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It Looks Serious

IF RUSSIA is mobilizing, as today's press dispatches claim, then this situation in Manchuria, from the standpoint of world peace, is really serious.

For such action would mean that Russia regards this flurry in the railroad zone, as not merely a local clash between China and Japan, but as a definite plan on the part of Russia to take over Manchuria by force.

Soviet Russia doesn't want that. Not only is Japan her traditional enemy, but she has intentions of her own regarding China, and Japan permanently established in Manchuria would be fatal to her plans.

In times of excitement it is well to take such reports as Russian mobilization with a grain of salt. But nevertheless the fact can't be denied that Russia holds the key to the Far East situation.

If the present situation develops, along logical lines, then a clash between Japan and Russia is inevitable. Russian mobilization now, would mean it is coming sooner than anyone expected.

Senator Jim Is Twisted

SENATOR JIM WATSON asks for an investigation of the New York Stock Exchange, on the ground that its low prices are responsible for the depression, and that we cannot recover until they revive.

Quite true as far as recovery is concerned. It is also true that a victim of typhoid can't recover until his temperature goes down, but would a senatorial investigation help matters? Until stock prices return to normal, the depression will continue. But the point which Senator Jim appears to miss, is that stock prices are not the cause of the depression, but the depression is the cause of the stock prices.

UNCLE SAM is sick. There is something fundamentally wrong internally. The stock list declines, is no more the cause of his condition, than the clinical thermometer is the cause of a typhoid patient's temperature.

Instead of investigating the stock exchange, Senator Watson should investigate the internal conditions of the country economically, and find out what is wrong. Return those "innards" to normalcy, and the stock list will take care of itself.

The World's Moving Fast

A GREAT change is coming over the entire world. Just what the final outcome is to be no one knows. But everyone knows the process is more or less painful—changes are always painful.

Our own belief is that the new order is going to be better than the old—better for the average man. We don't believe America is going Bolsheviki; we don't believe America is ever going to return to the "good old days." We believe the final goal is going to be somewhere in between.

THAT a new conception of its rights and duties is coming over American business, already, seems to us indicated by the attitude of the United States Chamber of Commerce at its recent convention. Not many years ago this organization was regarded as the last word in materialism and reaction,—blindly interested in nothing, but the almighty dollar.

But read over the following report of its agricultural committee:

"The value of farm products is so low that farmers are experiencing great difficulty in meeting their taxes, interest and other obligations. Wholesale delinquency of these obligations must be expected. The purchasing power of the farmer is severely reduced. He can not be the customer of industry or commerce. His reduced purchasing power not only affects him individually but destroys the buying power of whole communities which depend on his trade. The railways serving agricultural territory are affected. Their revenues are seriously impaired and all labor is affected. Already strikes of taxpayers are numerous and tax delinquencies in many states have reached proportions where states will find difficulty in functioning on account of lack of revenue.

"There has been a 10-year period of depression for the farmer. The period of prosperity, which the balance of the country enjoyed for several years, did not reach the farmer. The banking and credit services available to agriculture are inadequate. The numerous failures of commercial banks reflect in a measure not only the rapid decline in agricultural commodities, but rather the failure of communities as well as of banks.

"The agricultural committee recognizes that this situation calls for drastic action on a parity with the action taken in the war in connection with the sale of Liberty bonds and otherwise. It calls attention of the board to the fact that drastic action is being taken to change the natural operation of economic law in many other industries—organized labor, wages, transportation rates, and many other lines which logically should come down toward the basis of agriculture and other commodity prices. THE COMMITTEE FEELS THAT THERE IS NO OPTION BUT THAT EITHER ECONOMIC LAWS SHOULD BE ALLOWED FREE PLAY IN THE ENTIRE FIELD OR ELSE IMMEDIATE EXTRAORDINARY EFFORT BE MADE TO PLACE AGRICULTURE ON A PARITY WITH OTHER INDUSTRIES IN THIS CRISIS."

What does this mean! It means that in the opinion of the United States Chamber of Commerce, we have come to the parting of the ways. Either agriculture must be given something like the McNary-Haugen bill, or the principle of a high protective tariff for industries must be abandoned.

Ten years ago—or even five—such action by such an organization would have been inconceivable, nothing short of treason. But today it is accepted as a matter of course.

It only shows how far we have traveled the past few years, without realizing it. Where are we going?

We are probably going to keep on traveling, until the average business man and the average worker, meet face to face and hand in hand, upon a COMMON GROUND!

Talks To Parents BREAKING BAD HABITS By Alice Johnson Peckham One of the most common questions asked by mothers is "How can I break my child of this or that bad habit?"

not by trying to break her child of the habit of being interested in what is going on in the kitchen, but by putting her to work helping with whatever is going forward. Thus the child can have a little dish of her own in which to shell peas or string beans. She can beat eggs, help dry dishes and put them away, and bring mother utensils as she needs them.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane War in Asia? Maybe. A Pretty Good Dollar. More Gold for Canada. A Good New Book.

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We talk of world depression, and suddenly the face of things may change by war in Asia. Europe, America and Australia have shown how murderously stupid they can be in the big war. Now it is Asia's turn.

Japan, planning to seize Chinese territory, temporarily perhaps, sends some stern letters, backed up with air bombs, battleships, troops. Chinese merchants in America boycott Japanese goods.

Let that go onto the usual conclusion, and the prices of wheat, cotton, copper will creep upward. Other nations will deplore the war, sanctimoniously, and sell goods eagerly.

And you will be amazed to see how easily nations find money for war when they cannot find prosperity in honest industry.

The Polish people, who borrow cash and financial ideas from France, are getting rid of American dollars, in which they had invested their savings, for safety. Someone had told them that this country will abandon the gold basis, and then our dollar will slump.

Polas that have unloaded fifty million American dollars will regret it. Good news for our Canadian friends rejoices us all. A high metallurgical authority, Sir John Aldred, predicts gold production in Canada on a constantly increasing scale, that will reach, within ten years, one hundred million dollars a year.

Technically, Canada is on a gold basis now, inasmuch as she does not redeem currency in gold. But Canada has great wealth now, and the certainty of future wealth beyond computation. Canadian dollars are good. Get all you can.

Our gold reserves, biggest in the world, and nearly a half of the world's total supply, fills with envy our good friends in foreign countries, and they draw all they can of it. Some fifty odd millions have gone within the last few days.

Why do we allow it to leave the country? We have it, why not KEEP IT, forbidding gold exports as we did in the war? A money war is on now, with the world against us. Gold is the modern fetish, as sacred in finance as was the true cross, for which the Crusaders fought so bitterly.

Why not say: "You other nations can get gold for your American dollars here in America, but you cannot take it out of the country. You may draw our gold reserve, as you drained that of Britain."

Financiers need not worry. This country and its money will be respected as long as we have the gold, no matter how we keep it.

Again, one universal language is predicted for all the earth.

Some say it will be Esperanto or Volapuk. Others, intelligent enough to know that no artificial language can survive, say English will be the world language.

They are right, probably, but since ours is a patchwork of other languages, Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, French, Saxon, Celt, and a dozen others, no national need be jealous.

The early fathers of the Christian church would have predicted Hebrew as the universal language. It may be, therefore, that Hebrew is spoken in heaven.

It is a language lacking in many modern necessary words, especially those conveying abstract ideas.

Dr. Butler of Columbia College protests, as progressive men do always, against man's unwillingness to accept a new idea, or new and better methods.

Lao-Tse, predecessor of Confucius, protested, 600 years before Christ against mechanical contrivances, destroying national beauty. And Ruskin, one of the best Englishmen ever born, did the same 2400 years later, when the locomotive arrived.

Bertrand Russell points out that without modern machinery, which some workmen and economists hold responsible for our troubles, 80 per cent of the population in civilized countries would starve.

Men in whom thinking does not cause headache, should read Bertrand Russell's new book, "The Scientific Outlook," published in New York by W. W. Norton.

The best wearing all silk hose, full fashioned at \$1.00 and \$1.25. STELLWYN B. HOFFMANN'S.

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.

THE RIGHT OIL FOR THE SKIN.

Physiologists estimate that the skin of an adult aged 35 years secretes one to two teaspoonfuls of sebum daily. Sebum is the best skin oil there is for the complexion.

In youth generally more than enough sebum is poured out upon the skin. After 30 the amount of oil naturally secreted by the skin tends to diminish, and the skin becomes dry, harsh, irritable, rough, cold and scaly. Likewise the scalp and hair.

Many girls and young women make the mistake of dabbing all kinds of creams, ointments, and other greasy complexion preparations on the skin, which merely add to the excess of oil already present. What is more ridiculous, many of the cosmetic nostrums purport to feed the skin or something, the manufacturers apparently having the secret of nourishing the body without putting anything through the esophagus. Many of the customers are beautiful or would be with a little less artifice; all of them must be pretty dumb.

For more mature individuals who have insufficient natural skin oil (sebum) various oils are helpful in keeping the skin in good condition and the complexion clear. One of the best is plain cold cream freshly prepared by the pharmacist after the formula of Ung. Aquea Rosae (ointment of rose water) in his standard formula, the Pharmacopoeia.

No artificial skin oil can compare with the natural sebum. All artificial skin oils have the drawback that they do not last long—they dry up too quickly, or disappear by attrition. Of course, no oil is absorbed by the skin.

A good skin oil should be used very sparingly in any case. A teaspoonful is enough for the whole body for a day. Not enough to make the skin look or feel greasy in any case.

Olive oil, sweet almond oil, coconut oil of shea and palm oil, all are all good oils for this purpose.

Oil of sesame (otherwise known as teel oil and benne oil) is particularly useful as a skin oil, because it is slow to dry away and it does not clog the skin as some other oils do. Sesame oil was used by the ancient Egyptians and by the Arabs and is still used by the Arabs.

Plain sesame oil will become rancid if kept long, but when the following formula is compounded by the pharmacist it keeps well and is praised by many users who require some such daily.

Why do we allow it to leave the country? We have it, why not KEEP IT, forbidding gold exports as we did in the war? A money war is on now, with the world against us. Gold is the modern fetish, as sacred in finance as was the true cross, for which the Crusaders fought so bitterly.

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SAM BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: suspense holds Sam Sherrill, while he waits to learn what the man she loves, Freddy Munson, is going to do about her sudden engagement to Peak Abbott. Sam has accepted Peak, owner of the Express where she works, because she has pressing need of money and because she hopes the news will lessen the effect of her half-brother's sensational marriage to their maid. Her half-brother, Nelson, took with him money with which Sam intended to pay interest on a mortgage. This further alienates Sam's stepfather, Fourth Aldersea, who firmly upholds aristocracy although he lost the money needed to maintain the family's social standing. Peak tells Sam that Freddy has left the Express, and that he remarked of the engagement "I am not sure that you are to be congratulated." Sam cannot conceal her feelings.

Chapter 13 PEAK AND FREDDY CLASH "It's nothing," Sam shook her head. "I'm sorry, Peak. It's just that I'm so terribly tired."

"Look here," said Peak decisively. "I'll tell you what's going to happen. I'm going home, and you are going to bed."

He hesitated, and then reached into his side pocket and produced a small square box. "Here's your engagement ring," he said. He took the ring from his case and picked up her left hand. "It may be a little large," he apologized, "but I think it's rather pretty."

"It's beautiful," Sam looked at the ring on her third finger, and then up at Peak.

He kissed her lightly. "Just for luck, Sam. I'm sure we'll have luck—you and I."

"Of course, Peak," she nodded slowly. "Of course we will."

In the ten days that followed no word was heard from Nelson Aldersea and his bride. No letter came to the stable, and after the first sensation the newspapers forgot the story entirely. Fourth and Sam never mentioned the subject in public, and their friends tactfully avoided it.

Sam, as anyone could see and as everyone remarked, had suffered more keenly from this blunder of Nelson's than even Fourth himself. She held her head just as high, if not a bit higher than before, but no one was deceived. Not even her obvious devotion to Peak Abbott, and his equally obvious devotion to her, seemed enough to make her forget what her step-brother had done.

Her friends did their best to aid in the forgetting process. The engagement offered sufficient excuse for a round of entertainments that left her no night in the week to her own devices. Her days were busy enough with her housekeeping and her job on the Express. People wondered, audibly, why she kept on with her job.

Peak wondered the same thing. After the engagement was announced he said that, naturally, she would want to give up her job at once. Sam's protest was earnest; almost vehement.

"Is it necessary, Peak?" she pleaded. "Of course it isn't necessary." Peak laughed in surprise. "I just thought that maybe you'd be too busy to go on with it now."

"Busy? Oh, no!" Sam shook her head. "I'm not half busy enough."

Peak worried about that remark, and as the days went by he found himself worrying more and more about Sam. She was not herself. He could tell how tired she was, and yet she rushed from one thing to another as though she was afraid of sitting still. She worked hard, played harder, and treated him with an unwavering gentleness and consideration that was almost pathetic.

In the end Peak was forced to mention the matter to her. He chose a time when they were alone in the living room of the stable, and he tried to bring up the subject with some appearance of naturalness, but Sam persistently parried his tactful hints. He found it necessary, finally, to be direct.

"Sam," he said, suddenly, "I'm worried about something, and I wish you'd help me."

"Worried?" Her eyes questioned him. "About what?"

"I'm worried about you. There's something the matter with you, Sam, and I wish you'd tell me what it is."

"Don't be silly, Peak," she looked away. "There's nothing the matter with me."

Ye Poet's Corner

COLUMBUS. (By Lois Spaniol, age 11) A brave and mighty man was he. Who first sailed the unknown sea. He sailed the sea that was never sailed before. This was bravery in days of yore.

The frightful stories the sailors told Had no effect on Columbus bold. He sailed away with sailors few; He thought the New World was Asia too.

The fertile soil, the trees of green. He claimed them all for the Spanish queen; But Columbus died before he knew That he had discovered a continent new.

SUNDOWN STORIES

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 12, 1921. (It was Wednesday.)

The Giants take the lead in the world series when they defeat the Yankees, 2 to 1, in a nerve-racking pitcher's battle between "Shufflin' Phil" Douglas and Carl Mays.

Testimony begins in the trial of Dr. Brumfield at Roseburg for murder. Sister of the murdered man is first witness.

William J. Simmons, imperial wizard and emperor of the Ku Klux Klan, called as a witness before congressional probe, and defends order.

The Express pays its second half taxes to the county.

The Medford high school will open its football season with a game at Grants Pass next Saturday.

County road crew rushes work on county roads to beat the rains.

New vault to be built for county records, as woodshed now used is considered dangerous.

S. B. (Go-Get-Em) Sandifer, special prohibition agent for Jackson county, presents bill for \$1514 for one month's work, and the county court "is amazed."

TIDE AND BOAT

By Mary Graham Bonner. The Little Black Clock was certainly using his magic when it was possible for John to talk to a boat and to understand what the boat had to say.

The Little Black Clock had asked the boat to explain now why she had mud all around her and why she did not object in the least.

"I'm not really stuck in the mud," the boat said. "And I'm not deserted, and I don't need to be rescued."

"Your friend has brought you to a part of the world along which flows the famous Bay of Fundy. Now I have been brought in to this little bay which is near a town where my owner lives and where he is going to get fresh provisions for the next trip."

"He knows that I will be all right. For the time being there is mud all around me."

"The tide had gone out—and we have the highest tides in the world around here."

"Before long it will come in again, and I will be off with my owner for another trip."

"I just wait for the tide, and so nothing will happen to me. I won't be here for long."

"The tide never fails me. It is so regular and so certain and so true."

But just then the tide began to come rushing in and the tower of the boat came down to see that all was well.

And the Little Black Clock said, "Do you remember what we did a year ago today?"

"Of course," said Peggy. "We saw Columbus discovering the land and you turned the time back to 1492!"

"Well, I think we'll take another look at him. I want to have Peggy notice something she didn't notice before."

Tomorrow—"Dressed-Up Columbus."

Dr. Mattie E. Russell, S. T. and magnetic treatments, formerly of Grants Pass, now situated at 5 East Third St., Medford. Hours 9 to 5.

Krytalgol, kodak glyx supreme, the Pearys, open, Holly theas.

Let us iron out those tender bumps Brill Steel Metal Works.

don't agree with Fourth that it was money."

"Money?" The color deepened in her cheeks. "Did Fourth say anything to you about money?"

"It wasn't his fault. I dragged it out of him. I questioned him until I forced him to admit that he thought you were troubled about money. He told me about what Nelson had done, and about that foolish mortgage."

She shrugged, almost indifferently. "So it was you who paid the mortgage interest. Fourth said he had earned it, but I might have known."

"What does that matter? Let's get back to the original subject. I can't believe that it is money that is making you unhappy because you must realize that your money troubles will be over as soon as you marry me. I can't believe it is Nelson, either."

"No?" She almost smiled. "Then what do you think it is?"

"I don't know," he frowned. "I'm only afraid you are unhappy because you've said you'll marry me. If that is true, Sam, I hope you'll admit it, and we'll consider the whole business off."

She looked at him. "Are you trying to get rid of me?"

"You know I'm not." She nodded calmly. "Very well then, the subject is closed, for I have no intention of breaking my engagement to you—ever. If there's any breaking to be done, Peak, you'll have to do it. Do you want to?"

"I don't want anything except to see you happy."

She sighed. "I suppose there is no use in telling you that I'm perfectly happy?"

"Not the slightest." He shook his head doggedly. "I know that there's something wrong with you, even though you won't admit it, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do." He shook a finger at her, sternly. "Somehow or other I'm going to find out what the matter is, and when I do, I'm going to let it fixed."

Two weeks later Freddy Munson walked into Peak Abbott's office in the Express building.

"Hello, Munson," said Peak with a smile, holding out his hand. "I'm glad to see you. Are you coming back to work for us? We can use a good man."

"Hello, Abbott," Freddy shook hands briefly. "No, I'm not coming back here to work. I'm on my way to Kansas City, and I just stopped off for an hour to say something to you."

"Oh," Peak made a mental note that Freddy looked tired and shabby. Probably he had been on an intensive spree in New York. Probably he wanted to borrow money. Peak indicated a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, thanks. I'll stand if you don't mind." Freddy shook his head and then added in explanation: "Can't seem to sit down for any length of time these days. Nervous. Smoking too many cigarettes probably."

He took a paper package from a pocket as he spoke, extracted a cigarette, and lit it. Peak smiled. "I know. I get that way myself sometimes. Well, what's on your mind, Munson?"

Freddy scowled. Then he said abruptly: "How is Sam?"

"Sam Sherrill?" Surprised, Peak hesitated. "Why, she's fine—thanks."

Freddy's acrowl disappeared and he smiled grimly. "Didn't know I knew her well enough to call her Sam, did you? Well, I do."

He thrust his hands in his pockets and began to pace up and down the rug, rapidly puffing at his cigarette. Peak watched him for a time and then said quietly: "Well?"

Freddy laughed sharply and stopped in his tracks. "I'm a fool!" he said savagely. "I've always known I was a fool, Abbott, and this proves it. Coming here won't do any good. I'm going to get out."

Peak shrugged. "You've aroused my curiosity, I admit, but if you want to get out without satisfying it, I'm afraid I can't stop you."

"I'm darned if I will!" Freddy turned about. "I'm here now, and I'm going to speak my piece!"

"Good. Let's hear it."

Freddy said: "Are you going to marry Sam Sherrill?"

Peak stared. "I am, why?"

"Because," replied Freddy walking over to the desk and leaning across it, "if you do, Abbott, you'll be committing a crime—the worst sort of crime!"

(Copyright, Freeman Lincoln)

Peak and Freddy tomorrow for the first time meet in the open as rivals. The contest is close in their word duel.

Slayer of Indian Facing Sentence

THE DALLES, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP) After deliberating 11 hours, a circuit court jury here Sunday convicted Harry Isel, commercial fisheries employe, of shooting Levi Van Pelt, young Umatilla Indian. Sentence will be passed October 19. The jury got the case at 4:40 p. m. Saturday.

Burn dry slabs, \$4.75 per load. Med. Fuel Co., Tel. 631.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Phone 342 We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Coats repaired and remodeled at the Fashion Shop, 424 Medford Bldg. Tel. 1181.