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CENTRAL POINT HERALD

THE HERALD

Will co-operate with you on any proposition for the betterment of Central Point and its vicinity

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POULTRY SHOW GRAND SUCCESS

The poultry show at Medford last week was a grand success and fully demonstrated the fact that this locality is ideal for that industry.

CENTRAL POINT DEFEATS TALENT

The basket ball games Monday night in the C. P. A. C. "Gym" between the Talent boys and girls high school teams and the C. P. A. C. boys and girls were clean and fast games.

LARGE CROWD AT LINCOLN BANQUET

About 400 republicans of the valley attended the Lincoln Day Banquet at the Medford Hotel Saturday evening and heard speeches by Governor Withycombe, State Treasurer, Tom Kay, State Game Warden, C. D. Shoemaker of Roseburg, Dr. J. C. Rollins, of Medford, Col. R. C. Washburn and other prominent men.

LOCAL ACTORS ENJOY PARTY

The home of Mr and Mrs W A Cowley was the scene of a charming evening entertainment on Saturday when the cast of the Doctors Trippe Elopement were bidden to enjoy a dinner and an evening of music and songs.

SMOKER AT C.P.A.C. "GYM" TONIGHT

The Central Point Athletic Club has given several entertaining and worthy "do-ins" this winter. The association has done more good for the community than it has been given credit for; yet many of our people appreciate the efforts of the club and individual members.

BEN SHELDON FOR LEGISLATURE

Some of our friends are boosting Ben Sheldon for the legislature. They point out the fact that Sheldon has many friends all over the county and ought to run well, but what is more important, that he has many good points which make him an excellent representative for Jackson county.

INVITATION TO SAN DIEGO FAIR

The arthur of "Cerfew Shall Not King to Night", Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, has written the poem invitation for the Panama-California International Exposition. Mrs. Thorpe, who now lives in San Diego and who is engaged in writing a novel, sent the following charming verse to President G. A. Davidson of the Exposition, a few days ago:

A Dream City on the hills of Balboa A vine covered city of magical art. Her flower gemmed garments of emerald splendor Sprang lush from the fount of Earth's generous heart.

DUMBEST OF ALL ANIMALS.

This Creature Sits on Its Mouth During Its Entire Lifetime. What would you think of an animal who sat on his mouth? You would guess he didn't know very much, wouldn't you? Neither does he. You could call him the dumbest of dumb animals. In fact, he's so very dumb that most people don't know he's an animal at all. He's the sponge.

Weighing Machines.

Weighing machines and scales of some kind were in use 1800 B. C., for it is said that Abraham at that time "weighed out" 400 shekels of silver, current money, with the merchant to a piece of land, including the cave and all the standing timber "in the field and in the fence."

Entertaining Himself.

In Clayton Hamilton's "On the Trail of Stevenson" is this quaint passage between the boy and his nurse, Alison Cunningham: "When little Louis was about five years old he did something naughty, and 'Cummy' stood him up in a corner and told him he would have to stay there for ten minutes; then she left the room. At the end of the allotted period she returned and said, 'Time's up, Master Lou; you may come out now.' But the little boy stood motionless in his penitential corner. 'That's enough; time's up,' repeated Cummy. And then the child mystically raised his hand, and, with a strange light in his eyes, 'Hush,' he said, 'I'm telling myself a story.'"

Balanced Rocks.

In Acushnet, Me., are two rocks peculiarly situated on a ledge and apparently placed there by a placid action. The larger rock weighs probably several hundred tons, and years ago, it is said, this could be tilted by pushing against it. There are evidences that some time smaller rocks were placed as wedges to keep the great rock motionless.—Indianapolis News.

About Politics.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I was once a member of the legislature."

Unusual.

"They're so old fashioned."

Identified.

"You haven't forgotten us, have you, waiter?"

Chance makes our relations, but choice makes our friends.—DeLille.

How the Peanut Plant Protects Its Fruit From Destruction.

Here's a plant mother that burles her children to protect them. While the children of other plants are being kidnaped by animals and birds, these youngsters are carefully hidden away beneath the ground so they can grow in safety. But man won't permit the mother to keep her children long. He digs them up and eats them. The plant is the peanut.

A Tribute to the Versatile Genius of Alexander Hamilton.

Because no man can live exclusively to himself either for good or evil, with every mention of Burr's name the figure of Hamilton rises, an avenging ghost. Even before that precocious young native of the West Indies walked into our military history at Princeton, a lad only nineteen, lost in thought, a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes while his hand rested upon a cannon that he patted absentmindedly as if it were a favorite horse, he had done valiant work for American liberty with his pen. From the time he touched our shores to the July morning more than thirty years later when Burr's bullet laid him low he was a force to be reckoned with.

Tavern Heroes.

The Marquis of Granby bears a title that swings from many a tavern sign-board all England over. London alone has some half a dozen. Yet this popular soldier, who commanded England's troops in Germany during the Seven Years' war, was the target of some of "Junius'" most bitter invectives. The secret of his popularity lay in the fact that Granby was always a soldier's general who not only led them well in the fight, but also cared for their comfort in the camp. The first inn to bear the marquis' head as a sign is said to have been opened by one of his own guardsmen at Hounslow. Apart from Wellington and Nelson, the marquis comes easily first among England's tavern heroes.—London Chronicle.

Uncanny.

The Colonel—So the bank refused to cash that check I gave you, Rastus? Rastus—Yessah. Dat cashier mandum hab positively do most uncanny mind Ah ebah saw, sah. The Colonel—Uncanny? Rastus—Yessah. Jes' as soon as Ah dun tell him whose check Ah had he said it was no good eben befo' he dun look at it, sah.—Puck.

Confidences in the Family.

Mother—I have just heard something that you ought to know. Your father tells me that your husband is hopelessly involved. Married Daughter—Isn't that lovely! Now, maybe he'll make over all his property to me.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Unkind Wish.

Hubby (at breakfast)—I've got a bad head this morning. Wife—I'm sorry, dear. I do hope you'll be able to shake it off.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Thackeray at Oxford.

An old story of Oxford and Thackeray is recalled by Thomas Plowman, who vouches in the Cornhill Magazine for the accuracy of his version. Thackeray had to apply to the vice chancellor for permission to lecture and found that gentleman ignorant alike of his name and fame. Still, he had a trump card left, which he had been accustomed to consider would carry all before it wherever the English language was spoken. So, with a quiet smile of supreme confidence, he simply ejaculated, "Vanity Fair, you know!" Then at last, to his relief, a look of awakened intelligence manifested itself upon the vice chancellor's countenance, and Thackeray awaited the effusive outburst which would make amends for all. It came in the words, "Yes, yes, I have heard of 'Vanity Fair,' of course; it is mentioned in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"—Westminster Gazette.

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