

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 and Son, Publishers

Daniel W. Bagshaw Jr., Editor.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1919

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

JACKSON CREEK VANDALISM

John F. Miller has reported to this office that some party or parties have been breaking into the cabins and houses in the upper Jackson creek country and stealing and destroying property.

The identity of the culprits is unknown at this time, but if it is found who the guilty parties are, it will go pretty hard with them.

In the days of real hard times, of high prices and no work, there might be some reason for these acts, but when there is plenty of work for everybody, as at the present time, such vandalism seems to be simply acts of pure craziness.

The Miller ranch is not the only one where the trespassing has been done, but all the cabins in that country have been entered and ransacked.

A little birdshot, mixed with bacon rind and rock salt would be just about the proper medicine for the parties participating.

SOME TELEPHONE COMPANY FACTS.

Some curious facts were brought out at the telephone hearing at Medford Monday: one was that the company claimed the value of the plant in Jackson county exceeded \$256,000, while the assessor stated the assessed valuation was \$69,000. The company's valuation of the plant in this city was given as something over \$8000 and the assessment rolls show but \$1300.

Beautify your own property all you can, then do all you can to beautify your streets. Be friendly with everybody and courteous to strangers. Your own civility will help make good impressions and will be carried away and cherished.

Your home paper comes to you as an old friend and neighbor, telling you all the home news while the large city daily enters your home as a stranger. A local newspaper is absolutely necessary for local news.

The noisiest political farmer has the tallest weeds in his cornfield and the fewest potatoes in his hills.

O. A. C. Activities.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Sept. 12.—The college has again taken on the appearance of activity after a lull in August. Faculty members are returning from their vacations and new staff workers are reporting. Everyday prospective students are making application for registration including numerous veterans of the world war. The number of advance applications received to date is approximately 250 per cent in excess of last year. School will open September 22.

Judging from the number of inquiries received the culling and judging school for poultrymen and others interested at the college, September 18th will draw large attendance.

Factors in the control of egg production is the general subject upon which J. C. Rice, eminent poultry expert of Cornell university, will speak.

He will talk both afternoon and evening. Poultrymen who desire to have their own hens judged by specialists are requested to give advance notice to James Dryden, professor of poultry husbandry. A demonstration will be given in the morning followed by a culling contest in which those present at the meeting will be given a chance to test their ability in judging trapped hens.

With a view to informing the farmers of Oregon in regard to the work of Oregon branch experiment stations, C. J. McIntosh, agricultural press editor with the department of industrial journalism at O. A. C., is off on a three weeks' trip. He will stop at Klamath Falls, Burns, Canyon City, Union, Hermiston, Moro and Hood River.

Loganberry tips and strawberry plants in great demand. Are profitable by-product for berry grower.

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"SATISFACTION FIRST"

MOTHER KNEW

By JOSEPHINE MURPHY.

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"James is at such an uninteresting age—thirteen, you know."

"It is too bad, isn't it? My brother is just the same as James. So uninteresting and always in the way."

James, sitting on the back door-step, heard the words and a dark flush mounted his brow. The answer of his sister's companion killed a budding romance that had but lately entered his heart.

He arose and walked down the path out into the broad sunny avenue. His sister's words came as a climax to an already unhappy week, and mother, his real friend, was up in her room, with a new little head reposing in the curve of her arm.

"A boy!" James' heart had leaped when he heard the words; but now it was filled with pity. Inevitably it would have to reach the uninteresting age. He kicked a pebble viciously. Today was Saturday; baseball day, and when mother was well, cake and pie day. Early in the morning he had entered the kitchen and asked Mary when the cake would be done. She had muttered something about youngsters "always on hand."

Then he had met his brother John, for whom he had a deep feeling of admiration.

"Hello, son!" John's greeting had been.

James had tried to laugh at the joke, but a little lump in his throat checked the laugh. Next he met his father, and asked for his weekly allowance. Father had given him the money, then looked him over, with a slow, disconcerting gaze.

"You must hurry up, James, and grow to an age when you'll be able to earn your own allowances," said the father, with a kind pat on James' shoulder, but James had swallowed another hard lump in his throat.

He wandered back to the house and into the library, where sat his sixteen-year-old sister, Ruth, and her chum, Irene. James sat down, uninvited, to be sure. He admired Irene, and liked to watch her long lashes. Ruth gave him one look, then:

"James! You haven't polished your shoes this morning," she said.

His cheeks burned, for Irene's eyes had followed Ruth's glance at the muddy shoes. He went out and sat down on the back steps. Then his sister's voice reached his ears.

"Uninteresting."

"I wonder just when a fellow becomes uninteresting," he said.

He started to walk down the street. He was glad he met none of the boys. He wanted to be alone. He did not want to meet even George Long, who was also thirteen, and probably uninteresting. His allowance jingled in his pocket, and with the jingle came a thought. He wouldn't touch a penny of it. He would earn his own money and buy flowers for his mother.

James reached the grocery store and went to the proprietor, who knew him.

"Do you want a boy to deliver goods?" he asked.

"You're just in time, James. We're short of help. Get on that wagon going out. I'll pay you 50 cents a day."

James did so, and the wagon started at a mad pace. He had some difficulty to maintain his seat on the rear end. Finally it stopped with a lurch.

"Here, boy," the driver commanded, "take this up to the third floor, Mrs. Hale."

James took the box filled with groceries and started on his journey. He was puffing breathlessly when he came down. After hours of climbing, the day ended, leaving him with weary feet, skinned knuckles, and every bone in his body aching a separate ache. He had pocketed his 50 cents and was on his way home. He stopped at the florist's and purchased some very pale, creamy looking roses. It was quite late now, but he knew they wouldn't miss him at home.

He pictured them all at the table. Father at the head, then brother and sister. No, mother wouldn't be there; if she were, and he would straighten up his shoulders, she would say: "Sit here next to mother, my little man."

At last he reached the house and walked bravely in. One of his long legs came in contact with a leg of the chair, but he recovered himself quickly, and going over near his father, placed the 50 cents he had received from him that morning near his plate.

"I worked today, father," he said in a low voice, "and I'm able to return the money to you. I'm just as much obliged, though. It's all right, isn't it?" he asked. "You see, I wanted roses for mother."

Still the father did not answer because of a tightening in his throat.

James turned and flew upstairs. Reaching his mother's room he gently pushed open the door. Yes, she was there. She looked around dreamily, then half started at the pathetic little figure standing there. Coat torn, two buttons missing, muddy shoes and withal holding carefully an armful of roses.

She put out her arms and in a minute he was in them, sobbing and kissing her between the sobs, forgetting his soiled hands and his uninteresting age.

After a long silence he looked up and said, with a half smile: "The world doesn't matter, with knocks and digs, while mother still reigns."

For answer she hugged her boy closer.

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The packers insist that their net profit, all things included, is less than two percent on their turnover, and have submitted proofs that have not been refuted by anyone. It does not seem excessive.

Commenting on this the Spokane Spokesman-Review, an independent progressive newspaper, says: Certainly it would be a fine thing for the public if it were possible to bring lines of business down to a two percent margin. If the country could do that it would solve the problem of the high cost of living.

A recent report of a "chain retail store" company shows it made thirty per cent last year on its turnover.

The federal trade commission is palpably trying to play on the prejudices of those people who are against big business simply because it is "big business" regardless of how it is conducted, how serviceable it has become to the public, and how narrow its margin of profit on each dollar of business handled.

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THE REGISTRAR, UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, OREGON.

Weather Report.

Following is the report of U. S. Volunteer Cooperative Observer, E. Britt, Jacksonville, for month of August
Latitude 42 deg. 18. min. north; longitude 123 deg. 5 min. west.

Date	Maximum	Minimum	Precip.
1	82	47	
2	81	48	
3	81	48	
4	80	48	
5	88	45	
6	94	53	
7	92	57	
8	90	54	
9	91	53	
10	93	54	.04
11	88	57	
12	90	51	
13	87	50	
14	95	52	
15	101	56	
16	101	63	
17	94	54	
18	97	56	
19	99	56	
20	96	55	
21	94	58	
22	93	55	
23	92	56	
24	97	56	
25	91	56	
26	84	57	
27	83	49	
28	95	54	
29	99	59	
30	93	60	
31	80	58	

Temperature—mean max. 91.00; mean min. 53.90; mean 72.45; Max 101 on 15; Minimum 45 on 5. Greatest daily range, 45. Total precipitation .04 in.

E. BRITT,
Cooperative Observer.

H. K. HANNA

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NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER
Office with Jacksonville Post.
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

Rogue River Valley Rail Road Company Time Table

Effective Feb. 22d, 1919

Leave Jacksonville.

7:20 a. m. daily except Sunday
8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
10:00 a. m. Sunday only
11:30 a. m. daily except Sunday
2:00 p. m. daily
3:45 p. m. daily
5:00 p. m. daily
7:15 p. m. Wed & Sat. only
Leave Medford.
8:00 a. m. daily except Sunday
9:30 a. m. Sunday only
9:45 a. m. daily except Sunday
10:38 a. m. Sunday only
12:08 Noon-daily
2:45 p. m. daily
4:30 p. m. daily
6:09 p. m. daily
10:00 p. m. Wed & Sat. only

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Agreements,
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Quit Claim Deeds,
Chattel Mortgage,
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Real Estate contract,
Location Notice—Placer,
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Jacksonville Post

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