

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily, Sunday, Weekly
Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 75
25-27-29 N. Fir St.

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates
Daily, with Sunday, year, \$7.50
Daily, with Sunday, month, \$1.75

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

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A JOSEPH VICTORY WOULD MEAN REPUBLICAN DEFEAT

WE have no personal quarrel with George Joseph, the combative and brilliant attorney for the Meier and Frank department store of Portland. Nor assuming he is sincere, do we resent his effort to secure cheaper power for the people of Oregon. That sort of thing is all a familiar part of the political game.

We grant his shrewdness, his aggressiveness, his fearlessness, and yet we also believe, in all seriousness, Joseph's victory in the Republican primary would not only be a calamity for the Republican party but for the state.

FIRST, from the standpoint of the Republican party. This has been not only a very quiet, but a very polite campaign. It has been strikingly free from personalities and mud-slinging, on the part of the various gubernatorial candidates.

Yet everyone knows that Attorney Joseph was recently recommended for disbarment in this state, and that Circuit Judge H. D. Norton, of this district; and Attorney A. E. Reames, of this city, were prominent in the procedure which resulted in that action. And every resident politically informed, also knows that there is enough material against Joseph,—material which hasn't been used, but if he should be nominated WILL be used—which would render the victory of any party he represents, extremely unlikely if not impossible.

In other words, from a partisan standpoint, a vote for Joseph is simply a vote for Republican defeat.

SECOND, from the standpoint of the state. Granting all the abilities of the Portland attorney cited above, he is temperamentally no more fitted to serve as chief executive of this state, than Wildcat Hudkins is fitted to serve as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Attorney Joseph is a brilliant man but, as is often the case, he is also a very one-sided man. He is a sort of political Voltaire—a genius at tearing things down, a master of vilification and abuse; but quite useless in building things up, entirely at sea in the solution of any problem, where a spirit of give and take, tolerance, or conciliation are required.

In short, he is essentially a man of passions rather than principles; of cleverness rather than stability; of prejudices rather than fairness. If we were in a bad fix legally, there isn't a lawyer in the state we would rather give the job to get us out; if we were innocent and unjustly accused, there isn't an individual we wouldn't PREFER to have the final decision,—particularly if he didn't happen to number us among his particular friends.

NOW what Oregon needs at the head of its affairs during the next four years is not only a man of clear mind, and demonstrated efficiency; but a man of fair mind, of broad and tolerant outlook. We need a man who can be depended upon to settle intra-state differences, not arouse them; who can lead in constructive development, not in destructive turmoil and agitation.

True, there is little likelihood that if Attorney Joseph should win the nomination he would ever be elected. But, while he would certainly split his party, with the Republican preponderance in this state, he MIGHT squeeze in.

Then there would be constant strife, turmoil, and the very Devil to pay.

Partisan politics aside, every voter, with the welfare of Oregon at heart, should do everything possible to render a Joseph victory on Friday impossible. It is quite probable that Joseph will carry Multnomah county; the people in this and other outside districts in Oregon must concentrate on other candidates.—ANY other candidates—if his strength in Multnomah is to be overcome.

Wars will cease when the crowd chuckles with amusement after the visiting swat-king clears the bases.

Teach your boy to be a good mixer. If he can't get by as a politician he can get forty cents, for a mess of goo at a soda fountain.

Teach youngsters religion is a lot of hokey and the next little job is to hire a good defense lawyer.

Hint to wives: Did you ever see a man who didn't love the dog that worshipped him?

One thing the Digest poll proves is that a politician who is wise will no longer nail his shoes to the top of the fence.

One reason why the boy of the '90s didn't carry a flask was because his best girl didn't say: "Gimme a snort, kid!"

Our forefathers shed their blood that we might be free. If only they could see us now.

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. Requests for more information to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

WHY EAT? WHY NOT? THAT IS THE QUESTION.

This diet situation, I begin to apprehend, is not going to clear up in our time. Having studied it conscientiously as I could and from every angle that offered a fair view, I find it is not so bad to know what is not good to eat, yet not so good to guess what is not bad to eat.

Thirty or forty years ago regular doctors sometimes prescribed those quaint diets which consisted of two columns, the "may eat" and "may not eat" items. Fifteen or twenty years ago the physicians gave up that practice, and then a few mercantile establishments adopted the graceful habit of printing little ready made diet slips, complete with perforated lines so that, if a large doctor had nothing to do but thumb the pad at "dyspepsia," or "hepatic insufficiency," tear off the slip and write the patient's name on it. Thus the patient was assured the "nourishing but easily digestible" victuals invalids or near invalids are universally assumed to crave and demand, and all without any wear and tear on the doctor's gray matter.

In the last 10 years the intriguing game of prescribing special diets has been taken over almost exclusively by our thriving mail order industry, the here and there a short-cut or cult healer or "health builder" or something still keeps customers diverted with some freak diet or other that corrects "acidosis," "auto-intoxication," "catarrh" or some such fanciful but popular obsession.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt most of us, whether our conceptions of healing lean to pills, or punches, have our periods of better and worse health. And human nature plus the pressure of propaganda makes us associate these varying states of general health with the character of our diet. This applies to all of us, the most learned nutrition experts as well as the dumbest of laymen; and I count myself somewhere midway in the field. I confess that now and again I have allowed some passing enthusiasm to pull me pretty far toward one or the other side, but I generally manage to keep pretty well to the straight and narrow path in my teachings about diet and nutrition, a course which sometimes calls for more courage than you may suppose if you've never had to navigate your frail bark between the rock of propaganda and the whirlpool of mispropaganda.

Overeating is probably accountable for many minor ailments and may be a factor of some premature organic impairments. On the other hand, we scarcely know yet how much injury people suffer from ill-advised dieting, for one purpose or another. Certainly a lot of girls and young women have paid an inordinate price for the loss of a few pounds of unwanted flesh, in prolonged impairment of health and good looks.

Two chapters have been added to our knowledge, not our fancy, of nutrition in the last 10 years, and the first is the discovery of the effects of an all meat diet, made by the famous arctic explorer, Stefansson. Dieting for any purpose, even under the most competent guidance, is still rather precarious. Mere meddling with one's rations is seldom a healthful pastime.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Doctor to Quack.

You said in one article: "If a member (of the medical society) turns to quackery or questionable practices he is likely to be expelled." I do not understand just how an M. D., who is in the medical society can become a quack, or perhaps that is because I do not know what a quack is. If it is worth while, I'd be glad to have you explain.—Mrs. M. M.

Answer—Well, suppose business should become very poor. Suppose I launched into the practice of announcing to the public that I guarantee to cure this or that, or that I am famous for my skill in such and such cases. I'd like to come a quack overnight. A quack

is a person who professes knowledge or skill which he does not really possess. No one can guarantee to cure anything—so the moment you find the healer pretending to "guarantee" a cure, you know he is a quack or at least a faker. Of course, we have plenty of quacks in our medical society, but they're too subtle to be caught at it.

The Tonsil Obsession. Do you advise removing tonsils when children are 2 to 3 years of age? Doctors here are advising all mothers to have it done while the children are well.—E. A.

Answer—Surely not as a rule! Of course it is sometimes necessary to remove tonsils in children even younger. But it is a mistake to remove merely large tonsils in any case unless there is evident trouble. Some popular doctors and throat specialists do not know, or else refuse to admit, that the tonsils of a healthy young child are usually quite large and prominent when you look in the throat. If any of your local doctors are suggesting or advising wholesale removal of children's tonsils they are strangely out of touch with the progress of the profession. That sort of thing is no longer countenanced by competent physicians or by specialists of good training.

Give the Children This Blessing. Please advise me about this A. T. for preventing diphtheria. The other day my 6-year-old boy brought home a slip the health department nurse passed around for parents to sign. The A. T. will be given in the school by a lady doctor (Dr.) for \$1.00 for three treatments. I've heard this isn't necessary as long as the child is healthy.—Mrs. S. L.

Answer—By all means let your children have the proper wholesome removal of children's tonsils they are strangely out of touch with the progress of the profession. That sort of thing is no longer countenanced by competent physicians or by specialists of good training.

IN THE BARN By Mary Graham Bonner.

"I've turned the time ahead this evening," commenced the Little Black Clock, "but we'll not do much of anything except watch some others."

"Come along, and I'll explain more when we get there."

He led John and Peggy to an old barn, and then they sat up in the hayloft and waited to see what was going to happen.

In a few minutes a number of children came along shouting: "Here it is! Here it is!"

This came inside the barn, and from the speeches they made it was plain to be seen that they thought an old barn was as queer a place as there could be.

And then they saw a dusty old saddle. One of the older girls explained that this was the old saddle of which they had all heard so much.

She talked about the days of which she had heard, when the saddle had been used, and how some one had ridden a horse which had stood in one of the stalls.

To them it was quite natural to go anywhere at all in a plane, but to ride a horse was quite odd.

It was strange too that the children did not seem to know, at first, how to play in barn, but after awhile they began making up games—and the games they played were the games that John and Peggy had often played in an old barn in the country.

After they had left and the Little Black Clock was taking John and Peggy home, he said:

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Paris
2. Church official
16. Conspiracy
17. Musical instrument

18. Watered
19. Lounge at ease
20. Niant
21. Famous garden
22. Bids
23. Embrace
24. Wing
25. Pertaining to finger
26. Poke fun at
27. Mothers' rolling
28. Piteer of long fish
29. Catecher of long fish
30. Dined
31. Superiors of nulations
32. Character in "Cable Tom's Club"
33. Rob
34. Mascalline
35. French possessive pronoun
36. Precious stone
37. Famine
38. Gone by vehicle
39. Threefold
40. Holstein

DOWN
1. Bottom of the foot
2. Black
3. Related
4. Chorus
5. Hugged
6. Deposit of foam
7. 501
8. Before
9. Load again
10. Foreword
11. Deposit of metal
12. German river
13. Cards next below the Jack
21. Leader of the forty thieves
22. Insects
23. Ostensible reason
24. Rib out
25. Short surplice
26. Arabian celestial var.
27. Metal
28. Mohammedan college of priests
29. Horizontal
30. Rab out
31. Siney
42. Federal origin
43. Late fall again
44. Rendered suitable
45. Minority
46. Compass point
47. Field
48. Praiser
49. Holds back
50. Brother of Cain
51. Speechless
52. Weary
53. Native name of Peru
54. European
55. Negative prefix
56. Divine house

ANDES CAPER
AROUSE ORATOR
DO ENTERED TE
OM EARN SHAD
BARD ERIS ETA
ESTOP ONES EN
STRANGLES
OM SORE FRESH
RI O PROS FREE
ESSE AUNT EAR
AH MANSARD TO
DARING PEEPED
PORTE SYNOD

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72

"Tomorrow evening I'm going to turn the time away, way back, and we'll see something that is the very beginning of our wheat fields and our gardens. I can't tell you any more now!"

Tomorrow—"First Planting."

Quill Points

The "Reason Central" seems so dumb is because you don't explain that "sibm-ft-h-dbya" means "7:50-W".

What a world! Will Rogers treats statesmen as though they were ordinary mortals, and the people think that funny.

And yet, Mr. Coolidge, if you don't hold office again, how can you save up a supply of words to sell the magazines?

Some endurance stunts get publicity, but little is said about the forty years of listening done by a ravenous man's wife.

Americanism! A husband who enjoys seeing his wife dressed in expensive clothes; a wife who wears her glad raiment at hen parties where friend husband can't see it.

You'll notice, however, that the cause of crime, whatever it may be, doesn't seem to affect decent people.

Possibly that European critic who said America's civilization isn't ripe was just too polite to say what comes next.

They say you can stop crime by suppressing crime news. Maybe Editor Woods of the Digest should suppress the wet vote.

Now let's have an international conference that will give America permission to save a billion or so on pork barrels, too.

Hard times are those when a young cashier doesn't borrow the company's funds so he can travel with the swells.

Correct this sentence: "If I had his income," said the little fellow, "I'd spend about what I do now and save the rest of it."

Corbett Inspires Trust

The Corbett meeting at the Hotel Medford last Friday was a success from the standpoint of numbers and interest displayed, and his interest and enthusiasm will be reflected in the ballot box on the 19th.

Corbett's appearance and speech inspired confidence and trust? His fine character and common sense are displayed when he discusses public office and public service, and his sincerity and honesty are apparent in the absence of any appeal to prejudice.

A large majority of his hearers were delighted when he overlooked the opportunity to trade "fish for votes," leaving to his opponents a monopoly of that popular method of hooking southern Oregon anglers. Being a sportsman himself, he has confidence to believe that the sportsman of Jackson county cannot be snared by pre-election promises obviously made to catch votes.

Harry Corbett is a modest, unassuming gentleman, and that ought to count for something in this golden age of the windy politician—and one other thing: per-

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.)

May 14, 1920. Salem—Calf with eight legs and two bodies born at asylum farm.

Pacific Highway in good condition for fast travelling save for a bumpy stretch in the Siskiyou.

C. of C. passes resolution urging early improvement of road to Provolet.

Ed G. Brown, injured in auto accident improves, and operation not necessary. Portland hospital surgeon reports.

Heavy smoke hangs over valley, due to brush fires near Prospect.

County purchases sixty acres on Pacific highway for fairgrounds.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.)

May 14, 1910. Washington—Congress passes bill for raising of battleship Maine, blown up in Havana harbor, February 15, 1898.

Miss Alice Hanley ate dinner at the Sunnyside Sunday. She said it was the best meal she ever ate, and Alice is no slouch of a cook herself. — (Eagle Point Eagles).

Grants Pass to build road to Oregon Caves.

Local Elks give T. E. Daniels handsome gold jeweled emblem.

Revival meetings of Rev. Oller draw large throng.

Personality and character show in every word and gesture. He is a good man for the voters to the to. CORBETT FOR GOVERNOR Committee.

Eugene Thorndyke, Secretary.



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Political Announcements

GEORGE ALFORD Candidate republican re-nomination County Commissioner. (Present incumbent.)

Running on his record. County and state taxes, which are only taxes the county commissioners have under their control, were 26.6 mills in 1922, when Mr. Alford became a member, were 16.9 mills in 1929. For confirmation you are referred to your tax statements.

A faithful public servant deserves another term. (Paid adv.)

PHONE 474 CITY CLEANING & DYEING CO

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—Amos and Andy Are Backward Singers



FARM TRAGEDY His father rose by lantern light Who could not sleep The whole long night He washed his hands In the gray tin pan; He rubbed them there For a minute's span. A rooster crowed From the wagonshed; The water gleamed With streaks of red. The water rolled At the pasture gate Like the stain of leaves In an autumn rain. II Their coats as bright As yellow silk, Their udders quick With washed milk, His fly cows stood At the pasture gate Till long past six, Till after eight, But no one came With the battered pair To lead them in To the milking rail. He hung by a length From the haywood beam. ("Poetry")