

Legal Advertisements.

Executrix's Notice.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON.

In the matter of the estate of Frances Ann Kleinhammer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, as executrix of the estate of Frances Ann Kleinhammer, deceased, and has duly qualified according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them in proper vouchers, and duly verified according to law to the undersigned, at the office of C. M. Thomas, attorney for said estate, at rooms 1-2-3, Jackson County Bank Building, in the City of Medford, Oregon, within six (6) months from the date hereof, which said place the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Frances Ann Kleinhammer, deceased. Date of first publication is August 24, 1918.

FRANCES KLEINHAMMER Executrix of the estate of Francis Ann Kleinhammer, deceased.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, George R. Lindley, having been duly appointed administrator of the estate of William H. Matthew, deceased and notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate may present the said claims properly verified, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which first publication is on the 14th day of September, A. D. 1918, to the said administrator at his office in the Jackson County Bank, Medford, Oregon, or to his attorney, H. A. Canaday at his office 32 N. Central Ave., Medford, Oregon. Dated this 13th day of September, A. D. 1918.

GEORGE R. LINDLEY
Administrator of estate of
William H. Matthew, deceased.

FRANCE AND BELGIUM GET AMERICAN SUGAR

Ninety-five per cent. of all refined sugar sent from the United States to the Allied nations went to France and Belgium during the first five months of this year.

France got 72 per cent., or nearly \$3,000,000 pounds, and Belgium received nearly 11,000,000 pounds, or 23 per cent.

In each country this sugar was doled out by a strict rationing organization. The entire amount to the Allies in these five months—23,791 tons, almost half of which was shipped in May—is only about one-half of 1 per cent. of our total annual consumption.

Old-Time Barley Bread.

We find more entertainment than instruction in an editorial of the Hartford Courant on the revised use of barley. It refers to its use in Bible times and finds this verse in the Book of Judges to give an idea of its quality:

"And when Gideon was come, behold there was a man that told a dream unto his fellow, and said, Behold, I dreamed a dream, and lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian and came unto a tent and smote it that it fell and overturned it, that the tent lay along."

The Courant seems to approve of the use of barley flour, though admitting some difficulties in preparing it for bread. But it takes this Bible verse as evidence that its density would make it serviceable as a projectile.—Waterbury American.

This Girl is a "Lineman."

When the automatic telephone switchboard in Santa Monica, Cal., gets out of order it is a young woman, clad in overalls and jumper, that "shoots the trouble."

Before this high-school graduate of manual accomplishments obtained her present position of indoor mechanic, she proved herself as efficient as the men in doing line work, climbing poles and replacing wires as readily as any of them, says Popular Mechanics, in describing her attainments.

But for the war and the shortage of men having mechanical experience, she probably would not be filling a man's place.

However, being fond of mechanics and having a knowledge of electricity, she intends to remain at her post until peace comes, and then get a college education.

Policeman Apologizes.

Released by the signal of the traffic policeman, the stream of vehicles was surging through Market street when a young woman in a new car drove up Broad street. She pulled out to pass the other cars that had halted and kept on her way, pumping the horn shrilly and insistently: "I blew the horn loudly enough; why didn't you make those cars stop and let me by?" she freezing asked the policeman after he had rescued her. "My mistake, madam," said the officer. "I thought you were blowing for me to move the Kinney building back out of your way."—Newark News.

FATAL ENVELOPE

By MARGARET D. JOYCE.

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

It was Saturday afternoon, and Martha Graham was on her way home after a very busy morning in the office of a large leather concern. As she neared the new tunnel she pouted, "I don't like this new way of going home." But she later changed her mind.

After depositing her fare in the slot she started down the stairs. Half way down she spied an envelope which was being trampled on by the crowd. As she stooped to pick it up, the onrushing crowd would have thrown her down if a young sailor had not caught her in the nick of time. She half stammered, "Thank you." Tipping his hat he soon disappeared into the waiting train.

A second later Martha remembered where she was, and hurried into the train just before the door closed.

As usual the train was crowded. Martha was about to reach for a strap, when she felt a light tap on her shoulder. Turning, she saw the same young man who had previously befriended her. He offered her his seat, which was gladly accepted.

After a short ride she reached her destination, a little furnished room which she called "home." It was not until now that she opened the envelope which had caused so much confusion. She extracted a ticket which would admit one to the baseball game that afternoon.

Now Martha had never attended a ball game, so she then and there decided to go, as everyone talked a great deal about this beloved pastime.

She hurriedly ate a meager meal, which was satisfying to her, as the thoughts of attending one of the world series games gave her but little appetite. As she thought of the happenings of that morning she decided that it would have been uneventful without the helpful sailor. Indeed, she thought of him more than once.

After a great deal of wasted time she left the house and proceeded to the park where the game was to be played.

As she handed the ticket to the man she blushed guiltily at the thought of cheating some one from a good game. She passed through a great deal of rigmarole, and finally was seated in the front row of the bleachers.

Five minutes or more elapsed, and Martha, nervously glancing around, saw her friend the sailor, who in reality was John Lynn, coming to a vacant seat beside her. He very quickly recognized her, and by the time the game started they were chatting merrily.

The game proceeded, and Martha found herself cheering as lustily as any of the other fans. She decided which side she wanted to win and put all her strength in yelling for them. Finally the game ended, the score in favor of Martha's choice.

John received Martha's permission to escort her home. By the time they reached there they were like old friends.

As the weeks passed the sailor and the once lonesome girl's friendship ripened into love. But fate destined to change this state of bliss. It came shortly. John came to see Martha, and he had sad news for her. His ship was to sail for service in foreign waters for the duration of the war.

Martha bravely bore the news until he left the house. Then she cried until her eyes were red and swollen.

The next two weeks were occupied by shopping and getting ready for the departure.

The night before he went John put a solitaire on Martha's finger, and as "Dan Cupid" sounded the call to arms, ever-ready John and Martha responded.

Women in Britain Cut Logs.

A quarter of a million women in England are now working more or less regularly on the land, says the London Observer. The great majority are village women who go out from their cottages and work for the farmers. Seven thousand are in the new land army, which employs women who are recruited for a certain term and send them wherever they are required.

The women in the land army enlist either for 12 or six months. In case of 12 months they receive two complete outfits free, consisting of a dress, corduroy breeches, strong boots, leggings, overalls and hat. They also get for the year one jersey and one mackintosh. They are given four or six weeks' free instruction at a training center. Their pay on the farm ranges from \$2 to \$5 a week.

For a girl who joins the army for six months there is no training. She goes straight away to the land and begins on the work requiring less skill. Services of women enrolled in the land army are available for timber cutting and hay baling.

Why Not, Bully?

Have we to English word of acclamation that we must cry "Bravo!" regardless of gender or number? The headline of a newspaper column in honor of a feminine nation this week—Bravo, Italy!—looked more than usually barbarous. Italy has indeed been brave, and one would like to tell her so without outraging her grammar. But let the English admirer note that the Italian adjective is not the equivalent of our "brave." It stands for good quality in anyone—painter, diplomat, grocer, cook.—London Chronicle.

HEINZ'S GREAT COLLECTION

Ivory Carvings Owned by Pittsburgher Are Declared to Be Almost Priceless.

During many years H. J. Heinz of Pittsburgh has gathered together one of the finest collections of ivory carvings in America. There are probably a dozen notable collections of this sort in the country, and among them the Heinz group of 1,300 pieces holds distinguished rank, says a writer in Scribner's.

As a rich and fascinating field for a discriminating collector, ivory carvings are perhaps without a peer. Executed in a material that has always been costly, too rare, as a rule, to be subjected to poor or mediocre workmanship, they may well be considered as typical of the artistic development of the time in which they were produced. They represent the art, moreover, not of one people, of one period, but, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, of all peoples and all periods.

From prehistoric ages down through the civilizations of Egypt and Assyria and of classic Greece and Rome have come priceless examples of sculptured ivories. The dark ages of Europe, so meager in artistic treasures, have bequeathed us an unbroken chain of ivory carvings. Much of the most interesting of such work must be accredited to the centuries of the Gothic revival, the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth. The Renaissance and the centuries succeeding have yielded a wealth of carved ivories of great richness and beauty. From India, China and Japan come ivories of deep historic interest and especially in the work of Japan, of genuine artistic achievement.

Periods of exceptional turbulence, such as the fall of Constantinople, the reformation in England and the French revolution, have caused the destruction of incomparable treasures. That so much has survived seems cause for wonder. The explanation lies in the very nature of the carvings.

TOOK FLING AT BOOSTERS

Visitor's Suggestion Probably Did Not Tend to Make Him Popular in Los Angeles.

Merle Siderer, local advertising man, recently returned from a Western trip in which he visited the city of Los Angeles. He was impressed with the boasting of the Los Angeles citizens and said he learned that an Oregon colonel from Portland was the guest of honor at a banquet in Los Angeles. The usual after-dinner speeches were made, all boasting the city of Los Angeles, but each speaker regretted that Los Angeles had not been founded on the coast. The speakers all said that had the city been on the coast instead of ten miles or so from it, the city would be the garden spot of the world. The visiting colonel was called on to speak and said:

"Gentlemen, I am impressed with your city as much as you are and believe that I can suggest a way in which you can accomplish your wish."

All of the citizens present leaned forward eagerly, for this was no doubt the solution that had long been waiting for. The colonel continued:

"This is what you should do. Obtain a large pipe, run it from the center of your city into the ocean and if you can suck as hard as you can blow the ocean will soon be in your city."—Indianapolis News.

On That East Tenth Line.

They were standing around boasting about how had their individual street car service was. Central said his was "rotten" than Colgate, Pennsylvania said Illinois got the best of the cars, and the best of service. A South side man declared the South side service was the limit. After they had all had their rounds a little man who lives on the East Tenth line sighed and said:

"Of course, we don't speak of it as skip-stop any longer—we say skip-stop. But that isn't the worst. The other morning one of my neighbors and I were standing on the back platform of an East Tenth street car. Well, at Tenth and Sterling streets the car swayed and bumped so violently that it jolted a lead pencil out of the pocket of my neighbor and—"

But the others were gone.—Indianapolis News.

Appropriate Name.

As he polished his customer's boots the bootblack puffed at the end of a cigar. Thinking to have a little fun at the youth's expense, the customer asked him if he always smoked cigars.

"Oh, yes, pretty often," declared the youth.

"What brand do you generally smoke?" was the next question.

"Robinson Crusoe, sir," came the reply.

The customer pondered awhile. "I never heard of that brand," he said.

"It's a name I've given 'em myself," said the youth. "You see, guv'nor, old Crusoe was a castaway!"

Mud Specialist.

Several officers from the front speak of a famous bootblack in Paris who is known as the "mud specialist." The individual can tell every soldier client what section of the trenches he haunts from merely by examining the mud on his feet. It is said that he rarely makes a mistake, and can spot a man's battle station anywhere between Ypres and Verdun with marvellous accuracy, apparently each section of the long line having its characteristic brand of mud.

THE HOLIDAY

By HELEN M. PATTERSON.

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

"Thursday is a holiday," said pretty Edith Sawyer to the three girls who occupied all the space of her small bedroom. "Do stop your knitting, Ruth, for a few minutes, and let us plan what we will do. I want to enjoy every minute of the day."

"Of course we do," echoed dark-eyed Minnie. "Some of the boys we know will be home for the holiday. Won't it be fun to have a picnic party and spend the day at the beach?"

"But that isn't anything new," objected Hazel. "I spend most every Sunday at the beach. Let us go into the country."

"But this will be different, Hazel. We will all take a lunch and picnic. Then we can dance and swim and have lots more fun than we could going out into the country, where you can only gaze at a cow and get bitten by mosquitoes. Besides, I know the boys would much rather spend the day where they can dance and have some fun. Don't you think so, Ruth?" Minnie asked of a vivacious, curly-haired girl, busily working with knitting needles.

"If you will promise not to tell," said Ruth, mischievously, "I will impart to you my plans. I made them last week."

"Well, it's like this," said Ruth. "Being tired of the city, and all such amusements, I decided to spend the day in the country, looking at the cow, that Minnie said would be there. As I don't like to spend the day alone, I invited five very congenial people to go with me, so we are going to take a lunch, start early and spend the day in the most delightful place that I know of."

There were looks of consternation and amazement on all the girls' faces. They had always considered themselves Ruth's particular friends, and now to hear they had been slighted by their favorite for more congenial company made them somewhat chagrined.

"I didn't mean to offend you girls," hastily went on Ruth, "and I'm sure you won't be when I tell you my company will be Mrs. Morgan's five children."

"Mrs. Morgan's five children! Are you crazy, Ruth Sanborn, to spend your holiday taking care of babies?" asked Minnie.

"No, not quite crazy, Minnie," answered Ruth, laughing; "but, you see, I knew Mrs. Morgan wanted very much to see her youngest brother, who is at Camp —, so I just suggested to her that she and hubby should motor to the camp and I would take the children, including baby Robert, and spend the day in the country. She was so grateful that I wondered I hadn't thought of it before."

The astounded girls watched Ruth disappear through the open door, and then, when the door was closed, voiced their sentiments.

"I don't know what ails her. She has been rather moony ever since the night she was rescued from the fire by that young man, and she doesn't even know his name or hasn't seen him since," commented Hazel.

"I guess she is dreaming of finding him some day," added Edith rather sarcastically.

Thursday dawned bright and clear, a regular July day, and eight o'clock found Ruth engaged in helping Mrs. Morgan dress the children, who were all excited at spending the day in the country with "Aunt Ruth," as they called her.

The place Ruth had chosen for the outing was all that she had described to the girls. The day passed quickly, and as soon as the long shadows began to appear the six happy picnicers, with the empty lunch basket, started for home. When they were in sight of the road Ruth was surprised to see a large automobile stop, evidently waiting for them.

The two older children hurried on ahead, and Ruth soon heard their cries of "Uncle Jack! Uncle Jack!" and saw them affectionately greeted by a large man in uniform. Her heart began to beat uncomfortably fast. Where had she seen him before? Instantly her thoughts flew back six months to a burning building and to a young man who had found her lost and groping her way in the smoke, led her carefully out and then, as soon as she was safe, disappeared. Like in a dream she heard little Mary say, "This is Uncle Jack. He came back with mamma and has come to take us home, Aunt Ruth."

"I suppose we are properly introduced," said Uncle Jack, smiling, and then, as he took Ruth's proffered hand, "My little girl of the fire!" he exclaimed.

"And you are my knight, who disappeared so quickly I didn't even thank you," said Ruth.

"I had to," replied Jack, "but if you won't object I'll promise not to hurry away again."

Ruth did not object, as her blushing face told.

A Pose.

"Jibway's favorite remark is, 'What's doing in Wall street today?'" "So it is," replied Mr. Twobbble, in disgusted tones. "And it's nothing in the world but a silly affectation, intended to impress anyone who happens to overhear him."

"Is that really so?" "Of course. Jibway never bought a share of stock in his life. For all Wall street means to him, he might just as well ask, 'How's the rajah of Cawnpur today?'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

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

She was middle-aged and pretty and Robert Dowling had watched her ever since he had settled himself in his comfortable Pullman seat in the great station. He was certain that she was somebody's mother, for it was the striking resemblance to his own mother that had at first attracted his attention.

Now the train was sidetracked "somewhere in the middle West." In order to give right of way to loads of coal and trainload after trainload of foodstuffs being speeded on their way to the soldier boys across the sea.

At last the young man summoned the temerity to go over and speak "Do you mind my sitting down by you?" he asked, leaning over the sweet face and looking into the lovely blue eyes so like his own dear mother's in expression.

Mrs. Pemberton moved toward the window and smiled a wonderful smile at the young man. "There is nothing at this moment that would please me more," she said. "It is for a boy just a little younger than you that I am anxiously traveling to get a sight of," she said.

"Oh—then I was right. I knew you were somebody's mother. My own mother was much like you. Is your boy in—in the service, perhaps?"

"Indeed he is," the woman answered proudly. "And he is on his way across country now on one of the trucks of the commissary department. There was a good chance of my seeing him in Detroit if our train had gone there and—" her voice trembled a bit but she steadied it bravely and summed—"and I have made this trip on that one chance of seeing before he sails for the other side."

Robert Dowling asked a number of rapidly formed questions. Then, excusing himself for a short time and promising to return, he left.

He found the conductor and ascertained the distance from the station he knew to be not very far away, and then he started out, in bad weather and snow-bound roads, to find it.

Dowling left word at one or two points that he found out the commissary corps had to touch and then he sought out a country hackman, who took him back to the siding in a one-horse sleigh.

Arrived in Detroit, Robert took Mrs. Pemberton to her hotel and hurried on to make his own business calls. "I shall come back tonight and I hope to have word of the wandering soldier boys by that time," he said, as he left her.

Late that afternoon the mother's eyes were getting weary for a sight of her son, when she saw Robert Dowling hurrying into the hotel foyer, apparently looking for some one.

"Oh," he breathed, nervously, "here you are." He said it half in relief, half in distress.

Mrs. Pemberton scrutinized his expression. "What is it, boy?"

"First—your son is all right. I'm going to take you to him in a moment. The big trucks, two of them, went over an embankment just outside of the city and one or two men were badly hurt. Your son was on one of the overturned trucks and is a bit shaken up and looking for you in his room at the hospital. Shall I take you right to him?"

In less than ten minutes they were in a taxicab on their way to the hospital, and when once Robert saw the lovely little woman grasped warmly in the arms of her big son as he sat straight up in bed, bandaged head and all, he turned to go out of the room.

As he stood in the door he was face to face with the only girl who had ever made any difference in his life—Helen Worden.

"Helen—Helen," he gasped as he saw her uniform. "You—" But before he could finish he had sunk slowly to the floor.

"Bobs—oh, Bobs," the little nurse breathed as she bent over him. Then the doctor came and Robert Dowling was quickly restored to himself.

"No soldier life for this young man," laughed the doctor, when Robert was all right. "He has a heart that can't stand any sort of shock." Helen had explained a few things to the doctor in the brief time in which they were trying to restore Robert to normal.

"Oh—and I thought he was a—coward," she whispered. "That is why we—we are not married today. I broke our engagement because he would not join up and he would not tell me why. He thought I should have known that he would if he could."

Meantime, Mrs. Pemberton and her son had been anxiously waiting for her from the room into which they had carried Robert.

At last Jack Pemberton's nurse and Mrs. Pemberton's train companion came into the tiny room hand in hand.

"Well—I'll be—" "Careful, Jack," remonstrated Mrs. Pemberton.

Helen Worden blushed wonderfully and explained everything.

"So you see you got your reward for being kind to an old lady," laughed Mrs. Pemberton.

Only Cause for Regret.

Jack—I hear Smith broke a chair over his wife last night.

Mabel—Yes, but he is sorry for it this morning.

Jack—Well, I am glad to hear he is sorry.

Mabel—Yes, he is very sorry. It was a new chair.—London Tit-Bits.

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Change in Southern Pacific Time

Table.

Effective Nov. 13, 1916.

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 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.