

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 19th day of January, 1918, that being the date of the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof. And if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief asked for in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant; for an order granting plaintiff the care and custody of the minor child, Donald Francis Rosecrans, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable.

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 20th 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 December 8, 1917, and date of last publication thereof is January 19, 1918.

D. W. BAGSHAW, Attorney for Plaintiff. Residence and postoffice address is Jacksonville, Oregon.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Isaac L. Thompson, deceased: Notice is given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of estate of above-named deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present same with proper vouchers to undersigned at his residence at Central Point, Oregon, within 6 months from December 15, 1917, the date of this notice.

CHARLES A. THOMPSON, Administrator.

Notice To Creditors

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, Sadie S. Jones, having been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of George M. Jones, deceased, and notice is hereby given that any and all persons having claims against said estate may present the same within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which first publication is on the 22nd day of December, A. D. 1917, to the said administratrix at her home on Beatty Street, Medford, Oregon, or to her Attorney, H. A. Canady, at his office 216 E. Main Street, Medford, Oregon. Dated December 21st, A. D. 1917.

SADIE S. JONES, Administratrix of the Estate of George M. Jones, Deceased.

Executor's Final Notice

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah Pearson Adams, deceased. The undersigned, executor of the estate of Sarah Pearson Adams, deceased, having filed herein his final account said court has fixed Monday, January 21st, 1918, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the County Court House in Jacksonville, Oregon, for the time and place of the hearing of said final account.

All persons interested are hereby notified to make, or file, their objections duly verified, if any they have to said final account, with said court on or before said time.

GUS NEWBURY, Executor of the estate of Sarah Pearson Adams, deceased. December 22nd, 1917.

Citation

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

In the matter of the estate of Charles H. Basye, deceased.

To Zepha Bartlett, known as Mrs. V. C. Bartlett and Cora Basye, heirs of the above named decedent, and to all other heirs unknown, if any there be and to all other persons interested in said estate:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You and each of you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled matter at the court room of the County Court of Jackson County, State of Oregon, in the City of Jacksonville, in said County and State, on Thursday the 17th day of January

1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause if any there be, why an order authorizing D. W. Bagshaw, administrator of said estate to sell the hereinafter described real property belonging to said estate, at public auction, subject to confirmation by the Court, should not be made and entered herein in accordance with the prayer of said administrator's petition filed herein, to-wit:

Lot No. 1, in Block No. 4 of the town (now City) of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as shown on the official plat thereof.

This Citation is served upon the non-resident and the unknown heirs of the said decedent, if any there be and upon all other persons interested in said estate, by publication thereof in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to an order of the Judge of the above entitled court, dated December 6, 1917.

WITNESS the Honorable F. L. TouVelle, Judge of the above entitled Court, with the seal of said Court hereto affixed, this 6th day of December, 1917.

F. L. TOUVELLE, County Judge.

Attest: G. A. Gardner, County Clerk. By Flora Thompson, Deputy.

Notice to Creditors

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that T. B. Roberts, the undersigned, has been appointed executor of the last will and of the estate of Isaac G. Roberts, deceased, by the County Court for Jackson County, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned executor at Gold Hill in Jackson County, Oregon, on or before the expiration of six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

The date of first publication is January 6th, 1918.

T. B. ROBERTS, Executor.

THE GREAT COPPER STRIKE

Our smallest coin, the cent, is emerging from the low position in public esteem which it has occupied for many years, says the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. Under the operation of the new revenue law it will achieve the favor which it deserves at the hands of thrifty people. Prosperity brought the copper coin into contempt. Now that we are to cut out extravagance and waste, the cent will be respected like every other necessity. One may not care to burden himself with a dusty old piece of the commonest transactions of the day. The prosperous may escape the annoyance of over-many coppers by buying such quantities they can make payments in multiples of nickels and dimes, but even that resource may fall them. The public will soon look askance upon the citizen who buys more than enough for immediate needs. Hoarders are not in favor, thanks to the warnings issued by the food and other administrators of necessities. So the people generally may as well make up their minds to carry "pennies" and make and receive odd change whenever they buy.

"Americans Have Brains." Col. T. H. Goodwin of the Royal Army Medicine corps of England, told physicians in the training camp at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, that the Germans fear the effects of the entry of America in the war.

"A German captain who had been captured was asked what he thought about our much-prized shell-fire," said Colonel Goodwin.

"Your artillery is no better than ours," the German replied.

"Surely you will admit we excel in aviation," we told him.

"No," the German replied, "you are not better than us anywhere."

"Finally we asked him what he thought about America entering the war, and he answered:

"That is different—we've got some brains to fight with."

"Johnny on the Spot" Farmer. A western farmer dropped in upon the liberty loan committee in his town, toward the close of the subscription period, placed a milk can on the table, removed the cover and emptied the contents. That milk can contained the savings of wars, in copper, silver and gold coins and bank notes. When counted, the cash was found to amount to a goodly sum. "I never put my money in bank," said the farmer, "but I've been thinkin' it over, an' I guess I can trust Uncle Sam."

No doubt he was typical of a much larger element of the population than is actually known.—Christian Science Monitor.

A Unique Suggestion. A constable in a Vermont town recently rounded up a number of hobos. "Come along," he said to them, "you have all got to have a bath."

This announcement was, of course, received with considerable perturbation, especially by the eldest of the men. "What?" he exclaimed.

"A bath with water?"

"Sure thing," said the constable. "Look here, Mr. Constable," said the apprehensive one. "Couldn't you manage it with one of them vacuum cleaners?"—Case and Comment.

His Fool Wife

By ELLINOR MARSH

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"Mr. Winters," said the secretary, "with you to go to London with an important dispatch. You are aware that we are surrounded by spies in the employ of the Central Powers. I do not doubt that we have them right here employed in this department. We can't use the cable, even with the best plan. Indeed, what I wish to communicate to our allies abroad must be carried by some person we can trust."

The secretary handed Mr. Winters a dozen pages of manuscript containing information as to how many troops the United States could send to France by a given date and many other matters of equal importance. It was written in the secretary's own hand—he would trust no one—and placed in an official envelope of the state department, but unsealed.

"I recommend you," continued the secretary, "to refrain from using the official envelope till you reach your destination. As to how you will carry the dispatch, that I leave to you."

John Winters went home and after telling his wife of the important trust that had been committed to him and what a successful transmission would bring him and her, directed to pack a suit case, the only baggage he intended to take with him. The dispatch he gave her to place in the suit case. When he was ready to depart he examined the case.

"Why, my dear," he exclaimed testily, "you have placed it in the official envelope." He took it up to remove it and found that she had sealed the envelope. He was about to tear it open when she stopped him.

"I am sorry, dear, but what is done is done. There isn't time now, but when you get aboard the ship, steam the envelope and open it without destroying it. Then you can use it as instructed."

"If there is any man in the world," said Winters with much irritation "as stupid as a woman I'd like to meet him. But I can't stop to do the job now."

That night he boarded the ship at a late hour, went to his stateroom, locked himself in and turned into his berth first taking a look at the package and when the ship sailed at midnight, he was fast asleep.

On awakening in the morning his first thought was of the dispatch. He got out of bed dreading lest some one had entered his stateroom in the night and carried it off. Leaving his berth he opened the suit case to assure himself that the dispatch was still there. It was where it had been placed addressed and bearing on the left hand corner the imprint of the state department of the United States. He got back into his berth and ringing for the room steward called for hot water. The steward, who spoke with a foreign accent, brought the water, catching a glimpse, as he handed it in, of the package in the open suit case. As soon as he had gone Winters arose and held the package over the hot water. "I believe the cursed thing is glued," he growled, after stemming the package till the water grew cold. "Well, I'll dress and go to breakfast and after breakfast I'll try it again."

Winters after having dressed and breakfasted, tipped the head waiter to furnish him with an alcohol lamp by which he could heat water in his room. Returning with this he placed it on a table, and open his suit case.

His heart jumped up into his throat. The package was gone.

He wasted no time in lamentation. He went to the captain, told his story and every man on board was searched, as well as every cranny of the ship. The missing package was found in an old boot belonging to the steward who had brought the hot water to Winters' stateroom. The man was put in the ship's hold, and Winters joyfully took the package to his room. Then he hastily tore off the envelope to assure himself that the document had not been tampered with.

Again he was doomed to a horrible discovery. The envelope contained nothing but blank paper. The thief, or rather spy who had followed him from Washington and shipped as a steward was threatened with death if he did not disclose what he had done with the dispatch. He clung to his statement that he had not opened the envelope that had contained it.

Winters was so utterly prostrated by his loss that his voyage was a long and dreary one. Just before reaching port he pulled himself together, and taking off a flannel shirt put on a white one. Taking up a package which he supposed contained cuffs he opened it and instead of cuffs took out the dispatch.

Winters was so overjoyed that he gave way to antics that called in the occupant of the adjoining stateroom to learn if he had a bunnet for a neighbor. Whereupon Winters quieted down. But he said nothing about the dispatch.

When the ship reached port the spy was turned over to the authorities and Winters proceeded to London where he delivered his dispatch.

Mrs. Winters on her husband's return confessed that she had wrapped the manuscript as cuffs, filled the official envelope with blank paper, and sealed it for a special purpose. Winters doesn't think her such a fool as he did when he left on his mission. At any rate she received a large sum from the government for her stupidity.

What's in a Name?

By JULIA NANCE

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Harbeson entered the apartment house, stepped up to the young man sitting at the telephone desk and asked to be announced to Miss Vinton.

"Which Vinton, there are two families of that name here, one on the third and one on the fifth floor."

Harbeson said he did not know, but that he was expected and suggested that the telephone man ask one of the two if Miss Vinton was expecting a visitor called Harbeson. The message was sent and a reply received to tell the gentleman to come up. This settled the matter and entering the elevator he was taken to the fifth floor, where he found a young lady dressed in mourning waiting for him in the drawing room.

Edward Harbeson and James Vinton were classmates and chums at college. When they were graduated Vinton sailed, without visiting his home, for Europe. Harbeson was to study a profession in the city where Vinton lived and Vinton invited him to call upon his sister, promising to write her that he was coming.

"I am delighted to meet the sister of a friend of mine," was Harbeson's opening remark.

The young lady seemed embarrassed and it is questionable if these conventional words made any impression on her. She pointed to a seat for the guest and took one near it for herself.

"I suppose," she said, "that we may as well proceed to the object of your call at once. Of course I have no recollection of you though I have been told that we were playmates when we were children. It seems to me that the only sensible thing for us to do is to get acquainted, without any mention of your father's wish. Time will show whether it will seem best that we carry it out."

Harbeson was thrown flat aback by this formal address. Instead of saying "Miss Vinton, I have not the slightest idea what you are talking about," he said "very true," took out his handkerchief, drew it nervously across his lips, put it back in his pocket, and asked:

"However, I think that we had better start with a mutual understanding of just what my father's wish is. It would be very stupid of us to spend a lot of time under a misunderstanding."

"Very well, state the case."

"This was not what Harbeson had counted on, but he was equal to the occasion.

"A very hurried and meager statement of the case has been given me, and—"

"Have you not seen your father's will?"

"I have not." He might have added, "my father has nothing to bequeath and I don't think he has made a will."

"Well, since you prefer it I will state the case. Your father and mother being separated when you were a little boy, and you having been awarded to your mother, your father adopted me, and brought me up. I supposed I would meet you at his funeral but was told you could not be found. When his will was opened it was discovered that he left his property to you and me jointly and desired—"

The lady looked down at the floor and failed to proceed.

"You mean he desired that we should enjoy his property together as man and wife."

"I believe so" was the scarce audible response.

"Have you any idea how much my father left?"

"I have been told that it produces an income of three thousand a year."

There was a brief pause after which Harbeson said: "Whatever happens between you and me I will say this; every cent of this property and income shall be yours."

The young lady looked up at him with surprise and admiration. "At any rate," she said—"you are a very unusual man."

"Not at all," replied Harbeson, "but I feel myself unworthy of such a lovely girl."

The situation had reached this stage when there was a ring at the telephone, and the man at the desk below announced Mr. Harbeson. Harbeson heard it and the truth flashed upon him. The two names were sufficiently alike to cause any mistake. But Harbeson was game, he sat apparently unconcerned.

"Are you sure you are Tom Hunstont?" she asked hardly knowing what she said.

"I am sure that I am Ned Harbeson. Can it be possible that you have made a mistake?"

"Oh, horrors what a blunder. How stupid of me."

"No harm done I assure you. It was quite natural, the two names being so much alike."

Harbeson bowed himself out and met Mr. Hunstont coming up.

"I can cut that fellow out," he muttered, "and no great credit to me to do it. At any rate I'm going to try."

Later he wrote a note of apology to Miss Vinton, abusing himself for acting like a dishonorable man; but he had been sorely tempted by his admiration for her. She replied that his offer to give up his share of his supposed inheritance showed him to be the kind of man whom any girl would delight to have for a friend.

Harbeson made good his resolve to cut the other fellow out.

An Introduction to a Love Story

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

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It was snowing without, the first snow of the season. Jack Hornby went to the closet on the third floor, took out his winter overcoat, made a grimace at the odor of moth balls, carried the coat downstairs, put it on and through force of habit thrust his hands into the side pockets. His right hand encountered something which he took out and found to be a small package.

Jack did not remember having left anything in the pocket when he put away his overcoat in the spring, and unrolled the package with considerable surprise and curiosity. It consisted of a little box which contained a solitaire diamond ring and a photograph of one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. On the photograph was written: "Kiss me, Jack. Your loving Dorothy."

"You bet," said Jack, "if I had you here I would kiss you not only once, but a hundred times."

From the picture he turned to the coat. The cloth was of the same pattern as the one he had worn the winter before, but here the name of a tailor Jack did not know. He at once concluded that he had changed coats with someone.

All that day while at business Jack was making figures, but while doing so he was dreaming. Evidently he had stumbled on a romance. The photograph undoubtedly belonged to some other Jack; the ring denoted an engagement between this man and Dorothy. How came they in the overcoat which must have belonged to the other Jack? Then a hope entered Jack Hornby's mind that the engagement was broken and the ring had been returned. But how about the photograph? Probably the other Jack had intended to return it, and broke down at parting with it.

If the lover, or whoever he was, had been named Tom or Dick, Hornby would not have been so moved by the invitation to take a kiss. As it was, he was caught. "Kiss me, Jack," would not be banished. Jack looked at the picture a dozen times a day, and every time his eyes dropped from the girl to the words written below.

Jack behought himself how he could return the ring. Honesty may have prompted him to do this, but honesty was a mere bagatelle compared with his desire to find the girl, and when once found he would need no urging to accept the osculatory invitation. He would have advertised his find, but this plan, if successful, would produce another Jack, and Hornby had no desire to find him.

A few evenings after the find Jack went to his room and noticed in his waste basket the wrapper which had inclosed the articles. He took it up and held it to the light. He discovered a faint pencil mark: 343 Walnut street. The paper had doubtless been torn into two or more pieces and there had been a name above the address, the name being on another piece of paper.

Jack's heart beat high. The address was either that of the man or the girl. Without waiting to eat his dinner, which was ready for him, Jack went to No. 343 Walnut street, rang the bell, and told the maid that he was looking for a Mr. Trotter. Did he live there? No. Who did live here, Mrs. Thurston. Jack apologized and departed.

But he had won. In a living room, doing some fancy work, sat Dorothy.

The next day Jack sent the ring to Miss Dorothy Thurston with a note stating how it had come into his possession. He gave his address and signed his name. A letter of thanks came and the young lady asked if the finder would accept a reward. Jack replied that the only reward he would accept was a photograph that was in the same parcel as the ring. "But," he added, "if the photograph belongs to anyone else than the original I will return it to the owner on being given his address."

An answer to this came stating that the photograph did belong to someone else. Jack was invited to call on the writer for an explanation.

He lost no time in calling. The young lady received him with the reserve due a stranger and said to him:

"Since I am under an obligation to you for returning the ring, which I have sent to its owner, I think I at least owe you a statement as to the words written on it." She called "Jack, dear, come here."

A boy about six years old came into the room. He went to the young lady who said: "Kiss me, Jack." The kiss made Hornby envious. The girl continued, speaking to Hornby:

"I don't think you will care to have me enter into details how the photograph and the ring came into the same package, since this would involve matters in which you have no concern. I will only say that the photograph was taken surreptitiously by the owner of the ring. Now that I have removed any reason for you to consider me—"

The young lady was stilled for any expression and gave up trying to find one, continuing: "I can't see why you should consider this photograph in the light of a reward for returning a valuable ring, but if—"

Jack interrupted her. "My name is Jack."

The girl's eyes dropped to the floor. The story, instead of ending, begins here, and would make a book.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

GUS NEWBURY Attorney-at-Law Will Practise in All Courts in the State MEDFORD, OREGON

D. W. BAGSHAW Attorney at Law NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER Office with Jacksonville Post. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

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

THIS PAPER REPRESENTS 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 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes: 14 Portland Passenger 8:30 A.M., 16 Oregon Express 6:20 P.M., 12 Shasta Limited 2:18 A.M., 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.