

:-: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, AUGUST 5, 1916

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

SCHOOL MILITARY TRAINING

The matter of military training for boys in our higher graded schools, in the high schools, colleges and the university of the state should be brought into the campaign this year and into the legislature next winter, for the first essential of a state's defense must always be the man behind the guns. All else can be promptly supplied, but the trained soldiers cannot be supplied to order.

There are other reasons. The whole country is filled with people who have no conception of the sacredness of citizenship in this great Republic, or the duties that attach to it. Again, the one thing needed in American homes more than any other one thing is discipline. The American boy is naturally precocious and wants to have his own way and often needs to be taught the necessity of promptness, precision and in the right place obedience. Again his sense of honor and the need of truthfulness are essential to make a real man.

Again our schools contain millions of children of foreign-born parents, many of whom are still obsessed with a belief that the country they were glad to get away from because of the handicaps suffered there is really the greatest of countries and they never impress upon their children the duty of reverence for free institutions or for the flag that is their symbol.

Such boys especially need military training in the schools to impress upon them the duties of citizenship. Aside from all that all boys need the training to make them manly, self-respectful, and to fit them for contact in business with their fellow men. All voters should read what Massachusetts and New York are doing and determine that Utah shall be third in the real preparation of its youth for their duties both in peace and in war. (Editorial by Judge Goodwin of Salt Lake)

Electric Sparks

(From Off Our Wireless)

We never have felt inclined to fight for any sort of toil but here the French and Germans are waging bloody warfare for the work at Thiamont.

If Carranza could see himself as others see him, he would probably be glad he has whiskers to hide behind.

We had intended to treat all our personal friends to grape juice juleps about this time, but our mint crop has failed.

It is expected that some persons will take issue with the contention of the government in its note to Austria-Hungary that the American flag is entitled to respect when it flies over a Standard Oil tank ship.

AS IT LOOKS IN EUROPE

In all the battle fronts of the world the news is most absorbing. When great nations are in a deathlock and men are dying by the tens of thousands daily, no outside people, no matter how far removed from the actual center, can remain indifferent. The French are as they have been now for almost two years, grimly fighting for life, and what they have done during those two years will make a picture that will thrill all the ages.

The British, who had learned to rely too much upon their fleet, were all unprepared for the battle storm that in a day burst upon Europe.

But, true to their traditions, they sent out as great a defensive force as they could and went resolutely to work to put their nation into real fighting form. That is now in great part perfected, so nearly so that they have now taken the offensive in France, and are making history for themselves which will endure forever and are supplying decisive proof that the spirit which has ruled with them for centuries is still dominant.

Italy is more than holding her own on the Austrian border.

Russia is performing miracles. Russia has been sore ever since the settlement of the Russo-Japanese war. In that war, instead of encountering a fox as she thought she would, she found that it was the biggest kind of a gray wolf and her forces and supplies were both meager in that region and they were five thousand miles away from their base. Moreover, they had permitted their fleet to deteriorate until it was no longer a fighting force.

Last year, like Great Britain, they were unprepared for a world war. They had not the trained men, the needed guns, or ammunition, so the Germans swept them from before them. But this year they have trained armies effective guns and ammunition, and they are fast recovering all they lost. The grandfather of the present kaiser often enjoined upon his son and grandson that whatever else they did, never to awaken the full wrath of Russia. We suspect the kaiser thinks of that now-a-days.

Meanwhile the central powers are fighting a mighty defensive war, and so far at least as northern Germany is concerned, have no thought that they cannot repel any assault made upon them. And men are dying by thousands daily—the bravest and the best—and there are no symptoms of an early peace.—Goodwin's Weekly.

Seattle capital buys 4 claims in Sanjam district to develop at once.

East Portland pushing plans to finance new industries.

Grants Pass—60 horses and mules hauling copper ore to Thaximus smelter

A Young Man of The Name of Mors

By BYLAND BELL.

The stagecoach drew up in front of a tavern in New Mexico. A young man with light hair and a mild blue eye alighted and was going into the house when a man with a red bloated face covered with a stubble beard stopped him and said:

"You're the prettiest boy we ever seen in these parts, and them clothes air jist too beautiful for an angel. Come in and have a drink."

"Thank you. I've never touched a drop of liquor in my life."

"Well, it's time you begun. Come on."

He took the young man by the arm. The youngster resisted and struck the ruffian in the face. There was a report, and the youngster fell.

Two weeks after that the man with the red face and stubble beard was standing on the tavern porch when the daily coach drove up at the same time of day that the blue eyed boy had arrived. The door opened, and the same boy got out. He was very pale, but he had the same light hair and blue eyes as the other. The man with the red beard gave back a step or two as though he had seen a ghost.

"I'm looking," said the new arrival in a voice that seemed to come from the tomb, "for a man called Hawkins. Can any of you gentlemen tell me where I can find him?"

The stranger's attention was directed to the man with the red beard.

"Would you like to have me drink with you, sir?" asked the newcomer.

Hawkins seemed tongue tied. A pallor stood on his usually red face, and he was trembling.

"I don't feel like a drink jist now," he said.

"Perhaps you would like a game. My name is Mors. It's a name taken from a dead language. I've come to this country for the man who killed another two weeks ago because he wouldn't drink with him. Either Mors or Hawkins must cease to live. Cards are an easier way of settling the matter than guns. Come; let's have a game of euchre."

Taking Hawkins by the arm, he led him into the barroom. Hawkins seemed bereft of the power to resist and seated himself at the same table with the stranger. A pack of cards was produced, and Mors fixed them for euchre, mixed them, cut them and dealt a hand for himself and the man before him. Hawkins took up his cards mechanically, but did not see them. His eye was fixed on the man who had come back from the dead, he doubted not, to drag him down into the grave.

"The best three in five wins," said the stranger.

The first game he won, for Hawkins played without giving any attention to the game. The second Hawkins made an attempt to pull himself together, but did not succeed. The stranger won again. In the third game Hawkins played his cards without looking at them. He lost.

Mors deliberately pulled a pistol from his pocket, keeping his eye on the other, and as deliberately pointed it at Hawkins, who seemed paralyzed, making no effort whatever to draw his weapon. The stranger, keeping his eye fixed on him, said:

"You've played a game with death and lost. My twin brother came out to this country to locate here, and you killed him. I was told that there was no law in this country except gun law, so I came out to get the man that murdered my brother. I didn't see any use in a gun fight when we could settle the matter by a game. Hands up!"

The last two words were spoken at seeing in Hawkins' eye a change. The murderer had been in doubt whether he was talking to the ghost of the man he had killed till he learned that he was flesh and blood. His eye indicated that he had regained some of his equanimity, and he was about to put up a fight. The avenger saw it, and his own eye indicated that at the slightest motion to draw his weapon he would be shot. He sat immovable.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "I would much prefer that you would relieve me of a disagreeable duty. I was very ill when the news of my brother's death reached me and have not yet recovered. Don't you think that your town would be well rid of this fiend and that as respectable citizens it is up to you to do what is not a fit task for a sick man? Say the word. Shall I shoot him, or will you take him out and swing him?"

A man standing behind Hawkins, who had suffered from him, but feared him, jerked Hawkins' gun from his hip, then said to the dozen men standing about:

"Gents, will you let this sick boy do what it has long been our duty to do? This desperado has killed five men in four months, and for no good reason. Come on."

The speaker plucked Hawkins' arms to his side; the others sprang forward, and the murderer was hustled out, the crowd assisting or following.

"Give me a bracer," said the man who had called himself Death, and when liquor was set before him he drank it off and, setting down the glass, said:

"That's the first liquor that has ever passed down my throat, and it will be the last. I needed it."

When the crowd returned they thanked the stranger for having accomplished what they had never dared to do themselves.

When You Think of



Monopole and Red Ribbon
Groceries, Pure White
and White Lily Hard
Wheat Flour,
Feed and Grain,
Heinz's 57 Varieties,
Normi's Pan-Dandy and
Butternut Bread
and everything good to

Won't upset Opening fits the hand

THE TIN THAT IS FOIL SEALED

A cup of good tea costs but little more than a glass of good water.

Always brew the finest flavored tea—it costs so little a cup, and gives so much more satisfaction, pleasure and enjoyment and delight than the ordinary tea of coarse taste and no flavor.

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Everything good to wear and all at Right Prices.
Then Think of

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The People's Store, Phone 142.

Alias Summons.

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

J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, a corporation, Plaintiff,

vs
Henry J. LaClair, Mitchell-Lewis Staver Co., a corporation, and Maude R. Keen, Defendants.

To Maude R. Keen, defendant: In The Name Of The State Of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff against you in the above entitled court and cause within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, exclusive of the day of first publication, the date of the first publication of this summons being the 5th day of August, 1916, and you being required to so appear or answer said complaint on or before the expiration of six weeks from said date, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear or answer within the time required, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in his said complaint, to-wit: For judgment against the said defendant Henry J. LaClair, in the sum of Fifteen Hundred Dollars, together with interest thereon from the 6th day of June 1911 at the rate of six per cent per annum; also for judgment against the said Henry J. LaClair in the further sum of \$311.24 taxes and city assessments paid by the plaintiff upon the premises described in the said complaint, and again described as follows:

Lots numbered 1-2-6-7-8-9-10 and 13 in Block numbered 2 of the Westmoreland Addition to the City of Medford, Jackson County, Ore. according to the plat thereof on file and of record in the office of the County Recorder in and for said County and State, together with the costs and disbursements of this suit; also for a decree of this Court foreclosing and cancelling the contract described in said complaint against said premises, and decreeing the interest of the plaintiff in said premises to be prior, superior and paramount to the interest of defendants, and each of them, and forever foreclosing and barring the interest of the defendants and each of them in and to said premises, and fixing a reasonable time within which said defendants, or any of them, may redeem said premises, and for such other, further or different relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable in the premises as is further shown by said complaint to which reference is hereby made and same is hereby made a part hereof.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Jacksonville Post, under and by virtue of an order made in said Court and Cause, by the Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of said Court, said order having been made on the 1st day of August, 1916, and duly filed for record in the records of said cause; the date of the first publication hereof is August 5th 1916.

F. J. NEWMAN, Atty. for Plaintiff, Medford, Ore.



He's cured our gout and indigestions by picturing the "Foolish Questions," that idle gents are always asking; and in his genial humor basking, we can forget a while the sorrows that seem to threaten our tomorrows. This Goldberg is so dad-blamed funny he makes all human life more sunny; when you are looking at his drawings you cease your frettings and your pawings, and just lean back and grin and chortle, and say, "His fun is more than mortal." His wit is sure an endless bloomer, and naught can stay his flow of humor. As he maintains his pictured joking, the rich Tuxedo he is smoking. No doubt while plying his vocation, he finds in that an inspiration, like countless others, who, as winners, find "Tux" as useful as their dinners.



R. L. GOLDBERG
Creator of "Foolish Questions," "I'm the Guy," "Movie Cartoons," etc.
"I find in Tuxedo a good tobacco. Its fragrance and flavor are fine. I use it regularly and endorse it highly to all my friends."

R. L. Goldberg

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2

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One of the consolations of going south in summer, is that watermelons are good and cheap in Dixie.

Others besides Mr. Fairbanks of Indiana are discovering the innate charm of a tall, cool glass of buttermilk.

Mexico at least can thank the American army for several miles of improved roadways.

Be careful, Carranza or some American swordsman will hack an "s" before the "c" in the first syllable in your name.

Notice For Publication

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, July 21, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that William O. Garrett, of Buncom, Oregon, who, on September 23, 1911, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 07554, for the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ and E $\frac{1}{2}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 22, Tp 39 S, R. 2 W, W. M., and on August, 28, 1913, made Additional Homestead Entry, Serial No. 09033, for the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ and W $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 22, Township 39 S, Range 2 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before G. A. Gardner, Clerk of County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on the 29th day of August, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank P. Silva, of Buncom, Oregon. A. S. Kleinhammer, of Buncom, Oregon. Harley, Hall, of Buncom, Oregon. Mrs. Dora Saltmarsh, of Buncom, Oregon.

W. H. CANON, Register.

Waste paper is now bringing a higher price than it has brought for years, which fact should be encouraging to utterers of Mexican currency.

With the fish a calling and the breezes singing low, one feels very sympathetic with one's individual hook-worm.