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Editorial Correspondence

Philadelphia, June 29.—Well, the circus is over,—it's the morning after the night before!

The big tent has been taken down, the banners and billboards ditto, and they are trying to sweep up the debris and saw dust left behind,—without making much progress, as yet.

The reason, we are told, is the City of Brotherly Love is bankrupt, and the street cleaning department consequently undermanned.

Well, if the City of Philadelphia is bankrupt after this clean up, there is some crooked work somewhere. The hotels have made enough to pay off the national debt, if our own abiding place is a fair example!

We sent a couple of brief wire bulletins yesterday and the day before, which we trust got through, with the millions of words sent westward over the convention hookup. If they didn't we expect to be fired. For we wrote nothing else,—simply didn't have the time. It was 2:15 a. m., when we got back to the Walton, after that indescribable Thursday night and for the first time realized the editorial "we" had had nothing to eat but a chocolate-milk and a COLD hot-dog, since breakfast. Moreover, our voice was gone, short eardrums, and more dark circles under our eyes than adorn the "puckish" visage of Teddy Roosevelt, Jr. But we felt much better than Teddy, for his pet candidate lost, while ours won,—and still better this morning, for we went to bed at 3 a. m., while Teddy decided not to.

Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms also stayed at our hotel, and she didn't look exactly starry eyed and glamorous when she made one of her few public appearances just before her departure, and her secretaries figured up the bill. It's none of our business, of course, but we would like to know what her bill was,—not only for the two weeks at the Walton, but for the months of the Tom Dewey campaign!

We venture even Mark Hanna, in his golden era, would have granted it to be quite a campaign sum. While on the subject might we add we have never seen harder losers than the Dewey supporters in this hotel. If their remarks regarding Willkie could be taken at their face value, then they will all vote for Franklin Delano in the Fall. But they can't be,—this is the morning after, and what a headache,—but headaches wear off and before November rolls around, these boys and girls who are just discarding their Dewey buttons and hat bands and canes, will be marching behind the band for Willkie and McNary. It never,—or almost never,—fails.

We haven't discovered, as yet, what persuaded "Charley" McNary to make the race with W. W., for the last time we saw him he was dead set against it. We tried to get him at the Bellevue Stratford, but the clerk reported the Senator had already left for Washington, so the solution of that mystery will have to be left to another time. But we do know it will help the ticket very much, and knowing how our senior Senator has always felt regarding the second place on a ticket, feel he deserves several pats on the back and a Carnegie medal for making what is a genuine personal sacrifice. Willkie and McNary incidentally rolls rather smoothly off the tongue.

We feel apologetic for not having written a thumb nail description, at least, of that Thursday night session, by far the most exciting and dramatic convention scene, since the struggle between Al Smith and W. G. McAdoo,—Catholic versus Klansman,—in Madison Square Garden 16 years ago. But we were too much involved in it emotionally to step out before it was over, and when we did it was too late to put it on paper,—it is even more clearly too late now. This is another day,—and the show is over, the white heat of that Willkie drive has gone, the mood has passed,—it is no longer the reporter's job, but the historian's.

As we wired, however, it was a clear case of the compelling force of public opinion in this democracy of ours. A majority of those delegates and practically all of the Republican leaders, except younger men like Landon and Hamilton of Kansas, Baldwin of Connecticut, Stassen of Minnesota, were against Willkie at the outset and at heart remained so. For a majority of the delegates couldn't forgive a candidate for having been a Democrat in 1932, and the leaders recognized the control of the party by Willkie would mean the end of their control. But that persistent never-ending demand, from the people in the gallery and the people back home finally proved too much for them,—which is just as it should be in that form of government in which the people are supposed to rule.

We have attended several of Mr. Willkie's press conferences, the first since his victory having been scheduled for 11 a. m. at the Hotel Benjamin Franklin yesterday. We arrived on time but at noon the candidate had not yet come, and it was announced the place had been changed to the ball room at the Warwick. We all charged for taxis and finally got in one, pulling a young gal reporter from Newark and one of the reporters from the new daily "PM" along, to fill up the extra room. Everyone was fearful of being late, but the fear was certainly unfounded,—one end of the ball room was packed with Klieg lights, sound cameras, microphones and half a hundred newspaper men and women, but no presidential candidate of the Republican party was to be seen. It must have been close to 1 when he finally came—a hub-bub arose, bulbs flashed, there was a scurry of feet to get closer to the throne,—and there with a broad grin on his strong jawed face, sat our "next President of the United States!"

There is no point in giving the news of that conference,—the press services covered that undoubtedly in last Sunday's issue. But we will say this,—the reporters who had not "contacted" the nominee before and were somewhat skeptical, came away slugging his praises to the skies.

As stated a week ago, Willkie has what it takes,—and it isn't just personality or tact or charm,—he has a keen, shrewd mind, and it's clicking all the time. There were a hundred reporters,—some of the smartest in the land, and many of them representing Democratic papers,—firing questions at him from all sides, there were cameras grinding, lights flashing and a general air both of tension and confusion, and yet there sat Willkie in that noise and glare, with that "kid's" grin on his face, one leg thrown over the other, perfectly at ease, taking each question as it came, and throwing it back with an answer,—like a Big League catcher handling a battery of pitchers in an exhibition game!

Good natured all the time,—and yet tolerating no foolish business.

The young girl from Newark has theatrical ambitions and is an autograph hound on the side,—with a profile and pair of eyes that would get a screen test any time! She got Wm. Allen White to autograph his latest book for her, right there on the spot, but she didn't get the Republican candidate—he hadn't the time. He was very gracious about it, but explained that autographs would have to wait until another time, and was gone.

No question about it, the Republican party this time has for its candidate a genuinely "big" man,—he is homespun, friendly as they come, a man's man and a charming one, but he isn't going to let anyone impose upon him, nor is he going to waste his time in any cheap exhibitionism for anyone.

The little girl didn't like it, said she wished Dewey had got the nomination,—he autographed for her and gave her a great time,—but if she sticks to her newspaper job a year or two longer she will, we are certain, change her mind.—R. W. R.

Hubby Still Guessing

Raleigh, N. C., July 1.—(AP)—The state bureau of investigation doesn't let out its lie detector. So special agent James

Powell said "no" today to an irate husband who wanted to use the detector to find out whether his wife had been unfaithful.

Three gypsies, who robbed an aged Douglas county invalid of \$460, her life savings, have been sentenced to state prison. Look out for your wallet, Warden!

Soviet forces are now edging down through the Balkans, without permission of Hitler, and may soon be in those Slavic lands across the Adriatic from Italy, and the bold, backstabbing Mussolini. Stalin's moves now boldly clash with the interests of the Nazis, who doesn't care if they do. And there is no peep out of Mussolini, whose ferocity against smaller nations has been terrible. Italy may soon be shaking in the geographical boot, wherein she has her being.

Tokyo, July 1.—(AP)—Seventy persons were drowned and 10 others are missing from a motorboat which capsized in the sea off Okinawa, Domei news agency reported.

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.

IS DIABETES CURABLE?

In many cases of diabetes, if the patients follow a reasonably restricted diet, insulin is not necessary. In some cases, after prolonged use of insulin in moderate doses, patients find, as they gain in strength and health by the aid of insulin, that their own insulin-producing function improves so that they get along thereafter with smaller doses of insulin or perhaps without any at all for considerable periods, resuming insulin from time to time for short periods, as their habit of living and the urine test indicate.

I do not believe it advisable to attempt to teach how to test the urine for sugar. That is a question best left to the individual's own physician. Laymen who undertake to make the test without medical instruction are likely to reach false conclusions. Anyway, the mere presence of sugar in urine does not necessarily mean diabetes. "A Book for Us Diabetics," published by Dr. Don H. Duffie, Central Lake, Michigan, gives specific instructions for making the test at home with Gaelic economy. This is, in my opinion, the best guide book for the diabetes patient. I know it has been of great service to thousands of diabetics.

"There are several things which the diabetic needs to guard carefully," says Dr. Duffie, in this fine book (a copy may be bought by mail postpaid for two dollars), "among them his feet, his cuts and scratches, his bowels, and his disposition!"

Grief and prolonged anxiety during a momentous crisis have been regarded as causes of diabetes in some instances. Anger or fright is generally followed by increase in the sugar excreted, in diabetes. An instructive explanation of this effect of emotion is given in Prof. Cannon's "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage" (Appleton's, 1915).

Recall what we said earlier about potential diabetes or prediabetes, and also that diabetes is a functional deficiency, and that we merely set an arbitrary limit between potential diabetes



Portrait of Dr. William Brady.

ness of eye. He is certainly not a rigid "let business have its way" man of the old-fashioned Republican type. On the basis of what he has said and written to date, he would seem to be the nearest thing yet produced in the United States to the best kind of English conservative, whose successful slogan has always been "liberal measures, conservative administration."

For a businessman and politician, he is strangely learned, being a specialist and very nearly a scholar in the history of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century England. He won the Belles Lettres vote some months ago, with an admirable and penetrating review of Lord David Cecil's "The Young Melbourn." Possibly it is his habit of study which causes him to see world events in an intelligent historical perspective. To some gift of perspective makes him tolerant, and fond of repeating the old maxim, "Any man who is not something of a socialist before he is 40 has no heart; any man who is still a socialist after he is 40 has no head."

His intellectual tolerance, in truth, is his most confidence-producing characteristic. He gives the impression that although he is running for the presidency in a time when every landmark and fundamental assumption of our present way of life may soon be swept away, he will be able to adjust his views and adapt his policies to the onrush of events.

Perhaps, as the campaign unfolds, he will develop feet of clay. At the convention there were one or two unpleasant signs, such as the presence in his entourage, in an unimportant position, of a most flannel-mouthed reactionaries in the entire New York financial district. But those who know Willkie well say that if he makes mistakes, they will be his own, and predict, furthermore, that if he is elected some of his more Tory admirers will be gravely surprised by what follows. Unless everyone who has watched him is completely deceived, he will run his campaign almost single-handed. And whatever else he does with it, he ought to make it exciting.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Arms Go to Sleep.

Some time ago read the report of a woman whose arms and hands went to sleep frequently. She said she had been much relieved by some kind of calcium, I think—Mrs. R. W. L.

Answer—That and other complaints associated with the menopause may be relieved in many cases by daily ration of calcium and vitamin D. For instructions send stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for monograph on "The Menopause." Fruit Acid.

Whom can a poor layman believe? One doctor warns against acid fruits and other foods, another advises that such foods be eaten freely. In one article you see a person with acid stomach should avoid the citrus fruits. In another you declared that such acids actually decrease the acidity in the blood and urine. It is confusing.—C. G.

Answer—Acidity of the stomach has nothing to do with the alkalinity of the blood or the acidity of the urine. The fruit acids, with no important exception for the ordinary person, are oxidized in the body into alkaline salts, and hence they tend to increase alkalinity in the blood, decrease acidity in the urine. In regard to the diet in cases of hyperacidity in the stomach, peptic ulcer, etc., see "So You Have Indigestion?"—copy of booklet mailed on request if you inclose ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address.

The Aluminum Bogey.

Several women who heard a lecture in a local church auditorium have since discarded their aluminum ware for enamel ware.—O. W. C.

Answer—We still prefer aluminum ware in our kitchen. (Projected by John F. Dille Co.)

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.

In The Day's News

By Frank Jenkins

RUSSIA, moving in to seize Bessarabia and part of Bucovina (which Carol under pressure has agreed to give up) overshoots the mark and penetrates 15 or 20 miles beyond the Pruth river separating Bessarabia from old (pre-last war) Rumania.

Wild excitement ensues in the Balkans.

HUNGARY and Bulgaria, both casting hungry eyes on Rumanian territory, announce they are ready to invade Rumania if the Russians continue their march. They want their share of the loot.

Carol of Rumania calls for "mobilization to the last man" against Hungary and Bulgaria. Russia is reported to have closed her Black sea oil ports, including Batum.

Turkey moves her fleet into the Black sea and prepares to defend the Dardanelles from that end. The Turks are said to "feel deep concern" over the Russian move against Rumania.

RUMANIA, Hungary and Bulgaria are appealing to Germany for help against the grasping Russ, but "authorized sources" in Berlin assert the German policy is still "hands off the Balkans" in spite of the Russian invasion and the Rumanian mobilization.

These Berlin sources (whoever they may be) express confidence that the cessions of Rumanian territory to Russia will be completed without any serious disturbances.

MEANWHILE a neutral diplomatic source in London declares that a peace move is in the air and predicts that any Nazi attempt to invade England will await the results of such a move.

This diplomatic source says it is possible the disturbances in the Balkans are signs of a Russian-Turkish-British move to bargain with Germany for peace.

What it all means is anybody's guess. But it looks as if something new may be in the wind.

DURING a British bombardment of Tobruk, in Italian Libya, an Italian plane carrying Italo Balbo crashes in flames and Balbo is killed.

Balbo is the black-bearded leader who piloted a squadron of Italian planes to the United States several years ago and made splendid photographic copy for the news reels.

Balbo is a high-up fascist, and there have been rumors that he has been slated to succeed Mussolini. There have also been rumors that he made himself too prominent and so incurred Il Duce's ire and was practically banished to Africa.

These dictators are temperamental.

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

THE CAPITAL PARADE

By JOSEPH ALSOP and ROBERT KINTNER

Released by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

Philadelphia, July 1.—First contact with the Republican choice for the presidency commonly produces a mild shock. He strikingly fails to conform to either the corporate or the political ideal. The businesslike manner, the commanding glance, the admirable if faintly constrictive tailoring and the efficient affability and air of having no time to waste—all these usual ornaments of the "great executive" are as strangely absent as the politician's posturing and tendency to make public speeches in private places.

Wendell Willkie is a large, loosely built man who must have been very tall before he acquired a pronounced stoop, and distinctly handsome before he put on weight. Generally described as "shaggy" and a "bear of a man," he seems at first more soft than bearish, while such shaggy as he has is derived from his fondness for disheveled dress. On his first appearance, in truth, he suggests a peasant, civilized scholar who has advanced into his busy but amiable forties in the shelter of one of the less blatant centers of learning.

The first impression fades, however, when he moves, and when he talks. His look of softness is belied by the tremendous, ungainly energy of his gestures and walk. There is nothing flashy or Harding-esque about him. His speech is easy, quick and forceful, always pointed, and perfectly devoid of those little verbal exhibitionisms which are the common fallings of the political ego.

In conversation his voice is much richer and lower than it is on the stump and it has a flexibility and variety of tone that lend a special expressiveness to everything he says. He is an excellent talker, succinct, and a shrewdly humorous.

The remark most often heard at the convention was, "You might

think he was Roosevelt, the way he takes those delegates into camp." The delegate's conversion to Willkie was completed by the peculiar Willkie manner, which is certainly as effective as the president's, but different in several ways. He does not have the president's rather overwhelming geniality, and never gives you the feeling that his charm is being turned on as though it were a Klieg light. On the contrary, while he is quite genial enough and can shake hands and smile at strangers with the best of them, the most conspicuous ingredient of his manner is a sort of unassuming simplicity.

Obviously he is not a simple man. All really effective political leaders are extremely complex personalities, with a touch of the actor about them. No doubt some of the best Willkie effects are calculated. But those who watched him listening to the nominating speeches and to the balloting could not think of another politician who would have behaved in quite the same way in anything like similar circumstances.

He did not attempt to conceal the fact that he was deeply moved. He frankly shared the tremendous excitement of the little group who sat with him in the dingy hotel bedroom. Yet he never for an instant posed, or performed for his audience, or seemed anything but a natural, surprisingly unassuming man suddenly confronted with a very big job.

Obviously, he is no more humble than he is simple. The convention, when every circumstance conspired to make him play the man of destiny, could hardly credit the control which he displayed. With delegates, political leaders, newspapermen, amateur supporters and plain busy-bodies plucking at his sleeve, whispering in his ear, dragging him into corners and asking for his time for 18 hours every day for six days on end, he always managed to seem accessible, interested and, most difficult of all, grateful for advice.

On one of the worst days, an anonymous admirer telephoned him from Miami to tell him what he ought to say in his acceptance speech. While his corps of secretaries and lieutenants danced with irritation, he listened patiently for some 30 minutes. And when he put down the receiver, he remarked, "Think of that fellow calling me all the way from Miami to try to do me a good turn."

The mind behind the manner and the look is somewhat more difficult to describe. His writings prove that he is remarkably articulate, possesses a broad, sound base of settled opinions, and looks at the problems of the modern world with some fresh-

AT THE
National Capitol
WITH
John W. Kelly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

the convention reassembled to fill the ticket.

There has never been a Republican convention where such evidences of money were displayed. Dewey, Taft and Willkie had almost unlimited financial resources. Expenses of some delegates and "workers" were paid by the several major candidates (this does not exempt Oregon and Washington). No one had to buy a meal or a drink in Philadelphia.

Incidentally, the liquor was Scotch because it is lighter proof than American whisky, which must be 100 proof under the law. Nice young girls were everywhere to distribute flowers, buttons or badges.

DON'T be fooled into thinking no money was spent for Willkie and that his spectacular boom was a creation of the people. All waitresses were given a sum to talk Willkie to the customers; the taxi cab association was given money to distribute among the drivers to boost Willkie. Barbers in the hotels were "seen." Thus when a delegate had a shave, sit or robe to the convention hall he heard Willkie propaganda. Thousands of telegrams were sent to the delegates from home folks insisting on votes for Willkie, the wires inspired by if not paid for by utilities and businessmen. John Lamont, of the house of Morgan, came incognito until his identity was revealed, and took charge of the Wall Street salesmen. Wealthiest families in Philadelphia held cocktail parties for selected, influential delegates or "workers."

HOWEVER, Taft and Dewey splurged also, but overlooked the build-up among the barbers, waitresses and taxi drivers, overlooked packing the gallery with rosters who were given special tickets.

ALTHOUGH a utility executive has been anathema during this administration it will be small handicap to Willkie and notwithstanding he was a Democrat four years ago this is not held against him because Hoover was not a Republican until shortly before he was nominated at Kansas City. Finally, of all the aspirants presented to the convention, the long, rangy Willkie was the best selection that could have been made for a belligerent campaign. He has won fights from the new dealers; "cleaned" Attorney General Jackson in debate; "licked" TVA when it undertook to destroy the power company of which he was manager; he can match his success career with that of Mr. Roosevelt.

Politically Willkie has "it" and in this respect surpasses Landon. Hoover, Coolidge or any other Republican candidate back to the time of Teddy Roosevelt. Not since T. R. has the Republican party indulged itself with a nominee so full of vim, vigor and vitality. It requires more than a plug hat and a frock coat and tons of dignity to win a presidential election in these stirring days. That is why the inexperienced Dewey won crowds, why the competent but stodgy Taft did not.

Willkie belongs to that same type of Democrats in the senate who do not approve of all new deal legislation but refuse to change their registration as Willkie did. Mr. Roosevelt, who enjoys a fight, will have one with Willkie.

FLIGHT O' TIME

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

July 1, 1930
(It was Tuesday)

Autoists warned they must show new license plates on cars or face arrest.

Huge smelter to start operations at Gold Hill soon.

British admiral denounces navy disarmament plan.

L. A. Banks of this city enters race for U. S. senate as independent candidate.

Miniature golf course does land office business, day and night.

Visiting Iowan says bad times bothering mid-west states.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

July 1, 1910
(It was Thursday)

Non-Partisan league reported making headway upstate.

Oregon delegation votes solidly for drafting McAdoo, as nominee of Democratic convention at San Francisco. Bands favor "Dixie" as leading tune.

Ed Janney resigns as Commercial club director.

Charles S. Butterfield is named chairman of the Republican county committee.

William Jennings Bryan opens fight for "dry plank" in Democratic platform.

6 NON-SWIMMERS DROWN ON PICNIC

Drumheller, Alta., July 1.—(Canadian Press)—The Eugene Shepler family's Sunday picnic at Fish Lake, 30 miles east of Drumheller, ended in tragedy, with Mrs. Shepler standing helplessly on the shore while her husband, their four children and a farm workman drowned.

Royal Canadian Mounted police reported Fred Osmond, who worked at the Shepler farm, was sun bathing with the four children on a raft when the wind drifted the craft into deep water.

Shepler went to the rescue in a rowboat, which sank when the children and Osmond boarded it. None could swim.

BALLARD WELCOMED AS STATE COLLEGE PREXY

Corvallis, July 1.—(AP)—Oregon State college, without formal observation of any kind, welcomed its 8th president to office today.

Frank L. Ballard, former director of the school's extension service, succeeded Dr. George W. Peavy, who reached the retirement age. Peavy became president emeritus and acting dean of forestry.

PORTLAND TAXI MEN ACCEPT CONCESSIONS

Portland, Ore., July 1.—(AP)—Last minute concessions by three companies last night averted a threatened Portland taxi-cab drivers' strike.

The companies granted temporarily the drivers' demands for an eight hour day, \$3.50 daily wage minimum and 10 per cent of all receipts. The way was left open for further negotiations.

PIONEER DOCTOR OF VALLEY DIES

Walla Walla, July 1.—(AP)—Death yesterday claimed Dr. Robert E. Golden, 55, retired Freewater physician. He practiced in Coos Bay and Medford, Ore., before coming to Walla Walla 26 years ago. He was a graduate of the Oregon State medical school. Interment will be at Vancouver, Wash.

Dr. Golden was one of the "horse and buggy" doctors in southern Oregon a quarter century ago. He had an extensive practice and made the rounds among his patients throughout Jackson county and particularly in the Jacksonville and Applegate areas. He used to reside in Jacksonville.

Dr. Charles T. Sweeney said he remembered Dr. Golden well. He was a "fine man, well and favorably known," Dr. Sweeney said.

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

"L.B. WINS EVERY TIME"

...says Reid Kilpatrick, Ace Sports Commentator

"Athletes, Sportsmen, Screen Stars, people in all walks of life know the value of L. B. to combat dryness, relieve itchy scalp, banish loose dandruff & guard against falling hair & baldness due to neglect... have YOU tried it? It's top!"

at Young Drug Co.

L.B. HAIR OIL

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A very attractive furnished corner apartment in Mail Tribune building. Lots of light, cross ventilation. Newly papered and renovated. Two large rooms, kitchenette, bathroom. Electric range, electric refrigerator, fireplace. Hot and cold water and garbage service furnished. Steam heat. Low rent to permanent tenant. Available now.

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