

The Jacksonville Miner

Published Weekly at
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

LEONARD HALL, Editor and Publisher
MAUDE POOL, Applegate Editor

Address All Communications to Box 138
Subscription Rates, in Advance:
One Year \$1.00 Six Months .50c
Headquarters:
THE NUGGET CONFECTIONERY
Telephone 162

EDITORIAL

There has been some comment as to just why The Miner offered its readers free copies to be sent away. Some have suggested that it would be a good idea to charge for them.

The reason for The Miner being available at The Nugget Confectionery for the asking is this: Times are hard, money is scarce and the paper is in its infancy. We feel that just now there are many people who would like to read The Miner or send it to friends but, like ourselves, find silver a diet deficiency.

There will be a time—soon, we hope—when conditions are a bit improved and then The Jacksonville Miner will go after its share of the world's legal tender. Till that happy day arrives we're content to go on furnishing copies to those who would subscribe if they could and hope that when valley homes are again filled with the jingle of happy dollars we won't be forgotten.

Although, after much sleuthing, questioning and guessing we've been unable to exactly determine just who this poem-composing Simp O'Dill is, Santa Claus informed us that Simp has been dreaming of a song for Jacksonville. It seems that this theme lyric will follow the general lines of the tribute to this city published two weeks ago and will be put to music—that is, if Simp can get any assurance of a welcome for the offering.

Personally we liked the verses "To Jacksonville" and many complimentary comments have been made, both verbal and written, asking for O'Dill to do as he intimated he might—"come again." If you ask us we'd say Simp is not the average rhymster but has a real story to tell his readers, a thought pregnant with meaning and purpose. What do you say, shall we throw out the welcome mat for Simp O'Dill?

*On the Hills of Santiago
A True Story*

By Alice Applegate Sargent

The destruction of the battleship Maine in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, in 1898, was followed by America's preparations for war. With a regular army of only 28,183 officers and men America was, as usual, unprepared. A larger force was necessary and President McKinley called for 10 regiments of volunteers, these to be recruited in the south, and to be known as the Immunes, the belief being that men from the south could better endure the heat of the tropics.

These Immune regiments were organized and equipped and rushed to Cuba to relieve the regiments that had borne the brunt of the fighting at El Caney and San Juan Hill.

Among the first of these regiments to reach Santiago was Colonel Sargent's regiment, the Fifth Immunes. With the regiment were two brothers from Alabama by the name of Mitchell. Tom, the younger of the two, was tall and dark and handsome, with a soldierly bearing, which attracted the attention of his colonel, who selected him as his orderly, and Tom's tent was placed near the colonel's on the heights overlooking the camp of the regiment.

At first the excitement and strangeness of it all brought compensation, but weeks rolled by, bringing no letters from home. Then came long months when the clouds hung low over the moss green hills of Santiago, when the drenching rain poured down, until the streets in the camp on the hill-tops were deep in mud, when the tents turned black with mold, and the men sickened and died of the terrible fever.

It was a time to try the stoutest hearts, and Tom was overwhelmed with a wave of homesickness which broke his spirit—it sapped his strength and weakened his will. Only those who have experienced it can realize the waves of heart sickness which overwhelms those who suffer from nostalgia. Awake,

he thought only of home. Sleeping, he dreamed of trying to wade through the hundreds of miles of water, which lay between the camp and the homeland. He told me of his old mother back in Alabama, who would not give her consent to her sons enlisting, and how they had their minister persuade her it was the duty of her sons to serve their country.

He told me of his young wife back in the old home town. I had been ill of yellow fever, and although convalescent, was still weak. He said to me "we will both die here on this dreadful island if we can't get away."

Poor Tom. He became very ill, and was taken to the hospital. He died before arrangements could be made to send him home—died calling over and over in his delirium the name of his little wife, "Julia, Julia, Julia."

About two weeks after Tom's death the colonel received a letter from the old mother down in Alabama. In it were two little white envelopes, a letter each for her two sons. She said "I have had no message from my boys—I thought may be the colonel could tell me of them."

I wonder if sometime, somewhere some one will read this little story, and reading, drop a tear for the valiant young soldier who died and was buried under the drooping palm trees on the hills of Santiago. Although it was not a bullet from a Spanish Mauser rifle, which laid him low, he died for his country just the same.

Museum Has Remedy

(Continued from page 1)

and with one terrible motion disembowled her as she lay hysterical with fright.

Naturally enough a crime of this sort aroused all the people who had known and loved the poor woman and, in the most perfectly organized mob ever to gather in this country, proceeded to the Yreka jail, overpowered the deputy in charge and chiseled away bars to Johnson's cell. On their way to the courthouse a group of the men, knowing that there were no suitable limbs near for a successful lynching, rode by the depot, dismounted and shouldered a section of steel rail. This was placed between two trees in the courtyard and served as a beam for hangmen's ropes.

Unluckily for three prisoners who had committed less ghastly murders they happened to be in the jail at the time the mob was organized and were included in the cleanup. Had it not been for Johnson's crime they would undoubtedly have been left to the action of the law. The four were released, loops placed about their necks and led from the building out into the grounds where the mob had prepared the party. Johnson was the only man who let out a whimper. In a few minutes they were lifeless and swinging high above the ground.

A Yreka photographer, having an eye for business, took a photograph of the quartet and before breakfast—the lynching occurring shortly after midnight—had taken orders and collected dollars for more than 500 prints, one of which is shown in this city. The rail used remained in the courthouse trees until a few years ago when one of the sycamores was cut to make way for improvements. John H. Hughes, now a candidate for nomination in the primaries, was the officer who arrested both Johnson and another of the men hanged at the same time.

The most significant result of the wholesale lynching is the fact that to this day there has never been a recurrence of murder in the entire district. And although mob rule is discouraged and prosecuted today it proved to be a mighty deterrent to crime in Siskiyou county and the effects of the extreme action are still felt. It is a pity that criminals can't be shown through the Jacksonville museum—what an effect the pictures might have on trigger fingers!

75 CENTS FOR SEVEN LAMBS

W. B. Estes, a farmer at Littleton, Colorado, sold seven lambs to the A. A. Blakely company at Denver. They were placed with Swift & company for \$3.30, and after the costs of insurance, inspection and commission had been deducted a check for the balance, 75 cents for the seven lambs, was sent to Mr. Estes. The department of agriculture followed the history of the seven lambs and reported that they were sold to consumers for \$83.70. In one instance two lamb chops were sold for 85 cents, which was 10 cents more than Estes received for his seven lambs. Yet if you say anything about a thing like this, and want a better state of affairs, you are considered un-American.—The Golden Age.

Modoc Traditions
By R. CLAY CHAPPELL

II—THE CREATION

In the beginning Ka-moo-kum-chux (God) made the world and all the animals. But there was yet a sense of incompleteness and the animals were very lonely.

So God came to the shore of a beautiful lake and taking some very fine dust mixed it with water and molded a man in His own likeness and placed the figure by a great fire to dry.

The following morning God found the man moving about on all fours like a bear and bid him arise and stand erect as He did.

The man at once stood up and God said that if he would always be obedient he might henceforth walk upon two legs instead of four and that the other legs would become long and slender so that he could handle the bow.

The man promised to obey in all things and God then led him to a wonderful valley where lovely flowers carpeted the ground and luscious fruits grew in abundance.

God showed him the fruits that were good to eat and they were all stone fruits like the wild plum. Of these the man might eat of all save one which was reserved for God's use alone.

There God left the man telling him to live in peace and happiness but only three days later God came upon him sobbing bitterly and crying that he could not enjoy life alone.

God was sorry for him and promised that if he would lie down and sleep soundly that a companion would be brought to him.

The man obeyed and while he slept God took from each upper arm and from each thigh one bone. With these as a foundation and more fine dust moistened with water He molded a woman.

As proof of this the Indians point to the fact that the bones of the upper arms and thighs are single although the forearms and legs still have two bones in each.

While the woman was drying before a fire God patted her and smoothed her to make her more comely than His first crude attempt and then withdrew among the trees and blew His breath at her.

Immediately she sprang to life and began to talk very fast. This awakened the man who, seeing the beautiful woman before him, ran to her and, clasping her in his arms, kissed her passionately.

God, still watching, laughed heartily, making the couple very much ashamed, and then He told them kindly that they must never again embrace before others, a command that has ever been respected among the redmen.

The man and woman were created equal and shared equally in all things and for a long time they lived very happily.

And then one day, while the man slept, the woman went for a stroll in the woods. Suddenly she met Spooks, a creature who looked like a man and talked like one and yet was not a man.

The woman knew this intuitively but, when Spooks told her of a delicious fruit she had not eaten, she followed him to the tree. She at once recognized it as God's own fruit, for the man had shown it to her, but Spooks only laughed and assured her that her husband had made a stupid mistake so she plucked some.

The moment she tasted it she felt like a god herself and, because God wore two aprons, she hastily made two out of leaves and fastened them about her own waist.

When she returned home bearing some of the fruit the man awoke and scolded her, saying that they would both be punished because of her fault and then feeling very cold he made her give him the aprons and make more for herself.

Thus originated the garment worn by the Indians when white men first came among them.

On His next visit God was very angry for He saw that the pair had been quarreling. The man explained what had happened but said that he was not to blame as he had been asleep at the time. So God forgave the man but with the woman He was less merciful. She had been created the man's equal, God reminded her, but by stealing the fruit she had proved herself unworthy and so henceforth she must be the man's servant.

And so it was and ever since the Indian women have been compelled to perform the arduous tasks among the tribes.

(To be continued.)

Subscribe for The Miner today.

RUSTIC ROCK GARDEN ENHANCES RESIDENCE

The old Miller home, long a show place of Jacksonville, has been the scene of much activity and focal point for many loads of natural rock from surrounding environs. The fine residence, formerly occupied by the city's first gunmaker, boasts the only mature palm trees within many a mile, as well as some of the most stately poplar trees in the valley. And now another feature will add to the extensive grounds and cause still more tourists to pause in admiration of the landmark; a feature that expresses the natural beauty of the hill country forming the background for this historic pioneer town.

At first the development looked like an everyday rockpile, but after careful arrangement and much labor the mass began to take on an irregular, rugged symmetry and displays stones characteristic of this country—moss-covered sandstone, granite and quartz. The pile forms a fountain, several falls, pools for fish and a short, stone-lined race where the shimmering water disappears under an inviting stone seat. Huge flags are arranged as stepping stones from the street around the rock work to the entrance of the residence, flower garden of choice bulbs to skirt the walk on the opposite side.

R. H. Toft, present owner of the house and grounds, has been pushing the improvement work and has enlisted the efforts of William Warner, expert in matters concerning rustic brick and stone construction. Toft, extensive property owner here, has been doing much toward making Jacksonville a garden spot and point of interest and the improvement of the already beautiful Miller estate will enhance property values in the entire neighborhood.

MINER ADVERTISER HONORED

Verne Shangle, Medford photographer who has been making a bid for Jacksonville business through columns of The Miner, was this week awarded contract for photographing all fruit illustrations to be used in the new Pear Export Manual published by the Oregon-Washington Pear bureau and distributed throughout the world.

FARM BOARD LOSS \$120,000,000

To date the farm board has lost on its wheat and cotton holdings about \$120,000,000; but that does not represent all it has lost. In a time when some way was sought to help the struggling farmer the farm board paid some of its officials \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year. At least one man, reputed to have received \$35,000 a year, an ex-dominic, never made a success of anything in his life until he got a job with this institution which was intended to do so much for the farmer, but has done so much only for certain individuals.—The Golden Age.

NEW TYPE DRESS
With this issue The Jacksonville Miner bursts forth in a new type dress and, if you look closely you will notice columns are a bit wider and longer. There are more than 20 inches of additional space beginning this week. Bit by bit the paper has been expanding—thanks to the splendid support and cooperation of all you readers. We're mighty appreciative for our daily bread.

MEDFORD'S PIONEER STORE WILL H. WILSON, MOVES

Will H. Wilson, 22 years in business in Medford, now is located at a new address, 217 West Main street. Large quarters make it possible to serve you better.

Friday, February 26 he starts a gigantic store-wide sale on shoes, clothing, ladies dresses, millinery and bedding.

Imagine work shoes \$1.25 and cotton socks, good ones, at five cents a pair, ladies dresses at 44 cents and new 1932 neckties two for 15 cents.

Come early Friday expecting to see the greatest bargains in Medford—you will not be disappointed.

WHAT SOVIET UNION CLAIMS

The Friends of Soviet Union claim that the Japanese seizure of Manchuria has been ratified in all foreign offices, by the League of Nations, and by the American state department, and that the United States, while sending diplomatic notes, is shipping munitions and poison gas to Japan, and American and Japanese generals are boasting of seizing Siberia.—The Golden Age.

Medford Typewriter Exchange
Typewriter Specialists
Corner Main and Grape Sts.
Medford
PHONE 1563

R.C. CHAPPELL
PAINTING
PAPERHANGING
ETC.
Estimates Gladly Given
Phone 13 or Drop a Card to
P. O. Box 51, Jacksonville

THIS WEEK'S
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY SPECIAL
8-inch Pine Shiplap
Per 1000 Feet
\$550

EXTRA SPECIAL—While it lasts, 40 gallons dark colors standard quality Heath & Milligan Paints, per gal., 99c

Cash and Carry Lumber Company
201 South Fir Street
The Cheapest Place for Lumber in Southern Oregon