

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE WEATHER.

Fair and cooler tonight, with light frost. Friday, fair.

Now is the time to lay in a supply of coal for winter. Phone 791. Cascade coal, \$9.50 per ton. 183

Mrs. H. L. Young and daughter returned to Medford Thursday, having been visiting for some time with relatives and friends in Oakland.

Use Cascade coal for fuel, \$9.50 per ton. Phone 791. 183

Mrs. A. M. Kendall is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Foley of Ashland.

Will deliver you Cascade coal, at \$9.50 per ton, to any place in the city. Phone 791. 183

Engineer Osgood, overseer of the street paving work at Ashland, made a short trip to Medford recently on business.

Do not forget that the Rogue River Fish Co. wants to see you all tomorrow for fish, clams, oysters, crabs, shrimp, dressed chickens, turkeys, smoked and salt salmon, macaroni and imported cheese. 178

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Barnett of Jacksonville have returned from a short visit to the Seattle fair.

Sweet cider at L. McLellan's city ranch, Shermont street, East Side. 178

G. Stevens of West Phoenix was shopping in Medford one day this week.

See list of Benson's bargains on page 4.

C. H. Alvord is down from Grants Pass this week on business.

Mitchell & Boeck have removed to new brick building across alley from old stand. 180

Mrs. Paul Demmer is visiting friends in Talent this week.

Spices and extracts at 36 So. G street.

H. A. Phillop of San Francisco is a visitor in Medford.

Ella Gaunyaw, public stenographer, room 4, Pala building.

W. S. Noyer and Benton Bowers were down from Ashland one day this week.

Southern Oregon Tea and Coffee Co., 36 So. G street.

Frank Wolgamott, recently from Elgin, Ill., who has been in Medford for a short time, has left for a few days' visit to Brownsboro, where he has acquaintances.

Rest meat for the least money at the Spot cafe.

A. S. Johnson returned to this city Thursday after a protracted stay in Loomis, where he formerly lived.

H. F. Batchelor of Pittsburg, Pa., who has been paying the city a mixed pleasure and business visit, returned home Friday.

Why rush home? Try the Spot Cafe's 25c dinner.

D. Gray of this place is visiting in Ashland on business.

M. L. Opdyke of Grants Pass was visiting Medford Friday.

Mrs. T. C. Bailey of Spokane, who has been visiting her nephew, Dr. E. G. Carlow, has left for her home.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Munger left Friday morning for their home at Long Beach, Cal. They have been visiting in the city for some time and are well satisfied with what they have seen of it.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Martin of Monticello, Or., are visitors in the metropolis for a short time.

Ladies, if you have hair to sell or if you want it made up into switch, tuffs or curls, I also repair and color the hair. Please bring it to me, Madam L. L. Reame, No. 264, corner Fourth and Oakdale avenue.

John Lees and daughters of Crosswell, Mich., were sightseeing in the Rogue valley Friday.

Albert Lowry is again a visitor to Medford. He was here before in February of last year and he remembered the place.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Gist are here from Cawker county, Kansas, investigating reports.

Orders for sweet cream or butter-milk promptly filled. Phone the creamery.

Mrs. W. J. Holman returned Friday to her home in Jacksonville after a short visit with friends in Phoenix.

Mrs. E. E. Milligan met Mrs. M. J. Powers of Boise, Idaho, an old friend of hers, at the train Friday morning and welcomed her to the city.

Judgment Reversed.

A middle aged and nervous tenant in an apartment house had summoned his next door neighbor, a young woman student at the conservatory, into court and charged that the peace and quiet of his lodgings had been disturbed by her singing.

The court was inclined to regard the proceedings as unwarranted.

"How much do you sing?" he asked the defendant.

"Only two hours a day," she answered.

"An hour in the morning and one at night."

"Two hours?" said the judge. "It appears unreasonable to complain of that."

"But, your honor," interposed the complainant, starting up excitedly, "I trust you will not decide the matter until you have heard the defendant sing."

The defendant was not at all loath to sing. In fact, her personal assurance and professional pride urged her to make the most of this opportunity in the interests of high art.

She began an aria from Wagner, but she had sung but four or five bars when the court interrupted her.

"That will do—that will do," he said.

"No further testimony need be taken. The court's judgment is reversed."

Youth's Companion.

A Bobolink With a Canary Song.

A friend of mine tells of a bobolink which learned to sing like a canary. He was captured when quite small and given a cage beside a fine singer, for which he soon exhibited a great attachment. He would sit perfectly still on his perch for a long time watching his friend intently, then try his best to imitate his sweet notes. He tried for three or four weeks before making any progress; then he succeeded in sounding one note almost correctly. When he realized his success his wild joy was pathetic, and the canary's pleasure was very evident. Then he redoubled his efforts until he could sing nearly the whole canary song. After that he and Dick always sang in concert. But, strangest of all, his character seemed to change with his song. Instead of singing but a short time in the spring, as bobolinks do, he sang all the time except when molting. And he imitated his friend's characteristics so perfectly that he became a canary in all but appearance.—Ella H. Stratton in Suburban Life.

Was It Worth It?

Workemer Smeargent, royal academician, was painting the portrait of Lady Anstruther Anstruthers, and Lady Anstruther Anstruthers was very plain—well, as a matter of fact, she was jolly ugly. And, though she was paying him 300 guineas merely for painting the portrait and was going to pay him 600 guineas more for the portrait itself when it was completed, Workemer Smeargent was not satisfied. He felt he might be going blind. Looking at her face so much hurt his eyes.

"Now, what I want, Mr. Smeargent," said the unfair lady, "is for you to do me plain, simple justice."

"My dear lady," replied Smeargent, "what you require is not justice, but mercy. When I tell you to look pleasant you don't look natural, and when I tell you to look natural you don't look pleasant."—London Express

A Cod Liver Oil Fiend.

"When I was anaemic," said a pale man, "I took cod liver oil. I had a careless habit of leaving the oil uncorked, and it began to disappear. Some one was drinking it. There was a cod liver oil fiend in the house. I decided to trap the thief," he went on, gazing thoughtfully at his large white feet, "and one night I purposely drank two cups of black coffee so as to keep awake. Gentlemen, you will hardly believe what happened. The thief was a rat—a big, sleek, fat rat. The oil, I guess, had agreed with him. As I watched him from the bed he leaped silently on to the bureau, dipped his tail in the bottle, lifted it out and licked it clean, and then dipped and licked it again and again till a good two inches of the oil was gone."—Exchange

Trees That Explode.

All lightning blasted trees explode as overcharged boilers do. The flame of the lightning does not burn them up, nor does the electric flash split them like an ax. They simply explode, overcharged, as may be a boiler with steam. The lightning is conducted into the damp interstices of the trunk and into the hollows under the bark. Its tremendous heat at once turns all the moisture in those cramped spaces into steam. This steam in its immediate explosion blows the tree asunder.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The First Day Out.

Steward—Did you ring, sir? Traveller—Yes, steward, I—I rang. Steward—Anything I can bring you, sir? Traveller—Yes, st-steward. Bring me a continent, if you have one, or an island—anything, steward, so long as it's solid. If you can't, sus-sink the ship.—London Tit-Bits.

Lady Passenger's Log.

It was blowing rather hard, and there was a nasty sea on an hour and a half before the first breakfast bugle. An officer of an ocean liner hurried along the passage between the staterooms, and a timid voice called to him: "Oh, Mr. Officer, please stop!"

He turned and saw a dear old lady with a wrapper thrown around her peeping through her half open door.

"Yes, madam," said the officer.

"Mr. Officer, please would you call this a gale?" asked the old lady anxiously.

"Oh, no, madam! There's not the least danger, I assure you."

"Well, is it half a gale?"

"Not even half a gale, and this is such an excellent sea boat that you needn't worry a bit," explained the officer.

"Well, what would you call it, please?" said the lady, steadying herself as the vessel rolled.

"Just a fresh nor'west breeze, madam, with a cross sea running. But, really, there's nothing to fear."

"Thank you so much. I just wanted to get it quite right in my diary, you know."—New York Times.

Marriage in Picardy.

A Picardy custom, founded on a broad basis of common sense as well as the idea of complete partnership, is that which puts a new bride through a kind of examination in the trade of her husband. It may, of course, have become something of a burlesque, and the bride may purposely show less dexterity than she need. Still, the consid-



A MESSAGE TO MARS

Some day we may be able to communicate with the planets, but meanwhile we must be content with sending messages to each other. We suggest that the next written message you send to your friend be upon a paper made by

EATON, CRANE & PIKE

They make the best writing paper in the world. Their Highland Linen, for instance, is even more popular today than it was five years ago, and at that time more of it had been sold than of any other paper. Besides Highland Linen there are many other Eaton, Crane & Pike papers, some costing more, some less, and all of high quality and correct style.

Will you not let us show you our line of these celebrated papers?

Medford Book Store...

eration of the wife as a helpmate is very clearly shown in the performance of the young wife's husband as a farmer, she will be asked to harness a horse and cart and to harrow a small piece of land. If her choice has fallen on an ironworker, she must hammer a piece of iron; if on a miller, she must measure out wheat from a basket at the church door; if on a smith, she is supposed to be able to strike the anvil; if on a sailor, she has to clean and mend some netting, and so on with the other occupations. Evidently the keeping of an idle wife is not understood in

The Finisher.

Lawyer—What is your occupation? Witness—I'm a plane finisher. Lawyer—Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?—Boston Transcript.

The Gossip.

Nell—She's an awful gossip. She tells everything she hears. Belle—Oh, she tells more than that.—Philadelphia Record.

Do not make unjust gains. They are equal to a loss.—Hesiod.

The Speed of Light.

Light holds the record for high speed among all moving things that have been measured. It travels at the rate of 328,028,800 yards a second. This is faster than thinking, even by the most quick witted person. Let any reader try to think the simplest thought and then with the aid of a stop watch note how long it has taken him to think it. He will then be able to understand how slow his mental operations are compared to the speed of light.

FALL SUITS AND GOWNS

Perfectly Tailored



Every well dressed woman realizes the necessity of a perfectly tailored Suit or Gown. We are showing an assortment of hand tailored Suits and one-piece Gowns that have never been equaled in either quality or price in this city.

Suits from \$20.00 to \$75.00

Gowns from \$15.00 to \$50.00

Millinery

If you desire something that is different in both style and quality from the average, you will find it here in all the latest styles and designs.

Corsets

We are sole agents for well known R. & G. and Gossard Corsets in all sizes.

R. & G. Corsets from \$1.00 to \$3.00.

Gossard Corsets from \$5.00 to \$12.00.



Latest styles in Ladies' Hand Bags and Purses.

Reuben's Vest for babies.

Montgomery's

Don't forget to try the "Merode" Underwear, 50c to \$2.50 per garment.



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