

Jacksonville Post

Friday, Aug. 22, 1924

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

Published Every Friday at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon.

Entered at the postoffice at Jacksonville, Oregon as second-class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES
Regular display adv. per inch, each issue20c
Display adv., less than a month, per inch25c
Business locals, per line, each issue10c

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year \$2.00
Six months 1.00
Three months 50c

It has been said that he who has caused people to think has accomplished something.

eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

How would you stand in face of such setbacks? Think it over.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Did you give The Post all the news you knew this week—and as early in the week as possible? If the people of the community don't help in this way to make this paper a real newspaper, we must choose between two alternatives—print the current gossip or print only two pages at home. We don't know where the former would lead The Post, but the latter would probably result in a depleted subscription list, and that would ultimately mean no newspaper in Jacksonville. You subscribe for this paper for the news it contains. Others do the same. You criticized our predecessor for not printing the local news. Say, didn't you neglect to tell us this week about something some one would have been glad to read about in The Post? This is just a little "jogging up" to help us all to keep out of a rut, for sometimes a rut is hard to get out of—and, incidentally, this has helped to fill up the "Personal and Otherwise" column.

Two new trucks have been received for hauling gravel for paving the Ruch-Jacksonville road.

Mayor Emil Britt, Miss Britt, Dr. and Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson's sister, Mrs. Callendar, of San Francisco, enjoyed a motor trip on the Crater Lake road Sunday, and dined at Prospect.

This is blackberrying time and many are gathering them over in the Applegate country, where wild ones grow in profusion. James Parke and family went over one day and brought home twelve gallons.

Three boys went camping on Applegate Saturday, taking no tent because they felt safe in the assurance, "It ain't gonna rain no mo'." But they came home Monday morning looking like drowned rats.

F. Miltenberger of Medford was in town Monday, accompanied by his brother, A. J. Miltenberger, and wife; his sister, Mrs. C. W. McCreary, and niece, Miss Ione McCreary, of Portland. The Portland folks were very much impressed by the beauty of the scenery at Jacksonville. The editor discovered that Mr. F. Miltenberger, who is engaged in printing business at Medford, was a number of years ago employed as pressman for Kable Bros. Publishing Company of Mount Morris, Ill., where we were employed before coming to Jacksonville. We were pleased to tell him of the progress made by that company in the last few years and to give him a copy of Kablegram, the company's house organ.

How About You?

When you feel that the world is treating you badly and that you have never had a fair chance to succeed, think of Abraham Lincoln and remember that persistency counts.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature of Illinois and was badly swamped.

He next entered business—failed—and spent 17 years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful woman to whom he became engaged—and then she died.

Entering politics again he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried for an appointment in the United States Land Office, but failed. After this he became a candidate for the United States Senate and was defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for the vice presidency, but lost the race. In 1858 he was once more defeated, this time by Douglas.

In the face of all this, he

Fruit Jars Chick Feed

Best Grade Mill Run, \$1.85

Men's Work Shoes \$2.50 to \$5.00 Pair

Godward Mercantile Co

Jacksonville, Oregon Phone 74

Jacksonville Pharmacy

AGENCY FOR
NYALS, SANTOX
and
A. D. S. LINES
Films and Camera Supplies Now on Hand
"Try the Drug Store First"

THE Chocolate Corner

O. C. DOROTHY, Proprietor
**COUNTRY CLUB AND ROYAL CLUB
BEST COFFEE ON THE MARKET**
Fresh Eggs, Bread, Meat Products, Cereals, Full Line of Canned Goods
BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION
The Place to Go For
Soft Drinks, Cigars, Candies, Nuts, Ice Cream, Etc.
FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS AND POPCORN

BETTER SHOES FOR LESS MONEY

Also Selling Out Several of Those to Make Room for Winter Stock.

The Workmen's Clothing and Shoe Store
John Pappas, Prop.

PERSONAL SERVICE

Goodrich Silvertown Cord TIRES

Are best in the long run

FICK'S HARDWARE

SMILES

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

Mother: "Son, I don't believe you washed your face at all"

Small Son: "If you don't believe me, look at the towel."

First Lady (in village shop, speaking to another patron): "Would you mind if I made my small purchase first? We have a horse outside and he won't keep quiet."

Second Lady: "Certainly; but you won't be very long, will you? I have a husband outside and he's rather restive, too."

Pat: "What be yer charge fer a funeral notice in yer paper?"

Editor: "Fifty cents an inch."

Pat: "Good heavens, an' me poor brother was six feet tall."

She knew a hog—

A New Orleans lady was waiting to buy a ticket to a picture show, when a stranger bumped her shoulder. She glared at him, feeling it was done intentionally.

"Well," he growled, "don't eat me up."

"You are in no danger, sir," she said, "I am a Jewess."—Ex.

Si: "Be those there college studepts, Mirandy?"

Mirandy: "Well, they all go to college, if that's what you mean."

Wife: "My dear Henry, don't harbor the idea that I am ignorant. I know a good deal more than I care to tell."

Hub: "I wish, my dear, that you'd fill up on that sort of knowledge."—Ex.

Diner at Restaurant: "Do you ever play anything by request?"

Delighted Musician: "Certainly, sir."

Diner: "Then I wonder if you'd play dominoes ntil I've finished my lunch."

Tommy had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?"

At this, Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded: "Ain't been home yet."

"You should always be particular about details, Mary. It is the little things that tell."

"I know that. I have three small sisters."

FOR SALE

One Ford car with piston ring,

Two rear wheels, one front spring;

Has no fenders, seat or plank;

Burns lots of gas; hard to crank.

Carburetor busted half way through;

Engine missing—hits on two.

Three years old, four in the spring;

Has shock absorbers and everything.

Radiator busted—sure does leak;

Differential dry—you can hear its squeak.

Ten spokes missing, front all bent,

Tires blown out—ain't worth a cent.

Got lots of speed—will run like the deuce,

Burns either gas or tobacco juice.

Tires all off, been run on the rim.

A darn good Ford, for the condition it's in.

—Exchange.

A traveling man one night found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a washout on the railroad caused by the heavy rain, which was still coming down in torrents. The traveling man turned to the waitress with:

"This certainly looks like the flood."

"The what?"

"The flood. You've read about the flood and the ark landing on Mt. Arrarat, surely."

"Gee, no, Mister, I ain't seen a paper for three days."—Michigan Tradesman.

The Prisoner: "I ain't never 'ad a chance. No matter where I go or wot I works at, my unlucky number bobs up and does me in, some 'ow."

The Visitor: "What do you mean? What is your unlucky number?"

"Thirteen, lady. Twelve jurymen an' a judge."—London Mail.

"Where am I?" the invalid exclaimed, waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort of loving hands. "Where am I—in heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his wife, "I am still with you."

"Do you think," asked the girl, "that a man must be in love to write a love story?"

"No," replied the young author. "I've found that being hungry helps most."