

...OUR AIM...

Good Clothes for Men

There is no chance for misjudgment, no cause for regrets if you choose from our stock of Up-to-Date, Ready-to-Wear Clothing:

Feeling that we have mastered the clothing situation we procured the best of the best when we bought our Fall and Winter stock and secured the best product of the best American manufacture.

LADIES SHOES AT COST

We have a complete line of Ladies and Misses Shoes that we are Closing Out at Cost.

We will still continue to carry our complete line of Gentlemen and Boos Shoes at the regular price.

...HATS...

We have a new and complete line of Hats in all the late blocks. Our Cap line is unequalled.

WELCH'S CLOTHING STORE,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

New Goods, More Bargains Auction House.

Best Bed Springs \$1.50 and up
Mattresses, best make 2.60 " "
Couches, fine quality 8.00 " "
Dining Chair, good 1.70 " "

Fine line of Dry Goods, Notions. Prices that give satisfaction.
C. E. McLANE.

JAPANESE WARE

Artistic, Dainty and Useful

Finest Assortment ever brought to Grants Pass now in stock at the

Star Racket Store

NEWELL BROS. PROPRIETORS.

Delicate ware in Blue and Pink. Vases in many designs. Plates, Cups and Saucers, and other Fine Table Settings. Teapots, all sizes and designs in the latest in Earthenware Novelties.

Call and examine the many beautiful articles in our stock. The prices are right.

NEWELL BROS.

I BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE

STOP PAYING RENT

TEN DOLLARS DOWN AND FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH will purchase a lot in almost any portion of the city, and you can have your choice of over 500 lots.

\$5000 Takes a fine Stock Ranch of 298 1/2 acres, with good water right. (No. 316)

\$1000 Takes 160 acres, 50 acres in cultivation; good house and barn. (No. 274)

\$1600 Takes 57 acres unimproved, on Rogue River, about three miles from city. (No. 266)

I also have a fine bunch of timber lands for sale at reasonable prices.

Call on or address

JOSEPH MOSS

Headquarters for Real Estate.
Office 516 E Street, between Fourth and Fifth Streets.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

Be Quick. Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Undigested food and gas in the stomach, located just below the heart, presses against it and causes heart palpitation. When your heart troubles you in that way, take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. You will soon be all right. 50c. at Rotermund's and Model Drug Store.

Marjorie and Mistletoe

By Milton R. Greer
(Copyright, 1904, by Milton R. Greer.)
Marjorie and mistletoe!
Rarer combination
Never stirred man's heart, I
trow,
With sweeter expectation!
Shining spray of mistletoe,
Snowy beads a-cluster,
Lips that lure and eyes that
glow
With a June day luster!

Marjorie and mistletoe,
Both suggesting kisses!
Craven he who dares forego
Such supernatural blisses;
Craven he, a dullard elow,
Needing small condolence;
Wise the wight, where kisses
grow,
Who plucks them no less
lovels!

Sleet may beat and swirling
snow
Blur the darkened window;
Crooning winds, now high,
now low,
Chant a shrill crescendo;
What reth I, where dark eyes
glow,
Of starless skies and stormy?
Marjorie and mistletoe
Make endless summer for me!



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How We Bought Our Christmas Presents

By ELLERY NYLE
(Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Harrington.)
JOHN and I were married and went to housekeeping just after Christmas. John didn't earn very big wages then, and, although our needs were not as many as they are now, still they were needs and he had to pay for them. We decided to begin in a small way.

We rented one room, but in Chicago the rent for one room was as much as for a whole house in the little country village where I came from. How we did enjoy furnishing that room! It was a large room, and one corner of it, where my cupboard and my oil stove were, I curtained off for the kitchen, and there was plenty of space left for the folding bed and the few chairs which we had.

Our walls looked bare. I had only one picture, a branch of lilacs, and they looked so natural you could almost smell them.

"We must buy some pictures," said John.

"Not just yet," said I. "Wait a little. We can't get everything at once." And the next day when John came home from his work he stopped in the door in surprise and delight. I had tucked here and there on the wall clusters of bright colored autumn leaves which I had gathered and pressed the fall before.

"Don't you think now we can wait till next year for pictures, John?" I asked.

"Why, it's ten times prettier than pictures," Susie," he exclaimed as he caught me in his arms.

"And it cost only 5 cents for the tacks," said I.

It is surprising how little can please us when we have but little. I do believe we enjoyed those bright leaves better than \$15 worth of pictures.

Well, we got along swimmingly. By thinking a little before we bought we made John's wages cover everything. We agreed together that we would not buy a single article till we had the money to pay for it. Sometimes we had to go without things we wanted for several weeks, but waiting for them made them worth all the more.

After John had gone to his work and all at once seeing alone and left thinking, I kept thinking ahead quite a way, as far ahead as next Christmas. John and I had never had a Christmas together. There were some things that I wanted to get, and wouldn't it make a merry Christmas if I could get them then? How could I manage it? And I kept on thinking about it day after day.

John was in the habit of getting up early and going to market for me while I got breakfast, and he would often bring home twice as much as I knew what to do with.

"Why, John, we can't eat all that! Why did you get so much?" I would say.

"Oh, it looked so good it made me hungry! Yes, we can eat it all. I'm as hungry as a bear!"

One evening I told John that if he would give me \$3.50 a week I would furnish the table with that and do the marketing myself.

"Why, it costs us more than that now, Susie! Three dollars and a half is only enough for one person's board!" exclaimed John.

"Well, we are one, aren't we, John?" "Yes, but we have two mouths."

"Well, I'll agree to fill them both with \$3.50."

"Then here it is," said John, "and you may begin tomorrow morning," and he handed me out \$3.50, but he looked incredulous.

I spent 25 cents out of it the next

day and less than that the day following, and at the end of the week I had 50 cents left.

"How does it hold out?" asked John when he handed me the next \$3.50.

"I have not got in debt," I answered. How I did hold on to that \$3.50 each week! Sometimes I saved more and sometimes less, and on one or two occasions I spent more than the \$3.50 when we had company, but nearly every week I managed to keep some of it and put it in the savings bank. We had enough to eat too. Did I have everything I wanted? Of course I didn't. There was many a nice thing that I liked that I didn't get, but you know you can't eat your cake and have it too. We have to deny ourselves in order to accomplish our ends in anything, and I was none the worse off for doing without.

One evening as John lit his cigar and began to read his paper I said:

"John, we've been learning how to live better since we've known each other, and I've been wondering if—if I dared to ask—why you smoke?"

"Because I'm a fool, Susie," blurted out John and threw his cigar into the grate. I was frightened at what I had done, and John went on:

"I know smoking is no earthly benefit to me. I know it makes me disgust-

ed, and the months went by till December, and the Saturday before Christmas I went to the bank and drew out my small deposits. I had kept two accounts—the cigar fund and the table fund, I called them. The cigar fund was just \$20.40, and my table fund was \$21.32. Could I believe my own eyes! It fairly made me dizzy. Over \$50 to spend for Christmas! This was what I had been dreaming about ever since last February!

My feet secretly touched the pavement on the way home. I sang all the while I was getting supper. Would John never come? At last I heard his step. How his feet dragged! What could be the matter?

"Do you know next Monday is Christmas?" asked John gloomily.

"I do!" I replied in so jubilant a voice that he turned and looked at me.

"Susie, I wish I were rich!"

"Why, John, aren't you comfortable, and isn't it better to enjoy what we have than to mourn over what we have not?"

John still looked gloomily into the grate. "Brown stopped me tonight to show me a Christmas present he has bought for his wife, a beautiful gold watch. He has been saving up money for it for a year. Susie, you deserve a Christmas present if anybody does, but see how much I have to buy one with," and he bitterly tossed his scant purse into my lap, "not quite \$1.50."

"But, John," and I laughed in his face. I couldn't hold back any longer. I threw myself into his arms and showed him both my hands full of money. "This, John, is what you did not smoke, and this is what we did not eat. We are rich, John! We don't owe a cent. We have a month's rent and coal paid for in advance, and we have the whole of \$56.72 to spend for Christmas!"

John looked at the money, then at me. He couldn't speak for a minute; then he said, "Susie, you're a brick!"

I don't believe there was ever a happier couple walked the streets of Chicago than John and I were that evening when we went out to buy our Christmas presents. Nor was there ever a merrier Christmas in our room than there was in ours. How far a little money will go when one spends it carefully! We were surprised at the things I bought. There were some books for John that he had been wishing for—he had taken to studying a little evening of late—and there was a little rocking chair for me to sit in at my sewing, and there was a new dress and a pair of gloves for me and a set of silver teaspoons, and there were an overcoat for John and a pair of slippers and a big easy chair, and there was a fine big chicken for the Christmas dinner, with celery and everything to go with it, and a few candles and nuts to make it seem like a holiday. And after everything was bought that we had been needing we still had \$5.00 left.

After our Christmas dinner was over and we sat before the grate close together John said to me:

"Susie, how did you save so much out of the \$3.50 a week for the table? You always had enough and just the right thing. I believe you could make a feast out of nothing."

"It is all due to a little management and economy, John," I said.

"I think for the coming year I would better give you \$4 a week, so you can save still more."

"That will make \$25 more smoking," I laughed. Then I asked, "John, are you sorry you gave up smoking last winter?"

John drew me close to him as he answered, "Susie, you have made this Christmas worth a thousand times more to me than a year's smoking."

"Not I, John. I couldn't have done it if you hadn't quit smoking!"

"And I couldn't have quit smoking if I hadn't had you!"



"SUSIE, I'M A GOOD, SMOKER,"

ing to you. Don't do it. I've seen you wipe your mouth on the sky after I've kissed you."

I slipped my hand into his. "John," said I, "you have one cigar left in your pocket. Give that to me. Promise me that this cigar shall be the first one you smoke, and when you want to smoke and can't do without any longer come to me, and you shall have it."

"I'll do it," said John, and he handed me the cigar, with glistening eyes.

"Susie, you can save a man if anything can." And we clasped hands on it and sealed it still closer than that.

I have that cigar yet, and six years have passed.

We talked it over further, and I proposed that John should hand me the amount he had been in the habit of spending for cigars each day as long as he could go without, and be agreed to do it. I did not tell him what I wanted to do with it.

So every day he gave me 10 cents, and I put it secretly away, and whenever it amounted to a dollar I put it in the savings bank.

AID IN HIGHWAY BUILDING

Congressman Brownlow Thinks Government Should Help.

ALL THE PLANES OF THE COUNTRY WAGON was first settled the roads were trails or paths which went from the settlements into the wilderness and naturally went from point to point over the shortest route without regard to hills. They went straight. Later on horses were ridden and afterward driven over these trails, and so the wagon road was made without regard to finding an easy grade, a good surface or drainage.

In the west the railway was built before the wagon road, and the wagon road was an enlarged path, or trail, which led from the farm in a straight line to the railway station. It frequently followed the section line without regard to hills, swamps, grades or drainage. It is not surprising that roads made in this manner, without any engineering skill or practical knowledge of road building, were bad when made and continue to be just as bad at the present time.

This country, if not the richest, is almost the richest in the world, yet it has the poorest wagon roads of any country in the world. During the past thirty years there have been built 132,805 miles of steam railway in this country, and we now have 203,133 miles of railroad. During the past fifteen years we have built 23,134 miles of trolley road, mostly in cities and towns. This trolley road has, by giving quick transit, immensely improved values in cities and towns and in their neighborhood.

Where good roads have been built farm values have improved, because it is easier to get produce to market, and life is made pleasanter and happier for the owner of the land. Except where a few states have given state aid in building roads, the farmer has had to bear the whole cost of building and maintaining them, although every ton of produce going to cities and towns has to go over these roads, and the cities and towns, as a rule, contribute nothing toward their cost or maintenance.

During the past forty years there has been an immense improvement in railway, trolley and water transportation, and freight rates have been lowered. Our railways are every year spending millions in improving their roads and terminal facilities, but in transportation by wagon on roads there has been hardly any improvement. Forty years ago it cost 25 cents per ton per mile to carry farm produce, lumber, etc., on a wagon road, and it costs the same today.

It is not the farmer's fault, but it is his misfortune, that while there has been a great advance in railway and water transportation, to which the national government has largely contributed, he has not improved transportation on his roads. It is not his fault that he has seen the neighboring towns grow richer while his lands have not improved in value. He does not want to haul his produce through the mud and hills, and he would not do it if he could help it.

The reason he has not a good, smooth road, free from ruts, stones and mud, without steep hills, connecting his farm with his market town is simply because he cannot afford to pay for it. He has not, and never will have, the money to pay for good roads. He is quite willing to pay for part of the cost, and in New Jersey, Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut and in a few other states the same way by the national government. Why should not the United States build national roads to develop its internal resources in the interest of agricultural products?

Some of the states have adopted the principle of state aid to build roads. Why should not the federal government give national aid for this purpose? The United States government appropriated in 1903 \$22,540,100 for river and harbor improvement, which goes to the benefit of commerce and largely to help cities. Little of this large sum is spent in the interior states except in the Mississippi delta. It has spent many millions in building postoffices and federal buildings in nearly every large city of the Union. This all goes to help the cities and creates a demand for the building of roads, which farmer with roads to reach his market. It has protected manufacturing by a tariff until we have become the greatest manufacturing nation in the world. This protective tariff has built up the cities. It pays the veterans and their families pensions which amount to about \$140,000,000 a year.

But what has the national government done for the farmer? It has established agricultural colleges, experiment stations, made the head of the bureau of agriculture a cabinet officer, created free rural mail delivery in certain sections, but after showing a man how to double the product of his farm it has left him unable to market the produce he has created because of the bad condition of the wagon roads.

As a number of states have believed it was to aid in the building of roads, would it not be wise and right for the United States government to do so also and to aid the farmer just as it has aided commerce and the cities?

There can be but one answer to this question, and it is "Yes!"—Walter P. Brownlow, Member of Congress from Tennessee.

IN FAVOR OF GOOD ROADS

City Engineer Reynolds Gives Good Suggestions.

We find that when the government adopts a road system, there is merit in that system, so the adoption of these methods should, where practicable, be taken up by city and county boards for the purpose of making and maintaining good streets and roads. In order to have these it means considerable expenditure to build them in the first place, but to maintain a good road, meaning one properly built, is a small item compared with the present system of annual repairing, which is necessary under the present condition of the roads in our county, and especially the streets within the city of Grants Pass. It is easy to find fault, but to prescribe the proper remedy is a more difficult matter. It is the purpose of this article to offer some suggestions which we hope may be of benefit to the public and tend to hasten the time when we may enjoy the pleasures of having good streets and roads. We have within three miles of our city an abundance of stone, such as the diabasic formation commonly called traprock, which if crushed and uniformly spread over the surface, then rolled with the proper machine, would make a first-class macadam. But first in order to do this, it is necessary to have the proper machinery, consisting of a rock crusher, and a steam roller. The approximate cost of the roller would be, according to the kind and size, for a five ton roller about \$1850 and larger sizes up to a 10 ton \$3000, and the rock crusher at about \$600. These machines are so arranged that the traction clutch may be thrown out of gear on the roller and the same used to run the crusher thus making the expense small.

It is a fact that under favorable conditions, similar to those existing in this vicinity, a street 48 feet in width can be macadamized at less than \$2.75 per linear foot. This is a small cost when we consider the permanency of the work and the small cost necessary to maintain good conditions. Usually a defect occurs and is so slight that at first it is unnoticeable, but each day it becomes worse and finally there is a big mud hole, and in the ordinary manner of repairing a load of gravel or other material is dumped into it and which makes two or three mud holes out of the one. If a defect occurs in macadam, it is usually slight, and if attended to at once is cheaply repaired by simply digging out a hole where the depression occurs and filling crushed rock rammed to the same compactness of the surrounding road, then place the surface material taken out over the mended portion, tally spreading in a smooth manner. In this way it is economy to have the best. As it is at present, we are compelled to haul on dirt, then so soon as the rainy season begins it is necessary to scrape that same dirt up as mud, and haul it away. Annually repeating this process, will in a few years, cost the same amount for a certain portion that macadam would have cost and if your road is in the same condition as when you began.

During the past year it has been necessary to look after bridges and drainage in Grants Pass and some good, permanent work has been done in the way of concrete abutments, a concrete arch, a concrete drain, sewer and other much needed repairs. These have been not only well done, but at a small cost as will be shown in the street superintendent's annual report. This being done, we can see no reason why, during the coming year, that the matter of making good streets and extending the sewer system should not have proper attention and secure permanent improvement.

Respectfully yours,
H. I. Reynolds, C. E.

HERE WE ARE.

Come and see us at Mrs. Rehkopf's Millinery store on Sixth street. We do not intend to carry a large stock, but can furnish you what you want at prices that will meet all competition. We open up with a nice sale to Mr. Eugene Cass, as a starter and for past business done in this city would refer you to such people as Mr. P. H. Harth, Mr. Henry Harth, Mr. H. L. Gilkey, Mrs. C. S. Hobbs and others. See us before buying and be convinced that the one priced system of buying pianos is the only safe system to get actual values. Mrs. Rehkopf has full authority to make contracts.

Order your tuning through us and have your work guaranteed.

THE COSS PIANO HOUSE.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle, yet thorough. 25c at Clemens and National Drug Store.

OPENED DECEMBER 1 Headlight Restaurant.

DAY and NIGHT
Everything New and Clean.
A woman cook will superintend the kitchen and the food will be prepared like the home and not on the stereotyped restaurant style.
Table supplied with the best on the market.
W. F. LEMPKE, } Prop.
H. WILLISON, }

Christmas Dinner

Is made more appetizing if
Best Quality of Groceries
is used in its preparation.

Chiles' Grocery

Carries only Fresh Stock and of First Class Quality.

A trial order will convince you that his goods and his prices are right.

Front st., near Fourth.

Wanted—Anything you have for sale—don't fail to notify me. It may mean a better price to you for your articles and it will cost you nothing for me to call, so get my price.

Will Trade—No good for old trade.

Will Sell—Anything for the house farm, mine, saw mill or camp. Can fill any order.

Big Stock—Largest in Grants Pass, that means in all Southern Oregon, of New and second hand goods.

Easy Terms—Installment or rent. No charge for delivery.

Ike M. Davis,

The Supplier of Wants
South Sixth St., west side.

A Frightened Horse.

Reining like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable safe hand's and there's none as good as Buckler's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, scorns, and piles, disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c at Clemens and National Drug Store.

B. A. WILLIAMS

Real Estate
Employment office. Houses rented
No. 75-125 acres, all fenced, 100 acres river bottom, 75 cultivated, 10 to 100 miles from Grants Pass, good roads, school, etc. A bargain at \$40 an acre. Hop crop will pay purchase price in two years.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. See if your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicines Co., St. Louis, Mo.