

LOCAL NEWS

Floyd Jones was in Medford Monday. Leon Hanna was in Medford Wednesday. Lewis Ulrich made a trip to Medford Monday. Mrs. P. Ensele visited in Medford, Thursday. Joseph Martin was a recent visitor in Medford. B. R. McCabe was a recent visitor in this city. Col. J. M. Williams was in Medford Wednesday. Mrs. R. B. Dow was a visitor in this city this week. Mrs. Hattie Deneff was a visitor in Medford Monday. E. Forman of Buncom was a recent visitor in this city. Chester Kubli of Applegate was a recent visitor in this city. Fred Offenbacher of Applegate was a recent visitor in this city. C. C. Pursell of Buncom was a visitor in this city Wednesday. George Wolf of Medford was a recent business visitor in this city. Mark Wunningham of Forest creek was a recent visitor in this city. Are you a subscriber to the Post? If not, why not? Only \$1.50 per year. H. V. Richardson of Ashland transacted business in this city Wednesday. Bert R. Greer, editor of the Ashland Tidings was a recent visitor in this city. Only about sixty days to the City election. Who are you going to have for councilmen? W. H. Venable and Ray Offenbacher of Ruch, transacted business in this city Monday afternoon. The county court was in session for the transaction of county business a couple of days this week. Mrs. T. W. Fulton left Sunday for Montague, Cal., to join her husband who has employment there. Ekron Gall who has been spending the holidays with her parents returned to school in Albany Sunday. Chicago bakers raised the price of bread to 6 cents per loaf as a result of increase in price of flour. Mrs. Lillian Pierre who is teaching school in the Sams Valley district, visited friends in this city Wednesday. Charles Prim, Jr. who spent the holidays with his parents in this city has returned to the University of California. Sheriff Singler made a trip to the Meadows Monday, to arrest a man named Charles Drake, wanted on a charge of obtaining money by false pretense. The Electric Theatre had a record breaking attendance Sunday evening. The management is putting on a good clean show and is entitled to a liberal patronage. Mesdames Hargrave, McGowan, Hamilton, and Newbury and Mr. Gus Newbury of Medford attended the installation of officers at the Eastern Star Lodge in this city Tuesday night. J. LeClair, a hobo arrested at Medford, charged with the larceny of a lawn mower and a coil of garden hose, was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail Thursday and is now serving out the sentence. The order of Eastern Star held a public installation of officers Wednesday evening at which a number of guests were present. As we were not furnished a list of the officers we are unable to give the names at this time. Mrs. Fannie McNulty, of Medford who was convicted of forgery, at a recent term of the circuit court, has been granted a conditional pardon by Governor West. Mrs. McNulty will likely return to Boise, Idaho, in a few days. Elsewhere in this paper appear the statements of Beckman's Banking House, and the Bank of Jacksonville. Both of these institutions appear to be in a flourishing condition and are worthy of the confidence and patronage of our readers. Reports are current as we go to press that Mr. Enyeart who has been sinking a prospect shaft in the eastern end of town has struck it rich. Mr. Enyeart has been acting on the supposition that the course of Jackson creek in years long past was considerably to the south-east of its present location and his prospect shaft has proved that he was right. He has discovered an ancient creek bed at considerable depths, the sands of which are reported to be very rich in gold. We congratulate Mr. Enyeart upon his success and hope that the find will be richer even than reported.

Fred Owens was in town Monday. Ora Stout was a visitor in Medford Sunday. Pat Swayne of Watkins was in town Sunday. Mrs. A. Gall was a recent visitor in Medford. Joseph Martin came over from Medford Monday. Benj. M. Collins made a trip to Medford Monday. Mrs. John Barnum was a recent visitor in Medford. S. Blake of Medford was a recent visitor in this city. Fred Luy of Wellen was a recent visitor in this city. Mrs. Nettie Thompson visited in Medford Monday. Mrs. Frank Robison was a visitor in Medford Monday. Miles Cantral of Ruch was a recent visitor in this city. John Cantral of Buncom was a visitor in this city Tuesday. J. Percy Wells was a business visitor at Medford Tuesday. Clinton Purkepile of Medford was a visitor in this city Saturday. Ray Bunch of Medford was transacting business in this city Monday. Dodgers are out announcing a dance to be held in Orth's hall January 15. Rowell Hines is assisting President Johnson, in the Bank of Jacksonville. Lee Black of Forest creek was a business visitor in this city Wednesday. Major A. A. Fries of California visited his sister Mrs. W. T. Grieve, this week. Herman Offenbacher of the Applegate valley was a visitor in town Wednesday. Mrs. C. D. Stout and daughter, Miss Ora, visited friends at Eagle Point, this week. Attorney H. L. DeArmond of Medford was transacting business in this city Thursday afternoon. A surprise birthday party was given on Floyd Jones Tuesday evening an enjoyable time was spent. Mrs. P. A. Hines and son Rowell who have been residing at Salem returned to this city this week. Mr. Barneburg of Talent passed through town with a drove of cattle Wednesday on his way to the Applegate. The Fireman initiated a class of six new members Wednesday evening. Some of the initiates thought it "slow" but some others were shown a "good time." Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock W. G. Caudill Supt. Public worship at 11 a. m. each second and fourth Sunday of the month and at 7:30 every Sunday evening. Class meeting every first and third Sunday 11 a. m. H. C. Gallup leader. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. The public is invited to attend these services. A. Coslet Pastor. The new county officers have assumed the duties of their respective positions and are rapidly getting on to the routine of the work. In the treasury department, Fred Colvig and his assistant are ready to handle the funds in whatever denominations they may come. Chauncey Florey and Miss Neil his deputy in the recorder's office, are handling the deeds, mortgages, etc. in fine shape. Mr. Malden, the new commissioner has taken hold like an old hand in the administration of county affairs. It is stated that Mr. Guy Harper who has had considerable experience in the tax department of the sheriff's office will assist Mr. Colvig in the collection of taxes and when the roll of delinquent taxes is turned over to the sheriff he will follow the roll and attend to the collection of delinquent taxes as well. Installation of Officers At a meeting of the Junior Brotherhood, Friday night, the following officers were elected and installed: Dan Bagshaw, J. C. Will Copeland, Vice J. C. Chas. Abbott, Secy. Marrit Dewe, Treas. Bruce Grieve, J. P. Ivan Applegate, J. C. H. Harry Walsh, J. O. W. Trustees: Fred Collins, Cecil Gall, and Earnest Lendow. Sugar \$200. Per Sack "We are exceedingly interested in the beet sugar proposition" said Jack Sheridan and J. D. Bell of the Nash hotel last night, "and will give \$200 for the first sack of sugar made in the Rogue River valley." Both men are using their influence in making possible the establishing of a beet sugar factory in the valley and are well satisfied with the progress made during the last week. Wednesday morning Emil Mohr, of the Medford hotel stated that he would give \$100 for the first sack of sugar made in the valley and a week ago F. S. Carpenter offered \$10 for the first 100 lbs.

Tom Gallagher's Information

By EDITH V. ROSS Tom Gallagher's term in state prison was finished. He was given some money for present use and started down the street. Tom had nowhere to go and there seemed to be no use looking for a job. That day of making a living by honest work had passed. He had tried work and had tried house-breaking. Several terms at hard labor in prison had led him to prefer hard labor in the open. But if he could get a job—which was not likely without a recommendation, which he did not possess—it wouldn't be long before someone who knew him for what he was would come along and give him away. He stopped at a restaurant and had a meal, after which he bought a cigar and enjoyed the first good smoke in a long while. Then he walked on into the residence part of the city, inspecting premises with a view to finding one of easy access, from which he might extract something which he might exchange for funds against the time when his meager purse should again need replenishment. Coming to a fine residence that stood in a lot so large that there were no other houses near it, he stopped and looked it over carefully. There was an arbor for grapes from which a second story window might be reached, and most of the windows on the main floor were not so high but that they could be reached from the ground. With a view to looking for a weak spot he entered the premises and went round to the rear. Through a window he saw a woman washing dishes. She saw him, too, and to divert suspicion he knocked at the kitchen door and asked if that was Mr. Smith's house. He was taken all aback when the woman said that it was. "Mr. Jacob Smith?" The woman replied in the affirmative. "Mr. Jacob Brown Smith?" "Yes, Mr. Jacob Brown Smith lives here. Do you wish to see him?" Tom, not having sufficient wit to extricate himself from such a hole, stood looking at the woman shamefacedly and without reply. "You don't want to see the owner of the house at all. You are reconnoitering with a view to breaking in to carry off valuables. I saw you sizing up the chances of an entry from the arbor and giving a professional glance at the second story rear window. You ought to know that is to take a servant in and have the whole thing opened up to you." "Are you in the biz?" asked Tom. "I know all about the craft and can tell one of them on sight. I'm tired of taking risks and will never take another unless I'm cocksure that there's no chance of my getting caught, and the pay must be big." "What luck?" exclaimed Tom. "I never thought to find a helper in here. You just put me on to the game and you can't make your own terms as to the divvy." The woman stood looking at Tom with an eye that puzzled him. Then she said: "I reckon I'll trust you. I've had a lot of experience with our kind, and if a person has any good in him at all I can tell it. You don't give me away." It was arranged between the two that Tom should come to the house that night at 12. He was to find a kitchen window unlocked, through which he might expect an entrance. A back staircase would lead him to a safe built in the wall and he would find the key under a rug near by. He was to take the silver and any cash he might find in the safe and go out with it as he came in. Having turned the swing into cash, he was to meet the woman that day week at the northwest corner of the city park and deliver two-thirds of the profit. Tom was surprised at being so largely trusted, but this didn't trouble him a bit. At the appointed hour he appeared at the window and found it unlocked. He entered, went up the back staircase, found the key of the safe under the rug and was opening the safe door when suddenly every electric light blazed out at once. Feeling a hand on his shoulder, he turned and looked into the face of a policeman. At the same time he heard a rattle of a dress and the woman with whom he had made the deal appeared on the scene in evening costume. "Shall I take him away, ma'am?" "Wait a minute; I wish to speak to him." Then, turning to Tom, she added: "When you called this afternoon, both my servants having left me, I was doing my own work. I spend a good deal of my time in the work of rescuing prisoners and recognized you as one I had seen behind bars. You are a better man than you look to be if you were not handcuffed how would you like to own an honest living?" "I'd like it mighty well, ma'am," replied Tom. A lengthy conversation followed, at the end of which the police were dismissed and Tom was to report the next morning for duty as chauffeur. He behaved, as agreed, and did not leave his employer's service for a number of days. When he did he took with him a recommendation for honesty and reliability. The day was celebrated as a work-day with prisoners and possessed a wonderful influence over them.

Sometimes a Clear Conscience Needs No Accuser

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS I was shopping one day when a woman in the place where I was buying dry goods was arrested for shoplifting. She seemed to be a lady and very much cut up. She endeavored to convince the proprietor that she was respectable and had no occasion to steal, but he was obstinate, and the poor woman was hustled off to a police station. A few days later I saw by a newspaper that the lady was the wife of a wealthy and prominent man. She lived in another city, and, there being no one at hand to touch for her, she spent the night in a cell. Her husband came for her, got her out and commenced suit against the dry goods firm for \$100,000 damages. This matter made so great an impression on me that I dreaded thereafter getting into such a position myself. I never went to a counter to look over goods but that I felt that the eyes of a detective were upon me. One day while buying some goods I laid my bag on the counter to examine them. Several other persons came to the counter while I was there. When I finished making my purchases—they were to be sent home—I took up my bag and went to another counter, where I bought a spool of thread and, opening my bag to put in the purchase, noticed some bundles that I could not account for. Either they had been put in my bag or I had changed bags with someone else. Remembering the case I have mentioned, I became terror stricken lest I should be arrested as a thief. And here is where an innocent person is liable to incriminate himself. Unless very cool and collected there are nineteen chances in twenty that he will do the wrong thing, and there are nineteen chances in twenty that one, especially a woman, will not be cool and collected. I certainly was not, and I did not do what I should have done—that is, take the bag to the office and report the facts. My one desire was to get out of that store before the lynx eyed detective on duty should pounce upon me. I went toward the door in a great hurry, doubtless showing by my expression that I was a thief running away with goods. I attracted the attention of a woman, who followed me out. I caught sight of her staring at me and, looking back on going the street, saw her coming behind me. I did not doubt that she was a detective, employed by the firm to watch shoplifters, and that I would be arrested as soon as she could secure the services of a policeman. I hurried on, she following as fast as she could. But she did not gain on me, for she was older than I and somewhat corpulent. Seeing a cab standing beside the curb, I jumped in and told the cabman to drive me to my house. The woman, coming up as we were driving away, endeavored to attract the cabman's attention, but he did not see her. I saw her plainly enough, but I looked away, pretending not to see her. There was no other cab near, and I succeeded in getting away from the woman. When I reached home I ran in as quickly as I could, locked the door behind me, and after coming to the maid to admit no one I went upstairs to my room. I had not been there long before there was a sharp ring at the door bell. I remained in my room, shivering, and the summons was not answered. There was another and another ring, but after that whoever was there went away. I heard some one going down the steps and, looking out of the window, saw a policeman riding away on a bicycle. I determined to get away from the house before he could come back, but first concluded to examine the bag. It was not mine and contained a number of articles of no great value that were evidently purchases of a woman. Then I recalled that I had been at my jeweler's and brought away a valuable brooch that I had left there for repair. I had exchanged my brooch for a yard of cambric, six handkerchiefs, half a yard of dress lining and a number of other articles of no more value. While I was preparing to continue my flight I heard a latchkey fumbling in the keyhole of the front door. I knew it was my husband and ran downstairs, opened the door and when he entered fell into his arms. In reply to his agonized appeals to be told what was the matter I feebly gasped that I was about to be arrested as a shoplifter. This naturally astonished him, and he worked hard with me till he got the story. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Some woman has unintentionally exchanged bags. Doubtless while shopping at the same counter with you both laid down your bags and she picked up the wrong bag. When you turned for yours you took what was left." There was another ring at the door-bell, and my husband insisted on going to the door. I ran upstairs and hid in the closet. Presently I heard him calling but I remained where I was till he came upstairs with my lost bag. The woman who had followed me, finding that she had exchanged bags with a man and seeing me leave the store, recognized me as one she had seen shopping beside her and had tried to catch me. Failing, she had sent a motorcycle policeman after me. He had returned, reported that he had failed to gain admittance, and the woman had come to restore my bag with a \$1,000 brooch in it for her own containing articles worth very little.

Self Belief the Key to Success. Do you still believe in yourself? If so, you cannot become a failure. You can at worst only have failed to find as yet the science of success, of which self respect is the key. In the great gamble of life we can afford to lose everything but our self respect. Money lost is little lost; friends lost, much lost, but self respect lost, and all is lost. Self belief is the husband of self respect, just as self respect is the mother of self reliance. Believe in yourself and you will win through, for self belief is the mainspring of human activity and the principal source of human improvement. It inspires you to do things. It teaches you to try again. The man who retains his belief in himself will never give up trying, and success is the reward of persistent effort. Self reliance will pull us through many a struggle from which the coward flees in vain and in which the weak succumb. The ability to "get up again" is the reward of the self reliant. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Rules For Success at Golf. Writing in the American Magazine, Jerome D. Travers calls Harry Vardon the greatest golf player he ever met and says the bulk of his success might be set down to these few simple rules: Control of temper. Refusing to worry over any bad lie or any hard luck. Playing easily within himself and never pressing. Playing always for the hole, even when 200 yards away. Studying his game and practicing at every opportunity. Making a point, even in practice, to follow all simple rules, such as keeping one's head still, looking at the ball, etc. Keeping the body under control until perfect timing is developed. Using an easy, natural upright swing that stays as long as possible in line with the intended flight of the ball. Details. Details are something beneath the notice of the majority. It requires a rare sort of mind to accord to them the proper importance. It is necessary for every great artist to understand details in order that he may know when they should be ignored. Gulliver discovered this interesting fact when he woke up one morning. The perfection of any masterpiece depends upon the strategic elimination of its details. Those who see only those things which lie between the little and the great see neither of these. It requires the same capacity of imagination to master details that it does to master immensities. To see big one must also be able to see little. Controlling events means controlling details. Nothing succeeds like details.—Life. Heathen Hospitality. African jungle people are not very particular concerning their food. One of our missionary women was down with an attack of fever some time ago. This was a source of sorrow to these poor, unlearned yet sympathetic natives, who in their own way are really compassionate and want to help. One of these "bush matrons" tried to express her sorrow because the "white mammy missionary" was so ill. After a time she left the station with a bright idea in her head and started for the jungle. A little later she returned with a large tropical leaf from one of the trees. Upon it were several big, crawling green worms, which she had caught and brought to the sick missionary. She thought they would be nice and tender for her to eat during her illness. —Christian Herald. Psychological Moment. "Pa, what is meant by the psychological moment?" "When I give your mother a check, my son, that is the psychological moment for me to tell her I won't be home until late." —Birmingham Age-Herald. Be Careful. Blobs.—That fellow Skinnum is always boasting about his pills. Blobs.—Well, don't let him apply it to your legs. —Philadelphia Record.

"A very good retort!" said a senator in an argument. "A very good retort indeed!" It reminds me of a retort. "Weeks and his wife were quarreling." "The night you proposed," said Mrs. Weeks, with a hard, scornful laugh, "you acted like a fish out of water." "Weeks sighed." "But a very cleverly landed fish," he said, in a musing voice. —Washington Star. Getting a Start. "How do you want your eggs?" "Soft boiled." "Yes, sir. I'll boil 'em about five minutes." "Five minutes?" "Yes, sir. I have a cold storage egg; an 'It's liable to take 'em a couple of minutes to thaw.'" —Washington Star. Poe's Reading. It was a peculiarity of Poe that when he was most melancholy he read the most lugubrious books, and, being a sort of Mark Tapley, he was happiest when he was most miserable. But Poe's rule would not be a good one for the average man to adopt.

It Theatre

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