

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, JUNE 14, 1919

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Oregon Fruit Sold in England and South Africa.

Roseburg, Or., June 11.—J. Oliver, the New York representative of Dan Wulfe & Co., of London, has just made a visit to several of the large orchards in the Umoqua valley in the interest of his company. Mr. Oliver's company is one of the largest buyers and shippers of apples in the world. They also buy other fruits in large quantities. He says that pears are being shipped to England and South African markets from this country, which is a very gratifying piece of news to the growers. Mr. Oliver bought the output of the Overland orchards and of several large orchards in the Sutherlin valley.

Body Whillock Boy Found Near Place Drowned.

Medford, June 12.—The body of Carl Whillock who was drowned in the river near the Gold Ray dam on Memorial day and for whose body an ineffectual search had been conducted ever since, arose to the surface this morning about 8 o'clock and was at once seen by the watchers stationed there by the father, C. W. Whillock. The finding of the body relieves a great strain on Mr. and Mrs. Whillock and children.

The body arose to the surface about three-quarters of a mile down river from where the boy was drowned. A net had been stretched for some time about a mile and a half from the dam so as to catch the body if it floated down stream.

Undertaker Perl has charge of the body and funeral services will probably be held tomorrow afternoon.

Bootleggers by Ruse Outwit Roseburg Cops.

Roseburg, Or., June 11.—The bold pranks of the "bootleggers" were revealed here a short time ago when one of the gang tipped the officers to the fact that a large shipment was to arrive on a certain train on a certain night. The whole force with sheriffs, deputies and railroad detectives were on hand and searched the train. While this act was going on the booze came in by auto and the members of the "bootleggers' union" delivered the forbidden beverage to its many destinations over the city.

AERO FIRE PATROL WINS.

Forest Blaze Put out in 45 Minutes After Plane Gives Alarm.

San Diego, Cal., June 7.—The efficiency of the aerial fire patrol of army aviators flying over the Cleveland forest reserve in this and Riverside counties were seen yesterday. Lieutenant James Mollison, flying from Warner Hot Springs, detected at 3:15 P. M. a fire 50 miles north of the San Jacinto mountains. He sent word back by wireless telephone to Lieutenant John Fogarty at Warner, who telephoned to the forest ranger at Oak Grove.

He in return, reported back at 4 P. M. that the fire had been extinguished.

Anarchy Charges Dismissed.

Seattle, Wash., June 7.—Charges of criminal anarchy filed against 15 of the men arrested as an outcome of the February general strike here were dismissed yesterday on the motion of Prosecuting Attorney F. C. Brown. This action followed acquittal of James Bruce this week by a jury on a similar charge, the prosecutor holding that the same evidence would apply in the cases of the 15 men he asked dismissed.

Whiskey Taken From Farmer.

Roseburg, June 9.—With a too conspicuous package in his hip pocket, Perry Stanley, a farmer of Camas valley, was arrested here yesterday and a quart bottle of whiskey taken from him. He quite recently had a very narrow escape by driving his car off a 75-foot bridge, breaking his jaw and bruising him up quite seriously.

Chamberlain For Expose.

Washington, June 9.—Senator Chamberlain further asserted his independence of the administration this afternoon by voting to print as a public document the full text of the peace treaty.

Score Americans Killed.

Nogales, Ariz., June 9.—More than 40 Americans and Mexicans have been killed by Yaquis and bandits in the La Colorado district of Sonora, Mexico, during the last two weeks, according to the statement of nine American mining men who arrived from that neighborhood tonight.

Supplies Go to Workers.

Washington, June 10.—Large quantities of clothing, cloth and food products will be sold to navy yard workmen, civilian personnel, employed at yards and naval stations and the families of naval men, under a plan announced by Secretary Daniels to be put in effect at once.

The material comprises the bulk of a large surplus left with the signing of the armistice and subsequent reduction in naval personnel.

Pizarro's Famous Voyage.

December 28 is the anniversary of the fifth start of Pizarro, in 1530, from Panama for Peru. The daring voyager refused to give up his dream of finding gold in the Andean kingdom. The success of his enterprise from a money standpoint astounded the world and resulted in the conquest of the Incas.

ACTION BETTER THAN WORDS

How Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey Answered the Boche Demand That He Surrender.

Lieut. Col. Charles W. Whittlesey, commander of the "Lost Battalion," and winner of the first congressional medal of the war, has been dubbed Go-to-Hell Whittlesey, because of his repeated pithy answer to the German demand to surrender. Now comes Lieut. Arthur McKeogh, adjutant of the battalion, with the complete story which he tells in Everybody's. "As a matter of fact," writes Lieutenant McKeogh, "the colonel sent back no written answer whatever. To those nearest him he did suggest that the Boches could take the well-known easy descent. But the most complete, practical and splendid answer that could have been made to the German proposal he made as he finished reading the note.

"On the side of the hill our airplane Halson agent had spread out his panel to indicate the battalion's position to the divisional planes that had been trying to drop message cylinders and even food within reach of the command. That panel was an equilateral cloth triangle, more than six feet long. Moreover, with the exception of a small black patch, it was white. The thought sprang into the colonel's mind that, inclined as it was on comparatively open ground, the big signal device was probably visible in the Boche lines. And it was white. Messages and food were essential enough, God knows, but suppose the Germans mistook that panel for surrender!

"Whit ordered it taken in at once. That was his answer.

WILL NOT BE MADE RELIC

Clemenceau's Coat to Be Missing From Collection of Mementoes of the World's Famous.

Apparently M. Clemenceau's practical mind and hate of show are going to deprive his admirers of the right of gazing at the famous perforated coat and waistcoat in one of the Paris museums, for this is not to be included among the relics of greatness for a future age, like Nelson's coat and the Napoleon relics. There have been some very curious souvenirs of the kind, apart from the half-smoked cigars of royalties which are treasured by some. Most curious of all undoubtedly was Lord Anglesey's "leg." Lord Anglesey lost a leg at Waterloo, and it was buried in the garden of the villa to which he was taken. In after years he used to recall how parties of people visited the spot "to view the grave." A relic of another kind was George II's famous coat, and it was a pleasant trait in the fiery little king that he squeezed himself at Dettingen into the coat he had worn years before at Oudenarde. Horace Walpole's "researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel's" are famous.—Westminster Guardian.

CHANGED HIS MIND

By FLORENCE ARMSTRONG.

It was precisely 8:35 on Friday morning when Hollis Winslow made his resolution. The local from Turtle River Junction, five miles north, was wheezing its unsteady way down the track, leaving Winslow on the platform at Cherrydale, glowering helplessly after its steadily retreating, wavered outline.

"That settles it!" he exclaimed as he turned with savage stride toward the only garage in the village. "I'll advertise in tomorrow morning's paper. Whoever heard of a backwoods place where the trains run ahead of time?"

Winslow's business was in the city, 15 miles away, where he had lived until the last two years. Then, by the death of an aged aunt, whose especial favor he had always enjoyed, he had inherited a huge old mansion in Cherrydale, where the old lady had lived and died, and whither, in her will, she bade the young man come and live.

It was under protest that Winslow had complied with this provision of the bequest. This morning, however, his dislike of the arrangement had blossomed into the full flower of rebellion, and the threats, so often made and retracted, to forego the possession of the property which had become a white elephant on his hands, were fulfilled. His first act, when the Cherrydale automobile had deposited him at the door of his office building, was to telephone the Sentinel and enter an advertisement for the sale of the estate.

As he stepped from the accommodation early Saturday afternoon, Winslow regarded the wintry landscape with profound satisfaction. He had an appointment with a prospective buyer who was coming on the next train, and the countryside always showed to better advantage under this clear, bright sunshine. However, it was very hard going, he reflected, on these icy roads, and the wind blew across the open spaces with a violence calculated to sweep a lighter person off his precarious foothold. Winslow turned up his collar to meet the arctic blasts, shoved his hands deep down into his huge pockets, and strode on toward the white-pillared house at the joining of the crossroads.

He looked up suddenly as an icy wind whistled through the rattling tree-tops, making a shower of crystals that danced around his feet. Approaching him from the angle was the small, trim figure of a girl. He wondered what mad errand could have sent her out to tread those glassy roads this afternoon, when the same blast caught her hat, irrespective of restraining hatpins. She clutched wildly to regain it, struggled fruitlessly to maintain an upright position, and collapsed in a little heap, from which she endeavored in vain to arise.

"Hurt?" Winslow demanded anxiously as he bent over her. He had reached her side in two reckless jumps.

"I guess not," she replied, making another effort, and crumpled up again. "We'll have the doctor here in a jiffy," Winslow said, as he unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and carried her into the library of the big house. For once he was grateful that he was not living in town in bachelor apartments.

Half an hour later, when the doctor had departed, Elizabeth Langdon drew a sigh of sheer happiness as she leaned back in the big grandfather chair before the crackling wood fire. "What a wonderful home!" she breathed. At her side stood a tea table on which Winslow's housekeeper had set forth the golden beverage, with English muffins and currant jelly, asserting as she did so that this sparkling transparency was made from fruit raised on the premises, which was the finest anywhere around the countryside.

Winslow turned abruptly from the fire, where he was stooping to encourage the flames to leap still higher. His eye took in the pleasant domestic scene. An attractive girl, who was also a plucky one, before his fireside made things look different. "What a fool I've been!" he ejaculated. "I advertised it for sale today and someone's due here now to look it over." He muttered, somewhat inaudibly.

"Perhaps he won't take it," she offered, "but it's perfect! All the simple dignity of it"—she indicated it with a sweeping glance. "Oh! If you had to live in an apartment in the city as I do, and never see the country dressed in its less-clothing on a Saturday afternoon, you'd be willing to pay for it with a broken ankle, too," she ended laughingly.

A harsh, jangling sound interrupted. Winslow stopped impatiently to the telephone. "Who?—McQuag?—at Jenkins' drugstore?—Well, don't come!—Can't help it; that's an owner's privilege!—Sorry. Better take the next train back. I hear it whistling now. No. Positively!—You'll have to hurry, Mr. McQuag, it's ahead of time."

Winslow hung up the receiver with a chuckle. "Blessings on that Turtle River station master. He cut that short for me. The old colger wanted to buy without even looking at the place!" Elizabeth's face wore a charming expression of suspended questioning. Winslow leaned across the table. "Perhaps I'd better not say yet why I changed my mind—" he hesitated. Elizabeth's eyes dropped to her teacup. He stumbled and grew red. "Perhaps," she said softly, "you'd be a little ahead of time."

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

County Court Will Build Road.

The state highway commission let the contract Wednesday to the Jackson county court for grading 8.15 miles of the Green Springs mountain-Jenny creek road at cost plus 10 per cent, and the grading of 10.9 miles of the Green Springs-Pacific highway to A. Bilebisch for \$114,575. This road will not be hard surfaced this year.

This completes the contracts for grading all the work contemplated in Jackson county this year except the Eagle Point road that will probably be let at the next meeting.

The highway commission and Engineer Nunn are out on a tour of inspection of the Pacific highway and will be here the last of the week.

KOVERALLS

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Is our Registered and Common-law Trade-Mark and can only be rightfully used on goods made by us.

Koveralls are garments for children 1 to 8 years of age.

If a dealer tries to sell you, under the Koveralls name, any garment not of our manufacture, you may be sure he has an article that he is trying to market on Koveralls reputation.

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Educator Scores League.

Syracuse, N. Y., June 8.—Chancellor James R. Day of Syracuse university, condemned the league of nations as "an infamous bargain," in his commencement address today. Praising members of the senate who are opposing the league, he said: "Thank God that there is a remnant of statesmanship left standing between America and the imperiling quagmires of internationalism."

Ask Your Boy

When the fighting was thickest—
When the suffering was greatest—

Where was The Salvation Army Lassie?

He'll say: "She was right on the job"

And now, back home—in the byways and hidden places—where misery always lives, where a mother needs a home, where men, women and children are on the downgrade, she's still "RIGHT ON THE JOB"

Help Her To Carry On

The Salvation Army Home Sevice Fund, JUNE 22 TO 30

Hanson Wants Dancehall.

Seattle, Wash., June 9.—"I believe eventually we must have a municipal dance hall in the center of the city," Mayor Ole Hanson today told a committee from the War Camp Community Service which visited him to urge the establishment of community amusement centers and dance floors. "There are 28,000 girls employed in Seattle, and many of them have no opportunity at present to enjoy themselves in a social dance under decent and well supervised surroundings," he added.

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 June 2nd, 1919, in a certain suit therein, wherein N. W. Borden as Plaintiff, recovered judgment against George W. Colvig, as Executor of the Estate of James W. Mee, deceased, and Mary J. Mee, and each of them, as Defendants, for the sum of One hundred twelve (\$112.00) Dollars, together with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 11th day of April, 1919, until

paid, and for the further sum of \$50 attorney's fees, a total of \$162.84 and for \$12.00 costs, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in said court May 31st, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the terms of said execution, I will on Saturday, July 19th, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the front of the Courthouse 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 the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that the said defendants, had jointly or individually, had on June 2nd, 1918 or have since acquired, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in Jackson County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

The South half (1/2) of the Southwest Quarter of Section Eight (8) in Township Thirty nine (39) South of Range Four (4) West of the Willamette Meridian containing eighty acres.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, June 14th, 1919.
C. E. TERRILL
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.
By FLORA THOMPSON
Deputy.