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

Busted Anticipation

Jacksonville has a few cows of various colors, and complexions that annoy me. They have me worried each a state that I am losing my sanity, whatever that is. I have taken the time and trouble to discuss this matter before, but it does not seem to take with the cows; not to any extent. Lately they have in their wisdom and mercy conceived the brilliant idea of using our front verandas for entertaining company and sometimes they pick the locks on the kitchen doors and occupy a great deal more space in the houses than is really necessary. A complaint was brought into the office last Sunday by a man, whose word is much better than mine, in which he stated that an old spotted cow with a stub tail, which she uses as a night key, has been keeping him awake nights by unlocking the front gate and practicing the grand march and the skirt dance and warbling in her merry way a few skits from the latest opera. He says he doesn't object to any self-respecting cow visiting with his family on regular visiting days, but one that makes a practice of staying up at all hours of the night and carrying on as this one does is not a fit companion for the children. For the past month an old sorrel cow with a wicked eye and sharp-pointed horns has been making the front door step of this office her headquarters, trying, no doubt, to convey the impression that she is working on a salary. Even at night, when the marshal is not looking, she sneaks around the back way and gazes mournfully through the key hole. All this naturally irritates and worries me and makes me wish her liver might be fried with onions for dinner some beautiful evening. The other night the blow fell. The moon was riding high in the heavens and the stars were trying to become shining marks in the skies above. All was still. Not a creature stirred. All nature seemed to be wrapped in a sweet, dreamless, snoreless repose. I heard a stealthy step in the vicinity of the door knob, and I switched off the light. And then the performance commenced.

I picked up a piece of lumber that had not yet been graded by the Iowa Lumber company, spat on my hands, rolled up my sleeves and waded in to give that cow the all-firedest thumping she ever received and lived through. I could see her standing there with her

beautiful, classic features turned the opposite way, she never thinking that her dreary life was just about over. I raised the two-by-four and brought it down with the condensed strength and eagerness and wrath of months of suffering. It struck the corner of the window. There was a deafening crash, then all was still save the low, rippling laugh of a sorrel cow as she quietly walked away.

Looking back over my life, it seems to me that it is strewn with nothing but the ruins of my busted anticipations.

A Little Advice

Now that school is started and things are running along first rate, I want to get rid of a think that has been paining me a great deal of late. It is about young ladies fitting themselves for a glorious future; those who imagine they are going to paint their names on the roof of the hall of fame. There are a few who are gifted along certain lines that I do not include in this rip-roaring, laughable one-act spasm; a few who just naturally can't help but bring themselves into the limelight. This, then, is not for them.

A woman may warble like Melba; lecture like Mrs. Duniway, play the piano like Paderewski and dance like like—the Dickens—but can she cook? Can she bake cream biscuits that will melt in one's mouth, fry potatoes to a frazzle, and boil eggs to the right consistency without consulting a clock? Can she darn her husband's socks and get a cute little dab of flour on her nose just at the right time? Can she do all this and love her husband as much as he can handle in his business? These creatures who are experts in turning out soggy biscuits have strung more scalps than all the Indians since the days of Tecumseh. They have filled more graveyards than the War of the Rebellion and broken up more homes than all the booze in the land.

Young lady, go to school by all means, but don't get the notion into your little red head that you are going to have the world at your feet. At the present writing the world is pretty busy at the foot of the ladder, which you have probably heard about, and it hasn't time to monkey around at your feet.

Another Relic

Another specimen of a portion of the genus homo (that's what a feller said it was) is now reposing on our magnificent whatnot. It consists of the lower jaw bone of said genus homo. It is dead. This specimen, like all the rest, was found in the golden sands of Jackson creek, and is well preserved, all of the teeth being intact. They tell us, those who examined the specimen, that it is the masticating apparatus of an Indian, because of the solidity of the teeth and the squareness of the chin. We never fondled an Indian's jaw to any extent before this one made its appearance, and a feeling of sadness wells up in our three-cornered little heart as we gently monkey with the gentleman's incisors which was wont in the years gone by to sink deep into the gravy as the wife of his bosom poured the coffee and turned the flap-jacks. Seven or eight tears of large dimensions steal down through the pimples of our self-acting, open face as we sit in the gloaming and crack hick-

ory nuts with this once laughing and happy jaw bone. Ah, could we but list to the merry gurgles and joyous war-whoops that passed over this jaw bone in years ago, we would ask for nothing more; not at present, anyhow. That would be about all we could stand at one time.

How to Get Rich

Editor Post:
 Whenever you feel that you are not making enough money, come to me. I will tell you how to get rich.

Getting rich is just as easy and slick as a boy can burn a hole in his pants sliding down a poplar tree after a piece of mince pie. All there is to it is to know how. Some day when I get time, I am going to prove this, but just now my only desire is to get you rich. Listen!

Start a chicken ranch!
 The hens will lay for you, the roosters will crow for you, and if you have fifty hens you will have fifty crops a year.

You can feed your chicken feed to your chickens and reap guineas. If they won't lay for you, make 'em!

I'll tell you how.
 You know a hen is a female chicken and of course if she won't lay, she won't, and that's all there is to it.

The reason is "because," but we will shoo this away and build a great, big barn. Stand the barn up on stilts or set it on pumpkins, one under each other.

When you have finished the barn, crawl under and holler for your wife, tell her to poke you a lot of nice, clean buckwheat cake straw. If she can't poke it far enough, speak coaxingly to her and say, "Come on under, dearie!" in a brick-ice-cream voice and she'll come.

Then call the dog and get him to turn 'round and 'round in the straw until he has fashioned a dandy lot of hen's nests.

Then when the hired man has pulled your wife out, feet first, you get out if you can, and rush over to the hen house, cackling pleasantly.

"Cut-cut-cut-ca-docket!"

When you get the hens all together, speak right out in the hen convention, and in a stern voice pointedly warn each individual hen never to lay another egg under that barn as long as she lives!

The next day you go to town and hire a small boy that won't suck eggs, tie a rope to his left leg, back up a dray of egg crates and "sic" the boy under the barn.

When he gets his hat full of eggs, yank him over by the rope. If he should complain of friction in the region of the stomach, tie a barrel stave over his abdomen—but don't lose time. The hens won't. When you have eggs enough, write me a testimonial.

P. S. To get religion along with riches, save the yellow-legged eggs and send them to the preacher in a nice wicker basket covered with the fringed tidy Aunt Abbie sent you last Christmas. And may St. Peter have mercy on your insole!

Yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Simple Life

A man by the name of Jacob Myers, known as the Mt. Zion wild man, was captured the other day and confined in

the Multnomah county jail upon the charge of insanity. He says since the weather has begun to get chilly he can't wash, but before this time he used to wash every day. He has the simple life down to a fine point.

This simple life must be a great thing. There was a journeyman printer in town this week who claims to have the simple life down about right. The writer interviewed him the other day and he told the following tale:

"Along in 1890—some odd another fellow and myself tried the simple life in the wilds of Wyoming, but it didn't prove to be the howling success that we anticipated. We lacked a few little necessities, among which was the price of a plate of ham-and, and that might have been one of the draw backs. We camped out doors most of the time. We could have slept in doors if we had wanted to, but there isn't the same glad feeling of freedom in a jail as there is under a water tank. The smell is different, too. One night we decided to take the train for Rock Springs. A gentlemen who wore a star advised us that Rock Springs was a pretty good sort of a town. He said he hated awfully to lose our company, but the people under his jurisdiction were getting weary from sitting up nights to guard their hen houses. He said there was no connection between his two sentences, but he just happened to think of the chickens. So we called a meeting and made a motion to adjourn. It carried on the first ballot. When our train came along we got a board. And we placed the board on the rods underneath one of the cars, and got aboard the board. After the train got going along at a pretty good clip the other fellow conceived the brilliant idea that he would take a look at the scenery. We were crossing a bridge at the time and he inserted his neck in one of the cross pieces when he tried to rubber—and I guess he's hanging around there yet. I didn't wait for him because he was always an impulsive sort of a fellow and that wasn't the first time he had gotten it in the neck. I have been practicing the simple life so long now that I am beginning to feel the symptoms of simpleness. It takes a simple man to be successful in the business. Can you loan me two-bits until my allowance arrives? Thanks. So long."

And the interview was ended.

Tanglefoot

'Way back in the historic past,
 When soldiers trod the land,
 And life was one long holiday,
 'Twas hard to understand
 What new and different thoughts would come—
 The future then was hid—
 No man had yet devised a plan,
 For putting on the lid.

"What is your full name?"
 "Rockefeller."
 "Why, you are not Rockefeller."
 "I know but I think I am the richest man in the United States when I'm full."

"Do you know how to get rich on a dollar bill?"
 "No, how would you get rich on a dollar bill?"
 "Just fold it, and you will see it in creases."

The Post—a good thing to tie to.