	55	32	.00	Clear
Phoenix	80	47	.00	Clear
Portland	60	39	.00	Cloudy
Reno	66	26	.00	Cloudy
Roseburg	54	37	.00	Foggy
Salt Lake	59	32	.00	Clear
San Francisco	67	48	.00	Clear
Seattle	61	38	.00	Foggy
Spokane	57	33	.00	Clear
Wash., D. C.	57	35	.00	Clear
Wenatchee	50	35	.00	Cloudy

Show Troupe Lucky

Singapore, Nov. 13. —(AP)—Ten Americans, members of a magic show troupe, escaped today when the British-India steamer Sirdhana, 7,745 tons, sank near here. It was reported the Sirdhana struck a mine and went down 15 minutes later.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Flight O' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
November 13, 1929
(It was Wednesday)

Seventeen men high in coast railroad and mining affairs visit the Blue Ledge and Crescent City projects.

Candy salesman is held up and robbed of $223 by knife-wielding thug near the Jackson hotel.

State Horticultural meet opens with speakers urging more publicity for pears.

More than $5000 raised in Community Chest campaign.

Notre Dame plays Southern California in Chicago next Saturday, in grid classic of the year.

Wall street market enjoys short rally, and now believed disquieting situation adjusted.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
November 13, 1919
(It was Thursday)

IWW's arrested by wholesale in Washington state following Centralia outrage in which four veterans were shot, as a result of radical plot. People demand government suppress "revolution." IWW's plan "nation-wide" revolt.

First heavy fog of season hits city and valley, and slows auto traffic.

Mail service to Eagle Point improved.

Enid Bennett at the Liberty in "The Virtuous Thief." "Just Squaw" at the Rialto.

Two men injured when drunken driver speeds auto on South Riverside.

Baltic states give up hopes of peace with Bolsheviks.

Oregon starts war on IWW's.

Ye Poets Corner

Romance
By Grace Haynes

Romance comes as our years go
She atones for many losses
Sits with us by fireside glow
Helps us bear our crosses.

Pewter set with tray so old
Most the dishes have a story
Table cloths and butter mold
Speak to me of olden glory.

Here is mother's rolling pin
Smoothly carved though grim the wit
Fashioned from a poplar limb
Her big brother made it.

In the garden beans are growing
Seed was carried 'cross the plains
Don't forget to save for sowing
Morsels good enough for kings

These potatoes have a history
Seed I planted when a child
How they grew is such a mystery
Kept with such carefulness
God must have smiled.

Gracious, grand old hollyhocks
Lovely dolls with silken dresses
See again the fragrant stocks
Woven in among our tresses.

After absence sweet the homing
After illness life is dear
Memory keep these moments charming
Be a well of virtue, clear.

Strange how many little things
Make up all life's warp and woof
Like the raindrops fairy wings
Make music on the roof.

Hear again the harmony
With the wind a sweet refrain
Reminiscence is the melody
Played by fingers of the rain.

South Wind
By Grace Haynes

South wind is a lover with stealthy tread
How soft his caress as he tousles my head
He kisses me as he kisses the rose
Caressing the grasses away he goes
Kissing, kissing, kissing.

Each shrub and tree in his glad embrace
Gayly dancing in stately grace
Their lovely arms around him twine
I hear him singing through the pine
Laughing, laughing, laughing.

Into the sick room, his blessings wealth
Aids the tired heart in its struggle for health
Sadness takes flight at his address
He tarries a broken heart to bless
Blessing, blessing, blessing.

Nazi Barracks Burn

Kreuzlingen, Switzerland, Nov. 13.—(AP)—A large barracks of Adolf Hitler's elite guard, the schutzstaffel, burned during the night at Konstanz, Germany, just across the frontier from Kreuzlingen.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.