



### LIST OF EXHIBITS

**Jacksonville Cooperative School  
Fair Saturday, September  
19, 1914.**

Entries open to all children under 20 years of age, residing in any one of the following school districts: No. 1, 2, 3, 9, 30, 34, 58, 27, 87, 82, 68, 33, 77, 79, 95, 43, 40.

First and second prizes will be offered for the following exhibits:  
**CLUB PROJECTS**

(Contestants must follow instructions as given for Club Project work in College Bulletin No. 98, Extension Series 1, No. 5, Pony Bulletin)

- Lot 1, Corn growing
- Lot 2, Potato growing
- Lot 3, Canning and Preserving
- Lot 4, Cooking and baking
- Lot 5, Poultry raising
- Lot 6, Sewing
- Lot 7, Pig feeding contest
- Lot 8, Gardening contest
- Lot 9, Dairy herd record keeping
- Lot 10, Manual arts

These projects are open to club members only

#### Agriculture

- Open to all children
- Lot 11, Field corn (10 ears)
- Lot 12, Pop corn (10 ears)
- Lot 13, Watermelon (One)
- Lot 14, Squash (One)
- Lot 15, Pumpkin (One)
- Lot 16, Potatoes (10)
- Lot 17, Tomatoes (one plate)
- Lot 18, Agricultural Sweepstakes Domestic Science

- Lot 19, White bread (one loaf)
- Lot 20, Cake (one)
- Lot 21, Doughnuts (one dozen)
- Lot 22, Pie (one)
- Lot 23, Cookies (one dozen)
- Lot 24, Collection of pastries including bread

- Lot 25, Canned fruit and vegetables (three varieties of each)
- Lot 26, Jelly (Five varieties)

- Domestic Art
- Lot 27, Machine made dress
- Lot 28, Handmade apron
- Lot 29, Best dressed doll
- Lot 30, Raffia work (one piece)
- Lot 31, Reed work (one piece)

- Manual Arts
- Lot 32, Piece of furniture
- Lot 33, Birdhouse

- Flowers
- (Open to adults as well as children. No awards except ribbons. To be judged by experts. Contestants furnish vases)

- Lot 34, Asters
- Lot 35, Sweet peas
- Lot 36, Dahlias
- Lot 37, Marigolds
- Lot 38, Geraniums

- Lot 39, Petunias
- Lot 40, Nasturtiums
- Lot 41, Roses
- Poultry (trio)
- Lot 42, Orpingtons
- Lot 43, Wyandottes
- Lot 44, Plymouth rocks
- Lot 45, Leghorns
- Lot 46, Rhode Island reds
- Lot 47, Miscellaneous (any standard breed)
- Lot 48, Best pen of rabbits

Rules and notes  
In Lots from 19 to 33 inclusive the contestants will be divided into two classes, all children under 14 years of age constituting Class B, all others, Class A.

Each contestant must do all the work necessary for growing or preparing his or her exhibit, excepting such work as may be beyond the ability of a boy or girl.

A contestant may compete for more than one prize, but no one shall be allowed to enter more than one exhibit for a single prize.

A department will be established for adults exhibits, which will be judged separately by competent judges, and ribbons awarded. You are cordially invited to bring exhibits of products of the farm, home, or any curio or article of interest.

### Forest Notes

The New York state forest nurseries have a capacity of 28 million young trees a year.

Approximately 750 acres on the Oregon national forest were planted with young trees this spring.

The state of Pennsylvania celebrates two arbor days each year one for spring planting and one for the fall in April and October respectively.

On the Deerledge national forest in Montana one lookout station has the record of reporting accurately, by distance and direction, a fire that was 60 miles away.

Nearly 3 million young trees are being set out this spring on the national forests of northern Idaho and Montana. On the St. Joe national forest in Idaho three thousand acres will be planted.

Ranchers within and adjacent to the Sierra national forest, California, have formed a cooperative association for the prevention of forest fires. They need to use fire in clearing land for farming, and will do it on a community basis, with all members present to prevent the fires spread.

Subscribe for the Post.  
Pantorium Dye Works will accept parcels on "hurry" work—at Reter's barber shop.

### MARSHAL SHOTS MAN

**Grants Pass Butcher, Bent on Murder, Fires and is Shot by Officer.**

Grants Pass, Or., June 18—William Redzom, a journeyman butcher, ran amuck with a couple of guns yesterday and took a shot at Chief of Police Lewis, when the latter came to arrest him and was shot in the shoulder by the officer, captured and locked up in jail. Later he was examined as to his sanity and was sent to the Asylum for insane at Salem.

Redzom came here some time ago and worked in several meat markets. Yesterday morning he suddenly became enraged at Herbert Smith, a merchant who is receiver for a meat market in which Redzom formerly worked, and he threatened to kill Smith.

Going to the Rogue River Hardware Store, he forcibly took possession of a revolver and ammunition, then crossing the street to the Grants Pass Hardware Company's store he seized another revolver and more ammunition, and started out with the avowed intention of committing murder.

### W. L. CHAPPELL DEAD

**Proprietor of Medford Creamery Passed Away Thursday Afternoon.**

W. L. Chappell, proprietor of the creamery at Medford, died suddenly at his home in that city Wednesday afternoon of heart failure.

Mr. Chappell was apparently in good health at noon, but shortly after going to his place of business was taken ill and returned home where he passed away at 2:30. He was aged about 55 years.

The deceased had resided in Medford but a short time, but had made many friends, both in the city and surrounding country. He came to Medford from Washington state where he had been successfully engaged in business for many years.

Mr. Chappell leaves a wife and three grown daughters to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and kind father. Funeral was held this (Saturday) forenoon, interment in I. O. O. F. cemetery at Medford.

FOR SALE—Town property, Phil Gleave estate. Apply to D. H. Cronemiller.

### COUNTRY EDITOR IN PANAMA

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

**Pirates of the Spanish Main**

#### Pirates of the Spanish Main

It is impossible to visit this part of the earth without mental association with pirates. Every boy is a sailor between the ages of 12 and 16 and most of us have been boys at some time or another—unless we happened to have been girls. We have all sailed with Marryat, Stevenson, Irving and other and most of them have taken us directly thru these waters. The Spanish Main was a reality in my mind long before I saw it, and the associates of these boyhood days came back with vivid force when I at last found myself sailing the same seas traversed by the brave Hispaniola.

What more realistic than to stand on the forward deck, and gaze down on the fore-castle, where a lean barefooted crew of Fortune Islanders were painting rigging and swabbing deck, their bronzy backs bent to their tasks showing the smooth play of their thick muscles through very thin cotton shirts and every one of them looking the part of a first-class pirate from his cracked heels to the top of his woolly head. The sea, the sky, every atom of our environment conspired to the suggestion of piracy and I would not have been surprised at all had Long John Silver rolled out of the fore-castle roaring a stave of his favorite song:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest  
Yo ho and a bottle of rum."

But it wasn't Long John at all but his first cousin—the deck steward, or perhaps the room steward, or the table steward, or whatever his stewardship might happen to be, they are all stewards if they don't happen to be captains, or first, second, third or some other numbered officer and they are pirates just the same. If he is called steward, he is a pirate, and you will find it out jolly well when you get through tipping him, or rather them.

The illusion keeps up when you get to shore. Here you are in Panama, the city built by the Spaniards behind a wall forty feet high and sixty feet broad to keep out the pirates, and which cost the king of Spain so much money he thought he ought to be able to see it across the water. But the wall is now in decay and if it were of use today it might only serve to keep the pirates in instead of out. The American tourist is said to be to blame for encouraging the tipping habit, and if he is he has a lot to answer for, because the habit once formed is incurable. Nor is it entirely the tip of which I would complain. All the way along this route I was beset with excessive charges. Hotel keepers charge too much. Merchants charge too much. Hackman and automobile agents charge too much. They are all direct descendants of old man Morgan, the boss pirate of them all.

In one port, the leading hotel had the nerve to ask Waldorf Astoria prices and at the same time ask their guests to climb stairs without an elevator, or perhaps I ought to say lift, seeing this was English territory. No telephones in the rooms, and delivery of ice water by freight. In this hotel if you wanted anything you called a boy, who called another boy, who called another to find out what you wanted. Then you were informed that the boy you wanted for this particular duty was out. If you wanted a cocktail before dinner your waiter sent a waiter to get a waiter to tell the wine steward to fetch the cocktails, and then waiter number one usually went and got them himself especially if he believed there was a tip in sight.

In Santiago we found a first class hotel. Everything American. Prices not too bad. In the lavatory everything was up to date from porcelain to plumbing.

"I miss something," said I.  
"Sure you do," says Bill. "You miss the pirate with the whisk broom and itching palm."

But we spoke too soon. In he came whisk broom in hand.  
"Brush you off gentlemen? Have a fresh towel? Nice day sir. How do you like the climate," etc. They all talk climate.

Silently we submitted to the carrying and silently we dug down for a dime.

"Do you miss anything now Bill?" I

asked.  
"Not a single solitary thing," said Bill.

In one place we rung for a boy to carry our clothes to wash.  
"You want the laundryman," he informed us. They are all specialists.

"Tip him," say Bill, "or we'll never see the laundryman."

I did and we got the laundryman. His particular specialty, dignified by a Khaiki uniform, was carrying the bundle across the street to a washerwoman and fetching it back when done. I will say here that he did all this satisfactorily and it was probably no fault of his that the laundry work was about the limit. If they washed our clothes in the river, the river must have been out of order that morning. However this was no fault of the laundryman. Nor was it his fault that the laundry came to four dollars. But with the work and the price we felt just a trifle-piqued, although that seems a tame word for some of the adjectives that Bill used. But the laundryman. We forgot to hand him something and every morning we found him outside the door waiting like a statue in ebony. And he never failed to inquire, did we get the laundry. And we never failed to inform him that we did. And so it went all the while we were there. He was always waiting and the prodigious amount of patience of that laundryman was worth twice the tip he finally got.

I made a purchase of a well advertised garment in one of the stores. The price is one dollar the world over. They charged me a dollar and a quarter and then hand me a card. I read "Special attention paid to Tourists." "But why the card," I asked. "I realize the special attention. You don't need to rub it in. Didn't I cheerfully pay your overcharge without a murmur? Did I stand and cavi? Did I flinch under tribute? Did I shrink under the grill sores of subsidy? Then why introduce this exhibit in a case where the fact is admitted and both satisfied that the crime exists, and punishment allowed by default. Keep the evidence kind sir and give it to the other fellow."

That's what I told him and we both felt relieved, for he understood not a word of English and I knew it before I began my oration. Strange what comfort we sometimes derive from belaboring dead men and affairs.

History tells us that piracy died out with the close of the seventeenth century, but history sometimes errs. If one has doubts concerning twentieth century piracy one has only to charter a carriage or an automobile. It that don't settle the question go back to the hotel and go the rounds again. Perhaps some of them missed you the first time.

In Colon and Panama the tourist trade is in the hands of the Chinese, Japs, Syrians and Jews. The latter are said to be unable to cope with the Chinese. When a Jew has to give ground before the "yellow peril" what chance is there for an American? Panama and Colon, remember are not under American control. I may be wrong but to me, there appears to be a poor opening in this country for American business men.

In this respect I would like to be understood as not advocating a southern invasion in any line. There is opportunity there in agriculture but it isn't for us. In the first place we can't stand the climate, and in the next place we are stacking up against a new game, in which the other fellow always has the advantage. By the time we learn, we will be where it don't matter, and its better to be buried on the hillside where our fathers were planted.

Another thought, this is not a poor man's country. They have plenty of them now. They need money more than they do men. If our Wall Street friends would quit scripping over the remains of some of our over-done railroads, or done to death industrial, and go to developing the tropics and working up trade with these countries they would find something in hand worth while. Cuba has a railroad in length about the same distance as from Buffalo to New York and all along this road sugar cane is growing. Back from the road the land is just as good but it is undeveloped. They need tributaries to open up the country.

Railroads are needed. Development of all kinds is possible. Capital will develop the country. United effort is the keynote. Individual effort is a gamble.

And so I say in conclusion that I would advise no man to attempt the exploitation of this territory single handed. The rays of the tropic sun penetrate the white skin and search out the vitals like rays of radium. That is why nature provides the black skin. The white man may not feel it, and certainly he cannot see it, but all the while the tropic sun is—ting in-

to his vitality. It is all right to dip in to. It's a tonic. But it's dead wrong to try to beat the game. White men live in the tropics but they don't keep up northern speed, and they don't hang around too long in the sun. They learn early in the game that there is a big difference between sunshine and shade and they patronize the shade religiously. True, we built the Panama Canal, but of the 45,000 only about 5,000 were white and it was ever changing army. And besides they had the best of care. Their quarters were sanitary, their living arrangements were of the best. Every precaution that science and experience could teach was here employed. It was a different thing entirely from tackling a lone proposition with no one to guide but the more or less hostile natives.

Go and see it, by all means. It is a trip worth while. But after you have seen it; after you have studied the whole situation, and especially the people, I believe you will agree with me that among the best sights they have down there is a ship with her nose pointed towards New York.

Lou D. MacWethy.

### INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

**Manufacturing Enterprises and Improvements Providing Payrolls and Promoting Development of Oregon**

During the past week the Oregon Public Utilities commission has fixed standards of quality in water, light, gas, heat and telephone service. Effect of order not yet known.

Big strike reported at High Grade mine, near New Pine Creek.

Work will start soon on the Carnegie library at Marshfield.

In asking for paving bids, Albany bars bids on concrete paving.

Klamath Falls is now after the Bando Woolen mills with a free site.

The Gleason yards at Cottage Grove will burn a half million brick.

The new power plant for Carby and Clackamas county is being rushed.

Lafayette will install a \$15,000 water plant.

St. Johns is providing a street for an outlet for the Western Co-operative Co., that employs 200 men.

All the principal streets of Heppner are to be oiled.

Andrew Kennedy is putting in machinery and a plant to manufacture coal bricks on Coos Bay.

The adoption of British and European standards for public utilities in this state will make further investments very difficult to secure.

The skyscraper limit has been raised at Portland from 160 feet to 200 feet.

The McKenzie river hatchery is to be increased in capacity to 2,000,000 fish annually.

Warrenton, Clatsop and West Side towns are to have telephones.

Hood River Royal Anne cherries all sold to the Dalles at five cents.

Seaside will have a 200,000 per day shingle mill.

Engineers are working on a \$350,000 foothills ditch to irrigate 8000 acres at Medford, to be completed by 1915.

The campaign for a two-mill limit on the state taxes will be made by the taxpayer's direct in the Willamette valley.

The publication of the proposed eight hour law for this state is being hastened that the people may know just how drastic the measure is and how it will affect farmers.

Sheepmen in Umatilla county are scaling off their flocks unable to compete with free wool.

Brick manufacture is being established at Sisters.

Mosier wants a fruit cannery.

New school houses are going to be built in Lane county, cost \$69,000.

Willamette Pacific trains are to reach tide-water by October 1. 1500 men are employed.

Douglas county will finish planking the road over Camas mountain.

Bandon will erect a municipal dock.

Ashland has voted \$175,000 bonds to develop mineral springs and baths on a large scale.

Governor West announces that 2000 acres of the Tumalo project is ready for settlers at forty dollars per acre.

The Oregon grain crops are estimated at 69,024,000 bushels by the Department of Agriculture.

Lumber shipments out of Columbia river ports aggregated 6,118,000 feet, and Coos Bay 9,316,000 for the last two weeks of May.

**Crater Lake Flour (Hard Wheat) \$1.45**

**Anchor Flour \$1.25**

**Every Sack Guaranteed**

**ULRICH'S**

The Pioneer Store

Jacksonville, Ore.