

MEDFORD DAILY TRIBUNE

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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

SMASH PRECEDENT, IF NEED BE.

The proposed secession of Southern Oregon and Northern California and the creation of a new state to be known as Siskiyou, has met with a cordial reception from the press and people of the sections affected.

In commenting upon it, the Portland Oregonian says "it can't be done" and starts into hunt up reasons why it can't be. The Oregonian is a charter member of the "Can't Do It Club" which has a long retarded progress in Oregon. All mossbacks in the state belong to this club, and no matter what the subject broached the instinctive answer is "It can't be done"—and wet blankets are not only always in readiness, but are used.

The difference between the Willamette valley and Southern Oregon is the difference between "CAN'T DO IT" and "CAN DO IT." Southern Oregon believes that all things are possible to those who try and that when there is a will there is always a way. That is one reason why Southern Oregon does not want to be hampered in its future development as it has been hampered in the past, by the continued dictation of the wet blanket brigade of silurions.

Because such a secession has never been accomplished, is no reason why it should not be, and Southern Oregon and Northern California might as well smash precedents and set the ball rolling as to wait for others to. There is no valid reason why it cannot be done.

West Virginia was carved out of Virginia. Territories are cut up into states right along and there is no reason why the discordant sections of states should not be segregated and created new states.

Persistence, hard work and brains are the only requirements to a successful secession of the regions desiring it and there is no such word as fail in Southern Oregon's vocabulary.

MEDFORD'S FUTURE

Medford will be a city of 25,000 people within five years. It will because her citizens have started out to make it, because they have the enterprise, energy and hustle to make it

Medford's foundations have been laid on a broad basis with this end in view. The primary essentials are here—residents have or are rapidly acquiring the proper civic virtues.

Geographical situation and natural resources will do much in the upbuilding of a city, but unless the proper boosting spirit exists in the rank and file, progress will be slow.

After all, it is the people who make a city. The right class of citizenship will create a metropolis on a desert under adverse conditions. The wrong kind will never make a city, no matter what its natural advantages.

Medford has the natural resources and the proper spirit, and all her citizens have to do is to keep it up, and nothing can block her future.

FARMER'S INSTITUTE TO HOLD MEETING

Farmers From Whole Country Are Soon to Meet in Portland.

PORTLAND, Aug. 2.—Conventions of more than usual interest to the whole Northwest will be held here the middle of August. The American Association of Farmers Institute Workers will gather here for the 14th annual meeting on August 16 and 17. The Association for the Promotion of Agricultural Science will meet here August 17 and the Association of Agricultural Colleges will hold the 23rd annual convention here on August 18, 19 and 20. The conventions will deal with scientific agriculture, and improved farming methods will be discussed fully. Able authorities on these subjects will speak. Many will be in attendance from all parts of the United States.

The meetings will be held in the convention hall of the Commercial Club. Following the final session on Friday the visitors will be taken by special train on a trip through the Willamette Valley as the guests of the Commercial Club. The hop, prune, walnut and other leading crops of the district will be seen. Corvallis will entertain the delegates over night. On the following day a similar trip will be made to Hood River, where the extensive apple orchards will be inspected.

Hops Soaring.

The price of hops is soaring, and the advance means money in the pockets of the Northwest growers. A repetition of the stirring days of 1904 in the hop trade is promised. Brewers of the world are said to be facing a shortage of hops. The market in Portland has been lifted in a few weeks from 10 to 20 cents. Even old hops command good prices. Offers of 13 cents have been made for the 1908 crop, that a few weeks ago went begging at 5 cents. Short crops in England and Germany are reported to be boosting the price.

Oregon lumbermen will participate quite generally in the semi-annual meeting of the Western Pine Manufacturers' Association at Spokane on August 9. The program is an interesting one and many will go from this state. Among the speakers will be G. J. Ford Pinchot, United States Forester. Conservation and reforestation are subjects that will be discussed, and are of general interest to lumbermen.

Hogs Are High.

Hogs continue to make new records in the Portland market. What is said to have been the highest price ever paid in the United States was realized here during the past week, when \$9.50 was paid for a bunch of fine porkers. Many other sales at better than \$9 per 100 pounds were made in local stockyards. These attractive figures ought to encourage farmers to raise more hogs.

Jacob Kann, pioneer steamboat man, who built the first stern wheel steamer on the Willamette River, is making plans to put a line of steamers on the Upper Columbia and Snake Rivers. He expects to put the steamer Norma in commission above Celilo and the Undine on the lower end of the route. It is thought large quantities of wheat will be secured on the run up the river to Lewiston.

SEA MONSTERS OF OLD.

The Marine Monster That Was Thought to Cause Tidal Waves.

The kraken was one of the sea monsters of old, and if all the stories told about its wondrous size and doings are true it overshadowed the serpent as much as the latter does the common garter snake. An old writer says that this marine giant caused tidal waves by swallowing a goodly part of the waters of the ocean and then belching them out again. He also makes mention of the fact that its gigantic horny beak was often mistaken for mountain peaks suddenly shoved into sight by the internal convulsions of the earth. Bishop Pontoppidan, a truthful member of the Copenhagen Royal academy, is much more conservative in his estimates of its size, giving it as his opinion that they were seldom found more than "the half of an Italian mile in length and not larger in diameter than the cathedral at The Hague."

He also says that its body was frequently mistaken by sailors for an island, "so that people landed upon it and were engulfed in a maelstrom of water when the creature sank to its hidden ocean den." Other authorities testify that its beak from the eyes to the point "was longer than the mainmast of a man-of-war."

The Planet Mercury.

Though Mercury is one of the smallest of the planets, it is perhaps the most troublesome to the astronomer. It lies so close to the sun that it is seen but seldom in comparison with the other great planets. Its orbit is very eccentric, and it experiences disturbances by the attraction of other bodies in a way not yet fully understood. A special difficulty has also been found in the attempt to place Mercury in the weighing scales. We can weigh the whole earth, we can weigh the sun, the moon and even Jupiter and other planets, but Mercury presents difficulties of a peculiar character. Le Verrier, however, succeeded in devising a method of weighing it.

He demonstrated that our earth is attracted by this planet, and he showed how the amount of attraction may be disclosed by observations of the sun, so that from an examination of the observations he made an approximate determination of the mass of Mercury. Le Verrier's result indicated that the weight of the planet was about the fifteenth part of the weight of the earth. In other words, if our earth was placed in a balance and fifteen globes, each equal to Mercury, were laid in the other the scales would hang evenly.—"Story of the Heavens."

When Her Turn Came.

The Journal had taken on a "woman editor," whose duty was to look after the "woman's page." Space being scarce in the "local room," a desk was given her in the managing editor's room, directly adjoining. For a week or two no fault was found with her work, but one morning the managing editor said to her:

"Miss Penfield, your style of writing is a little too terse and epigrammatic for the needs of your department. You must study expansion."

"Very well, Mr. Ringgold," she answered. "I will try."

Thereafter her work appeared to give entire satisfaction, for there was no further criticism. About six months later, however, the managing editor after a morning spent in working at his desk suddenly wheeled in his chair and said:

"Miss Penfield, I want a wife. I want you. Will you marry me?"

"Mr. Ringgold," she responded, with a mocking smile, "that is rather terse and epigrammatic. Don't you think you ought to study expansion a little?"

—Youth's Companion.

A Word of Warning.

"You never proposed to her on your knees" cried the veteran married man in dismay.

"Sure I did; sure," the youth repeated, a glad, proud light shining in his eyes.

"Well," said the veteran, "you'll regret it about twice a week for the rest of your life. After you get married the slightest argument, the first impatient word, will cause your wife to say, 'You weren't like this when you went down on your knees and begged me, with tears in your eyes, to marry you.'"

"It's pretty bad to have an angry wife read out your old love letters reproachfully," said the veteran, "but that is nothing to being reminded of your kneeling proposal every week till you are a great-grandfather."

"You proposed on your knees yourself?" the youth hazarded.

But the veteran frowned and made no reply.—Los Angeles Times.

The Sewing Machine.

The invention of the sewing machine is one of the most interesting evolutionary romances in the history of human progress. Stone, Henderson and Greenough had experimented extensively with the double pincher idea, one to seize the needle below and one above. Hellmann used a double pointed needle, with the eye in the center, and Thimmonier and Ferrand had invented a chain stitch machine. In 1834 Walter Hunt originated the extension arm idea with a needle similar to the one now in general use, but before he applied for his patent in 1854 he had been forestalled by Elias Howe, who will always be known as the inventor of the sewing machine. If Hunt had not been so great a laggard he might have won fame as an inventor, but Howe is entitled to all the credit that has been given him. Like all great inventions, however, the sewing machine was the product of many minds.—New York Tribune.

Throwing the Shoe.

The peasants of southern France have the credit of originating the familiar custom of throwing an old shoe after the newly wedded pair. It was, moreover, the rejected suitor who first made it popular. The peasant bride is conducted by her friends to her new home, while the young husband is made to halt a couple of hundred yards from the house. If there is a rejected suitor he then arms himself with an old wooden shoe and flings it, with his best aim, at the bridegroom as he makes a dash for the house. When the shoe is thrown it is understood that the last feeling of ill will has been flung away with it.

Time Wasted.

Boston Lady—Did you learn anything at the Woman's club? New York Lady—Absolutely nothing. Wish I hadn't gone. I had seen all the gowns before.—New York Life.

A DREAM STORY.

The Startling Vision That Saved the Life of Lady Vernon.

The following dream story is told in "The Story of My Life," by Augustus I. C. Hare. The story was told to Mr. Hare in Rome in 1870.

Lady Vernon dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, crossing the entrance hall, and she awoke with a great start. After awhile she composed herself to sleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, on the middle of the staircase, and she awoke with a great shock. She got up. She thought she could not be quite well, and she took a little sal volatile. At last she fell asleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, standing at her bedroom door, and she awoke in a great terror, and she jumped out of bed, and she said, "I'll have an end of this; I'll have an end of these foolish imaginations." And she rushed to the door, and she threw the door wide open. And there at the door stood the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white nightdress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the floor and rushed off down the staircase and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled, on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon. And he rode away without having murdered her at all, and he was never heard of again.

THERE WAS NO ACCIDENT.

And the Message She Received Was Not a Practical Joke.

She was reclining in a low chair in the drawing room, thinking about her dear Willie, who had been legally her property for the space of three months, when a telegram arrived for her. Hurriedly tearing open the envelope, she scanned the contents, then fell back in a swoon. The message was from her brother in the city and read:

Will run over today. GEORGE.

Her maid at last restored her to consciousness. Her Willie run over! She could not grasp the full significance of it. One thing she would do—go to him at once. So she hastily attired herself and at length reached her brother's office, who, having sent the news, would be able to tell her all about it.

"How is he, and where have they taken him?"

Her brother stared at her stupidly.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense! Tell me where he is."

"Where who is?"

"Why, Willie."

"At his office, I presume. I haven't seen him today."

"Then what does this mean? Isn't he run over? Is this one of your silly jokes?"

George took the telegram from his sister, read his own message, then exploded with laughter. It was a long time before he could convince her that this simple intimation that he would run over and pay her a visit was not a detestable and practical joke.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Talker.

You'll note the man who talks too much is always working round. He never seems to hold the job which some one else has found for him because he's bound to keep his tongue upon the wag and spend his boss' precious time in self bouquets and brag. He stays until his story's told and then told once again, and by this time the boss' ear is overfull of pain, and he is told to take his grip, although the boss feels sad, because he's lost his other grip upon the job he had. And yet he never, never learns, but talks his jobs away, because the habit's grown on him that he must have his say. And so he talks until he dies, up to his waning breath; he's talked his chances all away and talked himself to death.—Boston Herald.

THE TOWN THAT PUSH BUILT

IV.—The Shrewd Dry Goods Man



HERE is the dry goods man who sought the furniture dealer's store and bought some chairs and things he had wanted to buy. Since a catchy ad. had captured his eye, and he paid for them with the very bill that had come to him from the butcher's till after the grocer had his settlement made with the money the honest workman paid.

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

Confessions.

The woman begged the bachelor girl not to go yet awhile. She was so urgent that the girl finally sat down again. Then the two sat perfectly still and silent, looking at each other.

"I know what you are thinking," said the bachelor girl by and by.

"What?" asked the woman.

"That, now you've got me to stay, you wonder why it was you insisted so. You don't know what to do with me or to say to me, now I'm here to stay."

"How did you guess it?" the woman laughed.

"I've felt just that way myself," said the bachelor girl. "Many and many a time."—New York Press.

A Bad Hole to Get Into.

A gentleman was going round a strange golf course with a local caddy, and after playing part of the way he pointed to a rather high wall and inquired, "Is there a hole over there?"

"Yes, sir," replied the caddy solemnly; "there's the cemetery over there. Don't put yourself into a hole there if you can help it."—London Scraps.

His Transformation.

Little Harold, aged six, felt very proud when he donned his first pair of trousers. Taking his three-year-old brother behind the door, he was overheard to say, "Willie, Willie, do you remember me?"—Delineator.

All is not false which at first seems a lie.—Sonthey

Expected Back.

Prisoner—Can I speak with the convict Jack for one moment? Jailer—No; he has just left, after finishing his time. But ask me again in about a week.—Pilegunde Blatter.

Not Her Poss.

Yeast—Does your wife ever sit with her chin resting on her knees? Crimmonbenk—No; my wife seldom sits with her chin resting at all.—Yonkers Statesman.

Take heed of many, advice of few.—Danish Proverb.

For Whom are You Sowing

If you pay house rent for the landlord. If you are paying for your home for yourself and family.

Let us help you reap the reward of the money you have been paying for rent, by building you a home and allowing you to pay for it in easy monthly payments and low rate of interest.

We will furnish money to build Churches, Parsonages, homes or business houses, or pay off debts on real estate. Moneys can be returned any time, thereby stopping interest, or we give you nine years to return any loan, either large or small. We also allow you 3 percent interest on all advance payments. We give you three months grace on all notes without a fine. We can arrange with farmers for annual payments. If these terms suit you, call and see us at the Real Estate Office of

WHITE & TROWBRIDGE, MEDFORD

Daniel S. Walker, Home Office, Roseburg

EL PASO DISCOVERS THAT SHE'S IN MEXICO

MEXICO, Aug. 2.—At the State Department Saturday it was said that an old map had been discovered, showing that the present site of the

city of El Paso was on Mexican soil. Senor Beltran is now in Washington conferring with A. R. Mousmill, and is conferring with Anson Mills, a member of the International Boundary Commission, over the matter.