

LOCAL NEWS

Mollie Bailey has been at Medford this week assisting Mrs. Raymond Roter.

A. Collings of Watkins was a visitor in this city Friday.

A Medford man was fined \$10 and costs, in Justice Taylor's court Friday, for stealing four chickens.

Sidney Moore Heath, a well known attorney of Hoquiam, Wash., was shot and killed in his office in that city Thursday afternoon. After shooting Mr. Heath the slayer shot his wife and then turned the gun on himself; all three are dead. Trouble over a lawsuit was the cause. Mr. Heath was an old acquaintance of the editor of the Post.

From present indications it seems likely that considerable road work will be done in Jackson county this year.

We have been asked a number of times recently regarding burial fees in Jacksonville cemetery; the rates fixed by the council are: Cemetery fee—\$2.50; sexton's fee for opening and closing grave—ordinary grave \$7.50, large grave for metal casket, \$10.00, rush orders and special work may be charged extra.

Uncle Billy Cameron of Uniontown was a recent visitor in this city.

Robert Raybolt, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rock and his little son Billy, of this city, left first of the week for Roseburg.

W. H. Verable has purchased the Elmer property on Blockstone alley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dewa of Forest creek were in town Friday.

Jasten Hartman made a trip to the county Friday to inspect a number of country bridges.

Mrs. Agnes Butler was a visitor at Medford Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. J. W. Rock and Mrs. W. H. Fraley were visitors at Medford Monday.

Two automobile salesmen, a couple of life insurance agents, a sewing machine agent, a real estate man and a grocery drummer were here this week soliciting trade for their different wares.

David Dorn, of Watkins, supervisor of roads for this district, was in town first of the week.

William Cross of Butte Falls was a recent visitor in this city.

Miss Hazel Taylor of Willow Springs attended the local teachers' institute in this city Saturday.

Mrs. H. Woolridge of Gold Hill was a visitor in this city Friday.

The dwelling house of James Buckley, at Ruch, was destroyed by fire Thursday. Full details of the accident have not been received.

John Skelton has leased the M. E. personage and will occupy it in a few days.

Did you pay your taxes in time to escape interest?

Mrs. H. R. Bliven of Applegate was a recent visitor in this city.

Mrs. Frank Brown, of Eagle Point, who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jasten Hartman, and her mother, Mrs. A. Pool, of this city, returned to her home Thursday.

William Lewis of Central Point was a business visitor in this city Monday.

Mrs. D. W. Bagshaw was at Medford to consult her physician Tuesday. Mrs. W. P. Bailey accompanied her.

The county court was in session Wednesday for the transaction of county business.

Mrs. Mattie Thompson was a visitor at Medford Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Berwert and son, Frederick, spent Saturday evening at Medford.

Editor Putnam of the Medford Mail Tribune has severed his connection with that publication after a service of about eleven years. Mr. Putnam was a ready writer who was not afraid to speak his mind on any subject. His editorials were widely read and given more attention by the readers than those of any other paper in the valley. Robert Ruhl will succeed Mr. Putnam as editor of the Tribune and we hope that he will give us as good a paper as Mr. Putnam did. In this connection, the writer desires to publicly express his appreciation of the many courtesies extended to the Post by Mr. Putnam during the past ten years.

Deputy Sheriff H. C. Sparr has resigned from his position. It is thought that Frank Coleman of Medford may be his successor.

It is expected that decrees of the circuit court confirming the adjudication of the State water board as to the relative rights to the waters of Rogue river and its tributaries, will be signed today.

Mrs. H. K. Hanna was a visitor at Medford Friday.

Frank Brown was a visitor in this city Thursday.

J. T. Gagnon, the Medford lumberman, was a recent visitor in this city.

Mrs. Alice Sargent was a visitor at Medford Tuesday.

Taxpayers have been falling over one another the past few days trying to get to Tobie's desk with their tax money before the interest is attached. Better come early next time.

Mrs. Jasten Hartman was a visitor at Medford Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Anna Schmidt was a visitor at Medford Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. Sweeney made a professional visit to this city Friday afternoon.

Lewis Ulrich has purchased a new automobile.

Judge Dex who is in a hospital at Medford is reported to be improving.

The new water ordinance provides meters for all users in class two. The rates are: minimum charge for 1st two thousand cubic feet, per month \$1.50; for next 5000 cubic feet, same month—50 cents per thousand; on amount over 7000 cubic feet per month, 30 cents per thousand cubic feet. Meter rates on those installed last year will begin April 15, and on new meters will commence when the meter is installed. The flat rate will be charged until meter is installed. Users in class one (less than 5000 square feet) will continue for the present at flat rates.

W. G. Hyatt died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Wylie, at Medford, April 1st, aged 86 years. He was a native of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Abbott have leased their house on California street and are moving to Medford today.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Rocho, well known residents of Ashland, were visitors in this city Thursday. Mr. Rocho has recently purchased the Applegate property on Third street.

Milton Doan of Buncom has sold his property to Ernest Spencer who will improve it for general farming.

A fine shower of rain Thursday night laid the dust and moistened the surface of gardens and lawns generally.

Everett E. M. McCarthy died at Medford, Monday, aged about 63 years. He had been a resident of this valley for 27 years. It is said that he made 27 trips across the continent by team. Funeral was held Wednesday.

It is expected that the president of the Rebekah Assembly, will visit the local lodge next Monday evening.

C. E. Gates of Medford has resigned from the position of county chairman of the Victory Loan campaign.

Mrs. Maud Kubil of Applegate was a recent visitor in this city.

Robert Bybee was a visitor in this city first of the week.

Alfred T. Norris, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Norris of this city, who was in the Marine Corps and stationed at Camp Lejeune, has received his discharge from the service. He came home Thursday.

Street commissioner Ulrich had on exhibition yesterday, a curiosity in the shape of a bundle of roots which had grown in the wooden pipe between the dam and the service reservoir on B. I. hill. Where the root entered the pipe it was about 1/2 inch in diameter but branched off into hundreds of fibres like fine straws which filled the 6 inch pipe and stopped the flow of water. By cutting the root near its entrance into the pipe and turning on a full head of water the obstruction was forced through the mile of pipe to the service reservoir where it was removed. The mass of small roots is some ten or twelve feet long.

Mrs. Julia Williams was a visitor at Medford Thursday forenoon.

The Royal Neighbors held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Anna Broad at Medford, Tuesday afternoon. Most of the members from this city and vicinity were present and a general good time prevailed.

Miss Alta Walsh a visitor at Medford Friday afternoon.

J. Knox McClure, a mining man of Watkins was a visitor in this city Monday.

George Launspach was a business visitor in this city Thursday.

John B. Renault, Sr. was a visitor at Medford Monday.

Mayor Britt and sister, Miss Amalia, were visitors at Medford Monday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Walsh were visitors at Medford Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Laura Ryan and Mrs. W. I. McIntyre were visitors at Medford Tuesday afternoon.

Sam Sandry of the Blue Ledge mine was a recent visitor in this city.

A news dispatch from Halifax, N. S., dated April 1, states that the U. S. steamship Jason, which sailed from New York, March 22, for Havre, France, was towed in to Halifax by a British steamer, in a disabled condition Tuesday. Merritt Dewa of this city is one of the crew of the Jason.

B. L. Moses has leased the Abbott house on California street and will move in to it first of next week.

It is reported that the railroad between this city and Medford will be turned over to Mr. Barnum in a few days.

THE HIRED MAN

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

The labor problem was a serious one. Blanche Drennan was willing to admit it. For over a week she had been trying to obtain help for her father's farm but without success. A ten-acre truck farm did not require more than one man's attention, but it might just as well have required ten. Blanche did not want to have to wire her father to return from the rest the doctor had ordered him to take. He thought the farm was being well taken care of. How was he to know that the man he had left in charge had gone away without even giving Blanche notice? She had managed to keep things from going to pieces for a week, but her strength would not hold out, she knew. A girl fresh from college couldn't rough it like an ordinary country girl. The farm was a hobby of her father's more than anything else. Just the same, the country needed all the food the land could produce that year, and Blanche wasn't going to let it go to waste just because her living did not depend upon it.

The drive from the city had given her an appetite. A sudden craving for hot biscuits took possession of her.

"Now, if there was only someone to help me eat them," she murmured, regretfully, as she viewed the finished products, set out in a row.

"Whew, those smell good!" Blanche turned quickly. There stood a young man inhaling the aroma of the cooking. An applicant to her advertisement—she knew it the minute her eyes lighted upon him, and hastened to corral him. A plan had suggested itself to her.

"Come right in," she invited, as she threw open the screen door that separated them. "You are just in time for supper."

The young man was arrayed in a linen duster from head to foot and was dust besmeared, but Blanche didn't mind that. He looked strong and able to work; that is what counted with her.

"It won't take me a minute to punch a fresh egg for you, and the tea is brewing now." The man was too surprised to speak. Blanche waited until he finished the meal before she mentioned the farm.

"Aren't you glad you came to answer my advertisement?" she said. "You'll really like it here, and the work is light. It is merely gardening, you know. Even a city man could do that. The meals you will like, I am sure. They will all be as nice as this one—many of them nicer. This was a nice meal, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," he answered enthusiastically. That was all the acceptance Blanche required.

It took two weeks to get the little farm back into its original shape. For a day or two the new man, who gave his name as Clifford Towers, was rather awkward at the work, but it did not take him long to grow into the way of it.

"If you can find a weed in that garden or a spot that hasn't either been hoed over, or killed up, I'll work without wages," Clifford said as he came in for supper two weeks from the day he had arrived.

"It's just fine," Blanche told him gratefully. "I believe I could let you have a holiday."

"I don't want one," he laughed. "I wouldn't miss one of your meals for the world. Let's go for a walk to-night. You don't mind walking with the hired man, do you?"

"As if that would make any difference!" Blanche exclaimed, reproachfully. "We will go just as soon as we finish supper."

It was a pretty country, and they found many things of interest on their walk.

"Why, there is an automobile in among those trees—a roadster!" Blanche cried, as she pointed in the direction of a clump of bushes.

"Sure enough it is!" Clifford cried in turn.

"Jump in," he said, as he started the engine. "We will go for a ride."

"But the owner—" Blanche protested.

After a long spin he drove into the gate at Blanche's farm.

"I'll get out, and you take it back," Blanche said uneasily. "What if the owner finds out?"

"He has found out now," Clifford smiled. "I am the owner."

"You?" Blanche almost shrieked with surprise.

"Yes, I was stilled out there two weeks ago and came here for water. You employed me before I had a chance to explain."

She was speechless for a minute, but at last gasped: "If you are not a farm hand, what are you?"

"A lawyer," he smiled quietly, enjoying her surprise to the utmost.

It was some time before Blanche was able to think clearly.

"You will be going away tonight," she said at length. "The joke has become tiresome to you."

"I'm going to stay right here until your father gets back. I wouldn't miss one of those meals for anything," he answered.

"If you only would stay till father gets back, I'll do anything for you," Blanche said eagerly.

"Will you promise to come back to the city with me—to marry me?"

"That's a dreadful price you set on our work," she smiled, but the accompanying blush gave him hope.

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HER KINDLY DEED

By JESSIE ETHEL SHERWIN.

"Oh, girls—did you ever?" The tennis group dropped bat and ball and ran to the high garden hedge and peered through it. Coming down the road, leading a sleek, comfortable-looking cow, was Raymond Worth.

He had the manly stride and wholesome, healthy face of a young farmer. He was not such, but his father had been one and early rural training had left its impress.

He colored slightly as he noted the group beyond their leafy shelter. Their twitterings hurt and embarrassed him. He hurried his steps and winced as the echo of suppressed laughter reached him, for he was oversensitive and he had made out Coila Willis beyond the hedge. She had not joined in the ridicule, but Raymond did not know that. He sighed heavily. He was neither uncouth nor ignorant, but he was conscious that he did not exactly line up to the standard of the average young man of the town as to the finer social entities.

Not that he was not invited to their various gatherings, but he was plain in manner and speech; he did not "shine," he was practical and did not enter into idle folly. His parents were dead and had left him quite an estate, but he wasted no time at the village billiard hall, visited the property he owned daily and did not disdain to wear his working suit and lend a helpful hand where hard work pressed.

Raymond led a rather lonely life. With the exception of Mary Dorr, an old-time family servant, he had no company. She made things neat and comfortable, but she was none on the shady side of life and he felt the lack of companionship of his own age. When he led the cow into the barn Mary came out and joined him.

"Oh, dear! what a handsome, fine-looking animal," she commented. It took her back to the old times and her dimmed eyes brightened. "But why in the world did you buy her?"

"I didn't," answered Raymond. "Mr. Lane, the farmer, is closing out. He owed me a bill and I had to take the cow in payment."

"What are you going to do with her?"

"Sell her to some other farmer."

"Yes, I guess that is best, although she'd make it seem more homelike and natural to have her around," said Mary, longingly. "She's a beauty, good for six quarts morning and night. But what would one do with the extra milk? I'm getting too old to attend to all that. We'll have some rare sweet cream over tomorrow, though."

Raymond loaded some boards into a light wagon next morning. Amongst his holdings was a large tenement house in a poor quarter of the town.

A porch needed some repairs, and he planned to attend to this, get home at noon and take the cow across country to a farmer to whom he knew he could sell it. He had just completed his work on the porch when he noticed an acquaintance, a young doctor, leaving the house.

"Somebody sick, Doctor Allen?" he inquired.

"More than one, Worth," came the reply, gravely spoken. "It's the babies. There's nine little ones cooped up in those close, crowded rooms. You do your duty in the way of keeping up good sanitary conditions, and the ventilation isn't bad, but it's the diet. Those children are just wasting away for the need of fresh, wholesome milk. It's pretty near chalk and water, the second-rate stuff these people buy. But they have to, with milk doubled in price. The nine will be five before the summer is over if the babies don't get better nourishment."

Raymond stood for some moments absorbed in deep thought. Then he went to one of the lower flats. Here lived Mrs. Wood, a widow, who supported herself by sewing. She had a son, Hardy, who was lame in one limb and who helped the family income by attending to a newspaper stand mornings.

"Mrs. Wood," spake Raymond, "you can help me out with a certain problem, and Hardy can earn a couple of dollars a week extra. I wish to present a milk cow to the tenement for the benefit of the babies, you to take charge of milk distribution and Hardy to take care of the animal and milk her, an art I can soon teach him."

Mother and son were enraptured with the idea. "You are bestowing a rare blessing," said Mrs. Woods. "Miss Willis and her sewing circle do a great deal in providing clothing for the little ones, but you are bringing them life, health and happiness."

The milk undertaking brought great interest and satisfaction to Raymond. The little ones thrived and the most pleasurable duty of Raymond was in providing feed and comfort for Molly.

One day Raymond, visiting Molly's quarters, caught the echo of voices. He thrilled. Mrs. Woods was telling the story of his benefaction to Miss Willis. The latter stood encircling the placid, pleasant animal, and, noticing Raymond, extended her hand. She did not speak. Her limpid eyes met his eyes with a grateful glance and then she burst into tears for sheer joy and hid her face upon Molly's sleek, velvety neck.

And later she did not disdain riding home in Raymond's truly democratic wagon, and every time her glance met his own he knew that such approving glow of those lovely eyes was drawing them closer and closer to the portals of mutual love.

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 prayer.
8:45 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 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 Mar. (latitude 42 deg. 18. min. north; longitude 123 deg. 5 min. west.)

Date	Maximum	Minimum	Precip.
1	44	37	.06
2	48	37	.09
3	51	36	
4	49	36	.06
5	43	31	.07
6	40	33	.57
7	45	28	
8	49	32	.14
9	47	29	
10	52	25	
11	49	35	
12	55	30	
13	48	35	
14	49	33	.06
15	49	33	.08
16	52	29	
17	60	35	
18	54	39	
19	55	31	
20	65	29	
21	68	33	
22	67	32	
23	66	32	
24	65	30	
25	66	29	
26	71	33	
27	60	43	
28	65	41	.06
29	68	59	
30	67	40	.04
31	71	34	

Temperature—mean max. 56.54; mean min. 32.39; mean 44.46; Max 71 on 31; Minimum 28 on 7. Greatest daily range, 33. Total precipitation 1.74 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .69 in., on 2. Number of days with 0.1 inch or more precipitation, 10, clear, 10; partly cloudy, 11; cloudy, 10.

Total snowfall 11 inches
Precipitation for season, 20.41
Precipitation for last season 19.06
Seasonal average

E. BRITT,
Cooperative Observer.

Southern Oregon Traction Company Time Table

Effective Feb. 22d, 1919
Leave Jacksonville.
7:20 a. m. daily except Sunday
8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
10:30 a. m. Sunday only
11:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
2:00 p. m. daily
3:45 p. m. daily
5:00 p. m. daily
7:15 p. m. Wed & Sat. only
Leave Medford.
8:00 a. m. daily except Sunday
9:30 a. m. Sunday only
9:45 a. m. daily except Sunday
10:38 a. m. Sunday only
12:05 Noon-daily
2:15 p. m. daily
4:50 p. m. daily
6:50 p. m. daily
10:00 p. m. Wed & Sat. only

CHAMBERLAIN TABLETS
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