

:-: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 Publisher

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915

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

Snow Falls in North Dakota And Montana.

Trenton, N. D., Sept. 13.—Snow from two to six inches in depth has fallen in North Dakota and Eastern Montana, much of it melting as it fell through the night. Most of the grain in this region still is unthreshed.

Spice of Life

She—Tell me; when you were in the trenches were you cool in the hour of danger? He—Cool? Why, I shivered. London Opinion

"What is that distinguished-looking Mexican's name?" "I don't remember. Just call him 'general' and the chances are that you won't go wrong." Washington Star

"Poor old Jiggs! He found this a hard world." "Died in poverty?" "No he fell out of an airship."—Buffalo Express

"Mamma, is papa going to die an' go to heaven?" "Why, Bobby, what put such an absurd idea into your head?"—Life.

Geraldine—I don't believe that you fully trust me. Gerald—What makes you think so? Geraldine You never write me love letters like they read in court.—The Club-Fellow

Electric Sparks

(From off our Wireless)

Unhappy Poland has no cyclone celer in which to await the passing of the storm.

Possibly the Haitian Government has too much voodooism in its cosmos.

The Chicago manure war. She sues for \$25,000 for breach of promise of marriage evidently thinks she holds a good hand.

Still if wars had to be fought on a cash basis there would be very little fighting. Debts and wars go hand in hand.

Bulgaria also is spreading its culture and that without fighting. One can get Bulgarian buttermilk in almost any restaurant.

Nations that run recklessly into debt can resort to repudiation and some of those new art may conclude to do that very thing.

Don't lose the old and bad kind of railroad officials have either died or experienced a change of heart, and anyway the old fashioned looting now is not only more difficult but more unpopular.

Despite the fact that they have plenty of room in the interior the Mexicans persistently fight on the border thus gratifying the old human instinct for playing to an audience.

Already the leaves are beginning to fall, the trees predicting an early autumn. But nature, too prevaricates and makes errors as do the other weather prophets.

American he-besses appear to have been converted to the "See America First" movement of the "Safety First" move ent—or both.

"Into each life" said Mr. Longfellow, "some rain must fall." And Henry was some prophet, take it from a sodden and soggy posterity.

Going to take that course of military training, ain't you Bill.

Napoleon—in person—led his armies to Moscow and won a Peace treaty. Will a proxy emperor in your luck than the little emperor?

Among pictures of Progression more notable than the farmer in an auto in front of a bank.

There isn't a particle of truth in the report that Col. Bryan is to be turned over to the Society for the prevention of useless noises.

Pilot Wilson is anxious to demonstrate in another four years what he is doing with the "ship of State" in fair weather.

So far as peace is concerned one suspects that the brand of bottled goods served on the Lusitania is fully up to the grade of effectiveness furnished by the Bryan grape juice.

Socialism has overplayed a bet in not organizing a juvenile branch in favor of free movies.

In view of the surrounding whirlwind Switzerland rests content to serve as the 'eye of the storm.'

Bootleggers Fined \$200.

Toledo, Or., Sept. 13.—Gust Olson, aged 68 years, was convicted in justice court Saturday of bootlegging among Indians. This was Olson's third or fourth conviction. He was sentenced to one month in jail and to pay a fine of \$200.

At The Churches

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

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

METHODIST

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. Coslet Pastor

PRESBYTERIAN

Morning worship with sermon at 11 o'clock. Subject: "Responsibility of Leadership."

Evening worship with sermon at 7:30 o'clock. Subject: "The Short-sighted Man."

Sunday School at 10:00 A. M. Using the Departmental Graded Lessons.

Do Champion Athletes Die Young?

From opinions collected from men prominent in the athletic world, among them several doctors and surgeons who have given the subject special study, it may be concluded that the average man can play baseball, tennis and basketball with safety until he is forty. After that age these more vigorous games become a little dangerous, even to the man in good physical condition. At forty-five, most of the experts agree, golf, croquet, handball, volleyball and medicine ball are more fitting and, certainly, safer pastimes. The United States public health service discommences some of the more violent forms of sport, such as rowing, for instance, even for young men. Long distance running, jumping and pole vaulting also are considered extremely exhausting by its experts. It declares, in short, that "champion athletes die young."—Boston Herald.

A Short Lived Island.

In 1867 a new shoal was discovered in the group of the Tonga or Friendly Islands. In 1877 smoke was seen over the shoal. In 1885 the shoal had become a volcanic island more than two miles long and 240 feet high, and a fierce eruption was taking place within it. In 1886 the island had begun to shrink in dimensions. In 1889 its height had diminished one-half, and the ocean close around it was more than a mile deep. In 1892 the island rose only about twenty-six feet above sea level, and in 1898, under the action of the waves, its complete disappearance was reported.

The Safety First Critic.

"Brown is a very careful critic, isn't he?" "In what way?" "He always manages to take the sting out of his unfavorable comment." "For instance?" "His bride made him a shortcake the other day, and when she asked him how he liked it he replied, 'It isn't as good as your mother used to make.'"—Detroit Free Press

Italics are letters formed after the Roman model, but sloping toward the right to emphasize words or sentences. They were first used about 1500 A. D. by Nicotinus, a Venetian printer who devoted them to the Italian states; hence the name.

Just the Man.

First Artist—Well, old chap, how is business? Second Artist—Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Suits his wife and child drawn pretty badly. First Artist—Well, you're the very man to do that.—Exchange

Rather.

"I don't believe the woman who has the next apartment to ours ever touches her piano key."

"My dear, that's a sweeping arraignment."—Baltimore American.

It is better to believe that a man does possess good qualities than to assert that he does not.—Chinese Maxim.

The Temporary Quarters of a Football Man

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

Johnny Hackaway was an athlete and a football enthusiast. He played a match game on the last day in November, in which he carried his team through on his own shoulders and so excited their gratitude that they carried him on their own shoulders. So interested had he been in the coming game that he slept but little the night before from thinking of it and after it was over went home late from talking of it.

It was midnight when Johnny passed a house which was being moved from one side to another and which occupied nearly the entire width of the street. So dead tired and sleepy was he that he was tempted to go no farther, but climb to the front door, effect an entrance and find a resting place for the night. But, having not much farther to go, he trudged on till he reached his home. Feeling for his door key, he remembered that he was in football togs, with no pockets and consequently no key.

Knowing that there was no one inside within sound of the bell, he went back to the house on blocks, but found it locked. He broke a pane of glass, put in his hand and opened the window. Inside he found matches and, scratching one, saw that the house was being moved with some of the furniture left in it. A lamp stood on a table, which he lighted, then went upstairs. On the top floor he found a bed that suited him and, throwing himself on it, was asleep in two minutes.

It was 1 o'clock on Saturday morning when Johnny sank to slumber. When he awoke he heard church bells ringing. He rubbed his eyes and looked out through a window. The surroundings were not what they were when he had gone to bed. There was a church opposite, and there had been only dwellings. Moreover, persons were going into the church with prayer books in their hands.

There was a sound of dainty footsteps on the stairs, and the door was opened. A girl, evidently preoccupied, came in and for a moment didn't notice Johnny. When she did she gave a cry and made for the door. Johnny stopped her.

"Will you kindly tell me what day this is?" he asked.

As soon as the girl could find her voice she told him it was Sunday. Noticing that he was in football costume, she concluded that he was not a burglar and became more composed.

"I reckon," he continued, "that I have slept about thirty hours. I entered this house when it was on Hinton street, and now it seems to be somewhere else. How did you get into it?"

"We came in last night after the house was put on the lot. We belong here."

"And slept in it all night?"

"Yes. We didn't need to use this room and didn't come up here."

"Well, I'll be jingled!"

"You're John Hackaway, the great football player, aren't you?"

"I'm Hackaway and I play football. How did you know that?"

"I saw you play in the big game the day before yesterday. You were splendid. I shouted myself hoarse when they carried you off the gridiron on their shoulders. Won't you come down to breakfast? We're late this morning. We didn't get settled very early last night."

"You're very kind. I invited myself to a bed; I won't sponge on you for breakfast."

But the girl had gone to the door and he noticed:

"Mother, Mr. Hackaway, the great football player, is up here. I'm going to bring him down to breakfast." Johnny listened for the reply. It was this:

"Oh, my goodness gracious! I knew that would be the result of her infatuation. I'm Molly's gone crazy eve, foot ball. Go up and bring her down. Quick! Maybe she'll jump out the window."

John and the girl laughed, and John proposed that he go downstairs and show himself. So she led the way to the main floor, where a woman was in the kitchen frying griddlecakes. When she saw the football giant she dropped the turner and cried out:

"Oh, dear! Have I gone daft too?"

Molly went into the kitchen, and between her fits of laughing John heard her tell her mother what had happened, adding, "Just think, ma, what an honor—to have such a wonderful man for a guest and not know it!"

"And give him a ride to boot," remarked John.

An introduction to the members of the family followed, and presently they all sat down to breakfast.

"Fine location," remarked John, feeling somewhat embarrassed at breakfasting under such circumstances with strangers.

"We think we'll like it," was the reply.

"Much finer than the one from which you came."

Molly snickered.

John could have eaten all there was on the table, but he contented himself with his share, remembering that he could piece it out in a couple of hours with dinner.

The rest of this story occupied several years, or, rather, a lifetime, for John and Molly. John was invited to come again now that they were settled, and he availed himself of the invitation. The old folks are dead, and John and Molly, his wife, occupy the house.

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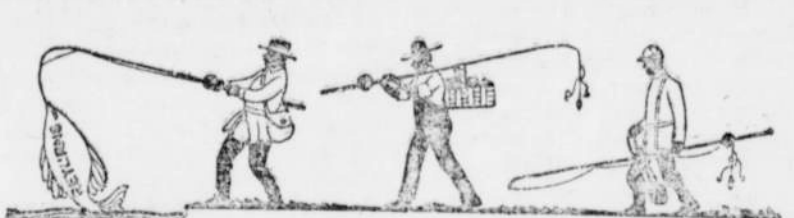
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JACKSONVILLE POST.

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Water and Pure Water.

Pure water is nothing more or less than a chemical curiosity. Even when distilled it cannot rightly be considered perfectly pure. Mineral water is the most common foreign substance found in "Adam's ale." This is largely owing to the fact that all water passes through rock and soil at some time or other. In moderate quantities these mineral salts are quite desirable, as they are particularly needed for our bones and muscles. When water is distilled these mineral substances become detached; hence distilled water is useless for drinking. But if more than a hundred grains of such salts as magnesium or sodium sulphate are contained in a gallon of water it should then be regarded as a mineral beverage rather than a good drinking material. The importance of water can be well realized when we consider that the very elasticity of our muscles, cartilages and tendons is due to the amount of water that these tissues contain. Pearson's.

Trivial Annoyances.

It is surprising how trivial are the annoyances which suffice to make some men miserable. A lump of soot falling on a man's linen, a breakfast overdone, losing a railway train by forty seconds after running himself out of breath, a visit from a bore when he is overwhelmed with cares, the rasping of his nerves by a hand organ when he is weary, inclined to headache or trying to sleep; even the want of a pin or a shirt button flying off at an unlucky moment, as when he is dressing for a dinner party and has scant time in which to do it—all these are annoyances which sorely try a man's patience and chafe and vex many a person more than a serious misfortune. Alexander Smith goes so far as to say that if during thirty years all the annoyances connected with defuncting shirt buttons alone could be gathered into a mass and endured at once it would be misery equal to a public execution.—New York Telegram.

Improving.

"What does the doctor say about your father's condition?"
"He says he ought to be well enough tomorrow to start kicking again."—Detroit Free Press.

Hardly.

Hewitt—You should make hay while the sun shines. Jewett—I can't if I stick to my business of making umbrellas.