

Bijou Theatre

All This Week

- EARTHLY PARADISE—A side-splitter—showing the difficulty of breaking into jail.
- MULTNOMAH FALLS—(A scenic film of great beauty.
- ELLEN—(A story of Childhood)
- JAVA—A Beautiful Picture.
- COUNTRY LOVERS—A laughograph of the first order.

Ingles and Darling

(Comedy Sketch Artists)

Fresh from the Pantages Vaudeville Circuit, in a Mirth-Provoking Sketch, Entitled,

"A Husband in Clover"

FRIDAY—AMATEUR NIGHT—FRIDAY

Admission Only 10c-15c

HOW TO WIN.
Determination and Unity of Purpose Will Work Wonders.
 Once you have chosen your occupation or profession hold fast thereto. Let nothing allure you from the main traveled road. Having chosen, hold like steel. Make everything feed into the main current of your life. Even modest talents, organized and united, have conquered great distinction and worldwide success. History is full of illustrations of the unifying power of a great purpose. Witness the poor child Hastings looking at a distant manor house that once had belonged to his father. The determination to win back that estate before he died lent power and momentum and produced Lord Hastings. Witness the influence of purpose upon that little Scotch boy, out upon a holiday on the banks of the Clyde, with three precious coppers as his entire possession. He determined to build a house on the hilltop overlooking the river and forty years later moved into the castle, from which he looked down upon twenty ocean steamers he had built. Witness the purpose of William the Silent, filling all the days and nights for the hero struggling to deliver brave little Holland from Spain. Witness Milton's vow to write a poem that the world would not willingly let die and who therefore lived an epic life. Witness Paul's resolution to do one thing and one thing alone and who, with that unit purpose, achieved democracy for all subsequent peoples and centuries. Aimlessness will make your life like a sand heap.—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

FULL OF HUMAN INTEREST.
Landscapes of the Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century.
 The Dutch painters of the seventeenth century were as little concerned with poetic feeling as with idealism. They used their eyes and painted what they saw, but neither their imaginations nor their feelings were touched. While most modern painters interpret how the scene has affected themselves, the Dutch looked at it as something entirely outside themselves. Otherwise the Dutch landscapes present us pictures of a pleasant workaday world or of the quiet evenings that follow after the labors of the day—never a hint of disturbance, though war and rumors of war were constant; instead, the perpetual suggestion of prosperous peace and thrifty comfort. For they abound with the evidences of busy humanity. Not only is nature brought into touch with human life by the little figures, so charmingly life-like, which animate the scene, but everywhere are the results of man's handwork seen in little things as well as big—in the trimly kept fruit trees of a laborer's garden plot no less than in the handsome facade of a rich burgher's town house. There is no country in the world where the influence of man is so minutely imprinted upon every foot of ground, and as these artists were eager to represent the things they saw no landscapes are so full of human interest as theirs.—Charles H. Coffin in St. Nicholas.

MAN'S ENEMIES.
The Small Foes Are the Most Deadly and Destructive.
 In one of Herbert Wells' brilliant stories the terribly scientific and practically invincible Martians who have invaded the earth and conquered England are stopped in the midst of their victories and utterly destroyed by the attacks of microscopic foes. Infinitely small organisms, germs of diseases to which man has become in some degree immune, slay the wonderful warriors of a planet never invaded by these earth foes. What the greatest battleships and the heaviest guns could not do the unseen and unknown living seeds of death accomplish. More clearly every day the world understands that in the life and affairs of mankind the most deadly and destructive foes are extremely small. All of the fierce mammals and poisonous serpents of Africa do not kill as many human beings in ten years as the tsetse fly slays in one. The tigers and cobras of India kill their thousands every year, but the rats which spread the germs of the bubonic plague destroy their tens of thousands. In this country the common housefly undoubtedly causes more deaths than all the venomous snakes, wild beasts, mad dogs, runaway horses and ill tempered bulls ten times over. The actual proportion is probably one to higher than ten to one.—Clayton M. Loomis.

READ THE TRIBUNE FOR NEWS.

Her Home.

Some years ago, when a part of the Japanese imperial palace was burned at Tokyo, the empress was forced to flee to one of the old daimio houses near by. It was not at all comfortable, and, as the story goes, her majesty, appreciating that her subjects would be much concerned at her living in such a mean place, sat down and wrote them a little poem in which she denied that she had changed her residence. The poem, which was in the best Japanese language, stated that her majesty's home had always been in the hearts of the people and that neither the flames nor the cold could ever drive her from that dear abode.

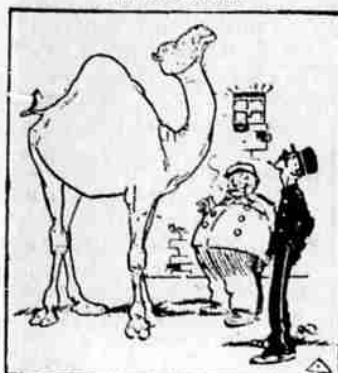
The Dead Larks.

In Baluchistan even the wolves go mad. In his book, "The Frontiers of Baluchistan," G. P. Tate writes: "The shepherds give a strange reason for the epidemic of rabies. According to them, it was caused by the wild beasts eating dead larks. In some years, they said, the larks develop extraordinary vitality and pour forth such a flood of songs as they rise on the wing that they become suffocated and fall to the ground dead. A wild animal which eats one of those dead birds invariably develops rabies. This is a widespread superstition and seems not unfamiliar to the natives of India who were with me."

A Butchers' Common.

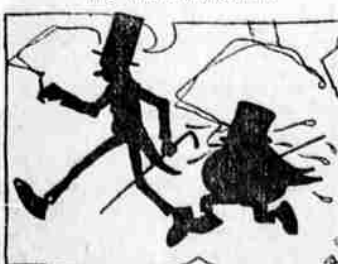
William, earl of Warren, in the time of King John, while standing upon the castle walls saw two bulls fighting in the castle meadow till all the butcher dogs pursued one of the maddened bulls quite through the town. The sight pleased the earl so much that he gave the castle meadows, where the duel of the bulls began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find a mad bull the day six weeks before Christmas day for the continuance of that sport forever.—London Standard.

At the Circus.



"I dunno what's wrong with the camel."
 "He's certainly got his back up at something, me boy."

The Marathon Craze.



The Long One—This is a great walk we're having, old man!
 The Short One—Oh, is it a walk? I thought it was a ten mile dash!—New York World.

What'll you have?

- Bear Creek Water—The kind you once used
- Well Water—The kind you still use
- Rain Water—You catch it in a tub
- Water from Fish Lake open ditch

OR

Colestine Mineral Water

The only water to be had in Medford that is absolutely pure—is the kind you ought to drink.

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Medford, Oregon.

CRATER LAKE—"The Greatest Natural Wonder of the World."

Medford, Oregon.

One Comfort.
 Dick was a very clean little boy, and dirt disgusted him. One day he found a poor little starved kitten crouching in a ditch at the roadside, and he carried the wet, muddy little waif home with him. He took it to the hydrant and carefully rinsed off all the mud, but the shock was too great for the sick kitty, and the breath of life departed. Dick went with her to his mother, who exclaimed at the sight of the wet, drooping kitten. "Why, Dick, what have you done?"
 "She was all mud, and I washed her," Dick replied.
 "Oh, Dick," his mother said sorrowfully. "I'm afraid she's dead."
 Dick looked shocked and grieved for a moment; then his face lighted up with a gleam of comfort as he exclaimed, "Well, she died clean, anyway."—Delieator.

Why She Opened the Letter.

Willis—I'm sorry your wife opened that business letter I sent you, Harris. You told me that she never opened your letters.
 Harris—She doesn't, as a rule, Willis, but, you see, you marked it "private."

Attention, Pioneers.

The 33d annual reunion of the Pioneer society of Southern Oregon will be held at Ashland, Or., on Thursday, the 26th day of August, 1909. We hope to have the pleasure of greeting you on that occasion, together with your family and friends. It is desirable that the annual reunions of the society be perpetuated. Professor B. F. Mulkey has agreed to deliver the address to the pioneers and their friends at that time. Come and bring your badges with you. Respectfully yours,
 SILAS J. DAY, Secretary.



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