

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

VOL. 1.

CENTRAL POINT, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906.

NO. 16

Local and Personal

Send the HERALD to your friends.

Watermelons of the "Made in Oregon" variety are now on the market.

Mr. and Mrs. Veatch, of Ashland, visited their daughter, Mrs. Veaghte, last Sunday.

Pure prepared Paint and Pure Linseed Oil at Leever's. Get prices before painting. 4-28

Mrs. Geary, of Eagle Point, left yesterday for Alaska to join her husband, who is in business in that country.

FOR SALE—A six-room dwelling in Central Point, in good repair. Barn, good water, some fruit. A bargain. Inquire at this office. tf

Select a present for your wife or sweetheart from the jewelry stock at the Central Point Pharmacy. New and up-to-date. 11-tf

Watches and all kinds of jewelry at the Central Point Pharmacy. New stock just received. Call and see them. 11-tf

A complete line of watches has just been received at the Central Point Pharmacy. Call and examine this stock before placing your order. 11-tf

Miss McLean, a talented music teacher of San Francisco, who has been visiting her friend, Mrs. J. C. Pendleton, at "The Oaks," left for her home in the Bay city Friday.

Francis J. Heney, the famous land fraud prosecutor, was a passenger on Sunday's train, en route to San Francisco, where he was called from Portland on a short business trip.

L. Mintner, a capitalist of Vancouver, Washington, was here a day or two during the week, taking a look at the country. He was well pleased with the general appearance of the valley and will return later in the season.

The Medford laundry wagon will call for work in Central Point each Monday afternoon and Friday morning. Expert ironers from City Hall French laundry, San Francisco, employed. First class work guaranteed. 7-tf

W. D. Lewis and wife, of Siskiyou county, California, are the guests this week of their old-time friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hay. Mr. Lewis is looking about the valley and may determine to locate here.

Charles Mason, of Ashland, was here Monday looking for an investment in a good farm near Central Point, where he desires to make a permanent home. He will return in a few days on the same errand.

L. W. Coe was enjoying a rest for a day or two the first of the week, after having finished irrigating his orchard and garden west of town. Mr. Coe uses a windmill pump and tank and has plenty water for his purpose.

Robt. Ashworth sent in sample branches of Petite prunes and Bartlett pears from his orchard the other day that are hard to beat, even in the Rogue river valley. They may be seen in the HERALD office windows.

To Mr. Gillett, of the Kandy Kitchen, is due the thanks of the whole mechanical department of the HERALD for a treat to some of the finest ice cream ever turned out in Central Point. With one voice they all declared it—and put it—"out of sight."

J. S. March left a pear branch at this office the other day that takes the bakery for profligacy of production. The branch is about three feet long and has almost 100 well developed pears. If anybody can beat it, bring 'em in.

J. B. Groat, representing the Aultman & Taylor company, of Portland, was here during the week on business for his firm. While in the valley he sold a threshing outfit to Talent Bros., of Talent. He left Monday evening for Portland.

T. J. O'Hara and family, who have been spending a few weeks at Dead Indian, have returned and are now preparing for a trip to the big huckleberry

patch in the Prospect country. They report having had a splendid time at Dead Indian and Fish lake.

T. M. Jones was called to Gold Hill Friday to officiate at the funeral of Geo. W. Knowles, who died at his home at that place on the 2nd instant. Deceased was a native of Iowa and had resided at Gold Hill about two years. He was 57 years old and leaves a widow and two daughters.

J. E. Lancaster arrived in Condon Wednesday evening and left the next morning for Portland. Jack stated that he and Sam Pattison are doing well at Central Point and that the prospects for the development of that town and Rogue river valley look very bright.—Condon Globe.

Mrs. B. Vincent, of Table Rock, was in town Saturday and while here was a pleasant caller at this office. Mrs. Vincent enjoys a good joke, even if at her own expense, and she told the HERALD, confidentially, that she did not intend appropriating someone else's buggy to go home in, as Will Owen says she tried to, the last time she was in town.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Amy returned Monday night from a month's camping trip at Dead Indian. Frank has been climbing mountains and doing other athletic stunts until he is down to his fighting weight, and so when he asked the HERALD man if it was him we meant when reference was made, a week or so ago, to the neversweat club having disbanded because its leading member had gone to the mountains, we assured him that it was not—that anybody ought to know that it would make him sweat just to think of a job. Anyway, Mr. Amy says they had a fine time, and since the weather is still so warm he wishes they were back again.

Will Test Local Option

Coquille City, over in Coos county, has started to make a fight on the result of the recent local option election by which it is claimed the town was voted dry by voters of those portions of the voting precinct which lie outside of the city limits.

The test will be made through the medium of the constitutional amendment adopted by the people of the state on the fourth day of last June, which gives to the people of every incorporated city or town the right to enact and amend their own charters. An election was held on July 9, when by an overwhelming vote an amendment to the charter was enacted restoring to the city council the regulation of the sale of liquors within the corporate limits.

The anti-saloon league will probably make a test of the legality of this action of the people of Coquille by causing the arrest of some liquor dealer there, so that the matter can be taken into the courts.

The point to be settled is regarding the actual meaning of the last clause of the new amendment, which reads: "The legal voters of every city and town are hereby granted power to enact and amend their municipal charter, subject to the constitution and criminal laws of the state of Oregon." The kernel of the matter is whether or not the local option law is a criminal law. Lawyers disagree on this point and only an appeal to the courts can settle it. Many other towns in Oregon will watch the outcome of this case with much interest and if Coquille City wins out there may be expected many city elections to adopt a similar amendment in towns which are now presumably dry and really without revenue from liquor licenses.

A Good Investment

W. E. Price, proprietor of the Snowy Butte blacksmith shop, is very well pleased with a real estate deal which he consummated the other day, feeling that he has doubled his money in the transaction. One year ago Mr. Price secured an option on the property he occupies as a workshop on Pine street, from Wm. Holmes, the consideration to be \$600. Last Thursday he took up the option and paid over the money and now congratulates himself on owning

a piece of property which is worth twice what he paid for it. The property consists of two lots and a frame building, which he occupies. This instance shows the rapid advance in Central Point property during the past year, and the end is not yet. Central Point has only just begun to grow and take on new life, but it is, even now, no longer referred to by people who know, as an unimportant village. The town is fast becoming one of the recognized trade centers of Jackson county.

The Plot That Failed

There was a sound of devilry by night. And a dozen C. P. girls had gathered then To rob a melon patch, by strength and might. Protected only by three puny men.

The cause of all the trouble was that the girls, poor dears, got desperate. Here it was well along in the first week of the watermelon season and not a single man, penurious creatures, had bought the melons and stood treat. Just think of it. Twenty bundles of sweetness hunging and thirsting for watermelon, and no man around gallant enough to "do the right thing." A dozen rosebud mouths puckered in thirst for just a nip of the luscious fruit, and melons 4-bits apiece on the market. Is it any wonder that an indignation meeting was held and a resolution passed declaring that "we will have melons if we have to get shot all to pieces, so there"? Then the plot was hatched. It was agreed that they would go in a body and the stilly watches of the night, invade a melon field, help themselves, and show the lazy, penurious men that they were not afraid. As a precautionary measure, they each assumed a new name and it was agreed that while on the firing line each girl would answer to some such name as Jack, Bill or George, etc. Then they gathered up their skirts and made a start. But as they looked out beyond the area of electric lights the night looked gloomy, and a creepy, lonesome feeling began to envelop the bold band of midnight marauders.

"Who'll carry the melons home?" inquired an anxious miss. "Wonder if there are any dogs out there?" chirped another. "I wish there was just one man along," almost sobbed a third.

In passing over the Bear creek bridge on their way to the scene of their contemplated depredation, a frightened mouse ran about in the midst of this brave band of marauders in a panic-stricken effort to escape and caused a stampede that threatened to wreck the bridge. The screams would have put to flight a herd of elephants, and a fleet-footed deer would not have been in the race that followed. Unfortunately, just as they had succeeded in effecting a courageous retreat from the frightened little animal, the leader stumbled, turned a complete somersault and landed in six inches of dust; those behind piled on top and soon there was a heaping mass of lingerie, skirts, shoes, etc., on display that would have done credit to a first-class department store. With the exception of a few slight but painful bruises and the necessity for an amount of extra laundry work next day, there was no damage done and the brave party, encouraged by the success of their miraculous escape from the frightened mouse, resumed their march.

Soon, however, a halt was called and a little talk-fest was held and it was decided that a counter-march should be made and a few male slaves captured who might be fed to vicious canines if any appeared, stop any bullets that might be fired at the party, shoo away any field mice that might be encountered, carry home the booty and otherwise make themselves useful.

They had not far to go before encountering three male acquaintances who, after an enchanting smile from twenty-four beautiful eyes, were found willing to be shot to pieces, chewed up or used for pack animals, and so once again the march was taken up.

When the field was reached, the first problem was to climb the rail fence. Some of the girls had never attempted this feat before, and the gracefulness (?) with which this was accomplished reminded one forcibly of an ele-

phant climbing a tree. Another talk-fest was then in order.

"I wonder if they might shoot?" remarked one. "I don't believe the melons are ripe, do you?" suggested another. "Oh, I'm terribly frightened," acknowledged a third.

"Oh, girls," remarked another timorous one, "I know an awfully nice man less than a mile from here who has a melon field and I am quite certain he would give us all the melons we want." So it was soon decided to follow the scriptural injunction, "Ask and ye shall receive," and it worked all right. There were not only melons served the company, but music and dancing and a general good time, and there was not the least suggestion that a bold crime had been or was being committed.

So this was "the plot that failed." The girls who had determined to have melons at any cost, even to being filled with buck-shot, lost their nerve—got cold feet—and had to accept a treat from a man, after all.

When town was reached on the return trip a vote was taken by which it was declared that Joe Hoagland is not only the handsomest and most gallant man in the valley, but that his melons are the finest in Oregon.

Tally-Ho Party

A merry tally-ho party of 18 young people enjoyed a ride to Medford last evening, where refreshments were served and the return drive made about midnight. Those making up the party were: Misses Julia Olsson, Marguerite Holmes, Maud Gray, Fay Ploasants, Bessie Lee, Alta Wood, Ethel Wimer, Stella Ploasants and Mrs. Mary Ashurst. Messrs. Beal, Ingell, Kuper, Muller, Little, Merritt, Ploasants, Owen and De Succa.

Birthday Party

Little Miss Helen Price, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Price, was 10 years old last Saturday and in honor of the event a dozen of her young friends were royally entertained at the Price home Saturday evening. Pleasant games furnished the entertainment of the evening, and dainty refreshments in ample quantities to make glad the juvenile heart, were served. Those present were: Sarah Bobb, Gladys Holmes, Audry Holmes, Edith Emerson, Cecil Emerson, Mable Mann, Ruthie Holmes, Mary Holmes, Florence Holmes, Ella Hay, Bessie Price and Willie Price.

Misses Maud Simms and Grace Upton assisted in entertaining the young people and a most pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

City Telephone System

John Goodrich of Portland, representing the Pacific States Telephone company, is here for the purpose of establishing a city circuit in this place. The proposition offered by Mr. Goodrich is very liberal and it is doubtful if the people of the town will ever have a better. It is, in short, that the subscribers shall construct and own their own pole lines, purchase the instruments from the Pacific States company at the price of \$8.50 each, and pay a yearly rental of \$1 per year for the use of the transmitters and receivers, which are only leased from the patentee by the company and can only be leased by them to the patron. The system is intended as a nucleus for local lines, which it is proposed to establish from every section of this part of the valley. Business men will readily see the advantage such a service will be to the business interests of the town.

A cement sidewalk is being laid in front of the new bank building.

The Hopkins residence is well along, the structure being almost enclosed.

The Central Point State Bank will open its doors for business next Monday.

T. M. Witten's family have arrived and are getting settled in the Gibson house recently purchased by Mr. Witten.

Hop Gold Beer

Strictly Straight
Double Stamped Whiskey

We will ship you from 1 to 4 7-8 gallons of fine whiskey or best quality of

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By Dozen, Case or Barrel

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— ARE THE —

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FREE RURAL DELIVERY

no 'em all. Even Papa Grieve, the sassy free rural mail deliveryman, isn't in it. As far as practicable, we are delivering goods in the immediate surrounding country to the tune of

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