

# Medford Daily Tribune

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## COMPARISON OF TWO GREAT GOVERNMENT ENTERPRISES.

Started within the same week by acts of congress, and working side by side since that time, the reclamation service and the Panama canal offer interesting facts and figures for comparison.

Although the difficulties that beset the engineers and workers in the canal zone have been numerous and varied, and their achievements worthy of all praise, few appreciate the wonderful progress made by the "conquerors of the arid west" in the reclamation service. And they have worked against almost as great odds—which latter the canal folks doubtless would be glad to have. Moreover, while the men at Panama have been at work twelve months in the year, the men in the west have been able to put in but eight months.

Most of the dams that constitute the first step in the various reclamation projects started since the act of 1902 are located among mountain fastnesses and are not open to the ordinary means of communication, whereas the Panama railroad already existed, with its rails and wires right alongside the route of the canal, it has been necessary, in the reclamation service to build roads to haul the cement and other material from railroad to mountain sites. At Yuma, twelve miles of railroad had to be constructed, and the engineers are now at work on twenty-four miles more in New Mexico.

The nearest project to a railroad is known as the Truckee-Carson, which is half a mile away, while the great Pathfinder dam on the North Platte is ninety-four miles from a blazing desert and up the sides of rocky mountains.

While work at Panama has been necessarily confined largely to digging, the men of the reclamation service have been building. They constructed fourteen dams and will soon have sixteen more completed, and these are immense structures bound by cement to rocks high up near the source of the life-giving waters.

There have already been finished by the service 3,458.3 miles of canals—more than enough to stretch from New York to San Francisco. The water that feeds them comes, in some cases, by way of tunnels blasted through solid rock. Fifty-eight tunnels in all have been constructed, a work considerably greater than the building of the New York subway.

The total number of men employed by the reclamation service, including clerks, is less than 11,000. The number of employees on the canal zone, including clerks, is more than 40,000.

The reclamation service has started thirty projects, and it will be a number of years before these can be fully developed. If an inspector should start out to travel from one project to another until he had visited all, he would have to cover more than 9000 miles traveling by the shortest known routes. This means diversification of administrative efforts and scattering of men. An inspector would have to travel less than forty-one miles to inspect the entire Panama canal.

The work of the reclamation service is beginning to bear fruit. Already 675,514 acres of land have been reclaimed from the virgin desert, and 27,000 homes have been made for families in a country formerly worthless, but which now blooms under the magic of irrigation. This land is valued at from \$22 to \$65 an acre, and before the reclamation service was started Uncle Sam couldn't give it away.

It is conservatively estimated by engineers that there are 30,000,000 acres of land that can thus be made useful in the now arid west, and new homes provided for 2,000,000 people.

The reclaimed land produces crops to the average value of \$25 a year per acre. This means a vast increase in the wealth of the nation annually, besides the permanent value of the land. One piece of land in Grand valley, Colorado, under the government's reclamation service, recently sold

Moreover, the work of the service has not cost the public one cent and will not cost one cent. The original fund for reclamation, known as "the revolving fund," comes from the sale of public lands after the amount set aside for education has been deducted. When a project is completed, the land is sold to settlers for just what it has cost the government to reclaim it. Settlers are allowed to pay the purchase price in instalments, so that the land literally pays for itself.

## BREATH OF SCANDAL.

By ELIAS LISLE.

Young Mrs. Verrell leaned on the rail of the yacht and looked with disappointed surprise at the approaching dingy.

"There are only Hugh and your cousin in the boat," she announced to her guest. "Mr. Cuthbert isn't there. I'm so sorry."

Her intention implied that the sorrow was sympathetic rather than personal. Why? Shearh remembered it.

"You needn't be. Helen," she said, the curve of her lips straightening firmly.

"Why, I invited him to come, particularly on your account."

"And I wanted him not to, particularly on my account," said the girl.

"Why, why, dear, I thought you were such great friends or even more."

"So did I." There was a suspicion of tears in the bright eyes the girl turned to her friend. "So did I until—"

until he disgraced himself. Oh, you'll know all about it soon enough anyway. I may as well show you now."

She held out a clipping from a weekly publication which makes a business of purveying social sewage to its readers.

"It came to me in the mail—anonymous, of course," she said.

Mrs. Verrell took it with an expression of distaste.

"You wouldn't believe anything that a newspaper says, I hope," she observed. "Whenever I read it I feel as if I needed a bath to get clean again."

"The Era had a little notice, too, saying that Sid—Mr. Cuthbert—was there, and that is reliable enough. I only wish it weren't."

With pressed lips and frowning brows Mrs. Verrell ran over the clippings. It was a comment less veiled than is common with that paper upon the presence of Sidney Cuthbert at the funeral of a woman who had once been well known in that dim border of the theatrical profession where people of a more dubious world claim habitation.

"It will strengthen Mr. Cuthbert's reputation by generally among his club and society friends," commented the paragraph. "That he should have borne the expense of the funeral from his own pocket. The woman who was once known as Viola Trevanion was buried beside her son, whose death two years ago was also the occasion of a burst of mortuary generosity on the part of young Cuthbert."

"Isn't that a pleasant thing to read about a man you had thought you could—could at least respect?" said the girl bitterly.

"I don't believe it about Mr. Cuthbert," began the other indignantly when the two women came over the rail.

After Verrell and young Dr. Dent had greeted the two women the latter turned to his cousin and said:

"Did I hear you speaking about Sidney Cuthbert, Beauty?"

"You may have if you were listening," said the girl. "And I do wish, Harvey, that you would drop that childish nickname. I've outgrown it."

"Well, I don't know about your outgrowing it," said Dent, looking at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "but you certainly haven't outgrown your childish—beg pardon—your childhood temper. But of course I'll drop it, Sid. If you don't like it," he added good naturedly. "But I was interested in Sidney Cuthbert because I used to know him when he was Typh 7 and I was house in Sawgums."

"What's Sawgums?" asked Verrell lazily from his deck chair. "Lunatic asylum? And was Cuthbert one of the numbered patients and you another? I understood you to say you were a house. Singular delusion."

"Sawgums is short for St. Augustine's hospital, where I disposed myself as house physician when Cuthbert became typhoid case No. 7," explained the young physician. "As all the private rooms were full, he had to go into the public ward and live at a dollar per day between a profane and asthmatic car driver and a charity convalescent."

"Very good lesson in economy," observed Verrell clinically.

"He couldn't give many dinner parties and send the kind of flowers he used to favor Sibyl with on that basis. Helen, if my feet are in your way I'll have 'em moved," he concluded, blissfully unconscious of his wife's savage glances.

"Did Cuthbert like it, Dent?"

"Seemed to enjoy it tolerably after he got convalescent. He got up quite a friendship with another patient known as Tommy the Cod, presumably because he lived in an empty fish box down Fulton market way."

"Don't remember having heard Cuthbert speak of the gentleman," murmured Verrell.

him to call. Sibyl? Helen, if you kick the only husband you're ever likely to have on the shins he'll rise up and desert you."

"The Cod's real name, as near as he could tell, was Hannigan," continued the physician. "Cuthbert's previous acquaintance with him was purely a business one. Tommy used to sell Cuthbert evening papers on Wall street until one day a truck ran over his ankle, and when we got him here we found he had a very interesting case of heart disease, so we kept him. Well, the Cod used to give Cuthbert all the news about the street that he got from his friends who used to visit him. It meant a good deal to Cuthbert, for he was keeping his illness a secret for fear it would bring his mother back from Newport and consequent

ly didn't have any callers of his own. Tommy generously loaned him his visitors, and one day the superintendent, a plump old party, came in unannounced and caught them shooting craps on Cuthbert's cot. They had made dice out of lump sugar, and Cuthbert had won 5 cents, when old Barber raided the game. After that the two pals were more cautious. One other visitor the Cod had was a woman who said she was his cousin, but Tommy had other ideas. Certain acquaintances of hers had told Tommy that she was his mother. At any rate, she had treated him while, as he informed me, on several occasions and had 'staked' him to a much needed dollar more than once when he was 'up agin' it."

"In those days we had a night orderly in our ward whom I always meant to poison, but somehow I never got time. He wound up a career of blunders one night by dropping a night lamp into a screen, and two minutes later he dropped the job of fighting the fire and hustled to save our cases. Just as we were congratulating ourselves that all were safely out Tommy the Cod seized the night nurse by the neck and yelled:

"Where's my pal? Where's Typh 7?"

"In the inner passage," said the nurse, turning white. "They must have taken him out the other way."

"The first I heard of it was when the nurse came crying to me."

"I tried to stop him, Mrs. the little heart case No. 15, but he broke away from me and ran back into the ward. He thinks Typh 7 is in there."

"I thought so, too, and ran for the entrance, and as I reached it a wall of black smoke rolled out upon me, somewhere back of which rose the voice of Tommy the Cod, who was exhorting his pal, and the rattle of a wheeled chair."

"Keep yer head down, buddy. Air's fresher near de floor. Dere's de door ahead! Blast de chair! It's stuck!"

"Never mind me, old man," I heard Cuthbert say. "Make a run for it. You can send back after me."

"Not on yer life," began Tommy, but the heavy woods ended in a pitiful, strangled cough.

"Groping blindly, I stumbled upon the chair and with a rush brought my two patients out into the hall. Tommy keeled over, and we got him to open air unconscious. When he came to his first words were:

"Did yer get my pal?"

"I'm right here, Tommy," said Cuthbert, catching the boy's hand.

"Int's all right, den," said the Cod contentedly. "But I guess I'm done. Dey always told me 'Inhalin' wasn't good for kids," he added, with a faint grin.

"Cuthbert looked up at me appealingly, but I had to shake my head. Tommy's diagnosis was correct. Cuthbert climbed out of his chair—against my orders—and bent over Tommy.

"Little pal," he said, "you saved my life."

"Tommy waved the matter away airily. "Dat's all right. It was up to me. Between pals, yer know, yer'd have done de same trick fer me."

"God knows, I'd have tried. And now there's nothing I can do," said Cuthbert, his voice breaking. "Isn't there anything, Tommy? Haven't you got any relations or friends I could help? I'm rich, you know."

"G'wan!" said Tommy faintly. "Is dat right? I thought yer was a charity patient." He pondered for a moment. "There's dat fluffy haired loidy dat come to see me last week. She was pretty white to me. You might kinder look out fer her a bit. Dey said she was me old woman, but I dunno. Wots de difference?" said Tommy the Cod wearily. "She was white to me anyway." And Tommy said no more.

"Cuthbert buried Tommy in style. I went to the funeral—professional interest, you know. Well, Cuthbert has been paying his debt to Tommy ever since, looking after the 'fluffy haired loidy,' as Tommy called her. She called herself Trevanion, I believe, on the stage."

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