

A TALE OF ADVENTURE

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

A number of ladies were making clothes for Belgian orphans at Red Cross headquarters. Naturally they talked as they worked.

"Come, Madeline, can't you tell us of some adventure that has befallen you?"

"My life has been very uneventful," was the reply.

"You were in Europe, weren't you, when the great war broke out? Surely there must be something interesting in your experience at that time."

"There was a romance,"

"Oh, do tell us about it!" chimed a dozen voices.

"It wasn't much of a happening, but since you want to hear it I don't mind telling you."

"You see, I was in Belgium when war was declared, but I didn't know that the Germans were going to come in such a hurry, and I hadn't seen all the sights. So I delayed getting away till they were driving the French before them toward Paris."

"That's the way I got into Red Cross work."

"The only means by which I could travel were the ambulances carrying the wounded. I set myself up for a nurse, taking care of a load of wounded men who were being carried to the rear, till a shell exploded under it and blew it and its contents sky high."

"Weren't you killed?" asked one of them.

"No," said the story teller; "I wasn't killed."

"What saved you?"

"I was leaning over a wounded soldier at the time, and when he was blown up his body constituted a protection for me. He was killed, though."

"It seems to me," remarked one of the ladies, "that there is some unnecessary information given here. Go on with the story so far as regards yourself alone."

"And leave out the romance?"

"No!" shouted every woman present.

"They took the ambulance I was in to Calais."

"I thought it was blown to atoms," put in a listener.

"That was a French ambulance. I was picked up by English Red Cross workers and at Calais was taken across the channel."

The speaker stopped short, as though she had finished her story.

"Where does the romance come in?" asked several ladies at once.

"Oh, I'm going to tell you that. Do you want to hear it?"

"Of course," all responded.

"I stayed in England a long while, caring for wounded soldiers in the hospital. At last I sailed for America in a British ship. That was when the submarines had got to work, and we were all fearful of being sunk to the bottom of the ocean. Most of us remained dressed day and night. I wore a tailor made suit I had bought in London. You see if I got through safely I wouldn't have to pay duty on it, and if we were blown up and I was saved I would be well dressed and correspondingly well treated. If I was drowned my corpse would be well gowned."

"How thoughtful!" remarked several listeners sotto voce.

"We hadn't been out thirty-six hours when there came the sound of an explosion forward. I knew at once it was a submarine. I went to my stateroom, got out all my jewels and put them on."

"What for?" asked a surprised listener.

"For the same reasons I wore my tailor made gown. I've been asked not to give any unnecessary information. I think I won't tell any more of it."

"Go on!" was the universal cry.

"Well, when I went up the companionway I found a terrible scene on deck. The officers were protecting the boats at the point of the pistol for the women and children. When one of them saw me and how well dressed I was—most of the women looked like frights—he offered me his arm and escorted me to a boat. I got in, and as we were pulled away from the sinking ship I threw him a kiss of thanks."

"How lovely! Was he the romance?"

"No. I'm going to tell you about the romance now. The sea was running high, and one huge wave came along and turned our boat over. I gave myself up for lost. Fortunately my tailor made gown I told you about caught a lot of air under it, and this kept me up for awhile. But the seas finally took all the air from under me, and I was about to sink when I felt myself drawn upon some boards. It was an improvised raft. I looked up into the face of the handsomest man I ever saw."

"This raft is not capable of supporting us both," he said. "I give my life that you may live." With that he rolled off into the water.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed a chorus.

"We women don't appreciate the effect of our adornments. There was admiration in my preserver's eyes, which no doubt was heightened by my tailor made suit and my jewels, all of which were becoming to me. I have no doubt that I owe my life to them."

There was a hushed assent.

"You were picked up?"

"Yes."

"And he?"

The narrator bent over her work to hide the dimness in her eyes.

"No; he sank beneath the waves."

"Who is that young woman?" asked one lady of another as they were leaving the place.

"The biggest liar in the United States. She has never been out of her native state."

When a Bear "Charges."

"Bang!" rang out a shot. "Spit!" went a bullet against the rocks a hundred feet perhaps from the bear. "Bang!" in diminuendo came the echo from the cliffs opposite.

He had been keeping his rifle—he did not know it—at full cock, and, happening unconsciously to lighten his finger on the trigger, the weapon had responded as described. At that moment I could cheerfully have kicked him off the cliff and emptied five soft nosed .401 bullets into his carcass, but I contented myself with an expletive or two and turned my attention to the bear.

I saw a most interesting scene. The animal had been totally unaware of our presence, nor had he yet made us out. He had heard merely the report of the rifle and the spat of the bullet, and the echoes had confused him. For a few moments he stood perfectly still, then ran right in our direction for perhaps thirty yards and hid in a little patch of brush about the size of a small room. His behavior throws light upon many alleged "charges" made by bears whose only thought is escape.—Paul L. Hawthorn in Scribner's.

Railway Journeys of Long Ago.

It was only the adventurous who dared to face a railway journey in 1823. A writer of that time commenting on the proposed line to Woolwich, remarked, "We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate." The third class carriage of those days was a thing of horror. "It had no roof and no seats," writes J. C. Wright, "into this the passengers were packed and had to stand during the whole journey or, if there was room to squat on the floor, exposed to the rain or sun and bombarded by sparks emitted from the engine. Second class passengers were kindly advised to provide themselves with gauze spectacles and to sit as far from the engine as possible."—London Spectator

Man More Liquid Than Solid.

Every fiber and every cell that enters into the formation of a living body is bathed in moisture, by which means alone these ultimate elements are kept alive and are enabled to carry out their duties. Even the bones, which appear to be the most solid of all, owe more than half their weight to the presence of fluid. That our bodies contain a large amount of fluid is proved in a striking manner by the blisters which rise after the infliction of a burn. Water, in fact, plays a very important part in the human anatomy, for it is through its agency that the vital processes of digestion, absorption and the excretion of waste products are carried out. To reduce the whole matter to figures and taking 154 pounds to be the total weight of an average full grown man, it is said that water alone accounts for 109 pounds of the whole.

Spain and the Mustache.

The home of the mustache is in Spain, and here is the history of its origin: After the Moors first invaded the country the Christian and Moslem population became so mixed that it was difficult to say which were Moors and which Spaniards. The Spaniards then hit upon a means by which they could at once distinguish their brethren. They did not shave their lips any longer, and they allowed a tuft of hair to grow below their under lips, so that their beards formed the rude outline of a cross. Thus the mustache became a symbol of liberty and fraternity.—Exchange.

You Must Be Earnest.

That which dominates the life, which is ever uppermost in the mind, generally comes somewhere near realization; but there is a great difference between a lukewarm desire and a red-hot purpose. It takes steam to drive the piston in the engine; warm water will never turn the wheels. The longings that fail of realization are usually just below the boiling point.—Orison Sweet Marden.

The Better Plan.

Teacher—I am teaching your son first aid. Father of the Dullest Boy in Class—Better teach him "second aid" instead, ma'am; he's so darn slow he'd never get there in time to use the first.—Life.

Two Relatives.

Bess—Charlie, will you tell me what time it is? I've left my watch at my aunt's. Charlie—Awfully sorry, but I can't. I've left mine at my uncle's.

Welcome News.

Widow—But I have nine children! He—Wretched deceiver! Widow—They are all working. He—Dearest one!—Michigan Gargoyle.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Overcoming Nervousness. To remedy the condition of nervousness, jumpiness at sudden noises and loss of sleep, carefully correct the diet by taking three good plain meals a day at regular hours and masticating all food well. One should be a good meat meal. A cold sponge down or tepid bath every morning before breakfast, followed by a brisk rubdown, will also help, with brisk outdoor exercise daily. Internally take a good tonic containing strychnin for the nerves and iron for the system generally. For supper try biscuits and a cup of cocoa made with cream or plenty of milk. Sleeplessness may generally be overcome by taking a warm bath just before going to bed.

An Effective Introduction

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Worthington was at the seashore. The day was foggy, but since there was nothing to do at the hotel he concluded to walk on the beach. He could not see the waves as they rolled in, but he could hear them break and the swishing sound as they slid up on the sands. That at least was better than lounging over a magazine or knocking balls about on a billiard table.

For awhile he kept between the dunes and the verge of the ocean. He could see nothing a dozen feet before him, but occasionally when a dune towered above him he caught a filmy sight of it. At times he diverged from his line of direction toward the ocean and could see the foam ready to encircle his feet. Aiming to keep midway between the dunes and the foam, when he got too near the one he bent his course toward the other.

Why did he continue to walk shut off from everything save the sands beneath his feet? Why do we do anything we are not obliged to do? Why will a man risk his life climbing a cliff? Why will one who has made a fortune continue in the slavery of business? Why does the sailor imprison himself in a ship when he has the whole earth to wander on?

He didn't know. He had begun to saunter to avoid ennui. But as he proceeded he forgot those at the hotel sitting about listlessly with a bored look on their faces. He was walking in the mist because he wished to. There was something he liked in being thus shut off from the world he knew to be about him but could not see. He had sympathized with blind persons and wondered how they could be cheerful, as many of them were. Now he understood. But he could not give his understanding in words.

Something dark loomed before him, and in another moment a woman stood facing him, a few feet from him. She was young and pleasant to look upon.

There was a zest in this meeting, though the person met was a stranger to him. He might have met a girl, many girls, time and again on a beach when the whole panorama of nature was spread out before him and not one have attracted his attention. But here out of nothingness had sprung a living being. It was like a child coming from the unknown. One does not consider anything remarkable in a stone falling at his feet even if it comes from a meteorite, but a living human being suddenly entering into his life—this was a wonder.

An introduction, essential under other circumstances, would have been incongruous. Worthington forgot even to raise his hat. The girl at first started, then her features broke into a quick, brief smile. Then she said: "Strangely met."

"Yes, strange. But no stranger than all other meetings. Every meeting is strange. It is all strange."

"What?"

"Everything from the universe down to a grain of sand."

"The universe is not so strange to me as a single living being!"

He did not hear this; he was following his own line of thought. Presently, as if waking from a dream, he said: "Can it be possible that we are strangers?"

"We are, yet it seems as if I had known you always. It must be the unusual manner of our meeting."

"I could not feel more companionable if I had known you from childhood."

"I wonder," she said, "should the fog lift would we be as we would have been had we met under the blue sky, the ocean, the dunes and the sunlit abodes of man about us?"

"We would have passed each other like two leaves sailing in the wind, doubtless never to be so near again."

At that moment the fog vanished from about them. The sun shone, the blue sky arched above them, the waves reflecting its hue. White combed waves were chasing one another on the glittering sand surface, while gulls were sailing aloft.

Worthington turned from briefly talking in the scene toward the girl, smiled and raised his hat.

"We are again in the world," he said, "but we have got the start of the world. Having met out of the world, we have been divested of its conventionalities. While thus shut off by ourselves, untrammelled by its customs and its influences, we have become companions. For my part I shall never relinquish what I have gained."

Her eyes dropped to the sands when he said this, and she made no reply.

"How did you happen to be walking on the beach in the fog?" he asked.

"It was dull at the hotel. I could not stand the chatter of the rocking chair brigade."

"And the gossip. I admit a fog is pleasant. One enjoys better the sound of the waves. You are at the Ocean House?"

"I am."

"I am at the Sea Gull. I cannot so suddenly get back to the world's customs as to ask permission to call upon you. It would seem like asking it of one whose playmate I had been."

"Don't. You will find me at home whenever you call in the morning before the bathing hour or in the late afternoon or in the evening."

"This evening?"

"Yes. Come early."

"And stay late?"

"As long as you like."

"I promise not to keep you up after 10."

But he stayed till midnight.

Bubbling Cups and Germs.

A professor in a western university has discovered, says Popular Science Monthly, that small organisms lodge in a great many kinds of bubbling cup drinking fountains and for a curious reason based on an ancient physical principle.

A rubber tube and spout arrangement was prepared in such a way that it could be attached to an ordinary water faucet and a small jet of water projected directly upward. In this jet a small ball would remain in the air at most stationary, held up by the jet. The sphere might oscillate up and down slightly, but otherwise appeared to be settled permanently in place. The western professor mentioned has discovered that bacteria will oscillate up and down in some kinds of bubbling cups all day long after a day in the same way and for the same reason that the sphere does.

Consumption and Genius.

The following are some of the great men and women of letters who have died from tuberculosis: John Milton, John Locke, Alexander Pope, Sir Walter Scott, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Goethe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sidney Lanier, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Voltaire, John Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, Immanuel Kant, Rousseau, E. P. Roe and Paul Laurence Dunbar. Among other great men who are reported to have died of tuberculosis may be mentioned Raphael, Von Weber, Chopin, Verdi, Calvin, Cleveo and Cecil Rhodes.

Fame, Anyway.

Scribner—Did you hear the story about poor Streeter, the poet? Write—No. What was it? Scribner—He wrote a poem, "Joys of a Dog," and the police came around the day it was printed and made him take out a dog license, which came to more than he got for the poem.—New York Globe.

Man and the Dog.

We are alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet, and amid all the forms of life that surround us not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us.—From a Maeterlinck Essay.

Writing Backward.

The Chinese and Japanese write in columns up and down, beginning at the top of the right side of the page and going toward the left.

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Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, In and for Jackson County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Frances Marion Bailey, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County, administrator of the estate of Frances Marion Bailey, deceased, and having qualified, notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them, verified as required by law, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at Medford, Oregon, or his attorney Newton W. Borden at his office at 232 East Main

Street, Medford, Oregon.

Dated and first published August 25, 1917.

JOHN A. PERI, Administrator of the estate of Frances Marion Bailey, Deceased.

Summons.

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

Sibyl M. Bird, Plaintiff.

vs.

Della D. Walker, Julius Syffort, Harvey W. Craig, Francis Craig, Evelyn Syffort, Jeffrey E. Brees, Leroy Craig, Minnie J. Craig, Edmund J. Craig, Letta M. Craig, Arthur R. Craig, Defendants.

To Della D. Walker, Julius Syffort, Harvey W. Craig, Francis Craig, Evelyn Syffort, Jeffrey E. Brees, Leroy Craig, Minnie J. Craig, Edmund J. Craig, Letta M. Craig, Arthur R. Craig—Defendants: You and each of you are hereby commanded to appear within six weeks after the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit: six weeks after the 4th day of August 1917, and defend the above entitled cause in the above entitled court and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed herein and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demands of the complaint: For a decree of this Court declaring you and each of you to be enjoined from asserting any right, title, interest or claim of any kind or character in or to the following described premises or any portion thereof, to-wit: a strip of land commencing 1 7/2 chains south of the northeast corner of Donation Land Claim No. 75 in section 26 in township No. 37 S. of Range No. 2 W. Willamette Meridian; thence east 23.27 chains; thence south 43 links; thence west 23.27 chains; thence north 43 links to the place of beginning; and for a further decree of this Court quieting title to said lands and premises in this plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable.

Service of this summons is made by publication thereof in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to an order of the Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of the above entitled Court, made and entered July 30, 1917.

B. F. MULKEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement

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

In the matter of the Estate of Jeremiah Nunan, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Nunan, administrator of the above entitled estate, as such, has filed his final account and report in the above entitled court and matter and Tuesday, September 4, 1917 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the courtroom of above entitled court at the court house at Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing of objections thereto and for the settlement thereof.

CHARLES NUNAN,
Administrator.

Notice of Final Settlement

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

In the matter of the Estate of Ruth Keizer, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Clarence A. Keizer, the administrator of the estate of Ruth Keizer, deceased, has presented to and filed in said Court his final report and petition for distribution to the parties entitled thereto the residue of the said estate and that Monday the 10th day of September, A. D. 1917, at 10:00 in the forenoon of said day at the Court room of said Court in said County has been fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said final report and petition when and where any person interested in said estate may appear and file his objections in writing to said petition and contest the same.

Dated this 10th day of August, A. D., 1917.

CLARENCE A. KEIZER,
Administrator of Estate of Ruth Keizer

Notice of Final Account

In the matter of the estate of D. Thomas Kunkel, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of D. Thomas Kunkel, deceased, has filed in the above entitled court, his final account of the administration of said estate and that Monday, the third day of September, 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. at the court room of said court in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said Final Account and for the settlement of said estate. All persons having objections to said account or any part thereof, are required to make or file the same in said Court, on or before the time aforesaid, set for the settlement of said estate.

Dated and first published August 4, 1917.

J. R. NEIL,
Administrator.

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Change in Southern Pacific Time Table.

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NORTH BOUND TRAINS.

14 Portland Passenger.....8:20 A.M.
16 Oregon Express.....6:20 P.M.
12 Shasta Limited.....2:18 A.M.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

15 California Express.....10:50 P.M.
13 San Francisco Express...9:05 A.M.
11 Shasta Limited.....3:20 A.M.
17 Ashland Passenger.....4:35 P.M.