

MEDFORD DAILY TRIBUNE

A LIVE PAPER IN A LIVE TOWN. Published every evening except Sunday. MEDFORD PUBLISHING COMPANY. GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager.

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UNPARALLELED NEWS ENTERPRISE.

Thursday The Tribune printed over 6000 words of telegraph news on the republican national convention. The entire platform, the detailed proceedings of the gathering and the nomination of Taft were presented to the people of Medford within half an hour of the occurrence of the historic events portrayed, a stroke of enterprise never before attempted by a newspaper in Oregon outside of Portland.

The Tribune gives its readers more live news than any paper in any town the size of Medford in the United States. It is a credit to and a constant advertisement of the city. It is metropolitan in its makeup, fearless and independent in its editorial policy, and with proper home support is destined to grow into one of the great papers of Oregon.

When a stranger comes to a city, or figures upon coming, he immediately asks for its newspapers, and judges the place by their appearance. If the paper is newsy, breezy and attractive, if he finds its advertising columns well patronized, he concludes that the city is a live one and its merchants up-to-date and progressive. When he finds the earmarks of the country all over the paper, the spine of a jellyfish in the editor, the advertising columns listless and dead, he draws an unfavorable conclusion, and the city suffers by it. When the paper is all that it should be, but the advertising support lacking, he concludes that while the editor may be a live one, many of the merchants are mossbacks.

The Tribune has today three times the bona fide circulation it had when the present management took charge. From a bankrupt nonentity, it has become the best and most favorably known small town paper in Oregon, an acknowledged factor in the development of city and county. No matter whether one likes its editorial policy or not, it has an editorial policy, which no other paper in southern Oregon has, and is worth while the support of every citizen, not only for returns to his own business, but as a business proposition for the community.

LID SCREWED UPON TRAINS.

It is announced that the Harriman officials are making preparations to stop the sale upon July 1 of liquor upon trains in the dry counties of Oregon. No booze will be sold to travelers in counties that have voted for prohibition.

From the California-Oregon line at Gregory to Marion county a stretch of 300 miles, the desert will extend on the Southern Pacific, without a single oasis to relieve the thirst of the parched tourist. On the O. R. & N. there extends a vast arid region from Baker City to The Dalles. Passengers can avoid the dryness only by securing a sufficient quantity of the moisture before the lid is put on.

To obey the law is the reason assigned by the railroad for enforcing prohibition, but, as a matter of fact, the railroad's entire booze business is illegal. The railroad has no right to sell liquor in any of the counties, dry or wet, without a county license for each bar. Other persons cannot; why should the railroad be permitted to? Yet it is. Here is something for the prohibitionist to tackle.

APPLE CROP PROSPECTS IN PAJARO VALLEY

According to the Watsonville, Cal. Pajarito, the packers of that place have been quietly buying the 1908 crop of the best apples of the valley. All ready many sales of good orchards have been reported and at figures equally as good, if not better than those received last year at this season. Other sales of well known orchards are reported 'in the air' just at present, owing to slight differences in the price wanted and that offered.

The activity of the buyers in the face of the big slump that took place in the apple market of the country last fall and has continued until lately, is most encouraging. It is reported that in many sections of the east the apple crop will be somewhat short and this fact has been of advantage to the orchardists of this section.

Many contrary opinions are expressed as to the estimated apple yield in the Pajaro valley this year. Several packers say the crop will not be up to earlier estimates in yield, although the quality of the fruit promises to be first class. Other fruit men and orchardists say that on an average the valley's crop will be a large one and that in many of the orchards at least half the young fruit on the trees at present will be thinned out. The Pajarito knows this fact to be true in relation to L. H. Tuttle's 85-acre apple orchard on Lake avenue. A drive through that place on Wednesday clearly shows that at least one-half the fruit will have to be thinned from the trees, and we are informed the same condition prevails in several other large orchards.

A conservative prediction of this year's apple crop will be 3000 car loads.

An Editor's Apology.

A Missouri editor apologizes thus: "We expected to have a marriage and a death notice this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being sick himself the patient recovered and we are accordingly cheated out of both items."

OREGON TIMBER CLAIMS ARE NOT EASILY SOLD

There is a vast difference in the timber market of today and that of a year ago. At the present time there are no buyers in southern Oregon, and if the owner does not sacrifice his claim there is little chance to dispose of it. One year ago Klamath county timber sold for \$1.25 and \$1.50 per 1000, but now the highest price paid is \$1, and very few claims change hands at that figure. J. W. Alexander has been looking over the extensive holdings of the Weyhauser company in Klamath county last year. Mr. Alexander bought quite extensively, but at this time he is making no effort to buy, and if he claims after 30 days he is not very reasonable but does not stop to investigate them. All large syndicates are out of the market at present.

WOMAN APPLIES FOR CITIZENSHIP PAPERS

Final papers in citizenship were filed with the Multnomah county clerk by Mrs. Olivia Fredberg, a widow aged 8 years. This is one of the extremely rare cases where a woman has asked for citizenship papers, and the circumstances surrounding this instance are rather unusual. Mrs. Fredberg has filed on a home-own, but has found that she cannot under the federal statutes make final proof save on showing she is a legal citizen of the United States.

Mrs. Fredberg was born in Louisiana, Sweden, and came to this country in 1870. She settled in New York and in 1899 came west and took out her first naturalization papers at Ashland, Wis. She came to Oregon in 1906. She has been married twice.

Her present application is for final papers, and she will be admitted to full citizenship in 90 days under the law.

Coal for Sale.

We are now prepared to furnish hand-picked coal at the mine, five miles east of town, in any amount desired.

Costly Jar of the Subway.

The tuppenny tube, London's subway, once set fire to a house in a manner so extraordinary as to merit attention. In a mansion beneath which runs the subterranean railway one of the bedrooms was fitted with a blow-off—a sheet of iron inside the grate which can be raised or lowered to regulate the draft. The blow-off rested on a series of iron notches. One afternoon a servant kindled a fire in the grate and when it was well alight raised the blow-off, so that the coal would burn but slowly, and so left it while she went downstairs. Presently, deep in the cleft beneath the foundations of the house, a train rushed along. The vibrations from its passing were sufficient to jar the blow-off from the notches on which the servant had left it. It dropped down. The draft increased; the fire raged madly. The flames were enough to set the chimney on fire, burning soot set the water tank on fire, the roof alight, and there resulted a considerable conflagration.—Pittsburg Post.

A Girl and a Snake.

It is a matter of fact that men have greater fear of serpents than have women. During a visit to friends in the country I was crossing a stretch of meadow in the company of my youngest daughter, a sprightly girl of seventeen, when a black snake crossed the path ten feet in front of us. I caught my companion by the sleeve, but she wrenched herself loose, gathered her skirts about her knees, gave a running jump and landed squarely upon the back of the reptile. His snakeship thrashed the grass and the girl's ankles with equal facility. As soon as she could disengage one foot she planted it upon the serpent's head. In the course of club or snakes I was compelled to stand and witness a scene that to me was terrifying, but to the girl furnished supreme enjoyment. Years afterward when I read Hazard's description of Jess' fight with the kangaroo I understood the kind of entertainment that my young companion had provided for me.—Brooklyn Eagle.

There's a Hare in the Moon.

Equally famous with the man in the moon and the woman in the moon is the hare in the moon, says Garrett P. Serviss in his "Astronomy With the Naked Eye." The original is a Babylonian legend. The god Sakakia, disguised as a Brahmin, pretended to be starving and went to the alms-house for help. The monkey got him a bunch of mangoes; the goat picked up a silver man's neglected string for him; the fox stole him a pot of milk. At last the god approached the hare, "and nothing but grass," said the hare, "and you can't eat that." "But your flesh is good," suggested the pretended Brahmin. The hare assented. "Then," said the Brahmin, "I'll kindly let you be starved and weary to the alms-house for help." The monkey got him a bunch of mangoes; the goat picked up a silver man's neglected string for him; the fox stole him a pot of milk. At last the god approached the hare, "and nothing but grass," said the hare, "and you can't eat that." "But your flesh is good," suggested the pretended Brahmin. 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