

A Phase of the Servant Question

By ELLINOR MARSH

I married an old bachelor who thought he knew more about women than any man in the world. He was constantly making deductions with regard to them. For instance, if he saw a woman pass a mirror, glance at her reflection, adjust her hat or some other portion of her apparel he would assume that she was vain. When he married me he took especial pains to discover whether I was popular with my own sex. "I wouldn't give a fig for a woman whom women don't like," he said in telling me of his preoccupation after we were married and in doing so paid me the compliment to say that in my case the report was favorable. I didn't consider it a compliment, for my very best woman friend had never been popular with women simply because they didn't understand her.

We lived in a town on the Pacific coast where the only servants to be had were Chinese. We went to housekeeping as soon as we were married, and I hired a cook named Charlie Lee. Charlie agreed to give me a month's notice before leaving, but some one offered him \$2 a month more than I was paying him, and without either giving me the stipulated notice or the privilege even of raising his wages he left me the day before I was to have friends in for dinner. More than this, he demanded wages for two weeks when he had been with me only eight days. I paid him for one week and told him to go, and go quickly, and never show his face in my house again.

When John came home and I told him what had happened I saw by the wrinkle in his forehead that he considered me in some way to blame, but he said nothing. I secured another Chinaman as cook, but was astonished when he told me at the end of the first week that he would stay with me no longer.

"Are you sure," asked John, "that you have said or done nothing to ruffle him?"

"I'm sure I've neither said nor done anything that should ruffle him."

John turned to the evening paper that he had brought home with him, and I knew he considered there was something wrong with me or I would not have lost two servants within a month. The third Chinaman stayed with me just two days.

John had refrained from speaking his mind on the servant question till this third cook left me. Then he had our first spat.

"You must admit, my dear," he said, "that there is some reason for the departure of all your servants."

"You mean that I don't treat them kindly?"

"Not that, but perhaps your manner may be a trifle dictatorial."

"I should have supposed," I retorted, "that you would have inquired before marrying me whether my manner to servants was deferential enough."

"You misunderstand me. Our manner is something for which we are not responsible, being born to it. I can readily understand how these simple Chinese, exiles from their homes, may have a sensitiveness to kindness that—"

I heard no more, for I went out of the room, and I fear I shut the door after me a trifle harder than was necessary.

I determined that I would find out what was preventing my keeping a servant if I had to send to the Flowery Kingdom for a native detective. I went to a friend, told her the circumstances and asked her advice.

"The Chinese are very clannish," she said. "What one does they all do."

"But how do they all know enough to do the same thing? Those I have had surely were not acquainted."

"I have had one of them for years," she said. "I'll ask him if he can explain."

Chang Wing, her servant, was called in and the case put to him. He said he would go to see me the next day after his work was finished. He came, as he agreed, and walked straight into the kitchen, where he commenced to examine the furniture and cooking utensils.

Then he looked into every crevice and corner. It struck me that he was searching for evidence of the presence of mice in the house, for I had heard of the Chinese appreciation of this delicacy, and informed him that there were none and I wouldn't have them on my premises on any account. He paid no attention to the information, keeping on with his ransacking. He looked on the bottoms of the chairs and the pots and kettles, turned up the oilcloth on the floor, removed every article in the kitchen closet and examined it as well as the walls and the shelves. Finally he took down the clock and looked at its back. Then I knew from the celestial look on his face that he had found what he had been searching for.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

He pointed to some Chinese characters chalked on the back of the clock and translated them:

"Very bad woman. Doesn't pay the wages."

Charlie Lee, my first cook, was the only one of the lot I had had any difference with about money, and, of course, it was he who had passed the word to his successors.

When John came home that evening I told him that I thought I had discovered the cause of my trouble with cooks.

"I wounded poor Charlie Lee's feelings," I admitted. John looked pleased that he should have been right in his diagnosis of the case. Then I took him into the kitchen, showed him the inscription and translated it.

John has never since interfered with any suggestion as to my natural inability to manage servants.

A Brave Man Under a Cloud

By WARREN MILLER

A large amount of silver plate and jewelry had been taken by burglars from a rich man's house. The burglar escaped without being seen. The police got busy and tracked some of the plunder to a pawnshop. The pawnbroker declared that it had been brought in by a respectable looking man who represented himself as a man of business who had been well to do and had met reverses. The pawnbroker was suspicious of him, but he told so straight a story that the pawnbroker was finally convinced and bought several hundred dollars' worth of articles from him. The next day the purchased goods were identified as having been stolen.

That is as far as the police got in the matter till one day the pawnbroker met a man on the street who resembled the broken down merchant who had sold him the stolen goods. He followed the suspect and on coming to a policeman turned him over. The captive showed a great deal of indignation at his arrest and threatened the pawnbroker with suit for damages as soon as he had been acquitted. He said that he was not a merchant and had never been a merchant. He was a seafaring man and had been ashore only a few weeks. He gave his name as Patrick Dugan and was a native of Ireland.

When the trial came off the prisoner claimed that on the date of the theft or, rather, the sale of the plunder to the pawnbroker he was not in America at all. The prosecuting attorney asked him where he was at that time. Before replying he asked the date and was reminded that the pawnbroker's entry in his cash book of the payment for the goods he had purchased was Aug. 15. The prisoner scratched his head thoughtfully, but could not remember where he was on the date named. He thought he was at sea, but was not sure. Asked if he kept no record that would prove his case, he said that he didn't even know how to write.

This statement threw doubt on his accuser's statement that he had palmed himself off as a merchant in reduced circumstances and gained sympathy from the jury. Even the prosecuting attorney tried to help the poor man to get evidence to prove his alibi.

"If the captain of the Mark Hutchins was here," said the prisoner, "he could tell where I was on that day, for all that summer I was sailing with him."

"Where is the party?" asked the prisoner's counsel.

"He was here for two weeks till yesterday. I seen him in the street and tried to speak to him, but I lost him in the crowd. I seen by the papers that his ship was to sail last night when the tide served."

"What's that yer sayin'?" said one of the spectators. "I'm cap'n of the Mark Hutchins, and I haven't sailed neither. I sail tomorrow. One of my crew told me that an old messmate, Pat Dugan, was to be tried today for selling stolen goods. Dugan was a good nitty, and I thought I'd come round and see if the man bein' tried was him. But that feller isn't Pat Dugan. He's a fraud."

"Cap'n," cried the prisoner, almost in tears, "don't say that. I'm Pat Dugan sure enough. I've cut my beard since you saw me. Don't you remember that night when we was rovin' in Cape Cod with the wind blowin' it hale out of the north and the castle covered with ice and the main jib had to be lowered?"

"Are you the man that went out on the bowsprit at the risk of slidin' overboard and lowered that jib?"

"Why, sarlin', cap'n. Don't go back on me now. I stood by you and the crew that awful night."

"I reckon you did stand by me. That was the bravest deed in my recollection. It was purty high sea death. There was nothin' but slippery ice to hold on to."

"Let the witness take the stand," said the attorney for the defense. The captain having been sworn the lawyer proceeded to question him.

"Was the prisoner a member of your crew in the summer of 19—?"

"He was."

"Where was your ship on the 15th of August of that year?"

"Well, now, if you'd asked me then I was on the 1st of that month or the last of it I couldn't have told you without lookin' over the log. But I can never forget the middle of that month of that year. We run around on the coast of Africa and couldn't get off. A party of cutthroat niggers came off in boats to murder us and take the ship before the tide rose and let us off. Pat Dugan there suggested that we fight 'em with hot steam from the boilers. He took one hose and I the other. We beat 'em off, and if it hadn't been for Pat's suggestion we'd have all been leaved overboard as dead men."

The prisoner was the center of the admiring vision of the court and spectators. He bore his honors modestly, and no one would have taken him for a hero had it not been for the witness' story. The jury acquitted him without leaving their seats.

A few days later a policeman, who had been on duty in court at the trial, saw the captain of the Mark Hutchins and the man for whom he had proved an alibi getting into an automobile. The policeman had seen the owner get out of it and, suspecting that something was wrong, stopped them. They were tried for attempted theft and sent up for a term of years. They were both old crooks.

SHE WON THE BET

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

Jim Underwood and his sister, Carrie, were at breakfast when the morning mail was delivered. Jim opened a letter which seemed to please him greatly. "My old chum, Charlie MacKnight," he said, "whom I haven't seen for five years, is to pass through the city tomorrow on his way to Montreal. He asks me to meet him at the Union station for a handshake."

"If I were ready to go north tomorrow instead of Thursday," said Carrie, "it would be a good chance for an escort, wouldn't it?"

"Can't you get ready?"

"I'll see. I think I can."

"Charlie says he has heard that I've been married. I wonder where he got that?"

Carrie seemed to be lost in thought for awhile; then she said:

"Is this the Mr. MacKnight that you have said is the soul of honor?"

"Yes."

"The same that you had the conversation with about being so awfully particular as to his treatment of a friend's wife?"

"Yes. He once said to me that if I had a wife it would be impossible for her to tempt him into a love affair with him."

"Humph!" was Carrie's only reply.

"You consider that bosh?" asked her brother.

"I'll tell you what to do, Jim. This paragon has heard that you have been married. Introduce me to him as your wife. I'll bet you a pair of gloves against a box of candy that I send you proof at the end of the journey that he is not so desperately honorable as you think him."

"Done!"

The introduction took place as arranged, and MacKnight was led to believe rather by innuendo than a positive statement that Carrie was Jim's wife instead of his sister.

Jim left his friend and his sister together, inwardly hoping that the former would bear out his statement as to his ability to resist temptation. He did not expect a letter for several days and he did not receive one for a week. Then a telegram came from his sister:

"Do come up here at once."

No explanation was given, so that Jim was obliged to infer one. The natural inference was that Carrie had been taken suddenly ill or had met with an accident. The bet was forgotten in the more serious situation.

Throwing a few things in a suitcase, he called a cab and hurried to the station, where he sent a telegram to his sister to wire him at an intermediate city further information. To his astonishment he received the following:

"Your friend is here."

This dispelled the illness or accident theory. But what could MacKnight have been doing to bring about such a condition?

Jim arrived at his destination in the evening and was driven to the house of a friend of his sister whom she was visiting. He was expected and was shown into a room where he found Carrie waiting for him. She was the picture of health, but looked very much worried.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Jim, "what's the matter?"

"It's Mr. MacKnight."

"What has he done?"

"Why, I flirted with him—just a little bit, you know—and the first thing I knew he was talking silly. Then I told him he shouldn't say such things to his friend's wife. We were just pulling into the terminal when I said that, and he got up and rushed from the car like a crazy man. I want you to find him at once and explain."

"Why do that?"

"Because I don't want him to think I'm a bad woman."

"Nonsense! You've won the bet."

"Yes, but—"

Jim looked at his sister wondering, then said:

"I verily believe, Carrie, you've been winged yourself."

"You go right off and find Mr. MacKnight and explain and say I'm very sorry for what has happened."

"How do I know where to find him?"

"He mentioned during the journey that he intended staying at the Lenox hotel."

Underwood that evening appeared at the Lenox hotel and, being told that Mr. MacKnight was in his room, went there, knocked at the door and was admitted. MacKnight was walking the floor like one suffering from delirium. On seeing Underwood he halted, then, baring his breast, said:

"Kill me, Jim! I deserve worse than death!"

Jim burst into a loud laugh, threw himself into a chair and continued to laugh till he was interrupted by MacKnight saying:

"What in thunder are you laughing at?"

When Jim found his voice he told of the story of the bet. In which it appeared that Carrie was Jim's sister instead of his wife. As soon as this phase of the matter appeared MacKnight folded Jim in his arms.

"Come along," said the latter. "Carrie is in as bad a fix as you."

"All right; but, Jim, you've been traveling and need rest. Don't trouble yourself further in the matter. It's too bad to have called you so far on such an errand. I'll call on your sister at once, and I daresay the matter will be—"

"I don't doubt it."

The settlement took place and was followed by a wedding.

Legal Advertisements.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution in fore-closure and order of sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the State of Oregon for Jackson County, dated September 7th 1917, in a certain suit therein, wherein Polk Hall, et al, as Plaintiffs, recovered judgment and decree against Edward Brownworth, Defendant, for the sum of \$2000, with interest at 7% from January 24th 1910, and \$200, attorney's fees and \$14.50 costs, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in said court August 25th 1917.

Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the terms of said execution, I will on October 15th 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, with the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that Edward Brownworth had on January 24th 1910, or has since acquired, or now has in and to the following described property, situated in Jackson County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

The undivided one-half of the north-east quarter of the southeast quarter of Section Five (5); of the north-east quarter of Section Nine (9); of the northwest quarter of the south-east quarter of Section Nine (9); and of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section Ten (10), all in Township Thirty-five (35) South, Range Four West of Williamette Meridian, with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or appertaining. Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, September 11th, 1917.

RALPH G. JENNINGS,

Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.

By Leslie W. Stansell, Deputy.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution in fore-closure and order of sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County, dated August 6th 1917, in a certain suit therein, wherein Elizabeth Fowler, as Executrix of the estate of William Fowler, deceased, as plaintiff, and T. J. Wilson, George C. Garrett, J. M. Whipple, Mildred E. Young, Wm. L. Beach, Mary R. Colebourne, Gold Hill Lodge No. 129 I. O. O. F., M. M. Scott, John T. Donigan, C. W. Horton, C. B. McClellan, Phil Keeline, Henry C. Breeding, George Lowd, Thomas Conway, Robert Burkhart, Charles M. Warren, F. E. Hall, F. J. Blakeley, M. Burkhart, Chas. Hulen, S. F. Potter, John Thrasher and A. A. Boyer as defendants, recovered judgment and decree against the defendant Woodville Lodge No. 217, I. O. O. F., said judgment being in favor of Elizabeth Fowler as executrix of the estate of William Fowler, deceased, in the sum of \$7500.00 with interest thereon at 7% per annum from January 1, 1913 and in favor of the above named defendants in the sum of \$2375.00 with interest on \$1000. from July 1st 1916, and on \$1375.00 from January 1, 1913, at 7% per annum, together with \$500, attorney's fees and \$58.15 costs, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in said Court July 28, 1917.

Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the terms of the said execution, I will on Saturday, October 20, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the front door of the court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, with the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that the defendant, Woodville Lodge No. 217, I. O. O. F. had on the 18th day of June 1912, or has since acquired or now has in and to the following described real property, situated in Jackson County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Lot Three (3) in Block One (1) of Corner and Subin's Addition to the Town of Woodville, now Rogue River, in Jackson County, Oregon.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, September 7th 1917.

RALPH G. JENNINGS,

Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.

By Leslie W. Stansell, Deputy.

Notice of Final Settlement

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

In the matter of the Estate of Margaret Hurst, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Frank Hurst, the Executor of the above-entitled estate, as such, has filed his final account and report in the above-entitled court and matter and Monday, October 1, 1917 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the courtroom of above-entitled court at the court house at Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing of objections thereto and for the settlement thereof.

FRANK HURST,

Executor of estate of Margaret Hurst Deceased.

Speculation and Gambling.
It has often been asked if a man can speculate in the stock market without any one losing in the event of his making a profit.

On the floor of the New York Stock Exchange I once traced 100 shares of Steel that passed through the hands of nineteen speculators in a single day. Each one of these nineteen bought and sold them, and each one made money. It is idle to say that some of these may have lost what they might have made, because that involves us in a double hypothesis. Actually each one profited, and actualities are what count in speculation as in every other form of legitimate business.

This incident illustrates one of seven reasons why speculation is not gambling.—William C. Van Antwerp in New York Sun.

The Perilous Age.

If a man is going to commit a crime during his lifetime the chances are that he will do it at the age of twenty-nine. It is a curious fact that statistics have shown that man is more dangerous at this period of his life than at any other.

The general supposition is that men have attained the highest development of their mental and physical powers at twenty-nine, and they are supposed to be able to distinguish between right and wrong and to realize the consequences liable to follow the indulgence of either.

Next to the age of twenty-nine the greatest number of criminals have been aged twenty-one, twenty-seven or forty-five years.—London Answers.

Notice Of Final Settlement

In the Matter of the Estate of Christena Reuter, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have filed their first and final account as administrator and administratrix of the estate of Christena Reuter, deceased, in the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that said court has appointed Saturday, the 29th day of September, 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time, and the court room of said county court at the court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections thereto, the settlement thereof, and the distribution of said estate. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause if any exist, why said first and final account should not be approved by the court, said estate be decreed to be fully settled, a decree made for the distribution of all said estate to the persons entitled thereto, and said administrator and administratrix discharged from their said trust.

Dated and first published September 1, 1917.

J. A. REUTER, ELIZABETH REUTER.

Administrator and administratrix of the estate of Christena Reuter deceased.

Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, In and for Jackson County. In the Matter of the Estate of Frances Marion Bailey, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County, administrator of the estate of Frances Marion Bailey, deceased, and having qualified, notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them, verified as required by law, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at Medford, Oregon, or his attorney Newton W. Horden at his office at 232 East Main Street, Medford, Oregon.

Dated and first published August 25, 1917.

JOHN A. PERL, Administrator of the estate of Frances Marion Bailey, Deceased.

Summons.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF JACKSON. Jessie Beatrice Dean, Plaintiff,

-vs- Carl Robert Dean, Defendant.

To Carl Robert Dean the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before the 13th day of October, 1917. And if you fail to so appear and answer within said time, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: for a decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and the defendant and for such other relief as to the court may seem equitable. This summons is served by publication in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to an order of the Hon. F. L. Touvelle, County Judge of Jackson County, Oregon, made and entered August 31, 1917, which order requires said summons to be so published once each week for six successive weeks.

Date of first publication is Sept. 1, 1917.

D. W. BAGSHAW,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

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