

Associated Press
Dispatches

Medford Daily Tribune.

THE WEATHER.
Cloudy; probable showers tonight
and Tuesday.

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IS RAILROADED TO JAIL

TRIBUNE EDITOR ARRESTED AND RUSHED TO PRISON ON LIBEL INDICTMENT

Given no Chance to Secure Bail and Not Told What Arrest Was for But Compelled to Spend Night in Jail--Offended Grand Jury--Was Denied Communication With Friends.

ROSEBURG, Or., Dec. 23.—George Putnam, editor of the Medford Tribune, was arrested at midnight Saturday night on the northbound train at Roseburg on a charge of libel and taken to the county jail of Douglas county and held a prisoner until the arrival of Deputy Sheriff D. B. Grant from Jacksonville Sunday afternoon, when bail in the sum of \$300 was arranged. Putnam had been indicted Saturday afternoon by the Jackson county grand jury before he had left Medford for Portland, where he was to spend the Christmas holidays with his mother, but he was not notified. The sheriff waited until he was on his way, so he would have to spend the night in jail. The indictment was the result of a criticism made of the grand jury by The Tribune last week, when District Attorney Clarence L. Reames and the grand jurors failed to indict President W. S. Barnum of the Rogue River Valley Railway company for attempting to kill Mayor J. F. Reddy with an ax. Omitted Bail Clause. In the phone order of arrest nothing was said by Sheriff Jackson as to release on bail. Mr. Putnam could not find out what he was arrested for and

could not get word to his friends or telegraph, because the deputy who made the arrest refused such courtesies. He was obliged to remain in jail until near noon the next day, when Sheriff McClallen received a wire from Sheriff Jackson stating that Putnam could be released upon \$300 bond. Sheriff McClallen notified W. L. Wimberly, editor of the Roseburg Review, an old friend of Mr. Putnam's of the latter's predicament. He at once volunteered to go on the bond. Senator A. C. Marsters also volunteered bail. The news had reached Medford and Portland, and offers of assistance were received from each place. Bail Is Arranged. On the arrival of Deputy Sheriff Grant the bail was arranged. "My imprisonment was an outrage. Bail money would have been furnished just as quickly last night as today," said Mr. Putnam, "if I had only been given a chance, but I wasn't. I am sure I don't know who I libeled. Perhaps some people hear the truth so rarely that it sounds like a libel. It looks like petty spite-work to me." Mr. Putnam left last night to spend Christmas in Portland.

TESTIMONY IS AGAINST POWERS

Sensational Testimony Against Powers and His Chances of Acquittal Growing Dimmer.

GEORGETOWN, Dec. 23.—J. L. Hopkins gave sensational testimony at the trial of Caleb Powers today. He recounted a conversation he had with Youtsey two days before Goebel was shot, in which Youtsey said: "I sent to Cincinnati for cartridges that will fix him (meaning Goebel), and I will give \$100 to any man who will fire the shot; but if I can't get anyone else to do the work I will do it myself." Alberton Helton, in whose possession was found a rifle with which Goebel was shot, identified the weapon and said someone in the crowd gathered about Powers' office handed him a weapon. He was not sure, but thought it was the man who had been pointed out to him as Youtsey. Helton also detailed a conversation he heard between Youtsey and J. B. Moo on the day Goebel was shot in which Youtsey said Dick Holmes had promised to kill Goebel, but had gone back on him. Youtsey added: "If I can't get anybody else to shoot him, I will do it myself."

EVERYTHING IS QUIET AT GOLDFIELD

Several Mines are Being Opeated With Miners Forces Under a Heavy Guard.

GOLDFIELD, Dec. 23.—With 50 men underground, the Mohawk mine started up today, after having been shut down for over three months. The Consolidated mill and the Nevada-Goldfield Reduction works are also running. Sheriff Ingalls added a large number of deputies to his force today. Many men are being paid by the Mineowners' association to act as guards and patrolmen. Owners assert that a large number of strikebreakers will be brought in this week. Very few strikers have returned to work.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Appeals to President Roosevelt to have the federal troops remain in Goldfield in the opinion of White House officials indicated a desire on the part of the senders to rely solely upon the national government for protection. Roosevelt takes the position that the state of Nevada should exhaust every means in its power to control the situation and that federal interference should be supplemental only to the efforts being made by the state. Nothing indicates that the state is taking any action.

A NIGHT IN PRISON AND HOW IT FEELS TO LIVE WITH THE JAIL BIRDS

George Putnam Writes of Experience in Douglas County Bastile--Had to Sit up All Night--How The Prisoners Live in a Twilight Gloom. Rats for His Companion.

By George Putnam.
I am awakened at midnight from the first deep slumber. The Pullman conductor with a lantern is peering into my face. "Is this Mr. Putnam?" "Yes." "Then consider yourself under arrest. I am the deputy sheriff of Douglas county. Hurry up and dress" says a tall young man wearing a star. "What am I arrested for?" I ask. "On telephone request from the sheriff of Jackson county. Perjury, I think. A grand jury indictment." Then I remembered that I had heard threats of indictment for having dared to criticize a grand jury and a deputy district attorney on some trumped-up charge or other. "Is it necessary for me to spend the night in jail? Can't I go to a hotel. I will pay for a deputy to stand guard and sleep with handcuffs," I urged. "I have friends in Roseburg who will vouch for me and go bail if necessary." But it is in vain. The jail for me. I am even refused a permit to send a telegram. I Become a Jailbird. Going into the sheriff's office, my coat, grip and umbrella are deposited. We cross to the jail. The double steel doors are noisily unlocked and clank and groan ominously as I enter. "There is plenty of wood to keep the fire going, and plenty of company. I will phone Sheriff Jackson of your arrest and see if he will let you out on bail," says my jailer, departing after the great doors are shut and bolted but to do so not return. The jail is not inviting. The air is foul. There is no ventilation. The floor is cement. The walls, ceiling and strips of partitions are steel strips with three-inch square openings between them. "At one end of what might be styled the recreation room is a dilapidated table loaded with odds and ends of food, the remnants of the prisoners' supper. On another table is a pile of old papers and a greasy bunch of cards, a rough home-made bracket juts from the wall, laden with a miscellaneous assortment of rubbish. On the floor is a pile of old magazines.

cases. "There are seven of us here, eight, with you," says the elder. All the beds are full, but you can use mine if you want and I will take the table. My bunk's not very clean; they are all inhabited." Rats for Company. I thank my fellow jailbirds, but decline their courtesy, and they retire for the night. I build up the fire and try to read the two and three-year-old magazines, but the light is too dim. A huge rat comes out to keep me company. I watch him as he runs back and forth on the floor and over the prisoners' unsanitary bunks, greed shining in his little beady eyes. It is a dismal night, but my thoughts are tropical enough. The drone of the steady downpour outside is interrupted only by the creaks of the sheet iron floor as the prisoners turn uneasily in their slumbers. The night seems endless. Another rat joins the first, and then another, but they scamper when I move. Twilight Marks the Day. Finally the darkness wears gradually away and the twilight that answers for daylight creeps slowly in. The rats have gone, and only the fifth and squallid misery that a boasted civilization reserves for its unfortunates shows in the gray dawn of a Sabbath day, to usher in elsewhere the merry Christmas season. But there is no Christmas joy here. At 8:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 9:30 Sheriff McClallen comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the eight of us. Then the prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories. A Friend in Need. The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff an old friend—L. Wimberly, editor of the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bonds. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone other friends to go, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged. Meanwhile, offers of help are phoned from Portland and other places where the news has spread. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," I shall always feel grateful to those who proved themselves friends in need.

OLD-TIME TRAGEDIES RECALLED BY PIONEER

James L. Twogood, a pioneer citizen of Boise Idaho, and one of the earliest residents of Jacksonville, writing in the Boise Capital News of recent date on the text "Thou Shalt Not Kill," tells the story of two early-day tragedies in this county. "I will cite two cases in southern Oregon which happened in the '50s. In those times everybody 'packed' a gun who was able to own one. I plead guilty to the charge myself. I was strapped to a young colt during the day and nights I slept with it under my head. That was from 1871 to 1856, during the Rogue river Indian war. "Simon Oldham, a sporting man from Rock Creek, Mo., crossed the plains in the early times and settled in the Willamette valley. He went out to Yreka, Cal., in the summer of '52, with a little sorrel race horse that he called the 'Gold Digger.' It was truly named, for he could dig out more gold in a quarter-mile dash in 20 seconds than most men dig all summer. On his return trip the horse got lame and he left him with me at Goose creek. It was there I first got acquainted with Oldham, as fine a man as one would wish to meet.

"There was a Captain Abel George, captain of a volunteer company during the Rogue river Indian war of 1855-56. He was a fine-looking man, with a nice family, and was a neighbor of ours, living 13 miles south of us. Some time after the war he went out to Jacksonville and got full of booze, and went into Cluggage & Drum's livery stable, where a colored man was getting onto his horse. George jumped on behind, in his wild, crazy fit; they both fell off, and the colored man was dead. George was tried and acquitted by a 'lower court,' but his life was wrecked. "And there was 'Ace' Abbott. In the early '50s, when I first knew him, he was a good man, but something of a bluffer. He lived south of us, in the same county, near Kerbyville. He, too, had to get his man with a gun—I think he was a colored man. Abbott was tried and turned loose by a 'lower court,' but his life was wrecked. "Billy Abbott carried the mail on horseback, and stopped with us in the fall of '55, during the war. They all came up here in '63 and settled in Garden valley. At placerville one day 'Ace' got into a shooting scrape with others. When the smoke cleared away it was found that he had killed his brother Billy. Abbott was again tried by the 'lower court' and swung clear. He sent for me to come up and buy his ranch in the winter of 1870. I went up and found two feet of snow and did not purchase the ranch. Abbott sold it in 1871 or 1872, left the country and went to Texas, where he could get rid of his troubles, as he thought, but alas! the poor deluded man found a judgment hanging over him from a higher court that said: 'Thou shalt not kill.' It set him crazy—conscience would not let him go, so he passed in his cheeks, going via the double-barreled shotgun route. Oh! if men would only stop to think!"

RECEIVER NAMED FOR GLENDALE STATE BANK

In the circuit court Judge Hamilton appointed a receiver for the Glendale State bank of Glendale, Or., which institution failed to open its doors for business after the holidays closed. J. L. Winchell was appointed, with bonds of \$20,000. The receiver was appointed upon petition of E. E. Redfield and R. A. Jones, who allege that the bank is solvent, but cannot meet present demands.

MAMMOTH ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

The Medford Daily Tribune will soon issue a horticultural edition of ten thousand copies to be distributed all over the world in the interests of the Rogue River valley. The various departments will be edited by the most prominent orchardists, mining and business men, public officials and practical farmers. It will be beautifully illustrated, printed on bond paper, with a handsome fruit design cover, and will contain a symposium of facts, illustrative and representative of the horticultural, agricultural, irrigation, lumbering, mining educational, real estate, financial and other vast interests of the world's greatest apple and pear region—the Rogue River valley, including Medford, its metropolis. Transportation facilities, phenomenal growth and future development of a Great or Southern Oregon. The object in publishing this mammoth edition is to show the world, demonstrate and give true facts to the future immigrant and to encourage the colonization of the unoccupied lands of the Rogue River valley. Copies of this edition will be placed on every observation car of the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, Pennsylvania, New York Central, Great Northern, Union Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Wabash, Illinois Central and many other eastern railroads, in the public and Carnegie libraries throughout the United States, in the various publicity bureaus, the press, the government immigration stations at Ellis Island, New York, Boston and San Francisco, in hotels throughout America and Europe and aboard the ocean liners of the Pacific Mail Steamship company and Pacific Coast Steamship company of San Francisco, the Hamburg American, North German (loyd, Cunard, White Star, American and many other trans-Atlantic lines, which will carry these papers around the globe, giving publicity to the Rogue River valley. This edition will do more to create interest, encourage home-seekers and advertise the Rogue River valley than anything that has ever been attempted.

LATE LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Clarence L. Reames left Sunday for Berkeley, Cal., where he will spend the holidays with his aged mother. Mrs. C. I. Hutchison and her daughter, Miss Fern, returned Monday morning from Portland, where they have spent the past two or three months. Miss Fern has been taking a special course in music and has progressed rapidly. J. M. Potter, formerly editor of The Tribune, was in Medford Monday. He is now located at Seattle, and with his Ashland. There was an unusually interesting program at the M. E. church last night. Mrs. Krause, with the choir, which she had drilled for several weeks, rendered several superb anthems. The music was of a high order. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Reuter, preached a brief Christmas sermon from the text, "When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Matt. II:10, which in spite of the storm was heard by a large congregation of attentive listeners. Elder D. L. Miner died at his home on Griffin creek Sunday morning of some of the stomach. The funeral services will be held at the Dunkard church in Talent Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock. Interment will take place in Talent cemetery. John Potter, who is attending the Oregon agricultural college, has returned to Medford to spend the holidays. Ralph Jennings, now engaged in mining on Applegate, made Medford a business visit Monday. L. B. Brown, B. M. Collins and J. P. Roberts have returned from their trip to the north. SENATOR NIXON SAYS ROOSEVELT IS RIGHT WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—After a consultation with the president today, Senator Nixon of Nevada expressed his opinion that Roosevelt could not very well modify his order directing the withdrawal of troops from Goldfield. THE DAY IS SET FOR DENVER CONVENTION FRENCH LICK, Ind., Dec. 23.—Chairman Taggart of the democratic national committee today issued a formal call for the national convention to meet at Denver July 7, 1908.

HOOD RIVER MADE BIG MONEY ON APPLES

Complete returns from Hood River's 1907 apple crop show that it will receive in round numbers \$200,000 for its product, notwithstanding the money trouble, ear shortage and reduced crop. This is approximately what the Hood River crop brought last year, when it was in the neighborhood of 20,000 boxes more, and it is accounted for by the fact that the apples brought a much larger average price. The entire crop is now placed at 110,000 boxes, about 75,000 of which were handled by the Davidson Fruit company. Their purchase from the Hood River Apple Growers' union amounted to 55,215 boxes, for which they paid that organization the goodly sum of \$94,724.29, at an average price for the lot of \$1.71 per box for every thing. The average last year was \$1.45.

DARR MINE HORROR GROWS MORE AWFUL

JACOBS CREEK, Pa., Dec. 23.—In all 30 bodies have been recovered from the Darr mine and many more were located. The rescuers state that a number of miners were on their knees, praying that they were praying when the black dump caused their death.

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