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THE NEW ROAD LAW.

The time is approaching for localities desiring good roads to take advantage of the new state law permitting road districts to vote a tax for general road purposes. Under the old statute, when a tax was voted, it was held to be a special tax and could be used for no other purpose than that for which it was voted, and if it proved insufficient for such purpose, a second levy was required. Districts requiring larger funds than yielded by the county apportionment can create it and use it one any or all roads in the districts.

The new law requires the district meetings to be held in December and provides that the signatures of 10 per cent of the taxpayers of the district are required to call the meeting. The statute reads as follows:

"The taxpayers of any road district, in any county of this state, may vote an additional tax for road purposes, providing at least ten per cent of the taxpayers of said district shall give notice by posting notices in three public places in said road district, and one in courthouse, and publish one notice three weeks in one weekly newspaper of general circulation, signed by at least ten per cent of the taxpayers of said road district, giving the time, place and object of said meeting, which meeting shall be held in the month of December, and at the time of said meeting it shall be organized by the election of a chairman and secretary, and at such meeting they may by a majority vote of such taxpayers, levy such additional tax as they may deem advisable to improve the roads of said district, and if a tax be levied it shall be the duty of said chairman and secretary to certify to the county clerk of such county, prior to January 1st, the levy so made by the taxpayers of said district, and that the county clerk shall compute and extend said levy on the assessment roll for that year the same as other taxes are extended, and it shall be the duty of the tax collector to proceed to collect said taxes in money the same as any other taxes are collected, and turn the same over to the county treasurer in the same manner and at the same time he pays over other taxes collected by him, and shall be credited and kept by the treasurer to the account of the road district making such levy."

Vulture and Rattler.

An odd battle between a California vulture and a rattlesnake was witnessed in the Cocopah mountains of Lower California. It was in the early morning. The big bird had seized the snake behind the head and was struggling upward with its writhing, deadly burden. The snake's captor appeared aware that its victim was dangerous. The burden was heavy, as the reptile was nearly five feet long.

The grip of the bird on the snake's body was not of the best. The snake seemed to be squirming from its captor's talons, at least sufficiently to enable it to strike. Its triangular head was seen to recoil and dart at the mass of feathers.

It did this once or twice, and then with a shriek the vulture dropped its prey. The bird was probably 500 feet or so above the observers. The astonished men were then treated to a spectacle seldom seen. Few birds but a vulture could accomplish such a feat.

The instant the snake escaped from the bird's clutches it dropped earthward like a shot, and like a shot the bird dropped after it, catching it in midair with a grip that caused death. At any rate, the snake ceased to wriggle, and the vulture soared away to a mountain peak to devour its hard earned meal.

The Retort Courteous.

"George, asked if your beautiful color was your own, and of course, dear, I had to tell him no."

"Yes, George taxed me with it, and I told him it was true—I had borrowed some of your supply."—Baltimore American.

One Argument.

Editor—Will you give me a single reason why I should accept your stuff? Poet—I can. If you used it you could keep the stamps I inclose for its return.—Cleveland Leader.

Played it to the Limit.

Many writers have declared that an Irish gentleman's hospitality is unlimited, but this is a slight exaggeration, as is shown by a story borrowed from a book of Irish memories.

Jerry McCarrie was often the guest of friends who on account of his pleasant ways extended to him that sort of old Irish hospitality which enabled a visitor in my own family who came for a fortnight to stay for six years.

In McCarrie's case the visit stretched to nearly double that time. After eight or nine years, however, his kinsman got a little tired of his guest and let him know of his old mansion's proposed renovation and that he had signed a contract for having it painted from garret to cellar.

"By George," said Jerry, "it's fortunate that I don't object to the smell of paint, and it will be well to have some one to keep an eye on the painters now that the wall fruit is ripening."

Some months passed. Then his host informed him that he was going to be married, adding, "I thought I'd tell you in good time, so that you could make leisurely preparations to go, as the lady and you may not hit it off as well as you and I do."

With fearful eyes Jerry grasped his cousin's hand, saying:

"Oh, Dan, dear, you have my hearty thanks for your consideration; but, dear, dear boy, surely if you can put up with her I can."

"The Picnic Stretch."

Though a brilliant conversationalist, George Meredith had, of course, his silent moods, and he happened to be in one of them at a certain picnic. Next to him sat a lady, herself a good talker, who had been looking forward to this meeting for days and, it may be guessed, preparing for it—in vain. The only sentence that passed his lips was when he reached slightly across her for the salt—"Excuse the picnic stretch."—Manchester Guardian.

TOWER OF LONDON.

The Perfect System by Which Its Treasures Are Guarded.

The Tower of London has the most perfect system of burglar alarms that has yet been devised.

From Scotland Yard, from the governor's headquarters and from other places known only to a few responsible officials the whole Tower can be closed electrically within a few seconds. Even the ponderous gates at the middle tower, which weigh some tons and through which visitors pass, swing to automatically, and the escape of every one within is instantly barred. At the same time an alarm bell rings to warn wardens, police and soldiers.

In particular the precautions in the apartment containing the crown jewels are of a most scientifically elaborate kind. One of the beefeaters on duty in the room has merely to press a button, whereupon the heavy door closes, the alarm bell below rings, the outer gates slam to and lock, and every person within the tower is instantly cut off from the outer world.

"The man who can get away with any of the crown jewels deserves them," observed a Tower official. "From where I am standing I could close every important door and gate in the Tower in as short a time as it takes to utter these words."

It was mainly to insure the safety of the crown jewels that the system was installed.

No order had been issued for the closing of the Tower on a recent Saturday when, greatly to their alarm, the visitors found doors locked, bolted and barred against them for about ten minutes, preventing any one leaving the Tower.

"The Tower simply closed—that is all," remarked an official. "Who caused it to do so we do not know. It might have been Scotland Yard, where the pressing of a button would imprison every soul within the Tower until the police gave the signal for their release, or it might have been the governor, anxious to learn whether we were all at our posts. At any rate, it was none of the minor officials."

"In fact, who closed the Tower and why is a secret known only to the highest authorities. There was no alarm, no attempt to seize the crown jewels."—London Mail.

MADE THE MOST OF IT.

Clever Tactics When William Quit Using Tobacco.

An excerpt from Doris' letter: "And, oh, Will, if you weren't the dearest boy! You often told me that you would do anything in the world for me, and now you write for my sake you've quit smoking. I'll have to wait until I see you to tell you what a dear I think you are."

From Janis: "You write that out of consideration for me you have stopped smoking for good. That was just lovely of you, William, and you may depend that I greatly appreciate it."

From Phyllis: "Billy, boy, it's just ripping! You're the dandy kid! Just to think that you would swear off using the weed just for me! It was mighty dear of you, Billy, and it makes me all the more keen for you."

From Marjorie: "To think that you've quit smoking, William! I was so surprised! Of course I always knew that you care for me, but to think that, as you say, you've made this sacrifice on my account—why, it's positively noble of you!"

From his mother: "Will, my son, this proves your love for me. Father is including a check to show that he appreciates the fact that you think enough of your parents to give up smoking for them."

From his doctor: "Your letter advising me that you have obeyed my orders and stopped the use of tobacco is at hand. As I said, your compliance ***."—Pack.

A Legal Query.

Tired of the long winded oratory of the attorney for the defense, the judge interrupted him.

"Mr. Sharke," he said, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, your honor. What is it?"

"Language," said the judge, "we are told, is given to conceal thought or words to that effect. Inasmuch as you don't seem to have any thought to conceal, I would like to know why you are talking?"

The One Who Knew.

"Elijah," said the judge to the defendant, "you have had a fair trial. The prosecuting attorney has shown by circumstantial evidence that cannot be gainsaid that you were in Mr. Brown's chicken coop on the night that his hens disappeared, and your attorney in his speech has practically admitted that the theory of the prosecution is true. Have you anything to say before the court pronounces its decision?"

"Judge," said Elijah, rising politely, "all I's got to say is dis, I don't know much about de law, but I does know heabsay evvidence isn't good, an' all dese lawyehs says is heabsay. I oughter know, foh I uz de only man in that chicken coop dat night, an' I's denied it raight erlong."—Chicago Post.

To Chicago and Return.

October 4 October 4, October 4.

Ten days allowed going trip, returning tickets good until November 30. Round trip \$82.40. For particulars, enquire at the local office or address A. S. Rosenbaum, S. P. Co. Agent, Medford, Or.

Kelvin as Damocles.

A characteristic always of Lord Kelvin was his absolute faith in figures, and this ruling passion once led to his experiment as a Damocles. When he once solved a problem in mathematics, he was willing to stake upon its correctness not only his reputation, but, if necessary, his life. Taking an immense heavy cannon ball, he calculated with the utmost accuracy the size of the smallest wire which would bear the weight of the load of iron. He then procured a length of wire of just the requisite strength and to prove the truth of his figuring had the cannon ball suspended over his lecturing platform at the very spot where it would be most likely to strike and crush him should the wire give way, and it remained there for weeks.

Love.

Properly there is only one verb for love. It is not "amo." It is not "almer." It is not the softest Italian verb. No printed language of man knows it. But the violin knows it, and the wild bird knows it; even the sea knows it. The rose is it, and the moon is it, and the look of a man's eyes into a woman's is it, and the look of a woman's eyes back again is it. But no man or woman can say it in any language that endures—"Love Letters of the King."

The Town of Bushire.

Residents of a miserable seaport on the Persian gulf called their town Bushire (Boosheer). It has narrow, dirty, ill paved streets. The city is visited by earthquakes and simoons and stints its children of wholesome air and fresh water. It appears, however, to have enjoyed high repute among the ancient Elamites, who have left buried about under mouldering heaps bricks with cuneiform inscriptions. In summer the citizens of Bushire live in a heat that is almost unbearable.

A Good Example.

Father (in a lecturing mood)—You never heard of a man getting into trouble by following a good example. Son (incorrigible)—Yes, sir, I have—the counterfeiter.—Boston Transcript.

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.

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