SECTION TWO

To One and All the Mail Tribune Extends Hearty Christmas Compliments

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

NEW YEAR'S EDITION.
The Mail Tribune will issue a special edition on New Year's day—a summary of the growth and development of the Rogue River valley and Medford during 1910. Get your orders in

FIFTH YEAR. MEDFORD, OREGON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1910. NO. 236

IN MEDFORD'S SOCIAL REALM

In the rush of getting ready for Christmas, society has had to take a back seat this past week. The stores have been filled with shoppers rushing to get ready the last gifts and Christmas exercises have been held by the Sunday schools of the various churches.

The young people home from the universities and colleges seem to have been the only ones who have had time for doing society. But the coming week will be filled with gaieties, beginning with the Juvenile club dance Monday night, the Swastika dance Wednesday, the Chanticleer Saturday, the Glee club, and most likely there will be an evening of grand opera by the Bevani Opera company with "Faust" as the bill.

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The home of Yale Waterman was the scene of a merry party Wednesday evening in honor of his 13th birthday. The rooms were prettily decorated with red and green, and in the dining-room a miniature Christmas tree occupied the center of the dining table, where a seven-course luncheon was served. On the tree small presents were placed for each guest, each little package containing a verse which was read aloud, causing much merriment. Fastened to each gift was a long piece of red baby ribbon stretched out to the place of the guest for whom the gift was meant, ribbons ending at each place with a place card bearing the Yale coat of arms, Master Yale being a direct descendant of Cuneda Wledig, first king of Cymry, born 415 A. D., and King Edward of England; also Governor Elihu Yale for whom Yale university was named. His guests were: Misses Frances and Lucile York, Ruth and Esther Warner, Mercedes Barber, Jean Budge, Laura Page, Vera Lane, Angie Hally, Nellie Campbell, Hazel Antle, and Newel Barber, Charles Ray, Carter Brandon, Herb Alford, Charles Carr, Kenneth Gerome, Guy Renshaw and Claire Seeley.

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The West Side Cribbage club is the latest social organization to make its appearance in Medford. A number of cribbage experts have banded together in order to promote the game. Organization has been perfected with Edgar S. Hafer, president; Charles Boynton, vice-president; John Tomlin, treasurer, and Howard S. Dudley, secretary. All who desire to become members may apply to any one of the officers.

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Mrs. Fred Gill and son of Winnipeg are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hargrave for the winter.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Olwell returned Friday from a trip to Seattle.

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The Messrs. Rader are home for the holidays from Eugene.

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At the last meeting of the Ladies' Aid of the First M. E. church in the basement Wednesday afternoon, a most delightful surprise was in store for them, given by the president. After the final reports for the year were given and a social chat around the fire in the cozy nook so nicely prepared by the hostess, delicious refreshments, consisting of cake and hot chocolate, were served in a most tempting way, which all enjoyed to the utmost. Twenty-two were present to partake of the pleasures of the hour. Before adjourning for the year, a rising vote of thanks was extended the president for her faithfulness in the performance of her duties as president, which have been characterized by untiring energy and harmony has been the keynote of all her thoughts in conducting the affairs of the society. With good wishes for all and a kindly smile at parting, the year's work was ended and entered the records as the most prosperous era in the history of the society.

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The new cluster lights are being installed along the walk to the depot, six in number, and when they are finished it will be a great improvement to the appearance of the town. The water pipes for the park are being laid and the walks there have been staked out and made ready for being laid as soon as the weather permits. The roses and trees are on the ground, but will not be planted until later. Landscape Architect Chase has been personally supervising the work this past week, but has not been able to accomplish as much as he wished to, on account of the inclement weather.

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The death of Miss Crystal McNary came as a great shock to her many friends in Medford. Miss McNary was graduated from the Medford high school last June and was in her freshman year at the University of Oregon, in Eugene, where her family had recently moved. The funeral services were held in the Methodist church and the interment was made in the I. O. O. F. cemetery.

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another reception January 18 in the club rooms at the Natatorium. These receptions are given so that the members may become acquainted with each other and with the newcomers. Each member is expected to bring her friends and a special invitation is extended to all newcomers in Medford, so that they may become interested in the club and the work

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The Pocahontas lodge gave a most successful amateur performance at the Opera house Tuesday evening, when over $300 was made. The play was presented in Ashland Tuesday night.

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The Sunday school of St. Mark's church will hold Christmas exercises at the guild hall Wednesday evening.

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Dolph Phipps entertained Ned and George Vilas Friday at dinner.

May Your Christmas Tree Be Filled to Overflowing and Good Cheer Prevail.

A very informal, but most enjoyable dance, was given by the high school in the small hall of the natatorium Thursday evening. Those on the committee in charge were: Fletcher Ware, Irving White, Paul McDonald, Emerson Merrick, Frank Farrell, Carl Hansen, Donald Rader.

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Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Daniels will entertain quite a number of friends at Christmas dinner. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Harmon, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Scheflein, Miss Banks, Mr. Martin Reddy, Mr. Frank Torrey and Mr. Lindsey.

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Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Reames left last week for Berkeley, where they will spend the holidays with Mr. Reames' mother.

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Miss Caroline Smith was hostess at an afternoon tea Tuesday at her home on West Tenth street. Those present were: Misses Riddell, Ware, English, Kentner and Davis.

Miss Mabel Ray entertained the King's Daughters at her home on West Main street, Wednesday afternoon. The afternoon was spent in Christmas sewing, after which dainty refreshments were served. Those present were: Misses Lotta Luke, Gertrude Treichler, Helen Worrell, Flora Gray, Loretta Kelly, Helen Watt, Bertha English and Ruth Merrick.

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Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Fern arrived in Medford to spend the holidays with Mr. Hutchinson. They will be at Mrs. J. D. Fay's while in town. Miss Hutchinson, who is attending St. Helen's hall in Portland, is one of Medford's most popular and attractive young ladies and is also a great booster for Medford.

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In honor of Miss Joy Folger, who is home from the university for the holidays, Mrs. Carey entertained most delightfully at dinner at her home on King's Highway, Friday night. Those present were: Mrs. Folger, Miss Joy Folger, Frances Heath, Ira Dodge and Miss Evelyn Carey.

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Mr. Vernon Garrett returned home last week from Columbia university, Portland, and will remain for the holidays. Mr. Garrett is "making good" on the football team and notwithstanding this is his first year he has made a very good reputation for himself in the game.

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Miss Mildred and Chester Foote, children of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Foote, have been quite ill. Mildred is convalescent, being fortunate in having her aunt, Miss Mary Foote, one of Medford's most skillful nurses, to care for her.

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Mrs. Rau entertained the Monday Bridge club last week at her home on Ivy street. The substitutes for the afternoon were: Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Will Warner, Mrs. W. W. Harmon and Mrs. Evan Reames. Mrs. Harmon won the prize, a stationery holder.

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The Chanticleer club will give a dance December 31 and dance out the old year. The dances given by this club promise to be the most popular in Medford, and the coming dance is being eagerly anticipated.

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Mrs. Porter, wife of Dr. Porter, and children arrived in Medford from the east last week. Dr. Porter has just finished a most attractive house on Oakdale avenue, where they will make their home.

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Christmas services were held by the primary classes of the Presbyterian Sunday school Saturday afternoon, the remainder of the classes holding their exercises in the evening.

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Miss Helen Worrell was the guest of Miss Mable Ray this past week, and during her stay Miss Ray entertained informally for her on several occasions.

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There will be a reunion of the Wilson family Christmas day at the home of O. N. Wilson, when about thirty members of the family will be present.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stoddard will leave soon for a trip to Chicago and New York. They will visit their old home in Villisca, Ia.

Mrs. L. D. Warner will entertain Monday with a good, old-fashioned Christmas dinner, when all of the Warner family, numbering twenty, will be present.

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The Elks last week raised $250 to give Christmas cheer to the needy of Medford and bountiful baskets will be sent out by them Christmas morning.

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Mrs. Jennings is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Kentner. Mrs. Jennings returned recently from a European trip, where she went to attend the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau.

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The second dance of the Swastikas will be held in the large hall of the Nat Wednesday, December 28. A great number of invitations have been issued and this promises to be "the" dance of the season.

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Mrs. Budge will entertain a number of her friends Christmas day. After a breakfast, all will join around the Christmas tree, where all gifts will be opened and later a dinner will be served.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Root will entertain Christmas day at their charming home on King's Highway, with a family dinner. Covers will be laid for twelve.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wes Green and son are spending the holidays with Mrs. Green's mother, Mrs. Corliss, of Grants Pass.

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Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Reddy left for Spokane last Wednesday, where they will spend the holidays with Mrs. Reddy's father.

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Miss Alice C. Moore, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Risley of Roosevelt avenue, has gone to Seattle for the holidays.

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Mrs. S. S. Smith and family joined Mr. Smith last week and have rented a part of the Coss house on Tenth street.

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The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. W. W. Eifert on North Central avenue the second Tuesday in January.

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Mr. Charles Malboeuf left Friday for Portland, where he will spend the holidays with his family.

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Mr. Alex. Budge returned last week from Stanford to spend the holidays with his parents.

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The Juvenile Dancing club meets Monday night at the "Nat."

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The Messrs. Strang are home from the O. A. C. for the holidays.

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Mr. Alan Hazelrigg has returned from the O. A. C. for the holidays.

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The Middleman Down Our Way

By H. W. Collingwood in the Metropolitan

A man who has been beaten in the struggle for fortune in the city comes to know the peace and content of farm life. Out among the hills that better side of life, which prospers in visions and dreams, thrives as nowhere else. I know this is so, yet I observe that in the midst of abundance of dream opoprtunities, most farmers fail to appreciate these visionary advantages. After all, it seems that the bread-and-butter side of life is the stone and concrete foundation upon which wholesome sentiment is built. Even to the man who is growing wheat and corn and milking cows, the bread-and-butter problem becames a burden. I long wondered why this was so, but now I think the reason is clear. Life is a search for "daily bread." Into this world-long search, from the growing grain on my hill to the baker's oven in the city, is crowded the great tragedy because the handlers who carry the bread obtain more of the money equivalent than the original producer. Hunt for the germ of the American farm disease, and you find the middleman.

Not long since I lunched at a New York restaurant. It was not the most expensive place—but rather above the average in price. The menu card interested me as a new schedule of rates would hold a railroad president. As a farmer I produced food similar to that offered for sale, and I knew what I was paid for it. A man likes to see what is tacked on to the thing which leaves his hand. Strawberries and cream were offered at 25 cents. I figured that a quart of berries would make about four dishes. Two eggs served in various ways cost 30 cents. You paid 80 cents for half a chicken. Now my big family would feel poorly used if we served less than four quarts of berries. We could hardly keep good-natured on four whole chickens. For berries and chickens alone, therefore, at these restaurant prices, we spend $10.40 at a single meal. If we charge the prices printed on this card for the salads and vegetables and other things which make our meal, we should have a cost of $15, or over $30 a day. Of course my family is a large one, and all are blessed with good appetites. I can buy food cheaper at other city places, but if I take the prices paid by at least 150,000 people in New York, the "daily bread" for our family represents $30 or more.

When I gave these figures to my friend, the commission man, and asked him to disprove them, he dodged by saying: "That's what I have always claimed. Thees rich farmers hold up prices. You are getting wealthy too fast."

But the trouble is we know how much of those prices we get. I know a farmer boy who had to earn his clothes at farm labor. He bought a shirt with the money earned at cultivating corn. He counted the steps taken behind the horse, and found that the price of the shirt represented 87,000 steps. I know how much of that strawberry and chicken money comes to us. We ship a crate of berries by express. The basket maker and the crate maker come first, and are paid before we start. Then the picker takes a share. After him comes the expressman, the railroad, the teamster, the car handler, the commission man, the retail merchant and the hotel keeper. Now and then one of these middlemen will drop out, but the rest have a finger in my berries. After they are paid—and they all get their pay before I do—the berries do well if they net me 6 cents a quart. As for eggs, a farmer will do well to get 2 cents each; while 60 cents would be a large price for an entire chicken, through the middlemen.

Of course these figures are for goods which are consigned—that is, sent to the large cities to be sold on commission. Where a farmer can deal directly with his customers, or with a retail store, he gets more; but in some cases distant producers actually receive less than 10 cents of the consumer's dollar.

I have often thought this out while working on my hill. There can be no doubt that sweat and dirt and weary muscles turn up the raw side of this argument. One needs to work out in the sun and air, see the beauty of tree and growing crops, and know the need of capital, in order to realize what this awful middleman's share has meant tot his country. Far across the hills on a clear day tall city buildings come in view. I know of the roar and the battle in which men are fighting for the power to spend and use money. In my corn field, or under my peach trees, I realize as one cannot realize elsewhere, that all the money for which these city people are tearing out their hearts, came originally from the land. The city has created nothing—it has simply handled and made over what the farmer and the miner took out of the ground. When, for every $100 worth of food sold, $65 or more are held by the handlers who do not live on the farms, we need not wonder that money flows into town and city, like water running down our hills, and that farm boys and girls run after the dollar.

So that here we have, as I see it, the great farm problem. If, by any process, 15 cents more of the consumer's dollar could be given to the farmer—at the end of five years we should have the most wonderful era of prosperity ever known in this country. The greater part of this money would be spent for necessities and then for luxuries. In a dozen different homes within view of my hill, furniture, clothing, household goods would be bought—and this is but one little corner of our great country. With 15 cents of this consumer's dollar transferred from the middleman to the farmer, there would at once be opened the greatest home market ever known. Instead of 20 men buying automobiles, there might be 500 men buying stoves, carriages, clothing, dresses, paint or pianos. Practical farming teaches men sound political economy. Let him ship his crops and feel the middleman go through his pockets, and he will quickly understand how this cutting up of the consumer's dollar has changed history, and will make or unmake this country.

There can be no doubt as to the farmer's point of view. What does the middleman have to offer? One afternoon last fall I saw two men climbing my hill. One was a big, black-haired, brutal-looking man—the other a little rat-eyed customer. I have often wondered why the human wolf usually hunts with the fox. The big man did the talking:

"We have come to buy your fruit—and pay cash money."

It was a blunt announcement of what he intended to do. The "cash money" evidently settled it for a farmer.

"Well, what will you give for it?"

"We will give $50—that's the limit."

Now I knew very well that my apples were worth $600 if I could get them to our market town. Besides this, they meant moret han dollars. The old trees were dying with scale when we came. We had sprayed them and pruned them and saved their lives. This man was like one who came to deride and cheapen the services of a dear friend. You should have seen the wolf and the fox growl and bark in scorn when I rejected their final offer of $75. I got their opinions of a mossback farmer who "wouldn't give a poor man a show." I am frank to say that this opinon wais not so complimentary as that offered by a politician when he is after the "farmer vote." If I understand these gentlemen correctly, and their language was plain and forcible, the chief reason a farmer has for living is that he may provide the middleman with a chance to take the 65 cents. As I listened to them, I saw by their feet a big tomato worm afflicted by parasites. These hateful creatures live on the worm and slowly consume him, while he, poor thing is, unable to reach them. They devour his tissue and fat, yet some instinct teaches them not to touch the vital organs of this worm, for this would kill him and stop the supply of food. Thus the poor creature lives on, still forming and giving up his tissue to thees wretched parasites. I tried to use that worm as a text to show those apple buyers that they were willing to bite closer to the heart than these creatures of instinct. eLt them have their own way and they would not give a farmer enough to let him live and produce another crop for them. The wolf, or big man, did not see the point—the little rat-eyed man looked at me a moment, and then, with his foot finished both parasites and worm.

Once I got a railroad man, a commission merchant and a grocer together in a group. Here were three middlemen each with a finger in my basket! The railroad man admitted that he demanded his pay whether the goods were spoiled or not, or whether they were sold or given away. You see his stockholders must be paid, whether they represent water or rock bottom. The grocer told us of his high rent and his bad debts. He made it very clear that his cash customers and the farmers who produced the goods were expected to take care of those bad debts. The commission man said nothing. What was there to say, except that farmers want too much—let them be satisfied with good food, and leave money to others. "6he love of money is the root of all evil."

Not one of those gentlemen offered to reduce his own share of the consumer's dollar—each pointed to theo thers. You see it has come to be a habit, a part of human nature bred through many years, to consider the farmer fair game in cutting

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