

CAN REDUCE MAGNETIC ORE

Spokane Man Finds Way to Utilize Iron Ore, Which Was Heretofore Thought to Be Worthless.

(Special Correspondence.) SPOKANE, Wash., Nov. 24.—Magnetic iron ore, heretofore looked upon as worthless because of the prevalence of titanium, an element which prevented its reduction, will be used by the Washington Steel and Iron company in its plant to be erected in the northern part of Spokane.

E. H. Rothert has perfected a process for the manufacture of high-grade wrought iron and tool steel from this base ore, of which there is 3,000,000 tons in sight on a tract of 270 acres in western Oregon, leased by his company on a royalty basis. The cost of producing crucible steel is placed at \$30 a ton, while tool steel can be made at 25 cents a pound. The minimum market price of the first named is \$160 a ton, the latter selling at from 90 cents to \$2.25 a pound.

Experts declare that by solving the problem of overcoming the titanium with this new process of smelting, large bodies of the ore in various parts of the United States and Canada will become available for commercial purposes and add millions of dollars to the wealth-production of the country. Mr. Rothert has been experimenting at Hoquiam, Wash., for several years, and has produced steel for saw, knife blade, razor and other edged tools said to be equal to the best output of European mills.

THE DIAMOND.

Thanksgiving Menu. 50c.

- | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Cream of Oyster Soup | | |
| Celery | Olives | Radishes |
| Pickles | Shrimp Salad | |
| Roast Beef | Baked Chicken | |
| Roast Turkey | Dressing | Cranberry Sauce |
| Sweet Potatoes | Green Peas | |
| Lima Beans | Mashed Potatoes | |
| Hot Mince and Pumpkin Pies | | |
| English Plum Pudding | | |
| Brandy Sauce | | |
| Fruit | Cheese | |
| Tea | Coffee | Cocoa |

WORK WEAKENS THE KIDNEYS.

Doan's Kidney Pills Have Done Great Service for People Who Work in Medford.

Most Medford people work every day in some strained, unnatural position—bending constantly over a desk—riding on jolting wagons or cars—doing laborious housework; lifting, reaching or pulling, or trying the back in a hundred and one other ways. All these strains tend to wear and weaken and injure the kidneys until they fall behind in their work of filtering the poisons from the blood. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys, put new strength in bad backs. Medford cures prove it.


Thos. J. Williams, Oakdale street, Medford, Ore., says: "I suffered for a long time from kidney and bladder trouble. The pains through my back were so severe at times that I could hardly endure them. My kidneys were disordered and I had to arise many times during the night to pass the secretions. I was subject to headaches and was very dizzy, especially when I stopped. I did not get relief and became discouraged. Doan's Kidney Pills finally came to my attention, and I procured a box at Haskin's Drug Store. They soon banished the trouble and I have not had a return since. I cannot speak too highly in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

NOTICE.

On account of the increased cost of feed, we, the undersigned dairymen of Medford, find it necessary to raise the price of milk to ten cents a quart, retail, and 25 cents a gallon, wholesale, on and after December 1, 1909.

WARNER & SNIDER,
J. C. CALHOUN,
J. M. SCHMIDT,
H. H. CALHOUN,
J. V. KEEZER.



The Riverman

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By Stewart Edward White

Chapter 4

WHEN Newmark awoke once more to interest in affairs the morning was well spent. On the river the work was going forward with the precision of clockwork.

Orde discovered about noon that the jam crew was having its troubles. Immediately below Reed's dam ran a long chute strewn with bowlders, which was alternately a shallow or a stretch of white water according as the stream rose or fell. Ordinarily the logs were flushed over this declivity by opening the gate, behind which a head of water had been accumulated. Now, however, the efficiency of the gate had been destroyed.

"I wonder if we can't drop that gate way down to get something for a head," said Orde to the foreman. The two men examined the chute and the sluice gate attentively for some time.

"If we could clear out the splinters and rubbish we might spike a couple of saplings on each side for the gate to slide down into," speculated North. The logs were held up in the pond, and a crew of men set to work to cut away the splintered ends of the old sill and apron. The current rendered footing impossible, so all the work had to be done from above. Wet wood gripped the long saws viselike, so that a man's utmost strength could scarcely budge them. Nevertheless they held to it. Orde, satisfied that they would succeed, departed up river to the rear. This crew he found working busily among some overgrown woods. They were herding the laggards of the flock. The subsidence of the water consequent upon the opening of the sluice gate had left stranded and in shallows many hundreds of the logs. From the advantage of deadwood, stumps or other logs the "backers" pushed the unwieldy timbers forward, leaping, splashing, heaving, shoving, until at last the steady current of the main river seized the logs and bore them away. With marvelous skill they topped the dripping, bobby, rolling timbers, treading them over and over back and forth, in unconscious preservation of equilibrium.

Hardly had Orde the opportunity to look about at the progress making, however, before he heard his name shouted from the bank. Looking up, to his surprise he saw the solemn cook

river begins a-roarin' and a-ragin' through then you tamper with my improvements furthermore, a-lowerin' the gate and otherwise a-modifyin' my structure."

Orde stepped forward. Immediately Reed wheeled, his thumb on the hammer.

"All right, old spirit of '76," replied Orde. "Don't shoot; I'll come down." He walked back to the waiting row. "Surely," spoke up Newmark, "whatever the status of the damage suits, you have the legal right to run your logs."

Orde rolled a quizzical eye in his direction. "Per-footly correct, son," he drawled, "but we're engaged in the happy occupation of getting out logs. By the time the law was all adjusted and a head of steam up the water 'd be down. In this game you get out logs first and think about law afterward."

"How about legal damages?" insisted Newmark. "Legal damages?" scoffed Orde. "Legal damages! Why, we count legal damages as part of our regular expenses, like potatoes."

Orde walked to the edge of the dam and stood looking down current. Then he turned to the grimly silent rivermen. "Boys," he commanded briefly, "get your prows and come along."

He led the way past the mill to the shallows below. "Bring down two logs fairly big and hold them by that old snag," he ordered. "Hold them end on—no, pointing upstream. Fix 'em about ten foot apart. That's it! George, drive a couple of stakes each side of them to hold 'em. Correct! Now, run down a couple dozen more and pile them across those two, side on to the stream, of course. Roll 'em up. That's the ticket!"

were still safe. By evening the sluice gate had been roughly provided with pole guides down which to slide to the bed of the river. The following morning saw the work going on as methodically as ever. By the end of the second day the pond was clear and as Charlie's warning was drifting toward the chute the first of Johnson's drive floated into the head of the pond.



(To be continued.)

THANKSGIVING AMONG INDIANS

By AMOS CUTLER

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IT is generally supposed that Thanksgiving day originated among the pilgrims of New England, but as a matter of fact the Indians had celebrated their thanksgiving feasts and dances centuries before the white man came to impart to the red brother his rifles, breeches and a new religion and civilization. America seems to have been dedicated to the thanksgiving habit from a much earlier date than was supposed. Some of the Indian tribes celebrated the festival not only once a year, but twice and even oftener. When the crops were growing they were thankful. When the young corn was milky in the ear they were thankful again. Part of the tribes had a day for gratitude, also for the winter when the birds were scarce, such as the Poncas, held a dance and a feast at about the same time as our Thanksgiving. Their idea apparently being to offer up to the Great Spirit acknowledgments for the completed harvest.



INVOKING LUCE IN THE HUNT.

The ceremonies were most elaborate and were not only filled with a religious sentiment, but with a spirit of poetry. Thanks were offered for the crops which sustained the Indian's life, for the birds and flocks that carried him or rescued off disease, for the game, for the birds that apparently had the favor of the Great Spirit so that they could do what man could not for the fishes, who had the same power in water that the birds had in air, and for all the blessings that nature lavished on her children. The Indian, like all primitive people, had a form of nature worship, regarding himself as a part of the universal scheme, a child of the universal mother.

The peculiar feature of all the Indian's religious ceremonies—the dance—has never been understood by most white people. Originally it was a form of prayer, as inseparable from praise or petition as singing or making medicine. These dances were not the leisurely or elegant pastime of the palace, but exercises into which the red men entered with all their souls and bodies, especially with their bodies. Into such a frenzy would they work themselves that they would fall out of the dance. Historically THE THANKSGIVING DANCE.

In these latter days since the Indian has been civilized off into ever increasing reservations the Thanksgiving of the white man has been accepted as a holiday. On that day the attention of the Indian has been made at many of the posts. Thus it has become the only day in the whole year when the red man could escape the forest and indulge in the fun of the social meeting and dancing. Thanksgiving was the feast of the Indians in the same holiday. And why should it not be, since he is its real originator?

Thanksgiving in Moses' Time. In some respects our Thanksgiving resembles the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. That was a national institution appointed by the great Jewish lawgiver, Moses. It was also called "the feast of ingathering," held annually at the end of the harvest season. By dwelling during the feast in crude booths, or tabernacles, built of the branches of olive, palm or pine trees outside the walls of Jerusalem and within the streets, the Israelites were reminded of the struggles of their forefathers in the wilderness, unaided, sometimes in despair, then filled with hope, ever pushing on in search of "a better country," where they might develop their national life. This feast recalled God's gracious guidance in past history and acknowledged present blessing in an abundant harvest. Its peculiar characteristic was the spirit of rejoicing, praise and thanksgiving.

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