

LOCAL NEWS

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30. Ashland will hold a special election November 24. Sam Coffman of Bishop Creek was n town Friday. All work done in 1916 spot cash at W. R. Sparks. Chauncey Florey was a visitor at Medford Monday. Mrs. Dick Gaskin was a visitor at Medford Thursday. Floyd Goble of Medford was a recent visitor in this city. Joe Brown a Steamboat miner was a recent visitor in town. Elmo Turock norton of Ruch was in town first of the week. Matthew Ray of Ruch was in town Wednesday afternoon. Miles Cantral and wife of Ruch were recent visitors in town. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wilson were visitors at Medford Friday. Judge C. B. Watson of Medford was a recent visitor in this city. Born-To Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barnum, Nov. 12, a twelve pound son. C. D. Abbott and son Julian made a business trip to Montague Thursday. A large band of goats, bound for Humbug, passed through town Monday. Stephen Cranitz of Sterling was a business visitor in this city Wednesday. James Edwards of Medford visited friends in this city several days this week. Everett Nicholson of Medford was a business visitor in this city Thursday afternoon. W. W. Watson of Medford was a business visitor at the court house Wednesday. John and Charly Schumpf who have been working in a mine in Idaho returned Thursday. Flo Thompson Mary Bagshaw and Ekron Gall were visitors at Medford Saturday night. Editor Wallace Sears of the Gold Hill News made this office a pleasant visit Wednesday. G. G. Brown of Salem, secretary of S ate Land Board, was at the court house Wednesday. Mrs. T. W. Fulton of Yreka, Calif. returned home Monday after a week's visit with friends in this city. Alfred Norris, who has been working for several months in Northern California, returned home last night. The loss to the apple industry in the northwest, by the recent cold snap is estimated at more than one million dollars. Notwithstanding the shortness of this season, the travel to Crater Lake shows a material increase over that of 1915. William Barnum delivered a gasoline engine and a lot of other machinery for a dredging outfit at Humbug creek, Wednesday. Fred W. Gray and Miss L. Myrtle Randlett of Medford were united in marriage by Rev. Harry Tucker, Wednesday morning. Prof. Emory W. Bagshaw, nephew of the editor of the Post, was killed in an automobile wreck, near his home at Alexandria, Pa., November 7. The editor of the Post has received a long and interesting letter from Henry Hoefs who is on the Charleston now cruising in the Gulf of Mexico. J. M. Larkin of Medford, died at his home in that city, Saturday, aged 74 years. He was a native of Iowa and had lived in Medford 11 years. The Medford and Ashland High School football teams are playing at Ashland this afternoon. Several Jacksonville people are in attendance. The special election Monday was a very quiet affair, only 86 ballots being polled. The amendment allowing the council to grant franchises for fifty years was adopted by a vote of eighty two for and four against it. Attorney General Brown and his assistant, J. O. Bailey of Salem were here Wednesday forenoon to represent the State in the case of State of Oregon vs F. A. Hyde, et al, for the recovery of certain school lands alleged to have been fraudulently taken by defendant. The defense is represented by J. C. Hershby and Wm. Beckford of Missoula, Mont. A. C. Shaw of Portland and J. C. Phillips.

Boost For It! Every man, woman and child should patronize home institutions and boost for home prosperity. BUY AT HOME STORES SUPPORT HOME ENTERPRISES READ THE HOME PAPER

Blank notes for sale at this office. Hal Rader of Watkins was in town Friday. John Byrne of Watkins was in town Saturday. F. F. Muldon transacted business in Medford Friday. Mrs. Albert Simms was shopping in Medford Friday. For Fire Insurance that protects call at this office. Edward and Thomas Goan of Applegate were in town Friday. Miss Elsie Cummings of Medford is visiting friends in this city. Dr. T. T. Shaw attended to business matters in Medford Friday evening. Mr. Ballis has cut down his grading crew from twenty-three to eight men. Mrs. John Dyer, of Southampton, England, arrived in the valley this week. Otto Fox of Applegate passed through town Friday on his way home from an extended trip to Portland and other northern points. Mrs. Charles Conner, Dorothy Conner and Boardnot Conner left Thursday on an extended eastern trip. They will attend the Harvard-Yale football game at New Haven, November 25th, returning home in the early spring. Lester Ellis and Bernice Poals were united in marriage Thursday evening, at the office of Judge Doh in this city. Mr. Ellis is a Jacksonville boy, having lived in this city the past seven years; Mrs. Ellis is one of Jacksonville's girls being raised in this vicinity. The Post extends its best wishes to the happy couple.

Electric Sparks (From Off Our Wireless) The milk shortage in New York is so serious that it is feared that the Broadway milk punch will have to be made hereafter without the collaboration of a cow. Philadelphia has advanced the price of the ten-cent shine to fifteen cents, which looks like rubbing it in when the ultimate consumer hasn't a foot to stand on. The German army may be put on its uppers but it still manages somehow to put up a good front. Broom corn has gone to \$200 a ton, but the vacuum cleaner will bring it down. Greece is saving that last bite of neutrality a long while. One surmises that the Sportsmen's club should never lack material for billiard balls. J. Pierpont Morgan has gone to Europe, and says he expects to be gone for five or six weeks. It is supposed that he will attend negotiations for a new British loan, and in any event he is due to return with his pockets full of orders for supplies. Every time a soap box statistician brags that this is a billion dollar country Congress raises the ante. It's a whole lot easier for some men to criticize whiskers than it is for them to raise a beard. But what makes the Kaiser feel that the kind of peace President Wilson stirred up in Mexico would be any better than what is now going on in Europe? We presume that the American financiers who are about to invest \$60,000,000 in China haven't heard about American investments in Mexico. The next time the Ancients visit Atlantic City the chair boys are going to see to it that there is an adequate supply of those tank tractors on hand. A letter mailed fifty-seven years ago has just been delivered. Yes, your right this little violation of the speed law occurred in Philadelphia. What the farmers of this country are determined to do in their desperation is to make milk worth its weight in gasoline. Germany has set the summer clocks back and is now formally embarked upon the winter of her discontent.

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Value of Education. "Every day spent in school the child earns 8c." This statement was made by Wisconsin's state superintendent, who bases his estimate on the official records of the Bureau of Education at Washington. Here is what he offers as proof of the statement: "Uneducated laborers earn on the average \$300 a year for forty years, a total of \$12,000. "High school graduates earn on an average \$1,000 a year for forty years, a total of \$40,000. "This education requires twelve years of school of 180 days each, a total of 2,160 days. If 2,160 days at school add \$20,000 to the income for life, then each day at school adds \$9.02. "Forceful as this summarization of earnings is," said the superintendent, "it tells but one side of the story—the money side. Back of this can be seen improved standards of living, more intelligent and progressive communities and a stronger national life."—Chicago Herald.

Icy Cold Winters. In the winter of 1780 New York harbor was frozen over and teams passed from New York to Staten Island. New York bay was frozen over in the latter part of January, 1821, and sleighs passed over the Hudson river from Cortlandt street to Jersey City. On Feb. 3, 1844, Long Island sound was frozen over a few miles above New York. On Jan. 20, 1852, the East river was frozen over, and hundreds passed over both ways between Brooklyn and New York. On Feb. 10 and 11, 1856, the East river was frozen over so that the people passed over freely. On Jan. 23, 1867, the East river was bridged over with ice, and 5,000 persons passed over. On Feb. 12, 1875, the East river was completely bridged over for over three and one-half hours. During the blizzard of March 12, 1888, the East river was frozen over so completely for several hours that hundreds passed over both ways.—Magazine of American History.

First Prohibition Act. The first prohibitive measure was that of the Saxon King Edgar, who, nearly a thousand years ago, on the advice of Dunstan, put down many alehouses, allowing only one to exist in any village or small town and at the same time limiting the drafts of the drinkers. The common drinking cup of that day held about two quarts, and Edgar had eight pegs placed at stated distances in each cup, heavy penalties being imposed on those who drank from one peg to another at each time. Neither the working nor the result of the act encouraged Edgar's successors to further action, and the next prohibitive legislation on the sale of liquor is due to Henry VII, who, by an act against vagabonds and beggars in the year 1495, gave power to any two justices of the peace to stop the common selling of strong ale in towns and any other places they thought necessary.—London Mirror.

Three Kinds of Secondhand Books. "How much is this book?" a prospective customer asked the second hand book dealer. It was a volume of essays. "That is a 'reading book' and sells for 50 cents," the dealer answered. "The prospective customer looked puzzled, so the secondhand book man went on to explain: "I have been in this business a good many years, both here and in other cities, and I have found that everywhere the general secondhand book buying public divides books into three classes and asks for them accordingly. "A paper backed book is a 'novel.' "A cloth bound novel, however, is a 'fiction book.' "Everything else in bound literature comes under the classification of 'reading books.'"—Kansas City Star.

Different Schools. Dean Hole, who was the pioneer of rose shows in England, was fond of telling this story: At Cambridge a horticultural show was suddenly invaded by a heavenly host of sweet girl graduates. "Madam," said a member of the executive to the lady in whose charge they came, "may I point out that this is a school for horticulture and not for husbandry?"

To Drop Medicine. When you have no medicine dropper try this method: Shake the bottle so as to moisten the cork. With the wet end of the cork moisten the edges of the mouth of the bottle, then, holding the cork under the mouth, let the fluid pass over the cork in dripping.

Smarty! Wife (nibbling her pen)—Let's see, what is the term applied to one who signs another person's name to a check. Hub—Five or ten years usually.—Boston Transcript.

Teacher—Now, remember, Nellie, that anything you can see through is transparent. Can you name something that is transparent? Small Nellie—Yes, ma'am; a keyhole.

His Predicament. Absentminded Man—Darn it! Four times I carried my wife's letter and forgot to mail it. Now that I remember it I've forgotten the letter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cynic—Women never get a good grasp of anything. The Husband—Well, that may be if you get your hair cut short enough.—Baltimore American.

An Irritable man lies like a hedgehog, curled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—Hood.

She Overreached Herself By ESTHER VANDEVEER

When Thomas Deane was an old man his wife died, and he became dependent upon his daughter, Hester, for care and companionship. Unhappily at this very time Hester fell in love with a man of whom her father did not approve. When Hester Deane married George Martindale without her father's consent Mr. Deane took into his home Edna Tiernan, a niece of his wife's about his daughter's age, and turned over to her his household affairs. Mr. Deane soon became so dependent upon Edna that despite the fact of his being three times her age he wanted her to marry him, for he was a widower and Hester was his only child.

Now, Edna was in love with a man who was paying her a great deal of attention, but had not proposed to her. If he would marry her she might tell her aged lover that she was already spoken for, but if she told him that she was free, but would not marry him, she might lose her home, and she had nothing to live upon. The man she wanted, Edgar Thorne, was well to do and could give her a good home. But from all appearance he had no intention of making her his wife.

Edna endeavored to steer a middle course between the two men, but one evening Mr. Deane, entering a room suddenly where she and Thorne were together found them locked in each other's arms. Thorne in order to protect the girl told Deane that she was his wife.

Deane, after Thorne had left the house, questioned Edna about the situation. She confirmed Thorne's statement, claiming that Thorne was not able to support her, and they were waiting till he was in a better financial condition to acknowledge the marriage and live together.

Deane was perplexed to know what to do. He was inclined to forgive his daughter for marrying without his consent, bring her back with her husband and still give her the care of his household. He said nothing to Edna about this, but when she saw a letter he had written to Hester on his desk she surmised what it meant. Seeing him commit the letter to a maid to be mailed Edna took it from the maid's hand, saying that she would attend to its posting. The letter never reached its destination, but in due time a reply was received by Mr. Deane from his daughter stating that she would not forgive her father for his treatment of her and she and her husband would continue to live where they were. This letter was forged by Edna.

Deane fell sick after this, and Edna took care of him, he being entirely dependent upon her ministrations. During his illness he was obliged to rely upon her for assistance in the execution of certain papers, whereby it became evident that he possessed a considerable property. At once it became Edna's object to induce him to make her his heir. He was gradually sinking, and she dominated him in his weakness. A few days before his death she induced him to permit her to send for a lawyer to make a will. Mr. Deane gave orders when the man arrived that he be shown to the sickroom and no one else be admitted. The will was executed and Edna informed that all the property had been willed to her. But the attorney was instructed to retain possession of the document. Being assured by both men of the truth of this statement, Edna was satisfied and content to wait for the end, which was a matter of only a few days.

After the death of Mr. Deane Edna called on the lawyer who had drawn the will and asked to see it. It was shown her, and she read that all the testator's property was willed to Edna Tiernan Thorne.

Edna was not so dull as to suppose she could inherit under this will unless married to Thorne, and even then, the property having been left to her as Edna Thorne when she was Edna Tiernan, she doubted if the will would hold good. Without a word to the lawyer she went away to find Thorne. On meeting him she told him of the situation. On hearing it his face fell. He had married another woman, keeping his marriage a secret from Edna, fearing that she would make trouble for him. Being a grasping man, he regretted his marriage, for Edna now gave him to understand that the Deane property was considerable.

Edna was crushed at the failure of her efforts. She confessed to the attorney for the estate that she was Edna Tiernan, but not Edna Tiernan Thorne. He told her at once that the will was void and that if no valid will was found Hester Deane Martindale, being heir at law, would come into possession of the estate.

No other will was found, but Hester had no difficulty in proving her claim to her father's fortune as his only child. It turned out a surprise to every one, it having been supposed that Mr. Deane was in very moderate circumstances. The only offset to Edna's crime was her confession to Hester that she had destroyed her father's letter forgiving and recalling her and had written him a forged reply.

Hester Martindale treated magnanimously the woman who had so abused her. Remembering that Edna had nursed her father in his last illness and that he had intended to leave his property to her, Hester granted her a income for the balance of her life, at Hester would never permit the offer to come near her.

Beau Brummel of Hawks. He is the Beau Brummel of the North American hawks, among which he is conceded to be the handsomest as well as the smallest. It's the sparrow hawk and breeds throughout the United States, Canada and northern Mexico.

He stands around on telegraph poles sporting a salt and pepper vest, with a red and black long tailed coat, and all the other hawks are envious of his appearance and smart toggery.

Few birds eat such a variety of food as the sparrow hawk, who is the true American falcon. Grasshoppers, crickets, terrestrial beetles and caterpillars make up more than half his subsistence, while field mice, house mice and shrews cover 25 per cent of his annual supply. The balance of the food includes birds, reptiles and spiders.

In agricultural districts where new ground is being broken the sparrow hawk becomes quite tame, even alighting for a moment under the horses in his effort to seize a worm or an insect.—Philadelphia North American.

Bluecher In the Hospital. At the time of the Seven Years' war there was very little knowledge of surgery, and the surgeons were often no more than barbers, inexperienced and uneducated. They were commonly known as the "Company of Pain," a name that fitted them admirably.

Lieutenant Bluecher, afterward the famous field marshal, says Taegliche Rundschau, was wounded in the foot by a musket ball. At the hospital to which he was carried several surgeons began to probe the wound and cut promiscuously in its vicinity. Finally Bluecher inquired, in spite of the pain: "What sort of tailoring are you trying to do? The wound is large enough already, I should think!"

"We're looking for the bullet," answered one of the offended surgeons. "Oh, oh!" cried Bluecher angrily. "Why didn't you tell me that before? I have it in my pocket." And with that he drew from his pocket the bullet, which he had extracted from the wound himself.

When Greek Meets Greek. The middle aged American who was having his shoes polished looked down at the busy Greek lad who was bent on turning out a good job.

"Well, young man," he said, rather patronizingly, "I suppose you are learning to speak good English. By the bye, how long have you been in this country?" "About one year, meester," was the prompt reply. "You live here some time, I guess?" "Oh," answered the other vaguely, with a mysterious smile, "I've been here over a year."

The young Greek regarded his customer with suspicion for a moment and then, appearing to understand that he was being quizzed, said swiftly, with a dazzling smile: "Well, meester, I give you compliments. You speak very good language for so short while!"—New York Post.

Song Writers and the Bowery. The Bowery in New York has produced some of the greatest American song makers. It was among the old Bowery haunts that Stephen C. Foster found the inspiration for "My Old Kentucky Home," "Darling Nellie Gray," "Massa's In de Cold, Cold Ground," "The Old Folks at Home" and "Gentle Annie." And down the old Bowery Howard and Charles Graham often wandered while humming to themselves the initial strains of such songs as "My Dad's the Engineer," "A Picture That Is Turned Towards the Wall" and "Two Little Girls in Blue." But Foster and the Graham brothers, however, saw few of the golden nuggets that now gladden the hearts and eyes of song writers.—American Magazine.

Usually the Way. Bagshaw—I might have told him that if my reputation was as bad as his I'd be glad to lose it.

His Wife—I'm glad you didn't prolong the argument. You showed great self control in not doing so.

Bagshaw—It wasn't self control. I didn't think of it till after I got home.—London Telegraph.

There Are Some. "I just adore western men," gushed the girl who had never been west of Hoboken. "You are all so big and bluff and hearty."

"Well, when it comes to that," replied the westerner, "I've seen some pretty big bluffs right here in New York city."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wrong Beliefs. Hosts of young men are reckless because they believe that by and by they can be what they will. Hosts of old men are hopeless because it seems impossible that they can ever be anything but what they are. Both are wrong.—Phillips Brooks.

Bad Subject, (Buy)ology. Daughter—Father, can I take a post-graduate course in biology? Her Dad (dubiously)—I don't know, daughter. I'm afraid you'll be wanting to buy too many things.—Boston Transcript.

Your Fortune. We should manage our fortune like our constitution—enjoy it when good, have patience when bad and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.—Rochefoucauld.

Showing Himself. "Jack must be out of debt." "Why?" "He's walking down the main street again."—Michigan Garçon.

Happiness is generally a matter of tense, either of the past or the future.—Philadelphia Record.