

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

Entered as second-class matter June 22 1907, at the post office at Jacksonville Oregon, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1919

SUBSCRIPTION: One year by mail \$1.50. Advertising rates furnished on application.

Two Men, Handcuffed, Robbed by Bandits.

Oakland, Cal., June 2.—Three men in an automobile overtook Morris Haltern, a Sacramento garage owner near Pinole several miles south of here last night, forced Haltern and a companion to leave their automobile, handcuffed them to a telegraph pole, robbed them of \$290 and escaped according to a report made by Haltern to Pinole authorities.

Haltern and his companion, who gave the name of Donner, were brought to Pinole by an automobilist who found the two men securely linked to a telegraph pole by handcuffs.

19 in Riot Shot at Toledo.

Toledo, O., June 5.—As an outgrowth of the killing of two persons and wounding of 17 last night by discharged soldier guards during a riot of strike sympathizers, feeling in the vicinity of the Willys-Overland automobile plant is running high today.

This is a settlement of Poles. This nationality suffered the most seriously during the rioting and police were apprehensive of further outbreaks against former soldiers doing emergency police duty.

Flynn, Head of Secret Service, to Crush Anarchy.

Washington, June 6.—It was evident here today that efforts of anarchists to create a reign of terror through attempts on lives of prominent men in eight cities Monday night not only failed, but has brought action by the government that is expected to wipe out the anarchists themselves.

The announcement by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer that the purposes of the department of justice are the same now as they were before was followed by a statement telling of the creation of a new bureau by the department with William J. Flynn as head, which will have as its paramount duty the crushing of the anti-government movement.

Agents of the federal government throughout the country and detective forces in scores of other cities today renewed with vigor their efforts to run down those responsible for Monday night's bomb explosions.

Although the authorities are working behind the tightly drawn veil of secrecy, for obvious reasons it was said that despite intimations yesterday that the identity of the man killed here by his own bomb when he attempted to assassinate Attorney General Palmer had been established, no tangible clues that might lead to apprehension of the plotters had been found.

Judge Tazwell Sued for Automobile Smash.

Portland, June 4.—County Judge Tazwell is made defendant in a suit for damages of \$291.50, filed in the district court this morning by F. L. Jones. Jones accused Judge Tazwell of crashing into his machine at East Eleventh and Clackamas streets on May 22. He accuses the judge of driving along the wrong side of the street and of progressing at an alarming speed. Jones says his car was completely demolished—the wheels being torn off, the axle broken, the top smashed and the engine wrecked. County Judge Tazwell last week presented Jones' claim to the county commissioners and the board refused to recognize it.

Third Influenza Epidemic, Salem.

Salem, June 3.—Miss May Loomis, head of the nursing department in the northwest, arrived here today to confer with local Red Cross officials relative to means for meeting a third influenza epidemic. There are said to be 100 cases of the malady in North Salem. Most of them are in light form and there has been but one death as a result of the present outbreak. Miss Gladys Pilchford, secretary of the Willamette chapter, Red Cross, will appear before the meeting of the city council to obtain aid from the city in roving nurses.

HAVE STOOD TEST OF TIME

Quotations With Which All Are Familiar Acquire Popularity Only Because of Their Merits.

The quotation worthy of the high title of "familiar" must have stood the test of time and passed unharmed through the shifting tides and fashions of centuries. In its lofty or in its humble way it must show that, like Shakespeare, it "was not for an age, but for all time." I used the word "humble" because the rhymes of childhood, of the nursery, fulfill the requirement of age in a quotation worthy to be called familiar. Their intrinsic, their abstract merits may appear slight, they may even seem to be sheer nonsense, but they are passed on by mothers and nurses and by the children themselves from generation to generation. We may be assured that they would not thus have lived and prospered if they had not possessed some quality, however slender, of genuine worth, of real humor or imagination, which gave them permanence.

Then there are the popular sayings, the folk tales and ballads and the songs of the people with an ancestry lost in the mists of antiquity, which, stored in human memory and kept alive only by human lips, have come down across the centuries with their endless variants until at last they have been gathered up by the collector and the antiquarian and made safe from oblivion by print and paper. These tales and ballads are often rude in form and expression, but no curious inquiry is needed to explain their long life and lasting familiarity. In them you find wit and wisdom, sparks struck from the hard flints of experience by men and women struggling unknown through what we call life.—Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

FORTUNATE IS HOMEY MAN

If Unduly Attractive, the Unhappy Male Seems Doomed to Misfortune All His Life.

I have no objection whatsoever to children being beautiful, or to young girls being beautiful, or to a woman of whatever age being beautiful. But I do insist that for a man not to be homey is his misfortune. Irvin S. Cobb writes in American Magazine. The handsome male starts with a handicap at the very cradle.

Women of all ages insist on cooing over him and talking baby talk to him and chucking him under the chin and kissing him—especially kissing him—and since he is not of an age to appreciate these attentions the whole procedure must annoy him fearfully. Should his beauty last into his boyhood the chances are that he has the sort of mother who will make him wear his hair long and force him to go about publicly in a broad lace collar and a black velvet suit with a sash about his waist, and that means other boys will call him by offensively apt nicknames and generally make his young life a burden to him.

Most woeful of it all, if still his beauty sticks to him after he has arrived at man's estate, only a determined and persistent struggle against the odds of destiny and of circumstances can save him from drifting into the ranks of the matinee idols, the moving picture stars and the floorwalkers in the department stores.

Concrete Oil Tanks.

Storing oil in concrete tanks is the invention of an Englishman. A tank with a capacity of about ten gallons was recently made with a chemically treated concrete aggregate, and after being allowed to "weather" for seven days molding was filled with paraffin oil. This filled, it was placed in a shed, where it remained for 15 weeks; at the end of this period it was carefully examined. With the exception of evaporation, no loss had taken place; there was no sign of leakage, and the inside walls of the tank were free from the smell of its contents. Upon removal from the spot on which it had been standing no trace of paraffin could be detected, nor had the under side of the tank acquired any smell. This is probably the most severe test that could be applied to any container.

Children's Fancies.

Children live in a world of fancy. Whatever may be the real nature of the things they see those things to them are real. Remember that the child has had no experience by which to judge the importance of practical relations of what they see or imagine. Even men and women sixty years old misjudge events, misunderstand relationships of things, attach absurd importance to their imaginings. How must it be with a child who has not been here long enough to test his visions by the standards of observation and experience?—Exchange.

ROMANTIC EPISODE

By J. ISABELLE BURNHAM.

"Now, what shall I do next?" thought mischievous little Miss Courtney Burke. She made a very pretty picture as she sat on the dark sofa, her golden head laid against it and her dark gray eyes gazing earnestly at the ceiling.

As she was sitting there her brother's little two-year-old girl came into the room. She toddled up to Courtney and said: "Me write letter to papa—poor papa, 'way off dere in France."

"What have you got, Helen?" Courtney asked her.

Helen held up a newspaper which showed several pictures of soldiers.

Suddenly Courtney's eyes danced mischievously and she eagerly scanned the faces of the soldiers to find one to whom she thought the word "romance" would fit.

She came to the name of Lieut. Arthur Stanton. Then she stopped and looked at the half-finished sweater beside her.

"I'll finish this sweater," she said, "and there won't be any harm in writing a little note for a lonely soldier."

Accordingly, after the khaki sweater was finished she wrote a cheery little note and signed her niece's name, "Miss Helen Burke," to it.

Time went on, and Courtney had very nearly forgotten about letters and sweaters, when a letter came for her little niece. Upon opening it she found a very interesting and grateful letter from Lieut. Arthur Stanton.

He thanked her for the sweater, also for the letter, which, he said, was the first that he had received from the good old U. S. A., closing by asking her to write as often as was possible.

Courtney wrote to him, and she received his nice letters, but all the while she had the guilty feeling that she was deceiving him.

A long time elapsed and the letters ceased. She wondered and watched for them. Until now, she did not know how much those letters had meant to her. She was angry with herself for thinking and feeling as she did. What did she know about him? Nothing, only what he had written her.

She soon had other things to take up her mind, as her brother had written that he was coming home on a short furlough.

It was a very warm day in June that Courtney had just finished combing her little niece's hair, as Helen's papa was expected home that day. There was a strong resemblance between the seventeen-year-old aunt and her little two-year-old niece.

The bell rang and Courtney jumped up and ran out of the nursery. She hurried to the door, but instead of seeing her brother, as she expected, she looked into the merry brown eyes of a young soldier.

"Does Miss Helen Burke live here?" he inquired politely.

Courtney replied in the affirmative and after asking him in she called her little niece.

The soldier expressed no surprise at seeing the little tot instead of a grown-up young lady, but he introduced himself as Lieut. Arthur Stanton.

Courtney turned red, then white. She didn't know whether to cry or to laugh, so she turned to the window until she could get control of herself.

What would she do? Here he was making himself right at home, paying no more attention to her than if she wasn't there. Oh, dear! why did she write that letter? She might have known she would get into trouble—she always did. My, but he was a very good-looking fellow at that. Well, the only thing to do was to tell him the truth.

"Lieutenant Stanton, I wish to make an apology," she said.

He raised his eyebrows and stood up. His young figure was very erect, as he stood with his head thrown back, and she just couldn't help but admire the man. His black hair waved—she always did love curly hair.

Oh, why did he look at her so closely? It made things so much harder.

"Oh, Helen," she said suddenly, "please go and get the newspaper in aunt's desk."

As the little one toddled away, Courtney looked at him again, and she thought, "how could I ever have done such a thing."

Lieutenant Stanton stood waiting in silence for her to speak, and if there was a twinkle of fun in his dark eyes, she failed to see it.

She opened her lips to speak, then burst into tears. He let her cry a while, then spoke very gently: "Miss Burke, I think I know what you are about to say. Please don't apologize for anything. I know all about it."

She raised her head quickly and looked at him questioningly.

"Don't see," he said, "your brother and I were pals. It was he who noticed the letter pinned in the sweater, and he recognized your writing. And—well—there is not much to tell—he gave me your picture and I guess (he looked down at her shyly) I lost my heart. But your letters helped me. You don't know how much, and—well, let's get a little better acquainted."

And they did, for at the end of his furlough Lieut. Arthur Stanton had a very happy heart and a picture ever before his mind of the little girl he left behind him, Courtney, whose eyes were even brighter than the sunlight that gleamed on the third finger of her left hand.

It's Picnic Time Again!

Don't you want to go?

No trouble to get ready because we have everything you need for the lunch right here:

Just come in and see

Jno. M. Williams Co.

The People's Store.

Phone 142.

Jacksonville,

Oregon

HEADGEAR OF ALL FASHIONS

In the Revolutionary War the Hats Worn by the Soldiers Were of Many Designs.

In our past wars there were no such things as flying shrapnel, or airplanes that dropped draps of steel on the soldiers below, so American soldiers wore ordinary army hats. But modern warfare has made it necessary that soldiers wear helmets of steel.

In the Revolutionary war our soldiers' hats were of many designs. One of the most common was the "cocked" hat, made of black or brown felt and turned up on the sides to form three corners. The Virginia riflemen wore brown felt hats with one side turned up, and the Maryland riflemen brown fur-trimmed hats.

The hat generally worn by the New York rangers or riflemen was of black felt, cup shaped, turned up in front, with a plume. Sometimes words were marked on the front, such as "Liberty," "Death," etc. Soldiers in the cavalry or "light horse" of Philadelphia wore sportsmen's caps, ornamented with buck's tails.

Hats worn by the First Governors' foot guards of Connecticut were closely modeled after those of the British Grenadiers. They were of black fur, cup shaped, with a piece of yellow felt in front. On the side they were decorated with a red plume. Privates in the Pennsylvania companies wore braided-bound hats. The dragoons wore con-shaped helmets.

ROOSEVELT SAID IF PEOPLE WON'T WALL STREET WILL

Great American's Words Ring True Today as When Spoken.

"Long after this war is over, we shall continue in the struggle to achieve liberty for all mankind. To do it effectively, we must bind ourselves together as a nation, and there is no surer bond between a man and his country than that he shall be a bondholder of his country."

"To own bonds of the United States is a badge of honor."

"There should be Liberty Bonds in every home in America."

"I appeal most earnestly to the men and women of America to lend their money to the government; and to do it now!"

"I myself have invested in these bonds. There is every reason for buying them. The patriotic reason is enough. But, in addition, there is offered the best security in the world, backed by the credit of the government and people of the United States."

"The outstanding and fundamental need of the government, without which nothing can be accomplished, is money in large sums and small."

Run by Electricity.
Stray electric currents from a railroad are supposed to cause the trees in one side of a Brussels street to bud again and sometimes blossom after they once have shed their leaves every fall.



COVERALLS
Keep Kids Clean
\$1.50
the Suit
A New Suit
FREE
if they rip
Dresses of
Imitations
Look for
this Red
Woven
Label
Made by
Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco
Awarded GRAND PRIZE at P.P.A.L.

Pe Ell Mill Begins Repairs.

Centralia, Wash., June 4.—Extensive repairs, which will require several months to complete, were started last week at the Yeomans mill in Pe Ell, which will be idle while the work is underway. Old machinery and boilers are being removed preparatory to the installation of new equipment.

Posts to be Asked.

Washington, June 3.—Renewal of the recommendation to congress that the old army stations and posts in the South and West, most of them relics of pioneer days, be abandoned, is understood to be planned by the war department. The department would utilize some for hospital or other government purposes and sell the remainder.

Army officials say maintenance of these posts not only has been disproportionately expensive, but has weakened the efforts to organize an efficient army by scattering the various elements throughout the country.

Kaiser Plans Flight From Holland.

The Hague, May 31.—In well informed circles here there is no longer much doubt that the ex-kaiser will have shaken the dust of The Netherlands off his feet by the time peace is signed. How or when the ex-monarch will depart is a mystery. The correspon-

dent can however, state authoritatively that those entrusted with the ex-monarch's new abode in Germany have already left to prepare the way. Since the recent outbreak in the press the illustrious guest is little talked of by the Dutch papers.

Record Sentence Imposed.

Seattle, Wash., June 2.—Convicted on several different counts of distilling liquor without a government license, W. H. Miller, longshoreman, today was sentenced in the United States district court to 11 months in jail and to pay fines totaling \$2700. The sentence is said by federal officials to be the most severe ever imposed in a case of this kind in a Seattle court.

La Grande Officer Home.

La Grande, Or., June 2.—Major J. P. Graham, who took the La Grande hospital unit to France and later was transferred to the engineer's medical staff, returned to La Grande today with the intention of locating here in his former offices.

Prices Will Stay Up;

H. C. Wortman Thinks.

Portland, June 4.—In the opinion of H. C. Wortman, of Olds, Wortman & King, who has been on an Eastern buying trip, commodity prices will go still higher before they decline. Advancing wage scales and a shorter work day in all industries are responsible for price increases. The belief that prices would fall after the war was a fallacy and, he expects no material change in the worldwide condition of labor unrest for an indefinite period. Mr. Wortman says the business situation in Portland compares favorably with what he saw in Eastern cities.

Electrical Strike Set For June 16.

Springfield, Ill., June 4.—A strike call for June 16 is being sent out from the headquarters of the International Brotherhood of Electrical workers here, Charles P. Ford, secretary, said today. If demands submitted to Postmaster General Burleson are not complied with by that date 60,000 men and 60,000 operators will strike, he said.

Atlantic, Ga. June 4.—Union telegraphers employed by the Western Union Telegraph company at Atlanta went on strike today in sympathy with the telephone operators of the Southern Bell and Atlantic Telephone companies, who left their switchboards Monday.

Washington, June 4.—S. J. Konenkamp, president of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of North America, said here today he believed the Atlanta strike would spread until it assumed nation-wide proportions and result in a tie-up of the country's telegraph and telephone communication.