

COAST CITIES IN FIGHT FOR FAIR

Drawn Battle Now Being Waged Between San Diego and San Francisco for Fair.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—A drawn battle between San Francisco and San Diego, California, is one of the biggest things in congressional shows on the boards for this winter.

The arena is at present in neutral ground somewhere between the committees on expositions and foreign but it appears now that before the issue is decided the forces of the two cities may have to meet somewhere on the Mojave desert and fight it out.

The question is whether there shall be an international exposition in 1915 at San Francisco or at San Diego. The proposition thus to celebrate the opening of the Panama canal started out on the Pacific coast last summer when the gate receipts at the Seattle Exposition began to pile up in such a gratifying quantity. There is still some dispute as to which city first broached the idea, but both are represented here in numbers trying to get federal recognition. Representative Smith, who hails from the San Diego district, and Representative Kahn of San Francisco, are going to be the star performers.

Smith is known as the "getter" of the California delegation. He has gone about securing the exposition in a typically Smith way—a process of stealing up a back alley into the dooryard before one knows he's around, and then walking away with the goods. His bill is a simple little thing. It is merely a resolution authorizing the president to invite the nations of the Pacific to an international exposition at San Diego in 1915, when the executive is satisfied that the citizens of San Diego have raised a million dollars. It doesn't ask for any money from Uncle Sam. Smith doesn't intend to do that—yet. Quite a harmless looking little measure, but if Smith can get it though it will amount to federal recognition of the claims of San Diego.

"And then some fine afternoon, we will get our fingers into the treasury," Smith confides to his friends.

The proposed fair is to be called, under the Smith bill, the Panama-California exposition. Smith got President Taft's promise that the canal would be finished by 1915 before he put in his bill.

STARTING TO GET BREAKFAST LITTLE GIRL BURNS TO DEATH

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 20.—Mary, six years old, Charles, four, and James two, children of John Paromia, were burned to death in their home early today while the little girl was attempting to get breakfast for her parents.

Paromia and his wife arose early this morning and went to a shed in the rear of their home to butcher a cow. Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Paromia saw smoke pouring from her kitchen, and rushed to the house. Stratched lifeless on the floor, their bodies seared and shriveled, lay the two younger children. Mary lay at their side. As her mother entered the room she raised herself and gasped: "I was getting breakfast for mamma." She died within a few minutes.

It is thought Mary's clothing caught fire from the stove and that the flames were communicated to the clothes of the other children.

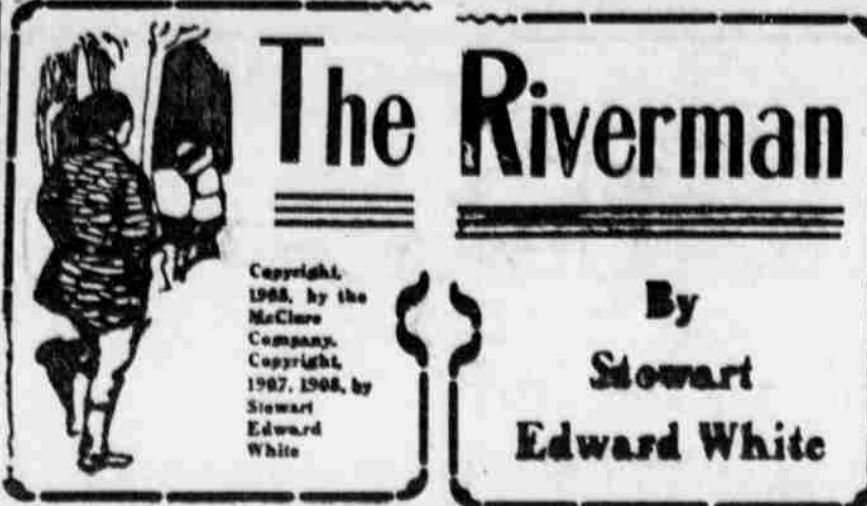
AN EVERY WITH RILEY AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. G. Leroy Hall will deliver his famous lecture "An Evening with Riley," for the benefit of the men's club Tuesday night, December 21, at the Presbyterian church. There will be musical features in addition and a large attendance is looked for. This will be the last opportunity to hear this lecture in Medford as Mr. Hall leaves shortly for his Coos Bay charge.

Tonight at Grants Pass Mr. Hall will deliver the same lecture for the benefit of the commercial club.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER ROGUE MAGAZINE IS SPLENDID

The Christmas number of the Rogue Magazine is off the press and Editor Brown is receiving many compliments as to its holiday dress and the material which it contains. It is one of the best numbers yet issued and is replete with little stories of life in the Rogue river valley.



The Riverman

By Stewart Edward White

she's going to try to get a line to them vessels."

Bradford turned abruptly and brushed toward the tug, followed by Carroll and Mina. At the edge of the pier was the tug's captain, Marsh, listening to earnest expostulation by a half dozen of the leading men of the town, among whom were both Newmark and Orde.

"Gentlemen," said he crisply, "I'm entirely willing to take all personal risks. The thing is hazardous, and it's Mr. Orde's tug. It's for him to say whether he wants to risk her."

"Good Lord, man, what's the tug in a case like this?" cried Orde.

"I thought so," replied Captain Marsh. "I'll take her out if I can get a crew. Harvey, step up here."

The engineer hoisted his long figure through the doorway.

"Harvey," said Captain Marsh briskly, "we're going to try to get a line aboard those vessels. It's dangerous. Will you go?"

"You all goin', sub?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I reckon I'll done half to go, too," said Harvey simply. He swung lightly back to the uneasy craft below him.

"I want a man with me at the wheel, two to handle the lines and one to fire for Harvey," said Captain Marsh.

"That's our job," announced the life saving captain.

"Well, come on, then."

Captain Marsh shook the hand which Orde, stooping, offered him.

"I'll try to bring her back all right, sir," said he.

"To h— with the tug!" cried Orde. "Bring yourself back!"

Marsh entered the pilothouse.

"Cast off!" he cried. The "janglier" called for full speed ahead.

"Brave chaps! Brave chaps!" said Dr. McMullen to Carroll. "But, do you know, to my mind, the bravest of them all are that nigger and his fireman nailed down in the hold where they can't see nor know what's going on."

The tug had rounded the end of the pier. The first of her thousand enemies, sweeping in from the open, had struck her fair.

"She can stand that, all right," said one of the life saving crew. "But wait till she drops down to the vessels."

The Sprite was now so distant that the looms of the great seas swallowed her from view save when she rose on the crest of some mighty billow.

"There, she's turned now!" cried some one.

Beneath the trail of black smoke she had shifted direction. With startling swiftness the Sprite darted out of the horizon into full view. For the first time the spectators realized the size and weight of the sea. One moment the whole of her deck was visible, the next her bow alone showed high as the back suction caught her and dragged her into the hollow. A sea rose behind. Nothing of the tug was to be seen. It seemed that no power could prevent her being overwhelmed. Yet somehow always she staggered out of the gulf until she was again cast forward like a chip.

"Maybe they ain't catchin' p'ticular h— at that wheel to hold her from yawing!" muttered the tug captain.

The Sprite rushed at the outer line of breakers. The combers crested and fell with a roar, just as in milder weather the surf breaks on the beach. A woman in the crowd screamed. But at the edge of destruction the Sprite came to a shuddering stop. Her powerful propellers had been set to the reverse. Thus she hovered on the edge of the breakers, awaiting her chance. If one of the waves should happen to crest and break, the water, catching the tug on her flat stern deck, would indubitably bury her. The situation was awful in its extreme simplicity. Would Captain Marsh see his opportunity before the law of chance would bring along the wave that would overwhelm him?

Two or three of the townsmen walked up and down. One woman prayed aloud in short hysterical sentences.

"O God, save them! O Lord, O Lord!"

Orde stood on top of a half buried log, his entire being concentrated on the maneuver being executed. Only Newmark apparently remained as calm as ever.

Suddenly, without warning, occurred one of those inexplicable lulls that interpose often amid the wildest up-reefs. Between two waves the Sprite darted forward directly for the nearest of the wrecks.

"She'll collide!" some one shrieked.

But the tug swerved and turned on a long diagonal across the end of the bar.

Marsh had chosen his moment with exactitude. He had taken advantage of the brief lull of jumbled seas after the "three largest waves" had swept by. Yet in shallow water and with the strong inshore set, even that lull was all too short. The Sprite was staggered by the breakers; her speed was checked; her stern was dragged around. She tore herself from the grasp of the current. Enveloped in a blinding hail of spray, she struggled desperately to extricate herself before the resumption of the larger seas should roll her over to destruction. Already these larger seas were racing in



"They were ours," he said.

were useful for light as well as warmth.

Orde discovered the two girls and drew Carroll one side.

"You'd better go home now, sweetheart," said he. "Bobby'll be waiting for you."

"I suppose so," she assented. "But hasn't it been exciting? Whose vessels were they, do you know?"

Orde glanced at her strangely.

"They were ours," said he.



[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Prepaid Railroad Orders.

"Something which is of considerable interest to the public generally and which is perhaps not generally known is in effect between stations of the Southern Pacific company and all points in the United States. By means of this system tickets may be purchased at Medford from any place in the United States and mailed or telegraphed direct to the party wishing to come here. Sleeper accommodations and small amounts of cash in connection with these tickets may also be forwarded at the same time."

Medford, Oregon: This certifies that we have sold Hall's Texas Wonder for the cure of all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles for ten years, and have never had a complaint. It gives quick and permanent relief. 90 days' treatment in each bottle. Medford Pharmacy.

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W. W. EIFERT
THE PROGRESSIVE TAILOR

In Case of Sickness

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MEDFORD PHARMACY

Near Post Office All Night Service Free Delivery

CITY NOTICES.

(Continued from page 3).

Section 3. It is further ordered that the notice above provided for be published three times in the Daily Mail Tribune, a newspaper published and of general circulation in said city, in the manner provided by ordinance No. 250 of said city.

The foregoing ordinance was passed by the city council of the city of Medford on the 7th day of December, 1909, by the following vote: Merriek, absent; EIFERT, aye; Welch, aye; Emerick, aye; Demmer, aye; Wortman, aye.

Approved December 8th, 1909.
W. H. CANON,
Mayor.

Attest:
ROBT. W. TELFER,
Recorder.

Four hundred and eighteen acres first-class ranch, four miles from railroad station, 4 acres alfalfa, irrigation for 160 acres, first-class orchard, 3 good barns, 2 good houses, school, daily mail. A snap for \$50 per acre; one-fourth cash, 3 to 5 years for balance. See J. W. Dressler Agency, West Main. 238*

A SNAP

Five-room bungalow and lot in East Medford, on easy terms if taken at once. Inquire 445 MAIN STREET, MEDFORD, OR.

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Why don't you send that sick friend of yours or your sweetheart a bunch of Carnations?

Delivery any part of city.

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FARMERS

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Hubbard Bros.

The Bungalow Rink

GRAND MASQUERADE SKATING CARNIVAL, DEC. 23. PRIZES.

Open every afternoon from 2 p. m. till 5 p. m.
Evenings, 7:30 p. m. till 10 p. m.

ADMISSION FREE. SKATES, 25 CENTS

W. A. ROBBINS, Proprietor

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Have you anything electric that all others have failed on? Before throwing it away call on us and we will fix it if it is possible to do so. Do you ever look at your light fixtures and wish you had something more up-to-date? We carry a full line of **SQUARE BRUSHED, BRASS, OXIDIZED COPPER AND ANTIQUE BRASS FIXTURES, DOMES, CEILING LIGHTS AND BRACKETS, AND HALL LAMPS.** Do you ever wish that your light was in some other position or that you had more? We do electric wiring of all kinds for lights, motors, dynamos, door bells, etc. We also build telephone and power lines.

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