

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, PUBLISHER.

AN INDEPENDENT local newspaper devoted to the interests of Central Point and the Rogue River Valley.

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SHOULD REVISE CITY LAWS.

While the recent slight mixup in the water bond matter which makes necessary the calling of a special election and the re-submission of the bonding proposition to the people, with the consequent delay and expense this is bound to entail, is by no means the fault of any official or individual it serves to emphasize the fact which has been before pointed out by this newspaper that the city council should employ a competent attorney at once to codify and overhaul the charter and ordinances and get them in such shape that they may be at once get-at-able and understandable, when the occasion to consult them arises.

Charters and city ordinances are of considerable importance sometimes and it is often a matter of much importance that they shall be correct and in harmony with the state laws and with each other. Many cities and towns have been mulched for heavy damages because of some loosely drawn or obsolete ordinance and there is good reason to suspect that Central Point has a number of such. It is poor economy to try save money at the cost of being wrong when the supreme test comes and money expended to insure system and accuracy in the management of public affairs is always well spent.

WARM WEATHER CLEANLINESS.

At a recent pure food convention held in an eastern city there were promulgated a short chapter of "Don'ts," which apply as specifically to one section of the country as to another:

Don't buy milk unless you are sure that it is clean.

Don't leave the milk bottle uncovered.

Don't rescue dying flies from the milk and then use the milk.

Don't forget that disease germs do not grow in cold milk.

Dirt, dust and flies are the means by which germs get into milk.

The main diseases which may be spread by milk are typhoid fever, tuberculosis, scarlet fever and summer complaint.

When warm weather comes it is well worth while to observe the foregoing advice not alone from the standpoint of health but from that of cleanliness which we are told is considered as being next to godliness.

The political whirligig is a funny machine. Only two or three weeks ago Madero was a rebel chief carrying on a bitter warfare against the established government of his country. Today he is commander-in-chief of the federal armies of that same country conducting a bitter warfare against a handful of rebels who are still in arms against the same government and strange to say the handful of rebels licked Madero's army the other day just as his handful licked the Diaz troops a few months ago. What is the difference between a rebel of last month and a rebel this week?

Mail Tribune Puts on Frills.

Just to show that it is a really up-to-date daily newspaper, which fact is daily demonstrated anyway, the Medford Mail-Tribune has had a big electric sign placed on top of its new building so that those who run or walk, or jog or jagg by night time may see it. Good luck to the tribune.

FOR SALE.

Good, new 6-room cottage, with two good lots (110x140) in excellent location, with fine view of city, valley and mountains. Reasonable. Enquire of W. C. Owen at Cranfill & Robnett's store.

Don't forget the big sale at Ward's store Saturday afternoon.

FAIRIES OF TODAY.

Deacon Pegram Loses Out on Lulu's Request.

HUCKLEBERRY SAM A WINNER

Dazzling Transformation Scene at His Home Because He Was Good to the Fairy—Luck of the Woman at the Aviation Grounds.

By M. QUAD.

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THE name of the fairy was Lulu. She had been sent out disguised as an old woman, and she looked to be eighty years old, and she walked with two canes and had no teeth. It was enough to melt a heart of cast steel to see her making her way slowly along a dusty highway with the hot sun beating down upon her poor old head. By and by, as she stopped for a moment to rest her palsied limbs, Deacon Pegram came along with his team and stopped to hail her with:

"Well, grandma, whither bound?"

"To Huckleberry Corners, kind sir," she replied.

"I live there, and I can tell you we don't want any more paupers around us."

"I am old and poor, but I hoped to find some one with a soft heart."

"You won't find 'em at Huckleberry Corners. Better turn off here for Oyster Bay."

"Kind sir," continued Lulu, "have you an old mother?"

"Nope. After she got to be sixty she had sense enough to hang herself on a crab apple tree."

"If you would let me live with you I'd eat nothing but potato peelings,

and I am still strong enough to sew carpet rags."

"We've none to sew, and I want the peelings for my hogs."

"I would sleep in the henhouse if you said so."

"But that would keep the hens awake, and they would not lay next day."

"But I was told to go to Huckleberry Corners, and will you let me ride with you?"

"Yes, for a quarter. I'm not totting old women around the country for the fun of the thing. Hand over the dough and you come along."

"Kind sir, if I hang myself will you see that my grave is kept green?"

"Not by a jugful. I've enough to do in my corral without looking after graves. You should have saved your money in your youthful days, instead of going to the theaters, and you could have had five or six green graves now."

She Meets a Genuine Huckleberry.

With that he drove on and Lulu sat down on a stone and fell to weeping. Her tears were falling fast and the sole of one of her shoes was working loose when she heard a cheery voice addressing her with:

"Hello, mother! What's the matter here?"

It was Sam Smith, also of Huckleberry Corners. He was a poor man, but he was the only real huckleberry on the bush. His last cow had just died of hollow horn.

"Kind sir," said the fairy, "I'm a poor old woman."

"I guess that's straight, but don't feel bad about it," he cheerfully replied. "We are all bound to get there in time. What can I do for you?"

"I want to get to Huckleberry Corners before I die. I want to see the huckleberries from which hotel pies are made. I want to find some person so kind hearted that he will let me sleep in the barn and live on the fish-bones thrown out."

"I'm your clothespin," was the hearty reply of the man, "only you shall have the best bed in the house and custard pie every night for supper. Here you go."

And he swung her over his shoulder and was trotting along when Lulu waved her hand and an auto (name of maker concealed) rushed up and they were borne away in it. They arrived at Sam Smith's shanty to find it changed into a villa.

Sam had left his wife dressed in calico. He now found her in silks, with a \$20,000 pearl necklace twisted seven times around her neck. It was one that had been smuggled through. There were forty servants, a barouf of horses, a wine cellar, a mahogany pecker to be and twenty-two eight-day clocks. The White House looked like 15 cents by comparison. Sam had left five ragged children behind him. Now as the auto drew up seventeen hand-

some and richly dressed kids rushed forward and called him pop.

"Mr. Smith, please unload the gold, will you?" said Lulu. And she handed him bag after bag until the coal cellar was filled chock-a-block. Then she said:

"Kind sir, I have arranged for you to be elected to the United States senate and to be president later on if you wish to, and from this date on there will be no necessity for you to keep one night corn cure in the house. You were kind to an old woman, and this is your reward. If the tariff isn't revised downward bolt the ticket again in 1912."

Deacon Pegram Gets the Kibosh.

And as to Deacon Pegram—before he got home one of his horses was turned into a jackass and the other into a blind cow. He found that his wife had turned into a cross-eyed woman, his two children had the measles and a cyclone had taken the roof off his barn. His hens began to die off, his vinegar barrel leaked, his dog ran away, and lightning struck his windmill and shivered it all to splinters. As a last calamity he ran for the legislature, and the avalanche was so deep over his head that they didn't think it would pay to dig him out.

On another occasion another old woman was hanging around the aviation grounds to see the flying from the outside. No; she had no cash for a grand stand seat. No matter how rich she had been in other days, she was on her uppers now. As she walked around among the thistles and myrwoods and now and then applied her eye to a knothole in the fence she took from her pocket a moldy crust of bread and began to chew on it with one tooth she had left. As she chewed she wept, and as she wept she wept a proud and pompous millionaire, on his way to the grounds to buy ten reserved seats, approached her and said:

"Old woman, I object to your tears."

"But they are tears of sorrow, kind sir," she replied.

"I also object to that crust."

"But it is my sole fall and winter's stock of provisions."

"I likewise object to your tooth."

"But it is the only one I have. You surely can't begrudge a poor old woman one tooth."

"But I do, and you must get off the earth."

Fairy No. 2 Gets the Goods.

She could have done so in a flying machine. But, alas, how was she to procure one? She had turned away to sob when a young man rushed up with words of sympathy. He was working on a salary of \$11 per, but she should go inside if she wanted to. She should also have secondhand teeth and fresh bread and if there was a room at the Waldorf to suit her she should have it. He was no old woman himself, but he could feel for a dozen of them at a time.

And then the old woman plucked a thistle head and blew down into the air, and behold, the rich man and the poor man had changed places, and, dressed in the most gorgeous raiment, she was walking into the grounds on the arm of the young man, and they got in just in time to see one of the aviators come down with a thump and hear him explain that the most modest old maid or the most timid man willner incurred not the slightest risk in going a mile high.

As for the rich man who got the kibosh—he sits in the parks now and can't strike a job, and the young man with the scads has gone to Europe to purchase his eighth automobile and order another cargo of champagne.

The Ready Talker.

Patience—She's talking of getting a divorce.

Patrice—What! Again?

"Why, did she ever have one before?"

"No, but she's talked about it before."—Yonkers Statesman.

Trump!

I'm content with my lot, though obscure be my name.

E'en though my fortune be small, For the higher a man climbs the ladder of fame

The farther he has to fall. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Quite So.

"Mrs. Comeup's conversation is perfectly killing."

"In what way?"

"The way she murders the king's English."—Pittsburg Post.

Producing the Quaver.

There was a young lady named Lil, Who could sing, but she never could trill

Till, while singing an aria,

She caught the malaria—

With a chill Lil can trill fit to kill. —Cleveland Leader.

His Only Protection.

Stub—Who is the gentleman with the ear protectors? Is he a football player?

Penn—No; complaint clerk in the gas office.—Chicago News.

Impossible.

Mary had a little hat—

But there! I'm really grieved.

There's no use finishing the poem.

It will not be believed. —Harper's Bazar.

Its Paradoxical Aspect.

"Don't you think much thought should be given to the drink business?"

"Yes. Much sober thought."—Baltimore American.

Wandering.

I have to wear an evening suit.

Unless I do it won't content 'em.

The women say I must, and so

I wonder where it is they rent 'em. —Detroit Free Press.

An Expectation.

Barber—Have anything on your face when I get through, sir?

Victim—Some skin and a nose, I hope.—Boston Transcript.

PROFESSIONAL

Drs. Anderson & Pollnitz

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

Office second floor Hotel Building, Corner Third and Pine Streets, Phones: Bear Creek, Table Rock, Trail Creek Willow Springs—each XX5

CENTRAL POINT - - - - - OREGON

DR. H. P. HARGRAVE

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office over First National Bank

Medford - - - - - Oregon

DR. E. DAVIS,

DENTIST.

Practical, Modern Dentistry at Live and Let Live Prices

Office in Rostel Building

Central Point - - - - - Oregon

PAUL F. KLEIN

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Conservatory Graduate

Piano tuning a specialty

INQUIRE AT HOTEL DUNLAP

John Carkin, attorney-at-law

office over Jackson County Bank, Medford, Oregon.



AT BED TIME

The little people are usually afraid of the dark, and a light bed room gives them confidence.

But a bed room lighted by open flame methods takes away from the secure feeling of the parents.

Use electricity for light and there will be no danger of fire to the tiny ones.

They can turn it off and on without danger. Send for the man NOW.

Rogue River Electric Co.

WOMEN IMPROVING TOWN.

Rendering Great Service in the Betterment of Walla Walla, Wash.

The Woman's Park club of Walla Walla, Wash., is giving a fine demonstration of the service that women may render in behalf of civic improvement.

Of course the women's clubs which are devoted to educational and musical interests occupy an important place among the organizations that work for the highest welfare of the community, but there is also room for societies of women with purposes like that of the park club.

Many distinguished women have urged their sex to show at least as much interest in civic improvement as in self culture. A large number of clubs throughout the country devote their attention to specific work for their towns, and more would do so if they knew how to make a beginning.

The Walla Walla women are to build a children's summer house, with a rest room for mothers who come to the park with their children, toilet rooms and an open apartment for use as a summer nursery. The club will also put more benches on the lake, lay out tennis and croquet courts and hire an instructor to lead the children in their games and teach them the use of the equipment.

This is an enterprise of great worth, and the women of the park club should receive full credit for the good they are doing. It has not been easy work. The last \$300 was earned by running a restaurant during the fair week.

News to Him.

"When I was in Europe this summer," said Gayman, trying to entertain the minister, "I got quite interested in some of them old churches."

"Indeed!" replied Rev. Mr. Gassaway. "I suppose you know St. Paul's in London?"

"No. You don't tell me? What hotel's he stopping at?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Silencing Complaints.

The town complains at noisy carts And milkmen rattling far and near, At all night locomotive shrieks

That rend the peaceful atmosphere.

It threatens serenity and peace And hinders to demand relief

When rage with apples loudly blends.

But when the heavens sundered are And thunder in their anger speak,

Behold, the people bear up well! Behold, how patient and how meek!

—Buffalo Express.

Something More in Demand.

"Miss Oldgirl has volunteered to sell kisses."

"Well?"

"You are hereby designated to persuade her to sell fancy work instead. We must positively make some money out of this fair."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Central Point Pharmacy advertisement listing various medicines, books, and jewelry, with contact information for Mary A. Mee.

Hathaway & Scott advertisement for contractors and builders, offering plans and estimates for various buildings.

Advertisement for diamonds and watches, featuring a complete stock of fine jewelry and watches.

Advertisement for Henry Farnum, an architect and builder, offering services for building and renovation.

Advertisement for W. A. Cowley, Central Point Townsite Co., offering town lots for sale.

Advertisement for Rogue River Valley Nursery Co., offering a full and complete line of nursery stock.

Advertisement for Fresh Confections, offering a variety of candies and sweets, with contact information for G. S. Moore.