

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY.
A consolidation of the Medford Mail, established 1889; the Southern Oregonian, established 1902; the Democratic Times, established 1872; the Ashland Tribune, established 1896, and the Medford Tribune, established 1906.

Official Paper of the City of Medford.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager.

Entered as second class matter November 1, 1909, at the postoffice at Medford, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, by mail.....\$5.00 One month by mail or carrier...\$.50

MEDFORD'S STREETS OBJECT LESSONS.

Medford streets furnish an object lesson in the value of paving.

The contrast between the paved streets and the unpaved is so great during the rainy weather that no one can fail to see the greater value of property on paved streets.

As a business and commercial proposition paving pays. The value and desirability of property is increased far more by paying than the mere cost of the paving.

Stores on side streets can be rented for double the present rental if the streets are paved. Residences can also be rented at an advance much greater than the cost of the yearly paving assessment.

Medford should become the best paved city in Oregon and it is hoped that another year will see both Sixth and Eighth streets in the business district and all connecting streets paved as well as Central avenue, Riverside and East Main streets, as well as other residence avenues paved so that Medford may indeed become the most attractive and desirable of cities.

GLAVIS IS TO AID BALLINGER

Is Chief Witness for Government in Coal Land Cases Now Being Heard in Seattle, Wash.

(United Press Leased Wire.) SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 19.—Although former Special Agent L. R. Glavis has been discharged and discredited by Secretary Ballinger, the interior department is depending chiefly upon the testimony collected by him to support its charges of fraud in the Cunningham coal cases. This has already become evident in the character of the exhibits and affidavits introduced by the government in the Cunningham hearing, which was resumed this morning.

Yesterday and today the government's attorneys introduced 29 affidavits and other documents, most of them procured by Glavis while he was working on the case. Many of these are from the entymen, half a dozen of them from Cunningham himself, and the collection is honey-combed with discrepancies and contradictions regarding the plans and intentions of the entymen.

Many of them deny positively that the entymen had any agreement to consolidate their interests, but the agreement to consolidate is set up in detail in the private notebook of Cunningham, a copy of which forms one of the exhibits. There are also many positive and specific denials that there were negotiations with the Guggenheims, but one of the exhibits is a memorandum of an agreement proposed by a committee of the entymen to Daniel Guggenheim in New York last year.

AT THE CHURCHES

At the Christian church, corner of Sixth and Ivy—Services next Sunday as follows: Bible school at 10 a. m.; preaching service at 11 a. m.; C. E. at 6:30 and evening service at 7:30. Evening subject: "The Bible a Divine Book." Everyone welcome.—W. Theo Matlock, pastor.

Christian Science Announcement. Beginning with next Sunday, Nov. 21st, the Christian Science services will be held at 128 North Grape street, one and one-half blocks north of Sherman-Clay music house. Service as usual at 11 o'clock, to which all are welcome. Sunday school at 10 o'clock. 219.

A Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years for diarrhoea. I consider it the best remedy I have ever tried for that trouble. I bought a bottle of it a few days ago from our druggist, Mr. R. B. Brooks. I shall ever be glad to speak a word in its praise when I have the opportunity."—Rev. J. D. Knapp, pastor M. E. church, Miles Grove, Pa. Sold by Leon B. Jenkins' Pharmacy.

BALL PLAYERS ARE NUMBERED

In Order That Spectators May Be Able to Keep in Touch With Plays, Each Player Will Be Tagged.

(United Press Leased Wire.) SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 19.—For the first time in the history of football in the northwest, the players will be numbered in the Thanksgiving game and a key to their identity furnished the spectators at the contest. This step toward making the college sport more attractive to the spectators has long been urged by many interested in the development of the game, and for some time has been under consideration by the powers in athletics at Washington. The argument advanced in favor of the innovation is that the on-lookers can follow the action of their favorite players, keep track of the man with the ball, note the flights of the oval in the various intricate formations involving forward passes—in short, get to know "who's who" in a game.

Too Much For the Grizzly. The hunter was recalling some of his early experiences for the benefit of the tenderfoot.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it was my first grizzly, and I don't deny I was proud of having killed him in a hand to hand struggle. We began fighting about sunrise, and when he finally rolled over, done for, I'll be blamed if the sun wasn't going down."

He paused. No one said anything, and so he added slowly, "For the second time."

"Do you mean that it took you two days to kill a grizzly?" asked the English tourist.

"Two whole days and one night," replied the guide, reaching for a brand to light his pipe. "He died mighty hard."

"Choked to death?" asked the tourist. "Yes, sir," the guide said calmly. "Well, well! What did you try to get him to swallow?"—New York Herald.

Bill's Specialty.

They found the old man sitting on the fence smoking his cornob.

"Howdy, pap! What's your son Jim doing these days?"

"Jim? Oh, he's running a telegraph key at the depot, Jim's an operator."

"And how's Zeke?"

"Zeke? Well, Zeke is captain of a lake steamer. He's a navigator."

"And Pete—is he still living?"

"Oh, yes, Pete's working on an airship. He's what they call an aviator."

"Well, what has become of Bill? Is he doing anything?"

The old man blew a quid of tobacco at a wide eyed grasshopper.

"Yep, stranger, Bill's hanging around the house all day grumbling and complaining and saying the country's going to smash. Bill's just an aggravator, just a plain aggravator."—Judge.

Misconstrued.

"You need not have hesitated in sending back my poetry if it did not please you," said the visitor. "I am accustomed to the cold buffets of the world."

"It'm" responded the editor, reaching into a pigeonhole. "The hesitation was due to the fact that you forgot to inclose postage."—Philadelphia Ledger.

MR. BOWSER PEEVISH

Irritated by Warm Weather and One Mosquito.

HE MAKES LIFE UNBEARABLE.

Refuses to Eat Wife's Pie—Ordered One of Whortleberry and Was Served "Huckleberry"—Arrested as Burglar by Mistake.

By M. QUAD. Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

It had been a hot day, and Mr. Bowser came home sticky and out of sorts. Mrs. Bowser saw how things were even before he entered the gate, and she shaped her policy accordingly. She got him downstairs and through dinner without an outbreak, and then she fell down. That is, the cook brought on a huckleberry pie for dessert. It had been made because Mr. Bowser had asked for it. Something like a smile came to his face as he saw it, and he would have enjoyed it had not Mrs. Bowser said:

"You see, dear, we remembered your favorite. I hope it is as good a huckleberry pie as your mother used to make."

"Huckleberry?" he queried as he drew back. "Mrs. Bowser, if you can speak the English language, I wish you would do so."

"Why, what is wrong?"

"There is a berry called whortleberry. You have no more license to call it a huckleberry than you have to call it a crabapple."

"But the grocer and lots of other people call it huckleberry."

"What the grocer and lots of other people call things is nothing to me. I asked you to make a whortleberry pie. The cook has made a pie of something else, and it can therefore be removed."

"You surely are not going to stick it such a trifle as that," said Mrs. Bowser. "If you want it whortle-



HE PAVED BACK AND FORTH IN HIS CARPET SLIPPERS.

why, whortle it shall be. I have seen red blackberries, but I ate them just the same as if they were black."

"The damage has been done, and my appetite is gone. You and the cook can huckle down your huckleberry pie. I will go to the bakery and buy one made of whortleberries."

It was no use to argue with a peevish man. He refused the pie, and after getting upstairs he complained of the taste of his cigar, the matches that had to be scratched twice over and the clock that had lost two seconds since morning. The more he complained the more he ached to pick a fuss, and Mrs. Bowser was finally driven to silence. Before bedtime Mr. Bowser, who sat on the front steps alone, had had rows with two melon peddlers and a stranger looking for a man named Smith. There was a long breath of relief as the lights were turned out, and for an hour after getting to bed Mr. Bowser slept soundly. Then of a sudden he awoke and called out:

"By the seven horned cats, but there is a mosquito in this room!"

"Yes, there may be one," sleepily replied Mrs. Bowser.

"But what is it doing here? How did it get in? Am I to be kept from my needed sleep on account of a mosquito?"

"If you keep quiet it will bite me and then go away. It only wants one bite."

"Keep quiet! I keep quiet for an infernal mosquito! Not on your life! I am no such man. Mrs. Bowser, you have had the screen out of one of the windows. You deliberately took it out to let a mosquito in. You wanted me to be inoculated with fellow fever."

"You are talking very foolishly. The mosquito has found some opening and squeezed in. The screens don't fit any too tight anyhow."

"And the hardware man warranted them proof against any sort of insect! I want a few words with him over the telephone!"

Called Up Store After Hours.

It was half past 10 o'clock, but Mr. Bowser piled out of bed and downstairs and made the telephone jingle. He got the central office all right, but was told that the hardware store was closed. When the girl had given this information she asked:

"Is it anything very serious?"

"Certainly it is," was the answer. "I buy screens warranted to keep out mosquitoes, and here one of the infernal pests is prowling all over the house and gnawing its teeth."

"That's awful. If you have got no snicker over the wire as he was snay of, and it didn't help his irritated feeling a bit. He hurried upstairs

BUSINESS GROWS IN CENTRAL POINT

Another Man Added to Force in the Southern Pacific Depot—Evidence of Town's Growth.

The increased business of the Southern Pacific company at Central Point has necessitated the reorganization of the company's force there and the addition of another man. Glenn Pleasants, who in the past has been both baggageman and freight clerk, has been given exclusive charge of the freight department, and R. M. Blackburn has been given a berth in the office. Mr. Blackburn is from Brownsville, Or., and is a brother of the present agent.

to find that Mrs. Bowser had fallen asleep again, and he turned on the gas, seized a pillow and woke her up as he batted the walls with it. He found no skeeter and was finally induced to darken the room and get into bed. An hour passed, and then Mrs. Bowser's ears were saluted with:

"By thunder, but I won't stand this another minute!"

"What is it now?" she asked.

"It's that infernal skeeter after me again. It's almost bitten me to the bone."

"You mean mosquito, Mr. Bowser. There is no such word in the English language as skeeter. If whortle is not huckle, then—"

Mr. Bowser jumped out of bed, and after looking around for a moment he caught sight of the vicious and high creature on the ceiling over his head. It glared defiance at him, and then it came down and struck at him, but it was gone.

"If you'll come to bed," said Mrs. Bowser, "I will stay awake until you fall down and then kill it with my hand. You are making a great fuss over one little insect."

Refuses to Sleep—Leaves Home.

"And I'll make a greater!" he shouted. "There'll be no going to bed for me until I have had its life. I go and buy screens to protect every window and door. The hardware man lies to me. I just get to sleep when I am attacked and chewed and bitten and driven from my bed. Do you think I am going to stand that? You may, but I won't."

But the skeeter couldn't be found. It had retired to find a grindstone to sharpen its teeth on. Mr. Bowser sat down on the side of his bed and watched and listened until sleep overcame him. He was nodding when he was ferociously attacked again, and he yelled out until he could be heard across the street.

"Now that it's full of blood it'll go away," consolingly observed Mrs. Bowser as soon as the row had settled down a bit.

"He can go to Texas! I have been so chewed and bitten that it's no use to try to get any more sleep. You can stay here and be devoured alive if you wish. If I can live till morning to interview that hardware man it's all I ask."

"But what are you going to do?"

"What does any man do when driven from his home? I shall walk the streets till daylight."

Mrs. Bowser coaxed and protested, but it was useless. In a half dressed state he passed downstairs to the kitchen and then emerged into the back yard. He was a martyr. He knew he was, and he enjoyed the feeling as he paced back and forth in his slippers over the grass. The cats knew he was a martyr as well, and they looked down on him from the tops of the fences and made no sound. At length Mr. Bowser wearied of the yard and opened the alley gate and passed out. All was quiet and serene. Not an owl hooted or a skeeter buzzed.

"Now, then, I've got you!" suddenly exclaimed a voice in his ear as a policeman seized and whirled him around.

"Wh-what's this?"

"I was laying for you, and now I've got you. Come along."

"But what is it? Who do you take me for?"

"For the thief that has been breaking into barns along this alley. I've got you dead to rights, old man, and you needn't try to play innocent."

"But I am Bowser."

"You may be Billings for all I care. I just came out of my gate there. Can't you see that I'm not dressed?"

"But what are you doing in the alley at midnight?"

"The skeeters drove me here. I got screens, but the man lied to me. Come back to the house with me, and I'll prove who I am. The idea of taking me for a thief!"

"Oh, I've seen just as innocent talking old codgers as you sent up for ten years. We'll see if you are lying."

Mrs. Bowser had to dress and come down, and a neighbor had to be aroused to give his word, and then the officer went off saying:

"Well, I didn't get you with the goods on, but I believe you are a sleek, sleek old chap."

"And now that I've killed that skeeter will you come to bed?" added Mrs. Bowser.

Half an hour later the city was again sleeping the sleep of the just, and "whortle" and "huckle" had passed into oblivion.

B. H. Harris left for the south Friday morning on a business trip of several days' duration.

There will be a sale on some particular line of goods on every Tuesday and Friday of each week at Lot-tie Howard's Millinery store. Watch the window display. 208

Cut Flowers

YOUNG MAN, get that young lady of yours a bouquet and watch her smile.

Delivery any part of city.

MEDFORD GREENHOUSE. Cut Flowers and Potted Plants East Main St. Phone 600.

WE DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN BEAT THIS:
Thirty-two acres in this tract, fine fruit land, about two miles from a shipping point. The buildings consist of a five-room box house, good-sized barn, etc. There are 12 acres of 5 and 6-year-old apples, mostly Newtowns, with commercial peaches planted between the fillers. Also three acres of young pear trees and some family orchard. Four acres in alfalfa. Six or eight acres of timber, mostly oak and laurel. There is a pumping plant on the place which supplies water for the garden and alfalfa, equipped with gasoline engine. About 40 rods from a good school. Has rural mail delivery and telephone. Price \$10,500. Terms.
W. T. YORK & CO.

BIJOU THEATRE

Billy Empey Van Manager

TONIGHT
Richard Darling Stock Com'y in
"Wanted--A Wife"
Three-Act Farce Comedy
A Mix-up of Solid Fun.

MATINEE TOMORROW AFTERNOON AT 2:30 O'CLOCK.

"Out In Idaho"
Four-Act Western Drama.

NEW SPECIALTIES

Admission to Matinee, 10c; Nights, 10 ad 20c.

100 Dozen Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Boys' HOSIERY

Will Go on Sale Here Tomorrow. At your choice
2 pair for 25 cts.

Remember we are giving the Hosiery values of the town. Every pair guaranteed. If they are not satisfactory or just as we represent them, you know, just return them and we give you your money back cheerfully.

SOAP. 100 dozen toilet soap. Here tomorrow **3 CAKES FOR 10c.** and say this is the best value ever given in the town.

Have you bought your Xmas Dolls. We have the best line ever shown in Medford. Ask to see them tomorrow. 5c to \$10.00 each.

HUSSEY'S

The Busy Store