

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. BAUSHAW, Editor and Publisher

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With this issue the files of the Post for 1917, close; with our next issue we begin a new year—what it will bring to us and our readers is a tale yet untold, but whatever the trials may lay before us let us meet them with a brave front bearing in mind the old couplet:

"Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow,
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow:
Life's troubles come never too late."

During the past year this nation has been drawn into a conflict the most stupendous and terrible ever known, a conflict between democracy and freedom on the one side and autocracy and slavery on the other: a conflict in which the most hellish instruments of torture and destruction are used in an effort to subjugate the whole world and place the people in a position of slavery worse than that of man in the dark ages. Let us hope that our country, by the earnest co-operation of all our people and our allies in foreign countries, may speedily bring this cruel and inhuman war to an end, making the world safe for all people. This result will truly make 1918, what we wish to all our readers, "A Happy New Year."

Y. W. C. A. ASKS FOUR MILLIONS

Quota for Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana Fixed at \$144,000

Seattle Dec. 26.—Asked by the national government, the Post-Office Commission and other agencies to undertake a war work in behalf of women relatives and friends of our soldiers through the construction of the already famous Hostess House at cantonments and at the front, to provide moral and physical guidance for the millions of girls whose lives have been diverted into new channels by the war, to supply housing, rest and recreation for heroic women in the battle zone, the Young Women's Christian Association, through its National War Work Council, has begun the task of raising \$4,000,000 to carry out these vitally important functions.

For the purposes of this campaign the country has been divided into eleven sections, and most of such districts have already raised their allotments. The Northwestern Field, which includes Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, is required to secure \$144,000, a small amount compared to that of other divisions. Of the four million dollars, there will be used for Hostess Houses the sum of \$1,150,000, for the emergency housing of employed girls, \$500,000, and for the Association's work among the women in allied nations, \$1,000,000. The rest of the fund will be devoted to its other phases of patriotic-constructive work.

One of the very urgent needs created by the new army organization is the construction and maintenance of Hostess Houses near army cantonments, camps and navy yards. The Government, which early recognized conditions at cantonments that must be met by women, requested the construction of these buildings and provided places for them. The first few weeks proved the necessity of such women's buildings—to provide a pleasant, homelike place where the soldier could visit with his women relatives and friends—thus keeping alive the relationship between the soldier and his home.

At present, in the Northwest, there are Hostess Houses at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, at the Navy Yard, Puget Sound, and at Vancouver Barracks, Washington.

Coquille Man Killed By Oakland Train

Oakland, Calif., Dec. 27.—W. L. Conlogue of Coquille City, Ore., was killed last night by a Southern Pacific electric train as he was crossing the tracks of the terminal here in eluding the police. Conlogue previously had dived headlong thru a window of a moving train and landed unhurt. He told a railroad company employe that he was a German and that the government men were after him. Following this he ran and disappeared. He was found beneath the electric train a few hours later.

Good Prices And Productions

Good prices for metals and oil has caused a wonderful development in these industries.

Copper production is now the greatest on record. Silver mines which have been closed for years are now operating full time. Oil lands which were inactive due to low prices are now being developed when the government needs every drop of oil which can be pumped from the ground. Smelter facilities have been enlarged and the most modern methods of extracting every ounce of metal from ores are in use.

High prices have caused more rapid development in three years than normal prices would have done in twenty. The advocate of drastic price fixing is simply advocating a policy which will retard development in many lines of industry at a time when the government needs full production from every plant.

Good prices increase production, low prices decrease it, and no man made theories of regulations can vary this age old rule. If prices must be regulated they should be made high enough to insure increased instead of decreased production.

Ten Klamath Men Called

Klamath Falls, Or., Dec. 24.—Found necessary by the local exemption board to fill the first draft quota of Klamath County. Ten men have been called to report for physical examination next Thursday. They were: George Pappas, Rudolph Robert Bischoff, Marion Sayle Taylor, Felix Springtube, Ettore Pinelli, Earl Manter Miller, Roy Alonzo Tracy, Albert Herman Loewe, Jasper Odes Underwood and Vittorio Fevero. All these men reside at Klamath Falls excepting Mr. Miller, who lives at Cooperstown, Cal.

Five men accepted at the last call entrained Thursday for American Lake Camp. They were: Ken Uhrin, James Underhill, James Hebezer, Frank Beck and Roy Shelby. Paul Paulizos registered in Klamath County and entrained at Benicia, Cal.

Woman Killed By Big Blast of Dynamite

Astoria, Or., Dec. 27.—Mrs. Laura Newport, wife of the manager of a cook house at a construction camp in the Green mountain district, was killed last Monday morning when a blast of dynamite was set off in a pile of logs near by, a large chunk of wood, hurled through the air, striking her head. The body was brought to this place late yesterday.

Alleged Whisky Smuggler Held

Oregon City, Dec. 25.—A man giving his name as Jack McIntyre, was arrested by officers here last night as he alighted from northbound Southern Pacific train No. 14, carrying two suitcases which were found to contain 30 quarts of whisky, worth at the present market price, approximately \$240. McIntyre was lodged in the county jail and will be tried before Justice of the Peace John N. Sievers tomorrow morning.

A Night in a Metropolis

By ALAN HINSDALE

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In the great city of New York there is no night. There is darkness in spots; there is artificial illumination; but the great living current does not cease to flow.

One night I lay awake listening to a clock in a church tower strike the hours. There was also a confusion of sounds, the principal one being the passing of elevated trains some distance from me at intervals of a few minutes.

When the clock struck two I rose, dressed myself and went out on the street. The ongoing was the same as at noonday. In my wanderings I reached an embankment of the Hudson river that had been made into a park. Sitting on a bench I gave myself up to meditation. Years ago savages had looked down on the black stream as I was now doing. A time would come when not one of those who made up the stream of life behind me would be alive. And yet the human current would roll on. Where? Who knows? The day may come when the waves of an ocean may roll over Manhattan as land as it rolled ages ago.

I was conscious of someone sitting at the other end of the bench on which I rested, and turning my head saw a woman. There was lamplight enough for me to tell that she was a girl, somewhere between seventeen and twenty years old. I did not like the close proximity with a woman at that hour and was about to arise and move when she addressed me.

"Don't go," she said. "I haven't a friend in the world. I have come from the center of that city of sin and sorrow, of good and evil, to find rest from suffering. I find you here alone, and you fear me."

She bent her head down, concealed her face with her hands and moaned. There was no acting in what she did or said. Such grief as hers was not to be counterfeited. I asked her to tell me her troubles. She said that she was one of the many tributaries to the great human stream ever moving on the island. The flow of country girls to the city like the current it feels never ceases, despite the countless wrecks. She had wandered all day looking for work and found none. She was tired and hungry and when night came she had no money with which to buy food or a place to sleep. She had come to the river far from the mad throng, where she could at least suffer alone.

"You mean," I said shuddering, "that you have come to the park embankment where you may find a bench to rest on."

She made no other reply than moans and tears. I took money from my pocket and handed it to her. She refused it.

"It will avail nothing now," she said. "It would have availed nothing had it come sooner. When day comes I would have been doomed to go from store to store, from factory to factory, looking for work. I am not able to continue the dreadful tramp. Besides, I have reached a point where anything seems more merciful than that merciless flow of humanity."

With this she leaned back on the bench and was silent, motionless. It occurred to me that the most practicable thing to do would be to go for one of the city's men appointed for such work. Rising I told her to remain where she was and I would return with someone who would take care of her during the night, and on the morning I would interest myself on her behalf.

I left her and going a short distance found a policeman whom I told that I had found a despairing woman who needed the city's care.

"The town's full of 'em," he said. "I wouldn't advise you to get mixed up with one of them. You'll only get yourself in trouble."

"I'll look out for that," I replied. "It's your duty as a policeman when I call upon you for aid in such a case to give it."

He reluctantly came with me. We had not far to go. I had kept my eye on the figure on the bench, and when we started for it I saw it plainly. But as we advanced it seemed less distinct instead of clearer.

"Where are you going?" asked the policeman.

"To that bench," pointing.

"I thought you were taking me to a woman."

"So I am, don't you see her leaning against the back of the bench?"

"There's no woman there."

"I looked again. The policeman was right; the bench was vacant.

I was too astonished to reply. I stood staring at the point where I had left the girl.

"She's given you the slip," said the cop. "It's the old story. As soon as she saw you come for me, she lit out. You're not the first young innocent that has been fooled that way."

I had nothing to say, but I was not influenced by his words. I went to my room. Daylight was pouring in at the windows. Throwing myself on the bed I tried to snatch a little sleep, but failed.

All that day I tried to banish my experience of the night, but it would not be banished. On the elevated train in the afternoon I took up an evening paper. One of the first items that caught my eye was a statement that a young girl had drowned herself the night before at the point where I had seen what?

A Happy New Year

We appreciate your patronage in the past and assure you we are going to do our very best to merit a continuation of the same in the year we are about to begin.

We are ready to give you good service with full values in everything you buy.

Come in and see us or phone 142

Jno. M. Williams Co.

The People's Store.

Phone 142.

Jacksonville,

Oregon

Dallas Jeweler Kills Himself in Asylum

Salem, Or., Dec. 25.—William James Gardner, a jeweler of Dallas, Or., who two days ago voluntarily had himself committed to the state hospital for the insane when he felt his mind failing him, committed suicide early last night by fastening his head in a bedstead and turning a somersault in such a way as to break his neck. Gardner had been in the asylum once before, was pronounced cured and discharged, and since had been engaged in business. He was 37 years old.

Patrols Kill Teuton Spy

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 24.—Charles H. Feige was shot and killed by United States Army patrols when he attempted to cross the river to Mexico here late today. Feige was believed to have been a German spy, and when his papers were examined a notebook, drawing and ground plans of troop camps, Fort Bliss and other fortifications near here were found.

He also carried a camera with him and was believed to have been obtaining military information for transmission to Germany through Mexico.

Old Time New Year Calls

In the late sixties, says G. H. Putnam in "Memories of a Publisher," New York had not yet outgrown certain of its old-fashioned or so-called provincial habits. One of the customs was that of making New Year's calls, a practice that had been inherited from the Dutch founders of the city. Long before the beginning of the twentieth century the growth of the metropolis had made impossible this pleasant and ancient habit of coming into touch for the first time with a circle of family friends, but in 1881 the ladies still stayed at home on New Year's day, and old men and youngsters did what they could in the hours between 11 in the morning and midnight to check off with calls of from five to fifteen minutes their own visiting list with that of their wives, their sisters or their mothers.

In my own diary for Jan. 1, 1888, I find the entry, "Made thirty-five calls." I remember on that day coming back in the middle of the afternoon for a word with my mother and finding old Mr. Bryant in her parlor. It was sleeting violently outside, and the luxurious young men of the day were going about in couples. It was the practice, in order to save expense, for two or three men to join in the expense of a carriage for the day. Mr. Bryant, however, had grudgingly through the sleet and in response to some words from my mother of appreciation of his effort in coming out in such weather replied cheerily: "Why, I rather like a fresh temperature, Mrs. Putnam. It is only the young men who are chilly and lazy."

Fifteen or eighteen years later New Year's calls in society had become a tradition of the past.

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	65	35	
3	66	45	30
4	69	41	
5	66	41	59
6	51	40	02
7	53	31	
8	55	39	
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	61	30	
23	61	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			5.45

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.

Pioneer of Lane County

Died at His Home

Eggen, Or., Dec. 27.—B. F. Smith, of Franklin, this county, died there Saturday after a long illness, aged 69 years. He was a pioneer of the county. He leaves three children, Thomas Smith, of North Bend; Mrs. Hazel Smith, of Franklin, and Clive Smith, of North Bend; one sister, Mrs. R. V. Howard, and a brother, H. T. Smith, of Franklin.

Maury Diggs Paroled

From McNeil's Island

McNeil's Island, Wash., Dec. 23.—Maury Diggs, who has been serving sentence in the federal penitentiary here, left for his California home yesterday, having been paroled by the prison parole board. Diggs, with Drew Caminetti, was convicted of violating the Mann white slave act. Caminetti was given his freedom by President Wilson recently.