

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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Coal Mine Reopened On Coquille River.

Bandon, Or., Dec. 11.—The Eureka coal mine on the lower Coquille river, which has been idle for several years, is being reopened by C. A. Peterson and J. M. W. McCormick. The mine is owned by Eureka interests and has undergone considerable development. Mr. Peterson will be superintendent and Mr. McCormick engineer. Electric motors have been installed and the work of pumping out the shaft has commenced. The coal will be taken on barges to Cedar Point, where it will be loaded on cars for Willamette valley points.

New Police Chief Rules In Seattle.

Seattle, Dec. 12.—J. F. Warren, veteran Northwest and Alaska police official, took up his duties as Seattle's chief of police today, vice C. L. Beckingham, who resigned yesterday at the request of Mayor H. C. Gill.

"I am taking office assured of a free hand in rearranging the force," Warren said. He added that he would not know for several days whether he would make any extensive changes.

Meanwhile a citizens' committee of 25 continued its efforts to have Mayor Gill impeached for alleged failure to work for the removal of an order barring Camp Lewis soldiers from visiting here on account of vice conditions said to exist here.

"What we want to do is to lift the ban from Seattle and do it as quickly as possible," Chief Warren declared in a statement issued today. "Undesirable people, liquor and sedition must go."

The first 5 per cent of the new questionnaires will be mailed out today; five per cent will be sent out each day until one has been mailed to every registered man in the county.

Her Expensive Hat.

A woman in London entered a car rather out of breath and presented a singular appearance, for instead of a hat she was balancing a huge basket on her head with as much grace and ease as if it had been her Sunday bonnet. She could just manage to get through the doorway, but she sat down with the basket gracefully poised on her head.

"All faces, please," said the conductor. "And I shall want twopenny for that there basket, mum."

"Get away with yer," she said. "D'ye charge anything for ladies' hats?"

"No, mum."

"Thin get on with yer work. This'er basket is a-goin' to be my hat."

Fish at Reasonable Price.

The Canadian government's venture to supply the public with fish at a reasonable price has proved a success. A refrigerator service from Nova Scotia to Ontario was provided, and the government's scheme was advertised. In one week there were three cars carrying approximately 60,000 pounds of fish, as against normal shipments of 5,000 pounds. The varieties sold under the government's plan, which provides that the buyer shall take the whole fish, are haddock and market cod. These were the only ones available in quantities to justify the experiment. Haddock is well known; market cod is practically a newcomer.

PRINCESS IS CZAR'S MANAGER

Eudoxia, Eldest Daughter of Ruler of Bulgaria, Said to Be Cleverest of Family.

Princess Eudoxia, the eldest daughter of the czar of Bulgaria, is said to be the cleverest member of Ferdinand's family. She manages the Sofia palace, receives ministers and envoys and apologizes to them for Ferdinand's mysterious absences; runs Ferdinand's farm at Vitosh near Ferdinand is not hiding there; directs his business speculations and his enormous private wealth, and, in particular, runs his big land-development scheme around Chaskovo, near the Turkish frontier.

Eudoxia is black-eyed, lively and pretty, with an ambition, Sofia declares, to be married quickly, and cynics add that Ferdinand chose the German side instead of the allies because Germany has vast supplies of bridegrooms of royal, princely and ducal blood. In Sofia, Eudoxia is known as "Balkanska Djeva"—the Maid of the Balkans. In summer she makes solitary tours in the hills, puts up in shepherds' huts, and shocks Ferdinand, who is a timid man with a sharp distrust of his subjects, and a faith, inherited from a thousand years of Bourbon ancestors, that women, like men, of royal blood are three times sacred.

He Couldn't Shoot His Friend

By OSCAR COX

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There was charge and counter-charge in France, the American troops being engaged with the Germans. All day this see-saw went on and toward evening the field was covered with dead and wounded Americans and Germans. At intervals in the fighting the American ambulance corps undertook to bring in some of the wounded, and attempts had even been made to bury the dead.

Just before dark Colonel B—, who was traversing the field, espied one of those receptacles in which the American troops bury their dead. What kind of a receptacle is used depends upon circumstances. Sometimes when there is time for an impressive funeral it is a coffin; sometimes when the armies are active it is a rough box, and there are occasions when the dead are shoveled into trenches without any covering whatever.

"What is that doing here?" asked the colonel.

Nobody knew. The colonel was about to make an examination when shells began to burst about him and he and others who were present sought cover.

About ten o'clock that night Colonel B— bethought himself of the burial box that he had seen and began to wonder how it could have come to be on the battlefield. It occurred to him that there had been some stupidity on the part of one under his command and if the general should run across it, there would be some unpleasant criticisms. The colonel, calling his orderly, a strapping son of Erin, told him about the burial box and ordered him to go out and bring it in.

"Mike," he said in conclusion, "if you find a corpse in it you needn't bring the corpse with you; dump it out and bring the box."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Mike, saluting, and departed on his errand. He had not far to go nor had he anything to fear, for the German lines were several hundred yards distant and there were the remains of scrub trees between them and the Americans. There was a moon but most of the time it was covered by clouds. Mike was not long in making out an oblong which being made of newly planed wood was very light in color.

He paused and looked at it. There was no braver soldier in the American army than Mike O'Donohue when a real, live, flesh and blood enemy was encountered, but Mike had no stomach for a corpse that might face him with wild glowing eyes, and through whom a bullet might be sent without effect. Before approaching further he determined to discover whether or not there was a corpse in the box.

"Come out o' that, ye spalpeen," he said. "I know yer there. Come out, I say, before I put a bullet into ye with my revolver."

To Mike's horror the lid of the box was raised and by the moon he saw a pale face peer out and a voice said:

"Don't shoot, my friend, I surrender."

Mike stood trembling like a leaf. He was tempted to turn and run but he shrank from facing his colonel if he did. He stood his ground but was unable to articulate a word. The man in the box threw off the lid and sat up.

"I go mit you to der rear," said the corpse.

The corpse got out of the box and advanced toward Mike.

The imagination is capable of working wonders. Mike saw plumb through the figure.

"I am not armed," said the ghost.

The statement put courage into Mike. He pulled himself together and was about to return to the colonel with his prisoner when he remembered that his orders were to bring back the box and leave its contents.

"Go back," he said, "and get your coffin. Ye're no good yerself; the coffin'll serve for another corpse."

The prisoner shouldered the box and the two returned to the colonel.

"Colonel," said Mike, saluting, "I've brought ye the box; I didn't think ye'd want me to leave the corpse, because it's alive."

The colonel much astonished, called on the prisoner to explain.

"You see, colonel, ven der var broke out I vas in New Yarek," said the prisoner, "and I went to Sherman to fight for de Vaterland. Vell, ven you count out to attack us today, ant I saw de Stars and Stripes I could not believe mine eyes, I vas so astonished. I didn't know veldler I vas a Sherman or an American. 'Meln Gott,' I said, 'dare is mine friend, Herman Honck, who lived next door to me in America. How can I shoot Herman? But if I don't shoot my friends my captain vill shoot me.' Shust den a bullet grazed my sleeve. I fell on de ground and pretended to be dead. After a velle a vagon cont by loaded with coffin, ant dropped one of them goen ofer a shell hole. Ven de frein' commenced again I got into de coffin for protection. Now you haf de story, ant I am your prisoner."

"Orderly," said the colonel, "call the corporal of the guard."

The corporal was called and when he arrived the colonel ordered him to take the prisoner to where the other prisoners were held, and to direct that he be treated well. He was also ordered to make it known that though the prisoner loved the Fatherland he could not fire on his friends from America.

King Winter Is Here!

Only a few days until Christmas- and Santa Claus is Coming

We are proud to announce that Jacksonville Merchants are better prepared than ever before to meet your requirements for winter and especially the Holiday Days, at prices a little better than you will find elsewhere.

Our stock is composed of a big line of Staple and Fancy Common Sense Merchandise, including Dolls and Toys, Hand painted China, Cut glass, Ties, Suspenders, watches, Umbrellas, Gloves, Pipes, Art Embroidery work, Hoziery, Handkerchiefs, Notions, Mackinaws, Sweaters, Smoking Jackets, etc.

Groceries of superior quality, Fruits, Vegetables, Nuts, Candies, etc. Call and see or phone 142, and we will do the rest. Wishing you one and all

A Very Merry Christmas, we are

Jno. M. Williams Co.

The People's Store.

Phone 142.

Jacksonville,

Oregon

PLIGHT OF TROUSERLESS MAN

Wind Blowing Door Shut Leaves Him in Predicament, Causing Hasty Retreat to Garage in Rear.

A certain North side man, the Indianapolis News had a patriotic garden and it was his habit to get up with the sun, don khaki trousers, drink a cupful of coffee and work until his wife called him to breakfast, about two hours later.

He rose about five o'clock one morning and dressed completely—all but the khaki trousers, which he kept in the basement. He descended the stairs and was on the way to the basement, when he saw outside a bottle of cream left by the milkman. Thinking of the effect of sunlight on cream and of his cupful of coffee, he peered up and down the street, opened the door, stepped out grabbed the bottle hurriedly. Just as he turned to go in he heard a slam—the wind had blown the door shut. He found himself out on the front porch, fully dressed, with the exception of a pair of trousers. The door was locked. He looked wildly up and down the street, vaulted the low cement railing and made a bee-line for the garage, the only available place of refuge and seclusion. He remained in the garage until his wife learned of his predicament, about two hours later, and came to his rescue.

The story would have remained a dark secret had not a neighbor—a woman, too—seen the whole affair and witnessed the mad scramble for the garage.

WOMEN AS GREAT ORGANIZERS

Matrons Conduct Large National Gatherings With a Zest and Order, and Not a Man is to Be Seen.

In the last 20 or 25 years particularly the women of this country have become past masters in developing nation-wide organizations. The groups which they have formed sometimes number as many as a million women. They take great delight in the perfection of their machinery. Much of the social awakening among women, the desire to improve their surroundings, comes from the stimulus and the education they get from their organizations.

But these organizations, it should be noted, are voluntary, writes Ida M. Tarbell in Harper's Magazine. They are directed to some purpose which appeals particularly to the group. Each stands on its own feet—that is, they are not co-operative organizations; and again, they have nothing to do with men. Go to one of their national gatherings. You will see meetings conducted with a zest, an order, a directness which throws in the shade almost any men's convention I ever saw, and not a man to be seen anywhere.

High Cost of Courting.

All the world may love a lover, but the framers of the new war tax bill adopted a roundabout way of showing their affection, asserts T. F. Logan in Leslie's. The congressional measure to raise additional revenue makes a particularly affectionate assault on the bankroll of the young man who wishes to demonstrate his devotion to a maid. If the object of the youth's passion lives reasonably near him, he may escape the new tax on telegrams and telephone messages that cost less than 15 cents. Every love letter he writes will cost him an additional penny, however, even if he incloses only a single burning poem. If a trip to the theater is planned, courting lovers who live more than 20 miles from the playhouse must give financial assistance to the war on the Hohenzollerns. Actual admission to the theater demands an additional ten per cent on the cost of the tickets. Naturally, the dear girl will wish to make herself particularly alluring to her ardent suitor. To do so, she must pay a two per cent tax on the perfume essence, toilet water, lip rouge or face powder that to her seems the most effective device.

How a Woman Got a Pumpkin.

She is a dainty little madam, relates the Indianapolis News, and does not look as if she could lift more than ten or fifteen pounds. When she accompanied her husband to the country recently and saw a field dotted with pumpkins she said:

"Let's stop here and buy a pumpkin for pies."

Pumpkins seemed to be a drug with the farmer, and he told the little madam:

"If you climb that fence," pointing to the field, "you can have the biggest pumpkin you can carry."

"I'll accept that offer," she replied with alacrity, with visions of Thanksgiving pies galore.

Ten minutes later she returned with a pumpkin that weighed 35 pounds and put it down triumphantly in front of the farmer.

WREATH FOR ENEMY AVIATOR

Scotch Flyer Who Brought Down German Delegated by Royal Flying Corps to Deliver Flowers.

A true incident that reveals the respect shown by allied aviators for the memory of a daring enemy flyer is told in "Tam o' the Scots," by Edgar Wallace, writing in Everybody's. Tam, an intrepid Scotchman, was told that the man he had brought down the day before was a well-known German aviator named Von Zelditz, and on behalf of the Royal Flying Corps Tam was selected to take a wreath to the funeral.

"The wreath, in a tin box, firmly corded and attached to a little parachute, was placed in the fastings of a small Morane—his own machine being in the hands of the mechanics—and Tam climbed into the seat. In five minutes he was pushing up at the extreme angle at which a man can fly. Tam never employed a lesser one.

"Evidently the enemy scout realized the business of this lone British flyer and must have signaled his views to the earth, for the antiaircraft batteries suddenly ceased to fire, and when, approaching Lindzee, Tam sighted an enemy squadron engaged in a practice flight, they opened out and made way for him, offering no molestation.

"Tam began to plane down. He spotted the big white-specked cemetery, and saw a little procession making its way to the grounds. He came down to a thousand feet and dropped his parachute. He saw it open and sail earthward and then someone on the ground waved a white handkerchief.

"Guld," said Tam, and began to climb homeward."

Air Routes.

The Italian press is boasting that one of their airmen flew from Turin to London, 700 miles, in 722 minutes. When the war is over it will be fine to travel in an aircraft that can make the trip from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles in ten hours—Los Angeles Times.

Trying to Do Their Bit.

While nearly every woman is trying to do her bit in some way, there are at least a hundred thousand other fair ones who believe they can serve their country by breaking into the movies, notes a New York critic. That is why every motion-picture office is crowded with applicants and why motion-picture managers are busy men these days of frantic filmdom. It requires much patience, nerve and sometimes a set of burglar's tools to enable a would-be actress to reach a manager, however, and an overdressed woman of rather ripe years rushed her way past the array of office boys and clerks into the sanctum of the man who hires and fires. "I wish to become a movie actress," she announced. "I feel that I have within me the makings of a great impersonator of the silent drama."

"Have you ever had any experience, madam?" asked the manager. "Miss, if you please," stammered the applicant. "No, I haven't any experience. My face is my fortune." "Well, you need not worry about the income tax, if that's the case," grunted the manager. "Don't slam the door."

Draw a CHARMED CIRCLE of Home Trade Dollars



If every man and woman in THIS TOWN makes up his or her mind today to SPEND THEIR DOLLARS with the home merchants this town WILL BOOM as it never did before.

Out of town bargains often prove a DELUSION and a SNARE.

Trade at Home and See THE TOWN BOOM

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.

Weather Report.

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

| Date | Maximum | Minimum | Precipitation |
|------|---------|---------|---------------|
| 1 | 68 | 37 | |
| 2 | 55 | 36 | |
| 3 | 56 | 45 | |
| 4 | 59 | 41 | |
| 5 | 55 | 41 | 59 |
| 6 | 51 | 40 | 02 |
| 7 | 53 | 31 | |
| 8 | 55 | 30 | |
| 9 | 60 | 36 | |
| 10 | 66 | 47 | |
| 11 | 58 | 44 | |
| 12 | 51 | 39 | 07 |
| 13 | 45 | 36 | 41 |
| 14 | 54 | 31 | |
| 15 | 51 | 30 | |
| 16 | 52 | 32 | |
| 17 | 51 | 27 | |
| 18 | 53 | 28 | |
| 19 | 53 | 28 | |
| 20 | 56 | 32 | |
| 21 | 56 | 31 | |
| 22 | 51 | 30 | |
| 23 | 51 | 37 | |
| 24 | 55 | 44 | |
| 25 | 50 | 40 | |
| 26 | 45 | 34 | |
| 27 | 42 | 40 | 08 |
| 28 | 44 | 35 | 35 |
| 29 | 60 | 42 | 1.28 |
| 30 | 59 | 41 | 2.38 |
| 31 | | | 5.43 |

Temperature—mean max. 53.76; mean min. 36.43; mean 45.09; Max 68. on 1. Minimum, 27. on 17. Greatest daily range, 31. Total precipitation 5.48 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, 2.38 in., on 30. Number of days with 0.1 inch or more precipitation, 9, clear, 10; partly cloudy, 10; cloudy, 10.

Total snowfall 1-4 inches
Precipitation for season, 5.72
Precipitation for last season
Seasonal average

E. BRITT,
Cooperative Observer.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Isaac L. Thompson, deceased: Notice is given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of estate of above-named deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present same with proper vouchers to undersigned at his residence at Central Point, Oregon, within 6 months from December 15, 1917, the date of this notice.

CHARLES A. THOMPSON, Administrator.

Relief Society Is Formed.

Roseburg, Or., Dec. 10.—A relief society has been formed for Douglas county, with officers as follows: Chair man, W. H. Richardson; secretary, Mrs. George E. Houck; treasurer, R. L. Gile; legal adviser, J. O. Watson.