

# 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:

1 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

### NOT FRIENDS OF SOUTHERN OREGON

Because this paper commented upon the Portland Telegram's discovery of the Rogue river valley as a fruit district and prediction that it would soon be as famous as Hood River, the Telegram asserts "that its liver is wrong."

The Telegram insists that "at frequent intervals for years the excellence and fame of Rogue river fruit has been a favorite topic" with it. If it has, Medford would like to know the "frequent intervals." Rogue river valley fruit has made world's records, yet the editorial columns of the Telegram don't show it. In fact, it was news to the Telegram's editorial writer that we raised pears.

The Telegram has never done anything for Southern Oregon, any more than the Oregonian has, though both papers have had liberal and generous support here. The first money the Medford Commercial Club spent for publicity was with the Telegram, yet when Southern Oregon asked assistance for its normal school and for the Crater Lake highway, the Telegram was silent, even hostile, and the Oregonian killed our normal school.

Though Oregon possesses in Crater Lake what E. H. Harriman pronounces the world's greatest wonder, neither the Telegram nor Oregonian are apparently aware of it. Neither are broad gauged enough to see the tremendous advantage in tourist travel and advertising that the construction of the state highway means to the state. Both are too tinged with the blight of moss-backism.

One of these days the Telegram, which is quicker in exploration than its elder brother, will discover Crater Lake, as it has discovered fruit raising in the Rogue river valley. It may eventually dawn upon it that Southern Oregon, the richest section in natural resources in the state, is entitled to some consideration. Gradually the campaign of education may extend to the pig-headed Oregonian, but by this time Southern Oregon will probably have succeeded and joined Northern California in a state worth while.

### NECESSITY OF CO-OPERATION

The sooner the fruit growers of the Rogue river valley realize the necessity for co-operation, the better for themselves. In no way can the price of orchards be advanced more rapidly than by insuring both small and large growers a square deal in marketing products.

An article in the September Everybody's contains an article on "Co-operation Close to the Soil," which every fruit raiser should read. It tells the history of various fruit growers' exchanges and the beneficial results attending. Among the illustrations is a picture of apple packing in the Snowy Butte orchard.

In 1893 when but 4000 cars of oranges were grown in California, "over production" was the cry. The growers faced bankruptcy. The commission and middlemen took all the profits. The growers received freight bills and the "whole line of go-betweens had a strangle hold on the situation from the packing shed to the Greek's push cart in the back alley of a distant city." Today 31,000 cars of oranges are marketed at a profit, through co-operation, which is described as follows:

"In each town the local association operates its packing houses, and each member's product is credited to him according to the grade which it achieves. Representatives of the association are in every market to protect its interests. An army of inspectors is stationed along every route traversed by its cars, and the system of diverting cars to

avoid overstocked markets and to reach, instead, those needing oranges and lemons, is brought to almost as high a point of efficiency as the operation of trains from a dispatcher's office.

"One year of its work saw production boosted from 4100 carloads to more than 31,000 carloads. It has reduced the selling of citrus fruits to a science—a good orange yield in California today means good profit to the grower and no guesswork about it. It has put the speculator out of the game, and the commission men and the private car lines have to be very, very good, or they don't get any oranges. It distributes this golden product in so scientific a way that the normal demand of every community will be exactly supplied and never oversupplied; and, above all, it persistently plans ahead so that the increase of orange consumption shall always outstrip the increase of population. The organization works as hard in cultivating citrus sentiment throughout the western world as the growers work in cultivating their orchards."

Continuing the article concludes: "Growers should not deceive themselves; no amount of legislation will solve the problem. They must work out their own salvation. Intelligent and consistent cooperation among growers is a constant and postgraduate course in real industrial economy and industrial education. Collective buying means careful buying. The man who buys a little fertilizer for his patch, a few packages for his little crop, will not and cannot make that searching and intelligent investigation into the merits of what the market offers which is given by the man who buys in a big way for many of his neighbors and knows that he will be held accountable for his stewardship. Co-operation in a close, working business association gives to the weak and the timid and the inexperienced the strength and cheer and courage that comes from the knowledge that they are banded together in common interest with the strongest and the most resourceful men in their community. And the best judgment of the best men in the local growers' association is available as a support and guide to novices and to the least resourceful.

"A good, live growers' association is worth more, educationally, to any rural community than a business college. As a social influence it will do more to weld that community into a strong working unit than many a more pretentious agency. It teaches the selfish man to consider his neighbor's interest in common with his own, fosters the spirit of give-and-take to the end of the common good and educates the lax and the slothful to a realization that to grow any crop successfully means to keep in step with the march of progress.

"There is only one final word for the American grower—and that is ORGANIZE. Get together and stand together."

**Why Men's Hats Have a Bow.**  
 A bow is always to be found on the left side of a man's hat. This is a survival of the old days when hats were costly articles. In order to provide against the hat being blown away in stormy weather a cord or ribbon was fastened around the crown, with ends hanging so that they could be fastened to part of the attire or could be grasped by the hand. The ends fell on the left side, of course, as the left hand is more often disengaged than the right. When not required it was usual for the ends to be tied in a bow. The bow became smaller and smaller, but it still remains and is likely to do so as long as men wear hats.

**Transparent Rhubarb.**  
 To be made day before using, cut rhubarb into pieces one-half inch long. Spread on plates and sprinkle with sugar, allowing one-half cupful of sugar to each cupful of fruit. Let all stand overnight. In the morning pour off the juice and boil for ten minutes, drop in the rhubarb, a small portion at a time, and cook until tender. Remove from the sirup as soon as done to preserve shape. Put in a pretty dish.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Underweight.**  
 Brown—That coal dealer of ours got just what was coming to him. Town—How? Brown—Married a girl the other day, thinking that he was getting 140 pounds and got only 98.—St. Louis Times.

**Inquisitive.**  
 "Your husband is of a studious turn of mind, isn't he?"  
 "Yes, indeed. Whenever we have hash he isn't satisfied unless he knows everything that is in it."—Detroit Free Press.

Sutherland Terrace, Oak Grove, Mountain View and Woodlawn Heights additions. Few blocks from City Park on Interurban service. Buy now. Benson Investment Co. 135

**In the Wrong Place.**  
 A one legged Welsh orator named Jones was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him:  
 "How did you come to lose your leg?"  
 "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking up my descent I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it was settled in the left leg, I had it cut off at once."  
 "By the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a very good thing if it had only settled in your head!"—London Mail.

**A Skeleton in Every Closet.**  
 The expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" is said to have its origin in the fact that a soldier once wrote to his mother, who complained of her unhappiness, to have some sewing done for him by some one who had no cares or troubles. At last the mother found a woman who seemed to have no troubles, but when she told her business the woman took her to a closet containing a skeleton and said: "Madam, I try to keep my troubles to myself, but every night I am compelled by my husband to kiss this skeleton, who was once his rival. Think you, then, I can be happy?"

MEDFORD, Or., Aug. 5, 1909.  
 Hall's Texas Wonder, of St. Louis, cured my daughter of a severe kidney and bladder trouble after doctors failed to give any relief, and I can cheerfully recommend it. Mrs. L. L. Wilson, 135 Bartlett St. Sold by Haskins' Drug Store.

There is no place like home, but the Louvre cafe cooking is so near the kind mother used to do that you'll forget your troubles, especially if you are eating some of their famous hot waffles and maple syrup for breakfast.



**Nature Studies.**  
 The Phunibbeak Bird—Hello! Who are you?  
 The Other Bird—Don't you know me? Why, I'm "the harp that once through Tara's halls."  
 The Phunibbeak Bird (shortly)—Oh, tut, tut! You're a lyre! That's what you are.



**Delights of a Week End.**  
 The Sunday morning gardener who insists on showing you over the place.—Harper's Weekly.



**In 1850.**  
 Recognized the Disorder.



"Why does the baby cry so? Is he sick?"  
 "No; I think not."  
 "What is the matter with him, then?"  
 "Just a slight outbreaking of his father's disposition," replied the mother sweetly.

**Alphabetical Time.**  
 An English firm, Higgins & Dodd, finding that there were twelve letters in their name, placed a great clock over their door with the letters on its face instead of numerals.  
 They waited anxiously for days, weeks, hoping for some return, but not a soul took notice of the clock. At last, amid excitement behind the office window, a man was seen to halt in the street and gaze at the clock, puzzled.  
 Slowly he came to the door, entered and drawled, "Say, is it half past Higgins or a quarter to Dodd?"—T. P.'s Weekly.

**Her Bargain.**  
 Wife—Oh, this is awful! These curtains I got at the bargain sale don't match our furniture. Hubby—Return 'em. Wife—I should say not—cheap as I got them? We must have some new furniture at once!—Cleveland Leader.



**Great Expectation.**  
 "Who are these new people that are moving into the house next door?"  
 "I don't know, but I am sure we shall get along splendidly with them. They have unloaded a wheelbarrow and a lawn mower."



**Good Friends.**  
 "You've been here every day to inquire after poor Mue. Tringefort since her dreadful accident?"  
 "Yes, madame."  
 "That's good. Keep on going."



**The Schister Glee Club in Action.**  
 —Bystander.

### DFORD TIME TABLE

#### 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.

#### 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...	9:05 a. m.
No. 3 Arrives Eagle Pt...	3:05 p. m.
No. 4 Leaves Eagle Pt...	4:15 p. m.

#### MAIL CLOSURES.

Northbound	8:55 a. m.	8:10 p. m.
Southbound	9:00 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
Eagle Point		2:00 p. m.

**ASHLAND**  
*Commercial College*

**Swedenburg Block.**

Here is a year's work for you. An earnest and enthusiastic young man or woman can secure an excellent course of business training. Splendid rooms in the Swedenburg block, individual instruction, increased faculty. Everything up-to-date. Enter September 6th and secure the best year's work of your life including our full course in gymnasium work.

**P. RITNEH, A. M., President.**