



# Cash Dividends Declared Every Day On Every Imperial Overcoat

If a Dollar Saved is a Dollar Earned--and it is--The wearer of one of these coats is receiving regular daily dividends on his purchase. He not only saved on the purchase price, but on the durability of the garment, not taking into account its superior finish and many other points of excellence

## Prices From \$15 Up

### 750--Fashionable Winter Suits--750



**WE HAVE A SUGGESTION** to offer which must receive the careful consideration of every intending purchaser of clothing; viz. "The Toggler" is an Exclusive Men's Furnishing House, handling no side Line, but catering to the wants of men only. Now, is it not reasonable to assume that under these conditions we would be able to buy and sell to the best possible advantage to both buyer and seller?

**We are here to assure you of that fact, AND PROVE IT by these Goods**

They were selected and purchased direct from the largest stocks of the best makers of Stylish Clothes and we have thereby saved to you the middleman's profit. They show their superior style and value

For Further Confirmation of this Unchallenged Statement, see

# "THE TOGGERY"

...The Quality Store...  
**MEDFORD'S FASHION STORE FOR MEN**

another member of the wider family swimming about at ease beneath the surface, thoroughly aquatic in his habits, but breathing a bubble of air which he carries about with him. When his supply is low, he swims to a submarine castle of silk, so air tight that he can keep it filled with a large bubble of air, upon which he draws from time to time.

And so we might go on enumerating almost endless uses for the web, which is nature's gift to these little waifs who ages ago left the sea and have won a place for themselves in the sunshiny among the butterflies and flowers.—C. William Beebe in New York Post.

**An Ingenious Ruse.**  
Herodotus tells of an ingenious ruse employed to carry an important message through the lines of the enemy. Histiaea, being anxious to give Aristagoras orders to revolt, could think of no means to send the message to his ally, as all the roads were carefully guarded. Finally he hit upon a scheme. Calling his trustiest servant to him, he ordered that the man's hair be shaven off. He then picked the desired message on the scalp of the slave and, waiting until his hair had grown out, dispatched him upon the errand. The messenger passed safely through the lines, and when he reached Aristagoras his head was again shaved and the message read.

**2 BRICK COURT.**  
Temple Chambers in Which Oliver Goldsmith Amused Himself.  
Few buildings link the London of the present day with so many of the literary characters of the London of the past as does the house at 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple. The dominant memory which clings around it is that perpetuated by a handsome tablet on its front elevation bearing the words:

In these chambers died  
Oliver Goldsmith  
On the 24th of April, 1774.

and a medallion of the poet. Goldsmith's, however, was seldom a lonely figure, and he gathered around him at Brick Court all the wit of the metropolis of his day. In 1765, on the strength of the success of "The Good-Natured Man" and the fact that he was making some £500 a year, "Goldie" expended £400 on chambers "up two pair right" and fitted them with showy carpets, gilt mirrors and furniture extravagantly upholstered in blue velvet. Thus equipped, he embarked on a course of expenditure in which fine clothing for himself, grand dinners to literary coteries and pretty trifles for venal beauties were among the frequent visitors at 2 Brick Court, but their arrival was not the cause of so much concern to Goldsmith's coteries as that of some other of the poet's guests. It was the little supper parties to Goldsmith's young friends of both sexes that drew from the studious Blackstone, hard at work on his famous

"Commentaries" in the rooms below "Goldie's," bitter protests against the racket of his "reveling neighbor."

Both "The Traveler" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" were published soon after Goldsmith moved into Brick Court, but the income they brought him was insufficient to withstand the drain made on his resources by his extravagance. His generosity and his taste for gambling. Owing £2,000, unable to obtain further advances from his booksellers and seeing no way out of his embarrassments, Goldsmith broke down in spirits and health. He had to leave those windows from which he used to watch the rooks in the grove, which once stood where now is Elm Court, and, as he wrote, "often amused myself with observing their plan of policy." Goldsmith returned thither, nevertheless, to die, and though he was carried to his last resting place through rows of weeping women the benches of the Temple appear to have valued him so little that the very place of his burial became forgotten. For that neglect the tablet came as tardy but welcome reparation.—London Tribune.

**A GIGANTIC GAMBLE.**  
Every Step of the Pearl Fishery Attended by Fickle Fortune.  
The world's most gigantic gamble, pregnant with chance in all variations and shadings, is unquestionably the Ceylon pearl fishery. Compared with it any state lottery pales to insignificance. From the taking of the first oyster to the draining of the last vatful of "matter" every step is attended by fickle fortune, and never is the interest of the people of Portugal or of Mexico keener over a drawing of a lottery, the tickets of which may have been sold at the very thresholds of the cathedrals, than is that of the natives of Ceylon and southern India over the daily results of a Manar fishery.

Each bivalve is a lottery ticket. It may contain a gem worthy of place in a monarch's crown or be a sea shell with a mere worthless oyster in its folds. Perhaps one oyster in a hundred contains a pearl, and not more than one pearl in a hundred, he knows, has a value of importance. Nature furnishes the sea, pearling banks, oysters and all therein contained. The Ceylon administration conducts the undertaking and for its trouble and trifling duty exacts a "rake-off" of two-thirds of all that may be won from the deep. And mere man, the brown or black diver, receives for his daring and enterprise one oyster in every three that he brings from the ocean's depths, and his earnings must be shared with boat owner, sailors, attendants and assistants almost without number.

For size of "rake-off" there is no game of hazard in the world offering a parallel. The Ceylon government used to exact three out of every four oysters brought in, the current tribute of two out of three having become operative only a few years since.—Fred. Eric C. Penfield in Century.

## THE MANTO.

**A Garment That All Chaste Women Wear to Church.**  
The Chilean women's most fetching garment, wrap, or what you will, is the manto. It is of some kind of fine black material and is worn thrown over the head. Sometimes a flap of it is drawn tightly across the forehead. After being thrown over the head the manto, by some means which I have as yet been unable to discern, is clamped in close about the neck.

This cinching in at the neck makes a kind of hood around the face, and this hood is very skillfully manipulated by some of the women to cover up moles and other defects and to conceal the fact that their hair has not been carefully combed.

From the shoulders the manto falls down in front to the toes and behind to the heels. It is held together in front partly by pins and partly by the hands of the wearer. It is usually, but not always, worn over the street costume.

The wearing of mantos by all women, no matter of what class, on attending church is obligatory. This providing for a uniform costume is quite reasonable and is designed to eliminate such things as our Easter bonnet competitions and allow the mind to forsake earthly and devote itself to things spiritual.

It also swells the attendance on many occasions, for some of the ladies, when they arise too late to have time to dress for early morning mass, merely throw on their mantos over their robes do not and, with the addition of such head and foot trimming as is necessary to give the impression of being fully dressed, trip demurely off to church, to all outward seeming as though they had spent hours instead of minutes before their glasses.—Los Angeles Times.

## PEOPLE OF THE STAGE.

**Theatrical Life Has Few Joys and Much Bitterness.**  
Booth, to whom Henry E. Abbey would cheerfully have paid \$1,000 a night for 150 consecutive nights, was one of the most unhappy men on the face of God's earth. He had buried two wives, been through the mortification of bankruptcy and so far as worldly wealth is concerned, so far as the comforts of a settled home go, had yet to make the one and secure the other.

This being the case, what do you suppose is the fate of minor people? The fact is that they work hard, are underpaid, never play the parts they prefer, pay much, by far the greater portion of their salaries, for stage costumes, invariably have a gang of hangers on who eat the bread they earn, are out of engagements most of the time and ninety times out of a hundred die of exposure that they are hurled at the expense of their fellows. In the first place, it is extremely difficult for them to obtain a position, and, having a position, how few its advantages they have to rehearse at inconvenient times; they go out in all kinds of weather regardless of their health or comforts or home desires; they dress in outlandish places, either wet, damp and chilly or overheated. They are at the capricious mercy of speculative managers, and, having found by experience that there is very little sympathy for them, either before or behind the footlights, they wrap themselves in a garment of mental indifference to appearances, which is utterly misunderstood by a cynical and suspicious world.

I know of a girl who was called to a Sunday night rehearsal. Her father was very ill, but the rental of their home, the fees for the doctor and money for the drugs depended upon her attending to her business. It was imperative that she should be in the theater at 7:30 o'clock. Having arranged this, she went to her father's bedside, placed upon the table by the bedside of her father his medicine, she kissed him goodly and, with a loving touch, promised to be back as early as possible. You know what Sunday night rehearsals mean. They mean 1, 2, 3, 4 o'clock the next day. That is what this one meant. The girl hastened home. The candle light had gone, the cold gray of the early morning was in the room, the father was dead upon the bed.—Boston Globe.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**  
Nine-tenths of the failures intend to do well.  
If air-castles were real, some people wouldn't be satisfied.  
We are always meeting people who recall incidents that we had hoped they had forgotten.  
When people do not enjoy doing the things we do, we are apt to think they do not have a good time.  
Your neighbor is "tummy." If you throw his dog a bone, he suspects you of trying either to poison it or to win its affection from him.

## It is interesting for a man to look through his old effects if for no other reason than he will see that he is not as big a fool as he used to be.

You may have such a fierce admiration for the under dog as to be unfair to the upper dog. The upper dog is often compelled to fight to get his rights.—Atchison Globe.

**Froude's "Inaccuracy."**  
What competent critic today doubts the general trustworthiness of Froude's "History of England," in writing which he was obliged to transcribe from Spanish masses of papers which even a Spaniard would have read with difficulty? Yet what sweeping charges of inaccuracy were long made against him! Writing in 1870 to a friend, the historian says: "I acknowledge to five real mistakes in the whole book—twelve volumes—about twenty trifling slips, equivalent to 'is' not dotted and 'it' not crossed, and that is all that the utmost malignity has discovered. Every one of these rascals has made a dozen blunders of his own while detecting one of mine."—Success Magazine.

**Old Times in New York.**  
In 1780 New York city maintained an official who would whip a servant, either free or slave, for the master, charging a shilling for the job. Petty thieves were branded for life with a "T" on the cheek. Mrs. Johanna Young and another woman convicted of grand larceny were driven all over the city in an open cart, then stripped to the waist and given thirty-nine lashes apiece in public and then banished. "Whereupon," says the record, "they went to Philadelphia."

**The Tender Hearted Butcher.**  
"It must have been a very tender hearted butcher who killed this lamb," said the cheerful boarder, pausing in the sawing of his chop.  
"Why?" kindly asked the inquisitive man.  
"He must have hesitated three or four years before striking the fatal blow"—London Tit-Bits.

**His Choice.**  
"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert, who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung in a very painful way.  
"Not particularly," said the young man frankly, "but I'm exceedingly fond of the musician."

**Full Benefit.**  
Watts—Let's walk along until a cat overtakes us. Potts—No. Let's walk the other way until a car meets us. We will catch it sooner, we will go down town just as quick, and we get more ride for our money.

## A Queer Marriage Custom.

Members of the M'JJI tribe, who live on the Limpopo river, wear an extraordinary "marriage dress." This weird and uncomfortable looking costume is made entirely of split reeds, fastened together with grass, and the unhappy bachelor who contemplates matrimony is compelled to wear it for three solid months before the happy event comes off, meanwhile leading a life of strict seclusion. What effect this extraordinary custom has on the popularity of marriage among the M'JJI is not known, but it was only with the utmost difficulty that some members of the mounted police, who encountered some would be Benedicts, induced them to allow their photographs to be taken.—Wide World Magazine.

**Not an Irishman.**  
There is a bust of Hugh O'Brien, a former mayor of Boston, in the corridor of the Boston Public Library and one of John Boyle O'Reilly in the newspaper room. The other day a man approached one of the clerks in the newspaper room, saying, "Isn't there a bust of anybody except Irishmen in the building?" "Certainly," replied the clerk. "There is a bust of Lucifer in the periodical room, and he wasn't an Irishman."

**Don't Starve Your Bird.**  
It is a common mistake to think that pets can only be taught when hungry and to commence a bird's training by depriving it of breakfast, dinner or supper is a most unhappy beginning. In reality the feathered folk are just as apt and full of fun after a comfortable meal as before it, and to starve, scold or otherwise ill treat the little creature will usually render it too unhappy to learn quickly if at all. Birds are extremely nervous beings. They love a low, quiet voice and gentle movements—love to be talked to, coaxed and made much of. If the pet is a new one and seems specially excitable or timid, you will have to teach it first of all not to fear you. Any little game he is to learn must be acquired afterward.—Mary Dawson in St. Nicholas.

**A Singer's Lucretia.**  
The singer at the end of the practice aria panted heavily.  
"I sang 106 notes that time," he said, "without once taking breath."  
"Indeed. That must be a record."  
"No. The record is held by Courtice Pounds. Pounds sang 316 notes without respiration in 1808. The record previous to that was held by Farnelli, with 300 notes. Norman Salmond has sung 287 notes in this way."  
"It is wonderful what lungs trained singers have. The average man could hardly sing fifty notes without breathing, whereas to the singer 200 would be nothing."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**For Sale.**  
Team, wagon, harness and two racks, all in good condition. Team weighs about 1200. Enquire at Mail office or see or address J. W. Park, box 11, Medford, Oregon. 47-14

**Kodol Dyspepsia Cure**  
Digests what you eat.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of  
*Wm. D. Druggist*