

OUR MERCHANTS

Will give you a "square deal" every time. They appreciate your patronage and will treat you right

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A SIGN OF THE TIMES AND OTHER THINGS

"Wanted—100 men at \$1.25 a day, including board."

Such a sign has been posted on a bulletin board on the main street of this city for the past ten days, and many have accepted the call.

This would indicate that there is a revival of industrial business.

Another bulletin board near by bore this message: "Wanted, men and teams at \$7.50 per day."

Such information as this may be truthfully classed as signs of the times—prosperous times that invariably follow a period of depression.

With moderate prices prevailing on almost every commodity the average provident person can make a living and small saving, but we think the wage too low.

With the orchards full of pickers and the packing houses running full time business should be good in this immediate vicinity, for Central Point is in the very heart of the fruit and agricultural section of the Rogue River valley.

There are a few things lacking which, if supplied, would go a long way toward improving conditions; they will come in time, and at no distant date.

But there is one practice indulged in by a large majority of the people of the rural districts of the west and middle west and by nearly all of the people of the towns in the west, which does more to retard the general prosperity of the country than any other one thing a community is cursed with. It is a practice that keeps the farmers, town people, mechanic, laborers and merchants and the entire communities of the west drained of cash that should be in daily circulation. It is hard to conceive how intelligent people can be so blinded to their own interests, directly and indirectly.

The principle involved in the practice is entirely wrong; you condemn them in others and go on practicing the very thing you

censur your neighbor for. If we state that this means you we would not be wrong once in one hundred times. Accept this as personal, then deny this truthfully if you can.

The practice we refer to is that pernicious one of sending your hard earned cash to the large mail order houses of the east. Listen to a groupe of men discussing the economic laws of the country and they will agree that it is wrong, all wrong, for it has resulted in the centralization of power and concentration of money in eastern cities. No intelligent person will dispute the fact that money is becoming more and more concentrated in the metropolises of the east and more stringent in the rural districts, especially in the west. How many million dollars of the Allies' \$500,000,000 loan were subscribed by the people west of Chicago?

It matters not what kind of a tariff law this government operates under, or what kind of currency law is in force, the rural districts of the country will be continually drained of cash and the cities of the east enriched as long as the people continue this practice.

All the postal savings banks that have been established, the most liberal long time farm loan law the government can enact will not offset the evil and damaging effect of this practice of the people sending their cash to the money centers of the east, whither it goes to never return again as a circulating medium.

The total cash represented in money orders sent monthly to the money centers of the east from Jackson county is greater than the capital stock of any bank in the county with possibly two or three exceptions. Is it any wonder money is scarce here? Nineteenths of the people in this and every community study the catalogs of the mail order houses more closely than do they their bibles or questions of vital local interest. They have gone mail order house crazy and are really entitled to no sympathy because of the stringency of money at

home. Not taking into consideration the beautiful principle of the Golden Rule, but considering the practice from a money consideration, it is one of the silliest practices ever indulged in by people who would have us look upon them as intelligent.

Fred Farra while picking pears in the Snowy Butte Orchards last week slipped and fell off a 15 foot ladder which severely injured his arm.

Ed Miller, while working on warehouse of Cranfill and Robnett Thursday forenoon slipped and fell to the ground. All the damage done was the fracture of a 2x4 on which Mr. Miller alighted head downward. He resumed work a few minutes later.

The Village Blacksmith

Under the spreading chestnut tree, The village smithy stands, The smith, a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands, And handsome country lads, He owns a handsome private yacht And proud seaside chateau. He travels in a private car Wherever he may go, His fortune now is reckoned At five million plunks or so, He doesn't shoe mules any more, Or mend the one-horse shay; He makes more in a second now Than once he did all day, He merely tinkers touring cars That pass along his way.

You can have your bread delivered with your grocery order at the Crane Grocery.

Men laugh at feminine folly, but fools them just the same.

Cold Baths.

A few years ago the remarkable discovery was made by Professor Winternitz of Vienna that general cold baths have the effect of increasing the number of active cells in the blood to a very remarkable extent, the increase sometimes amounting to one-fifth of even more. This is one of the ways in which the cold bath increases the resisting power of the body, and rallies the blood cells, so to speak, calling them out from their hiding places and preparing them to fight with vigor the battles which must be waged every moment in defense of the body.—Good Health.

Barrister's Fees.

The barrister's fees are irrecoverable in law, but he can pick and choose his customers and can also insist on cash in advance. Until recently every barrister had on his table a gentle reminder in the way of a fee bowl. In earlier times the client used to drop surreptitiously the money in a little bag at the back of counsel's gown. A trace of this receptacle still figures in legal costume.—London Chronicle.

Eliminating Risk.

"I hope the motto of this railroad is safety first." "It is," replied the man who thinks only of pecuniary precaution. "I notice it never lets anybody travel a mile without paying in advance."—Washington Star.

Still in Advance.

Boarder—You made me pay in advance at first because I was a stranger. That was all right. But I am not a stranger now. Landlady—No; I know you now.—Boston Journal.

WILLOW SPRINGS INKLETS

Mr. Hathaway of Medford was in the district transacting business Monday.

Fred Wilson and wife and G. M. Kennedy are in the Illinois valley looking over property before leasing.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Palmer and Mrs. George Taylor were shopping in Central Point Monday afternoon.

Herbert and Ernest Harris spent Saturday afternoon and evening in Medford visiting relatives.

The Freeman prune drier was closed Saturday after a very successful season.

John Mitchell returned to his home in Central Point after a few weeks stay in the district.

Mrs. Botwright of Portland and Miss Bernice Smith were dinner guests of F. M. Palmer and wife Monday evening.

Earl Heft and family enjoyed a visit with relatives in this locality Sunday.

Roy Nichols is seeding the one hundred acre pear orchard property of the Feldenheimer brothers of Portland with wheat for a cover crop.

The Presbyterian choir rehearsed at the home of W. D. Clarke Saturday evening.

George Nichols of Willamette valley is visiting relatives and friends in the neighborhood.

John Orth of Medford breakfasted with W. A. Thompson and wife Saturday.

"Banty" Owens of Central Point was hunting in this part of the valley Sunday.

Mr. Lang is removing his hay from the orchard to his Central Point home.

Mr. and Mrs. Myers left for California Tuesday after enjoying several days with D. W. Stone and wife.

William Crockett and family of Lebanon, Oregon, enroute to Wagon Mound New Mexico, remained several days with John Sisty and wife before departing to their new home.

H. S. Pickard, cashier of the First National Bank of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is visiting his sister, Mrs. D. M. McNasser and Miss K. A. Pickard.

A very happy event of the week was the dinner dance at the bungalow home of Col. George P. Mims Friday evening. Several families participated in the arrangements and the unique entertaining features were too numerous to mention.

The Medford Gun Club opened the pheasant season at Willow Springs, bagging a goodly number of the birds as a reward for the days endeavor. A very enjoyable innovation was the presence of Mr. Ad Topperwein, the crack shot of the world. D. W. Stone served luncheon at his orchard home and proved a genuine host.

The Parent Teachers club met at the home of Mrs. Roy Nichols Saturday afternoon and fifteen members and friends were present. The ladies answered roll call by giving some helpful hint and Mrs. Harry Davison read a chapter of a very interesting book after which a continuation of the subject "Emergencies" by Miss Julia Chablock was very much appreciated. The luncheon prepared by the hostess, Mesdames Bert Nichols and Roy Nichols was served with much care. The next hostess will be Mrs. Welcher and she will entertain the club the first week in November.

\$125 FOR BEST LOGANBERRY SONG

The Portland Ad Club has decided to start a big campaign to advertise the loganberry and create new markets for this important Oregon industry. As the first step in the campaign, it has put up \$250 in prizes for the students who submit the best songs on the subject of loganberry juice.

The contest starts right away, and will continue until the night of October 31. That gives contestants a full month in which to whet their wits, look through the rhyming dictionaries, and send in their songs.

The best song sent to Geo. E. Waggoner, Chairman of Committee, 805 Yeon Bldg., Portland, Oregon, care of the song committee, by the night of October 31, will win the first prize of \$125. The next best song will take a prize of \$75. And the third best will win \$50. That should be worth the time of any boy or girl, or young man or woman, to try for.

The Ad Club intends to have the best song adopted as an official song for the public schools of the state. The prize-winning composition will be published for distribution in the schools, with the pictures of the song authors printed on them.

Just to give an idea of how a song can be written about the loganberry as a theme, here is one by Dean Collins LOGANBERRY JUICE

(Tune: "When you Wore a Tulip.")

"Twas in a native garden that the Blackberry was wed,

And got his bride, 'tis said a nice raspberry red;

And now throughout the country the people hail her husky son,

The Loganberry, pride of Oregon, Though some still cling to grape juice,

Or to stiffer drinks, as yet, The Loganberry is the juice that's coming up, you bet.

CHORUS

Now no more our two lips Shall hanker for juleps,

Or sigh for beer that flows, For we can make merry

On rich Loganberry,

It's a drink the whole world knows, Oh we are tryin,

To imitate Bryan,

But honest, we'd like to sluice Our throats with Oregon's very Best red Loganberry.

For that is the juiciest juice.

Read our clubbing offer on page two.

Mrs. Purkepile is a guest her son O. C. and family, of Medford this week.

R. B. Vaughn of Derby here Wednesday trading and visiting with old acquaintances Mrs. Vaughn, is here for a short visit with her sister Mrs. Riley Myers, while under a physician's care.

SUGAR CO. ORGANIZED FOR LOCAL FACTORY

The Oregon-Utah Sugar Co., according to reports, capitalized at \$100,000, with a bond issue of \$500,000, has been incorporated at Salt Lake City, the object being to construct a beet sugar factory in the Rogue river valley in time for the 1916 crop. George E. Sanders, head of the Rogue River Public Service corporation, is named as president; Willard Smith, vice-president; Alex Nibley of Portland, secretary; and Harold Smoot, son of United States Senator Smoot, and Daniel H. Thomas, directors.

There is considerable speculation as to where the factory will be located, but this is not of so much importance as is the securing of the required acreage. This industry should be the means of giving impetus to business in the entire valley.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The Junior and Senior classes of the Central Point High School had a jolly time at their week end picnic held at Bybee Bridge last Friday evening. A great bon fire was lighted at eight o'clock around which the crowd gathered to roast wieners and toast marshmallows. Following the refreshments numerous campfire games were played while the cottonwoods echoed many merry melodies. The guests of the evening were Mr. Moses and Miss Albin. Last but not least enjoyed was home sweet home, which was in the form of a straw ride.

Herring grove was a scene of a nice little campfire party given by the Sopomores in honor of the Freshman class Friday evening. Games and songs were the chief attractions. At eight o'clock a campfire supper was served and enjoyed by all. Mr. Stanley and Miss Wiederrecht chaperoned the party.

A couple of gentlemen of Medford, representing capital for investment, were looking over Central Point the first of the week, and expressed themselves favorably impressed.

Hally Head who has been in California for some time, returned last week. He had the misfortune to break his arm while crashing his car.

Cranfill & Robnett



If you can't get what you want here at the right price it is unattainable-- Come and see--

Cranfill & Robnett

Headquarters

For

AMMUNITION

W. C. Leever

The Hardware Man



In the camp—the pot of gold at the end of the long trail—because of its rich, full, satisfying strength.

CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE

In 1 and 2 pound cans. Never in bulk. Ground, Uground or Pulverized.

Crane Grocery Company

Second Door West of Postoffice, Central Point