

Legal Advertisements.

Summons

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

Mildred Rosecrans, Plaintiff, vs. Charles Francis Rosecrans, Defendant. Suit for Divorce.

To Charles Francis Rosecrans, the above named defendant: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication of summons herein, to-wit: on or before the 5th day of January, 1918, that being the date of the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to an order of Hon. F. L. TouVelle, County Judge of Jackson County, Oregon, which order was made and entered on the 29th day of November, 1917, and which order requires said summons to be so published once each week for six consecutive weeks.

The date of the first publication of this summons is November 24, 1917, and date of last publication thereof is January 5, 1918.

D. W. BAGSHAW, Attorney for Plaintiff

Notice to Creditors.

In the Matter of the Estate of Simon Presley Matthew, Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, George R. Lindley, has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Simon Presley, Matthew, deceased, and notice is hereby given that any and all persons having claims against said estate may present the said claims properly verified within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which first publication is on the 24th day of November, A. D. 1917, to the said Administrator at his office at the Jackson County Bank, Medford, Oregon, or to his Attorney, H. A. Canaday, at his office at 216 East Main Street, Medford, Oregon.

Dated November 23rd, 1917. GEORGE R. LINDLEY, Administrator.

Summons.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF JACKSON, Bank of Jacksonville, an Oregon corporation, plaintiff,

vs. James W. Colleston, and "Also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein," defendants.

Suit in Equity to Determine Adverse Claims and to Quiet Title.

To James W. Colleston, and "Also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein:"

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You and each of you are hereby required to appear in the above-entitled court and cause and answer the complaint therein filed against you by the above-named plaintiff, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, namely, on or before December 15, 1917. If you fail to so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the court for a decree adjudging the plaintiff to be the owner in fee of the herein-after described real property, and decreeing that you, the above-named and designated defendants, and none of you, have any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to said property, and enjoining you and each of you from asserting any claim whatever in or to said premises, adverse to plaintiff. The aforesaid premises are described as follows, to-wit: the east half of the east half of Section 6, in Township 34, South of Range 2 West of the Willamette Meridian, in Jackson County, State of Oregon.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof once a week for six consecutive weeks in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to an order of Hon. F. M. Calkins, judge of the above-entitled court, which order is of date November 3, 1917, and which requires you to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled court and cause on or before the expiration of 6 weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons. The

date of the first publication of this summons is November 3, 1917. H. K. HANNA, Attorney for plaintiff. P. O. and Residence Address Jacksonville, Oregon.

Notice Of Sale Of Real Property By Executor.

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

In the matter of the estate of Olaf Rye Bjerregaard, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned as executor of the Estate of Olaf Rye Bjerregaard, deceased will from and after the 3rd day of December, A. D. 1917, proceed to sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, the following described real property situated and being in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Commencing at a point 11 chains 32 1/2 links East of the South-east Corner of D. L. C. No. 42 in Township 37 South of Range 1 West of the Willamette Meridian running thence North 8 chains 38 1/2 links; thence East 2 chains 38 1/2 links; thence South 8 chains 39 links; thence West 2 chains 38 1/2 links, to place of beginning, containing two acres more or less.

This sale is made in the above entitled manner pursuant to a license and order of sale duly made and filed on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1917 by the Honorable F. L. TouVelle, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County filed in the office of the County Clerk for said County on the last mentioned date.

Dated this 2nd day of November, A. D. 1917.

GEORGE R. LINDLEY, Executor of the estate of Olaf Rye Bjerregaard, deceased.

TO CO-OPERATE IN RESEARCH

British Plan on Method of Bringing About Best Possible Results for Various Industries.

Realizing that many industrial firms are barred from the benefits of scientific research into their particular lines of activity by the great cost, reports Consul Franklin D. Hale, Huddersfield, England, the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research proposes the introduction of the co-operative idea. In this way a firm that is unable to bear the entire expense of research could contribute to the cost and share in the benefits accruing to an industry as a whole. It is planned to establish trade research associations in England to be formed as needed for each industry or group of industries, and aided by certain funds which the committee has in charge. One association is about to be organized for the cotton industry, and others will be formed as soon as possible for the wool, flax, oil, and photographic industries.

The work that has already been accomplished through the committee's efforts, according to Mr. Hale, includes the discovery of three kinds of optical glass, the investigation of light alloys for use in aircraft, and the production of a new hard porcelain from purely British raw material. Researches into the recovery of tin are expected to save that industry a very large amount each year.

BUILD SHIP IN FIVE MONTHS

Others of British Standardized Type to Be Turned Out in About Sixteen Weeks Time.

The first of the standardized merchant ships built to order for the British government recently went through successful trials of a very exhaustive character, says the Scientific American. The type has been designed to provide a good cargo-carrier, in the shortest time, and with the least expenditure of material. The keel of this trial ship was laid last February, and in less than six months the ship was completed, loaded and ready for trial.

The standardized vessels, which are of 8,000 tons capacity, are built in two types—one a single-deck for grain and the other a two-deck ship for general cargo. It is also intended to build two similar types, each of 5,000 and 3,000 tons carrying capacity. Not only the hulls but the engines are standardized. They have extra large hatchways to facilitate quick loading and discharging—a most important feature. The first vessel was built in five months' time, and it is expected that future vessels will be turned out in from four to four-and-one-half months.

Women as Jockeys.

Since jockeys from the race courses in England have gone, almost to a man, to the firing line, women have professed themselves as eager to take their places. Some already are trained for the purpose, among them not a few who, in more prosperous and less belligerent days, rode to hounds over English fields and meadows. Many of these, confident in their riding ability and skill, have petitioned the stewards of England's governing jockey club—the activities of the turf—to grant them jockeys' licenses. Recent reports bore the information that the stewards are giving the petition serious consideration and that there is strong probability of their granting it.

Called the Bluff

By F. A. MITCHELL

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

When a million becomes notable for any intellectual achievement the faculty that induces stress to be born in the race, the German race is remarkable for scientific development. This story shows how an uneducated German was willing to suffer imprisonment to test the efficacy of a scientific device.

Herman Gottlieb was suspected of stealing corn from a neighbor's garden. Whether he was really guilty the owner of the garden did not know, but Gottlieb lived near his property and was the only person who did live near it. Besides he was very poor and found it difficult to feed eight or nine children with capricious stomachs. The deprivations on the garden continued and the owner decided to make an example of some one, so he pointed upon Gottlieb, had him arrested under the specific charge of stealing a number of ears of corn before daylight on the morning of the arrest. That the prisoner might not be unjustly detained, the trial was set for ten o'clock the day of the arrest.

After the preliminary questions had been put the prosecuting attorney made several attempts to trick the accused man into incriminating himself, but without success. Finally the prosecutor undertook to catch him in a scientific trap.

"Did you ever hear of the X-ray?" he asked Gottlieb.

"No, I never heard about dot; what is that?"

The prosecutor was taken flat aback. How to tell an ignorant man the nature of the X-ray was a poser. The judge, seeing his discomfiture, smiled.

"The X-ray is a very bright light—so bright that it enables one to look inside of a man. The machine, or we call it lamp, that emits the ray was invented by a countryman of yours."

"A Sherman?" asked the prisoner.

"Yes, a German. His name was Roentgen. The X-ray is sometimes called the Roentgen ray."

Herman seemed interested. The lawyer proceeded.

"This machine is now used by surgeons to locate a bullet that is lodged inside a man. If you had swallowed a nail it could be seen in your stomach by means of this instrument."

"Got in Himmell! Dot machine was invented in Sherman?"

"Yes, it was made in Germany; but I'm going to use it in America. I'm going to bring one of them into the court and look into your stomach with it."

"Vot you dot dat for?"

"To prove that you ate corn for breakfast this morning."

"Will dat machine show corn in my stomach?" asked the prisoner, seemingly more interested in the machine than that it might prove him guilty.

"If you robbed the cornfield as charged, you undoubtedly ate the fruits of your robbery for breakfast and the Roentgen lamp will show it in your stomach."

"Mein Gott; vot a machine!"

"Now, Gottlieb, if you will plead guilty I will ask his honor to give you a light sentence."

The prisoner appeared to be lost in thought. The prosecutor, thinking that he had not heard the question, repeated it. Then suddenly Gottlieb called the bluff.

"Bring on dot machine."

By this time the judge, the court and the spectators were on the tip-toe of expectation of an amusing scene. The prosecutor assumed a severe air and, calling an attendant, sent him for an electric lamp. The prisoner was so intent upon it that he did not see, the smiles of those present.

"Prisoner," said the prosecuting attorney with great severity, "will you plead guilty and take a light sentence or suffer the full penalty of the law if I find corn in your stomach?"

Herman's face assumed an expression of a struggle within him. The court was led to believe that he dreaded exposure from the Roentgen ray but doubted its efficacy. Finally he turned to the judge and said:

"Vat punishment you gif me if he find dot corn in my stomach?"

"Ten days in jail."

The prisoner looked again at the electric lamp, which the prosecutor was flashing for the purpose of terrifying him.

"Ferry well, I go to shall; but I won't confess dat I was guilty."

There was nothing for the attorney to do but carry out his purpose; he flashed the lamp against the prisoner's stomach and feigned to examine it with a reading glass.

"There it is," he said. "You must have eaten a dozen ears." Then turning to the judge, he added: "Having proved the prisoner guilty, your honor, it remains for you to pass sentence upon him. And on account of his persistence in denying his guilt I urge that you make it all that the law allows."

Repressing his laughter, the judge said: "Prisoner stand up."

The prisoner rose. "Have you anything to say why I should not pass sentence upon you?"

How a Holiday Was Made Interesting

By ALAN HINSDALE

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

It was a dismal afternoon in November, one of those cheerless, cloudy days when the sun does not shine, the wind is chilly and a few dead leaves still hang to the trees. I had nothing to do since it was a holiday. About three o'clock I telephoned Mildred to ask if I might come over and get away with the rest of the day until dinner time. She said I might, so I accepted my own invitation.

I found Mildred in the library. The contrast within and without rendered the former especially cheery. There was a fire of logs on the hearth, there were plants in pots and a canary bird.

"Dear those holidays," I said; "they're hard to get through with, except in the summer, when I wish it was all holiday."

"I'll try to make the rest of this one bearable for you," said Mildred.

So we chatted for half an hour, when Mildred took up a pack of cards and shuffled them.

"Shall I tell your fortune?" she asked.

"If you like."

She drew a card before the fire, taking a seat on one side, while I did the same on the other.

Mildred turned a card. "The queen of spades. There is a dark lady—a brunette—who is pining for you."

"Blondes are my favorites," I said. Mildred is a blonde.

Then followed the knave of diamonds.

"This is your rival. The color being red, he is fairly well-to-do."

"All right," I said, "let him spend all the money he wants on the brunette; I don't want her."

The next card was the queen of hearts.

"Ah! There comes my girl!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, but you don't know that she loves you."

"Are you sure she doesn't?"

"Well, she might a little bit. She respects you."

"Come, come; I don't want any of this stator business."

"But you must take what the cards say."

"Proceed."

Presently the king of diamonds was turned up.

"A very rich man loves the queen of hearts, an oldish man. She is not dazzled by his wealth, but his position is excellent."

"I think I know the gentleman," I said, frowning.

"You don't, either; I know who you think he is, but—"

"Is the first letter of his name R?"

She did not reply to my question, but went on turning the cards. Ace, two, three came up.

"You are going to propose to the queen of hearts three times."

"You bet I don't. If she doesn't accept me the first time I ask her, I don't want her."

"Then the knave of clubs came up.

"Another rival," she said.

"For the queen of spades or the queen of hearts?"

"I don't know," she said listlessly.

"I do; he is the fellow who sports himself on the gridiron. He made that big run and scored a touch-down the other day."

"I don't know who you mean," she said.

"Oh, yes, you do; he is the chap who danced three times in succession with the queen of hearts at a certain ball the other night."

"And who sat out three dances with—with the queen of spades?"

A Woman Detective

By ETHEL HOLMES

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

We hear little of the work of women detectives, but for my part I don't see why women should not excel in this field. A detective needs the faculty of noticing small things, an indelicacy of large things, and that is just what women possess.

For this reason I, a woman, chose the detective field by which to make a living, and succeeded. My first case gave me a standing that another might have been years in acquiring. But I will admit there was an element of luck in it.

A family of some means living in a not very attractive portion of the city had the misfortune to lose a little girl seven years of age. They felt sure the child had been kidnaped for ransom, though there was not the slightest evidence to support the theory. The mother had left the little girl on her doorstep while she went to the next door neighbor for a chat. She said that she was away only a few minutes but her statements proved that the time of her absence was nearly an hour. At any rate, when she returned to her own home her daughter was not on the steps nor in the house.

The next day the mother gave the case to the detective agency where I had just been employed. I would not have been assigned to this work had not every other detective in the employ of the office been busy. As it was, the chief turned it over to me with a lot of instructions which were intended to make up for my inexperience.

As soon as I left him I went to work in my own way. After an interview with the mother I made up my mind that the child had been kidnaped, and I thought it likely that the kidnaper inhabited the region not far away which was filled with foreigners of a very low type. I put an advertisement in several foreign language newspapers that circulated in the region, stating that if the kidnapers of the child—giving the street and number—would leave a statement of the ransom required under the front door, the case could be settled without recourse to the police.

Within two or three days Mrs. Smithburger, the mother, came to me with a note that had been thrust under the front door. I examined it closely before opening it, but found no clue. It had been written by an uneducated person, evidently a foreigner, since several words in it seemed to have been supplied from some foreign language. I took it to my former preceptor at the Normal school, who knew something of every language spoken on the face of the earth, and after a careful study of it he told me that it had been dictated by an Irishman, but the writer was an Italian.

Much surprised at this report, I asked him how he knew this, and he said that certain English words were spelled as an Irishman would pronounce them, and there were certain words that were distinctly Irish. One of these was the word between, which was spelled betwene. The professor pointed out a number of these instances, and I was convinced that his theory was correct. Either an Irishman or an Italian was the culprit, and probably both were interested in the ransom demanded, which was \$2,000.

I dictated a response to the mother of the child, stating that the ransom demanded would be paid and asking where it could be left. When the response was handed to me I examined it critically, as I had the first letter before opening it, but I found only a flimsy envelope. I was sitting before a table made of light wood. After reading the letter, I noticed on the light surface a black hair about an inch long. I felt sure that it had not been there before I had opened the letter, and surmised that it had fallen from the envelope. I took up the hair and examined it closely. It was a glossy black, with a tinge of green, except on the larger end, where there was possibly a sixteenth of an inch of red.

I reasoned that I had a very low class, considered intellectually, to deal with, and bethought myself how I could make the kidnapers believe that I knew them. After a good deal of thinking, I concluded to resort again to communication through the newspaper. I put a personal in the papers I had already used as follows:

"The kidnapers of the little girl (of such a street and number) are known to me. If you will return the child unharmed, you will not be prosecuted. If you do not you will be sent to state prison. The mother prefers this course to arresting and punishing you. To convince you that you are known I will say that one of the two parties interested in the matter is an Italian; the other is an Irishman with red hair which he dyes black. If the child is not returned to her home within four days the parties will be dealt with as criminals."

"Private Detective." I put in the ad with misgivings, though there was good reason to hope the scheme would be successful. On the morning of the fourth day of grace, when I had given up hoping, soon after daylight a child's cry was heard on Mrs. Smithburger's doorstep. The woman ran down, and found her little daughter.

My success surprised my detective associates, and I was at once entered for regular work beside old hands in the business. It is needless to say that the mother of the child was exceptionally happy.

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H. F. HANNA Lawyer Office in Bank of Jacksonville Building JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION GENERAL OFFICES NEW YORK AND CHICAGO BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Change in Southern Pacific Time Table.

Table with columns for train names and times. Effective Nov. 13, 1916. 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...9:35 A.M., 11 Shasta Limited...3:20 A.M., 17 Ashland Passenger...4:25 P.M.