

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

EVERYBODY BUY A TAG.

Tomorrow is tag day. Everybody ought to buy a tag. Everyone who has the interests of the city at heart will buy a tag or several of them. The ladies of the Greater Medford club will sell the tags and use the money so collected in beautifying the public park. The block west of the present park must be adorned, shade trees planted, fountains installed, the old water tower removed, walks laid out and lawns planted. To do this requires money. The city has none for park purposes, but a dime or two from everybody makes it possible. We are all proud of our park. We owe it to the ladies. The least the rest of us can do is to buy a tag. So don't forget to buy a tag—the ladies will do the rest.

REAL PROOF OF DISCOVERY.

Similar to the rival discoveries of the north pole are the discoveries of Medford and the Rogue River valley and its fruit growing possibilities, first by the Portland Telegram and now by the Portland Oregonian. For years this section has been making world's records in quality, quantity and price of fruit, yet these Portland newspapers have just discovered them.

Horticulture is only one of the several resources of southern Oregon that await similar discovery—most of them dormant for lack of capital, and while Portland drains this country commercially, it does nothing to aid in its development, although there cannot be a dollar spent here that does not find its way back to Portland, and increase the importance of the metropolis.

Perhaps southern Oregon's greatest resource is the scenic wonderland of Crater Lake and its picturesque environment. Eventually this attraction will net more money annually to the state than even the fruit crop, yet the Oregonian has not yet discovered the existence of the mystic lake of magic beauty, and has refused to aid in making it accessible. In fact, beyond cursing the normal school, southern Oregon has attracted but little attention from the twin journals of the tall tower. However, exploration and discovery is the order of the day, and we live in hope.

Cook and Peary didn't see anything worth while except from a cold storage point of view at the north pole. But the Oregonian discovered something really worth while when it discovered the Rogue River valley, even though the exploration was not thorough. As proof of its discovery, the Oregonian has brought back the following scientific observations and records, which ought to convince the most skeptical, and the Oregonian is to be congratulated:

"Given the man and the land, nature will do the rest in the Rogue River valley. Such is the lesson to be learned from the interesting story of Medford orchards, in yesterday's Oregonian. It is an amazing record of success; there are no failures. At least we never hear of the men who do not get along in the raising of fruit in Oregon. It is natural that we should not, since where there are so many opportunities for success and so many sagacious men and women who have seized them, and done well, the small minority who, through indolence or ignorance or ill-luck, have not prospered are silent. We do not mean to say, mind, that there are such unfortunate persons in Oregon, for we do not know of any and do not know anyone who does know of any. We merely assume that there must be

some who have not been able to keep up with the procession, since there are such men in every other pursuit and calling.

"The Medford story is little short of marvelous; yet, after all, there is nothing very wonderful about it. Here is a region singularly adapted to horticulture; with apples, pears and peaches as specialties. The early ventures were not uniformly successful, however, since scientific methods of cultivation and production were not then far advanced, and, yet more important, there was no market. Now all is changed. The luscious fruit of the Rogue River valley has a world-wide name; the battle with the fruit pest has been won; there is a systematic application of approved orchard methods; and the highest intelligence is employed in both packing and marketing. Luck and chance have played very small part in the fortunes of the Rogue River region. Soil and climate have been favorable; but hard work has wrought the miracle. The orchardist who plants his trees, and then sits down to watch them grow, and awaits the buyer to call around for his fruit, will not succeed there, nor anywhere."

If the Oregonian will only extend its explorations and discover the wealth nature has showered upon southern Oregon, it will become an ardent booster of the richest section of the state, instead of being a wet blanket to dampen development.



A Passenger—Ere! Whoa! There's an old bloke fell off the bus! The Conductor—Orl right, sonny. E's paid 'is fare.—Sketch.

Shakespeare on Baseball. I will go root.—"Richard III." Now you strike like the blind man.—"Much Ado About Nothing." Out, I say!—"Macbeth." I will be short.—"Hamlet." Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it!—"Love's Labour's Lost." He knows the game.—"Henry VI." Oh, hateful error!—"Julius Caesar." A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit!—"Hamlet." He will steal, sir.—"All's Well That Ends Well." Whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire.—"Love's Labour's Lost." Let the world slide.—"The Taming of the Shrew." He has killed a fly.—"Titus Andronicus." The play as I remember pleased not the million.—"Hamlet." What an arm he has!—"Coriolanus." They cannot sit at ease on the old bench.—"Romeo and Juliet." Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense.—"King Lear."—Washington Post.

Old Cures. The antiquary took down a little gray book. "Here is a 'family doctor,'" he said, "that was published as far back as 1561. Talk about your quaint prescriptions!" The first prescription, a truly quaint one, ran: "If a man be greved with the falling sickness, let him take a he-wolves harte and make it to powder and use it; but if it be a woman, let her take a she-wolves harte." A 1561 jaundice cure was: "Take earthwormes and cut them small, and braye them with a little wyne so that ye may swallow it; drinke the same fasting." For toothache: "Seeth as many little frogges sitting upon trees as thou canst get, in water; take the fat flowynge from them, and when nede is, anoynt the teth therwyth."

Buying the First Bond. In the lives of most people there are a few moments that are not only big with importance, but remain long in the memory. One of these moments may be the first sight of the ocean; another, when great snow clad mountains first come into view. Still another, though perhaps not quite so romantic, is that time when the average man or woman draws his or her savings out of a bank and buys the first bond.—Moody's Magazine.

Sensitive Salmon. "Splendid color, isn't it?" asked a fishmonger as he cut a pound or two of salmon for a customer. "Yes," replied the latter, "looks as if it were blushing at the price you ask for it!"—London Scraps.

Dining Room of a Circus. The discipline of an army reigns supreme in circus life, and it is always interesting to watch how the thousand or more people of such an organization are fed three meals a day without a hitch and as silently as in a big hotel. The grass serves as a carpet, and the forty or more waiters move quickly in and out. The kitchen tent is completely equipped with pastry ovens, warming tables, steam vats for stewing, steam urns for coffee and tea, boiling ovens and numberless other cooking utensils. The force of cooks numbers sixteen, including the three which tend the campfire, at which nothing but soup is prepared. The ranges fold up and are carried in wagons, and the tents are lighted with electricity at night. It is not unusual to serve as many as 5,000 pancakes for breakfast, and 600 loaves of bread are used each day, in addition to crackers and biscuit. The meat consumed each day is somewhere near 1,000 pounds. Such provisions as celery, young onions, strawberries, radishes, melons, etc., are bought in each town, often cleaning out the entire market. An advance agent of the commissary department keeps well in advance of the show, contracting for its supplies for man and beast.—Popular Mechanics.

A Craving For Sweets. Advocating the use of sweet fruits, preserves, sugar and good candy by children, Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success says that a craving for sweets is nature's call for the substance which is "a full blown member of the great trinity of nutrient materials, sugar (carbohydrate), meat (protein) and fat. Sugar is wood, coal, gasoline for the muscle engine. Every time the tiny engine gives one of its rhythmic explosions—that is to say, when a muscle contracts—a certain amount of sugar is burned up. It is fortunate for people whom a mistaken conscience deprives of sweets that the human body can manufacture sugar out of many foods, out of meat, milk, vegetables and grains; otherwise the body would go into the desperate business of manufacturing sugar out of its own tissues, which is precisely what diabetics did in the days when this disease was supposed to be due to too much sugar in the food and physicians tried to cure it by cutting sweets and sweetmakers out of the patient's diet.

The Lost Donkey. In Turkey they tell stories about Nasr-ed-Din and his donkey. Once upon a time when the donkey was lost Nasr-ed-Din went about seeking it, at the same time giving thanks as he went. "Why do you give thanks?" asked his friend. "I see no cause for thankfulness." "Cause enough!" was the prompt reply. "Why, man alive, if I had been along with that donkey I'd have been lost too!"—New York Tribune.

Use For the Anchor. "Captain," remarked the nuisance on shipboard who always asks foolish questions, "what is the object in throwing the anchor overboard?" "Young man," replied the old salt, "do you understand the theory of seismic disturbances? Well, we throw the anchor overboard to keep the ocean from slipping away in the fog."

Oh! "How did you act when he proposed?" "I sank gracefully on one knee." "How ridiculous! What in the world did you sink on your knee for?" "On his knee, not mine."—Houston Post.



"A man learns to do by doing," remarked the moralizer. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and also by being done."

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. I. Wilson, 135 Bartlett St. Sold by Haskins' Drug Store.

The Nash Grill is open day and night—the finest services between Portland and San Francisco.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Harness Saddles
Whips Robes
Tents Blankets
Wagon Sheets
Axle Grease and
Gall Cure
ALL KINDS OF CUSTOM WORK
J. C. Smith
314 E. Main

DFORD TIME TABLE

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/Arrives 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.



Mr. Investor—Have you seen the modern home—seven rooms in the space and cost of four rooms; iceless refrigerator, built-in buffets and dressers; cabinet kitchen.

J. A. McINTOSH, Architect,
Third Floor Medford National Bank Building.

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. RITNER, A. M., President.