

ELK MEMORIAL DAY SUNDAY

Local Lodge Will Hold Its Third Memorial Service at Opera House Tomorrow Afternoon—Public Invited to Attend.

Medford lodge No. 1108 will hold its third memorial service tomorrow (Sunday) at the Medford opera house at 2 o'clock p. m. The committee in charge has worked hard to the end that the observance of this, the most revered day in Elkdom, will be up to the standard set by the local lodge in its past observances of the day. Throughout all of the lodges of the United States the first Sunday in December is set apart as memorial day, and on this day memorial services are held in memory of those brothers who during the year have fallen in life's struggle. The local herd is to be congratulated upon the fact that it is approaching its third memorial service with its chain of membership still intact, for a nearly every other one of the 1,300 lodges throughout the United States enjoy will tomorrow be pronounced over the name of a brother who but a few short months before was in life and health.

Public Invited.

The general public is cordially invited to attend these services tomorrow and to see this fraternal organization of men usually regarded by the public at large as an organization composed principally of "good fellows," at the more serious work for which the lodge really exists, and the exemplification of those principles which are the cause of the order's existence.

- The program to be rendered will be as follows: Selection.....James Orchestra Rhythmic address.....Exalted Ruler Male quartet..... Whetsel, Gore, Andrews, Andrews Opening exercises..... Officers of the Lodge Solo.....Miss Florence Hazelrigg Select reading (Thanatopsis)..... Ed Andrews Solo.....George Andrews Address.....Robert J. Nixon Mixed quartet..... Mr. Whetsel, Mr. Petty, Mrs. Wolf, Miss Hazelrigg. Closing exercises..... Officers of the Lodge "Auld Lang Syne".....Everybody Benediction..... Chaplain The officers of the local lodge are the following: C. L. Remmes, exalted ruler. T. E. Daniels and W. W. Eifert, past exalted rulers. A. C. Burgess, esteemed leading knight. Earl C. Gaddis, esteemed loyal knight. Martin J. Reddy, esteemed lecturing knight. Walter Dudley, esquire. O. W. Patton, inner guard. J. P. O'Brien, tiler. W. F. Quisenberry, secretary. John J. Wilkinson, treasurer. T. E. Daniels, T. E. Pottenger and Robert W. Telfer, trustees. Nixon the Orator.

The address of the day tomorrow will be rendered by Robert J. Nixon, and there is no member of the order better qualified to expound its principles or to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of the absent brothers.

The committees in charge are the following: General Arrangements—L. L. Jacobs, Martin J. Reddy and W. F. Quisenberry. Hall and Decorations—T. E. Pottenger, C. W. Heilbroner and Ed Van Dyke. Music and Program—A. C. Burgess, Fred Colvig and J. P. O'Brien. The opera house has been beautifully decorated and it is hoped that a large majority of the citizenship of Medford will take advantage of the invitation extended by the Elks and participate with them in these services.

COLVIG ELECTED TO HIGH LODGE OFFICE

Judge William M. Colvig was unanimously elected—as illustrious potentate for the ensuing year at the annual election of Hillah temple, Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, which was held in Ashland Friday night. Quite a number of the local Shriners went to Ashland and participated in the business of the meeting. Following the election and installation of officers, a splendid banquet was served, the principal attraction on the bill of fare being a large roast pig.

Hastings' for Health.

MILLAR DECLINES TO DISCUSS CASE

Offers Only One Remark, and That Is to the Effect That He Does Not Believe Confessions Will Effect Local Campaign.

All efforts to induce George H. Millar, socialist member of the city council, and who is also active in the ranks of organized labor, although he denies any connection with them, to discuss the outcome of the McNamara case today failed. Mr. Millar stated that he was not closely enough in touch with the case to discuss it or its effect. The only remark offered was to the effect that the confession of the McNamaras, whom the socialist party, through their mouthpiece, the "Appeal to Reason," had declared the victims of a gigantic conspiracy on the part of capital, would not effect the local situation at the next city election. Further than this Mr. Millar declined to voice an opinion. He suggested, however, that the socialist local of this city might have a statement to make following a meeting Sunday evening.

Much interest was manifest in Medford regarding the sensational ending of the McNamara trial and last evening it was a general topic of discussion wherever men gathered. Heralded as "the trial of a century," great interest had been worked up as a fitting setting for a sensational climax.

JUDGE CONSIDERS DIVORCE CASE

It is Now Expected That Mrs. Lillian Moore Will Be Granted a Divorce From Her Millionaire Husband.

REDWOOD CITY, Cal., Dec. 2.—Superior Judge Buck today has under advisement Mrs. Lillian J. Moore's divorce suit against J. J. Moore, her millionaire husband. During the closing argument by Attorney E. R. McClanahan, representing her husband, Mrs. Moore was silent, was sarcastically referred to as "a refined, cultured woman." He declared she bore no marks of violence. Then he pointed missing teeth, the scar of a bite on his arm and other marks. He used Mrs. Moore's beauty against her all through his argument.

But it is expected that she will be granted her divorce.

Labrador's Short Summer. How brief is the summer on the highlands of Labrador! says Hesketh Prichard in the Wide World. Snow does not melt till July, then with a rush midsummer comes. Grasses and leaves grow almost visibly, the wild cotton soon flings out its little white penonns, millions of berries ripen on the ground, the loon cries, the ptarmigan calls, and you may even see a butterfly balancing in the warm wind. But then also wakens the countless army of hunchbacks, lean and gray mosquitoes, piping blithely for blood. No summer reigns. Then suddenly one day at the end of August, after the sun has sunk behind the barren crags through a balmy warmth of evening, one may wake up to find everything transfigured and the first snow of another season already falling.

Found Out His Man. A southerner who was visiting St. Louis wandered into the dining room of the hotel and, seeing a negro servant who had all the importance of an army officer standing near the door, asked him who the "head nigger" was around there. The negro stretched himself to his full height and pompously replied that "there ain't no niggers in St. Louis, sah. We is all gen-men of color."

"Well," said the southerner, drawing a \$100 bill from his pocket and fingering it, "I expect to be at this hotel for some time and want to make sure that I will be taken care of."

"Oh, sah," said the negro, whose eyes were popping from his head, "did you want to know who the head 'nigger waiter' is? That's me."—Allentown Call.

Where Bluebeard Lived. Most of our readers have heard of Bluebeard, the enterprising gentleman who made a hobby of marriage and had a way of his own for getting rid of superfluous wives. Probably very few people, however, know that the story has any sort of basis in fact. Yet on the banks of the world famous Bosphorus near Constantinople there is situated a picturesque old medieval fortress known as "Bluebeard's castle" and which is said to have been the abode of a terrible old pasha, whose playful little ways gave rise to the story.—Wide World Magazine.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Novelized by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE From the Play of the Same Name by WINCHELL SMITH

Copyright, 1910, by Winchell Smith and Louis Joseph Vance

(Continued from Wednesday.) "Oh, don't say that," he pleaded. "Of course you know there's—ah—vanilla and vanilla. Ah, some vanilla I know is detestable, but when you get a real—"



"Oh, don't say that," he pleaded. "If fine vintage—ah—imported vanilla, it's quite another matter—ah—particularly at this season of the year." His confusion was becoming painful. "Oh, is it?" asked Josie helpfully. Her eyes dwelt upon his with a confiding expression which he later characterized as a baby stare, and he was promptly reduced to babbling gibberish. "Indeed it is; no doubt whatever Miss Lockwood. Especially just now you know—ah—after the back season—"



"I mean, when the weather is—in a way—you might put it, vanilla weather." "But I like chocolate best," Angie pouted. And he hated her consumed by for the moment. "Very well," Josie told him sweetly. "I'll have the vanilla." He thanked her with unnecessary effusion and turned to inspect the glassware. There could be no mistake about the right jar, however; there was nothing but vanilla, and seeing it, he removed the metal cap and placed it before the girls. With less ease he discovered a whisky glass and put it beside the bottle, with a cordial wave of the hand.

A pause ensued. Duncan was smiling fatuously, serene in the belief that he had solved the problem—the way to serve soda was to make them help themselves. It was very simple, only they didn't. With a start he became sensible that they were eying him strangely.

"You—ah—wanted vanilla, did you not?" "Yes, thanks, vanilla," Josie agreed. "Well, that's it," he said firmly, in delecting the jar and the glass. Josie chuckled. "But I don't want to drink it clear. You put the syrup in the glass, you know, and then the soda."

"Oh, I see! You want to make a highball—ah—a long drink of it. Ah, yes!" He procured a glass of the regular size. "Now I understand." A pause. "If you'll be good enough to help yourself to the syrup."

"No, you do it," Josie pleaded. "Certainly!" He lifted the whisky glass and the jar and began to pour. "If you'll just say when."

face, while he frowned furiously with the knives. As unexpectedly as it had begun the flow ceased. He put down the glass, found his handkerchief and mopped his dripping face. When able to see again he discovered the young woman leaning against one of the showcases, weak with laughter, but at a safe remove.

"Our soda's so strong, you know," he apologized. "But if you'll stay where you are I'll try again."

Warned by experience, he worked at abstractedly.

"Why, what do you mean by that?" Josie's question struck him dumb with consternation. He made curious noises in his throat and fancied (as was quite possible) that they eyed him in a peculiar fashion.

"It's—I mean—a little trouble with my throat," he managed to lie at length. "I must ask my physician if I may first."

"Oh, I see," said Josie. "But," he hastened to change the subject, "you're not drinking, either of you. I sincerely hope it's not so very bad."

Angie replaced her glass, barely tasted. "Do you like it, Josie?" To Josie's credit it must be admitted that she made a brave attempt to drink. But the mixture was undoubtedly flat, stale and unprofitable. She sighed, put it back on the counter and rose to the emergency.

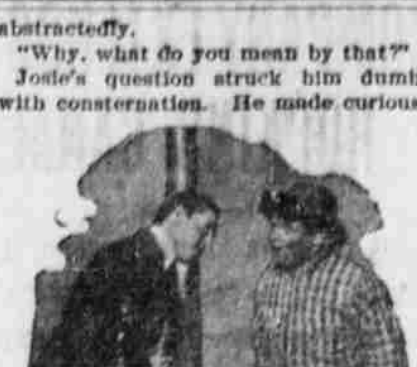
"Mine's perfectly lovely"—with a ravishing smile—"but it's not very sweet."

"I made them dry for you—thought you'd like 'em that way," he stammered. "Perhaps you'd like 'em better if I put a collar on 'em?" The chorus negated this suggestion very promptly.

"Why don't you try a glass, Mr. Duncan?" Josie added with malice, slyly nudging Josie.

"I'm on the wagon—I mean, I don't drink at all," he said wretchedly, and was deeply grateful for the diversion afforded by the entrance of a third customer. It was Tracey Tanner, as usual swollen with important tidings, as usual propelling himself through the world at a heavy trot. It has always been a source of wonderment to most stout with all the violent exercise he takes.

"Say, Angie," he twanged at sight of her, "I've been lookin' for you everywhere. Did you hear that?" He stopped instantaneously with open mouth as he saw Duncan behind the counter, and open mouthed he remained while the young man came round and advanced toward him, with a bland smile, accompanied by a professional bow and rubbing of hands.



"MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SERVING YOU?"

"It serves me right," he concluded. "The man, 'You'll remember what I said about the choir, won't you? He braced himself to take advantage of the opening. 'I shall never forget it," he said impressively. She gave him her hand. "Then goodbye."

"Not goodbye, I trust?" He retained the hand, despairing himself inexpressibly. "Oh, we'll be in again, won't we, Angie?" "Oh, yes, indeed!" "My land, Angie! What do you think I'd almost forgotten to pay for the soda?" "Please don't speak of it, Miss Lockwood. The pleasure!"

"But I must, Mr. Duncan. How much is it?" Josie fingered the contents of her purse expectantly, but Duncan hung in the wind. He had no least notion what might be the price of soda water. "Two for a quarter," he hazarded, with his disarming grin.

Angie choked with appreciation of this exquisite sally. "Ain't you funny?" "I'm afraid you're right," he conceded. "Still, I'd rather you didn't think so."

"It's 10 cents, isn't it, Mr. Duncan?" Josie was offering him a dime. He accepted it without question. "Thank you very much," said he. "Good afternoon, ladies."

He was aware of Angie's fluttering farrowls on the sidewalk. Josie was lingering on the doorstep in an agony of untrained coquetry. He lowered his tone for her benefit, thereby adding new weight to his bombardment of her amateur defenses.

"Remember you promised to call again." Her giggles tore his eardrums. "Thank you, I'm sure," she stammered and fled.

(To be Continued.) Perhaps one of the letters you ought to write during the next hour is a reply to some one of today's want ads.

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