

## FROM MARY

By JANE WILKINS.

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Grandma Bates sat alone at the window, rocking. She was always rocking these days. She was too feeble for work about the house, and her old eyes too dim for much fine sewing. She sat rocking gently, looking out at the mellow autumn landscape.

"Leaves a-falling," she murmured to herself. "When they are most beautiful and brightest-colored they can drop. They don't have to hang on and on. Oh, if folks were only like that, if only there were something I could do!"

The sound of quick footsteps on the porch outside arrested her attention, and she looked up eagerly at a slim, dark-haired girl entered the room. Mary's coming was always like the coming of the sun to Grandma Bates.

But today Mary was not smiling. There were traces of tears on her rosy cheeks, and her lips were quivering. She buried her head in the old lady's lap and shook with sobs.

"Oh, grandma, grandma!" Grandma Bates stroked the girl's smooth head with a tremulous hand. "There, there, honey, don't cry," she urged. "Whatever your trouble is I guess I've had it, too. There isn't much I haven't been through in my time, and I know things come out right somehow. Tell grandma what you're crying about."

"It's Jim, grandma. We've had a quarrel. Oh, yes, it was silly. I can't tell you what it was about, but it happened a week ago. I told him I didn't want him ever to come near me again—yes, I did—and he hasn't, all this week. He acts as if he thought I meant what I said. He ought to have known—"

The shadow of a smile flickered over the old lady's face, and the light of whimsical memories warmed her eyes. "Just so," she agreed. "I remember when I quarreled with your grandfather, too. It was about the color of a horse, I think, or something as stupid."

Within half an hour Grandma Bates was busily clicking her needles over a lapel of khaki-colored worsted, and Mary was listening, with an occasional preoccupied sigh, to tales of that other war, the war to which her grandfather had marched away never to return.

And so, through the week that followed they knitted together, the old lady guiding the girl's fingers as she learned to turn heels and toes, "purrl" and "bind-off."

And then, one day, the girl came in white-lipped and sat with her knitting untouched, her eyes dark and tragic. Grandma Bates knew that something had happened, but she wisely kept her silence, and at last Mary spoke.

"He's enlisted," she said dully. "Jim's enlisted. His sister told me so this morning. And if he goes without my seeing him again—"

"He won't," said the old lady confidently. "Either he will come to see you, or else you will write and ask him to."

"Oh, I can't! If only I weren't so stubborn and stupid. I can't, grandma, and I'm sure that Jim will never come first."

But Mrs. Bates shook her wise old head and said no more.

Several days passed and nothing happened, except that Mary grew pale with the struggle she was waging.

But Mary's grandmother kept steadily at work upon the sweaters, socks and helmets which she completed with amazing rapidity. And if anyone had noticed, there was a curious, happy little smile about her lips at times, a secret twinkle in her eye when she looked at Mary.

One evening after the old lady had gone to bed Mary sat alone trying to read, straining her ears for the sound of steps which never came. And then, quite suddenly, they did come. As of old there was a quick ring at the bell, an impatient tattoo on the door-pane. Mary opened the door to see her Jim, in khaki.

He came in as though nothing had happened.

"Like my uniform, Mary?" he asked. They talked for a strained five minutes of things that didn't matter, every-day things that had existed before their quarrel. And after a while he took her hand again and they made mutual confessions, each one insisting on the blame for that misunderstanding.

"It was all my fault, Mary, every bit. You don't know how hard it's been to keep away from you, especially since I knew I was to go to France. I've tried and tried to get over my stubborn, stupid pride and come to you, but I couldn't. If you hadn't sent me that sweater to show how you felt—"

## IDEAL PLACE FOR SOLITUDE

Bird Island, in Gulf of St. Lawrence, One of World's Most Desolate Spots.

Bird Island, most northerly of the Magdalen Islands, holds the world's record for wrecks. The whole group, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is exceedingly dangerous, but Bird Island stands first. More like a huge rock than an island its walls rise grim and gray in the path of the mariner. The island has no beach or coast, only a steep irregular cliff rising abruptly from the water. The top is a barren plateau of about five acres.

The principal inhabitants are birds. Gulls, gannets and murres come in thousands to nest and rear their young. The roar of their thousands of wings drowns the noise of the waters. The Indians say that they are the souls of shipwrecked sailors.

The human tenants of the plateau are the lighthouse keeper and his wife, doomed to solitary existence except about once or twice a year when a ship brings provisions. Sometimes, perhaps in about every three or four years, an enterprising naturalist comes to study the bird life on the island.

Ships can approach Bird Island only in the calmest weather. The slightest ripple and the craft keeps a respectful distance. The lighthouse is reached by a rope and windlass. The hardest mountain climber would hesitate before attempting to scale its rough gray walls.

The keepers of the light have been singularly unfortunate. The first went insane and had to be kept confined by his wife and assistant until the provision boat arrived. The second was borne away by a floating piece of ice when seal hunting in the early spring. His wife maintained the lighthouse alone until help came from a neighboring island.

Now that the hard-hearted hostility manufacturers have decided to reduce their manufacturing costs by cutting out the fancy colors and startling designs of the Indies, lines and dyes, the output to plain somber shades that cannot be heard coming, that portion of femininity that demands novelties in dress that fairly scream will have to fall back on the new fad in underwear.

Oil paintings, done to suit the individual taste, on the lingerie, each piece to follow the same design and make up the set, and a mosquito net overdress will put a spiderweb stocking in the shade when it comes to startling scenic effects.

Imagine a set with a lifelike representation of the execution of Marie Antoinette on the back of the corset cover and a panoramic sketch of the taking of the Bastille running around the bottom of the undershirt, with other sidelights of the French Revolution sandwiched in where opportunity presents.

Possibilities? Why! A pair of silk ones never began to offer the possibilities for effective display of the artistic temperament that this new fad does. All struggling artists whose productions are not in demand since the war economies have put a quietus on the picture market will rise en masse and call the originator of the new idea blessed.—Brockton Times.

**French Labor Shortage.** The lack of labor has become more acute in almost all the vital industries of France. There are many soldiers of the old classes in the French army, men 40 years of age or more, whose usefulness at the front is a question open to debate. Attention has been going on since the time when American participation in the war made the demand for men less acute at the front.

Early in 1917 the doubtful privilege of an honorable discharge was granted to carefree fathers of six or more children. The real problem before the chamber of deputies is whether to take up the question of these classes in a large spirit or whether to continue to make slight concessions to the demands of their constituents.

**Adjustable Support for Broken Limbs.** Tests of a new limb support which have been made in a hospital in this country have proved so satisfactory that a Red Cross unit will take one of the devices to France, together with specifications for making others, if desired.

As described and illustrated, it consists of a hammocklike sling suspended from a steel arm that can be attached either to a bed or a wheelchair. Its special feature is the freedom of movement that is afforded the patient. By means of a rope and pulleys the sling can be raised or lowered while the supporting arm permits it to swing from side to side.

**A New London Drink.** An American in a public bar in London was mystified recently when a customer entered and sang out: "1,032 hop, please." At first the man from the States believed the newcomer was seeking to telephone, but the bar maid put out a drink, the thirsty one drank and paid for it and then left without saying another word. Of course, American inquisitiveness had to be satisfied.

Investigation developed that the latest beer price order in England fixes the maximum price of beer at 1.032 pence, and beer at gravity of from 1.019 to 1.042 at ten cents a pint.—Montreal Star.

## NANCY DECIDES

By KITTY PARSONS.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Why would you marry me, Nancy—is it on account of this soldier fellow you are all the time writing to?"

"I don't know, Dick—I really and truly don't know. I thought I did care for you a few months ago, but now, I'm not so sure—I think perhaps we're not suited to each other after all."

"Then, it is this other fellow, I knew it was and you've never even seen him, either. Why, Nancy, he may be entirely different from what you think him. He might be almost anything!"

"But he isn't Dick. No one could be anything that wasn't wonderful and write such beautiful letters—I never read such letters before. I just feel I've got to see him before I can make up my mind about anyone else."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, I guess we'd better call the whole thing off. I never could write a decent letter myself. When does Sir Galahad return?"

"He gets here some time next week—on sick leave. I'm to meet him the day after he arrives—we'll have tea somewhere, I think. He may not look the way I expect him to at all, but I am sure he does."

"Nancy, promise me you won't go to tea with him till you see what he looks like first."

"You're crazy, Dick—as if his looks could make any difference in my feelings toward him? It's his mind I'm thinking of, not his face!"

The week after Nancy's conversation with Dick was a busy one for the girl. Before she knew it, the day came when she was to meet her friend, and Nancy was in a perfect turmoil of excitement. Again and again she went over the picture of him she had formed in her mind—every detail of it.

She and Harold Field had never talked very much about themselves. Their letters had been more about things and ideas and the great war.

Strange as it may seem, the man who met her in the lobby of the hotel where they had planned to see each other for the first time, was remarkably like her mental picture of him, except that he was some years older.

"I had an idea my godfather was much older," he began, when they were seated at a little table together.

Nancy did not like to tell him she thought he would be younger, so she only smiled and made some perfunctory remark about how deceptive letters can be. For some time they talked of commonplaces, then he said:

"You've been so kind, so very kind to me, my dear Miss Day. I can't tell you how much we fellows over there appreciate the wonderful letters some of you women write us. Why, many of us don't hear from home for weeks at a time. And those boxes and knitted things, too—I felt I must see you just to let you know what we really do think of you all. Letters can't say half of what we mean."

"It wasn't anything but a pleasure to me," returned Nancy promptly, blushing slightly at his earnestness.

"Ah, but it was to me. Whether you were nineteen or ninety, the kindness was there just the same—I felt it all the time. And I've told someone else about it—my wife. She asked me to give you this letter from her today, to let you know how much she thinks of you. There's even a scribbled postscript on the bottom from one of the children. You mustn't mind the addition."

"Oh, thank you," Nancy cried hastily. "I'm to be married myself soon. I thought I'd tell you this afternoon before I announce it to everyone."

Soon they parted with a feeling of mutual respect and admiration, but with no desire to know each other better.

"That an idiot," thought Nancy. "I never thought for a minute that he was married. And the children, too! Her sense of humor overcame her at this point and she laughed till she was weak."

Aside from the fact that he was married, he had not been half so nice as Dick, anyway. From the first moment she had known that. She had almost been afraid that he would—she had only wanted to make sure. And she had.

The first thing Nancy did when she got back from her tea party was to rush to the telephone.

"Is that you, Dick?" she asked.

"Yes—are you going to tell me the worst?"

"The worst thing possible for you—I'll marry you the minute you'll have me!"

"Nancy?"

"I mean it—I'll even get Uncle Will to perform the ceremony at short notice—I told him I'd do something like that some day."

"Then, I'll be up with the license in five minutes!"

"When did you get the license?"

"I've had it for a month—I wanted to be prepared."

"All right, if you'll promise me not to speak to Sir Galahad for another month—I'll have to get used to not thinking about him."

"You bet, I will. I never want to hear of him again, you may be sure."

"Then, I'll be waiting at the church or wherever you want me to—that's my only condition."

"Good-by, Nancy—love you to half a second."

Miss Nancy dropped the receiver and ran off to prepare her mother for this sudden change of her plans.

## Notice To Creditors.

Estate of Ralph B. Baer.  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That the undersigned, Effie Marie Baer, has been duly appointed administratrix 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 Effie Marie Baer at her home in Rogue River, Oregon, or to her Attorney H. A. Casaday at 32 North Central, Medford, Oregon.

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

EFFIE MARIE BAER, Administratrix.

## Summons.

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

Frances Ann Kleinhammer, Plaintiff.

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 if 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 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 28th, 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 Galway'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 or said note and other forms of indebtedness, and the balance if any (there be) after said amounts have been fully paid, satisfied and discharged, to be paid over unto the said defendants, or their heirs and any title, estate, lien and interest of the defendants in and to said premises be foreclosed and forever barred, except as to the right of redemption as provided by law; 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 up on 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, to the said administrator at his office in the Jackson County Court at Medford, Oregon.

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

GEORGE R. LINDLEY, Administrator.

## OLD ROOTS

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

There was a troubled look in Phillip Wentworth's eyes, as he studied the perfect face and faultlessly marked figure of his fiancée. Truly he might be an envious man. Jane Austen's position was also beyond reproach. Phillip wondered vaguely how he had attained to it all. Very far away seemed his boyhood's country home and the simple people who had been his mother's friends. For Phillip, too, held well a prominent part in the great city's business life.

The courted and popular young Jane, had seemed to drift into his possession as easily as the rest of his good fortune. Sometimes, as now, a sleeping conscience awoke to remind him of past promises and past obligations. But impatiently Phillip hushed the conscience. What has a successful man of the world to do with a country lad's vows? They had long been outlined, like former tastes and customs.

When he had started full of enthusiasm upon a college career, using the proceeds of the sale of his vacated home for this purpose, Constance Dare, had been his boyish ideal of all that was desirable in a woman. He remembered still the tears upon her dark lashes, as he had said good-by, the tremble of her soft red lips. Now, he remembered too, that her gown had been one of muslin, the hand steeched in farewell across the hedge, had been roughened a little, by home and garden toll. Phillip had intended to be true. Why, it was for Constance' sake that he had aspired to the highest. But the great outer world is so full of interesting and absorbing things, gradually Phillip forgot.

There was no other excuse for him, she forgot. Into his life came many girls, beautiful, attractive. At last Phillip had yielded to the charms of Jane. With delightful frankness she sought-after debutante selected him for her cavalier, and now, they were betrothed. During the first days of their engagement Phillip gloried in self-congratulation. Jane was altogether adorable, perfect. Then, unconfessed, the round of gaiety into which she persistently drew him became a burden. Phillip desired to be alone, to be allowed to think out seriously problems of business which demanded his attention.

Jane was grieved by his absence; again he yielded to her insistence.

"Tonight," Jane was saying "we must go to the Schuyler dance, tomorrow luncheon at the country club and in the afternoon—"

"Tomorrow," said Phillip decidedly. "I must be at the office."

"If you are going to be an old grub of a husband," Jane pointed, and all at once, and unaccountably, across Phillip's stagnant memory flashed a picture of his sweetheart of long ago.

"Phillip, Constance had told him, 'when you and I are married, I shall try to help with your success.'"

"Jane, dear," he confessed impulsively, "have I ever mentioned being engaged long ago? There was really nothing serious about the affair, for I left the village, and forgot; but you ought to know. You will not be jealous of a past, will you Jane?"

Contemptuously the girl's laugh rang out.

"Jealous of a village maiden, Phil," she mocked, "now no doubt a village-old maid. Me!" And Phillip smiled at her own comparison. But his heart was troubled and his mind ill at ease. He must hereafter devote himself to his work. Determinedly he did so, realizing the while the coldness of his betrothed's disapproval.

In the hot office, engaged with his problems, he knew that Jane was not sacrificing one whit her pleasure. Here and there he read accounts of her presence. "Jane," he called one day over the phone, "may I come out this evening for a little restful time? I am tired dear, you will not drag me out to some affair?"

Jane's voice laughed back over the phone.

"I have grown tired trying to uproot you Phil," she said, "and I am afraid it is useless. All through your life you will cling and cling to old quiet ways. I don't want to be quiet, Phil, or sensible ever. I live on excitement and change. So good-by. Don't feel hard to me Phil; we grow in different places, and roots are deep."

Warily Phillip Wentworth closed the door of his office. Dully he passed into the summer air, with half unconscious longing he boarded a country bound trolley. Some place, he must find rest. And as the green meadows flashed into view, Phillip knew that Jane Austen young and gay, was right. Always she must soar through life a butterfly, while his roots would cling to the quiet places.

As one in a dream he walked down the familiar village street, paused wistfully to gaze over the top of the hedge into the old Dare garden, and there in the hammock, just as she used to be, was Constance Dare.

Wonderingly she came across the lawn to meet him. Still heavy lay the lashes upon her cheek; still soft and red her lips. The muslin gown she wore was the most graceful womanly gown that Phillip had ever seen. Her hand stretched out in greeting clasped his in reassuring warmth.

"Phillip!" murmured the girl of his youthful dream. And their hearts flew joyously out to each other like birds, across the fragrant hedge.

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- 14 Portland Passenger..... 8:20 A.M.
- 16 Oregon Express..... 6:20 P.M.
- 12 Shasta Limited..... 2:18 A.M.
- SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.
- 15 California Express..... 10:50 P.M.
- 13 San Francisco Express..... 9:05 A.M.
- 11 Shasta Limited..... 3:20 A.M.
- 17 Ashland Passenger..... 4:35 P.M.