

**JACKSONVILLE POST**  
Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

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**Some Thoughts on the War**

At a time when the war is assuming more gigantic proportions, it seems almost idle to speak of Peace. Nevertheless, the problem naturally presents itself, how and when could the conclusion of peace be considered as a possibility. One of the most discouraging of this world war is the fact that when this war broke out the nations of Europe fought, not to adjust or settle any profound principle of right or wrong, not to adjust some grievance, not surely for the love of fighting, but in obedience, it would seem, to some perverse fate. There surely had been no well defined and commonly accepted issue; the reasons given were as varied as the nations engaged. In case some visitor had appeared from a neighboring planet, it would be easy to imagine his utter amazement at the sight of the warring nations killing each other, destroying each other's cities and homes and engaged in mutual murder and devastation; but his astonishment at this would have been nothing as compared with his state of mind when he discovered the inability of the combatants themselves to explain just why they were fighting.

The war broke out suddenly without any preliminaries—there had been no act of aggression, no hard words had passed, and as between most of the warring nations there had been even no diplomatic disagreements. In short the war came out of a clear sky, without meaning, without principle, without just cause, and with no wrong to a just. It is this lack of justifiable cause for war that renders the hope of peace so remote. There is no primary wrong to adjust, there is nothing to arbitrate. So upon what grounds could peace be effected?

The present offers a proper time to consider what the ten months of horror have achieved. The record shows a vast preponderance of advantage in favor of the Teuton Allies. Germany holds the greater part of Belgium, a fair portion of France, a large part of Poland. The Fatherland is thus far intact and may prove to be impregnable. In case, with the increasing strength of the Allies, and in view of the settled policy of Germany, which has been turning the neutrals of all nations into avowed or unavowed hostility, the tide should turn (as it surely must) what can the result be? Will there follow a higher and better order of things? What will the Europe of tomorrow be like? The flower of manhood in Europe is being destroyed by the thousands and tens of thousands, the land is being laid waste, whole peoples are dying of want and hunger, the destruction of material wealth is going on at an unprecedented rate. The national debt of the warring nations is reaching astronomical sums. The bills must be paid, not only by the present, but by future generations. Will not the burden be too great for the people to bear? The future of Europe seems dark indeed. Although the material destruction that has already taken place is figured coldly in the newspapers in millions and billions of dollars, and has involved the complete wiping out of some of the most beautiful cities of Europe, this may prove to be but the beginning; for there is ever growing evidence that the war is to be a protracted one.

This material loss, enormous and ever increasing, is not the only or even the saddest burden of the war. Equally appalling is the moral cataclysm which has taken place—the loss of faith in human nature, the breakdown in the sacredness of treaties and contracts, the race hatred that has been engendered, the overturning of ideals, and the setback to the advancement of civilization. How changed would be the conditions if the war were being waged for high principles from which some lesson of right or wrong might be learned. It might then be hoped that some basis might be laid for a civilization which would be a credit to the world. It seems, however, that this cannot now be done except through the sad and awful expedient of the complete exhaustion and subjection of one or the other of warring nations. Will the nations that must be born out of the ashes of the present terrible struggle, hold to a simpler creed and a higher economy, substituting the new diplomacy of truth for one of deception? Will they have higher ideas of human faith and responsibility? Shall we witness the birth of a new era, in which will be found a greater belief, a higher regard for and a more humane sympathy with one's neighbor, even though he be of foreign blood? Perhaps, when the great bitterness of the struggle is over, Heart Review

and the waste and futility and sin of it all are understood, some such readjustment of the world's ideals may follow. —Scientific American

**Up-to-Date Disinfection**

The newer disinfection—the destruction of disease germs in the homes of sufferers—has come about through knowledge gained the last half century as to how such infections as yellow fever, typhoid, malaria, measles, tuberculosis and the like are transmitted to mankind. As everybody now knows, yellow fever is transmitted only by Stegomyia, malaria only by anopheles; the body louse transmits typhus; such diseases are not "caught" by fomites (goods and fabrics that may happen to contain the germs,) as was formerly supposed. Cholera and typhoid fever are not contracted through miasms; but solely by swallowing the essential germs of those diseases in food and drink thus contaminated. Diphtheria is probably not communicable through the air; but by direct contact with the sick, as in kissing; or by contact of one's nasal passages or throat with the diphtheria germs as contained in the handkerchiefs, dishes and the like used by patients. The safest place in the world as to diphtheria is the properly conducted, well aired ward of a diphtheria hospital. Hospital doctors and nurses and others, careful in their ablutions, are in constant attendance the year round on diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles patients, without contracting those diseases or being in any fear of them.

Nor are scarlet fever and measles transmitted through the "peeling" or the skin eruptions in the diseases. And measles is infectious anyway only during the first several days of the disease generally before it is recognized, and from the germ laden discharges from the throats and noses of sufferers. Facts of this kind have led to more rational public health measures. Certainly disinfection destroys germs or renders them innocuous. And, as a matter of fact, the best disinfectants ever invented are pure air and sunshine. A sick room well ventilated after the termination of a case; the bedding, carpets, rugs, and so on exposed to the blessed sunshine; plenty of soap and water for scrubbing up. These factors will, for most infectious diseases, be all the disinfection necessary. —Scientific American

**Teachers' Examiners**

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Jackson County, Oregon, will hold the regular examination of applicants for State certificates at Jacksonville, as follows:

Commencing Wednesday, June 30, 1915, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, July 3, 1915, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Wednesday Forenoon  
Writing, U. S. History, Physiology

Wednesday Afternoon  
Reading, Composition, Methods in Reading, Methods in Arithmetic

Thursday Forenoon  
Arithmetic, History of Education, Psychology, Methods in Geography

Thursday Afternoon  
Grammar, Geography, American Literature, Physics, Methods in Language Thesis for Primary Certificate.

Friday Forenoon  
Theory and Practice, Orthography, English Literature, Chemistry

Friday Afternoon  
School Law, Geology, Algebra, Civil Government

Saturday Forenoon  
Geometry, Botany

Saturday Afternoon  
General History, Bookkeeping  
J. Percy Wells,  
County School Supt.

**A Discovery**

"What I want to find for the summer is a nice, quiet place where I can do as I please." "That's my idea exactly, I'm going to stay home."

**Her View**

Sunday School Teacher—"What do you understand by suffering for rich people's sake?" Little Girl—"Please miss, it means having to come to Sunday school."—Tit Bits

"I like this quiet little mountain village of yours, waiter. I suppose I can get plenty of Oxygen here?" "No sir, we've got local option."—Sacred Heart Review

**An Incident of Independence Day**

By EUNICE BLAKE

Alice MacGregor was an American girl with Scotch ancestry. How many suitors there were for Miss MacGregor's hand only Miss MacGregor knew, for she never spoke of her offers to any one. Certain it is that there were two whose attentions were so marked as to be especially noticeable. These were John Kershaw, an Englishman, who had recently come to America, and Michael O'Connor.

Miss MacGregor, being a bit of a coquette—what girl is not?—may have accepted the attentions of one of these men as a foil for the other, but if this were true it was impossible for any one to tell which was the foil and which the man fooled. There were those who declared that the lady listened to both these suitors for the purpose of worrying them.

A crisis came in this triangular love affair on the Fourth of July. Mr. O'Connor wrote Miss MacGregor a note inviting her to accept a seat in a window above the store where he was employed to witness the Fourth of July parade. Miss MacGregor replied that she had already made a partial engagement for the day. She was not sure. She would know by the evening before the Fourth and would advise him. She had already received an invitation from Mr. Kershaw to the same effect and had written him the same answer she had sent O'Connor.

Now, each of the rivals knew very well that the partial engagement mentioned referred to the other. Mr. Kershaw, on the afternoon before Independence day, called on Miss MacGregor for a more definite reply to his invitation. She received him kindly, but declared that she did not think it would be appropriate for an American girl, especially one of Scotch descent, to celebrate Independence day with an Englishman. There had been a hereditary feud between the English and Scotch races until the crowns were united in one king, and there had been a long fight between the English and Americans. Why should she, a MacGregor born in America, celebrate the Fourth of July with an Englishman?

"But all that has passed and gone," protested Kershaw, failing to detect that the young lady was chaffing him. "It's the impropriety of the thing," she persisted.

Mr. Kershaw left her without having secured a consent, and later Mr. O'Connor called.

"I don't think, Mr. O'Connor," said Miss MacGregor, "that it would be in order for me to view the Fourth of July procession in your company."

"Why not?" asked the young man, astonished.

"Because the day celebrates the winning of American Independence from Great Britain."

"But I'm Irish; not British at all."

"Ireland was a part of the mother country that oppressed the colonies. Besides, I had a great-great-uncle who fought under the Scotch-Irish banner at the battle of the Boyne. Your ancestors were on the other side."

"Hang my ancestors! What do I care for a fight that occurred more than two centuries ago?"

"Nevertheless, the Fourth of July is a day that is, or should be, near to the heart of every American. It would be hurtful to my feelings to celebrate it in company with one whose ancestors were on the other side in the fight for independence."

"But we're all of the same blood—English, Scotch, Irish and Americans." "Family feuds are the most bitter."

Mr. O'Connor was obliged to depart with no more comfort than his rival had received.

During the evening Miss MacGregor called up each of the rivals by telephone and told him that she would occupy a seat on the stand from which the parade would be reviewed by the governor and she would be happy to see him there. She regretted that for the reasons given it was not appropriate that she should accept his kind invitation, but a bit of a chat would be in order.

At first each of the gentlemen was so disconcerted at this disposition of his invitation that he vowed he would not go near the reviewing stand. But curiosity got the better of both Miss MacGregor would undoubtedly have an escort. Who would that escort be? Not only curiosity, but rivalry, turned the scale.

Independence day opened bright, and a multitude of stars and stripes fluttered in the sunlight. Both of the suitors took positions where they could look upon the reviewing stand, and as soon as they saw Miss MacGregor take her seat they started simultaneously from different points to go to speak to her, reaching her at the same time. Beside her sat a gentleman with black hair and eyes, who, seeing the others approach to speak with Miss MacGregor, arose and lifted his hat with extreme politeness.

"Permit me to introduce to you, gentlemen," said the lady, "Mr. Marivand. Mr. Marivand is a descendant of the Marquis de Lafayette, who came over from France during our struggle for independence with an army to help us and rendered us valuable assistance."

Mr. Marivand bowed very low. In Miss MacGregor's eye was a sparkle which the Irishman perceived, but to which the Englishman was obtuse. However, both the visiting gentlemen after a few remarks upon the beautiful day, withdrew, leaving the field to the descendant of Lafayette.

Miss MacGregor has not yet settled upon a husband.

**Bryan Has Resigned**

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**Miss Blanche Poyson,  
Largest Policewoman, at the  
Panama-Pacific Exposition**



The Fair "Copette" and the Midgets.

TO Miss Blanche Poyson belongs the honor of being the only real special policewoman in the United States. Her star, bearing the inscription "Special Police, Toyland G. U.," is registered at the city hall in San Francisco. Miss Poyson, who stands six feet four inches without her boots, maintains law and order at "Toyland Grown Up," on the Zone, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Miss Poyson weighs 235 pounds, she is but twenty-four years of age and, despite her official position, is as delightful a young woman as one will meet in a long day of sightseeing on the Zone. She is enthusiastic over her work and keeps watch on the great throngs which visit Toyland day and night. Miss Poyson has presided with wonderful success over crowds of many thousands of persons. The two midgets beside Miss Poyson have taken great fancy to the "copette," and the three have become fast friends during their off hours at Toyland.

Toyland Grown Up, where Miss Poyson reigns, is one of the largest and most costly concessions on the great amusement thoroughfare. It was built at a cost of \$385,000 and covers fourteen acres. All the toys of the story books read by youngsters and grownups are to be seen there in monster proportions, and in this land of romance and enchantment, with its giant toys, the giant policewoman presides with dignity and efficiency.

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