

# :- 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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## Electric Sparks

(From Off Our Wireless)

Maybe the army in France has organized a league and is back of this drafting all ball players.

Of course the wonder is that Austria-Hungary ever held its antagonistic elements together until this summer.

On the other hand, Austria-Hungary certainly took its time about discovering the blunders in autocracy, slavery and hunger.

America must feed the world, and take it from the American farmer, America can do it—and the dinner bell is about to ring.

The U-boat would be of serious military consequence if U. S. troops were entrusted for transportation to unprotected sailing vessels.

Some of the Prussians who made luncheon engagements for Paris are figuring apprehensively on getting back to Berlin.

Kerensky is remembered in Russia as one of the men who got the worst of it trying to catch a gentleman in a rough and tumble game.

The loss of the czar's jewelry would be more important if the Romanoff's were at present going into society.

Lung power has its element of value in a national crisis. Just now a good bugler is more in demand than a soap box orator.

The meatless days are an encouragement to the man who likes to quit work now and then and go fishing.

Prussia's war preparation was measured by decades. The retribution will be measured by centuries.

India is planting this year nearly 25,000,000 acres in cotton but expects to raise only 4,000,000 bales. Labor has to be cheap to make this pay if the Hindus get 30 cents a pound.

Germany better quit now. A Mexican editor says his country will take up arms for the allies.

Our soldiers are now fluently talking peace to the Huns in the only language they understand.

All "conscientious objectors" to an Italian revanche on Austria are on the wrong side of the Piave.

Not even in the days of Victor, Cavour, and Garibaldi was Italy better able to say "Italy will act for herself."

## Monkeys Cleverly Trapped.

Monkey hunters walk about in boots, which they take off in sight of the monkeys and plaster the insoles with gum. The imitative animals, when the coast is clear, come down from the trees and put on the boots. Thus they are trapped, for they can no longer climb.

## HOW OLD IS LONDON TOWN?

Notwithstanding Antiquity of British Metropolis Many Great Buildings Are Modern.

It is surprising, when we think of the age of London, and think of the tower which William the Conqueror built; of the ancient abbey; of the Norman church; of St. Bartholomew's, how many of London's most prominent buildings are less than a hundred years old, and how many of them are quite recent structures, observes a writer in London Tit-Bits.

Of all the buildings which flank Whitehall only the Horse Guards, the Banquet hall and the Old Admiralty existed a hundred years ago. The government offices are all new.

Within living memory the house of parliament, the Thames embankment and all its flanking buildings, St. Thomas' hospital, the National gallery, South Kensington museum, the Tate gallery, the law courts, all the big hotels and even the present Mansion house have been built, whilst nearly all the banks and great piles of commercial offices in the city are new, although the thoroughfares in which they stand are very old.

A hundred years ago there was no High Holborn, no Shaftesbury avenue, no Charing Cross road, no Regent street—or, at most, it was just in the making—and no Trafalgar square, Kingsway and Aldwych are streets of yesterday.

Moreover, such great centers of population as Putney and Islington and Hampstead and Edmonton were little outlying villages quite disconnected with London, whilst West Ham and Willesden had no existence except as names, and places like Shepherd's Bush and Wormwood Scrubs might have been in the backwoods of Australia or Canada for all the importance they represented. A century ago, too, the railroad stations which number about 2,000 had no existence whatever.

## KNIGHTS OF ROAD

By MELLICENT BLEYER.

(Copyright, 1918, by Western Newspaper Union.)

"Well, that's the limit! What's come over you—gone clear daffy?"

Course-grained and hoarse-throated as he was, there was more of wonder than ridicule in the tones of Big Reddy, professional hobo. It was at the camp of a group of wandering ones that Reddy had come across Mystery Blair gazing fixedly at a photograph. With a quick flush Blair thrust the picture out of sight.

"Just honest admiration of a pretty face," was the reply given, with a forced laugh. "I had quite an adventure last evening and the original of that picture had a part in it."

"Hello—there's trouble! Make for cover!" spoke Reddy sharply. There had come from one of the group preparing breakfast a birdlike cry, a signal, a warning with which every schooled tramp was familiar. Two strangers had suddenly intruded. One wore an official badge. "That's the man," spoke his companion, and he pointed to Blair.

Instantly there was the closing in of the circle. The presentment was that of the law against a comrade. The group were staunch and loyal for defense.

"This is no arrest," announced the marshal.

"No, it is just contrary," added his companion. "I would like to have you accompany me to my office," he addressed himself to Blair. "You were something better than a hero last night. As legal adviser of Miss Ina Trescott, whose life and property you saved, I am asked to talk over matters with you."

"I don't see the use," replied Blair.

"I'm glad if I did all you say."

"He did something, you can count on that!" broke in big Reddy, "for he tossed all night with that burned hand of his."

Mystery Blair for a moment looked as though resentful of patronizing or reward. Then his hand closed on the half-burned photograph in his pocket. In the current of unusual circumstances, he decided to allow it to drift him whither it would.

He had been dubbed "Mystery" Blair by his comrades. He had joined the hobo contingent one day, asking the favor of companionship and variety, telling them he had made a failure of business life and envied them their unconventional existence.

The evening previous, passing a charming little bungalow, Blair had seen smoke and flames issuing from its front. Cries for help echoed from the interior. He had burst in a locked door. Confused cries for deliverance, and a young girl lying upon a couch, evidently an invalid. Blair seized a counterpane, wrapped her up in it and breathed the blaze. Neighbors had gathered and he had placed the girl in their charge. Then the memory of that confiding face, the soft, clinging arms, seemed an ideal, forcing him to further effort.

Three hours after the call at the hobo camp Mystery Blair was a new being in appearance. The lawyer had insisted not only on medical attention but a complete rehabilitation.

"You're spoiling me for the road," Blair had remonstrated, with a quiet smile.

"Why hit it again?" challenged the attorney. "I fancy, Mr. Blair, that line is not your natural bent. Again, we must be presentable when we call upon Miss Trescott."

When he was in the presence of the fair young girl, just recovering from a spell of sickness, and her hand lingered gratefully in his own, there stirred within him new and vivid emotions. He had arisen to depart when his eye fell upon a little framed photograph on the medicine stand. He gave quite a start.

"Will you pardon me," he spoke interestedly, "but I have seen this young man, I am sure."

"Oh, Mr. Devon?" instantly cried Miss Trescott, greatly excited. "tell him! Can it be possible, that at last—"

The lawyer silenced her eager recollections with a gesture. He took up the photograph and led Blair into an adjoining room. It was a graphic story that he related—of wild, reckless Julian Trescott, the brother of Ina, getting into trouble foolishly, fleeing from friends who could protect him and losing himself among tangled highways.

Blair recalled the original of the picture. He was sure that nearly a year back he had met its owner in his wanderings. He was sure of it when he showed the picture to Reddy.

"You know every knight of the road," Blair said to him. "Can this one be found?"

"It would take some financing and it may be a long, long trail," submitted Reddy, and this was provided for, and two months later Blair reappeared with the brother of Ina.

Blair had bade good-by to the road and his old hobo comrades. As Waltham Blair, author, he now set about utilizing the experience he had gone through. He was at the new Trescott home one day.

"Miss Trescott," he said, "I am glad to say that I have made arrangements for the publication of 'The World's Highway.' It was my first meeting with you that gave its plan an impetus."

"I am glad," spoke lovely lips and eyes.

"And later love made me successful in my ambition, love for you," he said.

## Hot Weather Merchandise!

at the

## Coollest Store in Town.

Come in and see our fresh looking lawns and other sheer dress fabrics. We have a nice line of white canvas shoes and slippers.

Also: Union all-work garments for the whole family.

By the way, you're going to need a lot of supplies when you start on that camping trip, let us have your order.

## Your Business Appreciated

Jno. M. Williams Co.

The People's Store.

Phone 142.

Jacksonville,

Oregon

## Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution in foreclosure and order of sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the State of Oregon, for Jackson County, dated July 10, 1918 in a certain suit therein, wherein Eugene Schuler as Plaintiff, recovered judgment and Decree against James T. White and M. P. Schmitt, Defendants, for the sum of Five Hundred ninety (\$590.00) Dollars, with interest thereon from said 6th day of July, 1918, at the rate of 8 percent per annum and \$50.00 Dollars Attorney's fee, and further the sum of \$12.00 Dollars costs which judgment was enrolled and docketed in said Court July 6th 1918;

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the terms of said execution, I will on August 14th, 1918, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court house in the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment with costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that the above named defendants jointly or individually had on October 5th, 1915 or have since acquired, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in Jackson County, State of Oregon, to wit:

The East one-half (1/2) of the North-east quarter (1/4) of Section 32, Township 36, S. Range 4. W. of W. M. Oregon, containing 80 acres.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, this 11th day of July, 1918.

RALPH G. JENNINGS  
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.  
By LESLIE W. STANSELL, Deputy.

## Notice of Final Settlement.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR JACKSON COUNTY.  
In the Matter of the Estate of Isaac G. Roberts, deceased

Notice is hereby given, That T. B. Roberts, the executor of the last will and of the estate of Isaac G. Roberts, deceased, has filed in the above entitled court and cause his final account, and that Monday, August 12, 1918, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court room in the Court House at Jacksonville, in Jackson County, Oregon, has been fixed by order of the court as the time and place for hearing said final account; and all persons having objections to said final account are hereby notified to file and present the same on or before said date.

Dated July 13, 1918.

T. B. ROBERTS,  
Executor

## Harp Long in Use.

Jubal is credited with the invention of the harp, 3,875 years before Christ, and sacred writ tells of David playing the harp before Saul 1003 B. C. It is related in ancient manuscript that the harp was in use in Ireland during the time of Geide, monarch of Ireland, about 550 B. C.

## The Home Merchant KEEPS HIS EAR TO THE GROUND



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?

## LEGAL BLANKS

All Guardians of National Honor.  
A consul in China remarks: "In foreign trade, the business men and business methods are checked together by nationality and the unbusinesslike conduct of one American firm will react unfavorably on many other American firms."

## LEGAL BLANKS

We have on hand for sale the following blanks viz:

- Lease,
- Mortgages,
- Bill of Sale,
- Agreements,
- Warranty Deeds,
- Quit Claim Deeds,
- Chattel Mortgage,
- Acknowledgements,
- Real Estate contract,
- Location Notice—Placer,
- Location Notice—Quartz,
- Satisfaction of Mortgage,
- Real Estate Agents Contract,

At reasonable prices. We intend adding other blanks as fast as possible until the line is complete. Blanks of special form printed to order at short notice.

JACKSONVILLE POST.

No. 63.

## Report of the Condition of THE BANK OF JACKSONVILLE

at Jacksonville in the State of Oregon at the close of business June 29, 1918.

### RESOURCES

Loans and discounts.....	\$49,086.83
Overdrafts secured and unsecured.....	284.00
Bonds and Warrants.....	7,732.24
Stocks, securities, judgments, etc.....	7,520.00
Banking House.....	4,000.00
Furniture and fixtures.....	2,000.00
Other real estate owned.....	5,371.82
Due from approved reserve banks.....	8,413.09
Checks and other cash items.....	57.16
Exchanges for clearing house.....	4,388.85
Expenses.....	72.06
Other Resources, Gold Dust.....	72.06
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$83,926.05</b>

### LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in.....	\$10,000.00
Surplus fund.....	1,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	3,556.05
Individual deposits subject to check.....	43,425.92
Demand certificates of deposit.....	418.73
Certified checks.....	13,308.01
Time and Saving Deposits.....	7,718.04
Notes and bills rediscounted.....	4,500.00
Bills payable for money borrowed.....	4,500.00
Other liabilities.....	—
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$83,926.05</b>

### STATE OF OREGON,

County of Jackson, ss.

I, Wm. H. Johnson, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Wm. H. JOHNSON, Cashier.

Correct—Attest:

C. M. Ruch,  
R. D. Hines,  
Directors.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6, day of July, 1918.  
D. W. BAGSHAW,  
Notary Public.  
My Commission expires Feb. 26, 1920.

**Can Only Be Sure of Today.**  
Today is your day and mine; the only day we have; the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other source of life leads toward decay and waste.—David Starr Jordan.