

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

"THE TRUTHFUL GRAVEYARD."

July Sunset contains an excellent story by the author of "Pigs is Pigs," humorously describing how the civic pride and public spirit of a city was awakened and an era of progress inaugurated by the establishment of "Thompson's Truthful Graveyard."

Thompson, a new arrival, observing the close-fisted, short-sighted narrow and selfish policy of the principal property owners, men who had grown rich in the community, yet would do nothing to upbuild the city, saw that what was needed was a few funerals. Unable to furnish these, he did the next best thing—he started his "truthful cemetery," right across the road from the city's unkempt burial ground.

Every week Thompson planted a white tombstone with the name of a prominent citizen printed in black letters upon it. The place for the truthful epitaph was left blank. Gossip kept busy rehearsing the meannesses of the citizen named, and guessing what truth would be inscribed, and who would be the next to be honored with a tombstone.

When the cemetery was pretty well filled with grave-stones, the daughter of one of the leading citizens, "the worst type of the small town millionaire," who was ill, visited Thompson in an effort to bribe him in case her father died, thinking the epitaphs a blackmailing scheme. He showed her his "model graveyard" with the names of fictitious citizens with epitaphs recording their deeds for the public good. She entered into the spirit of the work, and it was not long before, under her father's name, was painted the following epitaph: "Gave \$10,000 for a Children's Hospital."

The example was contagious, and soon under the names

of other leading citizens were inscribed such epitaphs as the following: "Donated land for factory site," "Gave \$5000 for public library," "Donated railroad right-of-way," "Subscribed \$1000 for cemetery improvement," etc., and the leading citizens began to show such public spirit that the city began to grow, and the era of progress was on.

"Truthful graveyards" could be worked to advantage in many Oregon towns, where funerals are badly needed among the crossbacks, especially in the Willamette Valley towns, where, if the needed funerals actually took place, there would be no leading citizens left, and but few surviving residents.

Indeed a "truthful graveyard" could be worked on a small scale in Medford with profit, as some wealthy citizens, some who have been made rich through the advance in values due to the efforts of others and who have steadily refused cooperation in public efforts, might, through such publicity, be shamed into exhibiting civic pride and public spirit—but thank the Lord there are not many such, fewer than in any community in Oregon, and each year sees their number growing less.

May they ever continue to diminish.

MEDFORD'S GROWTH.

The average annual growth of Medford during the past four years has been 35 per cent. Each year has witnessed an increase of business and an increase in population at that ratio.

It does not make much difference what is taken as a basis of comparison—post office receipts, railroad business, school population, or votes polled, the percentage of annual increase is the same.

Medford has had no boom. Its growth has been steady and substantial and scarcely rapid enough to meet the demand of increased population. No buildings have been erected that were not rented in advance of construction. As a result there are no vacant buildings in the city and it is hard to secure a house to rent.

Owners of business property do not improve rapidly enough to supply the demand. As a consequence, there is a premium upon buildings constructed and a tendency to force rents to an excessive figure, higher than the business warrants. Too many property owners seek to reap profit in the investments made by others which increase the value of their own holdings. But such conditions are not uncommon in growing communities.

If the present ratio of growth is maintained, Medford should have a population of 7000 in January, 1910, of 9500 in 1911, of 12,500 in 1912 and 16,000 in 1913. There is no reason to suppose that this ratio of growth will diminish. Everything on the contrary, points to its increase with the development of the country.

Medford is fairly started, and like a snowball rolling down hill, grows larger all the time. The tributary country is destined to witness a remarkable intensified development, and Medford will keep pace with it.

THE TOWN THAT PUSH BUILT

VI.—The Keen Clothing Dealer



THIS is the clothing dealer who went to the hardware store and freely spent on advertised bargains the very bill. He got from the furniture dealer's till, where it went when the dry goods merchant bought. And paid with the bill that the butcher 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.

Henry Clay's Fame.
 Erskine M. Phelps of Chicago was introduced at Nice to Lord Blank of England. As he was smoking, he said to Lord Blank, "Will you have a cigar?"
 "Thank you, but I smoke only one brand, the Henry Clay."
 "All right; I'll order some," said Mr. Phelps.
 The box was brought. It was embellished with the familiar picture of "Harry of the West." As he took his cigar Lord Blank said, "When old Clay was alive he made a good cigar, but his sons don't keep up his reputation."
 "Henry Clay! Why, he didn't make cigars. He was a statesman and ranked as high with us as Gladstone and John Bright do in your country."
 "I beg your pardon," said the noble lord. "I've smoked these cigars all my life, and I tell you old Clay made a—right better cigar than his boys do!"—Argonaut.

How Victor Hugo Proposed.
 Adele, bolder and more curious than Victor (for she was a girl), wanted to find out what was the meaning of his silent admiration. She said: "I am sure you have secrets. Have you not one secret greater than all?" Victor acknowledged that he had secrets and that one of them was greater than all the rest. "Just like me!" cried Adele. "Well, come, now; tell me your greatest secret, and I will tell you mine." "My great secret," Victor replied, "is that I love you." "And my great secret is that I love you," said Adele, like an echo.—"Love Letters of Victor Hugo."

READ THE TRIBUNE FOR NEWS.

OREGON SCHOOLS SHOW INCREASE

Total School Population of State 160,042 a Year Ago. Shows 166,645 Against

SALEM, Aug. 4.—Lake County, the last county to make annual school report, shows an increase from 1012 to 1186 in the number of children of school age during the past year. The enrollment in the public schools has increased from 630 to 1111, the number of teachers employed from 23 to 31. The average monthly salary of male teachers has decreased from \$83 to \$79, but the average monthly salary of female teachers has increased from \$59 to 62.

Though five counties in the eastern part of the state show a decrease in their school population, the aggregate increase throughout the state has been greater than in any single previous year. The total school population a year ago was 160,042, while this year it is 166,649.

The five counties showing a decrease are Baker, whose school population has declined from 5213 to 5174; Gilliam, whose population was decreased from 1112 to 1089; Morrow, which shows a decrease from 1864 to 1566; Union, showing a decrease from 5492 to 5274, and Wheeler, which shows a decline from 888 to 875.

Other Eastern Oregon counties show increases, some slight, others more perceptible, but the Willamette valley counties and Southern Oregon counties show the most improvement.

Prof. Romanoff in Violin Solos, at the Nash Grill every evening, during dinner. 116



Or "Oscillation?"
 Freddie—Are you fond of motoring?
 Mamie—Oh, yes! And the constant "oscillation" doesn't bother me a bit!

Good Grades - - Right Prices

"NUFF CED"

MEDFORD LUMBER COMPANY

Third Street and Southern Pacific