

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon.

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Unsinkable Ships Of New Type Being Built

Washington, June 20—A new type of "unsinkable" ship is being built in America. It became known today that contracts for ten of the vessels have been let by the French government to an American yard. The design is the work of a Frenchman, and embodies principles hitherto untried, details of which are being kept secret.

Riots Affect Many Cities.

London, June 20—Serious rioting broke out in Vienna yesterday, says an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Amsterdam. The mob broke into a number of bakeries, stoned the residents of the premier and also one of the wings of the Hofburg palace; the message adds.

Cavalry is being rushed to the capital to restore order. It is probable, it is said, that martial law will be proclaimed.

The rioting was in protest against the reduction of the bread ration.

C. M. Thomas Will Deliver Oration.

Charles M. Thomas, member of the legislature from Jackson County, and republican nominee for state senator from that county, will deliver the oration in Eugene July 4. The committee invited Mr. Thomas several days ago, but he was unable to give them a definite answer at that time, but at their request held the offer under consideration, and Saturday morning R. S. Bryson received a letter accepting.

Mr. Thomas was one of the strong men of the last legislature, and when his name was suggested the men who represented Lane county at Salem were strong in their advice to the committee to secure him.

Mr. Thomas is a native of Iowa and served in the legislature of Iowa. He was temporary chairman of the republican state convention of Iowa in 1912, he is a speaker of eloquence and ability. He is one of the proprietors of the Talent Orchard Company, one of the largest fruit growing establishments of the Rogue River valley, but after the death of the late Senator Vawter was induced to take up his law practice in Medford, where he has risen to high rank in two years.

He is a graduate of the state university of Iowa and was a member of the 1906 football team of that institution, which won wide fame and the championship of the Mississippi valley.

Mr. Thomas has been especially active in all war work in Jackson County, and has been in great demand in Southern Oregon as a speaker. Lane County people can congratulate the committee and themselves in having secured him for the occasion.—Eugene Guard.

Next Liberty Loan To Be Six Billion

Washington, June 17—Secretary McAdoo has announced that about \$6,000,000,000 worth of certificates of indebtedness would be issued soon. He indicated the next Liberty Loan in October would be at least \$6,000,000,000.

Power Behind The Nation.

In an address before the editorial convention held in the east it was shown that sixty per cent of the American people are served by the country papers and smaller dailies.

The smaller newspapers constitute the real driving force and police power of sixty million of the American people—more than half the people of the United States read the smaller newspapers.

The farmers, the men and women who feed the nation, and a great part of the rest of the world,—the thinking, influential Americans who do not live in the big cities read the country weekly and smaller dailies.

While the city dwellers in flats and apartments spend their money on canned goods and picture shows, the readers of the country papers are the great buying class from farm tractors to jewelry.

The advertising value and the political power of the smaller newspapers is not yet fully understood by the great business interests and statesmanship of the nation, and still less appreciated.—Exchange.

Ruch

(Correspondence to the Post)

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Mitchell returned home Saturday from Weed, where Mr. Mitchell has been working. The alfalfa on the Applegate is a fairly good crop this year, most of it is now cut down and in the shocks but very little is in the barns up to date.

Bess Venable, Elizabeth Holzgang, Rita Ray and Lita Davies returned Tuesday from the valley where they have been thinning fruit.

John Taylor is home on a furlough. James Rice and Frank Boone were visitors at Ruch Sunday.

Mr. Wilbur Cameron lost a very fine milk cow Tuesday. The cow was staked out and got tangled in the rope.

Anyhow there doesn't seem to be any reason to believe that Editor Hearst will succeed Editor Creel in the important job of blue penciling Federal documents.

Protection is demanded for Chinese eggs. One might suppose that by the time they get here they should be grown up enough to look out for themselves.

Well, anyway, of the principal joys of being a railroad president was having a private car and traveling to places.

Great Writers Lazy.

Shelley had an indolent vein. He was very fond of the water, and many of his finest poems were composed as he idled at his ease in a boat. He made the best of his short life, however, and that cannot be said for Coleridge, who seemed to be afflicted with that lack of will to work which some people call laziness. He had one of the greatest minds, but he left even his finest poems mere fragments.

NOVELIST HAD HIS REVENGE

Dumas Worked With Subtlety, but Was Satisfied That It Would Be Thoroughly Complete.

When Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist, was a young man, he was grievously insulted by a man whom he had regarded as his friend.

Everyone expected him to punish the offender severely, but instead he began looking upon him with more consideration and apparent friendliness than he had ever shown before.

At length, three years later, when the erstwhile friend was to be married, the novelist was asked to serve as best man, and did so. When the ceremony was over and the guests were leaving someone remarked to Dumas: "I have often wondered at your kindness to this man. Surely yours is a remarkably forgiving nature, for although he insulted you grossly, you have assiduously studied his happiness ever since, and even assisted him in getting married."

"Quite right!" answered Dumas, "I flatter myself that I have given the fellow the most furious and long-eyed mother-in-law to be found in France!"

Making New Words.

We're going to help the dictionary makers with a couple of suggestions. Here are two words we have thunk up without the aid of mechanical appliances or paraphernalia whatever—without even brains.

Piscapalate—A taste for fish; for instance, the fellow has one who loves shad so much that he is willing to spend half an hour taking bones out of his teeth just so to eat one slab of fish.

Strenulist—here is now "strenuity," therefore, why not strenulist, one who strenus? The strenulist is one who gets up before any one else and starts in doing a lot of unnecessary things real hard, just to make dust fly. He bores you to death telling you about it, so he should be separated from the common herd.

We'd like to have some more new words. If you've coined any, pass 'em along, please. The language is in danger and needs help!—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

One Quart of Milk.

Doctor Rosenow of Harvard university says that the actual food value of one quart of milk is equal to three-quarter pound of beef, two pounds of chicken, eight eggs, or two pounds of codfish. Each of these costs more, to say nothing of the time, labor and fuel required in preparation. A glass of milk costs only 33-4 cents in Convals today. The food value of that glass of milk is equal to two large eggs, or a large serving of lean meat, or two moderate-sized potatoes, or five tablespoonfuls of cooked cereal, or two slices of bread. In other words, a meal consisting of one glass of milk and two slices of bread gives you as much food value as you would get out of four eggs.

BEAUTIFUL ENIGMA

By JACK LAWTON.

For the fourth time since he had entered himself at the hotel table, Bob Whiting turned deliberately to look toward the entrance. Then with contemptuous impatience he continued to study his menu card. What possessed him that he could not go on with his meal in contentment, until that girl arrived? It was as well to be honest with oneself.

From the moment her dark eyes had met his across the whitened tables, he had been as bewitched though the girl's glance had been as indifferent as it was unconscious. "The Beautiful Enigma" they laughingly dubbed the girl, who appeared as a guest, alone and aloof, at the fashionable seaside resort.

Bob Whiting's purpose in spending his vacation here was to be near young friends, whose war training camp was not far distant. This was really his encouraging farewell to the boys before they sailed overseas.

"At midnight, or near then," the soldier lads insisted, "she might often be seen hastening down the lighted way, when she returned a man of distinguished appearance and military bearing sometimes accompanied her. The man was an undesirable frequenter of the seaside community, a gambler, it had been whispered."

Bob Whiting, recalling these confidences, groaned in spirit. How had this unknown girl obsessed him with an ardent longing for her presence, this more than eager determination to know her better. Bob glanced curiously at the flowers upon her breast, each day the corsage was her only color, and to his fancy, the flowers had seemed to express her varying moods.

"The Beautiful departs," a laughing voice remarked at his elbow.

"Old military, with his spence get-up, is waiting outside. Queer combination, those two. They say the man raked in a fortune last night."

Trately silent, Bob rose to his feet.

"Good night," called Barney innocently oblivious.

Bob Whiting had walked the length of the pier before he realized the futility of his indignation. "What had he to do with the girl?" Again he fiercely asked himself the question.

"Why should the knowledge of her associates bring him torture?" Then just below upon the beach he saw her. Openly, reluctant, the gambler was releasing her hand.

"Here at eleven tonight," he said clearly, and the girl smiled. Glancing upward she seemed to recognize Bob's darkening face, for her own flushed visibly.

He watched her white dress until it disappeared before him within the hotel doors, then gloomily he chose a secluded corner of the veranda. Was the girl utterly unaffectionate? Sursey her eyes were the wide, clear eyes of a child. And no woman was accustomed to pass unattended at night through these gay streets, thronged with strangers from many lands. He himself would wait, would go with her. If he could not dare this much, then the question of his heart was not worth setting.

So when the girl came warily forth later, slipping like some small white ghost out into the darkness, Bob Whiting followed. At the descent from the pier she turned quickly and faced him.

"Why," she asked quietly, "do you come this way?"

"To—watch over you," he answered promptly.

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "You take a good deal upon yourself," she said.

Bob's tone was resolute. "Perhaps I do." "Nevertheless, I intend to assure myself that you are aware of the fact that this man whom you meet here at night is notorious as a gambler."

"The girl caught her breath. "I know," she said. Then wonderingly she regarded him. "Why should you care about me?" she asked.

"I only know that I do care," Bob answered tensely.

There was a long silence before the girl again spoke. "I am moved to confide in you," she said tremulously.

"This notorious gambler is my father. For this fault he and my mother have been separated. She is now an invalid confined to her room here at the hotel. I am seeking a reconciliation between them both, based upon the promise to forsake his ways, which my father is to give me tonight. My meetings with him had to be secret, mother would have resented intervention."

Down the beach came a man's erect figure. "Good night," whispered the girl, but Bob lingered.

"If I may, I will wait to walk back with you," he said. And in the girl's smile he read consent.

Some Facts About Facts.

A fact is a valuable thing and ought to be saved up. Start a savings account of facts. They have the strangest way of popping up just when they're needed—if you've stored them away. The schoolhouse is the main factory. A man said to us the other day that what he learned before he was 15 was worth more than all he had ever learned since. The more you learn before you are 15 the more time you'll have to learn later. Personally we would rather have a fat savings account of facts than of dollars. A dollar will earn from 3 to 6 per cent. A first-class fact may some day earn you \$10,000.—The American Boy.

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He knows what THIS TOWN wants. He knows your INDIVIDUAL wants. He is anxious to please. He wants you to call again. He GUARANTEES his goods. He'll exchange them if they do not please. **Why Not Trade at Home?**

Sapolio doing its work. Scouring for U.S. Marine Corps recruits. **Join Now!** **APPLY AT ANY POST OFFICE** for SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM. Men who wear this emblem are U.S. MARINES.

Forest Notes: The Osborne fire finder has been adopted by the Forest Service as standard equipment for lookout stations on the National Forests of the country, according to a letter just received by District Forester Geo. H. Cecil from the Forester at Washington, D. C. This fire finder, the invention of Forest Examiner Wm. B. Osborne, Jr., of Portland, has been tried out successfully on the summit of Mt. Hood and at numerous other lookout stations in various parts of the North Pacific District for several seasons. Fires more than fifty miles distant have been accurately located from Mt. Hood by means of this instrument. More than 250 of these fire finders are now in use and it is planned eventually to equip all the more important lookout points on the National Forests which have suitable housing facilities with them. The instrument complete costs about \$48.

Sugar Cut to 25 Pounds: Portland, June 20—Information was received this morning at the office of the food administration that beginning immediately the allotment of sugar for canning purposes has been reduced from 100 to 25 pounds to each person or family. W. K. Newell, assistant federal food administrator for Oregon, this morning sent out the following notice to all the retail grocers in the state of Oregon: "On account of shipping difficulties, the sugar situation is becoming more acute, and we have been advised by the food administrator at Washington that it is absolutely necessary to limit the amount of sugar used in domestic canning and preserving to 25 pounds. You will, therefore immediately upon receipt of this notice change the sugar certificate on the top line to read as follows: "No family can purchase more than 25 pounds of sugar for canning and preserving without a special permit from the county food administrator."

Electric Sparks (From Our Wireless) Strange thing that as the army proceeded to annex baseball players we get three or four hour, sixteen and a nineteen inning games. Mr. McAdoo says the new tax law is a necessity. All right. Let 'er go. We're in 'till its over over there. "The next few weeks," says Mr. Lloyd George, "will be a race between Hindenburg and President Wilson." So? Well, anybody taking the German end is on a dead one. That Wisconsin veterinary who is helping to prosecute his infamy for killing his wife has admitted to the court that even a soul-mate may go too far some times. It's unfair to judge some frames by the pictures they inclose. Are you for the Red Cross or the Iron Cross? "Mrs. Stokes the notorious pacifist for all countries." So were the Bolsheviks—and look at Russia! "I'll remember that I see you again." So—W. E. Phipps has been named as the attorney for the crown Prince's equipment for a rig drive includes a hammock and a beretain.

Attorney's Notice Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County, been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Robert J. Bonar, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, as required by law, to the undersigned at Medford, Oregon, within six (6) months from date hereof; and all persons owing said estate are hereby requested to pay the same immediately. Dated: June 22, 1918. **D. A. BONAR** Administrator of the estate of Robert J. Bonar, deceased. **W. E. PHIPPS** Attorney for estate, Medford, Oregon.

The peasants of the Ukraine love the Germans so that they are burning their grain to keep it from Berlin. With Pennsylvania and other eastern states clamoring for a compulsory labor law, the baby, like the young man and the State of Empire, will have to be made to work. The reason Jeremiah O'Leary the disloyalist has not been tried is that he is found wanting.