

# JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville Oregon

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday at the county seat of Jackson County, Oregon.

Tom Fulton, Editor.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1920

In chronicling the defeat of Medford's pet plan of court house removal the Mail-Tribune indulges in a prolonged wail of spite, envy and general uncharitableness and concludes the tirade with the assertion that Medford people are not, and never have been "soreheads." Possibly not. Neither are they "dead game sports" if the Tribune truly reflects the attitude of its community. This outburst of childish temper and ill-will directed against Ashland simply because that city declined to assist in placing an intolerable and unjust burden upon the shoulders of the taxpayers will profit Medford nothing either at home or abroad. There is much talk of a political trade whereby for value received Ashland was to support Medford's court house removal project. If there was such a deal, and it is more than possible that politicians of the two cities had some secret understanding, the mass of Ashland voters refused to be bound by it and by piling up a majority against the measure administered the rebuke such underhand tactics deserve. Medford's slogan evidently is, "Anything to Win" and now that she has lost, her disappointment is correspondingly keen.

After painlessly removing the court house it was the intention of a bunch of Medford philanthropists to boom Jacksonville as a spot of unparalleled historical interest and a Mecca for tourists. However, for some unknown reason the continuance of the court house in this city has proven an insurmountable obstacle to the scheme. Since November 2nd it has been discovered that it simply "can't be did." We can understand the reluctance with which a certain class of tourists nears the vicinity of a county jail but why the relic-hunting species should shy at sight of an ordinary court house surely passeth understanding.

Art Perry, Medford's scintillating slap-stick jokesmith, has been having heaps of fun with bleeding, weeping, sleeping—particularly sleeping—Jacksonville lately. It is admitted that Jacksonville does occasionally indulge in siestas, and now Medford is undoubtedly in a position to describe just how it feels to be kicked in the bosom of the pants by a somnambulist.

ANYHOW, WE WON!

## Another Royal Suggestion COOKIES and DROP CAKES From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

WHEN the children romp in hunger, here are some wholesome delights that will satisfy the most ravenous appetite.

**Cookies**  
1/2 cup shortening  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup milk  
2 eggs  
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
or grated rind of 1 lemon  
4 cups flour  
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Cream shortening and sugar together; add milk to beaten eggs and beat again; add slowly to creamed shortening and sugar; add nutmeg and flavoring; add 2 cups flour sifted with baking powder; add enough more flour to make stiff dough. Roll out very thin on floured board; cut with cookie cutter, sprinkle with sugar, or put a raisin or a piece of English walnut in the center of each. Bake about 12 minutes in hot oven.

**Cocoa Drop Cakes**  
4 tablespoons shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 cup milk  
1 1/2 cups flour  
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
1/2 cup cocoa  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar and well-beaten egg; beat well and add milk slowly; sift flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa into mixture; stir until smooth, add vanilla. Put one tablespoon of batter into each greased muffin tin and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cover with boiled icing.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.

### COOK BOOK FREE

The new Royal Cook Book containing 400 delightful recipes, will be sent to you free if you will send your name and address.

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undersigned, executrix of the estate of V. A. Dunlap, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit such claims, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of T. W. Miles, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of V. A. Dunlap, deceased.

LAURA S. DUNLAP,  
Executrix of the Estate of V. A. Dunlap, Deceased.  
W. T. BELIEU,  
Attorney for Executrix.

### Notice of District Road Meeting

ROAD DISTRICT No. 10, JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a petition duly and legally signed by more than three free holders and legal voters residing in Road District No. 10, Jackson County, Oregon, and duly and legally presented to the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, a district road meeting of the legal voters of said district number 10 will be held at Ruch School House in School District No. 3 in said Road District, in Jackson County, Oregon, on the 27th day of November, 1920, at the hour of 2:00 o'clock P. M. on said day for the purpose of levying a special road tax not to exceed ten mills on the dollar on all taxable property within said road district for the special improvement of the roads in said road district and for any other purposes which may seem proper to come before said meeting.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, this 3rd day of November, 1920.

G. A. GARDNER,  
Co. Judge  
THOS. H. SIMPSON,  
Co. Commissioner  
JAMES OWENS,  
Co. Commissioner.

### Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final account as executrix of the estate of Elythe W. Cranfill, deceased, with the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that said Court has appointed Saturday, the 11th day of December, 1920, at ten o'clock in the forenoon as the time, and the court room of said Court in the Court house at Jacksonville, Oregon, as the place, for hearing objections thereto and the settlement thereof. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause why said final account be not approved and allowed by the Court and said estate be decreed to be settled and closed and said executrix discharged from her trust.

Dated and first published November 6, 1920.

Ophelia O. Cranfill,  
Executrix of the estate of Elythe W. Cranfill, deceased.

### No Place for Him to Die.

Daniel Webster, taken ill one day in a town, of decided Democratic leanings, begged his friends to take him home at once. "I was born a Federalist," he pleaded. "I have lived a Federalist, and I can't die in a Democratic town."

## THE FLIVER

By F. G. HARRINGTON.

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When you go to New York they show you the Woolworth building or the Brooklyn bridge, and when with craned neck or bulging eyes you merely gasp and exclaim "By heck!" then your Manhattan friend nonchalantly turns away with the remark, "Not a bad little building."

Just so do the natives of Woodfield conduct their visiting friends to the Stafford poultry farm. Strangers invariably admire the magnificent home and grounds of the millionaire owner, and at sight of the immense farm just black with poultry houses invariably their eyes bulge, they gasp and declare, "Good night!" "It's certainly some place," they say, "but one thing puzzles me. You say this Stafford is a millionaire?"

"Yes, sir, Ted Stafford made his pile all right," and Cy smiles to himself as if enjoying some secret joke.

"Well, why under the sun doesn't he buy a real automobile? These flivers of his are camouflaged with wire wheels and made-to-order bodies so they almost deceive you, but still they're only flivers when all's said and done."

"A-ha! Cy knew that was coming. He licks his chops and begins. For of all the stories that Woodfield likes to tell about her citizens that is the favorite."

It was eight years ago in the month of June, Ted Stafford and his mother lived together on their little farm doing a very prosperous egg business, the nucleus of the Stafford poultry farm. When Ted graduated from Harvard two years previous he was entirely satisfied to settle down as a farmer.

This June afternoon, however, Ted was not farming. Just after dinner he took a bath and donned his "city" clothes. When he walked into the kitchen, straw hat in hand, his mother appraised him with an expression of proud admiration.

"Dear me, Ted," she joked, "it's no wonder Ruth likes Woodfield. I certainly admire her taste."

"Aw, cut it out, ma. Say, ma, do you like this tie?"

Of course she did. And if ma did, then Ruth surely would.

Just now he was setting out for the station to meet the 3:45, which was bringing Ruth from the city.

It was about quarter-past three when Ted alighted from the depot wagon. He hustled into the station and shouted a greeting to Ira Jones, who performed the duties of ticket agent, baggage master and telegraph operator, and whose official title was "station agent." Ira was the news center of Woodfield, since he picked up the doings of the surrounding towns from the agents along the line. Outside of this, the use of the telegraph in Woodfield was negligible.

"What's new, Iry?" queried Ted.

"Well, they got a new barber down in Johnsonville, and there's a burlesque show comin' inter Eastway Thursday night. Reckon Woodfield's male population will be kinda depleted Thursday p. m. Think you'll go down?"

## Special Price

One Lot of

Men's Waist Overalls

\$1.65 per Pair

Woolens and Crown Brand

M. Williams Co.

Phone 142 The Peoples Store

Jacksonville, - Oregon

"No, I guess not, Ira."

Here their dialogue was interrupted by the clicking of the telegraph receiver. Ted sauntered over to the gum machine and surveyed himself as best he could in the little circle of mirror. He bestowed a second or two on his tie and began to cross his mustache. At least Ted claimed it was a mustache; but were he not a six-footer some of his acquaintances might have differed. However, it was still very young and, like all young things, was rather weak, with its best days before it.

"Ted!" Something in Ira's voice startled him, and he rushed to the ticket window. Consternation was written on every line of Ira's face.

"S-say, Ted, w-was there some friend of yours on the 3:45?"

"What's the matter?"

"It's gone over the banking at Fairfield Junction. Some mix-up in signals—had a collision."

Ted felt the hot blood surge through his arteries. "My God! Iry, do they—was anybody hurt?"

Ira spent the next few minutes frantically clicking his instrument, while Ted waited tensely, as pale as a statue and as rigid.

"What they say, Ira—what they say?"

"He says they don't know for sure, but they expect considerable injuries on 'em maybe some deaths." Ira was truthful but not tactful.

Ted commenced to pace the floor in a frenzy of anxiety. If he could only do something—if he could only act! But this suspense . . .

Meanwhile the little instrument was still clicking. This time Ira was taking a message in pencil. With the cessation of the clicking he called out, "A wire from Boston for Theodore Stafford."

Ted devoured the message and when he finished he was weak with joy. To this date he rates that telegram among his most valuable possessions. Mr. Theodore Stafford, Woodfield, Mass.:

I missed the 3:45. Will arrive tomorrow morning. Taxi broke down and couldn't get another. It was a fliver. Blaine flivers anyway.

RUTH.

"An' I swan," declares Cy, "Ted ain't never got over his likin' for flivers—an' if you saw his wife I dunno's 'd blame him either."

### JUNIOR RED CROSS HELPS IN COMMUNITY'S WORK

Through the Junior Red Cross the school children of this county have an important part in work of the local Red Cross chapter. Throughout the Northwest school children are taking a keen interest in the activities in which they are engaging as members of this organization. These activities do not interfere in any way with the regular work of the schools, but they do add zest to class room studies.

In Portland, Tacoma, and Spokane the Juniors have financed clinics, where children have been given dental and medical examinations. In numerous counties throughout Idaho, Oregon and Washington they have made provisions for first aid kits in every rural school. Besides other activities, the Juniors of Boise, Idaho, are providing flowers for the Barracks Hospital in that city where many disabled ex-service men are receiving treatment.

Poor, crippled children in many towns have received badly needed attention, and the bills have been paid out of funds raised by the Junior Red Cross.

Through the Junior Red Cross thousands of children in Europe have been fed and given medical care through contributions by members of the Junior Red Cross in this country. The Juniors of the Northwest gathered large quantities of clothing for the "Wild Children of the Urals," who were recently returned to their homes by the American Red Cross after having wandered uncared for over the wastes of Siberia. And now, through the Junior Red Cross, it is being made possible for children in this country to correspond with children in other lands.

### One Month of Red Cross Work.

In an average month this year, the Red Cross aided 423,888 adults and 101,755 children in Europe; people who otherwise would be without even the simple necessities of life.

### Protection for Future Years.

Last year 92,000 women and girls, under Red Cross instructions, completed courses in home care of the sick.

## THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN PEACE TIME

Teaching First Aid



Every person mentally and physically able to do so should take the American Red Cross instruction in First Aid Treatment. It's a life-saver and a pain-saver on the farm, in the factory, on the street, at the office, in the home, wherever accidents may occur. Here's a young wife who ineptly welded a can-opener and received an ugly gash across her wrist from the jagged can lid. Mother was there.

### Handy Oil to Have.

Automobile oil is inexpensive, and useful for many household purposes; one drop will relieve a squeaking door hinge or a heavy running sewing machine; wipe it off with absorbent cotton.

### Perfectly Safe.

"Now," said the physician to the poet who had summoned him, "you are not in good health, and I must forbid all brain work." "But, doctor," protested the poet, "may I not write some verses?" "Certainly," the doctor said, "write all the verses you want to."