

ROSES

By JACK LAWTON.

The girl stood undecidedly at the street corner. Her pretty brows were puckered in a frown, which vanished as her gaze fell upon a neatly painted sign. "Home for Women Employed," the sign read. "Terms Very Reasonable. References Required."

With a sigh of relief, the girl turned up her collar against the night breeze, and crossed to the white stone building of the home. Inside the lighted hall she paused breathlessly before the matron's desk.

The girl felt all at once as a prisoner may feel beneath the judicial eye. As coldly searching was the matron's inspection of her own small figure.

"You came," the woman asked, "in the interest of an applicant to the home?"

"I am the applicant," the girl replied.

The experienced one stared. "You will pardon me," she said abruptly; "we are not accustomed to receive girls who are able to pay for lodging elsewhere. This home is endowed, and for those only in the humblest circumstances."

"I," said the girl again, "have no more money tonight than will pay for my lodging with you."

"But, my dear young woman," the matron persisted, "your clothing—your furs alone indicate untried means."

Abruptly the woman turned to her books.

"Miss Jane Page, Shore Acres, Clifton," the girl answered steadily.

"The name of Miss Page is, of course, known in charitable circles," the matron said. "Be seated while I call her on the telephone."

Presently the woman looked up from her quest.

"Miss Page is not at home," she said, "and I am not sure that I would be justified in accommodating you, under the circumstances. Our rule is—"

A cheery young person coming from an inner sewing room smiled.

"Oh! what a night, Mrs. Smith," she cooed. "Let her stay. She can bunk with me. They's two beds in my room. Anyway, it's cold out, and even if the lady's clothes are swell, maybe she hasn't real money."

Mrs. Smith regarded the volunteer sympathetically.

"That spirit of yours, Hedda," she said, "would take in the whole town."

The glance she bestowed upon the waiting applicant was softened.

"Your name, then?" she asked.

"Janie Leslie," the girl answered.

Gratefully her eyes sought those of her intercessor.

"All right," Hedda ended the interview. "Come with me, and I'll show you our cell."

The name was stingily given, Janie Leslie thought, as she entered the narrow sleeping room, with its bare necessities for comfort. But between Hedda's little bed and the one she herself was to occupy stood on the cell's one chair a great vase of roses, all in crimson bloom, in snow time.

The new guest bent her face delightedly to the flowers.

"It's like life," she said to Hedda. "In life's hardest, most unlikable places we come upon roses of comfort, like your kindness tonight to me, a stranger."

"Oh, that was nothing," gestured Hedda. "You were down on your luck. Maybe tomorrow you'll be up again. But no," Hedda shrugged resignedly, "I'm down all the time."

"Tell me," said Janie Leslie, impulsively.

"Not much to tell," Hedda replied. "Only I thought it might help you to know they was others in hard places, too. I've got a job in the basement at Kahill's that keeps me here, all right, but I can't do what I ought to do for Tad. He's my little brother. I've raised him, some way, since our folks died. But the doctors say he ought to go away now for two or three years—where the air is clearer. Two years is longer than we can see to make it. I got Tad a job driving a florist's wagon so he can be in the air. That's where my roses come from. They let Tad have 'em when they're going to fall. He's the best and bravest kid—"

"That's my streak of hard luck," she finished. "We all have 'em. Good night."

"Good night," said Janie Leslie softly. "Good night—dear."

When Hedda awakened next morning she found her guest already departed. While an important young business man was greatly surprised at being greeted by that young person when he arrived in his office.

"Jane Page?" he cried, "where have you been?"

"Spending the night at the Home for Women Employed," she answered sweetly. "It was not in search of adventure this time, Billy. She hastened to add at his frown of disapproval. "I came to the city last night with money in my change purse alone. When I searched my bag I found that I had forgotten to drop my pocketbook in. Just as I decided to call you on the phone that sign loomed up, beckoning me, Billy, a direct message. I went to the home."

Janie Leslie Page laughed softly. "I had to give my own name as reference," she said. "And there I found Hedda. Billy, dearest, can you find a place for an untried girl in your office. I knew you could. You always make me happy. I'm going to be happier when Tad gets his chance. I will tell you about Tad—and Hedda."

HER ROBIN ADAIR

By MILDRED WHITE.

The guardian-angel of Janet rooked furiously.

"What are we going to do with her?" Aunt Martha wailed. "She is like a magnet to every young man in the neighborhood, and they but hit of steel."

"Young!" sighed Aunt Mary. "If it were only the young men! But it's every man, Martha; even the old widower Benson, who ought to know better. Can't he see that the child is unconscious of his ridiculous affection?"

"But, dear me, is she unconscious of it?" grumbled Aunt Martha. "She just taking a mocking delight in her power? Certainly she did not inherit her propensities from our side of the family."

"I wouldn't call Janet flirtations," Mary demurred. "It's just a way about the girl that draws admiration without her seeking. Why, you and me, Martha, are as bad as the rest. What wouldn't we endure for that girl?"

"What don't we?" her sister succinctly replied.

A man smiling came through an open French window to the veranda. "I could not help hearing your conversation," he said.

The aunts pushed forward a chair. "Do tell us, Carlton," said Martha. "What would you advise to bring Janet to a more settled frame of mind. You, an old friend of the family, are considered as a relative."

"I remember," smiled Aunt Mary, "when you were credited with the same falling as Janet. Or would you prefer to have me say with the same triumph? Unfortunately, some of these love affairs of yours ended in sad disappointment for the young women concerned. Now that you are back on a visit unmarried, 'hope may spring anew,' etc. But how do you suggest that we may bring to Janet a realization of the sorrow her thoughtless conquests may cause?"

"I will talk to her," Carlton Craine promised confidently, and he did.

David Brynton lapsed into sad silence at one end of the veranda, while handsome Jim Vail persisted fruitfully with offered remarks from the other end. It was Carlton who sat on the center seat with Janet, and Carlton, the experienced, to whom she listened with the laughter glint in her eyes.

Then one day, abruptly, little Janet came to her patient aunts.

"I am going away to visit Cousin Lucie in New York," she announced. "You see, Jim, David and Carlton have all asked me to marry them, and maybe going away for a while will make it easier—"

She was not allowed to finish her sentence.

"Carlton has asked you!" the aunts cried together.

Janet nodded.

"The traitor!" Aunt Martha exclaimed.

"The sneak!" cried Aunt Mary.

The three deserted men interested became instinctively aware of the situation. Jim Vail and David Brynton, friends from boyhood, frankly discussed the case in secret.

"I'd rather it would be you than that conceited Craine fool," Jim said. David smiled a wry smile.

"No chance," he replied. "Carlton Craine is always sure of himself with women."

Apprehensively the aunts awaited word from Janet.

Beyond announcement of her safe arrival there was none forthcoming. Then one evening, back to the veranda of departed charms, came Carlton, the assured. His very step sounded triumph and casually he tried to cover the satisfaction in his voice.

"I received a card from Janet today," he informed the aunts. "Just a line, but you may draw your own deduction."

To their eager gaze he presented the picture of a skyscraper section of New York city, beneath it, in Janet's writing the words:

"What's this dull town to me? Robin's not here."

"A quotation, of course," Carlton laughingly explained, "from which Janet wished me to draw a flattering inference."

Two other young men came up the garden path together. The handsome features of Jim Vail seemed aglow with some inner emotion.

"I had a message from Janet today," he said, and generously proceeded to share his missive with the anxious aunts.

"It's just a line on a card, you see, but—" he laughed exultantly—"like Janet, to quote that particular line, to me."

Silence long and embarrassing ensued. For the two cards lying face up on the veranda railing faced the troubled aunts with the same appealing question.

"What's the dull town to me? Robin's not here."

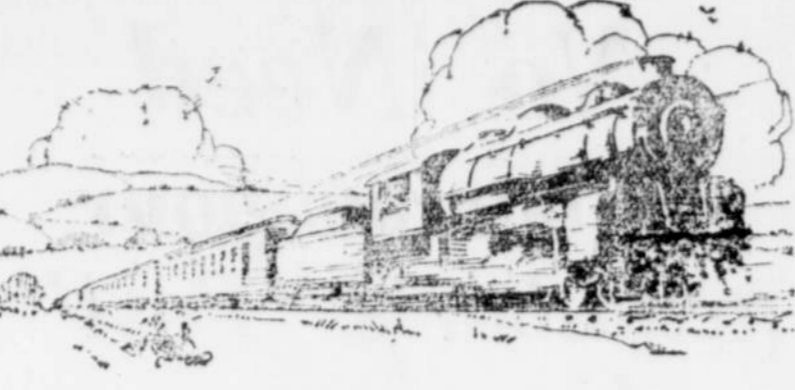
"You might exhibit yours now, David," Jim said, caustically.

David seated himself back in the shadow of the vine.

"I," he answered, "had no message at all."

But when it was dusk, and David still lingered hopelessly in the corner which had known Janet's presence, that loved young person herself appeared as one in a dream.

"I had to come back, David," she said, "because it was so very dull without you. You see," she added softly, "you happen to be my Robin Adair."



Out of accumulated capital have arisen all the successes of industry and applied science, all the comforts and amenities of the common lot. Upon it the world must depend for the process of reconstruction in which all have to share.—JAMES I. HILL.

The Successful Farmer Raises Bigger Crops

and cuts down costs by investment in labor-saving machinery.

Good prices for the farmers' crops encourage new investment, more production and greater prosperity.

But the success of agriculture depends on the growth of railroads—the modern beasts of burden that haul the crops to the world's markets.

The railroads—like the farms—increase their output and cut down unit costs by the constant investment of new capital.

With fair prices for the work they do, the railroads are able to attract new capital for expanding their facilities.

Rates high enough to yield a fair return will insure railroad growth, and prevent costly traffic congestion, which invariably results in poorer service at higher cost.

National wealth can increase only as our railroads grow.

Poor railroad service is dear at any price. No growing country can long pay the price of inadequate transportation facilities.

This advertisement is published by the Association of Railway Executives

Those desiring information concerning the railroad situation may obtain literature by writing to The Association of Railway Executives, 61 Broadway, New York.

We Do LETTERHEAD PRINTING on HAMMERMILL BOND

OUR PRINTING on HAMMERMILL BOND Will Save You Money

Tobemory Bay is becoming seriously interesting. The salvaging operations in connection with the Spanish galleon, supposedly the Florencia, which for three and a half centuries has lain a wreck off the coast of the Isle of Mull, are being brought to the surface—among them a beautifully chased silver plate and the ornamented handle of a silver flagon. Interest in the operations has brought crowds to this part of the Scottish coast and neither bed nor board is to be obtained by late comers. The divers have not performed their work without some sign of protest from sea dwellers. One of them disturbed recently a huge conger measuring some 15 feet. The avoidance of the animal was unmistakable. Treasure-trove is undoubtedly now within grasp, but difficulty is experienced in bringing the finds whole and uninjured to the surface.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon January 9, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that Henry Clayton Knopp, of Provolt, Oregon, who, on November 1, 1914, made home stead entry, serial, No. 09815, for SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 18, Township 33 S., Range 4 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Chauncey Florey, Clerk of County Court, at his office, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on the third day of March 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses: Fred Leichen, of Provolt, Oregon. Lew Smith, of Provolt, Oregon. Albe Field, of Provolt, Oregon. W. A. London, of Provolt, Oregon. W. H. Cannon, Register.

Notice of Final Account.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Orrin M. Wilson, deceased, has filed his final account of his administration of said estate, in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County, and that said Court has fixed Saturday, the 31st day of January 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., of said day, at the court room of said court in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said final account and the settlement thereof.

All persons having objections to said final account or any part thereof are hereby notified to file or present the same to said court on or before the time so fixed for the hearing of said final account and for the settlement of said estate.

D. W. BAGSHAW, Administrator. Daily Thought. The one thing in the world which is of value, is the active soul.—Emerson.

SOME Goodies!

—the kind that melt in your mouth—light, fluffy, tender cakes, biscuits and doughnuts that just keep you hanging 'round the pantry—all made with CALUMET BAKING POWDER the safest, purest, most economical kind. Try it—drive away bake-day failures.

You save when you buy it. You save when you use it. Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been approved officially by the U. S. Food Authorities.

HIGHEST QUALITY AWARDS

Citation.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of Francis Marion Bailey, Deceased.

To Hiram Bailey, Frank Byrnes (formerly known as George L. Hayes), Mrs. Bertha Churchhart, William Hayes Eldington (formerly known as William Hayes), Alanson Hayes, Henry Hayes, all others unknown claiming an interest in said estate.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, and by order of the above entitled Court, made and entered on the 10th day of January A. D. 1920, you and each of you are hereby cited and required to appear at the Court Room of said Court in the Courthouse in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, on Saturday the 28th day of February A. D. 1920, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and then and there, show cause, if any you have, why an order of the said Court should be made, empowering the administrator of said estate to sell a private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, subject to the confirmation of same by said Court, the following bounded and described real property, or as much thereof as may be deemed necessary, to-wit:

The North-east quarter (1/4) of the North-west quarter (1/4) of the North-west quarter (1/4); and the South half (1/2) of the North-east quarter (1/4) of the North-east quarter (1/4) of Section Seventeen (17), Township Thirty-two (32) South Range 2 East of the Willamette Meridian, in Jackson County, State of Oregon, containing 160 acres. Together with two water rights and ditches.

As prayed for in a petition filed herein by said Administrator on the 10th day of January 1920, and why such petition should not be granted.

WITNESS, the Honorable G. A. Gardner, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County, with the seal of said Court hereunto affixed this 10th day of January A. D. 1920.

Attest: CHAUNCEY FLOREY, Clerk.

(SEAL) By MILDRED M. NEILL, Deputy.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Lizzie Hoeft, deceased, with the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and said court has appointed Saturday, the 14th day of February, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon as the time and court room of said court as the place for hearing objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause why said final account should not be approved by said court and said administrator be discharged from his trust.

Dated January 3rd, 1920. THEODORE HOEFFT, administrator of the estate of Lizzie Hoeft, deceased.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of an execution in foreclosure and Order of Sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the State of Oregon, for Jackson County, dated December 29th, 1919, in a certain suit brought by Jackson County Park, Inc., a corporation, as Plaintiff, recovered judgment and decree against William Scott, Hannah Scott, H. M. Scott, Rogue River Valley Realty Company, as Defendants, for the sum of Five thousand ninety-six & 58-100 (\$5096.58) Dollars, together with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum, payable annually from October 8, 1919, until paid, together with attorney's fees in the sum of Five hundred nine & 65-100 (\$509.65) Dollars, and interest thereon at the same rate until paid; the sum of Three thousand seven hundred fifty-four & 40-100 (\$3754.40) Dollars and attorney's fees in the sum of Three hundred seventy-five & 44-100 (\$375.44) Dollars, together with interest on both of said sums at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually; also for the sum of Six hundred eighty-six & 61-100 (\$686.61) Dollars and attorney's fees in the sum of Sixty-eight & 76-100 (\$68.76) Dollars, together with interest on both of said sums at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, until paid; and for \$21.00 costs and disbursements, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in said Court December 20th, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the terms of said execution, I will on Tuesday, February 10, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Courthouse in the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, with the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that the said defendants, jointly or individually had on April 8th, 1913, or have since acquired, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in Jackson County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

The North half of the north-east quarter and the southwest quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section Twenty-five (25) in Township thirty-five (35) South of Range two (2) West, and Lots five (5), six (6), seven (7) and eight (8) in Section twenty-nine (29); the East half; the southwest quarter; the east half of the northwest quarter; the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section Thirty (30); the north half of the northeast quarter; the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter; the north half of the southwest quarter, and the northwest quarter of Section thirty-one (31); Lots four (4) and five (5) of Section thirty-one (31) and Lot three (3) of Section thirty-two (32), all in Township Thirty-five (35) South of Range One (1) West of the Willamette Meridian, containing 1365.88 acres.

Commencing at a point 663.25 feet south and 997.5 feet east of the quarter section corner of the township line between sections 31 and 36, in Township 35, South of Range one, and two west of the Willamette Meridian, in Jackson County, Oregon, which point is in the center of the county road in Section 31, in Twp. 35 South of Range one west of the Willamette Meridian, and running thence north 29 degrees and 59 minutes east 81.9 feet; thence north 33 degrees 40 minutes East 995.2 feet, thence east 2573.12 feet to the west bank of Rogue River; thence South 58 degrees 43 minutes West 454.4 feet thence south 42 degrees 08 minutes West 894.3 feet; thence west 2177.47 feet to the place of beginning, containing 47.74 acres, more or less.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, December 30th, 1919.

C. E. TERRILL, Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon. By FLORA THOMPSON, Deputy.

Notice of Final Settlement.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of Sidney C. Freuer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the above named estate, with the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that said Court has set Saturday February 7th, 1920, at the hour of 10 A. M. as the time, and the Court Room of said Court in Jacksonville, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections thereto and the settlement thereof. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause why said final account should not be approved by the Court and said administrator discharged from his trust and his bondsman released and the said estate deemed to be settled.

Dated and first published December 27, 1919.

C. K. WEBBER, Administrator of the estate of Sidney C. Freuer, deceased.