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ATTRACTS CALIFORNIAN

Praises County Seat and Conditions of County Jail.

Samuel Andrews Jackson Eckles of California who recently moved to this city was much impressed by a recent visit to the county seat. The quaint old city is good enough for me," states Mr. Eckles, "and it is quite probable that I will go there to spend the remaining part of my life." No place in the United States can compare with its fresh and inspiring air. The fact that it is an old frontier city appeals to Mr. Eckles.

For twenty years Mr. Eckles was an officer of the law in northern California, and is one of the best known men from that section. During his twenty years service as an officer he had charge of four different county jails, but stated for cleanliness he has never seen a jail that equals the one at Jacksonville.

During the Spanish-American war when it was rumored that the mint at San Francisco was going to be robbed Mr. Eckles was appointed along with 13 other men to remove the coin to Denver in a special car. While on guard he stood on \$2,000,000 and at night slept on \$10,000,000.

Mr. Eckles is 74 years old and excluding the twenty years he remained in California he has spent in traveling.—Sun

Electric Sparks

United States Senators under the new primary law are likely to become popular if not important.

A number of Illinois barkeepers are going to be open soon at other and more productive work.

Lower California has seceded from Mexico, but in the excitement nobody has noticed it, which must be discouraging to the secessionists.

Whatever may be their disappointment in other respects, gentlemen who favor the effacement of party lines are finding a considerable indorsement of their views.

If the administration is right in assuming that there is no great popular law interest in Panama tolls, some of those New Jersey citizens are very careless voters, as they just elected a man with views opposite to the president's.

Some of the things William Howard Taft said while he was president was heard with less attention than is given his utterances at the present time.

A Washington dispatch says it is

predicted that the 20-cent mileage graft is doomed. Our simoleon goes that it is not doomed. The average congressman would as soon think of amputating his own leg.

A little dilatoriness is being indulged in by the goosebone weather prophets in the announcement of their prognostications as to whether the approaching summer will be uncomfortably warm or otherwise.

The fact that the Spanish is the mother tongue of Mexico does not exert any perceptible sentimental appeal.

Some of the railroads would be inclined to regard "government ownership" as a promise rather than a threat.

The winter resorts that burn up in April close the tourist hotels rather abruptly, but with some regard for timeliness.

The fact that the present counselor for the Department of State was formerly attorney in Washington for the Huerta government is not without its advantages. He may be able to tell Secretary Bryan how to get on Huerta's curves.

Tennessee advices are to the effect that they haven't missed the liquor since the state went dry.

It might also be said that uneasy lies the head that has a new canal to handle.

Forest Notes

Nearly 4,000 acres were reforested in Montana and northern Idaho during 1913, at an average cost of \$7.50 an acre.

The best forested area of China is in Manchuria. The principal tree varieties are pine, cedar, larch, fir, yew, oak, ash, elm, walnut, and birch.

Two forest officers, in Washington and Oregon, are writing popular descriptions of the trees on the Crater and Mt. Rainier national parks, for the use of visitors to the parks.

Gannett Peak, Wyoming, nearly 14,000 feet in elevation, and the highest mountain in the state, is on the divide between the Bonneville and Bridger national forests.

In northern Arizona, Utah, Nevada, southern Idaho, and western Wyoming the fires on national forests set by campers have decreased in four years from nearly a third to approximately one-fifth. Lightning fires have increased from less than one-fourth to nearly one-half. The relatively larger proportion from lightning, however, is due partly to decrease in other causes.

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THE MEXICAN TROUBLE

An Offer of Mediation by Southern Powers Having Been Accepted, U. S. Rests on its Arms.

The situation in Mexico has not advanced much this week. An offer to mediate between our government and Huerta was made early in the week by representatives of Brazil, Chile and Argentina, who hoped that by this means further bloodshed might be averted.

The offer was accepted by our government with several conditions, the principal one being that Huerta must retire from all participation in Mexican government. Another thing demanded was that full protection and liberty be accorded all foreigners in that country. Pending the negotiations our government claims the right to hold the territory already occupied by our forces, though it is generally understood that no further movement will be made until negotiations are ended unless rendered necessary by some untoward act of the Mexicans.

Reports are to the effect that the offer of mediation has been accepted by Huerta but likewise with certain reservations. What these reservations are, is uncertain but they likely oppose the retirement of Huerta.

While many having some knowledge of the situation, do not expect great results from the mediation, President Wilson is more optimistic and hopes that a compromise satisfactory to all parties will be effected and further war averted.

PERNOLL MAKES GOOD

Southern Oregon Southpaw Wins Eight Straight Games.

The many friends of Henry ("Jud") Pernoll, the famous Southern Oregon pitcher, are glad to hear of his success with the San Francisco team this season, a success which is almost phenomenal.

Jud has won eight straight games for his team, being everyone which he has pitched so far this season and if he keeps up this record the Seals are sure winners.

The Seals are well in the lead in the Coast league and their position is ascribed by the Examiner and other Fri-co papers as due to Pernoll's splendid pitching.

COUNTRY EDITOR IN PANAMA

Strange Lands and People Meet on Voyage to the Isthmus as Recorded by the Editor of a Weekly Newspaper.

Santiago, the first place where we permitted to stretch our legs, is the most un-American city we touched on our travels. The very color of their roofs is foreign to American traditions. From our deck in the middle of the harbor we had a splendid view of the roof line of the city and it seemed as though every man strove to put his neighbor's eye out with a riot of color. The most natural thing about the place was the swarm of hack boats about the gangway, every one of them manned by a Niagara Falls hackman done in ebony.

Santiago has many advantages over Valley Forge as a presidential boom town, especially in the matter of bar-foot soldiers. Teddy surely chose well. We chartered a boat for shore, manned by a black pirate, with an assistant and a gasoline engine in the last stages of pneumonia, the engine, not the assistant. On shore while everything looked foreign and talked the same way, we nevertheless felt at home at once.

Everybody who could talk English at all, was possessed with the idea that we were consumed with an insatiable desire to visit the battle field at once. Automobiles, only \$10; carriages, \$10. Any conveyance was at our command. The pleasure all on the other side and ten dollars on ours, always ten. We waived them aside and charged up the hill, because we thought the only way to emulate the great advance agent who stood alone in Cuba and charged Kettle Hill was to charge the first hill we came to. But we found that this matter of charging had taken root. We might be able to capture Santiago for the second time but the charging part is taken care of by disciples of Cuba Libre.

Coming out of the McHawk Valley blizzard in Central New York I naturally migrated in a headgear fitting to my environment, but arriving in Cuba I felt that my first need was a straw hat. Noticing a sign over a hat store "English Spoken," I entered and found that they spoke English very much in accordance with their orthography. Finally after much waste of conversation on both sides I invested \$1.25 in a straw hat which at home would cost fifty cents. Just then a man happened along who could talk real United States and he kindly offered his services as interpreter. Inquired through him why the excess charges. The shopkeeper explained with shoulders and hands that the hat in question was an imported article from the United States.

Santiago is the oldest town in Cuba, being founded in 1514. The harbor is one of the finest in the island although hard to enter. The city slopes sharply from the waters edge and is built around a plaza designed exclusively as a general hold-up ground for tourists. Here we met advance agents for more automobiles and more carriages all willing to sacrifice gasoline and horse-flesh in order that we might view the battlefields at ten dollars. We hired a guide at this point to act as interpreter and general information purveyor. He was a little Jamaican about the color of a cup of English Breakfast Tea. He charged us \$1.50 an hour and sold post cards on the side to pay traveling expenses. He guided us across the plaza to the Casa Grande hotel where we became absorbed in sending postal cards until lunch time and it wasn't till after lunch that we thought of our guide. "Possibly he has gone to dinner," says Bill, but no such possibility. He was waiting for us on the front steps and but for the evidence of a town clock overlooking the plaza he would have overcharged us an extra hour, just to make us feel familiar with the ways of the country.

The battlefield where so much geography was changed and so many booms started was not so much as our guide books indicated. The most interesting part was the silk cotton tree where the surrender took place. We acquiesced in the good judgment of Gen. Shafter in picking out a shady spot in which to discuss the articles of peace and we got right under. We all admitted that in the grateful shade of said cotton tree, with the trade winds

fanning our heated over-head-crossings that we at once felt a peace that surpassed all understanding while the tropical sun pelted the tops of our panamas.

It was in Santiago that we hired an interpreter to hire a carriage to take us around at \$1.50 for the first hour and a dollar thereafter. After a long powwow which cost a quarter in tips we started forth in the cool of the evening to view the sights and hear the sounds. Our driver was a native Spaniard with a limited comprehension of even his own language. He started in short circles, gradually widening and it was soon evident that this was a race against time with reverse English. After a while we began to take notice. Our boat left the next day and we were anxious to inform our driver to this effect. In the party we managed to dig up American, Italian and several kinds of German Spanish. We tried it all on the driver but "no comprende" was the best he could say, while he kept on driving. Finally by making signs of drinking and shouting "agua" which was the only name we knew for it in Spanish we finally pre-qualified on him to drive to the hotel. And while it had taken us an hour to come he managed to drive back in a very few minutes. We managed to find further use for him later and when settling time came he managed in very good English to name a price far above the previous agreement.

At this point another Jamaican happened along and having paid all that we had agreed to, we gave the Jamaican a quarter to tell the driver in Spanish what we thought of him, and if he ran out of Spanish we told him to come back and we would supply the rest in Dutch.

The ride back to the boat in Captain DeWall's cutter manned by a black crew clad in white duck is one of the things I will always remember. Five Fortune Island darkies, barefooted and bare-chested, straining at the oars in response to a proffered tip, their white teeth gleaming in response to the command, "see what the yams and flying fish have done for you," a perfect tropical night, velvet darkness all around and overhead brighter stars than we will ever see in these latitudes; the boat cutting the oily waters like a knife and leaving a long white bordered wake to the rear; this with the lighted ship in the middle of the harbor looming larger and larger as the brawny black arms of our pirate crew hastened us thither; this is the picture of Santiago at midnight as well as a poverty of words will describe it.

It was at Santiago that we saw an Irishman who didn't know it. Passing the street we came to a gang of laborers and among them pushing a wheelbarrow was a typical Mick. "Wait a minute," says Bill, "there's an Irishman and in this land of short-circuited Latin, I must hear a bit of brogue." We went over and hailed him and the only answer we got as a smile spread across his Celtic features was "no comprende." There he was, Irish in every line of his features, red-headed and freckled pushing the greatest invention of the age, the wheelbarrow, greatest because it taught the Irishmen how to walk; an Irishman at a distance and Irish on close inspection. Think of hearing a type like this talking only Spanish while the soul of a Celt looked out of every window in his face. "I'm done," says Bill, "when an Irishman don't know his own language something surely is wrong with the weather. I'm afraid the sun is affecting me, let us sit down."

This fancied resemblance to some nationality, or to some individual is not unusual in the tropics, or at least in these tropics. The West Indies have been buffeted back and forth from one nation to another like pawns on the chess board. Every European upheaval was accompanied by a sympathetic reaction in the colonies and islands passed from hand to hand like marbles among newsboys. Added to these changes was the occasional descent of some band of buccaneers who acknowledged no sovereignty and whose possession was by right of might. What wonder that these lands became peopled with strange and diversified races. I have seen people walking the streets of Kingston who were the exact prototype of people I knew at home only done in ebony. In the case of the Irishman he was probably a human Spanish omelet, while the Kingston variety might be described as a hypothetical homogenous cosmic material done in Irish Green, English Tweed, Scotch Plaid, German, Portuguese, French, Spanish and other European trimmings combined with native Indian Caribs, maroons and coolies. The finished product is neither a Lehigh nor a Santiago.

has—possibly a Minorea would best apply. After this lucid explanation you may doubt the correctness of my assertion that these people partake of the form and characteristics of home people but it is nevertheless true, the resemblance is often so startling that you look twice. Of course here is no possibility of mistake for the Kingston duplicate of the home folk is always done to a brown turn and sometimes the crust is burned.

Back in Santiago for one more glimpse of Cuban life before sailing for Jamaica. The city boasts one good hotel on the American plan and American in its architecture. The public buildings are all of cream-colored adobe or cement or something like that. They look for all the world like a World's Fair group. The streets are remarkably clean and we saw few if any beggars, like the tatterdemalions we later found in Jamaica. The middle classes so far as I could learn from superficial observation were moderately prosperous and from such expenditures as I ventured to make I thought I could see the reason why. The streets like all foreign towns were very narrow and yet very clean. Street cars managed to run through them but it was like our local Judge McMahon's description of his dream of entering Heaven. "Who are you," says St. Peter. "Judge McMahon of St. Johnsville, do you think I will make it?" "You will," says St. Peter, "but it will be a tight squeeze."

Leaving Santiago we passed the Cuban navy which is about the size of the Cuban army. A little gun boat about the size of a minute and about as long as a dash. Every time she dipped her flag the boat tipped up. It is said they moved the cook's galley up on the bridge to keep the water out of the captain's soup. The police of Santiago were a joy to the eye. Little diminutive toy men belted and strapped and sleeked with gold lace and brass buttons until one wondered if they had to take off their uniforms to wink. A big saber, a revolver and a club was added to make the picture complete but somehow with all their armament they succeeded in making themselves look extremely funny. Every time I saw one of those dapper little cops I had to laugh and every time I laughed the cop looked me over with disgust. He probably had as low an opinion of me as I of him and so we both gained some profit from the experience.

Lou D. MacWethy

Spelling Contests 1913-14

Winning Schools

Class A (Schools employing five or more teachers)	
Central Point	92.6 per cent
Gold Hill	92.5
Rogue River	90.9
Class B (Employing from two to five teachers)	
Oak Grove	93.
Wagner Creek	91.9
Butte Falls	88.5
Class C (Employing one teacher)	
Pinehurst	96.4
Bybee Springs	95.
Anderson Creek	94.2
Parkley	92.2
Lone Pine	90.9

The above schools will participate in a final contest to be held May 6th. The original plan was to have this contest May 3th, but since the state eighth grade examinations occur May 7th and 8th, it is thought best to have the spelling contest on the 6th.

Mediators Plan Election

Washington, April 30—Ambassador Da Gama and Ministers Naon and Suarez of Brazil, Argentina and Chile, the mediators between the United States and Mexico, were working out a plan today for a genuine Mexican election.

They did not believe President Huerta would resign under pressure from the United States, but they did not see how he could refuse to consent to an election, and they took it for granted that this would be satisfactory to the Washington administration if fair ballot could be guaranteed.

Secretary of State Bryan, in conversation with the mediators, explained that the administration wants to be not only fair but generous to Mexico, but he said that while mediation negotiations are in progress the United States must keep its armed forces massed to prevent further outrages. A mere promise that order would be maintained is not enough, he insisted—there must be some sort of a guarantee of it.

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