

:-: 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, MARCH 9, 1918

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One Series of Numbers for Army

In order to assure prompt and accurate identification, the War Department has adopted a system of numbering enlisted men of the Army. The system provides for one series of numbers, without alphabetical prefix, for all enlisted men. The number assigned to a soldier will become a part of his official designation, and will never be changed nor assigned to another man. It will be entered on identification tags.

Resolution No. 83.

BE IT IT RESOLVED BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF JACKSONVILLE, OREGON:

That a special election by the voters of the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, is hereby called to be held at the City Hall in said City, on the 1st day of April 1918, for the purpose of submitting to the qualified electors of said City, for their approval or rejection, an Amendment to the City Charter of Jacksonville, changing the time of holding the municipal elections to conform to the Constitution of the State of Oregon, and providing for terms of city officers to begin on second Tuesday in January, instead of March. Said Charter Amendment will appear on the ballot as follows:

"BALLOT TITLE.

An Act changing time of holding elections and the beginning of the terms of city officers.

100 Yes.
101 No."

Ernest Langley, John F. Miller and Mrs. Roy Smith are hereby appointed to serve as judges of said election, the first named to be the Chairman.

Joe Wetterer is hereby appointed to serve as first clerk and Alice Hoefs to serve as second clerk of said election.

The polls of said election shall open at 12 o'clock M. on said day and shall remain open until 7 o'clock, P. M.

The Recorder is hereby notified to give notice of said election by the publication of this Resolution in the Jacksonville Post, in its issue dated March 9th, 1918, and by posting copies of the Resolution in three public places in said City for a period of not less than ten days immediately preceding the date set for said election.

The foregoing Resolution was adopted by the City Council March 5, 1918, and approved by the Mayor on the 5th day of March 1918.

Attest:
MARY A. BAGSHAW City Recorder
EMIL BRITT Mayor

Electric Sparks

(From Off Our Wires)

It is announced that sewing machines are badly needed in France. What's the matter with enlisting a regiment of old-line sewing machine agents? After they disposed of their wares they might be sent to the front, where, unless they have lost form, they would talk a few Huns to death.

The Kaiser in a recent outburst says he has shared the misery of his people. He has worried no doubt, lest one of his five sons meet with an accident, the roads being bad and transportation facilities not what they were.

One reason why we know Abraham Lincoln was one of the greatest Americans is because he kept right on cracking jokes all through the Civil War, refusing to surrender to Gen. Gibson.

Talk about "facing the music," a Chicago man under arrest was forced to face two wives, and, it is said, will have to face three more. After that, he won't a bit mind facing the jury.

We can't make out exactly what they are doing, but I gather from reports that those Senators at Washington are saying a lot.

Von Hindenburg's announcement, "Paris by April" serves again to call attention to the failure of German generalship in the matter of personally conducted to-ros.

The mayors along the Rhine, who pleaded with Hindenburg to desist from serious warfare because of their sufferings through reprisals were rebuffed. Safety first in Germany is reserved for generals and princes.

No sentimental farewells were wasted on the last of the headless Mondays.

A pacifist would regard a war cabinet composed of those three celebrities, Faith, Hope, and Charity, as possessing the needed distinction and experience.

A very pitiful achievement has to supply German's publicity performers with material on which to base the submarine claims as a war winner.

The income tax return is leading many a man to find out some interesting and often important facts about his own affairs.

William G. McAdoo is one of the men of this country who are beyond question entitled to hand out a "Busy day" sign.

Cincinnati has been threatened with flood inundation. As we remember Cincinnati she will be able to cast a good deal of beer on the troubled waters.

Colonel Roosevelt should have a fair line of conversation on tap at the end of three weeks of enforced conservation.

NOT THEIR FIRST MEETING

British Officer and Privates, Home From the Front, Had Same Memories of "Tight Corner."

Two privates in "Blighly" blue were limping their way along Regent street, London. Each had his badges of honor—two and three eloquent gold stripes. They were in London town again—in it, but somehow not of it. Only the accident of war made them Regent street saunterers.

From the opposite direction there approached a young officer with a lady companion. He, too, had the gold stripes of the twice wounded. Eager and bright, he seemed absorbed in his companion, apparently not noticing the two privates. Indeed, he was almost by them when in a flash he darted from the side of his companion, seized the hand of one of the privates in a hearty grip and ejaculated:

"Great heavens! fancy meeting you here! Bit different when we were together before, eh? What a tight corner! And only we two left—and here we are again. And how are you, and how are you getting on?"

Succeeded a string of other questions, culminating in "Getting better, eh? Feel as if you'll soon be ready to go out again? How do you feel about it? Will you be glad to go?"

What the private said may be inferred from the resumption of the officer's talk.

"That's the right spirit. Shouldn't wonder if we meet again in another hot corner. Well, good luck and cheers!"

HAD CONFIDENCE IN EDISON

Negro Was Sure That Wonderful Bullet He Invented Would Never Kill American Soldiers.

Two negroes were walking along a New York street discussing the wonderful inventions brought about by the war.

"Yes, sah," one said, "an' a friend of mine who knows all about it says dis heah man Edison has done gone and invented a magnetized bullet dat can't miss a German, kase ef dere's one in a hundred yards de bullet is drawn right smack against his steel helmet. Yes, sah, an' he's done invented another one with a return attachment. Whenever dat bullet don't hit nothin' it comes right straight back to de American lines."

"Dat's what I call inventin'," exclaimed the other. "But, say, how about dem comin' back bullets? What do dey do to keep 'em from hittin' ourn men?"

"Well, mah frien' didn't tell me about it, but ef Mr. Edison made 'em you can bet youah life he's got 'em trained. You don't 'spose he'd let 'em kill any Americans, do you? No, sah. He's got 'em fixt so dey jes' ease back down aroun' de gunner's feet an' say: 'Dey's all dead in dat trench, boss. Send me to a live place where I's got a chanct to do somethin'.'"

Bathed While Building Burns.

Mrs. Stella Totten, a comely young matron, was enjoying an afternoon "tub" in her apartment on the third floor of the Adickes building, the Woolworth tower of a nearby suburban town, when there came a noisy knocking at the door. "Who's there?" inquired Mrs. Totten, timidly, recalling that the door was unlocked. "It's me—Bill Stone," was the gruff answer. "Please don't come in, Mr. Stone—I'm in the tub. Who are you, and why are you here?" "I'm Bill Stone of Hook and Ladder 279; the house is on fire, and I've come to get you." "I thought the water was getting rather hot," said Mrs. Totten. In less than a minute Bill Stone emerged from a third-floor window, and amid the plaudits of the surging crowd, safely carried Mrs. Totten, wrapped only in a blanket. Totten the ladder and delivered her safely in a nearby hotel.—New York Times.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Mollie raised her face from the gayly colored book to look at the child. Eagerly the young-old eyes regarded her. "You may take this home and keep it, dear," said Mollie, "a voyage into the pleasant unrealities will not hurt you. When I was a little girl, I loved the story of the fairy godmother who brings to the poor maiden all that her heart could desire." She smiled as the shabby little figures went joyously down the street.

"It takes so little to make them happy," murmured Mollie. Whimsically her thoughts went back to the fairy godmother. What convenient old creatures they were, happening along at the opportune moment, returning some passing kindness by changing a hut into a castle, or bringing a fairy prince to claim his own. In real life all was so different. Here she was, after years of faithful attendance upon Aunt Drusilla, left alone in the small cottage, it being her own only upon condition that she remain as tenant.

"Oh! for a fairy godmother," sighed Mollie to the yellow cat, then she went to open the door. A bent old figure stood knocking, and Mollie smiled at her own fanciful thought as the wrinkled face peered into her own.

"Does Miss Drusilla Wentworth live here?" quavered a sweet old voice.

"No," Mollie answered hesitatingly. In quick comprehension the woman nodded.

"Gone, I suppose," she said, "like all the rest."

"Yes," murmured Mollie.

"She was a friend of mine years ago," the woman explained; "we went to school together."

"Won't you come in?" urged the girl. The visitor sighed as she sat before the sitting room fire. "It has been a tiresome journey," she said; "I ought not to have come alone. But—they were all so against my coming. Who are you, my dear?" she asked abruptly, and Mollie told her.

"Well, if you are Drusilla's niece," the soft voice went on, "you must have heard of Martha Manton?"

"I heard," Mollie said, "that she went away long years ago, to be married."

The old lady laughed softly. "And now," she said, "she wants to come back." Again the keen eyes searched the girl's face. "I think I will tell you about it."

"My son has to go to war. He's my baby, if he is thirty years old—and it's very hard. Tom thought that I would be comfortable during his absence at my married son's home, but—" The old lady threw out her wrinkled hands and smiled. "I didn't seem to fit in. At least, I could not fit, in a bedroom where the steam heat does not work. And it's lonely spending evenings with your thoughts, while all the others are at dances or theaters, so I told them I was going back to my home town to stay with an old friend; and the only friend I could think of was Drusilla."

The girl arose briskly. "Well, take off your cloak," she said, "and give your bag to me. Perhaps you will stay, say, for a week with Drusilla's niece. I am lonely, too, and if we find we like each other—"

"Oh!" cried the visitor relievedly; "may I really stay for awhile, could you bear with an old body like me? You could call up my son in the city and find out all about me, dearie—"

Impulsively Mollie bent and clasped the trembling hands. "Why," she laughed, "I don't need to find out the first thing about you; you're going to be my fairy godmother!"

It was pleasant coming in of an evening to find the lamp burning and the silvery head bent busily over Mollie's own sewing. Or to sing at the piano to a joyously appreciative listener. Pleasant, too, for the young and old faces to smile at each other across the white-spread table.

"Why, this is home at last," breathed the girl.

"This is my home," said the older woman.

"And you will stay?" begged Mollie, when the first week was up.

The answer was interrupted by a summons to the front door. Past Mollie, into the parlor strode a man's soldier-clad figure.

"Mother!" burst out the man; "whatever did you mean by running away? John wired to camp, and I had leave of absence to come back. Why, mother!"

"Dearie," she entreated, "don't make me go to John's home again; here I am loved and wanted."

"I want her very much," agreed Mollie. And so, miraculously, during the soldier's three days of absence, Mollie and two guests.

"We had to dismiss our city servants and close up our big place," the man told her; "too much of a care for nother."

Mollie stared. "You must come and stay with us some time—after the war's over," he went on. "You don't know what a load you have lifted from my heart. Leaving her happy makes it so much easier, and—" steadily his eyes looked into her. "I want you to write to me often, will you? That will help, so—the thought of coming back—to you both."

With her arm about the little old mother, the girl watched him go striding down the road. "It is cold, dear," said Mollie; "you had better go inside." And as the man turned for one last long look, Mollie waved.

"Oh, fairy godmother," she whispered, "you have brought to me my prince."

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Weather Report.

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

Date	Maximum	Minimum	Precipitation
1	42	29	33
2	43	33	
3	51	36	
4	56	38	15
5	53	35	15
6	54	34	14
7	48	37	14
8	45	32	
9	57	30	
10	56	32	
11	54	39	
12	45	33	.75
13	42	30	.60
14	42	29	12
15	40	27	
16	47	26	
17	46	31	36
18	41	30	16
19	45	26	
20	50	24	
21	55	26	
22	57	32	
23	58	32	
24	43	28	24
25	46	23	
26	50	38	
27	48	37	
28	60	26	
29			
30			
31			3.84

Temperature—mean max. 49.28; mean min. 31.53; mean 40.40; Max 60. on 28. Minimum, 23. on 25. Greatest daily range, 34. Total precipitation 3.84 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .84 in., on 6. Number of days with 0.1 inch or more precipitation, 11, clear, 4; partly cloudy, 7; cloudy, 17.

Total snowfall 1 1/2 inches
Precipitation for season, 16.67
Precipitation for last season 15.33
Seasonal average

E. BRITT,
Cooperative Observer.

All Americans Can Serve.

Every man, woman and child in this country, who wants to serve the country, can serve it and serve it in a very simple and effective way, Secretary McAdoo says. That service is to lend your money to the Government. Every 25 cents loaned to the Government is a help at this time and practically every man, woman and child by making some trifling sacrifice, some denial of a pleasure, or giving up some indulgence, can render the Government that support.

The Same Opinion.

Mistress—I am not quite satisfied with your references. Maid—Neither am I, but they are the best I could get.—New York Globe.

A newspaper item informs us that milk is frozen and sold in brick form in Siberia.