

WESTERN SPIRIT IN CHINA

Head of University in the Great Yelow Territory Has Proof of Spread of Occidental Ideas.

"He had been pretty well all over the world," said the professor, "and when I asked him what country had impressed him most, he said at once, China. And when I asked him what in China had impressed him most, he said at once, the West China Union university. The professor's remarks were made to the Daily News, London, and he followed them up with a delightful story of the way in which Chinese emigrants showed their appreciation of this blossom of Western enterprise, the university of which the professor happens to be the president. Some dozen years ago he was fleeing for his life 1,500 miles down the Yangtze to save his head. He was a "foreign devil," and no university had been started. Seven or eight years later, the military governor of Szechuan sent him a beautifully inscribed statement of his opinion of the university, and a gift of \$3,000. The professor was on his way home via Peking. In the Chinese capital he had an interview with the president of the Chinese republic, then Yuan Shih-Kai, who also gave him a declaration of approval and \$4,000 as a personal gift to the university.

The First Congress.

The first congress was supposed to meet on March 4, 1790, and it is a curious fact that there was not a quorum of either house present for a month thereafter. Only eight senators were present on March 4, and they adjourned from day to day until April 6, when a quorum was present. Only 13 members of the house assembled on March 4, and a quorum was not present until April 1. The Constitution of the United States took effect in the following states: Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia and New York, on March 4, 1789.

Dream That Means Death.

A peculiar dream is that which has visited a certain Irish family for generations, invariably before a death or some big change. They call it their kissing lady dream. The person who experiences it dreams that they are sitting in a very old-fashioned room before a blazing wood fire, when suddenly the door behind them opens and a beautiful girl in green, tight-fitting garments enters, and, stealing softly behind them, draws their head gently back and kisses them full on the lips. As she does so there is always the clanging of steel on a stone staircase, the hurried tramp of armed men, and they awake trembling.

Nut Butter Is Wholesome.

Cocoa butter, as nut butter is called in England, was not accepted with enthusiasm by the British public when natural butter became scarce during the war, so the food committee of the Royal society made some elaborate tests of its effects on human beings. The New York Medical Journal summarizes the results, which show that slightly less of the fat of cocoa butter than that of real butter is utilized by the body; it causes no digestive troubles; when consumed in large quantities it has a slightly laxative effect, and in general it is a safe and wholesome food.

SALVATION ARMY MAKES MEN OF SOCIAL OUTCASTS

Following a well known rule the Salvation Army, in its industrial homes, is taking the class of man who early finds his way to the poor house and rehabilitates him, makes him over, gives him confidence in himself and turns him over to employment that enables him to sustain himself.

The County Government makes its "down and out" habitual indigents. It makes them a monthly allowance of money or goods for which it requires no service.

The Salvation Army takes the same man and gives him, not money, but work.

It pays him money for his work, and renews in him the knowledge that conscious and directed effort is entitled to and will bring him commensurate return.

It bathes him and wins him again to clean habit and thought.

It builds up his strength and his morale until he is fit again for the fight with the world.

Then it finds him employment and sends him forth to work that he is fitted to do.

Here in a nut shell is the story of the Salvation Army's Industrial Homes and the story of the Industrial Home in Portland, where scores of men from all over the state have found themselves.

Individual Airplanes.

Whether or not the average citizen welcomes the idea of individual airplanes jangling about in the air over his head, the inventors are busy enough trying to invent them. Several small planes are already more or less on the way to such use in England, Italy and France. One reads of planes already perfected, and that "small and light, and capable of being landed at low speed, they are just the type for fitting about the country, from one club to another." Italy is said to have produced the smallest, a tri-plane only 11 1/2 feet wide, and requiring for its operation "about as much skill as the attachment of a side-car to a motorcycle." Seeing, says the adage, is believing; and the pedestrian who takes scant pleasure in this notion of a gentleman flitting about the country from one club to another may well wonder how soon he will have to believe in them.

Peanut Oil Gaining Favor.

The production of peanut oil, including both the cold-pressed and the hot-pressed, in the United States has increased from 454,000 pounds in 1912 to 55,334,000 pounds in 1918, an increase of more than 12,000 per cent. The importation of peanut oil increased from 7,625,000 pounds in 1912 to 68,466,000 pounds in 1918. Practically all the imported peanut oil is hot-pressed. Complete statistics for 1919 are not yet available.

It is apparent, say specialists, that cold-pressed peanut oil is winning for itself a place on the American table, justified by its flavor, nutritive value and digestibility.

A Great Man.

"Yep," said the Old Timer, "Senator Plumb gets by on his pomposity."

"He's got so much of it that people just naturally feel compelled to hurrah at his platitudes and guffaw over his stale jokes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

APPLES WERE RIPE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Evelyn roamed aimlessly, but with exceeding enjoyment, through the lovely Long Island road. She hoped her destination would be the Nassau station and thence by train back to the city, but Evelyn's country jaunts did not always lead her in the direction she fancied she was going.

On this particular Saturday afternoon in late September she was anywhere but near the Nassau station. Evelyn was not, however, aware of this fact nor of anything save the extreme freshness of the air and the joy of being away from the small office on Broadway, where she read numerous stories by authors and authors in the making. Each Saturday, as it rolled along in the summer time, found her far from Broadway and sometimes too far in the heart of the country for her own safety. On more than one occasion she had been forced by the shades of night to beg a night's lodging in the nearest farmhouse.

Evelyn always reserved the time between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning for herself. During the week she was, as an editor, at the beck and call of anyone who chanced into the office, and so every week-end she gave to her own company and took her tramps alone. It was thus that she managed to slip into her office chair Monday mornings with a clear vision and eyes unweary and cheeks fresh with color of new life.

"You great big beautiful sun," she whimsically remarked to the crimson ball that was slowly climbing down behind the trees; you seem to have just dashed across the sky today, and yet I suppose you have really taken your leisure." Evelyn heaved a sigh, for this was Sunday evening and the next morning would have to see her at her desk heaped high with manuscripts.

She was swinging past an orchard in which the apples were red and ripe and casting their fruity fragrance into her hungry senses. Evelyn couldn't remember having wanted anything in the way of food as much as she wanted some of those rosy apples.

Desire harnessed to physical ability tempted her to leap over the fence and pluck her choice from the orchard just as any small, hungry boy would do, but conscience bade her proceed farther and perhaps secure her apples honestly from a farm hand.

Evelyn was rewarded for her honorable intentions by seeing a sign a bit farther on which stated that apples were for sale, and she pranced joyfully through a dilapidated pathway overhung with grape vines to a shockingly unkempt but curiously charming cottage.

She knocked in vain on the paintless door and finally with an unladylike vehemence. However, there was no response, and Evelyn's desire for apples only increased with the difficulty of procuring some.

Discouraged, she started away, but as she passed the odorous orchard, she decided to help herself and leave payment for what she took.

She selected six beauties, pondered a moment as to their selling price and took a 50-cent piece from her purse, rummaged among notes, powder puffs and numerous feminine appurtenances until she discovered an errand handkerchief. Into this she put her money, and with a short bit of string secured it to the branch of an apple tree—one that would catch the eye of the farmer when he should return to his ramshackle cottage.

Munching contentedly at an apple, Evelyn continued her way along the road, and in the course of time arrived back in the city and at her small apartment, the rent of which had been raised to a shocking height only the day before.

It was during the month of November—Evelyn remembered well the day—that she received a splendid story from one of the newer writers.

"He may have been struggling for years and years," thought Evelyn, "but his name is only creeping about magazine circles now."

She had not forgotten the incident of the apples, because her brain seldom erased any of her wonderful etchings of country rambles. They were all very precious to her and this story coming from the pen of a vivid writer gave Evelyn a fierce hunger for the days of a summer past.

She knew, of course, that the incident of the story was just one of the dainty accessories to a good story—that finding of fifty cents in a handkerchief tied to the branch of a tree. It had been brought into the story as one of the quaint experiences of one who dwelt on the broad country road.

So unusual was the coincidence of that idle moment of her own having drifted into this stranger's story and that very story having come into her own editorial hands that Evelyn was tempted to carry on the other side of the tale. She wanted to dash into a taxi, take a train for Glen Cove and the ramshackle cottage, find the young author seated before a fire with his pipe in his mouth dreaming of more stories, fall madly in love with him and live happily ever after.

Instead of that Evelyn dictated a most editorial letter to John Custstone telling him that his story was charming and offering him \$150 for it. She

THE ANSWER

By FLORENCE BURRILL.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Nell Mackenzie was the biggest, broadest lad in Winsbury, with the crispest dark hair and the clearest blue eyes. He had that combination of strength and boyishness which women love, and could easily have been very much of a ladies' man had he not been as bashful as he was handsome. Girls adored his lithe virility and he received an early invitation to all of the Winsbury merry-makings.

But the presence of the other sex invariably turned Nell from a living laughing Hermes to a frozen statue. And to make things worse, he was very much in love with Cecily.

Cecily was a wee bit of a lassie, honey-colored as to hair, violet-hued as to eyes, apple-blossomy as to cheeks. A pretty air of dignity tried to contradict her little-girl figure, and she was, according to an enthusiastic friend, "just sweet!" And if she had the appearance of a tinted marble Venus she must have had some of the attributes also, for none of the many suitors Winsbury and other towns offered had made the slightest impression on the cool little heart under her dainty laces. She accepted their devotion graciously, was the merriest and most fun-loving of the younger set, but always with a fastidious reserve that let none farther than the rest.

That is, until Nell began shyly to show his heart. With him she never coquetted, his invitations she never refused, toward him she showed a sweet and simple liking; and soon the big, dark lad and the small, flowerlike girl were seen together very often indeed setting out for a country walk or drifting through the rhythm of a waltz.

But this very friendship puzzled Nell. It was so different from her treatment of other lovers; and it never occurred to him that her feeling for him might be different also. To his mind her laugh was the most joyous thing on earth, and herself the dearest. But he feared to tell her lest it end their friendship; so they were pals through the sparkling January days and the wistful April ones, with no hint of anything deeper.

When June came he could stand it no longer. He decided to take the big chance, tell her, then if she couldn't marry him, go where his profession of engineer promised success. How should he ask Cecily? He never could have his heart with those purple eyes so cold; a letter was so impersonal and cold; there should be no third party's blundering, and these were the early orthodox methods of proposing, unless—

Nell rushed to the nearest music store, purchased a blank record and had it on the victrola at home before the glow of the wonderful inspiration had time to dull. Into the little disk he spoke his love—straightforward, yearning, tender, as he could never have expressed it to her in person. Visioning a star-eyed girl in the shadows, he told how he cared for her with the simple, honest love of a clean heart, how eager he would work to make her happy; but if she didn't, couldn't love him, she was not to feel the least bit grieved nor blame herself at all, for how could a girl like her love a great, clumsy thing like him?

"Only please let me know as soon as you can, dear; and if it is 'no' there is a position waiting out West, where work will keep me a man. When your answer comes I shall either telegraph that I cannot accept—or start at once. Oh, Cecily, Cecily, shall I stay?"

The tiny parcel which meant so much in life and hopes of Nell Mackenzie was dispatched by special messenger, and an anxious boy faced the hours that must pass before an answer came. He could see Cecily receive the record and run merrily to try it through at once, as she always did a new one; he could see her look of amazement—but there his vision failed. Did her face grow tender or sad or frightened?

Scarcely two hours had gone before a ring at the doorbell revealed another messenger boy with a parcel. Mackenzie tore it open and found—just his record.

He slipped the record into place and started the machine. How strange to hear his own tones! He smiled, half-sadly and half-whimsically, at the passion of the words. The plea came to an end: "Oh, Cecily, Cecily, shall I stay?" The needle whirled noisily several times. Then clear and vibrant in the voice of his sweetheart came the answer she had spoken into it: "Yes."

Use for Perlimmon Juice.

Perlimmon Juice improves the paint used on the bottom of a ship, or the roof of a house. In Japan it solved the problem presented by the failure of western house paints to last satisfactorily in the Japan climate. It was only quite lately, however, that western countries had shown any interest in this Japanese product. Now that a beginning has been made in using it to mix enamel and white lead, a foreign demand has begun which is expected to increase to large proportions.

Linked Oceans Long Ago.

The Panama canal is one of the modern wonders of the world, but the Royal Mail company organized transit by mules and canoes across the isthmus as far back as 1846 and partially financed the Panama Railway company in 1860.

Legal Notices

Executor's Notice of Sale

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Lind Nelson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the estate of Lind Nelson, deceased, pursuant to license and order of the County Court of the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 11th day of September, 1920, in the matter of said estate, will, from and after the 20th day of October, 1920, proceed to sell, at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, or on such other terms as the Court may approve, and subject to the confirmation of the Court the following described real property, belonging to said estate, situated in the County of Jackson and State of Oregon, to-wit:

Lot numbered Ten (10) in Block numbered One (1) of SUNRISE HOME PARK ADDITION to the City of Medford, and the same is numbered, designated and described in the official plat thereof, now of record.

Bids on said real property may be made to the undersigned, or to Carlin and Taylor, his attorneys, at their office in the M. F. & H. Bldg., at Medford Oregon.

Dated and first published September 15, 1920.

AUSTIN H. NELSON

Executor of the Estate of Lind Nelson, deceased.

Notice for Publication.

01227

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon July 21, 1920

Notice is hereby given that George Lewis, whose post-office address is Jacksonville, Oregon, did, on the 3rd day of March, 1920, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 012207, to purchase the NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 18, Township 37 S, Range 2 W., Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878 and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised \$410.00, the timber estimated 400,000 board feet at \$0.75 and \$1.25 per M, and the land \$10.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 8th day of October, 1920, before F. Roy Davis, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

W. H. CANON,

Register.

Summons.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

Edna Driskell, Plaintiff,

vs.

Wesley Driskell, Defendant.

To Wesley Driskell, 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 28th day of August, 1920, and if you fail to appear and answer within the time required, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for 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 25th day of August, 1920.

GUS NEWBURY

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

Notice of Guardian's Sale of Real Property.

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

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of Agnes Brier, Grace Brier and Carl Brier, Minors.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to order of the above named Court, made on the 21st day of August, 1920, in the above named matter, I, Clara Brier Matlock, Guardian of the Persons and Estates of Agnes Brier, Grace Brier, and Carl Brier, Minors,

above named, will, at the office of Lawless Moore, Medford Nat. Bank Bldg., Medford, Oregon, on or after September 27, 1920, sell, subject to confirmation by said Court, all the right, title and interest and estate of Carl Brier, said Minor, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

Lot Three (3) of Block One (1) of Edmeads Addition to Medford in Jackson County, Oregon.

Terms: Cash, ten per cent on day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Court.

CLARA BRIER MATLOCK, Guardian.

Summons for Publication.

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

Nellie Williams, Plaintiff,

vs.

John E. Williams, Defendant.

To John E. Williams, the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court and cause and answer the complaint of the plaintiff on file therein against you within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you if served within Jackson County, Oregon; or if served within any other county of Oregon then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you; or if served by publication or out of the State of Oregon after an order of publication then on or before the last day prescribed in the order for the publication of said summons. This summons is published in the Jacksonville Post, a weekly newspaper published at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, under and in accordance with an order of the judge of the above entitled Court made and entered herein on the 3rd day of September, 1920; this order requires said summons to be published for six consecutive weeks and requires the first publication to be made on the 4th day of September, 1920, and the last publication to be made October 16, 1920 and said order required you to appear and answer said complaint on or before the last day prescribed in said order for said publication, which last day is October 16, 1920. And you will please take notice that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief demanded in her complaint, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and the defendant herein; and for a decree awarding the care and custody of the minor child, Cornelia F. Williams, daughter of the plaintiff and defendant, to the plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as shall be just and equitable in the premises.

Dated at Jackson County, Oregon, the 3rd day of September, 1920.

G. A. CODDING,

Attorney for Plaintiff, Medford, Oregon.

I. K. HANNA

Lawyer

Office in Jackson County Bank Bldg

MEDFORD OREGON

D. W. BAGSHAW

Attorney at Law

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Jacksonville Post

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