

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, PUBLISHER.

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COMMERCIAL SALVATION COMES HIGH.

According to statistics recently compiled by Billy Sunday, who, perhaps because of a previous spotlight-advertising record gained as a professional baseball player, is considered an authority as a commercial revivalist, it costs more to save a soul in Indianapolis than in any other city in the country. The quotation for the Hoosier capital is \$620 per soul and the market is bullish. Hoosiers are much given to reading Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll, and skepticism is rife. In Atlanta, Ga., on the other hand, a soul can be recovered for \$75, which is the lowest quotation now prevailing in any of the big cities of the country. Despite the dangers attendant upon life in the metropolis, the people are unregenerate and it costs \$545 per head so deliver souls f. o. b. New York to heaven. A Chicagoan can get a pair of wings for \$395. In Boston a sinner can be saved for \$450.

No figures are given for San Francisco, or any other Pacific coast point, and if Mr. Sunday would take the trouble to get figures from Brother Johnson, who introduced Central Point to the first real thriller in the commercial revival game, and will publish the figures, this city might break the record in that line as it has in Winter Nellis pears and Newton apples.

THE PRIVATE DRINKING CUP.

The Salem Daily Journal is not so far wrong in the following editorial:

All drinking cups on the Oregon Electric and the Southern Pacific have been abolished by act of the legislature.

There are the same old ice water tanks with a spigot, but you are supposed to furnish your own individual cup or bottle.

A great many people are observed to carry a bottle and take a swig out of it occasionally in the train—not always water.

The train agents go through and sell individual drinking cups, sanitary affairs, made by the Standard Oil company, at ten cents each.

It is interesting to watch some poor woman with a bunch of children, and the children crying for water, and no way to get a drink.

Yesterday on the train an old farmer turned up the brim of his old felt hat and got a little water to drink in that sanitary way.

Oregon is afflicted with a lot of professional sanitary junk in the way of salaried officials and health boards.

It is a crime for any one to furnish a tin cup at a spring or a watering trough that will be used as a public drinking cup.

In the meantime public drinking fountains are installed in all the school houses, and churches will soon have them.

Soon it will be a crime to let your horse drink at a public fountain or to water your cow at the creek.

It all means big bills for official, big grafts for the manufacturers of the patent fountains, more salaries for inspectors.

OYSTERS, OYSTERS—Our customers demand the best. That's why we carry a supply of "Seal-Ship" fresh oysters—big, fat and delicious. Not a half dozen byvalves in a quart of liquor, but solid oysters—your money's worth. Ask about them. W. D. LEWIS & SONS.

Some kraut in bulk at the Quality store.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has been elected to the council of the English Society of Women Journalists.

Mrs. Ava Willing Astor will not return to America this season. She engaged a house at North Berwick, London, for the autumn golfing season and will entertain large house parties.

Miss Anna Willis Williams, the original "Miss Liberty," whose profile adorns the silver dollar, has been for the last twelve years at the head of the kindergarten system of Philadelphia, her native city.

Miss Olive Conger has been admitted to practice in the supreme court of the District of Columbia. She has been employed in the customs division in the treasury department and was graduated last May from the Washington Law college.

Mrs. Qvam, president of the Norwegian Woman Suffrage association and of the Norwegian Women's Sanitary association, has just been decorated by the king of Norway with a gold medal. This honor was bestowed on Mrs. Qvam because of her services in working against tuberculosis.

The Writers.

Booth Tarkington in his student days at Princeton had a decided gift for sketching and usually illustrated what he wrote.

Robert W. Chambers began his career as a draftsman and painter, studying art in New York and at Julien's academy in Paris.

Ray Stannard Baker has recently moved from East Lansing, Mich., to Amherst, Mass. He does his writing in Amherst, but goes to his office in New York at regular intervals of about a week.

Charles Battell Loomis, the humorist, studied drawing at the Brooklyn institute along with Gibson, Wenzell, Remington and Peter Newell and at one time under an assumed name gave a musical chair talk as a vaudeville act.

Political Coups.

There's no doubt that the water in the political swimming hole is warm enough, but the trouble is it's over the average statesman's head.—Washington Post.

The old fashioned man who would rather be right than president has been superseded by several men who would rather be president than anything else in the wide world.—Albany Journal.

Campaigns will not seem natural in New York any more. Mayor Gaynor announces that he will not permit political banners to be stretched across the street.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Pert Personal.

Edison, departing for Europe, said he expected to live 150 years. We're willing.—Troy Press.

We'd like to know when Artist Frederick Pinney Earle gets any time to paint pictures.—Detroit Free Press.

It was an occasion worthy of the historical painter when Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan had to sit up all night to save the country.—Providence Journal.

Judging from the price the Pittsburgh team paid for him, this man O'Toole must be the pitcher who struck out "Casey at the bat."—Denver Republican.

Current Comment.

There seems to be in England a greater necessity for more rich American wives than for more poets.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Perhaps it is a mere accident that the fortification of the Panama canal should begin at the Pacific end.—Springfield Republican.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says old age is a natural condition. It beats all how much the doctors are finding out lately.—Waterbury Republican.

Industrial Items.

The demand for gutta percha is sixty times that of the supply.

The oil product of the United States is now several times that of the entire world seven years ago.

India has a new factory law which limits adults' work to twelve hours and children's to six hours a day.

The number of women employed in manufactures and trades in Germany is 9,400,000; in Austria, 5,000,000; in England, 5,300,000.

Short Stories.

Steel was in use in 962 B. C. Chinese people rarely eat beef. Pulleys were first made in 518 B. C. Sweden and Denmark have no soldiers who cannot read and write. In Russia's army 70 per cent of the men are illiterate.

Stage route from New York to Boston was opened in 1732. The Journey to the Hub from New York then consumed fourteen days.

English Etchings.

In July eighty two years ago the first London omnibus, or "shillibee," was run.

In England there are now more than 2,000 picture theaters, of which London possesses 300.

In the reign of Henry VIII the general price for the letting of land was a shilling an acre.

England has the honor of first making cruelty to animals a distinct subject of public attention by legislation enacted in 1843.

SIRENS AND SONS.

Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, has been made a member of the French Academy of Sciences.

Sir Edward Elgar, the famous composer, is an ardent naturalist and at one time made a hobby of making and flying kites.

One of the oldest military officers in the world is General Charles D'Aguiar of the British army, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday anniversary.

Maitre Labori, who has just been elected leader of the Paris bar, took a commanding part in the second Dreyfus trial at Rennes. He is a pleader of great force and possesses a style that is dignified and irresistible.

Rev. Augustus Orlebar, M. A., vicar of Willington, Bedfordshire, England, the original of Tom Brown in the fight so graphically described in "Tom Brown's School Days," recently celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday.

T. P. O'Connor says that Lord Curzon always reminds him of Rostand's Chantecler. The old rhyme attests that the present ex-proconsul impressed his school and university mates the same way. "I am George Nathaniel Curzon," it ran. "I am a very superior person."

Dr. Abraham Jacob of New York, who recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday, has been elected president of the American Medical Association. He was born in Westphalia, Germany, in 1830, and at the age of twenty-one received his degree as doctor of medicine.

Town Topics.

Uncle Sam kindly picks up and replaces the "H" Pittsburgh dropped so long ago.—Chicago Tribune.

They've started a new subway over in New York, with the taxpayers doing most of the digging.—Washington Post.

It is up to Kansas City to explain why one out of every three marriages in that town during the last year was a failure.—Chicago Tribune.

A half spoonful of Boston Ice cream has been found to contain 55,000,000 bacteria, which may account for some of the peculiarities of Boston people.—Cleveland Leader.

The Royal Box.

The queen of Spain is conducting a campaign against the promiscuous kissing of children.

The king of Spain's full name is Alfonso Leon Fernando Maria Santiago Isidoro Pabscal Marcan.

George V. was crowned without the assistance of the poet laureate, as no official coronation ode was written.

The Duchess of Albany is said to be the best whist player among the members of the English royal family. So far as cards are concerned, whist is the favorite royal recreation.

Tales of Cities.

Boston eats more spaghetti than any other American city.

After London, Glasgow has the biggest population of any city in the United Kingdom.

Montreal is to have a ten story hotel, which will be the first building to be erected in that city wholly of marble.

Atlantic City was incorporated in 1854, the year when the first passenger train was run from the Delaware river to the Atlantic ocean. At that time the village consisted of half a dozen families.

Money Maxims.

Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can.—Wesley.

A wise man should have money in his head, not in his heart.—Swift.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.—Holmes.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.—Franklin.

Money is a handmaiden if you know how to use it—a mistress if you do not know how.—Horace.

State Lines.

Maryland is a garden of paradise surrounded by a body of water and Washington.—Baltimore American.

Rhode Island casts a smaller vote proportionately to its population than is polled in any other northern state.—Providence Journal.

Consent has become an authority upon such matters, so its decision that a balloon is not an airship stands.—New Haven Journal-Courier.

Aviation.

The Connecticut legislature has passed a law requiring aviators and airships to take out licenses.

A British automobile concern has built a truck and trailer especially for the transportation of aeroplanes.

Plans for a new form of holiday-touring by aeroplane are being formed both in England and in France.

Sporting Notes.

Only two light harness horses, Jay-Eye-See and Anaconda, have both paced and trotted miles under 2:10.

Captain George Moriarty of the Detroit Tigers doesn't drink, smoke or swear and insists on his ball players going to church on Sunday.

There will be two Helme Zimmermans with the Chicago Nationals next season. The new Helme balls from the Atlanta club of the Southern league and plays center field. He stole 105 bases last season.

A Trifling Mistake

It Led to Turning the Careers of Two Persons Into a Single Channel.

By EGBERT CROSBY

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Letter carriers are proverbially careless in leaving mail at the wrong address, or, rather, having so many to leave, it is a wonder they don't make more mistakes than they do. Carelessness in the writer has perhaps more to do with letters being delivered to the wrong person than either of these causes.

One day a letter addressed in a feminine hand was left by the carrier for me. I opened it and read it. It was very short and to the point:

Ten p. m. Thursday at the fountain. Violets in my belt. Hold rose in your left hand.

LAURA.

I opened my eyes very wide and gave a low whistle. Who could it be who was making an appointment with me? Then I looked again at the address. My name is Francis B. Marshall, and the superscription appeared to be F. B. Marshall, but it might have been F. B. Winchell. I thought over every person who might possibly desire to see me clandestinely, but could fix upon no one. What should I do in the matter? Should I return the letter to the postman? Since I had opened it, that would not do at all. Besides, I was not sure the letter was not for me. Should I keep the appointment and possibly risk intruding upon the secret of others? I finally decided to meet Laura and if I was not the person she desired to meet, hand her her letter, that she might know it had been misent.

Since there was but one fountain in town, and that in the center of an open square, I was not in doubt as to the place designated for the meeting. It was a public place, where strangers might meet without being especially noticed. Laura had evidently never seen me nor I Laura, else we would not have to wear some mark by which to be known to each other.

When the clock in a church tower near by the park struck 10 I entered the park carrying a rose in my hand, and, approaching the fountain, stood leaning upon the basin looking at the tiny wavelets made by the water sprinkling down upon it. I had waited perhaps five minutes when I saw a lady advancing with some violets tucked in her belt. It occurred to me that she was purposely a trifle late that she might inspect me before I should be able to inspect her and did not doubt that she had got a view of me while I was standing under the lighted fountain. As she approached I advanced to meet her, lifting my hat at the same time. As we walked away together she said:

"Let me explain to you why I have arranged this meeting instead of calling at your office or asking you to come and see me. As you are aware, Mr. Lathrop's death without a will has put the estate in a tangle. I am not so sure that he did not leave a will in my favor. I am the only daughter of his favorite brother and took care of him during his last illness. He said to me on several occasions: 'Marion, I have made a will leaving everything to you. You will find it in the tin box in which I keep all my papers in the closet of my bedroom.' When I opened the box after the funeral it was not there."

This revealed to me that the letter sent me had not been intended for me. But though I am not a professional detective I think I have a detective's instinct, for in this case so far as the girl had imparted it to me I thought I smelled rascality, and its uncovering interested me. I permitted her to go on.

"I saw your personal stating that you had a knowledge of such a will and would like to see me regarding the matter. My cousin, Edgar Bangs, who will inherit with me under the law concerning estates where there is no will, is a very bad man. Mr. Lathrop lent him money till Edgar showed that he was dishonest; then his uncle turned him off. Edgar may have stolen the will in order that I shall have to divide the estate with him and others. It would not give him very much, but a little will be better than nothing, and Edgar is in desperate straits."

"It is your duty," I said, "as well as your interest, to do all you can to prevent your uncle's estate from going where it was not intended, especially to such a person as you describe."

"Edgar has a suspicion that I am on the track of the lost will and is watching me like a cat; therefore I didn't care communicate with you except clandestinely. Now I have explained everything to you I am ready to hear what you have to say, Mr. Winchell."

The last word—the name—enabled me to get more of the story in case I chose to do so without giving away the fact that I was an outsider. I concluded to do so.

"Have you any means," I asked, "at your disposal to pay for information that will lead to the recovery of the lost, probably stolen, will?"

"Not a cent."

The lady had by this time removed her veil, and I had caught a glimpse of her face as we passed under street lamps. She appeared to be about twenty years old and was decidedly

comely. Under an impulse I decided to take up the case for her, find out if she were about to fall into the hands of swindlers and, if she were, protect her.

"Permit me to assure you," I said, "that in me you have a friend."

"I do not doubt it."

"Why not?"

"I can tell a dishonest man the moment I see him. You are trustworthy."

"Thank you. Now give me an address to which I can write you."

I gave her a bit of paper torn from a letter I had in my pocket and a pencil. She wrote "Laura G. Ostrander, 127 D street." It was the house of a friend to whom she had confided her case.

I left her at the door of her own house and went to my room. Before going to bed I wrote a note disguised for a feminine hand, addressed to F. B. Winchell. The letter that had come to me had no street and number on it, so none was needed on the note I wrote. I informed Mr. Winchell that at a certain hour on a certain night he would find a carriage standing at a certain place. He was to get into the carriage, where he would find "Laura," who would hear what he had to say. Having sealed my note, I went out and posted it. Then I went to bed rather to think of my adventure than to sleep.

On the evening in question, covered with a woman's raincoat reaching to my heels and a woman's hat shaped like an inverted pot that would conceal my features, I entered a carriage and drove to the place I had designated. I had been there five minutes when a man approached the door and said:

"Laura?"

"Yes," I replied in a woman's contralto voice.

He entered the carriage, thinking he was with a woman and ignorant of the fact that he was with a man whose hand, in the pocket of the raincoat, grasped a cocked revolver. I had previously told the driver where to take us, and as soon as the man was seated beside me we were driven away.

"I am ready to hear what you have to say," I said.

"I can restore the will provided that you will obligate yourself to pay me \$50,000 as soon as you receive the estate which will all be yours under the will."

"For whom are you acting?" I asked.

"That I do not care to state."

"Supposing your proposition to be accepted, when and where do you intend the papers shall be passed?"

"Whenever and wherever you like."

"Have you the will with you?"

"Yes."

"We might close the transaction now."

"Not here in the carriage."

"No. Thinking we might need a private place for such a purpose, I obtained of a friend of mine in the real estate business the key to a vacant cottage on the Centerville turnpike. There are writing materials there—indeed, everything we need."

"For a woman you have a good head for business. Are you sure this cottage is vacant?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Tell the driver to take us there."

"He has been told that already."

When we stopped at the door of the house the man asked me for the key and told me to remain where I was till he had explored the premises. I complied. He went into the house, lighted the gas and after some ten minutes' absence returned and politely handed me out of the carriage. I went into the house with him and, conducting him into a room in the center of which was a table with writing materials on it, shut the door.

He sat down at the table and filled out a note for \$50,000, payable thirty days after the maker should come into her estate, then gave it to me to sign. I read it and while doing so said: "Where is the will? Let me see it."

He took the will from his pocket and held it so that I could see that it was genuine. This was all I wished for. Putting my hand in the pocket of my raincoat, quick as a flash I leveled a revolver at him, holding it within a few feet of his face.

"Drop that!" I said in my natural voice.

He stood glaring at me, but powerless. I repeated the order, showing my revolver close under his nose. Looking down the muzzle of a pistol, especially with an opponent's finger on the trigger, is not pleasant. The weapon might go off even accidentally. The man dropped the will on the table. I feared to remove my gaze from him to examine it lest he take advantage of my looking away to spring upon me. I was obliged to take the risk of its being the genuine document.

"Go out before me," I said, picking up the will, still keeping my eyes on him. He turned and left the house, I following him. When we reached the sidewalk I ordered him to walk away, and when he had reached what I thought a safe distance I jumped into the carriage, telling the driver to take me to my home. Before I slept I dropped a note in the mail for Miss Ostrander, asking her to meet me the next night at the fountain. She did so, and I handed her the recovered will.

My story is but an illustration of what trivial incidents shape our lives. Had my name and the name of the villain of this little drama not been so nearly alike the drama would never have been played. And, far more important than that, I should not have married the woman who is now my wife nor have been the father of the half dozen children who, with their mother, contribute to the whole charm of my existence.

John's View. "My dear, suppose we take the children to the zoo today?" "Why, John, you promised to take them to mother's."

"All right, if it's all the same to the children."—London Answers.

The Least They Might Do. Mother—In his last letter my son asked me to send him a half dollar to buy him a logarithm table. Friend—Well, really, I do think his college should at least supply his furniture.—Pele Mele.

Marred. "Then the wedding wasn't altogether a success?" "No; the groom's mother cried louder than the bride's mother. It was considered bad taste."—Washington Herald.

They Did That Time. Mistress (coming home unexpectedly) — What's the meaning of this? You've got on my blue skirt and my green silk blouse. Maid—Well, what of it? Don't they go together?—Filegende Blatter.

Perverse. "Where's the hired man this morning?" asked Mr. Pinkleton. "I don't know," said Mrs. Pinkleton. "but I presume from the fact that it is a rainy day he is getting out the hose to wash the sidewalk."—Harper's.

Unexpected Politeness. "I notice," said the young man's employer, "that you are always about the first in the office in the mornings." "Thank you, sir."

"Why do you thank me?" "For noticing it."—Exchange.

Good Stunt. At a military drill the command was given to raise the left leg. One man, however, raised his right leg, and, perceiving this, the officer exclaimed, "Which idiot has raised both his legs?"—London Mail.

He Had Called It Off. "Shure, Bedalla and me won't be marrying the day. Of've bruk the engagement." "An' fer phwy did ye do that?" "Bedad, she ran away an' married McNulty yisterday."—Lippincott's.

In Eden. The Serpent—What's Adam so grouchy about today? The Ape—Oh, he says that the arrival of woman means that all his plans for universal peace have been knocked on the head for good.—Puck.

Deduction. "I see you advertise that you have found a lady's dog. How do you know it belonged to a lady?" "When I was leadin' th' mutt down th' av'nue he stopped in front of all th' show windows."—Toledo Blade.

Pets and Pet Names. "The most graceful of domestic animals is the cat, while the most awkward is the duck," says an observer of nature. But it won't do to use these facts for a basis if you want to call a woman pet names.

A Good Arrangement. "No, darling," said the mother to her sick boy; "the doctor says that I mustn't read to you."

"Then-mamma," begged the youngster, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"

Her Age. "How old would you say she was?" "Well, let's see. When we were in high school she used to snub me because I was a kid. Now I'm thirty-seven, and—well, I should say she was about twenty-eight by this time."

The African Gorilla. An animal which is much larger than is generally supposed is the African gorilla. Its chest measurements are gigantic, and an old male standing less than six feet high has been found to weigh close on 400 pounds.

That Was Different. "I hope you will believe me when I tell you that you are the only girl I ever loved."

"No. That I refuse to believe."

"Then will you believe me when I tell you that you are the prettiest girl I ever loved?"

"Yes, yes; I am sure you are in earnest now."—Detroit Free Press.

A Well Drawn Distinction. Professor Brander Matthews, in an address at Columbia university, once made a striking distinction between the two words gormand and gourmet.

"The difference between these two words," he said, "is plain. 'Gormand and gourmet alike enjoy a good dinner, but as soon as it is over the gormand asks: 'What is there for supper?'"

IDEALS. Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you chase them as your guides, and, following them, you eventually reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.