

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

VOL. 3

CENTRAL POINT, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1908.

NO. 30

Local and Personal

B. Vincent, of Sams valley, was in after supplies Monday.

Mrs. Frank Moe, of Ashland, visited Miss Mary Mee this week.

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

Earl Houck, of Los Angeles, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. S. C. Minnick.

FOR SALE—One first-class fresh Jersey cow by F. H. Hopkins, Central Point.

Mrs. Madge Wall, of Portland, is paying her mother, Mrs. S. E. Beal, a visit.

Remember the dates for Dr. Davis, the dentist, Central Point, November 9th to 14th.

Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning in the Masonic lodge room, opera house building, at 11:00 o'clock. All are invited to attend these services. Subject for Sunday, November 15th, "Mortals and Immortals."

When in Medford, go to the Emerick for your dinner. W. E. Johnson, proprietor.

A letter from Prof. A. J. Hanby, who now holds the position of principal of the Lakeview public schools, states that himself and Mrs. Hanby are delighted with their work at that place and like their new home very much.

November 9th to 14th is the next date for Dr. Davis, the dentist, in his Central Point office.

Toggery Bill is after you again this week telling you all about those Schloss clothes. Bill says that when you are out looking for clothes to try his store and you will be so well pleased that you will try, try again.

T. E. Daniels, the seller of "Duds" has a big, new ad in this issue telling of a lot of big bargains at his store from this date while they last. You would better look it up and read it. 7-11 has a lucky sound.

Miss Nellie Mulkey has opened a studio in Central Point for instruction in piano. Miss Mulkey received her education in music at the normal school at Monmouth, at Ashland and at the University of Oregon, her last year's study being with Miss Whiteside in Portland. Miss Mulkey can be found at the residence of Professor Cooper.

Clarence Grisham, the little boy who was bitten by a dog last week, is able to be at school again. Mr. George, whose dog was alleged to have bitten the boy, informs the Herald that he knows to a certainty that his dog was shut up at the time of the occurrence and that he is not the guilty animal. However, to avoid even the suspicion of keeping a cross dog, in the future, Mr. George has sent his dog to the country for the remainder of the winter.

Fred Kincaid, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kincaid, who live three and one-half miles north from here, was brought down from Ashland last Thursday and taken to his parents' home. Mr. Kincaid has been seriously ill for almost a year suffering from a form of spinal disease. He was taken to an Ashland hospital some six weeks ago for treatment and was at first given hopes that a cure could be effected. Later, however, his condition grew worse and the physicians pronounced his case hopeless. He was anxious to be brought home and it was at his earnest solicitation that the trip was undertaken. It is feared that the end may come at any time.

School Notes.

We notice quite an increase in enrollment this week. At present there are 29 pupils in the high school and a total of 268 in the school.

The school was favored by a visit from Mrs. Cooper and Miss Mulkey this week.

There is a general opinion among the pupils that they are going to receive a full nine months' school this year if no fire occurs to cause a delay.

Last Wednesday the school had a general cleaning. The paper, sticks and trash was gathered in piles and burned. It helped the general appearance and the yard is now in condition to receive the Fall rains.

The Debating Society gave their first program last Friday evening and every one was much pleased that heard it. The question for debate was light, but it brought the pupils to their feet, which is the hardest part of the ordeal. It was decided by the judges that Columbus was braver than Washington. The question chosen for the next debate is one of interest to every person in the state who is interested in education. The question is: "Resolved, That the Money of the State Should be Apportioned to the Schools in Proportion to the Number of Teachers Employed, Rather Than by the Census Enumeration."

Robnett's Coyote Story.

I. C. Robnett, the well-known merchant, has long been known to his friends as an inveterate story teller, but it is only recently that he has essayed to invade the field of Theodore Roosevelt and Ernest Seton-Thompson as a full fledged nature fakir.

"That reminds me," remarked Mr. Robnett the other day, after listening to the recital of a thrilling bear story from an up-river customer, "of the last time I went bear hunting on upper Rogue river. The weather was hot and dry and large game was scarce or hard to find. About the only living things that seemed plentiful were fleas—the woods and the dry grass and leaves were alive with them. I had been tramping over the hills for several hours and went down to the river to get a drink, and was resting beside a rock, when I heard a commotion a little way up stream and soon saw a big coyote frantically tearing around in a brush and trying to scratch himself with all four feet at once. He evidently had fleas. Finally he began to fill his mouth with grass and leaves until he was holding in his mouth a bunch as big as his own head. Then he began to back slowly into the water. Very slowly he moved backward, an inch at a time, until his entire body was submerged. Then his head went under, all but the tip of his nose; then his nose disappeared and he let go the bunch of grass, which floated on the surface. In a minute or two Mr. Coyote reappeared a couple of hundred feet down stream, swam ashore, and with a smile of satisfaction on his face and a backward glance at the floating bunch of grass, trotted off into the forest.

"I was curious," continued Mr. Robnett, "to find out what the performance all meant, so with a pole I drew the bunch of grass to the shore and by actual count there were 1,837,243 fleas on that bunch."

It is believed that this story was repeated in Medford last week and used as a campaign argument against the Condor company's water proposition at the water election. It must have required some mighty forceful argument, not hitherto made public, to account for that vote.

Medford's Water Election.

Medford held a city election last Thursday to settle the water question, the result being a decisive victory for the Fish Lake proposition. The council, at a special meeting that evening, instructed the city attorney to prepare a contract with Mr. Hamilton without delay so that work could be commenced at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Hamilton, representative of the Fish Lake company, has stated that no time will be lost in getting the pipeline and reservoir completed.

It is rumored that Dr. Ray, representing the Condor Water and Power Company, whose proposition was rejected by Medford, will go ahead with his project regardless of Medford and install a system designed for irrigating all of this section of the valley and to furnish Central Point with water. The Herald is not in a position to give authoritative information on this matter at the present time, but it is known that a large force of men are now engaged at the power plant at Gold Ray preparing to install an extensive addition to the plant.

A True Bear Story

W. O. Vaughn, an old resident of the upper Rogue, was in town a few days ago after his winter supplies. Mr. Vaughn related a bear story while in town for the truth of which he is willing to vouch. A neighbor of his set a bear trap near the bank of the Rogue and a few hours later heard a terrific rumbling being kicked up in that vicinity. He hurried to the spot, expecting to find a captive bear, but instead the trap was gone, with never a trace of which direction the pole and chain had been dragged. For more than an hour the trapper carefully searched the mountainside in the belief that he would find either the trap and pole or some sign of where it had been dragged. Finally he turned his attention to the river and after some trouble he fished the dead body of a big bear, chain, pole and all from a deep eddy in the river. The bear, when trapped had evidently picked the pole up under his "arm" and carried it to the river where he became entangled in the chain and drowned.

Dawson.

Levi Dawson, an old resident of this county, died at Talent on the 29th day of October, 1908, aged about 60 years. A widow, Mrs. Laura Dawson, of this city, three daughters, Mrs. Hattie Ragsdale, of Trail; Mrs. Irene Avery, of Roseburg, and Nellie Dawson, of this place; and two sons, Ira and Elmer, of this city, survive him.

The funeral was held October 30th, interment being in the Trail cemetery beside the remains of his little son, Jackie Dawson, who was buried there several years ago.

Central Point 12, Ashland 2.

The football season was opened here Sunday with a hot game between the local team and Ashland's crack eleven, resulting in an overwhelming victory for Central Point. Ashland promised in advance to hand the Pointers a lemon and they made good on the promise in the way of a referee whom they selected. That particular "lemon" was rotten, or, at least his decisions were so much so that he was removed by practically "unanimous consent" in the middle of the game and Vinton Beal was put in his place. Mr. Beal has a peculiar advantage over ordinary people for this position, being stone deaf, and no amount of kicking or rag chewing could budge him. His decisions were absolutely on the square and gave universal satisfaction.

As a matter of fact, Ashland didn't come within a mile of having a look-in at any stage of the game. While the two teams look to be very equally balanced as to weight, the Pointers were too husky by half for their opponents and the odds was always with them when forcing the pigskin towards their goal.

Culey, left guard for Ashland, had his nose broken and badly smashed early in the game and went home on the 3:00 P. M. train, and in the last rush and pile-up Bowers, who, by the way, is every inch a football player, sustained a couple of broken ribs. In addition to these, several other of the Ashland team received minor injuries, while the home team came through with hardly a scratch.

Following is the lineup and score:

| ASHLAND | CENTRAL POINT | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------|----------|
| Shible | e | Cornutt |
| Culey-Chaney | lg | Adamson |
| E. Shible | rg | Welch |
| Galbraith | lt | Beal |
| Shepard | rt | H. Peart |
| Bowers | le | Caton |
| Murphy | re | Virgin |
| Klum | qb | Ross |
| Howell | lh | B. Peart |
| Parker | rh | Clark |
| Stewart | fb | Magruder |
| Umpire, Grieve; referee, Beal. | | |
| Score, Ashland 2, Central Point 12. | | |

Table Rockets.

Mr. Collins and family are now living on their property recently purchased from Messrs. Wokoff and Shannon. We welcome them to our community.

Mr. A. W. Reid is in the Willamette valley looking for a location, but it is doubtful if he can improve on Jackson County.

Col. Washburn is having his orchard sprayed for the scale and other pests. The number of our residents who "knew all along that Bryan had no chance" have greatly increased since the election. They now outnumber the "I-told-you-sos."

The entertainment given by our Sunday School in Col. Washburn's warehouse last Friday evening was a great success in every particular. The audience was a large one, made up of our own residents and many from Sams Valley and Agate. The play was a good one and was well rendered and reflects much credit on Mr. F. A. Green, the author and stage manager, and on all who took part in it. The recitations by Miss Nellie Dugan and Miss Marie Nealon were well received and the acting by little "Teeters" took the cake. The characters in the play were taken by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Green, Misses Lillie Dugan, Hazel Byrum, Marie Nealon, Jessie Green, Isabelle Timmie, the Misses Adams, Kathrine Labon and Masters Cecil and Carl Adams, Guy and Willie Davis. After the play a lunch consisting of coffee and sandwiches was served, followed by select reading by Miss Mae Nealon and songs by the Sunday-school choir. The collection taken up amounted to \$9.05.

Palmer Family Buy Big Ranch

A report reached here Tuesday that Honore Palmer and his mother, Mrs. Potter Palmer, of the well-known millionaire Chicago family, have purchased the Bybee ranch on Rogue river, four miles northeast from Central Point. The place contains about 1200 acres and the price is said to be about \$38,000. No definite information of the future plans of the purchasers regarding the property has yet been given out, but it is expected that vast improvements will be made and it is quite probable that the property will be transformed into an elegant summer estate for the Palmer family. The location for such a purpose is an ideal one, there being several miles of river frontage through the property with magnificent groves of natural timber.

It will be noticed that most of the important sales now being made in the valley are in the Central Point section and straws show which way the wind is beginning to blow.

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The Telephone.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell is reported to have explained in a lecture how he came to invent the telephone as follows:

"My father invented a symbol by which deaf mutes could converse, and finally I invented an apparatus by which the vibrations of speech could be seen, and it turned out to be a telephone. It occurred to me to make a machine that would enable one to hear vibrations. I went to an aurist, and he advised me to take the human ear as my model. He supplied me with a dead man's ear, and with this ear I experimented, and upon applying the apparatus I found that the dead man's ear wrote down the vibrations.

"I arrived at the conclusion that if I could make iron vibrate on a dead man's ear I could make an instrument more delicate which would cause those vibrations to be heard and understood. I thought if I placed a delicate piece of steel over an electric magnet I could get a vibration, and thus the telephone was completed.

"The telephone arose from my attempts to teach the deaf to speak. It arose from my knowledge, not of electricity, but as a teacher of the deaf. Had I been an electrician I would not have attempted it."

Cocoanuts Make Good Fuel.

"Mue is rather a curious business," said a man who owns a small warehouse and shed down near London's docks. "I deal in cocoanut shells, and last year I sold more than 50,000 bags full of them as fuel.

"I buy thousands of cocoanut shells from stall keepers all over London, from confectioners, from cocoanut oil extractors, from market sweepers and others. I won't tell you the usual price, but sometimes I get them for nothing, for carting them away. In fact, I sell them at fourpence a bag, most of my customers being poor people, who mix them, when broken up, with 'slack' coal. But in scores of hotels and large houses a quantity is bought to be mixed with coals as fire lighters, for the immense amount of oil in cocoanut shells makes them take fire at once. Try it and see.

"I have rivals in the business in other parts of London, and some of the makers of patent fire lighters mix large quantities of the shells in their compositions."—London News.

Shameless.

Persons belonging to the higher walks of life are to be seen promenading in short jackets and chimney pot hats without the slightest symptom of awkwardness or shame.—London Tailor and Cutter.

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Chair Hitching.

"The chair hitcher," says a business man, "is the greatest nuisance that an office man is compelled to endure.

"The hitcher is always deeply interested in the matter he has come to talk over, and the more he talks the closer he draws his chair, and with every additional point he makes he gives his chair another hunch in your direction, and by the time he has fairly entered on his subject he has his feet on the rounds of your chair, his elbow on your desk and is dropping the ashes from his cigar on your coat sleeve. It would be just as easy for him to make his speech or preach his sermon three or four feet away, but he never learns that fact and damages his own cause by dragging his chair over your carpet and puffing his breath in your face.

"I know one office man in town who got so tired of having cigar ashes on his clothes and smoke poured into his face that he called a carpenter, took the rollers off one chair, placed it in a convenient position at the end of his desk, then had the man nail it to the floor. But it didn't do a particle of good. The first hitcher that came in was a big, strong 200 pounder, who began his talk and, growing earnest, just pulled the chair up by the roots, dragged it toward the desk and never noticed that anything was wrong."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Bogles" in Business.

The successful business man played with the quaint amulet suspended from his watch chain.

"You'd be surprised if you knew what a part superstition plays in business," he said. "I know two partners who are very lucky in their speculations. Well, they never made a single plunge without consulting a certain medium as to their chances of success.

"Another man once told me he had a 'familiar spirit' whom he consulted quite frequently and whose advice he had always found reliable.

"One of the most daring manipulators in stock has a fine tiger skin spread as a rug on his study floor. In an expansive moment he once informed a friend that not only did he seek advice from clairvoyants and spiritualists, but when about to carry out one of his bold schemes he would lie on his rug and stroke the paw to get 'influence,' though why and how this plan works I don't know."—London Throna.

Fortune displays our virtues and our vices as light makes all objects apparent.—La Rochefoucauld.

Old newspapers for sale at the Herald office. Bundle of twenty-five for 5 cents.

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Southern Pacific Company

Will be glad to supply some very attractive literature, describing in detail the many delights of winter in California. Very low round trip excursion tickets are on sale to California. The rate from Central Point to Los Angeles and return is \$47.60.

Limit six months, allowing stop-overs in either direction. Similar excursion rates are in effect to all California points.

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JUST RECEIVED

A Car of WINTER OATS

Cranfill & Robnett.