

MAKING HER WAIT

By RUBY H. MARTYN.

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Grizel had stopped on her way home to put another bit of money in the village bank. But the big house had never seemed so lonely nor her waiting quite so futile as it did this sunny day when her bank credit stood for an even thousand. Grizel held the worn book tightly as she went up through the house where she had lived alone since her father died. She did not need to glance through the open doors to be reminded that the rooms needed renovation. Had she not known the way so well she would have stumbled on the attic stairs because of tears. Living here alone, saving every bit she could to eke out the restoration fund, Grizel was keeping her trust for the soul and body of Jim Brett.

"I promised always to be waiting, and to believe he will make good," she whispered on the stairs.

Stepping into the attic she locked the door behind her and crossed toward the eaves. She always did lock the door before she opened the old, iron-bound sea chest that smelled of the stuff of much voyaging around the world with some ancestor.

When they were children Grizel and Jim had thought the rambling attic a marvelous place for games and darts in distress, and kings, and queens, and knights errant. Even then Grizel had kept her best treasures in the old sea chest, and what treasure could need more careful guarding than Jim's story of temptation and fall, and his determination to make good the awful debt he had speculated from the bank? Was not that confidence for her the greatest surety of his love?

So it was that Grizel had kept her frayed these five years since the shortage had been discovered and Jim had fled to escape the punishment. How much time stretched ahead until he should have saved the money to make restitution, and return? She dared not ask to receive one word of assurance from Jim in his far country. She dared not lose for one moment the grip on her own faithful waiting. That simply must have some hold on Jim! And now she knelt there by the open chest to renew her promise.

Somewhere at a distance a shop whistle blew, and Grizel jumped up. She had forgotten the attic door key that had slipped into the folds of her serge gown, and it clattered to the floor, bounced sharply on the plank, and slipped into a wide floor crack. Grizel heard it hit the sides of the partition as it fell down and down.

"Now I'm locked up here!" she cried, dismayed by the immediate difficulty.

She could not hope to break down the door of strong, hand-hewn planks. She could not hope to make any neighbor hear from the single, small, back window of the attic. It was a question when she might be searched for. She opened the window to let in the sunny air, and knelt by the sill and laughed softly at her sorry plight. She might well be a real damsel in distress. And Jim had always come to the rescue when it was a game.

The shop whistle blew again, and Grizel settled to watch. The shadows had lengthened to the wall when a boot crunched on the gravel walk below. Some one was at the house door.

"I'm locked into this attic!" called Grizel. "If you will go to the shed you will find a large magnet to tie to a rope I will let down!"

When she had the rope down he came around the corner with the shoe-shaped iron, and tied it on.

"Pull away, my lady Grizel!" he called.

"Jim?"

"Pull away," he said sternly. Grizel's limbs trembled on the cold iron of the magnet, and then she let it down through the floor crack to reach the key. Would the magnet find that iron? Would the key ring fast? The rope in her hand slackened when the magnet touched bottom, and then she pulled it taut. The key was found and held!

Flinging open the unlocked door she saw Jim, older, thinner, with eyes that questioned hers, as he stood there on the attic stairs. Grizel put out her hand, but he had no mind for such amenities.

"I've just handed the money in at the bank," he said, slowly.

"You saved it all?"

"Every cent! I'm ready to start for myself now. I guess I need you more than ever, Grizel, but it isn't fair to ask you to make any such wait as you may have to until I'm on my feet. That is what I came around to say."

"I don't see us waiting, Jim! I've got some money saved that I can use to fix the house up, and we can start having a home right now, my knight!"

"My lady Grizel! A fellow just has to keep making good with yourself having the faith that he will!" said Jim.

Record for Woman Machinist.

Miss Annie Tobey, an operative in the electrical shop at the Portsmouth navy yard, won a contest for women riveters recently when she drove 264 copper rivets into battery boxes in two hours. Machinists said this was a record for women.

Value of an Impelling Idea.

A famous French political economist once said: "What I admire in Christopher Columbus is not that he discovered America, but that he went to look for it under the inspiration of an idea."

Stenographer Extraordinary.

Two members of the bar were trying a replevin suit in the superior court recently and in the course of the trial got into a sharp wrangle—as lawyers sometimes do—over the admission of a certain piece of evidence. The wrangle resolved itself into an oral battle in which both lawyers tried to talk at once.

They spoke in loud tones and at a rapid-fire gait. When the smoke had cleared away and the case was over they were quite surprised to learn that the court stenographer had been able to get down in his book every word they had said, despite the fact they were both talking at the same time. The clerk of courts commented on the feat.

"Oh," remarked one of the lawyers, "that little chap could take down a hailstorm and never miss a stone!"—Portland Express.

Fading Shrines of Oriental Splendor.

To me, after revisiting the East after an absence of ten years, it seems as if all its splendid past and all its present discontent were recorded and symbolized in the imperial palaces of Peking, Seoul and Tokyo. Ten years ago all three were the habitations of emperors, sacred spots from whose mysterious depths issued the edicts whereat men trembled and obeyed. Today the Son of Heaven and the Lord of the Morning Calm have gone their ways, to join the mournful company of kings in exile. Only his majesty of Tokyo remains, a dim, mysterious figure in the medieval seclusion of Chiyoda, like an idol in a shrine, a sort of living Buddha in the great new city throbbing with machinery.—J. O. P. Bland in Asia.

THE SQUIRREL

By MADGE WESTON.

(Copyright, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Mr. Nathan Bennett was exceedingly annoyed. That had become his chronic condition since buying the Groundley place. He had always hoped to be the owner of the picturesque old mansion in its beautiful park setting, from the days when he had passed on his way to school.

Mischievous Nat Bennett loved to linger in those days before the impressive gates of the entrance, watching the squirrels scamper across the lawn. There was little resemblance to the mischievous Nat, in this dignified and austere Nathan. But ambition had brought its own reward and Groundley place was his own. He had started to enjoy himself there with something of the old-time enthusiasm, when he became aware of a disagreeable and interfering neighbor.

Miss Abigail Stevens had not "mellowed" with age. Nathan Bennett remembered her as a younger woman of meddling nature.

Looking upon the night of his arrival at his new home, across to the white house that was hers, he decided that to ignore her presence there would be all that was necessary to keep the peace. Soon Nathan found his mistake. When Abigail Stevens was not frightening his white chickens away from her side of the fence, she was throwing dangerous sharp stones in the direction of Niger, his calm-natured dog, an animal too accustomed to friendly companionship, to know the meaning of fear. And when Miss Stevens was not engaged in endangering his live stock, she amused herself by penning certain complaints against himself and his household in general.

Mrs. White, the housekeeper, had a new grievance each evening. The busy man riding to and fro from his city office actually dreaded these homecomings. Niger, upon one evening, had exhibited pitifully a bruised paw, while one by one valuable chickens were reported missing. But now the calamity had happened—Fannie was gone.

Nathan Bennett, in purchasing the home of his boyhood dream, had overlooked the misfortune of loneliness. In Nathan's life of endeavor love had found no part, and Fannie was the creature who comforted him with her pranks and ways and faithful affection. Fannie was a gray, park squirrel. It was Mrs. White who made the announcement of Fannie's loss when Nathan returned from a business trip. "She's been gone four days," said the woman, "and I saw her last on Miss Stevens' roof. She went in by the attic window."

The woman knew that no further warning was needed.

Angrily Nathan walked through the garden that evening. Fannie had been wont to come to him with a chirp of welcome, running up his arm to her reward of nuts. Tonight no Fannie came. Fuming inwardly, he went indoors, this time himself to write a note. "If Miss Stevens did not at once produce his squirrel, she might be prepared for all sorts of impossible punishments." Miss Stevens at once responded to his letter. It was an unexpected communication. She would at once set the squirrel free. "Would he go set," she wrote, "to the south garden wall to receive her." Miss Stevens was sorry—very sorry to have coaxed his pet away.

"Coaxed!" muttered the astonished Nathan, and in apologetic manner

made his way to the south garden wall. A young woman stood upon the opposite side of the wall; on her arm perched a gray squirrel. Fannie's bright eyes regarded him curiously, the girl's brighter eyes twinkled at him.

"I did not know she was a pet squirrel," the girl explained. "I am Gal Stevens, visiting my aunt. I crossed your fence through the window because I was lonely and she was so entertaining."

"I can readily understand," Nathan Bennett said, smiling, "that you would enjoy the relief of cheerful companionship."

And as the girl straightened her arm to transfer the squirrel to his, Nathan Bennett clasped suddenly the outstretched hand. And in that clasp was the promise, strangely sweet, of loneliness no more.

Michigan Leads All.

Michigan has the largest farm bureau county in the United States. It is San Jose, where incomplete tabulation of the membership campaign results showed 2,900 members, with the final tally estimated at close to 3,000. Troop county, Illinois, was the next largest with 2,850 members. Saginaw county is likely to become the second largest county in the country. It now has 2,650 farm bureau members, and expects soon to have more than 3,000. Membership of the Michigan state farm bureau now is 53,651, and it is growing at the rate of about 1,500 weekly. The southern half of the lower peninsula now is canvassed and the campaign is extending into the northwestern part of the state.

Oak Doors Thirty Feet High.

The great oak doors at the entrance of St. Paul's cathedral in London are 30 feet high and are believed to be the largest one-piece doors in the world. They are nearly as old as the cathedral itself, and each leaf bears upon it the name of the carpenter who made it.

TURNING TO HOME GARDENS

Indications Are That People Are Beginning to Realize the Danger of a Food Famine.

A local seed store was crowded with customers.

"What does this mean?" the proprietor was asked.

"I guess it means that other people are thinking what I do," he said, "that unless food production is speeded up there'll be famine conditions in this country in 1921. Farmers say they can't get help in order to produce our food as usual, and it's up to every man to help himself. We run as high as 1,200 customers a day here. This is in addition to a big mail-order business. It's going to keep up like this all through the month, too. It did last year."

The seed man said that sales indicated that persons who decided to retire from the home-garden business, now that the war is over, have changed their ideas, and that the number of home gardens is increasing instead of diminishing.

He added that it is strange that while there was much crop shortage last year seeds of all kinds, with the probable exception of peas, are in ample supply.—Indianapolis News.

Worth Seeing.

We don't know much about this circus that's coming, but we hope it's the one Pat attended not long ago. "There was wnn fellow," he said, "that beat all the rest. Sure, he balances a ladder on his nose, climbs up to the top and pulls the ladder up after him."—Boston Transcript.

THE FAIRY GODSON

By MARY ISABEL BOYNTONE

(Copyright, 1924, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

For years Jane Judson had lived "on the tail-end of nothin'," as one of her neighbors expressed it, and might still have contrived to keep her old home if, on her seventieth birthday she had not fallen down the cellar stairs and broken her leg. Then, with no money and nobody to take care of her, it was generally agreed to be the sensible thing for her to go to the Old Ladies' home in Dixville.

The interest on the mortgage on her home being considerably in arrears, Deacon Small promptly foreclosed, donating fifty of the one hundred dollars necessary for her admittance to the institution, the neighbors contributing the other fifty, and in September Jane became an inmate of the home.

Of course it was the "sensible" thing to do; nobody realized that more than Jane herself; only for the kindness of her old neighbors she must have gone to the poorhouse. But oh! how her old heart ached for the weather-beaten old house where she had gone as a bride; where Billy, her only baby, had been born and died; where, later, her husband had died; the spot where all her memories had once had life.

Two graves there were just outside the "south pasture lot," under a huge maple tree, where a dozen times a day as she went about her work she could see them. As she sat in her little room—they gave her a small room, she was so little and fragile she could fit in anywhere—she saw in imagination the leaves turning to gold and red and russet, and then falling—falling gently as tender thoughts on the dust of the two who had lain there so many years.

Everyone was kind to Jane, but it was such an impersonal, sort of professional kindness it left an ache in her lonely heart; but she never complained, and Miss Boggs, her tablemate, often reminded her of how thankful they all should feel to be in "the place where Providence had seen fit to place them." Miss Boggs spent many pleasant hours in being thankfully resigned.

When spring came Jane spent long hours gazing in the direction where, sixteen miles away, she knew her beloved home was. In imagination she saw the buds swelling on the maple above the roof; saw the lilac bushes turn from brown to green; saw the tulips and daffodils pushing their tiny heads out of the brown earth by the kitchen door. She was fortunate to have food and clothes, and a roof over her head, but these things alone never made a home.

Then came the event, so great an event that it shook the home to its very foundations. The great limousine rolled majestically up the modest drive and, coming to a stop before the front door, disgorged a big man with flaming red hair showing from beneath his glossy silk hat, and with merry Irish blue eyes, and under whose tread the steps fairly trembled. He asked in a booming voice for Mrs. Jane Judson, and Jane, big eyed and wondering and a little trembly, came.

"Don't you know me?" the big man boomed. "Timmie Duanne, the little red-headed devil (Mrs. Boggs, listening behind the door, gasped) who lived on the poor farm, and you helped out of many a scrape? The boy who never knew home nor father or mother, only what you gave him? I run away and I've lived in wild times and wild places, but the memory of you kept me clean and decent. I struck it rich—in oil—and I come back to let you know the black sheep had grown some white wool, and I find you here!"

"Timmie Duanne!" the old woman cried. She tottered and he caught her in his arms, kissing the silvery hair as he swung her clear from the floor in his strong arms.

"Timmie Duanne himself!" he cried. "I came back a week ago, and I've bought the old place back and it's ready and waitin' for ye. Even the old cat is there. Nobody could catch him. He's thin—but alive. Got down to his ninth life, I guess, but we'll feed him up! There's salmon and cream in the larder for him. Hurry, get your belongings, Mother Jane, and we'll go home. When I come home for my vacation every year, you've got to squeeze me in somewhere, for sure we belong together!"

It was like a dream riding along in the swiftly purring car, with one fragile hand held close in the big fist of Timmie Duanne, and when at last the old gray house came in sight it was through a mist of happy tears that she saw it. It was quite unchanged, as she wished it, only fresh and sweet from recent scrubbing.

Jane sat before the open fire—for there was a fire in the air—in the old rocking chair with its patchwork cover that she had made herself, and the cat, thin but contented, purred on her lap. Timmie came in softly and knelt beside her chair.

"This is the happiest day of my life!" he said, and his big voice was soft and tender. Mother Jane reached out her hand and let it fall gently on his head.

"Heaven can hold 'little better for me," she said happily. Then with a sobbing little laugh: "I've heard often of the fairy godmother, but, Timmie Duanne, you're the first fairy godson I've ever heard of!"

Size of Humming Bird.

When a humming bird is stripped of its feathers it is no larger than a bumble bee.

Worth Trying. A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on temper, may make all the difference in our lives.—Stopford Brooke.

H. K. HANNA

Lawyer

Office in Jackson County Bank Bldg

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Jacksonville Post

Legal Notices

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his first and final account as administrator of the estate of Adeline Schoenfeld, also known as Adeline Schoenfeld, deceased, in the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that said court has appointed Saturday, the 24th day of July, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time and the courtroom of said court in the court house at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections thereto, the settlement thereof, and the distribution of said estate.

All persons interested are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any there be, why said first and final account should not be approved by the court, said estate be decreed to be fully settled, a decree made for the distribution of all of said estate to the persons entitled thereto and said administrator discharged from his said trust.

Dated and first published June 19, 1920.

T. W. MILES,

Administrator of the estate of Adeline Schoenfeld, also known as Adeline Schoenfeld, deceased.

Summons.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

Celia Cross, Plaintiff,

vs.

A. L. Cross, Defendant.

To A. L. Cross, the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby notified and required to appear in the above entitled Court and cause and answer the complaint of plaintiff now on file therein against you within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons upon you, which is the 12th day of June, 1920, and if you fail to appear and answer within the time required, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the a decree of divorce, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant.

This summons is served upon you, by publication once a week for six consecutive weeks in the Jacksonville Post, published in Jacksonville, Oregon, by the order of Hon. George A. Gardner, Judge of the County Court of Oregon, for Jackson County, which order was made on the 9th day of June, 1920.

GUS NEWBURY, Attorney for Plaintiff, Residing at Medford, Jackson County, Oregon.

Notice of Final Account

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

In the matter of the estate of Charles H. Bayne, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed the final account of his administration of the said estate, in the County Court of Oregon for Jackson County, and that said court has fixed Saturday, July 17, 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said Final Account and all persons having objections to said account or any part thereof are required to make or file the same on or before the time so fixed for the hearing of said Final Account.

D. W. BAGSHAW, Administrator.



HOME SWEET HOME

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IT PAYS



The Home Merchant Is Not a Migratory Bird

Keep a roof of prosperity over your head and help your neighbor to do likewise by trading with him in business.

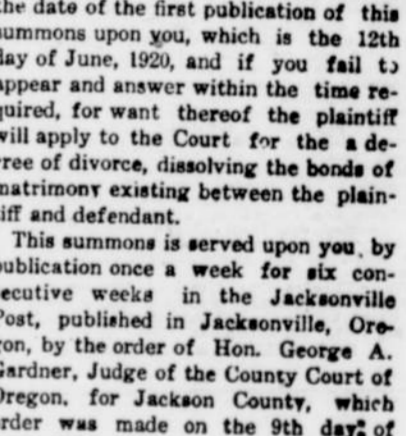
You Help Him, and He Will Help You

HOME TRADE MEANS HOME SAVINGS. This paper is booming this town all the while. HOW ABOUT YOU?



The Home Merchant Is Not a Migratory Bird

He is in the town to STAY. If HE is prosperous THE TOWN is prosperous. If the town is prosperous YOU ARE SURE TO SHARE in the prosperity. When you send your dollar out of town you KISS IT GOODBYE. TRADE AT HOME



The Home Merchant Is Not a Migratory Bird

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