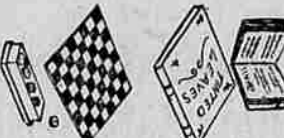
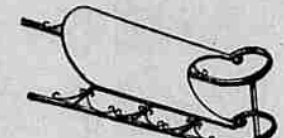
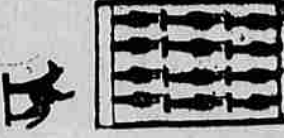


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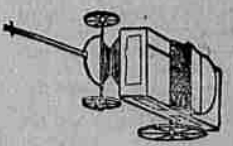
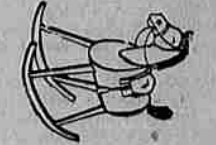
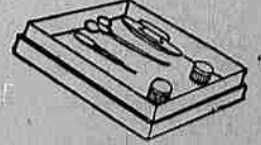
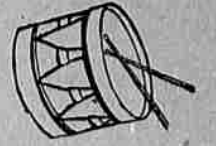
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SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS

Moore building, West Seventh Street,

Medford, Oregon

## Bribing Georgie

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

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"I think I had better take you to the train," said Ethel coldly. "I do not care to advertise to the whole family the fact that my affections were bestowed upon a man so utterly unworthy of them."  
"You will have to announce the breaking of the engagement some time. It will be all right when I get a chance to talk to you quietly."  
Ethel smiled. That was precisely what she wished to avoid. She would take the dog cart and have the little



"I'll make it five," he offered. Georgie was resolute. "I made a bargain," she declared. "Two wouldn't be fair."  
Castron faced the front again. Everything seemed to be against him. "I congratulate you upon your forethought in bribing Georgie," he said bitterly. "You seem determined to allow me no opportunity to explain."  
"There is no possible explanation," she said decidedly. "The least you can do is to keep silent for the few minutes longer that you are to be burdened with my company."  
"Very well," he said shortly. "If you are determined, I suppose there is no use in trying to prove you wrong."  
She averted her head, and as they bowed along through the leafy avenue Castron, all unconscious of the tumult in her mind, where pride and affection waged war, sat in silent anger reviewing the events of the past twenty-four hours.

"Nope," he said decidedly. "I'll give you that air gun if you will," she bribed.  
"It costs \$3," he warned.  
"I know," she agreed. "Hurry, or Mr. Castron will miss his train."  
Georgie raced across the lawn and climbed into the back seat. "I'm going, too," he announced gleefully. Frank Castron said something beneath the cover of his mustache and scowled as he helped Ethel into her seat on the box.  
It was apparent that Ethel was determined not to afford him any opportunity for a tete-a-tete. He thought that he had frustrated her design when he had bribed the head coachman to send the dog to town, but he had not counted on Georgie. He settled himself in his seat, and Ethel took up the lines.  
They covered the first half mile in silence. Then he broke the quiet. "I want to tell you," he began, "that that lockert was—"  
"Georgie will hear," she whispered.  
"Please spare me the annoyance of having the wretched story spread all over the house."  
"But if only you would listen for a moment," he pleaded. "Let Georgie drop off and walk back. He won't mind."  
"I do," she said severely. "Do not make me think any worse of you than I do already."  
"But it is all such a miserable mistake," he pleaded, "and you have not given me a chance for a single word since it happened."  
"I've answered Ethel turned to speak to the boy, and Castron gritted his teeth. Just five minutes and the whole miserable mistake would be explained. If he could not get this chance, there was no hope. She would return his letters unread, just as she had sent back the note he had written last night. A bit of paper blowing across the road frightened the horses and demanded her attention. Castron leaned over the back of the seat.  
"I'll give you a dollar to fall off and go back to the house," he offered.  
"Sis is going to give me two," he explained.  
"I'll make it five," he offered.  
Georgie was resolute. "I made a bargain," she declared. "Two wouldn't be fair."  
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As Christmas Edith had given him a lockert including her picture. Yesterday she had opened the case and had found therein another picture and a lock of hair that in no way suggested her own chestnut curls.  
Before he could explain she had run into the house, and no amount of entreaty could induce her to listen to his explanation.  
For two miles no one spoke. Georgie sat wearily on the back seat some time to time, while the horse's hoofs beating on the smooth road brought to Castron to count the lost minutes.  
At last, in desperation, he felt in his pocket. There was a bill he had slipped into his change pocket to avoid the trouble of taking out his pocket-book in the station. Gently he withdrew the bill and for an instant held it behind his back; then, certain that Georgie had seen it, he released his hold and let it flutter to the road.  
Quickly the boy slipped off the tail-board and scrambled in the dust. Castron turned to Ethel.  
"We are almost in town," he said. "I insist upon being given the right to explain."  
"Hush!" she warned. "Georgie will hear."  
"Not unless he has exceptional ears," he smiled. "Georgie is about half a mile back."  
Ethel half turned in her seat to convince herself, then turned to him again.  
"I suppose you bought him off," she said scornfully. "You told me you were aware of his price. I suppose I shall have to listen since I cannot drive and stop up my ears too."  
"I'll drive," he volunteered, "if you want to stop up your ears."  
"What is it you wish to say?" she demanded, ignoring his generous offer.  
"Just this," he said eagerly. "That is not my lockert at all."  
"As though I did not recognize it!" she scoffed.  
"It fooled me," he argued. "You see, I haven't looked inside since I've been up here because I've had the original of the picture to look at. I never noticed that I picked up Frank Compton's lockert by mistake. You were so proud of the uniqueness of the lockert that I hated to tell you that my roommate had one just like it. From the similarity of the engraving I fancy it came from the same store."  
"When I picked up the chain I got Frank's and never found it out until you opened it. That girl in this lockert is Frank's fiancée."  
For a moment the horses trotted along in silence broken only by their hoof beats; then she turned to him with moist eyes.  
"What can you think of me?" she cried penitently.  
"That you are the dearest little woman in the world," he said promptly. Her hand stole into his.  
"I'll never be so foolish again," she said. "I'm so glad you persisted, dear."  
"Me, too," he agreed.  
A couple of days later Castron was

smiling over a scrawly letter that had just come. It read:  
Dear Fred—Here's yer \$5. It ain't fair to take it, because I didn't drop off that razor because of the five, but because I want you to be my brother-in-law some day. I heard what sis said. I guess she wanted me to, too, because she gave me the gun and cried over me. It's funny to save a girl cry over you. Did you ever have one cry over you? Come up soon. Yer brother-in-law to be, GEORGIE.  
Castron smiled reminiscingly, recalling the last ride to town.  
Weighed Upon His Father.  
When Mr. Finerty returned after a day's outing with Michael, the only son, his face was long and doleful and quickly drew inquiries from the mother.  
"I mistrust Mickey is not long for this world," said Mr. Finerty, with a deep sigh. "I mistrust there's a spell over him already, and he'll not be long wid us."  
"Arrah, what are you talkin' about?" demanded his wife as she removed some light brown sticky decorations from the countenance of the sleepy Michael. "He's one o' the long, thin kind, but he's got his good health and a fine pair o' loonga in him."  
Mr. Finerty shook his head with stubborn conviction.  
"You can say what plazes you," he remarked sepulchrally, "but I've got this to tell you, woman: On the platform o' the station there was a large, big scales, an' I stepped on, hollan' Mickey by the hand. They tipped an' balanced at vean hundred seventy-two pounds. Thin I lifted Mickey up an' hid him in the air—all free of the platform, mind ye—and, woman, thin scales never dropt a pound. There was only a bit of a trindle, I'd hardly the strength in me legs to walk home."  
A Gleam of Hope.  
The dark lantern flashed through the fat. Then came the gleam of a revolver.  
"Hands up!" hissed the head of the family. "You are a burglar!"  
"Y-yes," gasped the intruder as he faced the cold steel.  
"Your wife's pug dog?"  
"Eh? Er—if that's all, you may sneak out, quietly."  
"And your mother-in-law's parrot?"  
"You don't any! Well, here is some loose change."  
"And your daughter's phonograph?"  
"Good! Here's some more loose change."  
"Also your son's punching bag."  
"What? Great Scott, man, come out to the ice chest! There certainly will be some peace in this flat from now on."  
Happiness.  
If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is in his hand or on his head.

A RAZOR'S EDGE.  
Results That Come From Stropping and Lousing.  
Very thin is the edge of a razor blade. Its thickness has been estimated at about one half millionth of an inch. A writer says of this wonderfully thin bit of steel, when seen under a powerful microscope: "The extreme edge of the section is distinctly bent to one side. This is nearly always seen in razor edges. The actual bend represents the effect of the last stroke on the strop which this blade has received. Now, this bending of the metal quite near the edge, minute as it is, has some very important practical consequences. If the razor be used in such a way that the bend is toward the skin there will be a tendency for the edge itself to burrow downward into the skin, instead of sliding easily over the surface and merely cutting away the projecting hairs. If, on the other hand, the blade be applied to the face in such a way that the bend of the edge is away from the skin the edge will slide much more smoothly, with less tendency to cut or scratch the skin, while it will act upon the hairs in a slightly upward direction and thus tend to pull them tight while cutting. The direction of the bend of the edge can be regulated by the last few strokes on the strop.  
"This minute amount of bending undergone by the metal near the edge of a razor blade has another practical result. We all know that a piece of wire which will quite easily stand being bent double will be broken if it be bent backward and forward many times. What really takes place is that the metal, which was strong and ductile to begin with, is gradually made hard and brittle and then finally breaks off. Now, the metal near the edge of a razor is being subjected to very similar treatment. Every turn on the strop reverses the direction of the bend near the edge, and, although the amount of bending is too slight ever to bring about actual breakage of such an elastic metal as hardened steel, it is yet sufficient to bring about a change in the metal which renders it less elastic and able to stand the strain. This is why a razor which has been used long ceases to cut well or to hold a good edge.  
"Now it has been discovered that steel which has lost its proper elastic qualities by such a process of 'fatigue,' as it is called, is capable of recovering its good qualities under favorable circumstances. It will recover in this way if left at rest, though this is a comparatively slow process, which explains the fact that a tool which has become useless through continued use will be as good as ever after a prolonged rest. But recovery will take place much more rapidly if the steel be warmed, so that a few minutes' exposure to the temperature of boiling water will bring about recovery to an extent that would have required several days' rest at the ordinary temperatures. This fact explains the advantage to be derived from the familiar practice of 'steaming' a razor before use."

IDEAS OF HEAVEN.  
The Romans believed in the Elysian fields of the Greeks.  
The Hattians locate heaven in one of the beautiful valleys of their island.  
The Assyrians believe heaven is in the bowels of the earth or far away in the east.  
Some natives of the south Pacific think heaven a place where they will be white.  
The Greek belief, according to Socrates, was that the pious went to heaven, like prisoners set free, to dwell in unclouded peace.  
According to the ancient astronomers, heaven was seven or eight solid spheres, with a planet for the center of each. Some even ran the number up to seventy.  
The Egyptians thought heaven to be on many islands at the foot of the Milky way. Those worthy spent the time harvesting beans and in feasting, singing and playing.  
Etiquette.  
"Etiquette" is a French word which originally meant a label indicating the price or quality, the English "ticket," and in old French was usually specialized to mean a soldier's billet. The phrase "that's the ticket" shows the change to the present meaning of manners according to code. Burke solemnly explained that "etiquette had its original application to those ceremonies and formal observances practiced at courts. The term came afterward to signify certain formal methods used in the transactions between sovereign states."  
A Widow's Double Grief.  
A clergyman who recently called upon a young widow to console with her upon the loss of her husband placed considerable emphasis upon the proposition that the separation was merely temporal and painted in vivid colors the happiness of friends reunited after death. When he stopped for breath the sorrowing one heaved a deep sigh and quietly remarked, "Well, I suppose his first wife has got him again then."—Saturday Review.  
Proved It.  
Bjones—Why the grouch? Pamith—My wife called me a fool. Bjones—Cheer up. It may not be true. Pamith—But it is. She proved it. Went and dug up a bunch of my old love letters and read 'em to me!—Cleveland Lead er.  
Letters.  
Answer a letter the day it is received and you will experience a sense of duty well done. Delay it, and after too long a time has elapsed shame will put a stop to its acknowledgment altogether.  
While Europe has 107 people to the square mile, Asia has but fifty-eight, Africa eleven and Australia one and a half.

IN THE WHEELHOUSE.  
It is There That All the Forces of a Great Vessel Are Directed.  
On entering the wheelhouse of an ocean liner a landsman is likely to be awed by the group of instruments and masses of complicated machinery on every hand. Your eye will first be caught by the wheel or wheels, for often there are two or more of them, one directly in line with the other. The first of these is an insignificant looking affair perhaps a foot or so in diameter, which seems out of all proportion to the work it must accomplish. Directly in front of it stands the ship's compass, well back of it are mounted many complicated wheels and levers which transform the slightest motion of the wheel into the great force which guides the ship.  
All the great steamers are steered nowadays by the aid of steam or electricity. In the old days half a dozen men at times would struggle with the wheel in high seas, and sailors have been killed by the rapid revolving of the projecting spoke handles. The modern steering gear makes it possible to guide these great ships with the slightest pressure. The rudder, weighing many tons, is perhaps 500 feet astern, yet with a touch of the polished wheel the great 700 foot ship will swing from side to side with almost the delicacy of a compass needle. The wheel that the steersman operates merely governs the steering engine, which, in turn, moves the great rudder.  
The most astonishing thing about the bridge is to find the wheelhouse with all its curtains tightly drawn, as often happens, and the man at the helm steering the boat without seeing ahead at all. At night or even by day if the light of the binnacle is glowing the wheelhouse is often completely shut in. The man at the wheel, it is explained, does not need to look ahead. The lookout high up in the "crow's nest" and the officer on watch on the bridge will keep him informed if any object is sighted. The duty of the man at the wheel is to keep the ship on her course. Throughout his watch of four hours he must keep his eyes on the compass and nowhere else.  
On one side of the wheelhouse are posted the sailing directions, which give the wheelman explicit orders. The course to be followed for the day is placed in a neat little rack called the compass control. It suggests the rack in church at the side of the pulpit which announces the number of the lyrens and praises for the day's service. The compass control will announce, for instance, N, 7, S, W, or some such formula. The wheelman glances at this as he takes his watch at the wheel and holds the great ship exactly on this course until he is relieved.—Francis Arnold Collins in St. Nicholas.  
CANTORIA.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Solely at  
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