

FOUR NEGROES ARE LYNCHED

Bodies Were Found Hanging From a Tree in Kentucky—Jails Forged

RUSSELLVILLE, Ky., Aug. 1.—The bodies of four negroes were found suspended from the "old hanging tree" on the Nashville pike at dawn today. The men were removed from the jail in this city last night by a mob of determined whites, who forced the jailer to deliver the prisoners under threats of battering down the doors.

The lynching was the result of the murder of James Cunningham, a white farmer near Evansville, Ky., a week ago by Rufus Browder, a negro. The men hanged last night belonged to a lodge that adopted a resolution endorsing the murder.

Browder probably would have been lynched if he had not been removed quickly to Louisville for safe keeping. The murder caused great excitement among the white, and race feeling ran high. The lodge adopted a resolution recommending the killing of a white man named Cunningham and when this became known the whites threatened to form a mob for the prosecution of the negroes.

The whites determined that immediate and summary action was necessary, and the mob was formed quietly without any warning to the jailer, who realized that it would be useless to resist. The negroes were taken quietly to the "old hanging tree" and hanged, after which the mob dispersed. The hanging has terrorized the negroes of this city.

Cunningham discharged Browder, who had been employed on his farm, and the negro, resenting his dismissal, waited an opportunity and killed the farmer in cold blood.

HELLO, BILL!

Hello, Bill! When did you arrive, 3:57.8. Oh, ten years ago. So? Well, well. How long since you evolved—oh! Oh, you have not evolved, but are in process. That's good—it is in fact encouraging. Also, the process being comprehensive, you will not become lonesome—the company will be near, because of its being quantitative. There is much of it, in fact almost a superlative number, having much time, having in fact all the time there is—this is uttered in the vein in which the fly stuck to the "fly-paper," the wly paper being (zoologically) the fly's ground of reasoning.

But, you affirm, you have arrived. What's your pile? Ten thousand, eh? Are you really of any benefit to humanity? Have you ever given humanity a word, a thought, an idea, a theory of any considerable moment? Have you ever worked out for yourself or for others any social problem of worthy benefit to man?

Nope, but I'm worth ten thousand plunks.

Just an absorber, eh; a cancer on the body politic? Have you any culture?

Nope, but I've got ten thousand plunks.

Have you any manners?

Nope; don't want any—I've got ten thousand; ain't that the whole thing these days?

I know, but civilization, the higher civies—

The higher civies be hanged; it's the plunks, I tell you!

The ancient empires—many of them—gave encouragement to the arts, literatures and the refinements of life, thinking thereby to reach the higher planes of happiness through aculturings, which in large degree they succeeded in doing. Why not give to society what you owe to society?

I owe nothing to society—mine is the mazuma; and, as to ancient civilizations, I one time heard a smart fellow say they became decadent.

True; but decadence is not culture. In so far as your terms do not correlate, do you reason erratically. An egg will remain an egg until it evolves a higher life, or until such time (the process upward being arrested) as it shall come under the law of fermentation and decomposition.

Anyhow, I've got the plunks.

Yes; that seems to be the happy stratum to your mount. Are you a church member?

Yes; cert.

Do you live the Christ life?

Live the Christ life? Well, no. Who does in this day and age, when flapdancy in the pulpit is as common as is gossip and blasphemy on the street; besides, I don't have to; I've got the plunks, I tell you.

Do you see that man on the next block?

Yes, and I hate him.

Hate him! What reason have you for hating him?

I hate him because he is well born and well bred, and carries himself with spirit and independence—meeting every man in courteous half way only, and asking no man for the right to a foothold on this sphere. Besides, all which he has been a lifelong student and is better informed than I—

Which to you appears in the light of the "forgiveness sin."

Hpt, say?

Well, what is it?

I'm worth ten thousand plunks.

So I am informed.

I own a candy shop—I mean a whole grocery store and much more; while

that fellow over there, educated and cultured though he be, performs common service for men. Why do I swell up and do the grand stunts in store and church? Why—er—because—er—I've got ten thousand plunks. Therefore I'm "it" while that cultured fellow over there is nothing.

May I ask you one other question? Cert!

Do you believe one's financial success to be in measure to one's intellect? Most certainly it is. Now that man, though educated and cultured, has neither quantitative nor qualitative brain power; he therefore is unable to accumulate properties, while I—that is, this "me," though parvenue as you think, a boor who uses vulgar language on the streets, who spits tobacco juice on the pavements and who blocks the sidewalks in such a manner as to inconvenience ladies in passing, am the whole original cheese with substantial part intact.

But does not that statement, outside all esthetic and ethical considerations, place you in a peculiar position as regards your relative position to the Vanderbilts, the Morgans and the Rothschilds? Why so?

Well, you boast you are worth ten thousand plunks.

Cert!

Well, by that rule, if one's financial success be in exact ratio to one's intellect, and if, therefore, your possessives, or, more correctly perhaps, your accumulative ability, be representatively one-fourth inch long to measure ten thousand dollars, then Rockefeller's mark would be one mile long to measure his six-hundred million ability. Therefore, the conclusion would be that Rockefeller's accumulative ability (brain power energy) would make him a mile more brainy than yourself. Furthermore, one-fourth inch having no approximate comparison with a mile, leaves the one-fourth-inch man without any brains at all. See?

Now, you urge you are worth ten thousand plunks?

Why—er—yes, I believe I did; am not quite certain, however.

In view of that fact, might I be allowed to propound one question further?

Why—er—yes; I think you might.

Well, then, would you mind telling me who was your father?

Why—John Doe was my father.

So; well, then, I guessed wrong. I thought perhaps it might have been Balaam's vocalized beast of burden.

Sir!

Oh, nothing.

D. H. HAWKINS.

BOURNE PLAYS GOLF WITH BIG BILL TAFT

HOT SPRINGS, Va., July 31.—Although Los Angeles can claim the first baby named after Taft in the person of William Howard Taft Lenox, whose arrival was simultaneous with the nomination of the former secretary of war at the Chicago convention, other William Tafts have been brought into the world by the stork, according to word received at Taft's headquarters. The mail brought no less than 20 letters announcing that fond mothers had named their children for him.

After disposing of his morning correspondence, Taft played golf with Senator Bourne of Oregon. Senator Bourne arrived here some weeks ago announcing that he had come for the special purpose of playing golf with the presidential candidate, and Taft gave him an opportunity to display prowess at the game this morning.

BRYAN WILL ATTACK MOTIVES OF HEARST

LINCOLN, Neb., July 31.—William J. Bryan is expected to make a sensational attack on the motives behind the independence party immediately following the formal notification. The affidavit by Joseph T. Marshall, the only independence delegate from Nebraska, in which he alleges that Hearst "packaged" the convention in the interests of the republicans, is said to be a but a forerunner of the revelations which are expected from the camp at the start.

Bryan today declined to discuss the allegation that Hearst has made an offer in which Bryan would receive Hearst's support this year and in return Hearst would have Bryan's support in 1912, when he would run for democratic president.

BIDDLE BUYS LAND FOR UP-TO-DATE ORCHARD

F. H. Biddle, son of the Chicago railroad magnate, who has been spending several weeks in Medford as the guest of Lee Root, his classmate in the east, has been seized with the fruitgrowing fever with the result that the two young fellows have purchased a first-class ranch a short distance east of town adjoining the Hillcrest orchard which they expect speedily to convert into an up-to-date fruit farm. Young Biddle left this morning for his home in Chicago, for one last sojourn in the metropolis before turning farmer. He expects to return here for good September 1.

FOREST FIRES RAGING IN EASTERN LINN COUNTY

ALBANY, Or., Aug. 1.—Forest fires are sweeping the country near Detroit. It is reported they were started by lightning in the storm of Tuesday night. A body of rangers, to be assisted by citizens, have gone to the scene to fight the fire. Immense damage has already been done. Impenetrable smoke has settled down on all the country toward the Cascades.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

William F. Anderson and Ada Lye: Randle.

Frank Vaughn and Ethel May Wiseman.

Registered Tribune, 50¢ per month.

Grand Midsummer Carnival

5 -BIG SHOWS- 5

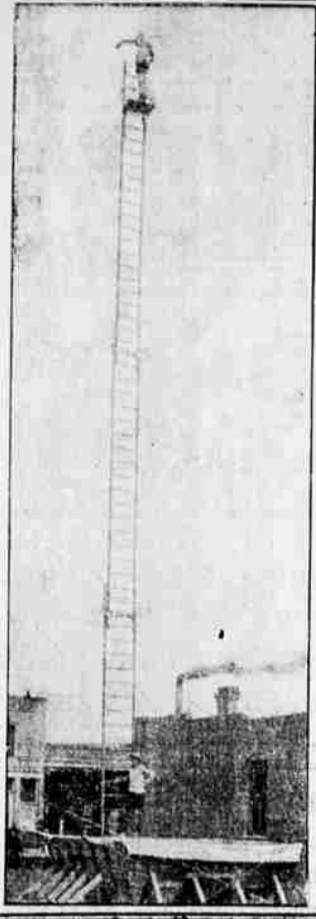
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WITH
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3 - NIGHTS - 3
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Aug. 3, 4 and 5

Carnival Grounds
Next to Exhibit Building



Oak Park Addition

On railroad on the West Side, north of depot grounds and conveniently located for business men seeking homesites close in. These fine lots are offered for sale cheap, on good terms, and the owners are in position to offer building inducements to anyone wishing to make the right kind of improvements. Why go out to the faraway suburbs when such fine residence lots can be obtained at prices ranging from

\$200 to \$350 per Lot

situated where an advance in price is assured, and where the first benefit will be derived from the completion of the railroad to the timber?

It pays to figure on such investments in a live town like Medford, and the present prices for these lots will look like a veritable gift to the buyer in a year or two hence. For full particulars apply to the

Rogue River Land Comp'y Exhibit Building

Classified Advertisements

One Cent a Word—No single insertions less than 15 cents. Six insertions for the price of four. Seventy-five cents a line per month.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Modern 6-room new cottage; electric lights, bath, window shades. Inquire Osenbrugg's residence.

FOR RENT—Two front office rooms and one large room 36x40 in Miles building. Inquire at premises or at Tribune office.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, electric light and baths. Mrs. R. L. Hale, D street near 11th.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Store and lot on North C street and 6-room residence property, D and Seventh street, 100x100. Address W. E. Page, Medford. 120

BIG BARGAIN—Owing to reverses in business, I must sell my home at once; 2 bedrooms, 1 dining room, 1 parlor, 1 kitchen, 1 hall room, 1 pantry, 1 large summer kitchen, 2 porches, chicken house and yard, garden and fruit, apples, pears, plums and grapes, fine well, walking distance, 2 lots, each 50x140; price \$1550, \$750 cash will handle. Address P. O. Box 272, Medford. 138

FOR SALE—A Barred Plymouth rooster, thoroughbred, 15 months old. Address P. O. Box 572, Medford.

FOR SALE—Leading rooming house in Medford, location unsurpassed, genuine bargain to right party, cash proposition only. Write C. Box 508, 118

FOR SALE—Team of ponies, thoroughly broke for saddle or driving, single or double; also hack and harness; a snap. Apply L. R. F., Tribune office.

FOR SALE—Half interest in the best business proposition in Medford. Address Box 27, Medford.

FOR SALE—Sand and gravel; the best grade of sand and gravel for sale by J. T. Long, Riverside avenue, near Andrews' ford.

WANTED.

WANTED—Washing and ironing done, also one furnished room to rent, 316 Ninth street. Mrs. Darling. 115

WANTED—To rent, Oregon hotel or resort or property suitable for same; purchase privilege; give price and full particulars. Deutsche, 458 Newport av., Chicago. 118

WANTED—To buy from 100 to 300 head of stock sheep. Write Box 131, Medford, Or.

WANTED—A span of good horses, geldings or mares, which can be driven or worked, seven or eight years old, sound and gentle, weight 1100 or 1200 pounds. Address Tribune, Medford.

Notice.

All bills outstanding against the Weatanka entertainment committee of the grand council should be presented on or before Tuesday evening, August 4, 1908, at which date the committee will meet to settle them.

L. L. JACOBS, Sec.

We have CEMENT

and will sell you a sack, a barrel or a carload. We handle several grades and will give you the tests of all. Cement sidewalks are going in all over town and what looks so cheap or thrifless as an old loose board sidewalk in front of your property? Consult a cement contractor and you'll find his price right. The big demand now on for cement is going to make it hard to get and naturally at an increase in price.

CRATER LAKE LUMBER CO.

Just Received- A Carload of Extra Heavy Green Lath

HEADQUARTERS FOR SASH AND DOORS

ANYTHING MADE FROM TREES

Quotations promptly and cheerfully furnished

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YARD AND OFFICE AT MEDFORD, OREGON.

"Mony a Mickle Makes a Muckle"

THE NICKELS YOU SAVE

By Trading at Medford's only CASH GROCERY

NOT ONLY MAKE DOLLARS

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HELP BUY MORE GROCERIES

You will blush when you sip the flavor of our

Uncolored Japan Tea, per Pound 45 Cents

Our 25-Cent COFFEE

Will make your husband smile every morning

Buy of

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on what you get

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L. L. JACOBS, Sec.