

TOWN TALK.

Are you in favor of keeping the court house in Jacksonville? Then attend the meeting at City Hall Wednesday evening, Sept. 15.

C. H. Butterfield, owner of the West Eleventh street grocery in Medford, was in Jacksonville Wednesday.

Mrs. A. L. Goodman and children were shopping in Medford Tuesday.

Lewis Baker, who has been visiting friends in the valley for the past two weeks expects to leave Monday for the Oregon metropolis.

Mrs. Frank Sausberry autoed to Medford Friday afternoon.

G. F. Bailey, who recently received his discharge from the navy arrived home Sunday.

Lewis Ulrich and family are spending a week in Portland on a vacation trip.

Henry C. Gallup made a business trip to Medford Monday afternoon.

Dr. C. C. Van Scoyoc and Dr. C. T. Sweeney of Medford passed thro town Monday enroute to Applegate for a hunting trip.

Mrs. Lester Walton and children, accompanied by her father, Mr. Johnson witnessed the parade in Medford Monday.

Gagnon's saw mill on Jacks on creek closed down Friday of last week, because of a shortage of logs. It is not definitely known just when it will resume operations.

Walter Keizer, manager of the Keizer Bros. Transfer Co., at Medford was in town on business Wednesday.

William Bates, Medford's popular barber and C. H. Hamlin had business in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Issot came over from Medford Sunday to visit Mrs. Issot's mother, Mrs. Mary Wendt.

One of the largest crowds ever seen in Medford, attended the dedicatory exercises of the aviation field on Labor day. It is estimated that fully 2000 cars participated in the parade. Most of the population of Jacksonville was in Medford.

George Barnum, for many years a resident of Jacksonville was over from Medford Sunday.

George and Chester Wendt were in Medford Monday night to play with the band for the concert after which they attended the Legion dance.

The local lodge of Royal Neighbors was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bagshaw Tuesday evening, additional guests being Mayor Emil Britt and sister, Miss Mollie. At a late hour a delicious two course luncheon was served.

Mrs. A. Hartman this week disposed of a residence property located near Jacksonville public school and known as the Poole house, Julia Pierce of Medford is the purchaser.

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Mr. and Mrs. James M. Cronmiller left Saturday morning for Portland where they will be the guests of their son, D. H. Cronmiller and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Winters and son and Mrs. Lloyd Hillman of Seattle, Wash., are visiting at the home of C. F. Hoefs.

Miss Auce Hanley and niece, Miss Clara, were in town Tuesday.

John Drum of San Francisco was a Jacksonville visitor this week. Mr. Drum is a descendant of one of Jacksonville's pioneer families. His father, having conducted one of the first general stores established in this city in the building now occupied by Fick's hardware establishment. The Drum family residence was situated in the Sisters Academy grounds.

Mrs. H. E. Ankeny and daughter Gladys, of Eugene were the guests of Jacksonville friends Thursday.

Remember the big mass meeting at City Hall Wednesday evening, Sept. 15

Mayor Emil Britt, Miss Mollie Britt and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bagshaw motored to Eagle Point Sunday.

There was no band concert given in the park at Medford Wednesday evening, because a concert was given on Labor day.

W. H. Bennett, state superintendent of banks, spent a few days with his family at Salem, last week, and returned here Tuesday to resume his work.

Miss Ellen Hartman has procured a position in a Medford packing house and begins her new work to-day.

A party composed of O. M. Knox, Miss Zola Knox, Mrs. Laura Ryan and Peter Fick went into the hills after huckleberries last week and procured a large quantity.

Mrs. Helen Johnson spent several days this week at the Hanley ranch north of Jacksonville, looking after affairs during the absence of Miss Hanley.

Local democrats will be interested in the fact that Wm. G. Mc Adoo, former secretary of the treasury, will make a democratic speech in Medford the latter part of this month.

Genevieve, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shafer, recently underwent an operation for the removal of her tonsils and adenoids.

Joe Richardson, deputy state treasurer was down from Salem Wednesday transacting business in the valley. He says that the \$4000 of state deposits that were in the Bank of Jacksonville are protected by a surety bond.

Among the many towns people in Medford Monday to witness the parade and dedication exercises were: Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Niedermyer, Miss Anna Niedermyer, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Luy, George Lewis, Fred Lewis, S. E. Dunnington, Miss Leora Godward, Mrs. Mary Wendt, Peter Fick and Mrs. Mammie Nelson.

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The funeral services of Mrs. Lucinda Slover, who died Monday were held from the residence on North Ivy street Medford, Rev. D. E. Millard officiating and interment was in the Jacksonville cemetery. Mrs. Slover was well known to the older people of Jacksonville. She was the daughter of Merritt Bellinger and was born on the Bellinger ranch near Jacksonville fifty nine years ago.

Mrs. D. H. Jackson of Ashland was the guest of Miss McCully Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Ella Caine, manager of the local telephone exchange and children, returned Friday from a two weeks vacation at Grants Pass and Ashland.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Abbott, Miss Lucile and Julian Abbott, of Rogue River were calling on Jacksonville friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pelton of Klamath Falls were guests of Mrs. Mary Miller last Thursday.



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MEDFORD OREGON

Miss Flora Thompson, who accompanied her niece, Gaynell Kelly to Portland last week, returned home Friday.

Miss Issie McCully was at Ashland Sunday, visiting Mrs. D. H. Jackson.

Ralph Watson, special feature writer for the Oregon Journal, was in Jacksonville Thursday investigating the Jacksonville bank closing.

Misses Zora and Lorena Knight, have secured work in a Medford packing house

Four thousand dollars of state funds on deposit with the Bank of Jacksonville, the doors of which were closed by order of State Supt. of Banks Bennett on August 12 last, is amply protected by surety bonds, according to Joseph G. Richardson, deputy state treasurer, Richardson Thursday made a demand upon the Portland office of the National surety company, which stands back of the state's deposit in the Jacksonville bank, for the immediate payment of the funds involved in the defunct institution. Superintendent Bennett says it will be another 10 days or two weeks before the formal report of the bank's position will be ready for filing with the circuit court of Jackson county.

Remember the big mass meeting at City Hall Wednesday evening, Sept. 15.

Services at the Presbyterian church were resumed last Sunday, the first since the last of July. A good attendance was reported at both morning and evening services.

The public schools of Jacksonville opened Monday, September 13' under principal G. W. Godward.

Chester Wendt conveyed a small flock of sheep to Medford Wednesday, which he sold to a Medford butcher.

Please Take Notice.

After day and date all work done positively 'cash', irrespective of persons.

W. R. Sparks.

JUST PIE
By ALICE PIERCE.

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In these days when the average citizen of a city dally contains in one column such a startling item as the successful flight of an airplane across the ocean and in the next records the safe delivery of a deceased aunt's remains to Mr. Blank, of Blanktown, via parcel post, at the trifling cost of forty-three cents, we are compelled to describe Phoebe Hurlburt as an anachronism.

Long ago, when the whalers set sail from the little port, Phoebe's grandmother made most wonderful pies. Phoebe makes them just as delectable—and by the same recipe. Not the most noted man of science can suggest one improvement in the pies the old New England housewives concocted. Phoebe didn't try, and therein lay her success.

Phoebe Hurlburt occupied a place in the sun not too close to forty at the time her romance began. Cousin Jane was close behind. Jane had all along intended it to be her own romance; but, somehow, in the last act the cues got twisted and John Bellayre walked into the Hurlburt kitchen where Phoebe, in an immaculate calico house-dress, was in the act of removing from the oven two crispy, fragrant apple pies, instead of into the orchard where Jane had staged herself in an act worthy of Belasco himself. John stayed in the kitchen to have a sample, served with clotted cream, and stayed so long that finally Jane, all unassisted, climbed down from the tree in which she was precariously seated.

It had been along about Christmas time when Jane met John Bellayre. He had been the guest of honor at a so-called Sunday morning breakfast party. As a matter of fact both "morning" and "breakfast" were misnomers, for the guests assembled at one o'clock, and what they had to eat was a rather elaborate luncheon. Jane

had written her country cousin all about it and had kept her informed of the progress of the friendship. Jane liked to be called "clever," and it was with that adjective that the other women present at the breakfast described her manipulation of John Bellayre. But to do Jane justice she was an attractive woman, and Bellayre didn't need much managing to drift into a close friendship.

Phoebe usually listened in on the conversations, now and then surprising everybody by putting in a brightly intelligent comment in exactly the right place. She presided over the household, cool, competent, immaculate. But to all invitations to visit in the city she returned a polite but final declination. She didn't like cities.

It was here in the charming old New England village that Jane had planned that the crowning event of her life should take place. John Bellayre was dramatic critic for one of the city dailies. He knew many desirable people and he was himself an extremely likable man. Jane calculated that her oft-repeated statement that she would not give up her freedom before she reached the age of thirty-five would help, rather than hinder. Men preferred to have some obstacles to overcome—it tickled their masculine vanity.

It didn't suggest itself to Jane to take into consideration the fine sense of values which a dramatic critic must possess to take him high in his profession. It never occurred to her that she looked as an orchid would were it used in the stage setting of the "Old Homestead." She merely noted casually that John seemed to enjoy sitting on the veranda where Phoebe was always to be found in the afternoon with her crocheting. He would sit there lazily by the hour, hardly speaking at all. Jane usually spent those hours by rest.

On the last evening of her guests' stay some restless impulse, foreign to her placid nature, drove Phoebe to the kitchen. She explained to her mother that it promised to be hot tomorrow, and so she guessed she would do some baking before she went to bed. She had heard Jane's words to John Bellayre as her cousin went upstairs directly after the early supper. "I have some notes to write, John; I will meet you in the orchard at half-past seven." Then, at seven, she had seen her cousin steal out of the side door arrayed in a pale mauve gown, one Phoebe had never seen before and which struck her as "almost indecent in its daring simplicity."

John Bellayre caught a whiff of the fragrant odor of steaming apple pie as he started down the path toward the orchard. Without in the least analyzing his own motives, he retraced his steps, opened the kitchen door and walked in.

If it is true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, it is equally true that every woman is at heart a born flirt—even the most placid. Anyway, when Jane returned to the house, after maintaining to no purpose her precarious position in the apple tree, when it had grown too dark for the simple lines of her mauve gown to show to their best advantage against the green of the tree, she found John Bellayre and Cousin Phoebe seated side by side on the kitchen steps, planning for the future—together!

When a mutual friend asked Jane rather frankly, some time later, what there was about that country cousin of hers to interest such a brilliant critic as John Bellayre, Jane answered rather sarcastically, we must admit, "Just pie."

Statue of the Greek Slave.

This famous statue was the work of Hiram Powers (1805-1873), the American sculptor, completed in 1813. Five replicas are said to have been made by the artist, the first of which was sold to Captain Grant and taken to England, and is now in the gallery of the duke of Cleveland. The second copy is now in the Corcoran Art gallery at Washington; the third is in possession of the earl of Dudley; the fourth was purchased by A. T. Stewart, the New York merchant, and the fifth became the property of Hon. E. W. Stoughton.

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