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

The Bank Failure

The recent bank failure in Portland in which so many Southern Oregon people were so vitally interested, gives rise to a certain phase that has its light side. Right in this town we have seen and talked with men who were (apparently) put entirely out of business by the banks failure. For awhile these men fairly luxuriated in relating to their anxious creditors how unfortunate it was that they had probably lost their little all and that the uncertainty was killing them! Men who would not know a certificate of deposit from a lock off a red cow's tail averred that the vaults of the banks were groaning with their deposits; fellows who had not been inside of the doors of such an institution, and who could easier draw a cork than a check, go around the town with white faces and a woe begone look. Let us illustrate how the average creditor was stood off. For convenience, we will use the editorial term "we" in the same spirit that the godly minister prays that "we may be delivered from our manifold sins." Of course none of us are so mean, so horrid, so scally as to actually do it any more than the self-deprecating man of the gospel thinks he is in need of prayer; but to give the circumstance a flavor of humility, it may not be out of place to use the personal plural pronoun. Very well. We were sitting in our dingy office on that lovely day of mirth and untrammelled joyousness known as "collection day," the first of the month.

"The birds are twittering in the trees,
The hum of insects in the air;
A vagrant breeze stirs the leaves,
A step is heard upon the stair."

We are not responsible for the above poetry, notwithstanding the beautiful thoughts contained therein, but we fire it at our journalistic audience for what it is worth. The steps upon the stairs become louder, and presently a grim-visaged creditor, a green grocer in many senses of the word, shows up. Now is our time. We rush towards him and before he can draw his itemized statement four yards, two feet, and three inches long on us, we pillow our soft, — no, not "soft," but tender, heads upon his unstarched bosom and burst into a passion of tears. In hysterical, broken accents; with many catchings of the breath and our fragile forms shaking like a young locust tree torn by the fierce winds, we tell the green grocer that we are ruined. All of our savings,

the hard-earned profits of years toil and labor and of self-denial have been swept away at one fell swoop by the failure of the Portland bank. It may be that never in all of the years of our precious lives have we had as much as three dollars and seventy cents in any bank at any one time; perhaps we don't even know the name of the cashier,— that is absolutely irrelevant and immaterial, as the lawyers say. The less we have in banks the louder we cry. Such poignant sorrow as bubbles forth and flows from our storm-wrecked selves is enough to melt the feelings of a cigar-Indian. But it catches the grocer, and ven to one he steals softly from the room, his own eyes suffused in tears, and leaves us in our "sorrow." The above is most likely slightly exaggerated, but there is no doubt that many a graceful stanza was made on the strength of the recent bank failure.

When Court Convenes

The Fall term of the Circuit Court will convene next Tuesday, when a number of cases of public interest will come up for trial.

No doubt a great many of our readers have noticed in the newspapers of this county and other counties local items to the effect that a certain attorney has been appointed, by the court to defend some individual arrested for burglary, grand larceny or even murder. Very likely many of the readers have entertained the opinion that that lawyer who was appointed the prisoner's attorney was a very lucky fellow to have such prominence thrust upon him, and suppose that the court selected him out of the Bar on account of his peculiar fitness as a criminal advocate, or as a special mark of esteem. Now nothing is further from the real facts than the above. The average attorney would just about as soon have a mild attack of diphtheria (he would an hundred times rather have the measles) than be selected by the court to make the defense of some fellow who has been run in by the strong arm of the law. It might not be uninteresting to the layman to explain a few matters connected with these court appointments, and why the members of the Bar are not in the habit of turning somersaults of joy when the eagle eye of the court is focused in their direction on the day the prisoners are arraigned and asked to plead.

In the first place it might be well to state that the law provides no fund, state, county, or otherwise, by which lawyers are to be paid for defending impecunious criminals under appointment by the court. They are obliged to work gratuitously, and that, it is hardly necessary to add, causes the average legal light a sad, but not sweet, pain which hovers around his anatomy sometimes for hours. But as an attorney is strictly an officer of the court, there is no way to crawl out of an appointment except by permission of the court. Should the attorney attempt to stand on his dignity and refuse to act without sufficient excuse, to the deep, dark, dank bastille he would go for contempt of court; and as the average sheriff's office force is not particularly in love with the average lawyer, as sooner or later they clash in criminal matters, the sheriff, or his deputy, always takes a mild delight in running a

lawyer out of the court room in a manner delightful to the eye of the spectator, but intolerably undignified to the barrister. But while the lawyers won't and can't refuse to defend at the court's appointment, they are as full of reasons and excuses for not wanting the job as the average Prohibitionist is full of mince meat heavily impregnated with brandy on Christmas. Excuses? Why, dear reader, you never witnessed a real, up-to-date, finished and polished excuse until you have been in court on some court day and witnessed one of our local attorneys at law trying to wriggle out of being appointed to defend an amateur Black Bart who looks about as prosperous as an Eagle Point property-owner before the railroad increased its meal ticket. Such excuses as are given are more than masterpieces—they actually are epics in exaggeration.

The writer has seen a lawyer who had but just been appointed to look after the interests of some hard-looking character, age fifteen years in as many minutes. For instance, the attorney would be sitting in court, looking the picture of adolescent health; his eyes would be bright and sparkling; a splendid color in his cheeks—you would not take him to be a day over thirty. Then Judge Hanna in the most silky of tones requests him to undertake the defense of the hard old game slouching at the further end of the court room. Then what a transformation, my countrymen! You can actually see lines and furrows grow in the face of that two-minute-ago joyful lawyer. He now looks actually sixty years old! Within three minutes the snows of winter have sprinkled his temples with virgin white. He gets to his feet with difficulty, holding onto the desk for support. His voice is a wavering crescendo, his eyes dim and lack lustre and his hands shaking with palsy. He is, indeed, a pitiful sight. Then there is poured into the ear of the polite though incredulous judge a list of ailments and complaints which would make a modern almanac look cheap.

Such a gamut of disorders and physical troubles possessed by some of these lawyers is enough to make one's heart bleed. According to one stricken barrister who had been called upon to defend a vicious and impecunious hobo, he had lumbago, locomotor ataxia, was in the first stages of consumption, had a floating kidney, brain-storm, weak eyes, defective hearing, dementia Americana, and a dozen other troubles which the writer has not the space to enumerate. All would have gone well, no doubt, for the court was visibly affected, until the debilitated attorney, in his thoughtless eagerness, inadvertently happened to mention some—well, some mild complaint peculiarly applicable to the gentler and fair sex among his dismal list, then it was all off with him.

Again, attorneys often attempt to escape this gratis service by a sudden and unheard of amount of other legal business which has just poured in on them. The amount of legal engagements some of them have on such occasions is truly remarkable. The writer knows of one attorney who, at the same hour of the same day, had to be in the Supreme Court at Salem, the court of Linn county, take a deposition in Portland, try a cow case at Ashland, sell some property at the court house door in Grants Pass, nurse his sick wife,

walk the floor with twins and attend a funeral. You have no doubt noticed, during the session of the Circuit Court, a swarm of well-dressed lawyers pouring out of the court room, and falling down stairs. No, they are not rushing off to their respective offices in strenuous efforts to meet innumerable clients. A hobo has just been directed to stand up and plead to an information or indictment, and they have important business elsewhere. As a rule, too, it can be truthfully said that not one prisoner of this kind out of one hundred is innocent. They borrow tobacco, cigarettes, matches, toothpicks, anything they can get, fill you up with the most startling and brazen lies, protest their spotless innocence, claim that they are ex-Sunday school superintendents, then fall down utterly—get "pinched" and "sweated" by the sheriff's office and the district attorney, confess they're guilty, and probably ex-cons., and then complacently "go across." Is it anything to be wondered at that lawyers plead incurable complaints, break their legs getting out of reach, have enough business on tap to run a big department store, and do all these things in a wild, exuberant, yet frantic, effort to fade away and lose themselves in a dreamless oblivion?

Our Climate, &c.

A county paper has the nerve to state that its town has the finest climate of any place in Southern Oregon, and cites a few instances in which people were made well again, etc., etc. It also states that the town has the prettiest girls in the whole world, with variations.

Now we do not want to be classed among the knockers, but we feel called upon to defend the old town; we must come to the fore and explain a few hard boiled facts.

But speaking of climate, why Jacksonville is about all climate—half of it anyway. Why only yesterday a man, whose word is much more reliable than ours, told us that he had a friend who knew a man who came to Jacksonville in the last stages of tiedouloureux, his face hardly worth anything at all, and now he can run his face anywhere in town. And Jacksonville's climate was the cause of it all. Another man who was troubled with insomnia to such an extent that he had not slept for six months came to Jacksonville in 1878 and he has been sleeping ever since—in the graveyard! Another case that is of vast importance at this time is that of a man who came here from Kansas troubled with his stomach. He couldn't keep anything on it but his mind. And he couldn't, of course, take anything for it. But after coming to Jacksonville's climate he got so he would take anything he could lay his hands on!

And the young ladies of the town! Why, they are more beautiful, more gentle, sweet and kind, more lovable and kissable than any bunch of heart smugglers between the aurora borealis and the Judgment Day. When, in the course of human events, you get your coat sleeve hung around the sylph-like waist of one of them and gently drag her toward your watch fob, and note her pouting lips in close proximity to your false teeth, why man alive, it would be the greatest pleasure in the world to promptly expire for her. It would be the height of bliss to stand all day and let somebody jab a pitchfork into your liver for her amusement.