

RUSTLING AROUND THE ROGUE

Facts and Fancies Found by a Special Reporter in Our Fair and Famous Valley

THE HARRIMAN EXCURSION.

(From an Italian's point of view.)
 Redly de Doc he henda de gang
 Dey go down to meet dat Harriman man
 Johnnie de Root and Decca de Keene
 Dey taka de "goodies" in devil machine.
 Dey taka de goods, maka de run,
 And meet Freddie de Stan and Chamberlain man
 And O'Brien J. P. and big lumberman
 Hafer de Ed, but no Harriman.
 He talka heap sick; canna go down
 To see da "Koomposh" in de Medford town.
 He enteha da fish, shoota tin cans,
 So I maka da talk, said Georgie de Cham.
 So Georgie de Cham, da governor mau
 He maka da talk for dat "Harriman."
 He builda da road so soon as he can,
 I don't think he lying, said Georgie de Cham.

A MEDFORD MELON MEDLEY.

(By The Tribune Special Poet.)
 What's the use of sighin' for
 The good things far away;
 An' the fields of old Kentucky
 And the Sunny South today.
 What's the use of singin' of
 Old Bingen on the Rhine,
 While in Oregon the melons
 Are a smilin' on the vine!
 Chorus.
 Oh, what's the use of pinin'
 For the days of old lang syne,
 While today the sun is shinin'
 And there's a melon on the vine!

Let others sing the glory of
 The vaulted lands of gold,
 Where it's hot as Hellen Summer
 Or else downright cussed cold.
 Gold is sought to purchase pleasure,
 But such pleasure I resign,
 Living in this land of plenty,
 And the product of the vine.

There are pretty girls in
 Georgia and in old Kentucky, too,
 Pretty faces, many places,
 Some are false and some are true,
 But for girls most blessed with
 Goodness, give me Oregon for mine,
 Where the red-ripe water melons
 Are a smiling on the vine.

I know a girl in Oregon whose
 Cheeks are like the rose,
 And a sort of honey sweetness,
 Her great dreamy eyes disclose;
 She is gentle, fair and winsome,
 How I wish that she were mine!
 She is sweeter than the melons,
 She is smilin' on the vine.

I see the gold of evening
 Burn, from gold to crimson red,
 And the sun's great disc descending
 To his western ocean bed.
 A flood of crimson glory
 O'er the landscape fair doth shine,
 Go to sleep, old watermelon,
 While I gloat you from the vine.

D. D. Duff
 Is not given to "guff,"
 He deigns not to "puff,"
 And he boasts not to "bluff,"
 But says that, by gosh, for
 Him, Old Oregon is good enough.

In other words, Mr. Duff, our esteemed citizen, is of the opinion after all his experience in other states, that there is none so dear to his heart as old Oregon.

The fine new two-story brick school house a mile out on the Medford-Jacksonville road in district 64, is being rushed to completion by Contractor Priddy. About 40 pupils will attend there this year and it is said that Delmar Fredricka will wield the birch.

A. C. Allen and family of the Holly wood farm are at Crater lake on an outing. Mr. Allen's father, a recently retired officer of the United States army, accompanies the party.

J. M. Schmidt and sons report a prosperous yield from their large farm despite that this is an extra dry year. Formerly in their vicinity corn has produced as much as 110 bushels per acre. The Schmidts have a fine 40-horse power auto and though they are farmers it was hard for the reporter to distinguish them from capitalists.

G. T. Lawrence who has lands elsewhere in the valley is now established on his new 34-acre fruit and alfalfa farm a mile west of Medford.

When the reporter went in at the outer gate of the broad and beautiful fields of the J. M. Webb ranch he was followed by a big herd of spotted pigs. We hope they did not consider us a bore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Godlove formerly of Kansas and lately of California are making their lately acquired Oregon farm a paradise of productivity, alfalfa, grain, melons, garden truck, fruit and flowers are yielding there in abundance.

Frank Bybee is one of the most prosperous bachelors in the Rogue River valley. He has three fruitful ranches and it would seem no more than fair that he would join the benedictines and help Teddy Roosevelt in the fight against "race suicide."

William Lewis has completed a fine residence on his beautiful farm three miles west of Medford and has an abundant crop of fruit, grain and garden.

Henry Maurey and friends are on an outing expedition on the headwaters of the Umpqua river where bear, deer and all kinds of wild "varmints" still

abound in primitive glory.
 J. M. Wright and wife of near Central Point have just returned from a trip by horse and buggy through southern Oregon to various points in the upper Willamette valley. They say the trip was fine.
 J. E. Nichols, having moved from Table Rock to his 80-acre farm near Tolo, is setting about to make it fruitful. He has orchards and garden galore.

A. Bales and family of near Central Point are harvesting fruit and garden in abundance. The Hansens in this vicinity have about 60 stands of fine honey.

W. P. Counts of Tolo has his 50-acre farm under fine culture but by force of habit still follows his profession of railroading.

Mr. Blackburn who had a varied career as a prospector in various parts of the west and was the discoverer of the Little Lost river lead camp in Idaho is now passing the years happily with a wife and family in a neat little house on his lands near Gold Ray. He is an inveterate fisherman, knows every habit of the spotted beauties and gave the reporter some points on how to angle but he will not publish them for fear the river would be depopulated of fish.

J. R. Stevens of near Gold Ray is completing an eight-room two-story residence where he will settle down from all his wanderings in the west deciding that old Oregon is the best of all.

J. P. Noonan and wife of Moutana have settled near Central Point and gone into the melon industry.

Robert Ashworth who has 25 acres near Central Point, says that while he has a fairly good crop it is the driest season he has seen for 18 years.

Mrs. F. W. Sifers of Tolo is a lover of flowers and has almost every variety of blossom which the mild, sweet, dreamy climate of southern Oregon will produce and that is saying a great deal. Her house is literally full and overflowing with all kinds of bright and fragrant blossoms and the yards round about are a brilliant galaxy of colors, heavy with sweetness and musical with the song of bees. As an innovation she has a couple of lemon trees which she sometimes puts under shelter in winter, but which now adorn the kitchen yard with a rich green foliage. They are laden with lemons twice the size of those generally seen in the markets and though the lemon is something near a tropical fruit it looks favorable for raising them in southern Oregon. They say that flowers grow best for those who love them and this may be what makes Mrs. Sifer's flowers so beautiful and abundant. The reporter stopped a few minutes so charmed was he by the blossoms and the lady gave him a bouquet so big and so gloriously sweet and beautiful that all the hardships and bitterness of years in other lands were forgotten in a deluge of sweet memories of earlier days in his own dear native land of Oregon from which he so long has been an exile. Such friendliness from strangers will help to heal many a heartache and by such kindness he is brought again to realize how God has made the world so beautiful. Though we may never pass by that same beautiful flower garden again we will never forget.

There were two more special instances of kindness shown the passing reporter for which he feels that the world is even better than he ever knew it to be before coming back to Oregon and the Rogue River valley, stopping briefly at the great 640-acre farm of the Hanleys he talked with Miss Alice E. Hanley again of the old home lands and there was a glorious, historic old weeping willow tree in front of the Hanley residence so unspeakably beautiful and stately and graceful and dreamy in its sheltering folds. In gazing upon it we saw all the past again through a mist of memories. Miss Hanley told how the willow had been brought 50 years ago by her father from Salem, Oregon as a little sprig, its parent willow having come from a plantation in the old historic south and now its sturdy giant branches were towering in the morning sunlight of southern Oregon whispering gently of the vanished years. Great dark green walnut trees stood across the walk whispering gently to the willow, the morning sunlight flooded in through the flowers and vines and orchards and great farm regions. Wagons came and went from the fields of clover. As the reporter was about to resume his journey, Miss Hanley said: "Won't you please let me give you a watermelon." And so it was that we went away toting an Oregon watermelon almost half the size of a 250-pound Oregonian.

Another example of Oregon hospitality that we want to mention in point was that Mrs. J. W. Vincent gave us a lot of big ripe pears and peaches all tinted with the sunshine and mellow and luscious with the glory of the early autumn. Now we know that there is no clime like Oregon and the saying that Oregonians are the most tender hearted people in the world we know to be a truth. 'Tis said that the gentle Oregon rains melt all the adamant from the heart of dwellers here from whatever land they hail.

In a visit to the beautiful Gold Ray dam on the Rogue River the reporter saw numerous wonders there. Many men were fishing with long poles and lines far out and waist deep in the rippling waters. As we watched, a little boy on the bank yelled "There, he's got one," and sure enough the fisherman was fast winding in his reel bringing in a great rainbow trout to the surface of the silvery water. The trout leaped and splashed in the spray and sunshine but was soon bagged. A dozen of the various river trout from three to

15 pounds are often caught thus in a few hours.

All these items were picked up in a brief buggy ride to Central Point and Tolo and Gold Ray, a total of about ten miles out from Medford. The reporter interviewed many farmers and found them all as friendly as the sunshine. Even the bulldogs are tender hearted fellows in Oregon and too conscientious to bite even a bill collector, much less a journalist. Where in one instance a bulldog did look threatening and his tail stood up straight as a crowbar we found he was simply standing at "attention arms" in honor of our coming. In some places, seeing a stranger they would have said "sic 'em" but not so in Oregon. They here dismiss the dog and welcome you into the inner sanctums of their homes, but such hospitality can be partly accounted for by the fruitfulness and mystic beauty of the country. Glorious land of southern Oregon, it is one of the most beautiful and hospitable home lands of all the west.

MISS FOSTER WILL RIDE IN RELAY RACE FOR MEDFORD

Miss Violet Foster enters the ladies' two and one-half mile relay race, and will be Medford's representative lady rider during the coming fair. The ladies' relay race is attracting great attention. Mrs. Will DeRobam has entered the list in the defense of Jacksonville. Ashland is yet to hear from, but it is understood that they are looking about for a rider that can come to Medford and carry off the capital prize. Rob Moore has entered for the five-mile cowboy race, and other names are being sent in from different parts of the county. The committee will soon be able to give a full list of the entries in these races, which are destined to be the most interesting equestrian contests ever pulled off in Jackson county. Each district seems to be inclined to back their rider, and according to present indications excitement will run high.

Try the short restaurant, Mission Grill.

HOOD RIVER STORM MAKES SOUTHER PROSPECTOR RICH

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Sept. 11.—Made rich by a hard rain storm on the side of Mount San Bernardino, Jacob L. Thomason is on his way to the mountain today, after having filed a placer claim revealed to him by a miniature flood.

Thomason was prospecting among the old Mexican placers near Hesperia when he was overtaken by a furious storm, which forced him to seek shelter. After a quarter of an inch of rain had fallen in less than one hour, throwing the canyons into roaring torrents, Thomason returned to his work. When the water subsided he says he found scores of rich placer pockets and within a few hours panned out nearly \$1000 in gold. He rushed here to file on the claims.

J. B. Weterer and George N. Lewis were over from Jacksonville Thursday. Frank Zell, the miner, is down from the copper belt, which is taking on new life.

LOCAL MARKET.

The following quotations are an impartial report of the prices paid by Medford dealers:
 Wheat—85¢ per bushel.
 Flour—\$2.75 per cwt.
 Whole barley—\$23 per ton.
 Hay—\$12 per ton.
 Alfalfa—\$10 per ton.
 New potatoes—\$1.25 per cwt.
 Butter—40¢ per roll.
 Lard—10¢ per pound.
 Beans—5¢ per pound.
 Eggs—22½¢ per dozen.
 Sugar—\$8.60 per cwt.
 Turkeys—13¢ per pound.
 Hams—12¢ per pound.
 Shoulders—10¢ per pound.
 Hogs—4½¢ to 6¢ per pound.
 Cattle—2¼ to 3¼¢ per pound.

If you have lost or found anything, need work, or have something to sell, it doesn't matter what you want is, try a Want Ad in The Tribune.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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 Office at Residence.
 Medford Furniture Co., Undertakers—
 Day phone 353; Night Phones: C. W. Conklin 36; J. H. Butler 148.

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 Optical Parlor in Perry's Warehouse, SEVENTH STREET.

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 Garbage of all kinds removed on short notice. Leave orders with chief of police.

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\$200 down and \$10 per month without interest will buy 10 acres of choice orchard land, one mile from railroad station. Call at our office and we arrange to show you these tracts. Worrell & Dressler, west of Seventh street, near Moore hotel. 170.

Before you buy a range, see the many exclusive features of the Monarch Malleable Iron and Steel Range. Sold only by H. C. Garnett. 150.

Medford Time Table

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Northbound	
No. 10 Oregon Express	5:24 p. m.
No. 14 Portland Express	9:49 a. m.
Southbound	
No. 15 California Express	10:35 a. m.
No. 13 San Francisco Exp.	3:20 p. m.
No. 225 From Grants Pass	9:15 p. m.
No. 226 For Ashland	10:15 p. m.

PACIFIC & EASTERN RAILWAY

No. 1 Leaves Medford	8:10 a. m.
No. 3 Leaves Medford	3:50 p. m.
No. 2 Arrives Medford	10:28 a. m.
No. 4 Arrives Medford	5:08 p. m.

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY RAILWAY

No. 2 Leaves Medford	10:45 a. m.
No. 4 Leaves Medford	5:55 p. m.
Motor Leaves Medford	2:00 p. m.
Motor Leaves Medford	9:00 p. m.
No. 1 Leaves Jacksonville	9:00 a. m.
No. 3 Leaves Jacksonville	3:30 p. m.
Motor Leaves Jacksonville	1:30 p. m.
Motor Leaves Jacksonville	7:30 p. m.

MAIL CLOSERS.

Eagle Point	A. M. P. M.
Northbound	7:20 2:00
Southbound	9:19 4:54
Jacksonville	10:05 2:50
	10:20 5:20



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