

JACKSONVILLE'S PRIZE ROOTERS

Can Give any Other County Town Cards and Spades and Then Win in a Walk.

Jacksonville is certainly a baseball town. The writer states without reservation that Jacksonville is the most partisan base ball town in Southern Oregon. It can give cards and spades, and big and little casino to any other aspiring or perspiring municipality between the eternal snows and the banana belt, if there is such a tropical surcingle, so to speak. Yes, Jacksonville is partisan, in a baseball sense from the top of its head to the sole of its feet. It has a bunch of the most conscienceless rooters, most merciless whoopers up for its nine, and whoopers down of the other nine, to be found on any map in the state. This is not merely a speculative, tentative remark, but is borne out by the opinions of visiting clubs, and by visiting spectators. A Jacksonville baseball rooter who is in good health, who has come to the grounds determined to boost his town club to victory, who has made up his mind to give the opposing club a slide down the totoggon, can make more noise, can look more wild-eyed, can get redder in the face, can appear the living image of a wild man more perfectly, can yell louder, can dig up out of his unlimited vocabulary more original personal remarks, and generally hoot more derisively, catcall more vociferously, and mimic more outrageously than any baseball crank of any other known place in this portion of the State. If the writer dared to take his precious and invaluable life in his own hands, which by the way, he does not purpose doing, he could mention a dozen Jacksonville rooters who would fairly shimmer and glow like a fierce calcium light and make all other so-called rooters look like talow clips by comparison. For obvious reasons, these strident and more than enthusiastic gentlemen shall be nameless. Some of them weigh a quarter of a ton, and might be dangerous should we get too personal; others are church members, and no doubt just before they strike out for the baseball diamond on a Sunday, they have assured their better-halves that they are going to attend a "talk for men only," at one of the neighboring churches, so it would be cruel to give their family names away. And still others are friends of many of our readers who would resent such flagrant publicity. But the baseball rooters above-named are an aggregation standing out in majestic grandeur as a finished, scientific, professionally perfect bunch of good-natured villifiers which is hard to beat. If an excessively fat player of the opposing nine walks to the bat, there is a moment's lull—the lull before the storm—then there is a wild, hoarse whoop of "Fatty"! "Fat Boy"! "Get on the tub"! "Hurrah for Jumbo"! "Mamma's Bouncing Baby Boy,"—and an hundred other verbal expletives all intended to distress and disconcert the visitor. In such a pandemonium it is hardly a wonder that "Fatty" fans the air three times, and is retired.

Nor is the very thin visitor at the bat a subject for congratulation, for every known adjective or synonym for the word "thin" is dealt out to the hapless visitor in large tablespoonful doses. That familiar old gag applied to a thinged fellow: that he will be arrested for vagrancy, because he has no visible means of support, is still heard on our diamond. The thin man gets it in about the same proportion as the fat man. These rooters size up a very dark com-

plexioned player as either a "greaser," or pretend to think him a "coon." He may be more of a white man than some of the rooters, but that doesn't matter. But the visitor who gets mad, and talks back at the crowd is meat for these rooters. They fairly revel in repartee of the most stinging kind. They make all kinds of personal suggestions, probably the most common being that he repress his temper by means of a sugar-teat. You talk about running for office bringing out personalities and deficiencies, both mental and physical. Politics is not in it with a first-class, exciting game of baseball, where the partisan passions are expected and given full play. If any other town in the state has reasons to doubt these statements let them come up to this sunny burg any Sunday this summer, and we will give them a lesson in inverted rhetoric that will make their heads swim. Just let them bring their baseball nine here and see what we will do to them. If they want to have a real good exciting time, a time in which every second will be strenuous and there will not be a dull moment, then as members of their baseball nine whom they bring here, let them be sure to have a very fat boy, one who will look like the prize porker at a county fair; next have a human skeleton, a man who is so thin he can't tell whether he has backache or stomach-ache and who rattles as he walks; next have a red-headed man and a cross-eyed man—we can give them to the queen's taste; and let them be sure to have some old ex-leaguer whose hair is turning white around the temples and whom we can dub Methusalem and generally convince him that we think age in a base ballist is disreputable. Let them bring all the odd looking fellows they can scare up, if they are misfits, all the better. We will put our rooters against theirs. We have some fans in this foot-hill town who are leather-lunged and whose dispragms a minnie-ball could not penetrate; they have such a keen sense of the ludicrous that they are afraid to look into their lookingglasses. But they are generous, whole-souled, noisy but good-hearted, and they make a noise like a cannonade of heavy musketry. And after the other nine's pennant is trailed in the dust of defeat, the players will be taken to our hearts, figuratively speaking, shown the wonders of our town, bidden a tear-dimmed farewell, and they will leave for home with a burst of admiration swelling in their breasts for County Seatville, and a memory as sweet as lingers from a crushed violet in flowery meadows on a Spring day in the matchless month of June.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.

State Land Board, Plaintiff, vs. Adelbert W. Myers and Virginia Myer, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the above entitled Court and in the above entitled cause, dated on the 7th day of May, 1907, directing and ordering me to sell in the manner provided by law, the hereinafter described real property in pursuance of that certain judgment and order of sale duly recorded and entered in the above entitled cause on the 7th day of May, 1907, in favor of the aforesaid State Land Board and against the above entitled defendants, Adelbert W. Myers and Virginia Myer, for the sum of three hundred twenty-five dollars with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 8th day of May, 1905, and costs amounting to three dollars and eighty five cents and the further sum of fifty dollars attorneys fees.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution and in compliance with the command of said writ, I will, on Tuesday, the 16th day of July, 1907, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the Court House in the City of Jacksonville, Oregon, sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder, for U. S. Gold Coin, all the "lots" (1) and in excess which the said defendants, Adelbert W. Myers and Virginia Myer, or either of them, had on the 7th day of May, 1907, or at any time thereafter in and to the following described property, to wit: The E 1/2 of the S. W. 1/4 and the W. 1/2 of the S. E. 1/4 of Section 33 Township 18 S. Range 1 East of W. M. in Jackson County, Oregon, or any part thereof that may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing interest.

D. H. JACKSON,
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.
By G. R. Carter, Deputy.
Jacksonville, Oregon, June 20th, 1907.

P. H. Daily L. Briggs C. P. Briggs

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