

MEDFORD DAILY TRIBUNE

A LIVE PAPER IN A LIVE TOWN.

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A CASE OF CONSCIENCE?

Editor Bliton of the Medford Mail has what might be called a positive talent for getting on the wrong side of public questions. There is no other paper as young as the Morning Mail that has lost out so universally on everything espoused as the new daily, which is still giving away papers to secure a circulation and will probably have to indefinitely. Its latest break is as editorial champion of the three councilmen, Messrs. Wortman, Merriek and Trowbridge, who voted recently to increase the number of saloons in Medford from one for every 500 population to one for every 300 population, and then voted to put the Hotel Nash out of business, as the Mail has discovered, because of "the dictates of their consciences and best judgment."

The Mail, in common with the three councilmen, would put the Hotel Nash out of business, presumably (this is the only reason given) because Mayor Reddy, who is a stockholder in the Hotel Nash company, is also a stockholder in the Medford Publishing company, owners of The Tribune. In this the Mail is actuated by spite, and it is because the Mail constantly places its own petty personal interests ahead of the interests of the public that it loses all of the causes it champions, as well as the confidence of the people.

"Every member of that council has a perfect right to vote on any matter in accordance with the dictates of his conscience and as his best judgment tells him is right," says the Mail. Granted. But what kind of a conscience is it that permits a vote to license a saloon of shady reputation and refuses one to a first-class hotel?

What sort of a conscience has Mr. Trowbridge, when it forces him, after having voted for every saloon license issued in the eighteen months he has held office, to refuse a license to the highest class bar in the city? What variety of conscience has Mr. Merriek—who has voted for every liquor license except one since he became councilman—which impels him to vote to put a fine hotel out of business? What kind of a conscience has Mr. Wortman, who voted for three saloons and also voted to make possible the increase in the number of saloons, to cast a ballot against the Hotel Nash, when the petition for a license was signed by more representative citizens than ever before signed with such an application?

What make of a conscience has Editor Bliton, that permits him to sanction the licensing of dives for fifteen years without a protest in his paper, and then compels him to champion those who would deny a license to an excellent hotel?

Of course councilmen have the right to vote as they please on the public's business, but they are supposed to vote for the best interests of the city and the people of the city. Is it to the best interests of the city to close the leading hotel after having voted licenses to all sorts of saloons? Did not the people of Medford vote for a wet town, and are these councilmen obeying the wishes of the people they are supposed to represent? What twaddle this talk of conscience is in this connection.

The Tribune thinks that in casting the deciding vote to license the hotel, the mayor acted for the best interests of the community, regardless of the fact that he was a stockholder in the hotel. Had it been the Hotel Moore which is a rival hostelry, and also a credit to the city, his vote would have been the same.

Mayor Reddy is a stockholder in this paper. So are some thirty other citizens of Medford, who know a good thing when they see it, and think it a good investment. Had they thought the same of the Mail, probably they would have as freely subscribed to its watered stock. The controlling interest in The Tribune is held by the editor, who alone is responsible for its policy, and is fully capable of writing his own editorials.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN.

Midsummer silliness in Portland Oregonian editorials has spread from state to national politics. The wearisome, jaundiced chatter about the "driveling idiocy, folly and freakishness" of the people of Oregon, because they insist on electing their choice for United States senator is being relieved by equally luminous comments upon national issues as seen from the well worn rut in which the editor has made the circle these many years.

On its first page the Oregonian describes the tremendous demonstration given Bryan at Denver, the greatest in the history of the county, and refers to it as "the catalysm of emotionalism and admiration and faith and exaltation, which means that Bryan is still the idol of the democratic masses," while on the editorial page it says: "There is a show of enthusiasm for him (Bryan) now. But there is no life in it. It is the manufactured article; it is simulation."

The difference between Roosevelt and Bryan is summed up by the Oregonian as follows:

"Roosevelt believes the United States a nation and holds to central authority when the exercise of it is necessary. Bryan never could be depended on to assert the

national authority in an emergency, brush aside obstructive state or local authority, and arrest the progress of a rebellion."

All of which would be interesting if true, but it isn't. Neither is centralization an issue. It is only a theory, and Bryan's firm rule of his party doesn't bespeak a character so vacillating that he would fail to arrest the progress of a rebellion—and a rebellion is among the most improbable of events.

There is much besides a superficial similarity between Roosevelt and Bryan. Both are sincere, honest and courageous, both are fighting a common enemy in behalf of the common people, but Roosevelt is fighting more blindly than Bryan. He only sees the resultant evil and does not seem to fully comprehend the underlying cause of the nation's trouble, legislation for special interests, and consequent corruption of national, state and municipal government to secure this special legislation—that the few may pile up fabulous fortunes at the expense of the many.

That Roosevelt realizes in a vague sort of way what the nation's trouble is, is shown by his warfare upon Wall street, the source of national corruption, a vigorous, open battle by a clean-cut fighter. That he does not fully comprehend it, is shown by his advocacy, while fighting graft, of such vicious grafting measures as a ship subsidy, designed to enrich from the public treasury a trust he is fighting, and of a high tariff, creator of the criminal rich he denounces; it is shown by fatal compromises in the hour of his victories, like those of the railroad rate bill and beef trust bill that left him the shell but the trusts the kernel; it is shown in countless omissions and commissions that indicate that the president is fighting valiantly, but blindly, though always spectacularly.

That Bryan has a clearer idea of the nation's troubles and the cause of present evils, due to unfair diversions of the products of labor and unequal distribution of the people's earnings is evident from his speeches and from his advocacy of measures far in advance of his party. Bryan believes that government ownership of railroads is the ultimate solution of the railroad problem, though he is willing to give government regulation a fair trial first. He advocated measures twelve years ago that Mr. Roosevelt has only picked up recently and adopted as new, showing that both are traveling the same road, but that Bryan years ago passed over the same ground Roosevelt is traveling today.

Whether the remedies offered by either, and they are not dissimilar, consisting mainly in the restoration of competition, will right matters is problematical. Both are sincere men, both are born preachers and lead the nation to higher ideals, both are head and shoulders above the politicians of their party, and both have the faith, loyalty and love of the common people, who believe them faithful to their interests. The enthusiasm of the multitude for both is unbounded. It is real, it is genuine, while that for Taft, "the designated heir to the throne," is wholly manufactured.

Flavoring Tobacco.

Nearly all tobaccos are doctored in various ways in order to suit the tastes of different consumers. Each manufacturer, even in Havana, has his own secret methods, handed down from father to son, which are regarded as perfectly legitimate and necessary in the preparation of the smoking weed. Salt peter is added to the tobacco to make it burn well, hoarise, honey, molasses and maple sugar to give sweetness to it for the special benefit of chewers and him to make it keep well and preserve its properties. Nearly every plant which will afford a perfume is used in the preparation of what are known as "fancy" tobaccos. But it is not true, as some suppose that opium and deleterious drugs are employed, save in a few brands of imported Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes. Among the flavors used are coffee, tea, valerian, lemon, orange, peppermint, cassarin, thyme, anise, nutt and cinnamon. Gum and glycerine are occasionally employed to bind the tobacco particles so that they shall not crumble into dust. The various ingredients are made into a kind of sauce, into which the tobacco leaves are dipped or with which they are sprinkled. London Answers.

The Proper Adjective.

At the close of a revival service in Philadelphia the minister of the church went down the aisle, according to his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. "I don't think you are a member of our church," said he to one as he warmly shook his hand. "No, sir," replied the stranger. "Well, you will not think me unduly curious if I ask to what denomination you belong?" asked the minister. "I suppose," responded the other, "I'm really what you might call a submerged Presbyterian." "A submerged Presbyterian?" exclaimed the minister. "I should be glad if you would explain." "Well, I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist at a Lutheran church, my second daughter sings in an Episcopal choir, and my youngest goes to a Congregational Sunday school." "But," said the minister, agitated, "you contribute doubtless to some church?" "Yes, I contribute to all of them," was the answer. "That's what submerged is."

A Slight Difference.

What is the difference between a jeweler and a tailor? One sells watches and the other watches cells.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but some folks don't have much trouble finding the other one. Book.

Youth and Advice.

Naturally youth doesn't listen to advice. One has to make mistakes for forty or fifty years before one begins to suspect that such things are possible. Indianapolis News.

Might Do.

Head Astronomer—I want a man to figure eclipses, calculate the distances between various stars, fix the orbits of certain comets and, in fact, be a sort of handy mathematical man around the heavens. What are your qualifications?

Applicant (proudly)—All last year, sir, I was the official score keeper for a woman's bridge club. New York Life.

Not Quite the Same. Miss Bute—He told me once that I was quite pretty.

Miss Chelms—Yes; he also told me that you were quite pretty—once. Philadelphia Press.

The Carriage Waits "Without." "The carriage waits without, my lord." "Without what, gentle sir?" "Without the left-hand running board, without the French chauffeur, without a drop of gasoline, six miles, the son of all four nations and the limousine. The spare plug and the coil, without the winks, the turn, the clutch, without the running gear, one cylinder, it bears the Dutch. How much there isn't here! The car has been repaired, in fact, and you should be right glad to find that the winks is intact of what your lordship had. The garage will I back, my lord, in perfect shape throughout. So you will understand my lord. Your carriage waits without." Harvard Lampoon.

Couldn't Stand That. "John writes from college," said the old man, "that I've lowered his dignity." "In what way?" "By paying for his education with the money from last year's watermelon crop." Atlanta Constitution.

Out All Night. Hewitt—I didn't sleep a wink last night. Jewett—Neither did I. Hewitt—But I tried and you didn't. New York Press.

How's Business? "Business is poor," said the groggar. "Said the undertaker, 'It's dead!'" "Falling off," said the riding school teacher. "The droogert, 'Oh, yia!'" he said. "It's all write with me," said the author. "Picking up," said the man on the dump. "My business is sound," quoth the bandsman. "Said the athlete, 'I'm kept on the jump.'" "The butcher declared it was 'working!'" "The person 'ere good," answered he. "I make both ends meet," said the butcher. "The tailor replied, 'It suits me.'" Boston Transcript.

Game For Her. Mr. Knox—You don't want to meet Mrs. Gaybird, you say. Mrs. Knox—No; I pick my friends. Mr. Knox—Well, she's just the sort of woman you'd want your friends would like to pick—no pieces. Catholic Standard and Times.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor: Kindly allow me to disabuse the minds of many of the erroneous ideas concerning our civil war debt. Many think that we have for these many years been paying interest on our civil war debt. What, you do not pretend to say that we have not a war debt? Yes, I say that the American nation never owed a dollar of a war debt. When the war was declared over in 1865 our war expenses were paid in full. Yet in the face of all this we, the American nation, have been paying hundreds of millions of dollars in what we were told was interest on our civil war debt, and yet we never owed a dollar of a civil war debt. D. B. KEARNE.

THE OLD HOWARD RANCH Three miles south of Medford and 2 1/2 miles west of Phoenix, is now out in small tracts to suit the purchaser. One fourth cash, balance in three payments. This is a rare opportunity for men of small means. Listed with all the agents.

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FOR RENT—Two front office rooms and one large room 30x40 in Miles building. Inquire at premises or at Tribune office.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, electric light and bath. Mrs. R. L. Hale, D street near 11th.

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FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—By eastern party, two high-class automobiles, practically new; 40 H. P. Pope Toledo, 35 H. P. Peerless, cash or real estate. C. F. Johnson, Roseburg, Or. 102.

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IF YOU MENTION THIS CAPE your invitation to either a little bite or an elaborate meal will be instantly accepted. Prep us with the companions to whom you want to be particularly nice. We serve supper so daintily that you will have the double pleasure of enjoying the meal yourself and of impressing your companions with your good judgment. Nash Cafe.

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