Medford Daily Tribune

A Live Paper in a Live Town.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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BUY NOW; YOU CAN'T LOSE.

Many old timers look askance on prices now being asked for orchard land around Medford. They are accustomed to value land from an agricultural—not from a horticultural viewpoint.

As a matter of fact, land that will produce fancy fruit is exceedingly limited in extent, while every section produces the staple agricultural products. Land which is worth from $50 to $100 an acre for agricultural purposes may be easily worth ten times the price for fruit production—that is, the net profit will be ten times as much in orchard as it is in farming.

Fruit land values are lower today in the Rogue River valley than in any fruit belt in the world whose product is at all comparable with that of this section. Land in the Spokane, Wenatchee, Yakima, Hood River, California, Idaho and Colorado fruit belts is selling at a higher figure than in this region—in some of these places at several times as high a price.

Nobody who has purchased city or country property in Medford and the Rogue River valley in the past five years has lost money. Every purchaser, it made no difference of what, has made money. Even at the present figures, no one can buy land here without making money. It is all destined to advance as rapidly in value during the next few years as it has in the past few years, and the time is not far distant when all the land about the city will be in cultivation, though regarded as barren today.

In the Rogue River valley, with its climate, with the magic touch of water, even bedrock becomes productive, and there is no land that will not produce something that will make good returns for the labor and energy expended and the capital invested.

People who have visited other fruit sections realize much better than those who are natives the value of Rogue River valley land, hence most of the profit in increase has been reaped by newcomers—and there is none who has invested who will not sell at an advance in price.

What Papers Say

REPUBLICAN HARMONY.

(Oregon Journal.)

Can't Taft or Sherman or Depew or Cleveland or somebody be authority to send to Oregon at once to bring peace among these brethren? The goddess of harmony is in town, and the white-winged dove of peace is hysterics. Blood one gooey wants to do, the other won't. If either starts to steer the campaign in one direction, the other pulls back and wants to go another. Thus, Mr. Bourne has been commissioned by Taft himself to organize Taft clubs, but not a Fulton man will play at the game. Bourne's efforts are received at like this: "A great Taft convention of political clubs, attended by some 50 or 60, count 'em, 60—delegates gathered in Portland yesterday." And like this: "Later. We hear there were 52. Won't somebody move to make it unanimous?"

Thus the junior senator found that they were clamoring for something to be done in Oregon for Taft, and took them at their word. He tried to do it, and what he got was a swat on the head.

And so the bunch performs. What one is for, the other is "agin," and there you are. Meantime, the rank and file of the flock wonder whether the real purpose in this campaign is to carry Oregon for Taft, or rather to determine whether Elder Fulton or Deacon Bourne is to be the whole show.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

(Sacramento Bee.)

Not since

Maine went
Hell-bent
For Governor Reed

has a political organization had such a fright as the republican party got this time when it looked over the returns from Jim Blaine's old camping ground.

Another such "victory" and there will be nothing to it but Bryan.

Christian Science.

Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in the Commercial club room. Subject for September 20, "Matter." Sunday school immediately after the morning service.

Methodist Episcopal Church, B Street.

Next Sabbath will be the last Sabbath in this ecclesiastical year. In the morning the subject will be "The World's Greatest Man Since Christ Ascended Into Glory." At night the topic will be "The Empty Place." Good music, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Leagues 6:30. The orders of E. H. Harriman, but the lawyers can get its contract.

WATCHMAN BORROWS COIN AND SKIPS WITH WOMAN

KENNETT, Cal., Sept. 18.—Fred H. Flynn, recent police officer of San Francisco, later deputy marshal at Redding and still more recently night watchman of Kennett as successor of Frank Littlefield, is just at present a very much wanted man. He is wanted bad of all by those who paid in their contributions to keep up the service of the unofficial night watch of the town. Secondly he is wanted by P. Mungo and J. F. Lincoln, who were victimized to the extent of $100. And most of all he is wanted by a wife and three children, which he has deserted at Redding.

Flynn has been at Kennett ever since the shooting of Constable Foley by the latter's deputy, Littlefield. Flynn has been known to look with a rather too vigilance after the sporting district of the town. Sunday he approached P. Mungo of the Yuba house and secured $100 which he said he needed for the special purpose of bluffing a man and that he would return it in five minutes. He went to Lincoln with the same story and got $100. That evening he credited Mungo and Lincoln and asked to Cream, four miles south of town, accompanied by a woman of the half-world, and together they took the midnight train for Dunsmuir, 20 miles north. There they spent money lavishly and the following day, intoxicated with assurances that, through the influence of his brother-in-law, F. F. Kimball, a prominent Redding attorney, he had secured an appointment as deputy United States marshal.

Monday the pair disappeared from sight. Yesterday a telephone message purporting to come from the Capital hotel at Sacramento was received at Kennett by one of the woman's former female companions imploring money to come home on. The officers are busy.

ANOTHER BIG LAND DEAL IN KLAMATH

KLAMATH FALLS, Sept. 19.—Another big land deal was closed today, which is believed to have more significance than appears on the surface. This was the purchase of the B. B. Gardner stock ranch in Wood river valley by John Ellis of this city. This ranch contains 800 acres and is considered one of the finest hay and stock ranches in that section. It is about five miles from Fort Klamath on the west side of the valley, and is located on the Pelican Bay road adjoining the Forest reserve.

Mr. Ellis stated that he did not care to say what price was paid for the land and would not state for what purpose the purchase was made for further than to say that a considerable amount of money would be spent next year in improvements. It has been reported that Mr. Ellis was buying the property in the Wood river country for [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAOS IN A LIBRARY.

Barney's Painfully But Sure Mild Confusions of His Books.

Primrose Barney has a splendid library, of which he was very proud, and there are many stories told in Paris about the slightly false, comic and tragic that attended the librarians who successively looked after the late artist's books.

The first was a dressed mortal, who fancied that to be worth drawing good books would adorn him. Barney, preoccupied in print, was the studious of men in practice. He yielded to the plea. Unfortunately the prestige surrounding the student came to an end, for one day he discovered, sitting with him the best of M. Barney's good books.

The second was a distinctly minor librarian, taught by snobs and fetched by fashion. He had been himself into an accurate authority by persistent addiction to the immortal vaudeville habit. Barney saw that distinction from further composition could only be secured if the man had some light occupation with a living wage. He accordingly put him in the memory left by the mortal. A few days later as the crisis, returning from the theater found the carriage by before the door in heard a smash of shivered glass above him. Followed a minute later by what he no longer hoped to call a fall land on the permanent letter. The man had gone thereafter, washed of the, but thrown himself out of the window. With the aid of a search he turned Barney as the librarian.

Third in order was one Bernard, a gluttonous youth, whose little temperament prevented relief from the gloom cast by the professional. In the height of the glow he gulped out all the books so as to exchange them in some big hall either on the shelves. He started them in empty pyramids all over the floor. But it happened to be the eve the day of the week whereon Barney was wont to have a few of the choicest friends, male and female, to lunch with him. After such a dance followed as a number of scenes. Nothing could dismay the librarian. He wrinkled the pyramids to their walls and joined in the dance. Next day he asked permission to go home and see his mother. He never returned. The pyramids had to be sorted and by Barney's amanuensis and put pellmell on the shelves again.

The last librarian was Mlle. Sidonia, an elderly Polish maiden, who proved an invincible obstacle until she petitioned unknowingly in the fire at the charity fair in Paris.

INDIAN MARRIAGES.

Peculiar Rites of the Hopi and the Navajo Tribes.

Marriage among the Hopi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl feel it expedient for her to get married, they look up an available man and negotiate with the parents. After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified. The girl goes to the house of the groom's parents and grinds corn for them for three weeks, while the groom makes a kind of nest for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their bride in cold water, which completes the ceremony. There have been instances of the groom's refusing to go through the performance, which has then proceeded without him and been pronounced valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his bride fetched.

The Navajo ceremony is much more elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much finer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is twelve horses; for the second occasion the tariff is nine horses, while subsequent entries are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in rearing and nursing the lady, a recognition and upworting of considerations by civilized grooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great consideration, is that law of many tribes, unwritten, but of much sanctity, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.—A. W. Idzsek in Acting Magazine.

Coral Islands.

A coral island is sometimes torn to pieces by a great storm, showing that islands disappear in more ways than one. This happened to an atoll in the Marshall group in 1905, when it happened to be in the path of a terrible hurricane. Waves about forty feet high swept over the hapless speck of land, carrying every particle of verdure and every form of life into the sea, and not a human being was saved. The upper part of the coral was broken off and swept away, and a few days later nothing but the placid waters of the ocean was seen where the atoll had stood.

Music as Advertised.

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," with illustrated cover.

"Trust Her Not," for 50 cents.

"I Would Not Live Always," without accompaniment.

"See, the Conquering Hero Comes," with full orchestra.

"There Was a Little Fisher Maiden," in three parts.

"The Tale of a Swordfish," with many scales.

"Home, Sweet Home," in A flat.

Let Him Off Easy.

Lola—Last night young Borem declared he would willingly go to the ends of the earth for me. Grace—And what did you say? Lola—I finally got him to make a start for home and let it go at that.—Chicago News.

Notice to Hunters.

As the impression that it is lawful to kill deer by dogs during hunting season has gone forth, I wish to state that in accordance with a decision rendered by the attorney general, it is unlawful to kill deer pursued by dogs at any time of the year, and that the law in regard to the same will be rigidly enforced.

D. O. STEPHENS,
State Game Warden.
ROBERT SCOTT,
Deputy Game Warden.

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Rogue River Land Company

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are upon us now, when the crimson is upon the maple and a new fall overcoat on your arm in the evening. For the man who would look swell and "trig" a new cutaway or Prince Albert suit, made in up-to-date style, "the thing for September days." If you haven't ordered your new overcoat for fall call on

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The Tribune

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Notice to Water Consumers

Owing to the scarcity of water supply, it is ordered that no city water be used for irigation or sprinkling except between the hours of 6 and 7 o'clock a. m. and 5 and 7 o'clock p. m. until otherwise ordered by the water committee.

Violation of this order by any consumer will result in said consumer's supply being forthwith shut off.

By order of the Water Committee of the City Council of Medford, Oregon.

Dated August 15, 1908.

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COLONISTS' TICKETS will be on sale during SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER from the East to all points in Oregon. The fares from a few principal cities are

From Denver	$30.00	From Louisville	$41.70
From Omaha	30.00	From Cincinnati	42.20
From Kansas City	30.06	From Cleveland	44.75
From St. Louis	35.50	From New York	55.00
From Chicago	38.00		

TICKETS CAN BE PREPAID.

If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon, deposit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph.

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WM. M'MURRAY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

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