

MEDFORD DAILY TRIBUNE

Official Paper of the City of Medford.

Published every evening except Sunday.
MEDFORD PUBLISHING COMPANY
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager.

Admitted as Second-Class Matter in the Postoffice at
Medford, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

month by mail or carrier...\$0.50 One year by mail...\$5.00

TODAY'S WEATHER PREDICTION.

Fair and continued warm weather tonight and tomorrow.

A rare and salubrious climate—soil of remarkable fertility—beautiful scenery—mountains stored with coal, copper and gold—extensive forests—streams stocked with speckled beauties—game in abundance—a contented, progressive people—such is the Rogue River Valley.

Average mean temperature.....55 degrees
Average yearly precipitation.....21 inches

EXTEND THE LIMITS.

The time has come when the city of Medford should extend its limits to include the thickly populated outside territory, whose residents have petitioned to be admitted to the city. Tomorrow the question will be decided at the polls and it is to be hoped that the matter carries.

With the installation of the new water system, Medford has water enough and to spare. In order that the city secure a revenue as great as possible to meet the obligations undertaken for the construction of the new system, the limits should be extended to include more territory. On the other hand, the residents of the outside territory should vote to come in, not only that they may receive advantages of city improvements, but that they have a voice in the government of the city, of which they are residents, but not citizens. There is every argument for and none against the extension of the limits.

MR. ALLEN HELPS.

John R. Allen of New York, president of the Pacific & Eastern railroad, is doing much towards the development of the natural resources of southern Oregon. In another column appears an advertising bulletin sent out by Mr. Allen which is replete with information regarding this section. To those of the east to whose attention this bulletin comes some of the statements may seem overdrawn, but to those familiar with the Rogue River valley and its natural resources the statements made are but the simple truth.

Daily the railroad is being extended beyond Eagle Point towards the great timber belt surrounding Butte Falls. By fall the road will have reached the timber. Next summer the woods will ring with the sound of the woodsman's ax and this city will have entered upon a new era of prosperity. Southern Oregon needs but the capital necessary for development to astonish the world by its growth and prosperity.

WILEY AGAIN BUSY.

Dr. Wiley, the government chemist and pure food expert, is at it again. This time he attacks "soft drinks," insisting that they poison the summer girl with caffeine, a drug "more harmful than coffee." And so, in a merely casual, incidental way, he takes a whack at the familiar breakfast beverage.

There seems to be but a few things left to eat or drink with safety. Even milk or water may be full of typhoid germs or bacilli coli communi. Soda is now under the ban. Ice cream may give ptomaine poisoning, and oyster cocktails are likely to contain benzoate of soda. Beer is supposed to be sterilized, but no one knows what may be in it as a substitute for hops.

After all, perhaps there is more danger of contracting nervous dyspepsia from heeding the warnings of Wiley or other pure foodists—or pure faddists—than of being hurt by eating or drinking anything that comes along, with the exception perhaps of green apples, and the result of that is only temporary.

ALLEN AIDS DEVELOPMENT.

(Continued from Page 1.)

per year.

"Upon leaving the Louisville & Nashville, Mr. Allen went to Mexico, where he contracted extensive interests in mines and railroads, and from these amassed a fortune. He remained in the southern republic for three years and soon thereafter his services were secured by the Richmond & Danville railroad. With it he was connected for two years, the following two being devoted to important work in association with the Panama Railroad company. The vast possibilities of the northwest then aroused his interest, and for the past 20 years he has been prominently identified with railroad building and the mining industries of Washington, Oregon, Arizona and California. Mr. Allen was married in December, 1880, to Miss Katharine Clarke. They have three children, one son and two daughters. Mr. Allen has traveled extensively and is the master of several languages.

"Although the president of the East Canada Smelting company and of other notable corporations, his duties as president of the Pacific & Eastern railway occupy almost all of his attention and largely absorb his energy and enthusiasm. In its interests he has taken New York offices at No. 49 Wall street. At the present moment the road is fully equipped and operated with profit from Medford to Eagle Point, Or., a distance of 12 miles. The present extension of 20 miles carries the road through a country where eight billion feet of timber in addition to coal, cattle, fruit and immense riches in agricultural products are now awaiting shipping facilities. The lumber alone will provide the road with an immediate revenue of about \$1500 per day at a freight charge of \$2 per thousand feet; coal properties already opened guarantee freight, after the first six months, of a thousand tons a day, paying 25¢ per ton; ten thousand adjacent acres of orchard land can be made to bear, one car load per acre being the reasonable expectation; the freight charge being \$10 per car; and to these sources of revenue must be added the thousands of cattle now grazing in the region and the half million tons of copper blocked out in nearby mines.

"It is estimated that it will take fully 20 years to ship out all the timber in the superb forests of Jackson and Klamath counties. At the end of that period the road's tonnage of freight would not cease, because the land, admirably adapted to fruit raising and general agriculture, would be used for farming purposes and the clearing of the forests would bring an added population of at least 25,000.

"The road is offering \$400,000 30-year 6-per cent gold bonds at 90 and interest with 10 per cent stock accompanying each bond. President Allen says that 'upon the completion of the proposed extension it will be one of the best dividend-paying small roads in the United States'—modest claim when compared with a recent editorial in the Medford Daily Tribune, wherein it was stated that 'the men who construct the Pacific & Eastern to the timber belt are not taking a chance, for it will tap the greatest undeveloped section of Oregon,' and the finest and largest body of virgin timber in the world. This is more than significant when one recalls that James J. Hill, the great railroad king, stated in a speech at the Yukon-Alaska exposition at Seattle the other day that the United States was now consuming five times more lumber than it produced."

Specials at Christian Church.

Next Sunday Professor Davis, one of the best vocalists in Oregon, will sing both morning and evening at the Christian church. The pastor will preach in the morning on "Justifications and Duties of Church Officers." An important theme. At night sermon will be evangelistic. Special music by chorus. Sunday school orchestra is being organized. Will play next Sunday. Young people's meeting will be especially interesting. You are welcome. You are wanted at the Christian church.

W. H. Watt has purchased 23 acres of orchard from George Hoyer. The consideration was \$5500. W. T. York & company handled the deal.

THE RESCUE OF RUFFLES.

A Transformation and the Way It Was Brought About.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Social distinctions were not closely drawn at Crag House. The tables were waited on by the daughters of wealthy farmers, who served only because they wished to escape the monotony of country life for a month or two and because they wished to be in touch with the gaiety and color that the city guests brought to the mountain resort.

Ruffles was not a farmer's daughter. She was a child of the city, swept to Crag House by a wave of chance. She had worked in a department store in town, and her health had failed. The doctor to whom she went spoke of the mountains.

"I can't afford to go," faltered Ruffles. "Go and play waitress for awhile," suggested the keen eyed doctor. "Then you can earn something and get well at the same time."

He gave her a letter to the proprietor of Crag House, and poor, little, frightened Ruffles fled at once and found the place a paradise after the heat and noise of town.

As time went on, however, she discovered that she was treated as a stranger and an alien. She was neither fish nor flesh, neither guest nor daughter of the soil. She was an unknown girl from the city, and the country girls kept in their own circle, gave barn dances and mingled with their own friends, while the hotel guests danced in the ballroom and never thought of the little maid who served them.

There was one woman, however, who watched Ruffles with interest. "She is a pretty little thing," she said to her husband.

"Who?" he asked idly. "The little girl who waits on our table," said Mrs. Witherspoon, and



MARY GRANGER CAME STRAIGHT TO HER AND PUT HER ARMS AROUND HER.

that night she called Ruffles into her room.

"If you will fasten my dress," she said, "I'll be awfully grateful."

"I can always come in and fasten your dresses," said Ruffles shyly. "I'd love it. It's lonesome after supper, and the evenings are so long."

"Why don't you go to the barn dances?" Mrs. Witherspoon asked. "Nobody has invited me," Ruffles stammered. "You see, I don't belong to the country set. I'm a kind of outsider."

"Poor little thing!" was Mrs. Witherspoon's mental comment. But aloud she said: "Isn't Mary Granger friendly? She seems a nice girl."

"No." The blushes flamed over Ruffles' little face. "You see, Mary is different. She has always had things, and she only waits on the table here to get the extra money and the fun. But—oh, well, I'm different."

"How different?" "Oh, I'm poor, and I live in a cheap part of the city when I'm home, and my clothes are shabby, and I haven't any folks. You know how people feel!"

"I think it's very snobbish of them," Mrs. Witherspoon said indignantly. "Well, anyhow, you come here in the evenings and help me into my things, and we will have some comfy talks."

"Indeed I will!" Ruffles' eyes shone. "How good you are, Mrs. Witherspoon!"

Ruffles went downstairs and sat on the porch where she could see the hotel guests in the ballroom. She watched the women in their dainty gowns as they whirled past, and then, because she was very lonely, she put her head down on her arm and sobbed.

"What's the matter?" asked a voice out of the dark. "Oh," said Ruffles, "I—I didn't know any one was here."

"I came to find my sister," said the voice again. "I am Frank Granger."

When they told me she had gone home I thought I would watch the dancing, and then you came, and I heard you crying, and if there is anything I can do"—

There was such an honest ring in his voice that Ruffles answered straight from the bottom of her heart: "No; there isn't. But I am crying because I am lonely."

"Are you one of the waitresses?" "Yes, I am Ruffles."

He gave a quick exclamation. "I've heard Mary speak of you. You are the little sick girl from the city, and they called you Ruffles because of the dress you had on when you first came."

"Yes," Ruffles remembered the humiliation of that old gown with the cheap black bonnet.

"You haven't been to any of the barn dances?" "I haven't been invited."

"You haven't? Well, I'll see that Mary asks you to the one at our house tomorrow night."

"Oh, please don't," Ruffles begged. "It might look as if I was trying to push in."

"Well, I guess not," said Frank Granger quickly. "Mother wants you. I heard her tell Mary last night that if you weren't strong you ought to come to our farm for awhile and live on milk and eggs."

"And—what did Mary say?" Ruffles asked. He laughed. "Well, Mary said that if you weren't too proud she would be glad to ask you."

"What?" Ruffles gasped. "Why—why, I thought she didn't like me."

"She thinks you are wonderful," the strong voice went on, "but she says you are from the city and have such dainty ways and she is so big and awkward."

"Oh, oh!" Ruffles was laughing out of sheer joy. "If she feels that way I should love to go to the barn dance."

"Well, I'll get you the invitation," said Frank simply and held out his hand. "Be sure to come early."

Then he went away, and Ruffles stood there with the whole world changed.

"Oh, Mrs. Witherspoon," she said to that little lady as they passed each other on the stairway, "I am going to Mary Granger's dance tomorrow night."

"Really?" the pretty lady gurgled. "Come into my room and tell me about it. Bob is going to stay down and smoke, and we will be alone."

Ruffles sparkled and glowed as she told what Frank had said.

"And now," said Mrs. Witherspoon when the tale was ended, "what are you going to wear?"

"Oh," Ruffles caught her breath. "I don't know. I haven't anything but shirt waists and dark skirts. And most of the girls wear white."

"Well, you are not going to wear white," said little Mrs. Witherspoon. She went to her closet and began burrowing among the gowns that hung there.

At last she found what she sought—a rosy flounced gown of mull, made in childish fashion.

"There," she said triumphantly, "you are going to wear that! It doesn't look too fine for a girl in your position. But it was really an awfully expensive thing, and it's too small for me, and you will be the belle of the ball in it, Ruffles."

And, as if Ruffles' cup of happiness were not full enough, the next morning Mary Granger came straight to her and put her arms about her.

"Frank was telling me about last night," she said affectionately. "If you only knew how I have really wanted to be friends, Ruffles!"

And Ruffles put her head down on Mary Granger's head and positively cried with happiness.

But that was not the end, and greater happiness came from the rosy flounced gown and Mary Granger's friendship, for after the season was over Ruffles was invited to spend a month at the farm. Day after day she and Frank Granger walked in the October sunshine and talked of many things. But the thing of which they talked most was love and, after a time, of marriage, and one day when they came into the big living room at the farmhouse there was such a wonderful light in Ruffles' eyes and such a color in her cheeks that Mary Granger put her arms around her.

"I am going to be bridesmaid," she said. "Oh, Mary!" Ruffles parried, but Frank laughed joyously.

"I have told her that I will not put it off," he said. "It is going to be next month."

So they were married, and Mrs. Witherspoon came to the wedding, and her gift to the groom was a picture of a little maid in a rosy gown with ruffles from the waist to the hem.

BUTTE FALLS ITEMS.

Mrs. Sarah Wright and son of Redding, Cal., came to the Falls Wednesday evening on the stage. Mrs. Wright has bought several lots in the Falls and will probably purchase more, as she intends remaining quite a while with us.

Engineer Mills has been in the valley consulting Dr. Seely for some heart trouble. He returned Wednesday very much helped.

Mrs. Clark, the noted manual educator, has been visiting her cousin, George Brown and family of Eagle Point.

A Mr. Buff of Portland has been visiting in our section looking after commercial matters.

C. D. Reed of Portland has been interviewing the merchants in the interests of his shoe emporium.

B. F. Edmonson and Mr. Matthews have returned from the valley heavily loaded with supplies.

Mrs. Newport of California, a sister of Mrs. William Perry of Butte Falls, has been visiting among us during the past week and is now with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ayres of Vestal to spend the rest of her vacation.

Mrs. Martin of Trail is in the valley as a witness in the land contest cases being heard at Medford.

Councilman Merrick of Medford has sent his daughter to Butte Falls on a vacation and she will summer at Camp Nick.

Mr. Owens has bought out the Eagle Point hotel interests and is refitting the hotel.

Gus and Bog Edmonson of Derby are in the valley attending to business for their father.

The land contest case of Ed Watson will be heard on Thursday in Medford and Mr. Watson will have Judge Pentz as his attorney.

place a cracked dish or plate or glass before your guests? You had better purchase a new set at once. Did you know that you mustn't brush crumbs off the table with a wisp of newspaper? It means bad news.

Does your wife know that to change the sheets on the bed on Sunday presages a week of disaster, that to trim her finger nails on Sunday means she will do something of which she will be ashamed, that dough sticking to the bread board is an evil omen, that a film of dust under the bed indicates loss of money, a soiled dish unwelcome guests?

These are but a few articles of the creed in which you profess to believe. Better far to change your mind and become a rational human being.—London Tit-Bits.

At the Play.

"The plot thickens here."

"That's good. It's been pretty durned thin up to now."—Cleveland Leader.

We have client who will pay 10 per cent interest for money. Good real estate security. Benson Investment Co.

Medford TimeTable

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Northbound.	
No. 20 Roseburg Pass.	7:41 a. m.
No. 12 Shasta Limited.	9:25 a. m.
No. 16 Oregon Express.	5:24 p. m.
No. 14 Portland Express.	8:39 p. m.
Southbound.	
No. 11 Shasta Limited.	5:50 a. m.
No. 15 California Express.	10:35 a. m.
No. 13 S. F. Express.	3:32 p. m.

Medford to Jacksonville.

Motor car leaves	8:00 a. m.
Train leaves	10:45 a. m.
Train leaves	3:35 p. m.
Train leaves	6:00 p. m.
Motor car leaves	9:30 p. m.

Jacksonville to Medford.

Motor leaves	7:00 a. m.
Train leaves	8:45 a. m.
Train leaves	2:30 p. m.
Train leaves	4:30 p. m.
Motor car leaves	7:30 p. m.

No motor car service until about July 20.

PACIFIC & EASTERN RAILWAY.

No. 1 Leaves Medford	8:00 a. m.
No. 3 Leaves Medford	2:20 p. m.
No. 2 Arrives Medford	10:10 a. m.
No. 4 Arrives Medford	5:00 p. m.
No. 1 Arrive Eagle Pt.	8:45 a. m.
No. 2 Leaves Eagle Pt.	0:05 a. m.
No. 3 Arrives Eagle Pt.	3:05 p. m.
No. 4 Leaves Eagle Pt.	4:15 p. m.

MAIL CLOSURES.

Northbound	8:50 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
Southbound	4:20 a. m.	3:00 p. m.
Eagle Point	7:20 a. m.	12:00 p. m.
Jacksonville	10:20 a. m.	12:00 p. m.