

**YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS**  
 should breath your own personalty. How better  
 attain this **Photographs**  
 than by giving  
 The only truly economical gifts, bearing with them the  
 spirit of Christmas Day. **Studio Ashland**  
 Portraits taken, rain or shine.  
 Make your appointment early—Xmas is our busy season.

**LOCAL AND PERSONAL**

This Christmas buy a rocker. J. P. Dodge & Sons. 53-1f

W. S. Noyes, of Oakland, has been a recent visitor at the Benton Bowers home.

Superior auto service. Rates that will suit you. Chas. B. Howard. Phone 1-F-23. 53-1f

Mrs. Henry Applegate has returned from a two weeks' visit with friends in Portland.

Wanted, 500 people to eat chicken tamales at Rose Bros.' 51-1f

J. D. Peffley, of Grant street, was committed to the state hospital for the insane last week, having lost his mental balance over religion. He has a wife and four children.

If you want something good to eat, get it at the Lithia Bakery and Restaurant. 50-1f

Eat real Mexican chili at Rose Bros.' 51-1f

In just a few days the Medford authorities will enforce an ordinance ordering that all headlights be dimmed while in the city limits. Ashland motorists who contemplate trips to Medford should take notice.

Johnson's Jewelry Store—the gift center. 55-1f

W. A. York and family, who have been living on their ranch near Ager, California, have turned it over to their son and have moved to Ashland. They have rented the 10-acre orchard tract above the normal school which formerly belonged to R. M. Hedges.

Be sure and buy a rocker for Christmas. J. P. Dodge & Sons have a large stock to select from. 53-1f

After the supplemental sale of fancy work last Friday by the Wednesday Afternoon club, financial returns indicate that the ladies will clear by the bazaar an even \$2.00. To this should be added \$25 taken in at the food sale held by the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid.

Eat at the Lithia. 50-1f

Our stock is in close touch with the times and anticipates every want. Johnson's Jewelry Store. 55-1f

Miss Fern Hobbs, who won fame as Governor West's private secretary in raiding Copperfield and closing the booze joints, arrived in Medford Monday to straighten out some differences in the Jackson county land grant tax claim for the former governor, who is representative for the department of the interior.

Eat at the Lithia Bakery and Restaurant, where the eats are good. 50-1f

Rose Bros., headquarters for home-made candles. 51-1f

The two men arrested in Medford about two weeks ago and returned to Weed, California, where they were held on the charge of robbing the Southern Pacific depot at that place, were indicted by the Siskiyou County Grand Jury, and bond fixed at \$5,000 each. They will be tried within a few days.

Make this a rocker Christmas. J. P. Dodge & Sons. 53-1f

S. Penniston recently received a Portuguese laurel and some hollies from the nursery which he represents here and turned them over to the park. Mr. Penniston urges the necessity of getting the shrubbery and trees in the park planted this year as much as is possible and is throwing himself into the work of securing shrubs and trees for the park with an unselfish interest which speaks highly for his devotion to the park work.

**Elks Have Great Time at Weed**

The Antlers Club of Weed entertained a gathering of about 50 Elks from Northern California and Southern Oregon points last Saturday night. The event was staged at their club house, where refreshments, music and speaking held the boards. There were side issues, special program at the movie theatre, a big dance, a trip through the immense mills of the Weed Lumber company, etc.

Elks from this city who attended were Exalted Ruler George Owen, Secretary Jerry Thornton, Esquire Cliff Jenkins, Frank Feltz, Michael McGraw, Jack Matern, Cliff Payne. About 50 were present all told, most of them members of Ashland lodge. The visitors are a unit in the opinion that nobody does things up more artistically than the bunch at Weed.

**THE CITIZENS BANK OF ASHLAND**

**A Remarkable Record**

As an indication of the growing esteem in which this bank is held, the following table of deposits as shown by the five statements published in 1916 at the call of the State Banking Department, will be of interest.

March 7, \$252,327.19  
 May 1, \$274,654.58  
 June 30, \$274,950.04  
 Sept. 12, \$286,205.50  
 Nov. 17, \$293,699.05

**4% ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS**

**BRAVE THE WIND AND STORM**  
 in the best wet weather togs ever invented  
 the **FISH BRAND REFLEX SLICKER**  
 (PATENTED) \$3.00  
 and **PROTECTOR HAT 75¢**  
 Dealers everywhere  
 Our 80th year.  
 A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON



**Home Poets**

**THANKSGIVING.**

(By Elizabeth Yockey, Ashland.)  
 Am I thankful? Yes, in a thousand ways—  
 For peaceful nights and bounteous days.  
 I'll see but the good—I find that it pays.  
 As the ugly cocoon has much beauty inside,  
 So looks oft deceive and much good may hide.  
 In God's perfect love only right may abide.  
 Then I'll count my blessings—they're many and great—  
 Say we're sailing right on in this big Ship of State.  
 And we'll all find much good we may emulate.  
 We may have had trials and troubles galore.  
 Be thankful to God that they were no more.  
 And for the faith that whispers they'll soon all be o'er.

**BE THANKFUL.**

(By Mary Agnes Dally.)  
 Let us thankful be to God,  
 Who gives us everything we see—  
 The earth, the sky, the air we breathe,  
 Grass, flower, fruit and tree;  
 The sun, with moon and stars  
 Which shine with its reflected light.  
 Illumining our path by day,  
 Guarding our couch by night.  
 For parents dear and friends we love,  
 For comrades whom we trust,  
 For lovers true and children too,  
 For rules good and just;  
 For joy and peace and harmony,  
 For patience, love and truth,  
 And e'en for crosses, too, which come,  
 Let us not complain, forsooth,  
 By thanking God we all may pass  
 From our adversity,  
 And rise upon the waves of thought  
 To glad prosperity.

**THE PIONEERS OF THE ROGUE.**

(By Dr. Fred R. Goddard, Klamath Falls, Ore.)  
 When the word from California  
 Swept o'er mountain, vale and valley,  
 Telling gold was in the westland,  
 Shining in its brooks and rivers,  
 Many hearts were filled with longing  
 For the noblest of all metals,  
 So in clumsy prairie schooners  
 They kept step with empire westward.  
 Slow they marched o'er rolling  
 prairies,  
 Scaled the rough and jagged mountains,  
 Fought the frigid snows of winter,  
 Thirsted in the desert valleys.  
 But with courage ever dauntless,  
 And with hearts that knew no failing,  
 They kept onward, ever westward,  
 To the land of gold and plenty.  
 But while on some explorations  
 In the forests of the northland  
 Trappers came upon a valley  
 In the bosom of the mountains.  
 And they boasted of that valley,  
 Of the beauty of its meadows,  
 Of the music in its brooklets,  
 Of the new discovered Eden.  
 So again the word went flying  
 Swiftly o'er the vales and valleys,  
 Telling of the Eldorado  
 In the forests of the northland.  
 And again strong hearts were throbbing  
 For some new and wild adventure,  
 So they followed up the rumor  
 Of the valley in the mountains.  
 When they reached that little valley,  
 Saw the beauty of its meadows,  
 Heard the music of its brooklets,  
 Viewed the new discovered Eden,

**Giving Away Gold Fish**

While they last with \$1.00 purchases a **Gold Fish Free**

To introduce more widely the well known **Nyal Goods** we give with 75c Nyal purchases **A Gold Fish Free**

**Do your Xmas shopping here and secure your fish free, at Poleys Drug Store**

Poley & Elhart, Druggists.

Ever ceased the fierce longing  
 For some new and wild adventure,  
 So they settled in the valley—  
 Hewing homes from out the forests.  
 Logs they cut to build their cabins,  
 Roofs they made of pine and cedar,  
 Floors they split from ancient fir tree,  
 Flues they built of stones and mortar.  
 Rafts they split from forest giants,  
 Hauled them on their prairie schooners,  
 Bulldozed fences high and mighty  
 'Round the sod so newly broken.  
 Roads they graded in the valley,  
 Bulldozed bridges o'er the rivers,  
 Bulldozed mills by rushing waters,  
 Bulldozed schools for all their children.  
 And for years they dwelt in comfort,  
 In the vale of peace and plenty,  
 In the valley in the mountains,  
 In the counterpart of Heaven.  
 Many years have come and vanished  
 Since the first man trod this valley,  
 Cut the ancient stately fir tree,  
 Broke the sod of unknown ages.  
 And the Reaper has been busy,  
 He has thinned the ranks among us,  
 He has garnered up the harvest  
 To the land of the Hereafter.  
 (One by one the landmarks falling,  
 Without sound and without murmur,  
 Leaving none to tell the story  
 Of the days so long departed!)  
 But now we, their sturdy children,  
 Tell the stories of their valor,  
 Tell them to the passing stranger,  
 Tell them to our little children.  
 So that in the coming ages,  
 Dwellers in this little valley  
 May around each glowing hearthstone  
 Tell the stories of their courage.  
 Thus by precept and example,  
 By their wisdom and their courage,  
 They have guided and instructed  
 Many future generations.  
 Now, with thoughts so full of yearning  
 For each soul who dwelt before us,  
 For each man who toiled and suffered,  
 For each one who worked and worried,  
 In our hearts we hold Thanksgiving,  
 Sing again their noble praises,  
 Hoping, wishing we may meet them  
 In the land of the Hereafter.

**FROM WOOD-GOD TO MERMAID.**

A Message via Rogue River.  
 Limpid river, turbid river, unique river,  
 Your name is Rogue for you purloin the soul.  
 Take my mermaid love a token at her home in Hellgoland,  
 In the sea-cliffs where the breakers roll.  
 It's the breath of the pine and tendrils that twine  
 And cedar and wild flowers and fern,

Pure Milk Pure Cream

**Norton's Clover Leaf Dairy**

E. N. NORTON, Proprietor TELEPHONE 444-R

Strictly Sanitary. Thoroughly Up-to-Date. Good Service to Any Part of Town

**Cleanliness, Personal Attention and Courtesy Combined to Make the Eagle Meat Market Popular**

INSPECT our market and your confidence will be behind the pleasure of eating our meats. The knowledge of cleanliness and a sanitary workshop will aid your digestion.

**L. Schwein** 84 N. Main Phone 107

**INTERURBAN AUTOCAR CO.**

Leave Ashland for Medford, Talent and Phoenix daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. and 1:00, 2:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday night at 6:30. Sundays leave at 9:00 and 1:00, 6:00 and 10:30 p. m.

Leave Medford for Ashland daily except Sunday at 8:00 a. m., 1:00, 2:00, 4:00 and 5:15 p. m. Also on Saturday at 10:30 a. m. and 2:00, 5:00 and 9:30 p. m.

Fare between Medford and Ashland, 20 cents. Round trip, 35 cents.

**ASHLAND Storage and Transfer Co.**

C. F. BATES Proprietor.

Two warehouses near Depot. Goods of all kinds stored at reasonable rates.

A General Transfer Business. Wood and Rock Springs Coal. Phone 117.

Office, 99 Oak Street, ASHLAND, OREGON.

The echo of hills and laughter of rills  
 Distilled in the fairy-god's urn.  
 From your source in the snow over avalanche floe,  
 In your mad roaring rush to the sea,  
 I charge you to take—keep it safe for my sake—  
 Take my sweetheart this trophy from me.  
 As you burst into foam over Precipice Dome  
 And swerve by Castle Rock Ridge  
 And thunder and clang a ditty-like bang  
 Beneath the Natural Bridge,  
 Then chatter through leas of century trees  
 To leap the Cascades grim and deep—  
 I warn you beware and observe every care  
 My sweetheart's treasure to keep.  
 And when at your brink the timid deer drink  
 And the cougar skulks roundabout  
 And the cinnamon bear with craftiest care  
 Fishes your beauteous trout,  
 And the ghostly crane with screeches amain  
 Flies through the ether-like air—  
 Yet take no alarm, they will offer no harm  
 To the message assigned to your care.  
 And then you will pass the valley of grass,  
 Of orchards and billow grain,  
 Where the perfumed breeze of flowers and trees  
 Invites you to remain;  
 Ah, the charms sedate will fascinate  
 And check your rushing tide!  
 But then take care your charge to bear—  
 You must not there abide.  
 And then you begin the maelstrom din  
 Through Hellgate's yawning sway,  
 Where the walls uprise to the velvet skies  
 And banish the light of day;  
 But the stars' array will guide your way  
 To the straits of Sunset Strand,  
 From whence you'll ride the ebbing tide  
 To the cliffs of Hellgoland.  
 Limpid river, turbid river, unique river,  
 Your name is Rogue for you purloin the soul.  
 Take my mermaid love a token at her home in Hellgoland,  
 On the sea-cliffs where the breakers roll.  
 —William Estlin Phipps.

**THANKSGIVING OF THE APPLE AND ROSE.**

A Poem for Little Folks.  
 (By Mary E. Sullivan.)  
 "I'm so thankful," said the apple in her bright dress of red,

As she hung from the branch of a lofty tree,  
 "I'm not that poor rose so pale and so low,  
 Growing on a mere briar in the garden below.  
 "How far I'm above her, way up here so high,  
 And noticed by all on the street who pass by,  
 While the rose on the briar, so pale and remote,  
 Is too low for anybody at all to take note."  
 But before the great sun had dipped that night in the sea,  
 A boy came along and climbed up the tree,  
 And 'into his basket carelessly flung  
 The naughty red apple, the very first one.  
 She was taken home to a desolate place  
 And with eleven of her companions  
 was readily placed  
 Into an even so close and so hot  
 That all else by her was readily forgot,  
 But that she for her folly and pride  
 while living  
 Was only a baked apple to be served  
 for Thanksgiving.  
 Well, the rose?  
 Why, the rose so modest and sweet  
 was bought  
 By a lady who passed on the street,  
 Whose daughter that evening a bride  
 was arrayed,  
 And the rose was purchased, and a half sovereign paid.  
 The rose so sweet, so shy and so white,  
 Was worn by a bride on that Thanksgiving night.  
 We engrave our Parian ivory free. O. H. Johnson, Jeweler. 55-1f

**IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SELL ALL THE MERCHANDISE CONSUMED, THEREFORE**

**VAUPEL**

**SELLS THE BEST IN DRY GOODS AND GENT'S FURNISHINGS**