

GOLD HILL MAN HAS NEW DEVICE

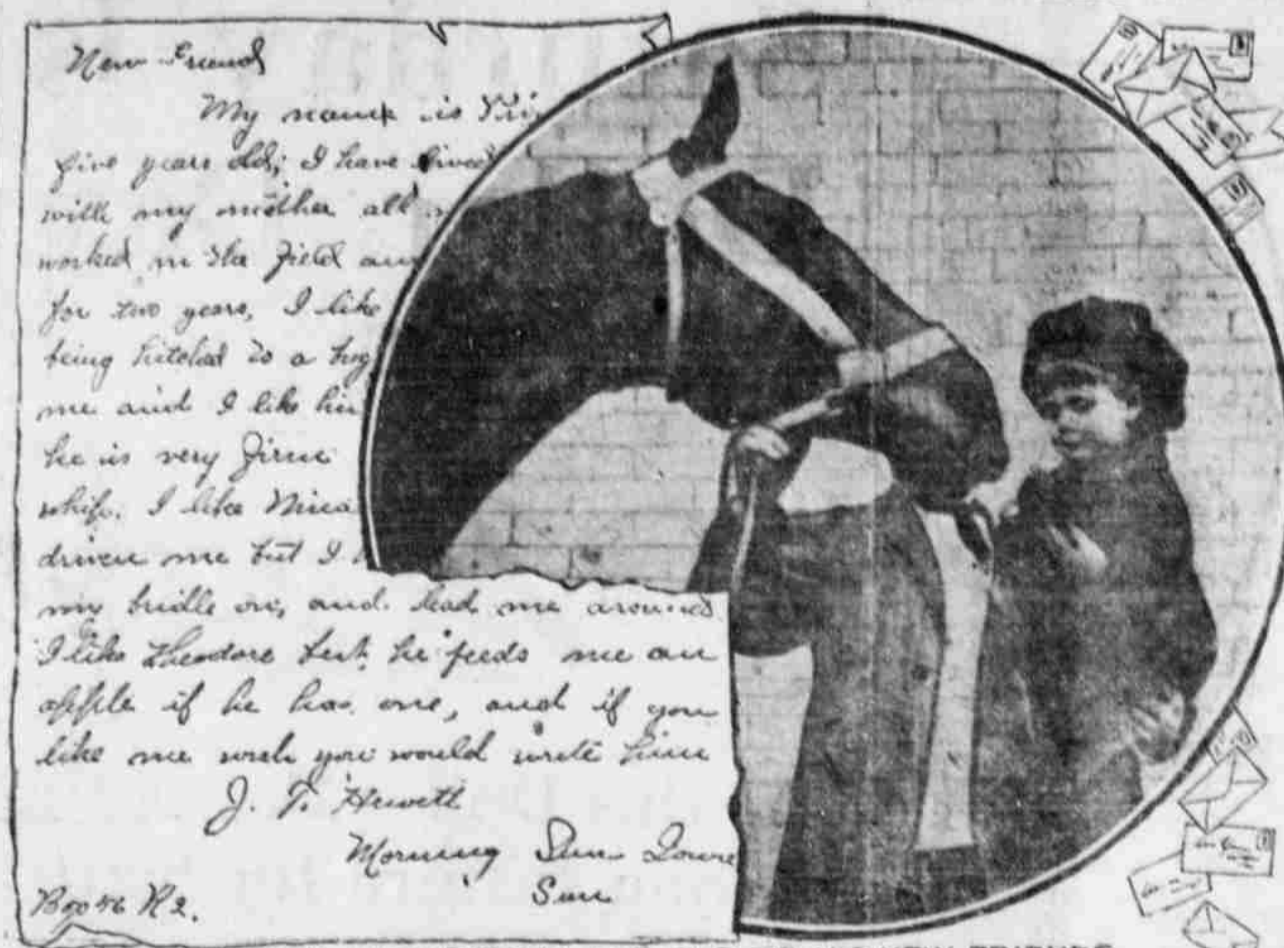
Ed Simmons Is Certain That He Can Increase the Efficiency of His Hens at Least 200 Per Cent and Hence Fatten Bank Account.

The persistent prevailing price of 50 cents per dozen for fresh eggs, with no sign of a decline, is the germ of an inspiration by the working out of which Ed Simmons, a local poultryman, is certain he can increase the efficiency of his hens at least 200 per cent and, as a matter of course, fatten his bank account appreciably. Like every one who has had any experience with chickens, from the pensive Peter down to Edmund Rostand, Mr. Simmons has observed that roosters crow at daybreak, and that the clarion call of Chanticleer is the signal for the hens to be about their henly business. So that he may be able to take profitable advantage of the present bullish tendency of the egg market, Mr. Simmons will at once construct a hen house of special design.

Realizing that the age of electricity is at hand, Mr. Simmons proposes to be a pioneer in the inauguration of the new order. The coop will be totally without windows, and as near light proof as possible, but will be brilliantly lighted with tungsten lamps. At either end of the coop, which will be thirty feet long by ten wide, will be lights with crimson globes, so installed that the current may be turned on and off slowly. By careful manipulation of the switchboard a miniature sunrise may be produced at the east end of the coop, or a roscate sunset may be made to fill the western extremity, there to gradually fade into total darkness. The coop will be fitted along both walls with trap nests, each with a small door opening on the outside, so that the four-bit chicken-berries may be gathered without entering the coop.

With this unique and scientific stage setting and a selected flock of hens and roosters as actors, Mr. Simmons is confident that an industrial drama will be enacted that will set poultrydom, a-cackle from Pasadena to Pawtucket, and that will be of vastly more practical value than the best harvard play ever written. He will place forty picked hens and three carefully-selected roosters

A TALE UNFOLDED FROM THE TAIL OF A HORSE NAMED PRINCE



PRINCE, HIS LETTER AND ONE OF HIS NEW FRIENDS

The herein letter is a tale unfolded from the tail of a horse. His name is Prince and he arrived in New York from the west to join the police force. Tails of horses shipped from the west are always bandaged to keep them from being hurt in the cars. Prince was sold on his arrival, and when the groom combed out his tail he found in it the following note, which described Prince's pedigree:

New Friend: My name is Prince. I am five years old. I have lived on the farm with my mother all my life. I have worked in the field and on the road for two years. I like to work, but prefer being hitched to a buggy. My master loves me, and I like him. When I get scared he is very firm, but seldom uses a whip. I like Nina, too. She has never driven me, but I have let her put my bridle on and lead me around. I like Theodore best. He feeds me an apple if he has one, and if you like me write you would write him. J. T. Hewitt, Morning Sun, Iowa.

The beautiful horse has been assigned to the Police Department and says he hopes the folks back in Morning Sun will soon learn of his important duties.

Mr. Simmons will feed his forty-three feathered pets through a system of spouts, the food to be an electrically-prepared compound on which he has already applied for a patent, and which he may later put on the market as a breakfast food, with the expectation that it will put Yost's Roasties and Welllogg's Dorn-Shakes completely out of the running in short order. When the chickens have eaten a stipulated amount they will be allowed to scratch around for a specified time, at the expiration of which the tungsten lights will be turned out one by one and the crimson globe at the western end of the coop will be turned on in full splendor, its light being gradually diminished until, as the last tungsten is switched off, it will be almost an exact replica of a dying sunset. By this time the roosters, having recognized the approach of bedtime, will have taken

their stations on the roosts, and true to the drowsy examples of their lords and masters, the forty epoch-making hens, with heads tucked neatly beneath their wings, will be wrapped in slumber. The chickens will be allowed to sleep for precisely four hours, when the sunrise light at the east end of the coop will be slowly switched on. As its rosy effulgence increases the roosters, observing unmistakable symptoms of daybreak, will ruffle up their feathers, rise up on their perches, flap their pinions, and with one voice cry out, "My sunrise!" The question as to which rooster is really entitled to the credit for the sunrise will not be debated, however, as each egotistic claimant, believing that he made all the noise, will not be aware that his title is disputed. The hens will at once awaken, and beneath the growing light from the tungstens will

partake of a light breakfast. They will then repair to their separate nests, where in due course of time and simultaneously they will each deposit a nice, fresh egg, whose market value will be exactly four and one-sixth cents, provided the market does not do a Humpty-Dumpty stunt before Mr. Simmons can carry out his present cackles. In joyous chorus the forty devoted biddies will proclaim their individual contributions to the high cost of living.

The entire program will be repeated as often in the course of the twenty-four hours as possible, but Mr. Simmons will start operations on a schedule of an eight-hour shift to an egg, or three eggs per day per hen, of which he is satisfied his picked thoroughbreds are easily capable, egged on as they will be by the subtle hand of science.

The chickens that will be employed in the project are all pure, sturdy American stock, such as Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds. No fancy foreign strains will be given a try-out in the layout. Mr. Simmons is satisfied that they could not stand the strain. Furthermore, he believes that American chickens, like the American people, relish being fooled, and, like the immortal showman who coined the famous epigram, he will proceed to transmute credulity into coin.

A number of interesting experiments will be conducted with the eggs obtained from the electrical hen house, one of which will be the hatching of a number in an electrical incubator. If, as is reasonably expected, these eggs produce hens that from sheer force of hereditary habit will lay three eggs a day under ordinary natural conditions, the price of the Simmons electrical eggs will be \$50 instead of 50 cents per dozen.

Produced as they will be under the most scientific and sanitary conditions, the electrical eggs are expected to be of exceptionally high quality, outranking in size and flavor the well-known alfalfa eggs of California.

DR. RAY PALMER MAKES EXPLANATION

Last night's paper made me say that Mrs. Eddy says "The doctrine of Christ is the most pernicious doctrine, etc." It should have read: "Mrs. Eddy says that the doctrine of the Vicarious suffering of Christ is the most pernicious doctrine, etc."

RAY PALMER.
Study the real estate conditions as reflected in real estate advertising—before investing a dollar; then invest every dollar you can raise.

Draperies

We carry a very complete line of draperies, lace curtains, fixtures, etc., and do all classes of upholstering. A special man to look after this work exclusively and will give as good service as is possible to get in even the largest cities.

Weeks & McGowan Co.

Notice is hereby given that O. M. Selaby will make application to the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, at its regular meeting on December 19th, 1911, for a license to sell spirituous liquors and malt liquors in quantities less than a gallon at No. 17 So. Front St., for a period of six months. O. M. SELABY. Dated Dec. 8th, 1911.

STATEMENT (Condensed) Of the Condition of

The Jackson County Bank

OF MEDFORD, OREGON.

At the close of business December 5, 1911, the date of the call by the Honorable Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, D. C.

| LIABILITIES. | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| Capital | \$100,000.00 |
| Surplus | 62,500.00 |
| Undivided profits | 18,591.00 |
| Deposits | 584,153.33 |
| | \$765,244.33 |
| RESOURCES. | |
| Cash on hand and with banks | \$293,503.04 |
| Warrants and bonds | 56,473.04 |
| Bank premises | 05.00 |
| Loans and discounts | 475,267.97 |
| | \$765,244.35 |
| 1888—Capital at organization | \$25,000.00 |
| 1899—Capital increased from earnings to | 50,000.00 |
| 1906—Capital increased from earnings to | 100,000.00 |
| 1911—Capital, surplus and profits | 180,000.00 |
| Big enough to serve you but not too big to appreciate you. | |
| W. I. Vawter, President | G. R. Lindley, Vice President |
| C. W. McDonald, Cashier | |

OUR WOOD AND DRAY

Office is now located at No. 38 South Fir in Wilson & Co.'s second hand store. Special attention given to the moving of household goods and the delivery of freight.

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Home, 205-L Bell, 3161

\$1.00

SOME OF THE SPECIALS AT THIS STORE FOR DOLLAR BARGAIN DAY TOMORROW -- SATURDAY

\$1.00

| | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| 12 yards of the best grade FANCY OUTING \$1.00 | 11 yards of Lonsdale BLEACHED MUSLIN \$1.00 | 10 yards regular 12 1-2c Percalé or Gingham \$1.00 | 5 pairs Ladies', Misses' or Children's, 25c grade, wool or cotton Hose \$1.00 |
| Regular 12 1-2c Cotton HUCK TOWELS per dozen \$1.00 | 25c Bleached Turkish BATH TOWELS, 5 for \$1.00 | Ladies' regular 10-cent cotton HANDKERCHIEFS, plain or cross bar, 15 for \$1.00 | 65c all linen TABLE DAMASK 2 yards for \$1.00 |
| Gents' Wool Shirts gray or blue, \$1.25 grade \$1.00 | Regular \$1.50 gents' wool SWEATER COATS \$1.00 | Men's black and light HATS \$1.50 Grade while they last \$1.00 | Men's regular 2 for 25c SOCKS black, tan or mixed, per dozen \$1.00 |
| 15 pounds Best Granulated SUGAR \$1.00 | 16 pounds of red, pink or white BEANS for \$1.00 | 16 pounds of DRIED PRUNES for \$1.00 | --and \$1.00 will buy more at this store than at any other in Southern Oregon |

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9th

HUTCHISON & LUMSDEN

MEDFORD, OREGON