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Jacksonville Post

PUBLISHED AT JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, FOR SEVENTEEN REASONS AND HOLLERING ALL THE TIME FOR ITS TOWN, ITS COUNTY AND ITS STATE APPLICATION HAS BEEN MADE TO ENTER THE POST AT THE JACKSONVILLE POSTOFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. OTHERWISE FIRST CLASS

Sanders & Overholt

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The first page of The Post has been condensed and given over to the junior editor—Miles Overholt—who either has to have some place to display his literary spasms or be confined to the violent ward. It is hoped that the readers and patrons of The Post will look at the matter in this light and not judge the senior (or saner) editor too harshly for allowing him this privilege.

A Fast Town

According to the Walla Walla, Wash., Bulletin that town is increasing in population faster than any town in the state.

I went to Walla Walla once. You know the state penitentiary is located there. They couldn't have found a better name, for it's Wallow Wallow all the time at Walla Walla. It's so muddy up there that a horse blanket would mire. The only way they can get up town from the depot is to follow a barb wire fence around the guard house at the pen. You see the guards have to have lots of sand. One day a fellow saw a hat apparently lying in the mud. He took a long stick and poked it, when a man underneath the hat said: "Here, you leave my hat alone." Of course the fellow apologized and said: "You're in pretty deep, aren't you?" "Yes" said the man, "and a whole lot deeper than that. I've got a team and wagon underneath me yet."

Walla Walla is a fast town all right. It's fast in the mud. They think every stranger that comes to town is a convict. I asked a fellow if he knew Teddy Roosevelt and he said: "No, I don't remember him. What was he sent up for?"

The whole town reminds one of a penitentiary. One reason for that is, it is a big sell. Then, too, there are so many people hanging around there. I went into a store and a big fellow was bawlin' "change." And you can buy anything you want on time. They are so used to giving a fellow time there.

I went to the Dacres Hotel at Walla Walla one night and the night turnkey said: "I'm sorry, but all our worst cells are full." I told him I didn't want a room that was half full; what I wanted was a room with a bed in it. So he called a guard who sent me up to a hole in the wall he called a room. Well, I went in, but couldn't see a place to lie down, so I asked, "Where is the bed?" and he said: "Over there by the match safe." And I thought it was a foot stool. Well, he went out and finally I tried to lie down, and the only way I could succeed at it was to go to bed on the installment plan. I'd

first go to bed with my head and let my feet sit up, then I'd wake my head up and let my feet sleep awhile. I don't like to lie in that kind of a bed. It's too crowded. Sort of a concentrated lie. If there had been any bed bugs, there wouldn't have been room enough for all of us.

The Study of Mining

The study of mining is a very fascinating pastime. After the arduous duties of the day are over and the clock has been wound and the cat is locked in the cellar and the kindling cut for the morning fire and the children are in bed, then it gives me great pleasure to go to my massive bookshelf and take down the Bible and peruse fifteen or twenty of its pages. After I have learned a couple of chapters I then roll my plush, mahogany oak-finished, leather covered easy chair under the electric light and read from Morrison's Mining Laws such mirth-provoking and highly interesting bits of literature as the following:

"The distinction which would relieve these points would be to allow the dip to such lodes only as have a perpendicular base and are not on the nature of stratigraphical deposits: All the inconsistencies apparent from the previous paragraph are the sequence to any other ruling."

Isn't that sublime, grand, gloomy and peculiar! Note how the terse phrases are brought out and with what delicateness and fineness the situation is explained.

To the common plug such bits of witicism are entirely lost in the shuffle, but to one who has delved deep into the mining profession and knows all about such things it appeals with a strong current of emotion.

My pet ambition is to get a mine, one that is gentle and kind, and experiment on its stratigraphical deposit and its perpendicular base. I think I can invent something so that such superfluities as those can be done away with entirely.

An article in last week's Mining Journal is headed "Good Words for the Prune," but having a regular boarding place, I skipped that and went right on reading.

All railroad accidents occurring on the Harriman lines of the Oregon and Washington division will be made public together with the findings of the railroad board of inquiry as soon as possible after the incident, according to the decision reached by General Manager J. P. O'Brien. Journal.

Now we will know what powerful motive lies behind the idea of bringing trains in on time from the California side.

High Prices

Prices on everything are soaring skyward at a rapid rate. Living expenses have advanced at least twenty per cent within the last two years.—News Item.

It is a sad thing to see small children gnawing the bark off the poplar, cork elm and other trees in the back yard; a feeling of tender, irresistible sympathy surges up in the breast of the writer to see people eating the birds off the hats of the ladies of the household. The features of this article have been lying dormant in my vocal chords for months and must come out or a coroner will soon be sitting

on my handsome but busted remains. But seriously, how long are these thieving high prices going to last? What is going to be the outcome? Formerly, it used to be the doctor, the lawyer, the minister, the journalist who stood fairly high in the social scale, who were looked up to as little tin gods in the communities where they held forth; but now it is the butcher, the baker, the grocer, and the fry-goodsman who lead the cotillions, are at the front in the grand marches, and use the blue pencil unresisted.

But it is on the newly-married couples that these prohibitive market prices mis-ter-ned "good times," fall the more heavily. A young couple just about to dare fate by renouncing single blessedness have an idea that they won't have to eat after they get married. They think they can live on a small bunch of violets set in the middle of the table and a couple of kisses to wash them down; they fatuously believe, poor deluded things, that a small piece of blue ribbon around a white throat, a box of caramels, a hankie and a full, golden moon above them is the sine qua non of an average married life—in fine, merely a continuation of their "sparking" days. But we old married people know different. How long will their honeymoon last when they are obliged to wait for the shades of night to throw its mantle of darkness and secrecy around, so that they can climb their neighbor's fence and make a successful get-a-way of an armful of wood? What a damper to their conjugal bliss it will be when the "old man," more correctly speaking, the young husband, is obliged to shin up trees to hunt for birds' eggs in lieu of the noble hens' eggs. And, particularly, when the joyous young couple is reduced to such straits that they have to hang a yellow card with the appalling sign "Diphtheria In Here: Keep Out!" on their front gate to scare away the ubiquitous bill-collector.

Young man, young woman, if you must get married, if your hearts yearn for double blessedness and will not be denied, don't marry a bum doctor, an out-at-the-heels lawyer, a seedy editor, or a shiny coated minister; don't make the fatal mistake these days of sky-high prices. But get next to a fat butcher, a red-faced grocer, a billous clothing merchant, or even a villainous plumber, and your days will be long upon the land, your nights full of pleasant dreams, your hearts full of gladsome songs, and, which is more vital than all the rest put together, your hungry little tum-tums will be full to repletion of the fat of the land.

After the Fourth

When in the morning early the bedstead rears and walks,
And the dresser in the corner to the chairs begin to talk;
When a man's suspenders stretch themselves and waltz around the room,
When giant fire crackers begin to bang and boom;
When turkey tracks fly in the door and flit around the bed,
And little devils with a pick begin to pound your head;
When elephants without their trunks come running up the stair,
And an oyster climbs upon the shelf and tries to comb his hair;
When you feel your pockets empty and your mouth is full of taste,
When just to think is troublesome

and life a barren waste;

When the celebration's over and you'd like to have a drink,
Then it's time to go behind the barn and have a quiet think.

Harriman's System

E. H. Harriman may be a vicious and bad man, but the O. R. & N. railroad suits me. I've been rail rode lots of times but I'd rather walk over the O. R. & N. line than ride the brake beams of any railroad I know of. The O. R. & N. is the pride of Mr. Harriman. He lives for it. He breathes for it. In fact it is a part of his system. I walked into Pendleton, Oregon one evening just for a stroll, mind you, from Boise, Idaho. I'd been up to Boise to see my girl. Her name is Ida. Her father was a gardner, so I used to sit down among her rutabages and peas and watch Ida hoe. That was an industrious garden, too. Many a time I've seen that garden patch and fence. Well, as I said before, I arrived at Pendleton. And I was so sleepy that the people thought I was a resident so I went out of town a short distance and took a nap on the O. R. & N's road bed. The air is so heavy around Pendleton that I had to burn up a wagon load of railroad ties to keep it light. It makes me lonesome to think of those times. I can't forget the old ties. Well, I chartered a private car at Pendleton, the kind with a side entrance. That's the first time I ever rode on a rail. The car was full of steel rails and every time the train would stop my head would strike the ceiling and I would come down almost hard enough to split a rail. I began to think I was Abraham Lincoln. Whenever the train would stop it would jar the cars back to the station we just left, and the only way I could make any headway was to face the rear end of the train and let it jolt me the other way. That train jolted me so much I nearly sprained my mind. I had a \$2 bill in my pocket, but when I reached Portland it was all jolted into nickels and dimes. And it rained all night. The only way I could keep dry was to get thirsty. When I landed in Portland I didn't have enough money to buy the hole in a link of sausage. If postage stamps has been retailing for two cents a dozen, I couldn't stand on a corner and watch 'em bring up the mail.

A Touching Story

In a country graveyard a plain white board stood at the head of a little mound of clay, and on it was engraved the touching epitaph,

"Little Willie, aged eleven,
Now is resting safe in heaven."

A tramp, passing by, observed the silent headboard and drawing a grimy pencil from this ragged vest pocket, inscribed below:

"You can't rest always sometimes tell,
Maybe Willie went to h——."

William Nannary, Paul Waddel, Frank Robinson, Moxie Smith, Charles Dunford Jr. and Lewis Ulrich went fishing last Sunday with good results. It is claimed that Waddel traded a quart of whiskey (they had some along) for twenty-eight trout, but Paul refutes that statement. He says he wouldn't trade a quart of whiskey for a man-eating shark.