

An Upward Step

Made by a Station Agent

By MARK TRAVERS

James Doughty went to work in a telegraph office carrying messages when he was ten years old. When not engaged at what he was hired to do he was questioning the operators as to how they communicated with distant points, the alphabet they used and other matters pertaining to telegraphy. When he was twelve, though he would not have been fitted to fill an operator's position, he knew many things about the telegraphic system that some operators did not know, for Jimmie was of an inquiring turn of mind and was always looking into things and the reasons for their being.

When he was fourteen, being large and strong for his age, he was given a job as assistant in the construction department of a telephone company. Here, too, Jimmie wanted to know the "why and wherefore" and at the same time absorbed the practical features of making telephone lines. By the time he was eighteen years old, having the materials, he was perfectly capable of setting up a telegraph or telephone line and operating it.

The first situation of any importance Jimmie secured was that of station agent on the Y. C. and St. G. railroad. But he was only nineteen, and to secure such a place he was obliged to take a station in a desolate place, the nearest house being a mile away. At this house he took his meals, sleeping in a room over the station.

In the family with which he boarded was a country lass two or three years younger than Jimmie, whose blue eyes and yellow hair naturally had an effect on the young station agent. A single girl off by herself is to a young man as a jackknife is to a boy. That same knife in a store among a hundred other knives is not nearly so beautiful as when he gets it home.

It wasn't long before Jimmie and Kitty concluded that it would not be half so lonely for Jimmie if they could build a little nest nearer the station, where they would dwell together. Jimmie had the framework of a small house and the other necessary parts shipped to him. The people thereabouts got together for a house raising, and Kitty's pop, with occasional help from Jimmie, did the rest, except the painting, which Jimmie did at such times as he could leave the station.

When all was finished those who had helped to build the nest were invited to the wedding and after it was over left the young couple in their new home. The first thing Jimmie did after they were married was to build a telephone from the station to his home. He located the station end of it in the room above, which he had used for a bedroom, in order that if any one came in while he was talking with his wife he might not be overheard. There was a steep, narrow staircase leading up to this room from the waiting room, ticket and telegraph office below.

He wrote to his old employers, the telephone company, to send him the apparatus he needed, knowing that they had plenty of such material in old stock, and they made him a present of an outfit, including a desk transmitter and receiver. Since there were nights that he was obliged to remain at the station he put the instrument between his cot and the side of the house. Since the latter was not plastered there was a convenient place for it between two joists and the clapboards. Often when he was about to snatch an hour's sleep he would throw himself on the cot, pick up the instrument, call Kitty for a few words, then set it down again on the floor. The wires passed directly out of the house, down behind a water spout and thence underground to Jimmie's home.

During the day, when confined to the station, he would often go upstairs, especially after the baby came, to call up Kitty and ask her how she was getting on, if she wanted anything and to send a kiss for both mother and child. One day while thus engaged a person came into the station, and since the room below was neither sealed nor plastered Jimmie was overheard. After that when telephoning, upon hearing a step below, he wrapped his head and the instrument in a bedquilt, which he had saved.

These details may seem unimportant, but a time came when they were a turning point in Jimmie's life. But that was not for some time after his marriage. Meanwhile he was thinking about his wife and baby's future. The appearance of a helpless child in a man's life stimulates him to action. Jimmie was not getting on very fast in accumulating surplus funds, and he felt the responsibilities resting upon him. He didn't like the idea in case he should die of leaving his wife with no income, and as for the baby, a boy, he wished him to have the advantage of an education. That meant the wherewithal to secure one. Since the father had not been able to get much education himself, he understood the disadvantage of being thus deprived and was all the more eager that his son should be favored.

Jim was now a man of twenty-five years. One night there were extra trains on the railroad making their

way between the regular numbers, and Jim was obliged to remain at the station. He was sitting at his operating table "dispatching" when he thought he heard the station door creak, but he was too busy to pay any attention to it. The clicking of his instrument went on, drowning any light sound that might be made. Suddenly he heard a click, not of his instrument, but of an entirely different kind. It came from behind him. He turned, and there stood a masked man covering him with a revolver.

"Young man," said the intruder, "another touch on that key and I pull on this trigger. Is the westbound express on time?"

For a few moments Jim could not find voice to reply. Then another period slipped by, during which he was thinking what he could do to save the express from robbery. In all perhaps twenty seconds passed. The man advanced a step and placed the muzzle of the revolver against the agent's cheek.

"It's twenty-five minutes late," said Jim.

"What?" Jim repeated what he had said. Had the train been on time it would have been due in ten minutes. A holdup at or near the station was undoubtedly intended, and this lapse of time was not relished by the masked man. He was joined by two more men, also masked, and, having ordered the agent away from the instrument, they held a conference. Then the one who had entered first turned to Jim and was about to say something when he saw a lantern of red glass sitting beside the operating table.

"Oh, there it is," he said, and, taking up the lantern, he put a lighted match to the wick. Pulling a silver watch from his pocket, he glanced at it and remarked to the others that they were obliged to wait half an hour. Then he said:

"One of you will have to take care of this young man."

"Can't we put him out of the way?" suggested one of the others. "There's only three of us to do the job, and we can't spare a man for that. Can't we lock him up somewhere?"

He glanced about and, seeing the stairway leading to Jim's room above, seized the lantern and ran up with it. In a few minutes he returned and told the others that there was a room on the second story to hold the operator if they could make it safe. Then he hunted about till he found a hammer and some nails and, returning, securely nailed the windows. Jim was put in the room and the door nailed so firmly that he could not possibly open it.

At this Jim was delighted. Not fearing to be interrupted, he seized his telephone instrument. But, hearing the men below, he paused. Had he not better wait till they had gone out? No. They would go out only to stop and rob the train, and that would be too late. Covering his head and the receiver with his bedclothing, he called Kitty.

"What is it?" "Robbers, who are going to hold up the westbound express. Take a lantern and run as fast as you can by the road—don't light the lantern—to the trestlework. The woods will screen you. Light the lantern and stop the train."

There was a quick step on the stairs, and some one stopped at the door. Those below had evidently heard sounds and had come up to see what they meant. But they had nailed up the door and couldn't get in. After listening a few minutes the man went down again.

Jim knew that his wife had time to reach the place he had indicated, where she was not likely to be observed by the robbers, for he could still hear them downstairs and concluded that they would signal the train from the station. As the time passed and he still heard them moving about below he gathered confidence. He stood looking at his watch till it was nearly time for the train to arrive, then heard the men go out together.

There was an anxious wait for Jim, nailed up as he was, for another twenty minutes, not knowing whether Kitty or the robbers had succeeded. Then came a ring at his telephone bell.

"Is it you, Kitty?" he asked.

"Yes," came the voice of one gasping for breath.

"Did you stop 'em?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"They went back two miles to G. to get some firearms."

"What else?"

"That's all I know."

"Good for you, little girl. Our fortune is made."

"Why?"

"This train carries treasure. You have saved it. I can ask for a better position."

When Jim was let out of his prison he learned that after getting an additional supply of arms the train had come on, been signaled to stop, had obeyed the signal, and when the robbers advanced to kill the express messenger they had been received by a volley. One robber was killed outright and the two others were badly wounded.

Jim was relieved from his station and ordered to report at the general offices of the road. There he was informed that he might have his choice of several important stations. The express company sent for the woman who had signaled the train and presented her with a check for \$5,000. To her husband they also gave \$1,000. In the express car of the train that was to have been held up was \$40,000 in currency.

James Doughty is now division superintendent of a telephone company, and his son is a student in college.

The Colonial Shoemaker.
American supremacy in shoemaking is due largely to specialization. Abroad an operative does half a dozen different things. Here he performs one simple process, and here also one factory makes one kind of shoes. If a large manufacturer makes different kinds of shoes he has a separate factory for each kind.

What a sight the modern shoe factory would be to the primitive shoemaker of colonial days, who was an itinerant workman, carried his tools with him and stayed with each family long enough to make up the farmer's supply of home tanned leather into shoes enough to last until his next annual visit. His last was roughly whittled out of a piece of wood to suit the largest foot in the family and then pared down for the successive sizes. He sat on a low bench, one end of which was divided into compartments, where his awls, hammers, knives and rasps were kept, with his pots of paste and blacking, his nails, thread, lings and buttons, "shoulder sticks" and "rub sticks."—New York Sun.

O-dori Street, Tokyo.
One of the most densely peopled spots in the world is O-dori street, Tokyo. The long thoroughfare known as Ginza, which runs from near the Shimbashi railway station to Spectacles bridge, is made up of several streets with different names, some wide and modern, some old fashioned and narrow, and if the earth were suddenly to gape open wide in that portion known as O-dori street at any hour of the day there is no other thoroughfare in the Japanese city where the results to human life would be more fatal, for here the tide of human life runs the highest. But O-dori street is extremely narrow, so that the density of the crowd does not make the daily figures much above the 300,000 mark. Unlike most of the other important cities of the world, this thickly populated commercial district of Tokyo is situated outside the city walls.—Strand Magazine.

The Better Part of Valor.
Nobody ever called in question the courage of the early Spanish settlers of California, but there seems to have been at least one man among their descendants who held discretion to be the better part of valor. A certain Don Andreas was interviewed by his superior officer on the eve of an engagement with the enemy and was warned that the American was a very different foe from the Indian or the Mexican and that courage should not be pushed to rashness in an encounter with him.

"Have no fear, general," was the response of the intrepid caballero. "I would far rather that history should record from where I fled than where I fell."

The general's mind was probably relieved of anxiety concerning the fate of at least one individual in his command by this reply.

Black Under the Eyes Explained.
"In the north country," so goes the story in "Sun Bables," by Cornelia Sombrja—"In the month of Kartik is worshipped by the women folks the great and terrible god Bhishma. Lighted lamps must be placed at the crossroads of the village, under the sacred fig tree, at the shrine of Shiva, and one little lighted lamp is sent adrift on a raft in the village tank. When the lamps have burned low it is good to rub the black from the wicks under the eyes. It keeps away the evil one. So that is the reason to this day we women put the black beneath the eyes."

Natural Ear Trumpets.
It has been ascertained that the spiral horn of a wild sheep, when so placed that the ear is in the axis of the coil, makes the direction from which the ticking of a watch comes more easily discernible. Since the ear of the sheep is surrounded by the horn it is inferred that the latter acts as an ear trumpet, not improving the hearing for distant sounds, but disclosing the direction of a sound. This would be useful in enabling the sheep to ascertain the exact points whence sounds come when there is a mist or fog covering its feeding grounds.—Exchange.

Carlyle's Way.
Carlyle appears in a brief reminiscence from the pen of Percy Fitzgerald thus: The thing with Carlyle was to send out for a long churchwarden in clay pipe and a screw of tobacco, which put him in great good humor. He talked to his plate, as you might say. If anybody said anything from which he dissented you would hear him murmuring, "Oh, the pair and foot; a regular pair and foot!"

The Mean Is Golden.
"How did Jones come to fail?" asked Binks.
"Oh, he had no confidence in himself," replied Jinks.
"And what caused Brown to fail?" asked Binks.
"He was too confident," replied Jinks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fair Proof.
"I wonder if she cares for me at all?" "Has she given you no sign?" "One. Once I saw her setting the clock back when I came to call."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easy.
"The doctors have finally decided what caused Smith's illness." "Had a consultation, eh?" "No; autopsy."—Judge.

What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you.—Chamfort.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR JACKSON COUNTY.
In the matter of the Estate of David Linn, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Jackson as administratrix of the estate of David Linn, deceased.

All persons having any claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, to the undersigned, at her address in Jacksonville, Oregon, on or before six (6) months from the date hereof.

Date hereof is November 2nd, 1912.
Administratrix of the Estate of David Linn, Deceased.

Notice of Sale of Real Property by Administrator.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR JACKSON COUNTY.
In the matter of the estate of Chas. B. Toothaker, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of Chas. B. Toothaker, deceased, will from and after the 15th day of December, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m. of said day, at the court room of the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, at the court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, offer at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, and subject to confirmation by the County Court of said Jackson County, Oregon, the following described real property to-wit:

The West 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 of Section 4, Twp. 23, S., of Range 1, West of Willamette Meridian, in said Jackson County, Oregon.

This sale is made under and in pursuance of a license and order of sale, granted, made and entered of record by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, on the 4th day of November, 1912, in the matter of the estate of Chas. B. Toothaker, deceased, authorizing this administrator to sell said property.

Dated this 9th day of November, 1912.

CAKLE T. SKYRMAN,
Administrator of the estate of Chas. B. Toothaker, deceased.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.
November 9, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that James T. Burtchell, whose post-office address is 702 Northrup St., Portland, Oregon, did, on the 27th day of January, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 07886, to purchase the E 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4 and NW 1/4 SE 1/4 of Section 12, Township 41 S., Range 4 W., Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 8, 1878, and act amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, \$14,000, the timber estimated 500,000 board feet at 50c and .60c per M. and the land nothing; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 16th day of February, 1913, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon.

Any person's at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

B. F. JONES,
Register.

Notice of Sale.

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

J. E. Crain, Plaintiff,

vs.

Max Turpin, A. Turpin, C. H. Hanson, Sarah J. Crain, and Henry Hanson, Hazel Hanson, Roy Hanson, Minors, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court made on the 23rd day of October, 1912 in the above entitled matter, the undersigned duly appointed referee in said matter, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all of the United States of America and subject to the confirmation by said Court on Tuesday the 24th day of December, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House Door in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, all the right title, interest and estate of the above named plaintiff and defendants in and to that certain lot or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon and particularly described as follows:

Beginning: Two hundred feet south of the Northeast corner of Block Three (3) of the Imperial Addition to the City of Medford, Oregon; thence South 89° 15' 00" West; thence West one hundred sixty eight and six tenths (168.6) feet; thence North 46 degrees 57 minutes West Fifty and eight tenths (50.8) feet; thence North 9 degrees 04 minutes West Fifteen and five tenths (15.5) feet; thence East Two hundred seven and eight tenths (207.8) Feet to place of beginning.

Said premises will be sold free from all encumbrances except City Assessments of the City of Medford, which assessments must be assumed by the purchaser. One half of the purchase price thereof must be paid in cash at the time of sale and the balance upon the confirmation of the sale by said Court and the delivery of the referee's deed.

R. B. DOW, Referee.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale of Real Property Under Execution.

The Jackson County Bank, an Oregon corporation, Plaintiff,

vs.

O. W. Henderson and the City of Medford, a municipal corporation, Defendants.

By virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson, dated the 15th day of November, 1912, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State wherein The Jackson County Bank an Oregon corporation as plaintiff recovered judgment against O. W. Henderson for the sum of Two hundred eighty-six (\$286.00) Dollars with interest thereon from the 1st day of May, 1912 at the rate of 10 per cent per annum and \$74.00 Dollars costs and the further sum of Thirty-nine and 20/100 (\$39.50) Dollars with interest thereon from the 1st day of May, 1912 at the rate of 10 per cent per annum on the 1st day of May, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that I will by virtue of said execution and order of sale on the 2nd day of December, 1912 at the front door of the Court House in Jacksonville in said County at 10 o'clock P. M. of said day sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described real property, to-wit:

Lot numbered Four (4) and a strip off the south side of Lot numbered Five (5), said strip being 43 feet wide on the East side of Lot 5 and 25.4 feet on the west end thereof, all in Block number 4 of the City of Medford, Jackson County Oregon.

Taken and levied upon as the property of the said O. W. Henderson or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment in favor of said Jackson County Bank against said O. W. Henderson with interest thereon together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

Done at Jacksonville, Oregon November 18th, 1912.

W. A. JONES, Sheriff.
By R. B. DOW, Deputy.

BUSINESS CARDS.

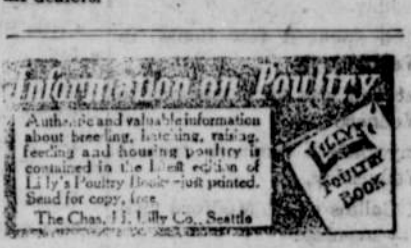
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NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER
Office Hours: { Forenoon 9 to 12
 { Afternoon 1:30 to 5
Bank of Jacksonville Building.
ACKSONVILLE, - OREGON

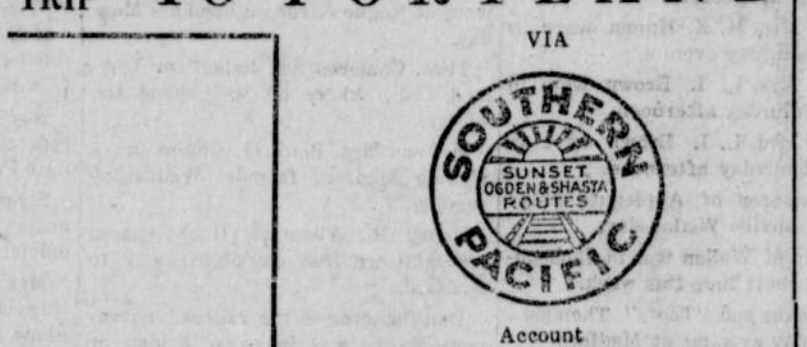
D. T. T. SHAW
Dentist.
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Account
Pacific International Dairy Show
and
Pacific Land Products Show
November 18 to 23

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