

FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Something New in Neck Fixings—Pompador Silk Evening Frocks. Little cords of white silk matching in color one's own gown replace the hitherto popular neck ruffling and finish the collar. Folds of silk or crepe are also used. They can be bought by the yard and replaced at will. Pompador silks make smart evening gowns trimmed with flourishes of lace or of silk edged with velvet. Old fashions are revived, and this trimming is one of the revivals. Salome silk is one of the new fabrics shown for young girls' party dresses. Laces and velvet trim these gowns. Surplice waists are among the latest developments of fashion. This one is



A STUNNING SURPLICE WAIST.

graceful and will be found adapted to all the pretty soft materials that are so much worn this season. As illustrated, it is made of messaline and trimmed with silk rat tail cord. The yoke is of lace, and the sleeves are laid in tiny tucks. The drapery of the surplice portion is very attractive. Such a waist would look well with the new draped skirts.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Mantle pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 667, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

DAME FASHION'S DIARY.

A New Trimming For White Fox Furs. White Slippers With Colored Vamps. White fox is the fur beloved by young girls, and as a novelty this year cord and tassel ornaments in white silk for both muff and boa have made their appearance. A new and pretty slipper to wear with light gowns has a vamp of colored leather, the rest white. This takes away the unbecoming white on the fore part of the foot, which hardly any foot can stand. Green, blue, light gray and red vamps look well. It looks very much as if the short skirted coat suit would be only worn this season for strictly informal hours. This includes all morning affairs, except of course a noon wedding, but these are becoming more scarce each year. Course materials are used for these trotting suits, and the skirts are cut to the instep, and the coats are



FIVE GORED SKIRT.

any length which is becoming to the figure. Exquisite little blouse patterns of Japanese silk embroidered by an expert Japanese needlewoman—colors on white and colored silks embroidered in self tones—are to be found. Every form of the yoke skirt is much worn this season, and the one illustrated is graceful and generally becoming. It can be either gathered or tucked, and consequently it suits a number of materials. In the cut it is made from one of the new silk and wool crepes, with trimming folds of the material. The skirt is cut in five gores and joined to the yoke.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Mantle pattern is cut in sizes for a twenty-two to thirty inch waist measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 666, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

Bombay receives its water from three lakes, which receive their supply from a region intensely malarious.

Gladdening a Humorist. The financial burden which Mark Twain carried some years ago weighed on his mind heavily. In those moments of despondency there was one faithful friend who could make the humorist forget his troubles. This was Dan Beard, the artist who illustrated some of Twain's books.

"Dan Beard, there is no tonic that can equal the company of a cheerful man," said the humorist as he entered the artist's studio.

"Ah, but I have such a pleasant subject to work upon that I am not in need of either man or tonic for my cheerfulness," retorted the artist.

"Beg pardon; it is I that need the tonic, and that is why I am here," said Twain forlornly.

"Then allow me to prescribe a dose of your own medicine." And Mark was handed a copy of his book which Beard had been studying.

"I thank you," replied the humorist. "It took me a year to get that medicine out of my system, and I do not propose to imbibe it again."

A discussion of the book was followed by a hearty dinner, and Twain left his friend, having received the cheer that he needed.

The Alligator's Tongue.

On one occasion when traveling along the west coast of Africa with an old skipper who had known many missionaries, but "did not see the use of them," Bishop Taylor-Smith was obliged to endure a string of taunting questions, such as "What was the good of spouting at Exeter hall?" and "What did missionaries know, anyway?"

At last the bishop could stand it no longer. Turning to the skipper, he said: "I know you are an expert. Can you tell me the length of an alligator's tongue?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but it depends on the length of the alligator." "Very well, then; given an alligator fifteen feet long, what would be the length of its tongue?"

"Three feet," was the answer. But the bishop, who had kept alligators and watched their ways, knew better. "It is evident that you are an authority on the west coast of Africa," he said, "but it is also evident that some people see more in ten minutes than others in twenty years. Let me tell you that an alligator has no tongue."

Declined the Job.

A writer of cheap fiction relates a trick played on him by a collaborator in the days when dime novels were longer than they are now, and the compensation made it worth while for two men to write one story between them. After his partner had finished the first chapter of their initial collaboration it was handed over with the following announcement:

"There, I've just thrown the hero over a thousand foot cliff and told the reader that nothing could prevent the lad from falling to death on the rocks below. It is up to you to save the boy."

The other writer said nothing, but sat down and wrote furiously for an hour. Then he quietly handed the manuscript back. A glance at the second chapter showed the funny man that his friend had completely ignored the events in the first part of the story, introduced a new set of characters and left the hero still hanging over the cliff, waiting to be rescued by his creator.—New York Sun.

Poetry Didn't Save Them.

A New York prisoner accused of drunkenness who pleaded his case in rhyme before a magistrate got a sentence of six months on "the island," for, as the judge remarked, his "jag" was bad enough, but his poetry was worse. Over in London a "plain drunk" put forth this: "I've been drinking wine that is drawn from the wood; no bottle rubbish, but sparkling and good. But it got in my head, so my friends all complain. That the wine has gone back to the wood once again. The effusion and the celebration cost him 10 shillings.—New York Tribune.

College Sentiment.

Dr. Blank, about twenty years a professor in a certain college, was on the eve of a trip to Europe, to be absent two years. In pathetic and rather harrowing tones he made his farewell address to his class:

"Yes, I am about to part with you. This is more than distressing to me. Would that there was a window in my breast, my dear boys, that you might see the innermost recesses of my heart."

A stripling in the rear, seized with a happy thought, shouted: "Professor, would a pane in the stomach do?"—Lippincott's.

Unusual Luck.

"So you've rented that haunted house which was on your hands so long?" "Yes; rented it to an actor." "Did he find out its reputation?" "That's the very thing which decided him to take the house." "Rather surprising!" "He said it would be such a comfort for him to get inside of a house where the ghost walked every night."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Malaprop.

"You mustn't think you ought to run around barefooted, Johnny," said Mrs. Lapaling chidingly, "just because Bobby Stapleford does. He's no gentleman to go by."—Cassell's Journal.

Engagement Broken.

Merchant—I have had hard luck—lost all my money. Suitor—Surely you would not wish to lose your daughter also.—Pfliegende Blätter.

The boy who is kept in after school hours for bad orthography.—London Telegraph.

Baffled. Two brothers were once at Count von Moltke's house at an evening party. Both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to a group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers. After joining in the conversation he said to the latter: "Just tell me who is that tall officer near the fireplace on the other side. I forget his name."

"That's my brother, your excellency," was the answer.

A smile stealing over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he wished. Some time after the general went to another group of people and there joined the officer whose name he had inquired. Suddenly the others saw him turning away, with the same smile on his face.

Afterward, when they inquired from the young officer what the general had asked him, he replied:

"He asked me who that officer was over there."

"And what did you say?" "I said that he was my brother?" The general gave up inquiring the name of the two brothers for that evening.

Wanted it to Take.

Mrs. B. believed in infant baptism, but for some reason that rite was not performed for Tommy till he was some four or five years old. While the ceremony was in progress the mother was very much gratified by Tommy's behavior. He seemed duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and remained with bowed head for some time after the sprinkling had been done.

"The angel!" exclaimed the mother. "The little dear!" said a good sister as she went up to give him a "God bless you" and a pat on the head. But just as her hand was descending with that benediction a very wrathful and unangelic countenance was turned upon her, a pugilistic little fist delivered a paralyzing blow on her cheeks, and the indignant Tommy exclaimed, "You git away from here!"

Of course he was led out in disgrace and questioned by his horrified mother. "Why, don't you know she would 'a' rubbed all the baptizing water off before it would 'a' had time to soak in?" explained Tommy, who from his point of view was fully justified.—Los Angeles Times.

Buffoonery in "Hamlet."

The buffoonery once tolerated in provincial theaters is illustrated in an anecdote set forth in the memoirs of Barry Sullivan. Wright, who was the first gravedigger, prepared himself to take the house by storm by having incased his person within a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the fair Ophelia Wright began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience. But as fast as he relieved himself of one waistcoat Paul Bedford, the second gravedigger, incased himself in the cast-off vests, which increased the salvo of laughter, for as Wright was getting thinner Paul grew fatter and fatter. Wright, seeing himself outdone, kept on the remainder of the waistcoats and went on with his part quite crestfallen.

An Awkward Selection.

The first Baron Kenyon was rather fond of telling the story of how while on circuit with Justice Rook they entered a village just in time to accompany the population to the little village church. The parish clerk, anxious to have the congregation show due appreciation of the honor conferred by the presence of the distinguished jurists, gave out two verses of one of the metrical psalms: "Speak, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be, or must not innocence appeal to heaven from your decree? Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice swayed, your gripping hands by mighty bribes to violence betrayed." By this time most of the adults had woken up to the application of the psalm and remained silent, allowing the children to continue the second verse.—London Tatler.

A Soft Answer.

Jewel—Arrah, Jimmy, why did I marry ye? Just tell me that, for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that I became your wife.

"Swate jewel," replied Jimmy, not relishing the charge, "and it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day when you're a widow weeping over the cold sod that covers me. Then I'll see how you'll get along without me, honey."—London Tit-Bits.

Needed Repairs.

"Does your typewriter need repairs?" asked the mending tinker as he entered the office.

"It would seem so," replied the employer. "She has just gone across the street to consult a dentist."

Mere Modern.

"Tommy, you have written this sentence, 'The pen is mightier as the sword,' and it is incorrect. How should it be changed?"

"Pen ought to be changed to typewriter, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

He'd Had Experience.

Her (reading)—And so they were married, and that was the last of their trouble. Him (sotto voce)—Last, but not least.—Cleveland Leader.

Not That Kind.

Tim—Would you scream if I kissed you? Tessie—I suppose you flatter yourself that I'd be speechless with joy!—Mobile Register.

There is a paradox in praise, it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

THREE LEG MAN

Did you ever hear about the man who had only two legs?

He said he didn't know as he actually needed three legs, but if he had another he felt sure he could get along faster.

It's a good deal the same with an electric sign.

An electric sign isn't an actual necessity to your store, but it would help you to "get along faster."

There isn't any doubt about it. It's as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow morning.

It's as plain as 2 times 2 are 4. Doesn't it stand to reason that an electric sign in front of your store would flash out its message to your people more brilliantly, strikingly and impressively than any other form of sign?

Isn't it a hard fact that no other sign is fit for night work?

Can't you see yourself, that an electric sign would attract folks all along the street and impress your name and exact location in their minds?

Don't you realize that an electric sign would offer you the best night advertising you could secure?

An electric sign is better than a daytime sign, for the simple and logical reason that, in the day time, everything is visible, while, after dark, only those things illuminated are seen.

The darker, stormier, drearier the night, the more gloriously would

your electric sign stand forth, and the more eloquently would it talk to your people.

The people you want are the people who work daytimes.

Evening is the only time they have to be out on the street.

Evening is their only time for recreation and slight seeing.

Talk to them by your electric sign at night, while they are most open to impressions—while they are formulating and deciding on their purchases.

Your old sign dies with the setting sun.

There's nobody that can see it at night times.

Don't you suppose it would pay you to know something more about electric signs?

We are ready with full information and figures for you. Our representative will call at most any hour of the day or night to talk "electric sign."

Step to the phone right now—our number is 1681—and make an appointment. It shows off your goods to the best advantage.

It shows them just as they are, true to color, tint, material and texture.

Don't try to worry along with passe forms of lighting. Keep in step with progress. Meet our representative and talk things over with him.

ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC CO.

The 1910 buying chances are getting under way. The store adds, are 1910 store ads.—the offers are 1910 offers, and are worthy of your attention.

constructed during the year 1910, bids to be filed with the city recorder not later than 4 o'clock p. m. on January 4th, 1910, and to be accompanied by a certified check equal to ten per cent of the amount bid for.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received by the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, up to and including January 4th, 1910, for the excavating and laying of all water mains to be con-

By order of the city council December 21st, 1909.

ROBT. W. TELFER,

City Recorder.

Dated this 22nd day of December, 1909.

VAN DYKE'S

HENDERSON FRONT AND BACK LACE CORSETS

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM THE FACTORY A COMPLETE LINE OF THE FAMOUS HENDERSON'S WERE THE ORIGINATORS OF THE FRONT LACE CORSET, SO POPULAR WITH MANY WOMEN TODAY. NOWOMAN WHO EVER TRIED A HENDERSON CORSET BUT WHAT WAS PLEASED WITH ITS FIT. THEY WEAR WELL, OR WE COULD NOT GUARANTEE EVERY PAIR. PRICES \$1.00 TO \$5.00.



Illustration shows our number 950, new, long straight model, sizes 18 to 30. Price, \$4.00.

HENDERSON Fashion Form Corsets



Made to reduce figures; extra good and strong muslin, Price, \$3.50. Number 600x.

HENDERSON Fashion Form Corsets



This is an extra heavy corset for medium stout people; number 666. Price, \$2.50.

HENDERSON Fashion Form Corsets



HENDERSON Fashion Form Corsets

Regular style, a staple and good seller, size to 30, number 820.

Price, \$1.50.



HENDERSON Front Laced Corsets

The front lace model, comes in high and low bust. We have this corset in two goods—number 935, price \$5.00; number 729, price \$3.00.

WE GLADLY GIVE CORSETS OUT ON TRIAL—ONLY ASKING THAT THEY BE RETURNED IN THE SAME CONDITION AS TAKEN.