

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

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AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF CENTRAL POINT AND THE ROGUE RIVER VALLEY.

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FISH DAY MENU.

FRIDAY-BREAKFAST. Baked Peaches. Creamed Mackerel. Bran Drops. Watercress. Coffee.

LUNCHEON. Beef Bulls. Corn Pone. Watermelon. Tea.

DINNER. Pineapple Canapes. Broiled Chicken Halibut. Baked Browned Potatoes. Beet Tops. Tomato Salad. Coffee Tapioca.

Various Fishes.

TOASTED COD.—Secure the fattest cured dry codfish. Strip and freshen in warm water for a day and a night, changing the water once or twice, according to the degree of salt it contains.

After the fish is fried it should be lifted unbroken from the pan and set aside. Into the hot lard remaining stir a tablespoonful of flour and cook until smooth and brown. Add to this gravy the fish, tomatoes and seasoning. Pour over the whole a cupful of fish stock made from the trimmings of the fish. Cover the pan closely for an hour, never stirring the contents. Hot water may be added should the stew thicken too much. Add two tablespoonfuls minced parsley and serve with croutons.

Fish Stew.—Cut fish into slices, salt and flour them and fry lightly in hot lard. Fry four sliced onions a light brown and add to them a clove of garlic (rubbed fine), half a can of tomatoes and let them cook well. Add to it half a teaspoonful of thyme, a quarter teaspoonful of sage, red and black pepper and salt to taste.

Clam Fritters.—Wash two dozen clams thoroughly, steam them open, save the juice and chop the clams fine. Add them to a fritter batter in which the juice is used instead of milk. Drop in spoonfuls into very hot, deep fat, and when brown drain on brown paper. Serve with sliced lemon.

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Anna Thompson

PENDLETON IS IDEAL LOCATION FOR NORMAL

CITY'S RAILROAD, HEALTH, EDUCATIONAL AND OTHER FACILITIES ADAPT IT FOR SCHOOL SITE.

Pendleton, Ore.—Pendleton's claims for the establishment of a State Normal School are based upon the unusual advantages offered for such an institution. It is ideally located with respect to railroad facilities and in the center of the country which it will serve. Its health conditions are excellent. It has a bountiful supply of clear, cold, pure mountain water.

It offers a library of 12,000 volumes, to which are added 3000 annually, housed in a beautiful new building, erected at a cost of \$40,000. The largest athletic stadium in the Northwest, capable of accommodating 20,000 people; a natatorium, modern and equipped for the use of men and women, built at a cost of \$11,000; ample auditorium room for lyceum courses and lectures and a school system that is without equal in a city of its size. Its facilities and the students necessary for practice teaching have been guaranteed by the city board.

The Gilded Man.

At the headquarters of the Orinoco Spanish traditions located the land of El Dorado, "the gilded man," a potentiate whose country was so rich in gold dust that he had his body anointed with oil and sprinkled with gold every morning, so that he shone in the sun as though gilded.

Surely.

Bill—I see that the life of a dollar bill is about fourteen months. Jill—Well, if some of them could talk they could testify to a misspent life.—Youkers Statesman.

PERILS OF AVIATION

Some of the Dangers the Man in the Air Must Boldly Face.

LANDING IS A SERIOUS TASK.

For the Beginner It is Not Only Difficult, but Fraught With Deadly Possibilities—Collisions Caused by Air Suction—The Fear of Fire.

Perhaps those who have watched aeroplanes at work have wondered why an aviator almost always cuts a spiral course as he approaches the earth. There are two reasons for this: In the first place, he is maneuvering so as to land against the wind. In the second place, he is accustoming his eye to the ground—recovering his judgment of distance. After one has been up for an hour or so at anything like a respectable height he loses his sense of altitude. He cannot tell by the eye whether he is fifty feet or 200 feet from the ground. It is necessary always to train his eye for distance again, just as a baby trains it. This takes only a few moments, but it is absolutely necessary.

Landing is the most difficult and the most important department of aviation. Half or three-quarters of the accidents occur because the aviator has made a bad contact. It used to be noticed in the early days of aviation that most of the accidents occurred near the ground. People supposed that this was because the lower air currents are the most treacherous.

That is not true. I am inclined to think that, with the exception of "holes," air currents have little to do with aviation accidents. It was because aviators did not know how to land. You must shut off your engine, catch the air and volplane down against the wind. This is most important. If you land with the wind, even the lightest breeze, you are likely to turn a somersault and bring up smashed under your own engine.

But volplaning down and facing the wind are not enough. Just before alighting you must make an upward turn, so that the machine at the moment of contact is traveling parallel with the ground. It is beautiful to see how a real master drops as lightly as a feather. If you fail to make that little upward turn at the right moment you will strike with a force that will either wrench your machine or smash it, according to how fast you are going and the nature of the ground.

You must, as I have said, land facing the wind. That is the first principle knocked into you in the schools. When flying low an aviator dislikes to skirt any obstacle like a tree or a building on his windward—and his leeward—side, for if he is steering by compass or even by sense of direction he is very likely to fool himself and edge over with the wind toward the obstacle. The French call this traveling en crabe. A course set by the compass, when you have a wind on the beam, is not a straight course at all. The wind is always sidling you away from your theoretical direction, driving you north, east or north when you think you are pointing due north.

This accounts for collisions in the air, an accident that happens sometimes even to experienced aviators and that is not uncommon in the schools. On my first day of instruction I saw one man killed and another crippled for life by such a collision, and it nearly took my nerve. They had started at the same time on what they thought were parallel courses. One of them made allowance for the wind and drove straight. The other did not. His machine began sliding over on crabe until they came near each other, and suction did the rest. As every one probably knows, that principle of suction accounts for a great many marine disasters. Two ships run close to each other, and suction brings them together. It is the same with aeroplanes, only that in the nature of things the suction is a hundred times more powerful.

One danger to the aviator, that from French has never been eliminated, although it is not so great as it was before aeroplane engines reached the present standard of excellence. The trouble lies in the propeller. It is moving faster than anything made by man ever moved before. The slightest obstacle will break it. And if it breaks sharp off the powerful intake of those air-cooled motors is sure to suck the flame into the carburetor, when the whole machine goes up in fire like a tin of gasoline. Of course the aviator stands no show at all.

We are instructed from the first to leave nothing loose about the machine or about our clothing. Many a man has been killed because his cap blew off, caught in the propeller and broke it. It is even dangerous to leave a loose tool, such as a monkey wrench, in the chassis. If it happens to shake out backward the powerful wind or rendered by your high speed may carry it heavy as it is, into the propeller.

So fast and powerful is the motion of the propeller that I have seen machines come out of a half-stem with the blades all split and splintered through the hub-stones. There have been many experiments with fire-proof machines, but none has succeeded as yet. Fireproofing always makes the machine too heavy and cumbersome. The trouble is that, except for aluminum, the lightest materials are also the most inflammable.—A Military Aviator in Saturday Evening Post.

Don't throw away your old shoes till you've got new ones. Dutch Proverb.

BASEBALL HISTORY.

Some of the "First" Events in Our Great National Game.

The father of baseball was Abner Doubleday, who was born in Ballston Spa, N. Y., ninety-seven years ago. He was a distinguished general of the federal army in our own war time, but his greatest claim to fame is as the inventor of America's favorite pastime. It was while a student at Cooperstown, N. Y., that he originated the game to which the name of baseball was given and which was an adaptation and development of the older sports of "rounders" and "town ball."

The crude pastime contrived by Doubleday was further developed by Alexander J. Cartwright, one of his young associates, who invented the "diamond" and in 1845 helped to draft the first rules.

In 1846 the first match game between regular clubs was played in Hoboken, N. J., two New York teams contesting.

The first baseball association, an amateur organization, was launched in 1857, and in the same year Henry Chadwick, who shares with General Doubleday the title of "father of baseball," published the first official rule book.

The first regular baseball plant was built in Brooklyn in 1863. A. J. Reach was the first professional ball player, having been hired by the Philadelphia Athletics, who lured him away from Brooklyn in 1864.

The first all professional club was the Cincinnati Red Stockings of 1869, and the first professional circuit, the National association, was launched in 1871, becoming the National league in 1876.

The first minor league, called the International, started in 1877.—New York Evening World.

BASEBALL STORIES.

Connie Mack's Trick on Cap Anson and the Foul Strike Rule.

There may have been better catchers than Connie Mack, but none any fatter. Connie was with the Pirates back in 1883, when he played a little trick on Cap Anson that won a game for Pittsburgh.

Ad Gumbert was pitching for the Pirates and got himself into a hole. Chicago filled the bases in a hurry, and only one man was out. Cap Anson came to bat.

In those days Cap was a terror to pitchers. The situation was serious. Cap had a way of taking two strikes and then lighting on the third one for fare-ye-well.

And so it was here. Gumbert floated two across, and Cap didn't blink an eye. Suddenly Connie Mack stepped aside, while Gumbert held the ball, and took off his mask. He wiped his brow, tossed his glove aside and started removing his chest protector.

Anson was amazed. He looked around and glanced with wide open eyes at Mack. "What's the matter, Connie?" he inquired. "Ain't you going to give me a crack at the ball?"

As he spoke Connie signaled to Gumbert, and he whipped a fast one straight across. Mack reached out his chest protector and blocked the ball. Then he grabbed it as it rolled away, touched the plate forcing the man who was on third, and then, throwing to first, doubled Anson. The Cap was so surprised he didn't even try to run. Behind every change in rules lies a pretty little romance of one kind or another. According to George Moreland, it was McGraw and Thomas who forced the foul strike rule.

In the early nineties those two men were so adept in knocking fouls until they got one they could hit that they delayed the game indefinitely. It was nothing extraordinary for them to crack out twenty or so fouls in a single time at bat.

An Essay on Woman

A woman is sometimes fugitive, irrational, indeterminate, illogical and contradictory. A good deal of forbearance ought to be shown her and a good deal of prudence exercised with regard to her, for she may bring about innumerable evils without knowing it. Capable of all kinds of devotion and of all kinds of treason, "monster incomprehensible," raised to the second power, she is at once the delight and the terror of man.—Ariel.

The Daring Little Humming Bird.

Courage has little or no relation to bodily size. The humming bird is the smallest of birds, but also one of the most fearless and pugnacious. He attacks kingbirds and hawks, and those tyrannical creatures, though of monstrous size in comparison, seem not at all abashed to fly from his onsets. The flights of humming birds among themselves are often fierce and protracted.

Talked Out.

"It says here," said Miss Diggins, laying down the paper, "that telephone girls make very satisfactory wives." "On the theory I dare say," said Mr. Diggins, "that by the time they marry they have got all the violent conversations out of their systems and really yearn for rest and quiet."—Puck.

HE KEPT US OUT OF WHAT WAR?

Disingenuous to Boast That It's Through Any Act of Wilson We Are Out of the European Contest.

RATHER SHOULD BE BLAMED FOR MEXICO BELLIGERENCY

During the Present Administration We Have Seized a Mexican Port and Sent Our Entire Army and Militia to Fight Mexicans While Armed Mexican Forces Have Invaded American Soil and Fought Battles Against Our People.

Sometimes you hear men, sensible men, too, say, "I'm going to vote for Wilson this year because he kept us out of war."

Ask such men a short question. Ask them, "Out of what war?" Did Mr. Wilson keep us out of the European war? No. He has himself in a formal address to congress spoken of the European war as "a war with which we have nothing to do, a war whose causes do not touch us." How could Mr. Wilson keep us out of a war with which we have nothing to do and whose causes do not touch us?

Did he keep the rest of the western hemisphere out of the European war? No independent nation on this side of the world is involved in it; the only people in it are the colonies of European powers and they had no voice in their fate, for they were automatically at war when their mother governments went to war. Who kept Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, out of the European war? Did Mr. Wilson?

Did Mr. Wilson keep us out of war with Mexico? No. In his term more Americans have been killed by Mexicans and more American property has been destroyed by Mexicans than by Spaniards during the whole Spanish war. In his term we have seized a Mexican port and have sent our entire regular army and militia to fight Mexicans. In his term Mexican armed forces have invaded American soil and fought battles against our people within our boundaries.

President Taft went through two Mexican revolutions during his term, the revolution against Diaz and the revolution against Madero. American lives were safe in Mexico during that time. No Mexican cities were seized by Americans and no armed Mexicans invaded the United States while Mr. Taft was in the White House. Yet Mr. Taft never thought of asking the American people to vote for him because he kept us out of war with Mexico. He put an embargo on arms so that American weapons would not be sent across the boundary, and he refused to interfere in Mexican affairs. When he left office Mexicans liked Americans, and Americans were safe in Mexico. Since he left office Mexicans hate Americans and Americans dare not remain in Mexico. Did Mr. Wilson keep us out of war with Mexico?

Mr. Wilson did not keep us out of the European war, and he did not keep us out of war with Mexico.

Out of what war, then?—Detroit Free Press.

UNITED STATES' HONOR.

Hughes' Criticism of Foreign Policy Approved in West.

[Portland (Ore.) Telegram.] The Republican party has selected a standard bearer whose utterances from day to day justify the people who chose him. Not only does he bring before the country the shortcomings of the Administration that owes its existence to a divided Republicanism, but his criticism is everywhere constructive.

He tells what must be done and will be done by the party he represents to prevent wastefulness and extravagance in the governmental expenditures and to put a stop to the vacillating policy that has caused other nations to believe that the United States has no intention of backing up its demands made in the interests of justice and humanity.

Most vulnerable of all points in the Democratic armor is its foreign policy. Primarily this is because of the spoils system by which men trained in the consular and diplomatic service through long years, have been displaced to make room for politicians and friends of politicians, whose sole claim to preferment was their services to the Democratic party.

"If I am elected president of the United States," said Mr. Hughes last night, "I propose that every man I put in charge of an important department shall be a man eminently fit to discharge the duties of that department."

The denuding of the diplomatic service of men of experience in order to supply political jobs, as has been done by Mr. Wilson, or with his consent, Mr. Hughes denounces as "a capital offense—trafficking in the good name of the United States and damaging its honor." "Nobody," he adds, "has a right to pay political debts with the good name and honor of the United States."

Which is clear proof that Mr. Hughes has not been unmindful of the high principles of government which must be maintained in order that this republic shall maintain its place as a shining example to all nations.

ROMANCE AND THE SADDLE.

Clatter of Hoofs and Jingle of Spurs Fire the Imagination.

Romance likes to come on horseback. The jingling spurs and bridle from chain a happy pean in his ears, and from the saddle, as from the throne he looks out over the workaday world.

Romance always has been linked with riding. In the playground, mounted on a gallant rocking chair, youth rides into a land of golden deeds; later he swings in long gallops on the faithful hobby horse into spicy and fugitive adventure. To the page on a prancing palfrey and to the cavalryman in khaki the lure of romance is the same. The rhythm of galloping hoofs thuds always in the imagination, the lady's favor on the lance and the quivering scerier guidon flutter like a mysterious and eternal challenge to the spirit of youth. "To horse and away," and all the world's before one.

Stevenson always wanted to write a story about a man galloping up to an inn at night, and the very suggestion brings a tingle to the imagination.

By on the highway, low and loud, By at the gallop goes he.

He heard him in the sleepless midnights of his childhood, and, indeed, the sound of thudding hoofs always makes the heart beat faster. The so clatter-clattering of a single footer on asphalt, the crackling of twigs and leaves on the quiet autumn trails, the muffled rhythm of a canter on the turf, its resonance on a bridge—all these make music in the ears and bring the very smell of adventure. To him who rides there is always "something lost behind the ranges"—and his heart yearns for Scribner's Magazine.

Made the Cannon Balls Fit.

The first battle of the war of 1812 was fought at Sacketts Harbor, July 9, 1812, and consisted of an attack made upon the village. The inhabitants had but one gun of sufficient size and strength to inflict damage—a thirty-two pounder, for which they had no shot. This difficulty was overcome by the patriotism of the housewives, who tore up carpets from the floors and with strips wound the small balls to fit the cannon.

The Orange in Spain.

It is considered a very healthful thing to eat an orange before breakfast. But who can eat an orange well? One must go to Spain to see that done. The senorita cuts off the rind with her silver knife; then, putting her fork into the peeled fruit, she detaches every morsel with her neatly teeth and continues to eat the orange without losing a drop of the juice and lays down the core with the fork still in it.

Eyes Out.

Two ladies were hurrying down the street in the rain, carrying their umbrellas low for protection. In turning a corner sharply the point of one umbrella struck a passerby in the forehead.

"Goodness!" gasped the woman. "I'll keep an eye out in the future."

"Beorra!" exclaimed the man. "Ye nearly had one out in the present!"—London Answers.

Table Rock

Katherine Nealon is attending high school in Central Point.

Ed Vincent drove a party over the Siskiyou and return, last Sunday.

Mrs. Will Lydiard of Medford, is spending a few days with relatives in this district.

The Pierce hay press finished work here the first of the week and returned to Tolo.

We are sorry to report that W. R. Byrum has been on the sick list for the past week.

A field of wheat on the Pendleton farm threshed more than 40 bushels to the acre this year.

F. L. Caton did not sell his hay as previously reported but is storing it in a warehouse at Central Point.

Apple picking will begin at the Table Rock Orchard in the next few days where a crop of fifteen carloads is expected.

The Misses Eva Osburn and Bernice Balcome of Medford spent several days last week visiting with Miss Helen Lydiard.

Dr. Dow reports that on Thursday evening Sept. 14, the stork left a 12 pound baby girl at the home of E. Persons and wife.

Several from here attended the program Thursday evening at the old soldiers reunion at Ashland and report a delightful time.

At a special meeting of the Arrow Heads it was decided to call the first regular meeting for the season on Saturday, Sept. 23 when a program will be rendered.

The Vincent threshing crew returned from Rogue River Monday where they have finished their run having been out 43 days, threshing in the neighborhood of 30,000 bushels.

Berries on the Collins ranch have made a remarkable growth this year and on the shoots of the red raspberry vines is a good crop of berries at the present time, which is something very unusual.

Frank Cameron and wife of Newport arrived last week and will spend some time visiting relatives here. The young people who are spending there honeymoon are traveling by private conveyance.

F. H. Hauffman left for southern California points last week where he will spend several months combining business with pleasure. He has leased his Sams Valley farm for the next two years to Harry Tresham.

C. A. Dickson of Portland is spending a few weeks visiting friends in the valley. He, with his father, at one time owned what is now the Carlton and Norwick farms in this district where he spent several years and made many warm friends.

Friends of the late J. G. Martin were paired to learn of his death last week in Medford. He lived in this section many years where he was well known and highly respected among the old settlers who were indebted to him for many kind and loving deeds.

O. T. Wilson and family of Sams Valley were visiting relatives here Sunday. O. T. reports the contract work being done on the road in his vicinity is proving very satisfactory. He says the teams employed haul almost double the amount of gravel that was hauled under the supervisor method.

As the time for taking up the options on lands in this vicinity has expired the owners are beginning to look around for seed preparatory to putting in a crop this fall, having lost about all the faith they had in this scheme. The promoters are not asking any extension of time also they are taking pains to assure the owners that they still intend to take the land.

J. D. Samuels, who has charge of the west portion of the Rogue River Canal Co. pear orchard at Agate, says that practically all the trees have rooted below the hardpan and with proper drainage to prevent them from sour sapping during the winter, he believes that in a few years this valley as far as a producer is concerned, but no attempt is being made to make a "show" orchard of it.

Very little interest was taken in the fair this year, many of our citizens failing to attend and the bulk of the products exhibited from this district coming from one or two farms. This is quite a different spirit than was shown several years ago when each farmer tried to out do his neighbor in displaying products. The fair is strictly a farmers institution and when they get to that point where they do not take enough interest to help support it by sending a few products or by attending, it is time "to cut it out."

Every Home can have a Musical Instrument. Wonderful Values in Pianos, Player Pianos, Talking Machines, Etc. Check and Mail Coupon for Beautiful Catalogues. Sherman, Clay & Co. Portland, Oregon.