

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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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1918

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At Sea Without Chart Or Compass.

Among the peoples of this earth the condition of the Russians is pitiable. There are those who believe it is without hope. The Russian ship of state is dismantled, rudderless, in charge of mutineers without chart or compass. The experienced navigators either have been thrown overboard or are under hatches. Stokers from the hold and the sea lawyers from the "fo'k'sle" are in command.

There have been other national mutinies resembling this, but none quite like. These other mutinies have had more or less regard for the destination of the ship itself. The avowed purpose of the Russian or Bolshevik mutiny contemplates possible abandonment of the ship to cruise without nautical guides in an uncharted sea.

The more one reads the fantastic, overwrought theorizing of the Bolshevik leaders the more is one impressed with the March-hare madness of the tribe. Whether we dip into Leon Trotsky's book, or take a leaf from Nicolai Lunin's pamphlet, unless we disregard and reject the values of all human experience, the conclusion points to the same ultimate—chaos. Chaos in this sense is but another term for social vacuum; and it is among the eternal truths that Nature abhors a vacuum. —Portland Telegram.

Citation

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

In the Matter of the Estate of George C. Rees, deceased.

To Amy J. Rees, Mable Rouse or Mable Rous, Nina Meldron, Anna Rees, Amos Rees, the heirs of the above-named decedent, and to all other heirs unknown, if any such there be, and to all other persons interested in said estate.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby cited, ordered and required to appear in the above-entitled court and matter, at the courtroom of said court at the court house at Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, on Saturday, April 6, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order authorizing and licensing the administrator of said estate, H. K. Hanna, to sell the following described real property belonging to said estate, at private sale, should not be made and entered therein in accordance with the prayer of said administrator's petition filed therein on the 23rd. day of February, 1918, to-wit:

The East Half (E½) of the Southeast Quarter (SE¼) of Section 7, and the West Half (W½) of the Southwest Quarter (SW¼) of Section 8, all in Township Thirty-three (33), South of Range Three (3) East of the Willamette Meridian in Jackson County, State of Oregon.

This citation, pursuant to an order of the Judge of the above-entitled court of date February 23, 1918, is served upon you and each of you by the publication thereof once a week for four successive weeks, ten days prior to April 6, 1918, in the Jacksonville Post, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the aforesaid county and state. The first publication thereof being in the regular issue of said paper of February 23, 1918, and the last being in the issue of March 23, 1918.

Witness the Hon. F. L. TouVelle, Judge of the above-entitled court with the seal of said court hereto affixed this 23rd. day of February, 1918.

F. L. TOUVELLE,
County Judge

Attest:
G. A. Gardner, County Clerk of Jackson County, State of Oregon.
Seal of County Court affixed

Forest Notes.

Nearly one hundred thousand people visited the Eagle Creek Camp and Picnic Ground, on the Oregon National Forest in 1917.

The total amount of timber cut on the National Forests in the fiscal year 1917 was 840,612,000 board feet, as against 714,505,000 board feet in 1916.

Studies at the Forest Products Laboratory, at Madison, Wis., have shown that Engelmann spruce treated by the sulphite process gives a pulp that compares very favorably in color and strength with that of white spruce.

About 200 board feet of wood is used in the actual construction of the aver-

A Clever Ruse

By WORTHINGTON LEE

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"There is your man," spoke my superior, and he showed me a photograph, and I studied it closely.

"I have memorized the face sufficiently to identify him when I come across him," I said confidently.

"We want this man, Leon Gammert," continued the detective chief, "because all his antecedents and his present associations and methods indicate that he is a foreign spy. Read up our files on this man and try to get the goods on him. It would considerably improve your status here to run this man down."

I bowed, and started for the secret service file room. On my way I bestowed my usual admiring glance upon the stenographer, Miss Ada Ryall. Her return smile, friendly and encouraging, nerved me to hope that I might score a real brilliant stroke of sheer detective genius.

I was a novice in the line, but the pay was good and my especial work, that of running down aliens and slackers, in a measure a patriotic task. This was my first really important commission.

For two months Leon Gammert had evaded every trap set for him. Operatives who had been on his trail reported that he led a quiet life, practically devoid of companionship. He roomed at a respectable boarding house, the only remarkable feature as to such occupancy being that he had the one room it contained in the attic. I went at the task cautiously, intelligently and with hope. My man came and went. He was given out as an agent for an industrial insurance company, and I learned that he was in that employ on a commission basis. I ascertained, however, that he did not bring in much business.

I shadowed Gammert one whole day. All of its working hours were devoted to visiting factories where they employed a large number of foreign workmen. A good many of them belonged to obscure secret societies. I watched Gammert approach and converse with a number of these. This procedure seemed rationally in concurrence with his business. He would address a man, take out a folder describing the insurance company he represented, go over it with the man and hand him his card, to all intents and purposes filling the natural duties of an insurance solicitor.

At the end of a week I had not scored one discovery that Gammert was otherwise than what he represented himself to be. The first Saturday night, however, there arose a circumstance that later led to a distinct clue. I followed Gammert to an obscure little shop occupied by a cobbler where Gammert placed a pair of shoes on the counter. Looking through the windows, as the cobbler undid the package I observed that the shoes were nearly new, yet Gammert left them to be repaired. Monday night he went after them. I thought little of the occurrence until the following Saturday night, when Gammert again repaired to the same shop and went through the same performance. I noted where the cobbler placed the shoes, did not follow Gammert, but waited until the cobbler went away. Then with the aid of a picklock I forced the door and made an examination of those shoes.

"I have him at last!" was my jubilant commentary. The heels of the shoes unscrewed. They were hollow. In each I found a closely folded paper. It held as many as two hundred names and addresses. The names were those of the men Gammert had visited. Under the insurance solicitor camouflage he had been securing willing agents for the foreign government for whom he was a hired spy.

I hurried to headquarters with my prize. The chief was not there. Then I did a rash thing. I placed the lists in a safe and went alone to arrest Gammert. The door of the attic room was unlocked. I entered and faced my man.

"I am from the secret service," I said, "and you are my prisoner." Quick as a flash Gammert sprang at me, whirled me about and struck me with some heavy missile. When I came back to consciousness I found myself tied securely to a chair. At a table a dense vapor was arising from a vessel placed over a lamp. My man was gone. In one corner of the room was a cage. All this I noted as I realized that in a few moments the fumes of the vapor would overcome me.

I do not know if it was the intention of Gammert to kill me, or only to place me in a stupor until he got far and fast beyond the city. It was just as I nearly strangled, blinded and helpless that there was a crash. One of the window panes was broken in and a carrier pigeon fluttered into the room, doubtless the usual inmate of the cage, and one of Gammert's secret messengers, as was the cobbler, who conveyed his lists to higher-up members of some powerful enemy society.

The dense vapor dissipated, an outlet furnished, and I was soon able to relieve myself of my bonds.

We never found Gammert, but we had the lists which led to the department breaking up one of the most formidable associations of spies in the country.

I was promoted in the service the next week, and the following one Ada consented to become my bride.

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Rompers for the Kiddies

Blouses for the Boys and

Middies for the School Girls

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Vernacular of Cantonments.

The American poilu is not going over seas unprovided with his own lingo, as is clearly pointed out in Everybody's. He calls himself, by the way, a "doughboy" or "crusher," which is fairly American-sounding. Cavalrymen he calls "bow-legs," a soldier who shares his shelter is his "bunkie," the company barber is "butcher," a soldier who works for an officer is a "dog cobbler," the commanding officer is addressed to as "K. O.," a junior officer is called a "goat," the provost sergeant is a "hobo," a teamster is a "mule skinner," an old officer is called "old file," the drum-major is the "regimental monkey," the doctor is "saw-bones," a new second lieutenant is a "shavetail," field artillerymen are "wagon soldiers," and a trumpeter or bandmaster is a "windjammer." And our doughboys are like Tommy and poils in that they never complain when the "slim," i. e., the meat or vegetable stew, or the "sow-belly," as the bacon is called, are had. It's all in the game—the game of "Kan the kaiser"—which is the only American equivalent thus far of any of the French war slogans like "Ils ne passeront pas," or "On les aura." "We'll get them." "They shall not pass."

Such a Plausible Lie.

"I admire a liar," said a clubman, "even when his pretensions strain my credulity."

"A friend of mine, who objects to efforts to pry into his personal affairs, recently limped into my place."

"What's the matter with your feet?" I asked, more to be polite than because I cared what was the trouble.

"Then he gained my admiration by a display of nerve I never saw equaled."

New War Dog.

A new type of dog is to be produced. It will be known as the war dog. The new breed is the suggestion of Secretary of War Baker, who has asked dog breeders to produce an American war dog by crossing Alredale an old English sheep dog. The new American dog will be trained for police, and sentry duty in the United States army.

GERMANS LACK THINKING MEN

Despite Advanced Age of Many Prussian Warriors They Have Little Comprehension of Situation.

Germany in making a call for men up to forty-seven years of age has taken advantage of two more years

above the conscription maximum of forty-five. Most individuals when they approach the fiftieth year have about concluded their fighting days through inability to keep down their girth measure. But certain conditions in Germany, over which that country has had little control, have served, no doubt, to keep the human form within military bounds. Americans who go to France, therefore, are likely to have to fight babes in arms and old gentlemen if the age limits are stretched further under Prussian regulations, observes the Detroit Free Press.

Perhaps, after all, this conscription of men above forty-five will produce some effect in the ranks that may be useful toward letting light into dark places. The army knows little of what is going on in the world. If half of the seasoned soldiers really believe that London is in ruins and the German fleet is in control of the sea, they may learn something to their advantage by consulting a few of the old stagers who are compelled at this late date to join the colors. Men born in 1870 ought to be more difficult to deceive, and a few of such scattered through the army may serve to enlighten the fighting multitude as to the error of their belief. It is presuming much to expect results from this source, but if a man above forty-five is good for anything as a trench fighter, he ought to be good at shooting off his mouth. And, after all, what Germany lacks most is more men who will talk and think.

New Type of "Vampire."

Arrest at the instance of an army officer of a young woman who had committed bigamy in order to secure the allowance granted to soldiers' dependents gives color to the warning issued against this new type of "vampire," notes the Omaha Bee. Young soldiers are picked out by these women and deliberately led into marriage, the one purpose being to secure money from the government. (The game is not a new one, nor does it exhibit much modification in its details. It is reported from some of the Southern army camps that as many as three and four soldiers have been wedded to the same woman. The young men who are away from home for the first time, wearing their country's uniform, should be warned that marriage is not merely an enlistment for the war, and therefore to be approached very seriously. Romance is part of a soldier's life, but it may have consequences that will embarrass him in after years. The "vampire" is one of his chiefest dangers, and one against whom it is difficult to guard.)

Weather Report.

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

Date	Maximum	Minimum	Precipitation
1	44	32	
2	41	32	
3	44	33	
4	52	39	
5	54	44	
6	51	43	
7	51	41	20
8	47	38	03
9	43	31	09
10	39	26	
11	41	32	
12	51	39	1.46
13	44	32	.10
14	48	37	.48
15	46	37	.07
16	49	37	.30
17	52	38	.05
18	50	34	.04
19	41	25	
20	40	24	
21	42	26	
22	45	27	
23	50	30	
24	51	31	
25	47	31	
26	46	33	
27	48	33	
28	46	25	
29	48	31	15
30	43	30	
31	40	21	3.27

Temperature—mean max. 46.25; mean min. 32.90; mean 39.57; Max 54. on 5. Minimum, 21, on 31. Greatest daily range, 20. Total precipitation 3.27 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, 1.46 in., on 12. Number of days with 0.1 inch or more precipitation, 15, clear, 7; partly cloudy, 10; cloudy, 4. Total snowfall 0 inches. Precipitation for season, 12.83. Precipitation for last season, 10.58. Seasonal average

E. BRITT,
Cooperative Observer.

A dish is designated shoe-string potatoes. It sounds thrifty, but would not beans be more easily trained to take the straight and narrow path? String beans especially.

German prisoners of war in England refuse to work alongside "conscientious" objectors. But the Germans object to everything that may be labeled conscientious.

It is said the British conquered Palestine by the use of American water pipes. That's nothing. One man has annexed a good portion of America itself by the use of pipe lines.

Nature is generous, but she never forgets to avenge her wrongs.

Men who are society favorites are seldom a success at anything else.

Many people wait in vain for their ship to come in because it was never launched.

Ludendorff and Von Tirpitz are about as much in harmony with the spirit of the times as are two embalmed troglodytes.