

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1917

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Mail Shipments Of

Gold Ordered Stopped

Portland, Jan. 31.—Great Britain's prohibition of the importation of gold coin and gold and silver jewelry through the mails and today the Portland postoffice was notified not to accept any for mailing until further orders. The reason for prohibition has not been explained, but it is presumed that the order is in line with England's policy of discouraging her citizens from buying luxuries instead of war bonds.

The postoffice order states that gold and articles made in part of gold and silver shall not be accepted for mailing. Silver watches and watch cases are excepted.

Shingle Mill At

Clatskanie Burned

Clatskanie, Jan. 23.—The Kratz shingle mill was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, the blaze having started in a sawdust pile. The fire started about 10 p. m. and the whole plant, including 50,000 shingles was destroyed with the exception of the dry kiln. The loss is about \$10,000. The plant employed 20 men. This is the fourth time in ten years the plant has been burned.

Paper Mill For Aberdeen

Aberdeen, Jan. 30.—A paper mill to cost \$1,000,000, for which all capital is subscribed, is guaranteed for South Aberdeen. The site has been purchased and construction work is to start at once. The mayor and council made the plant certain last night by voting to sell a water right, which the company required, for \$8000, thus completing the deal. The plant will give employment to 125 hands at first and will make only high grade paper. It is to begin operation January 1 next.

Electric Sparks

(From Off Our Wireless)

Coal must be as high in Mexico as in the United States, a dispatch stating that the two factions had a fight over a load it.

Probably we shall know certainly in time whether Gregory Rasputin, Russia's "sacred devil," is dead or not. At present we cannot be sure of anything more than that he is as dead as Villa is.

We have been so busy thinking what we should do about it that we have almost forgotten that the boys are still in the trenches.

The Allies are pressing the Hellenic kingdom, but not to their respective bosoms.

It has been evident for some time now that the railroad brotherhoods do not include both the officers and employees.

Having started the note writing habit, which has been adopted in such alarming unanimity elsewhere, President Wilson will have to bear his share of the blame for the shortage of white paper.

Many people are two-faced, and some are three-faced.

Further indications of a renewed understanding between Villa and Carranza are afforded in the report that Villa has grown a crop of whiskers.

This is such a good world to live in that there ought to be a great many more good people to live in it.

Italy is inclined to press forward in a way that will prevent damage to her works of art by the Austrians.

A squirrel, the nutty, does not complain of the high cost of living.

German food riots and the alleged German propaganda in Afghanistan seem to point all too plainly that those peace proposals were born of necessity.

Some portions of Europe evidently regard it as the business of the U. S. A. merely to wait and see what happens.

What a rumor of peace may do in Wall Street affords a rather grim suggestion of what those parasites may do when actual peace is attained.

It often happens that people earnestly desire peace without being willing to admit it.

Among others who are learning new lessons in efficiency is the great American housewife.

Carranza's views would doubtless feel at home in a nutshell.

A Valentine Return

By SADIE OLCOTT

"What's the use of spending money for valentines with an array like this already at hand to cost nothing but a stamp?"

The words were spoken by Jimmy Emerson on the 13th day of February. He had gone to a box in his closet and taken out a bundle of valentines he had received the year before and was trying to remember from whom they had come.

"This one is a daisy. This bay window built out from the main part is a peach. If there's no mark on it I'm going to take the risk of using it."

He examined the valentine with a hand magnifying glass and, not finding any mark on it, laid it aside to send to his best girl. Then he selected another to send to his next best girl and in this way made use of not less than a dozen valentines.

On the valentine he sent to his best girl, Helen Strong, he wrote a couplet indicating that he was pining for an expression of her love, which, if received, he would treasure forever. "Forever" was the last word of the second line and rimed with "sever," the last word of the first line. He didn't disguise his handwriting, for he was proud of his couplet and didn't wish it or the beautiful valentine to go to waste.

Jimmy addressed, stamped and mailed his valentines early in the afternoon of the 13th of February. The next morning the postman brought him a batch of valentines. The first one he opened he recognized as one he had sent out himself the day before. There was an indorsement on it as follows:

My love for you is just as warm as when I sent you this just one year ago.

The blood mounted to Jim's cheek at being detected in using an old valentine.

"Better luck next time," and he opened another.

The luck was certainly better, for he had never seen the inclosure before. The third and the fourth were also new to him. On the fifth, which was one he had sent, was an indorsement:

What did you send it back for? I don't want it.

Jim had grown somewhat callous by this time, but the truth is he was looking for his valentine from Helen Strong. Beside hers the rest were of very little importance. However, he opened them all without coming upon one that bore any trace whatever of having been sent by her.

"I'll get it by the next mail," he muttered and tossed those he had received on to a table from which they were destined later on to be brushed into a waste paper basket. During the day he lounged about the house, and whenever he heard the postman's whistle he went to the door himself in eager expectancy of his valentine from Helen. But no valentine came. In the evening he called up on the telephone:

"Is that you, Helen?"

"I'm Jim."

"Got anything on hand this evening?"

"Well, I'll run in for a little while."

"Did you get many valentines today?"

"I sent you one. It was a beauty; cost \$2.50."

"Yes, mine was the one with the couplet."

"I'm glad you liked 'em."

"Yes, I flatter myself that protruding what I call it—is very pretty."

"I didn't write anything under the Cupid."

"Can't you tell me what it was on the phone?"

"Well, I'll be over in a few minutes."

When Jimmy arrived he found Helen sitting by a table in her own private parlor with a stack of valentines beside her. Before she would answer any questions she insisted upon showing her love missives. Jim took no interest in those that had been sent by any one except himself, but Helen forced him to look at every one of them and to take a lot of time in doing so. When the last one had been admired she took up Jim's valentine. She read the couplet over several times and said she hadn't believed that he could "write poetry like that." This made Jim very proud of himself.

"But, Jimmy," she said at last, "aren't you mistaken about the cost of the valentine?"

"Certainly not. It took all my savings."

"I'm sure it didn't cost so much."

"Why are you sure?"

"Because I bought it myself a year ago, and paper wasn't near so high then as it is today."

This was said with a twinkle in her eye.

Jim resolved to make a bluff.

"I've heard before this of girls accusing fellows of sending back their own valentines. You can't come that racket on me."

"What'll you bet?"

"Bet what?"

"That I can't prove you sent me back a valentine I sent you."

"Make it a pound of candy against a box of cigars."

"Done."

Inserting the points of a hairpin under the Cupid in the valentine, she exposed the letters H. S.

"That stands for Helen Strong," Jimmy was game.

"Oh, it was easy enough for you to write those letters in there after you received the valentine."

Helen burst out laughing.

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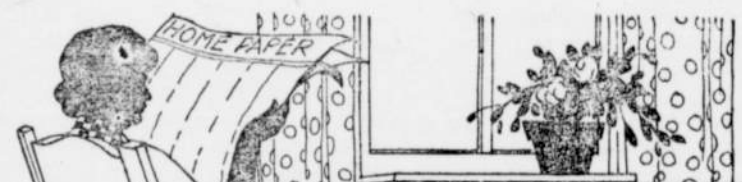
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The possible tide of immigration will not be showing much judgment if it waits until after the war.

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Weather Report.

Following is the report of U. S. Volunteer Cooperative Observer, E. Britt, Jacksonville, for month of Dec. Latitude 42 deg. 18. min. north; longitude 123 deg. 5 min. west.

Date	Maximum	Minimum	Precipitation
1	52	33	
2	48	39	.42
3	49	37	50
4	48	35	04
5	43	33	30
6	39	27	06
7	34	24	
8	33	22	10
9	34	24	19
10	33	28	
11	32	24	
12	29	24	
13	30	25	
14	33	17	
15	35	19	
16	33	20	
17	39	20	
18	36	22	
19	42	23	15
20	48	37	
21	42	33	16
22	37	28	19
23	36	24	65
24	35	27	68
25	35	27	
26	33	26	05
27	33	25	31
28	31	15	
29	20	7	
30	30	11	27
31	33	25	4.07

Temperature—mean max. 36.61; mean min. 26.32; mean 31.46. Max 52. on 1. Minimum, 7, on 20. Greatest daily range, 10. Total precipitation 4.07 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .68 in., on 24. Number of days with 0.1 inch or more precipitation, 15, clear, 3; partly cloudy, 1; cloudy, 27.
Precipitation for season, 7.80
Precipitation for last season
K. BRITT,
Cooperative Observer.

Those Danish West Indies come high but we must have them.

Drop In And Order That Stationery