

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

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HOW TO LET THE WORLD KNOW.

Oregon apples are the finest in the world. Everybody in Oregon has always known it, but there was until recent years no organized effort to let anybody else know it. Now the fame of the Oregon apples has reached every quarter of the globe, and the Oregon growers are reaping their reward. Oregon livestock, too, are without superiors anywhere. But, unlike the story of the Oregon apple, comparatively few people in Oregon knew until the wonderful show at the Lewis and Clark Exposition that our dairy cattle, sheep, hogs and goats are among the best. That show was an eye-opener to all Oregon. It demonstrated that we have here the climate, soil and the feed upon which livestock grow fat, sleek, healthy, productive and most fair to look upon. To be sure, at the State Fair at Salem there had been fine stock shows, but the exhibits were mostly our own, and there was no adequate opportunity to see what others had. In 1905 came the revelation. Our herds and flocks competed with the prize animals of every state, and we were ourselves amazed to find that we had as good as they had, and in some cases better.

There ought to be a permanent annual livestock show in Portland. It need not, and would not, interfere with the State Fair at Salem, but could follow that event. It should be held here for the benefit of all Oregon, that our own people may learn and take continued interest in what we have in magnificent livestock of all profitable domestic breeds. It would do much to make known abroad the wonderful qualities of our livestock. It is time to begin work now, so that all preliminaries may be made for the opening event next fall.—Oregonian.

An effort is now being made by the fruit growers association of Ashland to have the law protecting wild birds so amended as to permit farmers, gardeners and fruit growers to kill such birds when necessary to protect their crops. It is claimed that thousands of dollars worth of fruit is destroyed every season in the valley by the depredations of these birds. The Ashland fruitmen ask the co-operation of all interested citizens of the valley to secure the amendment to this law.

Rev. Paul Rader, who for the past year has been about the whole show in the Oregon Anti-Saloon League, is facing grave charges and is likely to lose his "job." He is charged by other members of the League with untruthfulness, mismanagement of the League finances and with having made up a "fake" yarn about being assaulted and stabbed at Salem a year ago. Rev. Rader seems to be considerable of a character in his way.

The postal authorities are still after the newspapers. These worthies of officialdom seem to be of the opinion that the postal service is sustained by the people primarily for the nice, fat graft it furnishes for the railroad companies rather than for the accommodation of the public and the dissemination of information and knowledge.

A new water code bill has been introduced by Representative Perkins of this county.

How a Scandal in the Navy Was Prevented

(Original.)
Bob Backstay, a midshipman during the Spanish-American war, was just out of the Naval academy. He had been in more scrapes while at Annapolis than any man there, and, though he was a fair scholar, that he had succeeded in coming out with a commission was a surprise to all. The truth is he was such a good fellow that the faculty did not have the heart to refuse to graduate him. Nevertheless it was predicted that his love for escapades would always keep him back in his profession.

Backstay was sent to Cuban waters on the Yellow Jacket, one of the many small armed boats used to watch the coming of the Spanish fleet, which was daily expected. The Yellow Jacket was commanded by Lieutenant Quackenbos, a man abnormally anxious for distinction. Indeed, he talked so much about what he would do or try to do if he got an opportunity that his officers would exchange glances whenever "the old man" touched upon the oft mentioned subject. Of course the main topic of conversation on the Yellow Jacket was the Spanish fleet and the opportunities it would present for wide awake officers to give notice of its arrival or perhaps save the American fleet from attack or possible destruction and thereby gain promotion.

The longer the Spaniards were in coming the keener the expectancy till at last Lieutenant Quackenbos was in a tremor of excitement during each and every twenty-four hours. Then when it came to be understood that the first man to discover the hostile fleet would be promoted the commander of the Yellow Jacket resolved to reduce his quantum of sleep to two hours in the day and two in the night.

The Yellow Jacket was cruising on the south Cuban coast and kept in touch with other vessels of the fleet. In order that none of the others should get ahead of him in announcing the arrival of the enemy, if indeed the enemy came in those waters, Quackenbos ordered that all signal apparatus be kept on deck ready for immediate use.

In all this Backstay saw a golden opportunity for a prank. On his glass he painted or, rather, daubed with ink something that looked like a man-of-war in the distance. Then about 4 bells in the evening, when the sun had been set long enough to cast a slight dusk over the ocean, he rushed down to his command, who was taking his daily nap in his cabin, and shouted in stentorian tones:

"The fleet!"
Quackenbos, seizing his glass, bounded up the companionway and, bringing the glass to bear on the horizon, swept it. Backstay handed him his own glass. The lieutenant brought it to the sky line and saw a Spanish man-of-war. Without losing a moment he ordered that a signal be sent to the nearest vessel stating that the fleet had arrived. Backstay received his glass from his commander, passed his tongue over the object lens and wiped the lens on his coat sleeve. The officer to whom the signal had been sent signaled back that the announcement had been forwarded to the admiral and asked in what quarter the enemy was to be found since he had not discovered him. Quackenbos looked again, but could see nothing. Others looked, with the same result. The man-of-war had vanished.

"We're outdone," said Backstay, lowering his own glass. "Some floating torpedo has blown her up."

Handing his glass to his commander, that officer saw clouds of smoke. He signaled that a man-of-war had been seen, but had disappeared. Then the officers got away from him as soon as possible that he should not see that they were laughing at him.

"You'll have to pay for this, Backstay," said one of his mates. "It'll all come out, and they'll court martial you."

Backstay looked a trifle uneasy, but said nothing. He grinned; he was always grinning.

The next day, while the officers of the Yellow Jacket were at dinner, they all left the table in a hurry at hearing some one on deck say:

"The Spanish fleet has eluded us and got into Santiago."

If the excitement at the confirmation of this news was great it was magnified a hundred times the next day when a message came from the flagship asking for the name of the man who had discovered the Spanish man-of-war reported two days before. The officers in Backstay's secret looked at each other with mingled amusement and wonder, and the commander of the Yellow Jacket signaled, as he was obliged to do, that the officer was Midshipman Robert C. Backstay.

Back came a signal for Midshipman Robert C. Backstay to report on board the flagship.

Before Backstay left the Yellow Jacket a consultation was held between him and the juniors, and it was decided that the secret was to be kept. To confess that the Spanish vessel seen was an ink spot would make a terrible scandal, even if the story were believed. Backstay reported on the flagship, was complimented by the admiral for his watchfulness and promoted on the spot. He held his peace, accepted the honors thrust upon him with his usual grin and entered upon new duties without returning to the Yellow Jacket.

Quackenbos (now retired) never ceases to complain that as commander of the Yellow Jacket he should have had the honor of discovering the Spanish fleet. Backstay is shortly to be made a rear admiral.

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