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GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

JUST as all the world loves a lover, so all the world loves a good sport. And conversely no individual is more unpopular and deservedly so, than the poor loser; he person who, beaten in a fair fight, sulks in his tent, refuses to shake the hand of the successful adversary, and filled with hate and bitterness, gives his ear to whispers of retaliation and revenge.

As everyone knows, Harry Corbett was badly beaten in last Friday's primary. Not only was he pushed out of first place, but second place as well, and had to be content with being a poor third.

True, he never swallowed everything his sanguine camp followers told him. Of all the candidates he was the only one who refused to make the usual "bull" predictions, was always modest and persistently said with a smile, a candidate was the last man to know how the people were really going to vote.

But at that, he would have been less than human if he had not accepted half of the optimistic reports that were constantly pouring in on him. And half of them were sufficient to convince him that he had the bulge on his opponents; even if defeated, could find a certain consolation in being the chief runner-up.

As a result, the outcome undoubtedly was, to him, if not a complete surprise, at least a great personal disappointment. But he wasted no time in futile repinings, even resisted the temptation to repeat the wisecrack that "if all the liars had been counted, Oregon's population figures would have been vastly increased."

He took his medicine like the good sport he is, and immediately issued the following message of congratulation to the winner, and thanks to his friends:

"I sincerely congratulate you on the results of the primary election. I have thoroughly enjoyed a campaign which has been as hard fought as this one, and I feel that the people of the state have given you a vote of confidence. I know that you will administer the state's affairs in the interests of the people and I shall join with them in doing what I can to insure your election in November. I have enjoyed the campaign which has just ended because it has been hard fought and clean. Nothing could have given me more pleasure than the opportunities which have come in this campaign of meeting so many friends and receiving from them such loyal and wholehearted support. I appreciate this friendship and support even more than I could possibly have appreciated receiving a nomination. I have personally gained much in a better knowledge and clearer understanding of the aims, ambitions and desires of all parts of the state, and as a private citizen I shall continue to do everything I can for the upbuilding of all of these sections. I express again my warmest thanks and appreciation to all those who have so earnestly supported me."

That's the sort of thing that makes friends for a man, even among those who may have politically opposed him. The "I-told-you-so" wisecracks are already proclaiming that as a political figure in this state, Harry Corbett is "all through."

Mebbe so. But we seriously doubt it. Circumstances alter cases. General conditions in Oregon, as well as throughout the country, were unfavorable for a nonpolitician, business type like Mr. Corbett. With a return of prosperity, and general contentment, the people might well turn to the sort of leadership he represents, just as on Friday they turned to the sort of leadership that George Joseph represents.

Meanwhile there is consolation in the fact that life holds worse fates than defeat. We realize it is rather a chestnut, but it so clearly expresses the thought, that we are going to close with that familiar verse:

It's easy enough to be happy.
When Life goes by like a song;
But the man worth while,
Is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong!

BAD SPORTSMANSHIP

SPEAKING of good sportsmanship, whether we like or dislike the primary law, it IS the law; and any candidate who appeals to it, should be good sport enough to abide by it.

Since the election we have heard various reports of defeated Republican candidates coming out as independents against the man who beat them.

We hope this report is untrue. The people of this state have never failed to repudiate such bad faith and, we hope, never will.

The conditions are not the same with any candidate who DIDN'T enter the primary. Truly independent candidacies are recognized by custom and by law. Nor are they the same regarding the voters, who are and always have been—at liberty to vote for the man they want, regardless of party.

But there is an unwritten law against the candidate who trusts his fate to a primary, then waffles, and refuses to accept the primary's verdict.

We certainly hope, and believe, it will not be violated this year.

The decision to quit coining \$2.50 gold pieces may not seem tragic now, but wait until you try to decide what to give Cousin Sue next Christmas.

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. Only the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady here in care of The Mail Tribune.

THE RELATION BETWEEN THE STOMACH AND THE HEART

I am 80 years past and haven't been sick in bed one week in over 60 years and if I continue to get free advice from you I am good for 100 years, writes a Minnesota reader. May I ask you to give us a dissertation on the relation between the heart and the stomach? Particularly, will a goeged stomach affect the action of the heart? I admire your plain talks in the daily papers as well as the wholesome advice you give us on how to keep well or get well when we are sick. (A. L. B.)

We must concede that there is something more than the diaphragm between the stomach and the heart, for both organs are governed by the same nerve supply, partly sympathetic and partly the vagus or tenth cranial nerves. That name "sympathetic" applied to nervous mechanisms has no romantic significance; it merely implies that various organs or parts of the body are closely connected thru this self-contained system of nerve ganglia or substations. The relation between the heart and the stomach, I should say, is purely platonic. Tobacco seems to have an affinity for the vagus, tenth cranial, pneumogastric nerve; first the excessive smoker suffers throat trouble or slight hacking cough; later heartburn or hyperacidity and in some cases symptoms hard to distinguish from those of duodenal ulcer; if the abuse continues, the inebriate finally develops some form of "tobacco heart," and in a few cases this may amount to a condition hard to distinguish from angina pectoris. This common history of tobacco addiction indicates that there is some connection between the stomach and the heart, not to mention the lungs.

The popular association of stomach and heart probably rests mainly on the popular misapprehension of "acute indigestion." As long as we have politicians in medicine and doctors in politics we shall read in the papers of prominent people succumbing to an attack of acute indigestion. Of course no doctor takes such a diagnosis seriously; no doctor with a reputation to maintain would venture to report to the health authorities a fatality from "acute indigestion." They would institute an investigation immediately to determine what the doctor was trying to conceal, even if that might be just his own ignorance. Now what?—I'm coming to that, Don't I know? I reckon I have answered my good share of calls at 2 a. m. to reassure victims of gallstones and the like who were anxious about "that gas pressing on the heart." But the distress or pain victims of such illness suffer is surely not from the mere presence of gas in the stomach; likewise the disturbance of heart action that sometimes accompanies such illness is certainly not produced by gas-pressure. Any sophomore medical student knows better than that. And incidentally I say heaven help the patient whose physician acquiesces in the gas-pressure notion and applies treatment accordingly.

One who suffers such "gas attacks" periodically is probably suffering from gall-sac inflammation with or without gallstones; of course a minority of such sufferers owe their plight to other troubles, such as appendicitis, peptic ulcer, and now and then actual organic heart disease. I should advise that all hands ignore the matter. My, but this is getting cheerful, isn't it?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Morbid Introspection

Is there cause for worry if an apparently well person has a temperature of 99? Will excitability nerves cause the temperature to rise? (L. M.)

Answer.—The body temperature of a healthy person is anywhere from 97 to 99 degrees. I advise against the use of a clinical thermometer in the home, except in special cases under medical observation. It does not seem to me a wise plan to pay such close attention to the alimentary functions and I should advise that all hands ignore the matter.

Chemist on Our Side

Your chemist friend who insisted phenol is not an acid was in one

sense right, the certainly the decomposition solution of phenol has an acidity which expressed in ph is equal to 6.5, and phenol has some other reactions that give it an acid character. His objections to the familiar name, carbolic acid is open to debate. "Carbolic" contains no copper. For the public to call common respiratory infections "crr" is really of some importance because it affects the welfare of the people. But to compare that with calling phenol carbolic acid is as futile as it would be to get the public to pronounce automobile correctly. (C. B.)

Answer.—Thank you. That makes at least two chemists on our side. I'll bet your allusion to the "machine" (maddening name for it) will send a lot of readers to the dictionary.

Hemorrhoids Painlessly Obliterated

By the bye, have you informed the world that the non-surgical cure of hemorrhoids is now available? In some cases diathermy is the method of choice; in others the injection of quinine and urea hydrochlorid into each of the varicosities puts an end to the complaint. (C. M. D.)

Answer.—Perhaps I haven't mentioned it lately, but there it is, and I can only say I believe it is so.

Chronic Running Ear

Getting discouraged. Not so much the running part as the odor. (Miss M. B.)

Answer.—Have you used boric acid in alcohol? A drop or two in the ear night and morning has cleared up many chronic ear discharges. Ten grains of boric acid in one ounce of pure grain alcohol. If your druggist will not furnish the alcohol I can do nothing further about it. Before dropping it in the ear stand the vial in warm water a few minutes.

Quill Points

Senate Investigation: A good idea covered with peanut politics.

Machines seem able to produce every essential thing except congressmen.

Then, too, you can recognize Easy Street by the muttered chorus: "Gosh, I wish I had something to do."

So Harvard and Vassar graduates have few children? Well, these schools didn't graduate the parents of Lincoln, Ford, Edison and their kind.

The "most progressive state" was like many individuals. It made a big splash by going in debt, but now it must go ragged to pay the interest.

The worm turns, it is true, but not to attack. He didn't quite catch the instructions from the back seat.

Fortunately, you can't judge a great man by the foolish look he wears while laying a corner stone for a news reel.

One objection to universal education is that the colleges graduate men faster than great executives die to make room for them.

If realism required Al Jolson to get lit for a drunk case, as McIntyre says, why not cast each star as a pure and innocent girl?

Americanism: Getting into an argument about the inaccuracy of the ship's clock; losing interest in the fact that the ship is going down.

America has done its best to make posterity righteous. It will be so busy paying off bonds it won't have any leisure for cussiness.

When you think of the hard luck attending Mr. Hoover's administration, it's no wonder people once thought him a Democrat.

The way divorced husbands are frisked by gold diggers doesn't indicate anything in particular except

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle
ACROSS: 1. Ask for per-emp-... 7. Expression of sorrow... 11. Watering place... 14. Device for un-sealing... 15. Greater amount... 16. Monnet... 17. Parent... 18. Legua paper... 19. Certain of artillery fire... 20. Outside: comb form... 21. Part of a common verb... 22. Pleas... 23. Is compelled to... 24. Talk... 25. Wrong: prefix... 26. Ancient coun-try... 27. Accuse... 28. Small fish... 29. Plunge... 30. Perfumed... 31. Behind... 32. By... 33. Beneficial... 34. Former unit... 35. Great real-estate... 36. Corroded... 37. Twist out of shape... 38. Embarked... 39. New tempo-rary star... 40. Outdoor game... 41. Snoop into others' affairs... 42. Vestige... 43. Pair of... 44. Walked... 45. Places... 46. Before... 47. Young dogs... 48. Jail... 49. To... 50. Sign of the Zodiac... 51. Christmas... 52. Thin... 53. Japanese coin... 54. Dunlopian... 55. Rubber... 40. Ranged roofs... 41. Floors of the solar year... 42. Myself... 43. Adulterate con- junction... 44. Sincerely... 45. Vision... 46. Exit... 47. Fatal stroke... 48. Kind of horse... 49. Withered... 50. Exposed closely... 51. Kind of dog... 52. 100 square meters... 53. Top cards... 54. Short jackets... 55. Garden imple-ment... 56. Speechify... 57. Hold back... 58. Stalled rain... 59. Comelton... 60. Thickness... 61. Female sand- piper... 62. Body of water... 63. Gold's high- est note... 64. Aerial ball ending... 65. Ourselves...

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-65 indicating starting positions for the clues.

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Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) May 19, 1920. Tom Mix and high school play-let at Liberty theater. Fishermen demand seines be barred from Rogue river mouth. County road bond meetings opened throughout rural districts. C. of C. requests flowers for window display "to impress tourists." John C. Mann delivers talk on "Trade Expansion," at weekly forum. Union Oil company builds service station on Main street. Medford to be base for airplane forest patrol starting June 10.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.) May 19, 1910. George Sontag, "noted California outlaw, lectures at Bijou theater. Berkeley—Earth passes through tail of Halley's Comet. Jacksonville to make eagle scream, July 4. Commercial club to use council chambers and save rent until new quarters ready. Isis theater is opened, and will present "advanced motion pictures." Greater Medford club to prosecute all who "trample down young grass in city park." Mrs. Bert Orr has returned from a three weeks visit in Klamath Falls.

SUNDOWN STORIES

AN OLD FLAG. By Mary Graham Bonner. Certainly the Little Black Clock had turned the time back quite far on Saturday, but tonight he was using his magic to turn it back still further and the children saw a great many people marching along carrying a standard with a picture or design of metal upon it. "You're seeing one of the first flags belonging to any people," the Little Black Clock said. "But that's not a flag," John persisted. "No, the oldest, golden days, such as the time in which I've turned back this evening, the flags were all made of metal. Afterwards they were made of cloth—such as the flag of your country, and the flags of all countries today," said the Clock. "But in those days they liked metal flags best. After a time they attached a banner to the pole or standard and that was the beginning of our flags made of cloth. "In the olden days men could find their own tribe by seeing the standard planted in the ground near where the tribe was camping, but now with our flag of cloth attached to the side of a pole it's much easier to carry around. "Then, too, this present flag of cloth can be hung from buildings on holidays and at other times. "But you've seen one of the earliest flags of all." John was enormously interested in the metal "flag." It had such a strange design upon it. It looked a little like the picture of some odd kind of animal. "I've been turning the time back so much lately," said the Little Black Clock, "that I think tomorrow evening I'd better change it forward!" Tomorrow—"Summer Holidays." red, everybody in Paris, soldiers and civilians alike. The British consul, E. R. Ashmore, in his book on defense, suggests that one of the best means of discouraging air attack would be "the retaliatory bombing of enemy cities and towns." Washington, please read this. We should be able to retaliate. At present, if anybody covered New York, Seattle or Washington, D. C., with deadly gas, 60 feet deep we could only say "That is too bad."

By BUD FISHER

MUTT AND JEFF—Two Hearts Beat Mutt As One

Cartoon by Bud Fisher. A census taker asks 'GENTLEMEN, I'M TAKING THE CENSUS. ARE YOU TWO PEOPLE OR ONE?' and 'ANSWER ME THAT!'. Mutt and Jeff respond 'WE'RE ONE!'. The census taker asks 'YOU LOOK LIKE TWO TO ME, AND DOWN YOU GO AS TWO!'. Mutt and Jeff respond 'WE'RE ONE!!'. The census taker asks 'YOU MAY BE ONE PERSON TO YOUR UNCLE - BUT I SAY TWO - AND TWO IT'S GONNA BE!'. Mutt and Jeff respond 'I KNEW THEY WERE TWO! ONE GUY COULDN'T HIT ME THAT MANY TIMES!'. The cartoon is signed '15-19' in the bottom left corner.