

Slim Women of Hungary.
The women of Hungary regard a small waist as the greatest possible beauty, and they will endure anything in order to put on an appearance of being small waisted. Tight lacing is carried on to an extraordinary extent, and the waist is compressed by force until one would think that the owner could hardly breathe. Yet in this confined state the women will plunge into the wildest of Hungarian dances, known as the czardas, and prance frantically like ballet dancers until at the end they sink, gasping, exhausted and well nigh suffocated, on a sofa. As they grow older most of these slim beauties become enormously stout, and then they are regarded as quite old. The Hungarians, though they resemble the Turks in many ways, have not the Turkish admiration for fat women or the English admiration for elderly made up belles. Hungary is a land of slim young women, and when they lose their figure they lose their attractiveness and their power.—Modern Society.

"Times is Changed."
"Yes, siree, Bill; times is changed since you an' me was doin' our courtin'." said Adoniram Clover, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Clover, who had come over to "set a spell."
"When we was doin' our courtin', Andy, a gal thought she was bein' treated right hansom if a feller bought her 10 cents' worth o' peppermints once in awhile, an' if he tuk her to any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans to the tune of a dollar or two for ice cream an' soda water an' candy at fo'ty cents a pound. My son Si tuk his duckys-daddie to the band concert in town yistiday, an' there wa'n't a quarter left of a dollar bill he struck me fer time he got home. Beats all the way young folks throw the money away nowadays. I tell ye times is changed mightily since we was boys, an' the Lawd only knows what the end will be with a feller layin' out 75 cents on a gal in one day!"—St. Louis Republic.

The Innocent Young Thing.
The manufacturer of a moving picture machine was explaining to a group of acquaintances how he had obtained a series of pictures showing a celebrated massacre that had once taken place at a western army post in the days when Indian warfare was a horrible reality instead of an exhibit on a Broadway stage.
"The commander of the post," he said, "had a detachment of soldiers and another of Indians re-enact the scene for us, dressed exactly as in the old days, so our machines could secure every detail—the onslaught of the Indians, the defense by the white soldiers, their massacre and the destruction of the fort."
"It may be very interesting," said the kindly citizen, "but I should not care to see it in even a picture."
The sweet young thing listened with wide eyes.
"And did they really kill the white soldiers for you?" she asked, breathless.—New York Press.

Two Arctic Enemies.
Since the beginning of time there probably has been enmity between the polar bear and the walrus. Except for the walrus, brain's reign over the arctic regions has been almost unchallenged since the race of mammoths passed. All the hardy flesh eaters that inhabit the bleak, unfertile northland are his natural prey. But most of all he depends upon the seals and sea lions for his food. There is only one animal that is powerful enough to defend itself and offspring against the polar bear's attack, the huge and cumbersome walrus, but its movements are so slow and awkward when out of the water that often it is impossible for the bulky animal to retard the swift attack and retreat of its smaller opponent.—Frank Stick in St. Nicholas.

Three of Them Knew.
According to the Philadelphia Record, a boy of eight said to his mother: "Well, there were only three boys in school today who could answer one question that the teacher asked us."
"And I hope my boy was one of the three," said the proud mother.
"You bet I was," answered the young hopeful, "and Sam Harris and Harry Stone were the other two."
"I am very glad you proved yourself so good a scholar, my son; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnny?"
"Who broke that glass in the back window?"

A Real Romance.
Sometimes there are instances in life like those in the story books: An Atchison girl engaged herself to a carpenter, thinking he was poor, and discovered on the eve of her wedding day that he had \$150 in the bank. He had not told her, wishing her to love him for himself alone.—Atchison Globe.

A Big Bathub.
The tides run out swiftly in the bay of Fundy.
A summer urchin, witnessing the phenomenon for the first time, yelled shrilly: "Mamma, look quick! Some one has pulled the plug out of the ocean!"

The Roller.
"A rolling stone gathers no moss," remarked the proverb dispenser.
"And, like the human high roller," rejoined the thoughtful thinker, "it also gravitates downhill!"—Chicago News.

In the march of life don't heed the outer "right about" when you know you are about right.—Holmes.

Humor at Funerals.
In "Other Days" William Winter, the famous dramatic critic, tells how he and Joseph Jefferson were among the pallbearers at McCullough's funeral. "As our melancholy train was led in a Philadelphia street," says Mr. Winter, "he glanced along the line and gravely remarked, 'I never knew before that there were so many walking gentlemen in my profession.'"
Another quaint anecdote which he tells with reference to a melancholy occasion is this one on the burial of John Brougham:
"Edwin Booth and I assisted to bear his pall. I remember that the two gravediggers after they had lowered his coffin a little way into the grave were constrained, with many muttered exclamations of 'Aise her!' and 'Raise her!' to lift it up again in order to enlarge the cavity. Booth and I, like Hamlet and Horatio, were standing under a neighboring tree observing these proceedings, and nothing was ever more woefully comic or more humorously rueful than Hamlet's smile as he looked at me with those deep, melancholy eyes and with that little, furtive grimace, murmuring as he did so, 'It's the last recall!'"

Trouble Making.
Trouble making is an older industry than the manufacture of steel. Cain, the trouble maker, got into action before Tubal Cain, the ironworker, and Eve got Adam into hot water long before the laborers' union began business.
There are three brands of trouble—imaginary, borrowed and real. Imaginary trouble consists of railroad accidents, earthquakes, fires, epidemics, diseases such as the patent medicine man makes, the poorhouse, death and the grave carefully mixed and taken after a late dinner or a drop in the stock market.
Borrowed trouble is the kind we get from our relatives. Its principal ingredients are visits, borrowed money, birthday presents, advice and expectations. But the real article is produced as follows: Put the sandals of endurance on your feet, take your life in your hands and follow by turns the how to be happy philosopher, the preacher of physical culture and the apostle of diet—Puck.

His Hunt For Home.
On one occasion De Pachmann, the famous pianist, with his nervous and irritable temperament, was summoned to appear before Queen Alexandra at Buckingham palace. He immediately adopted anarchism as his political faith and obstinately refused to go. His friends labored with him for hours and at last persuaded him not to commit an impertinence which would never be forgiven by the English people.
Finally he was dispatched in a cab. The night wore on to morning, and the frantic wife of the pianist and his friends could learn nothing of what had become of him. At last a forlorn looking cab drove up to the house, and De Pachmann dismounted. On leaving the palace he had forgotten where he lived and could only tell the cabman that it was in a square with a church in it. So all night long he had been engaged in making a round of the innumerable squares of London.

His Measure.
"A few friends," relates Mr. James Moir in the Draughts World, "were chatting with Wylie, the checker champion, in a club after one of his days of exhibition play in Glasgow when a youth, slightly under the influence of John Barleycorn, threatened to monopolize the conversation, blowing his own horn and giving out in no uncertain language that he considered himself the equal of Wylie. The old man took no notice of him for a time, but, occupying the usual five minutes in considering the move, quietly asked the youth to remove his hat (not more than a six and a half size), then substituted his own—which was a large one and went well down over the young braggart's nose—and, casting his eye around the company, said scornfully, 'That's his measure.' The company enjoyed the retort so much that the youth was glad to make a hurried exit."

The Servant and the Factory Woman.
Much as I loathe the factory system, it scores in some respects above sculleries. In factories, at any rate, women meet with their kind and have intercourse with many varieties of human nature. But, chained up in sculleries and kitchens, with tether just long enough to reach the stocking to be mended and no longer, their lives are bare and starved as the pickled bones that they put in the pots.—London Woman Worker.

Cost of Big Game Shooting.
If the German possessions in Africa permit to shoot costs \$200. Special permission is required to kill more than two giraffes, four rhinoceroses and six zebras. In the case of elephant shooting the authorities must be given one tusk from each animal killed. The hunter receives a small payment if he shoots a lion, panther, wild bear or hyena. A permit to kill gazelles, antelopes and monkeys costs only \$10.

A Cruel Dig.
Dolly—No, dear, I can't go any place with Molly. I hate her, the cat! Polly—But, darling, you used to be chummy with her. What did she do? Dolly—She told me a lot of the nasty things you said about me, dear.—Cleveland Leader.

Higher Power.
Hardly any power is so exalted that it does not bend the knees to a higher one. Where there's a czar there's usually a czarina.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.
Be it resolved, by the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, the mayor approving, that there be and is hereby ordered a general election in said city to be held on Tuesday, January 12, 1909, for the election of
A mayor for the term of two years.
A councilman from the First ward for the term of two years.
A councilman from the Second ward for the term of two years.
A councilman from the Third ward for the term of two years.
And such other measures as shall be lawfully submitted at said election.
The following polling places, judges and clerks are hereby designated for the several respective wards:
First ward—Polling place, Commercial club, room 3; judge, W. H. French; judge and clerk, Chas. W. Davis; judge and clerk, A. C. Hubbard.
Second ward—Polling place, Hotel Nash sample room; judge, John S. Orth; judge and clerk, John Summerville; judge and clerk, Wm. Ulrich.
Third ward—Polling place, City Hall; judge, G. L. Schermerhorn; judge and clerk, Scott Davis; judge and clerk, H. A. Thieroff.
The foregoing resolution was passed by the city council December 26th, 1908, by the following vote, to-wit: Wortman aye, Merrick aye, Eifert aye, Trowbridge aye, Otwell absent, Hafer absent.
Approved: J. F. REDDY, Mayor.
Attest: BENJ. M. COLLINS, Recorder.

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Sixty-three per cent of electric current saved by using TUNGSTEN LAMPS.

32 Candle Power Edison Lamp uses 110 Watts per hour and would use in 1000 hrs. 110 Kilowatts which at 10 cts. a Kilowatt	\$11
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Net Saving in 1000 hours in favor of the Tungsten Lamp	\$ 7

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You can raise the wind better by buying Medford property at present prices and sit down at your own fireside until the advance comes next spring.
There's always "something doing" in Medford, and indications are that the coming year will see more building, more street and sidewalk improvement and a greater advance in values in Medford than ever before.
Fall in line and don't let the procession run over you.
ROGUE RIVER LAND COMPANY
EXHIBIT BUILDING

A Map of Jackson County
The Tribune and Southern Oregonian is having made at great expense a fine, colored, lithographed map of Jackson county.
This map will show all cities, towns and villages, rivers and waterways, section and survey lines, railroads and projected railroads, wagon roads, forest reserve boundaries, election precincts and other data needed by everyone. All townships shown in colors.
This up-to-date map will be ready for distribution some time in December. It will be sold only through The Tribune and Southern Oregonian.
This will be your only chance to secure a good map of Jackson county, as all map editions are out of print and plates were destroyed in the San Francisco fire, necessitating new plates made at an enormous expense. Further details later. Ready soon.

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