

WESTERN OREGON DEVELOPMENT

EDITOR STUNG BY MEDFORD ENTERPRISE

Quarter of a Million for a Quarter Section of Pears in the Rogue River Valley—Biggest Bunch of Busy Boosters Ever Born Have Inspired People to Shed Their Money for Jackson County Dirt—Pointers for Salemites.

The writer has been at many conventions. He has held the festivals in nearly all the principal cities of western Oregon, never did he run into the specific that makes a community get and hump and double up its real values like the one he struck at Medford. Of course, all understood that the booster city of the Rogue river valley has been on all the United States maps printed the few years in boxcar letters, but people know who did it. It was the Medford bunch discovered in his lodge at Pelican and broke the ice that surrounded him for miles, and then through it with an invitation to their teeth, asking the "Old Man of the Financial Mountain" to come and see them. He did stop a few days, and Dr. Reddy took him in with his 40-horsepower, Thomas car, and when he got through the car turned and said to the editor: "Reddy is the greatest thing I ever met. He mentioned the Rogue River valley under the sun as the greatest thing." Then Reddy produced the tin ore out of his hip pocket and gave Harriman a piece with an attached, signed, sealed and returned to. The next time Harriman came this summer, he stayed three days, and would have stayed all but for the modesty of the Medford bunch. They were afraid of doing it with the old man of the mountains. After he was gone they pretended they did not keep him in sight. They got hold of Moore Palmer and young Vilas and when the time of their lives came each one has been the means of investments being made in orders. Young Palmer got his millionaire mama to come through and take the Rogue River valley her summer home—stole that dame (so to look upon from a real estate standpoint), bodily away from Eugene on promise to return her after she had seen the bottom of her purse. She blew herself for \$165,000 worth of Medford orchards, and will have done as much more but the financial squeeze.

Who Are the Bunch?
Of course, there's the premier, entitled to stand at the head of the parade—Dr. J. F. Reddy, mayor of the city, fighter for new ideas, landowner of the Nash house, about which we say a little more further on. Then D. O. Lowell, first orchardist and founder of this industry as a factor of southern Oregon development; C. R. Ray, of the electric power company, and his brother, Col. Frank Ray; J. E. Enyart, banker; J. Vawter, banker; Edgar Hafer, box factory man; J. M. Keene, realist and all-around booster of southern Oregon, who takes time for breakfast, eats it for lunch and dines on it and grows fat and happy; Jeff Heard, new manager of the Sterling gold mine; J. Putman, who runs the red-hot little daily in seven states and libel suits and imprisonments with contempt as often as court's orders; Judge Withington, who is an adviser of the hot air artists; Prest. W. M. Colvig, who does not know where you would find eleven men who are such concentrated geyzers of information as these are, but Medford has many like them, and is educating them every day. These men are boosters and have grown worse as they go along.

A Pioneer Orchardist.
Hon. J. H. Stewart is no more but is entitled to the grateful memory of all who love to recount the battles of the upbuilding and transformation of Oregon. He was a pioneer, progressive man, a builder of roads. He built one of 75 acres, miles up the Rogue river that few persons have seen. He was an Illinois man and is succeeded by his son who is a chip off the block. These men have lived on orchards that they planted for \$3500, then sell for \$20,000 and then sell for \$60,000. They have bought and sold some of themselves and have made of this good money and kept it is not often than the man who sows so wisely also reaps the

crop, but J. H. Stewart planted wiser than he dreamed of and his son is following with still larger enterprises.

Got a New Hotel.
One of the first things the Medford boosters did was to get a first-class hotel service. They got a new owner to renovate the old hotel Nash. They tore out the old partitions full of vermin, took up the old carpets that had been put down on top of each other seven deep and sometimes more, tore out the old unsanitary, disease-breeding plumbing, and put in some baths. The first step toward arousing a community out of its Rip Van Winkle sleep is to get a hotel where a civilized man with money who is not afraid to spend it, can telegraph for a suite of rooms with a bath and closet attached. Such a telegram creates surprise at Salem, but cannot be answered in the affirmative. The ownership of Salem's principal hotel refuses to make improvements or to allow a lessee to make any. Such an attitude is almost a disgrace to civilization. Whoever is responsible for such conditions can never make good to this community the injury they have done in advertising us to the world as a city where the traveling public cannot get decent accommodations even if they have the money to pay for them. Neither the State Fair nor the State Capital can be kept at Salem with the filthy sanitary conditions that are imposed upon the well-to-do and influential class of people who have to put up with primitive conditions and go unwashed for want of decent hotel facilities.

I was delighted with the hotel service at Ashland, where the Hotel Oregon is up to date—with the service at hotel Nash and hotel Moore. The Nash has suites of rooms with baths on all the floors, and a grill room where everything is the finest. Where oysters are served in the shells, and game is on the bill of fare every day. A hotel register at Medford reads like a register at New York or Seattle. Medford is the Seattle of Southern Oregon and the state knows it.

Found Some Salemites.
Besides Dr. Keene I found Frank Hollis, who has become a furniture king in Southern Oregon, owning three beds, carpet and chair and table stores, and looking for more to buy. Young Dr. E. R. Seeley has a medical practice worth about ten thousand a year. Doc Keene was celebrating his 44th birthday and has made money enough in 11 years to retire from his practice. He wears flawless clothes, spotless shirts and gloves without wrinkles. He knows everybody and when he goes down street he bows to right and left, young and old, farmers and bankers, women and children, and they all seem to know and like Doc.

A man warned me not to be seen around with Doc. We had fought for and against each other but when it comes to boosting for Medford, Doc knows no politics and is no respecter of persons. He put us in J. D. O'Connell's Reo car and we did 30 miles of pear, apple and cherry orchards, when it conveniently broke down in front of a blacksmith shop just in time to take the train to Medford. There the doctor bundled us into Mayor Reddy's 40 horsepower Thomas car and we did 20 miles more of pear and apple orchards on the east side of the town that is worth, just like the west side from \$500 to \$1500 an acre. Medford sits like a big rose in the center of a circle of mountains covered with blue mists and over the plain, radiating like the spokes of a golden wheel of fortune one look down the long continuous rows of orchard trees.

The Big Three Varieties.
The big cash bumper crops have fixed things so that about all that is planted now are Newtown Pippin and Spitzenberg apples, and Comice pears. There are others nearly as good that make big money but these are the best. John Wesley Perkins, now of Roseburg, got the first record crop of golden Comice pears, and they sold in New York for fab-

ulous prices, and even got into the White House and the senate through Senator Burns, who distributed hundreds of boxes of them to advertise Oregon. What did that do? Well, the Perkins Hill Crest pear farm sold for \$2500 originally. Per-TWO—AN EDITOR . . . Perkins had the nerve to pay \$21,500 for it and he has sold it to Seattle people for \$80,000, and they took \$40,000 worth of fruit off it this year. De Hart, the Portland hardware man bought a pear and apple orchard for \$16,000 a few years ago and has just sold it out for \$35,000. The owners are building fine bungalows nestling snugly in brown-leaved kimonas of oak groves and taking almost the price of their gold mine out of it each year in crops that increase each year. And mingled in with the wagons hauling the fruit crops to town are wagons loaded of fine coal taken out of the mines in the foothills just back of the orchards. Fred Honkles off 19 acres of pears this year took \$19,000 and the check was published in fac simile. A real estate man was telling a man on the street corner in my hearing of 40 acres this year yielding \$46,000, or \$45,000 net, and prepared to show him the expense and shipping books. \$1500 an acre was refused for the Dillon Hill pear orchard this fall. It is 160 acres, or nearly a quarter of a million.

Something to Think About.
Here is something to think about for the sluggards of the Willamette valley where the soil is just as good for apples and pears as at Medford. Nearly a quarter of a million for a quarter section. Pears



BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE OF HON. A. N. MOORES, OF SALEM. (Photo by Loewenfelt.)

trees on that farm just beginning to bear, seven years old from the planting, and growing better every year. That land will never be sold for less than \$2000 an acre, and syndicates are already forming to take it in. Why shouldn't Medford boom when it has been the work of the boosters there to reveal the possibilities of that sort of fruit growing. The Hotel Nash, where I stopped was as busy in the lobby as the Willamette when the legislature is in session and there is a hold-up in the senatorship. Why should not Medford build high schools, lay off parks and pave streets? A half million dollar water system to be owned by the city is being brought in from the mountains. The Medford Commercial club was started a few years ago by Keene, Perkins and a half dozen others, and now has 150 members. The finest exhibit building on the whole Harriman system stands at the S. P. depot. It is John O'Connell's pet. There are others at Roseburg and Ashland but not the equal of this. I was taken fifty miles through orchards, in the same seat and over the same route they took Harriman, around through old historical Jacksonville, up to whose doors the rising sea of prosperity is lapping with its gold-glittering waves, and still the tide is rising. Where will it stop?

What a Lesson for Salem.
With such an example, what is the lesson from all this for the people of the Willamette valley? The achievements of M. O. Lowndale at La Fayette are a pointer as to what can be done in every nook and corner of the Willamette valley. The work done on the Wallace orchard near Salem is a pointer. We haven't got the red-hot tingling bunch of boosters that Medford happens to have. We have the facts and the soil and the products. We have men who can boost. We are on the men. Things are coming our way. Can we not get the Medford spirit? Can we not get the Medford way? The Seattle and Spokane spirit and the Medford

spirit are possible for any community that is capable of awakening to the self-conscious state of activity required to make things go. Alas, boosters, like poets, are born, not made. The mantle of Salem into the aurora borealis of prominence may not be born. But he will arrive. We need a bunch of him. They happen but are not made to order. E. HOFER.

A marriage license issued today was to John E. Peterson, age 49, and Mrs. Sarah Hasson, age 51. Both parties reside in Salem.

Joe Cannon is getting alarmed; he has sent a letter to a bishop, saying he did not pack a committee so that they would not return an unfavorable report on him.

Cows Sold Fast.
Probably what was one of the most successful cattle sales around Salem was the public sale a short distance north of here yesterday afternoon. There were 27 head of cattle on sale, and every head was taken within an hour after the stock was placed on the market. The milch cows brought from \$35 to \$45 per head and Auctioneer J. A. Cooper stated had he been provided with more stock of this class, he could have found buyers for them readily.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup drives the cold out of the system through its laxative principle by assuring a free and gentle action of the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

GET BEHIND THE BOOSTER WAGON AND HELP PUSH.

SALEM, DALLAS AND FALLS CITY RAILROAD

Grading Will Be Completed and Cars Running Into West Salem By Middle of Summer—Will Bring 20,000 People in Touch With Salem—Oregon Electric Planning Extension South on West Side—Great Dairy Convention Is Programmed for the Convention City of Oregon.

C. L. Spaulding, president of the Spaulding Logging Co., of this city, and a man who has something to say as his company is a part owner in the Salem, Dallas and Falls City railway, is authority for the statement that his company will have the tracks laid by the middle of next summer and will be running trains into West Salem over the Salem, Dallas and Falls City line. The heaviest grading between Salem and Eola, and that is the heaviest work on the road, is nearly completed. The grading over the level lands the rest of the way is light and easy, and can be finished very fast. About \$50,000 has been spent on the grading and not over \$30,000 is required to complete the dirt work, and the laying of ties and rails will be a quick job. This railroad has come into Salem unexpectedly, and yet naturally. It will be a freight, passenger and logging road, and Mr. Spaulding says his mills at Salem will be getting logs out of the big timber in the coast range next summer over this line. It will be a big thing for Salem, as it will pour a large volume of trade into this city by that route. There are twenty thousand people over that way who will seek Salem as a market for their trading. They are people, too, who earn money all the year around and have money to spend.

Oregon Electric South.
The Oregon Electric management is said to be hesitating between extending from Hillsboro on to Newberg or extending from Salem to Albany. The line from Hillsboro to Newberg is shorter and has a great deal of traffic for the Oregon Electric, but the line from Salem to Albany would give them a longer haul and a larger volume of business. Guy W. Talbot, the general manager of the Oregon Electric has been East the past month and has secured money to extend his system about 100 miles this coming year. It is understood that Dallas is the objective point on the west side this coming year whether the line goes to Hillsboro or not. It runs through a fine stretch of country and Dallas taps a large surrounding country. When the Oregon Electric was completed to Salem and the road was formally dedicated to the public with a big celebration at Salem, the management publicly promised to extend farther south and the very best feeling existed. That fine spirit of comity has been strained at by some acts of hostility—or what the management considers hostility on the part of this city and some of its people, and almost any other part of the Willamette valley looks as good to the Oregon Electric as Salem. Whether this can be overcome and the golden stream can be made to flow for lines out of Salem is a question. Salem should get extensions.

Southern Pacific Improvements.
The S. P. Co. starts today at building new stock yards in this city. The indications are that when the Albany station is dedicated on the 12th of next month, the construction department will take up the matter of a better freight and passenger station at Salem. Both are outgrowths here and new and larger buildings needed as well as paved streets to the Southern Pacific terminals. As the legislature will be in session this winter it will be a good time to strike that company for betterments.

Salem Has a Convention.
The meeting of the State Dairy association at Salem next month will be made a big event and the city will put its best foot forward several inches by giving the visitors from all parts of the state royal treatment. Salem will also shine at the Albany apple show with an exhibit and a large attendance. It is understood an excursion of several hundred people will go up there on that occasion and a Salem day will be given in honor of the Capital City and its boosters. Albany made a fine display at our Cherry show and it is time for Salem to reciprocate in a handsome way.

A Healthy Family.
"Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlett, of Rural Route 1, Gullford, Maine. They cleanse and tone the system in a gentle way that does you good. 25c at J. C. Perry's drug store.



TEA
was a royal indulgence two hundred years ago. 'Tis yet.
Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's. We say him.



Dr. Stone's Drug Store
The only cash drug store in Oregon, owes no one, and no one owes it; carries large stock; its shelves, counters and show cases are loaded with drugs, medicines, notions, toilet articles, wines and liquors of all kinds for medicinal purposes. Dr. Stone is a regular graduate in medicine, and has had many years of experience in the practice. Consultations are free. Prescriptions are free, and only regular prices for medicine. Dr. Stone can be found at his drug store, Salem, Or., from 6 in the morning until 9 at night.

BARR'S JEWELERS

Justifiable Pride

Nearly all our holiday stock is now in the house, and every little thing will soon be tucked away in its own individual place. And when that is done we will tell you all about them—very soon, too. And we'll tell you about them in our own way, and when you see what we have prepared for you, you will not find fault with us for rhapsodizing a bit if our stock signally outclasses and overshadows every other stock in the city. For its magnitude is truly impressive and inspiring—a strictly metropolitan jewelry stock in construction, plan and scope.

BARR'S JEWELERS