

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Official Paper of the City of Medford.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager.

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"THE BIGGEST VILLAGE."

Tom Richardson said that Medford is the "biggest village in the world," the "most cosmopolitan small town in existence," and that every man, woman and child in it was imbued with the idea that Medford was going to be a big city, and that no argument could be made that an answer was not instantly forthcoming.

Medford is going to be a large city, if for no other reason, because of the faith of her citizens in her future. Cities are built by men, not by nature, and the right kind of citizenship will create a metropolis on the desert. But with this kind of citizenship, Medford combines the advantages of geographical location and great natural resources.

Tom Richardson does not know Medford, her charms, or her resources. Neither do many other Portland people. He is unfamiliar with her tributary orchard district, the largest in the northwest. He is ignorant of her mines, her timber and her rare climate. He does not know or realize what Medford is doing, its material progress and advancement.

Here is a city of some 7000 inhabitants where two years ago there was a village with a scant 3500, with the finest climate in Oregon, in the center of one of earth's richest, fairest and most picturesque valleys. On one side the hills are underlaid with coal, on the other with gold. A little further back on the one hand is an immense belt of timber, on the other one of the world's largest copper districts. Through the valley winds the Rogue, most beautiful of the many beautiful rivers of Oregon, wasting more power than Niagara in its tumbling course to the sea. Beyond in the hills at the very summit of the Cascades lies Crater Lake, the greatest natural wonder in the world.

Here are 50,000 acres of choice apple and pear orchard with an annual increase in planted orchard area of from 10,000 to 15,000 acres, whose products command the highest price in the world's markets. Here are grown the choicest apples and pears in the world, from orchards which yield over \$1000 an acre annually. Here is the banner pear section of the earth, where climatic and soil conditions combine to produce perfect fruit.

Here is where man and nature have joined hands to create a metropolis for that immense 700-mile stretch between Sacramento and Portland. Here is the railroad center of the present and the future. Medford will within two years be the only city in Oregon, except Portland, to have a competing railroad. Already its railroad business, both passenger and freight, exceeds that of any other city in Oregon outside of Portland. With the railroads will come the lumber mills and the smelters, the payrolls and population.

This "biggest village" has spent \$350,000 for a gravity water system and over \$100,000 for three miles of pavement and another \$150,000 for over 20 miles of cast iron water distributing system and for 25 miles of sewers within a year, a greater expenditure per capita for public improvements than ever made by any city in the land before.

This "biggest" village, with its 200 automobiles, its metropolitan characteristics, its push, vigor and energy, its live, wide-awake citizenship, is just starting to do things. Mr. Richardson should keep his eye on Medford—you "cain't stop 'er."

TWO GOOD INVESTMENTS.

Two investments by any community vastly increase the value of property, tree planting and good roads.

For the amount of money invested, nothing increases the attractiveness and desirability and hence monetary value of residence property like shade trees. Property along a shaded avenue is worth more and sells at a higher figure than that in what might be a better locality but is barren of shade. No matter how shabby other improvements may be, a plentitude of trees redeem them to a large extent. So as a business investment, shade tree planting is a most profitable proposition.

Good roads go with shaded avenues, or rather the latter usually follow the former. Good highways are the best investment any community can make. Accessibility increases the valuation of any property, and the isolated section doubles in value when good roads make it possible to reach it in any kind of weather.

As a business proposition, good roads yield large returns on the investment, cheapening the cost of marketing products many times.

During the next month farmers of any neglected section can secure a good road by methods set forth by the new law passed last winter permitting taxpayers to petition the court for a special levy in their district to cover road expenditures not provided for in the regular levy.

It is to be hoped that all property owners of Medford will co-operate with the ladies of the Greater Medford club in planting shade trees along all streets and in building the city beautiful. It is equally desirable that property owners of neglected and isolated sections take advantage of the new law and secure good roads through their regions.

MOB HOWLS FOR NEGRO'S BLOOD

Body of Girl Found in Alley Where Assaulter Killed Her—Bloodhounds Traced Murderer—Mob Quickly Formed.

(United Press Leased Wire.) CAIRO, Ill., Nov. 10.—But for the courageous action of the chief of police of this city today, Will James, a negro coal heaver, arrested in connection with the murder of Anna Falley, who was strangled to death in a dark alley last night, probably would have been lynched today. A mob was formed and was moving toward the jail when the chief of police met them. He argued with the leaders of the crowd and finally succeeded in persuading them to disperse.

When the girl's body was found it was nude and all indications point to an assault as the motive of the murderer. Bruises on the body indicate that the girl had made a desperate struggle. She had been overcome and gagged before she was killed.

As soon as the body was found, bloodhounds were placed on the trail. When the bloodhounds were taken into the jail where James was locked in a cell they jumped against the bars and howled. This, the police allege, is strong evidence that James is the man who slaughtered the white girl in the alleyway.

GOOD MR. BOWSER.

Comes Home From Business In a Happy Frame of Mind.

WIFE IS SKEPTICAL, HOWEVER

Starts In to Take Down a Bedstead, and After a Series of Mishaps He Goes to the Bad and Turns on Mrs. Bowser.

By M. QUAD. Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

MR. BOWSER had come home with a good streak on. All husbands get them at intervals, and most wives know how dangerous they are. Husbands get to thinking things over in the intervals of business and come to the conclusion that it is time to make a change for the better in their conduct, and they come home with a more or less anguished look on their faces and take their wives by surprise. Mr. Bowser's look on this occasion was soft and balmy. He even uttered the faintest of words to speak a sympathetic word to the cat and to copy in gentle tones to a watermelon man. Even before he had begun to undress he had given Mrs. Bowser a kiss and observed:

"Well, dear, I hope you haven't been lonesome today. I tried to telephone you about 3 o'clock, but the wires were crossed. I am home ten minutes ahead of the usual time."

"And it's nice of you," replied Mrs. Bowser, though she glanced at him keenly and doubtfully.

She had experienced all of Mr. Bowser's moods, and she was always prepared for either the angelic or desperate. Even when he put his arm around her to go down to dinner she didn't

"I-I thought you might. Shant we let the whitewash man do it?"

"Fish! Nonsense! I feel just like wrestling with something heavy, and I'll have that bedstead down before you can count a hundred. Blame you? Why, you don't know your old hubby yet. He has taken down over a million bedsteads in his life and never lost his temper."

And he whistled a merry air as he took off his coat and cuffs and started upstairs. The bedclothing had been removed, and the bedstead stood there in a bedroom in innocent attitude. To look at it the most astute could not have suspected it of breaking up happy homes. The first thing to be done was to remove the mattress. It does not require any great art to flop one off a bed. A farmer's hired man can do it after one or two lessons. Mr. Bowser had removed a million mattresses in his time, and he suddenly seized this one by the roots and gave it a flop and a twist, and it was on the floor.

"The idea of the whitewash man fooling around here!" he said as he pushed up his sleeves and reached out for the springs. "And the idea of my getting mad about it!"

The end staves fell down, and the springs made a sudden drop, and the start he gave brought Mr. Bowser's shins against something hard. It was not a railroad sandwich. He had already begun a speech when Mrs. Bowser appeared in the door and queried:

"How are you getting along, dear?"

"Beautifully, and you can't help me any," he replied as the red in his face spread clear back to his collar button.

She retreated, and he spat on his hands and surveyed the springs from

above her self possession. The cook had had trouble with the stove, and the grocer and butcher had been late, and the dinner deserved no praise whatever. As a matter of fact, it was expected that Mr. Bowser would raise a great kink over it and threaten to go looking for a boarding house. But there wasn't the bit of a kink. On the contrary, the human angel looked the table over with a bland smile and remarked that he felt sorry for the people who had to eat at Sherry's and Delmonico's. His unexpected words so infuriated the cook that she put her thumb to the bone and broke a plate. When dinner was over and

MR. BOWSER HAD REMOVED A MILLION MATTRESSES IN HIS TIME.

SMALL VOLUME STOCK TRADING

Amalgamated Copper and Other Metal Shares Inclined to Display Weakness with Publication of Report.

(United Press Leased Wire.) NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—The stock market trading was of very small volume today. Generally speaking there was but little change in quotations until just previous to the closing, when some of the leading shares began to show pronounced strength.

Union Pacific leadership was continued and it made headway with only a fractional change in price until a few moments before the closing, when a gain of 1 1/2 points was forced by liberal support.

Amalgamated Copper and other metals were inclined to display weakness with the publication of the Copper Producers' association report of an increase of 2,000,000 pounds in the surplus of copper. Toward the close of the day Amalgamated reaped considerable benefit from the bullish movement and closed a point advanced.

Diners had gone up to the family room Mr. Bowser lighted a cigar and putted at it a few times and said:

"If there is anything more pleasant than this I would like to see it. My pity goes out to the man without a home."

"I am glad you like your home," replied Mrs. Bowser, though at the same time she found herself wondering if his streak would hold out through the evening.

"Of course I like my home and all that makes it a home. The main thing is my little wifey wife, and I feel like giving her a big kiss for being the woman she is. Mrs. Bowser, if you were to die or go away from me I wouldn't care to live another day—honest I wouldn't. Won't you give your old hubby a hug?"

She blushed and looked shy and performed the hugging act, and after a moment the penitent husband continued:

"I was thinking things over today. I'm an old kicker, and I know it, and I want you to forgive me. Nobody but a wretch would shout at you as I did at times. When I do you ought to hit a man to bust me around the block."

"But I have to fault to find with you, dear. All of us get out of temper at times."

As to Excuses. "It is lovely of you to make excuses for me, and you hear me say that if I ever get up again I hope the town will turn out and ride me on a rail. Is there any work I can do around the house this evening?"

"No-o, I hardly think so. I wanted a bedstead taken down and put in the storeroom, but the man who comes up to whitewash the cellar can do that."

"But what's the matter with me doing it? I haven't anything to occupy me during the next half hour. I can save at least \$2 and I'll give the money to you. I'll twist that old bedstead off her feet in no time at all."

"You are real good, Mr. Bowser, but it's hard work taking down a bedstead, and if you get mad you'll—"

"You mean I'll be sure to get mad and blame you, eh?"

"Yes."

"Never made a bigger mistake in your life, my dear, I've returned in those things, and I want you to believe it. Get mad at an old bedstead. Blame my wifey! What put such an absurd notion into your head?"

"I-I thought you might. Shant we let the whitewash man do it?"

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CAME, SAW AND WILL LOCATE

W. E. Tribble of Palisades, Colo., Is Greatly Pleased with What He Found in Rogue River Valley.

The same old story has just been repeated, but perhaps in a little different way this time. W. Edwin Tribble of Palisade, Colo. has just finished a several days' visit in the valley with C. E. Whisler. It is interesting to note that Mr. Tribble has spent the entire summer looking for the best available place in which to locate for the purpose of raising fruit, and also, if possible, to connect that place with one in which living itself would be a pleasure. He has traveled 8000 miles, from the panhandle of Texas to the farthest end of Montana; has visited all the fruit districts of Idaho and Montana, the Wenatchee and Yakima of Washington, the Hood River, the Grand Ronde, The Dalles, the Willamette, the Umpqua and the Rogue River valleys of Oregon, and the entire length of California, through all the noted valleys in that great state; he has traversed Arizona and Mexico, Texas; has spent considerable time in Green River valley in Utah, and this is what he said in requesting that literature be sent to friends in Colorado and that they be accompanied with a personal letter:

"White them anything you want to and tell them I said it. You can't make it too strong; you can't tell them anything untrue about this valley. It beats anything I have ever seen; there is no comparison between this and all the other places that I have visited this summer. I have spent considerable time and money in looking over the coast states, not for mere curiosity, but for a place where I expect to locate, make my home and make some money in the fruit business. I was not prejudiced when I started out. I was looking for the best that money can buy, and I have found it. I am going back now to prepare for a permanent location in the finest place on the Pacific coast. I have a lot of friends who will take my word for it and come, too, and soon I shall be one of your local boosters, and I shall be a hard one."

six different directions. It finally and suddenly occurred to him to drop the other slats and let the enemy fall through to the floor, and he was rubbing his hands over his success when Mrs. Bowser looked in again.

"Heard the crash, eh? Just a little scheme of my own. I think I can give some of the furniture men a pitter or two on handling bed springs. There is a right way and a wrong way, the same as in handling a balky mule."

His First Move.

It was a wooden bedstead. A brass bedstead is a passive piece of machinery; a wooden one is ever maliciously aggressive. Mr. Bowser's first move toward taking it down, after hauling the springs aside, was to stand off and give the footboard a tremendous kick. The intention was simply to give the piece of furniture a strong hint, but it went beyond that. The bedstead fell apart and two-thirds of it jumped to the floor. When Mrs. Bowser came running his face was the color of chloride of lime, his ears were working back and forth, and she was greeted with:

"Woman, you know how this thing would result, and yet you wrung me in! Behold a wrecked man! Behold a human ruin!"

"Why, dear, I warned you at the out-

set. I told you we had best leave it to the whitewash man, but you insisted."

"Never! Never! You had the thing all planned before I got home. If you want to murder me, and it seems that you do, why not chop me up in my sleep?"

"How can you talk so? I don't believe you started in the right way. What did you do to the bedstead first?"

"Never your mind that. I've got my eyes open at last, and no further words are necessary. Go down to the telephone and call up your mother and tell her you are packing your trunks and will be there on the forenoon train."

"And you—you—"

"Never mind me. If I can manage to crawl down to the library after awhile I'll put all my legal papers in order so that our lawyers can look them over. Leave me, madam, to perish or recover, and good night to you—good night!"

Never Touched Him.

"Yes," said the amateur fisherman. "I caught a three pound trout yesterday, and while at the end of my line in midair it was seized by a hawk and carried off."

"You're all right," rejoined the village grocer. "Such a trifle as fixing the weight of a fish before it is landed can't impair your standing in the Ananias club."—Chicago News.

A Useless Benefit.

Plank—Oh, well, every dog has his day.

Plank—But most dogs don't know it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Crushed.

"Really, Louise, this bill is outrageous. You must not try to dress like the millionaires' wives."

"My dear Ned, control yourself. I am only trying to appear as well dressed as the shopgirls."

Absence of Occupation is not Rest.

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. Cowper.

SAYS CANADA DISCRIMINATES

Wholesalers' and Manufacturers' Association Adopts Resolutions for Presentation to President Taft.

(United Press Leased Wire.) DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 10.—Following the passage of a resolution by the Wholesalers and Manufacturers' association in which it was declared that in the judgment of the association Canada does not unduly discriminate against the United States it was decided to petition President Taft to declare the minimum tariff duty effective on imports from Canada. The resolution was adopted last night at a banquet given in the Cadillac hotel.

The principal speaker of the evening was J. I. Williamson, editor of the Toronto News. During the course of his address Williamson pointed out that Canada maintains a preferential tariff covering Great Britain, but that a foreign government should not venture to prescribe the commercial relations between the British nation and its colonies. The adopted resolution follows:

"Resolved, That in the judgment of this association Canada does not unduly discriminate against the United States within the meaning of the tariff act passed in 1909, and with all due deference we beg to express our sense that it is the duty of the president to proclaim the minimum tariff as to Canada on March 31, 1910."

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BENSON'S BARGAINS

Patronize our fire insurance department.

New modern bungalow on Central avenue, \$2200, terms, \$600 will handle or will trade for good paper.

We are offering a bunch of lots at a sacrifice price for this week only. Owner needs the cash. This is your chance for a real bargain.

We have two rooming houses for sale, one paying \$420 monthly; new furniture, long lease; you must act quick; price \$2200 and \$3300, respectively, cash.

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

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

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

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 1 1/2 miles from Central Point, new land, 8 1/2 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.

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

28 1/2 acres, one mile from P. & E. depot; a bargain at the price. \$6000

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

18 1/2 acres, close in property, finest free soil, 14 acres planted to commercial apples and bears 4 years old, 4 1/2 acres alfalfa; good terms \$11,500

For sale or rent—9-room modern bungalow on Orange street, near Oakland; 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.

We represent seven strong reliable fire insurance companies.

Surety bonds—We represent the Union Guarantee Association of Portland.

BENSON INVESTMENT CO

Opposite Moore Hotel

112 W. Main St. Phone 3073 Main.

Savoy Theatre Tonight THE WIG AND THE SLEUTH—A Funnybone Ticker. WEDDING IN LUNA PARK—A Comic Novelty. A FAIR EXCHANGE—Adapted from Sila Mariner. ONE DIME

THE BUNGALOW RINK Open every afternoon from 2 p. m. until 5 p. m.; evenings, 7:30 p. m. till 10 p. m. MATCH RACE on Thursday evening. Contestants, Hardy Cook vs. Jack Vervillit. Distance, one mile. W. A. ROBBINS, Prop. Admission Thursday evening, 10c. Skates 25c