MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Official Paper of the City of Medford.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager.

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NOT ON THE MAP.

From the proceedings of the Oregon State Horticultural society in Portland as published in Portland papers, no one would suppose that the Rogue River valley grew fruit of any kind. This section is entirely ignored in the proceedings, yet it is the Rogue River valley that has made the reputation of Oregon fruit this year, both in quality and quantity, both for apples and for pears.

President H. C. Atwell of Forest Grove, president of the Oregon State Horticultural society, advocates an annual all-Oregon fruit display to be held at Portland. He mentions Hood River and Albany as fruit centers, but the Rogue River valley is not on his map. He thinks the display should be held earlier to "accommodate the pear man. Oregon pears are winning a great part of the glory which is making Oregon famous for fine fruit."

Are they? Where do these pears come from? From the Rogue River valley, which raises nine-tenths of the pears of Oregon. Then why not mention it?

Why not give credit where credit is due? Did not:

Rogue River apples win sweepstakes at the Spokane apple show against the world?

Rogue River Spitzenbergs and Newtowns the highest grade commercial apples grown, win the first awards at Spokane?

Rogue River valley pears win all the awards at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition?

Rogue River pears bring the highest prices ever paid for fruit in the world's markets?

Rogue River ship more carloads of pears many times over than all other points in the northwest together in 1909?

Rogue River ship as many apples as all the rest of Oregon together?

Why then is the Rogue River valley not mentioned when Oregon fruit growing regions are considered?

It was because of such treatment that local fruit growers withdrew from the state asscociation, and why they make no exhibit this year.

But the Rogue can make a display of its own, both in apples and pears, that will equal or excel any put up by the combined growers of the rest of Oregon.

The metropolitan characteristics of Medford are shown in the patronage of the Medford theater, when two elaborate operatic productions, "The Land of Nod" and "King Dodo," played on two successive stormy nights to crowded houses. Medford is the only town between Portland and Sacramento where this can be done, and is acknowledged by theatrical men as the best theater town along the line. A first-class attraction is always assured of a first-class house.

Multnomah county's assessed valuation has been raised from sixty millions to two hundred and fifty millions by Assessor Sigler in four years, with a resultatnt diminution in rate of taxation. The example is a good one for Jackson county to follow. Low valuations mean high levies and a high tax rate scares investors.

A Smooth One.

"Why don't you prosecute the scamp? Didn't he work you for a lot of credit?"

"No; I can't say he did," admitted the truthful merchant. "He permitted me to force it on him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Living.

Every man owes himself a living—a clean, honest, upright living that shall be a credit to him and a help to others. It is useless to sit down and whine about what the world owes him. Whoever goes manfully out and makes good the debt that he owes to himself and to his fellow men will never have cause to complain that he finds the world a defaulter.

On Their Wedding Tour.

She—Oh, Tom, dear, the train is now flying like an arrow! If a collision should suddenly take place, how glorious it would be to die together! (After a pause.) You didn't forget to renew your policy of life insurance, did you?—Harper's Bazar.

Free Timber From National Forest.

The forest service grants a large amount of timber free each year to bona fide settlers, miners and prospectors in the vicinity of the national forests in California for firewood, fencing, building, mining, prospecting and other domestic purposes.

Each such person may obtain $20 worth of this material annually by applying to the nearest forest officer.—San Francisco Call.

Land and Living.

As a rule, two productive acres of land are required for each inhabitant of a country.

At the Riding School.

"Mount your horse on the left side."

"Why? What difference can that make?"

"It's the rule."

"But why should it be the rule?"

"Because in the past horsemen wore swords. They wore them on the left hip; hence had they mounted on the right side the word would have got in the way. So they mounted on the left, and we still mount on the left. Horses are accustomed to it, and if you try to get up from the right you are liable to be kicked."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Pride Rebelled.

"Yes," said the woman of the house, "I'll give you a plate of victuals if you'll say nothing about it to anybody. I don't care to have it known that I feed tramps. You can eat on the back porch, you know, and keep it mum."

"No, thanks. You kin keep it, mum!" answered Raymold Stoney, tilting his battered hat forward, stiffening up and stalking majestically off the premises. —Chicago Tribune.

"The Early Bird"—

Manager—I suppose you noticed that my advertisement read, "None but a sober man need apply for this position."

Applicant—Yes, I noticed that, and that's why I applied very early in the morning.—Judge.

A Startler.

Thomas K. Beecher once prefaced a sermon preached at Plymouth for his brother with the startling intimation: "All those who have come here to worship Henry Ward Beecher will now retire. All those who have come to worship God will remain."

FOLLY AS IT FLIES

P'r'aps, P'r'aps Not!

The Patient (having escaped from the chair)—I think perhaps I'll call again tomorrow.—Sketch.

With the Kids.

The Big One—I'll give you a nice apple if you'll stop crying.

The Small One—H-how big is the a-apple, an' how l-long have I got to stop fer?—New York Herald.

Spoons.

Sights About New York.

The Great White Weigh.—Harper's Weekly.

Beginning Young.

"Say, ma, I wish you'd walk behind me a little way and see if my hat's on straight and my skirt hangs right."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Admirable.

"I certainly admire that pianist who gave the recital last night."

"For his compositions or for his performances?"

"Neither. I admire him for his nerve in charging $2 a seat."—New York Herald.

Might Help Some.

In Shakespearean days they used to label the scenery. They hung out placard's stating that "This Is a Wood" or "This Is a Castle." We don't need to do that now.

Still, we might use the scheme to advantage. It would help sometimes to see an alleged Thespian bearing the legend, "This Is an Actor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Had Heard It All Before.

The Younger—I wonder what my wife will say when I get home at this hour?

The Elder—I wish I had your chance for entertainment. I know by heart every confounded word mine will say. —Exchange.

Took No Stock In It.

"Bodwin is the most thoroughly optimistic fellow I ever met. You've noticed his unfailing smile, haven't you? Well, his wife tells me that he even smiles in his sleep."

"Say, that ain't a smile. It's facial paralysis."—New York Journal.

On the Safe Side.

"When I know a friend is on the water wagon I don't urge him to have a drink."

"Neither do I; I invite him to a wine supper. Nothing like being lavish when they're not going to call on you."—Pittsburg Post.

Her Deadly Weapon.

The Teacher (reading)—"Then the girl warrior faced the mocking foe and unsheathed her deadly weapon." What does that mean, children? Well, Elvira? Elvira—Please, ma'am, I think it means she stuck out her tongue.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Raising the Hat.

When a knight of old entered a company [illegible] he removed his helmet [illegible] that he considered himself among his friends and that there was no need to protect himself. This practice [illegible] in the custom of raising the hat when saluting a lady.

Cheaper.

Reginald—Thought your dad wasn't going to send you back to college.

[illegible] and old probable [illegible] expense, but I threatened to stay at home and help to run the business, and he decided college would be cheaper.

The Exception.

Their teacher had been telling the pupils of the Great Salt lake in Utah, "the water of which," she explained, "is so extremely salty that no fish can live in it."

This statement proving too much for the credulity of Willie Parker, he came with this question:

"Beg pardon, Miss Smith, but ain't salt mackerel live in it?"—Harper's Weekly.

The Final Test.

"Doctor," asked the patient, whose eyes had been undergoing treatment for a period of six months or more, "do you think that my eyes are all right now?"

"Yes," said the oculist, "I think I can assure you, Mr. Pinchnickel, that your eyes are cured. But there is one more test I should like to apply. See if you can read that at a distance of twelve or fourteen inches without blinking."

Whereupon he laid his bill before him.—Chicago Tribune.

Tectorium.

Tectorium, a substitute for glass, is prepared by applying a varnish to a finely meshed iron wire fabric. The varnish consists principally of good linseed oil, in which the vertically hanging wire fabric is repeatedly dipped up to as many as twelve times.

Rude Impoliteness.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.

Their Practical Joke.

Pupil—They say Tony's injuries were the result of a practical joke. Professor—Yes. The chappies told him that a big, burly fellow in the smoking room was deaf and dumb, and Tony walked over to him, with a sweet smile, and told him he was a bally fool. Pupil—Well? Professor—The man wasn't deaf and dumb.—London Illustrated Bits.

Copied Nature.

"Johnny," said a mother to an incorrigible youngster, "don't you know that your face is awfully dirty?"

"Well, what if it is?" he rejoined. "The face of the earth is dirty, but nobody makes a fuss about it."—Chicago News.

A Roland For an Oliver.

A young Baltimore man, who is quick to see a point and somewhat of a wit himself, walked into a shop the other day and asked for a comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the attendant, all unconscious of his terms.

"No," said the customer gravely, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."—Baltimore American.

Modest.

"Father," said the young man who had been feeding at the parental trough for a number of years, "I have made up my mind to paddle my own canoe hereafter."

"I'm certainly delighted to hear it, my son," replied the old man.

"And, father," continued the young man, "I want to begin at once, so kindly let me have $50 to buy a canoe and a paddle?"—London Telegraph.

A Possible Solution.

Mrs. Brown—I don't think Miss White will ever marry Mr. Jenks.

Mr. Brown—Why not?

Mrs. Brown—Oh, she quarrels with him so constantly.

Mr. Brown—Ah! Perhaps they've been secretly married already.

Obedient.

"Johnny," said his small sister, "won't you give me half of your apple?"

"I'm sorry, sis," replied Johnny, "but I can't do it. Mamma told me the other day never to do anything by halves."—Exchange.

How Fish Change Color.

In a lecture at the Royal Photographic society's exhibition Dr. Francis Ward said that the power of certain fish to change their color in harmony with their environment resided in their optic nerve. He placed a pike in such a position that its head was in a dark chamber while the rest of its body lay in bright sunshine. The pike remained black in color, but when he reversed its position and caused its head to be in the sunlight its color changed to a very much lighter hue within the space of a few minutes. The light acted upon the optic nerve, thus causing the pigment cells all over the skin to contract or relax.—London Standard.

Subtraction That Adds.

The air was sweet with the smell of willow wood, and the artificial limb maker was adjusting a delicate metal spring in a superb leg.

"This one of a pair of legs," he said, "I am making for an aviator. They are longer legs than his own were. His height before the accident was only five feet six. Now, with these legs, he will be five feet ten.

"Men all like to be tall. And short men, when, as sometimes happens, they lose both legs, gratify this universal desire for height by ordering wooden legs of an excessive length.

"Yes, paradoxical though it seems, cut a short man's legs off and he becomes taller."—Exchange.

WHY BE SICK WHEN YOU CAN BE HEALED?

Mr. Olney is effecting great cures in Medford. A party came from Ashland to see the healer yesterday and three out of their number was healed. Joe Snyder was cured of a rupture in one week's treatment. Charley Ballow was entirely healed of liver and kidney trouble one gentleman had his hearing restored.

Do not miss this opportunity to be healed.

Call and be convinced of his healing power and receive a free booklet. This is the last week that the healer will be in Medford. Don't wait till the last day but come early in the week and you will be healed.

Office in the Palms, corner Main and Grape streets.

Consultation free. Hours 9 a. m.

Just Arrived

One of the finest stocks of Roses that ever came to Medford, all of the newest and old-tried varieties.

Why don't you send that sick friend of yours or your sweetheart a bunch of Carnations?

Delivery any part of city.

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