

LOCAL NEWS

Dr. Stearns and Ben C. Sheldon of Medford were visitors in this city Wednesday.

Mrs. Tom Dunnington, Gene Tuck, Mary Bagshaw, Edith Bailey and Ruth Launspach were visitors at Medford Wednesday evening.

W. H. Hinkle of Kerby attended the funeral of his nephew, the late Ivan Applegate, held here Wednesday.

Mrs. J. Force of Pilot Rock was a visitor in this city Tuesday.

A. D. McKee of Buncum was a business visitor in this city Tuesday forenoon.

The funeral of Mrs. Gus Mitchell who died at Salem, Friday, was held in this city Tuesday forenoon.

Miss Ellen Hartman is attending the blight class for women being held at Medford. About forty women attend these lectures and considerable interest is manifested in the subject.

From the report of Superintendent Ager, we learn that five pupils of the Jacksonville schools received 100 per cent in the county spelling contest held Jan. 29. The winners names are: Margaret Launspach, Vivian Miller, Kathryn Wyssong, Annie Patton and Lottie Patton. Two more contests will be held before the close of school and we hope that our schools will add many more names to the "Roll of Honor."

George Henry of Medford was a business visitor in town today.

Homer Stephenson of Watkins was a visitor in this city today.

If you have a news item of interest send or bring it to us, our readers will appreciate it.

Mr. and Mrs. John Offenbacher of Applegate were visitors in this city and Medford Thursday.

Milton A. Miller, U. S. Internal Revenue Collector, desires us to publish the following statement: "Liberty loan bonds cannot be accepted in payment of taxes due the United States. To accept these bonds for such taxes would defeat the revenue ends."

S. S. Bulis left first of the week on a business trip to eastern points.

All work done in 1918 spot cash at W. R. Sparks.

Chester McIntosh, arrested for stabbing a fellow workman at Ashland last week, was given a hearing Monday and bound over to the grand jury. He is now in the county jail in this city.

Three Medford men charged with illegal handling of liquor were arrested by sheriff's officers yesterday and admitted to bail pending a hearing. It is said that a suit case full of liquor in bottles was secured when the arrests were made.

Mrs. Anna Broad of this city celebrated her birthday Saturday at dinner given by her daughter Agnes at Medford.

A tire bender, a tire shrinker, some hammers, tongs and a few other tools, belonging to the Bayse estate remain in the shop and will be sold at a bargain. D. W. Bagshaw, Adm.

Seth Bullis of Sterling was in town Tuesday.

The editor of the Post is in receipt of an interesting letter from Henry H. Hoefs, now on board the U. S. S. Mississippi, one of the newest and largest warships afloat. Our young friend is well and says he enjoys reading the Post, which reaches him regularly.

Mrs. John M. Williams and daughter Lulu were visitors at Medford Friday afternoon.

Herbert Hanna was a business visitor at Medford Thursday afternoon.

Flo Thompson and Mrs. Minnie Kelly were visitors in Medford Saturday night.

Peter Fick was a recent visitor at Medford.

Julian Abbott and Charlie Mitchell were visitors at Medford Wednesday evening.

An adjourned meeting of the city council was held last night for the consideration of the resignation of the marshal and the transaction of other business. All councilmen, mayor and recorder were present. On motion resignation of marshal was accepted and applications for the position were read and discussed: five applications—three for the combined offices of marshal, street commissioner and water superintendent, one for marshal alone and one for street commissioner and water supt. The first three were J. B. Renault, Jr., J. M. Rock, and Mr. Woolbridge, each at a salary of \$70. per month, same hours as formerly: 1 P. M. to midnight. W. G. Kenney, for marshal, salary \$25 per month, Chris Ulrich, street commissioner and water supt. salary \$45. per month. Ballot for marshal showed Kenney 3, Renault 1, Mrs. Walsh 1. Ballot for street commissioner and water supt. showed Ulrich 3, Renault 1, Rock 1. The new officers will assume their duties today.

Charles Mitchell who is in the U. S. marines at Mare Island, Cal., came home this week to attend the funeral of his mother. He has a ten-days furlough and will return to the service next week.

Mrs. Ralph Jennings and son were recent visitors at Ashland.

The regular meeting of the Royal Neighbors was held at the home of Neighbor Jones Thursday afternoon and was attended by most of the resident members. After the close of the business session a Hoover lunch was served and a general good time had. The next meeting of the lodge will be held at the home of Neighbor McIntire.

Justen Hartman was a business visitor at Medford Wednesday forenoon.

Porter J. Neff of Medford was a business visitor in this city Wednesday.

Col. J. M. Williams who had been home for the past several weeks returned to the sanitarium at Medford, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Randle of Buncum were recent visitors in this city.

Miles Central of Ruch was a business visitor in this city Thursday. While here he ordered the Post sent to his address for the ensuing year.

It is reported that the Root sawmill near Dorris, Cal. owned by Ed Weston and H. L. DeArmond, formerly of Medford, was destroyed by fire Thursday morning.

The grand jury will meet February 18, and the regular term of the circuit court will convene the following Monday.

Mrs. Ida Wilson is reported ill at her home in this city.

The county court was in session for the transaction of county business, Wednesday.

C. E. Gates of Medford attended the funeral of Ivan Applegate, in this city Wednesday.

Secretary McAdoo announces that certificates of indebtedness totalling \$3,000,000 will be issued prior to the offering of the Third Liberty Bonds. The first issue of these certificates will be dated Feb. 8, and will mature May 5.

Pat Swayne of Watkins was a business visitor in this city Sunday afternoon.

Luke Ryan of Medford was a business visitor in this city Monday forenoon.

Dr. C. Hartley, dentistry, painless filling and extracting; bleeding gums and pyorrhea. M. F. & H. Bldg. Medford, Ore. Adv.

If you are not on our subscription list call or phone your order.

For Sale—Gasoline engine belonging to Bayse estate. D. W. Bagshaw.

Just Supposing.

Just supposing all the factories of the country were being run by water power that is now going to waste in the great Northwest? There'd be no fuel crisis and the power would be so cheap and unlimited that the world's manufactured articles would largely be made here. It seems the greatest folly yes, criminality, to continue wasting what this water power represents. Talk about conservation!—Nezperce, Idaho, Herald.

HONOR OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

Schools, Business Houses and Court House Were Closed.

Willis Ivan Applegate, a native son of Jacksonville, private of the 318th U. S. Engineers died at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, early Saturday morning, Feb. 2, 1918, aged 17 years, 1 month and 22 days.

The funeral was held here Wednesday afternoon. The services were held in the Presbyterian church and consisted of scripture reading, prayers and a soul-stirring address by the pastor, Rev. Gammons and appropriate music by the choir, the closing hymn being the first and last stanzas of "America" in which the whole congregation joined. The body lay in state in the aisle during the service, the casket draped in the U. S. colors and banked by a profusion of floral tributes among which was a flag pillow composed entirely of flowers.

The church was filled to overflowing with residents of the city and vicinity all eager to render their tribute of respect to the memory of the dead boy who gave his life to the cause of freedom. The schools attended in a body and formed a guard of honor to the remains of their former schoolmate.

The business houses, schools and offices at the court house were closed during the funeral, the persons employed therein attending the services.

The services were impressive from start to finish and showed throughout the depth of feeling existing in the bosoms of the people of Jacksonville towards the defenders of our liberties, our homes and our lives.

TRANSPORT WITH U. S. TROOPS TORPEDOED

Ship Sunk Off Irish Coast. About 200 Lives Lost.

The Cunard liner Tuscania, now used as a transport, carrying 2,179 American troops enroute to France, was torpedoed and sunk off the Irish coast late Tuesday evening.

The first news of the disaster came in a brief dispatch to the war department from London. Hope was built here upon the fact that the survivors were landed at two widely separated Irish ports and indications that relief vessels were at hand quickly.

The first report received in Washington stated that only 1,100 survivors were accounted for. Later the number was reported increased to 1,912.

Washington, Feb. 7.—The latest official dispatch received here on the loss of the Tuscania places the number of American troops missing at 113; others 97, total 210.

Late today no additional official dispatches have been received further reducing the Tuscania's lists as indicated in the London cablegrams, but army and navy officials declared it entirely possible and eagerly awaited official advice.

Worth of Pennies, Nickels and Dimes First Value a Wise Man Can Place on Wealth.

"Any man, in order to achieve real success, must have the right ideas about money. If he hasn't the right ideas about money, he is not solid in character, doesn't write in the American Magazine. A man may easily be happy, successful and highly regarded on \$1,500 dollars or less a year; but, if he is, it is because he knows how to handle those \$1,500, and realizes the power that is in each of those \$1,500, and keeps in sight the fact that it takes 100 cents or 20 nickels, or 10 dimes, to make each one of those \$1,500.

"On the other hand, a man may have an annual income of \$50,000 and be neither successful nor happy nor highly regarded. If this is true of him, it is because he has not the right ideas about money.

"Here is the thing that applies to my experience and to every man's: Money is the symbol of worth and power, if your money is handled correctly. If you regard money as a constructive thing, something to be used beneficially for yourself, your family and your community, something with which to build up and produce improvements, you are on solid ground; nothing can shake you, nothing, outside of earthquakes and fires, can ruin you financially. Let me put it this way: The use a man makes of his money after he has got his hands on it is the measure of his worth."

PRINCE OF TAVERN WRITERS

"Good Old Horace" Positively Popular in the American Meaning, Declares Genial Midwest Critic.

Old Horace Flannery of all the ancient bards is nearest to our modern sense. He is positively "popular" in the American meaning. Nearly every rhymster translates or parodies an ode or two. He is very affinitive, companionable and approachable, so to speak. We understand him and feel certain that he would understand us were he here. He would be conducting a "column" of quips and jests upon some editorial page or else he a better James Whitcomb Riley were he one of us right now. To be sure, he would have to alter his morals a mile to serenade Lathrop and to bubble of Palerminian a little less, but in general Horace would be "right there with the push."

Old Horace is a brother and a sport, as well as all men who read him feel, observes a writer in the Minneapolis Journal. And that is why so many are strong for him still. Just as the late Eugene Field was. That Sabine farm of his, some miles out of Caesar, can home and a long time back in the centuries, is as familiar to us as "out to old Aunt Mary's."

Measuring High Temperature.

Tin, which melts at about 450 degrees Fahrenheit, has been applied to the measurement of high temperatures in the same way that mercury, melting at 38 degrees below zero, is used for measuring ordinary atmosphere temperatures. Instead of being placed in a glass bulb with closed tube, says the Nebraska State Journal, the melted tin is contained in a graphite bulb having an open tube, and readings are made by lowering into the tube a plunger of a metal with a high melting point. When the plunger touches the tin, an electric circuit is closed, giving a bell or other signal, the position of the plunger showing the temperature. This new form of pyrometer may be used in either of two ways (1) to give the temperature at any time by sliding down the pointer until the electric signal is set off, or (2) to announce when any predetermined temperature is reached by setting the pointer at the proper number of degrees on the scale. As the melted tin, like melted mercury, is found to expand at a very even rate, the indications are held to be notably accurate.

Men and Watches.

Special talent often makes fine sports ahead and genius sometimes sours grandly, but it is the steady-going sort of worker who gets the most done in the end, and is the most reliable. It is with men as it is with their watches—the most reliable and serviceable are the ones steadily at work, a writer on the Canadian Herald observes. There is a Pennsylvania railroad engineer who has retired on a pension after 48 years of service. "I have carried one watch for more than 26 years," he says, "and it always kept the right time. A good engineer must have a good watch; it does the most important part of his work." It is said of this engineer that he has been an exceptionally sober, orderly, steady-going man, whose health has always been good and his record always clean. But doesn't this go without saying, when we know that his watch always kept the right time?

Don't Betray Confidence.

"Now you mustn't repeat this, for I promised not to tell anybody." When a girl prefaces a breach of confidence in this fashion, she will not deceive herself into thinking that she has made things all right, not at least if she stops to think, says a writer. For to pass a secret on to one, is as much a violation as to tell all, and moreover, if she herself is so little bound by a pledge, why should she expect another to abide by it. If you are given to betraying confidences, do not pretend that you make it all right by assuming that your confidence is more honorable than your own.

Her Awakening

By MILDRED WHITE

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Dan had loved Lydia, as far back as she could remember. His patient adoration, was like that of the shaggy dog, who adjusted his devotion to her needs. When Lydia desired to walk, Jack, the dog, was all joyful anticipation when absorbed in a book she ignored outside sunshine, Jack contentedly lay at her feet.

Often as he sat late at night at the desk in his store of "Books and Fancy Articles," he longed to throw the thing up and go to the city, but there was Lydia! He could not bring himself to leave her—Lydia, bright-eyed and winsome, with her indisputable charm.

The homestead was growing old and worn, and when that slow accumulation in the bank should be sufficient, Dan hoped to remodel the house, and then, his heart missed a beat at the thought, if Lydia still was kind, he would dare to ask her to share it with him. To what height Dan planned and added his figures, Lydia pulled a red tam over her waving hair, and walked with Jack up the hill.

At the very top an auto was stalled, its previous occupant working over a silent engine.

"I wonder," the man asked pleasantly, "if you could direct me to a garage?" And as Lydia was returning that way, they walked down the hill together. He was the son of old Lawyer Tiles, as it happened, and had come back to look after his mother's estate. Perhaps the "looking after" might have been accomplished in shorter order, had Robert Tiles not met Lydia. As it was, the weeks into months, still he remained in the country town.

To Lydia, the courteous, modest young man of the city, was a delightful innovation. Her cheeks were flushed with pride as he led her into the Country club, his generous gifts of hot-house roses, never ceased to bring a sense of joyful surprise. And Dan? Well, she remembered him with a smile, just as she would stoop to put Jack's shaggy head. And then came one glorified night when Robert Tiles took her into his arms and told her that he loved her. The next day he was going away, back to his mother in California, but when he came again so he said, they would announce their engagement, and be married. Lydia could hardly discern his departing figure for the tears in her eyes, Jack's head brushed her hand in sympathy, and turning, she found Dan looking down upon her.

"I—I couldn't help it, friend," she said softly, "I just had to love Robert."

Dan nodded silently, understanding. The days were long after that and the column of figures at night seemed so useless to unravel. And now it was the months which grew into a year, and—more years, but Robert Tiles did not return. Letters came bringing doubtful comfort to Lydia, and those telling of brilliant achievement in Robert's profession of law—she took over to read to Dan.

Cheerily confident was Dan, "Of course Tite would be back soon," he encouraged, "then Lydia would find her happiness with him out there in that golden country."

But Lydia's eyes clouded doubtfully. "Oh! I could not go away," she breathed.

Dead hope revived in Dan's heart that night, but the next morning it was destroyed. Lydia came running over bringing a letter.

"From Robert," she explained, her voice sang, "he's coming back."

Dan saw the luxurious car drive up to Lydia's door, saw a distinguished man ascend the front steps. Then Dan turned away. Years had brought to that other man assurance and power, while to him—merely Dan studied his own face with its lines of sadness. Lydia waiting in the quiet parlor felt strangely different, as Robert Tiles advanced to greet her. All at once her little blue frock seemed very inferior. The color in her cheeks still held its youthful freshness, her eyes shone bright through all the years, but there was quick disappointment in the glance he cast upon her; through every nerve she felt its keenness, what could it be? Then while responding absently to the easy grace of his conversation, the realization came to her. He had forgotten, through his years of travel and study, that she had remained here in this little town. The women to whose society he was accustomed had found also his opportunities. Sweet and fair she might be, but she was after all only "Lydia of Farmdale."

"You will excuse me," she said hurriedly, and put forth her hand—"good-by."

There was evident relief in Robert Tiles' perfunctory hand clasp. Across to the old homestead ran Lydia. Her eyes smarted with sudden tears as she saw Dan through the window his face cradled in his arms. A passion of tenderness stirred her heart, how dear he was, how true.

"Dan," she cried and he raised his face unbelievably. Then before either knew how it happened Lydia was in his arms.

"All the time," she said wonderingly, "I must have loved you, I never could bear the thought of leaving you, Dan."

And though the explanation was so incomplete, Dan gazing into Lydia's radiant face—was more than satisfied.

At The Churches

PRESBYTERIAN

Albert H. Gammons, Minister
Sunday Services regularly as follows:
10:00 A. M. Sabbath School. Classes for all ages.
11:00 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 I. O. O. F. Hall. Everybody welcome.

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Urges The South To Produce More Food.

Secretary McAdoo, as Director General of the Railroads, has issued a statement declaring that the production by each section of the United States of its own food and feed stuff would be much more economical and would effect a great relief in the transportation problem.

He urges upon the people of the South, especially the farmers, to relieve the strain on the railroads as much as possible during the coming year by producing their own food and feed crops, thus rendering unnecessary the transportation of such materials from other parts of the country to them.

The Secretary emphasizes the fact that he does not suggest that the growing of cotton should be discouraged, but that the South, in addition to raising all the cotton that it can well cultivate, should grow hay and corn for its stock and produce as much food as possible for its own people.

He says, "If the South can feed itself, the effect will be to release from unnecessary service in the South a vast number of freight cars and engines and greatly help to win the war."

POLK'S OREGON and WASHINGTON Business Directory
A directory of each city, town and village, giving descriptive sketch of each place, location, population, telegraphic, shipping and banking points; also Classified Directory, compiled by business and profession.
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Southern Oregon Traction Company Time Table No. 5.

Effective August 23d, 1917
Leave Jacksonville.
7:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
7:50 a. m. Sunday only
8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
9:00 a. m. Sunday only
10:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
11:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
2:00 p. m. daily
3:00 p. m. daily
4:00 p. m. daily
4:30 p. m. daily (Note 1)
7:15 p. m. daily (Note 2)
Leave Medford.
8:00 a. m. daily except Sunday
8:30 a. m. Sunday only
9:00 a. m. daily except Sunday
11:00 a. m. daily
12:00 Noon-daily except Sunday
2:30 p. m. daily
3:30 p. m. daily
4:30 p. m. daily
6:00 p. m. daily
From Riverside Avenue.
10:30 p. m. daily except Sat. & Sun.
11:00 p. m. Saturday & Sunday only.
(Note 1) Runs to Medford depot and waits until 5:50 p. m. before going to East end of line.
(Note 2) Runs to Medford depot only unless carrying passengers for beyond.
R. S. BULLIS,
Gen. Freight & Passenger Agent.

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