

ACKNOWLEDGES THAT ROGUE GROWS NEWTOWNS

The Fruit Grower of St. Joseph, Mo., contains the following article in its December issue: "In the October Fruit Grower we took occasion to remind Colonel Brackett, United States pomologist, that two sections of the far west grow Newtown Pippin apples, notwithstanding these sections were not included in the list of places he mentions as growing this variety."

"Now comes Dr. E. B. Pickel, Medford, Or., with this complaint: "It is hard for us to understand why the editor of the Fruit Grower should fail to mention the Rogue River valley, Oregon, where more Newtown apple trees are planted than in the Hood River district and where they also grow to perfection. I also send a clipping or two from our local papers. Please read them and ponder them well, then sometime leave the office long enough to visit us. We would like to show you."

"We stand corrected. We knew the Rogue River valley grows Newtown Pippins, and good ones, too. Dr. Pickel sent us a box of the finest apples of this variety we have ever seen."

"One of the clippings sent by Dr. Pickel tells of a sale of nearly \$6000 worth of apples from three acres of trees. The trees are 22 years old and there are 159 planted on three acres, or 53 to the acre. They produced 2450 boxes of apples, which at \$2.25 per box, brought \$5962.50 or \$1987.50 per acre. The total cost of cultivating the land, spraying, pruning, picking, packing and shipping the fruit is given at \$300 per acre, leaving \$1687.50 per acre net."

"This estimate was made under the supposition that the Newtowns would bring \$2.25 a box, and yet it was expected that the orchardist would sell at \$2.50 per box, so that the figures would be raised correspondingly."

"We say again: The Rogue River country surely raises Newtown Pippin apples."

MANY AVIATORS TO ATTEND MEET IN LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—Roy Knabenshue, Willard Lincoln and Beechy will participate in the aviation meet planned for San Francisco next February, according to an announcement today by members of the committee who have the affair in charge. Replies to the invitations sent the aeronauts were received late yesterday, and the committee claims to be in a position to announce authoritatively that the proposed meet is assured by their acceptance."

The Pacific Aero club, which is sponsor for the meet, today initiated a financial campaign and its officers believe that the necessary \$50,000 will be made to secure the appearance in this city of Paulhan, the French aviator, and other bird men who will participate in the Los Angeles meeting in January."

OREGON HIGH SCHOOL WINS FIRST DEBATE

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Dec. 15.—Three men trained in the Oregon High School Debating league have just won first honors in debate at the University of Oregon, having been chosen, after a series of hard tryouts in which a large number of men competed, to represent the university against the University of Utah in their annual debate on January 28. The team chosen is as follows: Percy Collier, a leader of the Eugene High School debate team of last year; Carlton E. Spencer of Cottage Grove a graduate of the Roseburg high school and leader of its team two years ago against Ashland, with Howard Zimmerman, a graduate of the Salem high school and a member of the Salem team last year, as alternate. The Utah debate is considered one of the most important debates that the university enters. On account of the distance between the two schools, each team is composed of two men. In previous contests the University of Oregon has won one and lost one.

GRANTS PASS BUSINESS MEN MEET AT SMOKER

GRANTS PASS, Or., Dec. 15.—The Grants Pass Commercial club held a smoker at its regular meeting last evening that brought out a large crowd of business men. Coffee and sandwiches were served and a thoroughly good time was observed by all. The most important business transacted at the meeting was the naming of the caves in the south-western part of the county. It was officially determined to call them the Josephine county caves.

GRANTS PASS REDMEN ELECT NEW OFFICERS

GRANTS PASS, Or., Dec. 15.—Taklima tribe, No. 29, held their regular election of officers on Monday evening and the following were elected: Lee Sill, sachem; T. M. Renshaw senior sagamore; D. E. Dotson, junior sagamore; Marcus W. Robbins, chief of records; W. G. Thrasher, keeper of wampum; Fred Roper, prophet; George Finch, trustee.

PRAYER BRINGS WOMAN FAT RABBIT STEW

NANTICOKE, Pa., Dec. 15.—Having gone through the hunting season without tasting rabbit stew, of which she is particularly fond, Mrs. Mary Coleman of Morgantown prayed that her appetite for rabbit might be appeased. With great faith in prayer she waited hopefully all morning for some hunter friend to leave one at the door. At dinner time the rabbit had not come, so with a sigh she went down cellar for potatoes, and there in the potato bin, so frightened that it was unable to escape her, Mrs. Coleman found the rabbit she desired. One blow with a stick finished it, and she soon had the rabbit stew for which she had prayed.

The Riverman By Stewart Edward White

Chapter 26

THE first season of the Boom company was most successful. Its prospects for the future were bright. The drive had been delivered to its various owners at a price below what it had cost them severally and without the necessary attendant bother. Therefore the loggers were only too willing to renew their contracts for another year. This did not satisfy Newmark, however.

"What we want," he told Orde, "is a charter giving us exclusive rights on the river and authorizing us to ask toll. I'm going to try and get one out of the legislature."

He departed for Lansing as soon as the assembly opened and almost immediately after the granting of the charter to drive the river the partners had offered them an opportunity of acquiring about 30,000,000 feet of timber remaining from Morrison & Daly's original holdings. Orde finally completed the purchase on long time notes. Below the booms they erected a mill. The following winter Orde spent in the woods. By spring he had banked about 4,000,000 feet.

At the end of the fifth year the opportunity came to get possession of two lake schooners. Orde at once suggested the contract for a steam barge. Towing was then in its infancy. Orde thought that a steam barge could be built powerful enough not only to carry its own hold and deck loads, but to tow after it the two schooners. Newmark agreed with him. Thus the firm went into the carrying trade. The most important acquisition was that of the northern peninsula timber. Most operators called the white pine along and back from the river inexhaustible. But Orde saw the time not far distant when the world would be compelled to look elsewhere for its lumber, and he turned his eyes to the almost unknown north. After a long investigation he purchased 300,000,000 feet. This was to be paid for mostly by the firm's notes, secured by its other property.

To Carroll, Orde was always the same big, hearty, whole souled boy she had first learned to love. She had all his confidence. Bobby had turned out a sturdy, honest little fellow, with more than a streak of his mother's charm and intuition. "I want to give him all the chance there is," Orde explained to Carroll. "A boy ought to start where his father left off and not have to do the same thing all over again."

"Why don't you let him continue your business?" smiled Carroll. "By the time Bobby's grown up this business will all be closed out," replied Orde seriously. Three years after the conversation last mentioned, which would have made Bobby just eight, Orde came home on a summer evening, his face alight with satisfaction. He believed he had found the opportunity, twenty years distant, for which he had been looking so long.

Orde and his wife sat together on the top step. He slipped his arm about her. They breathed deep of the happiness that filled their lives. Two shadowy figures defined themselves approaching up the concrete walk. "Hello!" called Orde. "Hello!" a voice responded. "Taylor and Clara," said Orde to Carroll, with satisfaction, "just the man I wanted to see." The lawyer and his wife mounted the steps. Clara Taylor stopped short and considered Orde for a moment. "Let us away," she said seriously to Carroll. "My prophetic soul tells me they are going to talk business, and if any more business is talked in my presence I shall expire. Come, Carroll; let's wander down the street and see Mina Heinzman."

The two sauntered away. "Look here, Taylor," broke in Orde abruptly; "you told me the other day you had fifteen or twenty thousand you wanted to place somewhere." "Yes," replied Taylor. "Well, I believe I have just the proposition."

"What is it?" "California pine," replied Orde. "California pine," repeated Taylor. "California's a long way off, and there is no market, is there?" "It's cheap," replied Orde succinctly. "I don't say it will be good for immediate returns, but in twenty or thirty years it ought to pay big on a small investment made now."

Taylor laughed. "Laugh all you please," rejoined Orde, "but I tell you Michigan and Wisconsin pine is doomed. Twenty or thirty years from now there won't be any white pine for sale." "Nonsense!" objected Taylor. "You're talking wild." "All right," said Orde quietly. "Well, what do you think of Indiana as a good field for timber investment?" "Indiana!" cried Taylor, amazed. "Why, there's no timber there; it's a prairie."

"There used to be. And all the southern Michigan farm belt was timbered, and around here. We have our stumps to show for it, but there are no evidences at all farther south. You take your map and see how much area has been cut already. That'll open your eyes. And, remember, all that has been done by crude methods. The demand increases as the country grows and methods improve. It would not surprise me if some day thirty or forty millions would constitute an average cut."

"Why is it that no one— "Because," Orde cut him short, "the big things are for the fellow who can see far enough ahead."

"What kind of a proposition have you?" asked Taylor after a pause. "I can get 10,000 acres at an average price of \$8 an acre," replied Orde. "about 400,000,000 feet in timber." "That's about 20 cents a thousand," Orde nodded. "And of course you couldn't operate for twenty or thirty years, and there's your interest on your money and taxes and the risk of fire and—"

"Of course," agreed Orde impatiently. "but you're getting your stumpage for 20 cents, and in thirty years it should be worth a dollar and a half." At the present time sugar pine such as Orde described would cost \$3.50 to \$4.

Taylor relapsed into thought. "Look here, Orde," he broke out finally, "how old are you?" "Thirty-eight. Why?" "How much timber have you in Michigan?"

"About 10,000,000 that we've picked up on the river since the Daly purchase and 300,000,000 in the northern peninsula."

"Which will take you twenty years to cut and make you a million dollars. Then why this investment thirty years ahead?" "It's for Bobby," explained Orde simply. "A man likes to have his son continue on in his business. I can't do it here, but there I can. It would take fifty years to cut that pine, and that will give Bobby a steady income and a steady business."

"Bobby will be well enough off anyway. He won't have to go into business."

Orde's brow puckered. "I know a man. Bobby is going to work. A man is not a success in life unless he does something, and Bobby is going to be a success. Why, Taylor," he chuckled, "the little rascal fills the wood box, for a cent a time, and that's all the pocket money he gets. He's saving now to buy a thousand dollar boat. I've agreed to pool in half. At his present rate of income I'm safe for about thirty years yet."

"Burglar Medicine. "A society woman once asked me what she should do if a burglar were to get into her room and awaken her from sleep," said a former police captain. "I told her to do nothing except sit up in bed and squeal for help at the top of her lungs. That's the medicine for Mr. Burglar. Not one of the gentry in 10,000 will do aught save run like a deer when a woman begins to yell. The sure enough professional will not harm anybody unless cornered, and to shoot is the last thing he contemplates in his philosophy. An amateur loses his head and uses his gun, out a regular—never."—Baltimore American.

Sarcastic. A pompous looking lawyer once reached a bansom cab, and on reaching his destination he only gave his driver the stalling required by law. The driver looked at the coin and bit his lip. Then in the most courteous manner he said: "Do step in again, sir. I could ha' druv ye a yard or two farther for this 'ere."—London Fun.

Reasons For Love. Patience—All the girls just hate him because he's going to marry me. Patience—You love him for the enemies he has made, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Manager. "Are you able to manage your husband?" "I don't have to. My mother lives with us."—Houston Post.

Wisconsin pine is doomed. Twenty or thirty years from now there won't be any white pine for sale. "Nonsense!" objected Taylor. "You're talking wild." "All right," said Orde quietly. "Well, what do you think of Indiana as a good field for timber investment?" "Indiana!" cried Taylor, amazed. "Why, there's no timber there; it's a prairie."

"There used to be. And all the southern Michigan farm belt was timbered, and around here. We have our stumps to show for it, but there are no evidences at all farther south. You take your map and see how much area has been cut already. That'll open your eyes. And, remember, all that has been done by crude methods. The demand increases as the country grows and methods improve. It would not surprise me if some day thirty or forty millions would constitute an average cut."

"Why is it that no one— "Because," Orde cut him short, "the big things are for the fellow who can see far enough ahead."

"What kind of a proposition have you?" asked Taylor after a pause. "I can get 10,000 acres at an average price of \$8 an acre," replied Orde. "about 400,000,000 feet in timber." "That's about 20 cents a thousand," Orde nodded. "And of course you couldn't operate for twenty or thirty years, and there's your interest on your money and taxes and the risk of fire and—"

"Of course," agreed Orde impatiently. "but you're getting your stumpage for 20 cents, and in thirty years it should be worth a dollar and a half." At the present time sugar pine such as Orde described would cost \$3.50 to \$4.

Taylor relapsed into thought. "Look here, Orde," he broke out finally, "how old are you?" "Thirty-eight. Why?" "How much timber have you in Michigan?"

"About 10,000,000 that we've picked up on the river since the Daly purchase and 300,000,000 in the northern peninsula."

"Which will take you twenty years to cut and make you a million dollars. Then why this investment thirty years ahead?" "It's for Bobby," explained Orde simply. "A man likes to have his son continue on in his business. I can't do it here, but there I can. It would take fifty years to cut that pine, and that will give Bobby a steady income and a steady business."

"Bobby will be well enough off anyway. He won't have to go into business."

Orde's brow puckered. "I know a man. Bobby is going to work. A man is not a success in life unless he does something, and Bobby is going to be a success. Why, Taylor," he chuckled, "the little rascal fills the wood box, for a cent a time, and that's all the pocket money he gets. He's saving now to buy a thousand dollar boat. I've agreed to pool in half. At his present rate of income I'm safe for about thirty years yet."

"Burglar Medicine. "A society woman once asked me what she should do if a burglar were to get into her room and awaken her from sleep," said a former police captain. "I told her to do nothing except sit up in bed and squeal for help at the top of her lungs. That's the medicine for Mr. Burglar. Not one of the gentry in 10,000 will do aught save run like a deer when a woman begins to yell. The sure enough professional will not harm anybody unless cornered, and to shoot is the last thing he contemplates in his philosophy. An amateur loses his head and uses his gun, out a regular—never."—Baltimore American.

Sarcastic. A pompous looking lawyer once reached a bansom cab, and on reaching his destination he only gave his driver the stalling required by law. The driver looked at the coin and bit his lip. Then in the most courteous manner he said: "Do step in again, sir. I could ha' druv ye a yard or two farther for this 'ere."—London Fun.

Reasons For Love. Patience—All the girls just hate him because he's going to marry me. Patience—You love him for the enemies he has made, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Manager. "Are you able to manage your husband?" "I don't have to. My mother lives with us."—Houston Post.

PLUMBING STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING! All Work Guaranteed Prices Reasonable COFFEEN & PRICE 11 North D St., Medford Ore. Phone 303

F. N. CUMMINGS T. W. OSGOOD OSGOOD & CUMMINGS Civil Engineers THE BEST EQUIPPED ENGINEERING OFFICE IN SOUTHERN OREGON. Surveys, Maps, Plans, Specifications, Reports, Estimates, Etc., Water Powers and Water Works, Paving and Road Making, Sewerage, Railroads, Irrigation and Drainage. OFFICE: MEDFORD NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

Order Now FOR YOUR XMAS TURKEYS, CHICKENS, ETC. WE CARRY THE FINEST LINE IN THE CITY WITHOUT EXCEPTION Rex Market Huth & Pech Props. Phone 3271

GOLD RAY GRANITE CO. Office: 209 West Main St., Medford, Ore. Operating Quarry at Gold Ray, Oregon DEALERS IN BUILDING, MONUMENTAL AND CRUSHED GRANITE

If you cannot reach us in person, you can reach us by Phone 3272. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. PHONE US YOUR ORDERS. It is a good habit. It is a rapidly growing habit with all Medford. It is a habit by which thousands save in their daily and monthly and yearly expenditures. It is a habit that becomes roused the oftener people buy here. And the broad reason is satisfaction. People are satisfied with our groceries. People are satisfied with our prices. People are satisfied with the ways of the store, its manners and methods.

WHY PAY 35c FOR A 5 POUND PACKAGE OF OATS WHEN WE HAVE THEM FOR 30c? Rex Grocery "One Price to Everybody"

HEALTH HINTS

Are you aware that every other form of artificial illumination, excepting electric light, eats up the oxygen in the air, and robs your lungs—and your family's lungs of the most essential and life-giving elements of which the air we breathe is composed?

Did you ever think of that? A gas flame, or an oil lamp flame, burning in your home is consuming as much oxygen as four adult persons.

That means that if there are six people in your parlor in the evening, and three burners (gas or oil) are alight, the result on the air in that room is the same as if there were eighteen people there.

Ever go out in the evening to a card party, or some similar affair, and stay for several hours in a room in which twenty or thirty people were congregated—and that room lighted with gas or oil?

Remember what a long, relishing draught of pure night air your poor lungs breathed in when you left that house?

Remember what a relief it was? A gas or oil flame cannot burn for a minute in air from which oxygen has been extracted.

An electric light burns in a vacuum enclosed in an air tight glass bulb. Catch the point?

Now—when you install electric light in your home you are just chasing so much unsanitariness out of your home.

Is electric light more expensive when you consider this? Would you not consider buying, at however cheap a price, a piece of furniture, or drapery, which was under suspicion that it harbored disease germs? Do you consider there is any economy in buying and using any form of light (no matter how cheaply it long

may be bought that vitiates the atmosphere and tends towards sickness or discomfort? Truly there is none.

Another point: Electric light is eminently safer than any other kind of light. No matches are required.

And—matches cause more fires than anything else in the world wide. Is electric light more expensive than gas or oil lamps when you consider this?

Once more: Gas and oil are both expensive—a little neglect—a little absent-mindedness—a trifling act of thoughtlessness—and you and your family are in imminent danger of tragic, sudden death.

Is electric lighting more expensive than gas or oil lamps when you think it over?

Besides—if there weren't these real and tremendous arguments in favor of electric light in the home—what light is there that compares with it in quality for a moment?

Think of its brilliancy, its steadiness, its convenience, its absolute perfection of quality.

No flickering uncertainties. No shadows on the book or papers. No chairs to climb on to light it. No matches to strike to light it. No nerve-irritating roar. No fumes or soot to blacken ceiling or curtains.

No stale, unpleasant odors. No coal oil can in the kitchen. No lamp chimneys to clean. No lamps to fill. No wicks to trim. No broken down mantels to ruffle your temper.

And—we could go on for a long time yet.

But, we'll leave it to your own sense to complete the list, and see the point. We know it won't take



"Newmark & Orde means something to these fellows now."

won't pay quite so big as we thought it would," he concluded, with a rueful little laugh. "It will pay plenty well enough," replied Newmark decidedly, "and it gives us a vantage point to work from. You don't suppose we are going to quit at river driving, do you? We want to look around for some timber of our own. There's where the big money is. And perhaps we can buy a schooner or two and go into the carrying trade. Newmark & Orde means something to these fellows now."

Chapter 27 IN the course of the next eight years Newmark & Orde floated high on that flood of apparent prosperity that attends a business well con-