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### World War vs. World Depression

"THESE are perilous times." Who would have predicted a year ago that England would ever be forced to suspend gold payments, and close all stock exchanges to prevent complete financial ruin?  
 Such action only emphasizes again the fact that this world-wide depression has produced a crisis second only to that produced by the world war.

AS IN 1914, so today England is fighting with her back to the wall. All political lines have been abandoned, a coalition government has been formed, internal differences have been forgotten, and under the leadership of Premier MacDonald, the people of England are standing shoulder to shoulder to repel the forces of industrial and economic disaster.  
 Just as the world war demonstrated that the world is a unit, so this world-wide depression is demonstrating the same truth. The crisis in Germany a few months ago, shook this planet's entire financial structure; and now the London crisis, compels the New York Stock Exchange to prohibit short selling, while equally drastic measures are being considered in Paris and Tokio.

MR. J. P. MORGAN, discarding the policy of a lifetime, submits to a newspaper interview, and declares this suspension of the gold standard, instead of being a discouraging sign, is a hopeful one. Paying a high tribute to John Bull's resourcefulness and courage, he maintains England will win out as certainly today as she did in 1918.

We hope Mr. Morgan is right,—and, for that matter, believe that he is, for we have a deep and abiding faith in the essential stability and capacity of the British people.

NEVERTHELESS, in Morgan's statement, the wish is father of the thought. Just as during the war, after a savage reverse, military leaders were forced, for the sake of national morale, to discount the seriousness of the disaster and express an optimism, not really justified by the circumstances, so financial leaders are compelled to do the same thing now.

Suspension of the gold standard is not a hopeful sign, but quite the reverse. The hopeful sign lies in the spirit of the British government and the British people, the same spirit of never giving up, of meeting every reverse with a greater determination to win rather than less, that won the war.

NATIONS, like individuals, have hidden powers, often unsuspected and seldom utilized, until a supreme crisis; and the difference between a strong nation and a weak one, lies primarily in its ability to meet a crisis, by calling upon this "inner reserve."

Great Britain is calling upon this reserve now, and Mr. Morgan believes she will stave off financial disaster now just as she staved off military disaster 13 years ago.

Such a view is justified. But, as the United States was the determining factor in that war victory, we fear the United States will have to be the determining factor in this one.

In fact, the more one considers this world war and world depression situation, the more one finds in it almost a perfect parallel.

### David Starr Jordan

DAVID STAR JORDAN possessed an exceptional degree two of the greatest human virtues—intelligence and courage.

There are plenty of intelligent men who are not courageous; and plenty of courageous men who are not intelligent, but there are precious few who are both. The President Emeritus of Stanford University was one of the precious few.

And, as is almost always the case, the product of this intelligence and courage was original and creative thought.

THE men of the world can be pretty well divided between those who do their own thinking and those who let other people do their thinking for them. The first are the leaders, representing a sparse minority; the second are the followers representing the great majority.

David Starr Jordan was a true leader, particularly in the direction of education and world peace. He thought things out independently, and when as a result of this thinking he reached certain convictions, he always had the courage to sustain them.

As a result he left his mark upon this ball of dirt, which is the final test of the great man.

### Hugh Hume

IN THE death of Hugh Hume, editor of the Portland Spectator, Oregon loses its most gifted editorial writer. To an unusual degree he combined grace and power; a distinguished style, with unquestioned force.

Unfortunately for both him and for Oregon, he worked in a small and exclusive circle,—in what might be termed the Arlington Club set of the state metropolis. As a result both his personal growth and sphere of influence were somewhat restricted.

BUT among discriminating people, he was recognized and appreciated up and down the coast, particularly in magazine and newspaper circles. During recent years, his reputation extended eastward, for he possessed the satirical humor and sophisticated touch, which has become so popular,—perhaps too popular,—among the upper crust of the metropolitan literati.

Had he wished he could have secured important positions on such periodicals as the New Yorker or the old "Vanity Fair," but he preferred Portland, which he loved and where he had many friends.

WE DON'T know what will become of the Portland Spectator, but we DO KNOW that the Spectator, as it was known for so many years, ends with the death of Hugh Hume.—HE was the Spectator, and there is no one in the state, at least, capable of taking up his pen.

**Jap Steamer Clears.**  
 PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 21.—(AP)—A line that was green last fall, but seasoned by a year's experience, will carry V. M. L.'s hopes to the gridiron this year.  
 California statutes provide an Indian cannot be a vagrant and cannot be arrested as one.  
 Chiloquin—Construction work on new theatre being rushed.

### Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signes letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease, diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped, 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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

#### WHEN CANCER IS NOT A DISEASE

The subject of my talk today—good chance for permanent cure. Delay is the fatal feature of cancer. The most effective treatment of cancer of the rectum is surgery with radium or X-ray.

Dr. J. P. Montague titles a chapter in his excellent little book "Troubles We Don't Talk About" (Lippincott), in a striking way: "Cancer Is Not a Disease!" Then he goes on to explain that it is only the result of a disease—a deadly disease known as delay. How true that is, especially in reference to rectal cancer. Procrastination, putting off the first visit to the doctor, the first proper examination, trying to believe it just a little "piles," this is how the deadly disease known as delay manifests itself.

Right here I again suggest to young doctors the great need of communities everywhere for specialists in rectal diseases. Every day inquiries for such specialists come to me and too often I am unable to name a qualified physician in the correspondent's city. There are hundreds of cities without such specialists. Here is a field which is not overcrowded.

I hate to frighten or worry anybody, but even at the risk of losing friends I feel bound to give this warning about cancer. Simple piles do account for occasional bleeding in most cases in young people, but when a person past 40 notices such bleeding, whether he knows he is subject to piles or not, the only safe and sensible course for him is to be examined at once by a physician. Then, too, it is folly to delay consulting the physician when there is any idea that there is a constriction, narrowing or stricture which obstructs the passageway. Alternating constipation and diarrhea should serve as a warning signal, for this is a frequent symptom in cancer, of course alternating constipation and diarrhea is just as likely to be due to some benign condition.

A newspaper man—most newspaper men are good sports—read something I wrote about this, got badly scared, hurried to his doctor, learned his trouble was a minor ailment, and then proceeded to take vengeance against me.

I don't care—or I wouldn't mind if the old crab had been anything else but a newspaper man. The great trouble with me, as a health columnist, is that I'm positively ophthalmic about avoiding morbid suggestion. And there's a word that will send a lot of 'em to the dictionary, I'll betcha.

What constitutes a proper examination in such cases? Not a mere examination with gloved finger. The proper examination is made with the aid of special instruments, and is quite painless, if skillfully done.

If cancer of the rectum is diagnosed in the early stage there is a

good chance for permanent cure. Delay is the fatal feature of cancer. The most effective treatment of cancer of the rectum is surgery with radium or X-ray.

On your recommendation I am giving my baby a teaspoonful of well ripened banana pulp every day. His bowels are already acting better and I think when he gets more banana he will be all right. When I was in the hospital the doctor would not let me eat any banana, and our old doctor says banana is indigestible for a child. (Mrs. M. T.)

Answer—Oh, yes? Well, nowadays we find the babies not only digest banana but thrive on it. Nothing you can get to eat in a hospital is more digestible, calory for calory, than well ripened banana. When a banana is well ripened and fit for an infant or an invalid to eat, the skin is golden, yellow flecked with brown spots (not black bruise marks) and the pulp is soft, not mushy, yellow and sweet. Every baby should receive banana from the age of four months, only a part of a spoonful daily at first, gradually increasing the ration week by week, till at eight or 10 months the baby disposes of one banana a day. It is especially valuable for the puny, malnourished infant who is obstinately constive.

Banana is cheaper than physio and a darn sight better for the bimbo. Any Indian Today, Ladies? I noticed some allusion to an opinion for keeping grayness out of the hair and out of the feelings. I'm not enough over 30 to quarrel about, but still my head and beard are both a big gray. (H. A. H.)

Answer—Knock, don't let me any more. Just write your name and address on a stamp, and mail it to me, saying you wish to try the lodin lotion.

Knock-Knees  
 Our daughter, aged 5, had knock-knees. We got her a hobby horse first, and later a real pony, and she did a great deal of riding. Her legs are now perfectly straight. A good orthopedic surgeon (Dr. —) suggested this. (L. K. R.)

Answer—Thank you. It is a good idea. Even ziding a pushmobile or velocipede or bicycle is helpful.

Ouch—Sour  
 For acidity do you recommend the juice of two lemons before breakfast in a glass of hot water for an adult? Is continued use of this likely to reduce the weight? (V. H.)

Answer—No, but if you like lemon this way it is perfectly wholesome. Don't be silly—lemon is food and of course food cannot reduce weight.

**HUGH HUME'S FUNERAL SCHEDULED TUESDAY**  
 PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 21.—(AP)—Funeral services for Hugh Hume, founder and editor of the Spectator, weekly magazine of comment, will be held here Tuesday. Hume died Saturday at the age of 69.  
 Loyola University of New Orleans will probably have a football game this season averaging 197 pounds a man.

### Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of the Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

**TEN YEARS AGO TODAY**  
 September 21, 1921.  
 (It was Wednesday)  
 Go-to-Church campaign is planned for city.

Attendance at Crater Lake to date this year, 27,338.

The League of Nations issues an agenda to America.

Gov. Olcott issues proclamation calling up all city and county officials to co-operate in stopping vagrants from stealing rides on trains.

City council votes to send Fire Chief Lawton to the state fair.

Local Legion Post to fight local I. W. W. union.

Seventeen hundred seventy-four cars of fruit will be shipped from valley this year.

Federal action against Ku Klux Klan promised, unless nightriding stops. New York senator says: "The votes come first, stamping out bigotry next."

**TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY**  
 September 21, 1911.  
 (It was Thursday)  
 Hotel Medford is opened, with a banquet at \$3 per plate, and largely attended by residents of city and county. Mayor Cannon and Dr. E. B. Pickett were the only guests who refused to make a speech when called upon to do so.

James Allen, son of A. C. Allen, age six, is operated upon in San Francisco and is improving rapidly.

Water system is given overhauling before wet season sets in.

Leonard Carpenter of this city is named instructor in public speaking at O. A. C.

Livery stable at Eagle Point burns and blame laid to cigarette thrown in the hay.

Fall styles for women leave no room for petticoats, says Paris authority.

J. Brookes Spencer, ex-Yale man, named high school football coach. He played against Harvard in 1909.

**SUNDOWN STORIES**

THE BIRD.  
 "By Mary Graham Bonner.  
 My dears," said the Little Black Clock, and he seemed to be very much excited, "I wonder if you mind if we don't go anywhere at all this evening."

John was the first to speak. "Of course, we don't mind, Little Black Clock," he said rather fearfully, "but what is the trouble?"

"Has your magic given out?" Peggy asked.

"Dear me, no! That will never give out," the Clock shouted and the children breathed a long, long sigh of happiness and relief.

"Then of course we don't mind if we don't go anywhere this evening," Peggy said.

"I am upset over something that has happened," said the Little Black Clock.

"What is it?" they asked.

"I want you to ask your mother if you can sit up a few minutes later and if you can go to the house at the corner where the children live who play with you often."

"They've caught a bird this afternoon—a wild, small red-winged bird—and they've put him in a cage. The bird doesn't belong in a cage—he's miserable."

"Hurry along before he suffers too much. And meet me tomorrow evening to tell me all about it."

**Communications**  
 Evangelists' Praised.  
 To the Editor:  
 We wish you to print the following letter in your newspaper. Thank you. (An open letter.)  
 Greetings from Petaluma to Medford!  
 We Petalumans have had the good fortune to have several weeks of a real old-time love feast on God's word under the leadership of Evangelists Shannon and Higginbotham. The revival meetings held in Petaluma proved to be of great blessing in more ways than one. Christians were reawakened to return of their "first love" and have the joy of their salvation restored; the tired and weary of heart were lifted and strengthened, and sinners bowed in repentance, accepting God's free gift of salvation.  
 As God has seen fit to lead these beloved servants to Medford, our heart's desire and wish is not only to highly recommend these two fine men to you, but also to urge the people of Medford to give their whole-hearted support to this revival campaign so that you, too,

### MOON OF DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

drift out in the barque of the great bed as mysteriously as she had come. Conchita had nursed her in those first days, but Conchita was nursing Molly now.

Somewhat the parlors were rocking along without Molly and without Divitt who seldom left Molly's side.

Fif, the girl who had taken Juanita's place, was gone also, after a dispute with Divitt. Fif was rather rough in her interpretation of Carmen. A rougher element seemed to be entering the parlors by way of response.

In some way the tidings of Fif's realism and departure had filtered in to Molly. Molly wrote a tremulous note to Juanita, asking her to come back and pass the cigarettes again. Also, would Juanita come in and see her?

Molly, apparently, had not been told that Juanita was in the house. She had given the note to Gabreau the day after Juanita's return, asking him to get it to Juanita somehow. Gabreau had known that it was useless to give it to Juanita until today.

Today, Juanita reading the note, coming back to earth with a body spent and a vision strangely clarified, divined that Molly wished to draw her out of the plight she was in. Molly had known, but Molly had not been in accord with that plight.

This knowledge was to Juanita like a light shining faintly in a dark chaotic world. She resolved to go back to the parlors tonight, if she could walk. And to go to see Molly.

"Molly got some'n she want to tell you," Gabreau said.

Gabraeu had spoken little, sitting at Juanita's side, his long arms dangling over the chair. Juanita liked to see him there. Even to her it had seemed that she was drifting out, that the shore was growing fainter.

"Is Molly very ill, Gabreau?" she asked.

He nodded. "No bebbly now," he said.

Juanita, in her weakness, felt the tears. "Poor Molly!" she said.

"I think she glad," Gabreau answered quickly. "I don't know, but I think she glad. Dis ain't no place for chillin'."

"They might not have stayed here if it had come. It might have changed everything."

Gabraeu smiled, a faint, strange smile that made his sad face sadder still. "Divitt never change," he said.

Juanita covered her eyes. The thought of Divitt brought back the last moment she remembered, the sight of his face, livid with fury, the sound of his words. She had wondered how he had known, who else knew, how soon they would come, hot on her trail, to take her back.

Today Gabreau had told her how Divitt had known.

Gabraeu waited table for Divitt and Molly. One morning at breakfast, shortly after Juanita had gone with the marquessa, Divitt had opened a paper that had come to him through the mail.

He had presently handed it to Molly, and Molly's exclamation had led Gabreau to peer over her shoulder. He had seen Juanita's picture and beneath it the word "Missing."

He had not had time to read more before Divitt had ordered him sharply to bring in the rolls. Gabreau did not know the name of the paper, it had been printed in English, but it might have been a Mexican paper. . . Divitt had said to Molly, "I uncovered something that . . ."

Ay, Dios, yes! . . . There was a measure of relief in knowing that only Divitt knew, in knowing that Divitt had known for weeks and had done nothing, was holding his knowledge merely as a whip to drive her, to prevent his own exposure.

But he could not drive her far—never back into the world beside the marquessa. There was another way than that. . . Brown, sluggish waters, not so far away. . .

She remembered what Kirk had told her as the yacht was flying down the river into the Gulf. . . "A fellow I knew dived into this old Mississippi on a bet and never came up. They couldn't even find him. It does that. . ."

Marky, immense, cruel—she had hated to look at the river then. Kirk was beside her in the sunlight. The past seemed blotted out for the moment. She had known nothing of the marquessa's mission. But now her closed eyes looked on the waters unafraid.

Fever had burned her at first, and there had been slight of delirium, followed at last by a white lassitude when it seemed she would

might be as richly blessed as we by the presence of these two fine men of God.  
 With Christian regards.  
 Sincerely yours,  
 (Miss) INEZ KAARTINEN,  
 Penngrove, Calif.

**Talks To Parents**

**SPECIAL TALENT.**  
 By Alice Judson Peate.  
 A mother who had sent her 12-year-old boy to a progressive school was amazed to discover in her yearly conference with the principal that Jimmy had a marked gift for imaginative writing.

During the past year his English teacher had been delighted with him. He had written prolifically—original pieces of verse, and a play so good that it had been produced in assembly.

Always we should be ready to give scope and opportunity to their interests, and the encouragement from us which makes it possible for them to pursue them happily.