

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Complete Series: Thirty-ninth Year: Daily, Fifth Year.
PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY BY THE MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

A consolidation of the Medford Mail, established 1889; the Southern Oregonian, established 1903; the Democratic Times, established 1872; the Ashland Tribune, established 1898; and the Medford Tribune, established 1904.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager
Entered as second-class matter November 4, 1909, at the postoffice at Medford, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Official Paper of the City of Medford.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One year by mail..... \$5.00
One month by mail..... .50
Per month, delivered by carrier in Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Talent, Phoenix, Central Point, Gold Hill and Woodville..... 50
Sunday only, by mail per year..... 2.00
Weekly, one year..... 1.50

Full Leased Wire United Press Dispatches.
The Mail Tribune is on sale at the Ferry News Stand, San Francisco, Portland Hotel News Stand, Portland, Boyman News Co., Portland, Or., W. O. Whitney, Seattle, Wash., Hotel Spokane News Stand, Spokane.

Postage Rates.
1 to 12-page paper..... 1c
13 to 24-page paper..... 2c
24 to 36-page paper..... 3c

SWORN CIRCULATION.
Average Daily for—
November, 1909..... 1,700
December, 1909..... 1,543
January, 1910..... 1,925
February, 1910..... 2,122

APRIL CIRCULATION.
1..... 2,200
2..... 2,150
3..... 2,300
4..... 2,200
5..... 2,100
6..... 2,200
7..... 2,300
8..... 2,300
9..... 2,350
10..... 2,500
11..... 2,500
12..... 2,300
13..... 2,300
14..... 2,300
15..... 2,325

Total..... 58,325
Less deductions..... 800
Average net daily, 2301.

STATE OF OREGON, County of Jackson, ss:
On this 30th day of April, 1910, personally appeared before me, G. Putnam, manager of the Medford Mail Tribune, who, upon oath, acknowledged that the above figures are true and correct.
G. PUTNAM, Manager. H. N. TOCKERT, Notary Public for Oregon.

MEDFORD, OREGON.
Metropolis of Southern Oregon and Northern California and fastest-growing city in Oregon.
Population, May, 1910, 9,000.
Bank deposits, \$2,500,000.
Banner fruit city of Oregon—Rogue River apples won sweepstakes prize and title of "Apple Kings of the World" at National Apple Show, Spokane, 1909.
Rogue River pears brought highest prices in all markets of the world during the past five years.

Write Commercial Club, enclosing 6 cents for postage on finest community pamphlet ever written.

"Congress to work nights," reads a headliner. About time it did something.

The comet has lost its tail. That's what happens from keeping such un-seemly hours.

Medford is metropolitan. It isn't every town that Hill could rent a dress suit in.

Louis Hill had to come to Medford to learn the news—and he hasn't heard it all yet.

No wonder fishing is poor in the Rogue—the fish cannot get back from salt water.

Following the thousand-dollar saloon license comes the settlement of the water question.

Medford is to have a high-class stock company at the theater during the summer months.

Will somebody please build a first-class hotel for Medford? It's the city's greatest need.

If those fish at the Ament dam keep on jumping they will wear the balance of the dam away.

"The administration of explanations" might well be the title of a booklet covering Taff's reign.

There is a growing suspicion that the Hill interests are going to do just what Mr. Hill says they won't.

Now the ladies can realize their dream and pull down the old water tank in the park—long an unsightly object.

Colonel Hofer said there was only one man in Salem who opposed the Crater Lake road. Better give him a funeral.

Hill may be able to make water run uphill, as District Attorney Mulkey says, but Bill Hanley says he notices it runs down when Hill taps the jug.

The Oregonian recently informed its readers that the world's prize pears were grown at Central Point, on Hood river—which is evidence both of the Oregonian's knowledge of geography and its partiality for Hood River.

Bill Hanley is one of the big men of Oregon. He proved it by helping to settle the water question. He has announced his intention of making Medford his home in the near future—and all will give him a hearty welcome.

"RICHEST VALLEY IN THE WORLD."

"THE Rogue River Valley is the richest valley in the world," stated President Louis W. Hill, of the Great Northern railway, at the Medford banquet Friday evening.

What Mr. Hill said about the valley is the opinion of many globe trotters. The possibilities are here and await but development—and the development is under way.

Forty thousand car loads of fruit a year is the estimate made by President Hill of the fruit output of the valley within ten years. Prof. O'Gara is more conservative and places it at thirty thousand. General Passenger Agent McMurray of the Southern Pacific over a year ago predicted the same yield. Every traffic man who has studied the valley is similarly impressed with its future.

At a dollar a box, this would mean from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 a year annual income, and fruit growing is but one of many resources.

These are reasons why railroads are headed for Medford, for, as Mr. Hill says, "conditions are those which appeal to a railroad man and the railroad companies, inducing them to invest their capital."

Mr. Hill was non-committal regarding railroad extension, but even while he was trying to convey the impression that the Pacific and Eastern would not be extended, supplemented articles of incorporation were being filed in the office of the secretary of state at Salem in which the Oregon Trunk Railway Company declared its intention "to build up the valley of the Deschutes River and its tributaries, and in a general southerly direction to a point at or near Klamath Falls, in the state of Oregon; and also from a point on the main line of the railway of the said corporation in township 35 south, range 7 east, of the Willamette meridian, in Klamath County, Oregon, to a point in the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, a distance of about seventy miles, with such branches and extensions as the corporation may hereafter decide upon."

WHY THEY LOST THEIR PEACHES.

A NUMBER of fruit growers in the Ashland district have lost their crop of peaches this year and have given the trees a severe set-back by following directions given in Bulletin 106, O. A. C., Experiment Station, entitled "Spraying for Peach Fruit Spot."

The statement in question follows:
"All that can safely be said is that in all probability stock solutions which test 30 degrees Beauge if diluted 1 to 30 or 35 would not injure foliage and would probably be efficient in checking the disease."

Although the statement is in itself extremely vague and qualified by "all that can safely be said," and "in all probability," a number of growers accepted the statement and not only succeeded in "checking the disease" but lost fruit and foliage and checked their trees as well.

Now that the damage has been done, there is nothing that can be done other than sound a note of warning against following the advice of amateurs when the Rogue River Valley has the services of one who is, perhaps, the most eminent pathologist in the United States, and who, if not retained here by the fruit growers, will become the chief pathologist of the Department of Agriculture in July, owing to the excellence of his work.

GOOD NEWS FOR MEDFORD.

THE two years' litigation over the water question has been satisfactorily settled out of court to the great relief of Medford. Work can now proceed rapidly upon the completion of the gravity water system.

The litigation has been marked by successful obstruction tactics without a parallel in the history of the state. It has deprived a city of its water supply and has been productive of nothing but lawyers' fees, the contestants consenting finally to accept the amount originally offered for right of way.

Whether the compromise was due to the fact that legal subterfuges had been exhausted, or whether, as is probable, it was due to the good will felt toward Medford by the new owner of the property or by both, we do not know. It is sufficient to know that it has been settled, and all Medford is grateful to William Hanley and to Mayor Canon and the city officials for settling it, as well as those citizens who brought the principals together and who have striven so long to effect a settlement.

A SUCCESSFUL SITUATION.

BELOW the Ament dam are thousands of fish which are beating themselves to pieces in vain efforts to leap the dam. Every second great salmon and magnificent trout frantically hurl themselves through the air into the flood pouring through the broken dam, only to fall back stunned and bleeding by crashing against the cribbing or to be spun about like a top in the maelstrom in the torrent. Many of these fish have great gashes torn in them where they have struck a projecting log—a pitiable sight.

The high waters of last winter carried out a portion of the dam. Through the gap, about twenty feet wide, pours the entire flow of the Rogue River, tumbling vertically eighteen or twenty feet. No fish, no matter how strong, can leap this torrent. The new fish ladder, constructed last year, is useless because the level of the water is far below its intake. As a result, no fish are getting above the dam.

Some work was done this winter to prevent the further destruction of the dam. No work, however, was done to permit the fish to ascend and it should have been. Master Fish Warden McAllister has ordered a temporary fish ladder constructed and work on it is leisurely proceeding. It should relieve the situation, if completed in time.

In its present condition, the Ament dam serves no useful purpose—and cannot serve any. It should either be restored or removed; and if repaired, a decent fishway provided. The present situation is a shameful one.

THE LADIES AS EDITORS.

(Capital Journal, Salem.)

The horse editor of the Journal takes off his hat to the ladies of Medford, who, all by their own sweet selves, got out the Sunday edition of the Medford Mail Tribune on the 15th. On that day Mr. Putnam turned the plant and mechanical force over to the ladies to work their own sweet wills upon them and, with a sapiency that is creditable to the profession, hid himself to the cool banks of a mountain stream, where nothing more babbling than the care-free waters of the limpid brook could disturb his peace.

The ladies rose to the occasion, too, and they covered the news field thoroughly. True, the news items had rather an editorial twang, but they were well written and had a suggestion of violets and "Oh, dears!" rather than of oob pipes and "who the — is holding this paper back?" but as an innovation the horse editor pronounces it a decided success.

The range of subjects was wide, reaching from "Suffragettes," "Higher Ideals," "Arts and Crafts" and kindred topics, to "Bad Smells" and "A Dead Cow."

The editorial work was fine, the social page a model for us old "hes," and—well—the Journal ad man took one look at the advertising and went limp at his desk.

There were some mistakes, of course, and the horse editor is glad of it, for every woman who worked on the paper will feel sympathy instead of contempt for the average everyday newspaper man, because she can now understand how easily they are made, and how hard it is to prevent them.

As a sample of what the telegraph editor or editress put up in "scare-heads," how is this, which appeared in 36-point letters, two columns?

"Bold Bad Burglars' Band Burple Big Booze Bureau."
That girl was surely busy as a "B."

Rogue River certainly got a big boost, and, as for that foxy editor, George Putnam, he is solid for governor of the new state of Siskiyou, or anything else; the biggest luminary in the sky, not even excepting the comet.

THE MEDFORD FE-MAIL TRIBUNE.

(Portland Spectator.)

With the editorial comment that "a newspaper office is the darriest place on earth," the ladies of our southern metropolis conducted the destinies of the Medford Mail Tribune last Sunday, while Editor George Putnam and his staff enjoyed a day's fishing. The innovation was a desire on the part of the ladies to aid in the paper's efforts on behalf of the Greater Medford Boosting club, and the only men on the papers were those in the mechanical department. The ladies' special edition proved a great success in every way, the advertising support being especially strong. The business office sent out a bevy of bright young women solicitors, who accomplished wonders as irresistible appealers for advertising, and the fair newsgatherers were equally successful.

The staff was composed as follows: Business manager, Mrs. J. F. Reddy; managing editor, Mrs. E. E. Gore; city editor, Mrs. H. C. Stoddard; telegraph editor, Miss Emily Janney; editorial staff, Mrs. Artie Rapp, Miss Genevieve Wortman, Miss Mabel Ray, Miss Catherine Shea, Miss Flora Gray, Mrs. Mabel H. Parsons, Mrs. W. M. Holmes; advertising staff, Mrs. Edgar Hafer, Mrs. P. B. Theiss, Mrs. Porter Neff, Mrs. J. F. Munday, Miss Elizabeth Putnam, Miss Emily Janney; special writers, Mrs. U. G. Smith, Miss Genevieve Wortman, Mrs. Walter R. Stokes, Mme. Henrietta L. Halliet, Mrs. W. W. Holmes, Miss Stella Schueler, Mrs. E. Andrews, Mrs. W. L. Alford and Miss Flora Grey.

NDIAN WARS OF SOUTHERN OREGON

(From J. C. Walling's History of Southern Oregon.)

(Continued from Wednesday.)
Captain Stewart was taken to the camp of the detachment and subsequently for several years the spot was known as Camp Stewart, and is popularly supposed to be the spot where the battle occurred. Jesse Applegate is the authority for fixing the location as above stated. Accounts of the battle proceed to say that the wounded man was mortally injured, but remained sensible to the last. He lived a day and, before dying, said: "It is too bad to have fought through half the battles of the Mexican war to be killed here by an Indian." He was buried with military honors in a grave near the present village of Phoenix, nearly at the place where the ditch crosses the stage road, and where Mr. Culver's house now stands. In later years the remains were exhumed and taken to Washington to be reinterred near those of his mother.

General Lane said of the deceased: "We have lost Captain Stewart, one of the bravest of the brave. A more gentlemanly man never lived; a more daring soldier never fell in battle."

Captain Stewart's engagement is supposed to have taken place on June 26 or 27. It happened that at the same time Major Alvord, with Jesse Applegate as guide, was making an examination of the canyon or Cow creek mountain, between the Umpqua and Rogue river regions, to determine a feasible route for a military road. The surveying party, which included several other well-known early pioneers, as well as a small military escort, was in the neighborhood of Cow creek. At the same time General Lane, who was on his way south, had arrived in the canyon. Here he was met by men who informed him of the occurrences of the preceding days, that a severe fight had taken place, and that the Indians were gathering from every quarter; that they were hy-as-selluks (fighting mad), and that heavy fighting was anticipated.

This was news enough to arouse the warlike spirit of the general, and without losing a moment by delay he and his little party pushed for the scene of hostilities, anxious to be the first to strike a blow in the cause of humanity. It was characteristic of the man to make all possible haste to the scene, and accordingly we find him on Rogue river in the shortest possible time, an enthusiastic volunteer, armed with no military or civil authority, but taking, as became the man and the time, a most active and important part in the events of the succeeding days.

In his own words: "On Sunday night, while picketing our animals, an express rider came, who informed us that the mayor (Kearney) had set out with his command that evening to make a forced march through the night and attack the enemy at daybreak. Early Monday morning I set out with the hope of falling in with him or with the Indians retreating from him. We made a hard day's ride, but found no one. On Tuesday I proceeded to Camp Stewart; but no tidings had been received from the major. Late in the evening Captain Scott and T-Vault came in with a small party for supplies and reinforcements. They reported that the military had fought two skirmishes with the Indians, one early Monday morning, the other late in the afternoon, the Indians having, after wounding Stewart, posted themselves in a dense hummock where they defended themselves for four hours, escaping in the darkness. The Indians suffered severely and several whites were injured.
"By 9 o'clock at night we were on our way, and at 2 o'clock the next morning we were in the major's camp. Here I had the pleasure of meeting my friends, Apple (Jesse), Freaner and others.
(To Be Continued.)

PLAINTIFF, 18 DAYS OLD, SUES NURSE FOR \$5000

BRIDGEPORT, May 21.—Eighteen days is the age of the youngest litigant that ever appeared in a damage suit in Connecticut. The suit is brought by Marion Schiller, through her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Schiller, and damages of \$5000 are asked for the permanent loss of the baby's sight through alleged careless handling by the nurse.

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NO. 36. Fifty acres, forty acres, Newtowns, Spitz, and Comice pears, two and three years old; 25 inches water goes with the place at the price of unimproved land. Just think of it. Only \$10,000 and half cash takes it.

NO. 40. 36 Acres, three-quarters mile from town; 27 acres in orchard; good improvements; some tools, conservative estimate on crop, \$8,000; at price of \$20,000; one-third cash. Balance terms. You will wonder at this. Let us show you.

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