

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

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THE Post has never been an advocate of war if it could be honorably avoided, but there are times in the history of nations where war is the lesser of two evils. The present crisis in Mexico is one of the occasions. That conditions in Mexico have been steadily growing worse is so apparent that discussion is futile: American soldiers have been sent into the country to capture or punish raiders who committed murder on American soil, and those soldiers are entitled to protection by this government. Reports from Washington indicate that the recent unprovoked attack upon and slaughter of a troop of U. S. soldiers, while obeying their company Commanders, is to be glossed over in order to preserve a peace that does not exist, is unworthy the government of a nation whose boast has ever been that its flag guaranteed protection to its people, wherever they may be found. No halfway measure is possible: either shoot or give up the gun.



"Glad to meet you! Shake!"

THIS PAPER WANTS YOU AND YOUR FAMILY TO ENJOY HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY HERE

Write us your ideas about improving local conditions

Ashland Girl Drops Dead.

Ashland, June 21.—The news of the death of Miss Clarice E. Starkey of Ashland came as a shock to her many friends Tuesday. Miss Starkey had been ill previous to her relapse about a month. She was up and apparently on the road to recovery when she visited in Medford.

Miss Starkey was packing her suitcase Monday, preparatory to visiting her brother in Eastern Oregon, when she fainted. Convulsion of the brain followed and at 3:30 Tuesday morning death came.

Miss Starkey was about 25 years old and has been employed as bookkeeper

for the Ashland Tidings the past two years. No funeral arrangements have been made as yet.

Centralia Eagles Will

Pay Dues for Guardsmen.

Centralia, Wash., June 21.—At a meeting held last night by the local lodge of Eagles it was voted to pay the dues of all members of the lodge in Company M during their term of enlistment.

A bachelor's life is a grand old life; devoid of quarrels and spats and strife.

At 2 a. m. he can walk right in. And not be clubbed by a rolling pin.

The Co-operative Plan

A Farmer Tries It on an Auto

By M. QUAD

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I was driving across the country with a horse and buggy when I came to the wreck of an auto in the ditch, and a farmer was tinkering at it. He had a sledge, crowbar, an ax, a cold chisel and a screwdriver and had worked up a nice little state of perspiration.

"You appear to have a wreck here," I said as I drew in my horse.

"Appear?" he shouted as he looked up. "If this isn't the durnedest wreck anybody ever saw I'll eat my hat!"

"How did it happen?"

"How does anything happen to an auto with a fool driving it?"

"Was it yours?" I asked, scenting a story.

"One-fifth of her was mine up to last night. Now the whole and remains belong to me. Did you ever hear of the co-operative plan among farmers?"

"Lots of times."

"Well, then, this was co-operation in buyin' and runnin' an automobile, and this is one of the results of it. The other result is that I am about \$300 out of pocket and have lost a widder who was goin' to be my wife. If you want to hear all about it I'll tell you, for I guess it hain't any use to tinker any more at this blamed old thing."

The farmer took a seat on the mortal remains of the auto and drew a long breath and proceeded to say:

"There was Tom Evans, Joe Baxter, Jim Williams and Si Perkins. They are all farmers and live about here. They are all married men, and each one has a gang of children. As for me, I am an old bachelor, but I was a sparkin' of the nicest widder woman in this county. The four men I have mentioned come over to my house one evenin' a month ago, and Tom Evans he asks if I would go in with 'em on the co-operative plan to buy an auto.

"How much?" says I.

"A thousand," says he.

"That's \$250 each."

"Jest so, Sam."

"And the auto was bought?" I queried.

"She was, sir. She arrived here all-tentin' like a star, and she excited the wonder of folks for ten miles around. We got a feller from town to show us how to run her, and in about a week we was all ready to glide around the country. Bein' I was a single man and mightily in love with a widder, they said I might take the auto out first, which was very decent of them. I felt sure I could run the machine as good as any man in the state. It was a bright moonlight night, and the whippoorwills were singin' and the katydids chirpin', and that widder woman should promise to be mine before we returned."

"And did she?" was asked as the farmer heaved a long sigh.

"She didn't, stranger, and I'll tell you why. We had gone about a mile as steady as an old horse when the auto slied at a stone in the road, ran through a rail fence, wrecked the auto, and the widder gave me fits."

"It gets interesting," I said.

"Kinder interestin', stranger—kinder so. We got a machinist to tinker \$20 worth of tinker, and the old machine could run again. Then it was Tom's turn. He has a wife and five children, and they all pined in. They was clippin' along as happy as larks when they came to a crossroad. The auto was for keepin' straight ahead, Tom wanted to turn to the right and his wife to the left, and the result was that the machine ran into and knocked over the gulchpost and then tried to climb a fence. The whole family took a spill and was scattered for twenty rods around. No one was killed, and there was no broken bones, but the bruises are yet blue, and Tom still walks bent over like an old man on account of the jar to his spine. By this time we had all got skeery of the machine; but it bein' now Jim's turn and he not wantin' to be called a coward, he took out his family for a promenade. As the other accidents had occurred at night, Jim went out in the afternoon. He thought there might be somethin' in the night air that affected the old critter. There was seven in the family, and they was climbin' the hill beyond the red ridge when all to once the auto gave a snort and stopped in her tracks.

"What's the matter?" asked Jim's wife.

"Durned if I know, but she's got to go!" he answers.

"And she did go, sir—she went backwards. There was screamin' and yellin' and swearin', and Joe's wife slapped his face, but nothin' did any good. That auto kept on goin' backwards until it dumped them all in the river, which was about three feet deep at that time. They was shook up and bruised and half drowned, but they were lucky for all that. They waded ashore and left the old auto lyin' on its back in the river."

"But you got it out again?" I asked.

"Yes. We had to," was the reply. "It was in tryin' to get the old critter home agin' that she suddenly bolted and ran into a telegraph pole and wrecked herself as you see her."

"And she won't be tinkered up agin'?"

"She can't be. There's nothin' left to tinker, unless the blacksmith thinks he can make five wise men out of the five fools who bought her and lost about \$250 apiece. I used to think co-operation of farmers was a beautiful thing, but darn my cats if I ain't through with it!"

You Are Very Lucky!

to get "The Post" and read these lines. It brings the Best News that you have had in many a day. East or West, North or South Opportunity is always found: Here we are with

EVERYTHING

to meet your requirements. Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Millinery, Overalls, Pants, Jumpers, Ladies and Children's Furnishings, Monopole and Red Ribbon Groceries, Feed, Grain, etc.

Until you have used Pure White Flour you have not tried the Best.

Quality considered, our prices are always the lowest.

See our extensive Lines before going elsewhere.

Price, Style, Quality and Service at

Taylor - Williams Co.

The People's Store, where

"The World is Growing Better"

Jacksonville,

Oregon

PHONE 142

D. W. Griffith

Famous \$100,000-a-year Creator of Moving Pictures



"A pipeful of Tuxedo is a wonderfully pleasant form of tobacco enjoyment, mild and soothing."

Scores of Big "Movie" Men—

producers as well as actors, are constant smokers and outspoken friends of Tuxedo. It's just the soothing, restful, refreshing smoke men of their nerve-racking vocation need. Nothing calms and comforts a hustler like a pipe of mild, cool, sweet Tuxedo.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipes and Cigarettes

Tuxedo is aged from three to five years in wooden hogsheads to make it mellow and sweet flavored. But the thing that takes out all the bite and harshness and makes Tuxedo so bland and gentle that it can't hurt the most sensitive tongue or throat, is the famous and exclusive "Tuxedo Process."

One week's trial of Tuxedo will show you.

You can buy Tuxedo everywhere

Pouch 5c

Famous green tin 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c.

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c.



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

And what has become of the old fashioned man who used to make a collection of Columbian half dollars?

One way to make friends is to keep your advice to yourself.

A miser is a great lover of generosity in every body except himself.

This is a melancholy year for democratic favorite sons.



Highest quality, jewelry repairing, diamond setting, watch repairing, agate mounting and jewelry manufacturing.

Martin J. Reddy,

312 E. Main St. MEDFORD, OREGON.

Steep Logging Road at

Camp on Columbia

Kelso, Wash., June 17.—The Wisconsin Logging company, operating on the Columbia river near Midway, will soon be hauling logs over what is claimed to be the steepest logging railway incline in the world. To reach a high mountain top covered with timber an incline was built which has an average pitch of 50 per cent. The incline is about three-fourths of a mile long and cars loaded with logs will be snubbed down by a donkey engine. To make the load secure the choker line will pass entirely around the load of logs on every car.

Electric Sparks

(From Off Our Wireless)

For every man who goes to the polls to vote for somebody, probably five go to vote against somebody.

It's an easy matter to fool any one, including yourself.

The fewer scruples a man has the more drama he takes.

What has become of the old-fashioned kid who used to walk on stilts?

We never could figure why they call a big gun "she" when it can be silenced.

To date the German navy is taking out its wrath at the English blockade in wrath.

More men can remember the number of fish they caught last Sunday than the text of the sermon they heard.

The time is rapidly coming when you can look at a slice of strawberry shortcake without frightening the strawberry off.

The largest new disease is called "angina of effort."

And we know that's exactly what we have when it comes time to get every Monday morning.

Those Irish rebels evidently wanted to change their emblem from the shamrock to sweet william.

Bull moosers seem to have abandoned "Onward, Christian Soldiers" for "Blessed be the tie that binds."

Paul Revere was not given time to organize a preparedness parade or he might have done so.

Your friend across the way is ready to electrify you with the news that he has pulled his first mess of radishes.

People in England are to get up an army of 100,000 men to fight the war.

A woman is never satisfied until she can do things wrong in two or more different ways.

The Portland Market.

CATTLE

Receipts fairly heavy altho not as heavy as last Monday, about 1100 head being on the market. Quality in the main being anything but choice. Good steers were steady with best selling at \$8.25. Californians brought \$8.00 on down for rather inferior offerings except for well finished cattle the market was slow.

HOGS

Nearly 4000 hogs saw a higher market today. Tops went again at \$8.25, with bulk going a good nickel to a dime higher than last weeks close. Market closing strong.

SHEEP

There was a very sizable run of sheep today—nearly 3000 head. The market was not strong—Lambs sold steady but other sheep were weak. Lambs are quoted \$8 to \$9.25 for best quality.

Citation

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF JACKSON.

In the matter of the Estate of Lewis A. Wait deceased:

To Olive A. Wait; Edgar C. Wait, Winifred W. Wait, Lilly A. (Wait) Kroeger, heirs of the above named deceased, and to all other heirs unknown if any such there be, and to all other persons interested in said estate. In the Name of The State of Oregon; you and each of you are hereby ordered and required to appear in the above entitled matter in the above entitled court at the court room of said court at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon on Thursday July 6th A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order authorizing the administrator of said estate, John Wait, to sell, at private sale the Northeast quarter of section 4 Township 41 South, Range 3 West Willamette Meridian, Jackson County, State of Oregon; the Real property belonging to said Estate, in accordance with the prayer of said administrator's petition filed herein: This citation is served upon the above non-resident heirs of said Estate and upon the unknown heirs, if any such there be, by the publication hereof once a week for four successive weeks, 10 days prior to July 6th 1916, pursuant to order of the Judge of above entitled court of date May 24th 1916.

Date of first publication is May 27, 1916.

Witness the Hon. F. L. TouVelle, Judge of the above entitled court with the seal of said court thereto affixed this 25th day of May 1916.

attest: F. L. TouVelle, County Judge

G. A. Gardner, Clerk.

By Flora Thompson, Deputy.

National Defense and International Peace

Business and Patriotism

A Nonpartisan Appeal to the Nation

The White House Washington, April 21, 1916

To the Business Men of America:

BESPEAK your cordial co-operation in the patriotic service undertaken by the engineers and chemists of this country under the direction of the Industrial Preparedness Committee of the Naval Consulting Board of the United States.

The confidential industrial inventory you are asked to supply is intended for the exclusive benefit of the War and Navy Departments and will be used in organizing the industrial resources for the public service in national defense.

At my request the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the American Chemical Society are gratuitously assisting the Naval Consulting Board in the work of collecting this data, and I confidently ask your earnest support in the interest of the people and government of the United States. Faithfully yours,

Woodrow Wilson

COMMITTEE ON INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS OF THE NAVAL CONSULTING BOARD OF THE UNITED STATES

In co-operation with The American Society of Civil Engineers The American Society of Mechanical Engineers The American Institute of Mining Engineers The American Institute of Electrical Engineers The American Chemical Society Engineering Societies Building 29 West 39th Street, New York