

The tide of destiny is turning fast towards Florence. All sorts of accumulation of facts point that way

# The West.

The habit of THE WE push, energy, luck. It granary of these mount

Vol. V.

FLORENCE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1894.

**GENERAL DIRECTORY**

**STATE OFFICERS.**

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 Secretary of State..... Geo. W. McBride  
 Treasurer..... Philip Matchen  
 Supt. Public Instruction..... E. B. McElroy  
 State Printer..... Frank C. Baker  
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 Justices..... R. A. Bean  
 C. E. Wolverson  
 Judge Second District..... J. C. Fullerton  
 Attorney Second District..... Geo. M. Brown

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 Clerk..... A. C. Jennings  
 Sheriff..... A. J. Johnson  
 Treasurer..... J. G. Gray  
 Assessor..... D. P. Burton  
 School Superintendent..... J. G. Stevenson  
 Surveyor..... W. B. Pengra  
 Coroner..... J. W. Harris

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**IS A FIGHTING CHRISTIAN**  
**Howard Wouldn't Fire on Marietta**  
 While the People Were Attending Church.

**A Reminiscence of the Distinguished Retired General Howard**  
 "The Battle of One Hundred and Eighteen Days" is the title General J. S. Fullerton would give to that wonderful series of operations commonly called "The Atlanta Campaign." It was continuous fighting from May to September, and it embraced a battlefield 135 miles long. There is nothing in history to compare with it. The fighting began at Tunnel Hill. It ended at Atlanta. Every foot of ground was contested. Every day had its battle, and more than once the firing continued from sundown to sunrise.

From his diary General Fullerton told the story of "The Battle of One Hundred and Eighteen Days" before a gathering of old fighters, ex-Confederates as well as Federals, at the Army and Navy Club, in Washington city, recently. He began by asking if they knew that while the walls of their clubhouse were adorned with portraits in oil, with engravings, with photographs of the heroes of the war, there was not a single picture of General George H. Thomas among them. "Yet," said General Fullerton, "Thomas was the faultless soldier of the war. He was the one general who never made a military mistake. He was the only one of our great generals who gained his position without personal or political influences. A Virginian, he was separated from his family and repudiated by his state because of his fidelity to the Union. He was the only man who was never relieved of his army. He was never defeated. He saved three armies.

**HOWARD'S BRAVERY.**  
 "Howard—well, he is the bravest man personally I ever knew. He went through the gap to that hill for a good position to direct the troops. I said to him just before we started:  
 "General, you are a corps commander. You ought not to expose yourself in this way."  
 "Oh, no," said he, "come on."  
 "Well, we started—four of us. Before we got to that little hill the general had a bullet through his coat, the orderly was shot in the leg, the color-bearer was killed, and my saddle was gone. What we found beyond that hill was a great amphitheatre with the stream dammed, and all around on knolls and behind works were artillery and infantry. As soon as our troops penetrated that great pit the storm opened from all sides. It was a trap. To make any impression upon such a position was beyond human power. Our troops went as far as they

could, and then stopped and fought. I found myself where I could neither go forward nor backward. I was between two fires. So I lay down behind a big pine tree, and answered some correspondence that had been accumulating. After about three hours it became dark enough for me to crawl back into our lines.  
 "In trying to dislodge Johnston from that position we fought step by step along mountain sides. The troops were so near together that they could talk to each other. Once somebody on our side called out:  
 "Hold on, Johnny, and hear the president's proclamation."  
 "Eating grapes, and a big sergeant stepped out in front of our line and read a proclamation from Mr. Lincoln extending amnesty to all Confederates who would lay down their arms and come in. When the reading was finished both sides yelled and whooped, and the fighting went on again."  
 KEPT HOLY THE SABBATH DAY.  
 In the battle of 118 days the calendar was lost sight of by even so devout a man as Howard.  
 "I went along the line one morning with General Howard," said General Fullerton. "When he came to a battery that was firing at Confederate works on a hill the general became much interested. After watching the effects for a few minutes Howard said to the artillery officer:  
 "If you would elevate your guns I believe you could drop some shells right into the center of the town of Marietta. Try it."  
 "The other officer put his guns into position, cut the fuses and prepared to experiment. General Howard got out his glasses to study the effect.  
 "General," said I seriously, taking out my watch, "this is Sunday morning. It is now 11 o'clock. The Presbyterian of Marietta are just in the midst of a long prayer, and—"  
 "Cease firing!" shouted General Howard to the artillery officer.  
 VERY REMARKABLE DUEL.  
 "It was while we were in front of Kennesaw mountain that I had my duel," said General Fullerton. "When I entered the army I was fresh from law school, and was therefore supposed to know some law, which was a great mistake. General Granger made me assistant chief advocate, and one of the earliest cases that came before me was that of Colonel Bloodgood, from Wisconsin. Bloodgood, with a regiment, had been forced back from a blockhouse by a brigade of cavalry with four guns, which was very natural, as I see now. But Granger had taken it into his head that a regiment of infantry ought to be better than a brigade of cavalry and four guns. He sent Bloodgood before a court martial, and I wrongly conceived it to be my duty to prosecute instead of acting judicially. It was a great injustice, as I realized afterward, but we convicted Bloodgood and he had to leave the army. That was long before the Atlanta campaign, and I had not seen Bloodgood or heard of him. We were before Kennesaw one day, when General Thomas came up to the breastworks and began peering through the logs at a distant part of the field.  
 "What are those fellows doing over there?" he asked. "Building some new works, are they?"  
 "I looked around. The rest of the staff had slipped back. I was young then and didn't know any better. So I spoke up: 'I'll go out and see what it means.'  
 "I started out in front of our line. I had out a notebook and sketched the new works as rapidly as I could. I had got about all I wanted when a T-1 figure loomed up before me and made a profound bow. It was Colonel Bloodgood, as calm and cool as if there wasn't a Confederate within 100 miles, and all the time the bullets were going 'zip,' 'ping,' 'ping' on all sides. I returned the greeting. I knew I was in for it.  
 "Making sketches?" he suggested.  
 "Yes," said I; "but I've finished."  
 "I think you could see better over this way," leading me into the most exposed position.  
 "He kept this up about 15 minutes, under pretext of getting better views of the new works. I knew he was doing it to get me shot. I stood it just as long as I could, and then I said:  
 "Colonel Bloodgood, you are the bravest man I ever saw. I'm scared to death," and I made a run for our line.  
 "Bloodgood, as I learned afterward, had got back into the army with a new command. Now, just to show how injustice will follow a man, let me say that after the war Bloodgood got a commission in the regular army. One day he had some words with a young lieutenant. The latter taunted him with having been dismissed from the army for cowardice. Bloodgood got his fellow officer in a room and gave him a thorough licking. Both were dismissed from the army. The last I heard of Bloodgood he was postal agent on a railroad."  
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**NO HURRY OR CONFUSION**  
**Production of a Perfectly Running Force.**  
**The Amount of Labor on a Public Dinner.**

**The Chef Has an Army of Cooks and a Regiment of Waiters Serve the Plates and Carve an Important Functionary.**  
 At the last dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce, at which 300 members and guests were present, a well-known banker was moved to say to his neighbor:  
 "As these courses come and go so smoothly we do not appreciate the amount of labor this dinner represents."  
 There was reason for the admiration so expressed by the banker. Notwithstanding the number at table the courses were served as promptly as if it were a private dinner party instead of a great public banquet, and the dishes themselves gave no suspicion that there had been hurry or confusion in the kitchen while they were being prepared. Everything went to show that the dinner was the production of a perfectly running machine, of which the cooks as well as the waiters were a part. It was to learn about the organization and management of this wonderful machine that a reporter called upon Charles Ranhofer, the chef of Delmonico's, in his office in the center of Delmonico's kitchen.

Mr. Ranhofer is a big, good-natured Frenchman, who is very reticent over his successes as a master of gastronomy. He has written a thick volume about his art, which has become a text book in public as well as private kitchens. His office is so situated that he can see part of his domain at a glance.  
 To the left is the ice cream and confectionery section. To the right the experts in meat, poultry and fish have their departments. In the center the supplies for immediate use are stored, and along the opposite end is a row of ovens and ranges. The forty odd cooks under Mr. Ranhofer are as perfectly trained and drilled as a regiment of soldiers. They are formed into companies under the supervision of assistant chefs, who are responsible to Mr. Ranhofer for everything that comes within their departments. Four cooks rule over the roasting ovens, and eight men in the meat department devote their time to preparing the meats for the four roasters. Four men are responsible for vegetables and fried dishes. Pastry in its various forms is in the hands of four experts. Three men make the ice cream. Two men make confections and cakes alone. Bread making is an art in itself, in charge of three bakers. Eight men are kept in reserve to clean things and assist generally, and ten women and two men are occupied in washing pots and kettles and cleaning dishes. Over all the force Mr. Ranhofer keeps his eyes. He is familiar with the specialty of each of his cooks. He can give a scullery man points on scrubbing a soiled pot as well as tell the man in the meat or roasting department how to prepare a canvasback duck; he can judge an undercook with the same certainty that he can bombons, mottos, or odd confections.

When the dinner hour arrives the machinery of the service is set in motion by Mr. Ranhofer in the kitchen and by Eugene Garnier, the maitre d'hotel, in the banquet room. The head waiter looks for a glance from the maitre d'hotel. Thirty waiters, one for every ten persons, stand silently expecting a look from the head waiter. The manager says "all right" to the head waiter, the head waiter waves his hand at the waiters, and the thirty men go to their assigned places at the tables. The head waiter has divided the men under him into squads of six or ten, and has given the best waiter in each squad instructions to keep a watchful eye over the more inexperienced men. The maitre d'hotel communicates through a speaking tube with the chef.  
 In the kitchen the forty cooks stand silently in their various departments. They are not permitted to talk more than is absolutely necessary. When the

manager has told the chef the cooks in charge of the soup stand up on the dunn pantry on the banquet table of soup. The carving the intermediary between the waiters, stations the waiter. His office is one of all in confection. In service or dishes he makes so that all dine and that without cooked in advance pots immersed in the soup the cook works one quart to four to six in most restaurants the so generous.  
 When the soup has been sent up from the kitchen, down the speaking tube comes one word, "Next!" and the tubs a la Marly are hurried up stairs. The fish has been prepared in advance of the dinner, and the four frying cooks stand in readiness to take from the warming closets the sole, which is nearly 100 pounds in quantity. When the call of "Next!" comes down the tube again the fish is hurried up to the carver who apportions the course out to the waiters, with the potato croquettes which come from the four vegetable cooks. The laddle of venison is called from the four roast cooks, and then the highest ingenuity of the carver is called into play. The sight of him as he slices the huge chunks of venison into portions of equal size with quick and graceful motions would make the most confident father of a family ashamed to sit at the head of his domestic board. So close can the skillful carver adapt his meal to the number of diners that the musicians take their share has enough meat is left for a two-stew.  
 The entrees are cooked in the kitchen. While the head waiter's venison is being prepared in the meat department to the roasting of the pullet a la

**WOMAN SUFFRAGIST**  
 Tacoma, Dec. 22.—A committee of six women suffragists in this county delegation to the national convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, started toward securing signatures for a constitutional amendment to be voted upon in November, 1895, at the next general election, will give women the vote on all propositions at an equal footing with men.  
 The effort is being backed to the extent by the W. C. T. U. of this county. The committee of six Thursday afternoon, the plain dressers they felt in regard to the favored submitting the question constitutional amendment. Taylor says he is a suffragist will vote to submit the question and vote to carry the poll.