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## Jacksonville Post

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

## Financial Panic

This financial panic is no joke. The only amusing feature connected with the various bank failures over the country is the many pessimistic predictions that have recently been turned loose to roam where they may. There are three or four pessimists in this latitude that can outdistance and over-ride any ten grouch distributors between the aurora borealis and the judgment day, who have been in their glory during the past ten days spreading the gospel of hard times, high prices and hallelujah. Various and manifold are the dire things in store for us poor worms of the dust, among the worst being a hard winter, no socks, old clothes, earthquakes, cyclones, blizzards, distemper, lagrippe, floods, fire, rheumatism, heart burn, destruction, liver and onions and cold meat!

One man only yesterday told me with all the frankness he had with him at the time that unless the president called out the cavalry and the navy and police force and the constable without a moment's delay there would be a war fierce and terrible. He said he had predicted all along that something was going to happen soon just from the way the grasshoppers were laying in their winter supply of hickory nuts and watermelons and peaches and cream.

Now, whenever, anything occurs in the community not particularly favorable to the people in general, a cry that can be heard from Mt. Shasta to pay day is sent up laying the whole business on the alleged panic that is fast coming westward with gaping mouth and dripping jaws mad with the lust of ruin. Some people are afraid to retire at night for fear the panic will sneak in on them while they are asleep and gather them to its unblushing bosom, and swipe their pianos and apple butter and reputations and earrings and other things of value lying around the house.

It just seems as if there is no use trying to be happy now-a-days

## Subject of Rats

The rat question is becoming a serious one in Portland. The city health officer has instructed everybody owning and abetting rats to shoot them on sight without a warrant or an order from headquarters.

They have looked in vain for some man who had been pried to come forth and hit the pipe a few times, but the

Pied Piper is rather backward about coming forward.

Rats have but very few friends. Outside of Chinamen and cats, with whom they occasionally meet in social intercourse, they are entirely friendless. And it is mainly the fault of the rats themselves that they are social outcasts. They have such mean little ways about them that don't make much of a hit with people. They are almost as much despised as a Jap.

None but a rat would think of carrying around seven or eight gallons of bubonic plague with them unless they just naturally wanted to be ornery and hateful. Even a Jap wouldn't do that. About all he fosters that is particularly dangerous is his disposition, and it is not contagious. And the worst part about a rat with its bubonic plague is that it is more dangerous after its death than before. There is where the rat has the Jap or even an Indian beaten to a pulp for meanness. According to the latest figures obtainable a Jap is a perfect gentleman after he is dead. Then a rat will fall into a cistern and contaminate the water, something a Jap or an Indian has never been known to do.

Yes, it is better for the rats and all concerned that they take a long, lingering look and get off the earth.

## Wasp Information

We have been informed by a Portland newspaper that the male wasp does not sting. This is something I have been trying to find out for the last fifteen years. I have experimented with the festive wasp at all stages of the game, but was under the impression that each and every member of the wasp family carried a stinger in his pistol pocket always loaded and ready for instant action. A wasp can sit down harder on a fellow than anything yet placed in circulation. Once I chased a wasp out of his—or her—nest and it immediately climbed upon me, and walked around for a couple of hours, making tracks as large as a bale of hay, and finally sat down on the north-east corner of my face. I think it over. After running for about fourteen miles, I stopped and pried it loose with a fence rail and then killed it with a railroad tie. But it stung the tie so often and so feverishly that it caught on fire. The news that lady wasps are the only members of the family that carry concealed weapons will be received with great joy and thanksgiving throughout the civilized world. I always thought that a male wasp was too much of a gentleman to sneak up and stab a man without giving him a fighting chance, and now that the question has been definitely settled a feeling of great peace has entered my soul.

## About Eggs

It is said that there are 330,000,000 eggs in cold storage in Chicago and that a smash up of the egg trust is likely. — Journal.

It is hoped that the eggs will not be smashed when the smash up occurs.

Eggs, when they are bilious and colicky and not feeling well generally, are not fit companions for decent people. An egg that has been left to worry along by itself and has no one to give it proper training will go to the bad quicker than a Piute Indian. I

have seen eggs who in their youth would never take a drink or play billiards or shake dice or anything bad, but as soon as they were left alone for a short time they would get restless and feverish and it would be but a short time until they were in fast company and were associating with bad actors and raising all kinds of disturbances. I have seen men leave the table where these bad eggs were holding forth just because they didn't want to be seen in their company. A good egg is almost an emblem of our glorious country, but a bad one is a curse. At least the bad ones get cursed. Cold storage eggs are more deliberate and conservative than the young eggs, who sometimes get too fresh. But a fresh egg very seldom mingles with the low class of people that the older ones gets chummy with and their faults can be easily overlooked. The only trouble in overlooking a fresh egg's faults is the large and plementous absence of the egg these egg trust and panic days.

## Six-Shooter Idiots

The idea of carrying a revolver has caused some sudden and entirely unexpected deaths in Portland and other places recently, which gives rise to the whyfore of pistol pulling. The six-shooter route is a bad one to travel and eventually leads a man to the place where he must state his case or get off the stump. A man who agitates and irritates a nervous pistol is on the downward road to the penitentiary and perdition. He will either send somebody to his last long home without a recommendation from his last employer, or he will run against the ragged end of death and destruction through the same gate.

A man will struggle along for years trying to make a name for himself on a country newspaper as the village cut up and a scholar and a gentleman, and the public forgets to give him any thought until after he is dead, but a fellow with a six-shooter can spring into prominence within twenty-four hours by puncturing some respected fellow citizen, and the widow of the victim cannot even collect the life insurance. All of which causes a great many people to become somewhat skeptical about the location of hell.

## Two Smiths

By B. W.

A blacksmith strikes the iron while it is hot. A jokesmith strikes the editor while he is cool and dodges if that worthy becomes hot forthwith. A blacksmith is sure of his wages, but with a jokesmith this is more or less guess work. The blacksmith makes the sparks fly and the jokesmith makes the blues—sometimes. The jokesmith goes to school for twenty years to become a jokesmith. The blacksmith doesn't know a Greek letter from a saw buck, and yet he gives the jokesmith pointers on how to get on in the world. The blacksmith blows his bellows and the jokesmith toots his horn, but the people don't pay any attention, unless they feel curious. "Back home" they call the blacksmith an honest, hard working citizen, but they wonder if the jokesmith isn't a blamed fool, after all. Sometimes the jokesmith is half inclined to agree with them. The blacksmith has hard and horny hands; the jokesmith has a hard hand, too—he can't

open the pot of life on a bob-tail flush. The blacksmith chews tobacco, spits through his teeth, and has a lot of fun. The jokesmith has to keep his teeth clean so he can mingle in society and prospect for Alphonse and father-in-law jokes. The blacksmith has a sturdy nature and a strong arm. If the jokesmith has a strong arm it costs him fifty to square it with the justice of the peace. When the blacksmith dies he will go to heaven, but when the jokesmith dies he never will get by St. Peter until he has explained some of the ribald jokes he has written about that worthy gentleman. Taking it all in all, the jokesmith is of small red peppers and few on a stock, but the blood of the blacksmith is full of iron and corpuscular activity. When the latter dies, the town lodges will weep scalding tears upon his memory and strew the short-cut paths to the cemetery with daisies and myrtle and pale pink posies. When the jokesmith dies the village sexton will laboriously pull at the lagging bell, and the village strategy board meeting in the park, will piously remark, "well there's the end of a bad joke!"

## The New Comet

A brand new baby comet has been born and is coming this way, say the astronomers. About the 8th of November it will be within hailing distance or 35,000 miles away.

Astronomy is a great nerve tonic. Many a dark, starless night have I gone out into the fastness of the mountains and watched the playful little comets as they gambled through space. A good deal like I am doing now. I am ruining forever valuable space that would make some men famous.

But one thing that is sadly lacking among the people of this great nation is the knowledge of the planetary system. Probably there are not seven men in this county who would know a comet from an egg omelette without the directions were on the wrapper and the name blown in the bottle. The astronomers say this new comet is located between the stars Procyon and Aldebaran. Now, you can readily see where you stand on the star question. You don't know where to look. There are only a few of us that know. I am acquainted with a great number of stars, including Lillian Russel and Maude Adams.

## Tanglefoot

A newly arrived Swede girl entered a drug store in Jacksonville recently and, sidling up to the clerk and blushing painfully, said she wanted some talcum powder. "What kind," queried the clerk, "Mennen's?" "Na," whispered the girl, "Vimmen's!"

By paying the monthly toll rental most any man can leave his name to posterity—on the pages of the telephone directory.

A report comes from Servia that the King is in need of money. Egad! doesn't that make you feel like a monarch?

It is questionable if there is a man in the moon, but nobody has ever questioned there being a man in the honey-moon.

Many rich men meet conscience half way by leaving their money to charities.

Emil Britt