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**Wood Working Shop.**  
West of flour mill, near R. R. track  
Turning, Scroll Work, Stair Work, Band  
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Filing and gumming, Repairing all kinds.  
Prices right.

**The Popular Barber Shop**  
Get your tonsorial work done at  
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On Sixth Street — Three chairs  
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**Palace Barber Shop**  
**BATES & MOSIER, Props.**  
**Shaving, Hair Cutting**  
**Baths, Etc.**  
Everything neat and clean and a  
work First-Class.

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**F. G. ROPER**  
**Fashionable**  
**TAILORING**  
Courier Bldg., up stairs  
**SUITS MADE TO ORDER**  
Promptly and of the best material  
and in the latest style.  
**CLEANING AND REPAIRING**

**KENNEY PAYS CASH**  
For BUTTER, EGGS  
and FARM PRODUCE.  
Full stock of  
**Groceries and Provisions**  
**Candy, Nuts, Tobacco**  
**and Cigars.**

**KENNEY'S CASH STORE**  
Sixth street bet. I and J.

**His Delayed Proposal.**

By H. M. KERNER.  
Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

For a moment Nell's hand faltered. The pounding of the machines and the endless click of the shifting stencils seemed to pierce her very brain. She cast a quick glance down the long workroom of the Rotary Addressing company.

Out through the windows at the other end could be seen a patch of blue sky, blurred now and then by a puff of steam from the pipes of the adjoining building; a modest seven story structure. Here and there some building larger than their own reared its head to cut the skyline, and through the open window there came occasionally sounds from the street below, sharp notes in the monotone of the machines.

Within, long rows of girls leaned over their work, their deft fingers forcing envelopes into the hungry maws of the machines with only a pause now and then when a fresh stack of stencils were needed. Between the aisles paced the sharp eyed forewoman. A man had been in charge of the room once, but the firm had found that he was too easy, too commiserate of the women under his supervision, and they had moved him into the office, sending in his stead the angular Miss Pettit, who forced the girls in her charge to the limit of their endeavors. Her sharp eye detected Nell's pause.

"Burrows," she called acidly. She never wasted time on "Miss." "If you have one of your silly headaches, put in your time at the office and go home. This is no hospital."

Nell's nervous fingers clutched a fresh package of envelopes, and the pounding of her machine added its noise to that of the others. She could not afford to go home. The pittance that



"It's only Miss Pettit," he growled. "I came to her each Saturday was little enough without indulging the luxury of an afternoon off."

Jimmy Nelson, coming into the room to consult with Miss Pettit about an order, looked with kindly sympathy at the tired girl. When he had had charge of the room, he had been more gentle. She had told him something of her story in the noon intervals, when he had insisted upon standing treat to hot coffee to augment the scanty sandwich that usually constituted her lunch. Coffee costs 5 cents a day, and the errand girl who made the trips to the lunch room must be tipped in addition. The Rotary Addressing company paid only from \$3 to \$5 a week, and coffee was a luxury to those who did not live at home.

There had been a time when Jimmy had dreamed of a little flat where Nell should be mistress. That was just after he had been promoted to the office and had had his salary raised to \$15 a week. He had lacked the courage to make his proposal in person and had written her a note.

"I shall consider silence a polite negative," he had added.  
Once Jimmy had aspired to the stage, and he had obtained the phrase from the advertisements in the dramatic papers that he studied with religious care. It had struck him as being a phrase of singular elegance. She need not refuse him. She could just ignore the note. He was sorry afterward that he had not asked for an answer. It would have been something to keep. As it was, she was as pleasant as ever to him, treating him with the same old friendliness and giving no hint of her reason for the refusal of his offer.

He longed to repeat it. He wanted to be able to take her out of the place, from under the very nose of Miss Pettit, yet he lacked the courage to speak and he contented himself with coming into the room as often as his business with the forewoman gave him an excuse. Of course it would never do for the office force to chum with the girls from the operating room during the noon hour, and in the evening it was Jimmy's duty to see that all were out before he locked up.

So Nell struggled on. Just so many thousand envelopes must be completed

to constitute a minimum day's work. A record was made each evening and the advancement or reduction of salary depended upon that. She had barely managed to complete the task when the gong struck and the girls began to cover their machines and put their tables in order. Nell staggered slightly as she took the last of her work to the timekeeper, who entered her record in the book. Miss Pettit eyed her sharply as she went back to her machine.

"Unless you are feeling better you had better not come tomorrow," she said crossly. "I can put on another girl who will make faster use of the machine."

"I will be all right in the morning," Nell answered. Miss Pettit could not know that the girl had had no breakfast. There had been medicine to buy, and until pay day came again she would have to walk to her home and make dry bread serve for food.

She was slow in preparing for the street and even Miss Pettit had gone when she stepped into the elevator. The street was dark and lonesome. Most of the places closed at 5, and there were few persons moving along the narrow strip of sidewalk as she stepped out.

On the corner a little knot of people had gathered about some object of interest, and she peered curiously over the shoulder of the office boy in front of her. The next moment she was pushing the men aside.

Miss Pettit had slipped upon the greasy sidewalk and lay moaning and half unconscious with pain. The girls had all gone on and a bootblack was trying to make her comfortable until the attention of a policeman could be attracted.

Nell pushed him away and took the woman's head into her lap, disposing her so that the wretched ankle was more comfortable. Then she turned to the lad who had stuck to her side, determined to at least share the interest with the newcomer.

"It is my forewoman," she said. "Run up to the Rotary Addressing company and ask Mr. Nelson to come quick."

The lad's statement that a lady was almost killed and was asking for him brought Jimmy on the run. White faced he tore his way through the increasing crowd of curious people to come to a dead stop, when he perceived the situation.

"It's only Miss Pettit," he growled in mingled relief and disappointment. "I thought it was you."

"We must get her home, Jimmy," pleaded Nell. "She says she won't go in an ambulance. Please call a cab."

"The ambulance is plenty good for her," he growled, though to them the ambulance was but a shade less disgraceful than the patrol wagon. "Did not she talk to you like you were a dog this afternoon?"

"Get a cab for me," pleaded Nell, and Jimmy turned away.

It was not far to Miss Pettit's boarding place, and Nell hustled about making the tiny hall room more comfortable. Jimmy stuck doggedly, too, waiting to take Nell home. Miss Pettit sank back on the bed with a sigh.

"That will do very well," she said faintly. "The doctor will bandage my ankle, and then the girl will put me to bed. You were very good to me, my dear."

"It's all right," said Nell coldly as she turned to go, but Miss Pettit caught her hand.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I want to tell you something. Jimmy here gave me a letter to hand you some weeks ago. I wasn't going to have any flirting in my room, so I didn't give it to you. Jimmy is a good boy, my dear, and here it is."

She sank back upon the pillow as Jimmy sprang forward. In his excitement he had forgotten Miss Pettit and his wrath against her. Now he only realized that Nell had not received his letter.

"And silence ain't a polite negative?" he asked. Nell smiled. Jimmy had loaned her some of his paper, and she recognized the phrase.

"If you want proverbs, Mr. Nelson," she said primly, "I can give you a better quotation—'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Ask me to my face like a man, an' maybe I'll say 'Yes.'"

**Give the Chef a Chance.**  
It is my belief that the man who has dined in the best Parisian restaurants without finding them wonderful, says Julian Street, is either a dyspeptic or a self reliant ignoramus who did not give the chef a chance. You know the story of the miner who, having "struck it rich," arrived in New York and, anxious to "do it right," went to Delmonico's for dinner. After studying the menu with growing despair he turned to a patient waiter with, "Just bring me \$45 worth of ham and eggs." Some of our fellow countrymen give similar performances in Paris. I have known them to go to famous restaurants and order plain broiled chicken or steak and fried potatoes, dishes so elemental that the greatest chef could hardly cook them better than Maggie in the flat at home could do it. A Parisian chef broiling a chicken makes a pathetic figure. The asking him to do so is like requesting a learned professor of higher mathematics to add a laundry bill.—Travel Magazine.

**A Chair of Highway Building.**  
Officers of the Washington State Good Roads association are advocating the establishment of a chair in the faculty of the University of Washington for special instruction on the subject of highway building. They are preparing a petition to present the matter formally to the authorities of the institution.

**TO SEND OUT PAPERS**

Nashville Will Use the Local Press to Advertise the City.

**BIG PUBLICITY MOVEMENT.**

Many Boards of Trade Are Employing Newspaper Men as Secretaries—How to Boom Your Town by Co-operation With the Newspaper Man.

Town booming by publicity bureau methods is becoming more and more popular because it pays. No town is too small or, for that matter, too large to be benefited by organized publicity. A town that keeps its light under a bushel is not going to be seen from afar. One way to make its light shine brightly is to rub the burners every day with fresh advertising oil.

The city of Nashville, Tenn., is one of the latest in the increasing list of lively places that intend to get livelier still and are taking the best method to bring about that consummation. The Nashville board of trade has appropriated \$50,000 to advertise the city. This is how the money will be spent:

First.—A compilation of a directory of the names of every northern manufacturer whose goods are sold to Nashville retailers, jobbers or consumers.

Second.—The opening of correspondence with each of these firms, the number of which is estimated at 700, with a view to securing either the removal of the main plant to Nashville or the establishment of a branch factory, southern warehouse or southern sales office in Nashville.

Third.—The sending daily of from 500 to 600 copies of each of the daily papers to every reading room, library, hotel and other public reading place in the northeastern states, with a view to familiarizing the regular and chance visitors to these places with the city of Nashville and creating favorable impressions regarding the city, its advantages and business possibilities.

Fourth.—The extensive advertising of the city in daily newspapers in the northeast and New England states, in the magazines of general and special circulation and in the weekly papers, with a view to attracting the attention of the capitalist and the industrial man to the advantages offered by Nashville as the location for factory or other business.

In commenting on the course of Nashville and on town advertising in general the Editor and Publisher, a New York weekly, says editorially: "Many boards of trade and chambers of commerce throughout the country are employing experienced newspaper men as secretaries, and in many cases the wisdom of this course has been shown. Publicity counts every time, and with a trained newspaper man in the harness many a sleepy board of trade might be roused from its lethargy."

The local paper itself is one of the best publicity bureaus a town can have, and when it is supplemented by an official bureau of publicity in which the editor is a working factor its value is enhanced. The local paper, carrying advertisements of the home merchants and other business men, is a constant advocate of home trade as opposed to the spending of money outside of the town. Reporting, as it does, all town improvements from time to time and pointing out opportunities for investment and development, the home paper is a free information bureau which is not always appreciated properly in its own community. But any town may greatly increase its valuable publicity by organizing a bureau to cooperate with the newspapers in booming the place.

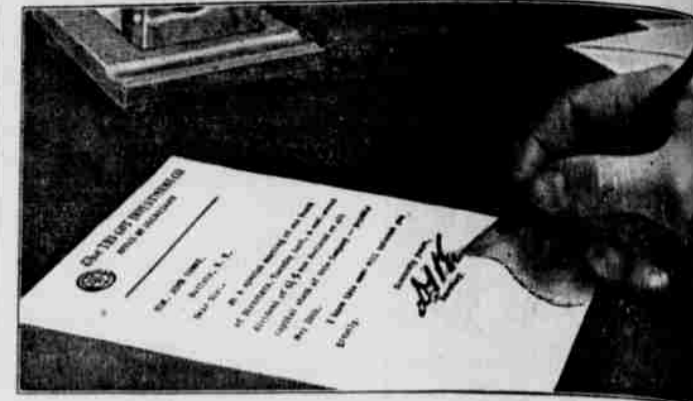
**Rural Delivery Notes**

The readjustment adopted with the increase of upward of \$6,000,000 made in the appropriation by congress will involve an aggregate expenditure for rural service during the next fiscal year of nearly \$35,000,000. The schedule is as follows: Routes of 24 or more miles, \$900 per annum; 22 to 24 miles, \$804; 20 to 22 miles, \$510; 18 to 20 miles, \$720; 16 to 18 miles, \$630; 14 to 16 miles, \$540; 12 to 14 miles, \$504; 10 to 12 miles, \$468; 8 to 10 miles, \$432; 6 to 8 miles, \$396.

Information has been received at the postoffice department that the legislature of Tennessee recently enacted a bill which is now a law declaring all roads in that state traveled by rural carriers to be public roads and providing that all gates on such roads shall be taken down at once. As one of the requirements in connection with the maintenance of rural delivery service is that gates and other obstructions must be removed from the roads, this law will doubtless facilitate the establishment and continuance of rural delivery in Tennessee.

Rural mail deliveries on a route in Kenosha county, Wis., have been discontinued by the government because of the failure of the community to keep the roads in a satisfactory condition. The community will remain cut off from delivery service until the roads are repaired. Other routes in the state will be deprived of deliveries unless travel is made smoother for the carriers. For some time the postal department has been trying to impress upon the beneficiaries of rural routes that they would have to see that the roads were in good condition. It is said that in cases where warnings have not been heeded and repairs made drastic action will now be taken.

**SIGN ON COUPON BOND**



A letter bearing your signature should be written upon paper whose quality and appearance is in keeping with the dignity and reputation of your house. Pride demands it—results prove its value.

**SIGN ON COUPON BOND THE DE LUXE BUSINESS PAPER**

**COUPON BOND** because of its quality, its body and its general appearance is by all odds the best bond paper for fine printed and graphed stationery, checks, vouchers, bonds, bills and receipts manufactured. Yet exclusive as it is, it costs no more than other good papers, and in the end is cheaper. The great resources of the American Writing Paper Company make it possible for them to furnish in Coupon Bond an extremely high grade business paper at a comparatively low cost.

Make your printer include Coupon Bond in his next estimate.

**IN STOCK AT THE**  
**Rogue River Courier Job Office**  
GRANTS PASS, OREGON



**T**HERE is nothing so good for the family as laughter. Anything introduced into the family circle which increases the number of laughs per person is a benefit to the health of the home.

The Edison Phonograph is able to furnish good, wholesome fun. It is not always funny, but it can be funny when you like it funny.

The first work of the Edison Phonograph is to amuse. People are better amused by things that are not funny. Music, operas, hymns, ballads, old songs—whatever it is that you like best—the Edison Phonograph can give you best. There are good dealers everywhere who show it and sell it. Write for the book and you will know why you want the Edison.

**DISTRIBUTORS**  
**PHOTO AND MUSIC HOUSE**  
Courier Building. Grants Pass, Oregon

**WAGONS IN AMERICA.**

They Were First Used Some Four Centuries Ago in Mexico.

To its northerly neighbors Mexico seems a land of contradiction. It was exploited by the Spanish conquerors a hundred years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and yet the American from the United States finds it a comparatively primitive and undeveloped country. In some respects it has gone back, losing the splendor of its early times, yet it is a land now stirring with youth and growth.

The carriage of goods affords an instance of these paradoxical conditions, for in Mexico, the first soil of the new world to be traveled by wheels, burdens are today largely borne on human backs. Says the New York Post: "There was never a wheel turned on the western hemisphere until about the year 1523 or 1524, when Sebastian de Aparicio brought some ox carts over from Spain and began hauling freight and passengers between Vera Cruz and

the City of Mexico. He grew wealthy, moved to Puebla, became a lay brother of the Franciscans and died there, piety and honors in 1600, at the age of eighty-eight years. He was canonized by the pope and later was named as patron saint of Puebla. "Among the mountain and plain tribes of Mexico, Central America and a large part of South America transportation methods are precisely the same today as they were in the days of Cortes, Alvarado and Pizarro. The cargando (freighter) and the aparcado (water carrier) are still commonplace. The size of their self imposed burdens compels notice from the least observant traveler. "Mexico has been called the 'land of the patient back.' It is a good name. The Indians, who form nearly half her population, seem to be enamored of their burdens. The loads they carry would be far too much for the average white man."

Quartz blanks at the Courier