

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

Both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith have come out flatfooted for "the abolishment of poverty," and it is understood that these presidential candidates have no use for sin and cynicism.

SUFFERER FROM INSANITY OF CALIFORNIA—(Hollie Portland Telegram). The insanity of Indiana has hindered.

Catherine, Kathryn, Katherine, Kathryn, Kate, Katie Jones is back from below.

Col. C. Y. Tenney has taken the stump in 1/2 of the Republican party, thus averting a song or a saxophone.

None of our careful hunters had had luck Sunday, and killed a man for a deer, after the season closed.

There is a decided lack of English sparrows on the Main Street days, and merchants can now let down their awning without breaking up a happy home.

The word "audition" continues to sweep through the better vocabulary with great gusto, but one gets a real thrill when a first-class home-brewer expatiates "multifunctional."

Jack Frost has been helping out Tommie Swain, the artist, with his leaf painting. Tommie has been putting too much red on the maple leaves, think many.

The campaign has reached the mud stage, and all candidates look like the auto that went to Hutto Falls on a rainy day.

Several of our townsmen have laid the foundation for the "flu" as it is against their bultheadness to take any thing for an insignificant job, until said job has become a significant ailment.

John Mann is displaying feminine socks, that are the greatest boon to the women-folk since they got the vote, as they, "repel" the water, straighten any wrinkles with diet, and leave no trace when dry, as they can be cleaned with a simple twist of the wrist. The socks come in all the smart colors, including the one that looks like the human hide.

Masks with freckles and kids, have begun to fret for fear the latter will walk into the former, and it must be admitted that it often looks like they would, but health statistics show they never quite make it.

A pancake folded up like a Corona typewriter for speedy devouring, suddenly unraveled this morning and assumed its form.

A. B. Williams has written another poem, longer than a full road ticket to Los Angeles.

P. Hybe, the down-trodden serf from the bend in the Jville road, told the writer yesterday, he did not know how he was going to get rid of his hat, having more than he could stuff into his coons.

A knot of politicians abutting the Bill Gore bank, became united late yesterday.

Most of the alumni of "Old Oregon", following the unprecedented triumph of last '83, over Wash., have got one foot back on the globe, and are on the way to recovery.

Joe Johnson and Scott Davis will start their world tour Nov. 9, if they don't ask the undersigned to go along any more.

A. E. Krim of Morocco, who raised so much Ned Vilas with the French in 1925, is back in the news. He is indulged in a lonely life in the Indian ocean, and is complaining about the heat. This bird was all over the front pages, but people have forgotten him as completely as if he had been vice president during Woodrow Wilson's first term, or the second one.

It isn't lack of popularity that makes everybody seem to dislike you; it is lack of self-respect.

UNFAIR AND UNTRUE

WE trust the statements of the Good Government League regarding their candidates are more reliable than their statements regarding this newspaper.

In a paid advertisement in yesterday's Mail-Tribune, signed by this league, the charge is made that this newspaper requested Mrs. Grievie to make public her so-called "partial report" and then made her pay for its publication.

The Mail-Tribune has never, during this campaign, requested Mrs. Grievie to publish this report. Since the campaign opened we have never referred to Mrs. Grievie in this column in any way.

We did not make Mrs. Grievie pay for this entire report. We merely charged her for the space exceeding 300 words which she, as well as every other political writer, must be charged, according to our published regulations.

At the outset of the campaign this paper plainly stated its rules regarding communications. We gladly offered our columns free to communications from any source, which were not in excess of 300 words, and were signed by the writer.

In the past three weeks we have allowed Mrs. Grievie more free space than any other person in Jackson County. She, like several other communicants, including Earl Fehl and the Jackson County Republican Central Committee have been charged, only when they found it impossible to express themselves within the 300-word limit, and then only for that excess.

The Mail-Tribune has been absolutely fair to Mrs. Grievie and to the Good Government League. For the officials of the latter organization to publicly charge this paper with unfairness convinces us that in the bitterness of their partisanship they have lost all sense of the truth, of gratitude and of fair play.

THE UNHAPPY WARRIOR

WHAT has become of Al Smith, the Happy Warrior, the Rooseveltian "straight shooter" who always says what he means and means what he says?

When Governor Smith was nominated his running mate, Senator Robinson, remarked there would be no front porch campaign for Al. The New York Governor, he maintained, "will go out to the people," and tell them in plain, unmistakable language just where he stands on every issue and just what he will do as President of the United States.

The campaign is nearly over. Only two weeks remain. Governor Smith has gone out to the people, but will someone please tell us where he stands on any important issue, with the possible exception of prohibition?

Take the tariff, for example. Just where does Governor Smith stand? In his acceptance speech Mr. Smith said the Underwood tariff represented his ideas of "protection." Now Mr. Raskob offers to resign if anyone will prove to him that Al Smith said the Underwood tariff represents "his ideal of tariff legislation."

Quite true Governor Smith never used those identical words. But he did endorse this measure. Does Mr. Raskob now maintain the Democratic standard bearer repudiates it?

If so, then why doesn't our forthright Alfred say so? In his lunisolar address Governor Smith denied that he would meddle with the tariff or do anything that might in any way disrupt business. Later, when asked directly if he favored a lower or higher tariff, the New York Governor said he would, if elected, take the tariff out of politics and leave the matter of revision to a non-partisan tariff commission.

As far as throwing any light on his views of tariff policy, this statement means nothing at all. For we already have a tariff commission. It is the President's duty to make his recommendations to that commission. The question is what would be the nature of Mr. Smith's recommendations if he were elected. Mr. Smith refuses to say.

In all fairness, we don't know where he stands, and if anyone else knows, they maintain a strange and baffling silence. The only approach to definiteness on this important issue lies in Governor Smith's phrase, "I will leave it to a commission."

Farm relief is an important issue. The equalization fee has been accepted as the crucial feature of that issue. Is Mr. Smith for or against the equalization fee? Does anyone know? We don't. In the west he denied he was opposed to it, in the East one of his chief lieutenants denied he was for it. The nearest approach to a definite stand on this issue lies in Governor Smith's final statement:

"As to the details of farm relief, I would leave them to a special commission, appointed not when I am inaugurated but after I am elected."

Certainly, Senator Borah in commenting upon this statement was justified in inquiring:

"Isn't Governor Smith placing rather a severe burden upon the patience of the American farmer?"

In the Middle West, Inland Waterways are regarded as an important issue, particularly the St. Lawrence versus the Great Lakes route. Originally, Mr. Smith came out for the New York route. Later, and during the campaign, he said he had been informed of certain objections to that route and would be content to leave the final decision to Congress.

Is this what Senator Robinson would term "militant, fearless leadership," "telling the people" in clear, unmistakable language just where he stands?

In his acceptance speech Governor Smith opposed Mr. Hoover's stand on immigration. Later he reversed himself completely and aligned himself with the Republican candidate on the quota issue.

This may reflect credit upon Mr. Smith's "second judgment" but it certainly cannot strengthen the claim that the Happy Warrior is a man who "always says what he means and means what he says."

Go right down the line, and if you can find Governor Smith taking a definite, unequivocal, clear-cut stand on any national issue excepting his opposition to Prohibition and the Republican party, you can undoubtedly secure a well-paid position on the publicity staff of the Democratic campaign committee, for that is the sort of ammunition they need, and the surprising absence of which is threatening them with defeat.

As a matter of indisputable fact, Governor Smith two weeks before the election furnishes the most complete "upset" in the history of modern politics.

Lauded at the outset of the campaign as a Happy Warrior, the man who on the stump "would make a monkey out of Hoover," and by his aggressive and outspoken leadership carry all before him, the New York Governor stands revealed today as the poorest presidential vote-getter since the late lamented Alton B. Parker.

Instead of gaining votes by his speeches, Al Smith has lost them. Here in Southern Oregon he has alienated dozens of men and women who two months ago said they would vote for him. In the country at large he must have lost thousands.

The plain truth is that by his cheap abuse of the Republican party, his pitiful attempts to play "smart politics" and play both ends against the middle, he has simply transformed the SUSHION that he was not, and is not, of true presidential calibre, to a prevailing and steadily growing CONVICTION.

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One of our Smith Republican friends, flying to Al's defense the other day, said:

"Smith is a much more capable man and a much finer man than he has shown himself to be in this campaign."

We believe that is true. He certainly could not be much worse.

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 this newspaper.

THE CHANGING TREND OF ILLNESS Thirty years ago a family practitioner could count on a fairly busy season with typhoid fever patients about this time of year. Today he is rather surprised if a case of typhoid occurs in his practice. It seems reasonable to attribute this change to three causes, first, increasing intelligence on the part of the laity; second, the more careful personal hygiene and general sanitation better knowledge of the disease; and, third, the immunization of a considerable portion of the population by means of the typhoid bacterin or "vaccine" in the last 15 years; and, third, a modification of the virulence of the disease by natural evolution.

For some diseases do undergo a considerable change in character in the course of a generation or two of human life. An excellent example is furnished by an obscure one, Dr. Charles Y. Chabin, the famous health superintendent of Providence, comments upon the comparatively mild type of smaltosis that is prevalent today as compared with the highly fatal character of the disease a generation or two ago.

To my mind today I found a curious circular, a sort of trade list and order form for cough syrups. Evidently the drug industry still market enough of these many old blunderbuss concoctions to make the circulation of the profession worth while. A doctor can purchase some of these hand-me-down preparations all ready to shove into the hands of the helpless patient, for as low as 12 cents the bottle. It seems a shame—but, then, I suppose there are always a number of patients who insist on having some "cough medicine" whenever they have any coughing to do.

At that, I feel pretty certain that the distasteful business of hawking ready-made cough syrup among patients is no longer cultivated by the rank and file of physicians in practice, but chiefly by some of the old timers who find it difficult to break the habit, either on their own part or on the part of their old patients. I believe the very habit of having a "hand-me-down" cough syrup or maybe in the spring is being held on the public, some-how people find they have less coughing to do in the fall or spring after they have rid their minds of the notion that that is the main purpose of fall or spring weather in this climate.

At 12 to 18 cents a bottle whole sale these cough syrups offered to the poor old doctor contain from eight to a dozen different ingredients, most of them as effective medicinally as sassafras, chocolate or vanilla, but a few of them hot stuff such as chloroform, ipecac, and a proprietary derivative of chloral ("knockout drops"). The idea of these gentle sedatives being, I suppose, to dull the patient's senses and make him forget to partly refuse if doctors who are guilty of stockpiling up with these flimsy nostrums were relieved of their licenses. Not that a doctor should not give medicines to his patient, but just that this sort of competition with the unscrupulous druggist is a betrayal of the trust the patient presumably imposes in the doctor.

Not only is the annual fall or spring "cough" losing caste among more intelligent people, but that hardy perennial, known as "grip" is no longer good form since a fair share of the laity began to realize that this illness comes from some one who, having it, sneezes, coughs, or conversationally spatters in one's face.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Irish Moss as a Tonic There was an inquiry about Irish

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East Side theatricals, prize fight concessions, etc. Here is a picture drawn by George Kibben Turner of the annual grand civic ball given in Big Tim's honor by the Lawrence Multin association:

"That night—the eve of St. Patrick's Day—the streets of the Tenderloin lie vacant of its women: the great dancing hall—stuffed to the doors with painted women and lean-faced men. In the Astoropol Hotel, where the wise ones gather: Big Tim Foley; and—an exception to the general look of rosy prosperity—Little Tim, the lean little manager of the old Third District and leader of the New York board of aldermen.

"The council unbends; it exchanges showers of confetti; the center box, held in the name of a young Jewish friend, sits the Big Feller—clear skinned, fair-faced, and happy. Around him sit the gathering of his business and political lieutenants—the rulers of New York: Daddy Sullivan, his brother, the president of the Heister club of gamblers; John Considine, business associate, owner of the Metropole Hotel, where the wise ones gather; Big Tim Foley; and—an exception to the general look of rosy prosperity—Little Tim, the lean little manager of the old Third District and leader of the New York board of aldermen.

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Quill Points

You have this consolation. Very few great men resemble the handsome fellows in the U. S. D. ads.

Still, Tammany isn't the only political machine that suggests stripes.

Yet some people think they are tolerant because they haven't character enough to form a conviction.

All ancient civilizations perished. And we may yet talk one another to death trying to sell something.

Call money earns 16 percent, says a headline. Not always. Sometimes you call with \$19 and lose a pot worth \$49.

The sexy magazines are useful the one way. They prove that a lot of people who don't look it can read.

We need one more dinner club with members pledged to the highest and most blessed service—that of minding their own business.

They say death of old age is painless, but alas! The older you get, the more this sex-ridden era's talk gives you a pain.

Flying high doesn't get you anywhere. Many an air-mail circular letter lands in the waste basket.

Americanism: A passionate belief in liberty, a desire to sway the fellow who doesn't believe as you do.

Unbreakable wind shields help some, but weak struts still need a few stitches on the hip.

As he ponders over some campaign methods, the huzzard muses wonder why he wasn't chosen as the national bird.

Political Announcements SHERIFF I am the regular Republican nominee for sheriff of Jackson County. If elected I will cooperate with all officials in the enforcement of all laws. CHARLES D. STACY, Paid Adv. Route 4, Medford.

COMMISSIONER I am asking re-election to the office of County Commissioner on my past record. Experience counts. Our finances are in such splendid condition that Jackson County bonds cannot be purchased. A state of county expenditures obscured to other agencies shows careful handling of tax funds. I have always supported a constructive road program for the development of the county. I believe in faithful and conscientious service, fair and equal consideration to all. A business man or farmer does not discharge a competent employ because someone else wants his job. VICTOR BERSHILL, Regular Republican Nominee, Paid Adv.

MUTT AND JEFF—Something to Be Thankful For

Comic strip featuring characters like Jeff, Mut, and others. Dialogue includes: 'I'M A LITTLE PRAIRIE FLOWER = GROWING WILDER EVERY HOUR. NOBODY PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME = I'M AS HAPPY AS CAN BE -', 'JEFF! HEY, NUT!', 'WHAT IS IT, GEEVEM?', 'KID, YOU PUZZLE ME! YOU'VE BEEN IN AN INSANE ASYLUM; YOU AIN'T GOT BRAINS ENOUGH TO HOLD DOWN A FIVE DOLLAR A WEEK JOB; YOU'RE A RUNT; YOU'RE -', 'SAY, WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, ANYWAY?', 'WELL, IT'S THIS WAY: YOU ALWAYS APPEAR SO CHEERFUL FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, WHAT HAS A FORTY-SIX YEAR OLD ASH-CAN LIKE YOU TO BE CHEERFUL OVER?', 'LOTS! I'VE GOT TWO TEETH LEFT, AND THEY HIT! LOOK!'

By BUD FISHER