

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stoddard of this city are entertaining Mr. Stoddard's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Stoddard of Villisca, Ia. They plan to spend some two weeks in the valley.

Tea, coffee, beer or claret, with club lunch, 30 cents, at the Emerick Cafe.

A. Brown is in Ashland on a short business trip.

Good lot with house built to suit you for small amount of cash and monthly payments. Why not try it? Will sell for more than you pay. Benson Investment Co. 139

D. H. Hanscom of Selma was a Medford visitor recently.

Tea, coffee, beer or claret, with club lunch, 30 cents, at the Emerick Cafe.

Mr. and Mrs. Pen Garnett, Mrs. Smith and J. W. Lawton left Tuesday for Crater Lake.

Rooms and board. 325 Riverside avenue south. 141

The same old story—but it's a good one. No better place in town for a square meal than the Spot cafe.

Read the new ad of the Ashland Commercial College and enter September 6th.

Frank Weston of Central Point spent Tuesday in Medford.

"I am afraid to go home in the dark." Buy a lot in Woodlawn Heights and ride home—electric car service. Benson Investment Co. 139

C. C. Taylor is in Portland on a short business trip.

Something every business man wants—the merchants' lunch at the Nash grill each noon—an elaborate menu. Price 35 cents.

Edgar Hafer, Mrs. Hafer, Dr. Reddy and Mrs. Reddy, John F. Allen and Mrs. Allen, Cadillac Snyder and party returned Tuesday noon from Crater Lake. They left Medford for the lake Sunday.

When in doubt, play trumps. We say when in doubt, buy real estate in Medford. Lots \$25 cash, \$10 per month. Benson Investment Co.

W. M. Brown of Eagle Point spent Monday in Medford on business.

A fresh shipment of tea direct from the orient at the Southern Oregon Tea and Coffee Co., 36 S. Grape St. Phone 3303.

Who has a furnished house to rent? Three adults. Answer quick. W. care Tribune.

Mrs. E. Sawyer is making an extended trip east.

A game everybody can play—boxball.

Orders for sweet cream or buttermilk promptly filled. Phone the creamery.

G. H. Johnson is in Sisson, Cal., on a short business trip.

Fresh crawfish received daily from the Quelle at Portland at the Nash Grill.

You'll like boxball. Try it.

The ladies of the M. E. church will give an ice cream social at the home of D. T. Lawton this evening. Everybody is invited to attend.

Do you like crawfish? The Nash Grill serves them. Fresh shipments daily from the famous Quelle cafe at Portland.

The Nash Grill is open day and night—the finest service between Portland and San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith are visiting in Salem.

Tea, coffee, beer or claret, with club lunch, 30 cents, at the Emerick Cafe.

Tea, coffee, beer or claret, with club lunch, 30 cents, at the Emerick Cafe.

L. L. Lewis of Roseburg was a recent Medford visitor.

You can get a meal to order at the Nash Grill any time between 6 o'clock in the morning and midnight. Open at all hours.

Ella Gaunyaw, public stenographer, room 4, Palm building.

Mrs. J. W. Lyons has left to join her husband in Eugene.

Only 4 1-2 miles from city, a 70-acre ranch; new bungalow; fruit trees 2 years old. A good buy. Benson Investment Co. 135

Best 25-cent dinner in town served every day at the Spot Cafe.

WANTED.

A good, strong boy of 15 or 16 years of age to learn an excellent trade. Must agree to remain a year. Small wages to start, quick advancement. Inquire at The Tribune office this week.

THE GLORY OF OREGON

HER MATCHLESS CLIMATE HER NEVER FAILING CROPS HER SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISES

That's Why Loyal Men of Oregon

singing the praises of Oregon and rejoicing over the phenomenal success of

Oregon Life

The Policyholders' Company

THIS IS THE ONLY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY "PURELY OREGON."

ITS SUCCESS REDOUNDS TO THE CREDIT OF OREGON AND OREGON MEN.

Best For Oregonians

Home office, Corbett Building, Fifth and Morrison Streets, Portland.

A. L. MILLS, President L. SAMUEL, General Manager CLARENCE S. SAMUEL, Asst. Mgr

A. B. CORNELL, Dist. Mgr., Medford.

Who wishes to exchange Medford residence or valley acreage for 8-room modern house in live Southern California town? \$3,500, completely furnished. Give or take difference. Address W. P. R., care Tribune. 139

A Night Hawk Baby. "Don't you ever put the baby to bed?" an astonished visitor at last exclaimed after the better part of the evening had worn away and the child of six months was still sitting up, gazing cheerfully. The young mother laughed. "Oh, yes," she explained with serene wisdom. "We put baby to bed at 12 p. m., and he sleeps until 12 m. Then he has his bath and goes out in the gocart and sleeps most of the afternoon. Haven't you known many mothers who simply sacrifice all their time to the babies while they are little? I made up my mind before baby came that he would have to conform to our ways, not we conform to his. He has just as much sleep as babies who go to bed at 6 and sleep until 6, and he doesn't interfere with our evenings. We can take him with us when we go out or we can go feeling that he will be perfectly happy while we are away, because he won't cry for mother until midnight. We're regular night hawks, and so is baby." The visitor was speechless. "Don't you think it's a good system?" the mother continued. "We think it is splendid." "I think," the visitor answered in noncommittal tone, "that it would take a New York mother to invent the system."—New York Press.

No Wonder She Swooned. Mrs. Lynander John Appleton's mother instinct divined last evening that her son, Chauncey Devere Appleton, was in trouble, so she took him to her room and said, "My son, tell your mother what troubles you." It turned out that the young man was having a hard time. The girl he has been "going with" had refused him. Mrs. Appleton was indignant. She thinks it would be an honor for any girl in the west to marry an Appleton. "Why did she refuse you?" she asked her son, with fine scorn. "Well," the boy replied between his sobs, "she objects to our family. She says pa's a loafer, that you're too fat and that everybody laughs at Dayse Mayme because she's a fool and talks about nothing but the greatness of her family." Chauncey threw water in his mother's face, but at 3 o'clock this afternoon she was still in a swoon, with four doctors working on her.—Atchison Globe.

Applied Christianity. Mother had baked several varieties of cakes, among them being some small, decorated ones for the children. All had received their share and were busy disposing of them upon the back

veranda—that is, all except Isabel, who for some misdemeanor had been refused a share of the feast. Now, Isabel was four years old and had been attending a Sunday school for several weeks past, and in the school she learned a number of texts. She stood by the window watching the others make merry until her longing was too much for childish patience. So she walked over to the table, reached out her hand and solemnly repeated, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Then a little flat closed firmly upon the largest, finest cake.—Woman's Home Companion.

Funeral Stories. The great French artist Ingres when in Rome had a violent cold, and Mottez asked him how he managed to catch it. Ingres replied that it was through attending the funeral of M. X. "What—X., the art critic?" said Mottez. "I thought you hated him." "That is why I went to see him buried," said Ingres. Several years ago, at the funeral of a well known fire insurance official in Liverpool, much detested by his staff, it was remarked that an unexpectedly large number of them attended. On one of them being asked for an explanation he said: "We wouldn't have missed it on any account. We want to be sure that he is buried." The great artist, like the obscure clerk, has his littlenesses.

All For the Men. A parson was sent for by a dying parishioner, who had always sternly refused to have anything to do with him before. He hurried to her bedside, found her in a most contrite mood and made the best of his opportunities in a long extempore prayer, ending with a sonorous "Amen!" The last word made her sit up with sudden energy. "Aye," she exclaimed, "that's it! It's a' for men and nowt for us poor women in this world!"

Wind Wheelbarrows. One of the strangest sights in China is the wind wheelbarrow. It is drawn by a donkey, and when the wind is fair a sail is set. The wheel turns in the middle of a wooden frame, sustained by iron bars. Upon the frame are hung all kinds of utensils. The donkey is generally mounted by the paterfamilias, the son and heir is at the stern assisting all he can, while the mother and younger ones ride on the vehicle.

READ THE TRIBUNE FOR NEWS.

A Towel Story. In a certain New England town they manufacture a well known kind of towel, most efficient for drying purposes. How that towel first happened to be made in the form which has proved so profitable to its makers is the subject of an amusing legend. It savors strongly of belonging to the "too good to be true" genus of anecdotes and is as follows: Once the machinery in the towel factory, busily engaged in turning out a very conventional brand of towel, suddenly went wrong and began practically to go backward. There was much excitement. Eventually the machinery was chastised and set to rights again. But—it was discovered that the towels turned out during that interval of mechanical anarchy were of a texture quite unrivaled for use as bath towels. At once the machinery was set going backward again and has been traveling in that direction ever since, to the great delight of the stockholders in the towel company.—New York Times.

When Linen is Translucent. The whiteness and opacity of dry linen, as of writing paper, are due mainly to the fact of repeated reflections at the surface, so that the light is wasted in these reverberations before it can reach to any depth. The body of linen is a network of transparent fibers not in optical contact, which intercept the light by repeatedly reflecting it. Now, if the interstices of these fibers are filled by a body of the same refractive index as the fibers themselves the reflection of the surface is destroyed and the linen is rendered more transparent. Water does this; hence linen when wet is darker, but more translucent, just as is the oiled paper used for tracings by architects and engineers. The same holds good with ordinary glass and ground glass, the repeated reflections of the latter making it far less transparent. To a similar cause are due the whiteness and opacity of snow, of salt and of pulverized glass.

An Entertaining Catbird. Nothing escapes the eye of our pet catbird, for he is curiosity personified. He wants to know the why and wherefore of everything that is a little strange and does not rest until he has found out. When let out in a room he will carefully examine every nook and corner. He is an inveterate joker and delights to play jokes on his fellow prisoners, while his sense of humor is almost human at times. The

pin cushion is a constant wonder and delight to him. He flies to it as soon as let out of his cage and either pulls the pins all out or drives them into the cushion as far as possible. If he pulls them out, he hops to the edge of the table and drops them on the floor, flinging his tail and uttering a note of great satisfaction when they strike the floor.—Suburban Life.

How He Felt. He was an Englishman of the ultra sort and recently arrived, but he was striving strenuously to catch up with American idioms and New York slang. He had made some progress. He loomed up in the breakfast room of his hotel the other morning after a too convivial evening and encountered one of his companions. "How do you feel, old chap?" asked the latter. "Feel?" repeated the Englishman. "Feel? Oh, yes, I see what you mean. Old fellow. Well, really, don't you know, I feel like one and six." "Like what?" "Like one and six, as you chaps say here. No! Hold on, there! I mean 30 cents, you know; feel like 30 cents. Yes."—New York Globe.

Convenient. "Providence," said the deacon, "sho' do look after de culud race." "How come?" demanded Brother Dickey. "Well, hit's disaway: De nigger baby, ez dey say, walk too soon." "Sho do?" assented Brother Dickey. "Dat makes him bowlegged." "Now you talkin'!" "An' bowlegs is de mos' convenient legs in de worl' fer climbin' a tree w'en a possum's on de top limb!"—Exchange.

A Brief Introduction. Mark Twain said the only introduction to a literary audience that seemed to him the right word in the right place, a real inspiration, was as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man—at least I only know two things about him. One is that he has never been in prison, and the other is I can't see why he hasn't."

Too Eminent. "Why don't you ask your office boy to wash those windows?" "I ain't got the nerve to do it, old man. He was the valedictorian of his class."—Washington Herald.

The PACIFIC MONTHLY TEN REASONS WHY You Should Be a Reader of The Pacific Monthly 1st. It is the leading magazine of Western America, published on the Pacific coast edited by western men and its entire contents are Western. With pen, brush and camera, it tells the story of the wonderful progress of the West. 2nd. No other section of the entire world is experiencing such a rapid industrial and commercial growth as that section of the United States west of the Rockies. It is a duty you owe to yourself to keep informed—The Pacific Monthly completely covers the field. 3rd. There are opportunities for the extension of practically every line of business in this territory, and The Pacific Monthly tells of these opportunities. 4th. If you are looking for a chance to invest or locate—commerce, farming, orcharding or professional work, if you are worn, tired or in ill health, seeking rest or reasonable, The Pacific Monthly will give you a thousand valuable hints. 5th. Here also you can get close to nature. The great snow-capped mountains, in all their rugged grandeur, the boundless plains and the virgin forests, "God's Country," untarnished by the hand of man. Do you not wish to spend a few hours each month with us? 6th. The best of western literature to be found in the Pacific Monthly. Live topics of THE DAY, stories of progress and of opportunities, the Romance of the mountains and the plains, always intensely human. 7th. One never tires of beautiful pictures and the Pacific Monthly is famous for its illustrations, always a veritable picture book of Western scenery, from Mexico to Alaska and from Denver to the coast. No expense is spared in securing the most striking photos for reproduction in colors and halftones. 8th. The Pacific Monthly should be in every home. From cover to cover it is clean wholesome reading of an educational nature. It is particularly interesting and valuable both to teacher and students. 9th. Look upon your map. Note the great area west of the Rockies, think of the wonderful resources of this section of the country—thousands of acres of agriculture land, billions of feet of standing timber, mineral riches beyond comprehension, extending to the shores of the mighty Pacific, the highway to the Orient—Do you not want to know more about this marvelous country? 10th. A spirit of optimism prevails throughout the west that lends life and vigor to all. That is why the Pacific Monthly is different. It comes to you each month breathing this spirit of the west. It will put the red blood into your veins—try it. Sample copies at the Tribune office where subscriptions can be left. MEDFORD DAILY TRIBUNE FOR THREE MONTHS \$1.50. THE PACIFIC MONTHLY ONE YEAR \$15.00. ROTH FOR \$2.00