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The League on the Spot

JAPAN defies the League of Nations' demand that she withdraw her troops from Manchuria by November 16, on the ground that the demand was not unanimous, and therefore is not binding.

It is generally true that decisions of the Council must be unanimous, but there is one important exception, namely, that it must be unanimous:

"OTHER than one or more of the representatives of the parties to the dispute." Japan and China are representatives to this dispute. Japan is the only objector.

In other words, from the standpoint of the League, Japan has no case. If she persists in her refusal to obey this demand, then the issue is clearly drawn, between Japan and the League.

IT IS a critical situation, particularly for the League of Nations. The League is faced by this dilemma: either withdraw its demand, or force Japan to accede to it.

The first action would be a confession of failure and impotence. The second would mean war.

But, as previously pointed out in this column, how can the League wage war on Japan or any other nation? It has no army, no navy, nor has it the machinery even to render an economic boycott effective.

All it can do PRACTICALLY, is to advise its members to wage war. But are there any nations in the world today that will declare war on Japan because the League invites them to?

The situation merely brings into sharp relief once more that until the League has force behind it, it is powerless to prevent war, when any nation desires it, or when the conditions that produce war exist.

Here's Hoping It's a Hard Winter

WHAT a rain, and look at the snow covered shoulders of Ashland and Wagner!

A year ago, there was no snow to be seen in October, and little even two months later. The elements had an off year, declared a moratorium, and what a costly one.

But this year is different—at least it is starting out that way. Unless all signs fail there will be no water shortage in the summer of 1932.

A Friend Indeed!

A SUBSCRIBER has sent us a clipping from the Boston Transcript, in which for two long columns one "Bob" Washburn praises President Hoover and urges his re-election.

We have read the interesting document and filed it among the 1931 journalistic curiosities. It is the first kind word we have seen for "Herbert" since the moratorium.

The gist of this 200-word treatise is contained in the following final paragraph,—the injection of the prohibition issue due to the fact that the Transcript is Wet:

Because of which considerations hereinbefore set out, and by way of recapitulation, the cause of country demands the re-election of the President, first, because he is a business man; second, because of the business crisis; and third, because of his record and independence of the issue of prohibition. And yet strange is the spectacle when because some think that the ship leaks, when all know it can best be caulked by the business talents of Herbert Hoover, that anyone should jump overboard onto the rats of Democracy.

Why not indeed! Simply because the human mind is made as it is. We wonder if Bob Washburn has never talked with passengers, just off an ocean liner after a terrible passage? How many have vowed they would walk back home rather than take passage on that "blankety blank" boat again.

Obviously the boat had nothing to do with the storms. But logic fails before the primitive association of ideas. It's the same with President Hoover and the Republican party. Had the American people taken passage in another boat their experience might have been worse—perhaps fatal.

But it will take a more logical and trenchant pen than Mr. Washburn wields to convince them of the fact, at the present writing.

SUNDOWN STORIES



Young-Old Jack (By Mary Graham Bonner)

The little Black Clock had turned the time back once more and the children recognized Jack Frost.

"Do you want to go along with me?" he asked, and Peggy and John thought it would be great fun to take a trip with such an important person as Jack Frost.

The air was very still and very quiet, and hardly any wind was blowing. Jack Frost was carrying long brushes and buckets filled with beautiful white paint that looked as though it were mixed with crystal jewels.

Off they all started, and John and Peggy helped paint the trees and make frosty pictures on some of the window panes.

After they had finished with their work for the evening Jack Frost asked them if they thought he looked young.

"Ob, yes," said John, "you look very young. You don't look much older than I do."

Jack Frost laughed and answered: "Well, your friend the Little Black Clock turned the time back so I am quite young."

"I'm going to turn the time forward, so that it is almost the same time of year as it was when he started out for this adventure," the Clock answered.

"You see," explained Jack Frost, "he turned it back to an autumn of a good many years ago when you first met me this time. But now it is the autumn of 1931 once more. Do you think I look any older?"

"Not a bit," said John, as he looked at Jack Frost.

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Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Out of China? No. Out of League? Yes. Watch Silver. Our Tottering World.

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The League of Nations, voting thirteen to one, tells Japan to get out of China taking troops and airplanes with her, not later than November 16, and tells China to guarantee the safety of Japanese citizens and property on her soil.

Japan in diplomatic language says: "No can do."

China might make the same reply. Intense hatred has been aroused. Japanese will not be safe on Chinese soil, unless protected by Japanese fighting men.

Instead of getting out of China, Japan may get out of the League of Nations. Being outvoted there, thirteen to one, might be considered a hint.

That is the sort of vote this nation would encounter, if it were foolish enough to join the league.

Some high spirited American speculators, said to have been heavy short sellers of silver on the New York metals exchange, would "cover" that dangerous short selling, if they were to investigate and understand conditions in the East.

In war, soldiers, merchants, all with whom Asiatic nations deal, demand what they call "real money." They know nothing of gold, will not recognize value a piece of printed paper.

England, foolishly, tried to put India on a gold basis, and had to abandon the gold basis, herself. Today when a Hindu received a five-rupee note from his employer, he runs to the nearest bank, to get five silver rupees, and have real money.

The Special Bank of Tokio has been buying silver recently.

Germany has been buying it, and big American silver producers are not selling at the moment.

Increased value for silver would mean profit for the United States. Silver is an American metal. This North American continent has almost a monopoly of its production. Gold is the British metal, produced in greatest abundance in South Africa, with rapidly increasing production in Canada.

Senator Borah wants silver put on a fourteen to one parity with gold. That will not happen, but silver will go up 20 cents an ounce before it goes down 5 cents.

Here, with everything in the world that we need, we are in deep trouble, because we do not know how to balance demand and production.

Brazil has ordered hundreds of tons of coffee, of the lesser grade, made into bricks, for fuel in locomotives, to reduce the surplus, and with coffee and cotton at 7 cents.

Great industrialists have concentrated on hopelessly stupid competition with each other. They call it "rounding out." One steel company observes that another has a wire fence factory, which it lacks, so it builds one, must use it, the more OVER-PRODUCTION.

In Milwaukee, L. R. Smith, extraordinary manufacturing genius, finds a new, better way, to make pipe, of all sizes, for oil, gas, etc.

The big steel companies all steal his ideas and copy them, throwing on the scrap pile their obsolete plants that cost scores of millions. That was to be expected.

But they OVER PRODUCE and in fierce competition, ruin their business, which was not expected.

The government, with its Sherman act, more stupid even than big industry, forbids agreements that could end disastrous competing over-production.

Let us demonstrate a new electric Singer Sewing Machine before buying as we will meet any demonstration or price of any other make and give more value for the dollar. Singer Sewing Machine Co. is not connected with any other company selling sewing machines in the United States. C. J. Logan, 229 E. 5th St.

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Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signe 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.

EARLY RECOGNITION OF TUBERCULOSIS

Fifteen years ago I received quite a few letters from foolish parents who had a child, usually a daughter, who was "not strong" and wished to know what I thought about giving the frail child Father Shyster's Food Tonic, or Dr. Fossil's Old Reliable Remedy or the remedy that cured some far off testimonial writer or even tubercle - b - u - b - o - m - b - e. Time has changed. Such inquiries rarely filter in these days.

In a tabulation of the histories of 3,500 tuberculosis cases Ehrenreich found that in a majority of cases the patients did not consult a doctor until they had been in poor health from three months to a year. In that period most of them were content to experiment with something recommended by a kind druggist or something suggested in an advertisement.

Now even if all these patients had gone promptly to their regular physicians for examination and advice in the first three to twelve months of impaired health, it is entirely likely that a good many of them would have come away from the interview with the doctor a few dollars poorer but not much wiser, for when all is said and done the diagnosis of pulmonary tuberculosis in the incipient stage demands a good deal of courage on the part of the physician, as well as skill.

The diagnosis is a matter of the doctor's opinion, not a question of fact. Before the doctor can risk it he must have some assurance that the patient puts confidence in him; he must have the patient's mentality and decide whether the patient is intelligent enough to accept the opinion. A great many patients in that stage of the disease lack the confidence in the physician and the intelligence to accept the doctor's opinion after they have asked for it and paid for it.

If the diagnosis of incipient or first stage tuberculosis is difficult, how much greater is the doctor's problem in dealing with the pre-tuberculous state, the stage when there are no definite signs, not even significant symptoms, but just malaise, fatigue, "run down condition," tired feeling, peevishness, capricious appetite, usually distaste for fats, anemia, "catarrh," tendency to "catch cold" easily but no cough, perhaps just a

ness of industrialism, will probably get over today's little troubles.

If anybody should call our civilization "stupid" instead of "tottering," you could not contradict him.

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SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN
SYNOPSIS: Loves by sad man, Sam Abbott, returns Freddy Munson, whom she loves, and accepts Peak's offer, because of her family's need of money. Her stepfather, Fourth Alderson, suddenly becomes wealthy through the mysterious sale of a worthless invention, and Sam turns from work to play.

Chapter 25 TREACHERY

PEAK could not answer Sam's question of how poverty had affected her.

"Well," said Sam, "the result has been that I've always been a charity patient. I've been forced to accept invitation after invitation that I've never had a hope of being able to return. People have even tried to give me clothes! Is it any wonder that I've fallen into a very definite classification?"

"And what?" Peak inquired slowly, "do you consider your classification?"

"I'm a sponge," said Sam contemptuously — "a large, squishy, high-absorbent sponge."

"Rot!" said Peak. "Nothing but dilly pride." She nodded. "It also explains why



"Don't you want to love me, Sam?" Peak asked.

"Yes," said Peak calmly. He had himself under complete control once more. The madness had gone. "I'll admit, though, that I had hoped the change in you was due to something else."

"Sam's eyes wandered from his. 'You mean that you hoped I'd come to care more about you. Well, I have come to care more about you—a lot more.'

"He did not move. 'But you can't say that you love me? Is that it?' She was silent.

"You kissed me, Sam," he reminded her gently. "It wasn't just an ordinary kiss. It meant something. What did it mean?"

"I—I don't know." "Don't you want to love me, Sam?"

"Yes, I want to love you. I want to love you—terribly! But—" "But, what?"

"But I don't see how I can." Her eyes were wide. "It's impossible, Peak," she said in a small tired voice.

He instantly knew what she meant. She meant that it was impossible for her to love him because of Freddy Munson. Freddy Munson stood in the way. Freddy's presence suddenly filled the entire summer house, and Peak resented it. He resented it so deeply, that he said something he was bitterly to regret.

"Impossible!" The words were cold. "Why is it impossible, unless there is somebody else. There isn't anybody else, is there, Sam?"

Sam said nothing. Her wide eyes merely became wider and wider and then suddenly filled with tears.

After an interval of silence Peak shuddered and shook his head as though emerging from a bad dream.

alone than take turns. He hoards his possessions and will let no one but mother touch them.

If there is a treat of ice cream or candy he lingers over his while the older children gobble theirs. Then he takes delight in eating when they have no more.

His mother is distressed at such misdoings, such delight in possessing when others are without.

She has resorted sometimes to forcing him to share or to depriving him of some pleasure in punishment for past selfishness. This, she says, does not help.

No child was ever taught to be less miserly through being penalized for it. But often he is helped in other ways.

The stingy child frequently is one who has suffered through a lack of love or because he has felt that he is less loved than a brother or sister.

If he is given added security in his parents' affection, his stinginess may gradually disappear without the use of more direct measures. Sometimes, too, the stingy child is

Then as Sam vaguely: "DON'T BE any attention to me. I must be crazy. Come on, let's get out of here. It's cold."

"They went out into the wind. The moon had disappeared, and with it the pleasant little valley. As Peak had said, it was cold.

On the way home, and Sam had insisted that they go home immediately, there was silence. Both were busy with thoughts that were anything but pleasant.

Peak, puffing savagely at a cigarette, surveyed the ruin of his carefully laid plans. In one unaccountable moment he had destroyed all the framework of confidence he had built so carefully.

No more would Sam regard him as an undemanding friend and companion. No longer would she be at ease and off guard in his presence.

He had slammed the little side door by which he had hoped to find his way to her heart. He wondered whether there were any other such doors or whether Freddy Munson had locked them all. He wondered what Sam was thinking of him at the moment.

As a matter of fact, Sam was not thinking of him at all, although a phrase he had spoken was drum-

ming in her brain. "In there some body else?" Peak had asked. "There isn't anybody else, is there, Sam?"

Was there anybody else? Sam could have cried aloud in very real pain, for she was realizing all at once that in the weeks that had just passed the thought of Freddy Munson had slipped further and further and further into the back ground of her consciousness. She had trusted it there deliberately at first in what she had been sure was a hopeless effort to forget.

The thing seemed impossible, and yet to a certain degree it had happened. In the excitement of Fourth's sudden windfall, of her newly discovered interest in people and things, she had allowed herself to drift. There had been periods of days, she told herself remorselessly when she had not thought of Freddy at all. Even now it was difficult to bring to mind a clear cut vision of his face.

The more she thought of the matter the more clear became the face of her shallowness and treachery. She had half forgotten when she should have remembered. She had been happy when she should have been miserable. As a sort of crowning touch she had kissed Peak Abbott that very night. She had not kissed him, as Peak himself had suggested, through any sense of duty, but simply because she had responded to a very definite urge.

What did that kiss mean? What did anything mean?

When they reached the stable she said good night to Peak hurriedly, absently, and ran across the gravel to the front door.

There was a single light burning on a little table in the living room and beside it lay a telegram. She ripped the yellow form from its envelope, and glanced casually at the typewritten words. Then suddenly, she stiffened.

The telegram had been sent from Chicago, and the two words at the bottom of the message read: "Freddy Munson."

What does Freddy want? Tomorrow Sam finds he is making a demand, writing "you owe me at least that much."

one who has had too little pleasure, too few toys. In his life there have been too few of the red letter days with which childhood should be well sprinkled.

If he is an only child his miseries may be the result of his isolation.

In this event he needs only daily contact with other children to teach him the pleasures of sharing. He will quickly discover that it is much more fun to share and play together than to hoard and play alone.

Nor is the example of his elders without influence. If they are generous, if he observes that they take pleasure in making others including himself happy, he will try to be like them.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK October 26, 1921 (It Was Wednesday) Ballings from the Trigon oil well displayed in C. of C. window.

A flock of geese fly over city and are bewildered by the night lights and keep people awake with their honking.

Ford sedan of James C. Murray, linotype, runs amuck and wrecks drinking fountain.

Snow falls at Crater Lake, and rain on the floor of the valley.

General railroad strike is called off. Marshal Foch of France lands in New York, amid tumultuous scenes.

Evelyn Thaw tries to commit suicide when sheriff comes to evict her from apartment. Harry Thaw sends money.

TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS WEEK October 26, 1911 (It Was Thursday) New York Giants win fifth game of series by desperate rally in ninth, 4 to 3.

Congressman Hawley, says an editorial, "faces the fight of his life in the spring primaries, as his standpoint attitude is very offensive to Inaugural Oregon."

Local Chinese aid rebels at home with \$40 collection.

Greater Medford club petitions President Taft to give independence to Philipino.

Oregonian editorial on "Angling in Rogue," irks sportsmen and anglers.

Aviation made simple, declaration of Wright brothers.

Moving picture man known here, shot in Los Angeles.

Talks To Parents

THE LITTLE MISER By Alice Judson Peale

A five-year-old boy is unwilling to share his toys. He would rather play

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