

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY.
A consolidation of the Medford Mail, established 1889; the Southern Oregonian, established 1892; the Democratic Witness, established 1877; the Ashland Tribune, established 1896, and the Medford Tribune, established 1886.

Official Paper of the City of Medford.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Manager.

Entered as second class matter November 1, 1888, at the postoffice at Medford, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, by mail, \$4.00 One month by mail or carrier, \$1.00

MEDFORD'S TAX LEVY.

The fact that Medford's tax levy for the coming year is less than it was for the previous year, despite the immense amount of public improvements done, underway and contemplated, speaks volumes for the able business methods of Mayor Canon and the present councilmen. Indeed this might be called the best business council Medford ever had. It differs from previous administrations in that business is done with dispatch and unanimity of action. No time is wasted on needless debate and argument. The business side of every proposition is seen at once, its merits and demerits investigated and action taken.

For this reason, if for no other, the present councilmen should be re-elected to carry out the program of improvement they have begun. They have done well by their constituents and deserving of another term.

The lowered tax levy has been a pleasant surprise to the people in the face of lessened assessment, is well understood that an era of public improvements cannot be undertaken and carried on without providing sufficient revenues to carry on the work.

Baker city has levied a 20 mill tax, the limit permitted. Eugene's council attempted a grand stand play by levying only five mills for expenses during the coming year. As a consequence, a public subscription is being taken up to defray the deficiency. But Medford, in spite of decreased assessment totals, and the prospect of the biggest year of public improvements ever undertaken, will secure a lower tax rate than a year ago and have sufficient revenues, thanks to a business administration.

PHENOMENAL GROWTH.

The growth and prosperity of Medford is greater than that of any other city in Oregon. An accurate barometer of a city's development is shown by bank statements and post office receipts.

In the year 1909, Medford's bank deposits increased from \$1,246,685 to \$1,857,300, a gain of \$603,614 or nearly fifty per cent. No city in Oregon or the northwest has made such a phenomenal increase.

The postal receipts increased for the year \$19,013, as against \$14,591 for 1908, a gain of \$4421, or 33 per cent, a ratio of increase that has been maintained the past four years. The increase for December, 1909, over December, 1908, was 34 per cent.

Portland's postal increase, over which the newspapers are crowing loudly, was 5 per cent for the year. Eugene's was 19 per cent.

This ratio of increase in Medford holds good in every way, population, business, etc., so there can be no doubt about Medford's having made the largest growth.

ADVERTISER SETS PACE FOR EDITOR.

Every editor who finds a zest in his work realizes that the task of making the so-called "reading matter" in a newspaper as interesting as are the advertisements is not a small one.

The editor assembles his news matter, and features, and opinions—and feels that the whole forms a sane picture of the foibles and strivings and "doings" of the people since his last issue. He knows that some of these little histories will entertain his readers—that some will shock them, some amuse, some enthuse, some sadden, some arouse their indignation.

But he knows that the advertisements in the paper contain news that has a personal, dollars-and-cents significance to his readers. He realizes that the advertiser, who can show a prospective buyer how to save a dollar, has a closer hearing—and, if he is the right sort of editor, he is glad that it is so—glad that the paper he helps to make is a paper rendering such valuable and undeniable service to its readers.

EASTERN OREGON ANGLERS REJOICE

PENDLETON, Or., Jan. 3.—There is great rejoicing among the members of the Umatilla County Anglers' association and all local disciples of Isaac Walton in general, over the prompt action Oregon's congressional delegation has taken to stop the wholesale destruction of trout on the reclamation project at Hermiston. They feel especially grateful to Congressman W. C. Hawley, who, despite the fact that he is representative from the First district, took the matter up as soon as the case was presented to him by the local associa-

tion and secured the order from Secretary Ballinger directing the engineer in charge of the project to screen the ditches.

EUGENE LAD ACCIDENTALLY SHOT WHILE DUCK HUNTING

EUGENE, Or., Jan. 3.—Clay Babb, 10 years of age, is in a critical condition at a local hospital today, the result of the accidental discharge of his shotgun while hunting ducks yesterday. While climbing over a log the gun slipped from the lad's hand and was discharged, the shot tearing off his right hand and the greater part of his chin.

WISE OLD COBBLER.

If You Use the Right Bait You Can Catch Fish.

HIS FORTUNE TELLING SCHEME

Combines It With Mending Shoes and Draws a Bunch of Customers—German Tailor Calls and Makes a Sarcastic Remark.

By M. QUAD.
[Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.]

"HANS," says dot beetle German tailor to me one day, "why don't you go und work in some sawmills?"
"For why?" I says.
"Because you don't have some work to do in your cobbler shop and because you don't understand human nature. Human nature vhas everything. If you don't understand her you vhill starve to death; if you do understand her you shall wear diamonds."
"But how can I work in some sawmills if I don't understand human nature?"
"In a sawmill you simply understand saw logs. Saw logs vhas not human nature. In a cobbler shop it vhas deeforent."



"YOU VHAS TROUBLED ABOUT YOUR WIFE."

"Vhell, I take a walk by myself und think. Maybe I walk two miles. When I comes back my wife says: 'Hans, no meat for dinner.' 'Den we eat dinner quicker.' 'Und no coffee.' 'Den we drink water.' 'Und no potatoes.' 'Dot says more time.' 'But what shall we do?' 'We shall understand human nature und have plenty tomorrow.'
Dot night I builds me a sign und puts her in der window. She reads: 'All customers by dis shop shall have deir fortunes told free by der great German astrologist. Come in.'
"What vhas an astrologist?" asks my wife ash she reads der sign.
"She vhas somebody who pleases der peoples by humbugging them," I says.
Next morning I shust get der shop door open when a woman comes in mit a pair of shoes to fix oop. She vhas a customer one time, but I have not seen her for a year. She vhas breathing hard, und she says:
"I see your sign und hurry home to get dese shoes. I never knew you vhas an astrologist or I don't go by der dago cobbler. So you tell fortunes. Look at my hand und tell me."
"You have some troubles mit your husband," I says pooty soon.
"Yes, dot vhas so."
"You belief he don't love you any more."
She begins to cry.
"You believe he loves another woman und vhill run avhay mit her. Dot vhas plain to be seen in your hand."
"Oh, Hans, you vhas right! I have sooch troubles dot I vish I vhas dead."
"Tut, tut. You have come to der right person. If you go to some one else you vhas gone oop; if you come to me you vhas saved. It gives me der greatest pleasure in der world to say dot your husband still loves you und don't love anybody else. His stomach vhas out of order, und he don't say sooch, but he vhas all right. You go home und don't worry. When his indigestion goes avhay he vhill call you his angel again."
"For sure, Hans?"
"If he don't, den I vhas some goats."
Wipes Her Tears Away.
She wipes her tears avhay und goes out, und in comes a fat man mit a red face. He vhas almost loaded down mit old shoes, und he laughs und says: "Hans, maybe I vhas silly, but here I vhas. I go by five astrologists, und dey make me crazy. If you can tell me der truth I shall bless you."
"I take his hand und look for two minutes. Den I say:
"You vhas troubled about your wife."
"Yes, dot vhas it. Heavens, but I vhas troubled!"
"You belief she loves some other man, eh?"
"I do, I do! Und it makes me misery. Sometimes I like to kill some one. I have a boarder in my house, und he is der man she loves."
"Don't be excited. You vhas mistaken. Your wife don't love dot boarder one beetle bit."
"Do you tell me so? Den who vhas der man?"
"Be quiet und don't slump around. Der stars tell me dot you don't give your wife money for a summer hat und a white suit."
"Vhell, dot vhas so. I like her to wear dot her old ones first, same ash I do. My straw hat vhas three years old."

"But you can't make women wear old clothes. Dey must keep oop mit der styles. You believe dot your wife loves your star boarder. If you go home und give her \$30 for new clothes you shall see."
"Shall I see dot she don't care for him?"
"You shall see dot she even likes to have him leave der house. If you can make it \$40 it vhas all der better."
"I'll make it fifty!" he says ash he runs avhay mit a joyous smile on his face.

Helps Man of Sixty.
Den it vhas a man sixty years old dot comes in. He brings some shoes for cement patches, und he speaks about Taft und der weather for five minutes before he says:
"Of course you can't tell fortunes. Nobody can. It vhas all humbug. I don't come in because of dot, but being I vhas here you can make some fools of me."
"You lose you wife some years ago," I says ash I look into his hand.
"Vhell!"
"You vhas not too old to marry again, und you vhas lonesome."
"Vhell!"
"Vhell, you pick out a woman, but you can't say she vhill marry you. You vhas troubled about it. Vhas dot some humbug?"
"No-o, but you guessed at it."
"I tell you like der stars tell me. Do you vwant some more?"
"Yes, go on."

"Vhell, she vhas der right woman for you. Ask her to marry you und you shall be a happy man. Der stars tell me so, und it must be so."
"Um, um. Cobbler, you fix oop dese shoes, und I bring you some more. If somebody sees me come in or go out of here you needn't say dot you told my fortune."
"Of course not. I say dot we talk about real estate."
Den comes in a girl of eighteen. She has shoes. Two weeks before I see her on der car mit a young feller, und I took notice of him.
"It vos so funny dot you tell fortunes," she says, mit a laugh.
"Yes, but I vhas born dot vhay und can't help it."
"Of course I shant belief anything you tell me, but just for fun you can go ahead. If mother knew I came here she would give me an awful scolding."
"But your mother cannot control the stars. I see in your hand dot you vhas in love mit a young man."
"Oh, Hans, how silly!"
"He has black hair und eyes und some gold in his teeth. He vhas good looking. He vhas poor now, but some day he vhill be a rich man. You love him, und he loves you, but he don't say so yet."
"But vhill he say so?" she asks.
"In a little time. Some evenings when you sit in der park by der moonlight he vhill tell you of his love."
"Oh, Hans!"
"Und you vhill give him your heart."
"You are fooling!"
"Der stars never fool. It shall be ash I say."
"But if mother comes in here you won't say a word to her?"
"Der stars give nobody avhay."
More ash one dozen older peoples come dot day und vhas pleased, und when night comes und dot beetle German tailor looks in und sees all der shoes to be fixed he gets mad und says:
"Do you call dot human nature? Why, dot vhas only some confidence games!"

From Bad to Worse.
A shiftless colored boy named Ransom Blake, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked:
"Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Rans?"
"Dey started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah."
"That's good, Rans, and I hope they succeeded?"
"Dey did, sah."
"And how did they teach you to be honest?"
"Dey done put me in the shoe shop, sah, nallin' pasteboard on ter shoes fo' leather soles, sah."

A Question of Feet.
"How can a boy with only two feet make all that noise?" said the impatient father as Johnny clattered down the stairs.
"Never mind," said the mother. "Let us be thankful he isn't a centiped."—Pittsburg Post.

Old Man's Kick.
"It's deuced clevah," drawled the young man with the brindle bull in leash, "for me to float through life."
"Yes," growled the sire as he ruefully made out another check; "sort of a floating debt, eh?"—Chicago News.

Foiled Again.
"At what age were you married?" queried the village gossip.
"At the parson-age," replied the lady who was visiting in the neighborhood, und the v. g. smiled a smile that looked the way a sour pickle tastes.

Shoo Fly.
Shoo fly, housefly; you've had your day. Now fold your wings und steal away. King Winter soon will govern here. While you're supposed to disappear. You are supposed to yield your reign until old summer comes again.

Shoo Fly, housefly; for heaven's sake let us a moment's comfort take! You've had your way all summer long, And you have lived it good und strong. Of course you will be down und die, But you will wake up by and by.

New Zealand.
New Zealand was named by Dutchmen after the district, in Holland, of Zealand or Zeeland.

GREAT IMMIGRATION DUE, SAYS DUNLAP

Central Point Booster Returns From Trip East With Glowing Accounts of Interest in Southern Oregon.

"The Rogue river valley is destined to witness the most remarkable immigration in its history the coming spring," states A. J. Dunlap who has returned from Illinois where he took a fruit exhibit from Central Point and Medford to the three important horticultural meetings of Illinois. The display consisted of 25 boxes of fancy fruit and attracted great attention at Peoria, Urbana and Springfield. After these meets the fruit was sold at a nominal figure on condition that it be displayed during the holidays with the Rogue river valley label by the purchasers and this was done in 17 Illinois and Indiana cities.
"The movement to the Rogue river valley will be the most wonderful ever known" continued Mr. Dunlap, and nearly all these prospective emigrants are worth from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a family, a very substantial class of citizens and most desirable.
"People are coming from all parts of Illinois and Indiana. I told them of my own experience, how I bought the Levi place of 101 acres for \$14,000 a couple of years ago, and sold 50 acres 17 months later for \$17,500, besides making \$100 a month average returns."
Mr. Dunlap formerly lived in Illinois and is personally acquainted with many of those seeking homes here.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The Three Piece Suit Up to Date. Wrap For the Debutante.

The latest manifestation of the three piece costume is a skirt on the corset order, with bodice of chiffon or net embroidered and a Russian blouse coat.

The debutante of this winter as well as her mother should try to own one of the new brocade coats. They are cut on generous lines and fall to the floor. Pale blue, pale green, old rose and old pink are among the favorite colors.

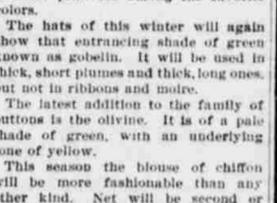
The hats of this winter will again show that entrancing shade of green known as gosselin. It will be used in thick, short plumes and thick, long ones, but not in ribbons and moire.

The latest addition to the family of buttons is the olive. It is of a pale shade of green, with an underlying tone of yellow.

This season the blouse of chiffon will be more fashionable than any other kind. Net will be second or third class, and white lingerie blouses will be worn only in the morning with short skirts.

Middy collars made of various materials are worn with shirt waists and blouses. Black satin is a material much favored for this purpose, but silk, linen and other materials in various colors are equally correct. The designs shown are all very good.

JUDIC CHOLLET.



FANCY MIDDY COLLARS.

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Oldest Inns in England.
The Fighting Cocks Inn, on the river Ver, St. Albans, said to be "over 1,100 years old," claims to be the oldest inhabited house in the kingdom, but the Saracen's Head, Newark, mentioned in the story of Jeanie Deans, can actually, it seems, show title deeds dating back to 1341. The oldest tavern still extant is that of Richard de Insu, a bishop of Durham, at the Angel Inn, Rlyth, Notts, anno 1274. The item "In Coquina, 27s. 5 1/2," is somewhat excessive, taking the relative value of money into consideration.—London Athenaeum.

A Practical Girl.
"Yes," he said, "the gentle spring is the season I particularly adore. Oh, the air, the sunshine, the hay, hills! Where do you find such tender greens and whites as the spring verdure discloses to us?"

"If you really wish for an answer," she said, "I think you can find them in a well made maid."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Queer Sort of Borrow.
He was displaying with much pride a silver dollar "pocket piece," he said, patting it fondly. "Have had it ten years, and during that time have been dead broke half a hundred times and in actual need of food and a bed quite often."

"What?" a listener exclaimed. "Keep a dollar for sentiment and go hungry and sleepless?"

"I didn't say so," the other replied. "I never went that far. You see, when I'm so hard pressed I use the coin as collateral. I borrow another dollar and give this one as security—to be held till called for. Queer sort of borrow, isn't it? But the coin's too good a friend to desert."—New York Globe.

"But what can you do, young man? Haven't you some special talent or taste—some bent, as they say?"

Applicant (dubiously)—None, not that I can think of, except perhaps that I am a little knowledgeable.—Liverpool Mercury.

for deed of deceased.
Estate of Frank Mee, will admitted to probate; Jennie A. Mee applied for appointment as executrix; H. C. Kinney, E. E. Dunbar and W. E. Deas, appraisers.

Estate of Jos. Kempbell; Frank M. Adams appointed administrator; W. R. Leather, F. W. Sifers, Elmer Nichols, appointed appraisers.

PROBATE COURT

Estate of Joe Lavis, order of final settlement.

Estate of Anna L. Lavis, same.

Estate of Lloyd Elwood, a minor; order made for sale of real property.

Estate of Claus Klein hammer; order made in accordance with bond

of deed of deceased.

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STORE WINDOWS

Your window is the most, in truth, the only, potent factor for night advertising your store has.

It is the only means you have of giving people, on the street, a tempting idea of what you have in your store. If—

It is the only way you have of arousing their curiosity.—

Why not cut out the "ifs" by illuminating your store windows with electric lights?

Other forms of light are shadowy, flickering, smudgy, dingy, gloomy, and place your entire window exhibit at a disadvantage.

Electric lighting floods your window with an attractive brilliancy, and shows your goods advantageously, as to color, tint, texture and beauty.

People on the street evenings are attracted to bright windows. Gloomily, half-lighted show window are passed by.

Why? Just because a dingy show window is an uncheering sight.

Many a sale is made or started after your store doors are locked, if your windows are lighted by electricity.

If you would talk to folks at night in the only way your window display is intended to talk, use electric lighting.

Let us tell you more about it and its economical cost.

Yours for better light. ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC CO.

Grey is the color mostly worn besides black in FANCY TOP SHOES

but gray is this season's color and we must close every pair out this season. To do this we offer in ladies' shoes, our

\$4.00 Ultra for\$3.25

\$3.50 Sherwood for\$2.35

and in Children's—

\$2.25 Sherwood, sizes 11 1-2 to 2 for.....\$1.75

\$1.85 Sherwood, sizes 8 1-2 to 11, for.....\$1.50

\$1.50 Sherwood, sizes 5 1-2 to 8, for.....\$1.25

These are durable cravenette tops with the best of patent kid vamps and counters. You can't beat them for dress shoes.

Edmeades Bros

K. of P.'s NOTICE

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS TONIGHT

LARGE ATTENDANCE IS DESIRED TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO MEET GRAND OFFICERS JANUARY 12, 1910.

CALIFORNIA

The Mecca for Winter Tourists

Its attractive seaside resorts, famous medical springs, magnificent tourist hotels, picturesque scenery, delightful climate, and opportunity for all kinds of outdoor pastime, such as hundreds of miles of auto drives through orange groves and along ocean beach boulevards, make this favored region The World's Greatest Winter Resort, reached via the

SHASTA ROUTE

and "Read of a Thousand Wonders" SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Low round trip rates are in effect from all points in the Northwest, with long limit, stop-over privileges and first-class accommodations.

Medford to Los Angeles and Return \$47.50

With a final return limit of six months, and stop-overs in either direction.

First class, up-to-date train with the latest equipment, unexcelled dining car service, and everything that goes to make the trip pleasant.

Attractive, interesting and instructive literature telling of the famous winter resorts of California can be had on application to any O. R. & N. or S. P. Agent, or by writing to

WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent, PORTLAND, OREGON.