

Medford Daily Tribune

A LIVE PAPER IN A LIVE TOWN.

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CRATER LAKE FISH.

Will G. Steel is preparing to conduct experiments next year to ascertain whether or not there are deep water fish in Crater lake. There were no surface fish until Mr. Steel stocked the lake with rainbow trout September 1, 1888. Only thirty-seven trout minnows were alive when the fry reached the lake. Nothing was seen of these trout until Professor Diller surveyed the lake for the government some 12 years later, when he discovered some of the original stock, grown to over three feet in length, and numerous descendants. In the last few years, many have been caught and the rainbow trout are now quite plentiful and may be taken with the spoon. They do not frequent the deep water, but loiter in the shallow places near the shore.

Another attempt to stock Crater lake with trout was made in 1898, when it was popularly supposed that all of the first shipment had perished. A California preacher took cut-throat trout fry in from the Klamath side. No cut-throats have since been found in the waters of the lake, and it is not known whether they survived.

A third attempt met with failure on account of the deep snows, and the fry, eastern brook trout, were dumped into Union creek, where their descendants have multiplied to some extent and may be found in the upper Rogue above the natural bridge, though not yet plentiful.

Deep water fish have been found in many of the mountain lakes. Some years ago Mr. Steel helped catch some in Lake Chelan, Washington. These were caught at a depth of 1000 feet. They were most repulsive looking, two-thirds head and mouth, with a small body. When brought to the surface their goggle eyes popped out of their sockets.

Christian Scientists have begun the publication of a daily newspaper in Boston entitled "The Christian Science Monitor." It is of neat typographical appearance and evidently publishes only "news fit to read," minimizing scandal and crime. In this way, perhaps, it will fill the niche of the long demanded "ideal" daily.

FRUITGROWERS' ASSOCIATION NEEDED.

Complaint is made by fruit buyers that the Rogue River pack is not up to its usual standard this year—that the usual care in packing has not been exercised. This is due primarily to the fact that many famous orchards have changed hands during the past year and are now managed by men new to the business, by those unfamiliar with fruit packing and shipping.

Fruit packing should be a matter of pride with every grower, who should exercise the utmost care to send forth a perfect pack. The diversity in local packs is due to a ignorance and the lack of a uniform system.

If the Rogue River valley is to maintain its name as a producer of fancy fruit, present methods must be changed. A buyer now insists on opening the boxes and inspecting the fruit first. With the Hood River label on, he knows what the pack is, for the label is its guarantee.

Hood River possesses a great advantage in having an active, vigorous fruitgrowers' association, which comprises practically all the orchardists of the valley. Rogue River has no organization to compare with it. To be sure, we have a fruitgrowers' association, but it buys outright more than it handles for growers on consignment and comparatively few growers utilize it in marketing produce.

A strong central organization is needed to enforce uniformity in pack and to market produce from this valley. Such an organization has been found necessary in every fruitgrowing district, and such an association must be formed here, and the sooner the better. Otherwise the output of the valley will deteriorate in quality and the individual orchardist be left to the mercy of the commission man.

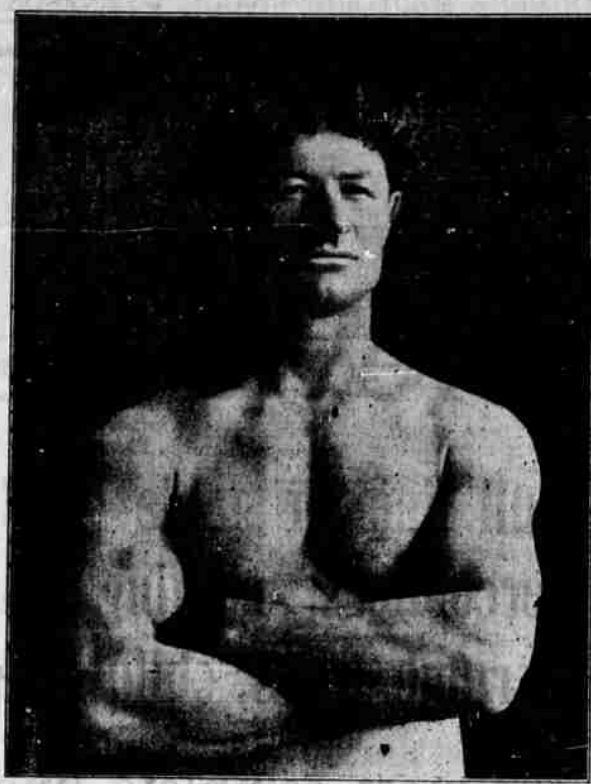
A. F. Brown, who has been interested in the Mission grill for some months, will leave in the near future for Kansas City. After visiting there he will return to Los Angeles, where he will remain.

A number of the friends of Miss Alice Streets gathered at her home in West Medford Monday evening at a party given in honor of her return from college. A delightful time was had.

O. V. Myers is back from a visit to Linn county.

"Jane Tyro," a New Play.

Rowland & Clifford's newest comedy drama offering, "Jane Tyro," will be given its premiere in this city at the Medford Theater December 30. The play and company have been cordially received by press and public everywhere it has appeared, and will undoubtedly duplicate its success when presented here. The production is perfect in every particular, and is presented by a cast of performers far above the average found in traveling companies. Miss Dorothy Turner heads the cast as Jane Tyro.



WILLIAM S. CHOLTES

Who Will Wrestle W. H. West Christ Dry in the Medford Opera House.

MADE IT UNABLE

Professor Thought He Had a Po Find, but There Was No Exception

A college professor had been invited to deliver his lecture on "The History and Growth of Literature" at the town in Indiana, the state that produced George A. E. and James W. Comb Elley among other famous.

The eventful evening came, and the lecturer, dressed in the usual professorial row of earnest, eager faces before him, breathlessly waiting for his message, happy thought struck him, and he stepped to the front of the platform, he said:

"As this is to be purely a literary lecture, it seems fitting that practitioners of the glorious art of writing should be present. Should I receive the privilege of reading and lesson, and before I begin my discourse I wish to extend a cordial invitation to any author who happens to be in the house to place a volume of his or her work on the platform with the chairman."

In the frantic rush that ensued the three front rows of seats were upset and demolished, four women fainted and had to be carried out, a half dozen derby hats were crushed to pulp, three men received black eyes, several others had their coats ripped up the back, and the reading stand was toppled over with a crash. When the dust had settled down so that it was possible to see across the hall once more one man alone remained seated in the auditorium. The rest were on the stage.

The astonished lecturer gazed for a moment at the deserted man in front of him, and then, the humorous side of the affair appealing to him, he smiled indulgently down upon the solitary occupant of the auditorium and said:

"I forgot that this was Indiana. Perhaps you did not understand my invitation."

"Hey! What's that?" demanded the man, holding a trumpet to his ear and leaning forward with a look of strained inquiry on his face.

"I say perhaps you did not understand the invitation," repeated the lecturer. "This being a discourse on literature, any author who chanced to be present was requested to come forward and take a seat on the platform with the chairman."

"Oh, all right; I'm coming! Didn't hear you the first time," apologized the deaf man, and he, too, rose to his feet and started briskly for the platform.—Lippin's Magazine.

In For It.

She—I had such a queer dream last night.

He—Yes? What was it?

She—Well, I dreamed you gave me a beautiful diamond brooch for Christmas.

He—Oh a very weak voice. You did?

She—Yes, and the funny part was that the stone turned out to be sham and, oh, I was so glad!

He—Delighted!—Glad?

She—Yes, yes. You know dreams always go by opposites. That meant that you were really going to get me a genuine diamond brooch for Christmas.

He—With a gasp—I—see—see—(Aside) Oh, Lord!—New York Herald.

Why He Remained.



"I should think, doctor, you would

And a small town like this an unsafe factory place in like to practice."

"You forget, my friend, that this is a college town and that we have a football season lasting nearly two months every year."—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Did Not Practice.

The Minister—Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?

The Deacon—No, sir; I don't. You've been preaching on the subject of resignation for two years, and yet you've resigned yet.—The Bits.

They All Do.

"And your ambition," the talented girl was asked.

"Is to become a famous actress," she replied frankly, "and then advise all young girls to avoid the stage."—Kansas City Times.

Way, So She Is!

"Who is the most popular young lady at Christmas-time?" asked the "bevy" who wants to be an end man, and immediately and with a shiver he answered, "Miss L. Tice."—Pronounced's Magazine.

Memories.

I love to think of boyhood days,
When life was free from care,
When all seemed bright and there
were no cares.

And I miss everywhere,
I love to think of those old days,
It covers my heart—and yet
I can't forget the feelings that
I sometimes used to get.

'Tis ever thus—the happy thoughts
That memory revives
Are always tinged with sadness when
We look back on our lives.
So when I think of boyhood days
It trembles my soul—and yet
I can't forget the feelings that
I sometimes used to get.

—Somerville Journal.



Gyer—I started for a drive in the country yesterday, but my horse balked about three miles out.

Myer—So? What did you do?

Gyer—Hired a farmer to hitch his automobile to the animal and tow him home.—New York Herald.

Mortifying.

She began, dutifully enough, with hating man very bitterly indeed. But man, with characteristic obstinacy, omitted to reciprocate, and this matter position very difficult. Indeed, it was no long time until the best she could do for her cherished principles was to hate the Providence which had made man so wretchedly indispensable.

After that she hated herself for awhile.

Then, greatly to her chagrin, she discovered that she hated nobody, which left her no alternative but to live happily ever after.—Puck.

It Didn't Suit Him.

"Our grocer is awfully cut up over an article that appeared in the paper the other day."

"What's the trouble?"

"He went out in the street and whipped a big cartman who was beating his horse."

"That was easy."

"Yes, but he wished he hadn't done it when the paper came out the next day with a sensational article headed 'John Smith, the stevedore, this day saved his horse from being killed by a cartman.'—The Boston Herald.

Xmas Specials all this Week AT THE BIJOU

Mr. and Mrs. Blessing presenting the most comical "MYSTERIOUS DINNER PARTY"



Good Singing and Other Specialties

The latest Feature Moving Picture Richard III

Three Nights only, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Admission 10

Poultry Toilets.

"Now we will make this white hen's toilet."

And the pet stock dealer laid beside a small bathtub a box of cold cream, a bottle of brillianine, a couple of brushes, a comb, towels and soap. He washed the hen in the tub. He scrubbed her feathers till they were snowy. Then he towelled her, wrung her up and put her away in a wire cage.

"Dearrow," he said, "after she is quite dry I'll rub brillianine on one of these brushes and polish her coat till it shines like satin. I'll oil and fill her feet too. Her face and wattle I'll wash with cold cream—that will whiten and curl the color, the lichen. After that, when I'm done with her I'll rub an smooth and shiny and in ten minutes she'll be as white as a new laid white evening shirt."

"Oh, brilliantine chickens have these elaborate toilets always—such many elaborate ones sometimes. In certain cases I have seen the leg feathers being worked with an electric iron and by one."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

First Giraffe In Europe.

Dr. Johnson, as is well known, is famed for many months to believe in the London earthquake, and Parisians formerly were just as skeptical as to the existence of the giraffe, a new species of which has just been added to the Jardin des Plantes. The earliest specimen of these noble creatures was seen in Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. We learn from a French contemporary that the giraffe was first heard of in 1787, when it was described by a Frenchman named Levaillant, who had journeyed in the lands of the Hotentots and Kafirs. When the explorer referred to the animals with the long necks he was looked upon as a madman and told that he was such in not the political language. It was only when some living specimens arrived in the French capital that Levaillant's reputation for veracity was re-established, and then the animals for a long time formed the sensation of Paris, not only among the multitude, but in all scientific circles.—London Globe.

"The Light That Failed."

A wealthy Riverina squatter, now departed, as he used to phrase it, "the great master," was noted almost as much for his wit as for his parsimony. He also stuttered very badly and helped along his halting utterance with a frequent ejaculation of "Dye see? Dye see?" His ungainly traits gained him widespread local popularity and the bliss of many of his neighbors, who were always humorously referred to as his "dye see's."

Stuttering under this unusual handicap, some distinguished company once set fire to one of the squatter's wool sheds and then wrote upon a gate: "We've well burnt down your wool shed, Dye see? Dye see?"

Of course it caught the big man's eye when next he passed through, for a moment he contemplated the announcement and then with a start, grin took the stamp of a blue pencil from his pocket and scribbled underneath: "It was well burned, Dye see? Dye see?"—London Standard.

Electricity and Magnetism.

As to what electricity and magnetism are "in themselves," that is to say, as to their real nature—nothing is known. They are absolute mysteries, baffling the keenest research into their innermost secrets. But about their modes of action it is possible to say something definite. For example, electricity appears to depend for its action upon a medium, while magnetism, like gravity, acts at a distance and by means of no visible go-between. Place two magnets in vacuo or even place a solid plate of glass or metal or wood between the magnets and we still find that their mutual action depends solely on their relative position and is not perceptibly modified by placing any substance between them unless that substance happens to be one of the magnetic metals.—New York American.

Ursa Major and Ursa Minor.

A pretty myth is told of Callisto and her son in connection with Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. Juno changed the beautiful Callisto into a bear, who, seeing her son one day, advanced to embrace him, when he, not knowing his mother in the form of a bear, was about to thrust his spear through her to prevent which Jupiter snatched them both up to heaven and placed

Store Open Evenings Until Christmas



Martin J. Reddy, The Jeweler.

Next Post Office

them among the stars as the Great and Little Bears.

All One Kind.

"What did father say when you told him of our engagement?" asked the young lady.

"Well—or—really, Phyllis," began the ineligible young man.

"Oh, leave out the strong language."

"Then there's nothing to tell you."

Probably Not.

"Baseball," maintained the dogmatic citizen, "is very ancient. Baseball games were probably going on at the time of the flood."

"Do you suppose they gave rain checks?" inquired the facetious citizen with irritating levity.—Exchange.

Declining.

"Miss Frocks has reached her declining years," said Jones.

"Nonsense," replied Brown. "She's not more than twenty-five."

"But she has declined half a dozen men."

The "Leading Heavy."

"What's the matter now?"

"We're playin' circus parade, an' Willie's a-bilin' the elephant an' the lion, an' the hippopotamus an' the calliope an' it ain't fair!"—Life.

The Woman Question.

"I was handed another installment of the eternal woman question this morning," remarked the benedict.

"What's the answer?" queried the young bachelor.

"My wife asked me if her hat was on straight," replied the freight paying party of the matrimonial part.—Detroit Tribune.

An Impossible Character.

"Why do you persistently avoid meeting people? Are you a misanthrope?"

"Not at all," answered Mr. Crankton. "I love to think well of people. But I have found so often that I could have done it better by not getting so well acquainted."—Washington Star.

Made Him Cross.

"I made my husband cross this afternoon," said Mrs. Caller.

"How was that?" queried Mrs. Homer.

"He was on the opposite side of the street, and I beckoned him to come over," explained the other.—Houston Post.

The Question.

"I think you can only believe about half your hear."

"Yes, sir. But the question is, which half?"—Cleveland Leader.