

Jacksonville Post

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LET'S BE REAL NEIGHBORS

Some one has said that what we get out of life depends largely upon what we put into it. This is very true, and yet there are instances when we cast our "pearls before swine."

Sometimes a community welcomes a stranger—offers him an opportunity to establish a home and live in contentment and peace. A good citizen appreciates such an opportunity, strives to be a good neighbor and live at peace with those about him. If he has cause to feel that his neighbor is imposing upon him (and most of us, being human, have a tendency to impose upon those about us if they will permit it—and, in fact, we sometimes impose most upon those we love best), he will go to him and talk the matter over and try to avoid anything that may lead to ill will. He does not "carry a chip on his shoulder." When he thinks of his rights he thinks also of the rights of his neighbors. He believes in the injunction, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." These are essentials of good citizenship in America.

Then, sometimes, there comes to a community a man, (or woman) who has a wrong attitude toward life. "He is never so happy as when he is unhappy"—at least, he is never so happy as when he is annoying someone. He is never at peace with himself, his family or his neighbors. He is, to say the least, not well poised. He delights in sowing an annoyance so that he may have the joy of appearing in court. He forgets to obey the command, "If thy brother smite thee on one cheek, turn unto him the other also." If he could only see that the real joy of living comes through service!

On our motor trip from Illinois to Oregon in May we passed many ideal places out in the deserts for folks who hate neighbors, hate churches, hate music—out where they might live on alkali sand and cactus, with perhaps a lizard for dessert, and where they may curse the beloved institutions of our America and know that no human ear will hear—and where they may be assured that when illness comes and death is near, no kind neighbor will be near to offer a word of comfort.

In Jacksonville, let us be all for each and each for the good of the community.

We repeat: Don't complain because we don't pub-

lish all the news. Some day you may feel thankful when you scan these pages and discover that we haven't printed it all. The object of this paper is to help build up—not to make the way of the transgressor more difficult.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

The Post wants all the news.

Mrs. Ora Baker has been ill, but is improving.

Mrs. Wm. Finney has been serving as matron at the county jail.

Ward Jeter, who has been employed by Sumy Brothers, is leaving to do some mining on Elliott Creek.

Miss Rena Rapp, after spending two months with relatives in our city, returned Monday to her home at Baker City.

Rev. and Mrs. Edgar are in Eugene attending the Presbyterian church synod, which lasts a week, the last day being next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wilson, Mrs. H. W. Fick and Carl and Thelma Larsen drove to Applegate Sunday and enjoyed picnicking on the river.

W. A. Bishop, who was seriously injured while loading freight last week, has returned from the hospital and is able to be out again. He had several ribs broken and is not enjoying convalescence.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Crouch and son and daughter of Grass Valley, Calif., were calling on old friends in Jacksonville Tuesday. Mr. Crouch was one of the men who built the cyanide plant here and many will remember Mrs. Crouch, who taught primary in our public schools.

Rev. E. H. Edgar and wife of Jacksonville, Rev. E. P. Lawrence and E. E. Gore of Medford leave tomorrow morning to attend the meeting of the Presbyterian synod which meets for eight days at Eugene, being entertained by the university and the Presbyterian church of Eugene.—Tuesday's Mail-Tribune.

Miss Margaret Beatty, who so ably assisted with type-setting in The Post office two days each week, informed us Tuesday that she, with her parents, brothers and sisters, plan to leave Monday for their home at Ingomar, Mont. They have been visiting Mrs. Beatty's parents on Palmer ranch near Central Point. Miss Beatty helped pay her expenses through high school by assisting in a printing office and now plans to take a college course the same way. We wish her success.

Jacksonville Freight Line

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What is black and white and red (read) all over? The Jacksonville Post.

This question may be a "chestnut" but the answer is not.

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ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE

M. Montgomery, Agent, Medford

SMILES

"Smile--and the World Smiles With You; Weep and You Weep Alone."

The ladder of life is full of splinters but we never realize it until we begin to slide down. Keep climbing.—Kiwani Magazine.

Mr. Shively: "The laws of gravity keep us from falling off the earth when we are upside down."

Perplexed student: "But how did folks stick on before that law was passed?"

An old Quaker couple had been discussing their neighbors and, after a long silence, the husband said: "Mary, it appears that everyone is queer but me and thee—and—sometimes—I think thou art a little peculiar."

Smith, the fruit farmer, and Jones, a manufacturer's agent, were talking shop together.

"I can never understand," said Jones, "how you manage to use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches."

"Well," Smith answered, "We sell what we can, and can what we can't."

"Ah," replied the other, "that's about what we do!"

"What's that?"
"We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't we can-cel it!"

The Rockford (Ill.) Register-Gazette published the following recipe for home-brew:

"Chase a frog ten miles and gather up the hops. To the hops add ten gallons of water, half a bushel of tan bark, half a pint of shellac and a quart of home-made soft soap. Boil the mixture thirty-six hours and strain through an I. W. W. sock to keep it from working. Bottle when cool and add a grasshopper to each bottle to give it a kick. After drinking the first bottle call an undertaker."

Professor (attempting to be witty in geometry class): "And can any of you gentlemen tell me where has my polygon?"

Wisecracker (in the rear): "Up the geomtree, sir."

An aged colored man was arrested for illicit distilling of liquor and while loudly protesting his innocence was taken before the judge for the preliminary hearing.

Judge: "Prisoner, what is your name?"

Prisoner: "My name is Joshua, jedge; Joshua."

Judge: "Aha! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

Prisoner: "No sar, jedge. No sar! Ise da Joshua what made da moonshine still."

"Father, are Bolsheviks red?"
"No, my boy, some of them are rather blue."

What is worse than finding a worm in an apple?
Answer: Finding half a worm.

Guest: "What a splendid dinner. Don't often get as good a meal as this."

Little Willie (son of the host): "We don't either."

Henry: "If I kissed you, would you give it away to your father?"

Marie: "Of course not. What do you think he wants with your kisses?"

Somebody has written a book entitled:

"What Shall My Son Be?" Upon which some one remarked:

"If the boy is as bad as the book, the chances are that he will be hanged."

A city grocer told more than he meant to in his Christmas advertisement—Apples, Oranges, Imported Nuts, Fruit Cake.

Shop Now and Avoid the Rush.

Remember, the early bird gets the worm.

Sunday school teacher: "Willie, how many Commandments are there?"

Willie: "Ten."

Teacher: "That's right. If you broke one of them what would happen?"

Willie: "There would be nine left."

It was during the impaneling of a jury; the following colloquy occurred:

"You are a property holder?"

"Yes, your honor."

Married or single?"

"I have been married for five years, your honor."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for five years, your honor."

Just a matter of punctuation—

The printer set up a poster to advertise an address by a militant suffragette. Her subject was, "Woman: Without Her, Man Would Be a Savage."

When the speaker called for the posters the proofreader had to leave town suddenly, for the flaming sheets read, "Woman, Without Her Man, Would Be a Savage."

"Smile a while? for when you smile another smiles, and soon there are miles and miles of smiles—because you smiled."