

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Official Paper of the City of Medford.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Medford Printing company announces the purchase and consolidation of the Medford Mail, the Southern Oregonian and Jacksonville Times and the Medford Tribune. The merged plants will publish under the editorial and business management of George Putnam, the Medford Mail Tribune, an eight-page seven-column evening newspaper, with a Sunday morning edition, and a weekly from eight to sixteen pages, and operate the largest printing and publishing establishment in Southern Oregon.

The Medford Mail Tribune is the legitimate descendant of the Table Rock Sentinel, established in 1859, the first newspaper in Southern Oregon, and is the heir of all the pioneer journals. The Oregon Sentinel, the successor of the Table Rock Sentinel, was absorbed later by the Democratic Times, founded in 1872 as a successor to the Democratic News. The Southern Oregonian, established in Medford in 1902, absorbed the Times in 1907.

The Medford Mail, founded as the Southern Oregon Mail in 1889, succeeded the Medford Advertiser, the pioneer paper of Medford, established in 1887, and afterwards absorbed its rival, the Medford Monitor. In 1893 the property was purchased by the retiring publisher, A. S. Bliton, who retains a financial interest in the new company. The Medford Morning Mail was established in 1908.

The Medford Tribune was established as Town Talk in Ashland in 1894, and some years later changed its name to Ashland Tribune. In 1906 the plant was moved to Medford and the Medford Tribune, the pioneer daily of Southern Oregon, established.

The old order changeth, and the newspapers must change also, in fact lead the van of progress. Village journalism long since became a thing of the past in Medford, and the Mail Tribune will be as metropolitan in character as any paper printed in Oregon.

The merger has been brought about by the recognition of the publishers of the necessity of a first-class daily newspaper to "mark time." Far better one good paper than two poor ones.

The consolidation is a good thing for Medford, as it ends the factional fights that have divided the community, and helps make a united people that will work harmoniously in the upbuilding of city and country. It is a good thing for subscribers, as it will give them twice as much news for half the money.

The Mail Tribune will be independent in politics and neutral in local factional fights. It will in a few days have leased wire telegraph service, and maintain correspondents in Ashland, Grants Pass and other valley towns. It will completely cover the news field, and aims to be the best and most up-to-date newspaper published in a city of the size of Medford in the world.

Advertising contracts and subscription accounts with the Mail, Tribune and Southern Oregonian will be completed by the Medford Mail Tribune.

It is with regret that the people of Medford learn of the retirement of Mr. A. S. Bliton from active newspaper work. For nearly seventeen years Mr. Bliton has been an important factor in the upbuilding of city and valley. No one in any community devotes so much energy, time and money to the public welfare as the average newspaper publisher, and Mr. Bliton has done more than his share in creating the Medford of today.

As the Mail Tribune office is badly torn up, owing to the moving of the Tribune office into the Mail office, and the rearrangement of the latter, it will be several issues before the improvements contemplated in enlarging the paper can be carried into effect.

ESTERBROOK ORCHARD TRACTS

5 - 10 - 20 Acres

Adjoining Hillcrest orchard and contain unexcelled deep, rich soil. Reasonable prices and generous terms.

OREGON ORCHARDS SYNDICATE

SELLING AGENTS ROGUE RIVER VALLEY

Willing to Entertain Her.

My entrance upon my career as a charity visitor was as a volunteer. I arrayed myself for my first attempt with misgiving in my heart. I was so afraid of my reception, I found my first address on the third floor of a rear tenement, stumbled up the dark stairs and timidly knocked at the door. It was opened instantly by a small boy who peered at me curiously.

"Is—Is your mother in?" I inquired. "No'm." was the prompt reply. "She's gone to see the doctor. But you can come in."

He held the door hospitably open, and I stepped across the threshold and entered. I selected a chair and sat down. The small boy wriggled into a chair opposite.

"I have fits," he announced, with importance.

"Wha-at?" I stammered. "I have 'em often," he went on eagerly. "fits—real fits. I may have one any time. I might have one right now."

But I was already in the hall. "You won't stay?" he shouted after me aggressively. "She'll be right back."

But a very much upset volunteer visitor was already out of hearing.—New York Herald.

A Long Dive.

"A circus came to a little town in Tennessee," said Colonel Robert M. Gates in the Saturday Evening Post, "and one of the attractions was a high diver, a chap who dove from the top of the tent into a shallow tank, which is a feat common enough, but which created a deal of talk in that locality."

"The wiseacres were talking about it at the store. Many of them thought it could not be done without killing the diver, but one old man insisted that it was perfectly feasible."

"What do you know about diving?" he was asked.

"Waal," he replied, "nothin' in particular about that kind of divin', but I used to have a cousin who was the longest diver ye ever see."

"Longest diver?" scoffed the other sitters. "Where'd he dive?" "Onct," replied the old man, "he bet a thousand dollars he could dive from Liverpool to New York."

"Did he do it?" "Nop, not that time. Ye see, he kinder miscalculated an' come up in Denver."

The Captain's Regret.

"Some years ago," said a military man, "there was a certain German private soldier named Andree. This was a short time after Aeronaut Andree's sensational departure for the north pole in his airship. Well, the kaiser, reviewing some troops one day, asked a number of men their names, and Andree was among this number. The kaiser smiled at him good humorously."

"So your name is Andree, eh?" the kaiser said. "Do you know you've got a very famous namesake?"

"Yes, your majesty," the soldier answered.

"And who told you that?" said the kaiser.

"My captain, your majesty," said the soldier.

"Aha, your captain, eh? And what did your captain tell you about Andree?"

"He said, your majesty, that he only wished Andree had taken me with him!"

The Broom at the Masthead.

There still exists a very old custom among seamen of displaying a broom at the masthead of ships intended to be sold to indicate that they are to be "swept away." The custom originated with the famous Dutch admiral Tromp, who when he appeared off the English coast hoisted a broom to show his intention of sweeping the English fleet from the sea. The English admiral, replying to this impudent signal, immediately hoisted a horsewhip to the masthead of his ship to show the arrogant Dutchman that he meant to give him a drubbing. For this reason a pennant is oftentimes dubbed "the horsewhip" by seafaring men. Sea lore, of course, is full of symbolism, and the broom is only one of many signs used that have a metaphorical meaning.—London Globe.

Perversity.

"One peculiarity of melancholia," said a specialist, "is that the victim of it actually enjoys the despondency and often doesn't want to be cured. I once told a young woman who had this disease that she must be careful of her digestion and eat nothing fried. After that she tried to eat only fried food. Not only did she insist on having her potatoes and meat fried, but didn't want to eat bread unless it had been fried in a lot of grease."—New York Tribune.

Not Qualified.

Two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion.

They turned to the third man.

"Isn't a homemade strawberry shortcake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them.

"Isn't a homemade cherry pie better than any shortcake?" inquired the other.

The third man shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I board."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Great Walker.

On July 12, 1809, the Newmarket bells rang a peal in honor of Captain Barclay's completed walk of a mile in each of 1,000 successive hours. In his first week of it he had averaged less than fifteen minutes for each mile and in the last week more than twenty-one, and his weight had gone down from thirteen stone four pounds to eleven stone. But on July 17 he joined the Waicheren expedition in perfect health as aid-de-camp to the Marquis of Huntly. Captain Barclay, who was a Barclay of Ury and unsuccessfully claimed three Scottish earldoms, had performed wonderful feats before the Newmarket walk. In 1801 he walked 110 miles in nineteen hours in a muddy park. In 1808 he rose one morning at 5, walked thirty miles grouse shooting, dined at 5 p. m., walked sixty miles to his house at Ury in eleven hours, did some business and walked sixteen miles to dance at a ball, walked home by 7 a. m. and spent the day partridge shooting—in all 130 miles without sleep for two nights and three days. At twenty he could lift half a ton.—St. James' Gazette.

Not Afraid.

Personal courage invests its owner with a protection beyond that afforded by outside forces. An illustration of this is recorded by General William F. Draper in his "Recollections of a Varied Career," where he gives this incident:

In 1864 Colonel Daniels of the Seventh Rhode Island became unpopular with some of his command, and a rumor spread that he would be shot at the next engagement. He heard of it. It was customary when guns had been loaded for some time to have them discharged into some convenient bank, and Colonel Daniels took advantage of this. Marching his regiment out with loaded rifles, he faced them toward a suitable elevation, and, taking position on the top of it and in front of them as at dress parade, he gave the commands, "Ready!" "Aim!" "Fire!" and the pieces were discharged.

Needless to say, any man could have shot him with little danger of discovery, and, needless to say, also, none of them did. There were no more threats of that kind in his regiment.

Convincing the Waiter.

"I have learned how to make the foreign waiters in the restaurants where I eat think I have lived in Europe half a lifetime," said a woman who never dines at home. "I dawdle over my dinner twice as long as anybody else in the place. It requires no effort for me to do that. By nature I eat in the same leisurely manner that I do everything else. Most of my compatriots bolt their food. As a consequence the foreign waiters who are used to leisurely dining regard them with amazed horror."

"Ah, those Americans," they exclaim. "Some day they choke. But as for madame—meaning me—well, madame is different. Madame slobbers, she sips, she lingers; therefore she is not as those of common American clay. It takes madame never less than two hours to eat her dinner. That marks her as one of the European elect."—New York Globe.

Some Odd Spelling.

Americans, says the London News, employ the word, "Britisher," which they invented, in a contemptuous sense. It was a certain Philadelphia wit who is said to have asked his friends what a "Britisher" would mean to convey by the written word "broughpheight-teau." He had to explain to them that, according to the genius of the English language, it meant "potato." Thus: Gh-p, as in "hicough"; ough-o, as in "dough"; phth-t, as in "phtlisher"; eigh-a, as in "aighbor"; tte-t, as in "gazette," and eau-o, as in "beau." This was at least as puzzling as the every stable keeper's bill which contained the two lines—

Aonafada
Atacpinomomgin.
Nobody who does not "know the answer" has ever yet arrived at the solution, which is, in the vernacular of the creditor himself, "A 'oss 'aif a day" and "A-takin' on 'im 'ome ag'in."

Unappreciated Efforts.

Unselfish goodness is seldom appreciated in this world of ours. There was that man in the electric car, for instance. Having rung up three fares in his efforts to stop the car for the lady that sat on the opposite side, he tossed after her the umbrella that belonged to the little gray whiskered man on his right. Neither the gray whiskered man nor the conductor liked the thoughtful Samaritan for his altruistic efforts.—Boston Transcript.

There Are Better Seats.

"He is now, they say, on the very pinnacle of fame, and yet he isn't exactly in comfortable circumstances." "That's not surprising. Did you ever sit on a pinnacle of any sort?"—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Better Way.

"Awfully rude of him to throw a kiss at me." "Yes, my dear; those are things which always ought to be delivered in person."—Illustrated Bits.

Hypnotic Power in Animals.

An interesting instance of the hypnotic power possessed by a good many animals is given by a correspondent of the Glasgow Herald. One morning outside Elgin a blackbird was observed to be standing by the roadside, paying no heed to the footsteps of the passerby. It was gazing fixedly at four young weasels under the hedge, which were approaching in a semicircle, apparently to surround it. Just then a warning cry was heard from behind, uttered presumably by the parent weasel, and the young ones disappeared in the hedge. The bird still remained powerless and immovable, and only after repeated urging did it fly to a tree near by, when it gave forth a weak, frightened sound, as though still under the influence of the terror which had arrested its faculties.

A Mild Hint.

Two guests came to spend the evening and didn't know when to depart. The host and hostess were patient with them, very patient, but when 11, 12 and finally 1 o'clock struck the husband realized that something must be done. He was an original chap, and in his droll way he looked over at his wife and said mildly: "My dear, hadn't we better get up to bed? Our friends may want to be going."

"I understand that she is separated from her husband."

"Yes." "Oh, tell me all about it. What did she do?" "Nothing. He died."

It Was Hard.

Hamfatter Hamlet (the actor)—That hard boiled egg gave me a headache. His Friend—You shouldn't eat hard boiled eggs. Hamfatter—I didn't eat it. A fellow hit me with it behind the ear.

Coaxing.

Mrs. Brown—I'm afraid to let you have a bicycle. Little Johnny—Don't feel that way, ma. Even if it did kill me, remember that it would be the last thing I ever asked you for.

He Was Out.

Short—If Long calls with that little bill tell him I'm out. Mrs. Short—But that would be telling a falsehood! Short—Nothing of the kind. I'm out of cash.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

A Convert.

An old Cambridge friend of mine who had a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent in him had a farmer in his parish in Norfolk whom he could not get to church. Whenever he pressed upon him his neglect or his bad example he was always met with the same excuse, "You be too young and do not know enough to teach such as I." At last he gave up the farmer in despair. But one day he happened to pass by the farm while his parishioner was engaged in killing a fine pig. My friend said: "What a pig! Why, he weighs thirty-four stone!" "What dost thou know of pigs?" replied the farmer. "I only wish he weighed as much." When they next met the farmer, to his surprise, told my friend that the pig had been found to weigh just thirty-four stone. He added, much to my friend's gratification, "And thou wilt see me at church next Sunday, parson."—London Globe.

A Problem in Mathematics.

The town of Sturgis, in Mississippi, is the only round square town in existence. By legal enactment the circle has been squared, and the mathematician may now proceed to calculate the area of a square circle. In the laws of Mississippi for the year 1886, on page 682, is found the following:

"An act to incorporate the town of Sturgis, in Oktibbeha county, Mississippi."

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the legislature of the state of Mississippi that the town of Sturgis, in the county of Oktibbeha, is hereby incorporated and that the corporate limits of said town shall be as follows: Beginning at the quarter stake in front of Caleb Hannah's residence and running 600 yards in every direction, making said corporate limits 1,200 yards square."

Thus the circle is squared by the solemn declaration of the law.—Youth's Companion.

Turks and Animals.

In the matter of kindness to animals it is said that the Turk cannot be surpassed. Thus at Stamboul the wandering dogs are treated with great gentleness, and when puppies come into the world they are lodged with their mother at the side of the street in improvised kennels made out of old boxes lined with straw and bits of carpet. And frequently when a young Turk happens to be flush of money he goes to the nearest baker's shop and buys a quantity of bread, which he distributes among the dogs of the quarter, who testify their gratitude by jumping up at him with muddy paws and sniffing snuzzles.

BENSON'S BARGAINS

Four-room shack, lot 50x150; a good cheap home and a bargain at\$450

Good 4-room house and large lot; a small payment down; balance at 6 per cent\$10000

5 acres of land inside of city limits, good 5-room house and outbuildings; this is a genuine bargain and is worth twice the price asked. \$4000

Good two-room house, fine large lot, best location, near Oakdale avenue; a snap if sold at once ...\$550

We have a number of suburban lots which we will close out in a bunch at a bargain counter price, or will trade for ranch.

Small house and large lot on Holly street, \$550. Is this a snap?

We have several income-paying business properties for sale. If you are interested in this class of investment, it will pay you to see us.

We are headquarters for business properties of every description.

Ten acres four miles from Medford and 1½ miles from Central Point, new land, 8½ acres ready to cultivate, new 3-room house, good new small barn, situated on main traveled road; the very best soil in the valley; fine shade trees and a beautiful site for a home.

Large lot with 12 full bearing apple trees on South Central avenue; fine location and a beautiful site for a home; a snap if taken at once.

Forty acres, 16 miles from Medford, half mile from Beagle; 8 acres cultivated; 4 acres in fruit tree 2 to 10 years old, on two good roads; small house, barn, woodshed, etc; 25 acres inclosed in woven wire fence\$2000

New 5-room house, hardwood finish, new woodshed, well on back porch, lot 50x100, corner Jackson and Fir\$1450

One acre, 9-room house, barn, chicken house, city water, only 600 feet from Riverside avenue ...\$3400

5-room modern bungalow on South Central avenue; a snap if taken at once\$2050

Nine-room modern house, Bungalow addition, lot 50x160, corner 4th and Orange, near Oakdale ave. \$3850

28¼ acres, one mile from P. & E. depot; a bargain at the price. \$6000

Rooming house—Best location in the city; clears \$150 per month; long lease\$2200

27 acres, three miles from Medford; \$1500 house, good barn, all in alfalfa; the best land to be found in the Rogue River valley; terms \$12,000

18½ acres, close in property, finest free soil, 14 acres planted to commercial apples and pears 4 years old, 4½ acres alfalfa; good terms \$11,500

For sale or rent—9-room modern bungalow on Orange street, near Oakdale; rent \$30; price\$3850

Business location—lot 50x100, right in the heart of the city. Call at our office for particulars\$8500

5 acres inside city limits, high elevation; this tract can be subdivided into building lots or would make an ideal orchard tract. It is a bargain at\$3000

5 acres adjoining city limits, good orchard land and a beautiful site for a home; in one year will be worth double the price asked\$2000

10 acres, one mile from Medford on main traveled road to Ashland; Bear creek bottom land, set to apples and pears 2 years old; trees are strong and vigorous. Here is a beautiful site for a home. Easy terms. Price\$2900

3-room box house and large lot on South Central avenue, completely furnished; good well and chicken house; a genuine bargain; easy terms. Price\$750

Some splendid business properties for sale, close in, good income payers. Call at our office for details.

Our charge is \$1 per month for renting and collecting.

BENSON INVESTMENT CO

Opposite Moore Hotel

112 W. Main St. Phone 3073 Main.