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EDITORIAL

A great lesson might be learned from the self-applauding person who, filled with false conceptions, turns away a hungry man at the back door and sends a week's pay to the poor, downtrodden heathen in some far-off land. And a striking simile to this is the immense gift of millions of dollars recently donated by our government to Europe and the great wrangling going on about completing payment of the soldiers' bonus which, at congress' direction, was earned through murder, disease and starvation. We may be all wet, but their's our sentiments—and we never went to war neither.

Valley conductors of printing kindergartens aren't the only ones who cuss the government, national institutions and financial interests. Hearken to facts and figures (at least they were represented as such to us) from a San Francisco mining stock sales organization:

"Railroads, industrials, public service companies, etc., have defaulted interest on bonds, passed dividends on billions of 'safe' securities. Investors, banks and insurance companies hold frozen assets of billions of these 'safe' stocks and bonds—also fake real estate bonds and mortgages. The 1276 'safe' securities on the New York exchange have depreciated an average of about 85 per cent.

"Dr. Max Winkler, economist of New York, said the world has 'welched' on government debts amounting to \$30,000,000,000—about \$16 for every person living.

"Before Mellon, for 10 years, 1911-1920, there were only 762 bank failures.

"First 11 months of 1931 there were 1932 bank failures aggregating \$1,468,122,000 in deposits.

"Stocks of busted banks were sold as 'safe securities' and buyers lost vast sums of money. Had mining involved in bank failures, the press would have eternally damned mining.

"We are told prosperity will return with restored confidence. Confidence in whom? In what? In those who have brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy? Confidence in those who could do nothing better than organize the national ballyhoo last fall and pass the hat for money to relieve the millions of unemployed and hungry?

"Congress has just passed the \$2,000,000,000 reconstruction corporation—a 'dole' to finance the financiers. Charles G. Dawes has been given dictatorial power to handle it, and he will 'sell' it to the country if anybody can. Other millions have been provided as a 'dole' for high finance. Business conditions will improve.

"In his second inaugural address to congress Lincoln said 'This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.' Was 'Honest Abe' a red?"

And, after all this and more declaration and vehement accusation, without a single suggestion as to what should be done about it, the mining stock salesman goes on to twist one's enthusiasm around to the point of slapping the composer of the epistle on the back and digging into the long green—a custom that has been tried on valley readers but which, as yet, has failed to take. Seems that darned near every time some tempered individual makes an attack against national faults he follows up his outburst with an appeal to his readers to spend with him—whether it be mining stock or newspapers.

Marriage, to some people, seems

to be like a government—they want them but raise the roof off their apartments when it comes time to pay off the obligations such conveniences inflict.

THE LLANO ESTACADO

A coherent picture, gained by perspective, may be had of the development of the Oregon country in this parallel example of evolution of raw country into fertile, populated sections. A reader, evidently finding the following clipping of unusual interest, sent it in to The Miner. Having come from the Lone Star state ourselves, we can vouch for the likeness in character, industry and forcefulness of pioneers of the southwest and of the great northwest. The entire story follows:

"The Spanish Explorers and missionaries, long years ago, named the High Plains of the Panhandle of Texas the Llano Estacado—'The Staked Plains'—for the reason that the Indians who roamed these plains, hunting buffalo, coming from the Indian territory on the east; the Sioux, Arraphoes, Kiowas and other northern tribes; the Utes, Apaches and mountain tribes from the west; the Comanches, who lived on the plains; all these tribes, when traveling across these vast level stretches, without landmarks, were accustomed to mark their trails by sticking up a switch, with the tip bent in the direction the party should move, for the reason that, in the hunt, they might be widely scattered.

"The 'Staked Plains' have an area of about 40,000 square miles, unbroken, except by the deadwaters of the Brazos, the Red river, with its wonderful Palo Duro canyon, and the valley of the Canadian river, including level stretches of an hundred miles, where it was easy to lose one's direction.

"The northern boundary was 'No Man's Land,' that 40-mile-wide strip, 200 miles long, that now belongs to Oklahoma. These plains extended for 50 miles west of the Texas-Oklahoma line and included the present towns of Pampa, Dalhart, Hereford, Lubbock, Floydada, Plainview, Canyon, with Amarillo in the center. The elevation ranges from 3500 to 4500 feet.

"When the Indian was driven off big ranches were fenced in, the largest was the 'Capitol syndicate,' 3,250,000 acres, given by the state in payment for building the state house at Austin.

"About 1906 the big ranches began to sell out to settlers and now are rapidly disappearing before the plow.

"Hard-surface good roads have taken the place of the dim, uncertain, staked trail, and the automobile has annihilated distance. No longer is the view of the horizon unbroken; there is always a town or a ranch house in sight, and the roadside is studded with signs, so the Indian sign is only a memory of the few oldtimers.—Avery Turner.

The Old Cookie Jar

By MAUDE POOL

In this age of delicatessens and attractively labeled cans for hasty meals one can stop for a moment to appreciate the memory of an incident that harks back to the patience of grandmother's days.

An Applegate woman, caught in a reminiscent mood, told of a home where she liked to visit when she was a girl. There were 11 children in the family and many a time when mother made cookies it was necessary to lock the pantry door to insure the cookies against anxious little fingers. Next it became necessary to safeguard the key, so oftentimes mother tied the key to her apron string. Such is the cherished memory of a neighbor girl, and certainly the memories must be many which are held by the children themselves.

This mother was Mary Ann Gilson. During her later life her home was at Sterling, and today her children are scattered over numerous sections of the Pacific coast, several of them living in southern Oregon.

Subscribe for The Miner today.

They've been trying to perfect a painless alarm clock. We suggest that they make one which instead of ringing, releases the aroma of frying buckwheat cakes.—The Columbus, Ohio State Journal.

A Bedtime Story

By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

Prince was only a hound dog but he was a thorough gentleman.

It was amusing to watch him as he trotted sedately behind the old two-horse stage in the days when Henry Wendt Sr. carried the United States mails to the Applegate country.

With never a glance to right or left he went through town, pausing only for a brief rest in the shade of the hack while the load was made up at the office.

At first glance he had the look of a deacon for his was the long solemn face and dour expression so characteristic of the devout.

But closer notice revealed a queer quirk at the corners of his mouth and a twinkle of mischief in his eyes that denoted the sense of humor that makes life worth while.

On further acquaintance one found that his aloof bearing was not due to uppishness or false pride but merely to a desire to escape the vapid yipping and yapping of pampered idlers always hanging about, for gossip and slander and petty quarrels were ever the besetting sins of small town dogs.

It was no concern of his if Mollie Airedale did have one coal black pup in her litter and even if she had made a misstep it was better to forget and forgive, for it is only canine to err.

Out in the big open spaces beyond the Jacksonville hill, where dogs are dogs, were many far more interesting things to ponder over and bark about.

There was the covey of quail this side of Bowden's place. Prince loved to see them scatter from their dust bath and marveled how they hid so quickly almost beneath his nose. Near Ray's was the old pheasant hen whose young he had once rescued from a skulking coyote and often he saw the old grey badger at Humbug and deer and other creatures of the wild. Too, Prince liked to hobnob with the country dogs along the way. He liked their simple sincerity. They were just dogs and knew it—so did not try to ape the fashions of the lions.

Thus Prince came to know life and enjoyed it to the full without continually poking his nose into his neighbors' affairs.

But there was one annoyance which even this calm philosophy could not abate. That was Dr. Robinson's fice, Fido. The little dog had been petted and coddled to excess and the adulation had gone to his head. He would sit on the doorstep for hours and preen himself and whenever a dog went by he would fly out in a tempest of fury. Most dogs gave way before his terrific rush and ran with their tails between their legs but Fido, like a good general, was always careful to keep his lines of retreat open, in case some dog should call his bluff.

With Prince he became more brazen from day to day for the big dog totally ignored him. This went on for week after week and then one morning as Prince came up the street there was a subtle difference in his gait, a sense of finality and purpose as if he had a duty to perform and meant to do it.

When he came opposite the drug store Fido, true to custom, hurled himself forth. Then things happened too quickly for the eye to follow and Fido was dangling from the big dog's mouth held aloft by the skin of his back.

There wasn't a hint of anger in Prince's demeanor, rather a look of sadness in his eyes that said as plainly as words: "Really I hate to do this but I guess it's the only way."

With that he shook Fido until the little fellow's teeth rattled like a snare drum. Again and yet again Prince followed the directions on the bottles within the store, "shake well." Then with a long, deliberate swing he tossed Fido a full 10 feet to land in the gutter, and a moment later was trotting sedately behind the stage.

Be it said Fido took his lesson to heart and became one of the best liked little dogs in town.

"Doctor, can you cure me of snoring? I snore so loud that I awaken myself."

"In that case I would advise you to sleep in another room."

LESSON OF THE DEADLINE

I had called to interview one of America's great generals of industry. He was a big, genial, friendly man—chief of a \$50,000,000 manufacturing group with thousands of salesmen in the army he commanded. He was a genius for organization; had a reputation for getting results. Men envied him the name he had built.

When we were through there came a twinkle in his eye and he remarked:

"I began as a reporter on a daily newspaper. What I learned in those days has helped me much each day, through all my life.

"What was it you learned?" I asked. "Deadlines," he replied. The great industrialist put match to cigar and leaned back.

"I learned, early in those days, to respect the deadline. I learned that at a certain moment each day all my work had to be done. At that unchangeable fraction of time the job must be over. It could not be missed.

"At a certain minute the copy had to be in. At a certain minute the type had to be set, the proofs read, the forms locked up. At a certain minute the presses had to start. Trains never waited. The papers had to go out.

"When I got into business life I found that few men understood the meaning of the deadline. It was not a thing in their consciousness. They did not finish. Tasks piled up. Correspondence and mass of details were left over to the next day. Tomorrow was always a good day, or the next.

"It came to me that I possessed something that these other men did not have—an intimate knowledge of what the deadline meant.

"So all my life I have mapped each day's course, worked to the deadline, swept my desk clean.

"Every day, all my life, the deadline has been the policeman that has regulated my conduct. He has paid me big dividends. He has cost me nothing for salary. The deadline has been my truest friend, my greatest benefactor.

"Without my sense of the dead-

A man complained in court that his wife had thrown a gramophone and a portable wireless set at him. When he noticed her looking thoughtfully at the piano he decamped.—Passing Show.

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line, I often think, I might have been just another private in the ranks.

"If any man should come to me and ask me for my most prized secret, this one thing I would say to him:

"It is the deadline. Make it your whip, your spur, your goal; make it a part of your daily conduct and find a place for it somewhere along with your religion. Never forget the deadline."—L. R. Colby in The Informant.

Antique statue of Cupid, dug up in Italy, has a hand, both legs, a nose and an ear missing. Wouldn't that be an ideal ornament for the city park of Reno?—Arkansas Gazette.

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