

## MEDFORD'S FREE LIBRARY AND WHAT IT MEANS

**A Little History of the Public Library, Giving Its Growth and Purposes—Carnegie Library is Wanted and Steps Being Taken to Secure It.**

(MRS. B. P. THEISS.)

Our public library is destined to be a universal benefit to every man, woman and child in Medford and can not be too highly estimated by every citizen. It attracts and develops the most desirable classes of society and raises the moral and cultural tone of a city.

The Greater Medford club had planned for some time on starting a public library; and the incentive came in the person of Mrs. Kidder, a representative of the Oregon Library commission, sent by that body to establish public libraries in cities, or install traveling libraries in more isolated places. Mrs. Kidder arrived just as Medford was enjoying its first street carnival, August 5, 1907. She addressed the Ladies' Carnival committee, which included most of the ladies of Medford. In the evening Mrs. Kidder met with the committee of the Commercial club and set forth the needs of the library in a very convincing manner. As a result the Commercial club promised their hearty support. Upon her return some two months later, November 24, 1907, she met with the Greater Medford club, which then numbered forty members. The matter of a city library was then taken up in earnest, and a committee appointed consisting of Mesdames Hollis, Merrick, Stoddard, Van Dyke, to solicit donations from the business men, civic and social organizations. Each club member collected \$5 for the library fund and the result was about \$550. A subscription library consisting of 200 volumes and several individual donations swelled the number of books to about 700.

For the government of the library there was a board of nine appointed, according to state law, by Mayor Reddy, consisting of J. F. Reddy, W. J. Vawter, Chas. King, J. E. Watt, Ed Andrews, Mrs. B. P. Theiss, H. C. Stoddard, F. E. Merrick, F. W. Hollis.

On July 7, 1908, the city council adopted a resolution establishing a public library. The offer of the council of the city hall room was accepted, in which quarters the library has held forth to the present day.

The Greater Medford club has worked assiduously to keep pace with the rapidly growing demand for books, soliciting, giving dancing parties, lecture courses and musical entertainments.

In January, 1910, a book club was organized, the sixty members of which, by their \$1 dues, supplying a fund for the purchase of many choice books. The novel scheme of "Block Day" deposited about \$400 in the library exchequer. Then, as their latest financial project, through the courtesy of the Medford Mail Tribune, the ladies of the Greater Medford club have assumed the management of this edition of May 15.

For a number of months the matter of a Carnegie library has been agitated. In fact, at a special election, a majority for charter amendment, permitting the levying of a tax to support and maintain a Carnegie library was passed. Owing to the voluminous correspondence carried on with Mr. Bortram, Mr. Carnegie's secretary, and to the personal intercession of Mr. J. R. Allen upon his recent trip to New York, the hopes are high in Medford of the realization of her ambition of a \$20,000 library. If Mr. Carnegie could visit our beautiful valley, note the progress and see the invincible determination of every resident to make Medford a prosperous city, we are sure the donation of a public library would be speedily granted.

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### MANAGING EDITOR PRAISES HER STAFF

(MRS. E. E. GORE.)

The anxiety of the past few weeks is about over, and now, as all is ready for the press and the forms are about to close, we see how needless was anxious thought. Everyone on the staff has been helpful, obliging, tireless, enthusiastic and efficient up to the last moment of time. The reporters did their best and brought in good stories well written, and as the vast bulk of advertising, so essential to financial success, continued to increase, it seemed to furnish new stimulation to every one in the office. Deep gratitude is felt toward all who assisted in uniform singleness of purpose to make this issue of the Mail Tribune one of the long-to-be remembered successes of the always successful Greater Medford club.

## A SUCCESSFUL MEDFORD CLUB

**The Wednesday Study Club and the Subjects It Takes Up and Considers at Its Regular Meetings—Doing Much Good.**

(MRS. M. L. ALFORD.)

The women of today are uttering good, strong protests on many public matters, in which a generation ago they did not concern themselves. They are making themselves heard in municipal affairs with no inconsiderable voice; they desire to be strong, self-reliant individuals.

The change in economic conditions, caused chiefly by the invention of labor-saving devices, find thousands of women with abundant leisure, and the woman is to be commended who spends this leisure time in the large "world's work" of women's clubs.

Much has been accomplished by women's clubs that is good, worthy and effective, such as the creation of juvenile courts, the more enlightened and humane laws effecting child labor; the local civic betterment in the direction of maintaining public libraries; the establishment of day nurseries; free classes for girls in schools and colleges; the distribution of seeds, plants and trees, all of which tend toward making social conditions better and rendering suffering less.

There are today something more than half a million club women in America. Of the many clubs of our city the Wednesday Study club, organized May 5, 1909, with a membership of twenty-seven women, is deserving of mention.

The object of this club has been to create an intellectual stimulus, and to be a means of musical improvement and culture. This end has been furthered by each member responding promptly in whatever duty assigned.

The subjects which have been taken up from October to May and the essays are as follows:

Froebel and the Kindergarten, by Miss Harmon.

A Sheaf of Old Melodies (illustrated), by Mrs. W. I. Vawter.

The Educational Value of Public Libraries, by Mrs. E. V. Carter of Ashland.

An Hour With Thomas Carlyle, by Mrs. M. L. Alford.

Our American Poets, by Mrs. Campbell.

December 1st and 8th, musicales by Prof. Field.

The Giving That Is Gaining, by Mrs. J. E. Mundy.

Paris, speaker Miss Marien Foster.

Ralph Waldo Emerson—as a prose writer and as a poet, by Mrs. T. W. Streets.

American Art, Its Growth and Distinctive Features, by Mrs. H. Thurtell.

Is the Influence of the Mind Over the Body Greater Than the Body Over the Mind? by Mrs. Gale.

The Wonders of Modern Surgery, by Dr. H. E. Morrison.

Municipal Art—A Little House-keeping Out of Doors, by Mrs. P. J. Neff.

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## TELLS STORY OF SECOND AUTO IN ROGUE VALLEY

**It Was an '05 Model of "Broucks" Type—Sometimes It Went and Sometimes It "Didn't Went"—Miss Keith First Lady Driver in the Valley.**

(MRS. A. C. ALLEN.)

In the spring of 1905 Miss Margaret Keith, sister of Mrs. A. C. Allen, brought into Medford the second automobile owned in Rogue river valley. This car was, like nearly all the '05 models, of the broucho type—sometimes it would go and at others it would "balk," but at most times it acted in a rather untamed manner. After a time Miss Keith and her sister managed to gain an understanding of its eccentricities to such an extent as to be able to coax the auto out and back home again. And so it was that Miss Keith became the first lady to drive an automobile in the valley.

Outside of the fact that the automobile was an uncommon sight here, it was still more so to see a lady driving the car, and they always drew an interested crowd when "the pesky thing" balked in the middle of the street. At such times the ladies always spurred any aid, but promptly got out the tool kit and in some mysterious way got the car out of its tangle and started again.

When asked, "How did you know what was the matter with the car?" the reply was, "I didn't know, I simply took out the spark plug, looked at it and put it back. I have not the slightest idea what I expected to find the matter with the spark plug, but if I didn't look there for the trouble where else would I look?"

That question would have puzzled almost any one at that time. At any rate the treatment seemed to be all sufficient for the car would finally start.

Then, too, it was trouble all along

## Mr. Putnam Is Thanked

The editorial staff, on behalf of the one hundred and twenty members of the Greater Medford club, wishes to express to Mr. George Putnam, manager of the Mail Tribune, its gratitude for his generosity in presenting to the ladies this issue of the paper. But for the public spirit of Mr. Putnam and the interests which he represents, the ladies would not have enjoyed this splendid opportunity to render service to the cause of civic improvement, which lies so near their hearts.

They also wish to express appreciation of the patience with which the persistent visits of the advertising committee were received, and for the overwhelming generosity accorded them. Those who felt unable to assist to any great extent gave encouragement that was touching and showed a profound interest in the paper's success. Of this kindly feeling the ladies also take note.

THE EDITORS.

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+ WAITING. +  
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(MABLE HOLMES PARSONS.)

What am I doing, you ask it,  
Wondering why I calmly sit  
And rock and smile, and smile and sew—  
It isn't strange you should not know.

Think you no longing stir within  
To face the ferment and the din?  
To take my place and do my part,  
Although I never, never, start?

Appear to start, 'twere better said;  
Silent the voice and low the tread  
Of those who wait, and waiting,  
smile;  
But there's many a lonely, barren  
mile.

Ere the world can see or the world  
can know,  
But I know it—it is better-better so.

the road, for when the car wasn't  
"kicking" the users of the public  
highways were for nearly all—including  
the horses—resented the appearance  
of the auto on the road. Things were  
not so pleasant in those days for  
the autoist.

## SMELLS.

(By Mrs. H. C. Stoddard.)

The enlightenment of the Medford public might almost be gauged by the number of its citizens who sleep out of doors, or at least demand well ventilated sleeping apartments.

Of the hundreds of houses built recently and now under construction a large percentage have provision for out of door sleeping. Of our three score and ten years we spend over twenty years in sleep, and we realize as never before that 'tis well nigh impossible to so ventilate our house that the air is as good indoors as out. While many parts of Medford are kept beautifully clean, the fact remains that some parts of our city are not kept clean. The perpetual condition of certain alleys in Medford renders sleeping out of doors or indoors most difficult. Truth to tell, 'tis discouraging to breathe at all, either day or night.

We have a city ordinance which adequately covers the matter; a city health officer to enforce the law; a city editor who conducts an unceasing campaign for cleanliness; a large majority of citizens who have enough personal pride to keep their premises at all times free from kitchen garbage, refuse from stables, or anything else that will contaminate the air and furnish a breeding place for flies.

We have a few citizens who are notorious for not complying with the law in keeping their premises clean and habitable, and who seem entirely indifferent to the fact that their neighbors have any rights which should be respected.

We have made repeated attempts to sleep out of doors in various parts of Medford and have found it a most discouraging undertaking, inasmuch as the incense that rose from neighboring alleys and smote our olfactories was something which even the wildest flights of fancy could not construe as emanating from orange blossoms. Nor is this all—it has brought out the ugliness in our disposition rather than the beautiful, as bad environments invariably do. Indeed, so vicious have we become, we have often wished with the Roman tyrant of old, that the people responsible for those filthy alleys had but one neck, that we might go out and hang them all with one rope.

People who keep horses on small city lots should form the habit of removing all refuse from stables and alleys once a week. This, with the frequent use of chloride of lime, with render their own premises more habitable, to say nothing of the great joy it would afford their neighbors.

If thou love thy neighbor as thyself, thou wilt not compel him to breathe the aroma arising from thy manure pile.

Let us enlist public sentiment against the few remaining filthy alleys in Medford and in so doing speed the day when the residents on every street in Medford can, if they choose, sleep out of doors without wearing clothespins on their noses.

## MANY CHANGES SINCE CLUB WAS FIRST FORMED

**No Paved Streets, Modern Business Houses or Other Marks of Metropolis—Story of Hutchinson's Old Black Horse Is Told—Change in City Remarkable.**

(MRS. E. E. GORE.)

When the greater Medford club was organized seven years ago the city streets were not the present delightful paved thoroughfares over which skim scores of elegantly appointed automobiles, but they were dusty, straggling roads, lined on either side by hideous weeds and the most attractive turn-out in the town was a fat, glossy black horse drawing a great family carry-all, owned by Mr. C. J. Hutchinson, which was used for quiet driving when he was in no hurry to arrive at his destination. The sites now occupied by handsome and commodious modern business blocks were covered with bill boards and unattractive frame buildings and the miles of fine cement walks were rough board sidewalks or dusty paths worn smooth by school children. The one fine brick school house, considered ample for educational purposes, is now supplemented by a \$40,000 high school building, another brick building nearly as capacious as the first, and, yielding to an insistent demand, a new school is to be built this season for the accommodation of residents of the east side. Keeping pace with municipal development, the standard of individual living has materially changed. The modern bungalow, with electric lights, steam heat and an open style of interior treatment is the accepted style of building and many costly as well as convenient and comfortable homes have been built in the past two years.

### BUSINESS MANAGER VOICES HER GRATITUDE

(MRS. J. F. REDDY.)

The paper is going to press. The day is dawning, and our work is done. All sorts of emotions are evoked by this sunrise. Fatigue, excitement, regret, pleasure, but, above all, gratitude. Gratitude first to the man who gave us the use of this plant to bring about the good accomplished by the issue of this paper. Gratitude to his representatives here who have so splendidly "stood in." Gratitude to all those who so patiently bore with the persistent visits of the advertising staff, and, last of all, gratitude for the great personal joy this unique experience has been to me as business manager of this edition.

## TROUBLES OF A SOCIETY EDITOR

**One Who Has Had Experience Tells of the Manifold Duties of This Position on a Live Newspaper—Sometimes Has Good Time.**

(MRS. E. E. GORE.)

The society editor on a small daily conducted on metropolitan lines, such as control the Medford Mail Tribune, has one of the most important as well as decidedly the most pleasant jobs on the paper. Her position gives her free entree to the best and most exclusive circles, as no one expects a reporter to describe graphically or to give that much desired individual touch to the write-up of an elaborately arranged dinner, reception, wedding or tea, without being afforded an opportunity to secure at least a glimpse of the setting before or after the event. That adequate and satisfactory details can not be secured over the telephone, is a kindly accepted fact. A Medford woman whom a kind fortune has placed outside the throng of those madly seeking to wrest a competency and riches from this world, and who has a sympathetic manner of expressing herself, volunteered to say that, letting the world know through the social columns of the local paper that we were not entirely given up to commercialism but were considering an easy, leisurely and more or less aesthetic method of promoting social intercourse, was one of the needed expansions in our city. The value of recreation suited to individual tastes in oiling the rather complex machinery of everyday life, can not be gainsayed and 'tis hinted that not only women, but said business men, peruse the social columns, not because they have any interest in what occurs but, frankly, "to see what they have to say."

One of the pleasant features of being society editor, is that she must dress well, as upon reporting for duty her first assignment may be to a lunch or breakfast at 11:30 where she is expected to catch in a few minutes the main details of the house and its decorations, the dining room, table, flowers, place cards, attendants, menu, the charming and gracious manners of the hostess, and the fetching toilettes of the ladies. Her calling cards are engraved by the office while a special automobile is kept at the garage for her exclusive use in securing necessary information. As the social editor has so many privileges, her salary is small but amply sufficient for her modest needs.

The ladies of the community, while holding fast to a becoming modesty, are apparently willing to send in interesting details of dinners and parties and dances, while it not infrequently happens that several guests will also call up and cordially give complimentary comment that reaches the office in a flood that threatens to submerge the force.

If some of today's "To Let" ads had not been printed, some of today's ad readers would say still longer in unsuitable homes.

Of course, to the veteran newspaper man they may have lacked some of the earmarks of the real professional journalist; they could not sharpen pencils, they could not remember that newspaper copy is "dope," and they could not put their feet on the desks and puff at cob pipes while courting inspiration, but they made up for that by a certain appealing politeness and by looking very businesslike.

The newspaper is looked up as man's particular institution and about the only chance a woman has in the journalistic field is to lend variety by certain touch-and-go articles, to the serious work of men. Possibly the sense of being debilitated is the reason why women in solitude of the fireside and in the hum of the busy streets are studying, thinking, comparing, so that when an opportunity like this presents itself they are ready to fling themselves into the breach and prove themselves not altogether unqualified for duty.

The preparation of the special articles and the canvass for advertising was accomplished early in the week, filling the days with eager activity, but that was nothing compared to the mad rush for news that filled yesterday. The "club reporters" seemed to have a genius for finding out things. The chief excitement in the newspaper field is when some "big story" comes in at the last moment, when the whole complexion of the paper must at once be changed because if some story breaks, unexpectedly, even the editorial lead may be thrown out and the news that is up swept away to make room for an absorbing tale of interest. 'Tis this hope that something will happen, that the paper may "scoop" a rival or that the reporters may secure an exclusive tale, that fascinates writers and keeps them year in and year out at their posts.

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## IT WAS A HAPPY HAPPY DAY EDITORS SAY

**Many, Many Pleasing Experiences Are Met by Ladies in Their Efforts to Collect and Edit the News of a Day—And They Finished It Early, But Tired.**

(MRS. E. E. GORE.)

It was a tired, happy and exultant corps of women who retired from the offices of the Mail Tribune early this morning—their work of preparing the woman's special edition finished. Tired, because since early Saturday they had been sitting at desks going over copy, answering telephone calls, taking telegraph messages hot from the wire, directing an army of assistants or darting here and there in the endeavor to cover the local news of a bustling city; happy because of conscientious work done; exultant because of the unqualified support and approval afforded the editorial staff.

George Putnam, manager of the Medford Printing company, and who dictates over the editorial policy of the paper, showed his confidence in the ladies by going to Rogue river fishing. Harry H. Hicks, news editor, abdicated in favor of the little lady appointed by the Greater Medford club to preside over his desk, and the other men of the force were conspicuously absent from their posts of duty. When the women swarmed down early Saturday morning it was to take undisputed possession of an open field. And they seemed to fit into their respective places like the different parts of a jig-saw puzzle.

With an air of confidence that inspired respect, they went to work, as if they had been trained in a journalistic school, and while they made mistakes, they did not ask an insupportable number of needless and silly questions, because they had exhausted that phase of the subject in preliminary days, and the rush and whirl of actual combat stayed the restless tongue.

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