

Jacksonville Post

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1918

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins of Dunsmuir, Cal., who had been visiting friends here for several days, returned home Monday.

It is reported that the logging road up Jackson creek is to be immediately torn up and the rails and the old Climax engine have been sold to the government. The report states further that the railroad between this city and Medford is also to be pulled up and the service discontinued. We have tried to ascertain from Mr. Bullis whether the report is true or not, but up to the time of going to press have been unable to get in touch with him.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bagshaw were at Medford Friday evening.

Judge L. R. Webster of Portland, formerly circuit judge of this district and well known to many of our older residents, was instantly killed Wednesday evening at Portland, when he fell from the fourth floor of an office building to the bottom of the elevator shaft. Mr. Webster was aged about 64 years and was a native of New York.

The annual encampment of the Southern Oregon Soldiers and Sailors' association is being held at Grants Pass this

week.

Mrs. J. W. Opp and daughters Julia and Jean have gone to Portland where they will spend the winter.

Just n Hartman, Henry Woolbridge and Lysal Hartman returned from a hunting trip Tuesday evening but without any venison. Polk Daws and Charley Danford are wondering why Jase did not get one of those 750 pound bears.

Cecil Ager who had been at Portland for some time has returned in order to enter school at the beginning of the term.

Cyrenius Combest of Bancroft was a visitor in this city.

Fire destroyed several thousands of dollars worth of goods in the Model Clothing company's store at Medford early Sunday morning.

Harry Walsh and Lawrence Roundtree left Wednesday for Grants Pass where they expect to drive trucks to the chrome mines.

Leeman Robbins who returned from Alaska in answer to a cable from the local draft board, left Wednesday evening for Camp Fremont, Cal., where he will enter the service for training.

Ray H. Moses, son of Eugene Moses of this city, has been reported killed in battle, in France, July 1st. He enlisted at Grangeville, Idaho, and was a member of the 2nd Engineers.

Lester H. Jacobs, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jacobs of Medford, is reported killed in France, July 19. He was a member of a machine gun company in the Marine Corps and was aged about 19 years.

Don Newbury of Medford who had been attending an officer's training school at Camp Taylor, Ky., has been commissioned as lieutenant in the army and ordered to Camp Jackson, S. D., for duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell of Copper, Cal. were recent visitors in this city.

All mothers of men in the army or navy, residing in Jacksonville or immediate vicinity, who will march in the procession at Medford Saturday evening, Sept. 21, are requested to notify Mrs. Herbert Hanna as soon as possible. Transportation will be arranged for.

Sheriff Jennings and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Anderson left Wednesday morning for Portland.

The Salvation Army drive begins tomorrow.

Joe McIntire who has been in a military hospital at San Francisco for several months past, returned home this week. He was given an honorable discharge from the service on account of an affection of the spine which the surgeons were unable to cure.

The public school of this city will open Monday.

The reported murder at Hackberry mountain turned out to be mostly "hot air". The latest version is that two Indians who were on a hunting and berrying trip and camped near the mountain, were fired at by some unknown person Tuesday night, the shot not taking effect but scaring the Indians so that one of them ran to Prospect reporting that his brother-in-law had been killed. The report was telephoned to the sheriff's office at this city and an investigation made by deputies Garret and Stansell who made a trip to the scene where investigation failed to reveal the identity of the person who fired the shot or the intent with which it was done.

Raymond Garrett left Wednesday for Klamath Falls where he has secured employment.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hines left Sunday forenoon for an auto trip to Southern California and return. They expect to return in about two weeks and will stop at various points of interest en route.

Lawrence Roundtree went over to Phoenix Monday to take the physical examination for induction into the army but was rejected on account of disabilities. He had been in the service several years ago and discharged on account of disability.

The recent rains have put out the forest fires in the Applegate region and the fire fighters have all been called in except Wesley Hartman and another man who were left as guards.

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

N. Nelson was in town with a load of peaches and pears Friday.

Samuel H. Murray, a well known resident of Central Point, died at his home in that town, Sunday, September 8, aged 65 years. He was a native of Pennsylvania and had lived in Jackson county for the past 32 years.

Almost 2 inches of rain has fallen during the past week.

Thursday was "Registration Day" and in the various precincts of the county the registrars were busy enrolling the names of men who may be called in the near future to serve their country on the field of battle or elsewhere as needed. The total registration in Jackson county is about 2250 although the returns are not quite complete yet. About 300 were registered by the local board at the court house. Many of those registered here however reside in other parts of the county, the Jacksonville names not being segregated yet we are unable to give the number from this place.

Fred Manich of Ruth was a recent visitor in this city.

A letter received from Carly Wilson this week states that he is "over here" in France. He is well and getting along nicely.

Chief Dunnington is at Camp Lewis having been transferred there from Benson Polytechnic School at Portland. Chief says he is enjoying life and doing fine work a day.

Robert Hammond, a Medford youth aged about 17 years was taken to the State Hospital for the Insane at Salem Wednesday morning.

Pat Surry of Watkins was a recent business visitor in this city.

The fifty-seventh annual state fair will be held at Salem, Sept. 23-25.

George A. Anderson and Miss Ella Belle Foster both of Ashland, were united in marriage by Rev. A. H. Gammons at the Presbytery manse in this city, Monday afternoon.

South Bend Cannery Runs

Full Crew on Vegetables

South Bend, Wash., Sept. 13.—The South Bend Cannery company is running a full crew of men, women and girls and is now canning string beans and over green blackberries. Plenty of beans are being obtained for the plant and blackberries are appearing in abundance. In about eight days the cannery will be ready to handle apples, prunes and pears. This is the second season the cannery has been in operation and the output this year will be more than double that of last year. The whole output of the cannery this year has been contracted for.

Ideals. We must love ideals and struggle toward them ourselves, but we must not use them exclusively in the measurement of others.—David Swing.

THRIFT WINS

By MAY HIGGINBOTHAM.

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"Good luck, good luck," said Jack Carter to himself as he came across a letter for Alice Vinton. "Now I shall have a chance to get some Thrift stamps." Happily he started on his route, his mail bag feeling like only half its weight on account of that one precious letter.

The Vinton homestead reached, he was conscious of rather a strange sensation round his heart, and after pressing the bell he hastily drove out his handkerchief to conceal his embarrassment. In answer to the ring, Alice appeared, countenance beaming, and arrayed in a lace cap and blue house dress. To Jack, Alice never could be more beautiful, and as he handed her the letter he stammeringly inquired "if she wished for more Thrift stamps today."

"No, thank you," Alice hastily replied. "It's a beautiful morning, isn't it?" "Yes," said Jack, but it is doubtful if she heard the answer, as the door had closed and Alice had gone.

Some minutes later, Grace, the younger sister, returned from the grocers to find Alice much depressed. Upon inquiry she confessed it was all on account of Jack Carter and Thrift stamps.

"I bought four from him last week just because I was ashamed to refuse him. He says we should be patriotic and save for Uncle Sam, and while I agree with him, I feel that mother's doctor bill should be settled first; but of course I could not tell him that. The next time I see him coming I shall have the door open so he can throw the mail in the hall, as I cannot refuse him again."

"No, Alice," said Grace emphatically, "we can't do that. We'll have to think up some way to save the money, for while it is for a slightly good purpose, we are saving that much for our selves."

Grace started her homework while Alice left for her office, each promising to think up some way out of the difficulty. At noon they compared plans. Grace's was to fix over their last year's hats, while Alice's was to hold an embroidery sale. "You know, Grace, there is the rose sofa pillow that I made during the winter, we could sell cushions on that, and then I have a new idea too; I shall get some white satin ribbon and embroider miniature service flags to be used as book markers, which we will sell for 25 cents apiece." "Wonderful wonderful!" exclaimed Grace.

Busy days followed for the Vinton girls; invitations were sent to all their friends and industriously both worked arranging chance cards and embroidering book-marks. The great night finally arrived. Alice, her cheeks aglow from the excitement of the evening, looked perfectly beautiful in a neat pink flowered muslin dress and a few tiny pink rosettes tucked among her rich brown curls. Grace was equally as attractive in a snow-white muslin dress, with dainty blue bows on both apron and cap, busily chatting to each one as she busily served tea and cookies. "Every book-mark sold and only two chances remaining," Alice announced triumphantly. "I'll take them both," said Jack Carter, and for him they were lucky chances, for the very last one drew the much-coveted pillow. Dancing in the spacious dining room was then enjoyed until a late hour.

"We'll call Jack in Monday morning," said Alice, "if he has no mail for us, and how proudly we shall purchase three big War Savings stamps, and the remainder we will put into Thrift stamps."

"And a banner to hang in the window, too," added Grace, who believed in advertising their good fortune.

Monday morning came and with it the postman. Alice, all radiant, asked for the desired stamps. Jack's heart beat so fast he could scarcely calm himself, so completely surprised was he at making such a big sale to Alice. "I'll bring them this evening," said Jack, "if you will be at home, as I have sold all I had with me this morning."

"All right," answered Alice. "I shall be here."

That evening, after settling the stamp transaction, Jack still remained, and Grace, feigning illness, retired quite early, leaving Alice and himself alone. Leading the way to the couch hammock, Jack's arm stole lovingly around her. Safely secluded by a thick netting of wisteria, Jack gently drew her head to his shoulder, as he softly whispered, "Alice, I have loved you since the days we used to travel to school together; and how happy I was to win the prize at your party, made by your own dear hands! A still greater prize I am going to ask for tonight, sweetheart, and that is just yourself. Am I the fortunate winner this time?" anxiously asked Jack, as he pressed her still closer to himself. Faintly, Alice murmured "yes"; and they both clasped each other in a loving embrace.

Quickly the evening hours flew by, dreaming of the future and planning for the happy days to come. Confidentially Alice told how they had obtained the money for the stamps, as Jack was surprised and delighted beyond words. "Lucky stamps for me," said Jack, as he gave her a great big hug. "For us both," quickly responded Alice. "Yes, dear," added Jack, "and here's hoping that ere long we shall have many more to add to our lucky three—the starting point of our new-found happiness."

HIS WIFE

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Richard's arms stretched despairingly across his desk, and presently his head drooped, to rest between them. It was all over as far as he was concerned, and there was nothing to do but go away and leave Constance in her father's care, from which her Richard should never have presumed to take her. But "love" at that time had seemed to be "the greatest thing in the world." Wealth, and all its protecting comforts paled to nothingness besides. He had not realized in youth's confidence to what length his ambition for his wife was leading him.

Creditors had forced the fact upon him—he was in debt, hopelessly in debt. How had expenses been allowed to exceed so completely his regular income?

Surely the smart little coupe had been needed; Connie, perched on the arm of his chair, had delighted in the convenience of her purchase.

The beautiful bungalow with its well-kept lawn had been her appropriate setting. The bungalow must go, this was now inevitable, the servants engaged by his wife must be dismissed.

War conditions might partially excuse his own lack of success in money matters. He could bear the father's contempt—it was of Connie he was thinking. How would she look when he told her the truth? What would she do? But there was just one thing, of course, that she could do. She must go back to her father's home.

White-faced, and with lines of suffering about his mouth, he raised his head—reached for the telephone—no, he could not tell her—yet. He would write a letter, that would be the easiest way. He would place the sum of their indebtedness against that of his income; Connie should draw her own conclusion and give him answer.

Not once did it occur to him that his merry little wife might have shared the blame, yet it was she who had selected plans for the bungalow and its costly location.

When the letter was sent on its way, Richard left town for a business trip. On his return he would learn his fate. His own street seemed strange as he drove up to the bungalow door, and the auto went for the last time perhaps—back to the stone garage.

The rooms were empty as he passed from one to another, a speaking air of desolation hovered everywhere. In Connie's own boudoir, bureau drawers and closets stood open—she had been packing—and was gone. Richard sank wearily into a chair and rang for a maid; his fears were realized; yet he knew that he had been hoping against hope, allowing himself to fancy the impossible—that Connie might still have loved him enough to face with him a new beginning of things.

"Mrs. Byron started to pack immediately upon receiving his letter," the maid informed him. "She had left the address of her destination if he wished it."

Richard caught at the scrap of paper. "Willowdale," he read in Connie's writing, and that was all. He wrinkled his brow perplexedly, then sighed. No doubt Willowdale was some new country place of her father's. They directed him at the railroad station. It was a small suburban town he learned, not far from the city. The agent at Willowdale shook his head when Richard inquired for the home of Constance's father. That great man's name appeared to be unknown.

"Mrs. Byron then," Richard asked, "can you direct me to her?"

"The agent's face brightened visibly. 'White cottage,' he replied, 'across from the square.'"

Richard was still perplexed as he turned into the garden path leading to the white cottage. It was a very pretty little house, with rambling roses climbing the veranda pillars, but he could not understand what Connie should be doing there—and at the doorway she met him. He paused breathless before her radiant face. There were not reproaches, surely, in that evident happiness.

"Come in," said Connie. She laughed as he had not heard her laugh since those first joyous days long ago. Then at sight of her husband's wan face, she put up her arms to draw him down to her.

"Dear," she murmured, "welcome, this is home at last."

Richard held her close. "You mean—" he asked eagerly.

"That I have never really had a home," said Constance. "Always there were servants about to order things—gardeners too well kept to enjoy. Here there is but one small servant whom I shall order, Richard, and a garden full of flowers that grow alone. I chose the place and moved in while you were away. The rest of our furniture shall be sold. It has been such fun to plan things out. Father wanted to help, but I wouldn't let him. This is our home—our very own; and so ridiculously cheap. This time there will be a surplus on the income side. And dear"—Connie smiled tremulously—"you need not be worried and distrust any more or give me anxious wondering hours. We are free, Richard, we shall really live, you and I—in this little real home of ours."

With a great content Richard gazed deep into the eyes of his wife who had not failed, while clambering roses nodded promise to them from the doorway.

All The Churches

Presbyterian

Albert H. Gammons, Minister
Sunday Services regularly as follows:
10:30 a. m. Sabbath School. Classes for all ages.
11:30 a. m. Morning worship, with sermon.
6:45 p. m. Christian Evening Prayer meeting.
7:30 p. m. Evening worship, with sermon.

Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30.
Everybody welcome to these meetings.

"I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord"—Ps. 122.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

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

Date	Maximum	Minimum	Precipitation
1	87	61	
2	82	49	
3	86	51	
4	79	54	
5	80	46	
6	80	46	
7	86	52	
8	84	59	
9	87	59	
10	93	54	
11	81	59	
12	89	56	
13	91	51	
14	83	53	21
15	68	44	
16	70	49	21
17	71	47	
18	75	49	
19	73	49	
20	78	42	
21	83	47	
22	88	50	
23	90	56	
24	104	60	
25	96	67	
26	95	59	
27	90	53	
28	94	48	
29	98	53	
30	101	46	
31	97	50	22

Temperature—mean max. 86.61; mean min. 52; mean 69.30; Max 102, on 24. Minimum 42 on 20.

Greatest daily range, 43. Total precipitation .42 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .21 in., on 14-16. Number of days with 61 inch or more precipitation, 2. Clear, 24; partly cloudy, 3; cloudy, 4.

Total snow fall inches
Precipitation for season
Precipitation for last season
Seasonal average

E. BRITT,
Cooperative Observer.

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
9:30 a. m. Sunday only
9:30 daily except Sunday
11:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
2:00 p. m. daily
2:30 p. m. daily
4:00 p. m. daily
4:30 p. m. daily (Note 1)
7:15 p. m. daily (Note 2)
Leave Medford.
8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
8:50 a. m. Sunday only
9:00 a. m. daily except Sunday
10:40 a. m. daily
12:00 Noon daily except Sunday
2:00 p. m. daily
2:30 p. m. daily
4:30 p. m. daily
6:00 p. m. daily
10:30 p. m. daily
R. S. BULLIS,
Gen. Freight & Passenger Agent.

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