

# :- JACKSONVILLE POST :-

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon.

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## THE CONSOLER

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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The youth in sailor uniform peered gloomily up and down. At length, with an impatient gesture, he stood looking out to where the water rippled in the sunlight. How he had dreaded a short time ago the sailing of that great vessel which should carry him to fight for his country! Not that Ned Seaton was a coward! His very being thrilled at the privilege of service, but there was the sorrow of leaving Honor behind; Honor, whose name had proved a bitter mockery.

Always she had seemed to belong to him, back from kindergarten days, and each transforming year had but made her more desirable. How proud she had been when he had enlisted in the navy! What plans they had made together for his triumphant return! Honor was to be the guiding star of his absent existence, the reward of war's toll. And now—only last night unexpectedly and cruelly, he had read of her marriage.

She had hastily married a soldier departing for France. Ned knew the fellow well, but no one had suspected attachment between "Seaton's sweetheart" and Jack Towne.

Moodily he watched the great waters, discouragement tugging at his heart. If only he might be called to fierce, all-absorbing battle; instead of this unbearable silent waiting. Near him halted a light-running car. He was unaware of a girl at the wheel until her voice challenged him.

"Off duty?" she called pleasantly. "Would you like a spin down the road?"

The invitation was an unusual, yet familiar one. It had become an established custom for passing automobilists to pick up soldiers or sailors along the route, carrying them for an hour or so, away from the monotony of camp. But it was not often that a solitary girl driver gave the invitation.

"I just dropped a grateful soldier a few miles below," she said.

Ned Seaton shook his disconsolate head. "No, thank you," he answered. "The girl persisted.

"It will do you good," she suggested, "and, I was going to ask afterward, to be shown through the barracks."

"There was something very contagious in the boyish frankness of her smile, and scarcely realizing his own capitulation, Ned Seaton entered the little car.

"Isn't this exhilarating?" she flashed at him. "I felt it a duty to insist upon rescuing you, Mr. Seaton; you had the appearance of being about to commit suicide."

Ned stared. "You know me, then?" he questioned. "It is strange that I should have forgotten meeting you."

"You haven't forgotten," the girl replied, "we have never met, yet I am more in your confidence perhaps than your nearest friend. If I could pretend to be a 'crystal gazer,' Mr. Seaton, I might tell you the tragic story of your life."

There was mischief in the girl's lovely eyes. The sailor leaned forward curiously. "Will you pretend that you are a crystal gazer and tell me?" he said.

For answer she brought her car to a stop beneath a cluster of trees and gave him her undivided attention. "Crystal gazers must be pardoned seeming rudeness if they would narrate truthfully," she began. "I see in your lifelong companionship severed, trust betrayed, and the woman you loved wedded to another. But she was not wholly to blame, neither was her faithlessness deliberate. She believed in the genuineness of her affection for you until absence proved that she could care for another more. When this discovery came to her, she still tried to be true. But the coming departure of the man who had won her heart left no doubt as to her own feelings. It was at a farewell party given by this man's sister that he claimed the promise which resulted in their marriage yesterday. Tomorrow he leaves for abroad. And you will be wise to forget a dream which was only a dream after all, and look for the bigger things to come."

"You know me so well," he said, "will you not tell me your name?"

Smilingly the girl considered. "I pass this way frequently," she told him. "Upon our last drive together you shall know."

He was more than curious when the light car again flashed around the corner. He was proud to take her through the barracks, she was so very good to look upon and a nod here and there showed that she was not unacquainted.

"I have been thinking," confided the girl as they rode down the tree-bordered road together, "of a possible sequel to your life story. The soldier who married is but a soldier after all; danger threatens ahead. Who may tell of war? A sailor might still come back to find free the woman he loved."

"The woman I loved was the one I loved," said Ned Seaton, "and that is passed. When I come back I shall hope to find, I shall long to find, a girl whom I love and who loves me."

Startled, she glanced into his earnest eyes. "What is her name, dear?" he asked quietly.

The girl gasped, then she smiled. "My name which has nothing to do with the girl you love, is Sue Towne," she replied, "sister of the man Honor married. It was she who told me your story and I was sorry."

"Your name has everything to do with the girl I love," said Ned.

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Perfection by Degree. Rembrandt says: "Learn to do well what you already know, and you will find in time the unknown things that you now inquire about."

Uncle Eben. "An optimist," said Uncle Eben, "is all right 'ceptin' when he gets so comfortable in his mind dat he goes to sleep on de job."

### Austria Complete Vassals Of Germany

Washington, June 4—All possibility of a common ground on which the United States and Austria might come to a peaceful agreement is wiped out by the new Austro-German pact, a copy of which has been received here through secret government channels and which makes Austria a complete vassal of Germany, the latter nation having gained control over the army of Austria to extend even after peace has been declared. The state department is informed further that revolt is spreading throughout Bohemia.

### Camp Green To Be Great Aerial Camp.

Washington, June 3—Secretary Baker announced today that Camp Greene Charlotte, N. C. would be made a great aviation concentration camp, at which about 15,000 men will be assembled. The remount depot at the camp will be moved elsewhere. No commanding officer for the camp has been assigned.

## Notice to Users of City Water!

In order that there may be sufficient water for our gardens and lawns during the summer, the City Council has directed that

Commencing Sunday, June 9, 1918

the hours for sprinkling Gardens and Lawns shall be as follows:

7:00 to 9:00 A. M. and 7:00 to 9:00 P. M.

Using water through open hose is unlawful. Do Not use nozzle with opening larger than one-fourth inch. Turn off water promptly at sound fire alarm and at ringing of bell at 9 o'clock. Leaking hydrants and fixtures must be repaired, water is for use—not waste.

Comply with above rules and help save water for use later. The Ordinance prescribes severe penalties for violation of these rules: do not compel us to seek such remedy. By order of the City Council,

CHRIS ULRICH,  
 Water Superintendent