

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, PUBLISHER.

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EDITOR BENNETT AND THE "FOOL" PEOPLE.

The Optimist, published at The Dalles by that ever active and interesting person, "Old Man" Bennett, not only wants the legislature to elect a Republican and not Chamberlain to the senate, but he wants "the Republicans of the state to get together and decide that we have had about all the crazy legislation we can stand, and then wipe a lot of these fool laws off of the statute books." He says that unless this is done there will not only be a constant political turmoil, endangering Republican success, "but we will make such a name for Oregon that we will not get the settlers we are entitled to, and Oregon will not experience the growth that her sister states will. People will not settle in a state where cranks and fools are the lawmakers, and where the statutes are so framed that the majority is powerless to adopt needful legislation, and just as powerless to prevent fool laws from being adopted."

But it takes a majority to enact or defeat legislation now. And if the people of Oregon are "cranks and fools," wouldn't it be better for the minority to enact laws? But Brother Bennett does not desire the "crank and fool" people to have any such power. He holds them unfit for it, unworthy of it, and frankly says so. Has he considered that it is these same "cranks and fools" that elect members of the legislature and that these members are only just about average men, and so on his own reasoning are "cranks and fools" themselves? Besides that, it is possible to work a good deal of evil among and through a majority of only 90 men, whereas this is impossible with a majority of 100,000 men.

A legislature cannot repeal a constitutional amendment. And if it attempts to take the power from the people which they have secured, there will be a good deal worse "turmoil" than ever, and the chief victim of it will be the party of which Mr. Bennett is so ardent a champion. As to these laws keeping settlers from the state, with due respect for the ardently partisan editor of the Optimist, it is nonsense. This position that Oregon has taken in the matter of self-government will attract rather than repel settlers. Oregon people are no more "cranks and fools" than those of other states; rather they are more intelligent, progressive and consequently more politically independent. And there is little doubt that if they could get the proper machinery made and put into motion the people of most states would follow the example of Oregon.—Portland Journal.

As a rule Central Point has reason to be proud of her young men and boys because of the small amount of malicious mischief that is ever done in the town, such pranks being exceptions to the rule. From the complaint of a correspondent, it would appear that this exception has occurred in the case of certain pranks done at the Baptist church recently. Not only were the lanterns of old persons, who needed the light to get safely home, tampered with, but the Herald is informed that later the church was entered and other mischief done. It is said the parties are known and if further mischief is done there it is probable arrests will follow and the

offenders will be punished. The Herald is not given to preaching to anybody, but in this case it would like to remind these boys that such pranks are not real fun and that for the sake of the good name of the town they should be forever discontinued before they lead to something worse and get somebody into serious trouble. Pranks that cause other people annoyance and inconvenience are not good fun and it is unwise for any of our boys to get into such habits.

Uncle Sam is becoming a crusty curmudgeon in his old days. Formerly he delivered letters addressed to Santa Claus by the little people. But now he has stopped all that, and says letters addressed to Santa Claus must go to the dead letter office. It looks like a small piece of business to the Notes—probably a case of another official wanting to show his importance or his authority merely by doing something differently from what it had been done in the past—Canonsburg Notes.

A Querer Test. The grocer said to the applicant: "Your references are good. Show me your style of weighing out five pounds of sugar. There's the scales." The applicant wreathed his face in the amiable smile all salesmen wear and weighed out the sugar with dispatch and accuracy. He put on too little sugar at first; he added gently a full half pound before the scale balanced. "You'll do," said the grocer. "You understand the scale trick. It is plain that you learned your trade in the thorough old school way." "Yes, sir," the other answered. "I learned in the country, and almost my first lesson was that in weighing. You must add, add, add, till the beam tips, because all that adding pleases the customer—seems to him almost like a gift. But if, on the contrary, you subtract from the quantity on the scale the customer is affected in the opposite way—you seem to be robbing him. He goes away convinced that you are a stingy cheat."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Beaten at His Own Game. "A few days since," relates a solicitor, "as I was sitting with my friend D. in his office a man came in and said: 'Mr. W., the livery stable keeper tricked me shamefully yesterday, and I want to be even with him.' 'State your case,' said D. 'I asked him how much he'd charge me for a horse to go to Richmond. He said half a sovereign. I took the horse, and when I came back he said he wanted another half sovereign for coming back and made me pay it.' 'D. gave his client some legal advice, which he immediately acted upon, as follows: He went to the livery stable keeper and said, 'How much will you charge for a horse to Windsor?' 'The man replied, 'A sovereign.' 'Client accordingly went to Windsor, came back by rail and went to the livery stable keeper, saying: 'Here is your money,' paying him a sovereign. 'Where is my horse?' said W. 'He's at Windsor,' answered the client. 'I hired him only to go to Windsor.'"—Person's Weekly.

A Wide Range. When the surgeon who happened to be spending a night at Bushby Inn had set the broken leg of the weather-beaten stranger who was the chief victim of an automobile accident the patient looked up at him anxiously. "See here, doc," he said in a husky voice, "I haven't got much of any money. Would you take out your fee in trade?" "Yes, I guess so," said the surgeon cheerfully. "What is your trade?" "Well, I've got a number of things I can do soon as I'm on my feet again," said the patient. "I can hang window blinds, or I can put on lightning rods, or I can play the cornet, and I can do 'em all first rate, if I'm the one to say it, doc."—Youth's Companion.

Women Oyster Gatherers. The work of oyster collecting and culture is most unsuitable for women, but in France, owing to its tedious nature, it does not appeal to men. Often from an early hour in the morning till late into the evening the women are standing up to their knees in water, with a strong sun beating down on them. The result is that never a year passes without some of them going mad and having to be hurried away to the asylums. The work is well paid, as, indeed, it ought to be, while in the case of the few who own beds the profits are large, and small fortunes are quickly amassed.

Jessie. It is related that when the young man who afterward became General Fremont ran away with and married Jessie, Tom Benton, the great senator, made terrible threats of what he would do to the young man. He would give him roasts and bullets, and so on. To all of which Mrs. Benton quietly remarked, "You had better give him Jessie, my dear."

The Proving.

By GRANT OWEN.

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"I don't just know how to explain it," said Margaret West. She turned her eyes from the cool, blue stretches of the lake and looked thoughtfully at Graham, who, perched on the rail of the boathouse, was absently pulling at the fingers of the gauntlets in his hands. The young man stiffened, and a slow smile, in which there was a hint of grimace, curved the corners of his mouth. "I rather think I understand," he said quietly. "You are disappointed in me, isn't that it?" She was silent for a moment. "Yes, that is it," she said at length, and at something in her voice his face hardened. "Then you wanted me to enter that road race Thursday?" he asked. "Yes," she said simply. "And because I won't?" She turned to him quickly. "It isn't that I'm tremendously interested in that race," she interrupted him, "nor that I care a snap whether or not you win it. The point is—the point is—"

She paused; her brows drew together in a little frown; her fingers toyed nervously with a bit of wisteria she had broken from the vine that covered the porch. "I wanted you to be in it—to go over the course. That would be sufficient," she finished. "I see," he said. "You wanted me to disprove these stories that are going the rounds about my lack of nerve. Is that it?" "Yes," she said again. He drew himself up. His shoulders were squared. His attitude was that of a man summoning to his aid all his moral courage. "The stories they have told you are quite correct," he said, somewhat huskily. "Oh!" she said, and in her voice there was something of pain and something, too, of weariness, as if she had been expecting this very thing and yet was unwilling, even in her preparedness, to bear it. "They are perfectly right in what they say of me," he went on calmly. "I have lost my nerve. There's nothing would tempt me to take up road racing again."

"Nothing," she questioned. "Nothing," he repeated inexorably. "I am not in the habit of offering an explanation nor any excuses for my position in the matter. But I would like you to know the circumstances. Would you care to listen to them?" "If you choose to tell me," she said dully. "You remember that race three years ago over the Meadow Island course?" said he. "Well, it was then it happened. Stanley was with me. He and I had a good lead. We were tearing past the curve at the old church, letting out the car for all there was in her. As we swung that turn I saw a child just in front of us not twenty feet away, it seemed. "How she got past the ropes that held the crowd back I can't say, but there she was right in the course and not a ghost of a show apparently of escaping us. I don't know to this day what saved her. I only know there was a great gasping sigh from Stanley and a groan from the crowd. I tried to swing out for her, but there was so little time. Anyway, it was some sort of a special Providence that saved her. We shot past her, so close that I shut my eyes."

The girl saw a nervous tremor shake the big shoulders. Her eyes narrowed. "But the child wasn't hurt, you say?" she asked. "Not in the least. But those few seconds were enough for me. I couldn't stand them again. That is why I am out of the game—a quitter, if you choose to put it that way." The girl said nothing. She sat looking out at the sparkling lake with troubled eyes. "At length Graham arose. "I don't blame you in the least for thinking of me as you do," said he, "nor for being disappointed. Good-by." He slid from the rail and went down the steps to the big road car standing in the driveway. He had pulled on his gauntlets and was just climbing into the car when around the corner of the boathouse came a wild-eyed, disheveled gardener from one of the houses down the street. "Mr. Graham, sir," he panted, "will you gettin' the doctor, quick! Tim Conley's fell from the stagin' an' he's hurted bad, sir. 'Tis dead he'll be in ten minutes if the doctor's not fetched before that. Hurry! For God's sake, hurry!"

"I'll have him here in five," Graham called, and opened up the big car. It sprang forward like a thing alive and went tearing down the driveway in a great cloud of dust. Margaret, who had run to the edge of the veranda, saw him swing into the roadway beyond, and the drifting dust which rose high above the poplars told of the terrific pace he was setting. It was four minutes later, after a nervous pacing of the veranda, that she heard the whir of the approaching car again. She ran down the steps and hurried along the drive to the roadway. Up the hill, with honking horns, came a dull, black streak. She could see Graham bending low over

the steering wheel and the doctor, hatless and begrimed with dust, clinging desperately to the seat beside him. Then out of the crossroad just below where she stood and directly in the path of the coming cyclone came a rattling farm wagon, driven by old Mrs. Clark, who was as deaf as a post. The girl covered her eyes and screamed. There were a wild yell, the sound of splintered wood and a terrific grinding crash.

When Margaret looked again the wagon alone was in the road. The automobile, turned on its side, lay against the shattered fence. In the field beyond lay two huddled figures. In a moment the girl was running in that direction with all the speed she could summon. As she reached the scene of the accident one of the two figures scrambled limply to his feet. The other painfully propped itself upon an elbow. Then she saw that the man who stood erect was the doctor. Even as she came running into the field she heard Graham's voice, rather faint, it is true, but perfectly calm. "How badly are you hurt, doc?" it inquired. "Only a bit," was the response, "a few bruises and a scratch or two." "Then get up to the Copley place as fast as you can."

"But you?" the doctor demurred. "I'm all right. Never mind me. I'll be fresh as a lark when you get back. Hurry on now." Margaret ran to his side and, kneeling down, began to wipe the blood from his face. Already the doctor was making a hurried examination, while Graham fumed and fretted and bade him hurry to Tim Conley. "Hurry!" said the doctor at length. "Pretty badly smashed up, but we're lucky, both of us, to get out of it as well as we did. Talk about your nerve! By Jove, the way he swung that car out of the way was magnificent. Never a thought for himself nor me either, I'm convinced," he ended.

He pulled a roll of bandages from his case and handed them to the girl. "Just do up his head and stop the flow of blood as best you can, if you will, Miss West," he commanded. "I'll go up to Copley's and fix Tim up. Then I'll come back here and set Graham's fractures." He went limping up the road, and the girl bent closer to Graham. "It was splendid!" she cried, her eyes shining. "That!" said Graham. "Oh, that was nothing. I had to do that, you see. It was a question of killing the old lady or getting a bit banged up myself."

Her face was very close to his. Something warm and moist-struck his cheek. "Those wicked stories they told about you"—she began. "They're true," he declared. "I have lost my nerve. I couldn't go into a road race to save my life. This was different you see. This was something that had to be done." Two warm lips were pressed to his grimy, blood-stained forehead. "Had to be done!" she repeated meaningly. "Oh, you delicious temptress!" The doctor, limping back a few moments later, discreetly screened himself behind a tree. "There are times it is better to wait before reducing fractures," he meditated.

Good Cough Medicine for Children. The season for coughs and colds is now at hand and too much care cannot be used to protect the children. A child is much more likely to contract diphtheria or scarlet fever when he has a cold. The quicker you cure his cold the less the risk. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the sole reliance of many mothers, and few of those who have tried it are willing to use any other. Mrs. F. F. Starcher, of Ripley, W. Va., says: "I have never used anything other than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for my children and it has always given good satisfaction." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult. For sale by Mary A. Mee.

J. L. Campbell, editor of the Glendale News and manager of the football team of his town, was here Christmas day helping his team to put up the game of their lives in their tangle with the Central Pointers.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY. Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough. This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents. Sold by Mary A. Mee.

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The best time to select your Holiday Goods is right now before the lines have been broken. We have just opened an elegant line of these goods for your inspection, including

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CENTRAL POINT LODGE NO. 193 I. O. 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.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, December 5, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Blanche L. Smith, of Medford, Oregon, who, on October 22, 1908, made Timber Application, No. 01960, for 8 1/2 of NW 1/4, NW 1/4 of SW 1/4, NW 1/4 of SW 1/4, Section 26, 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 W. H. Canon, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 4th day of March, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: Carl E. Webster, Thomas C. Norris, Joseph T. Gagnon and Francis A. Smith, all of Medford, Oregon. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. ROSEBURG, OREGON, May 2, 1908. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, William Fletcher Parker, of Portland, county of Multnomah, State of Oregon, filed in this office on April 28, 1908, his sworn statement, No. 10067, for the purchase of the South-west one-quarter (SW 1/4) of Section No. 14, in Township No. 33 South, Range No. 4 West, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office, at Roseburg, Oregon, on Thursday, the 7th day of January, 1909. He names as witnesses: William McGuirk, James Hart and Thomas Leonard, of Portland, Oregon, and George Pease of Placer, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 7th day of January, 1909. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, October 21, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Isaac J. Stacey, of Medford, Oregon, who, on October 22, 1908, made Timber Application, No. 01960, for E 1/2 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4 and NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 18, Township 34 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 12th day of January, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: George W. Stacey, of Beagle, Oregon; William Scott, of Central Point, Oregon; William Peterson, of Beagle, Oregon, and George Lindley, of Medford, Oregon. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. In the County Court of Oregon, for Jackson County. In the matter of the estate of Joseph Wilson, Sr., deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executrix of the estate of Joseph Wilson, Sr., deceased, in the above entitled court her final account of her doings as such executrix and the said court has fixed Tuesday, December 29, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time for the final hearing of said final account. All persons interested are notified to make or file their objections to said final account, if any they have, in said court on or before said time, December 29, 1908. MARY ANN GRIBBLE, Executrix of the estate of Joseph Wilson, Sr., deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, October 31, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Anna M. Smith, of Medford, Oregon, who, on October 30, 1908, made Timber Entry, No. 02072, for SE 1/4 NE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 NE 1/4 and Lot 2, Section 2, Township 34 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 28th day of January, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas C. Norris, Joseph T. Gagnon, Francis A. Smith and R. W. Gray, all of Medford, Oregon. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, December 17, 1908. Notice is hereby given that James Davies, of Trail, Oregon, who, on January 15, 1908, made Homestead Entry, No. 33225, for South East 1/4, Section 5, 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 W. H. Canon, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 14th day of March, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: John J. Wintemuth, John W. Miller, John Byron Dunken and Alfred Morison, all of Trail, Oregon. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.