

LOCAL NEWS

Seventy-three army trucks given by the government to the state for road work are on the way west, according to R. A. Booth of the state highway commission. The trucks will be used by the commission direct, rented to the different contractors or rented to the counties.

Mrs. Edgar H. Catlin and children of Harbor, Oregon, were recent visitors in this city.

Lyal Hartman was at Medford Wednesday to consult a physician regarding an abscess on his arm. The abscess was lanced, treated with antiseptics and is rapidly healing.

A number of persons from this city attended the commencement exercises of the Medford high school Thursday night.

Luke Ryan of Medford transacted business in this city Thursday forenoon.

Mrs. M. R. Finney of the Blue Ledge mine was a visitor in this city first of the week.

Mrs. Edna Hurt of Ashland was married June 18, to Robert Prosser of Comstock, Texas. The groom is a wealthy sheepman. His wedding presents to his bride consisted of a \$5,000 diamond ring and a check for \$50,000.

Teachers' examinations were held here this week.

Wednesday was one of the warmest days of the present season, the mercury standing about 90.

Grading on the Green Springs mountain road east of Ashland was begun this week.

F. E. Edwards of San Francisco, representing the Pacific Novelty Co. spent several days in the valley this week. While here he was the guest of Mayor Britt.

An attempt was made Tuesday night to rob the Citizen's bank at Ashland but the burglars were alarmed by the ringing of the electric alarm and left without effecting an entrance into the bank vault.

A barn owner by C. Ossenbrugge and stored with hay belonging to Gordon Stout, was burned at Medford afternoon. A burning match thrown away after being used to light a cigarette is said to have been the cause of the fire.

John Greaves of Medford, formerly a resident of this city who is now engaged in concrete construction work in California, was a visitor in this city Wednesday.

About 300 members of the National Editorial Association will visit Crater Lake, August 11 and 12.

Fred J. Fick is installing an air service plant in front of his store on California street. The service will be free to all and will be a great convenience to motorists. Few towns of the size of Jacksonville are equipped with such service and Mr. Fick is deserving of praise for the installation of this plant at a considerable expense to himself.

Mrs. Agnes Butler and Edith Hoefs were visitors at Medford Tuesday.

Jasten Hartman, daughter Miss Ellen and sons Wesley and Lyal were visitors at Medford Wednesday.

Mrs. M. I. Ball who has spent the winter with her daughter Mrs. Flora Phinney at Wapato, Washington, was in town a couple of days this week. She left Wednesday on a business trip to Reno, Nevada, and will return here later.

Miss Lulu Williams was a business visitor at Medford Monday.

Miss Alice Hanley was a visitor in this city Friday.

An agate found recently near Ashland weighed 270 pounds and when shipped to San Francisco sold for \$81.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barker of Seattle, who had been visiting at the Bailey home for the past ten days left Tuesday for Sacramento and other points of interest in California.

A. E. Reames of Medford was a visitor at the court house Friday.

Sheriff C. E. Terrill made a business trip to Portland this week.

E. H. Helms was a recent visitor at Medford.

Peter J. Fick was a visitor at Medford Thursday evening.

Leander A. Neal, a prominent resident of Jackson county, died suddenly at his home near Ashland Tuesday night. He was a pioneer of Southern Oregon having crossed the plains with his parents in a wagon train. He was a native of Tennessee and was aged 70 years.

Katrina Johnson who had been visiting friends at Butte Falls and Eagle Point, returned home Tuesday.

Clyde Smith of this city who served in the 23rd engineers and has recently returned from France, arrived home Friday. He was in the service about 15 months.

Miss Mollie Britt who had been visiting friends at Portland for several weeks returned home Wednesday.

Joe T. Gagnon, the Medford lumber man, was a business visitor in this city Thursday.

Leland Cantrill of Rich and Miss Althea Johnson of Medford were married at Medford Thursday evening, June 19, Rev. John Powers officiating. The Post extends congratulations and wishes the young couple a long and happy married life.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. G. Dunnington of Dunsmuir, Calif., visited Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Dunnington this week.

All the users of city water on the meter plan have paid their rates cheerfully except two who seem to be peevish because their water bill was larger than some of their neighbors. Under the meter system you simply pay for what you use, the same principal governing sale of goods by the merchants.

Attorney Rawles Moore of Medford was a business visitor in this city today.

All work done in 1919 spot cash at W. R. Sparks.

FOR SALE—Reasonable—Timber claim 160 acres, Location, Sec. 34, Twp. 40, Range 4 W. Jackson Co., Oregon. Write to Mrs. M. E. Herrington, 116 West Indiana Ave., Spokane, Wn.

The circuit court was in session several days this week.

Mrs. Mattie Thompson received a letter Thursday from her son Lester at the Mare Island navy yard stating that he expected to be discharged Thursday and would be home in a few days.


Misses Emma Wendt and Lulu Williams attended the commencement exercises at the Medford High school Thursday night.

Munitions Seized at Border.

Nogales, Ariz., June 21.—Sixteen thousand rounds of ammunition, consignees unknown, was seized by customs guards at the international boundary line here last night when an American, driving a high powered automobile, attempted to cross into Mexico. The name of the man was withheld by the officers.

Mrs. M. B. Cochran Passes.

Albany, Or., June 23.—Mrs. Maria Bird Cochran of Portland died in Albany, Or., Saturday while there on a visit with her brothers. She had attained the age of 80 years and 9 months. She came to Oregon with her parents in 1852 and was married to the late John W. Cochran the following year.



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J. W. Robinson, M. D., Proprietor

Jacksonville - Oregon.

IN SPRINGTIME
By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Old Mother Case leaned back in her long chair and gazed wearily across the lawn. Though it was early in spring the grass was very green, and Mother Case, propped among her pillows, shielded from breezes in the most sequestered corner of the veranda, knew exactly how the garden would look later, with its regulary ordered beds of flowers. Everything under Sophia's management was "regularly ordered."

That her daughter was a good manager there could be no doubt, yet Mother Case, in her chronic invalidism, never ceased to fret at her rigid routine. Sophia daily assured her brother Roger that were it not for her capable care Mother Case would long ago have departed this life. Certain it was that Sophia's faithfulness knew no tiring.

Sophia had also managed Roger throughout his growing manhood. All thought of marriage for himself was discouraged, and possible attachments avoided. Roger was the sole support of the home, and what right had he—so he mentally questioned—to depress a young woman's life by bringing her into these surroundings. And Roger, notwithstanding his white hair, was still young and good to look upon.

Returning at evening from the perplexities of his great business concern, he was wont to be entertained by Sophia's recitals of her trying day and his mother's fractions, complainings of her tiresome lot. And when life appeared to be stretching forth into but troubled repetition of days a breath of springtime floating over the veranda pallings caressed the old mother's face.

"I am going out for a time, mother," Sophia said, "and Nellie will be near to wait upon you."

Mother Case closed her eyes and grunted as her solicitous daughter whisked away.

Nellie the maid chatted happily on the rear porch with Bob, the chauffeur. But beneath her closed lips Mother Case was seeing memory pictures brought back by that caressing spring breeze. Herself a pretty country maiden, in print gown and sunbonnet—roaming the fragrant fields in search of violets.

Mother Case opened her eyes in a flutter of excitement—and there before her, smiling at her over the veranda rail stood a replica of the girl of her fancy.

"I did not mean to awaken you," said the girl, "but you seemed ill and I thought—"

Mother Case looked eagerly into the glowing face framed by a pink sunbonnet; her eyes, no longer tired, followed the lines of the girl's pink cambric dress.

"Where were you going?" she asked abruptly.

The girl smiled.

"To hunt violets," she replied, "in a thicket just beyond those trees." The pink vision hesitated.

"Would you like me to bring some back to you?"

Mother Case grappled suddenly with her cane.

"I am going with you," she announced. "Could you bear my weight on your shoulder?"

"Why, yes," the girl agreed.

And like a happy child the world-weary old woman entered into the game of her fancy.

Sophia returning at evening found her mother complacently resting in her chair.

"Nellie should have taken you upstairs," she complained.

It was several days later when she brought her new concern to her brother.

"I don't know what has got into mother," Sophia said. "She eats well and sleeps like a child, and I often hear her chuckling to herself. She's actually good-natured. Do you suppose, Roger, that she may be going to die?"

"A new lease of life, more likely," Roger suggested.

Returning home unexpectedly one afternoon, he found Nellie distractedly examining his mother's porch chair.

"Mrs. Case was lying here," Nellie said positively, "when Miss Case went off for the afternoon. Now she's gone Bob and I searched the house and the gardens and how Mrs. Case could get away alone we don't see, but—she's gone."

Hastily Roger sought the roadway, though it was impossible, of course, that his mother could have wandered down the road. Near at hand came suddenly the sound of a quavering voice.

"Daisy," called his mother, "have you found any white violets?"

Perplexedly Roger made his way past the thicket; there on a mossy bank sat his mother, her lap filled with violets, her trembling fingers sorting them. Beside her stood a charming girl, her dimpling face framed in a pink sunbonnet.

Mother Case looked back at her son defiantly.

"I come here with Daisy every day," she confessed. "Daisy—is human; she—understands."

A smile flitted over the wrinkled face.

"Daisy is just the girl I used to be," said Mother Case.

"You are very kind," Roger said turning to the girl.

Daisy's clear eyes met his.

"Your mother is the woman that I expect one day to be," she answered

FATE OF THE RED TERROR
Bolshevism Will Most Probably Go the Way That Was Traveled by French Revolution.

It is a ten-to-one shot that Russian bolshevism will blow up and blow out as suddenly as French terrorism vanished a century and a quarter ago.

Up to date the Russian revolution travels precisely the old track laid down by the French revolution, writes "Giscard" in the Philadelphia Press.

First Mirabeau and his solid type of revolutionists started the thing and put the skids under King Louis.

Then along came such blood-letting terrorists as Danton, Marat and Robespierre, with their merciless guillotine working day and night beheading kings and queens and nobles.

Then appeared the master, Napoleon, who quietly made France one of the best ordered, best organized and most prosperous lands on earth.

Russia's Mirabeau phase passed with the peaceful and practically bloodless dethroning of the czar. Then followed the terrorists, Lenin and Trotsky.

France's reign of terror lasted only a couple of years.

It does not seem possible that among Russia's 180,000,000 people there is not a Bonaparte to catch the wild horses and put a bridle on them.

After it was over it seemed an incredibly easy thing to turn out King Louis and Czar Nicholas.

It will be just as easy for Russia to upset her present masters as to unseat the Romanoffs.

It is a poor sort of a revolution that can't revolve all the way round and keep the heels of both the czar and the bolshevik off our neck.

HOW HE EARNED HIS CROSS
American Soldier of Chinese Parentage Talks Modestly of Deed of Great Bravery.

Corporal Sing Kee, color sergeant of the Three Hundred and Sixth Infantry of the Seventy-seventh division, holds, one may fairly believe, the distinction of being the only American soldier of Chinese descent who ever won a Croix de Guerre in France. The corporal is a modest warrior, not loquacious in the tongue of his fellow soldiers; and when asked by a reporter to tell how he won his cross he replied, "What did I do? I did, that's all." Others, however, are more explicit, and what Corporal Sing Kee really did was to carry messages through gas and shell fire. He was one of the twenty runners between commanders of advanced battalions at Mont Notre Dame, and at the end of the second day the corporal was the only one still remaining in action. Late in the afternoon he was gassed by the enemy, but managed to reach Croix de Guerre, honorably earned by the American soldier of Chinese parentage who just "did, that's all."—Christian Science Monitor.

Writes Treaty by Hand.

News dispatches from Paris reported the old tradition that treaties shall be written by hand survives, and that Joseph Carlo of the French ministry of foreign affairs, official calligraphist and painter, wrote the new peace treaty.

For 40 years the post of official illuminator in the French ministry of foreign affairs was held by M. Garapin, according to the Detroit News. He had one love in life—"the pen," to quote his own words, "this simple and marvelous instrument through which human thought is transcribed and forever preserved;" one hate—"the vulgar and unesthetic typewriter, which prints without art pages that time will not respect."

Miners Appreciated Books.

Officials in charge of Iowa's circulating libraries were afraid to trust a set of books to the people in a certain Iowa mining district. They were afraid the books would not be cared for properly, and thought they could be placed where they would be used and appreciated more than in the mining town. Through the efforts of the home demonstration agent, however, one traveling library was sent to the community on trial. The demonstration agent interested the schoolboys, who made a case in which the books were placed. This small library led to much interest among the people of the town, and the demonstration agent reports that not a single book has been lost or destroyed.

A Great Objection.

"I don't take any stock in these 'ere patent medicines," asserted Lefe Lopp, a languid citizen of Wayover, behind. "They're an enemy to the human race. S'pose, now, you are getting along all right, unable to work 'cuz you're sick; you're pretty miserable, of course, but people sympathize with you and respect you. And then somebody persuades you to take a few bottles of S-and-S and you are cured and get your picture in the almanac. And forever afterwards everybody wants to know why you don't go to work, dad-blame your ornery hide."—Country Gentleman.

France's War Expenditure.

In a speech before the chamber of deputies at Paris on March 12, Louis Klotz, minister of finance, gave some figures on France's war expenditures. Among other items were \$2,235,000,000 for pay of the troops. The total expenditure of the ministry of war was \$2,800,000,000. The navy cost was \$1,325,000,000.

Ladybugs will be collected by forest service men in Oregon before the period of hibernation is ended and freed in the wheat fields of the state to fight the aphides, of which the ladybug is the natural enemy. The ladybugs hibernate on mountain tops and in protected canyons.

At 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 Endeavor Fray; or 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.



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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.

Date	Maximum	Minimum	Precip.
1	74	40	
2	72	41	
3	72	36	
4	76	34	
5	74	34	
6	77	38	
7	75	39	
8	79	42	
9	66	44	
10	70	34	
11	66	45	
12	61	33	
13	80	34	
14	70	40	.05
15	62	39	
16	61	40	.02
17	74	39	
18	80	49	
19	76	48	
20	87	45	
21	91	51	
22	81	46	
23	75	40	
24	78	42	
25	64	52	
26	83	53	
27	89	55	
28	89	52	
29	64	39	
30	62	36	
31	72	31	

Temperature—mean max. 73.77; mean min. 41.77; mean 57.77; Max 91 on 24; Minimum 33 on 12. Greatest daily range, 46. Total precipitation .07 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .05 in., on 14. Number of days with 61. inch or more precipitation, 2, clear, 18; partly cloudy, 7; cloudy, 6.

Total snowfall 0 inches
Precipitation for season, 22.72
Precipitation for last season 20.14
Seasonal average

E. BRITT,
Cooperative Observer.

Southern Oregon Traction Company Time Table

Effective Feb. 23d, 1919

Leave Jacksonville.
7:20 a. m. daily except Sunday.
8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday.
10:00 a. m. Sunday only
11:20 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
9:20 a. m. Sunday only
10:45 a. m. daily except Sunday
10:38 a. m. Sunday only
12:08 Noon-daily
2:45 p. m. daily
4:30 p. m. daily
6:00 p. m. daily
10:00 p. m. Wed & Sat. only