

SALE CONTINUES

Many People Have Not Had an Opportunity to Take Advantage of These Whirlwind Bargains

Only a Few Days More

Thousands are profiting by taking this great opportunity for buying high-class winter goods

Only a few days left

THE FAIR

Only a few days left

THE ISIS

TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

The Mystery of the Tomb—Note—Lubin.
The Stigma—Pathé.
Ransom—Vitagraph.

Beautiful dishes given to lady patrons of the matinee. See display in lobby.

ADMISSION 10c

LOCALS

Chille Concarne at Selders.

Cold weather's coming. Want an accurate thermometer so you can watch the mercury drop? We've a big stock of the accurate kind. You can quote their figures and know you're right. 25c to \$2.50.—Newlin Drug Co.

The ladies of St. Peter's Guild will hold a sale of fancy articles and cooked food Saturday, December 10. Full particulars will be announced later.

If your doctor does not recommend your bringing his prescription to us it's because he doesn't want to appear partial. He knows, however, that better prescription service than ours is unobtainable. He will be glad if you do come here.—Newlin Drug Co.

Your dollar is worth a dollar when you buy wood from McLeod and Palmer. A great big load of dry wood at a price everybody can pay. Phone Main 757 or Independent 1502.

We do all kinds of furniture and carpet work, unholstering and vacuum house cleaning. Call L. L. Bellinger, phones Red-562 and Red-141.

Household furniture for sale. Dining room table, chairs, bookcase and numerous other articles. Call Friday at 1308 Pennsylvania. Phone Red 411.

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There will be a church social tomorrow evening at the Christian church under the auspices of Class No. 8. Little folk's recitations by the adults will constitute the literary part of the entertainment. The refreshments will be served after the program. Those not taking part in the program will be charged twenty-five cents and those who give recitations, ten cents.

Change at the Orpheum.

A partial change goes into effect at the Orpheum this evening. The mid-gets have taken their departure and Nixon & Moran come in their place. This is their third week in this country. Their line is stinging and dancing. The other numbers remain through the week. The pictures change this evening.

The Helmet That Fell.

Roqueblaire, the deformed jester of Louis XIV., contrived to get out of many a scrape by his ready wit. One day he went to the king to ask his pardon for having struck off the helmet of one of his sentinels who had failed to give him the military salute. Louis, who knew his man, wondered that Roqueblaire should crave his pardon for so venial an offense and said to him, "This is a serious matter, Roqueblaire, but I will pardon you this time." It afterward turned out that the soldier's head was in the helmet and fell with it to the ground.—Argonaut.

The Astonishing Part.

Lord Townshend at the battle of Dettingen was standing quite near a drummer boy whose brains were dashed out by a cannon ball. His lordship gazed on the horrible spectacle for some moments in silence.

At last an old officer spoke up and said: "Why is your lordship surprised? Such things must happen in war." "I know it," was the reply, "but what astonishes me is that a boy with so much brains should be here at all."

A Bright Outlook.

"Do you—do you think, Miss Dobielt, that you will be—er—engaged next Thursday evening?" asked Tompy very bashfully.

"Well, really, Mr. Tompy," replied Ethel, "I don't know, but if you can get up spunk enough between now and then to do your share I think there's a fair prospect that I shall be."

And Tompy did.—Harper's Weekly.

Where It Hurts.

"Say, I have an awful pain. I wonder if it is appendicitis? Can you tell me on what side one gets it?"

"Why, on the inside, of course."—Columbia Jester.

Bad Selection.

"Goodness me, but that woman's makeup is loud."

"It is that. She should have used noiseless powder."—Baltimore American.

SNOW STORM CRIPPLES TRAFFIC IN MEDFORD THIS MORNING

Portland, Nov. 24—Wires into Portland were prostrated for several hours today on account of a snow storm raging in southern Oregon and northern California. Snow began last night. By this morning two inches had fallen at Medford, while it reached nearly a foot in the hills. The weather began to moderate toward noon.

During the night snow to the amount of a half an inch fell in Union county and the entire valley is snow white today. Misty rain this noon indicates the mantle will soon disappear however. The presence here of snow at night indicates the general storm covered a large territory.

DOG MAKES LONG DIVE.

Falls 200 Feet from Bridge But Returns to His Master Unharmed.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 24 (Special).—Jumping 200 feet off the Columbia river bridge at Wenatchee, Wash., southwest of Spokane, into the Columbia river and returning to its master apparently unharmed, was the experience of a shepherd dog, owned by the manager of a garage. The dog's master had received a call that an automobile was out of gasoline on the Douglas county side of the river and he set out to carry a supply, the dog following behind. When the helpless machine had been filled the two automobiles started for the city over the bridge. In the center of the bridge one machine endeavored to circle around the other and get ahead. The dog, seeing that it was to be caught in a trap, jumped from the bridge. It being dark the master considered that to be the end of the dog. About two hours afterward a scratch was heard at the door and upon its being opened the dog entered, wagging its tail, and shoved its nose into its master's hand. Aside from a drenching the dog showed no signs of injury after battling with the swift current in the Columbia river.

Home From British Columbia.

Mrs. Cora Harding arrived home today from British Columbia where she has been visiting friends for several months.

Betting Favors Washington.

Seattle, Nov. 24—The football championship of the northwest is to be determined this afternoon on Denny field when the University of Washington and Oregon agricultural college eleventh clash. Betting slightly favors Washington.

THE MANTILLA.

A Spanish Woman Answers the Question, "Why Do You Wear It?"

The writer once asked of a well known lady of the Spanish aristocracy who was seated in the box of the president of a corrida in Madrid, "Why do you wear a mantilla?" and the fair duchess replied: "Because we all wear a mantilla at a bullfight or at any truly Spanish function. It is the proper thing to do, and we do it."

A little later as I strolled among a group of aficionados I ventured to ask a woman of the people over whose head and shoulders was also thrown a mantilla why all Spanish women to whatever class they belonged, wear this national headgear, if it may be called thus.

This woman was sitting in the open air, and I was thinking that a large straw hat would have protected her better from the burning rays of the sun and been quite as picturesque. She replied in that drawing, warm tone so typical of the Spaniard: "Well, I happened to have often thought of this, and I think the reason why we all wear the mantilla is because we Spanish women are most careful about our hair. We think the chief charms of a woman are her eyes and her hair. And, as you may see, we all have splendid, thick, lustrous hair, and we are supposed to have, many of us, fascinating eyes. Now, why should we hide our elaborately arranged hair under a hat and conceal our eyes in the shade cast by the brim of a hat?"

No doubt this woman was right. Parisian elegance to the Spanish women of the upper classes may have its attractions, but they, as their less fortunate compatriots, all agree that beautiful hair and expressive eyes are more important. * * * And both of these may be cultivated.—London Mail.

THE FIRST WINDMILLS.

Could Work Only When the Wind Blew From a Certain Point.

Windmills are said to have been introduced into England by the Knights of St. John, who observed them in use among the Saracens in the Crusades, but how long they had been in existence before this it is not possible to ascertain. A water mill was built in Bohemia in the year 718, for an old chronicler mentions it, going on to say that "before that time all the mills in Bohemia were windmills set upon the summit of hills."

For hundreds of years windmills were among the most important adjuncts of industry, yet they hardly changed from the rude and primitive design of earliest days. They were fixed in one position, and so could not be moved when the wind blew from a certain quarter, while the four sails, braced by cords of bucking rope, were

of any kind, which must have been most inconvenient at times.

The first idea of arranging a mill so that it could be worked "where'er the wind did blow" was that of tethering an ordinary mill in the middle of a pond by means of ropes. When the wind shifted the ropes were loosed and the mill dragged around until the sails were caught by the wind, and it was then again tethered as before.

Later on a great pole, which was worked on the principle of a turntable, was affixed to the mill. Not until 1500 did Holland, the land of windmills, introduce a movable dome carrying the sail axle. The dome ran on rollers and was shifted around by means of the pole mentioned above. These ancient mills were often of massive build, being made of brick or stone, and later entirely of wood.—London Globe.

Salt and the Romans.

Spilling of salt is a superstition still current among us. It is derived from the ancient Romans, who used salt in their sacrifices and regarded it as sacred to Penates. To spill it carelessly was to incur the displeasure of these household divinities. After accidentally spilling salt the ancient Roman was wont to throw some over the left shoulder—the shoulder of ill omen—thereby hoping to call away from his neighbor the wrath of the Deity and turn it upon himself.

Elephants' Love For Finery.

Strange as it may seem, the elephant is passionately fond of finery and delights to see himself decked out with gorgeous trappings. The native princes of India are very particular in choosing their state elephants and will give fabulous sums for an animal that exactly meets the somewhat fanciful standards they have erected. For these they have made cloths of silk so heavily embroidered with gold that two men are hardly able to lift them.—Pearson's Weekly.

Urgent Case.

"That fellow is going to the dogs." "Do the dogs know it?" "I guess not."

"What is the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals going to do about it?"

The Grafting Gent.

No busy little grafter Will pause to think about The sure and stern hereafter When he will be found out. He revels in the clover While revelling is grand, And when his day is over He squeals to beat the band.

When things are coming easy With gratifying haste He is a creature breezy And frank and open faced. You cannot help admiring His free and easy way As with a zeal untiring He shakes your hand away.

And in the twists and turnings, The dodging here and there, He looks upon his earnings As strictly on the square, And should we call in question The things that he has done He looks on the suggestion As an insulting one.

When after years of plunder The people call his bluff And get him for a wonder, Red handed with the stuff He thunders forth defiance At those who make the move And places his reliance On what they cannot prove.

Thanks-giving

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