

WHERE SHE FITTED

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

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As a reporter Martha Fiddas was a failure; everyone admitted it. It was doubtful if Martha believed herself of much value on the Telegram staff. Why she was kept there was more than anyone was willing to say, but some of the boys hinted that it was because she was pretty and Phil Weekes, the city editor, had a weak spot in his heart for all pretty girls.

Her good looks had not been the only thing he had seen. She was sociable, had a winning personality and was a splendid conversationalist—qualities that should have made a successful reporter. The first week was enough to show Phil that there were many things Martha lacked that she should also have had, but he hoped experience would develop them. After the first month he gave up the idea of putting her on assignments that required headwork. If there was a story that required data Martha would be sure to miss it; she never spelled names correctly, always got numbers and even the names of streets wrong. It would have been easier for him if the managing editor had relieved him of the unpleasant duty of giving Martha her notices—but just the same he did it.

"If you don't get rid of that girl and get somebody you can depend upon in her place, you are going to run up against a tight place some time and get yourself in wrong over it," one of the senior reporters remarked to Phil one day.

"She's all right," Phil answered. "She hasn't fitted in yet."

The tight place came sooner than they expected it. A lot of big things loomed up all at once and every man on the staff was given a night assignment. Phil left a convention meeting for himself to cover. He was the last to leave the reportorial room that night and was just putting on his hat when the telephone rang. It was the managing editor.

"There is a big meeting in Plattsburg tonight to decide definitely on the electric road. See that it is covered," he ordered.

Phil knew the importance of the story and decided he would have to go to Plattsburg himself. The next car left at eight o'clock, getting him there barely in time for the meeting. That wouldn't give him time to touch the convention. He scanned his assignment book. There was no one else who could cover it. Nothing could be neglected. How about Martha? He would have to chance her, but he hated to think of the story she would turn in the next day. Had she a telephone? She hadn't. She didn't seem to have anything she should have had, he thought angrily. She didn't room very far away; he would have time to call and tell her to cover the convention. He could write out a list of the things for her to remember to take notes on and perhaps she would get a half decent story for him to rewrite.

Martha looked her best when she opened her door to his knock. Phil couldn't refrain from standing back to admire her. She looked lovely in a big white apron and white cap.

"Come right in, Phil," Martha invited, as she opened the door wide. The room looked very inviting, so Phil didn't refuse. After he had gone into details of just what he wanted her to do, and had her write them out, Phil prepared to go.

"Won't you stay and have tea?" Martha asked. "I have a lovely supper all ready—steak, fried onions, scalloped potatoes, homemade tartar and the best cup of tea you ever tasted. I'm a dandy cook." Phil had been using his nostrils for five minutes, and when Martha enumerated the things he had been smelling he couldn't refuse her invitation.

"I wouldn't have had time to go home for supper," he said, so he sat down at the snowy white table, "but I hate to be robbing you."

"You are doing nothing of the sort," Martha smiled. "I had supper prepared for two, but the girl I expected telephoned that she couldn't come."

"The ungrateful girl, and a supper like this!" Phil exclaimed, as he started on the steak. "Wherever did you learn to cook? This is the finest steak I have had since I left home. If the supper is like this you can invite me here as often as you like."

"Would you really like to come?" she asked. "I have often been on the point of asking you, but I hadn't courage enough to. You have been so kind to me that I wanted to show you that I could do something right. You must think that I can't, for I know I have appeared stupid to you. I was never cut out for a reporter or a business woman or anything but just a housekeeper, I think. I love cooking and housekeeping. I seem to fit into it."

"You certainly do," he said, earnestly. "I'm enthusiastic about your cooking." When he saw how pleased that made her he kept right on with his compliments and he meant most of them, too.

Then next morning, when Martha handed in her report of the convention meeting the smile Phil gave her caused her to blush furiously. As he started to read the report he shook his head doubtfully, and then his face brightened as he thought to himself: "She certainly doesn't fit into reporting, but I know where she does fit in, and some day I'm going to ask her to change." Martha had been watching his face, and when he looked up and their eyes met she understood.

ALL PREPARED FOR MEASLES

Indianapolis Newspaper Treats Ad-vent of Disease as Something of Which to Make a Jest.

Have you had the measles yet? Well, just be patient. It is only a matter of time.

A physician was asked how he re-counted for the great number of cases of measles this year, and he smiled and said that the old germs were all frozen during the very cold weather and that they were trying out the new supply. Professional men have such charming manners, which invariably accompany those evasive answers. One never knows whether they are afraid of disclosing state secrets or whether the sweet smile and graceful bow are serving in an armorial capacity.

So, if you awaken some morning and your forehead is a mass of little patches of carmine and your throat feels dry and your head feels hot, don't be alarmed. It simply means that you have been chosen to become a member of the Ancient Accepted Order of Measleites, and that the initiation has begun. A five days' vacation is about to be thrust on you, which you will enjoy, more or less, probably less, particularly if you have the "Hun" variety, which is as treacherous as the name implies.

Of course, if you are pressed for time, there is a 24-hour kind which is very good. It has all the appearances of the genuine article without any of the disagreeable features. The doctors call it "Duke's disease," but it belongs to the measles family, and you will be perfectly safe (and considerably more comfortable) in selecting that kind.—Indianapolis News.

PROOF THAT WORLD MOVES

Simple Little Experiment Will Con-vince the Skeptical of Fact Pretty Generally Conceded.

Take a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water, a coating of lycopodium powder. Then upon the surface of this coating of powder make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say, an inch or two in length.

Having made this little mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay upon the floor close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it will be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well.

Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object with which it was parallel. It will be found to have moved in the direction opposite to the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth in simply revolving has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little.

The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else has moved the other way.

In and Out.

There is some talk among a number of the women folk of Woodruff place of organizing a club to be known as "The Ins and Outs." Not that they wish to be marked as gad-abouters or anything of the sort. The proposed club title refers solely to a recent pamphlet issued by the authorities of "the town within a city," which contains the directory of the 1,800 inhabitants. The booklet is neatly arranged, is embellished with pictures of the town's beauty spots and contains plenty of advertisements as all good directories should. But somehow in the course from census taker to printer the names of about twenty-five of the good wives of the town were omitted. The little club idea has been proposed with one requirement for membership, which is that the member shall be "in" the town and "out" of the directory.—Indianapolis News.

Grocer Had Nothing to Say.

The grocer thought one day that he would like a steak for his dinner as a change from the bacon, so he sent his little girl across to the butcher for one pound of steak.

On receiving the steak, he thought he might satisfy his curiosity by weighing it, and in so doing he found it to be four ounces light of weight.

He brought it across to the butcher and said: "What is the meaning of only giving me twelve ounces of meat instead of one pound?"

The butcher calmly replied: "I lost my one-pound weight, so I had to use your one-pound packet of tea."

Use of Torpedoes in Warfare.

Between 1878 and 1898, when the Spanish-American war broke out, there were only twelve instances in which the torpedo had been used in actual warfare. The Russo-Japanese war in 1904 afforded many opportunities for the use of this deadly weapon of destruction, and Whitehead's invention caused great havoc. The combination of the submarine boat and the torpedo had its first real trial in the present war.

An Education.

"Did you manage to give your boy such schooling?" "Finest possible," rejoined Farmer Cornstossel. "Josh joined the army and is being educated abroad."

A DOG STAR

By MARTHA McCULLOCH

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Orion was a star of the first magnitude—in the dog figurament of course—since he belonged to Sidney Lee. Sidney was a fancier of sorts. He fancied among other things he could lay given points to the original dog number. Which was a pity, seeing Happy Jack, head of his kennels, sat in the strict privacy of his own mind "Ef them dumb brutes knowed wha sort o' feller that owned 'em, they'd never hold up heads nor tails agin."

This was not in malice. Happy Jack was ready to admit the "boss" had his uses, and was even wise in the way of neckties, womenkind and other like trifles. But dogs! Dogs were the hell and end-all of existence to Happy—wherefore it appeared to him a special providence that he himself was set in actual charge of the fine four-footed creatures. He pampered them of course all he dared—also indulged them. Thereby hangs this tale, Orion, running free of leash upon the lawn out before his kennel, leapt the hedge in pure wanton joy of supple strength and before he could be reclaimed wrought havoc among the prize ducks of old Miss Stretton, who lived next door.

Result—a very pretty general, made prettier by the fact that Miss Stretton, fat and sent of breath, left the settlement of it to Miss Ellen, one of the modern Portias.

"I'm here to pay in full, ma'am, for the fine dog's little diversions," Happy said to Miss Stretton in a tone meant to be diplomatic—even propitiatory.

"Oh!" said the girl, her widest eyes looking through him. "Just how much? I hope we agree in our estimates."

Happy Jack, after some fumbling produced a bill written out in the round school-boy hand of his son and heir. Miss Stretton glanced at it, frowned, bit her lips to keep back a laugh over the document, then pulled out a fountain pen, added two ciphers to the sum, and gave back the paper saying: "I've kindly corrected your little mistake."

"No mistake at all. If ye live till ye see any twelve hundred and ninety dollars o' Sidney Lee's money, ye'll make Methusalem look like a baby."

"You are overlooking the fright—the distress of mind—the upstart to my aunt. I believe you have a litter or so of Orion pups?" Miss Ellen interrupted. "Bentlies they must be, if they look like him. Why, there he is—right at our door—"

"Let me get him—the murdering pirate," Happy Jack cried, starting to push through the gate. Miss Ellen clicked it shut in his face, saying with a little laugh: "A dog's a dog by your reasoning, Happy. Stay outside until—my aunt's chain is settled."

"He won't that! He sha'n't! Woman! The idea o' havin' a beast worth thousands to be fed on table scraps! Lemme git my hands on that rascal. I promise ye, ye'll never see his track again."

"Just what I'm afraid of—therefore you can't have him until the matter is settled," Miss Ellen said, a covert smile playing about her lips.

"If you poison him I'll have the law on ye!" he hissed. Orion ran about like a mad thing, sniffing at the walk which led around the poultry yard, giving the while short ecstatic barks. Miss Ellen smiled watching his gambols. "He knows what he wants—and how much he wants it," she said, reflectively; then pitiously: "It's a shame to kill him, or even send him to the pound—but I don't see how we can possibly keep him—and the ducks!"

"Woman! Ye'll no have the heart!" Happy Jack burst out. And just then a motorcar purred to a standstill behind them. In a wink Sidney Lee was out of it, smiling and bowing to Ellen, and asking particulars. That made Ellen blush uncomfortably—she had appraised the dead ducks partly in sport, partly in anger at Happy Jack's lofty penuriousness. Lee hardly glanced at the bill, with her amendments, before saying eagerly: "Quite right, quite right. In fact—too moderate—even I've heard of Sir Alexander and his victories."

"Won't you please come in—and get your dog?" Miss Ellen said, fixing Happy in his tracks with a look of ice. Lee needed no second bidding—in half a minute he was established in a porch of rock, smiling at Miss Ellen, and saying as he patted Orion's head: "Good dog! Fine dog! You've won me—the greatest of prizes. Ever since I saw her, nodding over at Miss Ellen, I've schemed and prayed to find some one who would introduce us."

"I'm not quite a highway robber—in spite of my profession—let me explain about that ridiculous bill," Miss Ellen interrupted, choosing to ignore his speech. "Five hundred will be just—and generous. Don't insist on paying more—Aunt Lora will only waste it—either on more ducks—or the missionaries."

"I'll send a check," Lee began, his voice joyous. She blushed again. "I had rather have—something else," she said. "An Orion pup—if you can part with one so low."

"Come! Choose right off!" Lee said, jumping up, and leading her toward the gate. Happy Jack, on watch from the home gate, growled to see it. He never knew the exact terms of settlement—but six months later gave a shrewd enough guess—for then Miss Ellen became the owner of Orion, with all his appurtenances, including his master.

Notice To Creditors.

Estate of Ralph B. Baer. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That he undersigned, Elsie Marie Baer, has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Ralph B. Baer, deceased, and any one having claims against said estate may present the same properly verified within six months from the date of this first publication to the said Elsie Marie Baer at her home in Rogee River, Oregon, or to her Attorney H. A. Conway at 27 North Central, Medford, Oregon.

Date of First Publication: May 25th, A. D. 1918.

ELFIE MARIE BAER, Administratrix.

Summons.

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

Frances Ann Kleinhammer, Plaintiff

-vs-

Kate Hills and W. J. Hills her husband, Defendants.

To said Defendants: Kate Hills and W. J. Hills, her husband.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court and cause, and answer the Complaint of this plaintiff on file herein against you within ten days from the date of service of this Summons upon you.

Such service is made within Jackson County, Oregon; within twenty days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you if such service is made within any other county of the State of Oregon; within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons if served by publication hereof; or if served outside of the State of Oregon, in lieu of the actual publication, then within six weeks from the date of such service, and you will hereby take notice that if you fail to appear and answer Complaint on file herein, for want thereof, the plaintiff will pray to the court for the following relief against you, to-wit:

That the plaintiff recover off and from you the above-named defendants, judgment in the sum of Twenty five hundred dollars (\$2500.00) and interest thereon at the rate of eight (8%) per cent from March 25th, 1918, until paid, together with one hundred fifty dollars (\$150.00) attorney's fees and costs and disbursements herein to be taxed, and for a decree of court foreclosing a certain real estate mortgage securing said debt and promissory note described in plaintiff's complaint, and to which you are respectfully referred. And that said mortgage be foreclosed on the premises described therein as follows:

Commencing at a point on the North line of Block number Six (6) of Gal loway's Addition to the town (now City) of Medford, situated 123.76 feet West of the Northeast corner thereof, and from said point running thence South 176 feet; thence West 122.74 feet; thence North 176 feet to the North line of said Block; thence East on North line 122.74 feet to the place of commencing. All in Jackson County, Oregon;

That said premises be ordered sold in the manner provided by law, and the proceeds thereof be applied

I In the payment of costs and expense of sale.

II In the payment of costs and disbursements of this suit, including the attorney's fees allowed the plaintiff by the court.

III The amount due the plaintiff on said note and other forms of indebtedness, and the balance if any there of after said amounts have been fully paid, satisfied and discharged, and for such other further and different relief as to the court may seem proper and equitable in the premises.

This summons is published in The Jacksonville Post, under and by virtue of an order duly made and entered upon the 10th day of April, 1918, in this court and cause by Honorable F. M. Calkins, Circuit Judge. The date of the first publication is the 11th day of May, 1918, last publication is the 22nd day of June, 1918.

C. M. THOMAS, Attorney for Plaintiff, Medford, Oregon.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Matter of Julius Bjerregaard, Estate. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, George R. Lindley, has been duly appointed administrator of the Estate of Julius Bjerregaard, deceased, and notice is hereby given that any and all persons having claims against the said estate may present the same properly verified, within six months from the date of this first publication, which first publication is May 18th, A. D. 1918, to said administrator at his office in the Jackson County Bank at Medford, Oregon.

Dated this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

GEORGE R. LINDLEY, Administrator.

PRINCESS ON PRINCE STREET

Queenly Young Woman Honors a Mail Carrier by Handing Him a Dainty Envelope to Be Fosted.

They came along to Broadway up one of the clock-and-street streets of mid New York, Collier's Weekly says. She was an elaborate young woman in rose-colored velvet and fair as Miriam with all her bangles on to the dazzled male alongside, who was made up for the world's champion neckwear seller in a Polish and Pettinutter play.

Between dainty gloved thumb and fore-finger she held an envelope (it must have been scented), exactly as your maiden aunt used to hold her ice cream spoon in the dear dead days of 1891. A mere human being was bagging the contents of the mail box at the corner, and she saw him. "Oh, he can mail my letter!" Heah you are, letter carrier!" All this in the clearly ringing, sweetly supercilious tones of an Elsie Ferguson heroine who has not yet fallen in love.

Mr. Burleson's coworker took the honor respectfully enough, and the rose-colored velvet floated blandly on. A bystander, however, observed the map of Donegal which served that particular letter carrier for a countenance to be distorted momentarily by a tremendous wink. But, really now, why shouldn't one expect to meet a princess on Prince street—if only in the clock-and-street trade? Of course we all believe in the nobility of commerce.

DOG LEARNED MORSE SIGNALS

Canine Recognized Office Call and Would Awaken Master When Latter Was Sleeping.

Tony was a small scraggly-haired Russian terrier that I had while working as night operator at a New Hampshire railroad station, writes F. H. S. in the Boston Globe. In those days I worked 12 hours and often longer when we were short of men, and Tony proved very useful to me, for I taught him to read Morse signals and he would wake me up when my office was called if I happened to doze off after working a long stretch without rest.

My office call was "Ux." Whenever that call was ticked off on the wire I would say "speak Tony!" and the little dog would bark. In about a month's time I had trained Tony to bark loudly every time Ux was called on the wire.

One hot night as we sat in the little office with the door open Tony growled and a big husky hobo, the tallest man I ever saw outside of a circus, hunched in the door and made a grab at me. I lodged and sprang for the desk, where my pistol was. Tony jumped for the man and fastened on to his legs and caused the man to trip and fall. By his time I reached the desk, picked up my gun and covered him.

The hobo backed out of the door and I slammed the office door, locked it and turned out the light.

Poor Tony crossed the track in front of a train one day and was instantly killed.

Cedar Forest at Great Height.

In his book "The Real Algeria," quoted in the Christian Science Monitor, I. D. Scott describes his journey through a cedar forest. "The program was to cross the mountains through a line forest of cedars by the Col de Felmet, at an altitude of 5,000 feet," Mr. Scott says. "I came across a most curious piece of hillside. Bare rock is steep and smooth as a house roof can straight from the hilltop to the bottom of the valley with a strike of some 60 degrees. It shone like lustrous silver in the bright sun. Never have I seen anything of the kind so beautiful. In various crevices were perched cedar trees, sometimes with a rest so tiny that a miracle alone held them apparently from sliding down the chute."

Perfumes Defy Laundries.

The Arabs around Aden love powerful perfumes and are highly skilled in their preparation. Their favorite is called "ood." It is made from a wood called "ood" and is so powerful that when burned in incense-pots the smoke will impregnate the garments of those present to such an extent that the perfume will remain upon them for days, even after they have been laundered. They often mix "ood" with civet, ambergris and musk, and thus perfume their clothes. The Germans tried to sell their perfumes at Aden, but failed, as the best they could do was about 43 cents an ounce for perfume not nearly so good as that which the natives made for 8 cents.

What "Shinamu" Is.

Dyestuffs from leaves of the "Shinamu," a species of maple common in Korea and known in parts of Manchuria, have given results so promising as to be followed by a British consular report, says the Nebraska State Journal. Large quantities could be had at about 12 cents a pound, and with the colors produced cotton can be dyed black, indigo, dark gray, gray or khaki. In dyeing silk and woollens only black can be used, the chief value of the extract being as a material adding 30 per cent to the weight of the textiles.

His Hard Luck.

"So you're going home?" said the old man to the wanderer. "Yes; tomorrow." "I understand they are preparing the fatted calf for you?" "Just my luck. The doctor has made me cut out all fat foods."

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NORTH BOUND TRAINS.

14 Portland Passenger.....8:20 A.M.
16 Oregon Express.....6:20 P.M.

12 Shasta Limited2:18 A.M.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

15 California Express10:50 P.M.
13 San Francisco Express.....9:05 A.M.

11 Shasta Limited.....3:20 A.M.
17 Ashland Passenger4:35 P.M.