

Jacksonville Post

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Judging by reports reaching this office, Medford, while investigating the cause of impure city water, might do well to look into the "sour grapes" epidemic, of which a few cases seem to still exist.

We know the leading people of Medford are not attempting to keep strangers from visiting other parts of the valley, but there is an element over there doing that very thing. A stranger might be led to believe that Medford is an oasis in a desert. Recently a man from the East on his way to visit Jacksonville was advised that such a visit would be a waste of time, that this town was dead and that they were planning to build a fence around it. He wasn't told that this was the county seat and had a delightful climate and that Medford folks liked to come over here in mid-summer to cool off. (We notice a lot of them have been using our fine new highway to do that very thing, and incidentally to get a drink of good water.)

This "sour grapes", just because the county seat believes in public improvements that will benefit the whole valley, is, to use an old-fashioned expression, an attempt to "cut off their nose to spite their face."

Jacksonville proved herself to be very much alive when she got the road paved in the face of the opposition and we were fortunate in having as county judge a man who has more than a one-track mind—Judge Gardner.

We were told that Central Point didn't amount to much—that Medford had literally swallowed it. Our curiosity was aroused. We went over there one day and found a live set of business folks serving their territory and evidently doing a good business.

We like to see every town in the valley prosper. It is a good advertisement for the valley.

What's the use of always knockin',
 Makin' differences last?
 What's the use of always hammerin',
 Diggin' up the past?
 Boost each other; boost the Valley,
 Lay aside the sword;
 "All for each and each for all"—
 Co-operation is the word.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

(From the Portland Oregonian)

Of late the suspicion has arisen that seekers after publicity find it easiest to obtain through denunciation of the prohibition law. It grieves us to observe that the president of a certain religious sect, styling itself a "Bible Students' Association," but

certainly not representative of scriptural students in general, has availed himself of the ruse. He believes that the millenium is dawning, that "millions that now live will never die," but he does not believe in the Volstead act. Just how he reconciles his religion and his opinion respecting prohibition is not readily apparent. And, anyway, it is immaterial.

The old argument that man has no right to interfere with the liberties granted him by providence, again advanced by this pious disputant, leads directly to the definition of liberty. It was once regarded as the indisputable right of any man to take the law into his own hands, to make war on his neighbor, to slay and to burn. These "privileges" of the good old days are no longer regarded as such. They are defined as major crimes and are known as murder and arson. In the degree that men have widened and strengthened the moral code has civilization progressed. The liberty of yesterday is the licence of today, in the eye of the law and the consideration of conscience, and properly so. Of the several evil old fetishes of self-indulgence that enslaved man and retarded his advancement, liquor is almost the last to totter. Argument cannot bolster it up. No valid argument supports it.

It is argued by this most paradoxical fellow that he is not his brother's keeper. Society is founded upon the conviction that he is, or at least that his more responsible fellows are. If indulgence in liquor, to the degree of drunkenness and irresponsibility, were not fraught with grave consequences for society, it is more than probable that no voice would have been raised against drink. But though the individual paid, he did not pay the full score. Society paid in numberless ways—through poverty, disease, insanity, lowered efficiency, economic waste, and stimulated crime. Perceiving that these settlements were inseparable from the traffic, the American people endorsed prohibition. The price of pleasure ran too high. There stood the fiddler when the dance was done, waiting for his fee. There are scores of self-indulgences that are banned by the law, as liquor is, for the reason that they threaten not only the safety of the individual but that of the social structure. We are our brother's keeper.

The president of the Bible Students' Association, however, having solemnly asserted prohibition to be wrong in principle, eats his own words by expressing the opinion that enforcement laws will eventually become fully effective, through the gradual disappearance of the desire for alcohol. This is all that any friend of prohibition ever has claimed. We stand now in the welter and turmoil of the transition. An evil so old as this dies hard. Appetite dies hard,

and so does folly. But prohibition will prevail in the end, because it is sane, and decent, and designed for the promotion of human happiness. And this the law, and not the "millenium," will have accomplished.

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Flea: "Been on a hike?"
 Tick: "No, on a tramp."

Prof.: "Give me a sentence with the word 'boy-cott' in it, used correctly."

Short-sighted Lady (in grocery): "Is that the head-cheese over there?"

Pupil: "Farmer Jones chased his son and didn't catch him until his boy caught on a wire fence."—Sun Dial.

Salesman: "No, ma'am; that's one of his assistants."

The notice in the rooms of hotels which reads, "Have you left anything?" should be changed to "Have you anything left?"—Ex.

Golfer: "Doctor, you remember you recommended golf to take my mind off my work?"

Doctor: "Yes."

Golfer: "Well, can you prescribe something now to get it back again?"—Life.

"She asked me to kiss her on either cheek."

"Which one did you kiss?"

"I hesitated a long time between them."—Ex.

A young man with a pretty but flirtatious fiance wrote to a rival: "I hear you have been kissing my girl. Come to my office at eleven on Saturday; I want to have this out."

His reply was: "I have received your circular letter, and will be at the meeting."

Soph.: "Why does a stork stand on one foot?"

Freshie: "I'll bite, why does he?"

Soph.: "If he'd lift the other foot he'd fall down."

"Pardon me, Professor, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal, and I wish to ask if there is any insanity in your family."

Professor: "I didn't know it before, but there must be."

A microbe, born at 11:37 a. m., died at 11:56 the same morning, leaving 107,358,649 descendants, without visible means of support. Look out for them. They think the world owes them a living.—The Gideon.

A Negro who was with the army in France was beating it for the back areas as fast as he could go when he was stopped by a white officer.

"Don't delay me, suh," said the Negro. "I's gotta be on my way."

"Boy," said the officer, "do you know who I am? I'm a general."

"Lordy!" exclaimed the Negro, taking a second look. "You sure is!" I musta been travelin' some, 'cause I didn't think I'd got back that far yit."—Kablegram.

A chap was arrested for a assault and battery and brought up before the judge.

Judge (to prisoner) "What is your name, your occupation and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

Judge: "Officer, put this man in a dry cell.—United Mine Workers Journal.

An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office.

The proprietors of the company were young men and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand.

Pat was duly left in charge of the office, with instructions to take all orders which might come in during their absence. Going to a nearby drug store, they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office, and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello! Is that the East Side Lumber Company?"

"Yes, sir. And what would you be havin'?"

"Take an order, will you?"

"Sure. That's what I'm here for."

"Please send me up a thousand knot holes."

"What's that?"

"One thousand knot holes."

"Well, now, an' ain't that a bloomin' shame. I'm sorry, but we're just out of them."

"How's that?"

"Just sold them to a new brewery."

"To a brewery. What do they want with them?"

"By golly, an' they use them for bungholes in barrels."—Exchange.