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 "Carriage in Southern Oregon  
 First of the Mail Tribunes"

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### What Price Pullman?

THERE is only one night train from Medford to Portland. There is only one Pullman on the night train, which simplifies the matter of finding where you are going to sleep. There is no diner but a cafe car, which is one-half day coach.

At this point of course Mr. A. S. Rosenbaum is all set for another brickbat directed at the head of his revered alter ego, the S. P. If so, then Rosey is due for a pleasant surprise.

For this is no attack upon the Southern Pacific. We admit the night train to Portland is all that local patronage justifies at the present time. One Pullman is enough, and food and service on the cafe car are fully up to the Shasta standard.

BUT this IS a protest against the refusal of the Pullman company to put any equipment on this train that doesn't date back to the Civil war. As we understand it, the Pullman company decides where their sleeping cars are to go. The charge for a berth on this night train is the same as the charge for a berth on the best train in the country.

This seems to us wrong. Either Pullman charges on this night train should be reduced or the equipment should be brought up to—well say the McKinley administration.

CHARGING first class prices for third class accommodations doesn't seem to us cricket. The Pullman company prides itself on running the largest hotel in the world—a hotel on wheels. Well, then, why not follow the established hotel practice of making charges conform to the quality of the accommodations?

Either standardize the equipment,—when a fixed charge for Pullman accommodations would be justified— or have one price for de luxe accommodations, another price for average accommodations, still another for auto camp accommodations and so on down the line.

As it is, it seems to us the Pullman company, thanks to its monopoly, is getting away with murder,—charging Baltimore prices for lodging house accommodations.

THE railroads, we believe, should also be interested, for the high cost of Pullman accommodations undoubtedly drive many people from rail to motor travel.

Now is an excellent time for the Pullman company to reduce its charges all down the line,—put on a few bargain days for themselves—and assist the railroads in increasing the volume of passenger travel.

### Good for the Grange

C. C. HOOVER and the Applegate Grange came in for some valuable advertising in yesterday's Seattle Times.

On the front page with a two-column out of Mr. Hoover holding a bunch of Poa Bulbosa, is a lead story on the planting of 50,000 acres of burned-over land in the Applegate Valley, and with the run-over there is a four-column out of the planting party of grangers on horseback starting out for the hills from the old Applegate store.

Some publicity! And the sort of publicity we particularly like to see hooked up with one of our important local Granges. Constructive conservation, the making of two blades of grass grow where none grew before—that is a sort of service the granges are particularly well qualified to perform, even more worth while and important, we believe, than engaging in various and sundry political activities.

### The Greatest Advertiser

ONE important point regarding Sir Thomas Lipton, who passed away last Friday, has been overlooked in the newspaper comments we have seen.

True, Sir Thomas was a good sport, and was principally known to Americans as a yachtman, who was always beaten but never complained.

But equally, if not more interesting, was Mr. Lipton's outstanding success as an advertiser. Born an Irishman, Sir Thomas was by temperament American. His career was typically American, up from obscurity and abject poverty, to a position of wealth, distinction and power.

He was in every particular a self-made man, and his sensational success was entirely due to shrewd and persistent advertising. Even his yacht racing was utilized as good will publicity.

LIKE all good business men, he realized advertising was not an end in itself, but merely a means to an end. So first and foremost he saw to the quality of his product. But that established, then he concentrated in fair weather and foul in TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT IT.

Without his genius for advertising Sir Thomas Lipton would probably have ended as he started an obscure and struggling green goods grocer, unknown beyond the borders of Edinburg, Scotland.

But thanks to his advertising,—the fine quality of his product and his character,—his passing was front page copy for every paper in the English speaking world, and his death was mourned by thousands.

### SUNDOWN STORIES

At exactly the same hour he got down from his place on the deck in the back hall where he lived, and went down the garden path which led into the magic path.

That was their meeting place, and then he took them to places far away and places near by.

His magic made it possible for him to give the children extra hours for sleep, so that they were never the least bit tired because of all these trips and adventures.

And they could understand the language of all kinds of creatures because of the Clock's magic.

"You must start along now, and I'll show you the way. I'm going to let you go by yourselves."

They hurried along until they reached the swamp the Clock had told them to visit. It was a very swampy looking swamp with wet leaves resting on the squishy, wet ground, and everything was settled down in the wet, swampy swamp as though nothing had the wish or the energy to get up.

And there, in the center, was a beautiful tree with golden yellow leaves.

"I've wet feet," the tree announced with pleasure.

Tomorrow—"Swamp White Oak."

ROSEBURG—New Alton restaurant, 313 West Lane street, sold to Alton hotel owners.

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### Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Shades of William Jennings Bryan.  
 Borah Wants 14 to 1.  
 Is Money Too Scarce,  
 Another Silver Campaign?

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Senator Borah wants President Hoover to call a monetary conference to place silver on a definite ratio with gold and suggests, tentatively, a ratio of fourteen to one. That would be going back to Bryan with a vengeance, and beyond Bryan, asked only sixteen to one.

In such conditions as these, high finance, which founders in complete failure, is in no position to sneer at "amateur financiers." They could not do worse than the professional financiers have done.

This country today stands supreme among the nations, in credit, and our dollar, as sound as gold can make it, is the standard of value the world over. The franc is worth a fifth of its pre-war value, Italy's lira a little more, and the noble pound sterling is wobbling. The American dollar is worth one hundred cents in gold and 100 per cent, or better, in any money on earth.

THAT CONDITION MUST NOT BE CHANGED by experiments with currency, by unloading Europe's war debts on America, or by any other ingenious device.

That understood, discussion of silver, and all other kinds of money, is useful. The questions are these: IS THERE IN EXISTENCE ENOUGH MONEY TO CARRY ON THE WORLD'S BUSINESS?

Is there available enough GOLD to standardize enough dollars, or other money, to conduct the world's business?

This nation has no reason to fear silver, or anything that may be done to increase the value of silver FOR WE HAVE THE SILVER.

Add 50 cents an ounce to silver's value, or more, as Senator Borah suggests, and you will add untold billions of wealth to this country, to the value of its mines and its power to produce metallic currency.

This North American continent is the land of silver. Put silver side by side with gold, on a fourteen to one basis as Borah suggests, or a twenty to one basis, and you instantly make North America the world's treasure house, you bring Mexico's money and bonds to par, you solve Canada's money worries.

And through our copper mining, of which silver is a by-product, you add an incalculable amount to our annual wealth increase.

But can it be done, successfully, or safely? Is there any real difference between making "real money" of silver, which is plentiful compared with gold, and making "real money" of paper?

That is not an attack on Senator Borah's silver proposition. It is a question asked in good faith.

In good times, the payrolls of workers in the United States amount to sixty thousand million dollars a year. And all the gold in the world does not amount to one-quarter of that sum.

The nation's total annual income in normal post-war times is one hundred billions. Can you swing such figures on a "gold standard" when all the world's gold is less than 15 per cent of America's income for one year?

It is certain that the output of gold has not kept pace with the world's business and currency requirements, whereas silver, as it were, providentially, has increased through copper production demanded by the electrical and other industries, almost as fast as the world's business, and its need for currency have increased.

The alchemists devoted centuries of effort to "transmutation of metals," vain attempts to manufacture gold, can high finance, or silver radicalism, by law and argument, make silver as good as gold, or one-fourteenth as good?

It is an important question. If our depression and worries are due to lack of gold, and not to the murdering and squandering of the big war, and if bi-metallicism, Bryan's remedy, at some ratio would cure our ills, HOW ADMIRABLY SIMPLE! Give us silver, at the ratio, by all means. But beware of inflation OF MANUFACTURED MONEY THAT IS NOT REAL MONEY.

Germany, among many nations, tried manufactured currency and Ramsey MacDonald recently held up before his audience an envelope, sent by mail, from Berlin to London, with

### 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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

### GUARDING CHILDREN AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis), to the best of our present knowledge, is an infectious disease, one of the respiratory infections, and it spreads from person to person exactly as diphtheria does. The virus or germs of this disease, given off in the nose and throat discharge of the patient may be carried by a third person who is not ill but who has been recently in close contact with one of the disease. Just as a third person, such as a nurse or a relative staying with a patient, may become a "carrier" of diphtheria and infect other children without coming down with the disease himself or herself.

If or when there is reason to suspect that poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) is developing or epidemic in the community, parents should be a little more conscientious than they are ordinarily about alleged "colds," for God only knows whether the apparently mild indisposition which settles on indifferent folk like to call "colds" is actually the onset of poliomyelitis; a good doctor can't be sure about the diagnosis until the early symptoms of paralysis develop.

I hate to frighten anybody at any time. But this necessity of including poliomyelitis among the common respiratory infections which comprise the group of ills fairly called "colds" in the early stage must be recognized by all good parents—not to mention doctors or health authorities—if we hope to make any progress in the prevention of this group of diseases.

So far as our present knowledge of poliomyelitis goes, these recommendations are warranted:

1. Isolate or at any rate keep away spray range of any person who purports to have a "cold" or who avowedly has the grip.
2. Avoid crowds, gatherings, meetings, parties, riding in closed conveyances, and all other intimate contact with strangers as well as possible.
3. Keep children out of school and away from other children when at play.
4. All kissing must be forbidden.
5. Flies in the house or about the premises may carry the infection. Flies spill bad housekeeping or unsanitary surroundings.
6. It is infinitely more important to teach children to wash their hands ALWAYS before taking any food or drink than it is to make them brush their teeth.

All of these recommendations apply not only to guarding children against poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) but also to the protection of children against many of the other respiratory infections, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis, measles.

There is no specific remedy which will prevent poliomyelitis, no vaccine or serum as yet found effective.

Serum (the colorless fluid part of

the blood) obtained from persons who have recovered from poliomyelitis is a valuable remedy in the treatment of the disease. Fortunately it robs the donor of nothing more than the excretion of so much sweat. Probably such serum would serve as a preventive if administered before infection, but the remedy is too precious and scarce for such use.

Never mind the symptoms of poliomyelitis. If a child seems feverish, drowsy, irritable, have the doctor's advice at once.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS  
 Prepared Chalk for Acidity.  
 Followed your advice and began taking calcium carbonate instead of soda, for acid indigestion and heartburn. It has apparently corrected long-standing trouble, for I seldom require even a dose of calcium carbonate now.—Mrs. A. V. D.

Answer—As explained in "Guide to Right Eating" (send 10 cents in coin and stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for the booklet) prepared chalk (calcium carbonate) neutralizes acidity in the stomach without affecting the acid-base balance in the blood. It is therefore preferable to soda and other alkalis for occasional or regular use.

The Price of Cure.  
 What do you think of a doctor who sets a price of \$200 for treatments which will remove piles?—A. S.

Answer—No matter what fee a doctor charges, if he guarantees a cure he is a fool. No reputable or reliable doctor or specialist ever pretends to guarantee to cure anything. For the treatment of hemorrhoids by any effective surgical method, 200 berries is a modest fee—compared with the fees exacted by dentists, for instance, for their services. Trouble with the lady is that it has been getting medical advice for nothing or for a song so long that it hates to pay a doctor a fair fee today.

How Doth the Fighting Cook Feel?  
 For several years I had aches and pains in muscles which I called "rheumatism," and so did several doctors. But I never found any lasting relief till three months ago, when I began taking your iodine ration. For two months now I have left like a fighting cook, no sign of the old pains, and I am no longer tired. Full of pep and as fresh at the end of the day as in the morning. I am 55 years old. If it isn't the iodine I don't know what it can be. All my friends comment about the change in my appearance. I feel it is time for Dr. Brady's hand.—C. C. D.

Answer—I prefer one with a straight stem or half bent, a long stem, and a bowl of moderate capacity, something different from any of my present flock if possible. Oh, excuse me, you said a hand—I thought it was a pipe. If any other older boys and girls are feeling a bit stale, gray, weary and in the dumps, I'll be glad to send 'em particulars about getting a suitable iodine ration for rejuvenation on receipt of written request, no clipping, and a stamped addressed envelope.

(Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

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  
 October 5, 1921  
 (The Day Was Wednesday)  
 Giants goose-egged by Yankees, 3 to 0, in first world series game.

Barnum apartments fire demonstrated need of better water facilities and more fire equipment. Council hears that about "30 volunteer firemen helped at the blaze, and all thought they were the boss, instead of Fire Chief Lawton. Some difficulty was experienced in moving Ford's from in front of a fire hydrant." The building will be rebuilt.

Trial of Dr. R. M. Brumfield starts as Roseburg, the defendant being shy a beard he threatened to wear in court.

Any member of the chamber of commerce who secures two new members, will be made a member of an honorary organization to be called "Two Toots."

Frank P. Farrell, attorney, reveals that the first dollar he earned, was selling papers.

Ashland latitudes campaign to get road to Dead Indian country.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY  
 October 5, 1911  
 (It Was Thursday)  
 Commercial club to hear plans for the building of an interurban line in the valley.

R. C. Blake of Seattle plans to build cement plant near Gold Hill.

Chris Gottlieb catches a 24-pound salmon on a six-inch rod. The jack-salmon, so the article states, "tested the skill of the angler to the uttermost."

State W. C. T. U. convention opens sessions here with 80 delegates attending.

Medford Day at county fair brings out record crowd, "who are thrilled by a daring balloon ascension by Prof. Bradwick."

Hatfield, Wis., impelled by bursting dams.

Two holdups in a night, attributed to "the fair followers."

tion would surely find wide acceptance in a national campaign with Borah running on a "You need more money and I'll give it to you" platform. And Senator Borah's suggestion

### SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: When Sam Sherrill, lovely stepdaughter of the poor but aristocratic Fourth Alderson, refuses to marry Freddy Abbott, he leaves her in a rage, saying he is going west. Sam loves Freddy, but needs money too much to marry him. Peak Abbott, wealthy young owner of the Express, for which Sam and Freddy work, also proposes to Sam. She is considering his suggestion that a businesslike marriage would benefit them both. The most pressing of her financial worries is settled when Alderson gives the money for mortgage interest, which he has borrowed from Mrs. Frye. Sam cares for social position. Sam keeps her from the knowledge that her half-brother, Nelson, is going out with their maid, Martha Givens. While Sam wonders whether Freddy is in Chicago, she sees a taxi in front of the stable where the family now lives, near the former mansion.

commanded gently, looking straight into her eyes. "Tell me that you'll marry me—today."

Sam, returning his gaze, was conscious of a swift ebbing of her powers of resistance. "I can't, Freddy," she said hopelessly.

"Tell me," Freddy repeated his command calmly, never taking his eyes from hers. "Tell me that you'll marry me, Sam dear, today."

"No!" Her eyes filled with tears and her denial was almost piteous. "I—I can't."

They looked at each other for a long moment. Then, wearily, Sam surrendered. "What I meant to say, Freddy," she corrected herself in a small, tired voice, "was yes, yes, I will."

It was almost five o'clock when Sam returned to the stable for her last day. She had been furious; but ever since Freddy had left for the city, and there still remained a great many things to be done in the thirty minutes before she must leave for the train.

There were two notes to be written; one to Fourth and one to Pearl Abbott. She must speak to Martha about the men's dinner.

In the midst of her swift dressing Sam had a moment of realization that she would not be in her own room again for a long time.

Chapter I  
 "MARRY ME TODAY"  
 FREDDY was waiting in the living room, a tall figure in front of the fireplace. He threw away a cigarette when he saw her, and spoke her name. "Sam!"

"Freddy!" Sam's eyes were bright, but she pushed him away strongly with both hands when he tried to take her in his arms. "No!" she whispered warningly. "Not here, Martha—"

Martha Givens thrust her head through the butler's pantry door.



"Try to forgive me," the note read.

"Miss Sherrill," she began, her eyes inquisitive, "there's a gentleman—"

"It's all right," said Sam calmly, waving her away.

Freddy turned to the door. "Let's go somewhere we can talk."

Sam followed him without question. The overgrown driveway twisted away up the hill, and Sam followed it silently until they came to the deserted, brooding house at the top.

In a far corner of a broad wooden veranda Freddy halted and turned to her. "Well," he said grimly, "how about this? She won't come up here, will she?"

"No, Freddy," Sam smiled and shook her head.

After a time he gently tipped back her chin and looked into her eyes. "Well?" he inquired softly.

Sam did not want to talk, being happy once more, and at peace. She sighed and murmured: "You shouldn't have come, Freddy."

He laughed. "Why not?"

"It's just that it can't do any good. It will make us both more unhappy than we were before."

"I don't agree," he said. "I think I will do all the good in the world."

"Why?"

"Because," said Freddy slowly, distinctly, "before I leave here you're going to tell me that you'll marry me; and that you'll do it today. You may not know it, but you and I are taking the six o'clock train for New York. We'll be married as soon as we get there, and after that—"

He grinned. After that, who cares what happens?"

Sam sighed. "What would I do," she said, "if I only could!"

Freddy talked, he talked swiftly, urgently, and with passionate earnestness. He was particularly convincing concerning the obligations of love.

Sam did not listen. She merely let her head on the rough tweed of a shoulder and wondered why she was so unreasonably happy.

Finally he seemed to sense her attention. He stopped talking, abruptly, and once more tipped back her chin. "Tell me something," he

She must not allow herself to think of Fourth, she decided, nor of Peak Abbott. In thirty short minutes she would be free. No more responsibilities.

She gave her close-fitting blue felt hat a final decisive pat and ran down the stairs to interview Martha.

Martha was not in the kitchen, nor did she answer when Sam called her name. Sam had called again, when she noticed an envelope bearing her name on the white kitchen table.

The note inside was not from Martha, but from Nelson Alderson. "Dear Sam," Nelson had written in scrawling pencil. "I'm afraid this is going to be a shock to you, no matter how I put it, so I'll try to get it over as soon as possible. The fact is that Martha and I love each other, and that we can't stand going on this way any longer. Consequently, by the time you read this letter, she and I will be married, and that will be that."

"Now please don't take it too hard, and for heaven's sake try to square me with Fourth. I know he'll hit the ceiling, but he'll have to get over it the best way he can."

"Being absolutely broke I've had to borrow from what you had in your bureau drawer. I promise I'll send it back to you, every cent."

"Be good and try to forgive me. I'll write soon."

Sam read the letter three times, and then turned, and went slowly up to her own room. She went to her drawer, where she found that only one of the fifty-dollar bills remained in the handkerchief case. She seated herself in a little chair beside the window.

For twenty minutes there was absolute silence in the stable. Sam did not move. At the end of that time she got to her feet, took off her traveling clothes, put on a gingham house dress and went down to the kitchen.

She noticed that it was exactly six o'clock. The train for New York would just now be pulling out of the Broad Street Station.

(Copyright Freeman Lincoln)

How does Freddy take Sam's failure to appear at the train? In the next installment, Fourth faces the news about Nelson.

Talks To Parents  
 PLANNING WINTER PLAY  
 By Alice Judson Peale.

The problem of keeping children healthy and happy during the winter months is in good part a matter of providing them with plenty of fresh air, sunshine, and exercise.

The runabout child who no longer can be packed out of doors in his carriage must have something to keep him occupied if he is to be willing to play out of doors as much as he should. For this he needs the right sort of play equipment.

Any family lucky enough to have a back yard can provide this adequately at small cost.

Smooth wooden planks of a size that the child can handle easily, yet big enough to be used in improv-

ing a teeter-totter across a sawhorse or a nail keg, two sturdy wooden packing boxes, smaller wooden boxes, a home-made swing and horizontal bar, and (if father is clever with his tools), a sandbox on low legs, with a sloping waterproof lid to keep the sand clean and usable—these will form a nucleus for a great variety of physical and dramatic play.

Undoubtedly, too, they will attract into the home back yard other children, and so encourage sociability.

In addition to these things, every child needs, especially during the cold weather, such toys as an express wagon, a scooter, a sled, if winters are snowy; skates, if there is ice near by, and a good ball.

For inclement weather, when it is really impossible for the child to play out of doors, it is desirable to have a playroom which can be kept cooler than the rest of the house and which is easily ventilated.

An unused attic or sun porch or even an unusually light, dry cellar is suitable for this purpose.