

## ROBBER HOLDS UP BANK UNAIDED

**Gets Away With \$1500 in Gold—No Clue is Left But Man is Thought to Be a Professional.**

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Feb. 12.—Beyond establishing the fact that the bandit who lone-handed held up and robbed the Bank of Highlands at Highlands yesterday afternoon and escaped with \$1,500 in gold was a professional thief, Sheriff Ralph acknowledged today that the authorities are without a clue as to the identity of the man.

Today a coat which the man threw away in an orange grove while he was being pursued by 500 citizens, was identified as one stolen from the Ames Clothing store here when the place was robbed recently.

The brace of revolvers which were found on the ground are of the same make and pattern as ones stolen from a local hardware store a few nights ago when it was broken into and robbed. During the night a posse continued searching the country surrounding Highlands without avail. One man, a stranger, was arrested as a suspect, but was soon released after proving an alibi.

The authorities explain the man's escape by stating that he waited until the crowd had passed him in the orange grove after which he overtook them and joined in the fruitless search for himself.

President Herbert W. Johnstone of the Highlands bank, said today that the desperado was the acme of coolness. He told the thief: "You had better not take so much for you cannot carry all of it." The bandit replied: "Now I am doing this job."

### GUARDIAN'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, guardian of the person and estate of Lloyd Elwood, a minor, by virtue of an order of the county court of Jackson county, Oregon, duly and regularly given and made and entered of record on the 29th day of December, 1909, and an order of said court supplemental thereto duly made and recorded on the 13th day of January, 1910, will on or after the 21st day of February, 1910, offer for sale and sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described real property, belonging to said minor, to-wit:

Lot numbered nine (9) in block number one (1) of Whitman Park, in Jackson county, state of Oregon.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1910.

E. D. ELWOOD,

Guardian of the Person and Estate of Lloyd Elwood, a Minor.

W. E. PHIPPS,

Attorney.

Date of first publication January 16, 1910.

Valentines from 5c up to \$3.00 at the Merrivold shop. 281

## POISONER TAKES LIFE OF BANDIT

**Notorious Robber Who Held English Lord for \$100,000 Ransom is Murdered by Poisoner.**

TANGIER, Morocco, Feb. 12.—Raisuli, the notorious bandit, died today. It is believed that he was the victim of a poison plot.

Raisuli first came into international prominence when he kidnapped Ion Perdicaris, an American citizen. The United States government immediately dispatched warships to Morocco and demanded his release of the sultan. Despite the young ruler's demands, Raisuli held out and refused to release Perdicaris until the sultan made him governor of the province of Tangier.

He continued as governor until France and Spain demanded his dismissal. He then fled to the hills and began a series of raids, kidnapping and brigandage, which made him the most feared and most talked of man in northern Africa.

The most dramatic of his escapades however was the daring kidnapping of Walter B. Harris, Tangier correspondent for a London newspaper. He was stolen from his beautiful home on the beach of Tangier and a ransom of \$10,000 demanded for his release. For more than a month Harris held out, although he was a close prisoner in Raisuli's mountain stronghold. When a headless corpse was bundled into his room and he was compelled to live with it for more than a week Harris yielded and paid the ransom.

The last of Raisuli's victims was Sir Gaid MacLean, an English subject, who was military adviser of the sultan. The brigands released MacLean only when the British government promised to pay the demanded ransom of \$100,000.

### MRS. CALDWELL BADLY BURNS HER EYE

GOLD HILL, Feb. 12.—While curling her hair in a hurry to catch a train Saturday, Mrs. F. L. Caldwell's curling iron came loose from its handle and slipped squarely into her left eye, blistering her eyeball and causing terrible pain.

Mrs. Caldwell caught the train she had been intending to catch. She purposed going to Coleson, beyond Ashland for a visit with friends, but went to Ashland instead to consult a specialist, who dressed the injury and told her that she was in no danger of having her sight permanently impaired.

While Mrs. Caldwell cannot read or sew as yet, the eye is steadily improving. The bandage has been removed, there is no pain, and a few days more, it is thought, will see her none the worse for the distressing and peculiar accident.

China ware at Goodfriend's.

## GLASSES LOST IN MILADY'S GOWN

**Washington Society Laughs at Admiral of National Renown Who is Placed in Embarrassing Position.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Because a certain eminent statesman dropped his eye glasses down the decolette gown of a young navy matron and because an admiral of national renown through absent-mindedness picked up a truant curl of gray hair, thinking it his pocket handkerchief, Washington society is laughing today.

One of the stories going the rounds over tea-puffs is that the statesman referred to was adjusting his pince nez to his aquiline nose, when they slipped from his fingers down milady's gown.

The statesman, in consternation, sought out the lady's husband and explained the catastrophe. The husband, without thought and before numbers of prominent men and women, before whom the incident occurred at the army and navy reception, plunged his hand down his wife's back and fished out the glasses. The lady shrieked, a small riot followed, and it is said that the husband is still attempting to explain.

The other incident also occurred at the same reception. A white-haired Washington grand dame either through accident or carelessness lost several puffs and curls from her elaborate coiffure in the course of the evening while the lady and a friend were attempting to readjust the white puffs and curls, one of them fell to the floor. At the same instant a near-sighted admiral dropped his handkerchief and, spying the fluff object on the floor, and thinking it his handkerchief, stopped, caught it up in a white dress glove and, to the horror of the ladies, placed it in his pocket and stalked away.

### Attack by Insane Man.

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 12.—Awaking at 4 o'clock this morning to find an insane man leering at her, Mrs. Harry Panting, living at 4008 Leitia avenue, attempted to rise from her bed only to be set upon by the mania who stabbed her several times in different parts of her body, inflicting serious wounds for which she is being treated in the city hospital. Following the assault, the unknown assailant escaped and the police have been unable to find him.

### FIRST FRISCO BET MADE ON JEFFRIES-JOHNSON FIGHT

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12.—Clarence Berry, a brother of Henry Berry, today bet \$2000 against \$1400 that Jeffries would win the coming fight against Jack Johnson. This is the first bet of any magnitude in this city on the fight.

## SAM DAVIS THE NEVADA HUMORIST

Many persons who have heard about the old western mining camp dance hall ago, "I don't shoot the piano player, he is doing the best he can," do not know that this world-traveled joke is the product of Sam Davis, a Nevada humorist. Curiously enough, many who know him as a humorist are not aware of the fact that he can thrill with majestic English as easily as he can amuse with lighter words or move to grief with darker tones. Yet such is the fact, proof of which is afforded in the following speech which Mr. Davis delivered in Virginia City, Nevada, a few years ago at a banquet held to celebrate the introduction of electric power in the Comstock mines.

Born from nothing, it leaps into existence with the full-fledged strength of a giant, dies, is born again; lives a thousand lives and dies a thousand deaths in a single pulsating second of time.

It soars to every height, plunges to every depth, and stretches its vast arms throughout illimitable space.

It paints the first blush upon the cheek of dawn; with brush of gold upon the glowing canvass of the west it tells the story of a dying day.

At its mere whim and caprice, a thousand pillars of light leap from the dark and sullen seas which surge about the poles, while from its shimmering loom it weaves the opalescent tapestry of the Aurora to land against the black background of the Arctic night.

It rouses nature from her winter sleep, breaks the icy fetters of the frost that binds the streams, lifts the shroud of snow from off the landscape, woe the tender mold and bids the birth of bud and blossom; dowers the flower with perfume and clothes the earth with verdure of the spring.

It rides the swift courses of the storms that circle around the bald crest of old Mount Davidson; cleaves the black curtain of the night with ty-

luminar of flame, rouses the lightnings from their couch of clouds and wakes the earthquake.

Beneath its touch, the beesting crag, which took omnipotence a thousand years to rear, crumbles into dust, the mere plaything of the idle wind; and yesterday, where stood the glittering spire, the shining tower, the frowning battlement, today the cold gray ocean rolls in undisputed might.

It gathers the doing of the day from the four corners of the world, the tales of love and death, of fire and flood, of strife and pestilence, and under 8000 miles of shivering sea, whispers the babble of two hemispheres.

It turns th wheels of peace where poor men toil, and helps the husbandman to plow and plant and reap his whispering grain.

It rides the wings of war where brave men die; and when it stalks between contending hosts, exalts the kingly crest and helps an empire plant its flag of conquest.

It glows in lonely attics where weary workers toil to earn their crust and it shines o'er scenes where feet of feaster tread the halls of revelry. It lights the mourners on their pathway to the tomb. It glares in haunts where jeweled fingers lift the cup of pleasure to the mouth of sin, 'mid the sobbing of sensuous music and flow of forbidden wine; and speeding on its way illumines the dim cathedral aisle, where surprised priest proclaims th teachings of the master, and golden-throated choirs lift their Hosannas to the King of Kings.

It was the Maker's ally at the dawn of Time, and when God from the depths of infinite space, said, "Let there be light," it sent the pulse of life along creation's veins, baptized Earth's cold brow with floods of fire, and stood the sponsor of a crumpled world. It is called Electricity.

We Guarantee

Zenith Tools



Zenith Tools

Nicholson Hardware Co.

## Savoy Theatre

Afternoon and Evening

**RANCH KING'S DAUGHTER**

Western Comedy Drama

**DUKE D'ENGHEIN**

Historical Drama

**AFTERNOON OFF**

One Long Laugh

Excellent Music

**Matinee 3:30**

**Evening 7 p. m.**

## RARDON'S BAKERY

OPEN

Everyday Until 9 p. m.

Bread, Cakes, Cookies etc  
of Every Description

Fancy Cakes for Special Occasions

Confectionary Line Complete  
our specialty

Fancy Fresh Chocolates at 40c  
per pound

## RARDONS

Bakery and Confectionary

Cor. Main and Grape

Phone Main 371

# Acme Cement Plaster

## Portland Standard Cement

The Most Famous **PLASTER** and **CEMENT** on the Pacific Coast. They stand the **TEST**--They come up to all the Specifications by critical engineers and competent architects They lead, They **Cost No More than Inferior Products** of other Plants. In No Other Material. Should **Quality** be given more consideration? We are exclusive Medford dealers in above

# BIG PINES LUMBER CO.