

BYRON

By LOUISE M. ADDELSON.

Elmor Worth, rushing downstairs in answer to the furiously ringing doorbell, found her chum and next-door neighbor, Alice Gloring, in a wild state of excitement.

"He's coming!" panted Alice, thrusting a slip of yellow paper into Elmor's hands.

"Byron?" breathed Elmor, quite awed.

"Byron! Isn't it wonderful? Elmor, you'll just adore him. If I were not engaged myself I'd—he's such a dear!"

Elmor did not doubt it. For two years she had heard praises of Alice's wonderful cousin. For two years she had listened to the recital of his many perfections, the tales of his heroic deeds; of his kindness, his generosity, his good looks, until in her youthful imagination he had become a god. Even his name appealed to her romantic fancy. A man named Byron, she felt, could never be commonplace.

"We'll introduce you tomorrow after church," promised Alice.

And, as her friend had predicted, the following day being Sunday, Elmor was introduced after church. Mrs. Gloring performed the ceremony with a little flutter of pleasure. She was fond of Elmor, and matchmaking was her hobby.

"My nephew, Byron, dear Elmor, just returned from service. Byron, darling, Alice's best friend, Miss Worth."

Elmor lifted her eyes. She tried to say something pleasing and polite, but her tongue refused to obey her. Something was wrong with the world. The sunshine became hateful, the songs of the birds a mocking chorus. For Byron, the Byron of her imagination, the poetic creature of her maiden fancies, had taken unto himself wings and fled; and in his place stood an odious, long-limbed, quite un-Byronic creature with sandy hair, light blue eyes, a wide mouth and a nondescript nose.

"Isn't he just too sweet?" murmured Alice in Elmor's ear.

Elmor flushed, not so much at Alice's words as at the sudden twinkle in Byron's eyes.

The days wore on. Elmor survived the shock she had received. She met Byron frequently and even learned to like him. That gay twinkle in his eyes seemed to relieve his plainness. But she felt that Fate had played a cruel joke on her, nevertheless, and that she would not be the same again. The real Byron could never attain a truly Byronic place in her imagination. But he had been in service and it was her duty to be kind to him, so she helped Alice entertain him. She walked with him, talked with him, drove with him and felt herself very magnanimous in doing it.

A few weeks after his arrival a French army officer came to see Byron. The girls were curious as to the object of his visit, for Byron foretold nothing, merely smiling with that exasperating twinkle in his eyes. And the surprise of the ladies was great when the young Frenchman pinned a medal on Byron's chest as a mark of favor from the French government for unparalleled bravery and fortitude on the field of battle and for civility and kindness to French widows and orphans.

That night, when Byron invited Elmor out for a walk, she was strangely shy. It had come over her suddenly that Byron was a personage.

"Elmor," said he, after they had walked a few minutes in silence, "don't you think you could like me a little, though I am not all that you had hoped for?"

"All I—hoped for?" stammered Elmor.

"Yes. You see, I know my aunt and Alice have a way of raving over people, and I could tell they'd given you a wrong impression of me. Also, my name has been a stumbling block all my life. I don't know what my parents had against me when they named me Byron. It isn't so bad with men, but girls have had a habit of judging you by name. Confess, now, didn't you rather expect to meet a shaggy-haired poet, instead of a plain John Jones?"

"Who has been decorated by the French government," said Elmor, softly, "and who never said a word about it, though he knew the decoration was coming?"

"Oh, as for that—"

"As for that," said Elmor, "I realize that poets could never have won the war for us, and that I'm a very foolish person."

"If you'll forgive my being un-Byronic," said Byron, with his humorous twinkle, "I'll forgive you being foolish. In fact, I'm pretty well pleased with you as you are."

Elmor stopped and made him an old-fashioned curtsy.

"The sentiment's mutual," she said.

Which pleased the un-Byronic Byron very much.

Land Clearing Shown in Pictures.
Movies of the first land clearing school ever held in the United States, that conducted by the Marinette county (Wis.) Land Clearing association, and the University of Wisconsin last spring at Cedarville, in Marinette county, are now being shown by Secretary Livingstone of the association. These pictures were taken to supplement the educational land-clearing movies lent to the association by the university. They show actual farmers actually performing the operations directed by the best practice of land clearing.

FIRST REAL "MONEY WIZARD"

John Law May Well Be Called the Daddy of All the Get-Rick-Quick Schemes Floated.

Two centuries ago there "reigned" in Paris a greater personage than the young king, Louis XIV., or his regent, the duke of Orleans—a money wizard, whose operations are recalled by the Ponzi speculative scheme in Boston. He was John Law, a Scotsman, who through his friendship with the duke of Orleans, established a credit bank on the theory that money is the cause, not the result of wealth. He obtained for the bank a monopoly of the nation's foreign trade, the profits of which would repay the investors.

In 1716 Law established a private bank with a capital of 6,000,000 livres, with power to issue notes. It became an instant success, and his paper currency became more valuable than the minted currency of the government. Then he formed his company of the west, developing Louisiana territory with a capital of 100,000,000 livres. New Orleans was built. Trade expanded. Shares in the company rose in value until first Paris and then the whole of Europe went mad. Everyone was growing rich. Law became director general of finance for France. But the height was reached in December of 1719, when his enemies, by side schemes, began to break him. He suddenly found himself bankrupt. He escaped from France, became a wanderer and died in poverty.

FLOWERS HIDE GREAT GUNS

Monster Weapons of War at Gibraltar Covered by Beautiful Clusters of Acacia Blossoms.

While the rock of Gibraltar, viewed from the ocean, is impressive, strong gloomy and forbidding, flowers grow about the steep walls, and the great Victorian batteries, occasionally fired, are screened and sheltered by acacia blossoms. Here are concealed 100-ton guns, sinister and threatening, marking the highest achievement in gun development by British engineers.

The north and northwest sides of the rock are honeycombed by fortifications. There is a town and harbor on the west protected by batteries and forts rising from the base to the summit of the rocks. Modern guns of the most formidable pattern frown from the heights. The town is inhabited by a British colony of about 25,000 persons, according to the 1911 census. Everything is under strict military regulations.

Daudet on Gambetta.

Frequently the great man is some thing of a boor, but it is probable that Daudet exaggerated a trifle when he wrote the following of Gambetta, the great French statesman: "I can still see him entering the dining room, his back bent, his shoulders swaying, his face aflame and one-eyed also. As soon as he appeared all the other equine heads around the table were raised and he was greeted with loud neighs of 'Ah, ah, ah; here's Gambetta!' He sat down noisily, spread himself over the table, or threw himself in his chair, perorated, struck the table with his fists, laughed loud enough to break the windows, pulled all the table cloth toward him, got drunk without drinking, snatched the dishes away from you, took the words out of your mouth, and after talking all the time went off without having said anything."

Student's Bookcase.

An excellent bookcase for students is made in the following way: Procure for shelves four smooth boards, 20 inches long and 10 inches wide, and about two-thirds inch thick. Screw a slat on to the extreme ends of the sides of the shelves to accommodate the text-books. Screw the other slats to the shelves one and one-half inches apart. This will leave an open space of seven inches in the middle of each shelf. There are no slats on the ends of the shelves. Take the long screw from the top of a discarded piano stool and fasten it to the center of the under side of the lowest shelf. Screw the bookcase into the piano stool. The revolving bookcase may be stained to match the student's furniture.

Kissing to Cure.

"Come to mother, dear, she'll kiss it and make it better."

Isn't this the regular thing when a child sustains an injury, real or imagined?

Little do they realize, these indulging mothers and husbands, that in this mock ministrations they are but imitating the practice of old time sorcerers who pretended to cure diseases by sucking the affected part. In their superstitious, myth-tenanted age they found the people easy prey to their impositions, but today even the baby is skeptical of the curative powers of a kiss on a bruised knee!

Quaint Industries.

Observation of the world's industries reveals some very quaint callings, for there are queer habits and strange desires on the part of various races, and always there are those who cater to those customs or undertake to supply the wants. As queer a trade or profession as any is that of "tooth-stainer," which flourishes in parts of Asia, where the natives regard black teeth as a crowning beauty. The tooth-stainer, equipped with little brushes and boxes of coloring matter, calls on his customers at regular intervals. In general, the operation is not unlike that of blacking a shoe.

ANN AND ANDY

By BERTHA S. CARNEY.

Ann Vrainmen had been a week now at Cousin Alie's in the city, and with each succeeding day Ann felt smaller and more awkward. Her hair had absolutely refused to "bob" at her ears, city fashion, and there were times that, despite her efforts, her tongue would slip back into the country vernacular that she had spoken for the eighteen years of her life. Substantial she looked, substantial she felt, and, besides all this, there was the terrible name of Ann for a handi-cap—and as for the nicest young man who lived upstairs—how could she ever get acquainted with him if one dared not speak?

These were the thoughts that were running through the back of little Ann's head, as she threw the rugs over the piazza railing and attacked them vigorously with the carpet beater.

She made a pretty picture there in the morning sunshine, the sleeves of her pink smock rolled up to her elbows, and her cheeks flushed with the exercise, and as she worked an old bit of doggerel that she had learned as a child came into her head, and she sang, because the morning was so bright and the young man upstairs was so handsome—No! That wasn't what she had meant to think at all, but she kept singing and keeping time with the carpet beater.

"Good morning, Jenny Wren! Will you kindly stop your housewife activities long enough to allow me to see my way down the stairs? Your great clouds of dust have blinded my eyes to everything except the comeliness of my industrious neighbor."

Ann stopped—mouth open, just as she had been about to curl forth the highest soprano note, and carpet beater raised. He was speaking to her, but he was only joking with her, for even at her most vigorous swings only a feeble trail of dust floated out on the air; but the last thing he had said—Ann's eyes sought the toes of her sensible round-toed shoes before she looked across at him shyly.

The young man from upstairs was looking at her, and it seemed as though if he really wished to navigate the stairway in such a terrible storm of dust there was nothing to hinder his doing so. Instead, he leaned against the railing.

"This is a fine chance to get acquainted," he said. "Fate sends me out on an errand while you are on the porch and as we are going to be such near neighbors, it's all perfectly proper. I'm Andrew Leonard. Andy suits me better, and you're Ann Vrainmen. I saw your name on your trunk in the cellar, and you're not yet old enough to be called Miss Vrainmen."

Ann, who wasn't old enough to be called Miss Vrainmen, found herself shaking hands with Andy, whom, she thought, was old enough to know better, and after that it was easy.

When she had bent back the redness into the roses, and the greenness into the grass, Ann tugged one of the rugs down from the rail and Andy dropped on his knees and began to fold it with deft turns of his wrists.

"Where did you learn to do that?" Ann inquired. Andy was a gentleman, at least, even though there had been no formal introduction, and the warning voices of her staid county ancestors for the first time in her life went unheeded.

"Handy Andy, that's me," he grinned. "I lived for five years on my uncle's farm, 30 miles out."

Underneath the pink smock Ann's heart gave a flutter of pure joy. Now she could own up to her 18 years of country existence. He wouldn't care.

He didn't—for on the following Sunday Andy was helping her over the stubble and exclaiming with her over the five little pigs that had just arrived at his uncle's farm.

It was the third month of their friendship and they were on one of their frequent Sunday excursions to the farm, when Ann broached the subject of changing her name to Annette, or Marlan, or any other form of Ann, as long as there was trimming enough to take away the plainness.

"Cut it out, kiddie," Andy advised. "It surely was fine to be able to boss Ann. I like your name fine. My grandmother's name was Ann, and just look at mine—Andy! But you don't catch me calling myself any fool name like Androcles, do you?"

Ann laughed. How could she tell him that all the time she had been planning to change it only for him?

"I like Andy for a name; it's so—so substantial," and then she laughed again, for was that not the very quality that three months ago she had most hated?

"That's it," Andy nodded. "A good substantial name, just like Ann. Why, I knew you could do housework like all possessed the minute I lapped the name on your trunk."

He drew her down beside him on an old fallen tree trunk.

"Ann and Andy," he mused, holding her close, "a good combination. Don't you think we ought to make it a substantial one, Ann dear?"

In his pocket dictionary he found the word substantial and pointed out to Ann its meaning—"actually existing, not imaginary, true, strong."

"Don't you think we could be all that—together, Ann girl?"

Ann's heart was so happy that she essayed just one feeble little word, which, evidently, pleased Andy.

"Gee, honey," he whispered, "that's velvet!"

Frank Newspapers.

In Germany there is a newspaper that has nothing in it but stories about rheumatism. People having this trouble write in their experiences, doctors tell new ways to get rid of it and it seems that everybody there having rheumatism subscribes to this queer newspaper. Some years ago a Russian editor started a postcard size newspaper, the print of which was so small that he furnished a magnifying glass to each of his regular subscribers. Somehow the idea didn't take as he only printed a few numbers before finding out that the people didn't appreciate the idea, even though the magnifying glass was furnished free.

Colors Save the Eggs.

We have heard a great deal about protective coloration in nature, and when we consider the advantages which accrue to protectively colored eggs we may wonder why some eggs have remained pure white through the ages, why others are of the most conspicuous greenish blue, and why still others stand out by their spotted or speckled patterns, says the American Forestry Magazine. White eggs are for the most part laid by hole-nesting species of birds like the owls and woodpeckers, and since the eggs are well hidden in their dark cavities it has not been necessary for them to develop protective coloration. The bright greenish blue eggs of most of the thrushes, for example, may be hidden in nests which are concealed in dense vegetation and the speckled eggs of the ground nesting sparrows depend for their safety upon the good hiding of the grass-woven nest.

Modern Casablanca.

A fire guard in the Shenandoah national forest not so long ago found himself in a predicament similar to that of Casablanca, although his decision was not so silly. Discovering that there were three bears at the foot of the lookout tower in which he was stationed without arms of any kind, he telephoned for permission to leave at the first chance to get a gun. The district ranger replied that the forests were dry, that a fire might start anywhere at any time, and that he must stay where he was, bears or no bears; and the guard stayed. After a time some one who had "listened in" came to his rescue.—Yonah's Companion.

Japs Eating Frog Meats.

Frog meat made its first appearance last month in the menu of one of the most popular restaurants of Tokyo, Japan. Frogs had never been considered as a food until very recently by the Japanese.

In 1918 Dr. Watanabe brought some edible frogs from the United States. They were kept at the infectious disease experimental station, where experiments were made in breeding and raising.

The government has taken steps to encourage the raising and eating of frogs.

World's Smallest Newspaper.

The smallest newspaper in the world is now being printed in New York city. Its pages are only about five inches wide and six inches long but they contain short news items that are very easily and quickly read. An other odd newspaper published in this same city is called The Deaf Mutes Journal, all of its editors and general staff being members of a deaf and dumb school. However, The Deaf Mutes Journal is a real newspaper in size and contains four pages of interesting reading.

Definitely So.

"What is your idea of a practical joke?"

"One I can sell for a dollar and buy a pork chop."—Cartoons Magazine.

Legal Notices

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 Grace Hawks Lebo, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the above entitled court, the final account and report of his administration of the estate of the decedent above named and that said court has fixed Saturday, the 30th day of October, 1920, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the court room of said court in the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said Final Account and report and for the settlement of said estate.

All persons having objections to said final account or any part thereof, are hereby required to make or file the same on or before the time so fixed for said hearing and settlement.

Dated and first published September 25, 1920.

D. W. BAGSHAW,
Administrator.

Notice to Creditors

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, George R. Lindley, has been duly appointed executor of the last Will and Testament of Jane Carroll, deceased, and notice is hereby given that any one having any claims

against said estate may file the same, properly verified, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, with the undersigned executor at his office at the Jackson County Bank, in Medford, Oregon.

Date of this first publication Sept. 25, 1920.

GEORGE R. LINDLEY,

Executor Estate of Jane Carroll, deceased.

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 a license and order of the County Court of the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 15th 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 number One (1) of SUNRISE HOME PARK ADDITION to the City of Medford, and the same is numbered, designated and described on 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 of Final Settlement.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles C. Keenan, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has filed his First and Final Account as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Charles C. Keenan, deceased, in the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that said court has appointed Saturday, the 6th day of November 1920, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time, and the court room of said court in the court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said First and Final Account, and 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 said estate to the person entitled thereto and said administrator discharged from his trust.

T. W. MILES,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Charles C. Keenan, deceased.

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.

Summons.

SUIT TO FORECLOSE MORTGAGE. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF JACKSON.

Jasten Hartman, plaintiff,

vs.

Frank C. Kiser and Effa B. Kiser, his wife, and W. C. Kiser, Jr., and Ida A. Kiser, his wife, and W. T. Grieve, defendants.

To the above named defendants, Frank C. Kiser and Effa B. Kiser, his wife, and W. C. Kiser, Jr., and Ida A. Kiser, his wife:

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 plaintiff therein filed within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his said complaint, namely, for a judgment against the defendants Frank C. Kiser and Effa B. Kiser and W. T. Grieve and each of them for \$1000.00 with interest thereon at 10% per annum from July 5, 1917, until paid, being the amount due upon the note of said defendants secured by the herein-after mentioned mortgage, and for the further sum of \$130.00 attorney's fees for the foreclosure of said mortgage with like interest thereon from date of decree; and for judgment against the defendants Frank C. Kiser and Effa B. Kiser, for the further sum of \$173.60 with 10% interest thereon from September 6, 1919, taxes paid by plaintiff on the mortgaged premises; and judgment against all defendants for the costs and disbursements of this suit.

For a decree reforming that certain mortgage of the defendants Frank C. Kiser and Effa B. Kiser to plaintiff of date July 5, 1911, and recorded in Volume 28 at pages 145-46 of the Mortgage Records for Jackson County, State of Oregon, and the note therein described so as to the name the payee in said note and the mortgagee in said mortgage as Justen Hartman instead of as Jason Hartman and to foreclose said mortgage as reformed and decreasing the sale of the following described mortgaged premises and all interest that the defendants had therein on July 5, 1911, or have since acquired, and for the satisfaction of the aforesaid judgment, to-wit: Lots 1 and 2 and the South half of the Northeast quarter of Section 4, in Township 33, South of Range 4, West of the Willamette Meridian in Jackson County, State of Oregon; and for a decree forever foreclosing each and all of the above named defendants, and all persons claiming through them, from any and all right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to said premises, except the statutory right of redemption; and for judgment and execution against the defendants Frank C. Kiser; Effa B. Kiser and W. T. Grieve for the satisfaction of any deficiency remaining upon the respective judgment herein recovered against said respective defendant, and that plaintiff have such further relief as may be equitable.

This summons is served upon all the above named defendants, except W. T. Grieve, by publication thereof in the Jacksonville Post, a qualified newspaper, pursuant to an order of the Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of the above entitled court, and which order is dated SEPTEMBER 25, 1920, and it is therein ordered that summons herein be served upon you by the publication thereof in said newspaper once a week for six consecutive weeks, and you are therein ordered to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff herein on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, namely, on or before NOVEMBER 6, 1920.

The date of the first publication of this summons is SEPTEMBER 25, 1920.

H. K. HANNA,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Residence and P. O. Address: Jacksonville, Oregon.

H. K. HANNA
Lawyer

Office in Jackson County Bank Bldg
MEDFORD OREGON

D. W. BAGSHAW
Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER
Office in Ryan Block
ACKSONVILLE, OREGON

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