

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, PUBLISHER.

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THE ASSAULT ON PUTNAM.

The brutal attack made by ex-Deputy Sheriff Jackson on Geo. Putnam, editor of the Medford Tribune, a few days ago deserves the unmeasured censure of every good citizen of Jackson County. Putnam published an account of the brutal treatment a prisoner in the county jail received at the hands of Jackson, a few months ago, and the failure of Jackson and his friends to attempt to disprove the story may be taken as pretty good evidence of its truth. This newspaper man should be assaulted and beaten half to death by a thug on the public streets for simply publishing the truth about the conduct of a public official, and the thug allowed his liberty by the payment of a nominal fine, is a disgrace to the county. Jackson should have been bound over to the circuit court and there given the limit in punishment.

The official acts of county officers are proper subjects for newspaper comment and criticism, but if newspaper publishers who ever do more than throw bouquets at public officials are to be half killed by physical violence it is time for that sort of editor to equip himself with a good gun and learn how to use it effectively when attacked.

Putnam's greatest offense in the eyes of men of the Jackson type is that he has tried to publish the news without fear or favor; and Jackson County, in common with many other Oregon counties, has long needed that type of a newspaper.

RAILROAD MEN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

According to B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the executive committee of the Rock Island-Frisco lines, there are 400,000 railroad men out of employment in the United States at the present time. Four thousand more will be added to the number in a few days by the action of President McCrea of the Pennsylvania Central. Mr. Yoakum figures that the employees are losing \$25,000,000 a month of \$1,000,000 for each working day, by reason of this enforced idleness, says an exchange.

This decrease in the payroll, he says, is approximately the same amount as the government's daily deficit at Washington, only the latter is shared by the entire population of the country, while the \$1,000,000 is borne by the railroad employees. The approach of winter is a serious matter for these men out of work, not only for themselves, but for the families dependent upon them for food and shelter.

These idle men are now making inquiry as to how the bottom fell out of the full dinner pail, and speculating upon the prospect of obtaining employment. A promise to start the wheels revolving the morning after election will not do. They know better.

It is to be hoped that the moving of crops will furnish employment for thousands of men, but unless construction work is resumed there is absolutely no hope for the majority of them. What will the harvest be?

How Queen Bess Dined.

The setting out of the dinner of Queen Elizabeth was a ceremonious function. First came a gentleman with a rod, followed by a gentleman carrying a tablecloth, which, after they had knelt reverently three times, was spread upon the table. Then came two others, one with a rod, the other with a saltcellar, a plate and bread. They knelt three times, placed the things on the table, knelt again and retired. Next came a lady in waiting, followed by a second. The first lady, dressed in white, after kneeling three times, approached the table and solemnly rubbed the plates with the salt. Then entered twenty-four yeomen of the guard clad in scarlet and each carrying a dish of gold. These dishes were placed upon the table, while the lady faster gave to each of the guards a taste from the dish he had brought in for fear of possible poison. These guards were selected from the tallest and stoutest men in all England. At the close of this ceremony a number of unmarried ladies appeared and with great solemnity lifted the various dishes and carried them to the queen in her private apartments. The queen dined and supped alone, with few attendants, and it was seldom that any one was admitted at this time, and then only at the intercession of some one in power.

Coal Used by Romans.

It is believed by some historians that coal was used by the Romans on the continent and by the Britons on the island before the arrival of Caesar. As early as 1234 Henry III. granted a license to dig coal near Newcastle, but a few years later the use of coal was forbidden in London, the smoke being deemed prejudicial to public health. In 1306 the London gentry petitioned the king against its use, declaring that in spite of his royal order certain malicious persons persisted in burning it. Coals began to be brought from Newcastle to London in 1381, during the reign of Richard II. By the year 1400 coal was commonly burned in London as a fuel, though 200 years later, in the reign of Charles I., its use was far from being general throughout England. Anthracite coal, which, except the diamond, is the purest form of carbon known, was first used by a Connecticut blacksmith named Gore in 1768 and as a domestic fuel by Judge Jesse Fell of Wilkesbarre, Pa., in 1808.

A Fairy Tale Kingdom.

The kingdom of Uganda is a fairy tale. You climb up a railway instead of a beanstalk, and at the end there is a wonderful new world. The scenery is different, the vegetation is different, the climate is different, and, most of all, the people are different from anything elsewhere to be seen in the whole range of Africa. Instead of the broozy uplands we enter a tropical garden. In place of naked painted savages clashing their spears and gibbering in chorus to their tribal chiefs a complete and elaborate polity is presented. Under a dynastic king a parliament and a powerful feudal system an amiable, clothed, polite and intelligent race dwell together in an organized monarchy upon the rich domain between the Victoria and Albert lakes. - Winston Churchill, M. P., in Strand Magazine.

A Promise Unfulfilled.

O. Henry, the well known story writer, once promised the editor of a magazine that he would deliver a short story to him on the following Monday. Several Mondays passed, but the muse was refractory, and the story was not forthcoming. At last the wrathful editor wrote this note:

My Dear O. Henry—If I do not receive that story from you by 12 o'clock today I am going to put on my heaviest soled shoes, come down to your house and kick you downstairs. I always keep my promises.

A Defect.

A little girl was playing with a girl friend of her own age on the porch of her home. An elderly gentleman, her mother's father, and an elderly lady, her father's mother, were sitting on the porch talking pleasantly with each other. The little girl had often wished her grandparents were of the same name, like other children's grandparents. Presently the little girl remarked, "What a nice grandmother and grandfather you have!"

An Explanation.

"How long has this restaurant been open?" asked the would be diner. "Two years," said the proprietor. "I am sorry I did not know it," said the guest. "I should be better off if I had come here then." "Yes?" smiled the proprietor, very much pleased. "How is that?" "I should probably have been served by this time if I had," said the guest, and the entente cordiale vanished. - Harper's Weekly.

Cause and Effect.

Old Hunks—When I came to this town sixteen years ago, real estate in the block where I live was higher than it is now. Old Hewlugs—It would be so in any block where you'd settle down. - Chicago Tribune.

Generous.

Mr. Smith (in street car)—Madam, take my seat. Mrs. Jones (who has been standing fifteen minutes)—No, thanks; I get off at the next corner. Smith—That's all right. So do I.

It is unpleasant to turn back, even though it be to take the right way. - German Proverb.

Old newspapers for sale. Twenty-five for a nickel at the Herald office.

A Witty Reply.

A witty but not overindustrious Celt was one of a street gang. A few minutes before noon one day, he threw his shovel into the gutter, sat down on the curbstone and proceeded to light his pipe. Just then the superintendent of streets came round a corner and, seeing Pat, roared out: "Here! What are you throwing down your shovel for at this time of day?"

Wasted Opportunities.

"How did you like my talk last night?" asked the beginner in the lecture field. "Well," replied the candid critic, "you didn't take advantage of your many opportunities." "I didn't?" "No; you had a number of opportunities to quit before you did." - Philadelphia Press.

Chance For the Motorists.

Pearl—Belle boasts that she has an "automobile heart." Ruby—Gracious! What kind of a heart is an "automobile heart?" Pearl—Why, any young man can have it who owns an automobile. - Chicago News.

Bliff.

"Yes," remarked the race horse, "all my achievements have been due simply to putting my best foot forward." "Yes?" replied the mule. "Now, I find that I accomplish most by putting my best foot backward." - Philadelphia Press.

Actors and Audiences.

Courtney—Just now society has two absorbing diversions. Stickney—What are they? Courtney—Playing golf and making fun of people who play golf. - Detroit Free Press.

Not Dangerous.

Pat—I hear yer wolve is sick, Moike. Mike—She is that. Pat—Is it dangerous she is? Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous any more. - Brooklyn Life.

Not the Same.

She—Don't you think golf is something like the old fashioned game of shinney? He—I should say not. It's fun to play shinney. - Detroit Free Press.

Among Table Ornaments



a well-filled decanter has first choice among "choice spirits." That "little drop of something" that sounds so vague and mysterious, has really a definite meaning when it is bought of us. It then means "something good." Everybody likes to blow their own horn, but our customers are the ones that give us the most praise. They swear by the high quality Wines and Liquors that we handle. You'll do the same after trying them.

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Declined in Rebuttal.

Authorless of the budding variety—I got level with the editor last night. He always rejects my manuscripts. But I have had my revenge. Friend—How did you do it? Authorless—I declined his son with thanks. - Pick-Me-Up.

Driven From Home.

"Did you hear that the daughter of that rich man in the next street had been driven from home?" "No! When did it happen?" "Just after she got into the carriage."

No Wonder.

Jack—Yes, poor John may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side. Wagge—Is it possible? No wonder he died.

Central Point State Bank Central Point, Ore. TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DIRECTORS—J. W. Merritt, President; W. C. Leever, Vice-President; T. M. Witten, Cashier; I. C. Robnett, W. J. Freeman. Your Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.

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Southern Pacific Co. (Lines in Oregon) is sending tons of Oregon literature to the East for distribution through every available agency. Will you not help the good work of building Oregon by sending us the names and addresses of your friends who are likely to be interested in this state? We will be glad to bear the expense of sending them complete information about OREGON and its opportunities.

COLONIST TICKETS will be on sale during SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER from the East to all points in Oregon. The fares from a few principal cities are: From Denver, \$30.00 From Louisville, \$41.70 " Omaha, 30.00 " Cincinnati, 42.20 " Kansas City 30.00 " Cleveland, 44.75 " St. Louis, 35.50 " New York 55.00 " Chicago, 38.00 TICKETS CAN BE PREPAID.

If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon, deposit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph. E. M. CONDIT, Local Agent, Central Point, Oregon. WM. McMURRAY, Gen. Pass. Agt., Portland, Ore.

CENTRAL POINT REAL ESTATE CO. C. S. Sanderson, Manager Farm and Fruit Lands, City Property, Business Opportunities, Mining Stocks For Sale. Special attention given to rentings, care and management of property. LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH US; WE CAN SELL IT.

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Central Point Lodge No. 193 C. O. F. Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. Hall, corner Second and Pine Sts. Visiting brothers are specially invited to meet with us when in town. ERNEST HATHAWAY, J. W. JACOBS, Secretary, Noble Grand.

PROFESSIONAL JEROME L. RAWHOUSER PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office second floor, John Ross building, over Herald office, Pine street. Call residence from office phone when necessary, day or night.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon. August 27, 1908. Notice is hereby given that William A. Adkins of Medford, Oregon, who on August 27, 1908, made Timber Application No. 10186 for SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 30, Township 33 South, Range 1 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. S. Bliton, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 14th day of November, 1908.

STRAYED. One bay horse with star on forehead, branded Y on left shoulder. Suitable reward if returned to undersigned at the Centennial mine, four miles northwest from Central Point, or for information leading to his recovery. D. P. BLUE, Gold Hill, Ore.