

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Official Paper of the City of Medford.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager.

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THE JAWBONE OF AN ASS.

As Sampson of old smote the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, so does the Portland Oregonian of today with the same weapon smite the new state of Siskiyou in the following:

"A perplexed and despairing eastern contemporary—the New York Times—appeals for information and for an independent judgment" concerning the proposed new state of Siskiyou. "We in the east," it pensively complains, "have not been favored with a prospectus of Siskiyou's native advantages." That desiderative boon is about to be conferred upon those easterners who will attentively peruse the following veracious remarks. From this time forward, if they are not fully primed with knowledge about the hypothetical commonwealth of Siskiyou, it will be their own fault.

"To begin with, the clamor for a new star in the gorgeous constellation of the Union gathers its thunderous boom mainly from one throat, to-wit, that of the literary prodigy whose inspired pen writes the editorials in a Medford paper. This great man wants to secede from Oregon and California because he is mad. What he is mad about doesn't matter. The portentous circumstance is that he has made up his alleged mind to withdraw and take portions of the Rogue River valley and northern California along with him. In this fearsome resolution he is backed up by the Jackson County Press association, a powerful body composed of the Medford editor, a printer's devil in Jacksonville and an outdated railroad passer—the latter framed and hung on the wall as a perpetual reminder of other and more glorious times. It is said a supply of arms and ammunition has been laid in to be used if the base legislative caiffits at Salem and Sacramento resist the secession movement. Should open war break out, the Medford paper is assured of the alliance and support of the two saloonkeepers and two grocerymen of Yreka, Cal. The man who runs the Chinese laundry is said to be neutral. Yreka's enthusiastic and almost unanimous support has been gained by promising to build the new capitol on the lot now occupied by the mossy ruins of its once palatial drug store. In case more room is needed, the cellar hole where the hotel used to stand will be available.

"As to the territory which the new state will permit to share in its glorious opportunities, we do not understand that the blessing is to be extended indiscriminately to southern Oregon as a whole, or to northern California, either. Thus Medford is to be left out in the cold because of the scant appreciation it shows for the sublime beauties of the Medford paper, while Jacksonville is to be admitted for the sake of its tender and touching faith in the Medford editor. The line which divides the elect from the reprobate will wander deviously from the last subscriber of the Medford paper on the north to the city limits of Yreka on the south.

"We trust our eastern friends may find that the information here provided slakes their thirst for the truth about Siskiyou completely and agreeably. We also trust that some of them, who have charged the Oregonian with bias on the subject, will repent in sackcloth and ashes when they perceive with what absolute impartiality the facts on both sides are presented."

There is not a country editor within the broad boundary of Siskouyiu that could not do better than this. Evidently some donkey has climbed into Harvey Scott's chair, when the old man wasn't looking, wrapped the lion's skin about him and begun to bray—and who can answer the undisputed logic of an ass's bray?

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

The great need of the Rogue River valley is more diversified farming. Too many of our supplies are shipped in that should be raised at our doors. And there is a good living for anyone with energy enough to tackle an acre or two of land.

Climate and soil conditions are admirable for market gardening, for berry culture, and for the many fruits and vegetables that are table necessities—the lack of which is a drawback to the country.

That diversified farming pays and pays well is shown by the following records made by the enterprising truck farmers of the Phoenix-Talent district, which some day will be an immense garden plot:

From 15 acres of land, James Allen got 75 tons of alfalfa, from one acre 20 tons of tomatoes, from a half acre of onions, six tons; James Roberts and son, from 15 acres of land took 600 sacks of potatoes for which they received \$700, 150 sacks of onions netting \$225, \$40 in tomatoes, \$15 in pears, \$75 in carrots and beets, \$50 in cabbage, turnips and parsnips, \$15 in rhubarb, \$15 in squash, \$100 in berries, \$250 in hay, \$25 in beans, or a total of \$150, or over \$1000 an acre.

S. S. Stephens, from one and one-half acres of non-irrigated land, cut 11 tons of alfalfa. His potatoes (non-irrigated) yielded 80 sacks per acre and his irrigated onion patch 340 sacks per acre.

C. Carey, from two acres of potatoes, got 160 sacks, non-irrigated, specimens of which took gold medal at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. From a quarter acre of berries he picked 180 crates. His non-irrigated alfalfa field of six acres yielded 20 tons of hay.

M. D. Brophy of Wagner Creek from tomatoes planted between the rows of three acres of three-year-old orchard picked 60 tons of tomatoes, which netted him \$750.

E. Gibbs, who conducts a dairy, gives the following report for the year ending November 30, 1909: Number of cows milked, 6; number of pounds butter fat, 1800; average test for year, 27; average monthly income for each cow, \$9.50. Each cow has been dry two months during the year. The cows are brown Swiss and Jersey, 4 years old this coming spring.

Similar results have been obtained from other diversified farmers of this section, who can show like averages on alfalfa, corn, berries and vegetables.

MAKES TOMATOES PAY CULTIVATION

Talent Orchardmen Who Have Solved Problem of Growing Orchard and Making Living at Same Time.

It isn't necessary in the Rogue river valley to plant an orchard and then wait without hope of income until the trees have attained their growth and produce a crop. Crops can be grown between the rows.

Witness the experience of M. D. Brophy of Talent. Mr. Brophy lives on Wagner creek above Talent and has four acres of land in apples, the trees being now three years old.

Last season he planted the four acres—between the apple tree rows—to tomatoes and from the four acres he sold 60 tons, "and I suppose nearly as many were given away or went to waste," said Mr. Brophy. "I sold from that four acre patch over \$750 worth of tomatoes and I will do that or better during the next two years, when the trees will commence to bear."

HAVE YOU AN EYE FOR BUSINESS?

Maybe you have, but it isn't wide open unless you have electric light in your store.

Did you ever stop to realize how an electric sign would shout out your name to people on the streets nights?

Did you ever stop to think how a bright electric sign would literally burn your name and location in people's minds?

And an electrically lighted window display shines out like Mars at perihelion, and tends to even draw people from across the street.

And, besides that, if your store interior is lighted by electricity, it not only is an evidence of progressiveness, but also shows off your goods to best advantage, even bringing out colors and tints as true as daylight.

A brilliantly lighted store is an invitation; it is cheering, pleasant, good will making.

But, above all, it is trade-making. That's the point we all have an eye to.

Shall we send a representative to talk it over with you?
ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC CO.

Saturday, January 8, is Children's Day at the Art Studio. Call and see about it. 244

Notice.
My wife, Effie Gordon, has willfully left my board and bed, and I will not be responsible for any debts whatever which she may contract hereafter.
ALFRED D. GORDEN,
246 Prospect, Ore.

Notice.
Members of First M. E. choir, there will be a regular rehearsal Friday at 7:30 p. m.
FORREST EDMEADES.

Odd Fellows, Attention.
A large attendance of Rogue River Encampment on Saturday evening is desired in order to arrange for attending the funeral of P. O. M. Silas Day of Jacksonville on Sunday afternoon. 244

THE BANISTERS.

What They Tell the Dwellers in New York's Tenements.

Many a grewsome bit of wisdom is gleaned by settlement workers. The other day a woman of philanthropic tendencies trudged miles looking for rooms for an unfortunate family that had to move. After she had made a selection that would fit their scant means the mother of the family went around to see the rooms before moving in.

"Oh," exclaimed that wise tenement dweller, "we'd be worse off here than where we are! This place is too unhealthy."

"How do you make that out?" asked the settlement worker. "It strikes me as being better than most houses of its class."

The woman pointed to the banisters, which ran up through the five flights of stairs to the roof in a ragged, broken line. "Coffins," she said grimly. "That's what that means. Coffins is terrible hard on banisters. There are too many deaths here to suit me."

And when the settlement worker learned that many tenement dwellers really do judge of the healthfulness of a house by the condition of the banisters she concluded that that place wouldn't suit her either.—New York Press.

A Valuable Employee.
"Yes; he's an invaluable chauffeur."
"Not especially intelligent, is he?"
"Oh, no! But he is willing to be arrested every time I oversped my car. And there's one particularly nice thing about him."
"What's that?"
"He never finds fault with the way I run the machine. He only says, 'Well, it's your car, and my life is insured.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES

Good Reason Why.



Porcupine—That's funny. My mamma never licks me that way.

His First After Dinner Speech.



As it seemed to him.—Harper's Weekly.

The Village Inn.



"Why don't you supply toothpicks after lunch?"
"I used to, sir, but people used to take 'em away wi' 'em!"—London Weekly Telegraph.

His Affliction.

One day the teacher of the juvenile class spoke of the poet Milton's blindness. On the following day she asked a small boy if he remembered how Milton was afflicted.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the little fellow. "He was a poet."—Exchange.

THE PLEBEIANS.

Their Secession From Rome and Their Rise to Power.

Plebeians were the commons of Rome, who were originally forbidden all political rights. They were for the most part poor and were not allowed to intermarry with the patricians. They served in the army without pay and were sold into slavery for debt and could even be cut into pieces for distribution among their creditors.

Finding their condition intolerable, the plebeians in 497 B. C. seceded to Mons Sacer, near Rome, where they resolved to build a new city. But this step so alarmed the privileged classes that they granted to the commons the right of annually choosing from their own numbers two magistrates, called tribunes, with power to protect them against the aggressions of the patricians.

After the lapse of about 200 years the disabilities of the plebeians were almost entirely removed, and between the years 250-300 B. C. they secured the dictatorship, the censorship and the praetorship as well as the right to be pontiff and augur. Thus the Roman republic, after two centuries of existence, finally secured a democratic form of government.—New York American.

Sweat and Perspire.

It is possible to tell almost exactly when the more elegant "perspire" drove out the vulgar "sweat." According to a writer in the London Gentleman's Magazine in 1791, "for some time past neither man, woman nor child in Great Britain and Ireland of any rank or fashion has been subject to the gross form of exudation which was formerly known as 'sweat.' Now every mortal, except carters, coal heavers and chairmen, merely 'perspires.' For these twenty years past the word 'sweat' has been gradually becoming more and more odious."

Before 1770 or so "perspiration" commonly meant an insensible process, "sweating" the grosser variety thereof. In one of his sermons Wesley remarked that "during a night's sleep a healthy man perspires one part in four less when he sweats than when he does not." That would be meaningless today.

Too Much For Him.
"Were you sick on the voyage?"
"Not until the custom house officers came aboard."

The Acrobat and His Family.



Conductor—For one fare ye can only occupy one seat!



Acrobat—Oh, very well!—Harper's Weekly.

Shopping.



"Yes, madam, I paint portraits."
"Well, if you'll give me your price list and a few samples I'll talk them over with my husband."—Browning's Magazine.

Right He Was.



"Why, uncle, I thought the doctor ordered you not to go out of the door this weather!"
"Well, I didn't. I climbed out of the window!"—New York World.

Tennyson's Love For Birds.

Alfred Tennyson was all his life a great lover of the woods and fields. Trees, birds and flowers were his everyday companions, and he faithfully studied the habits of Dame Nature's English nurslings. The lark, the nightingale, the owl and the linnet were his favorite birds. He was also greatly interested in the sea birds, the peregrine falcon, the osprey, the gull, etc., and in the long legged sea birds, the visitors to marshes and pools. He thought the curlew, of which he has written in "Locksley Hall," a very noble bird and loved its wild call over the marshes. There are many references to birds native to England in his poems, and all of them show a thorough acquaintance with the individual characteristics of the different species.

At Farringford the poet's garden was the home of the wild birds of the hedgerows. The blackbird and robin and the smaller birds flocked there in great numbers, and it was considered far more important that they should feel welcome there than that the fruit should be permitted to ripen undisturbed or the garden be kept in proper order.

Domesticated birds also Tennyson numbered among his friends. Brilliant peacocks and more sober doves and pigeons, he loved them all.

A Helpful Suggestion.

The young man had married the rich man's daughter and wasn't killing himself with work to support her. One day the father called him up to talk to him.

"Look here," he said emphatically, "why don't you go to work?"
"I don't have to," the son-in-law replied, with brazen effrontery.
"Well, you will have to."
"Why will I?"
"Because, sir, I can't live always to support you."

"But you will leave us something?"
"Not much, I won't. There won't be anything to leave."

The son-in-law was alarmed.
"Great Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that you have nothing?"
"That's about it."

The son-in-law devoted himself to profound thought for several seconds.
"I have a suggestion to offer," he said in a businesslike manner.
"What is it?" asked the old gent.
"Well, I suggest that you take out, say, a £20,000 life insurance on yourself to save wear and tear on my mind."—London Answers.

STORE WINDOWS

Your window is the most, in truth, the only, potent factor for night advertising your store has.

It is the only means you have of giving people, on the street, a tempting idea of what you have in your store. If—

It is the only way you have of arousing their curiosity.—

Why not cut out the "ifs" by illuminating your store windows with electric lights?

Other forms of light are shadowy, flickering, smudgy, dingy, gloomy, and place your entire window exhibit at a disadvantage.

Electric lighting floods your window with an attractive brilliancy, and shows your goods advantageously, as

to color, tint, texture and beauty. People on the street evenings are attracted to bright windows.

Gloomily, half-lighted show window are passed by.

Why? Just because a dingy show window is an uncheering sight.

Many a sale is made or started after your store doors are locked, if your windows are lighted by electricity.

If you would talk to folks at night in the only way your window display is intended to talk, use electric lighting.

Let us tell you more about it and its economical cost. Yours for better light. ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC CO.

Resolved

That with the beginning of the New Year, I will trade where I receive the greatest value for my money---In other words

The Rex Market

Huth & Pech Props. Phone 3271

A New Year of Prosperity

Is assured to you if you purchase your groceries of

Rex Grocery Co.

Savoy Theatre

TONIGHT.

THREE NEIGHBORS.
(One Long Laugh.)

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.
(Thrilling Drama.)

AN UNWILLING MARRIAGE.
(Animated Western Drama.)

ONE DIME.

THE ROADS ARE NEVER BAD
THE WEATHER IS ALWAYS GOOD
WHEN YOU WANT TO GO, CALL UP

THE UNION LIVERY

R. O. DUNCAN Proprietor