

LOCAL NEWS

G. Gitson of Medford was in town Sunday. B. M. Collins was a Medford visitor Monday. Judge Calkins held court at Grants Pass, Monday. W. J. Butterly of Medford was in town Medford. J. Garvin of the Sterling mine was in town Monday. Mrs. G. E. Neuber was a visitor at Medford Monday. Robert Hendricks of the Applegate was in town Monday. Jasten Hartman was a Medford visitor Thursday morning. H. H. Howells of Medford was a recent visitor in this city. Roy Womack of Medford was a recent visitor in this city. H. A. Canady of Medford was a visitor in this city, Tuesday. Col. J. M. Williams made a trip to Medford Friday morning. G. W. Trefren of Ashland was at the court house Tuesday. Charles McClain of Medford was a visitor in this city Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Brumble of Watkins were visitors in town Monday. J. A. Lemery of Ashland was transacting business in town Friday. J. N. Johnson, Esq., of Grants Pass was a recent visitor in this city. A. T. Bonner of Medford was a business visitor in this city Monday. David Dorn of Watkins was transacting business in this city Monday. Medford police are attempting to enforce the speed laws in that burg. Fred W. Mears of Medford was calling on friends in this city Tuesday. C. H. Gillette of Ashland was a business visitor in this city Wednesday. William Louden of Buncom, was a business visitor in this city Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Hanna visited friends at Medford Saturday and Sunday. Miss Emma Armstrong of Medford, was transacting business in this city Monday. The population of our city is increasing; several new families have recently arrived. Mrs. Lizzie Cronemiller visited relatives and friend at Grants Pass, several days this week. W. I. Vawter, Esq. of Medford was transacting business at the court house Wednesday morning. A number of the pupils in the public schools went over to Medford to see the O. A. C. demonstration train Thursday. Z. E. Johnson, superintendent of the spray factory at Phoenix, was severely injured by a gasoline explosion Saturday night. Recorder Stansel called a mass meeting for the nomination of candidates for municipal offices to be held at the city hall, Monday evening. Thursday was Lincoln's birthday. As our legislature has declared it a legal holiday, the banks, postoffice and offices at the court house were closed. The Talent Odd Fellows are planning to confer degrees upon a class of 12, Feb. 28. Delegations from the lodges at Gold Hill, Ashland and Central Point will assist. A petition asking that the question of "local option" be presented to the voters of the city at the municipal election next month, was circulated around town this week. Mrs. Margaret J. Smith, died at her home in Talent, Tuesday morning. She had been a resident of the Rogue River valley for thirty years and was aged about 75 years. For the third time Grants Pass has approved the bond issue for the railroad to the coast. The vote at Tuesday's election being 734 for the bonds and 189 against. It is reported that work on the Pacific Highway will begin on the Central Point unit next week. The Medford Concrete Co. will furnish the sand and crushed rock for the base. It pays to advertise in the Post; a recent news item, concerning an order from Calcutta, India, for grape juice, received by the Jacksonville Conserving Co., has been re-printed in at least eight exchanges within the last week. W. H. Gore of Medford delivered an interesting address on the need of vocational training, in the Presbyterian church Sunday night. The church was filled with an appreciative audience, a large part being young men and women to whom Mr. Gore's address was directed. A special song service was provided for the occasion. Chas. Bazye has sold his blacksmith shop to William Freudenthal, of California, and for the present will devote most of his time and attention to the Bazye ranch on the Applegate. Mr. Bazye has been a resident of our city for twenty years and is well known to our readers. He has always shown much interest in the welfare of the city and is a prominent member of the local lodges. The Post wishes him success wherever he may locate.

NO MORE TAIL HOLD

For Southern Oregon, Says Ashland Tidings.

Several new gubernatorial candidates have entered the field from the Willamette Valley and northern Oregon during the past week. That looks auspicious for a southern Oregon candidate. While the Tidings is nominally republican, it considers it more important that southern Oregon be strengthened in its political relation to the state than that any party be raised to power. Therefore the Tidings is ready to support any good man for governor from this section of the state, regardless of his party inclinations. The Rogue River Valley has hung on to the tail of Oregon long enough. It is possible for her to assume a more prominent place in the councils of the state and the people of southern Oregon should get together, regardless of politics, and push this section to the front. If this is to be accomplished it can only be done by southern Oregon putting up a solid front and serving notice on ambitious men that unless they are willing to see this section come into her own there will be nothing doing in their interest down this way.

School Notes

The pupils of the seventh and eighth grades will give a literary program next Friday. Jacksonville school was well represented at Medford Thursday. A special train was secured and nearly all in the upper grades availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the O. A. C. demonstration train. Notes were taken and compositions will be written in that phase of the work the pupil is interested in. Irvin and Leslie Freudenthal entered the ninth and eighth grade this week. These boys are from Santa Rosa, Cal. Miss Hurst and Prof. Smith accompanied the pupils to Medford Thursday. The "Current Events" table has the following papers and magazines that have been donated by the publishers: Medford Mail Tribune, Medford Sun, Ashland Tidings, Jacksonville Post, O. A. C. Barometer. Current Events, The Engineer, The Countryman, and Sunset. Regular copies of The Scientific American, Literary Digest, Cosmopolitan, Housekeeping and Saturday Evening Post are donated by teachers and pupils. The Parent & Teachers Association held their regular meeting at the assembly room, Friday afternoon. Music was furnished by Miss Wendt's room. Mrs. Hanna favored the audience with a delightful vocal solo. Mr. Jenkins delivered a 15 minute address on Lincoln. Quotations from February poets by members. Instrumental solo by Miss Faye Launspach, lessons from America's noted men, Mrs. Davis, song of America. The pupils of the school will give a basket social some evening this coming week. The baskets will be graded and a price limit set. Come and help the school get play ground equipment.

At the Churches

PRESBYTERIAN Morning with sermon at 11 o'clock. Evening worship with address by H. A. Canady of Medford, third speaker on the general subject, "Vocation." The particular subject of this address is "Law and the People." A full chorus choir with a solo by Mr. Canady, are the musical features for the evening. A cordial invitation is extended to both morning and evening services. Paul S. Bandy, B. D. Minister. METHODIST Rev. A. S. Jenkins Pastor. Sabbath school 10 a. m. sermon 11 a. m. Professor A. J. Hanby of Jackson school Medford will speak. Young peoples meeting 6:30. Watson Caudill leader. Subject our responsibility for our neighbor's soul. Why not you add one to the number in attendance. There will be no sermon at 7:30 but all go to hear Mr. Canady at the Presbyterian church. Bible study 7:30 p. m. Tuesday at home of M. E. Abbott prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Thursday. You are cordially invited to attend all services.

A Sign of Weakness

The cigarette in the mouth of man or boy is a sign of weakness. A real constitutionally normal male, who smokes at all, will choose the pipe or the cigar as the sign of his estate, attained, or sought; the cigarette is just as contemptible as it looks, especially the "dope-sticks" made nowadays; it is a habit responsible for many evils not contained in materia medica and it is at the bottom of more maladies there incorporated than the lay-world is aware of, but of which the physician and the victim are profoundly well informed. Cut it out, young man and woman, or it will get you, sure, and bad.—Ex.

A LEGAL RUSE

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Winterfield had a chief clerk, Wingate, who was meaner than his employer. The old man knew that if he left his fortune to his daughter she would either spend the most of it or give it away. He willed it to her on condition that she marry Wingate. The only way Mildred could inherit without fulfilling this condition was that Wingate should refuse to marry her. In this event the fortune would belong to Mildred. Mildred loved Edgar Cornett and, even if she had not, would rather have married an ogre than Wingate. The problem was how to force him to release her, which was the only way by which she could inherit her property. She treated him scornfully, but did not secure any response. Wingate bore it without retort. By the terms of the will if Mildred did not marry him within two years he was to hold the property in trust so long as he lived, to have the income for himself. One day Mildred disappeared. When Wingate learned of this move he was disquieted. He feared some game, but could think of no way by which she could secure her fortune. What he most desired was that she would withhold her consent to marry him till the two years' grace had elapsed, after which he would enjoy the income of the property and manage the business so long as he lived. The will read "In case the said Samuel Wingate shall refuse to marry my daughter Mildred Winterfield, at any time within the said two years," etc. Wingate read this over and considered the matter safe. The will did not say how he was to refuse, but this made no difference. He would not refuse in any form. Wingate had no desire to marry Mildred Winterfield. Indeed, he had nothing to gain by a marriage with her, for in that case she would inherit the property and might make it unpleasant for him. He had seen her only once, when she was about fifteen years old, an awkward girl, who was changing to womanhood. At the time of her father's death she was a fine looking woman, with golden hair, fair complexion and dark brown eyes. One day a young woman called at Wingate's office and applied for a position as typewriter and stenographer. There were no vacancies, and she was refused. A few days later Wingate received a note signed Elizabeth Darrow, asking him if he would favor her with a call since she had something to tell him to his advantage. This request, taken with certain glances Miss Darrow had given him, made him suspicious that she had designs upon him. Then suddenly he was struck with an idea. "I do believe," he said to himself, "that she is a decoy of Mildred Winterfield and her lover. The object is to get me in a position where it can be proved that I have made love to this woman and asked her to marry me. That would not be refusing to marry Mildred, but they doubtless have hit upon a plan to twist evidence so as to make it appear that in making love to their decoy I have refused to marry Mildred. There are plenty of lawyers smart enough to do that. All I have to say is if they catch me napping they must get up early in the morning." After considerable deliberation he determined not to let it appear that he suspected their game till he had elicited more of it from the decoy. He made no reply to Miss Darrow's communication, confident that he would hear from her again. He did hear by note, in which references were made to love passages between them which had never occurred. This confirmed Wingate's suspicions. But he did not know what action to take, or, rather, he decided that he had better take no action at all. In time another letter came from Miss Darrow, hinting at proceedings for breach of promise. Wingate congratulated himself on his foresight in laying down the scheme in advance. A trumped up case of breach of promise to Miss Darrow was to be turned into a refusal to marry Miss Winterfield. It did not appear to Wingate that he should pay any attention to these notes. By doing so he might get caught in the trap being laid for him. All he did was to give orders that if "the Darrow woman" came to see him she was to be told that she could not see him. Notwithstanding this order one day he looked up from his desk and saw his unwelcome visitor standing near him. "I have called," she said, "to ask if you intend to do me justice." "I don't know you, madam." "You do know that you have asked me to be your wife." "I have not." "I give you your choice either to marry me or stand suit for \$100,000 damages." "I will neither marry you nor pay a cent." Wingate's desk was at one end of a long room filled with clerks, and he spoke the words purposely loud enough for all to hear. No sooner were they uttered than the woman turned to those present and said: "I call upon you all to witness that I, Mildred Winterfield, have been refused in marriage by Samuel Wingate." Mildred had made her complexion an olive and died her hair, but in a legal contest that followed the court decided that Wingate's refusal, though he did not know her identity, held good.

It Did.

In "Tobelman Days in Fleet Street" the following story of Charlie Williams, the war-correspondent, appears: "Charlie Williams could have given Baron Munchausen a stone and a beating. He spoke with a rasping North of Ireland accent, and his campalgu anecdotes gained greatly by the stolid, matter of fact manner in which they were narrated. I recall now one of his campalgu reminiscences. It is a quaint experience of a correspondent under fire. "I had got under cover of a big bowlder and had tethered my horse beside me. I was just munchin' a beskit, when a shell burst on the rock an' shot the nosebag right off my charger. He had shoved his oild head out of cover." "And you?" asked Penrose. "I just went on munchin' my beskit." "But," suggested Dunning, "if the shell took away the nosebag it ought to have carried away the beast's head out of cover." "It did," replied Williams, with the utmost sang froid.

Watch the Clock.

If the passion for efficiency accomplishes nothing more it will—indeed, it has already—unset one of the most sacred tenets that altruistic employers ever put into the constitution and by-laws for the observance of employees. That tenet is, Don't watch the clock. It was hoped, of course, that if employees could be made to forget the clock they might also forget to go home at the expiration of the time for which they were paid. Efficiency now makes the revolutionary demand that you should never take your eyes from the clock. To be a topnotcher in efficiency you must go even further. You must get a stop watch with split second hands and make sure that each minutest division of time has assigned to it a precise and particular action, being or state. Watch the clock, my boy—watch the clock if you want to make a success in this world.—Ellis O. Jones in Lippincott's.

The Mullingers and the Hapsburgs.

The Mullingers are one of those old Swiss families concerning whom my friend Dr. Curtl, distinguished Swiss national historian and director of the Frankfurter Zeitung, recently told me the following amusing incident, writes a correspondent. Years ago a Mullinger was one of the staff of the Swiss legation at Vienna. On being presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph he bluntly expressed his pleasure at making the acquaintance of his majesty, which pleasure, he added, was all the greater since "in times gone by the Hapsburgs were mere retainers of the Mullingers." "In that case," the emperor is said to have replied, "I think you will admit that my family has got on better in the world than as welter gebracht than yours."—London Chronicle.

Try It on the Dog.

The farmer looked at the stranger and shook his head. "What d'ye call yourself?" he asked. "The Orphan of the barnyard," replied the caller. "What'n Tophet is that?" demanded the agriculturist. The stranger smiled. "A college professor has declared that hens will not lay at certain seasons unless they are amused. I'm the man who sits on a barnyard fence and amuses them. See, here is my mouth organ, and here is my tambourine. I play and sing and crack jokes until the hens roll over in sheer delight—and all for 50 cents an hour." The farmer eyed him moodily. "I wonder," he said, "how your talents would impress the dog? Here, Rover!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Way to Cure "Nerves."

We remember hearing of an Englishman, a distinguished soldier, who was naturally a very nervous boy, but who had cured himself of the infirmity through reading Lever's novels. The manner in which Lever treats of all bodily perils as a kind of joke introduced him to a new philosophy that made any exaggeration of the advantages of bodily safety seem not only morbid, but ridiculous.—London Spectator.

Distinction.

"Don't you believe women can keep a secret?" "Of course they can keep a secret." "Well, I'm glad one man will admit it." "Women can keep a secret. The trouble is they won't."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Quite Natural.

Bertha—And do you really believe that a woman always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book? Percy—Well, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last word!—London Telegraph.

Willing to Help.

Father (to his old friend's pretty daughter)—Goodby, my dear! I won't kiss you—I have such a cold. His Son (with alacrity)—Can I do anything for you, father?

A Man's Vote.

To request an honest man to vote according to his conscience is superfluous; to request him to vote against his conscience is an insult. Gladstone.

That's Different.

She—I hate big neck patterns for cloth dresses. He—That's the pattern of the last check I sent your dress maker for them. Exchange.

Good printing costs no more than the poor kind. Leave your orders at this office. We do good work at reasonable prices.

Don't be surprised if you have an attack of rheumatism this spring. Just rub the affected parts freely with Chamberlain's Liniment and it will soon disappear. Sold by all druggists.

FOR CROUP. If you only knew the success of Nyal's Croup Ointment in the treatment of thousands of cases of croup—it would be one of your favorite home remedies. During the past ten years, Nyal's Croup Ointment has established a remarkable record of success. Look at the formula: Camphor, Menthol, Nicotex, Oil Pinus Pumilo, Oil White Thyme, Oil Wintergreen, Oil Eucalyptus. Beauty of this ointment lies in the fact its easily absorbed, and handy to apply. Immediately as the first symptom of croup appears—buy a jar of Nyal's Croup Ointment and begin its immediate use. When using this reliable ointment, it is also advisable to give the child Nyal's Baby Cough Syrup, one re-enforces the value of the other. This formula is an old doctor's prescription. It has never failed to cure croup. As for the dangers of croup—no mention need be made of that fact. I you want to relieve croupy condition in short order—use Nyal's Croup Ointment. Tho it only costs 50 cents the jar, its a quick and positive croup reliever. As with all other Nyal Remedies—we personally guarantee Nyal's Croup Ointment. CITY DRUG STORE J. W. ROBINSON, M. D., Prop., Jacksonville, Oregon

"Safety First" Our Motto SHASTA ROUTE TRAINS THREE FINE TRAINS DAILY including Shasta Limited the train of modern service with all steel up-to-the-minute equipment. The California and San Francisco Express Trains with Standard, Tourist and Chair Cars and dining service that will please. Call on nearest S. P. Agent and let him outline a trip, quote fares and furnish Outing literature on California's famous resorts. JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

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