

Jacksonville Post

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ELIZABETH BLANCHE COOK
Publisher and Editor
ROBERT J. COOK, Assistant

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IMAGINATION

Imagination is something without which very little progress would be made.

Some of the most successful men and women have had a vision of their goal before starting on their career. Others build with only a glimpse of each step before them. Not every one can realize his vision of success but a vision is a wonderful incentive to action. In fact, the two must go hand in hand. The man is poor indeed who has no imagination—no vision of something he wishes to accomplish. He does not live; he merely exists.

The imaginative powers of a child should be cultivated, but carefully, not forgetting that there is also a practical side to be developed. Even as "Faith" without works is dead, so a vision of something to be accomplished is of little use without the courage and ability to take the necessary steps to reach the goal set.

Yes, a vivid imagination is a valuable possession if tempered with—well—good, common sense. Without the latter, we have known a man to let his imagination run at random until, like a pretty bubble, it disappeared and left no trace of anything accomplished.

We are reminded of an incident which occurred in this office soon after we took possession. At this time several different printers applied for work on The Post and we decided from their conversation that what they wanted was not to do the work we wanted done so much as to sit at the helm and steer this weekly (weakly) news sheet safely past the rocks of failure, which no doubt to them appeared unavoidable with us steering. In other words, what each apparently visioned was a managerial position with someone to do the financing and be here to "hold the sack" should their vision be only a bubble.

One in particular we recall. He stood in the composing room while we were setting type (and those first two weeks hand composition was a test of our sticktuitiveness) and such a word picture we never heard. He made us see (almost) Jacksonville as a thriving metropolis; we could hear the sirens calling the thousands to work; we could vision the payrolls; beautiful municipal buildings sprung up; and a wonderful park—and the publisher of this paper was to bring it to pass! Just when the picture was near

perfection, he brought us to earth by saying that he had at one time had everything headed for just such an achievement but on account of something someone else did (or did not) his plan failed—like the man who might have been a millionaire had it not been for an extravagant wife. We suggested that he might engage in some business in Jacksonville and we would help him realize his vision here so that Medford might be glad and happy to be known as one of our suburbs. But the truth leaked out—he had no money. His vision was wonderful, but was destined to go the way of a pretty bubble.

There are many improvements needed in Jacksonville and they will be made when the folks of vision and the conservatives co-operate.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Courtney of Grants Pass were guests at the Fred Fick home Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Otto Neidermeyer was hostess yesterday to the missionary society of the Presbyterian church.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McMahan and sons were visiting relatives and friends in Ashland Monday.

Attorney L. A. Roberts of Ashland was a professional caller in town Monday morning.

Mrs. E. A. Thompson, of Medford, spent Monday with her sister, Mrs. Bertha Keegan.

John Cameron and wife of near Grants Pass visited at the W. W. Cameron home Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Thomelson and daughter, of Merrill, Klamath Co., were Sunday guests of the Andrew and James Cantrall homes.

John Miller, Jr., accompanied by two lady friends, drove over from Klamath Falls Sunday for a short visit with his father and other relatives.

J. L. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. McLaughlin attended a baptismal service at Bybee's bridge on Rogue River Sunday afternoon.

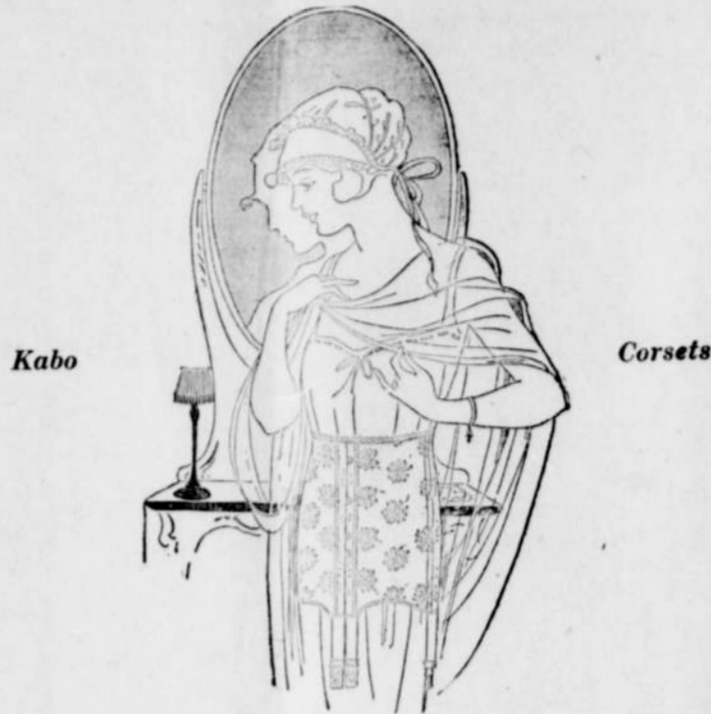
The Presbyterian Church guild will meet at the church Thursday, July 31. The ladies are preparing for their fall bazaar and invite all ladies to come and help.

Prof. and Mrs. Cook moved last week to the J. L. Roe residence, which they rented furnished. Mr. Roe retains a room and the arrangement is very nice for all. Houses are scarce in Jacksonville.

Mrs. Robert DeShazer and two interesting little children joined Mr. DeShazer in Jacksonville Saturday, having come here from Dilley, where they visited relatives until Mr. DeShazer secured a house. Mr. DeShazer is the county jailor, but he doesn't look like a man who would enjoy locking people up.

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SMILES

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

He is a great man who accepts the lemons that Fate passes out to him and uses them to start a lemonade stand.

Jack: "What kind of a fellow is Blinks?"

Bill: "He is one of those fellows who always grab the stool when there is a piano to be moved."

Little Willie, taking a long walk with his father one day, saw a sign, "Painless Dentist."

Said Willie, "Dad, what is a painless dentist?"

"A painless dentist, my son, is a liar."

"A dog license costs two dollars in these parts, I understand."

"That's right, stranger."

"And the cost of a marriage license is the same?"

"Yep, but there's a powerful lot of difference in the upkeep."

When you discover an error in this paper think of this: In a recent issue of The Saturday Evening Post a description of a young lady said her face was full of "beans." As there was nothing to indicate she was from Boston, one naturally supposes the word should have been "beams."

A native clerk in Manila asked his chief for a transfer to some other department or to another island.

"But why do you want to leave here?" asked the superior officer.

"Because," the man replied, "I am homesick."

"Oh, well, in that case there is no need for a transfer. I can arrange for you to have a little vacation and then you can come back. Where is your home?"

"Right here, boss," was the doleful reply, "and I am sick of it."

"I think your father must be an awful mean man," said small Tommy Tucker as he and his schoolmate, Dick Wynne, trudged homeward.

"Why?" asked Dick in surprise.

"'Cause he's a shoemaker," said Tommy, "and lets you go with only one little old pair of shoes to your name."

"I guess he ain't no meaner than your father," Dick said, after a moment's reflection. "He's a dentist, an' your baby sister ain't got only one little tooth in her head."

Consider the postage stamp, my son. Its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to a thing until it gets there.—Josh Billings.

"How often do you kill a man on this line?" asked a passenger of the porter.

"Jest once, boss," he replied. "Jest once."

Friend from next street: "Hello, Smith; I hear you have a youngster at your house."

Smith, "Gear Scott; can you hear it that far?"

She: "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but the fact is, 'Last night I became engaged to Dick.'"

He (knowing her): "Well, how about next week?"

Two little girls were quarreling. One said: "Your father and mother are not your really truly parents. You are only 'dopted."

The little adopted girl was silent a few moments, then said: "Well, My mother says that they picked me out because they wanted me and your folks had to take what they got."

Two patients were alone in a hospital ward, each recovering from a surgical operation.

Said one: "Well, I hope they didn't forget and leave a sponge in me."

Said the other: "I knew of one case where a towel was forgotten and it was not discovered until after the wound had started to heal."

Just then a doctor opened the door and asked: "Anybody seen my hat?"

Little Bobby was sent alone to the barber shop for a hair cut. The barber, in his joking way, inquired what kind of a hair cut he wished, and then pointed to the man in the chair, "Do you want one like this man is getting?"

"No, sir," the little fellow returned after he had looked at the man. "If you have to cut it like somebody's, just cut it like my dad's, with a little hole in the middle."

Newsboy (on railroad car, to gentleman occupant): "Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir?"

Gentleman: "No! I am Edgar Guest himself."

Newsboy: "Well, buy 'Man in Lower Ten.' You ain't Mary Roberts Rhinehart, are you?"

"Waiter," asked the man, after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, you ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the turtles whizzing by you."