

LOCAL NEWS

Paul Anderson of Ruch was a recent visitor in this city. Judge Neil transacted business at Medford Thursday. County Clerk Gardner was a business visitor at Medford Friday. Mrs. Anna Coffman of Medford was a visitor in this city Tuesday. H. K. Hanna was a business visitor at Medford Tuesday afternoon. Prosecuting Attorney Roberts of Medford was in town Wednesday. John T. Deadmond of Watkins transacted business in this city Thursday. Ira Coffman of Bishop creek was a business visitor in this city Thursday. The county court was in session for transaction of county business Wednesday. The order of the Eastern Star held an installation of officers Thursday night. A. T. Lurdgren of Watkins spent the week transacting business and visiting friends in this city. Miss Elith Baily, who was injured in a coasting accident a few days ago, is rapidly recovering. Marshal Joe Norris was struck in the eye by a snowball, Wednesday, sustaining a severe injury. John B. Renault, Sr., who has been visiting friends at Seattle for several weeks, returned Thursday. Merritt Wilkenson died at Central Point, Jan. 1, aged 72 years. Funeral was held Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Ellen Band, who has been spending the winter at the Horn Ranch, in California, is in town this week. The heavy snow broke down the old frame barn at the rear of the U. S. hotel building, Tuesday afternoon. Owing to the absence of Justice Taylor of Medford, Justice Dox is having a rush of criminal cases to handle this week.

All work done in 1917 spot cash at W. R. Sparks. Fort McKee of Watkins was a recent visitor in this city. The Legislative Assembly meets at Salem, January 8th. Chauncey Florey was a visitor at Medford Wednesday. J. C. Grubb, of the Applegate valley was in town this week. E. W. Baldwin of Buncom was a recent visitor in this city. A. S. Klienhamer of Buncom was a visitor in this city Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Murdoch of Bishop creek transacted business in this city and Medford, Thursday. Five wagon loads of copper ore from the Blue Ledge mine were delivered here Thursday evening. The ore will be shipped to the smelter at Tacoma, for reduction. LOST—Ladies' Elk brooch pin, between Stub Wilson's home and Southern Oregon Traction Co.'s depot in this city. Return to Mrs. J. W. Wilson and receive reward. The Royal Neighbors held an interesting session at the home of Mrs. Bagshaw, Tuesday afternoon. Among the business transacted the following officers for the ensuing term were installed: Oracle, Nettie Jones; Vice Oracle, Gladys Ulrich; Chancellor, Mrs. Ryan; Marshal, Annie Coffman; Receiver, Ada Bagshaw; Recorder, Ella Walsh; Manager, Rose Singler. After the close of the business session a tasty lunch was served. The new county officers assumed their respective duties Tuesday. In the sheriff's office the sheriff is assisted by Leslie Stansell and W. O. Garret as deputies and a couple of clerks. Assessor J. B. Coleman has J. M. Cronemiller as deputy. Treasurer Myrtle W. Blakeley is handling the business of the office without any deputy at present. Superintendent Ager is also without a deputy. The Prosecuting Attorney and the Surveyor having their offices at Medford, we have not learned whether they have appointed deputies or not. Everything seems to be moving along nicely.

Leon Hanna was a visitor at Medford Monday. Harry Mills of Butte Falls was a recent visitor in this city. Herman Offenbacher of Applegate was a recent visitor in this city. Mrs. Charles Hansen of Medford visited friends in this city Wednesday. Mahlon Purdin, Esq. of Medford was a business visitor in this city Wednesday. Chas. H. Bayse, of this place, has been appointed jailer by Sheriff Jennings. Medford's city attorney, B. R. McCabe, was a business visitor in this city Friday. George Owens of Ashland, the new county commissioner, was in town several days this week. Miss Lizzie Reuter has gone to The Dalles, in response of a telegram announcing the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Christina Reuter. The Jacksonville Band was organized last night and the following officers elected: President, D. H. Cronemiller; Vice President, George Wendt; Secretary-Treasurer, Dan Bagshaw; Librarian, Lewis Baker. The new organization contains sixteen members, most of whom own their own instruments. The first practice meeting will be held Thursday evening of next week.

Mayor Has Narrow Escape

St. Helens, Jan. 3.—E. I. Ballagh, president of the city council, had a narrow escape from death Saturday when Roy Copeland, with whom he was hunting ducks, slipped on the ice and his gun was discharged, the lead missing Ballagh's head only a few inches. As it was Mr. Ballagh received several shots in his shoulder and his right cheek was badly lacerated.

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CALIFORNIA—with its oranges, its Winter flowers, its beaches, its mountain resorts, its time-stained missions, its delightful sunshine and out-of-door life—surely the call is irresistible in January. But a two days journey away on daily trains of the delightful

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Holiday Greetings to All.

J. W. Robinson, M. D., Proprietor Jacksonville - Oregon.

Try the POST for neatly printed Butter Wrappers

When you are hungry in Medford, try the rice meals served by Anna Coffman and Anna Hoxie at the Nash Cafeteria. My ad says cash for all work: I mean it. When you send for your shoes, send money to pay the repair bill.—Yours truly, W. R. SPARKS. Peter Ingram and Carl Reed, participants in a drunken row at Medford, Saturday night, plead guilty in Judge Dox' court this week and were fined \$10 each. Mrs. Sabra Wiley died at the home of her son, T. E. Wiley, at Central Point, Jan. 3, 1917, aged 81 years. She was a native of New York. Funeral was held Friday. Anna Whitman and Van Treese of Medford were tried on a charge of vagrancy, in Justice Dox's court Thursday. The woman was paroled pending her good behavior and the man was given sixty days in the county jail. W. H. Singler, who has just finished a term as sheriff of this county, left Thursday morning for Portland, where they will reside for the present. Mr. Singler has many friends here, who are sorry to hear of his leaving, but wish him peace and prosperity in his new home. The thermometer has risen many points during the latter part of this week and the snow is rapidly melting. During the month of December, a total of 17.5 inches of snow fell in this city, as shown by the report of Observer Britt, published in another column of this paper. Medford taxpayers are worked up over the city's financial affairs, and the "Medynski plan," the "Hanson plan," the "50-50 plan" and other "plans" form the principal topic of conversation in some circles. "In a multitude of counsellors there is (not) always found wisdom." A letter from Dr. Robinson, at Oakland, Cal., to a friend in this city, says that the Doctor's daughter, Mrs. Stevens, who has been ill, is rapidly recovering and is now out of the hospital. The doctor also states that he has been ill, but is getting better and will come home as soon as able. The semi-annual statement of W. H. Singler, sheriff and tax collector, for the period ending December 31, shows collections amounting to \$285,975, penalties \$5,948.27, mileage fees \$177.35, total \$592,100.71, all of which has been turned over to the treasurer. Mr. Singler also turned over a check for \$7.58, representing an unidentified balance remaining in the cash account at the close of business December 31, 1916. Mrs. H. K. Hanna entertained a few friends at her home Saturday evening. Cards and some excellent music were the principal amusements. A delicious lunch was served. Those present were: Mayor Britt and Miss Britt, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bagshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Rowell Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Reis Chapman, Messrs. J. B. Renault, Jr. and L. K. Hanna, and Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Hanna. A delightful evening passed all too quickly.

A Brave Man Afraid of His Shadow

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Herr Lieutenant," said General Blankor, "I wish you to carry a message to the commander of the Bulgarian forces operating on our right. We are within half a dozen miles of them, and it is necessary that we come together. There is no road leading in that direction, and you'll have to go on foot. But the moon is nearly full, and your way will be lighted. Here is the written message." Lieutenant Obermeir took the message, saluted and left his superior, starting at once. The general had spoken correctly in saying that the moon was nearly full, but when Obermeir got beyond the tip of the army's wing he looked up to see that a film of mist was spread over it and the sky about it. "Well," he said to himself, "I shall cast no shadow. Tonight I am not myself. I feel as if I did after that last wound when the pluck had gone out of me. In other words, if I should see my shadow it would frighten me." The country through which he walked was no man's land. It was sparsely settled with peasants, but war had driven most of them away. What else was there was probable, but not certain—that is, a sniper lying in wait for any enemy. One passing would not likely receive a challenge; he would be more apt to receive a bullet. The way, too, was rugged. Nature had not smoothed the country, which was up and down grade, rocky, covered with decayed trees, and, to make it worse, war had filled it with shell holes. The lieutenant had come to a comparatively level sweep when, looking down on the ground before him, he saw what seemed to be his shadow cast by the moon—such a shadow as the moon would throw covered with the thin gauze that partly obscured it. Turning, he looked up to where the moon should be. It was not there. Turning again, he saw it overhead and slightly before him. "Surely," he said, "that cannot be a shadow cast by the moon. Shadows are on a direct line with the light that makes them." He looked down in front of him again. There was that dark something, shadow or whatever it was. But it was not well defined. Indeed, it was like a film of darkness. He turned his eyes upward to see what was causing it. There was nothing in the heavens except that pale mist which dimmed the moon, and a line from the moon formed an angle with the shadow. The warrior trembled. Why was it that in battle he could stand up against shot and shell without a quiver and here in perfect silence, with not a creature, so far as he knew, to harm him, he was shaking like a leaf in the wind? In the distance was a light. He blessed it and hastened his pace making straight toward it. The nearer he came to it his fear grew less. And when suddenly he heard "Who comes?" in the German tongue and heard the click of a rifle, instead of fearing a picket might shoot him before he could make himself known he felt brave as a lion. The lieutenant was taken to headquarters, delivered his message to the general commanding and was about to set out on his return when the officer said to him: "Why not return with us, Lieutenant? We shall move to make a junction with your force at daylight." Obermeir would gladly have done as the general suggested. But there is a professional pride among soldiers that must be maintained. The lieutenant was afraid of his shadow, but he was more afraid of an imputation of cowardice, not so much from his comrades as from himself. He thanked the general and set off on his walk back to his own command. The atmosphere had not changed; there was the same mist over the face of the moon. Obermeir would not look for his shadow. Why? He said to himself it would be cowardly to do so. Then it occurred to him that it would be cowardly not to look for it. The moon was now at his back. With a dread he could not control he looked down before him. There was the black thing, denser if anything, than before. He shuddered. But he trudged on, trying to make himself think that some peculiar atmospheric condition caused his shadow to be out of place. Many things cause refraction of light. One thing he had often noticed himself. An ear dipped in water will appear to be broken at the point where it touches the surface. His efforts to explain away the mystery were futile. And had he satisfactorily explained them to himself it would not have helped the burden that weighed him down. The journey homeward seemed longer than his going. This was doubtless that the farther he went the stronger the spell under which he staggered. Yes; he staggered now, his eyes held by an invisible power on the black mass before him, which constantly grew denser and larger, too. Still there was no space about him that it did not fill. At daylight the Germans marched to meet the Bulgarians. A short distance from where the Germans started they came upon the body of Lieutenant Obermeir lying dead in a shell hole. They turned him over to see where he had been hit, but could find no wound. "Killed by a ball's wind," said the surgeon. "There are many such cases." They did not know that Obermeir had died of fright, caused, not by an enemy, but by his own imagination.

A Policeman's Life Is Not a Happy One

By M. QUAD

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"My son," began the officer as we walked his beat together, "when you see a patrolman sauntering along the street and swinging his club you think to yourself how easy he earns his money. It is not so easy when you come to understand everything. I may not make an arrest once in two weeks of an offender against the law, but I am busy all the time, and you shall hear about it. "In the first place it seems to me that four out of five families have a row three or four times a week. In winter I do not hear so much, but in summer, when the windows are open, I hear much more than I want to. The dwelling houses on my beat are mostly three stories and of brick. The first story is occupied, as a rule, by bookkeepers, salesmen and the like, who can afford to pay about \$20 a month. There are two families above them which belong to the laboring class. "I am sauntering along my beat and the first floor family are at supper when I hear the husband call out: "Maggie, what in the devil do you get such meat for? "It was all I could get with the money you left me." "Then why didn't you run in debt a little? "Because we owe now more than we can ever pay." "Don't you concern yourself about what I can pay or cannot. This meat isn't fit for a dog to eat! It is all bone and fat and gristle." "Well, you must eat it the best way you can. I am always pinched for money and always have to buy the cheapest things. We have got to keep you well dressed, you know, and the rest of us must wear our old clothes." "Darned if I don't wish I had never married!" "And so do I, for that matter." "And then I hear the husband shove back from the table, and in a minute more he is on the street and walking away. Half a block below I hear another row. "You may say, my son, that these family skeletons do not concern the patrolman on the beat, but they do just the same. About three out of five of them end in a row in which furniture is smashed and blows are given and taken. Then it is his duty to make his appearance and take a hand in. We try to be peacemakers, but it often happens that we have to take the whole family to the station. Wives drink as well as husbands, and when it happens that both have been drinking they are very hard to handle. When they appear in court next morning one or the other has a black eye to be ashamed of, and they are so repentant that his honor generally lets them go on suspended sentence. There is another thing, my son, that may surprise you. Take them as they run on any patrolman's beat in this city and not one out of five children up to six years old has learned the number and street of his home. As sure as they get three or four blocks away they are lost. They can tell the first name of the father or mother, but that is the best they can do. It would take a father or mother about fifteen minutes to teach a child the street and number, but they don't do it. It would take about ten minutes to write the address down on a card and sew this card to their clothing, but they never take this precaution. When a child is lost the first step of the mother is to find me. She seems to think I ought to know every child on my beat. "I can't leave my beat to go hunting up lost children, and so I send her to the station. Nine times out of ten I have got to go looking around after my regular hours of duty. Sometimes I find the child not more than two blocks away, and sometimes I have to hunt for two hours, with my feet aching as if somebody had clubbed them. I tell you as a fact that not one mother in ten can so describe a lost child as to make easy work of finding him or her. We will suppose that a woman comes running up to me to say that her little girl, five years old, is lost. I must first calm her, for she is greatly excited, and then the conversation runs about as follows: "When did you miss your girl? "About two hours ago." "What was the color of her hair? "Brown, sir." "And were her eyes blue or black? "I can't be sure which, but I think they were black." "What sort of a dress did she have on?" "A brown calico." "Did she have shoes on?" "I think not, sir." "Did she wear any sort of a hat?" "No, sir." "Is she a good sized girl for her age?" "Many people have taken her for ten years old, sir." "I take all this down in writing, but I am pretty sure that it is useless. Four blocks up my beat I come across the lost girl. She has walked and walked until she has become weary and is sitting on the curbstone to rest. Her hair, her eyes, her size, her dress, are all different from what the mother described them, and yet she is the lost girl. When I lead her back to the corner from which she can see her house she is all right. If I hadn't happened to pass her the hunt might have gone on for two or three days."

At The Churches

PRESBYTERIAN Albert H. Gammons, Minister. Sunday Services regularly as follows: 10:30 A. M. Sabbath School. Classes for all ages. 11:30 A. M. Morning worship, with sermon. 6:45 P. M. Christian Endeavor Prayer meeting. 7:30 P. M. Evening worship, with sermon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. Everyone welcome to these meetings. "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord.—Ps. 122:1.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Services held every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in L. O. O. F. Hall. Everybody welcome.

Uncle Sam Is Creating Idiot Hen

New York, Jan. 6.—An ideal American fowl is the object of experiments being conducted by the U. S. government at its farm at Beltsville, Md. H. M. Lamon, head husbandman of the farm, who has been working for the last five years on the American product explained that the new hen in laying qualities and the size of its eggs will resemble leghorn. It will have as much meat on its body as a Barred Rock or Plymouth Rock.

Americans Built Allies Divers

San Francisco, Jan. 3.—John A. McGregor, president of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, a subsidiary of the Bethlehem Steel corporation, admitted on the witness stand in the U. S. district court, for the first time publicly, that his company built submarines for the entente allies during 1914-1915. He was a witness for Franz Bopp, German consul general, on trial with others for conspiracies to dynamite ships and trains carrying munitions of war in Canada and the United States.

Rubber Shoes And Tires Go Up

New York, Jan. 3.—An immediate 14 per cent advance in the price of rubber footwear of all kinds was announced here by the United States Rubber Co. The company has also advanced tire prices, effective at once, averaging 15 percent for casings and 10 percent for tubes.

Teachers To Get More Money

Pittsburg, Jan. 3.—Increases of approximately 10 per cent in the salaries of all teachers and other employees of the Pittsburg schools receiving \$75 a month or less have been approved by the city board of education. The increase will affect more than 500 teachers.

Lumber Camp Ready To Start

Centralia, Wash., Jan. 2.—Turvey Bros., who have a contract to furnish logs for the Skookumchuck Lumber Co. in Tenino, have their camp ready to start operations. The mill company, which has taken over the Blumauer bankrupt properties, will start its mill some time this month.

Woman Is At Head Of Linn County Schools

Halsey, Jan. 2.—Mrs. I. C. Maxwell has moved to Albany and has taken over the office and duties of county superintendent, to which she was elected in November. Mrs. Maxwell who has taught school for 20 years, was one of the successful women candidates at the recent election.

Kansas Farmers Are Digging Up Hedges

Hutchinson, Kan., Jan. 3.—With the discovery that Osage orange tree roots can be utilized in the manufacture of a substitute for dyes of German make, farmers near here are grubbing out their hedge fences and disposing of the roots to buyers of Eastern dye manufacturing concerns.

Falls City Without an Arrest in Whole Year.

Falls City, Jan. 1.—There was not a single arrest for any branch of the city's laws made during the year 1916. The city marshal has little to do except to ring the curfew and repair the water mains. This condition of affairs is attributed to the prohibition law. Prior to prohibition arrests were numerous.