

1918 Ford, motor perfect, new tires \$450  
 1918 Ford in fine shape \$425  
 Nearly new Ford with new Amesbilt body \$650  
 Ford Bug \$300  
 Ford worm gear truck, nearly new \$550

**C. L. HOBART CO.**

**JUST WHO ARE THE PUBLIC?**

Somehow They Seem Never to Be Present When the Term is Employed—Possible Explanation.

We hear much about the public. It is seldom praised; often it is berated. The public will stand for anything, we are told. The public likes to be duped, said F. T. Barnum years ago in explanation of his success as a showman. The public be damned, said a corporation head a generation ago. Society never advances, declared the philosopher Emerson. The public is a huge beast, some one else has said. Almost anybody who talks about the public or matters pertaining to the public will reiterate such opinions today, observes the Kansas City Star. And no offense is taken; no indignation meetings are held and no resolutions drawn up in condemnation of such insulting language. Apparently nobody feels insulted.

Who, then, is the public? Nobody can tell us; always the thing eludes our search.

But is not the public anybody but you and me, or anybody except the persons talking about it? Therefore, the public can never be found, though one should inquire all his days. Always the thing is further on, like the rainbow's end.

So there is little use relying on the public to do anything, to take the initiative, to start something, to rise up in rebellion against wrong oppression, outrage, injustice.

There has been much talk about rebellions, revolutions, when public indignation has reached the boiling point; but there never was and likely never will be a public uprising of any kind without a leader, without some individual working alone or in coop-

eration with a very few other individuals to organize "public sentiment," to give it form and substance, "a local habitation and a name."

Therefore all the abuse that has ever been heaped upon the public might be gathered into one mass and once more hurled at the thing's head and nothing would ever be heard of it and nobody hurt.

What recourse can be had, then, when the people suffer, when a community, a city, is oppressed by bad government, selfish and soulless corporations or what not? None at all by damning the public.

It all comes back to you and me who started the discussion. You are a vital part of the public; I am. You owe it to yourself and the cause of justice, as do I, to wait not a moment in doing something, in going straight to a neighbor and with him to somebody else, and on and on until an army is raised and the outrage put down. Let us realize our own individual responsibility to an abstract public. The public will do its duty when you and I act.

**Checking a Presumption.**

"There is a rumor that you may be asked to assume leadership of your struggling country," ventured the trusted retainer.

"I have heard such a rumor," answered Wilhelm.

"Well, you may be a painter and a poet and a lot of other things. But there is a limit to human versatility. With your shabby record for truth and veracity, don't you ever try to pose as the George Washington of Germany."

Calling cards and Envelopes at the Observer office.

**ROOKIE ATONED FOR FAULT**

Call it "Fisherman's Luck," if You Will, He Came Out of Scrape With Coveted Decoration.

At Aix a strange story was told of an American soldier who will probably abandon fishing for the rest of his life. It seems that the rookie had heard it said that one could readily catch fish with a hand grenade, the method being to proceed to the lair of the fish and hurl the hand grenade into the water. The grenade, exploding, would kill all the fish in the neighborhood, and one could gather in a plentiful harvest. So our hero set forth one evening and, reaching a not far distant canal, he threw in his hand grenade. No doubt it killed a fish or so, but, unfortunately, so intent was he on his job that he had not noticed a barge hard by. The grenade nearly blew the barge and the barge and his family out of France, and did such mighty damage to boat and boatmen that, although for the moment flight enabled the culprit to escape arrest, it was quite clear that, when discovered, as he would inevitably be, he would suffer very severe punishment. It cannot be permitted to blow French barges up with impunity. A court-martial and death were the least that the wretch expected. That night there was an attack on the American sector. Our man went over the top a desperate rookie. He had determined to die a glorious death rather than submit to a shameful end. The result was that, single-handed, he killed seven Germans, and, seizing a machine gun, turned it on the enemy, thereby saving a ticklish situation. Picking up the machine gun, after it had done sufficient damage, he carried it back toward his own line, but, en route, he fell into a German trench and on top of a German postman. This postman was laden with mail for the trench; cigars and other delicacies were among his burdens. As the officer who told the story said, the rookie murdered the postman and, seizing several bags of mail, bore them, in addition to his machine gun, back to his own people. His record for the day's work was not only deemed sufficient to condone for his fishing escapade, but to his astonishment he received a medal for distinguished conduct in the field. He was decorated! Fisherman's luck with a vengeance!—Scribner's Magazine.

Our classified ads bring results.

**HERE IS NEW EAST**

Result of British Occupation of Mesopotamia.

Age-Old Somnolent Peace of the Desert Gives Place to Activity Which Amazes Traveler Familiar With the Old Days.

It was early morning when I arrived at Basra, the seaport of the Mesopotamian zone, and I stood for two hours or more at the dock rail, wondering vaguely why somebody did not come to take me ashore, while I watched with intense interest the disembarkation of the troops we had brought, and a scene along the river bank of tollsome and bewilderingly multifarious industry. Eleanor Franklin Egan writes in "The War in the Cradle of the World." It was war—twentieth century war—in the process of destroying for all time the somnolent peace of a world that has drowned for ages in eastern dreams.

The Arabs—children of the desert and inheritors of noiseless ease and ancient methods—say: "The British came with the smoke." But it was the other way round. The smoke came with the British, and it rolls today in black spirals of industrial abomination—from workshops innumerable, from electric power plants, from many steamboats and from tall chimneys and funnels of every kind all round the horizon. And with the British came also the loud murmur and the clatter and clank of toll, the shrill shriek of the locomotive and the honk of the horn of the motor.

The Arabs say also: "Leisure is God-given and haste is of the evil one." They never worked before in all their lives, but they are working now, and they are working with a rapidity and cheerfulness which denote much with regard to the reward they get and the character of the discipline they are under.

But the scene on the amazing river bank looked to me like the utmost in disorderliness and confusion. Docks and wharves were lined with ships and crowded with men and women—coolies—working ant fashion, coming and going in endless lines, carrying on heads and bent backs boxes and bales of materials and materials and materials. Acres of low sheds stretching away into the fringes of the palm groves; miles of closely tented open space seen hazily through clouds of dust; pyramids of hay and smoked grain, under light green canvas; male wagons, motor lorries, ammunition carts, ambulances, an artillery convoy getting under way out across a baked gray waste in the distance; automobiles hurrying hither and thither; officers on handsome horses moving slowly here and there; a long line of diminutive donkeys tricked out in brightly ornamental pack saddles and with jingling halters and strings of blue beads round their necks; a longer line of ambling, munching, disdainful nosed camels on the way down to the adjoining dock, where they were being swung up one by one, like so many bales of hay, and deposited in the hold of a big gray ship; it was a scene to hold the newcomer's attention and to make the time pass swiftly.

**"Safety" Umbrella Handle.**

A certain wise man of this city persists in carrying an umbrella with a broken handle. The handle has come loose from the center rod, and twirls around and around on the rod.

"Why don't you glue that on?" asked one who is perpetually telling other people what they ought to do.

The man gave his broken umbrella a whirl, and replied:

"I don't fix it because I find it quite useful this way. The other day, for instance, I took it to the theater with me, and placed it between my seat and the next.

"When the show was over, my neighbor absent-mindedly reached for my umbrella, caught the handle and marched off. After he had gone a few feet he looked down to see what he had drawn—and then he threw the handle away. I came along and picked up my handle. Why should I get it fixed so somebody can get away with it?"—Washington Star.

**Great Tunnel Opened.**

With the holding of the official ceremony in honor of the piercing of "the hole in the southern Alps," the great Otrra tunnel of New Zealand took its place proudly as one of the world's longest subways. The full story of the Otrra tunnel has been described in the Christian Science Monitor, but the fact that it is five miles and thirty-five chains in length, and that the first shot at the Otrra end was fired on May 5, 1908, may be recalled. Owing to scarcity of labor due to the war, it may be two years before the permanent way is laid through. By that time the water power available will have been harnessed in readiness to drive the electric trains that will run from Canterbury to the west coast.

**Valuable New Metal.**

A white metal, which takes a brilliant polish and holds it on exposure to the atmosphere, and claimed to be possessed by an alloy of bismuth, mercury, tin, zinc and copper, has been covered by a patent.

**Classified Advertising**

**FOR SALE**

FOR SALE—Ford car (first class shape), cultivator, double shovel cultivator, good range, bedstead and springs, feather tick and pillows (newly cleaned), heater, tables. Phone 502-F-12. 87

FOR SALE—Ford worm drive truck, bran new. Cost complete, \$775. Will take \$650 cash. Roy Tait, 403 G street. 77

FOR SALE—Matched team and nearly new harness; also Durham bull, 2½ years old. Phone 500-J-1. 79

FOR SALE—75 good Angora goats. Inquire Harry Orr, Kerby, or J. L. Calvert, Grants Pass. 79

FOR SALE—First class timothy hay, baled, \$25 per ton. Bluestem wheat, best for spring seeding, \$2 per bushel. Barley straw, \$8 per ton. B. S. Watts, Murphy, Oregon. 80

**TO RENT**

FOR RENT—Partly furnished cottage at 321 Rogue River Avenue; three rooms and sleeping porch, good well and one-half acre of land, barn; \$5.00 per month. Key at 402 Rogue River Ave. 07ff

FOR RENT OR SALE—Our residences at 801 and 811, North 6th St., eight and ten dollars a month. Will sell either or both. Make me an offer. John Summers, Lebanon, Oregon. 40ff

FOR RENT—9½ acres half mile from city limits for \$25 to December 1, 1919. Address No. 2310, care Courier. 79

FOR RENT—Rooms at 301, corner Third and H streets. Board if desired. 76

**WANTED**

WANTED—By good all around cook, restaurant, hotel or camp work. First class pie maker. Jack Miller, Route 2, Box 71. 87

WANTED—Four wood splitters and one swamper; \$1 per cord and tools furnished. Wm. Dickens, 713 North Fifth street, or phone Scott, Robinson, Wilderville. 78

WANT THE USE of a piano for its care. Call 379-L. 74ff

WANTED—Thoroughbred single comb Rhode Island Red cockerel. W. H. Leonard, Rt. 2, Box 11-A. 76

WANTED—A milk goat. Write S. F. Overton, Grants Pass, Rd. 2, or phone 610-F-24. 76

**TO EXCHANGE**

TO EXCHANGE—Eight acres in grain, half mile from city, six room house, barn, garage, telephone, mail delivery, school bus service; for town property. Phone 502-F-12. 87

**FOUND**

FOUND—Elk's emblem with initials S. D. S. Owner can have same by describing property. Wm. Boog, 208 Foundry. 76

**LOST**

LOST—Saturday afternoon, a tan colored moss agate breast pin. Finder kindly notify Mrs. A. U. Bannard, phone 106-J. 76

**MISCELLANEOUS**

JITNEY SERVICE—Any where, any time. Phone Mocha Cafe 181-R. Otto J. Knips, Residence 149-Y. 23

WE REPAIR cars, mag's, coils, generators, starters, batteries, ignition systems. Satisfaction guaranteed. Steiger Garage, 211 North Sixth street. 36ff

FURS, FURS, FURS—We buy furs, hides, wool, old autos for wrecking, and all kinds of junk. Grants Pass Junk Co., 403 South Sixth street, phone 21. 7

E. L. GALBRAITH, insurance, rentals a specialty. Acreage, Building and Loans. 609 G street, Launer's old location. 94

ELECTRIC WIRING and general electrical work, repairing, house wiring. C. C. Harper, 507 E St., phone 47. 93

SECOND HAND goods of every description bought and sold. R. Timmons, 408 South Sixth St. 4

THE PARTY stealing milk on the Peter Olson route is known and will be prosecuted and name exposed if practice continues. 78

All kinds of Commercial Printing at the Courier Office.

**PHOTO STUDIO**

THE PICTURE MILL for fine photographs. Open daily except Sunday from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sunday sittings by appointment only. Phone Mill, 283-R, or residence 140-J. 57ff

**MUSICAL INSTRUCTION**

J. S. MacMURRAY—Teacher of singing. Write or apply at 716 Lee Street. 66ff

**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, or on appointment. Office phone 62, residence phone 359-J.

S. LOUGHRIDGE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. City or country calls attended day or night. Residence phone 369; office phone 182 Sixth and H, Tufts Bldg.

A. A. WITHEAM, M. D.—Internal medicine and nervous diseases; 903 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Ore. Hours 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

**VETERINARY SURGEON**

DR. R. J. BESTUL, Veterinarian. Office, residence. Phone 305-R.

**DENTISTS**

E. C. MACY, D. M. D. First-class dentistry. 109½ South Sixth street, Grants Pass, Oregon.

DR. C. E. JACKSON, D. M. D., successor to Dr. Bert Elliott. Over Golden Rule Store. Phone 6.

**DRAYAGE AND TRANSFER**

COMMERCIAL TRANSFER CO. All kinds of drayage and transfer work carefully and promptly done. Phone 181-J. Stand at freight depot. A. Shade, Prop.

THE WORLD MOVES; so do we. Bunch Bros. Transfer Co. Phone 397-R.

F. G. ISHAM, drayage and transfer. Safes, pianos and furniture moved, packed, shipped and stored. Office phone 124-Y. Residence phone, 124-R.

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E. S. VAN DYKE, Attorney. Practice in all courts. First National Bank Bldg.

O. S. BLANCHARD, Attorney at Law. Golden Rule Building. Phone 270. Grants Pass, Oregon.

BLANCHARD & BLANCHARD, Attorneys, Albert Bldg. Phone 236-J. Practice in all courts; law board attorneys.

C. A. SIDLER, Attorney-at-Law, referee in bankruptcy. Masonic temple, Grants Pass, Ore.

**The California and Oregon Coast Railroad Company**

Effective Nov. 19, 1918.

Trains will run Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday  
 Leave Grants Pass.....1 P. M.  
 Arrive Waters Creek.....2 P. M.  
 Leave Waters Creek.....3 P. M.  
 Arrive Grants Pass.....4 P. M.  
 For information regarding freight and passenger rates call at the office of the company, Lundburg building, or telephone 131.

**First Across Canada.**

The first white man to cross this continent by a route north of Mexico, was Sir Alexander Mackenzie, a Scotsman who rose high in the service of the old Northwest company which was amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay company in 1821. Mackenzie was in the far West when he planned his trip across country to the Pacific coast. In the autumn of 1792 he led his party far up the Peace river where they built a post and wintered. On May 9, 1793, the party set out, passing up the Peace river, through the Rocky mountains, across to the Fraser river which was followed down stream for some distance, and then across country through an unexplored region, until the party came out on the Pacific coast. Mixing a quantity of vermilion with melted grease, Mackenzie wrote on the inland side of a high rock rising from the shore these words to mark his visit: "Alexander Mackenzie from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. Lat. 62 degrees, 20 minutes, 43 seconds north." Mackenzie then retraced his course and returned to the East.

**PRINTING THAT PLEASES**



**WE DO IT!**