

How to Build Up or Tear Down This Community

By J. O. LEWIS

Help Yourself by Helping Your Town.

THE attitude you maintain toward your home town—its business men and its institutions—is reflected in the success or failure of the same. The success and happiness of every citizen in any community lie in the interest he takes in that community and the good work he can do to assist in its upbuilding. **EVERYTHING YOU DO TO HELP IN THE ADVANCEMENT OF YOUR OWN COMMUNITY YOU DO JUST THAT MUCH TOWARD YOUR OWN PERSONAL SUCCESS.** No man can live and prosper unto himself alone, for you are interdependent and, realizing this, as good citizens, you should unite and pull together for the common good, and, doing this, you will prosper as a community and as individuals.

NO TOWN CAN STAND STILL. IT MUST EITHER GO FORWARD OR DECLINE, AND IT IS UP TO YOU TO SAY WHICH IT WILL BE.

Some towns hustle and grow—that is, the people hustle and the town grows. They get the habit of boosting until every citizen becomes a booster, and pretty soon its reputation spreads and it becomes known far and wide as a good town, while others lapse into a state of innocuous desuetude—an easy rock along manner—that soon classes that particular place as a dead one.

If you are knocking and complaining stop it. Nothing hurts a town more. If you cannot say something good don't say anything, and, above all, don't knock. If you are not a booster become one.

The success of the retail merchant depends on the patronage of his home people, the home jobber is largely dependent on the patronage of his home retailer, the banks are dependent likewise on the success of all, while the success and happiness of the people depend on the success of the business men.

Now, one of the greatest injuries you can do your home town or community—to the business men who are dependent on your patronage—is to order your goods from mail order houses or patronize merchants in other towns. Every dime sent from your community to a mail order house is removed entirely from local circulation. Its principal and interest are both gone, whereas the money spent with the home merchant goes immediately into circulation and in due course comes back to you.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY ARE BEING SENT TO MAIL ORDER HOUSES FROM THIS COMMUNITY, THUS DEPRIVING HOME MERCHANTS OF THEIR RIGHTFUL PATRONAGE.

And yet, no matter how much the home merchant is dependent on the patronage of his home people, he is supposed to give and to aid in every work undertaken for the material betterment of the town, and he does, being often coerced into giving by the demands of his customers, fearing to offend them because of the fear of loss of their patronage.

UNLIKE YOUR HOME MERCHANT, MAIL ORDER HOUSES PAY NO TAXES OR PRIVILEGE LICENSE TO DO BUSINESS IN YOUR COMMUNITY. NEITHER DO THEY CONTRIBUTE TO YOUR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, PUBLIC ROADS, CHARITIES OR ANYTHING ELSE, AND ABOVE ALL, THEY GIVE NO EMPLOYMENT TO ANY ONE IN YOUR FAMILY OR HOME TOWN.

You want your schools kept up, your churches supported, your streets kept in repair, your town properly policed and protected by a good fire fighting equipment, etc. In other words, you want your town to prosper, be well run, and the people to be happy and contented. **YET IF YOU ARE SENDING YOUR MONEY TO OTHER INSTITUTIONS IN OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS YOU ARE DEFEATING THE VERY OBJECT FOR WHICH YOU STRIVE.**

Now, this town building is a serious matter—a great big proposition—and if you are not treating it—its business men—fairly you are not treating your self fairly. You are undermining the very foundation of your well being.

So to Speak.

Biggs—Our forefathers had wives that were of some account. They would do everything, from the family sewing to driving oxen.

Nicer Location.

Rector—I hope you have no difficulty in loving your neighbor as yourself, Miss Climber.

Boggs—Yes. They neighed, and haveed, as it wuz, that's all.

Miss Climber—Not since we moved from farther down the avenue, non, whatever.—New York Globe.

SHORT AND TRAGIC

Career of the First Submarine Used in Real War.

SHE WAS BUILT IN MOBILE.

Constructed of Boiler Iron and Crude in Design, She Was Operated Against the Federal Ship Housatonic With Disastrous Results.

It is a fact that a submarine boat did actual service in the war between the states and was perhaps the first practical submarine used in actual warfare.

The boat was built in Mobile in 1864 by two men named Hundley and McClintock. It was of boiler iron, sharp at both ends and was about thirty feet long, five or six feet in beam and five or six feet deep. It was propelled by a screw, the shaft of which ran horizontally along the hold, almost from stem to stern and was turned by eight men, who sat four on each side of the shaft.

The only hatchway, placed well forward, was two feet in diameter, and it was closed by an iron cap that worked on a hinge and was airtight. In the forward part of the cap there was a clear glass bullseye, through which the pilot could see. The boat had water tight compartments, by filling or emptying which it could sink or rise. A ballast of iron balls was placed outside the hull, and by means of keys they could be detached so that the boat could rise instantly if necessary.

Besides a rudder, the boat had side paddles, or fins, which could be used to guide it up or down through the water.

The boat could go perhaps four knots an hour. It could remain submerged for half an hour or an hour without serious inconvenience to its crew, and once it remained as long as two hours under water without actual injury to them.

A floating torpedo was fastened to the boat by a line 100 feet long, and the inventor proposed that the boat should dive beneath the keel of the enemy's vessel and haul the torpedo after her. The triggers or sensitive primers of the torpedo would press against the ship's bottom, explode the torpedo and sink the vessel.

The boat was sent to Charleston to operate against the blockading fleet. General Beauregard had the torpedo fastened to the bow. It terminated in front with a sharp lance head, so that when the boat was driven against a ship the lance head would be forced into the ship below the water line and the torpedo fastened against the side. The boat was then to back off and explode the torpedo by a lanyard.

General Beauregard called on the Confederate fleet for volunteers, and Lieutenant Payne, a Virginian, and eight sailors volunteered. On the evening fixed for the expedition the crew had embarked, and the boat was submerged until only the combings of her hatch were above water. Lieutenant Payne was standing in the hatchway when the swell of a passing steamer rolled over the boat, and it sank instantly with her eight men. Lieutenant Payne sprang out of the hatchway as the boat sank, and he alone was saved.

In a few days she was raised, and again Payne volunteered and with him eight more men. The embarkation for the second attempt was made at Fort Sumter, and, as before, all being made ready, Payne, standing at his post in the hatchway, gave orders to cast off, when the boat careened and sank instantly. Payne sprang out, two of the men followed him, and the other six went down with the boat and perished.

Again the boat was raised, and her owner, Captain Hundley, took her for an experimental trip to Stone river, where, after going through her usual evolutions, she dived into deep water and disappeared. After a week's search she was found at an angle of forty degrees, her nose driven into the deep, soft mud of the bottom.

Her crew of nine men were standing, sitting or lying about in her hold, asphyxiated. Hundley had died at his post with a candle in one hand, while with the other he had been vainly trying to unclamp the hatch. The angle at which the boat had gone down had jammed the keys so that the men could not cast off the iron ballast that held them down.

Again the ill fated vessel was prepared for action, and volunteers were called for. Lieutenant Dixon of the Twenty-first Alabama volunteered and eight men with him.

The ship Housatonic was selected for attack and on a quiet night the brave crew set out from Charleston. Lieutenant Dixon guided the boat straight to the Housatonic, and the explosion tore open the ship's side, so that she went down with all her crew in two minutes.

The torpedo vessel never returned, and whether she went down with her enemy or drifted out to sea was long unknown. Many years after, in the work of deepening the bar off Charleston harbor, divers in submarine armor visited the wreck of the Housatonic and found the little torpedo vessel lying by her huge victim, and within her the bones of as dead and daring men as ever went to sea.

In the history of the submarine certainly the Hundley is entitled to honorable mention. Youth's Companion.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

NURSERY STOCK—Bring, write or phone your tree orders to George H. Parker, 403 West D street, Grants Pass. Phone 285-Y. Ten years in the business. 642

BERKSHIRE sows in pig to Laurel Champion, the sire who outranks all others in the world in the show record of his get. F. R. Steel, Winona Ranch, Route 1, Grants Pass. 643

FOR SALE OR TRADE—8x10 Improved Empire State camera, tripod, backgrounds and complete professional outfit. Trade for wagon, stock or farm implements. Address W. J. Evans, Wilderville, Oregon. 648

FOR SALE—Carrots already dug at my place close to town. J. Christie, Route 2. 639

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WILL SELL or trade extra good violin and case. Cost \$50, and is nearly new. Inquire of Ross Bailey. 640

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E. R. CROUCH, Assayer, chemist, metallurgist. Roms 201-203 Pad-dock Building, Grants Pass.

Only Nation Without Budget.
We are the only civilized nation that hasn't a budget system. France, Germany, Russia, Japan, England, Italy, Spain, Rumania, Servia, Portugal, Bulgaria and Venezuela—all these countries and many more have budgets in each country, that is, certain responsible officers prepare a definite plan for doing things, estimate the cost of executing it and suggest means for raising the money. There is only one important nation that has no budget plan, and that is the one that has chiefly distinguished itself as a nation of business men—the United States—World's Work.

Human Mystery.

Almost every man believes in the mystery of woman. I do not. For men are also mysterious to women; women are quite as puzzled by our stupidity as by our subtlety. I do not believe that there is either a male or a female mystery; there is only the mystery of mankind.—W. L. George in Atlantic Monthly

Luck.

Jack—Congratulate me, old man Tom—What's up? Are you engaged?
Jack—No. Miss Roxleigh refused me the day before her father made an assignment.—Boston Transcript.

His Own Den Too.

Husband—A man is coming to see me on business. Can I have him come into my den?
Wife—And interrupt my dressmaker? Never!—Life.

To Her Taste.

Jess—Why did Mae murr Harold?
He's a perfect blackhead. Hoss—Well, you know she always liked hard wood trimmings in a house. Judge.

TIME CARD

California and Oregon Coast Railroad Company

(The Oregon Coast Route)

Effective Monday, Dec. 20, 1915.

Train 1 lv. Grants Pass.....7:00 a.m.

Arrives Waters Creek.....8:00 a.m.

Train 2 lv. Waters Creek.....8:15 a.m.

Arrives Grants Pass.....9:15 a.m.

Train 3 lv. Grants Pass.....2:00 p.m.

Arrives Waters Creek.....3:00 p.m.

Train 4 lv. Waters Creek.....5:00 p.m.

Arrives Grants Pass.....6:00 p.m.

All trains leave Grants Pass from the corner of G and Eighth streets, opposite the Southern Pacific depot.

For all information regarding freight and passenger service call at the office of the company, Public Service building, or phone 338-R for same.

Train will stop on flag at any point between Grants Pass and Waters Creek. Passenger service every day in the week.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Shown in the Confessions of a Happily Married Man.
It takes my wife a long time to read anything. I skim whole pages instantly. She hates to be read aloud to I love it.

When we travel I always suggest to her in advance the car we shall take. She agrees, but will suddenly change her mind and insist upon taking another one. I grumble to myself and obey. She likes the top of the auto up I loathe it up. It remains up.

I always praise her golf, no matter how badly she plays. She always depreciates mine, no matter how well I play. When I criticize anything she does I don't say it; I think it. That sometimes makes trouble enough.

I compliment her occasionally before others. She pretends that she doesn't understand why I do it.

When I buy a new suit she will never admit that she admires it until it is worn out. Then she says the next one can't be half so becoming as the last.

When she gets a new gown I admire it intensely until it is about time to replace it with another. She never liked any hat that I have ever bought. I like every one of hers—on principle.

I laugh at her when she gets too serious. When I get too serious she roasts me.

I keep her informed about my business only when she asks me. She never asks me, so you know the result.

I tell her a funny story every day. If I have two I keep one for the next day. Sometimes she laughs at them.

She asks me occasionally if I think her hair is as long as it was. I always tell her it is longer.

I hate bridge, dinner parties, dancing and the opera. She respects my opinion and makes me do them all.

She makes out checks and forgets to enter them on the stubs. Every time I catch her in this omission she reminds me of the celebrated occasion when I left the tickets to a large theater party in my other suit.

She always keeps her temper when I lose mine. I keep mine when she loses hers.

I once told her she was thoroughly spoiled. She kissed me and said she knew it.—Life.

LUNGS OF A BATTLESHIP.

Ventilation is a Serious Problem in Building War Vessels.

One of the most difficult problems in building a battleship is to secure satisfactory ventilation. This is a very complicated creature, made up of so many steel boxes, large and small, for the accommodation of officers, men, coal, ammunition and stores, dotted here and there with so many steel ladders, automatic lifts, steel bulkheads and water tight doors, varied here and there by miles of electric wires belonging to lights, telephones, bells and motors, to say nothing of the endless mileage of pipes for flooding, draining, pumping, fresh water, fresh air or compressed air and speaking tubes.

First in importance comes the ventilating of the boiler and engine rooms. When you begin to think of gangs of coal black demons working away in the bowels of the ship at a temperature of 120 degrees; when, too, you commence to realize that unless the furnaces receive their required draft the speed of the battleship drops to below that of her sisters in the squadron, you appreciate the importance of the steam driven fans to the furnaces and boiler rooms. The supply of air comes down through large water tight trunks, which are continued right up to the weather deck, armored gratings being provided at the protective deck.

For ventilating engine rooms large electric fans are employed. So, too, the coal bunkers have to be ventilated, owing to the gas which the coal gives off. This gas when mixed with air forms an explosive, so in order to prevent the possibility of injury to men or ship supply and exhaust pipes are fitted in such a manner as to cause a current of air.—Pearson's Weekly

Location notices, Courier office.

PHYSICIANS

L. O. CLEMENT, M. D.—Practice limited to diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses fitted. Office hours 9-12, 2-5, and on appointment. Office phone 62; residence phone 359-J.

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M. R. BRITTEN, Dentist. Rooms 2 and 3, Lundberg building, opposite post office. Hours: 9 a. m. to 12 m.; 1:30 to 5 p. m. Saturdays 9 a. m. to 12 m.

ATTORNEYS

H. D. NORTON, Attorney-at-Law. Practice in all State and Federal Courts. First National Bank Bldg.

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GRANTS PASS Lodge No. 84, A. F. A. M. Stated Communications 1st and 3d Tuesdays. Visiting brethren cordially invited. A. K. Cass, W. M. Ed. G. Harris, secretary.

GOLDEN RULE LODGE, NO. 78, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall, cor. 6th and H. Sts. Visiting Odd Fellows cordially invited to be present. W. H. Ryan, N. G. Clyde Martin, Secretary.

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