

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday at the county seat of Jackson County, Oregon. D. W. BAGSHAW, Editor and Proprietor

Entered as second-class matter June 22, 1907, at the post office at Jacksonville, Oregon, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1914

SUBSCRIPTION: One year by mail \$1.50. Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE RURAL PRESS

The Local Paper a Most Useful Agency on the Farm—The Press, Pulpit and School a Trinity of Influence That Must Be Utilized in Building Agriculture.

By Peter Radford, Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

A broad campaign of publicity on the subject of rural life is needed in this state today to bring the problems of the farmers to the forefront. The city problems are blazoned upon the front pages of the metropolitan dailies and echoed in the country press, but the troubles of the farmers are seldom told, except by those who seek to profit by the story, and the glitter of the package oftentimes obscures the substance. A searching investigation into the needs of the farmers will reveal many inherent defects in our economic system that can be easily remedied when properly understood and illuminated by the power of the press.

The rural press, the pulpit and the school are a trinity of powerful influences that the farmer must utilize to their fullest capacity before he can occupy a commanding position in public affairs. These gigantic agencies are organized in every rural community and only await the patronage and cooperation of the farmers to fully develop their energy and usefulness. They are local forces working for the best interests of their respective communities. Their work is to build and their object is to serve. They prosper only through the development and prosperity of the community.

Every farmer in this state should subscribe for the local paper, as well as farm periodicals and such other publications as he may find profitable, but he should, by all means, subscribe for his local paper, and no home should be without it. The local paper is part of the community life and the editor understands the farmer's problems. It is the local press that will study the local problems and through its columns deal with subjects of most vital importance to local life of the community.

A Noble Task.

In too many instances the country papers mimic the city press by giving prominence to scandals, accidents and political agitation. The new rural civilization has placed upon the rural press renewed responsibilities, and enlarged possibilities for usefulness. It cannot perform its mission to agriculture by recording the frailties, the mishaps and inordinate ambitions of humanity, or by filling its columns with the echoes of the struggles of busy streets, or by enchanting stories of city life which lure our children from the farm.

It has a higher and nobler task. Too often the pages of the city dailies bristle with the struggle of ambitious men in their wild lust for power, and many times the flames of personal conflict sear the tender buds of new civilization and illuminate the pathway to destruction. The rural press is the governing power of public sentiment and must hold steadfast to principle and keep the ship of state in the roadstead of progress. The rural press can best serve the interests of the farmers by applying its energies to the solution of problems affecting the local community. It must stem the mighty tide current that is moving from the farm to the cities, sweeping before it a thousand boys and girls per day. It has to deal with the fundamental problems of civilization at their fountain head. Its mission is to direct growth, teach efficiency and mold the intellectual life of the country, placing before the public the daily problems of the farmers and giving first attention to the legislative, co-operative, educational and social needs of the agricultural classes within its respective community.

The Power of Advertising.

The influence of advertising is clearly visible in the homes and habits of the farmers, and the advertising columns of the press are making their imprint upon the lives of our people. The farmer possesses the things that are best advertised.

The farmer is entitled to all the advantages and deserves all the luxuries of life. We need more art, science and useful facilities on the farms, and many homes and farms are well balanced in this respect, but the advertiser can render a service by teaching the advantages of modern equipment throughout the columns of the rural press.

Curious Ball Play.

A ball club in a regular game made six hits in one inning, one of them a triple, and yet not a single run crossed the plate. This terrific bombardment with freakish result was pulled off in the first inning of the game. The first man to face the pitcher smashed the ball to the corner of the lot for a triple and was thrown out at the plate trying to stretch his hit into a home run. The second batsman swatted a single and, like his predecessor, tried to make an extra base and was headed out at second. The third batsman and the fourth and fifth also singled, filling the bases. The sixth man at the plate hit the ball between first and second base, and the runner who had been on first was hit by the batted ball, retiring the side without a run scoring.—Chicago Tribune.

Brick Making

Bricks, in the ordinary use of the word, are not made by just putting a lot of mud together, but by the use of several machines the clay is packed into the right size and shape.

To start with, the dirt is taken from a bank of clay, and loaded into cars. Then it is taken to the mill and the cars are tipped over on the platform. Here the large clods are broken up. Two men are engaged in shoveling the clay into a chute about two feet long. At the bottom of this, are two large rollers, laid parallel to each other. These rollers turn in opposite directions thus forcing the dirt to pass between them. In this way the clay is mashed or crushed, as it is called by the men in the trade.

From here it goes back to the platform again and passes into a large hopper. On the floor below is a large box about fifteen feet long four feet wide and four feet high, into which the clay now passes. Here it is soaked thoroughly with water, and by the means of a screw-shaped shaft is mixed and turned so that the clay is a hard form of mud. This is called tempering the clay. Next it goes into what is usually said to be the main part of all the machinery used in brick making.

This machine is a bottle shaped contrivance hollow except for a largescrew in the center. The clay is mixed again in this and is slowly pushed to the small end of the machine. The screw inside packs the tempered clay very solid, causing so much pressure on the shell of the machine that very heavy steel is used for a covering. In the end of this is a rectangular shaped box seven inches long and five inches high. This die shapes the clay, and it comes thru in a never ending stream. As it passes thru the opening the column is oiled with crude oil, to keep it from cracking. The clay goes onto a table where it is cut into pieces, two inches long. This operation is performed by a man who pushes a lever to cut off two bricks. The blocks are placed on pallets, seventy-one to each, and wheeled into a shed where they set for about a week until they have set. The bricks are placed together so as to make a solid brick house. Then fire is kept burning under them for several days. After cooling they are ready for sale.

A Schoolboy

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 50c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Double Cucumbers.

A vineyardist's conversationist was "limbering up" in his dressing room, when a laundryman, who happened to open the door by mistake, stepped across the threshold and stood spellbound watching the performer, who was apparently free in a knot on top of his trunk.

Noticing the look of consternation on the face of the unintentional intruder and resolving to have some fun at his expense, the conversationist assumed a look of deepest agony and groaned weakly.

"My grave? That's the last time I'll ever eat cucumbers for supper!"—Judge.

Undershoes.

The lady was soon about talking and her mind was deploring that fact. Forty-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Undershoes?" she ventured at length. "Oh, you think I'll grow up Elizabeth? We couldn't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French."—Apprentice.

An Ostrich Trick.

Naturalists state that an ostrich never goes straight to its nest, but always approaches it with many windings. In order, if possible to conceal the locality from observation.

Measles.

Measles may be defined as a state of mind in which a man is so out of touch with his environment that life is not its sweetness, but William O'Connell.

How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made!—Holmes.

Unconscious Memory.

The memory of sleepwalkers is occasionally prodigious under the influence of the dominating impulse that moves them. There is an instance of a poor and illiterate basket maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterward recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before. Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleepwalking was in the habit of fiddling the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled the physician a good deal until he ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler who often performed on his violin in her hearing.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Faint Hearted Poet.

Samuel Rogers, the English poet whose house in London was noted as a literary center, was very fond of the society of ladies and was a great favorite with them. Yet he never married, and in his latter years he used to regret not having done so. Rogers' "nearest approximation to the nuptial tie" was with a girl whom he thought to be the most beautiful he had ever seen. At the end of the London season she said to him at a ball "I go tomorrow to Worthing." He did not go with her. Some months afterward, being at Ranelagh, he saw that the attention of every one was drawn toward a large party that had just entered. In the center of which was a lady leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing."

A Long Life and a Broad One.

An English doctor recently said that ambition to live to a great old age isn't a good one and doubted whether constant efforts to lengthen the average life are for the good of the race. He apparently favors a short life and a merry one. Perhaps it isn't long life that makes the world happy, but broad life. Thirty full, energetic years may be better than sixty years of common place drudgery. But why not sixty full, energetic years? Who knows what the world loses when a man dies at thirty? So much has been accomplished by men who have reached sixty and even seventy and eighty that it seems good policy to keep all persons on earth as long as possible. The man who honestly disapproves efforts to prolong life is a rarity and it is lucky for the world that he is.—Savannah News.

North British Manners.

I traveled upon the top of a car the other evening, says a correspondent in the Glasgow News, with a man who seemed to have strong views upon the subject of good manners and polite address. He was accompanied by his daughter, a pretty little girl of about five years of age, who was thirsting for information.

The proud parent was explaining to some length that car conductors do not retain the whole contents of their bags for their own personal use, when the little girl interrupted him with an in terrogative "Eh?"

"What learned you the say 'eh'?" asked the father in reproving tones. "When you don't hear what nobody says you should not say 'eh,' it's no toiler; you should say—'whit'."

A Strange Memorial.

From the window of a trolley car on a line that connects several small cities and large villages in central New York the traveler can see a scythe swinging from the limb of a tall tree. To be perfectly accurate, it does not swing any longer, for it has hung there so many years that the tree has grown round it, and now holds it tightly in its place.

In the early days of our own great war a young man was mowing in his father's field with this scythe. While he worked his thoughts must have been on his country, for suddenly he hung the scythe on the tree with the words, "I have done my duty here."

He had made up his mind to enlist. He never came back. Like so many other patriotic young men, he gave his life to his country and the gift was accepted. Having heard his words, his parents let no one remove the scythe. Year after year, on the sacred anniversary of his death, his friends have gathered under that tree and kept his memory green. There is probably no other memorial in the world like the hanging scythe.—Youth's Companion.

A very good report!

"A very good report!" said a senator in an argument. "A very good report indeed! It reminds me of Weeks."

"Weeks and his wife were quarreling."

"The night our quarrel," said Mrs. Weeks, with a loud, scornful laugh, "was settled in a flash out of water."

"Weeks replied."

"But a very cleverly loaded fish," he said, in a musing voice.—Washington Star.

War Over There!

Autumn Here and Winter Near!

We are equipped to meet your demands for any item found in the ordinary General Store as well as Many Specials not found even in the Larger Markets.

The famous Duck Brand Mackinaws and Rain Coats for Men, Women and Children, Sweaters, Black Cat Hosiery, Florsheim and Nap-A-Tan Shoes, B. & H. Cowboys' and Farmers' Boots, Bullseye and Hood Rubber Boots and Shoes, Red Ribbon Groceries and Flour. When you want to know where Bottom is, get our prices. Comparison is the only test of merit—we court it. Where Quality is Cheapened Lower Prices are easy. Our Goods are Firsts. A Hearty Welcome awaits you at

Taylor - Williams Co.

The People's Store where

"The World is Growing Better"

Phone 142

Jacksonville,

Oregon

Marvellous Coincidence.

The following story was told by a famous New York wit recently: A party of skaters were once progressing at considerable speed down a certain frozen river in Canada when to the horror of his companions, one of the party was seen to skate straight into a hole in the ice. Before he could stop himself he had fallen through it, and the sharp edge of the ice cut his head clean off his shoulders. The speed at which he was going, however, caused his head to skim along the top of the ice, while the rest of his body traveled at an equal speed beneath it, until, by a stroke of good luck, the severed portions met at another hole farther down and joined so exactly that the unfortunate man came out of his accident with nothing worse than a severe cold.—London Strand.

Mission of the Russian Fleets.

A Russian fleet under command of Admiral Ledofsky lay in New York harbor during the winter of 1864 and another was in San Francisco harbor for the same period. Thurlow Weed is authority for the statement that Farragut in his presence at dinner asked Ledofsky why he was idling the winter away. "The Russian answered, 'I am here under sealed orders, that has not yet occurred.' In general conversation he allowed it to appear that the particular contingency was that a foreign power should attack the United States. The same authority records a confirmation of the matter by Prince Gortschakoff in St. Petersburg, who showed the Czar Alexander's own order.—New York Sun.

Simple Transposition.

One of the artists had just finished singing "Sally in Our Alley." The song appeared to affect Popson. I gave him a dig in the ribs and inquired:

"Upset you, old man?"

"That song," he began, "brings to my mind an incident of many years ago which happened when I was a boy. How well I remember the commotion, the wall of the governor, the shrieks of the mother! I had a little sister named Sally, and one day we were playing marbles (we called them 'alleys') when all of a sudden Sally swallowed one of my best 'glasses.'"

"But what's the connection with the song?" I asked.

"The alley in our Sally," replied Popson as he edged away.—London Answers.

Ebony Backed Brushes.

When you clean the ebony brushes on your toilet table rub petroleum jelly over the backs before you wash the bristles, as this prevents the soda or ammonia in the water from injuring the ebony. The jelly should afterward be removed by polishing the back with a dry cloth.

Entertainment For All.

"A pretty girl can get a lot of entertainment out of her mirror," observes an exclamation.

"True," said a plain girl who thinks she is wise.—Based on the receipt.

A Day After.

The Doctor said to his son, "I have just heard of a man who had a very good dinner at the teacher's house. He said that you had a dinner yesterday. The Doctor inquired—'A teacher, sir? Certainly not. I am an educator!'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Game Blocked.

The timid looking little woman on the car noticed that her purse was not in her bag, where she had placed it. Instead it was hanging from her arm on a chain—being in full view where it would tempt the nimble fingers of the pickpockets assigned to that beat. With great forethought she picked up the purse and started to put it in the bag. But the purse didn't go in, because it was attached to the arm of the persimmony faced woman standing next to her. Of course the woman with the bag stopped right there and dropped the stranger's purse.

"You'd better let that alone," spoke up the persimmony faced woman. "I've been watching you ever since you got on, and you needn't think I didn't see what you were trying to do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fresh Air.

There is throughout the civilized world an increasing knowledge of the value of sunlight and of fresh air. Benjamin Franklin in 1754 wrote "Physicians have discovered that fresh air is beneficial to those who are ill. Perhaps in 100 years they will find it does not hurt those who are well." It has taken over the century prophesied by Franklin, but at last boards of health, bureaus of charity, trustees of schools, commissions on housing, intelligent bodies in all phases of civil life urge the need of securing all possible sunlight and fresh air.—Exchange.

Not a Vacation Prospect.

"My boy," said the professor, "if you keep on as you have started and study hard you may be president of the United States some day."

"Yes," replied the young man glibly; "and then I'll have to start in and study a whole lot harder."—Washington Star.

Highly Esteemed.

"Do you think that most people nowadays worship money?"

"No, I won't go as far as that," answered the home grown philosopher, "but I will say that the love of money is seldom platonic."—Washington Herald.

Free Now.

Hewitt—Groot treats his wife pretty shabbily. Jewett—And he used to be her slave. Hewitt—Evidently the marriage certificate was an emancipation proclamation.—Judge.

The Hill line will run through trains from Chicago to Astoria next spring to connect with steamers to San Francisco. Oregon Avenue, Bandon, is to be paved.

OVER 60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

LILLY'S SEEDS

LEGAL BLANKS

We have on hand for sale the following blanks viz:

- Lease,
- Mortgages,
- Bill of Sale,
- Agreements,
- Warranty Deeds,
- Quit Claim Deeds,
- Chattel Mortgage,
- Acknowledgements,
- Real Estate contract,
- Location Notice—Placer,
- Location Notice—Quartz,
- Satisfaction of Mortgage,
- Real Estate Agency Contract,

Notice Application for Liquor License At reasonable prices. We intend adding other blanks as fast as possible until the line is complete. Blanks of special form printed to order at short notice

JACKSONVILLE POST.

LET'S GO TO WORK

The only way to get the genuine New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it. No other as good. The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.