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Our Motto: Make the Best You Can of the Worst You Get.

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WHEN CONVENIENT SUBSCRIPTIONS SHOULD BE PAID IN MONEY; OTHERWISE MORTGAGES, MINES AND MULES WILL BE ACCEPTED

The first page of The Post has been condescendingly 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.

Heart and Hand

The other day the San Francisco post office department received a peculiar request in the shape of a letter written by a man in northern California who seemed to have an enthusiastic, whole-souled desire to get married, and thus wrote to the postal department to help him out in his trouble. The post office authorities did not know what to do with this unique appeal for assistance, but finally sent it to the County Clerk of San Francisco, as that is the formal dispenser of marriage licenses; and so it got into the newspapers.

Many people who have not looked into this matter of advertising for help meet take the whole thing as a joke, and probably think that it is only occasionally done, and usually by people who are either very common, or with "rooms to let" in the upper story. This is really not the case. In the East it is the commonest kind of an occurrence, nay, it is really the profession or an occupation, the advertising for husbands and wives, and there are magazines and marriage bureaus that make and have a permanent income from the results of their advertisements. It is true that foreign-born persons are in the majority in this advertising for better or worse halves, but there is a large sprinkling of the native population who take a shy at these bureaus.

The writer knows of one particular case which fell under his personal observation a number of years ago—a case in which it was pure, unadulterated advertising for a wife on the man's part; a matter of concrete business from first to last. The night on which the man in question was to meet his contemplated life partner who was due to arrive about midnight on the overland train from one of the eastern states, he arrived in town from his home somewhere about nine o'clock in the evening. Consequently this husband-to-be had about three hours to wait and speculate as to what his intended would look like. Our friend showed up at the hotel to wait for the train and being of a very sociable, even confidential, disposition, it was not long before every man in the hotel office knew what he was waiting for. It is said that the only time when there is

absolutely any excuse to assimilate a few drinks too much, it is about the time you are going to get married; that all other times pale into lifeless insignificance in the way of sophisticated excuse. Anyway, our mutual friend with the heart's burning desire to tackle the awful maelstrom of matrimony, proceeded to fill up in honor of the occasion, and, of course, shot 'em up to the joshing crowd, as well. But it is not of this social conventionality that it is desired to advert to, simply what happened when the meeting took place. At midnight the train came in, and a crowd from the hotel accompanied the "marrying gent" to the depot. At last a tall, vinegary female, with a blue ribbon tied on her left wrist, stepped from one of the coaches. Our friend also had a blue ribbon wound round his left wrist—a recognition badge adopted by the pair by correspondence. At this point in novels a veil would be drawn over what happened. Whether it was the beer he had drunk, whether it was the solemn midnight hour that affected him, whether it was a sudden, irresistible love at first sight, or a little of all, the would-be benedict rushed at his bride-to-be and winding his arms round her wasp-like waist, gave her a kiss that sounded like a steer taking his foot out of a muddy bog; and she was a game old girl, for she returned it with interest, and her kiss sounded like a "busted" ginger-ale bottle exploded by the heat! Then the pair got into a crazy old coacher's buggy and drove off to the ranch to begin their marital life on a string bean, skim milk diet.

In these marriage advertising propositions, photographs play a most important part, and a deceiving part, too. Did you ever see a photo on exhibition that looked exactly like the person intended? Never. We all have seen a photo of some girl which was as beautiful as a summer dream, and which gave us a fit of nervous prostration to even look at it; but meeting the original a short time after, she gave us a sick headache to look at her. That is why so many men are taken in, and women too, by these photographs. It is only natural that if you are looking for a wife, you will slick up and look your prettiest into the camera. If you don't look half-way handsome and engaging and good-natured under these circumstances, you never will on this earth. You may have a mole on the hither side of your nose; your eyes may be turned both ways for Sunday; you may have a lantern jaw and a hand-dog look; you may have no more expression than a cigar-Indian; you may be as grey-headed as a rat—you may be all this, but when the cameraman turns you out, you hardly know yourself. And that is why so many men and women draw blanks when they exchange photographs. Under the scientific tutelage of a first class photographer a grass-widow of forty-odd years can be made to look like a high school graduate on commencement night. Young man, if you are bound to get married, don't get engaged by the correspondence route, or you will surely get good and buncoed. She may send you a photo of a winsome, lissome young girl—a young girl looking unutterables under dark curling 'ashes, with a cupid's bow of a mouth, and teeth that would make a string of pearls go off, and kick themselves out of sheer envy; hair that would make a yellow moonbeam look passe and de trop;

and a chic, coy and electric expression that would make an ordinary telephone battery dull, cold and lifeless. Then you run up against that awful original, and if you have heart disease, you give a sharp, sudden gasp, and fall dead; if you have no organic heart trouble, but an unusually tough constitution, then you have only ordinary brainfever for a few weeks, and whoop and yell in delirium every time you think of the original of that picture.

No, young man, if you are bound to do and die—that is, get married—walk boldly into the girl's kitchen, and size her up in her own domain, where the culinary arrangements hold forth. If you are able to sneak in before breakfast, all the better. A girl who is pretty at seven o'clock in the morning, while she is making mush and frying batter-cakes, is pretty in any spot on God's green footstool. If she is pretty around the cook stove, you may depend upon it that in the parlor, on a summer night, under the soft glow of a mellow light, and reclining in a tete-a-tete seat, or in a cosy-corner, she is so wondrously, splendidly, perfectly and entrancingly beautiful that the mere sight of her almost gives you an attack of compound epilepsy, and your only thought, your only wish on earth is to make a wild break down the road, in a still wilder gallop for the minister and for married bliss.

What's the Score

The shades of night were falling fast. When through the village streets, there passed,

A score of people, all who asked:
"What's the score?"

The night wore on, the curfew bell Began to toll the hoodlum knell;
Still up the street was heard a yell:
"What's the score?"

Far, far from home in other climes, Amid the crash of war, at times,
'Tis said the soldier's voices chime:
"What's the score?"

Perhaps in that far distant land, Where angels lit on every hand,
We'll hear them shout to beat the band:
"What's the score?"

Information Peddler

As a rule I do not thirst for the blood of my fellow men; generally speaking I am what might be termed a peaceable citizen, but when we begin to discuss the man who continually butts in and tells you how to run your own business, then I am not a law and order man. When I am running along trying in my feeble way to conduct my business satisfactorily to myself, I hate to have some common plug take a day off to tell me what I should do to be more successful; or what to print in order to best please the people. This kind of a fellow will butt in at the most inopportune times and try to show that the business is going to the dogs completely with the remorseless ignorance that marks a stump-tail cow in a geranium patch. He is the bull in my China shop, the hair in my gravy and the fly in my maple syrup. It is true that I am yet young and don't know a great deal, anyhow, but whenever I do get things running along smoothly, this man is always near to bust my beautiful dream and cause me to wish that his name might be engraved on a tall marble slab in some beautiful cemetery.

A man might steal my purse and I wouldn't say a word. (If I had a purse.) He might take my noble reputation and hide it somewhere and I wouldn't even feel hurt. He could tell me to go to thunder and I would still feel in a friendly mood. But when he begins to point out the different phases of my business that needs renovating and disinfecting and painting, &c., then I feel my anger rising and a desire to rise up and smite him is strong within me.

No one will ever know how I long for the blood of this information peddler. At night I camp on his trail and by day I thirst for his gore. In my dreams I am cutting his scalp with a garden hoe, while my fingers are entwined in his curly locks. I walk on him and gleefully do the highland fling on his prostrate form.

Lo, the Poor Indian

A human skull was brought into this office Tuesday. It was found in the bed of Jackson creek and looks like it wasn't feeling well. While our experience as a skullologist is somewhat limited, yet we have come to the conclusion that a Rogue River Indian once possessed this skull. We make this assertion owing to the high forehead and cheek bones. We scraped the dirt off the skull, and looked it over carefully and decided that it was dead. This precaution was taken because an Indian is not always dead when he has that appearance. But we have the most child-like faith and confidence in this one. Somehow we do not feel the slightest distrust about this Indian's remains. Live Indians do not look so picturesque as the engravings on the calendars and other interesting literature. The smell is not the same, either. The picture of a noble red man chasing a noble buffalo, is all right, but the skull really suits us better. Nature surely balled things up awfully when she constructed the Indian. He (the Indian) has certain mental, moral and physical eccentricities which can only be properly remedied when he is in the same condition as is this Indian of ours. True this one isn't much of an Indian, but it is enough, and suits us much better than a wild one that would have to be tamed and broke to harness and to stand hitched. We always know that our Indian is at home nights and that he has not, in a fit of playfulness, gone out and shot several large, three-cornered holes in the neighbor's livers and brought home a few scalps for playthings. We have placed the sky-piece of this noble redman on our rich and magnificent what-not, and those wishing to review the remains will please pass to the left and step high. No flowers.

Watermeloncholia

This is the time of year when the country newspaper contains the prehistoric chestnut: "Have you been afflicted with watermeloncholia?" This used to be a good joke and with proper care during the cold, raw months of winter will yet last for years and years to come.

Speaking of glass houses, show cases, and things, how would you like to be in the San Francisco Glass case?