

Social and Personal

Frank Tracy was over from Jacksonville a few days since. Victor Flynn and his wife left for Coos Bay Sunday to locate. Ward Whiteside of Central Point spent Sunday in Medford. E. P. Raymond of Griffin Creek made our city a business visit Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lewis were in from the Bear Creek orchard Saturday. L. Thompson of Central Point precinct transacted business in Medford Saturday. Mrs. Haskins has returned from a visit with friends living in Woodville precinct. H. C. Keutner and his wife left for Evans Creek Sunday to stop at the ranch awhile. George Alford of Phoenix precinct was among his Medford friends Saturday morning. G. Grimes, the granger-miner, was in Medford Saturday for the first time in several weeks. D. C. Wilson of Sams Valley was in Medford Saturday looking after his business interests. Frank Zell, the miner, came down from the copper belt a few days since for a short stay. Herbert Keuter's visits to Jacksonville are more numerous than ever, if that were possible. Grant Stone, superintendent of the Barrell orchard, was among his Medford friends Sunday. R. J. Cameron of Applegate, the pioneer, was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. L. L. Jacobs, Saturday. J. J. Brophy and his family, who have been residing at Ashland, are residents of Medford again. T. W. Hill of Wagner Creek district, the well known miner, transacted business in Medford Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. George Garrett, who live northeast of Medford, spent a few hours in the city Saturday. P. C. Garrett, the railroader, came down from Ashland Saturday for a short visit with relatives. Riley Hammerley of Gold Hill, miner and operator in government lands, has gone to Fort Rupert, Alaska. A. C. Allen and his family of Holly wood orchard has returned from a trip through California in their touring car. John Owens of Wimer and J. T. Miller of Sardinia Creek spent Saturday night in seeing the sights of Medford. George P. Merriman, Joseph D. Fay and Claude Miles, accompanied the Medford ball-tossers to Gold Hill Sunday. Joseph Ebe has sold his family business to R. E. Gray and will leave soon for Walla Walla, Wash., accompanied by his family. Jasper N. Miller, a school teacher at Butte Falls, lost a number of school books near Jacksonville recently. If found, address his at Butte Falls. George Hammond of Klamath county was on the northbound train Sunday morning en route to Cottage Grove, where his father-in-law, Irwin Aubrey, and his family is located. He has invested in considerable land lying in that vicinity. Cards are out announcing the approaching wedding of J. F. Leathorn and Miss Amy Ellison, both formerly of Medford. The happy event will take place at the residence of the young lady's parents at Wilbur, Douglas county, next Sunday. Congratulations and best wishes are in order.

JACKSONVILLE ITEMS

Chris Kenney spent Sunday at Celestin. R. B. Dow and Ray Durich were fishing at Rogue river Sunday. J. H. Beeman of Gold Hill was a Jacksonville visitor Saturday. George L. Davis and Miss Hazel Davis spent Sunday with Medford friends. Dr. T. W. Hester and family have gone to Crescent City, Cal., for a month's vacation. Mrs. Pauline Himes and son are spending a few weeks with relatives living in Forest Grove. C. C. Pursell was in from Broun Saturday trading with our merchants, as was also John Matney. Recorder R. T. Burnett, Mrs. Sears, and Miss Fay Sears spent Saturday night and Sunday with friends in Ashland. Wilbur A. Jones, our present sheriff, has invested in a new automobile of the Roa make, so all law breakers beware. Richard Gaskin left for Colorado one day last week in hope of finding relief for rheumatism, with which he has been troubled lately. Jay C. Sexton went up to Little Applegate Sunday to spend the day with his wife, who is camped there with D. B. Gage and family. D. H. Grant was down from Ashland Saturday in his new automobile. Mr. Grant is at present engaged in the real estate business at Ashland. Mrs. F. E. Beers and child and Miss Hanks arrived from Detroit, Mich., one day last week and are visiting with their relative, Mrs. Grant. Miss Emma Wendt left for Celestin Sunday morning to spend the next few weeks with her sister and the Misses Prim, who are camped there. Charles Prim and Miss Bertha Prim left for Bybee Spring Sunday to be gone a week. Mrs. Prim and son Charles who have been there for the last month, will return with them. C. L. Reames, Nell Reames and Chas. Reames, who have been camped at McCallister Springs for a number of weeks returned Friday evening. Charles left immediately for Berkeley, Cal., to attend school, but his sister will remain a few weeks longer.

A MAN'S ESTIMATE OF WOMAN.

(Original) A party of ladies and gentlemen were at dinner. "I understand," said Austin Hammond, "that Ned Hargraves has become engaged while I have been away." "Yes," said one of the ladies, "and he's throwing himself away." "In the opinion of the men or the women?" "I never speak in praise or condemnation of another," replied the lady, "except for myself alone." "And, without referring to you at all, I must say that I never take a woman's opinion of another woman." "Why so?" asked several ladies at once. "A woman is influenced by her likes and dislikes. She has no sense of real justice." "And would you rely on a man's opinion of a woman?" "A man of mature age." "Yourself, for instance?" "I am forty; too old to be caught by sentiment, too young to be fooled as an old man." This bit of conversation took place when the ladies at dinner were accustomed to leave the men to smoke with their coffee, and the hostess led them to the drawing room, where they spent an hour conversing on the topic of the relative value of a man's and a woman's opinion of women. It was about a week later that Austin Hammond received an invitation from one of the party informally for a game of whist. He met there a widow, Mrs. Cheever, somewhere between twenty-two and twenty-five years old. Mrs. Cheever was modest and shy almost to timidity. Nevertheless there was something about her that drew upon Hammond. It was not her conversation, for she was not a talker. It might have been her eyes, set in a small oval shaped head. At any rate, there was something away down in those eyes to excite a man's fancy and set him wondering. About what? Hammond at least didn't know, but he wondered all the same. Hammond asked permission to call and became a frequent visitor at her home, a suit of apartments in which she lived with a servant. He took her out occasionally either to drive or to places of amusement, and it was not long before his friends began to speculate upon a probable engagement. One morning he was surprised to receive a note from the lady who introduced him to Mrs. Cheever in which she said substantially that, having heard of his attentions, she wished to disclaim any intention to recommend the lady she had introduced as a suitable person for him to marry. If he made a match with Mrs. Cheever he must do so on his own responsibility. Hammond was surprised. Later on he received a second note from another of the ladies he had met at the dinner party. This note was a positive warning against Mrs. Cheever. Hammond kept the note a secret for two days, then showed it to the woman it condemned. She looked troubled, but told a very straight story which agreed especially with Hammond's opinion in matters between women. She said that she had robbed the writer of a letter. Hammond at last found the young widow so necessary to him that he asked her to be his wife. She declined at first, giving as a reason that she would bring him nothing; indeed, could not make even a respectable show at the wedding. Hammond told her that he could support her comfortably and gave her a check for \$1,000 to spend on a trousseau. This offer many propositions, she finally consented to accept, and the matter was settled. The final closing up of the arrangements occurred at 11 o'clock one night, and Hammond left his fiancée a happy man. The next evening at 8 he went to the widow's apartments to consult with her as to her preference in the matter of an engagement ring. There was no reply to his ring at the door. Convinced that there was no one within, he applied for information at the office of the janitor. "The lady moved out this morning, sir." Hammond caught at a bolster for support. "Did she leave any message for— for me?" "She left no message for any one, sir. While her things were going into the van she went round to the bank, came back and paid three months' rent and went away." "That was the last of Mrs. Cheever for Hammond." He did not inquire at his bank if his \$1,000 check had been presented, but he found it charged against him when his account was balanced. He kept away from his friends as much as possible and when riddled with queries as to when he was going to be married turned away with a sickly expression, replying that he might possibly marry a marble statue or a wooden Indian squaw with a bundle of cigars in her hand, but never a woman. One morning at breakfast he opened a note from the lady who had introduced him to Mrs. Cheever apologizing for her part in a plot that had been concocted by the ladies of the dinner party in which he had expressed his views of women's testimony with regard to women. One of the party said she knew a woman of twenty-three who had divorced three husbands and had one or two left who would be a good subject for Hammond to test the value of his judgment of woman upon the ladies were all against it as the serious result of their conspiracy. EUGENIA A. MAXEY.

AN ADMIRABLE SERVANT.

(Original) When on the 1st of July Henry Auchincloss left his business to spend his vacation with his mother, he was somewhat anxious as to how he should find her. The old lady had been struggling with the servant problem during the winter and reports had come to her son that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. What was his relief on his arrival to find the house in prime condition and his mother resting. This had been accomplished by a housemaid who had been engaged a fortnight before. "Cornelia looked so respectable," said Mrs. Auchincloss, "that I hesitated about employing her. But she has kept her place, done her work splendidly and never has any company." The son was delighted and resolved to give the new maid sundry tips by way of encouragement. She waited on the table, and at dinner on the evening of his arrival he looked her over carefully. She occupied herself, her hands and her eyes with her work, and so far as Henry could see was indifferent to all else. "Mother," said Henry one day at dinner when speaking of the capital and labor question, "what was the name of the league organized in the eleventh century against the robber barons?" Mrs. Auchincloss didn't know, and Henry was about to go to the library to hunt for information. "I can give you the name of the league, Mr. Auchincloss," said the maid demurely. Both mother and son looked up at her in astonishment. "Well, what is it?" asked Henry. "The Hanselids." There was a silence for some moments, when Henry looked at his mother and said, smiling: "Mother, does it require a cyclopedia to run this house?" "What surprises me," replied the mother, "is that a cyclopedia can run it and run it so well. I supposed it required a domestic." "What is your other name, Cornelia?" asked Henry. "Yale." "Are you the college of that name?" He spoke with a serio-comic tone and expression. "I am not," said the girl, still maintaining her servant's demeanor. "Very well, Miss Yale. I'll not permit one who knows more than I do to wait on me any longer. It is more fitting that I should wait on you." "And must I lose my place?" asked the frightened girl. "Not at all," said Mrs. Auchincloss. "Henry, be quiet!" "Place! This is no place for you!" from Henry. "I tried to keep my mouth shut," said Miss Yale indignantly, "but when I saw you about to take trouble for information that I could give you I yielded. Now I have spoiled it all." "You've spoiled nothing," said Mrs. Auchincloss. "Come, tell us what is this mystery." "Not without joining us at table," said Henry, rising and drawing a chair for her. Miss Yale declined until Mrs. Auchincloss peremptorily ordered her to take the proffered seat. "There is no mystery," said Cornelia. "I am simply a student of college. I had funds to carry me through my junior year, but no further. Hearing of the high wages paid to servants, I thought that field the best and chose it in order to raise money to help me through my senior year." "And very wisely," remarked Mrs. Auchincloss. "And if we hadn't got discussing the robber barons," said Henry, "you might have pulled through. But we are the worst sufferers. You have revolutionized this house and saved mother from collapse." "It is all my fault," said the girl. "I should have kept still." "It is no one's fault," said Mrs. Auchincloss. "Nor is there any necessity for your giving up your situation. You shall stay here, do you work as formerly, but your social position shall be that of a member of our family." "That's not right," protested Mrs. Yale. "It involves a false principle. Servants should not be, cannot be, social equals with their masters and mistresses." "Nothing prevents," Henry put in, "except inequality of refinement, and that you have." "It is settled," added the mistress, "that you are to stay." "Mother," said Henry, "I think it should be stipulated that no company shall be received in the kitchen except myself." A laugh greeted this final sally, and the dinner was finished on the part of mother and son with the knowledge that a new and interesting member had been added to their family circle. Miss Yale remained nominally the servant and really did all the work. The kitchen was the neatest room in the house (as every kitchen should be) and was open to any of the family at any time. Henry spent much of his time there while the cook was making savory dishes. After the evening work was done there was usually a family discussion of some sort in the drawing room. When October came Miss Yale went back to college, but so attached was she to her mistress that she sent a sister to take her place. Miss Cornelia has just been graduated, and Mrs. Auchincloss is scheming for a match between her and Henry. She will have no difficulty in completing it. MARY A. BOWEN.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Griffiths of Phoenix precinct were among the many in Medford Saturday.

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