

**JACKSONVILLE POST**  
Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

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**Good Potato Storage and The Seed Selection.**

Corvallis, Or., Nov. 8.—Ideal potato storage conditions are a dry, well ventilated and cool storage room, and thin piles. If the temperature can be kept about 40 degrees in the early storage season, it may later be run down to 35 or even 31. It may be necessary to open doors and ventilators at night and close them in the day time.

Do not store the potatoes, especially seed potatoes, in deep piles or big bins unless you put in walls or ventilators every few feet. A slatted double wall or crib like chimney will do. Storage rods do greater damage in big piles of potatoes, and they are likely to heat and be greatly damaged for planting. When put into the bin they are inclined to sweat from the heat they carry. This starts germination of the spores of various rots that are found on potatoes in the field.

One rotten potato is likely to cause others to rot if left in the bin with them. After sorting out the rots, select the seed and store it where it will keep cool to avoid sprouting. Heat and moisture start sprouting, and disease spores germinate and start rots.—J. F. Laron, Extension Agronomist, Oregon Agricultural College.

**Warrenton Woman Dies on Way Home from East**

Warrenton, Or., Nov. 6.—Mrs. Elizabeth Franklin, resident of this place who went East last spring to visit her folks, but was taken sick on the train at Spokane on her return trip, and was taken to a hospital there, where she died. The body was brought here a few days ago, when the burial was held.

**Prices of Bacon And Ham Due For Early Slash.**

Chicago, Nov. 8.—Prices of ham and bacon to the consumer were cut 5 to 10 cents by the Illinois food administrator today. The government's complete control of the packing industry lends importance to the announcement. While for the moment the cut applies only to Chicago and suburbs, prices eventually will serve as the standard for the whole country.

**Negro Segregation Ordinances Are Illegal.**

Washington, Nov. 5.—Louisville's negro segregation ordinance was today declared unconstitutional by the supreme court. The decision affects similar ordinances in Baltimore, Richmond, St. Louis and many southern cities.

**Electric Sparks**

(From Off Our Wireless)

Running the kitchen successfully always did require brains. Now it demands a considerable degree of patriotism.

Subscriptions to the second liberty loan from Americans everywhere will show the Kaiser that this war is not only popular but almost unanimous.

It is well that Germans are asking why theirs is the best hated country on earth. It will be even better when they discover the true answer to the question.

Convincing evidence that a large proportion of the supplies from America to the European neutrals have reached Germany has not been lacking hitherto; no more is needed to justify the embargo policy of the administration.

An occasional raid on a Texas town indicates that Germany has not wholly lost her influence in Mexican politics.

When Berlin mentions peace terms, her discussion usually amounts to no more than making another wish.

It will not be a peace without victory; but it should be a peace without much argument as to terms.

The war began suddenly. Hope continues to be expressed that it will end the same way.

It may be that the war will end in a manner too conventional for scenario purposes.

And now the Germans say they never meant to get out of Belgium anyhow. What a surprise!

A six year old girl traveled alone from Los Angeles to New York and between the two points was entirely safe.

Field Marshal Haig is also driving a wedge between the Kaiser and the German people.

Speaking of wartime profiteers, why hasn't someone made a howl against the knitting needle manufacturer?

The colonel denies that he ever approved of a German state in Brazil, where the nuts come from. What he probably meant was that the Germans belonged there.

**Mother of Pearl Work.**

Wonderful is the work of the designer in mother-of-pearl. With tiny segments of this iridescent material he builds up a beautiful design bit by bit, section by section.

First, from the cabinetmaker he receives the woodwork upon which his design will be formed. It may be the top of a carved chest, a portion of a stool or table or some dainty knick-knack to delight a lady's heart.

Then upon the wood he roughly draws the design and gathers together the crude pieces with which to form the mosaic in the wood. Selecting a piece of mother of pearl, he fits it in a vice, and then with a tiny file he shapes it to occupy the required space. Deftly he sets the section in the wood, fixing it with warm paste to fill the crevices.

Another piece is then selected, fashioned and secured, and so day after day till the piece is complete. The design is then rubbed with pumice stone to give enhanced color, varnish is applied, and the finishing touches are given.

**Marconi's Appropriate Drawing.**

Mrs. Alice Tweedie's book dealing with her wonderful collection of autographed tabloids—a hobby of hers—contains the following:

"Among the little drawings on one of the cloths," writes the authoress, "is a telegraph pole from which hangs a broken wire.

"Can you guess who drew it? The artist was sitting beside me when I begged for something more than a name. He quietly replied: 'Well, I can draw a little if I have time.'

"You shall have all the time you want," I suggested. "We can keep the dessert waiting."

"No, no, I'll try to be quick. Would a telegraph pole do?"

"Certainly, though it will hardly be emblematic of your work."

"Yes, it will," rejoined my guest, "for I can break the wire."

Needless to add, the guest in question was Signor Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy.

**Growsome Mascot.**

Mme. Bertha, who was deported from her sumptuous mansion in the west end of London as an "undesirable alien" a few years ago, had an upper room, which her servants irreverently called her "vault," hung with somber black curtains and, in the center, mounted on trestles, the most elaborate specimen of the undertaker's art that could be imagined, says a writer in London Tit-Bits. It was of polished rosewood, finely worked with silver mountings, very massive. On the name plate was delicately engraved "Bertha Trost."

The favorite entertainment of this notorious beauty specialist and "reincarnation of Marie Antoinette" was a reception to "view my mascot," as she termed this coffin, and she would explain to her startled guests that she kept it near at hand to reconcile her to the idea of death.

**Patted Tragedies.**

A burly bachelor met a winsome widow. He was sorry ever afterward.

A grocer once saw his errand boy running. The old gentleman had a stroke.

John Henry introduced his sweetheart to his brother Willie. She is now John Henry's sister-in-law.

As his wife's mother was departing after a six months' sojourn Jungins asked her sardonically to stop a little longer. She stayed another six months.

A man questioned the veracity of a pugilist. The man's wife did not recognize him on his arrival home.

A clergyman once saw nothing but gold and silver in the collection box. The shock awakened him.—London Mail.

**Firmness of Purpose.**

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary elements of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.—Chesterfield.

**Storms of Life.**

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life saving vessel through storm tossed seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier yet.

The habit of doing little hard things promptly and bravely is the best preparation for the crises of life.

**Feminine Gratitude**

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

I had refused Tom Middleton a dozen times. Providence had seen fit to bestow upon me a taste for art, and I considered that I must either give up a life devoted to the work of an artist or refrain from taking a husband. I decided to give up the husband. That I had a taste for art I well knew, but whether or not I had a genius for art I must learn from the critics, for, though the public is the final arbiter in all pertaining to genius, the critics usually point the way. Tom was considered one of the best art critics in America.

He had encouraged me in my profession till I told him that I loved it better than I loved him. In this I was silly, for it was an admission that I did love him and that had it not been for my desire to shine as an artist I would marry him.

One day after I had made this admission he came into my studio, as he often did, for a chat. I was at work on a marine view. He stood before my easel examining the picture, which was nearly finished.

"I have a suggestion to make," he said. "You got your original inspiration from nature, but you have done too much work on it in your studio. Go to the seashore and finish it there."

I was in a quandary whether to take his advice or stick to what others had told me. After much deliberation I packed up my traps and, taking my mother with me, went to the Seaside hotel at Veaudelaun. There I spent my time watching for some effective light which would add a marked effect to my picture.

A storm came up one day, and for a few minutes there was a glow of sunlight through a rift in the clouds which warmed the rocks and cast a livid light on the waves breaking against them that was a marvel of beauty. I hurriedly worked as much of it in as I could in so short a time, trusting to put in the rest from memory.

Soon after I had done this night fell, and I took my picture to my hotel, intending to resume work on it in the morning. When the morning came and I looked at my canvas I saw an abominable daubing of white, red and black paint. It was at once plain to me that I had spoiled the painting. I tried to change it; but, as for getting the storm picture, I had made a botch of it, I could not finish it from memory, for there was nothing worth finishing.

I returned to my home. Tom heard I was back and dropped into my studio to see, he said, the result of my work at the seashore.

"Well," he said, "how did it work?" "I have to thank you," I replied bitterly, "for having spoiled a picture that was well enough as it was. It is now a daub, and I can't restore it."

"Let me see it," he said.

I brought it out and set it on the easel in no good humor. He glanced at it and seemed perfectly satisfied with what I had done.

"You tried to do too much," he said. "What I advised was to seize upon a light similar to the one you had and modify your work here and there in the painting. You have evidently jumped from soft summer skies to—"

"To a hodgepodge," I finished for him, ready to cry.

He saw that I was disappointed and, being the cause of my disappointment, was very repentant. He cursed himself for a meddler and vowed he would never interfere with an artist's work again. His penitence touched my heart.

"Don't blame yourself," I said. "It was all my fault. I should have been satisfied with my work. You have taught me a valuable lesson. Hereafter I will not aspire to do some wonderful thing all at once."

"And you forgive me?" he pleaded.

"There is nothing to forgive. You doubtless gave the advice in the spirit in which I took it, hoping to launch me into fame all at once."

When two persons of opposite sex begin to blame themselves for something one or the other has done wrong, especially where the man knows his mind and the woman doesn't, they are very likely to become very gentle with each other. Tom swore he was to blame, and I declared that it was entirely my fault. The first thing I knew his arm was about my waist and I was mourning the loss of my picture with my head on his shoulder.

"You will find, sweetheart," he said, "many disappointments in life. How can we meet them with no one to sympathize with us? Whether or not you adhere to your profession, at least give me the right to love you and comfort you when distressed."

It was so nice to have a strong man to comfort me in my trouble that I yielded then and there and told Tom that I would love him instead of my art. It made me happy to make him happy. As soon as I had yielded I placed a thousand times the value on him that I did on acquiring fame as an artist. Indeed, I admitted as much.

After we were married and were returning from our wedding trip we fell to talking about my having given up art. Tom said to me:

"You have a great deal of talent for art, but not genius, which is very rare. I know you would be disappointed in the end. I sent you to the seashore purposely to spoil that picture, for it was so good that it would have led you, like an ignis fatuus, to do something great, which would have been always just beyond your reach."

What do you suppose I did? I threw myself into his arms and thanked him for spoiling my picture.

Isn't that just like a woman?

**An Old Store Born New**

In taking over the business of the old firm, after it had served the people of this community several years, it was with one aim and ideal in view: to give the people of this section

**A Store That Could be Depended Upon**

to Meet Their Every Need: This desire you will find has been attained, if you will

**Call and see the Splendid Lines now on Display in our Store**

Everything at lowest possible prices consistent with the prevailing markets.

Come and we will show you how "The World is Growing Better" at

**Jno. M. Williams Co.**

The People's Store.

Phone 142.

Jacksonville,

Oregon

**Weather Report.**

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

Date	Maximum	Minimum	Precipitation
1	77	46	
2	85	44	
3	90	44	
4	93	44	
5	79	58	
6	78	48	
7	67	44	
8	88	46	
9	80	47	
10	79	45	
11	76	44	
12	67	45	
13	71	40	
14	75	41	
15	71	43	
16	61	38	
17	61	30	
18	70	34	
19	63	36	
20	74	35	
21	72	40	
22	70	40	
23	65	40	
24	60	38	
25	64	35	
26	64	37	
27	58	35	
28	59	26	
29	64	31	
30	63	33	
31	64	34	

Temperature—mean max. 72.09; mean min. 40.09; mean 56.09; Max 93. on 4. Minimum, 30. on 17. Greatest daily range, 49. Total precipitation .0 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .0 in., on . . . Number of days with 0.1 inch or more precipitation, 0, clear, 27; partly cloudy, 3; cloudy, 1.

Total snowfall inches  
Precipitation for season,  
Precipitation for last season  
Seasonal average

E. BRITT,  
Cooperative Observer

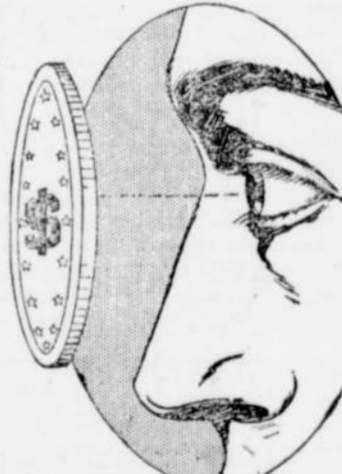
**Canyonville Woman Gets \$4000 Damages.**

San Francisco, Nov. 8.—A jury in the United States district court here yesterday awarded Mrs. Clara Pardee, of Canyonville, Or., \$4000 damages against James L. Flood, San Francisco millionaire, for injuries she alleged she had received when Flood's machine struck her near Baker, Or., in 1916. She had sued for \$25,000.

**Alleged Auto Thief Arrested**

Centraha, Wash., Nov. 2.—E. F. Smith, a Portland detective, yesterday took Mike Mazoroff, arrested in Pe Ell on a charge of stealing automobiles in Portland, back to the Rose City, for trial. Mazoroff and his partner, who has not yet been apprehended are said to have stolen 30 machines.

**Keep That Dollar of Yours In Sight**



When you spend your dollar in town you SEE WHERE IT GOES.

It stays IN TOWN. It will COME BACK TO YOU in some way.

When you spend it out of town it is gone, NEVER TO RETURN.

You KEEP YOUR EYE on Your Dollar When You TRADE WITH THE HOME MERCHANT.

**To Make A Merry Christmas.**

No \$2.00 that you can spend in Christmas—present giving will go further than a subscription for The Youth's Companion. Look over your long list and see how few things on it are certain to be as eagerly treasured during every one of the fifty-two weeks of 1918. Acquaintance with it soon ripens into lasting friendship, for it has that rare and priceless quality among periodicals—character,—and the character of The Youth's Companion has made fast friends for it all round the world.

The Companion alone is \$2.00, but the publishers make an Extraordinary Double Offer—The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine together for \$2.25.

Our two-at-one price offer includes:

- 1 The Youth's Companion—52 issues of 1918.
- 2 All the remaining issues of 1917.
- 3 The Companion Home Calendar for 1918.
- 4 McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers of 1918. All for only \$2.25.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,  
Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

**PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.**

**The Abuse of Purgatives.**  
It may sound absurd, but the true reason why so many people constantly have recourse to purgatives to keep in condition is that purgative drugs are so easy to obtain. In other words, very often the person who prescribes a purgative for himself instead of lessening his tendency to constipation is only confirming his digestive tract in its habits of sluggishness. The intestine is just like a human being in that if it can get its work done for it it will become slack and lazy. If used to receiving the stimulus of a powerful purgative drug several times a week or even nightly it readily gets into such a condition that it is unable to carry out its work properly without this stimulus.