

LOCAL NEWS

Become a stockholder in your government—Buy War Savings Stamps. Mesdames Dunnington and Woodrige were visitors at Ashland Thursday.

Mrs. Ossie Harrington of Corvallis, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Norris of this city. A party of fire fighters passed through this city enroute to Thompson creek, Wednesday evening.

The butcher shop closed last week. Orders are now sent to Medford and shipped here every morning. At the school election Monday afternoon Wm. H. Johnson was re-elected director and C. D. Abbott clerk.

Dr. Hartley's office will be closed after June 30, 1918. Make arrangements for painless extracting now. A letter received this week by Mrs. Anna Broad from her son Mike, states that he is "somewhere in France," and is well.

Thursday was the hottest day of the season, the temperature reported by co-operative observer Britt was even 109 degrees. K. K. Kubli of Portland, a former resident of this city, was recently elected president of the alumni association of the U. of O.

Mrs. Ida Wilson left Tuesday afternoon for San Francisco to attend the funeral of her aunt Mrs. H. H. Bannan who died June 17. A letter this week from Merritt Dewa postmarked "with the Navid forces in Europe" conveys the information that he is well and still aboard the "Jason."

S. L. Johnson of Thompson creek was in town Wednesday. Mr. Johnson has recently built a sawmill and reports that the outlook for a good fall trade is fine. Peter Stream of Hoquiam, Wash., one of the victims of the accident at the "Ovenite" crossing near Medford, Tuesday afternoon, died at the Sacred Heart hospital Wednesday at five o'clock.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cox of Shelton, Wash., June 14, a 7-pound son. Mrs. Cox is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Sparks of this city and "grandpa" is wearing his broadest smile this week. Louis Baker who is employed in the street car service at Portland, was in town this week. He came down with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tutgate, who have returned to their home at Butte Falls.

Jacksonville Post, one year \$1.50. George Barker of Butte Falls was a recent visitor in this city. A. B. Cornell of Grants Pass was a visitor in this city Thursday.

You may not be able to fight but you can buy War Savings Stamps. The Gagnon mill at Medford is turning out 2,000 apple boxes per day. Mrs. Amy Dow who had been visiting friends in California for the past month returned home Thursday.

Help your government and yourself at the same time—buy War Savings Stamps. Mary Bagshaw and Gertrude Dunnington were visitors at Medford Wednesday night. Mrs. Anna Broad was a visitor at Medford Friday.

All work done in 1913 spot cash at W. R. Sparks. Mrs. Guy Harper and children of Portland visited friends in this city this week. Miss Lelia Prim who has been in Arizona for several months arrived last week and will spend the summer with her father and other relatives in Oregon. The change of climate has been beneficial to her health.

Mrs. Jennie Harris of Portland is visiting at the home of Mrs. Mattie Thompson. The members of the Royal Neighbor lodge gave Mrs. Gladys Ulrich a surprise party at her home on Fifth street Friday evening. Several ladies not members of the order were also present, refreshments were served and a general good time prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Ulrich will leave for Portland, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Dunnington expect to leave Monday for Oregon City where they will reside for the present. Two citizens of the town, residing in the same block have birthday anniversaries tomorrow: Alexander Thompson, aged 85, and D. W. Bagshaw, 59. Ten thousand cards, the postage on which at the regular rate would amount to \$200, were mailed here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Bullis of the Sterling mine were visitors in this city today. Uncle Billy Cameron of Uniontown was a business visitor in this city today. Jase Hartman is driving a new Chevrolet car around this week. It is reported that Curley Wilson left Camp Lewis for the east Thursday evening.

Correspondence.

Applegate

(Correspondence to the Post)

A large vein of manganese has been discovered in the Steamboat country by O'Connell, Wright and others. Under the management of Mr. Seel as engineer and Mr. Treat as field man it has been leased by the Government, and they expect to begin work at once. A tramway will be built from the mine to the old Browntown mine, and an auto truck road to Applegate, it will be shipped from Grants Pass.

Henry Walter and wife are guests at the home of his mother Mrs. Anna Walter. Chas. Mee has enlisted in the quartermasters corps as a typewriter, and Lorain Frier enlisted as a truck driver. Hiram Benson had the misfortune to lose the thumb on his right hand while roping a steer.

Elmer and Melvin Rowden left here Wednesday for Glandville where they have employment in a chime mine near that place. Mr. Ross of Los Angeles who has been visiting El Cheadle for the last month left for his home this week. Mansfield and Herriott Bros. have finished laying the pipe across the river for their new ditch.

Mrs. Emma Miller and daughters Gladys and Josie of Joseph, are here to spend the summer with Mrs. Chester Kubli. Fred Offenbacher, J. A. O'Brien and Marsh Baldwin have each purchased new planes recently. Mrs. Jennie Kemp gave a very entertaining and instructive lecture at the school house Tuesday afternoon.

At the annual school meeting Monday Geo. Herriott was elected director and Mrs. T. W. Herriott re-elected clerk. Roy Brown is expected home on a furlough. There is a place in the world for reformers. Reformers are the gentlemen who created our great Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. Bless them, we say. At the same time there should be more positive reformers and fewer negative reformers, the latter being well-meaning persons who are always against something and not for anything.—Aitchison Globe.

FREDERICA, PATRIOT

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

The girl who opened the door, stood for a moment staring at the two uniformed men who waited; the one wearing the costume of an American army officer, spoke first. "I was directed here," he said, "by the station agent. He advised me against the poor hospitality of your hotel, and suggested that we might find accommodation for the night at your home. You do take people?"

"The girl hesitated, then for answer, turned inquiringly to a bulky red-faced man seated behind her in the sunny kitchen dining room. Sullenly he arose and came toward them. "Tonight," he said brusquely, "our house will be full."

"That is too bad," the officer pleasantly responded, "we are on our way to camp, traveling on tomorrow. A foolish desire to pass through my father's village home, has brought us out of our way. You can recommend no other lodging place?" "None," the man answered gruffly. But with a sudden smile the fair-haired girl threw wide the door. "Come in," she said decidedly, "you shall have my room, and I will sleep on the couch. It will be quite convenient."

"Why," she demanded of her father upon her return, "did you tell them that the house was full. You and I are alone." "Soldiers!" exclaimed the man in a bitter tone. "Soldiers of my country!" she repeated emphatically. And after the wholesome country supper, the young officer came to the girl out in the fragrant garden. "I cannot tell, how much we appreciate your kindness," he said. "All my people are gone. There is not one to bid me farewell or wish me good courage. So it was a peculiar fancy that brought me here, before leaving to fight for my country, to walk the same streets through which my father passed when he was leaving for the Civil war! And you, are quite a little patriot miss—what shall I call you?"

"The girl gave him her shy smile. "Frederica," she answered, "that is what they all call me." The officer frowned. "Your father seems not so patriotic, one might almost believe him to advise to soldiers." The girl's lips tightened. "My two brothers fight in the German army," she said. The officer started. "Now?" he questioned. "Frederica nodded. "Years ago, he and my mother left them there with the grandparents. They were little boys. I have never known them."

The young officer studied the girl curiously. "It is strange," he mused, "that you—"

"I am an American," she interrupted fiercely, "if I could, I would do for my country, what my brothers are doing for theirs. But a girl," her hands fell helplessly, "can do nothing."

"Nothing!" the soldier was upon his feet, "why you have given me courage." "Good night," she whispered, and fled across the lawn. Her eyes were averted, as she served the guests in the morning their breakfasts, and the bulky figure of her father was absent.

"We are very grateful to you, Miss Frederica," the officer said, his hand clasped her small roughened one. "Our departing train will pass over the switch up there, at early twilight. I shall be looking down toward the village and bidding you a second good-by. When victory is ours, little patriot, I shall come back again to clasp hands with you."

"These fighters gone?" her father asked the girl at noon time, and Frederica merely nodded as she placed the food before him and his helper. Then she went up to her own little room. When she came down later, the house was silent and long shadows stretched across the grass. "Her father could not be at home for the evening meal," he had told her. Frederica's face looked worn and white as she reached for her scarlet sweater, and went slowly out through the garden. At the turn of the road she began to run, fleeing still, like a scarlet bird on wing.

FLAME SPREADS

By ALICE KILLIAN.

"I suppose I've made a lifelong enemy out of Mrs. Gordon," Cornelia said, sadly. "I really like her very much, but she is of the frivolous, butterfly type of woman and she does not realize that we are face to face with a very serious condition in this country."

"Serious condition?" repeated Mrs. Conery. "It is all of that." "You know," began Cornelia, "that this war was worrying me just as little as it is troubling Mrs. Gordon until Bob enlisted and I became interested in Red Cross work. Of course I went to the station to see Bob off when he left for Rockford and the moment I saw that seething mass of khaki-clad men, all so eager to be of service to their country, something seemed to die within me—the old frivolous Cornelia was no more. I wanted to help; I wanted to feel that I was a part of this great movement. Well, I've done my little bit each day, but it seems so small when you realize how much is needed!"

"You've done good work, Cornelia. I never dreamed you'd take hold the way you have." "The Gordons," said Cornelia, "have a suite of rooms opposite ours. They are really a charming couple, but Mrs. Gordon is very self-centered, and she will not read about nor listen to anything pertaining to the war. Whenever anyone approaches her regarding relief work of any sort, she always claps her hands over her ears distractedly and refuses to listen. She says that it unnerves her to hear about the suffering on the other side; that she doesn't believe conditions as described are possible, and that all such reports are circulated merely to excite our sympathy. No," Cornelia smiled at Mrs. Conery's quick gesture of protest, "I know what you're thinking, but you're wrong. She's a loyal American, but Rip Van Winkle had nothing on her as far as being asleep is concerned."

"This Mrs. Gordon decided to give a party, a formal affair, inviting fifty couples. She had wonderful prizes for those who wanted to play bridge, with a big and costly orchestra to furnish music for dancing. The parlors and dining room were extravagantly decorated and they tell me that the chef excelled himself on the supper."

"Didn't you go?" asked Mrs. Conery. "No," Cornelia replied. "I didn't! I just couldn't. I got to thinking, if I'd close my eyes it would seem to me that an endless chain of weeping nites would pass before me with little arms outstretched. Oh, yes, I know it was just a case of pure nerves, but I can't hear about people being hungry without being upset, so I sent my regrets."

"Thereafter I didn't see anything of Mrs. Gordon until the knitting club's meeting. She was present—and by the way, she wasn't knitting for the soldiers either, but was making a dream of a sweater for herself out of orange yarn. Of course, everybody was talking about the party, and she very pointedly asked me why I wasn't there. I answered her evasively, but she wouldn't be put off, so at last I told her and she almost expired. So did I, for the matter of that," Cornelia acknowledged ruefully, "but I stuck to my guns."

"Do you realize, Cornelia," Mrs. Gordon asked me sarcastically, "that my husband has bought \$1,000 worth of liberty bonds?" "Then your husband has surely done his bit," I answered. "But how about you? Are you doing yours, Mrs. Gordon?" She didn't answer, so I waited a moment and then said: "Ladies, don't you feel that we have a personal interest in this war? Women and children are suffering untold horrors. We are asked to deny ourselves just luxuries, not necessities, that these unfortunates may be taken care of. Is giving elaborate parties really being loyal? I'm with Mr. Hoover—voluntary sacrifices now or war rations later. If we can't realize our country's peril, we should be made to do so."

"What did they say?" Mrs. Conery questioned eagerly. "Well," Cornelia drawled, "they didn't say much, for, you see, they'd all been to the party. However, several of them are doing Red Cross work now and they never were interested before."

"But what did Mrs. Gordon say?" "Nothing at all to me," Cornelia knitted in silence for a few moments. "But," her eyes danced, "the awful things she's said about me! One thing sure, she'll never invite me to another party!"

Cloves. Cloves are the dried unexpanded flower buds of a tree. The corolla forms a ball on the top between the four teeth of the calyx, and the stalk is the immature ovary. They are at first green, then turn yellow, and finally bright pink or scarlet. In this last stage they are ready to be picked. If allowed to remain longer on the tree the flowers expand, become fertilized, and the stalk of the clove then develops into a succulent purple berry containing one or two seeds. This is known technically as the "mother clove."

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 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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Weather Report.

Following is the report of U. S. Volunteer Cooperative Observer, E. Britt, Jacksonville, for month of May. Latitude 42 deg. 18. min. north; longitude 123 deg. 5 min. west.

Table with 4 columns: Date, Maximum, Minimum, Precipitation. Rows 1-31.

Temperature—mean max. 68.64; mean min. 40.25; mean 54.44; Max 84. on 3. Minimum 34 on 6-8-25 27. Greatest daily range, 44. Total precipitation .53 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .46 in, on 9. Number of days with .01 inch or more precipitation, 2, clear, 15; partly cloudy, 12; cloudy, 4. Total snowfall inches Precipitation for season, 20.14 Precipitation for last season 29.82 Seasonal average E. BRITT, Cooperative Observer.

Southern Oregon Traction Company Time Table No. 5.

Effective August 23, 1917 Leave Jacksonville. 7:30 a. m. daily except Sunday 7:50 a. m. Sunday only 8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday 9:30 a. m. Sunday only 9:30 daily except Sunday 11:30 a. m. daily except Sunday 2:00 p. m. daily 3:00 p. m. daily 4:30 p. m. daily 5:30 p. m. daily (Note 1) 7:15 p. m. daily (Note 2) Leave Medford. 8:00 a. m. daily except Sunday 8:20 a. m. Sunday only 9:00 a. m. daily except Sunday 10:00 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 10:00 p. m. daily R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Freight & Passenger Agent.

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