

:-:JACKSONVILLE POST:-:

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville Oregon

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ADEQUATE FIRE PROTECTION.

Our experience of Wednesday afternoon should be enough to show the very poor condition of our fire-fighting apparatus. When the water was turned on at full pressure the hose was found to be rotten and wouldn't hold the pressure of the water. For the large hose we have only one nozzle and for the small hose there is an extra nozzle but when wanted it wasn't in sight.

While the men who turned out to do the best of their power to get the fire under control, still there was lacking that fine and clock work precision, which only a recognized leader and teamwork can put into such work.

What seems most advisable to do is for the City Council to reorganize the fire department and to appoint a fire chief, or better still, to appoint several fire chiefs, in order that one of the number will always be on the scene.

Let us have some remarks from the citizens of Jacksonville on this subject and see what can be done about it.

The citizens of the city of Jacksonville have ample reason to be thankful to the Medford Fire Department for the timely assistance given by that organization Wednesday afternoon. But for the timely arrival of Fire Chief Lawton and one of Medford's fire trucks, it is very likely that the fire would have soon spread to other buildings causing several thousand dollars more loss.

The editor is out on a little vacation this week, so if this week's issue isn't just what you prefer or expected, lay the kick up against the substitute editor.

OUR OWN STATE

Some Recent Happenings in Various Parts of Oregon

Expense Report is Asked.

Washington, July 12.—Chairman Elliott, of the house committee on state department expenditures, introduced a resolution today calling for a report of the expenses of the American peace commission at Paris.

Among other things, the resolution asks for a list of commission employes and commissioners' servants and their salaries.

Hasley Ranch is Sold.

Halsey, Or., July 13.—F. B. Studnika who came from Dakota about a year ago and settled at Philomath, has bought the 700-acre Wilhelm & Fisher ranch in the foothills southeast of here. The consideration is \$20,000, and possession will be given September 1.

Mr. Studnika is a stock raiser with four sons, all of whom will aid in the operation of the property.

Prison Gang Begins

Harvesting Flax.

Salem, Or., July 14.—Harvesting of the state's 5000 acres of flax began today when a crew of between 50 and 60 convicts from the state prison was put to work as a pulling gang. Warden Steiner of the penitentiary says the crop is exceptionally heavy this season. It is estimated that six weeks will be required to pull the crop.

Crops Ripe; Court Postponed.

Hood River, Or., July 14.—It is not often that the mills of justice allow anything to interfere with the grinding of their grist, but last week, when Circuit Judge Fred W. Wilson of The Dalles learned that most of the men called to serve on the jury of the regular summer session of his court were either apple growers or had cherries to harvest, he postponed the jury trials until August 7. By that time all pressing work of fruit growers will have ended.

Railroad to Tap Rich

[Forest Area.]

Tillamook, Or., July 15.—Construction has been started on the railroad leading from Idaville, a few miles north of here, to a point 11 miles back in the woods. The railroad will be built by the Whitney company for the purpose of tapping a rich forest area beyond and east of the homesteaders. Crews of men, teams and equipment of various kind are coming in daily and will be at work. The road will be primarily a logging road to get timber, it is thought for the mill at Garibaldi

A SURE CURE

By MARY W. FORD.

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"I tell you once and for all, Floss, if this toothache hangs on till Thursday I'll not drive you to the game."

"But, Bob, dear you have promised to take me, and the girls at school, also—what will we do?"

"Floss, why pick on me all the time?—have somebody else's brother drive you down."

"But, Bobby, can't you see some dentist—he perhaps can relieve you—why not try out Doctor Howard—you are sure to get cured there—please go this afternoon."

"All right, sis; where is he located?"

Bob Gordon had just been mustered out of the service and had been home about two months, and in all that time Bob was continually on the go.

After each party or dance he would inwardly declare that a happier boy would never exist when it came time to return to college and escape this everlasting on-the-go stuff.

Half an hour later he was on the way to Doctor Howard's office.

"Dr. H. Howard—Walk In," met Bob's eyes as he stepped from the elevator, and "walk in" Bob did; but he no sooner closed the door than he wished with all his heart he had never entered, for right before him was a young slip of a girl working over a patient in a dental chair. Why, there must be some mistake, he assured himself; this mere child could never be the dentist he had come to see, and it seemed as though the tooth never ached so badly before. He stood up and was about to leave quietly, when a very sweet voice said: "Tardon me, but if you could wait just a moment I will attend to you—yes?" Bob bowed and sat down again. Soon after the patient was gone, and Bob was escorted to the chair—verily he thought he would be murdered now, and he knew, oh, yes, he felt sure if ever she touched that tooth he would howl; but very soon his head was laid very gently back on the chair and the same sweet, even voice was again saying: "What tooth seems to bother you, please?" Then—

"This one, is it not?" as she touched the tooth in question. Before Bob knew it she had prepared something, whatever it was he couldn't tell, and she was plugging away at the tooth, very, very gently, and soon Bob felt the greatest relief in his life—oh, the feeling was wonderful. "That feels better—yes?"

"Say, it's wonderful," Bob declared. "Sis will be very glad—but I beg your pardon, I am rambling on about something you know nothing of—"

"But if you tell me I might enjoy it, too," said Doctor Howard, otherwise Helen Howard.

"Well, you see, it's just this way, or—doctor—"

"I know it must seem hard to connect me with being a doctor, but nevertheless, let's forget and call me Miss Howard."

"Now, really," thought Bob, "here was a wonderful little girl. A sweet, sympathetic little lady with a great deal of patience—yes, he really liked this little girl; of that he was sure."

"Well," began Bob again, "sis will be delighted to find I got relief, as I had promised to drive her and some more friends down to see the game at Hemingway. It seems the college adjoining sis' is to play Dunes, a college 15 miles distant and her heart is set on going, and it's quite a drive, so she'll not be disappointed after all—you are a wonder—or—er—I beg your pardon."

"Not at all, Mr. Gordon." "You know me?"

"Why, I happen to know Floss very well, and we were just talking only the other day about the game, and she was real enthusiastic about it, and I am mighty glad she can go now," warmly declared Helen, "and Floss did tell me of you when you were in the service. She used to be so happy when she would receive a letter from you, and now, Mr. Gordon, forgive me, as I too, have rambled on."

"Why, this is wonderful, Miss Howard, to think Floss knows you—and you know me now—why, we can be good friends, can we not?"

"Why, yes," smiled Helen, "but you will have to excuse me as I am going home for lunch now" at the same time reaching for her hat and coat.

"Oh, I say, Miss Howard," asked Bob, "couldn't I drive you home? You ought to allow me to really as I have detained you here talking."

"It has been a pleasure, Mr. Gordon, and as I live close by your place, I will take advantage of your kind offer."

Some time later when the girls would ask Florence where Bob was keeping himself, etc., she laughingly responded: "Well, I might just as well tell you, Bob and our dear Helen are engaged, and I am the happiest girl in all the world, and I guess Bob is, too, for all he can do is to grab me and kiss me every morning at breakfast and declare I was the dearest sister ever to send him to Helen, and, by the way, when he thought of refusing to drive us to the game, to have him go to Helen, and that she would put him in good humor and help him out, and it worked great, as you all know what a darling she is."

"The same night Bob and Helen were out riding and it was a wonderful night, too, and Bob would declare over and over again, "You are the dearest, the best little doctor in all this world, you'll have to stay with me now and be my nurse in the future and little doctor, also."

National Debt as an Asset

Our 25 billions national debt are looked upon by many clear thinkers as an additional asset of capital.

For instance if a business man has \$25,000 in property he hesitates to mortgage it to start a business or an industry.

But if he has \$2500 or \$25,000 in national war bonds he can use them as a basis of capital almost as readily as so much cash.

Considered as a whole, the war debt will be found to stimulate industries as soon as we can escape the enormous war taxes.

The debt in the form of liberty and victory loan bonds is an expansion of capital or credit on a large scale.

But it will not move freely into industrial development until such ventures are assured of a chance to earn more than the traditional four to six per cent.

Talk Wool.

With Portland, Oregon, as the second largest wool center in the U. S., being exceeded only by Boston, the west is taking its place as a factor in the world's wool production.

As farmers are educated to the value of grading up their flocks and producing the highest quality wool, this section will advance as a factor in world wool markets.

Wool production and manufacture in Pacific coast states should be one of great industries as we have every advantage of climate and grazing land. Every farm will have its flock of sheep once the value of this industry is realized.

What Canning Means to Coast States.

The canning industry has made the farmers virtually independent of the retail trade in disposing of their product.

It has caused the rapid development of thousands of acres of land which would otherwise have remained uncultivated.

This industry is now employing tens of thousands of people on the Pacific coast in the packing of fish, fruits, vegetables, milk and meat.

Of particular interest to coast states is any movement which will increase salmon production and canning as this is one of our products which has a world wide market.

The lumber industry is also deeply interested in the growth of the canning industry on account of the thousands of additional boxes used by printers at this season keep their presses running day and night printing labels, pickers checks, etc.

Having its work cut out for it, congress should lose no time in threading its needle.

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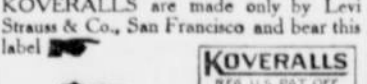
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Diver Breaks His Neck.

Echo, Or., July 14.—James H. Botzger, aged 26, well known young man of Echo, died last week as the result of injuries sustained while swimming in the Umatilla river west of Hermiston.

With several companions he had been swimming and diving and enjoying himself. Some one in the party missed young Botzger and the body was seen lying where the water was only four feet deep. He was taken out immediately and a doctor called, who found that Botzger was paralyzed from his head down. He had broken his neck in diving.

He was taken to the hospital at Pendleton, where he died Thursday. The funeral was held here yesterday.

Don't Breathe Either, Girls. Cynicus—The average girl can keep her engagement secret just about as long as she can the fact that she's been eating oysters.—Boston Transcript.

BE A LEADER

"A wise and great leader lifts his whole community and may lift an entire nation"—Ely An immense problem in reconstruction confronts the present generation. Are you doing your utmost to prepare to lead in its solution?

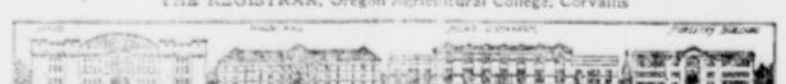


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