

THE MEDFORD MAIL

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A. S. BLITON.

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MAN WAS BORN TO HUSTLE.
He is of few days; but quite a plenty.

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY W. J. PEYMALE.

Time, the ever restless monarch, that builds but to destroy, sweeps down the course of ages like a resistless avalanche. Nations rise and crumble in his way, and nothing survives his corroding touch but the imperishable spark of man. Famine, pestilence and funeral pyres may mark his withering course, but man, immortal, immune from decay or death, holds his unbroken course to eternity. Crowned most complete of creation's handiwork, clothed with earthly sovereignty, imperishable as the vault of heaven, serene in the consciousness of life eternal, he mocks at the flight of time, and a Divinity within that impels him to a mission unfulfilled, and shapes his destiny, points him onward, upward to grander deeds and nobler achievements. Though but a speck on a shoreless island in the mid-ocean of eternity, with only a dim and shadowy trace of his coming, and no tangible chart to mark the way beyond, yet, faith as a beacon glows ever in his bosom, and a divine light from the Master's throne opens a resplendent vista and reveals the way. Strong and courageous before, and anon, weak and helpless as a child. A sealed enigma to himself, he gropes perplexed, and is lost in the wonders of his strange existence. A stranded suppliant, he alternately marvels at his power and trembles in his weakness. The victim of wind and wave, and a prey to the endless casualties of earth, his life held forfeit to his conduct, who shall say he should not anxiously watch and wait for relief, and a safe guide in the conduct of life? He did so wait and watch, and now realizes with great joy and thankfulness the full fruition of his being. His spiritual longings have been met and satisfied, and light and consolation have taken the place of darkness and anxiety.

Nineteen centuries have passed since a party of Galilean shepherds rested at their campfires on the pastoral hills of Judea. The gathered flocks were strewn about the camps, and no sound broke the silence of the night save the tinkle of bells and the soft murmur of the brook. Kidron, as it rippled on its way over its uneven bed to the Dead Sea. In the distance Jerusalem, the Holy City, slept unconscious of the event which was to startle and revolutionize the world. No thought of the advent which would wake its inhabitants on the morrow with glad tidings of great joy disturbed its slumbers, yet a deep, foreboding calm rested upon the sacred city. The simple shepherds, though in the shadow of Earth's greatest epoch, the birth of the Christian religion, and they the chosen messengers of its announcement, unawares, reclined at ease, anon attending the restless flocks, and again watching the inverted crescent that hung suspended like a thread of silver in the western horizon. The light from expiring brands fell upon their drowsy faces and cast its fitful glare upon the dark background of tree and hill. The distant stars flashed their silent signals to the sleeping earth, and the jeweled firmament seemed an all-sufficient canopy for the comfort of the faithful watchers. In the midst of a portentous stillness that held the shadowed earth as in a spell, an angel appeared, saying: "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ, the Lord." And there appeared with the holy messenger a multitude of the heavenly host praising

God, and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." About this time a new star of peculiar brilliancy appeared in the heavens, and certain wise men from the East who saw it journeyed forth from Jerusalem to Bethlehem to see him who was born king of the Jews, and behold, the star went before them and stood over against the place where the young child was cradled. And when they were come into the house and saw the young child, Jesus, they fell down and worshipped him.

Thus the meek and lowly Savior came incarnate upon earth as the living light to make intercession for men, and bear the cross of a world enshrouded in sin and darkness. It is therefore meet and proper to assemble together and give thanks for the Divine advent on this memorable night, [that the holy fires of faith and love, kindled at Calvary, may burn undimmed in the hearts of men as the crowning event of the world's history.

When the Star of Bethlehem first shed its light on the pathway of men, its strange effulgence dazzled and perplexed them. Though looking for the fulfillment of prophecy, its peculiar manifestation was foreign to the material thought that engrossed them, and they marveled that their deliverer could be other than an earthly king.

The God-sent star had set its divine seal upon their hearts, and burned itself into their consciousness, and they cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

It was this star transfigured in a pillar of fire that went before the children of Israel in the wilderness. This star embodied, that confounded the elders of the temple, restored the blind, raised the dead, healed the halt, fed the multitude, stilled the storm, laid the plan of salvation, and became the head of the corner, and the world's redeemer.

It was this star that rent the rocks in twain, veiled the face of the sun, and cast its darkened shadow over the earth at the dread spectacle of a God incarnate nailed to the cross and praying in the agony of death for the forgiveness of his crucifiers. The star that Elijah foresaw seven hundred years before the wise men of the East followed the beams of its radiance and bowed in adoration of the Christ-child that came in obedience to the divine will to be a propitiation for men. It is the star today to whose light the Christian world looks for guidance and consolation. Down the long line of buried centuries where forgotten nations rose and fell, ephemeral as the mote that lives and dies in the transient sunbeam, this star, co-existent with God Eternal, was, is, and ever will be until the world is rolled together as a scroll, and time shall be no more. It is mirrored in the bosom of the sea, glints in the spray of the waterfall, sparkles in rivulet and rill, signals from the crest of the mountain, glimmers on the wave of the gossamer, paints the morning suaburst and the saffron glow of evening, and shades with exquisite touch the diversified beauty of the organic world.

However sects and creeds may differ, and wrangle over ritualistic forms and ceremonies, the eternal verities of religion must ever remain unchanged. Whatever other conclusion may be reached, the history of man from the beginning proves that his spiritual nature constrains him to worship. His responsibility to a Creator develops from his consciousness as a flower from its native bed, and no science or philosophy can dissuade him from his convictions.

Four distinct figures stand out in relief as the chief representatives of the religious world: Abraham, the father of faith; Moses, the founder of law; Elijah, the prophet of fire, and Jesus, the spirit of love and truth, made manifest in flesh.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has the good habit of being right upon great questions and he expressed his views in his message clearly, forcibly, courageously, in a manner which has met the approval of the people throughout the country.—Albany Herald.

The Schuberts Are Coming.

Prof. N. L. Narregan has arranged with the Schubert Concert Company to give an entertainment in the Medford opera house on the evening of January 23. The entertainment will be given as a benefit to the public school chemical and physical laboratory. This will be the event of the season and none should fail to attend. While you will be given an evening of rare musical entertainment you will, by your patronage, give assistance to a deserving institution—the public schools. Tickets are now on sale at the Medford book store.

The Anaconda (Montana) Standard says of the Schuberts: "Spite snowstorms and blizzards quite 300 of Anaconda's music lovers attended the Schubert concert at the Montana last evening, and when it was over there wasn't a one in all the throng but would heartily have subscribed to the statement that he gladly would have faced a blizzard ten times as fierce rather than have missed the Schubert concert. And there was warrant for feeling that way about it, too—unquestionably a more delightful concert was never given in Anaconda before. The Schuberts have won name and fame during the years they have toured the country and the people of Anaconda this year expected much of them. However much they expected, they got it in fullest measure, for the splendid musicians who comprise the Schubert organization fairly outdid themselves. Every number on last night's program was a gem. Carefully the selections had been made and the artists to whom they were assigned carried them out magnificently."

"One noteworthy feature about the Schubert concert was that the music was of the more tuneful kind. No attempt was made to go into the high flights of composers whose music doubtless is grand, but is little understood by the majority of the people. The Schuberts held to the pleasing melodies that the people like and at all times refrained from reaching over the heads of their audience."

IN ANOTHER column of this paper appears an article on "Sweet Corn for Cannery Supply," by Chas. H. Pierce. In this article Mr. Pierce has very plainly told growers what they may reasonably expect as a revenue from the growing of sweet corn. In previous articles Mr. Pierce has dealt in like manner with tomato culture. Since both these industries have been fairly presented to the farmers in this locality the matter is left with them to decide whether Medford is to have a cannery. While Mr. Pierce does not say so in so many words it is true, nevertheless, that if a cannery is erected in Medford, it will make the canning of fruit a part of its business. How many of our farmers who own good corn and tomato land will agree to plant a few acres next year as an experiment, and to assist the cannery in getting a start? THE MAIL would like to hear from a number of them on this subject. If the growing of either one or both of these crops is a good thing and will prove profitable, it is but natural that you should want to engage in that kind of husbandry.

ONE of the pleasantest manifestations of our present prosperity, is the scarcity of shop girls in Chicago, where numbers of them are getting married because their sweethearts feel able to support them, or are being sent to school by their parents. Merchants are so hampered by the want of help that they are advertising in the country newspapers for such help as they need—and even this method does not supply the demand.

The present session of congress will be asked to appropriate \$55,000,000 for the construction of thirty-four new warships.

—Wall paper, very latest patterns, at the Medford Furniture store.

—Superior job printing, MAIL office

—Subscribe for THE MAIL.

Sweet Corn for Cannery Supply.

BY CHAS. H. PIERCE.

While the canning of sweet corn in the Rogue river valley is not yet a positive success the same as in Maine or New York, much progress has been made the past summer, all in the direction of success.

The prevailing opinion is that no part of the Pacific coast is essentially a corn producing district, particularly a field corn district, and as regards the latter this may be true even of this valley, but in certain particulars we are encouraged to believe that this may become a fairly favored habitation of the genuine sweet corn.

The writer has some knowledge of sweet corn production in New York state, and thinks it extremely doubtful if any cannery in any eastern state ever secured as uniformly large ears of sweet corn as did our cannery at Ashland this year. The corn was Stowell's Evergreen, raised not on Bear creek bottom sandy loam, but on ordinary land quite high up in a foothill canyon, and 2000 ears of this corn averaged fully seven-eighths of a pound to the ear, weighed in the usual way with husk on.

The corn we purchased was raised on about one-third of an acre, and the cannery paid this grower more than \$23 for sweet corn brought to us, besides which we are certain fully \$3 worth was sold outside, not to mention some used at home. We estimated that we paid about \$13.50 per ton for this corn, at which rate a full acre should have yielded \$60 to \$70. We decided that we had paid more than we could afford to pay regularly for this sweet corn, and our idea has been that we would next year be willing to contract at \$10 per ton, the usual price in the east for cannery sweet corn being about \$7 per ton. Some of our valley growers estimate as high as four and one-half tons per acre of sweet corn on good land, but the most conservative estimate is about three tons per acre. Admitting the latter to be a reasonable estimate the returns would be \$30 per acre from sale to a cannery. On our best valley land thirty bushels of field corn is probably more than an average yield, and the present prevailing price of fifty cents per bushel is above the average price, which means \$15 per acre revenue under favored conditions.

If these comparative showings are nearly correct, as we believe, the advantage of raising sweet corn for a cannery would be nearly double that of raising field corn. Besides, the fodder gathered in the milk or sweet corn stage is conceded to be far better than the dry fodder from field corn harvested late in autumn, and if the former is put up in a silo, the up-to-date method of harvesting sweet corn waste, the ensilage has a value as winter cattle feed fully equal to alfalfa, if not superior. A further advantage of raising sweet corn for a cannery would be that the grower would market his product two months earlier than he would his field corn, making his cash returns come that much earlier in the year.

We do not know that we can add much to the subject herein discussed with our present knowledge, but we can say that if a few of our home growers will help out to the extent of contracting and furnishing a cannery with the product of a few acres we shall equip to handle sweet corn on a scale sufficiently large to determine next year just what can be done in the future. This being the last article in THE MAIL about the cannery proposition we can only reiterate that very much depends on the growers of tomatoes and sweet corn, and we should very soon like to hear from the farmers as to what they can and will do. The writer will undertake to organize a successful cannery enterprise if the farmers will do their part. We have stated our position clearly as to prices, that there may be no trifling or misunderstanding, and whatever the opinions may be as to the profit of raising the vegetables and fruit a cannery might consume we are certain the prices named in this and former articles on the subject are above the average offered by canners in other localities on this coast and in the east.

300

ACT

Shoe Repa

New Kind

GI

Three coat
and it costs
sold by son

Corner 7th
Phone Main

TR

For F
ORCH
MEN
Best at

PAC

Tempest in a Peanut Shell.

THE MAIL is supposed to go 'way back and sit down, but we are not overheating ourselves in our mad rush for the rear. Last week these columns printed this item:

"The business man who does business in the city twelve months in every year and whose goods are in evidence when the tax collector makes his annual visit is the man whom you can best afford to patronize. Those fellows who jump in just before Christmas with a stock of goods to catch a few dollars of the holiday trade can hardly be considered bona fide business men. Buyers would do well to look carefully into this matter before making their Christmas purchases. The man who helps you pay the taxes ought to be given preference."

Since which time H. H. Mitchell has taken exceptions to the above item and, with the assistance of Horro Mann, has had printed a circular in which it accuses THE MAIL and its publisher everything that's bad except stealing and wife beating. Mr. Mitchell states in his circular that he pays the taxes required of him. THE MAIL does not doubt this. The question which naturally arises is—Has he been required to pay any? But to think about it we did not know H. H. Mitchell was engaged in business in Medford. A couple or three days ago there were circulated about town a few handbills advertising a sale of Christmas goods which had that time been put upon the market and the handbills were signed "Rowland Mitchell," a son of H. Mitchell. This may have some to do with the payment of taxes "required." So far as the circular of THE MAIL in the estimation of people there is not a particle of due and if harm comes from it it surely be to Mr. Mitchell. As regards item in question THE MAIL publishes when he wrote it, had no particular man or concern in mind, but he then, as he has upon many previous occasions, that the old liners—the H which have been struggling for eleventh months out of every twelve in our town for business for years, were entitled to a boom, if there is to be one, in the twelfth month of every year without interference.

The different firms in Medford who are handling similar holiday goods those carried by Mr. Mitchell are H. Nye's Racket store, G. A. Gurnea, Medford Book Store and J. G. Dyke & Co. These people have been in business in Medford for a number of years and nearly every one of them own property in the city. These people truly be termed bona fide business men.

Engines and Boilers for Sale.

I have for sale a my machine shop in Medford, one 1-horse power boiler with 8-horse power engine, one 3-horse power engine and boiler, one 3-horse power engine and boiler. These have all been overhauled and repaired and are practically as good as new.

M. GAULT.



HAVE A CIGAR?



"We will go down to Shearer's place and get one,

The RIALTO CIGAR STORE

keeps only the best."

A Box of Fine Cigars or

An Elegant Pipe

For a Christmas present would make the head of the household smile. Try him and see

H. C. SHEARER, Proprietor