

OUR COUNTY Correspondents

Table Rock Item.

By J. C. P.

Al Smith and family, of Mount district, spent Sunday with his brother, R. E. and family.

A. C. Howlett, of Eagle Point, spent Saturday afternoon in this neighborhood on business connected with church matters.

While digging carrots the other day Mr. Hyrum found one that weighed seventeen pounds (grown without irrigation) they are the kind that come, few in a sack.

While the general health of the public has been exceptionally good this winter, of late we have nearly all had a stage with bad colds.

W. R. Hyrum, accompanied by his brother, took a load of farm produce to the town market Tuesday. Nothing like having a load of garden truck to sell every week or two.

The protracted meetings held here last week by Rev. Green, of Ashland, and M. C. Davis were well attended considering the busy time of the year. Both ministers left for their homes the last of the week.

The tax social held at the Agate school house last Saturday night was a grand success, as nearly fifty dollars was the proceeds from the sale of boxes. The money will be applied toward the purchase of a nice organ for the school house, which they have so much needed.

We agree with the "stranger in our midst" that the term "Poor Farm" has a very poor sound, especially so, when it is taken into consideration, that the farm, recently purchased by the county, is in no sense considered to be a poor one, but one, of which, the whole population of the county may be proud of an interest therein. On the other hand, while the County Hospital is situated thereon, it is also the home of a number of healthy, happy, old people who have no other home, then why call it "County Hospital"?

That term, calls to mind, only a picture of a hospital building, of more or less pretense, and all its occupants "I. Why not give it the comprehensive name "County farm"? "What's in a name?" A good deal when it is the name of our home. Let us have some more opinions on the subject.

GOLD HILL ITEMS

(BY SPECTATOR)

Victor E. Beno, of Astoria, has purchased the old Parker farm on Kansas creek of E. E. Miner, paying \$7500 for same. Mr. Beno has already taken possession and has workmen on the ground fitting up the buildings and will plant the major part of the place in apple trees this spring. The place lays two miles south of Gold Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mackey, of Medford, were visiting here the first of the week.

Mr. Frank Parker and Mrs. C. Parker both formerly of Gold Hill, was married at Heppner, February 1st, 1908. They left the same day for Portland and Willamette valley points on an extended trip.

Lynn Purdin, editor of the Gold Hill News, is very sick with pneumonia. He was taken sick very suddenly last Friday. Fritz Hammerley, an old time publisher of the News, has charge of the paper.

Mrs. J. W. Gilmore returned from Ashland Monday, where she has been the past two weeks looking after her business interests at that place.

Alma Camp No. 4300, R. N. of A. after a glass adoption of twenty-three new members Tuesday evening, tendered the members of the M. A. a reception. After partaking of a splendid feast that was spread, speaking, dancing and other amusements concluded the evening's amusements.

The M. W. A. of this place secured a two years lease on the opera house and have fitted it up at a large expense. It was reopened by a two night's engagement by the Elkhart Co. Saturday and Sunday evenings to a large and enthusiastic house. The M. W. A. will at once put in two

new scene acts and several dress and wings on the stage.

NORTH MEDFORD ITEMS.

(By J. C. Martin.)

Neil Gage, the well known farmer, of Dry creek, arrived in the city Monday night. He was disposing of a fine quality of beef of his own raising.

J. E. Mackintosh, our city's popular architect, accompanied by his son, Donald, took the train Monday for a brief business visit to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Robbins and children, of North C street, took Monday evening's train for Eugene, to be in attendance at the sick bedside of the father of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, who are both lying in a critical condition at that place.

We are sorry to report that Grandpa Meeker, of North A street, is confined to his bed with a severe attack of LaGrippe.

Only one man on North C street refused to sign the remonstrance prohibiting the P. & E. railroad the right-of-way through our pretty C street.

Married—At Long Beach, Calif., January 3, 1908 Olive J. Smith and Miss Kitty Emmatt, both of Los Angeles. The groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith the honored G. A. R. people of North C street, and the bride is a highly esteemed and respected young lady by all who know her.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Turpin and son have returned to their home after a few days social visit with Mr. Turpin's aged parents, on Big Stickey.

Mrs. A. W. Blah, of North Medford, is paying her son Abe Blah, and family, of Grants Pass, an extended visit.

Jacksonville Items.

Messrs. D. T. Lawton, T. W. Ellison and W. E. Phipps, of Medford, were transacting business in Jacksonville Monday.

Dr. J. W. Robinson left Saturday for Portland to visit with his wife and daughter who are spending the winter in the metropolis.

The regular February examination of applicants for teachers certificates will be held in Jacksonville next week, commencing Wednesday. Mrs. P. H. Daley and J. P. Wells will be members of the examining board.

Great interest is being taken in the musical to be given Thursday evening by the Jacksonville Glee club, under the direction of Mrs. Louise Cautbran, the talented musical directress.

Frederick S. Dunn, of Eugene, worthy grand patron of the Eastern Star of Oregon, will pay an official visit to Adair Chapter No. 3, O. E. S. on Monday evening, February 10, 1908. Mr. Dunn is a member of the faculty of the University of Oregon at Eugene.

Mrs. Emma Parker and daughter have returned to their home in Portland after visiting for several weeks with the latters parents, Rev. and Mrs. Robert Emms, of Jacksonville.

Jack Trembath returned Monday from a three months trip to Brazil, S. A., where he went on mining business.

Attorney H. Withington, of Medford, was a Jacksonville visitor the first of the week.

J. P. Wells, of the Jacksonville public schools, has filed his intention of becoming a candidate for the Republican nomination for school superintendent of this county.

Jas. Peiton, of Klamath county, was visiting with Jacksonville friends Wednesday.

Mrs. R. W. Blackwood, of Phoenix, spent several days of last week in Jacksonville, visiting with old time friends.

TALENT ITEMS

Mr. Twogood moved to Ashland Monday.

Henry Burnett moved to the Anderson ranch on Tuesday.

Mrs. Badgen and Mrs. Gibson were Medford visitors Tuesday.

Attendance at the Talent Union Sunday School is steadily increasing.

Chas. Holdridge and family arrived Wednesday from Iowa. They expect to make their home in Talent.

C. WHEELER N. C. SORENSON H. L. GETCHELL Medford Realty and Rental Co. LOANS REAL ESTATE INSURANCE

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

We, the undersigned, having opened a real estate office here in Medford, DESIRE TO SAY, that those having property to sell or rent would do well to see us at once, as we are in touch with a large number of home-seekers. Also, if we can get a large tract of land in one location, we have a colony who will come when we say things are ready. Promising every one a square deal, and the best of attention to any business offered us, we are yours to serve.

C. Wheeler, N. C. Sorenson, H. L. Getchell. Cor. 7th and C Sts

The revival meetings held by the Rev. Metcalf of Eugene were closed Thursday night.

Miss Hattie Davis, of Crescent City, Calif., and Miss Grace Lawson, of Medford, spent Saturday with Dr. and Mrs. Forbes.

Gen. W. Devery's house burned Saturday evening about 11 o'clock. They saved about half their furniture.

Many of the farmers in this locality are taking advantage of the fine weather and are plowing. Gravel pits are also cultivated liberally.

J. P. Buck started Wednesday for the Moreau county, Calif.

FOUND SHE WAS DUMB.

The Street-Member's Discomfiture Was True Complete.

She had arrived in the city quite recently from the country and had still much to learn. For instance, when she was told that she could not go for a walk alone after dark, she had been accustomed to do in the primitive security of her birthplace, she smiled the superior smile of one who knows and is wont to follow her own wishes.

So she started out one evening with the intention of "darning" to see a friend for an hour's chat before bed-time. Brightly and blithely she stepped along her head in the air. She made a pretty picture, and it was scarcely astonishing that she attracted the attention of other pedestrians, also out for enjoyment. One of these, a young man, thought it a pity that such a young woman should not form a "trust combination." He approached her.

She affected not to see him at first and hastened her steps. But he kept pace and finally tried to converse at the same time.

Then she remembered the advice she had distained. Watching her opportunity, she increased her walk to a run and sought refuge in a large building, the lights of which loomed ahead like a beacon of safety to a shipwrecked mariner. Without pausing to look where she was going she rushed upon a flight of steps that led to it and placed her hand on the bell. Before she could ring it she was startled by an exclamation from her partner, who stood in the street below staring at the building with bulging eyes.

"That's one on me," he said. And he walked away as if he would like to leave the earth unmade.

Raising her eyes, she saw this inscription over the door: "Home For the Deaf and Dumb"—New York Post.

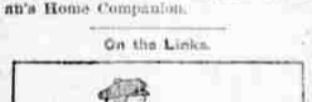
Common Prudence. A teacher in a downtown school has for her pupils the children of Russian parents. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction which the little ones found difficult to understand.

"Now," said she to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had \$10 and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for \$5. Then I spent \$2 for gloves and \$1.50 for some other things. How much did I have left?"

For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up. "Well, I mean, how much did I have left?"

"You didn't you count your change?" said Isaac in a disgusted tone.—Woman's Home Companion.

On the Links.



Mr. Timot (teaching a friend golf)—Before I go any further let me impress upon you, old man, that heavy think is in the way you stand!

A Cross Country Rider.



Feared the Worst. With straining eyes the pale faced man watched the advancing policeman through the window. No sooner had the blue-coats reached the porch when, with trembling fingers, he drew a heavy revolver from his pocket and pressed the muzzle against his throbbing temple. Before his nervous fingers could pull the deadly trigger his faithful wife dashed the pistol aside.

"John! John!" she gasped. "Don't! They've only come to summons you for a jury."

"If that's the case I'll submit peacefully," answered the man, wiping the cold sweat from his brow. "But I'll die before I'll show the snow off that walk!"—Judge.

The Milking Machine as a Factor in Dairying.

For more than a quarter of a century machinery has been used in separating the cream from the milk and churning it into butter, but a machine for milking cows has been more difficult to supply.

It has long been realized that a successful and profitable revolution of the dairy industry, as it would render the work of milking much easier and reduce the necessity for hired help, thus making the dairy more independent.

Efforts have been made by scores of inventors for more than half a century to construct a machine that would milk cows in a satisfactory manner and without injury.

The annual reports of the United States Commissioner of Patents show that during the period of 34 years from 1872 to 1905, inclusive, 137 patents were taken out in this country for milking machines or separate parts of them. A number of machines have been successful in extracting the milk from the cow by either pressure or suction, or the two combined, but have fallen short of being practical in some vital point.

Naturally, inventors have attempted to imitate the way in which the calf sucks its dam, and the difficulty has been to reproduce the peculiar influence which the sucking calf has upon the cow and to devise a machine which will imitate the actual and which will do its work without injury.

Another difficulty in devising a cow milker has been to construct it so that it could be adapted to all cows as individual animals vary greatly in the size and construction of their udders, and even the same cow varies somewhat in the size and shape of her udder and teats during the different stages of her lactation period.

Cows also vary greatly in disposition and temperament, therefore a successful cow milker must meet all these different conditions.

Since milking must necessarily be an artificial process it has been thought for some time that animals should be accustomed to being milked by machinery just the same as they become accustomed to hand milking, provided a milking machine could be devised that would be comfortable to the cow when in operation. A helper, for example, coming into with the first time would take as readily to one artificial method as to another, all things being equal.

While no milking machine yet invented has shown its practical value in a way that has led to its general use, recent improvements in machines of this type have resulted in a greater simplicity of construction and effectiveness in operation, and consequently they are in practical use to a limited number of large dairies, and the prospect for the general introduction of milking machines appears to be as favorable as it was thought advisable by the Secretary of Agriculture to authorize an investigation of the problems involved in the use of these machines.

These problems may be stated as follows: The practicability of substituting a machine for hand milking; the effect of machine milking on the quantity and composition of the milk yielded by the cow; the effect of machine milking on the keeping qualities and cleanliness of the milk.

The machine selected was one which was found to be in actual use in number of dairies, and one which appeared to offer the best means for conducting the investigation satisfactorily. With this machine the milk is drawn by intermittent suction, and the motion may be either created by a vacuum pump or steam ejector. Connected with the vacuum is a vacuum reservoir and a pipe running the whole length of the cow stable, with connection valves between each pair of cows. A safety valve is connected to the reservoir to prevent the vacuum from sinking higher than is desired.

The machine itself consists of a heavy tin pan, which is cone shaped and holds about 35 pounds of milk, and the cover of this pan is a disc, in which is a vacuum motor which produces the pulsations in drawing the milk from the teats. The cover fits the pan tightly and makes it perfectly air tight.

To operate this machine, it is placed between a pair of cows to be milked and a rubber tube connected to the pan tap with the vacuum cover, secure the stanchions and an opening the work the air is drawn from the pan and the motor immediately starts and the degree of vacuum maintained is 7 1/2 pounds to the square inch. Leaving from the pulley cover or pulley and two flexible tubes besides the one leading to the vacuum cover above the stanchions. At the end of each tube are four cups, which are fitted over the teats of the cow to be milked.

The milk from the two cows is discharged into one pail. In operation the machine makes a low, clicking sound, which is caused by the vacuum pulsations. The vacuum pulsations run from 30 to 70 per minute and may be easily adjusted to the speed required. The milk is passing from the cow to the pail through a glass inspection tube, so that the operator may watch the flow.

When the milk ceases to flow the suction is turned off and the action of the machine stops. Four different

styles of teat cups are provided, so that different styles of teats can be fitted. (To be continued.)

BOWSER THE "ANGEL"

Writes Play and Urges Manager to Put It on the Stage.

BALKS AT GIVING UP \$1,000.

Barrel of Prunes and the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky Are Features of the Production—Talks It Over in a Saloon.

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From 3 o'clock the other afternoon, when Mr. Bowser received a telephone message from Mr. Bowser to have dinner half an hour ahead of the usual time, to half past 5, when he came home, she was fretting and worrying as to the reason. He had refused to make any explanation over the wire. He might be going to invest in a traveling side show for the winter or have decided to head an expedition to the north pole in person. Some one might have sold him a new thing in folding beds or he might be going to invest in somebody's headache cure. She must simply wait his arrival to find out. He was home at the minute he said he would be, and instead of keeping her on the anxious seat he led right off with:

"I suppose my message mystified you somewhat, but I could not give things away over the phone. Mrs. Bowser, be prepared to be astonished."

"I am always prepared," she replied. "I think I have struck the biggest thing of a lifetime. In fact, I know it!"

"The prunes are emptied out on the stage and a young girl headed up in a barrel."

Have something was thrown at me today in which there is larvae of money, and it's a dead sure thing."

"Is it a chicken farm?"

"Not on your life."

"Going into the dairy business?"

"Not at all."

"I saw in the papers this morning that some one had invented a ladder that could be extended to reach the twenty-fifth story of a building and yet be folded up and carried in the vest pocket. Have you been interested in that?"

Not Interested in Fakes. "I am not in the ladder business, nor am I wasting time on other fakes. Mrs. Bowser, I came home one evening last winter and started in to write a play. Perhaps you will remember the occasion?"

"Yes, I do."

"The scene of the play was laid in England, in order that England might be used to dress the stage at the best cost."

"The second act took place in Kentucky, in order that we might use the Mammoth cave without having to move it."

"I remember."

"The third act shifted to Turkey again. We wanted to show a barrel of Turkish prunes. In fact, the prunes are emptied out on the stage and a young girl headed up in the barrel."

"Yes."

"The fourth and last-act is laid in a garret in this city. Garret is right at hand when wanted. I had all these things in the play, and yet you condemned it. You said it would be a dead failure because I had the heroine open a can of tomatoes with a hair-pin."

"It was not that alone, dear," replied Mrs. Bowser. "You are not an actor. You don't go to the theater once a year. You know nothing whatever of stage business. It would be utterly impossible for you to write a play. I was sorry to tell you so, but I felt it to be my duty. I hope you don't think of wasting any more time."

"No, ma'am, I don't," he replied, with a grim smile. "Permit me, if you will, to announce the fact that after you got through tearing my play to pieces I went ahead and finished it without another word to you, keeping the manuscript at the office. I carried it out on the lines as laid down. I had the can of tomatoes opened by the trembling hand of the dying heroine. The play was finished last week."

"But I should have thought you would have said something about it."

"Not a word. Not a hint. You had said that it would be the rankest kind of a failure—that it would be gazed off the stage. I could look for no sympathy and encouragement from you. I believed in the play. I believed that the Mammoth cave and that can of tomatoes would make the hit of the decade, to say nothing of the barrel of prunes. I believed it, but kept still until I could spring a surprise on you."

"I see. And how you are ready to spring one?"

"I am. Today a theatrical manager who had somehow heard of my play called at the office and asked for the privilege of placing over it. In just twenty minutes by the watch he announced that it was a corker. In twenty-one minutes he announced that it would create the sensation of the

FIXING MOTOR CARS T'S A MIGHTY TOUGH JOB. Being motor cars on the broad of your back. And so unnecessary too. Just have us go over your automobile. We'll fix it so it will not break down so long as you stay on the road. If you haven't had the down-on-your-back experience yet, don't have it. Send us your name, who have had it don't hanker for it again. Hodson Auto Co. MEDFORD OREGON

SMILE BUY YOUR TREES AT THE Eden Valley Nursery AND BE HAPPY No Trust Strings on Bennett. 100,000 TREES for 1000 and 1909. A General Line of Nursery Stock 30,000 Tokay Grapes for 1908. HOME GROWN TREES WHOLE ROOT TREES Right Prices and a Square Deal for Everybody. Save Money by Placing your Order now for 1908 and 1909. Trees Grafted to Order. N. S. Bennett, MEDFORD, OREGON

OREGON'S OPPORTUNITY. Colonist Rates from all parts of the United States and Canada to all parts of Oregon and the Northwest will be again put into effect by The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. and Southern Pacific Co. (Lines in Oregon) March 1, 1908, and will continue March and April. From the principal cities of the Middle West the rates will be as follows: FROM CHICAGO \$2.00 FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS \$2.00 ST. LOUIS \$2.00 OMAHA \$2.00 KANSAS CITY \$2.00 ST. PAUL \$2.00 Corresponding rates from all other Eastern Points. Stopovers at pleasure at all points in Oregon. The Colonist Rate is the greatest of all homebuilders. Oregon has unlimited resources and needs more people who desire homes and a larger opportunity. Oregon people can accomplish splendid results by heading this opportunity to all the world. Send Oregon literature giving good reliable information about the State, for and wide. Call on the above railroads for it if necessary. FARES CAN BE PREPAID Here at home if desired. Any agent is authorized to accept the required deposit and telegraph ticket to any point. Call on any O. R. & N. or S. P. agent, or address Wm. McMURRAY, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, PORTLAND, OREGON

season. A minute later he said that he must have it at any price. You had condemned the play. You had torn it to tatters, and yet here was a manager of thirty years' experience who said that it was a play to make me rich and famous. You can thus see what your criticisms amounted to."

"And what are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"What any man with brains would do under the circumstances. The play is going out on the road at once. We shall give the order for the scenery and the lithographs tomorrow. He is going to try and engage Lillian Russell for the star part. She has to be checked into the empty prunes barrel in the third act, but he says she won't mind the chucking if she's getting \$200 per. He will be here within an hour to talk over final details, and if you have anything to say you can say it now."

"Then I want to say that the manager is probably making a fool of you."

"Wh-a-t!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, jumping from his chair.

"That manager has taken you for a soft mark."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you realize what you are saying? Have you the least idea who you are talking to?"

Jested at His Play. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I must say again that it was a poor play. In fact, it was no play at all. You might try for a million years and not find any reputable manager to read more than a page of the manuscript. Now, then, for heaven's sake, don't let somebody make a fool of you. He simply wants to get some money out of you. He's coming here this evening to ask you to back the play. If you do, you will lose every dollar you put into it."

"And this to me-to-me!" gasped Mr. Bowser as he stared at her and winked his eyes. "You are my wife, and yet you talk that way to me. It's not a good play. The manager takes me for a fool. He wants to do me up."

There was an awful silence lasting for a minute. Just how Mr. Bowser would have broken loose and just what damage he would have done will never be known. He was drawing a long breath and getting ready for a move when the doorbell rang, and he passed down the hall to admit the manager. Ten seconds later he had clapped on his hat and taken the manager's arm, and they were walking up the street together.

Mr. Bowser suggested that they sit down on the steps of the church and talk it over.

The manager suggested that they go to a saloon and talk while sipping their beer.

They went to a saloon. The manager ordered beer, and the bartender collected the dime of Mr. Bowser as a matter of course. One-two-three beers. One-two-three dimes. Then the manager said: "It's a corker. It's a daisy. It's a play that is going to knock 'em all silly. It will draw the people by the million. Two more beers, please. Yes, Bowser, we have got a gold mine. I can't understand how you got the idea."

"Oh, it just came to me," was the modest reply.



He—You give me such a hot time when I come home that I wish I were dead.

She—Well, what difference would that make?—Gaddy.

No Harm Likely. Miss Knox—She's being treated by one of those complexion specialists. I wouldn't let anybody make that experiment with my face.

Miss Cutting—Why not? He certainly couldn't make it any worse!—Catholic Standard and Times.

Piling It On. A convict in a western prison had been extremely refractory, and different menus were tried without success to break his spirit. One morning the superintendent said to the warden: "That scoundrel No. 213 is behaving worse than ever. Put him on bread and water."

"But he is already on fast diet," replied the warden.

"Then keep it up and give him a cookbook to read!"—New York Times.

Queer. "Funny thing about a man's tongue," said Jockley. "Go ahead," said Markley; "let's have it."

"When it's thick the excuses he makes to his wife are too thin."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not a Logical Conclusion. "If you have nothing else to do, suppose we go to that amateur concert."