Medford Daily Tribune

A Live Paper in a Live Town.

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OUR CITY WATER.

Was there any water ever made dirtier than now being pumped through the city water works?

Is it possible for water to contain any more solid matter and still remain liquid?

Is it any wonder that meters don't work, that water pipes fill up and that people drink booze and go unwashed?

Bear creek in all its mud-carrying career never was muddier than now, and this solution of mother earth is retailed, without an effort at settling or filtering, to consumers.

If Medford cannot afford a good supply of pure mountain water, and people must continue to use the liquid soil of Bear creek, and filtration is too costly, a large settling basin or series of settling basins should be built, so that the silt in the water may have a chance to be deposited somewhere besides in the family wash basins and bath tubs.

It is a serious question whether to sell such stuff as water is not a violation of the pure food law, as well as obtaining money under false pretenses.

GREAT AND ONLY HAS FALLEN.

For many years a great journalist at Portland has been in the habit of referring to the country press as a lot of little predatory hat passers, beating upward to conditions for what they could get, says the Salem Journal.

Not many of the editors have escaped being called more or less crazy by spells at least, and this writer has been denominated erattic, a wild man, and other euphonious terms.

Above all, the great Portland editor has constantly kept himself glued on top of the altitudinous tripod, the three legs of which were planted on the rocks of superior morals, virtue and integrity.

The rest of the public men of the state have all been kept in a lot by themselves, as a kind of choice collection of garbage made up of equal parts of thieves, liars and bandgrabbers.

The only truly elevated man and master of men above all selfish considerations who would never stoop to run after an office or do anything that would not stand the test of the Ten Commandments was the editorial Portland editor.

Now recent publications have done the sacred white robe of immaculate purity off the Grand Lama of impeccability and infallibility and he is revealed in the light of a common office chaser.

Publications made in the press of the state, which have not denied, show that he importuned others, and seemed close to like all an business agents, to purchase a little bauble called a senatorship.

For the little pecuniary sum of $25,000 one of these agents was authorized to bamboozle certain men and deliver certain offers supposed to be acceptable for delivery to another man, to land the holder thereof office in the United States senate.

This and much more in the way of specific statements surrounding the attempted transaction have been published and in such a way as to leave no room for anything but absolute credence.

And they have not been denied. No one has been sued for libel. No one has been commoditized. We all will like, breathe and live and something much unreliable see in the morning paper.

But the sunshine and rain of the coast, the snows and the mountain air in some mysterious manner have revealed a man who has been exposed and defamed and put on the rack by a crowd of jackals.

Still we must have faith in our fellow man. It would be terrible to think that the great white light of the coast, the sunshine and rain, the snows and the mountain air could be so deceived and so misled.

We must believe