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## The Freight Rate Decision

THE New York Stock Exchange is supposed to be hard boiled. But its reaction to the I. C. C. denial of a flat 15 per cent increase in freight rates suggests that it is sensitive, sentimental and superstitious.

For this denial sent railroad stocks down, on the assumption apparently that it will reduce freight profits. A cold, realistic analysis of the decision, does not, in our opinion, justify this assumption.

True the 15 per cent increase is denied. But on commodities not adapted to truck transportation, an INCREASE RANGING FROM \$6 PER CAR TO 1 CENT PER HUNDRED POUNDS IS ALLOWED.

IN OTHER words, where the railroads have a natural MONOPOLY, such as in the shipping of rock, iron, steel and crude petroleum, an extra charge of \$6 per car is granted. In the shipment of citrus fruits, perishable vegetables, etc., where refrigeration is required, and the railroads have practically a monopoly, a 1 cent boost is allowed.

To have granted an increase in other directions, where the motor trucks can successfully compete, would merely have driven such tonnage to the highways.—DECREASED RAIL REVENUE AND PROFITS, NOT INCREASED THEM.

In fact, when one considers that present freight rates are based upon post-war prosperity and we are now in the midst of a depression, this I. C. C. decision is an overwhelming victory for the railroads. Railroad stocks, instead of going down as a result, should have gone up.

## Today

By Arthur Brisbane  
 Cheaper Money, Better Business.  
 Our Solid Dollar.  
 Edison's Beliefs, His Business.  
 In Evil There Is Good.

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When money becomes cheap, strange to say, business seems to improve.

France officially cut the value of the franc down 80 per cent. That was as though this country had reduced the value of a dollar to 20 cents.

France then proceeded to pay her debts with money worth one-fifth the amount borrowed. Englishmen to their sorrow had to take for loans that they had made to France in war time, money worth one-fifth of the amount they had paid.

## Has the League Prevented War?

"Moral pressure of world opinion has been too strong for the military party of Japan. This is the first time. . . . The League has prevented war, between a great power like Japan and a nation like China."—Portland Oregonian.

WE DON'T like to be cynical, but frankly we seriously question the truth of that statement.

If Japan really wanted war with China, felt as Germany did in 1914 that the time to strike had come, does anyone believe the peace declarations of a deliberative body over in Geneva, Switzerland, would have prevented her? Or for that matter would the "moral pressure of world opinion" have prevented her?

WE SERIOUSLY doubt it. When a nation WANTS war, and is prepared to wage it, particularly against a foe that can't successfully resist, there is, in our opinion, only one thing that can prevent war,—that is FORCE,—either actual or threatened.

Only insofar as League declarations are backed up by force, or the moral pressure of world opinion is backed up by force, can either be effective.

The truth in the present situation, as we see it, is Japan doesn't want war, and is only threatening it, to get the security that she wants in Manchuria.

Were she set upon war, there would be war, unless the other nations of the world, within or without the League, actually threatened to defend China, either through their armies and navies, or through a trade boycott.

UNTIL war is outlawed not only by statute, but in THE HEARTS OF MEN, it can only be prevented, by creating an international force strong enough to enforce peace and against all armed opposition, MAINTAIN it.

## Now Or Never!

DO YOU like good music? Not synthetic music, but real music; not canned music, but human music.

If you do, and if you feel, with us, that while Medford and Jackson County have gone ahead rapidly in the past ten years, in practically every department it has gone backward in this department of good music: — — —

And you would like to return as far as possible to those old days when artists like Paderewski, Gadski, Schumann Heineke, and Godowski appeared here during the winter season—

Then scrape up \$5 and join the Civic Music Association, at once.

Don't delay. For no matter who you are or how much money you have, or how ardent a music lover you consider yourself to be—

If you don't join this week, you CAN'T join later. It's now or never as far as Medford and Jackson County are concerned.

IF 400 PEOPLE sign up, a chapter of this national association will be established here and at least three concerts of genuine excellence will be given this winter,—not high priced artists at first of course, but competent ones.

If 400 people fail to sign up: Then the idea will be abandoned, what money has been paid in will be returned and it will be concluded that there are not 400 people out of 25,000 in this part of Southern Oregon, who care enough about good music—

To pay \$5 a year for it. There is to be no high powered drive, no house to house solicitation.

If you are fond of music, it is SIMPLY UP TO YOU.

**Talks To Parents**  
 THE ALIBI HABIT  
 By Alice Judson Peale  
 Whenever Johnnie is taken to task for something he either has or has not done he has a ready excuse. If he neglected to bring his rubbers from school, it is not because he forgot, but because another boy hid them.  
 If he has lost his cap, the wind blew it into the river. If he has not done his homework it is because he had a headache.  
 Sometimes his excuses are genuine, but more often they are manufactured alibis.  
 It is not good for a child to grow up with this tendency to wriggle out of every responsibility. As he grows older the habit will stand between

him and good conscientious work. It will weaken his position with others, especially with employers.  
 The tendency to find excuses for one's shortcomings is universal.  
 Elements in a child's life which tend to reinforce it are: fear of scolding and punishment; a feeling of inferiority which makes it impossible for him frankly to admit his wrong doing and failures; the daily example of an adult who is always making excuses; the fact that his excuses are accepted as valid, that by means of them he gets by when he otherwise would not.  
 You can prevent your child from developing the alibi habit by making it not too difficult for him to face things honestly. Do not unduly penalize his frankness.  
 Bolster up his self-confidence with your love and approval so that he can accept unflinching truths about himself and make a cheerful effort to improve. Set a good example by admitting your own limitations and doing your best to correct them.

## 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.

NOW, FOLKS, PLEASE DO NOT PUSH OR SHOVE—HERE IS THE BRADY BABY BOOK.

By special permission of the copyright owner I quote two paragraphs from Chapter 18 of Autobiography published in these columns in 1920. Chapter 18 was about Babies in Books:

My dad has always wanted to write a baby book. He says every doctor who amounts to anything is supposed to get out a baby book sooner or later.

No pretty pictures in the Brady Baby Book. Just concentrated, scientific horse sense about the care of the baby. It contains the special information and advice which the doctoring old doctor feels amateur parents most need—and he feels so because of the questions such parents have most frequently submitted to him these past several years. In short Dr. Brady has endeavored to compress into his booklet the gist of the practical instruction or advice that has been printed in this column, in reference to babies, in the course of many years.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.  
 The Sedentary Reporter

I'm a reporter on the — and naturally am sitting a great deal of the time. . . . (R. A.)

Answer—So one gathers, reading the papers these days. The reporters evidently spend most of their time not only sitting, but hitting the pipe. They suffered less from hemorrhoids in the old days when they used their legs rather than their imagination. At least you should roll yourself a few somersaults now and then, out in the hall or somewhere, to get the stagnant blood out of the portal system and back into circulation. That helps to relieve the piles, also to brighten up the paper. Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for instructions for the prevention and relief of hemorrhoids, and don't forget to mention that you have the trouble.

Swimming Under Water  
 Would swimming under water with the eyes open be harmful to the eyes? (Miss C. L. H.)

Answer—No.  
 Muffling the Ears  
 How can I plug my ears so I can't hear noises at night? I'm bothered a good deal by the barking of dogs in the night. Have tried cotton, but it is no good. (A. P. A.)

Answer—Try the wax sound absorbers or ear drum protectors sold by druggists for the use of swimmers.

How to Take It  
 If you were 65 and had a slight thyroid enlargement which your doctor thinks may be malignant, would you undergo the operation he advises? (M. T. L.)

Answer—No. I believe I'd just whistle along.

Two Friendly Enemies  
 A says movies ruin the eyes more than reading. B says. . . . (J. B.)

Answer—Neither the movies nor reading will harm the eyes, when not indulged to excess. Open air life and regarding distant scenery is the best way to save the eyes when the eyes have to do much near or fine work.

## 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 21, 1921  
 (It was Friday)  
 Dr. R. M. Brumfield, convicted murderer, removes gold bridge from mouth, and attempts to slash throat with it, in Roseburg jail. Special guard is placed in cell.

County fund for advertising boosted by county court.  
 Taxpayers protest building of Crater Lake highway will "increase burdens."

Two-headed snake found near Rogue River, joins a carnival.  
 Threatened strike of railroad workers frightens local shippers.

Baptists start campaign for funds for new church.  
 Trigonia oil well casing is delayed by threatened rail strike.

New building boom in city is under way. Clarence Hutchinson starts work on new home on West Main street.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY  
 October 21, 1911  
 (It was Saturday)  
 Taxpayers Protective League formed to combat "increase in taxes."

Modern foot fighting plant is erected on Potter Palmer orchard.  
 Mrs. F. W. Hollis entertains the Bridge club.

County fair made \$605.07. If the horse race costs are not paid.  
 Peter Bonus found guilty of manslaughter, after all guilty session of jury.

Yale beats the army, 6 to 0.  
 Klamath Falls editor and mayor indulge in fist fight on street, over vice conditions.

Will G. Steel opens campaign to secure federal funds for Crater Lake work.

**PARK PREPARING FOR STORMS OF WINTER**  
 CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, Ore.—(Special)—Preparations are being rapidly completed for the long mountain winter in the Crater Lake region, with its heavy snows and frequent storms.  
 Snow poles, to indicate the location of roads within the park, have been set in place in the rim area as well as on the highway leading from the rim to the south and west entrance boundaries. A powerful snow plow will keep the roads open within the park making possible another early opening next year.  
 Shangle Studio—Your order completed in one day.

**SAM**  
 BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

NOPE! Sudden riches send Sam Skerrill through the success of her stepfather's estate. She has had a hard pull managing the family affairs. Her mother left her control of the property, because the poor husband's ability of her stepfather, Fourth Alderson, reduced the family to poverty. Sam realizes now that her engagement to Peak, who is the owner of the Brasserie where she works, would not have been necessary. She loves Freddy Manson, but accepted Peak's offer of a businesslike marriage because of the need of money and because her stepbrother Nelson, hurt their social prestige by marrying the maid. She has been slow to believe in Freddy's invention, fearing that he got the money from a rich uncle who is interested in him. Nelson is also suspicious, doubting the invention's value. You are sure that this invention business is on the level? He asks Sam.

Chapter 21  
 ONE SMALL PROMISE  
 "YES, Nelson. I had the same idea, myself, at first, so I asked Peak to investigate. He says it's on the level."  
 "That darned invention—can you beat it? Do you remember how we used to laugh about it?"  
 "I do," Sam smiled. "It rather looks as though the joke were on us, after all."  
 When Sam got home to the stable, Fourth led her into the living room. He was carrying a check.  
 "I have here," he announced, "a little gift which I have been meaning to give you for some time. I warn you, however, that it is given only under certain very definite conditions."

"Money for me?" Sam smiled.  
 "Fourth, how wonderful. What are the conditions?"  
 "The conditions are that you are to spend every cent of it on clothes for yourself. Not only that, but you are to spend every cent of it in one day. Every penny must go between the rising of the sun and its next setting. Do you agree?"  
 "Do I agree?" Sam laughed. "I never agreed to anything more readily."  
 "Good." Fourth nodded and dropped the check in her lap.  
 Sam picked up the check and glanced at the figures on its face. Then she gasped.  
 "Fourth!" Sam waved the check in a sort of panic. "Why this is a perfectly enormous amount of money! This is more than I spend on clothes in a year. You must take it back."  
 "Nonsense!" Fourth was tremendously pleased with himself. "We have plenty of money now, and I intend that you shall begin to realize it." He waved an admonitory finger. "Remember now. You're promised to spend it all in a single day."

Sam, of course, said the thing was impossible, and that she would never be able to go through with it. "Spending money is a habit," said Fourth with a grin, "but it's one which is very easily acquired. Something tells me that you'll learn rapidly. At any rate you must give it a try."  
 Sam gave it a try the next day, and she found that Fourth had been right. She seemed to have a talent for spending money. It flowed from her hands swiftly and without the slightest pain.

When, at last, she returned to the stable, her money was gone but there were bright spots of excitement in her cheeks. She had been living in a dream, and something within her demanded insistently that the dream must go on. She telephoned Peak, therefore, as soon as she had taken off her hat. "I have an assignment for you tonight," she told him swiftly. "I warn you that it won't be easy. How's your strength?"  
 "My strength is magnificent, Sam. What's the bad news?"  
 "Just this," Sam laughed. "I want you to take me in town to dinner. I don't want an ordinary dinner, understand, but the quintessence of dinners. After that we can drop in for the last act of the lightest possible musical comedy. The evening might conclude with dancing at the Ritz. Flowers will be expected, of course with orchids preferred. How about it?"  
 "Grand!" Peak whistled. "It reads like what I've been wanting to do for the past six months."  
 Peak fell into the spirit of the thing and performed his task perfectly.

He saw a new Sam. Instead of being silent and preoccupied as she had been for so long, she was gay and carefree. It was obvious that she was sincerely happy. Peak wondered if he would be able to keep his head throughout the entire evening. He told himself grimly that he must. There must be no word or gesture which might possibly give the lie to his carefully

built-up attitude of almost impersonal friendliness.  
 He did very well during dinner and at the theater, but when they were seated at their little table in the Ritz grill afterward, he could not resist an overpowering impulse to speak about her appearance.  
 "Your dress, Sam," he said slowly. "Your new dress. It's simply swell!"  
 "Thanks, Peak!" She smiled. "It really isn't a dress though. It's a symbol of a new era."  
 "Oh," He frowned. "I see what you mean. You mean it's a symbol of your new financial standing."  
 Sam told him of her shopping expedition. She sighed. "I suppose I'll wake up when the clock strikes midnight."  
 "I don't think so, Sam." He shook his head. "There's no reason for you to wake up, because the whole thing is true." He looked at her closely. "I wonder if you know how true it is, and precisely what it means. It means, you know, that your reason for marrying me is removed."  
 "The animation went out of Sam's face. "I've thought of that."  
 "Of course you have." He looked away for a moment. "Well, nothing remains but for you to say the word."  
 Sam played with the engagement ring on her left hand. Then she said quietly: "I've told you that I'd marry you, Peak. Remember that. I've promised."  
 Peak said calmly, almost indifferently: "I hope you won't let anything so unimportant stand in your way."  
 "Unimportant? I'm not so sure. A promise is a hard thing to dodge."  
 "Perhaps, but your whole life is a fairly important thing. If I were you I'd do some serious thinking before I decided to let it be influenced by one small promise."  
 Sam looked at him for a moment and then shook her head. "Are you always like this, Peak?" she inquired gently. "Don't you ever think about yourself at all?"  
 "Nonsense!" He scowled and the color deepened in his face. "I think about myself constantly. I hardly ever think about anything else, as a matter of fact."  
 "Really?" Sam was pleasantly skeptical. "Are you thinking about yourself when you advise me to break our engagement? From what you've said about your feelings for me, I should say that you are thinking about anything but your own interests."  
 "Quit it, Sam!" said Peak almost angrily. "Quit trying to make me out a little tin god. You'll find out soon enough that I'm not."  
 "I didn't say you were a little tin god. I just said that you weren't exactly selfish!"  
 "Selfish is just what I am! I'm not anxious to know that I've ruined your life. I tell you to think carefully, and I mean it!"  
 "All right, Peak. Let's not quarrel." She smiled. "I'll promise to think carefully—but not for a while. For a while I'm going to have myself a good time. By the way, do you think you could find some one to take my place on the Express?"  
 "Why, I think so." He stared. "Do you really want to give it up?"  
 "Yes."  
 "That's strange." He was frankly surprised. "I thought you said—"  
 "I know what I said, but that was some time ago. I'm not the same girl anymore. I've changed. You have no idea." She nodded brightly. "And now, if you don't mind, we won't talk about serious matters any longer. From now on, I'm going to have a good time. Do you understand, Peak, I'm going to have an utterly foolish but perfectly splendid good time!"  
 An utterly foolish and perfectly splendid good time was just what they had. When they finally arrived at the front door of the stable Sam was utterly exhausted but still thoroughly happy.  
 She said: "It's been wonderful, Peak. Think of something gay for us to do tomorrow night, will you please? I have another dress that I want to show the world."  
 "Another dress?" He tried not to look at her. "Well, I only hope it isn't any more of a menace than the one you have on. This one does plenty to me, and not only me. I could see every other man in the place looking at you. It isn't decent!"  
 "Really?" She was childishly delighted. "Good! That's just what I want to have happen. I'm sick and tired of being decent. You'd better look out, Peak—I'm warning you!"  
 (Copyright, Freeman Lincoln)

Eugenie Fry's visit to Sam, tomorrow, brings Sam bewildered and sorry. Why does Eugenie need Sam's help?

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