

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, 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.

Entered as Second-class matter, May 4, 1906,
at the Post office at Central Point, Oregon, under
the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at the DAKE ADVERTISING AGENCY, INC., 227 South Main Street, Los Angeles, and 729 Market Street, San Francisco, where contracts for advertising can be made for it.

INTERSTATE LABOR COMMISSION

Of interest to all who are concerned in reaching a solution of the Labor vs. Capital problem was the visit of a delegation of social workers to President Taft a few days ago, who urged upon the president the need of a labor commission.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, formerly of Portland, now a resident and citizen of New York City, was spokesman for the delegation, and Miss Jane Adams, of Chicago, and a number of other well known soldiers of the common good, were with him. Rabbi Wise urged upon the president that if the industrial condition of the country is to be improved that such a commission should be created with powers co-extensive with the interstate commerce commission and should be able to compel testimony at its hearings. It should make a thorough investigation of industrial conditions and report on the economic and social cost of strikes to employees, employers and to the public and should investigate the rules and records of unions and examine their legal status. In closing his petition to the president Rabbi Wise said:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. We have yet to solve the problems of democracy in its industrial relationship, and to solve them along democratic lines. In order to arrive at the workers' point of view it is necessary only to review the long list of occupational diseases, the failure of both employer and the state to prevent them or to mitigate their effects, the lack of employers' liability laws, the failure to provide adequate safeguards against accidents in dangerous vocations, the attacks upon the constitutionality of laws to shorten the hours of women and of workers in certain trades, the reluctance of legislatures to abolish child labor. It is necessary only to contrast this dead-center of the machinery with the speed with which it acts to prevent picketing and rioting during strikes."

The workingman sees the club of the officer, the bayonet of the militia directed against him in defense of property, and he believes that the hand of the law, strong in the protection of property, often drops listlessly whenever measures are prepared to lighten labor's heavy burdens."

Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, is one of the reactionary standpatters of the United States senate who are doing much to bring that body into disrepute among all modern-minded, thoughtful people.

In opposing the bill to create a child labor bureau in the department of commerce and labor the Northern Pacific attorney and senator denounced the measure as "pestiferous interference" with business interests. He declared that the bureau would cost \$5,000,000 annually and that "pretty soon every body in the United States will be drawing a salary." Senator Heyburn has been "drawing a salary" from the government for many years, for his services as a defender of big business interests and child labor exploiters. He has thrived and grown rich and fat at the game. Why not extend the salary game and give the rest of us a chance?

J. B. Walsh, of Asbestos, was in town during the week on business.

Single File.

When the Indians traveled together they seldom walked or rode two or more abreast, but followed one another in single file. It has been thought by some that this practice resulted from the lack of roads, which compelled them to make their way through woods and around rocks by narrow paths. If this were the real reason for the practice, then we should expect to find that the tribes who lived in open countries traveled in company, as do whites.

The true reason for journeying as the Indians did in single file seems to be a feeling of caste. This feeling was at the bottom of other customs of the Indians. It made their women slaves and rendered the men silent and uncommunicative. This peculiarity is Asiatic. How it has warped and disfigured Hindu life is well known. Home is scarcely possible where it prevails. To the women and children domestic life is bondage. The women of a Chinese household are seldom seen in the street. The children, when accompanying their father, follow him at a respectful distance, in single file and in the order of their ages.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Don't Be a Chatterer.

Do you chatter? If you feel you do, don't! Get rid of the habit as quickly as may be. There is nothing so irritating or more dangerous. His chief asks the clerk a question which requires a brief answer. Instead of replying in a word, he irritates his superior by inconsequential meanderings, and he is surprised and hurt to be curtly cut short. His astonishment, however, would be greater could he but overhear a subsequent conversation: "Shall we send Jones on this special commission?" asks the head clerk. "No," replies the chief; "he chatters too much."

It has always been so. Famous generals have ever intrusted important messages to the man who would rather be shot than speak. Then, too, a chatterer has few friends, whether business or otherwise. Who can feel at ease with a man who bubbles all you tell him in confidence to the next comer?—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Try a Single Rose.

"We read," said Lucinda, "about how Adolphus brought to Luella a great bunch of roses, and we can imagine their beauty. We are left to guess at their cost. But do you know it isn't really necessary in order to make home beautiful to have a bunch of roses as big around as a barrel; that a single lovely rose will do?"

"Try this: If you have spent all your money for hats and gloves and Adolphus hasn't come—my brother Claude would say hasn't come to the bat—stop at the florist's and buy a single rose. It will cost very little—and take that home and set it in the proper vase. Its red petals and green leaves to please the eye and its fragrance to fill the room, an individual flower of grace and beauty and joy. If you can't have a bunch try a single rose."—*New York Sun*.

The Everglades.

The region known as the Everglades of Florida is about sixty miles long by some fifty-five miles broad and is one vast swamp, studded with islands of from a quarter of an acre to hundreds of acres in extent. These islands are generally covered with dense thickets of shrubbery or vines and occasionally with lofty pines and palmettos. The water is from one to six feet deep, the bottom, as a rule, covered with a growth of rank grass. During the rainy season, from July to October, the district comprised in the Everglades is practically impenetrable. The vegetable deposit of the Everglades is considered well adapted to the growth of the banana and other fruits, and when properly drained the region will undoubtedly be one of the most fertile on earth.—*New York American*.

Struggle of the Rivers.

The discovery that there is a kind of struggle for existence and survival of the fittest among rivers is one of the most interesting results of the modern study of physiography. A notable example of this contest is exhibited by England's two biggest rivers, the Thames and the Severn. Between their valleys lie the Cotswold hills, and exploration shows that the Severn by cutting backward among these hills where softer strata underlie them has diverted to itself some of the headwaters which formerly flowed into the Thames.

She Made a Mistake.

Two girls, the story ran, were drinking tea and eating scones at a fashionable New York restaurant. The first girl said:

"Maud is so sorry she took Reggie's ring back to Dymon's to be valued."

"Why?" asked the other girl as she opened a fresh scone.

"Dymon kept it. He said Reggie hadn't been in to settle for it, according to his promise."

Not in Condition.

Professional Beggar in Hardupps' office—I've been out o' work for over a year, mister, and ain't got the price o' a night's lodgin'. Can yer do any thing to help me out? Hardupp (sarcastically)—I'd like to, but I sprained my foot on a collector yesterday.

Too Sans.

"I don't believe this novel of yours will hit the popular fancy."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Your heroine acts at times as if she had sense"—*Washington Herald*.

Friendly Advice.

"We surprised all our friends by getting married."

"Good enough. Now surprise 'em by staying married."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Conservation Too.

"What is this domestic science?" inquired the engaged girl.

"It consists of making hash out of the leftover meat and croquettes out of the leftover hash," explained her more experienced friend.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Every opinion reacts on him who utters it.—*Emerson*.

Primitive Ideas of Hygiene.

Hindu ambassadors once sent to England by a native prince were regarded as so polluted that on their return to India nothing but being born again would purify them, and they were accordingly dragged through a gold image of the sacred Yoni.

A writer describes a curious custom of the Bantus in South Africa. A few days after the death of a man the doctor comes and makes an incision on the forehead of each of the survivors of his relatives and fills it with medicine to ward off the contagion and the effect of the sorcery that caused his death.

Leland calls attention to a custom of taking medicines on the threshold in ancient Tuscany, the idea being that the threshold was the border line between the outer world where evil spirits freely roam.

If a person dies within an Eskimo hut everything in the hut must be destroyed or thrown away as well as everything which had come into contact with the deceased.—*Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*.

Scientific Manager.

One cold winter day some railroad officials while making an inspection of a large yard stopped for a moment inside a switchman's shanty to get warm. Among them was a general superintendent who was known to be a man for "scientific management" and the reduction of expenses. As they were leaving the switchman asked the traveling yardmaster, whom he knew:

"Now, can ye be tellin' me who that mon is?"

"That's the general superintendent," the yardmaster replied.

"What do you think o' that? He's a foine lookin' mon, and ye never would believe the tales ye are hearin' about 'im."

"What have you heard about him, Mike?" was the curious question.

"Why, they do say that he was at the funeral of Mr. Mitchel's wife and when the six pallbearers come out he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on a minute, boys. I think yez can get along without two of them.'—"Everybody's Magazine.

Know What a Prism Is?

John Smith and Henry Jones are eating lunch together. John Smith casually takes two cubes of sugar and places them side by side.

"That makes a perfect prism, doesn't it?" John Smith remarks casually.

"Prism nothing!" replies Henry Jones. "That isn't a prism."

"Sure it is," remarks Smith. "Don't you know a prism when you see one?"

"I certainly do," is the retort. "A prism is a triangular piece of glass used to divide light into the primary colors. Can't you recall enough of your school days to remember that?"

"Oh, yes; I remember that all right. But these two cubes of sugar, placed side by side, make a prism too."

"Bet you the lunch you're wrong," challenges Jones.

"You're on," promptly agrees Smith, and a dictionary was sent for.

Jones had to pay the bet. If you don't believe it, look in a dictionary yourself and see.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Hay In Church.

A curious custom has been observed from time immemorial at Old Weston, Huntingdonshire, in England. The church there is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on the Sunday most nearly approaching St. Swithin's day the edifice is strewn with new mown hay. The tradition is that an old lady bequeathed a field for charitable purposes on condition that the tenant provided the hay to lessen the annoyance caused by the squeaking of the new shoes worn by the villagers on Feast Sunday. There are other explanations—one that it is an offering of the first fruits of the hay harvest and another that it is a survival of the custom of strewing the church (when the floor was only beaten earth) with rushes.

"I shouldn't think that would be much fun for you."

"Shouldn't you? Well, that's because you don't know how mad it makes my husband. Kid, you don't know what fun is!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Spanish Meat Balls.

Spanish meat balls are as palatable as they are rare, and made thus: One can of tomatoes, one onion chopped fine, garlic or cayenne to taste. This forms the "Spanish." One and a half pounds of hamberg steak. Sack half a loaf of stale bread; drain off all water. Take one egg, pepper and salt to taste, mix together, roll into balls the size of an egg and cook in the "Spanish" three quarters of an hour.—*National Magazine*.

His Suspicions Aroused.

"John, do you love your little wife?" "Yes."

"Do you love me very much?" "Oh, yes."

"Will you always love me?" "Yes."

"Yes. Say, woman, what have you gone and ordered sent home now?"—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Her Question.

Molly (holiday making in the country)—I say, Mr. Hants, do you mind if I ask a question? The Farmer—No, my dear. What is it? Molly—What I want to know is when you've finished milking that cow how do you turn it off?—*London Sketch*.

Education.

Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigor, fancy, words, images and illustrations; it decorates every common thing and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd.

—Sydney Smith.

Easy Enough.

Tommy's Mamma—Why aren't you a good boy like Willie Bjones? Tommy—Huh! It's easy enough for him to be good. He's sick most of the time.—*Judge*.

Another life, if it were not better than this, would be less a promise than a threat.—J. Petit Senn.

Why I Like Central Point.

(By an Observer)

Amongst the numerous assets of Central Point, the most practically and sightly located city in the Rogue River valley, three commanding features stand out pre-eminent:

Situation. Cleanliness. Population.

With one of the most entrancing panoramas surrounding this city, some of the richest soil at its doors and many excellent roads radiating from it toward the remotest corners of the valley, Central Point's situation leaves verily little to be desired. Almost as easily accessible from all parts of the valley, it is the most central trading point thus justifying its happy name. After having marveled at the splendor of its scenery, the visitor is, however, next attracted by its tidy, prosperous appearance, and this leads us to the second asset—cleanliness.

Morally and materially, Central Point is essentially a clean city. The neat, well kept homes, inviting streets and the prevailing atmosphere of peace and good feeling reflect the high character of its population. No unseemly brawls and undesirable element in any way disturbed the quiet cheerfulness which is noticeable everywhere. No repulsive examples of vice and depravity exist to shock and mislead the coming generation. Parents rightly feel contented and secure, for their children may romp around without fear while enjoying the best of educational advantages. Could this happy state be maintained without the high standard of the third feature—population? Assuredly not.

Last and best, Central Point may justly boast of progressive and truly American citizens. No stranger need remain one long in their hospitable midst. They are adepts at making you feel at home and few can resist the impulse of becoming loyal members of their enticing community. This fact is perhaps best appreciated by the regular "shoppers" from the neighboring ranches. Whatever their needs or desires, they invariably find a gratifying courtesy, an efficient service and most excellent values in the fine up-to-date stores of Central Point. Little merit has the virtuous patronizer of his home stores in this case, for where could he secure better prices, prompter attention and even as good treatment in the valley? Not without reason do farmers flock to our city for their supplies, even though the trip may mean a good forty-mile drive. It is, however, a regrettable fact that we are generally blind to the advantages of our own locality and often seek elsewhere that which lies within immediate reach. It is therefore but fair and just to emphasize the undisputed fact that our splendid organization of business men, with the invaluable help of our progressive newspaper, are directly and solely responsible for the growing importance of Central Point.

These lines could not end fittingly without a word of praise in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. Few cities of our size are blessed with an organization of this kind. We all owe its promoters a debt of gratitude for their great unselfish work and for their painstaking, successful efforts. With such a splendid institution Central Point cannot fail to maintain its unity and rapid progress toward a bright future.

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