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

Style and Culture

The thing now a days is culture and society. Since culture has begun to hump herself and throw things around life isn't worth a darn to us fellows who don't know a finger bowl from a spoon holder. While the men are busy trying to knock out a living and a couple of dollars extra, the women are reading up and getting cultivated and figuring how to blow in the surplus. Parlors are musty no more, but in the kitchen the tin pans are neglected and rusty. Dyspepsia cures fill the cupboards and hand made curtains choke up the windows. We fond fathers and devoted husbands have been chased back to the old reliable ten penny nail to effect a respectable union between our shiny breeches and the remaining half of our once proud and haughty suspenders, but cushions that slander the stars of the heavens and flowers of the field are piled four feet deep in the sofas. The honest unassuming buckwheat cake that from an humble beginning by hard work and perseverance won its way into our homes, has been cuffed aside and three times a day we peer mournfully into the face of the store cracker, baking powder biscuits and pre-chewed-hemlock shavings food. And our pleasures. The old church festival has been yanked into the golden was and the knocked-kneed lawn fete tries to foot the bill. The spelling bees and taffy pullings have been scooted into the attic of memory and we get card parties and tea socials fed out to us with a spoon by the Seldom Worry Club. And in the dining rooms of the feed Emporium now-a-days instead of pretty girls with pink ribbons and face powder, the chuck slingers are a lot of spike tailed college yaps that look like a bunch of Jew clothing signs. The last time I ate at one of these new fangled hasheries I was ashamed to ask one of those pretty boys to bring me a plate of sausage and a pail of coffee—horse liniment strong—because I was so hungry, so I got an egg and a bite of toast for pointing at a french word that looked like a beef steak and potatoes, and the look that graven image gave me made my canary-bird feed choke me.

A new Wrinkle

An artist in Humboldt, Neb., married his wife the other day for the third time. This is something a little out of the ordinary, but it has some features in its favor. After the honeymoon has waned and the son has appeared, and

the husband refuses to get up in the early morning and start the fire and get breakfast, and the whole business looks like total failure, they can call for a new deal and get married all over again and enjoy the silvery light of another honeymoon.

In the Chosen Land

(Written with an ax.)

Sometime when you want to get even with yourself you should go to Salt Lake City.

I heard a man say to his friend the other day: "Well, Bill, come and see me sometime. I live down at Salt Lake. If ever you happen to be down that way, I'd be glad to have you drop in."

The usual greeting in Utah is: "Good Mormon have you been married lately?" When a man gets married in Utah he's married all over. There's no fooling about it.

I'd rather go to jail or live in Albany than be a census taker in Utah.

There was a time when there were only two names in the Salt Lake directory—Young and Smith. Now the town is full of Young Smiths.

I stopped at the Wilson Hotel in Salt Lake. I had a room in the upper story. I had to lay awake nights to think of the right kind of an upper story to tell the clerk to keep him from throwing me out. One day the hotel caught on fire. Down the street someone hollered "Fire;" and somebody asked, "What's on Fire?" And he said, "The Wilson, that's all." Well, it seemed to be my move, so I began to look for something soft to fall on. I could see the fire escape through the chimney, but I couldn't get through the pipe line. Still I was easily sooted. Just about that time the miners at Park City went out on a strike for higher wages and the fire went out, too.

Late Inventions

A man in Massachusetts has invented a lunch box which is a great scheme. It is stated that it has a receptacle for holding ants, which can be taken right from the house without making it necessary to hunt up an ant hill at the picnic grounds. There is plenty of room in this new lunch basket for a dining room table, four folding chairs, a cook stove, a bundle of hair pins, a mirror and a pair of side combs. It can be carried with ease by a couple of elephants and will be used a great deal next season.

A Chicago fisherman has invented a new fish hook which will enable anybody to safely land the mighty fish that has heretofore got away. A spring is attached to the bait—or the bait is attached to the spring—and when the fish comes within springing distance the bait is sprung on him with the result that he tries to spring out of the water, or whatever he happens to be in, and he can then be driven into a corral or the barn and tied up. This hook will work better in the spring.

A collapsible milk can has been invented that can be secured with a Yale lock so that as soon as the cows have been forced to give up—or down—their subscription to the breakfast food cause, the pails are immediately locked and the very best of town pumps will be unable to increase the supply of milk contained in the cans.

A fellow in Michigan has invented a hammock that is guaranteed not to

throw the occupant to the ground more than eighteen times a day. Four grappling hooks are suspended from the top of a scaffold which are hooked in your clothing and when the hammock turns over you simply pull a lever and the ropes attached to the hooks lower you to the ground.

Plenty of Worms

The residents up at the sawmill are somewhat alarmed over the advent of about three million gallons of little black worms which have moved into the tents and houses with the apparent intentions of making their future home in that immediate vicinity. These are probably the long-lost early worms. People up there say that the worms not only occupy all the available room in the houses, but they frequently get into the pie and cause the soup to have a dark brown flavor that up to this time has not been successfully imitated. The worms appear to be modest and unassuming, but like all worms they have certain little eccentricities that wear upon one's nerves after a while. The people are afraid to retire at night for fear they will disturb the slumbers of a few million worms, and they do not eat because they are getting tired of the same old flavor in all their victuals; so all they can do is just simply to go down to the saw mill and saw wood. No one knows where these worse than pests come from and as we go to press there has been no authentic information furnished as to their destination.

A Tuneful Wail

'Twas a hot night in December on a cold September morn,
When an old and gray-haired youngster,
Whose raven locks were shorn,
Came walking down the boulevard
On his bran new tandem wheel;
The band was gone from off his shoes,
His hat down at the heel.
He whistled blithely, gaily, as he
Chewed a wisp of hay;
He was hurrying to catch a train,
For he had come to stay.
The birds were sweetly singing, for the
Night was bitter cold;
A hobo passed along the street, his
Pockets lined with gold.
The band was playing "Dixie," and
All was still as death.
The patrons of that Portland bank,
Went up and drew their breath.

The Land Frauds

Henry came to Portland, talked to Bristol, went to Seattle and returned to Frisco.

For the land's sake!
Outside of stealing watermelons from a tight-wad farmer who sits up nights to guard his truck garden, the most fascinating thing to get away with is government timber land. At the last official count there had been more mountains of timber stolen in the State of Oregon than is contained in both hemispheres, including the Aurora Borealis and the Milky Way. There are men in this state who have their cellars chock full of timber land and a lot piled up in the woodshed. It used to be almost a habit for a land grabber to put on a mask and false beard and a change of socks and, armed with a dark lantern and a jimmy, he would sneak into a man's house and steal his best triple-plated timber land right out of the children's mouths. Many a poor fam-

ily had to go without any timber to speak of for weeks and weeks. Why, it got so bad that a lady couldn't carry a bit of timber land in her pocket book when she went shopping for fear it would be grabbed by a land grabber. But it is not our intention to relate history, as the facts in the case are already very well known. What we are endeavoring to do is to write a scathing editorial that will cause the land grabbers to become so abashed and ashamed that they will never, never again attempt to take more than they can get away with. Look at the result of this wholesale burglarizing of timber lands. See what it has brought us to. Here it is almost winter again, and not a darn stick of wood in the house. The pear blight is in our midst, and the squirrels are eating the turnips; butter is too high to reach without a stepladder, and Harriman won't build any railroads, and everything has gone to the deminution-bow-wows.

We should learn from this to always pay our subscriptions.

Blue Ledge Mines

A great number of miners and property holders in the great Blue Ledge district can't understand why the newspapers of the Rogue river valley do not print more news from that camp. They say the fruit industry is all right in its way, but that the Blue Ledge country is probably the greatest copper mining district in the world—that is the greatest in extent—and that it is not receiving the publicity it deserves.

Mining is, indeed, a great profession. It is the most exciting and fascinating road to wealth I know of. In the glad springtime the miner buys some bacon, and tobacco, and flour, and whiskey, and some chewing tobacco, and some whiskey, and a shovel, and an ax, and some whiskey, and smoking tobacco, and matches, and whiskey, and blankets, and giant powder, and some whiskey, and tobacco and hikes to the gold fields and gets rich.

All he needs to do when he gets to the mountains where the gold is lying hidden ready to be discovered, is to take his pick and shovel, and ax, and whiskey, and tobacco, and matches, and gold pan, and magnifying glass on his shoulder and prospect around awhile and come back to camp at night and lie to his partner about the mine he found. Then his partner will tell a large, three-ply, 72 point Gothic extended lie about the time he sold a mine to some New York capitalists for \$47,000,000 and spent it all one Fourth of July trying to bust the bank. After that they take another sample of whiskey and commence all over again, and lie until bed time, and then lie some more. As a prevaricator extraordinary I will back a miner against any animal that walks the earth, and give the other party two laps handicap, newspaper men excepted.

Tanglefoot

It's a long (rail) road that has no turn (table.)

A bird in the hand gathers no moss.
A rolling stone is worth two in the bush.

A pure heart and a sound liver makes an optimist.

The short sleeve habit is good from one standpoint—the omitted part doesn't cost anything.