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

A Bargain

Right here I want to announce to the public that I have a wonderful bargain in dog which I am offering to the readers of this. I want to give a black, stump-tail canine to some man who is about to leave the state to avoid going to the penitentiary. I want to give the dog to a man like that, because there will be no immediate danger of his return. Any man who is temporarily under a cloud of this calibre and who hasn't all the fleas he needs in his business will do well to call at this office at any hour, day or night and carry the animal away.

I am not particularly fond of dogs and I became the owner of this one entirely and absolutely against my will, but it secured papers of adoption one day last week and came in and took charge of the waste paper basket and wanted to be loved. It is true that I have a great deal of affection that I am not using now and which is not drawing any interest, but at the same time I can't see my way clear to wasting it on a dog that has no reputation to speak of and one that might have a shady past. I always try to be careful and not love anything too much that is not deserving of a gentle, trusting love such as I always carry in stock. And, so, I really think I had better dispose of this dog.

"Stump," as I have named this little canine, has one good sorrel eye and one that is slightly damaged. Frequently I kick Stump between the fifth and seventh rib, or try to. But usually I miss the bulls-eye about 2½ feet, because whatever else may be said of this dog, it is spry. It can dodge a kick better than any dog I ever saw. And, then, when I miss it and fall into the woodbox and skin my shin, Stump stands respectfully to one side and winks her good, sorrel eye while I am exhausting my delicate vocabulary of cuss words.

Dogs in stories usually know more than a college professor and will pine away and die unless they can save the lives of two or three hundred people, but I think I can say without fear of successful contradiction that this is another breed of dogs. It has about all it can do to preserve its own life and support its large and growing family of fleas in the regal style to which they have been accustomed.

Another great feature about this dog is its often and perpetual bark. It is one of the best extemporaneous bark-

ers I ever knew. It probably served as an official barker at a side show during its wild career. It can get right up in front of the largest audiences at a moment's notice and put in several hours at barking without running short of bark.

As a special inducement to the first comers, a dog chain and charm will be given with the dog absolutely free; also 22 sticks of dynamite and a small vial of nitro glycerin which I have tried to feed the dog at various times, but which failed to catch on, as it were.

The Joyous Undertaker

The time is nearly here when more sympathy should be donated to the lonesome and down-in-the-mouth undertaker. While the great world kicks up its heels and cavorts around its axis with more or less fun, the weary and despondent undertaker goes through life with a warped heart and a sad and lengthy face. About the only time he can smile safely is after the lights are dim and low and he has locked himself in the cellar and tied a string to his gloom. For who ever heard an undertaker grin! No matter if he has swallowed a feather or is burying his respected, but not overloved mother-in-law, he must carry three or four gobs of gloom on his countenance and sow little seeds of sadness as he trods slowly along towards the blue and painful presently. Even at the funeral of his worst enemy, while little gurgles of untrammelled ticklishness run up and down his wind pipe and choke him until he has seven spasms and four fits, he must extract his black-rimmed handkerchief from the caboose of his trousers and deftly weep with exceeding great weeps.

Do you think I would be an undertaker? No sir! Not if the price of coffins were to raise fifty per cent, and it would cost a man more to die than to live. Because some time when we were planting some old codger, who had cheated the penitentiary by dying a natural death, somebody would accidentally slip and fall into the grave and I would laugh right out loud. And then the relatives of the deceased would probably whittle me down to a point and throw what was left into the waste paper basket.

Bird Study

I am in receipt of a cute little booklet from the Audubon Society of Oregon in which is printed some pictures of the crow and robin and yellow hammer and other birds of prey. Most people think I don't know much about birds, but that's where they are wholly and undeniably left. In my youthful days I followed a woodpecker thirty-two and one-half miles with a package of salt in one hand and with the earnest intention of capturing the bird and studying its habits in the other, but the latest accounts obtainable state that the woodpecker is still at large. Why do parents palm off that salt story onto kids anyway?

I also know a few things about the swallow. I know a few things about several swallows. They are the originators and discoverers of the bed bug and were the first to place the bugs in circulation, and from a little one-horse business, which was started in the 17th century, they have made additions and multiplications, and increases until the trade marks of the bed bug

may be found on the walls of even the poorest lodging houses in the land. The trade mark consists of a large red spot embellished and trimmed with the imprint of the heel of a No. 10 patent leather shoe.

But I could go on and on until 20 minutes after scattering little splotches of wisdom, relative to birds, here and there and the reader hereof would know less about the matter than I when I first started writing this. And that would be asking too much of the reader. I am willing to ask a good many favors of the reader at all times, but I would hate to have my worst enemy know less than I. It would be clear out of reason.

About the President

I have been worried exceedingly if not more lately about a certain little matter. It is not with a great amount of frequency that the president's business stops the progress of this exponent of juicy joy and untrammelled gladness, because outside of a few paragraphs in his messages, the said president pays but very little attention to my affairs, and he is not even a dead-head subscriber.

But this third term business that is spreading over the land like hot gravy over a plate of mashed potatoes deserves two or three sleepless nights.

Sometimes I almost feel as though I should not have anything to do with the election of the president this year. The last time I helped elect Mr. Roosevelt I didn't really expect to be appointed janitor-plenipotentiary-extraordinary of the White House wood shed or any other elevating office like that, but it would have been no more than right if the president had sent me a box of cigars, express prepaid, with an invitation to stop at his house when in town. I am willing to spend a certain amount of my two-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent time in holding the cork while the festive voter looks at the sun through a pint flask, but when it comes to locking the dog in the parlor and selling off the chickens so that I can leave home and drive in a Republican majority, then I want some recognition. In 1904 I printed a great deal of matter of a decidedly complimentary nature to Mr. Roosevelt and didn't charge him a cent, but did he respond with an invitation to the inaugural ball! No! One hundred and fifty times no! That's why I am troubled and my mind is so scarce. I lost my mind once and never found it until it was so badly warped and sunburnt it wouldn't work when the weather was below zero.

But that has nothing to do with the matter. If the president expects to act as business manager of this commonwealth for a few years or more it will be necessary for him to make himself known to his influential suspenders—I mean supporters—by the grand hailing sign of the order.

Before I forget it, I would like to mention that the hat which occasionally adorns my double-column Italic head was given me by a gentleman of the opposite political faith who had the courage of his convictions and bet a 60-cent hat that he was right. He wasn't. This simply goes to show that I knew what I was talking about when I made such a ponderous wager and to prove to the world in general that when this

publication opens its mouth and mumbles a few mumbles it is time to begin to sit up and take notice.

I shall mail a marked copy of this article to President Roosevelt marked "Non-Explosive" and I expect him to make some sort of an apology for his lack of appreciation. He will probably reply by freight. Until his reply is received I will not even mention his name as a candidate for office. I hate to use such harsh measures, but he brought it upon himself, so let him abide by the consequences.

The Swimming Hole

Summer time's a-comin'

Water's gettin' clear

Soon we'll go a-swimmin'—

Surely you can hear

The blackbird a-callin',

Callin' to his mate,

"Hurry up an' build yer nest,

Season's gettin' late."

Turkish baths and bath tubs and hot springs are all right in their place, but for pure unalloyed blown-in-the-bottle enjoyment the old swimming hole down on the creek where us kids used to contaminate the water so that the fish would turn up their toes to the calm moonlight for miles around, is 300 yards in the lead and gaining with every heat. We didn't bother much about bathing suits, us kids didn't. Clad only in birth marks and freckles we would parade up and down the stream, and loll around in the hot sand, while the sun burnt blisters on our backs as large as a soldier's home. And then, while we were absorbed in the laudable occupation of knocking the spots off each other with large handfuls of mud, some of the older boys would hide our clothing and we would walk home in the twilight.

But those days have left. They don't seem to be hanging around to any noticeable extent. They have just naturally packed up and left for parts unknown.

Some day when I get the mortgage paid off and the sun comes out and teases me until I can't stand it any longer, I intend packing up my tooth brush and handkerchief and tobacco and hike back to that creek and take a bath all over once more, whether the health officers demand it or not.

Orders for tickets for the new theatre, which will be opened on May 1st at Medford, may be left at the Bank of Jacksonville. Haste is necessary, if you desire to secure a good seat.

The Colonists rates in effect from March 1st to April 8th, 1908 will be \$38.00 from Chicago. From Missouri River Common points, Council Bluffs to Kansas City, Mo., also St. Paul, Minneapolis will be \$30.00, St. Louis \$35.50. Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo will be \$30.00.

The Southern Pacific has granted the extremely low rate of 3 cents per hundred on arsenate of lead from Portland to Southern Oregon points. This is used largely for spraying purposes and this rate will be of great benefit to the orchardists.

"The kind your Grandfather used" and he was of rare judgment. Profit by his experience and use Old I. W. Harper whiskey. Sold by E. H. HELMS.