

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon
reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily and Sunday

Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

25-27-29 N. W. St. Phone 78

ROBERT W. HULL, Editor

E. L. KNAPP, Manager

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second-class matter at Medford,
Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:

Daily, year, \$7.00

Daily, month, \$1.00

By Carrier, In Advance—Medford, \$7.50

Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold
Butte and Clatskanie.

Daily, month, \$1.00

Daily, year, \$10.00

All terms, cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford.

Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Receiving Full Licensed Wire Service

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to
the use for publication of all news dispatches
credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper
and also to the exclusive use of published material.
All rights for publication of special dispatches
herein are also reserved.

MEMBERS OF UNITED PRESS

MEMBER OF ADVERTISING BUREAU
OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives

M. E. MOOREHEAD & COMPANY

Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San
Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

LADY OF THE LAKES ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

An auto key has been invented that
attempts to drive the car. No
longer will the busy car owner leave
his key in the car, and be himself
the trouble of searching his pockets
for it, and return to find both key
and car gone. Under this system the
sheriff was annoyed by searching the
counters of the stolen vehicle, but
the owner did not have to frisk his
pockets. A gent was always
annoyed and surprised if he left the
key in his car, and a theft followed,
though he had extended an unwritten
invitation. The screaming key
makes life much easier, if it always
screams. Home-owners have not
arrived at the point where they leave
the key in the front door, so they
will not have to hunt for it when
they return home.You are hereby advised that this
is Fire Prevention work—in case any
occurs.The formation of a Third Party for
Oregon is threatened, not to mention
a Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Party.
The main idea of the Third Party, is
to abolish everything but themselves,
and imitate Russia, with reduction
of the taxes as a side issue. Something
will have to be given to the Willamette
valley and Portland, "with-out-
out-to-the-people." Probably be
free phone and kitchen stove wood.
The Third Party will enthrone at least
three (3) residents of this section,
who are willing to try any fool politi-
cal notion. The father and
founder of the Third Party is H. H.
Stallard, whom you have heard men-
tioned before, in connection with
similar enterprises for the last 20
years. If he had tolled so assiduously
for Republicanism, or Democracy, in
the past, he would not be on the
federal bench.THE FIELD BROADENERS
(Heppner News)Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Cox were
treated to a chivalrous Wednesday
night by Mr. Cox's Legionnaire
friends. He was dragged from his
comfortable home and taken to
town to buy treats, then placed
in the local bawls for the night.
John Turner, an unsuspecting
bystander, was handcuffed to Mr.
Cox for awhile as he is or will be
soon among the benedicts.The current batch of Indian summer
weather is too nice for profane
discussion of the Depression."PURE MILK AND CREAM RE-
PORTED"—(Hillside Del Norte Tripli-
cate). Wherein a dairymaid evidently
errs.RESOLVED: That the metropolitan
sport scribblers in the future write
a piece about the University of Ore-
gon football squad without mention-
ing John Kittmiller, if they can.It is now quite the thing among
the home-grown economists, to wrin-
gle up the brow, pucker out the lower
lip, look frightened, and predict a
"social revolution." A "social revo-
lution" would be about as social as
"civilized warfare" was civilized. In
case they have one, it better be
"social" and just mildly rambunctious,
less any number of Americans
with hair on the backs of their necks
become unmanageable and stage an
unsocial counter revolt. There has
been too much gently incendiary talk
about an "economic uprising," by
gentle mad at nothing much but the
tax levy.HIT "NO SALE" KEY
(Miller Advance)A man went into a local store
the other day with the intention
of buying some article that he
really needed. He was greeted by
the storekeeper with the words,
"Isn't this depression awful?
Why, I wouldn't be surprised if
a lot of us don't starve by
spring." And then he asked the
customer what he would like!Saturday afternoon—Young men
playing tennis in white pants, while
a football game was raging.NO CORN SURPLUS IN VALLEY—
(Gold Hill News) Thanks to the
hogs and the stills.Henry French, of E. P., one of the
more cheerful tillers, was in Mon-
day and said he expected to last until
spring, as he always had.

State Provides Limestone.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., (AP)—An ap-
propriation of \$35,000 has been
made by the Tennessee legislature
to provide pulverized limestone to
farmers at cost.Forest Grove.—Work on Central
school building practically completed.

A Great Loss to the Country

"IN THE midst of life we are in death." Senator Dwight Morrow returned Sunday night, apparently in the best of health, after assisting in the inauguration of a drive for Jewish charitable relief, and 12 hours later quietly passed into that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

IT WAS quite fitting that Mr. Morrow's last public act should have been service to a cause in which he had no personal or racial interest. Unselfish devotion to others and particularly to his country, had been the corner stone of both his business and diplomatic life.

Such a sudden death can be nothing but a devastating shock to his family and friends, but at the present time, the death of Senator Morrow comes as a PECULIARLY SERIOUS loss to his country.

PUBLIC men of the Morrow type are particularly needed at the present time when this country and the entire world are politically and economically so out of joint, and we fear they will be even more acutely needed in the immediate future.

SENATOR MORROW was a very rare combination,—a capable and highly successful financier, and a man almost fanatically devoted to the public interest,—to what he considered to be the best for the world, his country and its people.

On one hand, the chief lieutenant of the House of Morgan; on the other, the best friend the oppressed masses of Cuba and Mexico ever had. And had he lived, we are confident he would have proved to have been one of the best friends the people of America ever had.

In brief, Mr. Morrow was an outstanding example of the highest type of citizenship this democracy has produced, in our opinion the only type that can protect it from the encroachments of predatory wealth on one hand; and the destructive force of blind radicalism on the other.

He could have shown the way, and only men of his exceptional character, wisdom and enlightenment, CAN show the way.

A Book could be written about Mr. Morrow, and with the space and time at our command, it is difficult to drive home the point we wish to make. But here goes for a try, and we will select at random two incidents in his career to illustrate what we mean.

When he was appointed Ambassador to Mexico, President Green of the American Federation of Labor was asked what he thought of a representative of J. P. Morgan being sent down there to represent his country.

"What of it?" asked Mr. Green. "Dwight Morrow is a good man."

SEVERAL years before Mr. Morrow had been sent to Cuba to iron out the financial and political mess in that country.

Cuba had defaulted on its bonds, a major portion of them being held by Mr. Morrow's firm, J. P. Morgan & Co. Morgan urged U. S. intervention, Wall Street made the same demand.

But what did Mr. Morrow do? He flatly refused to even consider intervention. He laid out his OWN program, calculated to first put Cuba's house in order, eliminate armed force within or without, and bring the island back to political and financial stability.

His plan was a complete success, just as his latter plan was in Mexico, and just as his plan saved the London naval conference from being a complete failure.

Now what WAS it that made Senator Morrow so sensationally successful,—that gave him the title of the "Little Wonder Worker?"

Nothing so complicated or profound, but nevertheless something exceptionally rare in international relations—TRUE VISION,—the ability to see both sides of a question, and also to work out a solution, essentially FAIR to both sides.

Simple enough. And yet a perfect example of Mr. Morrow's fundamental conviction "that honesty and unselfishness pay." In every international problem he attacked he had the ability to dig through the non-essentials on the surface to the essentials at the core, put all his cards on the table, and thus in an atmosphere of mutual trust and confidence, in a spirit of give and take, reach a solution that would WORK.

NOW when this country produces a public man who can be the partner of J. P. Morgan and enjoy the absolute friendship of the head of organized labor; a man who can represent the bondholders of a tottering government in private life, and fight to the last ditch for the welfare of the people of that country in public life; such a man, we repeat, represents the highest type of citizenship—and statesmanship,—that a democracy can produce.

Such a man was Dwight Morrow. And never before, we believe, has this country so sorely needed men of this type, to lead us safely through the social, political and economic rocks and shoals, that the world-wide depression has brought upon us.

A Daring Achievement

FOR sheer daring and east iron nerve, we herewith present Messrs. Pangborn and Herndon with the sweepstakes prize. Hopping off from Japan, for the most hazardous sea journey in the world, they drop their landing gear in mid-ocean, rush through fog and rain, and nonchalantly land their plane with a "belly flopper" on the dust-swept field of Wenatchee, Washington. Such courage and fearlessness certainly deserve a hand. But we hope the boys will wait a while before they try another ocean flight in an effort to beat the long distance record. We feel that we have had enough long distance ocean flights for a while.

'ALFALFA BILL' DOES HEAD STAND ON LAWN

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 6.—(AP)—The governor of Oklahoma stood on his head yesterday.

William Murray took that position and held it more than a minute on the lawn of the Nebraska executive mansion, just to show newspaper reporters that he could.

Governor Murray was visiting Governor and Mrs. Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska at the time. He declined to repeat the performance for photographers.

JACKSONVILLE GRANGE MEETING POSTPONED

Next meeting of the Jacksonville Grange has been postponed until the meeting following, on account of other dates conflicting. Further announcements will be made later relative to the next meeting which will be October 23.

The H. E. club does not hold a meeting this week but will have its regular meeting Wednesday, October 14, at Mrs. Jones' in Jacksonville.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Dwight W. Morrow.
The Pacific Conquered.
They Work, Others Profit.
No Substitute for Sleep.

Copyright King Features Synd., Inc.

Sudden death ends the useful life of Dwight W. Morrow, a hard working, sincere American citizen.

Mr. Morrow made his own way in the world and achieved success that would have more than satisfied many when he became an important partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company. He relinquished that position, with its great profits, when opportunity presented itself to render service to his country.

He did admirably the work intrusted to him in Mexico, bringing the nations closer together in friendship, acting as a tactful, efficient peace-maker in connection with regrettable religious troubles.

He died with a brilliant career and great honor still before him. His untimely death is a national calamity.

Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, Jr., able American fliers, TRIED and succeeded. Flying the Pacific in 41 hours, a non-stop flight, with only one supply of fuel, the brave men came down at Wenatchee, in the state of Washington, with a crash and a smile. What they had done had never been done before.

The length of their hop was 4465 miles, and they conquered the wide Pacific. Such an achievement should offset a good deal of pessimistic gloom.

The nation's prosperity and future depends on the minds and hearts of its people. We have the right kind of people.

Many building up great fortunes in the United States have died too soon, because they worked too hard. They have little leisure, little happiness.

They are envied and criticized when they should be thanked. When they are dead they have only six feet of earth, and the worms soon take that. Everything else goes to the public. A Vanderbilt, a Hill or a Harriman builds a great railroad system, permanently improving the country.

A Rockefeller accumulates money by "patience, perseverance, and industry" plus extraordinary intelligence, gives hundreds of millions to education, science, warfare against disease, and his son continues the giving, while the father looks on approvingly.

Henry Clay Frick built up the United States Steel business with Andrew Carnegie, built for himself a magnificent palace in Fifth avenue, bought beautiful works of art. His widow has died, the palace and all art works now become the property of the people. He could not give them away while his wife lived.

He followed an example set by the late Benjamin Altman, whose collection, surpassing any other made in this generation, was left to the city of New York, in which his fortune was made.

And so it goes, energy and intelligence build great fortunes, the people profit by them.

Or if owners foolishly leave too much to children, the children squander, usually, what they did not earn, and the money returns to the people.

All five of Edison's children are close to his bedside. The great genius and benefactor of this nation is gradually losing strength. The doctors give what comfort they can, saying: "Mr. Edison slept better, almost six hours." But there is no real comfort.

Unfortunately for his health, Mr. Edison has persistently deprived himself of needed sleep, giving every hour taken from his work, even in old age. And that counts against him now.

Because of curtailing sleep, Mr. Edison did to his nerve battery, his own nervous system what he would not do to his electric batteries.

Pope Pius has repeatedly inquired by cable concerning Mr. Edison's health. Mr. Edison is described as a "Free Thinker," but that makes no difference to the head of the Catholic church, who sees greater importance in Edison's services to the human race than in his passing individual beliefs. John Byrne Sloane, Edison's son-in-law, who is a Roman Catholic, has acknowledged grateful-

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.

A LITTLE BOY WHO GRITS HIS TEETH

Our Montana reader tells me she is a reader of this column but as yet has not read anything about what she is going to do.

Well, I try to give prompt consideration to every letter that conforms to the reasonable rules, but I can't seem to get this racket organized quite well enough to answer these inquiries before I get 'em.

Then the lady explains. You see, she has a boy of five. He seems perfectly healthy in every way, except that the little rascal gives his parents, aunts and everybody so much anxiety when he is asleep, for he grinds his teeth in his sleep, and he has been doing so for a whole year, and mother and pop and Aunt Mary and even grandma just can't understand why he does it.

Aunt Mary got her dander up, if you can imagine her needing to do any such thing, and asked the doctor about it one day, and the doctor, poor fellow, muffed it badly by opining that it is just "nervousness." However, grandma herself pronounces the child not the least bit nervous, and she feels pretty sure he has regular hours and a well balanced diet, whatever that may be. I remember Charlie Bradburn used to balance his diet neatly enough, and it had brown sugar on top, whereas the best we poorer kids could get was a sprinkling of insipid white sugar on ours.

So if this young 'un gets plenty of well balanced diet he is lucky. Fine practice for youngsters, too, to balance their diet. No mean trick to keep it balanced and nibble all around the edges as you come trotting back to the playgrounds to break up the game.

I told her (perhaps it was during the blizzard in Montana) recently how a careful study of a hundred or more children of diverse shades, some of whom had worms and some of whom had none, had shown that just as many of the kids without worms grit their teeth in sleep as do kids with worms. So that ought to eliminate the fairytales from the council.

I also told her recently that gritting the teeth in sleep is sometimes due to too acid urine, which in turn is due to an insufficient proportion of fresh vegetables, fresh fruits and greens or salad relishes in the child's diet.

In all cases of gritting or grinding of the teeth in sleep it is probable that there is a tendency toward spasmodic affections—doctors call this

by the sympathetic messages from the pape.

Optimism is beautiful, especially in a depression.

Therefore, praise Mr. "Stitch" McCarthy, who defeated Mr. Jack Spero in a contest for the title of "Chief of the New York League of Locality Mayors, Inc."

Mr. "Stitch," in the course of many fights and speeches that enlivened the election, remarked: "This Spero is just a crab. Why, I beat him practically unanimous; the vote was 12 to 11."

That interpretation of figures is real optimism.

Unpleasant hours in Wall Street yesterday, the foolish that bought too high and too excitedly throwing property overboard for less than half its value. But the foolish man's fear is the wise man's opportunity. These days of depression will lay the foundation of future independence and permanent prosperity for many.

SUNDOWN STORIES

SWAMP WHITE OAK.
By Mary Graham Bonner.

"Are you so grown-up that it doesn't matter if you get your feet wet?" Peggy asked.

"It doesn't matter whether I'm grown-up or not," the tree answered. "Are you, by the way, interested in my wet feet?"

"I'd like to hear why you boast about them," Peggy said.

"How pleasant," replied the tree. "My name is Swamp White Oak."

"From that you can tell that I am a very fond of swamps. It's all a matter of taste, I suppose. You may care for the seashore and your friends may like the mountains better."

"We love the seashore, and we're wild about the mountains," said John.

"I don't know what I'd do if I were like that. Well, it doesn't matter so much with people. They don't settle down with their roots in the way trees do."

"They're fonder of moving around. Now it would be most awkward if I liked both swamps and dry ground. Wouldn't it?"

"It would," admitted John. "Do tell us some more."

"You can see that I am an oak—"

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: The runaway marriage of Sam and Freddy is abruptly halted when Sam, leaving her home, finds a note from her half-brother Nelson saying that he is marrying their maid, Martha Givens. Sam works more keenly than the result of loss of social standing, because her stepfather, Fourth, addresses, believes in strict class distinctions. Nelson has taken with him money that Fourth has borrowed to pay a mortgage interest. Sam feels responsible for the finances of her family, which is one reason why she has previously considered marrying Freddy Abbott. Abbott, the wealthy owner of the Express, for which Sam and Freddy work, is willing that Sam should marry him without giving him. Sam is attracted by Nelson's note, and a dove she takes off her traveling clothes and starts to get Alder's dinner.

on a tin roof. It was entirely meaningless to Sam, who merely relaxed, while her subconscious mind enabled her to nod or to shake her head at appropriate moments.

Fourth noticed nothing out of the ordinary. When the dishes were dried and had been put away, he remarked cheerfully that that was that, and retired with his newspaper to the davenport. Sam watched him gravely. She squared her shoulders and walked over to his side.

"Fourth," said Sam gently, "I have news for you."

"News?" He looked up in surprise but without alarm. "Well, let's have it. I hope it's good."

"I doubt if you'll think that it's good. I'm afraid it will be rather a shock."

"Oh," Fourth put down his newspaper and his pipe and looked at her. Then he said briefly: "All right, let's have it. I'm ready."

Sam said: "Nelson is married."

Fourth merely continued to look the pupils of his eyes widening. "Married?" He repeated heavily at last. "Married?"

Fourth was slow to understand. Sam, watching him as he sat there with his big hands on his knees, appreciated exactly how he felt. The blow had been too sudden to be comprehended at once. It might be an hour, or two hours, or perhaps a full day before the knowledge was completely absorbed.

"Nelson married? On what?" she said.

Sam was patient with this irrelevance. "I don't know, but it doesn't matter, does it? The point is that the thing is done."

"Who is the girl?" Fourth demanded.

"That's the worst part." She avoided his eyes. "That will be the hardest thing for you to bear."

"Tell me her name."

"Nelson married Martha," said Sam gently. "He married Martha Givens."

"Martha Givens?"

"Yes," said Sam. "Martha—the maid."

Sam had expected that an outburst would follow her bald declaration, but none was forthcoming. There was merely a complete and absolute silence in the living room.

Sam did not look at Fourth. She wandered over to the other side of the room and mechanically began to rearrange magazines on the top of a table. She wondered dully what would happen next.

Fourth laughed, at last, almost naturally. "It isn't true, of course."

Sam turned about and shook her head. "It's true."

"No," said Fourth flatly and without emotion. "There's some mistake. No son of mine would disgrace himself and me by marrying a—servant girl."

"I know how you feel," said Sam softly, "but the thing is done."

Fourth looked at her impersonally, as though she were a stranger. "How do you know?" he demanded coldly. "What proof have you?"

"I have a letter from Nelson that I found when I came home this afternoon. He said—"

"Get the letter," Fourth ordered calmly. "I want to read it."

She hesitated. Then she went up to her room and got the letter. She handed it to Fourth without a word and returned once more to the magazines.

Her sense of hearing seemed abnormally acute. She heard the rustle of paper as Fourth carefully took the letter from its envelope. She heard the faint ticking of the clock or the mantel, and the slow drip of water from the tap in the kitchen. She was instantly aware, also, of a car that turned off the main road and started up the drive to the stable.

"Someone is coming," she said calmly. "Probably to see me. I'll talk to him outside."

With both hands Fourth was holding Nelson's letter under the reading lamp. He did not answer.

It was Freddy, as Sam had expected. He swung out of the taxi almost before it had come to a stop. Sam noticed as he came striding toward where she was standing on the front step, that he was wearing a new suit. He had a new overcoat, too, and a new hat.

Sam said: "We'll have to talk out here, Freddy. Let's go around the corner of the house where we can be alone."

They went around the corner of the house and came to a stop under one of the lighted living room windows. Sam could see Freddy's face clearly and could tell that he was angry. He was making an effort to control himself.

(Copyright Freeman Lincoln)

What is Freddy's accusation, tomorrow? Sam makes up her mind about marriage.

Chapter 8
MISTAKE OR DISGRACE?

SOME time later the telephone began to ring. It rang briefly and authoritatively, but Sam did not even look up from her work. She was vaguely aware that it must be Freddy who was calling and that she probably owed him some sort of explanation, but she felt curiously incapable of speech. She felt incapable of everything except peeling potatoes, which asked no questions and were smooth and cool in her hands.

Possibly potatoes were numb all over, and very tired, and did not care to be bothered with questions. She could understand that.

The telephone continued to ring. Its commands were no longer short and confident, but had changed to dogged appeals for attention. It seemed possible that they might go on for ever, and so, when Sam dropped the last potato into the pot of water boiling on the stove, she carefully dried her hands and walked slowly into the living room.

The small suburban directory on top of the big blue city one provided just what she needed. Together they were thick enough to remove the weight of the receiver from its hook and to quiet the clamor of the bell. The instrument continued to buzz and mutter angrily for a few moments, but then was still. Sam nodded and returned to the kitchen.

Fourth banged the front door heavily behind him when he came in. He always banged the front door, just as he always shouted Sam's name immediately afterward. It was a habit, like Nelson's but-tuning his vest on the front stairs. This time Sam did not answer his call. She intended to answer it but somehow the necessary energy seemed to be lacking, so she merely slid the grill bearing the chops into the oven.

After an interval, during which Fourth indulged in a few cheerful preliminary blasts upon the mouth organ, he once more shouted Sam's name. Receiving no answer he strode out to the kitchen. "Martha," he began from the butler's pantry door, "where is she? He stopped in surprise. "Sam! What on earth are you doing?"

"Hello, Fourth," Sam, with her back toward him, nodded. "I'm getting dinner."

"So I see, but I didn't realize this was Martha's day out."

"It isn't," Sam shrugged, realizing that the inevitable questions had begun. "Tomorrow is Martha's day out."

"Then—"

"Yes. That's it. Martha's left."

"No!" Fourth digested that surprising bit of information in silence for a moment. Then he said indignantly: "Didn't she give any notice at all?"