

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTERSON, PUBLISHER.

An independent local newspaper devoted to the interests of Central Point and the Rogue River Valley. Published Every Thursday. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year, in advance.

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A HUMANE VIEW.

Appropos of the present spasmodic crusade against the denizens of the "red light," or restricted, district in Portland, the Telegram makes the following pertinent and, withal, humane and civilized observations:

"To the Crucial Inquiry: 'What is to become of these women?'—that is the women of the red-light district who are about to be driven forth from their haunts—the Mayor simply answers 'I don't know.' Is there no responsibility anywhere, with the Mayor or with the Municipal Association or the private sources of inspiration for this crusade at once so fantastic and so tragic? If the situation is thus to be faced is this the way to face it? Outside their own haunts no creatures could be more helpless. Every hand is raised against them and the authorities are to drive them forth like so many cattle, to shift for themselves, to survive or perish as they may.

"It should not be forgotten that degraded as these women may be they are still human beings with human feelings like the rest of the world and that the world is responsible for them. It is a brutally easy task to drive them forth. But that is only one side of the question. Do we not, that is the authorities, the Municipal Association, the private advisers and abettors of the Mayor, indeed the whole people of Portland, who, after all, are involved in this official act, assume any degree of responsibility or obligation? Are they simply to be evicted and driven forth and are we to meet an inquiry as to our obligation by the indifferent answer that we do not know what is to become of them? Is there no obligation, immediate and pressing, first of all upon those who have forced this crusade?

"We believe there is unquestionably and those most immediately concerned will recognize it if they are men."

GOLD-WASHED MORALITY.

Senator John L. McLaurin, of South Carolina, has at least the virtue of candor. He admits association which engenders corruption; and with the logic of cynicism defends his position on the ground that great wealth and superlative intelligence are synonymous. Senator McLaurin is proud of having accepted money from the Standard Oil Company; and he is willing to accept more from that most "progressively administered and most intelligently officered corporation." Senator McLaurin asserts that had it not been for personal favors of this sort he would have been less than a political shadow; and it never would have been his patriotic privilege to emancipate his state from medieval darkness. In honesty and homespun enterprise there is nothing at ractive for the South Carolina Senator. It is his misfortune to represent an ignorant constituency, which has depended altogether too much on these factors in economic progress, that, in the McLaurin estimation, are archaic.

Senator McLaurin would have the public understand that he is an honest man; but he makes no denial that his honesty is of the gold-washed type. Proud to be in the pay of a free-booting industrial combination; he holds it an honor to boast of the friendship of one of the chief indus-

trial pirates. In the McLaurin view it is indeed a certificate of good character that, political service rendered and for political loyalty to be maintained, his name should be inscribed in the check book of that worthy. And why not? Was it not once said in commendation of the man, who had achieved fame as a marauder, that "he was as honorable a man as ever slit a throat or scuttled a ship?" Shall the world halt in respect because the methods of piracy have changed? Surely not if Senator McLaurin may have his will. There is nothing said by the Senator from South Carolina as to the particular character of political fidelity which the Standard Oil check book certificate of character represents. But happily there need be nothing said. The public understands that and formulates its judgment accordingly.—Portland Telegram.

They're All Like This.

A young and pretty schoolteacher once asked her class for an original definition of the word "wife." "A wife is a rib," said one little girl. "Wives are guiding stars," said another. "A comforter," said a third. "An inspiration," said a fourth. Altogether the definitions were rather prosy and commonplace, but finally a child of eleven, smiling archly, said: "A wife is a person for a man to find fault with when things go wrong." "Good!" cried the pretty teacher, laughing. "Good! That is the best definition of all, the best, the truest!" But that afternoon on the way home from school the little girl whose definition had so pleased tripped demurely up to the teacher and said: "Are you going to marry that tall, handsome young man I see you with nearly every night?" "Yes," said the teacher. "Well, then, if my definition of a wife was true?" "Ah, but, dear, with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

The Horse's Power of Smell.

The horse will leave muddy hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning snuff or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the faintest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with conings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauseous mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whiff that her colt is really her own until she has a certain nasal certificate to the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity.—Horse and Stable.

Deceivers.

There is an old fellow who lives in a "dry" New England town who has a very poor opinion of New York, to which metropolis he recently made a visit. It may be remarked in passing that the old gentleman is one of the pillars of the church in his native village. Upon his return home he sat for some time upon a sugar barrel at the grocery and then suddenly burst out: "Them fellers down to New York is as bad as thieves! Cheat your eye-teeth out 'fore you know it!" "Gosh, Hiram! You don't mean to say you got bunked at your age?" the storekeeper demanded, dropping the nail tongs.

"Yes, I did, too!" was the angry reply. "I went to a sody water fountain an' asked the feller for his best sarsyprilla, an' I give him the regular wink."

Sharks and Divers.

Contrary to what is generally supposed, the fully equipped modern diver does not dread sharks in the depths, though there are cases on record where these monsters have bitten savagely at the air pipe, causing a serious leak and almost drowning the man before he could be hauled up. Sharks are, however, notoriously timid, and all the experienced diver has to do to frighten them away is to open one of the air valves in his dress and cause a stream of bubbles to rise up all around him, whereupon the "tiger of the deep" will make off in abject terror. A far more real danger is getting entangled.—St. Nicholas.

A Mixup.

The householder smothered his wrath and descended to the basement. "Are you the plumber?" he asked of the grimy looking individual who was tinkering with the pipes in the cellar. "Yes, gov'nor," answered the man. "Been long in the trade?" "Bout a year, gov'nor." "Ever make mistakes?" "Bless yer, no, gov'nor!" "Oh, then, I suppose it's all right! I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the chandelier in the drawing room is spraying like a fountain, and the bathroom tap's on fire!"—London Answers.

HEATING STOVES THAT HEAT.

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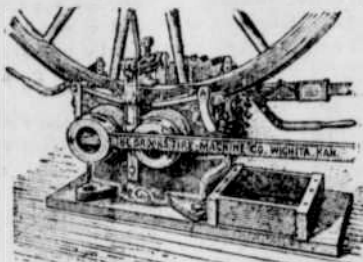
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Table with 2 columns: City and Fare. From Denver, \$30.00; From Louisville, \$41.70; Omaha, 30.00; Cincinnati, 42.20; Kansas City, 30.00; Cleveland, 44.75; St. Louis, 35.50; New York, 55.00; Chicago, 38.00.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, August 27, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that William A. Aitken, of Medford, Oregon, who, on August 27, 1903, made Timber Application No. 61022 for SE 1/4 of SE 1/4 Section 1, Township 33 South, Range 1 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Canon, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 14th day of November, 1903.

Claimant names as witnesses: William T. Grieve, Kate M. Grieve, Robert B. Vivent and Ervin McCall, all of Prospect, Oregon. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, September 14, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that Allie E. Kippel, of Jacksonville, Oregon, who, on September 14, 1903, made Timber Application No. 61273, for NE 1/4, Section 8, Township 33 South, Range 1 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Canon, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 14th day of December, 1903.

Claimant names as witnesses: William H. Egham, Durkin J. Van Dyke, Charles Shyman and Joseph Miller, all of Trall, Oregon. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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. F. BLUE, Gold Hill, Ore.

The Real Work. Client—How is my case coming on? Surely you've had time to look up the law? Attorney—Oh, that was easy. I've been putting in my time studying the technicalities.—San Francisco Call.