

# :-: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, JANUARY 2, 1915

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

## THE NEW AND THE OLD

Another year is past and we are now started into 1915. While the year just closed has been in some respects a very trying one, yet, on the whole, the people of our little city and valley have not very great cause to complain. It has been said that "comparisons are odious," but many things are best shown by comparing with something else. If we compare conditions here with those existing in some less favored region we find that while we may not have everything as we would like it to be, we are yet better situated than many others.

The present outlook for 1915, is not overly bright although indications of returning prosperity are claimed by many leaders in the financial world: with bounteous crops the past year there seems to be no reason why the present depression should continue, why 1915 should not bring in an era of prosperity for the American people.

This is the time of year when managers of commercial establishments invoice their stock of goods for the purpose of determining the financial condition of the concern at the beginning of a new year. The inventory being completed the manager is able to determine whether the concern has been a loser or a gainer during the past year and is better qualified to plan the future transactions. Would it not also be wise to take "inventory" of our progress along other lines as well? Have you made the most of your opportunities during the past year? How many things have been done which would have been better left undone, and how can we best avoid in the future the mistakes of the past?

## COURT HOUSE NEWS

### Items of Interest to Jackson County

#### CIRCUIT COURT

Etta J. Whorton vs John Whorton. Order that plaintiff be excused from paying trial fee.

Anna Hartley vs George James. Order dismissing cause without cost to either party.

William Hillis vs Alice Holcomb, as administratrix, et al. Order confirming sale of real property.

#### COUNTY COURT

In the matter of the estate of Louisa M. Parsow, deceased. Bond of administratrix filed.

Medford Electric Co. vs John M. R. et al. Notice of mechanic's lien filed.

In the matter of the estate of A. P. Talent, deceased. Order continuing hearing.

In the matter of the estate of Lavina Mings deceased. Inventory and appraisal filed.

In the matter of the estate of Allen Smith deceased. Inventory and appraisal filed.

#### NEW CASES

Helen A. Low vs L. W. Zimmer. Action to recover money. Complaint filed. Summons.

Charles Dodge vs C. W. Root. Action to recover money. Complaint filed. Summons.

Rogue River Valley Canal Co. vs Dave Phipps. Condemnation suit. Complaint filed.

Rogue River Fruit & Produce Association vs Gillan-Chambers Co. Action

to recover money. Complaint filed.

Rogue River Canal Co. vs Mrs. Anna B. Lindley, et al. Suit to condemn right of way. Complaint filed.

Same vs Ellen Phipps, et al. and same vs Lee Phipps. Suits for condemnation. Complaints filed.

Starting the Day Wrong. There was a frown on the face of the New England farmer.

"What's the matter, Eljah?" asked his nearest neighbor. "Flapjacks give you out over to your house?"

"Worse'n that," said Eljah. "You know, I wasn't apple year, and wife says we can't have any more apple for breakfast."

"Can't you make out if you have apple pie to eat?"

"I can't because I've got to," said Eljah. "But, I tell you it upsets me starting in the day wrong like that."—New York Post.

New York's Broadway. Few New Yorkers know that the great Broadway was once called Great George street in honor of the English king. It was afterward known as the Bloomingdale road before it acquired the name of "the Broadway," which was subsequently changed to Broadway.—New York Telegram.

A Missed Opportunity. "There goes a man I might have married," said Gerrie.

"Ho! Why he married his stenographer," said Mabel.

"I know it," replied Gerrie. "I applied for the same job just ten minutes after she was hired."—Detroit Free Press.

Mars Located. "Now, tell me children, who is Mars?" asked the teacher.

"He's found under in the theater of war," shouted little Willie Buffalo Express.

## A SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT

How dear to the heart is the steady subscriber Who pays in advance at the birth of each year; Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly, And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer He never says: "Stop it; I cannot afford it, I'm getting more papers than now I can read." But always says, "Send it: our people all like it--- In fact, we all think it a help and a need." How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum How it makes our pulse throb: how it makes our heart dance: We outwardly thank him: we inwardly bless him--- The steady subscriber who pays in advance,---Exchange

## BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

By M. QUAD

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For seven years old John Fosdick had been paying teller of the First National bank in a western town. He had secured the place through having the friendship of the president. But there had been a "ring" against him in the bank. Without the president behind him, even after he had held the place for three or four years, he would have been fired by those in authority.

The seventh year was drawing to a close when old John was caught up. A stranger presented a check which he hesitated to pay and about which he consulted the cashier. Later on the cashier stated that he had ordered it to be held pending examination. Old John said that he had been ordered to pay it at once. The check was paid, and, being spurious, the bank was \$200 out of pocket.

The president being in Europe, the board took the case under advisement, and "by order" the old man was fired out into the world to begin life anew. There were resolutions, of course, and one of them was to the effect that the bank presented him with the sum of \$100 for long and faithful services. He put on his hat without protest, and he left the bank without taking the money. At his humble home an old, anxious wife met him and, wife-like, gave him sympathy and encouragement first of all.

"Never mind, John; never mind," she kept saying. "We have a few dollars ahead, and you are only fifty-five years old, and something good is sure to turn up. You have fought too long to give up now."

But the weeks went by and nothing turned up. The business world has very little use for an old man who has no capital. John Fosdick's savings were gradually used up, the generosity of his few friends exhausted, and there came a day when the question of food and fuel became a serious one. He was not one to sponge or turn beggar. If the world would not let him earn his food, at least he would go out of it and hope that his going would open the hearts of men toward his widow. After pondering for an hour he started out with the firm intention of drowning himself in the river. It was a blistering November day, and as he passed the bank with bowed head, bent shoulders and well worn garments even those who had deprived him of his place felt a touch of sympathy. He was making for the suburbs and a highway bridge and wondering how long it would take to drown and what men would say of him when dead when he caught sight of men and horses skulking behind an abandoned factory. It was singular found on such a mission as he was that he should have seen or wondered and speculated on why those men and horses were there, but he had scarcely passed the old factory when he suddenly turned about and ran for the business part of the town with speed that astonished himself.

In the vaults of the First National bank was a sum close upon \$3,000,000 deposited there temporarily by a railroad company. Outside the vault was a big safe containing \$25,000 more. It was a quiet afternoon, with few people moving about. Over 100 of the men living in town had gone over to the new town of Prairie Flower to an auction of real estate. There hadn't been a better opportunity for years to make a dash at the bank. It was a civilized young city, but within striking distance of No Man's Land and a hundred desperate outlaws.

Of a sudden old John Fosdick bare-headed and his gray hair flying, burst into the bank. He was speechless with his running but he did not try to use his voice. He dashed open the gate and seized the heavy doors of the safe and closed them with a bang. Several employees tried to seize him, but he shook them off and just as firing and yelling were heard on the street he slammed the doors of the vault. He had only time to throw four border bullets into the bank, each with a perfect hand, while three others remained outside and fired at every pedestrian in sight.

"Hands up and money out!" shouted one of three who entered the bank and in an instant every official and employee was covered.

"Gentlemen, the bank is closed for today," said John Fosdick.

"Open the safe and vaults or I'll blow your brains out!"

"I have a key to neither."

"You're a fool!"

The old man sank with a bullet in his brain, and the white-faced cashier would have opened safe and vault with his own hands but for the arrival of assistance. A few citizens had gathered and killed one of the watchers and wounded another. This caused a stampede on the part of the desperadoes. They did not even grab money packages in sight, but hastened to get away as fast as possible. John Fosdick did not drown himself, but he lay dead. He had been discharged on account of old age and carelessness, but his speed and cunning had saved the First National bank from being cleaned out. He wondered what men would say of him after death. They said he was a hero. He had topped men would have pity on his aged widow. When he had been laid away the bank voted her a life pension, the citizens and the railroad company made up a public purse, and she wanted for nothing the rest of her life.

# 1915

Once Again the Great Clock of Years has Moved Slowly Round and the Gilded Hands Point to the Figures on the Dial Plate of Time and we Read "1915."

We wish to Acknowledge with Many Thanks the Assistance of Our Patrons in the progress of this the Banner Year in our History and Extend the Seasons Compliments and Hearty Good Wishes for a Prosperous and

HAPPY NEW YEAR and Hoping to be Favored with Your Future Esteemed Orders and Trusting that "The World is Growing Better"

WE ARE Taylor - Williams Co. The People's Store Jacksonville, Oregon

### Of-hand Courtship.

On the shores of the Moray firth the spot need not be named specifically localized—there is a flourishing little village of some 1,400 inhabitants, consisting chiefly of fisher folk. The young men and maidens do not court in the orthodox fashion. Their method is much more prosaic, and what is characteristic of one case may generally be accepted as characteristic of them all. There is, of course, an occasional instance of genuine old-fashioned courtship, but that is a rather rare exception.

"Mother," said one young man on his return from a successful herring fishing, "I'm going to get married." "Weel, Jeems, I think ye sh'd just gae an ask yer coon-in Marack." And as he had no particular preference he went straight away to ask her.

"Will ye tak me, Marack?" was the brusque and businesslike query which he put to the young woman in the presence of her sister Bolla.

But Mary had promised her hand to another that same evening. "I canna tak ye, Jeems," was her reply, and then, turning to her sister, "Tak ye 'im, Bolla." And the sister took him.—Chambers' Journal.

A Glimpse of Whittier. In Mary Thacher Higginson's "Life of Thomas Wentworth Higginson" is this sketch of Whittier as he appeared upon first acquaintance:

"I spent a day in Amesbury and saw Whittier. Dark, slender, bald, black hair, d. thin, calm, flashing eyed, keen, somewhat narrow, not commanding, but interesting. Evidently injured by poeplles, easily content with limited views, yet sympathetic and probably generous. Lives in an appropriate cottage, yet very simple. A queer compound of Yankee Quaker and Yankee hero and Yankee poet, the nationality everywhere. He would whittle, no doubt. But his eye gleamed with a soft, beautiful tenderness as he came to the door and remarked on the cold sunset sky. He lives with an odd Quaker dressed mother, who haunted the back room with knitting and spectacles."

Learning and Looks. In J. P. Oliveria Martin's "Prince Henry, the Navigator," is this curious extract from the will of Judge Mangacha, who bequeathed all he had to the founding of the University of Coimbra (1482):

"The college shall not admit rich noblemen, cowards, drunkards, rovers, stammerers nor any addicted to vice nor any crooked nosed nor fat faced person nor any with the complexion of rosemary, even though they be virtuous."

Ten pauper scholars and four servers without gills or beards were to be received into this now famous college "already founded and over sixteen years of age." The founder, a fine swordsman and an astute scholar, "was learned, brave and restless."

A Facial Contortionist. Mrs. Wunder Washington was a versatile man. Mr. Wunder He had to be to look like all his pictures. Baltimore American.

Just the Trouble. Kilt her. Mr. and Mrs. Wright before the law. The judge. That's not the iron. The judge should be kept after the law. Boston Herald.

To know the future is no virtue, out it is the greatest of virtue to prepare for it. Samuel Smiles.

### FREE N FREE



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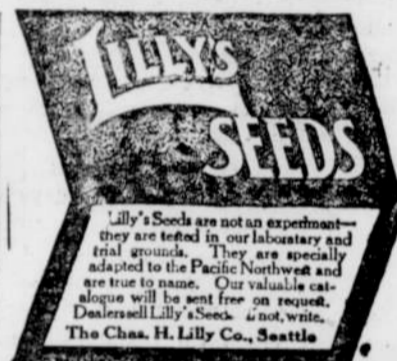
POST Jacksonville Post

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The Gold Leaf mine will operate a five-stamp mill in the Bohemia district with 12-horsepower gas engine.



## LEGAL BLANKS

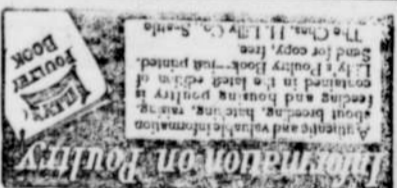
We have on hand for sale the following

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 Agents 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.



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