

:-: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 25, 1915

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

DEMANDS MILITARY TRAINING IN ALL PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Opponents of National Defense are Countries Worst Enemies—Young Men Will be Made "Dwarfs" who will Run"

Portland, Sept. 22.—Senator George F. Chamberlain was the speaker at the weekly luncheon of the Progressive Business Men's club at the Multnomah hotel today at noon, and in his address upon "The Needs of the Nation" he urged the preservation of peace through ample military defense.

"We have but 23,000 men who would be ready at once to defend this country if war were declared. Our standing army available for defense is diminished to that number when our overseas possessions are garrisoned. A foreign army could land in New York capture that city, take the New England states and shut off all our resources for manufacturing arms and ammunition in a short time with the defense we now have on the Atlantic.

"Every state school should be forced to add military training to its course of study. The public schools should train their pupils to be prepared to defend their country in time of war. The advocates of no military training in the schools would soon have our young men be a class of dwarfs, with no physical training. We want young men so trained that when their rights are encroached upon they will stand their ground and not run."

Spice of Life

"Whiskey, my friend, has killed more men than bullets." "That may be, sir, but bejabbers, I'd rather be full of whiskey than bullets."—London Opinion.

No Soothing Influence

"Music is supposed to soothe the nerves is it not?" "Not at my house. It keeps everybody dancing till midnight."—Washington Star

A way Out

Father—Tommy, no more pudding tonight. A little boy can't sleep on a full stomach. Tommy—All right, dad, give me a me more pudding and I'll sleep on my back."

Such is Life

"This is a mighty poor world, anyhow." "Isn't it? Everything we want hangs just beyond our reach, and everything we don't want falls and hits us on the head."

"There are things more valuable than money," ruminated the philosopher. "Sure," retorted the iconoclast "that's the reason I need money to buy them."—Philadelphia Ledger

"Look here, Mose, I thought you were going to be baptized into the Baptist church." "Yas, sah, I. But I don't want sprinkled into de 'Piscopal till de summer comes."—Dallas News

"What," queried the unsophisticated youth, "is the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?" "Marry her," replied the Shelbyville sage; "then wait a few days."—New York Times.

"Have you any creepers about your house?" "Yes—none." "What is it?" "Very fat, breaks up everything it can get hold of, and makes me walk the floor with it all night."—Baltimore American

"That's a nice house you've built, Subbubs; but it is rather thrown in the shade by that new mansion next door." "Yes, that's the contractor's house, built out of the profits he made on mine."—Boston Transcript

Yes, oysters come right where watermelons go out, and life is one joy after another.

President Wilson has done much in demonstrating that neutrality as well as belligerency is a force.

The Too Good Man

His Kindness Is Always Repelled.

By M. QUAD

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I've figured it up with slate and pencil, and I've chalked it down and added it up and subtracted it and multiplied it on the barn door, but it always comes out the same—the too good man has no place in this world. He is a sort of cross between a burdock and a sunflower—not ornamental enough for wear nor good enough eating for cows.

Coming up from Red Bank the other day, I followed an old man into the passenger coach. I had noticed him on the platform, and I recognized him as belonging to the species I have named.

The train had scarcely begun to move when my too good man, who had a rear seat, rose up and announced: "Don't nobody be skeered, now. This hain't no collision. It's just like they allus move off. I've rid on 'em more'n a dozen times, and I'll tell you when to jump off."

Everybody looked at him, while some deluded him with smiles meant to be encouraging. He stowed away his satchel and removed an old slouch hat he had been wearing.

There was a woman sitting alone a few seats down the aisle. She had an umbrella, a bundle secured with a shawl strap and two or three parcels on the seat, and as Uncle Jerry passed down the aisle he stopped before her and cheerfully observed:

"Face kinder familiar to me, but I can't remember your name. Never been much of a hand at remembering names, anyhow. Husband flew around and helped ye to git ready, I suppose? Leave the children all right? Been lots o' measles around this year. Didn't leave the outside cellar door open, did ye?"

"I don't know ye," she said as she looked up.

"What! Hain't ye Hanner Jones of Jones' Crossroads?"

"No, sir."

"Waal, I swow! I'd bet a two-year-old steer agin a cider barrel that ye was."

The next one he accosted was a man fully as old as himself whose crown was bald and who wore spectacles. He was reading a letter, which he had taken from a corn colored envelope, when Uncle Jerry gave him a playful poke in the ribs and called out:

"Lands, you look just like my brother Bill across the back and head. Goin' somewhere, I s'pose."

"Who did that?" testily exclaimed the old man as he looked up.

"I kinder poked ye, but it hain't nuthin' to git mad at," replied Uncle Jerry. "Folks all well at home, I hope. How'd yer taters keep last winter? Hear any demand for turnips lately?"

"I want you to stop, I say," yelled the old man as he waved his arms around.

"Then I will. If ye are so techy as all that I don't want nuthin' to do with ye. Lucky that ye hain't gone to run fur supervisor in my town. You wouldn't git a blamed vote. Howdy do, maybur?"

This last remark was addressed to a rather savage looking man with a weed on his hat who was reading a magazine.

"I warn you to go on," said the man. "I'm wicked! I'm tuff! I'm hurt ye!"

"By squish, but what a feiler ye be! Hain't right off and plunk me 'cause I want to be friendly, eh?"

He seemed to be a bit discouraged for a moment, but presently his eye caught the features of two females at the far end of the car, and he edged along down to see if anything was amiss in his line. The two were mother and daughter, and the latter didn't look well.

"Did she fall down the cellar stairs or pin a pin of the maynowy? Kindly inquired Uncle Jerry as he sat down on the seat.

"Ate ye speakin' of me darter?" demanded the mother.

"Zactly. Doesn't look just right for this time of the year. If I'd only thought I'd bring along a bunch o' mayweed and tuck ye how to make 'em of it. Beats all civation how mayweed takes the kinks out of the system. She ain't in fix, is she?"

"Sir!"

"Naybur o' mine had a gal about her age who began to rave out and fade away. They put horse-radish drafts to her feet, mustard plasters to her neck and dosed her with catnip, mayweed and sage tea, but she continued to flake off and fade in the wash and finally died. When too late they discovered she had all along bin in fix with Bill Hawes, my hired man, who was so gaudy durned bashful that he darsn't say a word about it. Better begin to hunt around the grass and see if some thin' of that sort ain't troublin' her."

"You old critter, go away from here with yer blarney or I'll be the death of ye!" shouted the mother, and as he jumped back she pulled the girl out into the aisle beside her and waved her umbrella in a threatening manner.

"W'hat's the rumprun now?" gasped Uncle Jerry in great astonishment.

"If ye don't go I'll call the police!"

"Ward, by gosh, if I was to tell tid to Lucy when I git home she'd say I fell asleep and had the high cars. Don't none o' ye seem to want to be sympathized with. I'll go. I'll go right away, and if I had a hull sack o' dried catnip and two dozen red peppers here I'd be the whole enchilada of ye suffer. Ward, I just want say another word, I'm dished if I dew."

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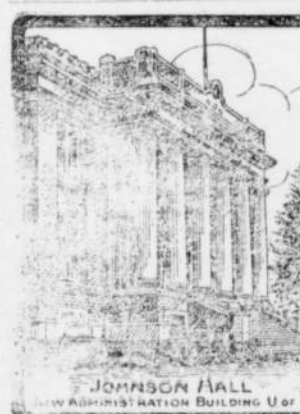
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A Pen Portrait of Carlyle.

He looked, I thought, the prophet. His clothes loose and careless, for comfort, now show; the shaggy, uncombed gray thatch of hair; the long head, the heavy, almost featureless face of one who has faded and suffered; the tyrannous overhanging chin; the bent, the firm, heavy mouth and out-thrust challenging chin—the face of a fighter, force everywhere, brains and will dominant, strength redeemed by the deepest eyes, most human, beautiful, by turns piercing, luminous, tender, gleaming; pathetic, too, for the lights were usually veiled in brooding sadness, broken oftenest by a look of dumb despair and regret, a strong, sad face, the saddest face I ever studied—all petrified, so to speak, in tearless misery as of one who had come to wreck by his own fault and was tortured by remorse the worst that dieth not.—From "Contemporary Portraits," by Frank Harris.

Judged by Appearances.

In "Twenty Years of My Life" Douglas Sladen recalls a story told at the Authors' club long ago by Sir J. M. Barrie against himself and in broad Doric:

"I expect it was just a ben trovato, but it was none the less amusing. He apologized for being late. He had been to the wrong club. He had never been to the Authors' club before, he said (though he was a member of the committee, so he asked a policeman the way. From the way in which he pronounced the word the policeman thought he meant Arthur's, which was quite near the Authors' club when it was in its temporary premises in Park place. When he got there he found it a very grand place, he said. The club porter looked him up and down and said, 'The servants' entrance is round the corner.'"

Verdi and His Admirer.

Verdi was once traveling in the same railway carriage with General Tournon. They got into conversation, which soon turned on the subject of music, and the general, who did not know his companion, expressed enthusiastic preference for that of Italy. "I can hardly go so far with you," replied the other. "For me, art has no frontiers, and I give German music the preference over Italian."

"Indeed, sir," said the general testily. "For my part, I would give all the German operas in the world for one act of 'Rigoletto'."

"You really must excuse me from following you any further on this ground," replied the composer, blushing a little. "I am Verdi."

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