

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager

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MEDFORD, OREGON.

Metropolis of Southern Oregon and Northern California, and the fastest growing city in Oregon.

Population—U. S. census 1910: 8840; estimated, 1911—10,000.

Five hundred thousand dollar Gravity Water System completed, giving finest supply pure mountain water and sixteen miles of street being paved and contracted for at a cost exceeding \$1,000,000, making a total of twenty miles of pavement.

Postoffice receipts for year ending March 31, 1911, show increase of 41 per cent. Bank deposits a gain of 22 per cent.

Banner fruit city in Oregon—Rogue River Spitzberg apples won sweepstakes prize and title of "Apple King of the World."

at the National Apple Show, Spokane, 1909, and a car of Newtowns won First Prize in 1910.

at Canadian International Apple Show, Vancouver, B. C.

Rogue River pears brought highest prices in all markets of the world during the past six years.

Write Commercial club, including a cent for postage for the finest community pamphlet ever written.

JOLTS AND JINGLES

By Ad Brown

So far as is known up to three o'clock this morning the shortest rhyme written about the aeroplane flight was,

Ely Flew High.

By the way did you notice how many people said, "Get there, Ely?"

A lot of people who didn't have tickets know that one doesn't have to be on "the inside" to see a biplane.

Our jokometer recorded 3446 for this one, "Things are looking up in Medford, today."

According to Carnegie, Gates peddled scandal without a license.

A lot of this wool tariff talk seems to be made out of whole cloth.

The little lamb may frisk about, And gambol at its will, But it will grow and furnish wool To grace a tariff bill.

Try Ely's ointment for stiff neck.

It is bad enough to read that a lot of people were killed in riots at Guadalajara, but who knows how many more met their fate while you are trying to pronounce the name?

Medford may not get the Harimann university but she has proved, by the asking, that her education along wide-a-wake lines has not been neglected.

Fifteen men are to revise Portland's charter. Isn't it time for Seattle to start singing that one about "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest?"

Our friend Emerson Hough has muck-raked the apple business. Someone ought to investigate his system of planting words in the Saturday Evening Post.

There is nothing like a visit from an aeroplane to start predictions about future sky-sailing.

After his recent experience who knows but Court Hall may fly the thing himself next year?

Consul Returns.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., June 3.—George P. Schmueker, who was recently relieved from the post of consul at Ensenada where he was overworked, arrived in San Diego today on the Steamer San Diego. Schmueker who on his big way to Washington, declined to talk to reporters.

Conditions at Ensenada are intolerable for Americans, according to reports of passengers on board the San Diego.

Lady Decies Raising Dogs.

LONDON, June 3.—Lady Decies, formerly Miss Vivian Gould, has become an ardent dog fancier since her arrival in England. She has purchased a number of famous whippets and been elected vice president of the Ladies Kennel Club.

IF IT WERE THE LAST DAY.

IF YOU had but one more day to live—just one brief last day—what would you do with it?

The priceless hours that would seem to flit from you as swiftly as homing swallows; how would you use them?

This beautiful world, the impenetrable sky, the faces of friends; would they not take on a new look to eyes that so soon must be kissed into eternal sleep, and a strangely new meaning to the mind so soon to unfold in infinite understanding?

Your brief, intense farewell would grasp only the beauties, the blessings, the joys, the good purposes of life, the things that endure—wouldn't it?

The things that seem so important to you now; how would they seem in that last, swift-fleeting day whose night should never lift except upon the dawn eternal?

Would you care much for your money then? Would you devote that last day to grasping more? No; no; you would not.

That dreadful day you would despise the money, the lands, the houses, the bonds that could only mock you. You would see as in a lightning gleam that you had given your life for that which may build a monument to make the spot where your bones shall rot, but can never buy virtues to record thereon.

You who seek fame as other fools seek fortune, what would the mouth-deep praise of men avail you that last day?

Sweeter, then, than world-wide acclaim would be the heart-laugh of a child whom you had made glad, for that would sing itself into your soul and become a chord in the choir invisible.

You who strive for power, could your palsy arm and reeling brain on that last day hold aught of that to avail beyond the mystery, where all the power of the earth is impotent?

You who love your leisure and your ease, would you placidly await that all-eclipsing night with hands empty of accomplishment and heart void of purpose?

No; no; no; ten thousand times no!

The gray relentless dawn of that last day would clarify the moral atmosphere of every soul and give clear vision of many things not seen before.

The virtues of friends would loom up and obscure the faults that had given us so much concern.

Enmities would be forgot.

Dissemblance would die out of the kindly clasp of men.

Foul lust would not lurk in the kiss of love.

There would be no time that day for hatred, envy, malice, greed or any other passion that degrades.

Must the sun of that day reveal to you a slighted God and a forgotten humanity?

Then think you that starving poverty, in human form, gaunt, yellow, ragged, scowling, wolfish that you had refused to see before you, will not on that one day stalk before you in procession without end?

Think you that the prisons that had caused you no concern could on that day continue to conceal from your conscience the criminal, the fallen, the friendless, whom you had never thought to rescue or restrain?

Ah, that one day would be a day of judgment and you yourself would be forced righteously to judge your own life.

All would be so plain were life reduced to a day!

How immeasurably better the world would be if man lived his life for the little day that too really is!

AIRSHIPS AND POLITICS.

PEOPLE of Medford Saturday beheld the successful navigation of the air by a man in a heavier-than-air machine. They saw the daring aviator rise gracefully from the ground, circle like an eagle in its flight and dart swiftly to earth like a tired bird.

A few, a very few, years ago, such a performance would have made a sensation throughout the world. Now it scarcely attracts attention. Almost every day records the death of some daring navigator of the air. As yet the art is in its experimental infancy, the airship but little better than a toy to make a holiday for the multitude. Yet its perfection is but a question of a little time—and time is on the wing.

The world moves very rapidly. But a short while ago, within the lifetime of men not yet past half the scriptural allotment of years, the telephone, the electric light, the gasoline motor, the automobile, were but the unfulfilled dreams of visionaries. Half of the comforts regarded as indispensable today were unknown a generation or so ago.

The airship is perhaps the most remarkable of man's inventions. To defy the law of gravity, to soar aloft like a bird, to fly in the face of gales, to overcome apparently insurmountable obstacles, is a task well worth the while. The aviator must have more of daring, more of courage, more of calmness, more of skill, than ever was required of knight of old to charge in steel armor. Every flight is a tussle with fortune for a violent death, and only the brave and the skillful and the fortunate succeed, even for a little while.

And yet, though swift is the world's progress in things material and commercial, astonishingly small progress has been made in things political. Effective reforms creep slowly. The airship has not appeared in the political horizon. While commercial invention has been perfecting the airship, political ingenuity has not yet discovered, or at least not yet adopted, a way to purify politics.

About the only progress made in half a century in restoring government to the people has been along paths blazed by the discredited populists of the early '90s, and

adopted first in Oregon and now known as the Oregon system. It is the backbone of the "insurgency" of today—the leavening mass in politics, the hope of the masses.

The people may protest—the people may vote, but it takes many years under our absurd system to accomplish any reform. We have elected a house of representatives to enact a new tariff law; the members will devote months to weary debate and discussion—all for nothing, for the senate will nullify anything done. And the weary face goes merrily on.

We pass laws for regulating commerce. They are dead until, after years, a president is accidentally elected who has nerve enough to enforce them. Then the maze of the law and the dismal swamp of legal technicalities is entered and finally the courts come to the rescue by reading into the law interpretations that amend it. And so the cause of popular government drags its dreary way.

But as the airship will eventually reach perfection, let us hope, so will the machinery of popular government, and when mankind shall have exhausted its inventive powers in mechanical contrivances, may they be turned toward bettering the government of men and the condition of humanity.

Medford Musical Conservatory a Success

The past season has proven that Professor Gerard Tailandier was right in his selection of Medford as a location for a musical conservatory. Many people were skeptical about the success of an institution of this kind outside of a large city; but Medford is centrally located in a district of unusual character, there being more interest taken here in music and literature than, perhaps, in any other community on the Pacific coast.

We are so far removed from any large city that southern Oregon looks to Medford for institutions of this character. The Conservatory has been running but nine months and has enrolled 70 pupils, not counting double entries, where pupils have taken more than one term. Professor Tailandier had intended taking a trip to Europe, but the demand for a summer term seemed to be so general that he has decided to continue without a vacation, and the Conservatory will remain open as usual throughout the entire summer, with full quota of teachers. Students enter at any time during the summer session, to begin a term of private lessons at regular rates. The continuance of the Conservatory in Medford is so well assured that plans are being considered for enlarging its activities, including the employment of a teacher in elocution and dramatic art.

STEAMER ROANOKE INJURED ON BAR

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 3.—The steamer Roanoke of the Northern Pacific Steamship Company, arrived here this morning and reported a slight damage sustained while crossing the Portland bar. The damage occasioned no danger to the passengers but the boat will be put in dry-dock for repairs and will not leave here for her scheduled trip south.

Maniac Escapes.

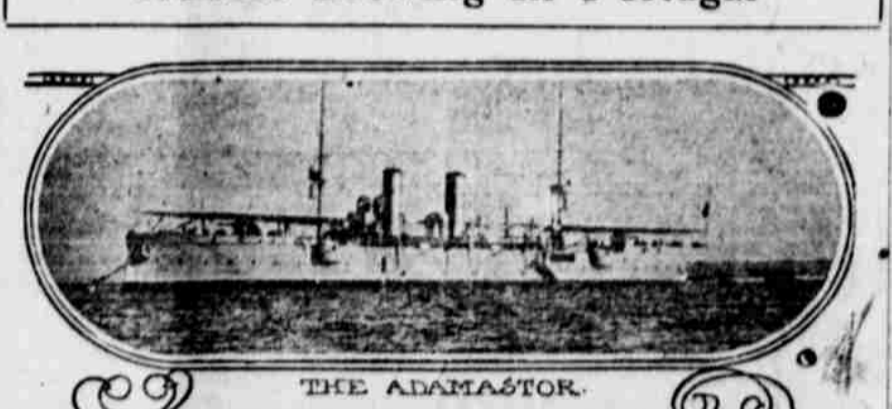
DENVER, Col., June 3.—Escaping from the county jail at noon today, an unidentified maniac fled to the fashionable residential section of Capital Hill, where he barricaded himself in a house against his pursuers. The lunatic was armed, had put up a desperate resistance against arrest.

Invents a Fog.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3.—An artificial, portable "fog" to envelop armies and fleets has been offered to the United States government by Archibald Watkins.

Haskins for Health. Haskins for Health.

Trouble Brewing In Portugal



THE ADAMASTOR.



THE RUA SANTO ANTONIO, OPORTO

Rumors are again rife in Lisbon of an impending monarchist revolt. The conspirators, it is said, have planned to seize Oporto Coimbra and Figueira and then descend on Lisbon.

This story probably is exaggerated, but there is no doubt that there is a great feeling of uncertainty throughout the country. An official statement in the weekly says that both the army and the navy are prepared to defend the republic. The Portuguese cruiser Adamastor is now lying off the City of Oporto ready for action.

HUNGRY FOR A FISH STORY.

I am weary of the fictions of the season now so chill.

And of the dissertations long that used to strangely thrill.

My being with an interest respectful and profound.

As learned explanations of affairs of state went round.

The talks on commerce and on art and on a nation's need.

Of course are matters which each one of us should closely heed.

Yet I shun the fascination of a great uplifting thought—

I'd like to hear a story of a fish somebody caught.

There's a ripple through the branches, even though the sky is gray.

The clouds like stolid waves roll on. The sunbeams flashing play.

Brings up a strange impression 'gainst it vainly you contend.

In which fond hopes and recollection intimately blend.

Ah, fair are man's philosophies and fine the courage shown.

In efforts which establish them or see them overthrowed.

And yet, amidst all the words with deep significance fraught,

I'd like to hear a yarn about a fish somebody caught.

—Washington Star.

CANAL WORK PROGRESS.

"Uncle Sam" has taken stock of what has been accomplished at Panama after seven years of hard work. May 4 ended the seventh year of canal construction by Americans.

Only one-fourth of the great task of excavation remains to be done. For the "ground hogs" have removed 138,000,000 cubic yards from the line of the canal. That leaves only 44,000,000 yards to be cut away.

The placing of the concrete in the locks is more than 52 per cent completed, the installing of the lock gates has begun and 70 per cent of the filling for the Gatun dam, which will feed the canal with water, has been done. The lock gates are staggering in their vast proportions compared with the timber gates of the canals in this country.

Each leaf of which there are two in a gate, is seven feet thick, 65 feet long and from 47 to 82 feet in height. There being no less than 92 of these leaves. Special hoisting machinery has been installed to place these masses of steel.

One of the unexpected obstacles in the construction was the development of 22 slides in the Culebra cut within a distance of nine miles, but it is stated that these will not delay the completion of the canal, as the earth can easily be removed by dredges after the water is turned on.

No Danger of Apple Surplus.

(From Lewiston Teller.)

Every little while the cry is started that there is danger of an over-production of apples. This usually comes from those who are not only ignorant of present conditions, but have forgotten facts about former apple production. Those who have most to do with the shipping and sale of apples agree that there is no immediate or prospective danger of over-production.

For the past seven years the total production of apples in the United States has averaged about one-half of the production of 1896. In the 15 years that have elapsed, the population has increased probably 30,000,000, so that a 100,000,000 barrel crop now would be no more than a 69,000,000 barrel crop was in 1896. It is safe to say that fully 15 more years will elapse before the apple production reaches 100,000,000 barrels, and, meanwhile, an additional 35,000,000 or more will have been added to the population. There will come a time when the area for successful apple production will have been taken up and the maximum of production will be reached, while the population increase will continue indefinitely. It can thus be seen that the danger of an over production of apples is very remote.

Not only is the home market growing, but new markets are being found abroad, yet the marketing of apples is yet in its infancy, so far as systematic management is concerned. Scientific grading, packing, handling and marketing will eventually result in a more perfect distribution of the apple crop, so that the needs of both producer and consumer will be met. There is danger of poor distribution, but no danger of over production.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will apply to the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, at its next regular meeting on June 6, 1911, for a license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in quantities less than a gallon, at his place of business at No. 2 North Front street, in said city, for a period of six months.

E. G. BROWN. Date of first publication, May 26, 1911.

Where to Go Tonight

NATATORIUM

SWIMMING SESSIONS — A. M.: 10 a. m. to 12 noon. P. M.: 2 p. m. to 6 p. m. Evening: 7 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Private instruction from 10 a. m. to 12. For further information see the instructor.

Lacey Theatre

New Pictures Tonight A Republican Marriage Great War Drama The Hunters Dream A Good Laugh Don't Fail to See These ONE DIME

THE ISIS THEATRE

BIG DOUBLE BILL BIG DOUBLE BILL

America's Wonder Workers DE SHIELDS AND MARROW Introducing Swiss yodling and featuring the only act of its kind—An entire act on a swinging wire The most daring ever accomplished by any living person. No one should miss seeing this wonderful performance.

Direct from the Laugh Factory THE SHERMANS The Colored Comedians

You can look for an explosion of fun and laughter when these two fun provokers are turned loose—For 15 minutes you will be entertained with music, song and dancing as you never have before. One look at the photos in the lobby is a sure guarantee of what they are capable of.

U-GO "WHERE THE CROWDS GO"

TONIGHT Don't fail to see the— HAREM SKIRT In the great farce-comedy "IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?" 2900 laughs for 25c AND 35c.

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