

Personal and Local

S. M. Swanson a well to do farmer of Samish, Wash., is in the valley looking after some business matters. Mr. Swanson is financially interested in the fruit growing business of this section.

Lafe W. Briggs, who for many years was a comedian with the Haverly minstrels, was in the city Monday. Mr. Briggs was on his way to Portland and Puget sound.

Phone the Rogue River Creamery for milk, cream, butter or butter-milk. Main 2681.

D. H. Mull, one of the best known citizens of Pendleton, who came to Oregon in 1861 and saw the country grow from savagery to civilization, was in the city Sunday and Monday. Mr. Mull was through this valley in 1864 and has not visited the country since, having located in Astoria and later moving to Pendleton.

You should see the pretty presents being given away absolutely free every evening this week at T. H. Art Studio, between 7:30 and 8 o'clock. They are closing out their entire line of holiday goods at 25 per cent discount. Call and look them over. 3331 East Main street, upstairs.

H. W. Widner of Belvidere, Okla., was among the new arrivals Monday morning. Mr. Widner is accompanied by his wife and daughter.

A souvenir for you at the Medford Hardware Co. Come Tuesday (tomorrow).

Ben D. Armstrong of Cincinnati, O., arrived in Medford Sunday night. Mr. Armstrong will remain here for several days, at which point he is to meet a party of friends from his home state.

The Medford Hardware Co. invites you to come and get your souvenir tomorrow (Tuesday).

Charles H. Nelson, recently of Vancouver, B. C., is in the city. Mr. Nelson is a man of considerable wealth, and if pleased with the country, will locate. He is well pleased with the country, the city and the climate.

Tomorrow (Tuesday) is souvenir day at the Medford Hardware. 231\* Walter Hindman, recently of Seattle, was in Medford Sunday and Monday. Mr. Hindman is a druggist and is looking for a location. He will visit all the principal points in the valley before deciding at what place he will locate.

Tomorrow (Tuesday) is souvenir day at the Medford Hardware. 2331\* Call at the Medford Hardware Co. tomorrow (Tuesday) for your souvenirs.

George B. Lederle of Sedro-Woolley, Wash., is in the city. Mr. Lederle desires to enter the manufacture of oyster cocktails, soda and soft drinks.

Every light but electricity gives off smoke and smoke contains soot, which deposits on your wall paper, curtains, draperies. Electric light glows in an air tight bulb.

John C. Montgomery arrived here from Fort Madison, Ia., Monday. Mr. Montgomery, if he decides to locate here will enter suburban grocery and provision business.

Xmas photos made by Mackey will please.

Emerson Hull, a well known traveling man of Oberlin, O., is in the city for the purpose of buying a home for his family. Mr. Hull will remain here for several days.

So much of life revolves around the "best of things" that the store has an increasing interest.

Orin McGee of Klamath Falls is in Medford for a few days.

Have you noticed the new buildings going up in Oakdale Park addition just south of Mr. Root's?

W. E. Partheuer, the popular caterer at the Nash grill, left Tuesday for Newport, Or., where he goes to spend Christmas with his family.

If you haven't got a block in Oakdale Park addition you had better get one at once. See W. H. Everhard, 509 Ninth street, West, for particulars.

John Sheridan will leave tonight for Puget sound, but will return in a few days to Medford on important business matters. Mr. Sheridan is very favorably impressed with this flourishing city.

John H. Carlin, attorney at law, over Jackson County bank.

Joe C. Neale of Cleveland, O., is in Medford on business. Mr. Neale says our climate strikes him as about the proper thing. He did not expect to find it almost tropical and was surprised to see outdoor flowers in bloom.

Moor-Ehni Co., loans, Fruitgrowers' Bank building.

W. P. Gould, a retired merchant of Austin, Tex., is sojourning in Medford. While Mr. Gould does not care to re-enter business, he says he would not hesitate to invest a few thousand dollars in the right place.

Natorium barber shop now open. First-class work. Children's haircutting.

George M. Merry, who hails from Menistee, Mich., is here for the purpose of buying a home. Mr. Merry is looking over the valley, but is making Medford his headquarters.

J. S. Sander of Anacortes, Wash., arrived in Medford Sunday night and will be here for several days. Mr. Sander is a carpenter by trade and will probably locate in this city.

Samuel L. Gibbons of Deer Lodge, Mont., is spending a few days in the city on business.

A. C. Hall of Portland is in the city on business. The store advertisement that is positively profitable to those who read it will be as surely so for your store—through the law of mutuality which governs such things.

W. E. Malone, who resides in Portland, was among the arrivals in town Sunday night.

B. T. Van De Car's jewelry store will be open evenings from now until Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Peake of Detroit, Mich., are sojourning in Medford.

Have your Xmas photos made by Mackey if you want something to please.

Elmer E. Moulton, for a number of years has been engaged in poultry raising at San Bernardino, Cal., is in the city. Mr. Moulton desires to locate in a less torrid zone.

Fifty-three acres special, 10 acres coming into bearing orchard. Call on J. B. Wood, Condon Water & Power Co.'s office.

G. B. Knight, who arrived Monday from Granite Falls, Wash., will locate in or near Medford. Mr. Knight has made many trips here and declares that he is better pleased at each trip. He reports snow at Granite Falls and a cold, cloudy, dreary winter.

Wanted—Boarders A new boarding house has opened at 706 South Oakdale. Call and see us for fair treatment, or address F. H. Moreland.

It seemed like summer to him when he reached Medford.

Free reading rooms at Presbyterian church, open every evening from 7:30 to 10 except Sunday.

Henry C. Breedlove, who comes here from Bedford, Ia., will look the country over with a view to locating on some unimproved land. Mr. Breedlove wants land that may be used to grass, as he desires to breed Belgian draft horses.

John Wilhelm, who is looking over Oregon with a view to purchasing farm and orchard land, comes from Lebanon, Mo., the heart of the great apple belt of the Ozark mountains, and owns near that city an orchard consisting of 60 acres of Winesap apples, all in bearing.

Is your house wired? One cigar a day would pay for a hundred per cent increase in comfort. Start living the electric life.

Try Stone's new store for your cigars and tobacco. Fresh goods, low prices. Opposite S. P. depot.

Charles H. Hale of Columbia Clay, Wash., is in Medford and is keeping busy looking over the town. Mr. Hale does not state his mission, but did say that this is about the most progressive place on the coast.

Stone's candies are fine, fresh and cheap. Try them. Opposite new depot.

Christmas candies. Best and cheapest in town. Stone's Candy Store, opposite new depot.

C. W. Kuhn of Pe Ell, Wash., came to Medford Monday and may decide to make this city his home. Mr. Kuhn has been engaged in logging near McCormick, Wash., for nine years and says he is going to take Jim Hill's advice and "go back to the farm."

See Cornetius-Garner Realty Co., 133 West Main street, for investments in city property. Phone 6031.

Garret Robinson of Coquille was transacting business in Medford and Jacksonville Monday. Mr. Robinson formerly lived near Ashland, but has been away from the valley for eight years.

The store that pays a lot of money for space in which to say something to you must believe that what it says is important to you.

Twenty-five per cent off on all ready framed pictures this week. Jewett's, 318 East Main.

William B. Lander, for whose father the town of Lander, Wyo., was named, is in Medford on some business, which he does not care to make known at present. "You have a fine growing city here and I hope to see more of it if business turns out as it is expected to do."

Twenty-five per cent off on all ready framed pictures this week. Jewett's, 318 East Main.

Having sung and danced for him, they then set the Christmas dinner on a long, narrow table out in the garden. There were strawberries and cream, and grape cake, mince pies (cucumber made so many that Christmas was never missed those the fairies stole), chocolates, pineapple dumplings, and last, but most important, instead of a hot plum pudding with holly, as the cold countries have, there was a huge ice cream pudding, with precious stones instead of raisins through it, and a piece of yellow wattle blossoms stuck in the top.

Five fairies sat at one side of the table and five at the other, while Billy sat at the foot, and the blue queen at the head. They filled their glasses with magic wine, so that all who drank would be lucky all the new year round. Each fairy's wine matched her dress: the green one had green wine, the pink one pink wine and the purple fairy purple wine, and so on till it came to Billy, and his was black with a crimson light in it, and he thought it more delicious than anything he had ever tasted.

Weeks & McGowan Co. UNDERTAKERS DAY PHONE 2271 Night 'Phones: F. W. Weeks, 2071 A. E. Orr, 3692. LADY ASSISTANT

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY STORY.

By AILEEN ORR.

THERE was once upon a time a little black boy called Billy. He had lived all his short life in a black camp with his parents and a number of other aborigines of the tribe. Billy had never been very kindly treated, and as he had a soft heart himself he sometimes felt it very much.

Now, one Christmas time, being left alone as usual, with no presents of any sort and no treat, he began to think of all the stories he had been told about the white children's Christmas and determined then and there to find out what it was really like. He had heard of the Christmas hills in a country many miles off and planned to go there, believing from their name that these must contain all the mysteries of Santa Claus and other joys from which he had always been isolated.

With a loving farewell to his own little shelter of branches which he had built for himself against the thunderstorms—he set off with only a piece of opossum skin hung round his waist for clothing and a boomerang in his hand.

Billy journeyed for many hours over paddocks and wire fences, wading bravely through creeks, water holes and bracke undergrowth, where the snakes were very numerous and poisonous, till he found himself in a beautiful valley between a blue and a purple mountain. Approaching a vine yard, he asked an old gardener where the Christmas hills lay.

"Yonder," said the man, pointing straight in front of them toward the blue mountain. "This is Yarra Glen."

The little black boy was very hot and thirsty, for the sun had been beating fiercely upon him all the way along, so he begged a few of the round juicy grapes which hung in rich profusion on the vines.

"By all means," said the good natured gardener as he picked him the largest bunch he could find, ripe and inviting, with the bloom upon them. Billy thanked him, saying he hoped some time to be able to return his kindness, and taking the fruit, he continued his way with a light heart.

As he climbed and climbed, rising higher and higher, the green grew smaller and smaller below him till he could not see the old man any more. So the hill became so steep and slippery that he was forced to draw himself up from tree to tree by holding first on to one branch and then another. Blingum and wattle rose high above him in monotonous grandeur till he began to wonder where the Christmas trees and stockings were and how they grew. Feeling thirsty again he was putting some more grapes into his mouth when suddenly he perceived a poor old woman lying on the ground looking very faint and ill.

"Give me some kind youth!" she gasped. "I have been sunstruck."

"But I have traveled many miles on foot and am parched with thirst," said Billy.

"I am dying," groaned the other feebly. "Have pity."

Whereupon, moved to sympathy, he gave her all he had left.

To his astonishment as she was eating them she turned into a lovely fairy queen all dressed in soft, shimmering blue, the color of the sky.

"As you have done me a service," she said, "I mean to reward you in the way you most want. You shall have a real Australian Christmas."

Billy was overjoyed and at her bidding followed her through the bush till they reached a wonderful garden filled with brilliant flowers and fruit which surpassed his wildest dreams. Straw berries grew in masses all along the borders, and the trees were laden with luscious ripe peaches, nectarines, figs and every other southern fruit he had ever thought or heard of in or out of season.

Here they entered, and the blue fairy summoned ten other little fairies just like Billy's own size and age to wait upon and entertain him. They were all in different colors, so that as they fitted about him in the sunlight with their floating gossamer gowns they looked like a rainbow.

Feast the little darkey boy; Give him pudding, fruit and toy; Sing and dance and merry make; Don't forget the Christmas cake For the goodly darkey boy!

Having sung and danced for him, they then set the Christmas dinner on a long, narrow table out in the garden. There were strawberries and cream, and grape cake, mince pies (cucumber made so many that Christmas was never missed those the fairies stole), chocolates, pineapple dumplings, and last, but most important, instead of a hot plum pudding with holly, as the cold countries have, there was a huge ice cream pudding, with precious stones instead of raisins through it, and a piece of yellow wattle blossoms stuck in the top.

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hen they were given each a large slice of the grape cake, and afterward nothing they wanted till they had appetite left for only the ice pudding, which on such a hot day was most refreshing. Each fairy found in her hand a precious stone again to match her dress. The yellow fairy got a topaz, the heliotrope an amethyst, the blue a sapphire, and so on till it came to Billy, who, after eating for some time, suddenly closed his white teeth upon something very hard and, taking it out and looking at it, found it was an opal with every one of the fairy colors combined gleaming in it.

All the fairies gathered round him and exclaimed, "That is a magic opal, and the owner of it will some day become chief of his tribe." Hearing this, he put it in his mouth under his tongue for safety, for as he had no clothes, of course he had no pocket. The fairies then, seeing he had no stockings to hang up, presented him instead, for a Christmas box, with a new boomerang, telling him it was a charmed one, so that whenever he wanted anything he had only to throw the weapon high into the air and it would return with the object of his choice and lay it at his feet.

But alas, there was a wicked little oblin peering through from the bough of a peach tree, and though he had not heard about or seen the boomerang, he had caught all regarding the magic opal and had seen Billy place it under his tongue. So when the little black boy had bidden goodby, thanking the fairies for his Christmas feast, and started home again he was waylaid in the bush by the evil goblin. He had followed him out of the garden to rob him. Billy refused to give up his stone and cried for help, but the goblin knocked him down and beat him till he lost consciousness. Then he wicked creature forced open his mouth, stole the magic opal and ran away with it as fast as he could. When poor Billy recovered he soon noticed that the opal was gone and guessed who had taken it, but he was a despair of ever finding it again, so, sitting miserably on the ground, he pined his mouth wide and cried long and loud. But this he soon realized was a silly, useless thing to do. Just then he spied his boomerang, which he had quite forgotten, on the ground nearby, and, remembering what the blue fairy had told him, he picked it up, and, jumping to his feet, he threw it skillfully high into the air.

Away it swung without touching the trees, and, sure enough, as the goblin, a couple of miles off, was just admiring his plunder, the boomerang lifted out of his hand and back to Billy's very eyes and carried it back to the feet of its rightful owner. Billy houted for joy, and, putting it once more in his mouth, he took his wonderful toy under his arm and sped down the hill. When he reached the vineyard he saw the gardener still at work, so, asking him what he would most like as a token of gratitude for the grapes, the old man looked him up and down and answered, "There is not much a little fellow like you could do for me."

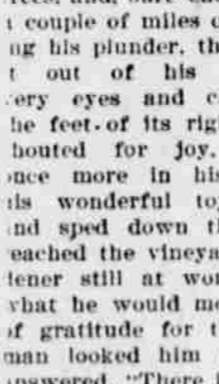
"I can do my best," said Billy.

"There is only one thing I want," said the gardener sadly, "and that is the little daughter I lost in the bush a year ago."

No sooner said than the boomerang went whizzing through the air as he floated swiftly back through the blue haze with a little fair headed child seated happily and safely upon it. With joy too deep for words, the old man clasped her in his arms, and Billy triumphantly left them together and journeyed on again over pad dock and fence till at last he found himself back in the black camp where his little mia mia and aborigine companions were. When they found how successfully he could throw and the wonderful things the boomerang brought back he grew so very popular and rich that they at length made him chief of the tribe. Then he married a sweet little black girl with the tightest, tiny black curls and the bluest possible eyes. Round her neck he hung the magic opal, and as she wore it always they lived happily ever afterward.—Leslie's Weekly.



HE GOBLIN KNOCKED HIM DOWN AND BEAT HIM TILL HE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.



"GIVE ME SOME KIND YOUTH!" SHE GASPED.



CAME FLOATING SWIFTLY BACK.

HENS NOW QUIT CONSERVATION

Drop in Eggs Recorded Owing to More Liberal Supply—Ham and Bacon Take Up Aviation as a Pastime and Are After Altitude Record.

The conservation policy which the hens of the community have been practicing for the past two months seems to be drawing to an end and a more generous attitude towards liberating natural resources, such as fresh eggs, is about to be indulged in. The rigid conservatism of the poultry world has caused the extract of hen to advance many points in the local market. Fresh eggs have been as high as 50 cents per dozen, while the cold storage product stored by the local Guggenheims and Cunningham has been but a trifle lower. Eggs today are selling at 45 cents per dozen.

Just why this conservation policy on the part of the hens should suffer such a sudden change is not known. It is claimed, however, that the importation recently to this city of a number of Plymouth Rock Ballengerettes had something to do with it, as some of the Wyandotte Pinchots are said to have become enamored of the former. One of the Wyandotte Pinchots said today to a Mail Tribune man: "This conservation may be all right of posterity when dealing with water rights and power sites, but in the egg business it won't do."

"Posterity won't eat eggs if we keep them too long."

Sugar took a drop this morning 30 points, which means that the article is a quarter of a cent cheaper today than yesterday. Ham and bacon are on the aeroplane, having gone up a half cent.

JAPANESE DIES IN MYSTERIOUS WAY

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 19.—The authorities today started an investigation into the mysterious death of George Yamada, a Japanese, who is believed to have killed himself in a cell in the city jail yesterday by some method not known to occidental physicians. Doctors who inspected the corpse today are inclined to believe that Yamada brought about his self-destruction by contracting the muscles of the throat and strangling to death. Yamada was a grocer's clerk and was arrested last week after he had at-

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For Firstclass Cleaning - - - and - - - Dyeing - Call on the PAMTORIUM

Xmas Apples Extra Fancy Spitzenbergs Just the thing for Christmas Gifts for Your Friend . . . . . 5 tier \$1.50 a Box 4 1-2 ,, \$1.75 ,, ,, 4 ,, \$2.00 ,, ,, L. E. HOOVER Phone 4522, or Medford Ice and Storage Plant.

tacked his employer with an axe when the latter had accused him of the theft of a small sum from the cash register.

Want-advertise for a new clerk or office-worker—and your business routine will scarcely be interrupted by the exit of the other one.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

WANTED—Foreman to take charge of young orchard, wife to cook for men. Must furnish references. Boudinot Corner, Central Point.

FOR SALE—New five room house; good lot; good location; electric lights in; \$1350.00. Address C. G., P. O. Box 714.

FOR TRADE—5x8 self inking printing press, and full assortment of type, for good camera or best offer. H. C. Glascock, 218 N. Beatty street.

WANTED—Furnished rooms with private family for man and wife. Address L., care Mail Tribune, 236\*

FOR RENT—\$30, modern house, built in furniture, bath, laundry trays, lights, etc. 729 W. Eleven street.

WANTED—Two good solicitors, male or female, on a fast selling article. Call on Cornetius-Garner Realty Co., 133 West Main street. Phone 6031.

FOR RENT—Office rooms, \$4 each per month, in Rostel's modern block at Central Point, Ore. Parties desiring well located office rooms will do well to examine these.

SUNNY MONDAY Sunny Monday laundry soap contains marvelous dirt-starting qualities not found in any other soap. It makes the dirt fly before it, and saves time, rubbing, clothes and backs. Sunny Monday can be used in any kind of water—hard, soft, cold, luke warm, hot or boiling—and the results are always the same.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO

FRATERNAL ORDERS. T. F. Tallman Lodge, No. 31. Meets Mondays in K. P. Hall. Mrs. Enola Hamilton, E. C.; Mrs. Alice E. Trowbridge, M. of R. S. Pythian Sisters. Temple No. 40. Meets first and third Wednesdays in K. P. Hall. Mrs. Enola Hamilton, E. C.; Mrs. Alice E. Trowbridge, M. of R. C. M. W. A. Modern Woodmen of America, Camp 6013, meets first, third and fourth Tuesdays at Smith's Hall, W. C. Kinyon, Consul; John F. Lawrence, Clerk. NOTICE—W. R. C. W. R. C. Chester A. Arthur Corps, No. 34, meet at Rodmen hall, first and third Wednesdays of each month at 2:30 p. m. All W. R. C. ladies in good standing invited. Mrs. Nancy D. Wilson, president; Mrs. America Davenport, secretary. B. P. O. E. Medford Lodge, No. 1168. Meets Thursdays in K. P. Hall, W. W. Elbert, E. R.; Robert Teifer, Secretary; John Wilkins, Treasurer.

Where to Go Tonight

"NAT" THEATRE Has All the Latest and Up-to-Date Pictures. 3-REELS-3 GOOD SUBJECTS. 1st—Cowboys' Daring Rescue. (A Western Drama) 2nd—Launching the First Italian Dreadnought (Scenic) 3rd—The Deciding Vote (Drama) 4th—Tweedledum Wants to Be a Jockey. (Comedy) Change of Program Sundays Wednesdays Fridays Matinee every Sunday afternoon. Free matinee Saturday at 2:30 to all children under 15 years. NO VAUDEVILLE. ADMISSION 10c.

U-GO High-Class Stock Co. MARGORIE MANDVILLE STOCK COMPANY Tonight "OVER THE BLUE RIDGE" Four-Act Comedy Drama. U-Go Orchestra. Directed by Anna Aubrey Eames. N. B.—Three-piece silver tea service given away free Wednesday. Winning number must be in theatre. Free Three-Piece Silver Tea Service Given Away next Wednesday. Get Free Coupons at box office. UGO ORCHESTRA Directed by Anna Aubrey Eames. RESERVE YOUR SEATS BY PHONE—MAIN 2971.

New Attraction at THE ISIS THEATRE The place where you can always spend a pleasant hour and have a hearty laugh. TUCKER and HARRISON In Their Great RUBE ACT MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY AT 2:30. THREE REELS OF THE LATEST MOTION PICTURES —AND— ILLUSTRATED SONG BY HARRY BLANCHARD.

NATATORIUM SKATING. Wednesday Night, OBSTACLE RACE AND TWO-MILE RACE Friday Night CHARIOT RACE, LADY DRIVER BOWLING. Best Music in the West.

Jarvis Theatre Medford's Exclusive Picture Theatre. Latest Licensed Photographs. One Dime—No More—One Dime.