

THE MEDFORD MAIL

Published Every Friday Morning.

A. S. BLITON.

Medford, Friday, November 21, 1902

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

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 PER YEAR

Mailed in the Postoffice at Medford, Oregon as Second-Class Mail Matter.

An attempt was made on the life of King Leopold, of Belgium, on Saturday, but the assassin was a very poor shot. The would be King killer was immediately arrested and taken to jail in spite of the mob, who wanted to execute him on the spot.

GENS. CHAFFRE AND YOUNG have profited by the experience of other returned soldiers from the Philippines, and although both have made extended speeches since their return home, have so far succeeded in saying nothing to arouse the wrath of the "powers that be."

THE international typographical union has taken up the fight of the printers against that paper, which has been raging for several years, and will direct its attention toward crippling the advertising business of the Times by declaring a series of boycotts against all advertisers using its columns.

Mrs. Francis Fuller Victor, who died at Portland on Saturday last, was one of the pioneer literary women of the Pacific Coast. For many years she was engaged in historical writing for Bancroft, the historian, and was also author of a number of number of books, treating on life and times in the early settlement of the great Northwest.

"INDUSTRIAL peace can only be obtained when employer and employed alike show not merely insistence of their own rights, but those of others, with a full acknowledgement of the interests of the third party—the public."—President Roosevelt's New York speech.

The above contains the industrial situation in a nutshell. A little forbearance on either side would avert many a strife.

THE President is hunting bears in Mississippi; and as usual columns of stuff is being published in the daily papers about the hunt. We would bet a coonskin that Roosevelt would give anything to be able to sneak out and take a quiet hunt all by himself without an army of reporters at his heels. There isn't much pleasure in hunting unless you can do it alone, and thus have adventures that you can tell about afterward, without danger of successful contradiction. A man can't tell about a 1000 pound bear, when forty newspaper reporters know it was only a six-months' old cub.

It appears that at last the United States is virtually out of debt to the outside world. As the treasury department figures it out, only about \$16,000,000 of the interest bearing bonds of the United States are held abroad, and three-fourths of this amount is held by foreign insurance companies which are doing business in this country, and are deposited here in the different states for the protection of American policy holders. Making this deduction, less than \$4,000,000 of the interest bearing debt of the United States gov-

ernment is actually held outside of the country in the world, with the possible exception of France, can show such an exhibit as this.

THE editor of the Klamath Falls Republican has had his office windows cleaned and is evidently proud of it. This is the way he announces the interesting event: "Disregarding all precedents, violating a custom that has been in vogue since the days of Gutenberg and crucifying professional ethics on the altar of a unique ambition to possess the only clean printing office windows on earth, this sanctum has rescued panes of glistening glass from a chaos of mud and ancient accumulations, dating back, geologically speaking, to the Mesozoic period. The windows and office force are becoming accustomed to the change, the latter with the aid of smoked spectacles."

A FEW years ago, not more than five or six, California fruit packers came over into Oregon and bought our pears, packed them in boxes bearing California labels, shipped them east and sold them as California grown pears. A great howl went up at this and THE MAIL sent up a protest that was louder than any of the howls. We, at that time, only hoped that a time would come when we could even up the score. That time has come—it is here now, and we are paying back the California pilferers—the whole indebtedness, with interest compounded. California apples are now being packed in Oregon boxes and sold as an Oregon product and the price paid is better than that realized for the California product. The California fruit is undoubtedly as good, especially the apples grown in northern California, but they have not the reputation which the Oregon red and yellow apple has on the market—hence the packing of this fruit in Oregon labeled boxes. It is also gratifying to note that the pears of Southern Oregon are no longer packed in California boxes. The excellence of our pears has forced itself into the markets of the world and there is no longer a question raised as to quality where the Southern Oregon stencil or label is in evidence. As will be seen by the San Francisco market report, published elsewhere in this paper, Oregon apples are quoted in that city at twenty-five cents a box more than California apples.

MORE BOUQUETS FOR SOUTHERN OREGON FRUIT

Some few weeks ago Mr. L. G. Porter sent to friends in the east a few sample boxes of our delicious and unexcelled fruit. He did this not because that the fruit itself was superior in quality or variety to that grown here every year, but because that he wanted his friends to know what really good fruit was like. The fruit reached its destination in prime shape and here are a couple of letters he received acknowledging its receipt.

This one from W. E. Goodpasture, Minneapolis, Minn.:

"The apples and pears came all right. Many thanks. The delicious flavor of the fruit carried me back to the days of my childhood and old Vermont. Oh, my, but they are good, and as I watch them disappear my soul is full of regrets, but, nevertheless, I feel I have had a good thing. Childhood memories and tastes can never be forgotten."

Here is another, from J. E. Miner, also of Minneapolis:

"Box came O. K., and we have fully tasted same, and find apples very fine and choice. Mrs. M. says we cannot get anything like them here and she dislikes to use them, fearing they will not last always."

Medford Cider in Portland.

From the Oregon Agriculturist.

The new cider and vinegar factory at Medford is doing a large business and is paying six dollars per ton for apples, which is a high price for apples to be used for making cider and vinegar. Cider from this factory is now on sale at the leading retail grocery stores in Portland, and it is not probable that cider will be brought from Kentucky to Portland this year as was done last year.

Fruit Trees for Sale.

We have a splendid stock of fruit trees for sale at our nursery, one-half mile west from Talent. The apple varieties are Newtown Pippins, Spitzenburg, and Jonathans—these for commercial orchards. We have other varieties for family orchards. We also have a variety of pear trees.

BEESON & LUGER.

As We See Things.

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

A walk out through any part of the city of Medford thoroughly convinces a MAIL representative in the truthfulness of the old adage, that "Nothing goes to show the solidity and substantiality of a town so much as does a good class of residences, all occupied." Men sometimes build business blocks for speculation in towns that do not demand them. In traveling over the country one frequently encounters a good, live and thrifty town in which there are empty business houses, but one never encounters a live business town where there are many empty residences, nor a dying or dead town where the residences are all full. When the residences are filled up as well as the business rooms, as in Medford, it shows that the people are here, and further, that they intend to stay. When people build fine residences they do so for the purpose of making permanent homes—and, while thus speaking, it is well to say that business in Medford is represented by firms with large capital and energy. They carry immense stocks of everything in their lines, and their prices are always at the lowest notch. Anything that can be found in a city can be had in Medford, for this enterprising place is quite metropolitan in its make-up. And again, while everything in and around this city bespeaks of enterprise and prosperity, just keep saying a good word for your town and patronizing your home merchants, and all will be well.

As the season of the year approaches, the 27th day of this month has been set apart by President Roosevelt and Governor Geer as a day of thanksgiving. It is well and good to recount the blessings and to "forget not all His benefits." Seedtime and harvest, peace and plenty, are the gifts of His love, and this is sufficient reason for public recognition of our obligations to Him—the Great Ruler of a great universe.

Thus again the dreary, wintry days have come. It seems but yesterday we said farewell to them and turned to welcome the sunny face of summer, and now, all too soon, summer with its wealth of foliage and its carpeting of flowers is fading into the realm of the past. To say farewell to summer is to fill the mind with gloom. It suggests long, cold and dismal rains, cheerless and muddy streets (although there here in Southern Oregon are not so bad as in other parts of our fair state), which go to make up the usual dread of winter. The changing panorama of the seasons touches the hearts of all, though in a different manner. Those persons who have enjoyed the beauties of summer and drunk deep of its cup of pleasure will mourn its departure. Some who have seen their saddest hours, whose lives have been darkened by the death of loved ones, their fortunes shattered and their hopes blighted in the days of sunshine, will welcome the lowering skies as fit companions of their thoughts. But all these will find a solace through the wintry hours in cosy rooms, on easy chairs, before the cheerful fire, in whose glowing embers they may read the fortunes of their future lives.

Thanksgiving Service.

According to the proclamation of the President of the United States and Governor of the State of Oregon and in keeping with our usual custom, the churches of Medford will unite in a union service at the First Baptist Church Thursday, November 27th, at 10:30 o'clock A. M. The music will be arranged by a committee appointed from each of the churches. The usual offering will be taken for the benefit of those who may be in need. Rev. Crandall will preside and be assisted by other pastors. The sermon will be in keeping with the occasion.

Let all our people attend these services, and bring with them an offering of gratitude.

W. B. MOORE,

President of Ministerial Association.

Farm For Sale.

Fine fruit and hay ranch—ten acres in finest graded fruit, mostly winter apples in full bearing—alfalfa and clover—water all the year. Fine two story, with L. dwelling, large, high sunny rooms—a very pleasant home—1 mile from school and church. This is a desirable property, commanding a fine large outside stock range. Address box 11, Woodville, Oregon.

Farm For Sale.

Sixty-six acres of land and house, north of Woodville. Address Geo. P. OWINGS, Woodville, Oregon.



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A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL. M., PRINCIPAL

Foothill Orchards.

A great many of our orchardmen are considering the capabilities of the foothill lands as to the matter of fruit-raising, and the experience of ex-County Commissioner Bradshaw, covering a period of something like ten years, tends to demonstrate the quality of the land and the superiority of situation for that purpose. It is a fact that this season the apple crop in the valley orchards has been short. There is hardly a fruit grower whose estimates, based on the situation in July and August, have been borne out when it came to picking and packing his fruit. This shortage was doubtless brought about by the unusually hot, dry weather of the latter part of August and during the month of September, preventing the full maturing of the fruit, and the consequence was that a large amount of it fell from the trees before it was ready to gather. Mr. Bradshaw had no such experience as this, and investigation shows that wherever there was a full crop it occurred in an orchard in the foothills, where the constant seepage from the mountains back of it counteracted the effects of the drouth, or where the land on which the trees stood was naturally sub-irrigated.

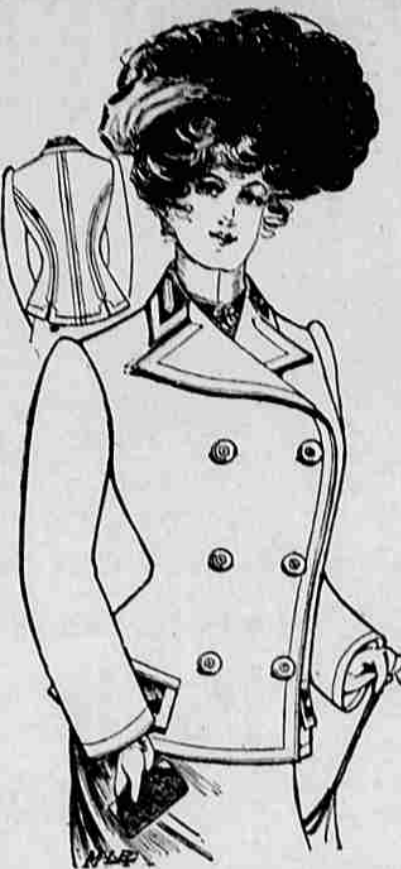
Now, as to Mr. Bradshaw's experience. In the year 1891 Mr. Bradshaw purchased the place on which he now resides in the foothills of the Butte creek section. At that time there was on the place a three-year-old orchard of some ninety acres, planted thereon by the former owner, a Mr. Upham. In June following the purchase a hail-storm coming from the southwest leveled almost every growing thing on the farm to the ground. Driven by a strong wind the hailstones cut three hundred acres a grain closer than it could have been done with a sythe, and what was a few hours before a waving field of green was now only bare ground. When the storm was over it was found that every tree had been stripped of its foliage, limbs, both large and small, littered the earth, and the southwest side of every tree and every limb and twig still remaining had been stripped of bark as cleanly as if done with a knife. It looked as if every tree must infallibly have been killed, and Mr. Bradshaw immediately began to have them grubbed up, so as to prepare the ground for some other crop. Not being able to secure help to complete the job that fall, about fifteen acres of the original ninety were left. In the spring these trees leafed out thriftily, and it was concluded to allow them to stand. Now, mark the result. Last year the trees were loaded heavier, Mr. Bradshaw says, than he ever saw trees before, so that this year, as is natural, some of them did not bear prolifically, but, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Bradshaw marketed 2500 boxes of A. No. 1 apples from that orchard. He sold four carloads before picking and overran in delivery one hundred boxes. That's the record this year.

And such apples! A sample box of Newtown Pippins, to be seen at the Medford bank, are pronounced by orchardmen to be the largest and finest apples of that variety they have ever seen anywhere. These apples were not selected from the whole crop as the largest, but are an average box of the largest grade. One of them, picked up at random, measured twelve inches in circumference. How's that for a Newtown Pippin? Mr. Bradshaw's Baldwins, Red Cheeked Pippins and Ben Davis are all on par with his Newtowns.

All this is not intended for an argument that the valley orchards are not suitable for fruit-raising, not by any means. It is merely intended to show that there are thousands of acres of foothill lands, heretofore regarded as of less value for the raising of fruit than the valley lands, which could be converted into orchards, and this will doubtless be done in the not distant future.

In the matter of the shortage in the crop this year, as compared with early estimates, the shortage is really more apparent than real. At the time the early estimates were made the prospect was good for an enormous crop, but, as said before, weather conditions so unusual that they are not likely to occur again for many years caused the crop to fall below the estimate; but even with this the output will be up to the average in almost any country than this.

No. We do not mean to say that apples can't be raised on the valley lands (anybody knows better than that), but we do mean to say that there are many, many acres of foothill lands, which are now bringing in little or no revenue to their owners, which could



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Will buy or sell timber and farming land for a small commission. Fine stock ranch and several farms for sale now. Write me Yours for Business

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he made a source of wealth to both individuals and the community at large if planted to orchards.

Death of Jonathan Gallaher.

W. R. Culton has handed THE MAIL a copy of the Pacific Veteran and Sawtelle Enterprise, published at Sawtelle, Calif., of date November 1, 1902, in which we find the following, which has reference to the death of a former Jackson County resident, he having lived in Eden precinct for a number of years:

"The funeral of Comrade Gallaher, one of the oldest and most respected residents of Sawtelle, took place Monday afternoon from the hospital, and was attended by a very large number of sincere mourners, many of whom came from a distance.

"Comrade Jonathan Gallaher was a native of Pennsylvania, and was a member of Company G, 114th Pennsylvania Infantry, in which he served faithfully and well. In later life he took up his residence at Medford, Ore., where he remained until the spring of 1898, when failing health forced him to seek a more genial climate, and he was admitted to membership in the Pacific Home Branch in April of that year. He was one of the first to take up a residence in our growing town, and did much toward its growth by his sturdy faith in its future, as was shown by his unremitting labors to improve his property here.

"Last June he was taken ill, and despite medical attention slowly sank under the visitation. He was taken to Eden Springs in the hope that some benefit might be had thereby, but without avail, and was finally taken to the Home hospital, where he died October 25, at the ripe age of sixty-nine years. A good soldier, a good man and a kind and affectionate husband has passed to his rest."

Settle up Notice.

All persons owing the undersigned are requested to call at the store of Brown & Owen, and settle same at once. All accounts must be settled without delay.

H. B. HOWARD & CO.

Homestead Filings Made.

The proprietor of THE MAIL has been appointed a United States Land Commissioner for Oregon. He is empowered by this appointment to prepare homestead and timber land filings, take testimony in homestead and timber land final proof cases, conduct contest cases, and in fact, to do all business for the land office which applies to government land. It is now unnecessary for applicants for any land claim, for those having proofs to make to go to Roseburg to make such application or proofs. It can be done right here at home and at much less expense.

Any information relative to the land laws cheerfully given and without cost. If there is any point regarding the land laws which you do not understand clearly drop into the MAIL office when in Medford and we will look the matter up for you.

Strayed—

From the Crane pasture two yearling heifers—one dark Jersey, the other red and white spotted, marked crop and upper half crop in both ears; branded L. L. on right hip \$5 reward for taking up same and notifying Wallace Woods, Medford, Or.

For Sale—

Span of mules and gang plow. Apply to Morgan Bros., on Patrick place, 2 1/2 miles northwest of Central Point. 41-4.

—Wells & Shearer have the best equipped outfit for draying and household moving in Medford. All kinds of wood for sale—full measure and prompt delivery.



Keep Out the Wet

SAWYER'S OIL CLOTHING
The best waterproof garments in the world. Made from the best materials and warranted waterproof. Made to stand the roughest work and weather. Look for the trade mark. If your dealer does not have them, write for catalogue to E. J. Bell and Packing Co., Arts, San Francisco, or H. M. SAWYER & SON, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.



AFTER A BOUNTIFUL THANKSGIVING DINNER

the horrors of indigestion have to be encountered with those who are troubled with dyspepsia. If you succumb to the temptation of indulging too freely in turkey and mince pie, champagne or good cheer of any kind, we have reliable remedies for weak stomachs or aching heads.

STRANG'S DRUG STORE,