

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY BY THE MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

The Democratic Times, The Medford Mail, The Medford Tribune, The Southern Oregonian, The Ashland Tribune

Office Mail Tribune Building, 25-27-29 North Fir street; phone, Main 3021 Home 75.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager

Entered as second-class matter a Medford, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Official Paper of the City of Medford Official Paper of Jackson County

SUBSCRIPTION RATES One year, by mail, \$5.00 One month, by mail, \$1.00

SWORN CIRCULATION Daily average for six months ending December 31, 1910, 2721.

Full Leased Wire United Press Dispatches.

The Mail Tribune is on sale at the Ferry News Stand, San Francisco, Portland Hotel News Stand, Portland

JOLTS AND JINGLES By Ad Brown

Hot Weather Occupations. Father spends his spare time Sitting in the shade, Willie's in the hammock

A Portland woman wants a divorce because her husband talked of "Myra" in his sleep.

The excuse for the mouth organ is at last found! One stopped a bullet in Portland.

And again, the quake might have been Mexico's way of shaking Diaz.

Speaking of Names. (These news items were gleaned from the papers of the last few days.

In Chicago a fellow named Gentlemen was arrested as a slinger.

We read that the editor of the Merchants Exchange in Portland is named Wright.

Spokane has a murderer named Byrd who was "captured after a short flight."

One of the officers of the Oregon Dental Society is Dr. Fixott.

The divorced "bromo seltzer" king is to be married again. Let's hope this venture isn't a fizzle.

An 80 year old woman has entered the University of Wisconsin. Beware of the fudge, and the pickles and the sorority dances.

The Contributors Club. (Before we get through we will start a lot of clubs. This one is for the friends who have contributed to this column.

Heard at Tuesday's game: "Oh isn't the man that throws the ball on the standpatters' side just splendid! He sends it so they hit it every time!"

I deem it a solemn duty to warn young couples now that the summer is coming on, either to avoid 39 cent hammocks or to hang them very, very low.

Congress has decided to postpone the investigation of the boot and shoe trust. Evidently we have only been half-sold.

It's hard to live within one's salary, but there is one consolation—it's harder to live without it.

In divorcing a fool and his money most of are willing to be named as corespondents.

Railroads are getting out their vacation booklets. Not a mosquito or foxtail mentioned.

Press dispatches tell us that a man who stole 90 cents in Chicago was sent up for six years. How Chicago hates a piker!

Train Is Wrecked. ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., June 10.—The Santa Fe passenger train No. 3, known as the California Limited, was in collision with a tie train near Domingo, 30 miles north of here at 10:45 yesterday.

Among the known dead are A. W. Green, engineer and the fireman of the limited. A mistake in orders is said to have been responsible for the wreck.

Relief trains of nine cars, carrying surgeons and hospital supplies have left for the scene of the wreck.

PUBLIC MARKET NEEDED.

AMONG the most urgent of the many needs of Medford is a public market where growers of all kinds of produce can offer it for sale to the consumer.

Frequent complaint is made, with more or less foundation, that local merchants refuse to purchase vegetables and produce raised locally.

This is easily understood. The grocer must have a reliable and dependable source of supply. He must be able to secure a certain quantity regularly, and he must be assured that he can depend upon securing it.

This has not been the case to any great extent, because no one has made a business of raising market produce. The vegetable garden has always been a side issue.

When the orchardist or farmer had a surplus, he thought of the merchant. But the merchant, with a clamoring public to supply, could not run the risk of disappointing customers upon the chance of securing produce from an occasional grower.

Hence he bought and buys where the supply was constant and dependable. To accommodate the rapidly increasing number who take a flier in truck farming as a side issue and at the same time work a convenience to the people as well as to reduce the cost of living, a public market should be established, where those who have a surplus may offer it to those who need it.

The Commercial club, the city council and the Merchants' association would do well to take this matter up, as would the various fruit growing organizations.

The grange, which puts in a great deal of time on politics, might by organized effort help solve the problem, and the labor organizations could profitably spend some of their energy in establishing an institution so useful and needful to the laborer of all kinds.

THE FIRST PAVED HIGHWAY.

THE county court is to be congratulated upon letting the contract this week for the first hard surfaced paved highway in the county outside the cities of Medford and Ashland.

The road will run from Medford to Central Point, probably the most traveled road in the county. It will cost \$12,000 a mile and be 16 feet wide.

The new highway, like a new newspaper, will fill a long felt want. It will mark an important epoch in the history of the county, as the first strip of pavement did for the city of Medford.

Within three years from letting the first contract, contracts have since been awarded for twenty miles of paved streets here.

The paved road will be an object lesson to the county. Its benefits will be so apparent and so many that every section will clamor for such highways.

By the time it will be possible to bond for highways, another two years, public sentiment will have crystallized solidly in its favor.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Editor Mail Tribune: I cannot see that I created any confusion by asking a few questions to Mr. Young, as suggested by Mr. Rodgers in Tuesdays Tribune.

I have never given Mr. Rodgers, nor any other man, the least cause to conclude but that I have the utmost confidence in the remedies I have advocated. I respectfully ask him—for the time being to abandon any prejudices that he has formed in that direction.

I know of only one remedy for all social evils. It is perfect liberty. By the term "Liberty," I mean "Freedom to do right."

To define the term "Right" I shall copy the exact words used by the late Herbert Spencer which he held to be the true definition of the law of equal freedom:

"Every man has the right to do whatsoever he wills provided he infringes not on the equal rights of all other men." I believe this to be absolutely correct and that mortal man—as he is now constituted cannot improve on it.

I hold also the preamble to the American Declaration of Independence is absolutely infallible. The rights of men come with them when they are born; and that they come from man's Creator.

The only remedy for social evils consists in the discovery of these rights, and the establishment of them amongst men.

The greatest and best movement towards this end is embodied in the gospel of Henry George. It is commonly known as the "Single Tax." Any movement in this direction, no matter by what party is a partial remedy, but not a finality. Man cannot obtain justice until all of his chains have cast asunder.

It is my opinion that the best way to obtain relief is to seek for it on the lines of least resistance. We ought to proceed always in the natural order.

Consider the confusions that is created by listening to public speakers claiming that our evils are the result of competition. The true theory is: That these evils arise on account of the "Absence of competition."

We often hear some agitators denouncing the "law of the survival of the fittest." It is a natural law and cannot by any means improved themselves to the law of nature.

The constitution of the United States is a travesty on natural law. The constitution of the great state of Oregon is a libel on justice.

All of these matters appear to me to be profound truths. They are not original to me; I am simply

RESOLUTION.

The following resolution was recently adopted by the Socialist local of Talent:

Whereas, the class struggle between the working class and those who exploit the working class has been in existence since the beginning of history; and,

Whereas, under the modern system of machine production there has been created vast organizations of the exploiting or capitalist class one hand, and vast organizations termed labor unions of the working class on the other; and,

Whereas, the class struggle between the working class and the capitalist class through organization has become intensified and the capitalist class has shown a disposition to resort to any means, fair or foul, to retain supremacy over the working class; and,

Whereas, the capitalist class have, in our opinion, falsely accused of a foul crime the officers of the Iron Workers' union, and through its agents, the Burns detective forces, have illegally and forcibly brought the officers of said union, The McNamara brothers, from the state of Indiana to the state of California; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Talent socialist local, as a branch of a political party representing the interest of the working class, that we denounce such actions of the capitalist class through its agents the detectives, as being a violation of the inalienable rights of man, the principle on which our republic was founded, and we earnestly call upon all organized bodies of labor, and all fair-minded citizens to give what assistance they can to the much wronged and persecuted officers of the Iron Workers' union, the McNamara brothers, at present confined in the Los Angeles jail.

C. W. SHERMAN, F. G. KINGER, Committee.

Auto Racer Killed. CHICAGO, Ill., June 10.—Mareel Basel, racing automobile driver, was killed this afternoon in the first race at the Hawthorne Track. He was thrown from his car. He was rushed to St. Anthony's Hospital, where he died shortly afterward.

handing on principles that some of the master minds of the ages have advocated. I am open to conviction, though on any matter or theory that man can propound. But it must be true, and the party advocating that must be able to demonstrate that fact.

D. T. EDWARDS.

P. S.—I would be glad to have a personal interview with Mr. Rodgers,

Medford's Hustling Abilities Are Pointed Out by Writer in An Eastern Magazine

Writer in Merchants Trade Journal, Published at Des Moines, Ia., Tells of Some of the Impressions He Received While Visiting This City Recently—Medford Is Pointed Out as a Model to Work by.

The following article under the caption, "Medford Commercial Club Offers \$5000 Reward," appears in the June issue of "Merchants Trade Journal," published at Des Moines, Ia.

The commercial club of Medford, Ore., believe in their town. They think so much of their town that they have drawn a line in a circle 40 miles around it and now they offer a reward of \$500 cash to any person who can, by authentic testimony, show that any city or town in the United States outside of this 40-mile circle has tributary to it within a ten-mile radius or a 20-mile radius, a 30-mile radius or a 40-mile radius as many diversified resources as Medford, has within the corresponding radius.

Now you say, "Where is this town?" Possibly it might be best to let this same commercial club tell you in their own language where their town is to be found. First of all, it is in what is known as the Rogue River valley, in southwestern Oregon. In a very attractive booklet sent out by this commercial club, in speaking of the Rogue River valley, they say, "It is as fair as the garden of the Lord." They tell you that it lies between the verdure clad, gold-seamed Siskiyou and the timbered slopes and snowy sentinels of the Cascades. Through it flows the wild, turbulent, Rogue river, most beautiful of the many rivers of the west, wasting more power than Niagara in its tumbling course to the sea.

Around this beautiful valley string range upon range of mighty forest-clad hills, and across its broad acres extend mile upon mile of the choicest commercial orchards. Upon this picturesque and sunshowered valley of the Rogue, Nature has showered her bounties with a wanton hand, and we who live in this pleasant valley where gaily slants the sun, where hills beckon in garb of green and gold, where the streams murmur with laughter, and myriad fruit trees exhale their fragrance, we know of no place so attractive and so alluring.

This valley has an area of about 3000 square miles, or just about as large as the states of Delaware and Rhode Island combined, and right in the heart of the valley is the bustling thriving, wide-awake commercial city of Medford that we want to tell you something about.

Medford is located about half way between San Francisco and Portland. It is in the center of a vast agricultural, horticultural and mining section. It has a population of a little over 8000, to be exact, 8840, according to the 1910 census. This little city of 8000 has the distinction of having made a greater percentage of gain between the years of 1900 to 1910 than any other city in the United States, excepting Oklahoma City, Medford's gain having been 393 1-2 per cent during the ten years.

Now, there are a great many things that we would like to tell you about this wonderful little city; in fact, it seems that one could write a volume about it, but there are just a few things that we are going to take space to tell you, but these things are so astounding that it will make you stop and think. For instance, this little city spent over \$1,000,000 during the two years ending December 31, 1910, for street paving, cement sidewalks, sewers and city water mains. Now, just think as you read these astounding statements, that you are not reading of a great city of hundreds of thousands population, but of a little city of 8000 population, possibly not nearly as large as the town in which you are living. During the year 1910 the city of Medford spent over \$5,000,000 for business blocks and residences.

Now, just stop and think what that means. Why, there are many towns of 8000 population that could be purchased outright for a great deal less than \$5,000,000. It has magnificent business houses and residences to show for it, and at the time you are reading this there are probably anywhere from 300 to 500 dwelling contracted for.

There is at the present time being erected a \$100,000 hospital, a \$120,000 hotel and another \$100,000 hotel; congress has authorized the expenditure of \$110,000 for the erection of a government building; and a magnificent library, two splendid public school buildings and numerous business blocks are either now under construction or will be soon. So we might continue telling you of the almost unbelievable accomplishments of this little city.

Some time ago the writer had the pleasure of visiting this city and one of the business men took him to an observatory on top of a building overlooking the valley and pointed out

these improvements costing millions upon millions of dollars, and it seemed almost miraculous that such improvement could be brought about in a town of this size in so short a time.

But now you will want to know how they do it. Possibly you will say your town is as large, if not larger, than Medford, but you have not yet accomplished as great things as this town seems to have accomplished. So you ask how they did it. Well, here is the way they did it: they did it by boosting. Every person you meet in Medford is a booster. Every man, woman and child you see is simply bubbling over with enthusiasm. Every business man you meet on the street will stop you in the street, if you give him half a chance, and tell you something about their wonderful town and this great Rogue River valley country.

Why, as you train pulls into the little city, one of the very first things that attracts your attention is a magnificent booth where are on display the year around samples of the various crops, fruits, grains, vegetables, as well as a display of minerals, ores, etc. This building in itself is interesting and well worth the time of the traveler to stop off between trains to see. This is one method the people of Medford have of letting the world know that they are in existence. They talk their town, they tell about the great advantages to be found there.

While the writer was standing on the platform ready to board the train leaving Medford, a very amusing, yet meaning little incident came to his notice. This train stopped for a few minutes, possibly five minutes. Thus waiting, a passenger stepped down out of the Pullman car and approached a native business man of Medford and asked in a very pleasant way: "Mr., what city is this?" The Medfordite turned a fierce glare upon the inquisitor and said: "Do you ask me what city this is?" and continued: "Why, there only three cities on the Pacific coast, San Francisco, Medford and Portland; THIS IS MEDFORD," and the stranger, seeing the joke, smiled and remarked: "Why, certainly, I should have known that." This shows the spirit of the people of the town. They are not backward in telling you that their town is Medford. You are not permitted to leave the town with the impression that you are leaving any other town. No, sir, it is Medford, and they want you to know it and they want you to know it so well that you never can forget it.

The governor of the state of Oregon set aside the date of March 31st, which was to be known as "Colonist day." On this day every man, woman and child is expected to write to some friend outside of the state and tell them something of their wonderful state of Oregon. On this date the commercial club furnished every school child in Medford with literature and stationery to be used in advertising Medford to friends outside the city and state. Thus several thousand letters were mailed by the school children on that day, and during this same week the commercial club mailed something like 20,000 pieces of advertising literature and they report that the returns from this source were gratifying beyond their fondest hopes. It is no uncommon thing for the Medford Commercial club to send out from 300 to 500 pieces of advertising literature daily, especially through the season that the greatest number of tourists are expected in the west.

So this is the way they have boosted the town. Every body boasts and none knock. The business men are of the real live, wide-awake, aggressive class. In this city of a little over 8000 population the commercial club has a membership of over 600. Think what that means. Six hundred live men thinking of Medford, talking for Medford and boosting it for all they are worth.

Then, when you know all these things, you can begin to account for some of the marvelous things you find in the town. In the average city of this size you hear the general complaint that they need some sort of theater or auditorium where great crowds can assemble. Medford does not permit her citizens to feel thus, as they have a magnificent coliseum that would do justice to a city many times the size of Medford, and business men will tell you that it is one of the best investments of the city. It attracts conventions, it attracts great assemblies and draws some of the best theatrical attractions on the road.

But the Medford Commercial club does not depend entirely upon their own personal touch in making their town appeal to people, so they have

gotten out advertising literature. This is nothing new, of course, for the commercial club of every town in the country gets out advertising literature, so in getting out their literature their aim was to get something just a little better, just a little more attractive than any other commercial club in the entire country.

Whether they have succeeded in doing this we do not know, but we do know that they have put out some very fine literature, and some time ago, in writing the president of the commercial club, we made the statement that one particular booklet they are sending out is the finest piece of booster literature that has ever been delivered at our office, and we wish that every business man in the United States, who has the "booster bug" in his system, could have one of these magnificent booklets put out by the Medford club. It is simply a masterpiece of the printers' and engravers' art, containing 64 pages and cover, in size about seven by eleven inches, printed on heavy enamel paper, the cover on an extra heavy enamel paper of high grade. The photographic reproductions, of which the booklet is replete, is simply beyond description. The cover plates are a reproduction of natural mountain scenery in this locality, printed in the natural colors. Then, as one turns through the booklet, he finds reproductions of some of the most magnificent mountain scenery; forests of stately pines, clear mountain streams, dashing cataracts, great expanses of orchards where the trees are breaking under their load of delicious fruit, scenes showing the laborer preparing the soil, planting trees, gathering the crops, vegetables, and so on. They have not forgotten to show some of the mine scenes, great caves and caverns and other things of this nature that are of intense interest to the average individual. Then the city is pictured, birds-eye view, street scenes, palatial dwellings, schools, churches, lodge buildings, and so on; farm scenes are shown, too, and make one believe he is in the heart of the effete east instead of away out here in the Pacific coast country, and there are hunting scenes, fishing scenes to warm the cockles of the sportsman's heart.

And so we might continue and still only half tell the story of what these Medford boosters are doing. We delight in telling a story of this kind, because it does us good to tell of the success of any man or men whose purpose is to better their town and community and country. The Medford business men are real boosters, not boomers. They are not trying for a minute to inflate valuations in their town and community. They know that would not pay, but they have the resources, they have a wonderfully rich valley surrounded by mountains and hills that are full of the richest minerals and ores, and they know that their community will be able to uphold any reputation that they can give it.

But, after all, Mr. Reader, we do not want you to lose sight of the fact that these things have not just happened to Medford. No, sir, not for a minute should you get such an idea. We well know that many and many a man will read this article about Medford and then with a sigh say "Oh, yes, I know that is possible for those people there at Medford, but our town is different." Yes, of course, your town is different. Possibly the people in the town are just a little different, but don't you know that no town and no city can ever become greater than the people who live in it, the people who make it.

Now, you possibly would never have heard of the city of Medford, Ore., if the business men in that city had been indifferent and willing to let their town and that wonderfully rich valley lie dormant and develop as it would in natural consequence by the slow, tedious process of the years. There is many and many a town in this country that would be known, that is practically unknown today, if every person living in it were aroused to a full sense of their own individual responsibility.

So, as you read this story of Medford, do not think of it as a fairy tale, but think of it as the accomplishment of practical, modern twentieth century business men.

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