

:-:JACKSONVILLE POST:-:

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday at the county seat of Jackson County, Oregon. D. W. BAGSHAW, Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter June 22, 1907, at the post office at Jacksonville Oregon, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1916

SUBSCRIPTION: One year by mail \$1.50. Advertising rates furnished on application.

CELEBRATE July 4-5-6 At ASHLAND

Formal Opening \$250,000 Park and
Dedication of Famous Mineral Springs

3 Great Parades

Honoring Queen Lithia and King Sulphur. Miles of Floats.

\$10,000 Round-up

Feature, Pendleton Cow Boys, Indians, Horses and Cattle.

Firework Display

Staged by Seattle Experts who Illuminated the Frisco Expo.

4 Concert Bands

Inspiring Music Everywhere by All, Three Days and Nights.

Base Ball Games

Every Morning at 10:00 Between Medford and Weed Teams.

Gaiety Carnival

Water Sports at Natatorium, Dancing, Confetti Battles, etc.

Round-Up Tickets: General Admission and Grandstand \$1; General Admission and Bleachers, 50 cents

FREE CAMP GROUNDS

Acres of greensward, shade, seats, rest rooms, rustic tables. Children's Playground. Splendid water accessible on every hand.

Reduced Rates From All Points.

On and after July 1

Nurmi BUTTERNUT
and
PAN DANDY Bread

Will be sold exclusively by

TAYLOR-WILLIAMS CO.

Nurmi Baking Co.

Tuxedo's Grip by Walt Mason

Tuxedo is the gripping smoke, a boon to every buyer; you take your pipe of English oak, of meerscham, clay or briar, and fill it with the fragrant weed, the choicest man can gather; and then you have a smoke, indeed; and are you glad? Well, rather. Tuxedo has no kick or bite, suggests no "morning after;" its mission is to bring delight, and fill your heart with laughter. It caught the sunshine of the south, when it was green and growing, and brings that sunshine to your mouth, when out the smoke you're blowing. "Tuxedo's in a class alone," its smokers are declaring; "it has a fragrance all its own, that baffles all comparing." And thus it grips the men who smoke, and holds their true affection; their trusty briar pipes they stoke, and never know dejection.



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The Old Showman

He Tells How He Invented a New Animal.

By M. QUAD

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"Gentlemen," began the old showman as his little crowd of admirers assembled to listen to his tale, "did any of you ever hear of an animal called a 'guyasticutus?'"

"There never was such an animal," replied one. "There is such a word as guyasticutus, but it is a slang word. When you call a man a guyasticutus you express your contempt for him."

"My friends, you are wrong, and I shall take great pleasure in convincing you of the fact. I can't say that such an animal exists now, but he surely did forty years ago. He invented him myself."

"Give us the yarn!" was called out from every one.

"Well, I was head keeper of the menagerie traveling with the circus. We had started out of winter quarters with five hyenas in the cage, but four of them had gone dead on us. I guess it was pneumonia that carried them off. The one left was an old hyena, and he could stand any sort of weather and take the bumps of the country highways. However, after his companions had departed this life we saw a change in him. He didn't fall sick, but he got lonesome and sulky.

"There were daily complaints that our hyena was a fraud, and I was wondering what we could do about it when the boss came to me one day and said:

"George, that old hyena is making trouble for us. What's the matter with him anyhow?"

"I guess he is tired of being a hyena," I replied.

"But he can't be anything else, can he?"

"Why, we can't make a bird of him, but maybe I can make some other animal of him."

"Then do it, man."

"I changed the hyena's food a dozen times and gave him whisky to lap instead of water," said the old showman, "but it didn't improve him any, and I set myself to wonder how I could make him over. The bright idea came to me at last, and one Sunday, when we had a lazy day of it, I bought various paints and brushes. There was a farmer's hired man hanging around the show. He had deserted the plow for the romance of the circus. He had offered to work for \$5 a week and his board, but I had no room for him. When I got the idea of making the hyena over I beckoned to this chap and said:

"Joshaway, I will give you \$5 a week and your board if you will do what I want you to do. It concerns the old hyena in the cage over there. I want to make a guyasticutus of him."

"Joshaway promised, and the first thing to do was to tie the old hyena up. We got ropes and straps around his legs and a muzzle over his nose, and then went to work with the paints. He didn't give us much trouble; he was too lonesome and homesick for that. We gave him bright green ears; we gave him a bright red nose and red eyebrows; we spotted his body here and there with green, red, blue, yellow and black paints. We put a dozen rings around his tail, and we painted his legs one color and his feet another. Say, boys, when we got through with that hyena we had to sit back and roar with laughter.

"We had a special cage made for him and gave it such a position that only the front with its iron bars could be seen. Behind it on a chair was Joshaway, the young man who was looking for romance. He did all the talking, but it seemed to come from the guyasticutus. Joshaway had a voice like the filing of a saw, and his talk was a great success. The animal in front of him went on with a long rigmarole as to his forest home in Honduras and what he did there.

"The fatal day did not arrive until we had shown that guyasticutus for two years and a half. I renewed the paint on him every other Sunday and saw to it that he had the choicest kind of food."

"But what about the fatal day?" was queried.

"Oh, yes, about that fatal day," replied the old showman. "Well, it came about in this way. That young man Joshaway undertook to eat an apple while he was giving his talk, and the seed of the fruit got into his throat and stuck there. He had to choke and cough and sputter, and the fact that there was a man somewhere hidden behind the guyasticutus could not be concealed. There were shouts of excitement and derision and calls for an investigation. Half a dozen men pressed forward and seized the cage and pulled it off its benches. That same half a dozen men seized Joshaway by the neck or somewhere else as he still choked and sputtered over the seeds and brought him out for the crowd to pick on. In just one minute it was plain that the public had been swindled for years. They had had a guyasticutus instead of a hyena and had double their money's worth, but they wanted their revenge, and they took it. The cage was kicked about until it was smashed and its occupant was killed, and they stepped on Joshaway and poked and pounded him until he would never again feel romantic, and the fight spread until something like a thousand men and women were engaged in it. We had to stop the circus performance and pack up and move on, and we had to go for a full hundred miles before we heard the last of our scheme to outdo natural history."

You Are Very Lucky!

to get "The Post" and read these lines. It brings the Best News that you have had in many a day. East or West, North or South Opportunity is always found: Here we are with

EVERYTHING

to meet your requirements. Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Millinery, Overalls, Pants, Jumpers, Ladies and Children's Furnishings, Monopole and Red Ribbon Groceries, Feed, Grain, etc.

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Jacksonville,

Oregon

PHONE 142

Chapter Of Accidents In

One Family At Freewater.

Freewater, Ore., June 28.—Mrs. J. L. Goellen, of this city, while drawing a nail with an ax, accidentally broke her nose, causing a hemorrhage and badly bruising her face when the ax flew back. Her husband, on the same day, while hauling hay, had his horses run away with him, throwing him out of the wagon, breaking three ribs and lacerating his left ear. Both are seriously injured.

Match Manufacture

The substance used to make match tips now cost \$700 a ton. Two years ago they cost \$35 a ton. It would be dismal enough to live in a matchless world, yet a hundred years ago the friction match was as undreamed of as the electric lamp.

Boy Drowns As

Result of Cloudburst.

Walla Walla, June 28.—Diek Reser, aged 10, was drowned yesterday afternoon on his uncle's farm near Prescott, Wash., as the result of a cloudburst. The uncle and family made for high ground having a narrow escape from drowning. The house, barn and livestock were carried away. Near Lamar, a Northern Pacific bridge, 30 feet long, over a small stream, washed out. A crew of men worked last night to repair the damage.

Refugees From West

Coast Coast

Brought North

Washington, June 28.—Five hundred American refugees from the western coast of Mexico are being brought to San Diego, Cal., on the naval transport Buffalo and the supply ship Glacier. In reporting this today, Admiral Winslow said the Buffalo had most of the refugees aboard, having taken an her last contingent at Guaymas.

The state department has requested railroad to grant refugees half fare rates from the ports at which they landed to their homes. Some of the railroads have already consented.

Man With Thousands

Sick From Exposure.

Aberdeen, Wash., June 28.—Theodore Kiesel, poorly clothed, was found sleeping in a lumber yard last night, and exposure has brought on pneumonia. In his clothing was found considerable cash and certificates of deposit for several thousand dollars issued by Portland and Seattle banks.

Loses Wealth Before Death.

Aberdeen, Wash., June 29.—J. G. Durdle, a pioneer of this section and at one time wealthy, was found dead yesterday on his ranch. During his days of affluence he built at Montesano the finest house in the county. He lost heavily in a smelter investment at Tacoma.

Policeman Gets Patent

On Cattle Stanchion

Ashland, Ore., June 26.—John B. Wimer, a member of the Ashland police, has been granted a patent upon an improved cattle stanchion which is favorably mentioned by manufacturers of dairy equipment.

The new stanchion is of steel and is operated by a novel locking device. The particular point which has attracted the most interest is a device by which any number of stanchions may be opened and the cattle released by the movement of a single lever. Mr. Wimer is considering offers from several eastern firms.

Portland Lawyer Uses

Fist in Salem Court

Salem, Ore., June 27.—After imposing a \$25 fine on N. S. Richards, a Portland lawyer, for striking Grant Corby, a local attorney, in court yesterday, Circuit Judge Galloway remitted the fine.

The encounter arose between the two lawyers during an argument of habeas corpus proceedings. Richards is said to have interrupted the argument of Corby and the latter to have said: "If you will come outside I will lick you."

According to report Richards immediately struck Corby. Subsequently Richards apologized and the fine was remitted.

Electric Sparks

(From Off Our Wireless)

When Germany takes to getting its meals at municipal kitchens doubtless it will be the policeman's fault if somebody forgets to mark the milk card.

It is the central states that need rousing to preparedness. The coast and border states are roused by their own manifest needs.

If Russia has the dictating of the peace terms, we are sorry for the stenographers.

King George's birthday honors show he has no ambition to be a peerless leader.

Charles E. Hughes certainly would be a wonderful man to whom to go to confide one's secrets.

"Congressmen," says an exchange, "earn \$625 a month. Not at all. Congressmen get \$625 a month."

The connection between Oyster Bay and Chicago was one of the busiest lines in the history of the telephone last week.

The fact that the pen is mightier than the sword does not induce Col. Bryan to toss it into the plowshare heap.

Even political harmony resembles the popular sentiment ballad in being associated more or less with heartaches.

John Bull seems to be whistling to keep his courage up as he goes thru the waves.

Doesn't the editor who compares Wilson to Lincoln realize that he's infringing on a celebrated patent?

No matter how persistent a drought, the politicians can always find ample material for mud slinging.

We suppose every normal small boy goes through a period when he wants to run away and join a gypsy band.

Foreign enemies will of course, wait until our new big Navy is complete.

Would it be alright to refer to the stories of the Italian operations as running accounts?

If Lloyd-George succeeds in pacifying Ireland, he ought to get a whole pack of Nobel peace prizes.

Even the extra hour of daylight probably won't hinder the censor from keeping England in the dark.

A Palm Beach suit is like an automobile—the initial cost is cheap enough, but oh, you upkeep!

What has always fooled us, though, is how the fool and his money happened to get together in the first place.

And what has happened to the old fashioned rural swain who used to carry his best girl out buggy riding on Sunday afternoons?

A Government Blunder

Somebody blundered when the government through Secretary Redfield issued an appeal to the public to save waste paper. There is no sale for the stuff at a price that would pay the freight charges on a fifty mile haul let alone paying expenses of bailing and cartage. A little investigation on the part of officials before the appeal was issued would have saved a lot of useless correspondence and given the people generally a higher regard for the opinions of the high-up government officials. Will the Secretary now please issue a bulletin telling us where we might find a market for this paper?

Bell Phone Company

Will Pay War Benefits

Portland, June 27.—The Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company will pay every employee who has been, or may be, called to the colors for service at the border full salary for three months and full salary less the amount paid him by the government for nine months more. Also it will put its boys back to work when "Johnnie" comes marching home. Notice of the patriotic intentions of the corporation was posted this morning.