

# MEDFORD DAILY TRIBUNE

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## THE PORTLAND HOG AND TAFT.

The Portland hog was never more in evidence than during the visit of President Taft.

The nation's chief executive arrived Saturday morning and was kept in Portland until Sunday evening, when he was whisked out of the state in the darkness.

The only part of Oregon the president saw was Portland. He traveled through Washington, making numerous stops and speeches, but saw nothing of Oregon except the metropolis.

Probably the president thinks that there is nothing worth while seeing in Oregon, as no effort was made to acquaint him with the state.

The studious contempt shown for Oregon by Portland was reflected in the entertainment given Mr. Taft. Only Portlanders were eligible for participation in the sacred ceremonials arranged. Representatives from eastern, southern, central and western Oregon were barred from meeting the chief magistrate. Even the governor of Oregon was omitted from the list until the eleventh hour. All other state officials were ignored.

The two rival factions in the republican party, each jealous of the other, have made themselves the laughing stock of the state in their fear that someone besides themselves would secure recognition and in their petty selfishness and meanness have injured Oregon.

The ignoring of Oregon by the Portland hog is not new—it is a habit. It is simply a reflection of the life-long spirit of the metropolis—that drains all the state and does nothing to develop it—a spirit we had been led to hope was a thing of the past—but the leopard cannot change its spots, or the Portland hog its swinish proclivities.

No wonder eastern Oregon wants to secede and join Idaho in a new state, and that southern Oregon is talking secession and the creation of a new state with northern California. Portland has convinced the president and proved to the world that in her own estimation she is Oregon—the whole thing, and that the rest of the state is unworthy of consideration or attention, not worth while even being seen by daylight, but a desert to be traversed in the night.

## THE SAWMILL'S BOOKS.

They Needed Not an Auditor, but a Mathematical Carpenter.

Biffkins froze me with a stare. "I remember," he went on, calmly ignoring my interruption, "one time when I was hired to keep books for a sawmill way up north. 'Twas six days by log wagon from ever' place except in the infernal regions, the same being a quarter of a mile away, straight down. The durned simpleton they sent down to Nigger Wool settlement after me had so much business with a roulette dealer that he forgot to tell me to get some office supplies, so when we got to camp I found that the principal equipment of my palatial 6 by 8 business apartment consisted of three lumber crayons, slightly shop worn, and a last year's almanac. I got some smooth pine boards and kept my books on them with chalk."

"How did it work?" I asked, interested in spite of myself.  
 "Like a charm," grinned Biffkins, "until the foreman of gang 1 got on a drunk one night an' slept in the office an' used up fourteen pages of the general ledger fer kindlin' wood the next mornin'. The company sent up an auditor to check over my books, but he went back plumb disgusted. Told 'em they didn't need an auditor—what they wanted was a carpenter who was handy at figgers. An' that reminds me!" —Bookkeeper.

## FLOATING STORES.

Merchandise Steamers of the Muskoka Lake Country in Ontario.

Among the interesting features of life in the Muskoka lake country, in Ontario, are the floating stores. A good sized steam vessel fitted out with every imaginable item of merchandise that might be required makes a tour of an assigned chain of lakes once

each week. On a certain hour of a certain day the boat is expected at the different resorts and summer homes, and enough merchandise must be bought at each to tide over until the next trip of the floating store.

Upon stepping on board the store boats, says a writer in Popular Mechanics, the purchaser approaches a counter with scales and cash drawer, as in any other kind of store. Behind the counter are shelves, on which are displayed such articles as may tempt the eye. Behind these shelves is the entrance to the storeroom and hold, in which more merchandise is stored. Each article has its place, and the storekeeper can find it in a moment.

Sometimes isolated farms on the lakes are not worth stopping at every trip, so a flag is flown when stores are desired. The store vessel drops anchor when the signal flag is flown, and some member of the family rows out and makes the purchases.

## Engraved Gems of the Ancients.

Engraved gems are among the most interesting objects of art inherited by us from the ancients. Though many of the cameos and intaglios were engraved on precious stones over 2,000 years ago, they are still as clear and fine as if they were cut yesterday. The designs engraved on these stones indicate that the old Greeks and Romans regarded them as charms against accident or misfortune. This superstition generally took the form of a fondness for representation of certain animals. Sailors affected the dolphin because it was believed to be the mariner's friend. Women, so far as fishes were concerned, preferred the representation of the prolific aringa of the Adriatic, which was a symbol of fruitfulness because of the great number of its eggs. The ant was worn as an emblem of industry. By the frog was indicated the idea of resurrection, be-

# A GIANT SUGAR PINE OF JACKSON COUNTY



ONE OF THE MAMMOTH MEMBERS OF A GREAT TIMBER BELT WHICH WILL SOON BE TAPPED BY THE PACIFIC & EASTERN RAILROAD NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

cause that interesting batrachian renews its youth each spring by shedding its old skin.

## Pertaining to Fish.

Blessings on thee, little man! Go a-fishing when you can. Never mind the teacher's rule not to run away from school. Take your bait and sidler pole and then hunt the deepest hole where the wary troutlets hide by the canyon streamlet's side. You'll get licked at home, of course, and you'll suffer great remorse, but when daddy sees your string he'll gasp and say, "By jing!" And his rod and reel he'll snatch and start out to make a catch when your jacket he doth tan. Blessings on you, little man! —Los Angeles Express.

## Emergency Rations.

Wickwire—Looking for another hand-out?  
 Weary Watkins—We don't call 'em handouts now. They's "emergency rations." —Indianapolis Journal.

## A Distinction.

Prospective Tenant—How many families does this apartment building accommodate?  
 Truth-Loving Landlord—It has room for forty-two. —Puck.

## THE TONGUE.

It Appears That This Organ Can Be Eloquent Even When Silent.

From the observations made by a physiognomist it appears that the tongue when quite still can be as eloquent in giving its owner away as when it is wagging sixteen to the dozen. This is a hard fact for a silent man to swallow—in silence. His only remedy is to keep well so as to obviate the necessary injunction of the doctor to put his tongue out, for by this trust out sign the doctor shall know him.

The tongue of the talker when obtruded inclines to the right side of the mouth, we are asked to believe, whereas the seldom used tongue gravitates to the left side. Orators, preachers and barristers are endowed with right sided tongues. Verbally parsimonious persons have left sided tongues.

Furthermore, "the tongue that shoots out straight without turning or wavering indicates a solid, reliable man of affairs." Tongues that turn up indicate impractical natures. A downward, drooping tongue belongs to a person born to poverty and a

ready eye for the hopeless side of things.

The cruel tongue flattens and broadens when extended. The delicate speaking organ with curled up edges is the property of an imaginative and artistic being. When the tongue issues forth as if gripped in a dental vise it signifies a love of life more than ordinary.

Finally we are warned that the individual who thrusts forth his tongue to its extreme verge is a person to whom no secret should ever be confided, for he is an irresponsible character. —London Chronicle.

## HE WANTED A PARROT.

The Use to Which the Old Man Would Put the Green Bird.

We are all striving for two things—success and happiness. To get these many of us are struggling for a third—fortune. In striving to attain our desires many of us need a green parrot. In a little town in Iowa, in the midst of a great stretch of timber and meadow, a man built a castle. Something over \$25,000 he spent in building a home. It was finished within the finest polished woods. The foundation was of brownstone, the windows of French plate, and every detail was carried out in the best manner. He had grown to be an old man. He had always lived in a modest cottage of six rooms. This mansion had fifteen. On one side there was a magnificent stone arch over the paved drive that led up to the house. He had just completed showing a friend over the place and reached this point when the visitor exclaimed:

"Well, John, you ought to be happy. This is a magnificent home. Here is everything one could wish for."  
 "Waal," replied the old man, who was a cattle buyer, "a fellow always wants something else."  
 "What on earth could you want?" was the query.  
 "A green parrot to hang up thar in the drive."  
 "Why a green parrot?"  
 "So every morning afore I drive out he would say, 'John, you're a darn fool.'" —Cleveland Press.

## Couldn't Turn It.

The eye of little Willie's teacher was sad and sorry, for, notwithstanding that he was her favorite pupil, he stood before her convicted of the heinous charge of a theft of candy from a fel-

low pupil. It was a first offense, however, and she did not desire to inflict corporal punishment. A moral lecture, she thought, would fit the case.

"Bear in mind, Willie," she concluded, "that these temptations can be resisted if determination is used. Always turn a deaf ear to temptation."  
 Little Willie's lip trembled.  
 "But, teacher," he answered, "I ain't got a deaf ear."

## 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 his 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 tearful 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."

## A Cautious Captive.

"Prisoner," said "the court" sternly, "are you guilty or not guilty?"  
 "Now, judge," answered the defendant confidentially, "we's bof been th'oo dis here kin' o' business befo', an' you knows jes' as well as I does dar an' nuse o' me tryin' to answer dat kind of a question tell de trial's over an' I finds out whether Es been lucky or not." —Washington Star.

## MAKING WIRE.

The Method of Rolling and Drawing the Iron Bars.

Bars of metal four inches square are heated and passed while hot and plastic through rapidly revolving rolls, reducing them to wire rods which vary from one-quarter of an inch to an inch or more in diameter, depending upon the finished size of wire wanted.

These rods, which are formed into coils as they pass through the rolls, are dipped in acid baths to remove loose scale and provide a lubricant for drawing. Drawing consists of pulling rods while cold through holes of gradually increasing diameter drilled in steel plates. During this process the particles of metal become elongated and strained, making the wire harder and more brittle. To restore it to a proper temper it is necessary to heat or anneal it.

When a fine diameter is required there must be repeated annealings and drawings. This may be done until the bar, which originally was four inches square and four feet long, becomes reduced to a diameter of a single thousandth of an inch and extended 13,000 miles in length. Before so fine a size is reached the wire will cut into the steel of the die plate, so the usual die plates must be discarded and the drawing continued through holes drilled in diamonds, the diameter of these diamond dies decreasing by fractional parts of a thousandth of an inch. This wire affords a striking illustration of a material made more valuable by the application of labor.

From the time the bar of metal enters the furnace nothing is added to it. All the work is done with one article, which is passed through rolls and drawn through die plates until it is finished. —Chicago Tribune.

## MODERN MARTYRS.

Those Who Entertain, but Who Suffer While Doing It.

"In a periodical the other day," says the amateur philosopher of the Providence Tribune, "I ran across a picture of what had evidently been a musical entertainment or musicale—I took it to have been a musicale for choice.

"The fiddlers had gone, and so had the soloist or soloists and guests. There remained in the foreground the deserted room and a waste of empty chairs, along with the open grand piano.

"The host's head was resting on his arms on a table. The hostess had removed her shoes and was on the verge of collapse. In the background a butler was looking on commiseratingly.

"Now, there's a good deal of that sort of thing first and last the country over. It was true to life, but I never could understand it—that is, nobody has ever explained to me why people who don't enjoy entertaining or being entertained persist in making martyrs of themselves, why anybody does something for pleasure that invariably gives pain?

"A person who puts himself out and wears himself out in the line of duty is comprehensible, but why you should sacrifice yourself when you're pretending to be looking for fun is beyond me.

"The woman who said that her idea of a perfect life from the social point of view would be to be asked everywhere and to go nowhere doubtless expressed the sentiments of thousands, but why go anywhere if you feel that way?"

## Corroded by Water.

In a German village an underground lead water pipe was found greatly corroded and perforated. Investigation showed that the soil in which the pipe had lain was permeated by very impure water and consequently contained large quantities of ammonia, ammonium nitrate and other compounds, which had attacked the lead pipe, forming lead carbonate, nitrate, nitrite and chloride. All of these lead salts, except the carbonate, are more or less soluble in water. The carbonate is insoluble in pure water, but is soluble in water containing carbon dioxide. Iron pipes coated with asphalt should be employed for underground conduits. If lead pipes are used they should be imbedded in asphalt. —Scientific American.

## Learn to Laugh.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to do something for others. Even if you are a bedridden invalid there is always something that you can do to make others happier, and that is the surest way to attain happiness for yourself. —Exchange.

## His News.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jall; likewise the widder woman you wuz a-goin' ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of these here things, we air all doin' well." —Atlanta Constitution.