

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

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SATURDAY, APRIL 10 1915

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Lloyd's Exchange, of London, one of the greatest gambling concerns in the world, offers odds of \$100. to \$1. that the European war will end before the first of March, 1916. They offer even money that it will end by September 1, 1915. We do not notice that any bet is offered to the allies will win.

The defeat of Jack Johnson by Jess Willard at Havana, Monday, was received with delight by thousands of people who did not like to feel that a man of color was superior to his lighter brothers and the recipient of honors (?) and attentions that should be given to a white men.

Mrs. Pankhurst has broken into the limelight again by refusing to take part in the women's conference at The Hague to consider the cause of peace. She says, "this is not the time to talk peace". From her previous utterances it is doubtful if she ever accepts peace on any terms.

Yesterday was the fiftieth anniversary of the surrender of Gen. Lee to Grant at Appomattox, a surrender which closed the greatest civil conflict in the history of nations. Many who look back, remembering the standard and conditions existing at that time can hardly realize the advancement and changes wrought in half a century. Will the next fifty years mark as grate an improvement?

TO BUILD COAST ROAD

S. P. Probably Behind Two-hy Brothers For Shorter Route to San Francisco.

That the railroad from Grants Pass to Crescent City is assured was the word brought to Medford by Dr. J. F. Reddy.

"Two-hy Bros. have their engineers on the ground now" said he "and they are going right ahead with the work. I supposed they intended only to build to Kerby but from the account in the Portland papers they are going through to the coast. I wired both the Oregonian and the Journal that if Two-hy Brothers released the story it was O. K. and the publication is assurance to me that the deal is going through."

Asked if the Southern Pacific was behind the deal Mr. Reddy said he had no positive information but he knew some railroad had agreed to finish the road and the S. P. was the logical backer. The route between Grants Pass and Trinidad is shorter than by the new route they would cut out the Siskiyou mountains and also own their own road if the unmerging of the Central Pacific should be ordered.

"It will be a simple matter now for Medford to have direct connection with the coast by connecting up with the Grants Pass railroad."

Dr. Reddy will take a trip to Crescent City in a few days to look over the terminal facilities in that section. —Sun

At The Churches

Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock W. G. Caudill Supt. Public worship at 11 a. m. each second and fourth Sunday of the month and at 7:30 every Sunday evening. Class meeting every first and third Sunday 11 a. m. H. C. Gallup leader. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. The public is invited to attend these services. A. Foster Pastor

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Services held every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Everybody welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN

Morning worship with address by Mrs. J. W. Akirich of New York City Representative of the Board of Home Missions. Evening worship with sermon at seven-thirty o'clock. Special chorus choir at both morning and evening services.

Electric Sparks

(From off our Wireless)

Mr. Fairbanks of Indiana is enjoying a "Democratic Boom" for the Republican nomination for the presidency. Very likely that is better than no boom at all.

Most women are born leaders—and most men are born followers thereof.

It is easier to break the will of a dead man than the will of a live woman.

Ministers may come and ministers may go but the choir feud goes on forever.

Mexico's people sorely needs deliverance from their alleged deliverers.

Early spring is forced to declare a moratorium every little while.

California attracted gold seekers in 1849 and in 1915 it attracts gold spenders.

Even modern war is never as bloody as the official estimates issued from arm headquarters.

Neutrality may require moral courage to as great an extent as war may require physical courage.

An effective embargo on iron crosses would be an awful blow to Gen. Van Hinderburg.

"Laws may be constitutional and still be foolish," says the New York world. Here is a great truth.

Portugal now boasts of being two republics, but in this respect it has nothing on Mexico.

Only a few months ago the world was interested in elaborate plans to make sea travel safe.

Gen. Carranza furnishes a perfectly respectable front behind which are committed grave excesses by his followers.

Expatriated Americans long have boasted that they could live cheaper abroad, and life certainly does seem to be cheaper in Europe than in America.

It is a dull day in Washington when no international crises arises.

It might help if somebody would hold Gen. Carranza while See, Bryan delivered a Chautauqua lecture to him.

When the commander of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich declared American wheat contraband of war and sank an American ship he took an inconceivable slant that requires a bit of explaining in Berlin as well as in Washington.

If the unspeakable Turk should speak would he say "oel?"

Belgium thinks that the American flag is glorious and beautiful. Same here!

Physically the next mayor of Chicago is likely to be in the heavyweight class.

Speaking of fashions, merchant ships would do well to wear hoopskirts—this year.

A Happy Discovery

By RUTH GRAHAM

John Mason, a young man of fortune, revoted a great deal of his time and money to charitable work. He visited hospitals and not only inquired into things needed, but sat down beside patients, asked what he could do for them and occasionally chatted with one familiarly.

Mason was a man of liberal education and literary tastes. There was an old gentleman named Gorham in whom the young man became interested. Gorham having been in his younger days a publisher when magazines were exponents of literary productions and not advertising mediums. Gorham had published the writings of literary lights who flourished in the earlier part of the nineteenth century and had many interesting stories to tell concerning authors. To these Mason listened with great relish.

Gorham had in those days been wealthy and at the time of his greatest prosperity had ridden to and from his office. He had a good wife, but one thing he had not, children. The husband was so engrossed in his business that he did not miss the absence of offspring so much as his wife, who longed for a child and would not be comforted without one. Finally with her husband's consent she went to a founding asylum and took therefrom a baby boy.

The clothing in which the child had been received was of the finest texture, and there was every indication that he had been born of refined parents. He was adopted by the Gorhams and brought up as their son, taking the name of his foster father, Henry Gorham. He became the idol of his foster mother, who lavished every attention upon him.

When the boy was becoming old enough to be of still more interest to the Gorhams he suddenly disappeared. His nurse one morning left him on the porch in front of the house for a few minutes and when she returned he was gone. The foster parents spent no end of money to find him, but received no trace of him. The blow almost killed Mrs. Gorham. Her husband begged her to adopt another child, but she would not, or rather felt that she could not, replace him with another.

In time misfortune came to the Gorhams. Henry Gorham, not content with his success in the publishing business, launched forth in various speculations. For a time he was successful; then several of them collapsed at once. His publishing business was carried down with them, and from affluence he and his wife fell into poverty. Then came old age, when men have neither the strength nor daring to begin anew. And lastly Henry Gorham fell ill with a lingering disease.

An old friend, an author, whom Gorham had launched on a successful career by his appreciation of his literary works and who had accumulated a small fortune provided an income for the old couple, which was barely sufficient to keep them in a small house and provide them with food and clothing. When Gorham fell ill he needed medical attendance and nursing, which he could get only at a hospital. He was removed to one, and his benefactor paid the additional expense.

One day John Mason on calling at the hospital found his old friend in great mental misery. The man who had been paying his way had died suddenly, and his widow had refused to continue his benefaction. Mason offered to stand in the place of the benefactor. His offer was a great relief to the invalid, who asked him to go and see his wife and tell her the good news.

Mason had not happened to meet Mrs. Gorham when she had called to see her husband. He decided to see the old man's request and, visiting the lady in her humble abode, begged her not to worry, assuring her that he would continue the income she and her husband had been receiving.

From the moment Mason entered Mrs. Gorham's presence her eyes were fixed upon him with a singular expression. He accompanied his offer with a smile, which intensified his look on the old lady's face. Throwing up her hands and her eyes at the same time, she exclaimed:

"Oh, heavens, how like Harry!"

Naturally Mason asked who was Harry and was told for the first time the story of her lost foster son. Mason listened with an interest far more intense than might have been expected. At the end of his recital he said singly:

"Can it be possible that?"

He paused and, on being asked to finish said that his mother had married without her father's consent. When a baby he had been left at a founding asylum. His grandfather, after his father's and mother's death, which had occurred in quick succession, had traced him to the home and from there to the people who had adopted him. Fearing that he would not be given up, the grandfather employed persons to kidnap him.

Mason had no sooner told his story before he was clasped in his foster mother's arms.

The next day there was a great change in the condition of the Gorhams. They were removed to John Mason's home where they received every comfort, attention and luxury. For John Mason had inherited a large fortune from his grandfather, which he lavished on them without stint.

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PHONE 142

A rhinoceros is capable of grief, according to a Paris writer who wrote this anecdote years ago: "The animal had been in the collection at the Jardin des Plantes for twenty-two years, but was of an unsocial and irascible temper, and not even his keepers ventured to take any liberties with him. One day, however, the little lap dog of the wife of the director got into his house by squeezing in between the bars. Instead of killing the intruder, as expected, the rhinoceros allowed the little creature to play with him, scampering over his back, biting his neck and playing off all manner of sportive tricks. The two became great friends, the 'wee doggie' passing several hours each day with his undemonstrative acquaintance, who put up patiently with all its teasing. One day the rhinoceros inadvertently set his foot on his little pet, killing it instantly. The poor brute's grief at the catastrophe was pitiable. For two days he did not eat a particle of food."

Verhaeren's Love of Finery.

A love of gorgeous raiment, such as characterized Emile Verhaeren, the noted Belgian author, in his youth, has been common to many famous writers. Dismissed as a young man started the town by an evening dress comprising green velvet trousers, a canary colored waistcoat and a coat with lace cuffs. Dickens, likewise, was fond of a certain bright green waistcoat, which he wore in accompaniment with a vivid scarlet tie, and he turned up at Pritts' studio one day in a sky blue overcoat with red cuffs. Even more fearful and wonderful was Dumas' appearance at an ambassador's reception in "a shirt with red cuffs, a number of little red diamonds adorning themselves amid flames of yellow fire." "My costume was a great success," he wrote. "Every one thronged round and made much of me."—London Graphic

He'd Change His Wooing.

"If you had it to do over again, would you marry?"
"Yes, I think I would."
"The same girl?"
"Yes, the same girl."
"Then you have no regrets whatever?"
"I wouldn't say that exactly. If I had it to do over again, I shouldn't be so reckless during my courtship days with promises of the things I would buy for her after marriage. I'd have more common sense and fewer electric motors and fur coats and servants and multiplied charge accounts in my wooing."—Detroit Free Press

Cynical.

Two actors were discussing their ideas of marriage. At the seventh wedding breakfast of the first actor the other, who had himself been married six times, said:

"Well, old man, I thought you had learned by this time that a marriage is nothing but a sentence of hard labor for life."

"Yes," said the other actor, "but it's a sentence that you can get commuted by bad behavior."—Exchange

We Remember.

It is well that it is used to weight silk to such an extent that many a woman's dress would weigh as high as a what often is considered good for one. Indeed, Yes and then the woman got a lot of "fit" out of our clothes, too, you must remember.—Yonkers Statesman.



Yes, Williams, I'll Tell You Why I Won't Invest in Your Enterprise

YOU'RE located in the wrong town. Closed seventeen saloons last Spring, the first institutions to come across with their taxes. You voted yourselves out of those good funds, and what has it got you? Practically a dead town.

You tried to deprive men of their personal rights. You told 'em they couldn't drink beer, even moderately as they had been doing. Men who couldn't even get beer in respectable beer saloons, got unlimited quantities of cheap, stronger drinks in the countless blind pigs that your blue laws created.

Those orderly saloons were the Liberty Hall of many workmen who sought an hour's relaxation, amusement, fellowship. To them, they were what a club is to you and me. Naturally, I denied the privilege of drinking an occasional glass, they skulked to the convenient speakeasies and became law breakers.

There you are, Williams. None of my money for a town that clamps down the lid not on intemperance, but on business and sobriety.

—Advertisement

Real Public Spirit.

"Is old Millibus usually regarded as a public spirited citizen?"
"Oh, decidedly. Why, I have known that man to lend a big tract of land to the city on the sole stipulation that the city should drain, grade and otherwise improve it and then hand it back."—Richmond Times-Dispatch

One Detail.

He: You can't truthfully say I haven't supported you for the sake to which you were a customer. She: Yes, I can. You never had me on your lap any more. Judge

Superior Skill.

Wally: What's the professor of mathematics making the fuss about? Bert: He was just short changed by a business school. New York Mail

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Tex.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 10th day of December, A. D. 1915.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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