## 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:

One year, by mail ..........\$5.00One month by mail or carrier .\$0.50

The Tribune is for sale by Hotel P ortland News Stand, Portland, Or. Ferry News Etand, San Francisco, Cal.

### THE "ASSEMBLY."

Frantic efforts are being made through the Oregonian and other organs of the smashed republican machine to discredit the direct primary law and popularize the "assembly."

Stripped of buncomb and twaddle, the "assembly" is simply a restoration of the political convention, and corrupt machine rule.

The political convention is always dominated by the "machine," and the "machine" by the "boss," and the boss by the corporations. States are made before the convention is called to order, and delegates, like puppets, ratify selections made by the "boss," and the proceedings are a hollow farce.

The political convention (and the assembly is the convention by another name) is founded upon corruption-Money is necessary to keep the organization intact, and the money is forthcoming in the shape-of campaign contributions from corporations only in return for special legislation or protection of corporate interests.

Recognizing corruption as the source of the political machine power, and the life blood of conventions, the people of Oregon have abolished conventions and taken back into their own hands the power of selecting candidates for

Will the people of Oregon listen to the wail of discredited politicians, and surrender their rights to the politician?

Will the people of Oregon become, like the people of so many states, helpless to select their own candidates and forced to choose those that organized corruption offer

Will the many delegate their rights and powers to the few, so that the few may fatten at the expense of the many? That is the aim, object and purpose of the "assembly."

We think not. Though the direct primary has hardly as yet had a fair trial in Oregon, there is no reason to feel alarmed of its results. Honest men have been elected and no taint of scandal besmirches their fair name, as in the sister states of Washington and California, where the convention system holds full sway and where United States senators and governors are chosen by the Great Northern and the Southern Pacific instead of by the people.

## NORTHERN PACIFIC IGNORANCE.

The Northern Pacific has issued some very attractive booklets on the northwest, calculated to stimulate travel and immigration to the Pacific slope.

The outline map in the pamphlet entitled "Eastward through the Storied Northwest," omits Medford altogether from the list of points on the railroad and connections. Crater Lake is not even shown as a point of interest.

The other booklets contain a more elaborate map showing the Northern Pacific system. Medford and Grants Pass are shown and Crater Lake is placed on a branch railroad from Roseburg.

As a railroad from Roseburg to Crater Lake is a physical impossibility, it might be well if the Northern Pacific should study the northwest a little before advertising its scenic attractions, particularly as Hill is building railroads in Oregon and presumed to be the power back of the Pacific & Eastern.

# FINE DISPLAY MADE

OREGON CITY, Or., Sept. 29. -The real estate firm of O. W. Eastfair in its office in the Bank of Oregon City building, and R. E. Woodward, a member of the company, has secured samples of agricultural products that are exciting much admira- October 4 October 4. October 4. tion. William Etters, who lives in the

His prize vegetable is a head of cab-OF FARM PRODUCTS bage that weighs 28 pounds. He has

a Burbank potato weighing 41/2 pounds, and har an Early Rose that will go nearly as strong. Huge carman & Co. has a miniature county rots, parsnips and sweet and field corn make up a remarkable exhibit, of which Mr. Hall is justly proud.

# To Chicago and Return.

Ten days allowed going trip, renorth end of the city, has several turning tickets good until November stalks of sweet corn 15 feet in height. 30. Round trip \$82.40. For partieuand Charles Hal of Meadowbrook lars, enquire at the local office or ad-over twisted high heels and were brought in a display this morning that dress A. S. Rosenbaum, S. P. Co. structure to colish. Her hat would would take premiums in any exhibit. Agent, Medford, Or.

# THE

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by S. S. McClure Co.] RED haired, unshaven, untidy man sat in a rocking chair by a window. He had just lighted a pipe and was puffing blue clouds with great satisfaction. He had removed his shoes and donned a pair of blue, faded carpet slippers. With the morbid thirst of the confirmed drinker, he awkwardly folded back the pages of an evening paper, eagerly gulping down the strong, black headlines, to be followed is a chaser by the milder details of the smaller type.

In an adjoining room a woman was sooking supper. Odors from strong bacon and boiling coffee contended against the cut plug fumes from the

respertine pipe.
Outside was one of those crowded streets of the east side in which as twilight falls Satan sets up his re-cruiting office. A mighty host of chiliren danced and ran and played in the street. Above the playground forever hovered a great bird. The bird was known to humorists as the stork. But the people of Chrystie street were better ornithologists. They called it a

A little girl of twelve came up timidly to the man reading and resting by window and said:

"Papa, won't you play a game of checkers with me if you aren't too

The red baired, unshaven, untidy man sitting shoeless by the window answered, with a frown:

"Checkers! No; I won't. Can't a little rest when he comes home? Why don't you go out and play with the other kids on the sidewalk?"

The woman who was cooking came to the door.

"John," she said, "I don't like for Lizzie to play in the street. They learn too much there that ain't good for 'em. She's been in the house all day long. It seems that you might give up a little of your time to amuse her when you come home."

"Let ber go out and play like the rest 'em if she wants to be amused.' said the red haired, unshaven, untidy man, "and don't bother me."

"You're on," said Kid Mullaly. "Fifty dollars to \$25 I take Annie to the lance. Put up."

The Kid's black eyes were snapping with the fire of the baited and chal-He drew out his "roll" slapped five tens upon the bar. The three or four young fellows who were "taken" more slowly produced their stake.

"And, oh, what'll be done to you'll be a-plenty," said a bettor, with anticipatory glee.

sternly. "Fill 'em up all around,

After the round Burke, the Kid's sponge, sponge holder, pal, mentor and grand vizier, drew him out to the bootblack stand at the saloon corner, where all the official and important matters of the Small Hours Social club were settled

"Cut that blond out, Kid," was his advice, "or there'll be trouble. What do you want to throw down that girl of yours for? You'll never find one that'll freeze to you like Liz has. She's worth a hall full of Annies.

"I'm no Annie admirer!" said the Kid, dropping a cigarette ash on his polished toe and wiping it off on Tony's shoulder. "But I want to teach Liz a lesson. She thinks I belong to her. She's been bragging that I daren't speak to another girl. Liz is all right-in some ways. She's drinking a little too much lately. And she uses language that a lady oughtn't."

"Sure. We'll get married next year, maybe."

"I saw you make her drink her first glass of beer," said Burke. "That was two years ago, when she used to come down to the corner of Chrystle bareheaded to meet you after supper. She was a quiet sort of a kid then and couldn't speak without blushing."

"She's a little spltfire sometimes now," said the Kid. "I hate jealousy. That's why I'm going to the dance with Annie. I'll teach her some sense." "Well, you better look a little out," were Burke's last words. "If Liz was my girl and I was to sneak out to a dance coupled up with an Annie I'd want a suit of chain armor on under my gladsome rags, all right."

Through the land of the stork-vulture wandered Liz. Her black eyes searched the passing crowds fierlly, but vaguely. Now and then she hummed bars of foolish little songs.

Liz's skirt was green silk. Her waist was a large brown and pink plaid, well fitting and not without style. She were a cluster of rings of huge imitation rubies and a locket that banged her knees at the bottom of a silver chain. Her shoes were run down

scarcely have passed into a flour bar-

The "family entrance" of the Blue cafe received her.

"Whisky, Tommy," she said as her sisters farther uptown murmur, 'Champagne, James. "Sure, Miss Lizzie! What'll the

chaser be?" "Seltzer. And, say, Tommy, has the

Kid been around today?" "Why, no, Miss Lizzle, I haven't aw him today."

"I'm lookin' for 'm," said Liz after the chaser had spurted under her nose. 'It's got to me that he says he'll take Annie Karlson to the dance. Let him. The pink eyed white rat! I'm lookin for 'm. You know me, Tommy. Two years me and the Kid 've been engaged. Look at that ring. Five hundred be said it cost. Let him take her to the What'll I do? I'll cut his heart out. Another whisky, Tommy,

"I wouldn't listen to no such reports, Miss Lizzie," said the waiter smoothly from the narrow opening above his chin, "Kid Mullaly's not the guy to throw a lady like you down. Seltzer on the side?"

"Two years," repeated Liz, softening little to sentiment under the magic of the distiller's art. "I always used to play out on the street of evenin's 'cause there was nothin' doin' for me at home. For a long time I just sat on doorsteps and looked at the lights and the people goin' by. And then the Kid came along one evenin' and sized me up, and I was mashed on the spot for fair. The first drink he made me take

I cried all night at home and got a lickin' for makin' a noise. And nowsay, Tommy, you ever see this Annie Karlson? If it wasn't for peroxide the chloroform limit would have put her out long ago. Oh, I'm lookin' for 'm. You tell the Kid if he comes in. I'll cut his heart out. Another whisky,

A little unsteadily, but with watchful and brilliant eyes, Liz walked up the avenue toward the Small Hours Social club,

At 9 o'clock the president, Kid Mullaly, paced upon the floor with a lady on his arm. As the Lorelet's was her hair golden. Her "yes" was softened to a "yah." but its quality of assent was patent to the most Milesian ears. She stepped upon her own train and blushed, and-she smiled into the eyes of Kid Mulinly.

And then as the two stood in the middle of the waxed floor the thing happened to prevent which many lamps are burning nightly in many studies and libraries.

Out from the circle of spectators in the hall leaped Fars in a green silk skirt under the nom de guerre of Liz. Her eyes were hard and blacker than jet. She did not scream or waver. unwomanly she cried out one oath, the Kid's own favorite oath and in his own deep voice, and then while the Small Hours Social club went frantically to pieces she made good her boast to Tommy, the waiter-made good as far as the length of her knife blade and the strength of her arm permitted.

Liz ran out and down the street swift and true as a woodcock flying through a grove of saplings at dusk

And then followed the big city's biggest shame, handed down from a long ago century of the basest barbarity-the bue and cry. Nowhere but in the big cities does it survive, and here most of all, where the ultimate perfec tion of culture, citizenship and alleged

superiority joins bawling in the chase They pursued, a shricking mob of fathers, mothers, lovers and maidens, howling, yelling, calling, whistling, crying for blood.

Knowing her way and hungry for her surcease, she darted down the familiar ways until at last her feet struck the dull solidity of the rotting pler. And then it was but a few more panting steps, and good mother East river took Liz to her bosom, soothed her muddly, but quickly, and settled in the Great. He answered, 'A czar of five minutes the problem that keeps lights burning o' nights in thousand of "You're engaged, ain't you?" asked pastorates and colleges.

> It's mighty funny what kind of dreams one has sometimes. Poets call them visions, but a vision is only a dream in blank verse. I dreamed the rest of this story.

> I thought I was in the next world and there was a great crowd of us outside the courtroom where the judgments were going on. And every now and then a very beautiful and imposing court officer angel would come outside the door and call another case in a loud voice.

While I was considering my own wordly sins and wondering whether there would be any use of my trying to prove an alibi by claiming that I lived in New Jersey the builtff angel came to the door and sang out, "Case No. 99,852,743!"

Up stepped a plain clothes manthere were lots of 'em there, dressed exactly like preachers and hustling us spirits around just as cops do on earth -and by the arm he dragged-whom. do you think? Why, Liz!

The court officer took her inside and closed the door. I went up to Mr. Fly Cop and inquired about the case

"A very sad one," says he, laying the points of his manicured fingers together-"an utterly incorrigible girl. I am special terrestrial officer, the Rev.

Some say that Archimedes made the first wheel clock as early at 200 B. C. Others give credit to Wallingford, who fived so late as the beginning of the fourteenth century. But the most perfect water clocks were, long before the latter period, furnished with wheels so that the only improvement was the substitution of a solid body to act as a moving weight instead of water. It is not to be wondered at that the application of a weight to clocks as a moving power should attract so little attention, as water and sand were undoubtedly thought more convenient by contemporary writers. The oldest com plete clock moved by weights is prob ably that sent by the sultan of Turker to Frederick II. in 1232. In the thir teenth century many of the church steeples in Italy were furnished with clocks moved by weights, which struck the hours. Hele of Nuremberg is supto have constructed the first watch in 1500, and to him must also be given the credit of the spring clock The fusee was probably invented in England about the end of the six teenth century. But it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the pendulum was first applied to clocks by Huyghens.

Boar Hunting In Brittany. Boar hunting in Brittany is full of exciting incidents, and the boars seldom die unavenged, for, though they are beset by mounted hunters and peasantry on foot armed with guns, the lifeblood of many a hound is drawn before the savage old tusker ylelds up his life. His dangerous pov ers of offense cease only with his last gasp. Though the grip of the buildog, horns and the cries of the beaters may force him from his lair to seek refuge in flight, that withdrawal may be set down rather to prudence and disgust than to any fear. When at last he is brought to bay, with his back against a rock or a tree trunk, he is ready to defy a host. Met in a narrow alley of the forest, neither man nor horse can withstand the avalanche his onset. Not infrequently the hunter who loves his bounds will feel but little triumph even in the death of many boars if, having begun the season with a large pack, he ends it with a miserable remnant, having left at his best and bravest dogs on the field of battle.

Two Ways of Telling It. Once upon a time a Persian king is his sleep dreamed that all of his teeth fell out before him, one by one. ummoned a soothsayer and asked him to interpret the dream

The soothsayer said, "O king, the meaning of thy dream is that thy family and relatives shall die in thy resence, one by one, till all are gone. The king was very angry at that and sent the soothsayer at once to

Then he sent for another soothsayer and again asked for an interpretation of the dream.

The soothsayer made answer, ding, the interpretation of thy dream s that thy family and relatives shall die, one by one, and thou thyself shall outlive them all.'

With this answer the king showed approval and commanded that a present be given to the interpreter and that he should be sent home bonor.

Exception to the Rule.

"I have a boy in my school of whom am very fond," said a New York teacher smilingly, "but I fear to think what his future may be.

"Indeed? Does he evince—er-crim-inal tendencies?" some grave person who had missed the smile inquired.
"Well, I am afraid he may become a

writer for funny papers," the teacher suggested tentatively. "You see, was having a history review one day. the Great. He answered, 'A czar of Russia.'"

"And was there more than one Peter the Great?" I asked.

"He appeared to ponder for a mo ment and then replied, 'No. Miss Mary, that was a case in which history didn't re-Pete itself." "-Judge.

Jones. The case was assigned to me The girl murdered ber flance and committed suicide. She had no defense My report to the court relates the facts in detail, all of which are substantiated by reliable witnesses. The wages

of sin is death. Praise the Lord!" The court officer opened the door and stepped out.

"Poor giri!" said Special Terrestrial Officer the 'tev. Jones, with a tear in his eye. 't was one of the saddest cases that I ever met with. Of course she was"-"Discharged," said the court officer.

Come here, Jonesy. First thing you know you'll be switched to the potple squad. How would you like to be on the missionary force in the south sea islands-bey? Now, you quit making these false arrests or you'll be trans-ferred-see! The guilty party you've got to look for in this case is a red haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window reading in his stocking feet while his children play in the streets. Get a move on you!"

Now, wasn't that a silly dream?

SONG OF THE MOTORIST.

OH. I am an auto-mo-bil-lst,
And I sail the bounding pike!
I give my high geared wheels a twist
And go wherever I like.
I bound along o'er the country roads.
Past fresh green fields and farms.
And with what joy my heart explodes
As I breast the thank-you-marms!

I strew the way with butter and eggs I strew the way with butter and egg
When I hit a grocer's eart.
And once in awhite a grocer's legs
And the grocer come apart.
To smash bang into a load of hay
And scatter it left and right,
With a yeave-ho-ho and tara-di-ay,
Is a source of sheer delight.

No care have I of the sort that chills The man who is soon to "bust." Whenever I note my unpaid bills I go out and raise the dust. I raise it here, and I raise it there Till it reaches the spreading skies. And I find enough and plenty more

To throw in my creditors' eyes. it's ho for my trusty automobile And hi for my bounding pike! Let others rave over the borse and

The tame and the arduous bike et others rave o'er the brigantine That plows through the realm of 's for me the car of gasoline
With its glorious honk-honk!
—Washington Time

Cause For Surprise "My dear, I'm afraid that our Willie is a somnambulist," said the fond

"What's be doing now?"

"Well, last night I heard a noise in his room, and I crept in, and there was Willie walking about. I followed him, and he went downstairs, picked up the lawn mower and the pruning book and broom and was starting out the door when I stopped him."

"He did that while he was asleep?" "Indeed he did, and when I wakened him he couldn't remember a thing How in the world do you explain it?"

"Oh, that's all right. Don't worry It's funny, of course, but if he had done it while awake it would have been a blamed sight more unusual."-New York Hernid

The Optimist. Rodrick-What are you looking so

our about, old man? Van Albert-Why, confound it, the moths got into my overcoat, and it is

Rodrick-Oh, cheer up!

Van Albert-What is there to be Rodrick-Why, don't you know peekaboo overcoats may be worn this win-

ter.--Chicago News

A Marked Difference. Post-I don't see the difference be tween playing bridge for prizes and

gambling for money. Parker-There's a lot. When you play for money you get something worth having. - St. Louis Post-Dis-

All the Same.

"My dear, suppose we take the chil-dren to the zoo today." "Why, John, you promised to take

them to mother's." "All right, if it's all the same to the children."-Browning's Magazine.

The Aunt. Sally seems woefully Polly-Aunt downcast tonight. Jennie-Yes, poor thing! She hasn't

been able to get her feelings hurt at

any time today.-Indianapolis Journal. Subject to Conditions.



Gimlet-Fibbs claims to have caught a catfish weighing fifty pounds down in the creek, does he? Well, it's safe to say he's lying to the extent of about forty pounds

Hammer-Not if he hears you say it.

Emergency Rations. Wi kwire-Looking for another hand-

Wenry Watkins-We don't call 'em handouts now. They's "emergency rations." - Indianapolls Journal.

A Distinction.

Prospective Tenant-How many families does this apartment building accommodate?

Truth Loving Landlord-It has room for forty-two.-Puck

What He Said.

"Botsford never has much to say." "Why, I thought he talked a great den17"

"I said he never has much to say."-Brooklyn Eagle.