

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.

Clear today and tomorrow. Warmer.
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

PEAR CROP PROSPECTS.

Fruit buyers are cautioning Rogue River Bartlett pear growers not to pick too early, but to delay as long as possible so that the California crop will be out of the market, and better prices secured. Although the California crop is light, the quality is fine, though local fruit always brings higher prices than California fruit.

At present prices, local growers will net a profit of approximately 90 cents a box, from \$200 to \$400 an acre, which, while not equal to the records of two years ago, is an average profit and proves fruit growing here a very profitable business.

Colorado will be the Rogue River valley's competitor this year in the eastern markets on Bartletts. The Colorado crop is reported of fine quality and forty per cent usual quantity, but this output cannot be held as long as the local product.

The great advantage Rogue river fruit has over that of other sections, namely, its superior keeping qualities and flavor, bring higher prices than is realized from the crops of other sections. Bartletts can be held on the trees until September and then not be as ripe as those now being shipped from California.

The present pear crop here is estimated at from 250 to 275 cars, the largest output yet recorded, but small in comparison to what the output will be in a few years, when the 25,000 or 30,000 acres of planted pear orchards come into full bearing.

Practically all California fruit is marketed by co-operative exchanges, and if local growers do not receive higher prices, it will be their own fault, for not having united in a central association to place their fruit to advantage.

A TALK ON ADVERTISING.

The modern merchant looks upon newspaper advertising as an essential to his business. He regards it as as much of a fixed expense as his rent, and makes a monthly appropriation to cover it, a certain percentage of gross receipts being set aside for it, according to the business conducted.

Some merchants handling staples, either cut out advertising or greatly reduce it during the summer months, forgetting that people have to eat in summer as at any other time, and that only a small percentage are out of town at any one time.

The most successful merchant is the one who keeps at it persistently, always has some new feature to attract buyers, and tells in an enticing manner the store news of each day.

It pays to read ads as well as to insert them.

The ads make "management" of "money matters" in the home possible. The wife who always studies the ads is working in business partnership with the husband—who, supposedly, has to "know things" in order to earn the money. On her part, the wife comes to know values, and prices, and where and when and how to buy—and such knowledge, such education, comes chiefly through reading and answering ads.

"Household prosperity" is assured if the wife makes ad reading a part of her daily routine, and store prosperity is assured the merchant who constantly advertises.

The market page of the Tribune will be found of vital interest, not only to fruit grower and farmer, but also to the housewife, who thus can keep informed of the new products in the market.

ON THE HIP

Twelve hippopotami in a jungle heaven;
Bwana Tumbo drew a bead, and there were eleven.
Eleven hippopotami with jaws wide open when
Bwana Tumbo showed his teeth, and then there were but ten.
Ten hippopotami said, "My, the water's fine."
Bwana Tumbo gave a yell, and then there were but nine.
Nine sleepy hippopotami in a sleep state;
Bwana Tumbo yanked one out, and then there were but eight.
Eight hippopotami roaring fit to deafen;
Bwana Tumbo silenced one, and then there were but seven.
Seven hippopotami all putting in their lies
Bwana Tumbo jiu-jitsu'd one and then there were but six.
Six hippopotami tried to escape alive;
Bwana Tumbo drove his knife in one, and then there were but five.
Five hippopotami a-hirst for human gore;
Bwana Tumbo's fingers throttled one and then there were but four.
Four hippopotami in terror tried to flee;
Bwana Tumbo gave an upper cut, and then there were but three.
Three hippopotami attacked a native crew;
Bwana Tumbo captured one alive, and then there were but two.
Two hippopotami then took it on the run;
Bwana Tumbo he outspint them, and then there was but one.
One hippopotamus was tangled in a net;
Bwana Tumbo pulled him out and kept him for a pet.

Good Thing.



First Clubman—Let's invite him to our game.
Second Clubman—He's a hard loser.
First Clubman—Still he always loses.—New York Herald.

Amateur Weather Prophets.

"The old weather prophets there are left now," remarked a Cleveland lawyer who was raised in the country, "are professionals. The good old fashioned amateur weather prophets that could tell you what the next day would be like just by sniffing the atmosphere and looking at the sky are no more. People are growing up to depend on the weather reports in the newspapers, and they don't develop any intuition in that direction any more. When I was a kid I used to ask my father what the next day's weather would be with just as much feeling of confidence in what he would tell me as I would have in an unabridged dictionary if I wanted to look up a word. And, as a rule, I wasn't disappointed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Queen's Critical Brother.

Marie Antoinette's brother Joseph could not bear the rouge pot, and one evening when the queen was going out, being heavily rouged, the emperor was looking on. Pointing to a lady present who was excessively bedaubed with paint, Joseph remarked facetiously: "A little more under the eyes! Lay on the rouge like fury, as that lady does!"—Hassard's "Louis XVI."

Practice.

New Clerk—I should like two weeks' vacation, sir. Boss—What! Why, this is only your first week with us. New Clerk—Yes, sir, but once I get accustomed to the position I may be able to stand it longer.

Misunderstanding.

Nell—I hear their engagement was broken off through a misunderstanding. Belle—Yes; he understood she had money, and she understood he had.

Sensible men show their sense by saying much in few words.—Franklin.

STRANGERS THINK THEY ARE JOSHED

Names of Localities in Southern Oregon Are Such as to Raise Suspicion on Visitors' Part.

The peculiar names attached to different localities, streams and mines in southern Oregon are amusing to many visitors who have been coming through here of late in automobiles. Frequently when they make inquiries in regard to roads and are directed to certain localities bearing peculiar names the stranger thinks he is being "joshed." People who have lived here for some time become accustomed to the names and think nothing of them.

One day the latter part of last week an automobile party from California passed Through Grants Pass in a big touring car and stopped at one of the stores to make some purchases. As usual quite a few gathered around the automobile. The driver of the machine asked the bystanders where would be a good place to camp beyond here, and one of them volunteered the information that Grave Creek would be a good place. The name struck the tourist as amusing and he wanted to know if there was a "Death's Valley" about here.

A wag in the crowd, seeing that the name Grave Creek was a little unbecoming to the visitor, told him that many tourists did not like to camp there, as it was near an old Indian reservation and that that locality was their burying ground, and suggested that if he did not admire the place he could go till he crossed Louse Creek and on to Jump-Off-Joe and turn to his right, when he would come to Hell's Gate and there he could head in for the night.

The tourist turned on the power full force, threw in the high gear and as he went flying up the street there came back to the bystanders, "Tell with you."

One of Shaw's Criticisms.

"Before fame came to him," said a playwright, "that great rival of mine, George Bernard Shaw, wrote theatrical criticisms for the London Saturday Review. Now, those were criticisms indeed. Nobody could praise a good play so beautifully as this critic. Nobody could roast a bad play so tellingly. Listen. Here is a sample."

And the playwright read:
"I am in a somewhat foolish position concerning a play at the Opera Comique, whither I was bidden this day week. For some reason I was not supplied with a program, so that I never learned the name of the play. At the end of the second act the play had advanced about as far as an ordinary dramatist would have brought it five minutes after the first rising of the curtain, or, say, as far as Ibsen would have brought it ten years before that event. Taking advantage of the second interval to stroll out into the Strand for a little exercise, I unfortunately forgot all about my business and actually reached home before it occurred to me that I had not seen the end of the play. Under these circumstances it would ill become me to dogmatize on the merits of the work or its performance. I can only offer the management my apologies."

What the Jury Found.

Some years ago the body of a well dressed man was found in a field on the outskirts of an English town. There were no marks of violence, and it was doubtful whether death had occurred from natural causes or if the individual had committed suicide. In due course the body was identified, and a gentleman who had been acquainted with the deceased was called upon to give evidence at the inquest. Among other things, he stated that he had always considered him to be a man of marked idiosyncrasies, and his brain was continually excited by his irresistible fondness for chimerae of various kinds. The jury was evidently satisfied with his statement and immediately brought in a verdict that "death was caused by idiosyncrasies forming on the brain in consequence of excessive indulgence in chimerae," adding a rider that "it should be a warning to people to refrain from that and other intoxicating beverages."

An Epitaph.

In the churchyard of Leigh, near Bolton, will be found a tombstone bearing the following amazing sentence: "A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband." The explanation seems to be that space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonemason argued that a crown equals 5 shillings.—London Notes and Queries.

PLANNING TO PUT FUMES UNDER CONTROL

Mammoth Copper Company Will Do Away With Matter Which Causes Much Friction.

KENNETT, Cal., July 29.—It is reported from Salt Lake City that the Mammoth Copper company will construct a bag house at the smelter here for the purpose of condensing or destroying the obnoxious fumes. The United States Mining and Smelting company is the parent corporation of the Mammoth.

The United States company built a bag house at its great smelter at Garfield, near Salt Lake City, which not only condensed the fumes and satisfied the objecting farmers, but proved a source of profit to the company. This accounts for the rumor of building a bag house at the Kennett smelter having come from Utah.

A. S. Haskell, general manager of the Mammoth Copper company, being asked about the report from Salt Lake City, said he had not been informed that such was the present intention of the Mammoth Copper company, though considerable study had been given to the problem.

Ores from the Nevada mines are causing trouble in Shasta county! Smoke from the Keswick smelter and roasters, ten times the volume of smoke coming from the Coram or the Kennett smelter caused no damage whatever to vegetation in Redding. The copper ores smelted at Coram and Kennett are of the same general character as the ore smelted years ago at Keswick. Though Coram and Kennett are six and ten miles farther away, respectively, from Redding than is Keswick, the smoke of the new smelter is doing damage in Redding and six or seven miles below Redding native oaks and pines have been killed by hundreds. Fortunately, the ornamental shade trees have escaped harm. Orchard trees suffer.

The great difference between Coram and Kennett smoke on the one hand and Keswick smoke on the other is that the Nevada ores that are now treated at Coram and Kennett contain arsenic. It is not the sulphur that does the harm so far away; it is the arsenic in the ore that does the damage. That, at least is the popular explanation.

Phony Mistake.

"The mistakes that occur through and by the telephone are numerous," said the lady who had one in her house, "and some of them are as amusing as the others are annoying. The last one I had happen to me was rather curious. My sister-in-law is named Drake, and I called her up at her house. The maid told me she had left word to call her up at a certain number, which I thought I had right. I called it and asked for Drake. They said there was no such person there. Then I wanted to know what place it was. The man at the other end said it was a poultry store, and he didn't laugh when he said it. It struck me as so funny that I laughed right out, and the man asked me what I was laughing at. He hadn't seen the point, and I rang off without enlightening him."—New York Herald.

Called His Papa Down.

Little Willy is a bright boy and a saucy boy. His apt answers have often turned away wrath and often turned it upon him strongly. The other day his father was reprimanding him for some misdeed, and Willy was answering very saucily. The father became very angry and, seizing the youngster by the collar, said: "See here, young man, you must not talk like that to me. I never gave my father impudence when I was a boy." Willy was not fazed at all. With a cherubic smile he looked into papa's eyes and said, "But, papa, maybe your father didn't need it." 'Twas all off. Willy escaped punishment, while papa retired to another room.

The Great Change.

"Tommy," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "when water becomes ice, what is the great change that takes place?"
"The change in price," replied Tommy.—Exchange.

His Only Chance.

The young man leads his bride to the altar, but that's as far as he goes in the leading business.—Meddler.

Among all other vices there is none I hate more than cruelty, the extreme of all vices.—Montaigne.

THE TOWN THAT PUSH BUILT

III.—The Wide Awake Butcher



HERE is the butcher who, having cash, To the dry goods merchant's made a dash, For he saw an ad. of a special sale Of things that people order by mail, And he paid for all the things he bought With the selfsame money he had got From the grocer who had settlement made With the money the honest workman paid.

P.S.—The local dealer who's up to snuff Will always advertise his stuff.

WOULD PROHIBIT WOMEN FROM RIDING ASTRIDE

ATLANTA, Ga., July 29.—Any woman in the state of Georgia who rides astride will become a felon if the bill introduced in the house by representative Wright of Stewart becomes a law.

Wright never saw a woman ride astride until he came to Atlanta. He was shocked by the sight of a pretty girl in divided skirts on the back of a horse.

Wright is a physician and he says the bill has the support of doctors of the state, who claim it injurious for women to ride astride. Violation of the act is to be punished by fine and imprisonment.



"Does your husband enjoy his home?"
"Yes, whenever I want him to take me to the theater."—Philadelphia Press.

An Elaborate Service of Song.

At the First Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday evening the newly organized choir under the direction of Forrest Edmonds will present a magnificent musical service. The spirit of enthusiasm that prevails in this organization is manifest in securing the best talent in Medford to be the soloists for this service. The general tendency throughout the world in this church is to let the music of the church assume its rightful place and be one of the most essential parts of every service and not longer be relegated to the inferior place of being simply to attract a congregation to hear a sermon delivered, rather than praise to the Almighty in glorious song, the highest form of medium of expression.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the undersigned will apply at the regular meeting of the city council of Medford, Oregon, on August 3, 1909, for license to sell malt, vinous and spirituous liquors in less quantities than one gallon for 6 months at lot 11, block 20, in Medford, Oregon, for a period of 6 months.

W. M. KENNEDY.

Dated July 17, 1909.