

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?

EVERY election for years, the Mail Tribune has urged every-one to vote—VOTE—VOTE! (We never meant vote 3 times—the repetition was always for emphasis).

WE BECOME PROPHETIC

WE feel very prophetic today—generally a dangerous condition. But so many wise politicians have told us just how the election is coming out, that we have decided to tell them,—or whoever wishes to listen.

Whereupon we predict Mr. Hoover will defeat Mr. Smith on Tuesday by 355 votes to 176 or 400 votes to 131—depending upon whether New York state goes Democratic or Republican.

Nothing daunted we will name the Smith states: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Mexico, South Carolina, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin and New York.

If we are correct then Hoover will break into the Solid South carrying North Carolina. (We never believed this until possessed by the prophetic mood).

Now we are definitely committed and if Al Smith wins, we will probably have to roll a peanut to Ashland and eat sundry buckets of crow. But there will be plenty of distinguished company, and at the head of the table will be our valued contemporary the Literary Digest.

WE BECOME REMINISCENT

YOU noticed we said Wednesday morning. We are suspicious regarding election night, for we haven't forgotten 1912. How well we remember that inglorious occasion, when we, with sundry other Hughes supporters, celebrated the glorious victory of that distinguished statesman.

In fact our stalwart Republican friend Dr. J. M. Keene, was the only fly in the ointment that night. He studied the AP dispatches carefully, seemed to detect a political cavity somewhere, and remarked, "Boys I don't like the look of it, I don't like the look of it."

Everyone gave the doctor the merry "Ha-Ha" and sent him home about one a. m. as a Kill-joy. But what a headache the next morning and how the pain grew about noon! Sweeping north over the Siskiyou came the final obituary notice, and a chastened lot of celebrants pulled out their wallets and filed forth to pay back those election bets.

Ever since then we have been superstitious about election night celebrations. So much can happen, before sunrise next morning. We have also, ever since, had considerable respect for the political judgment of Dr. J. M. Keene.

By the way, what has become of the genial ebullient doctor. We haven't seen him for months, and with a presidential campaign on too. Can there be any truth to the report that he was seen in the vicinity of Agate station attired in overalls and a brown derby?

We hope not. And yet it may be a good sign. For on that fatal night sixteen years ago, he backed the wrong horse, too!

WE BECOME VERBOSE

FOR weeks we have been longing for the election to be over. And now that it is over,—we rather wish it weren't.

Ah yes—the perversity of human nature. But it has been a most interesting campaign, unusually dramatic, picturesque and worth while.

The radio contributed liberally to its human element and attraction. Just as the "talkies" have developed unexpected values and discrepancies among the movie actors, so the radio, has developed the same surprises among the politicians.

And now we return to jazz and the concertations of oboe and nut grove. This will be a relief to many, but after a few weeks of daily dozens, rural dramas and orchestras, we know many radio fans, will wish they could tune in on the net work, and hear Al Smith's vibrant baritone plead for a change, or Mr. Hoover tell 40,000,000 voters, they better not rock the boat, and keep the G. O. P. on the bridge.

Think of the millions of people, not only in the cities, but in the wilds and the wilderness, who felt they really knew all these prominent figures standing before their microphones thousands of miles away. And when the television is perfected, how well they will know them!

What to do! And particularly what are the newspapers to do. Well maybe something thrilling will happen. As a stop-gap, until New Years, there is football.

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

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.

DON'T BE AFRAID THE FOLKS WILL BITE YOU

Several years ago, incredible though it may seem to Stewart L. Garrison, professor of public speaking at Amherst, I discovered a specific cure for stage fright, and what is more, I guarantee my cure in every case.



Before I divulge the secret, I wish to say frankly that I feel as unhappy as the next fellow when the moment approaches for me to do my stuff, especially when I know perfectly well that there is really no good reason why I should perpetrate the deed.

Kindly advise me what I can use to lengthen and thicken my eyelashes, which you once before about this but received no answer. (Miss C. M. D.)

Answer.—According to the esteemed United States senator who writes the testimonials for forlorin, the use of mercury ointment makes eyelashes row. Aside from this, which would be ridiculous if anyone else than a senator said it, I can only assure you that no one knows how to make eyelashes, whiskers or hair grow longer or heavier.

I enjoy your column and learn much besides hygiene from it, only I don't like your Dutch cheese. Here is my recipe: Heat a gallon of clabber milk almost to boiling, cut through with a knife both ways, pour into a colander to drain, then pour a gallon of boiling water over it and let drain until cold.

Still, if the "intolerant" are a majority, that makes intolerance a virtue, doesn't it?

Poise is that gift of Heaven which keeps you from feeling "idiotic" when friend wife mothers you in public.

Some of these people who advocate killing the feeble-minded reveal an unwarranted conceit.

A 40-year old man like others, it's the seamy side that attracts attention.

Americanism: Kicking because beef is two cents higher; cheerfully paying 65 cents for a drug store sandwich.

That Kansas prophet who thinks all things will come to an end this year may be just a post-master.

A normal man is one who cleans out his desk once a year and wonders why he saved two-thirds of that stuff.

There won't be a universal flood to destroy the Hebrew children next time. Why flood the world to wipe out New York?

Perhaps the hinterland is as stupid as New York thinks it is. At any rate it thinks a man great just because New York likes his stuff.

The next brother who offers to handle millions for southern Baptists should be a referee from his ward.

Women may not fight in the next war. But at least they can serve by teaching male recruits to shoot.

Correct this sentence: "My husband is famous and rich," said she "but I never conceal the fact that my people were very common."

Life isn't cheap. Of course, the killer gets only a few hundred dollars, but it costs society about \$50,000 to acquit him.

Still, it might be worse. Think how the courts would be submerged if all of us got our desserts.

Modernism in literature: The building of a great machine to

Rippling Rhymes

(By Walt Mason.)

THE BARD'S TROUBLES

No doubt John Milton sometimes wept when friends and neighbors to him stepped, and asked him if he wouldn't write some little rhymes for their delight. No doubt the undertaker said, just come from burying the dead, "I wish you'd write some lines of verse about my new and costly hearse."

lift a small stone and expose the bugs beneath it.

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