

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE WEATHER.

Rain tonight, Sunday, fair.

Peter M. Kershaw has returned from a short business trip north.

Jacob Padgett, aged 70 years, succumbed to gall stones Friday of last week at his home on East Main street, Ashland. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Van Fossen at the Methodist church, Saturday.

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

Mrs. W. G. Aldenhagen, who has been visiting her mother at Berkeley, returned home on Sunday evening.

Miss Mollie Towne, deputy county clerk, spent Sunday night in Medford.

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

The Grants Pass football team won a game from Ashland high school on Saturday by a score of 6 to 0. Medford plays the Pass next. A large number of local boys visited Ashland to see the game.

H. D. Foster has completed making a map of the Crater National forest.

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

The Pacific & Eastern has imported a number of Hindus for labor on the road. It was found impossible to secure any other men.

Chester A. Arthur post, No. 47, will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2 p. m. to consider some important business.

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

Edwin R. Palmer, who has been spending a few days visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Carlow, left this morning for his home in Hammond, La.

William H. Nelson of Eugene is spending a few days in Medford. He states that he is well pleased with the valley.

Spices and extracts at 36 So. G street.

W. C. Henderson of Talent spent Monday in Medford on business.

Charles Turpin, former chief of police, spent Sunday in Medford on business.

Phone 3303 for tea or coffee.

Lee Jacobs, who has been connected with the Jackson County bank for the past eight years, has resigned his position and will accept a place in the new bank on the West Side, which is soon to commence operations.

R. B. Picard of Hornbrook spent Sunday in Medford.

Charles Monson, the popular traveling salesman from Portland, is again calling on valley customers.

M. A. Leach of Hilt, Cal., spent Sunday in Medford with friends.

Thomas Perry of Grants Pass was in Medford Sunday on business.

T. J. Shaeffer, the well known resident of Talent, spent Sunday in Medford.

H. L. Holgate of Klamath Falls is on a short business trip.

J. Cadzow of Butte Falls is visiting with friends in Medford.

W. H. Stewart was at Ashland on business Monday as inspector of fruit for a prominent London fruit dealing firm.

Henry C. Stone of Savage Creek spent several days in Medford last week, leaving for his home Sunday evening.

Editor S. A. Pattison of the Central Point Herald was a recent visitor in Medford.

Joe Whitney is making a short business trip to Salem and Portland.

J. A. Bothwell who has spent the past two months in Los Angeles, has returned to Medford. Mr. Bothwell states that there is not a town on the coast which makes a hit with him like Medford.

A. C. Allen is spending several days in Klamath Falls on business.

E. A. Dunlap of Ashland was in Medford Monday on business.

M. A. Leach of Hilt, manager of the Hilt baseball team, is in Medford as a witness in the case of the Lamoine Lumber & Trading company and Griffin-Kelly company vs. Kesterson & Sillsby, now on trial in the federal court.

The 1910 Cadillac "30" has arrived and will be on exhibition at the C. H. Snyder company's garage, corner Eighth and Bartlett, on and after today, November 1. Many improvements over the 1909 car have been made and it is superior in every way.

Ralph Billings of Ashland, who has been serving on the federal jury, returned to his home this morning.

W. H. Barron of Ashland was a Medford visitor Sunday.

Captain R. F. C. Astbury was in Medford Monday on his way to his fruit farm near Gold Hill after having spent several days at the Hopkins home at Central Point. Mr. Astbury is enthusiastic over the result of his fruit crop this year and is more than ever ready to swear by southern Oregon. He has shipped three carloads and expects to ship several more.

Game Warden Charles B. Gay returned Sunday evening from a final tour of investigation of his territory and reports everything quiet and a more general intention to obey the laws than heretofore. There has been but very few violations of the game laws this season, as compared with former years, due to the close watch kept and the fact that a majority of the hunters are disposed to co-operate with the officials rather than to oppose them.

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John Berry of Oakland, Cal., is spending a few days in the valley.

Henry Magee of Salem is spending a few days in Medford.

F. M. Stewart is spending the week in the neighborhood of Butte Falls.

William Tucker of upper Rogue River is visiting friends in Medford.

The Way of the World.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one we didn't go to the same place every summer because it was monotonous, so we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a whiter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so—at least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."

Chicago Post.

Wrongly Placed.

It is astonishing sometimes how un-consciously careless we are of the feelings of the person to whom we are talking. A young guardiaman told me the other day that a friend of his went with him to consult his lawyer. The solicitor, a shrewd looking and kindly old gentleman, was listening to an irate explanation of how his clerk had failed to do something that had been expected of him. "Yes, you are quite right, it was his fault," said the solicitor.

"But why are these confounded lawyers' clerks so stupid?" asked the angry soldier.

"I do not know, my dear sir," replied the solicitor kindly. "but would you mind alluding to them as 'lawyers' confounded clerks?"—London M. A. P.

A Strenuous Hint.

He had been a regular Sunday caller for six months, when one evening he dropped in arrayed in a new suit.

"That's a lovely wedding suit you have on," remarked the dear girl.

"Why?" gasped the astonished young man. "this is a business suit!"

"Well," rejoined the d. g. calmly. "I mean business."

And the very next day he put up \$19.98 of his hard earned wealth for a solitaire.—Chicago News.

The Reason.

"Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?"

"To hold their mouths shut so that they won't disturb themselves."—Cleveland Leader.

Happy Parents.

Distraught Mother—And what with these education bills an' all, miss, I sometimes says to myself: "Appy are the parents what never had any children," I says.—London Bystander.

A Money Maker.

Sanso—He is not rich and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends.

Rodd—How can that be?
Sanso—He works in the mint.

Origin of Seals.

The origin of seals is lost in the shades of antiquity. In Assyrian and Babylonian ruins seals still are found, and it is certain that their use passed from those countries to Greece and Rome, to all European countries and from England to America. Originally they were set in rings. The earliest reference to them in Biblical history is found in Genesis xxxviii, where it is recorded that, pending certain negotiations between Judah and Tamar, the widow of his son, Tamar demanded a pledge and Judah gave her his signet and other belongings. And when Ahah, king of Israel, tried to buy Naboth's vineyard and couldn't his wife Jezebel "wrote letters in Ahah's name and sealed them with his seal." In the Book of Esther, chapter viii, it is written that King Ahasuerus said to Esther and Mordecai, "Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name and seal it with the king's ring, for the writing which is written in the king's name and sealed with his ring may no man reverse."

Seals doubtless were used long before the stirring events described in the quoted chapter of Genesis, but no one took the trouble to write about them. From the time of Jeremiah to William the Conqueror the pen was practically unknown to king, noble or peasant, so the seal was absolutely necessary.—Kansas City Star.

The Lure of Money.

James R. Keene, who won and lost fortunes and who played with millions of dollars as a child would play with a heap of sand, was once asked why, having wealth to satiety, he did not give up the game of money grabbing and seek peace, comfort and contentment.

The answer vouchsafed by Keene may be regarded as that which would be offered by many another man if the same question were put to him.

"Why do I want more money?" said Keene. "Why does a dog want another rabbit? Your dog will chase the millionth rabbit as though it were the first he had ever seen. He will strive and strain in the pursuit of it to the point of heartbreak. One might suppose his soul's life depended on the capture. And yet, should he overtake it, he will cast it aside when killed and begin quartering the ground to start another. To the last gasp of his breath that dog will chase his rabbit. When you tell me why that dog wants another rabbit I'll tell you why I want more money."—Harry Furniss in Strand Magazine.

How Animals Learn.

Dr. T. Zell, a German naturalist, has collected many instances to prove that animals learn by experience and thus become wiser than their uninstructed parents. Game animals of all kinds, he avers, have learned the range of modern rifles. Greyhounds quickly learn to let rabbits alone, and fox-hounds pay no attention to either rabbits or hares. Killer whales and gulls follow whaling vessels, just as vultures follow an army. Crows begin to accompany the chamois hunter as soon as they have seen the result of his first successful shot, and rough legged buzzards follow the sportsman after winged game. The number of birds that kill or injure themselves by flying against telegraph wires is much smaller than it used to be. Dr. Zell also refers to the fact that birds and quadrupeds have learned to disregard passing railway trains, as horses quickly cease to be frightened by automobiles. His instances of the intelligent election exercised by sheep dogs are familiar to all.

A Prompt Reply.

A temperance lecturer was describing to his audience how his life had been influenced by total abstinence.

"You know," he said, "that I am now head of my business. Four years ago there were two men in our office who held positions above mine. One was dismissed through drunkenness, the other was led into crime and is now in prison, and all through that evil drink, the invention of the wicked! Now, what I ask is," he cried, "what has raised me to my present high position?"

"Drink!" was the unexpected reply he received from a member of his audience.

Trapping the Parson.

William Morris did not always get his jokes right and first. In a biography of her husband, Mrs. Edward Burnes-Jones tells of the ease with which he reversed them.

A dinner gathering had all been asking conundrums.

"Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burnes-Jones.

Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel!" he shouted.

Later in the day he came in laughing.

"I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'"

"Cain," he said at once.

"Ha!" I said. "I knew you'd say that. Every one does. I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the joke was."

He Beat the Baker.

His name was Johnny, and he was the idol of his mother's heart in spite of what the neighbors might say to his detriment.

"You'll get my bread today before returning to school, John," remarked his mother to the boy while he indulged in his midday meal.

"Yes, mother," answered he and shortly went forth to carry out his mother's wishes.

"A quarter of bread—yesterday's, please," murmured John sweetly as he tendered fivepence halfpenny in payment of the two loaves forthcoming.

"Bread has gone up, my boy, one halfpenny," remarked Mr. Dough as he held out his hand for the useful balance.

"When?" queried John thoughtfully as the prospect of a distasteful double journey flashed across his mind.

"This morning, my lad, if that is any consolation."

Johnny's face brightened visibly. "Yes, I think it is," he remarked spasmodically, "for it was yesterday's bread I ordered."

The baker concluded he had no claim.—London Telegraph.

The Candle Tree.

One of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom is undoubtedly the candle tree of Panama, known to botanists as *Parmentiera cerifera*. This tree produces from its stem and older branches a great profusion of yellowish, cylindrical, smooth fruits, twelve to eighteen inches long, which appear exactly like wax candles, as the botanical name implies. So close is this resemblance that travelers, seeing the tree for the first time, are liable to be temporarily puzzled as to whether the candles of shops are made in factories or grown on trees! The candle-like fruits are suspended from the branches and bare stem by short, slender stalks, dangling in the air, and readily give the impression of the chandelier's shop. As night falls and the numerous fireflies move among the fruit this impression is intensified. The inexperienced traveler is not infrequently informed that the fireflies perform the duty of lighting up these "candle" at night when light is required by the denizens of the jungle.—London Strand.

A Lich Gate.

A lich gate is a shed, generally of oak, over the entrance of a churchyard, beneath which the bearers paused when bringing a body for interment. Here the clergyman met the body and read the introductory part of the funeral service as he preceded the funeral train into the church. Examples of old lich gates are still to be seen in many country churchyards. In Wales they are more modern and are usually built of stone. Some of the old lich gates are formed with one wide door turning on a central pivot and self closing by means of a rude pulley wheel in the roof and a stone weight inclosed in an iron frame, a primitive but effective piece of machinery. In Herefordshire they are also called "scalings" or "scalenge" gates. "Lich gate" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon lich, a corpse; hence the north country "lyke wake."—London Answers.

The Order of the Bath.

The last Knights of the Bath made according to the ancient forms were at the coronation of Charles II., when various rites and ceremonies, one of which was bathing, were enforced.

According to Froissart, the court barber prepared a bath, and the candidate for membership in the order, having been undressed by his esquires, was thereupon placed in the bath, his clothes and collars being the perquisites of the barber. He was then removed from the water to the words "May this be an honorable bath to you" and was placed in a plain bed quite wet and naked to dry. As soon as he was quite dry he was removed from the bed, dressed in new and rich apparel and conducted by his sponsors to the chapel, where he offered a taper to the honor of God and a penny piece to the honor of the king. Then he went to the monarch and, kneeling before him, received from the royal sword a tap on the shoulder, the king exclaiming, "Arise, Sir," and then embraced him, saying, "Be thou a good knight, and true."—London Strand Magazine.

England's Patron Saint.

The story of England's patron saint is surrounded by a mixture of truth and fable which defies definite sifting. He is generally believed to have been born at Lydia, but brought up in Cappadocia, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, A. D. 303. The legend of his conflict with the dragon may have arisen from a symbolical or allegorical representation of his contest with the pagan persecutors. When our crusaders went to the east in 1096 they found St. George elevated to the rank of warrior saint, with the title of the "victorious," and as they believed that they were indebted to him for aid in the siege of Antioch they adopted him as the patron of soldiers. Edward III. was thus led to make him patron of the Order of the Garter, and so gradually St. George became the tutelary saint of England.—London Mail.

Visiting With Johnny.

"I think the mother of a six-year-old boy should have a pension to make up to her for the mental agony she suffers," said just such a mother. "I took Johnny to his paternal grandfather's last week and believe he has cut us out of grandfather's will. Of course we send him to Sunday school, and we both attend church, but we do not ask a blessing at the table, nor do we have family prayers. Grandfather does, and it happened that the morning after we arrived Johnny was excused from the table and went out in the yard to play. Grandfather led the way into the sitting room, and we all knelt down in prayer. Imagine my horror to see Johnny's little face peering curiously through the blinds and hear him sing out: 'Hey, in there! What kind of a game is that you're playing? Ain't you the rotten bunch not to let me in on it?' I arose and softly whispered to him to run on and play, and he sang out: 'You're it, mamma; you're it! Make a home run.' Now, what can you do with a small boy, anyway? I can never explain matters to his grandfather."—New York Times.

The Physician.

Dr. Cathelin of Paris declares that no person who does not possess certain "six moral senses" should attempt to enter the medical profession—viz. the sense of duty, the sense of responsibility, the sense of kindness, the sense of manual skill (which he subdivides into the sense of boldness and the sense of prudence), the sense of beauty and the social role. "The sense of duty toward the patient," so he is quoted by the Boston Globe, "is the very first requisite in a physician. It can only arise from a positive and innate altruism or love of one's fellow creatures—a quality similar to that which moves the hospital nurse to the care of the stricken. There can be no personal sensitiveness nor lack of interest in details, as against an absorbing curiosity that complicated cases arouse, and yet, with all this sense of duty, which calls for extreme goodness and sensitiveness of heart, he must not show a trace of emotion when his duty calls him to operate on a McKinley, a Carnot or a Frederick II."

A Truthful Description.

In an illustrated description of the game of tennis Simplicissimus says: "Like all good things, lawn tennis is of English origin. Marie Stuart while a prisoner was compelled to beat carpets which were hung over a rail. Not contented with this humiliation, her sister, Queen Elizabeth, once threw a dead mouse at the unfortunate Marie while the latter was beating carpets. The little defunct rodent was caught on Marie's fall and sent back over the rail and was returned to her by means of a fall in the hands of Elizabeth, and thus the game of tennis originated." Further on in the same description it is said, "Two sets are formed, and while these flirt at the edge of the court others stand near the net and make efforts to speak English."

Spencer's "First Principles."

In Spencer's "First Principles" he endeavors to define the fields of the unknowable and the knowable and the postulates with which the studies of the knowable must be pursued. When Spencer writes that "the man of science truly knows that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known," he is not referring to man's brain yesterday or today. He means that the fundamental principles of the universe, like space, time, matter, force and motion, are by their very nature unknowable. Since all man's knowledge of the cosmos can be traced back ultimately to sense experience, and since sense experience is not always reliable and much of what he calls the ultimate essence is entirely inaccessible to sense experience, it may be philosophically said that man cannot be sure he really knows anything. Both the strength and the weakness of his theory are due to the equivocal import of the term "knowledge."—New York

The BIJOU THEATRE BILLY EMPEY VAN, Mgr. TONIGHT Richard Darling Stock Company Presents Man & Master 4 Act Comedy Drama Specialties Between Acts Admission 10@20

IF YOU are thinking of investing in the Rogue River valley. If you want an orchard or orchard lands. Go to the man who has lived 35 years in the valley, who has grown fruit for 20 years, who has bought fruit from practically every bearing orchard in the valley and who has shipped hundreds of cars of fruit to the markets of the world during the past few years. RFFERENCE—All the large orchardists in the valley since nearly all of them have located through me. JOHN D. OLWELL, Exhibit Bldg., Medford.