

# Coquille City Herald.

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COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1895.

NO. 44.

WALTER CULIN, M.D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,  
Coquille City, Or.

O. E. SMITH,  
Surgeon Dentist,  
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

J. W. BENNETT,  
Attorney at Law,  
Marshfield, - - - Oregon.

JOHN F. HALL  
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Real Estate Agent,  
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Special attention to matters before the  
Roseburg land office, the commissioner of  
the general land office and secretary of the  
Interior at Washington.

DR. T. H. HOLDEN  
DENTIST.  
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

OFFICE in the Hutchison Building  
adjoining the Bank.

I. O. G. T.—Neal Dow Lodge, No. 25,  
Meets in Coquille City every Tuesday  
evening. All members in good standing  
cordially invited. BRAD NOSTER, C. T.

J. H. James, Secretary.

F. A. & I. U.

COQUILLE F. A. & I. U. meets every  
second and fourth Thursday nights  
in each month in Coquille City, Coos  
county, Or.

Mrs. LENA JOHNSON, Sec.

Bandon F. A. and I. U.

Meets every second and fourth Friday  
nights in each month at Bandon, Coos  
county, Or.

E. G. GUYER, Sec.

Sumner F. A. and I. U.

Meets at Alliance hall on the second and  
fourth Saturday evenings of each month.

WM. RABON, Sec.

REVERTON F. A. & I. U. meets in its  
new hall at Reverton every first and  
third Saturday evenings of each month.

O. A. KELLY, Sec.

SOUTH FORK F. A. & I. U. No. 250,  
Meets every second Saturday at 2 p.m.  
Brothers of other lodges in good standing  
are invited to attend with us.

B. E. HAMPTON, secretary.

I. O. O. F.

Coquille Lodge No. 53

Meets at Coquille City every Saturday evening.  
Visiting brethren, in good standing,  
cordially invited.

G. W. WHITE, N. G.

J. S. LAWRENCE, R. S.

Coquille Encampment,  
No. 25 I. O. O. F.

Meets first and third Thursdays in each  
month at Odd Fellows' hall. Cordial  
invitation to visiting patriarchs in good stand-  
ing. J. S. LAWRENCE, C. O. F.

G. F. BONTLE, Sec.

Chadwick Lodge, No. 68,

A. F. and A. M.

Meets at their hall on Saturday evening  
or before full moon in each month.  
Visiting brethren cordially invited.

C. W. WHITE, W. M.

T. R. WILLARD, Sec.

G. A. R.

Gen. Lytle Post No. 27.

Meets at Coquille City, on every first  
Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good  
standing, cordially invited.

JOHN MOLAN, Commander.

H. H. NICHOLS, Adjutant.

Coquille Fishermans'  
UNION

Randolph Oregon.

Will meet every fourth Saturday in each  
month till further notice. All members in  
good standing cordially invited to attend.

J. S. LAWRENCE, Sec.

JUMPED! SEE?

LOTS AT Bandon, feet, in  
the vicinity of the parade ground,  
for \$125 each. Only a few lots  
at this price. For particulars in-  
quire at the HERALD office.

FOR SALE.

240 ACRES of land on Cunningham  
creek, 4 miles from Coquille City,  
the N. W. 1/4 and 1/2 of the S. W. 1/4, sec. 15, Twp  
28 S., R. 12 W., covered with a fine body of fir  
timber. Price—\$6 per acre; terms easy.

240 ACRES, what is known as North  
Prairie, 4 miles east of Langlois P. O.; a N. 1/2  
stock ranch, plenty of out range.  
Price—\$5 per acre; will take in exchange  
valuable property. Inquire of

W. F. WRIGHT,  
Dallas, Folk county, Or.

B. B. PAULL & CO.,  
REAL ESTATE DEALERS  
ARAGO, COOS COUNTY, OR.

HAVING had several years experience  
in the east, we feel confident we can  
give satisfaction to our patrons. Send us  
your lists of property, or come and see us.  
Coquille River Property a Specialty.

Correspondence promptly attended to.  
Our commission 3 per cent. of sales. Our  
motto is, Live and Let Live.

B. B. PAULL & CO.

Photographs!

Gallery six doors east of I. O.  
O. F. Hall. Samples and prices  
in gallery.

C. WILKINS, Photo.

## Union Labor Column.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE LABORER

PEOPLE'S PARTY.

The following compose the County Cen-  
tral Committee of the People's Party of  
Coos county, Oregon:

Dist. No. 1—Wm. Phillips, Empire City.

" " 2—A. M. Collier, Marshfield.

" " 3—O. A. Kelly, Reverton.

" " 4—J. F. Weekly, Gravel Ford.

" " 5—J. H. Mathew, Myrtle Point.

" " 6—Jas. West, Bandon.

JAS. WEST, Chairman, Bandon.

W. PHILLIPS, Secretary, Empire City.

Before the law was written down with  
parchment or with pen;

Before the law made citizens, the moral  
law made men.

Law stands for human rights, but when it  
fails those rights to give,

Then let law die, my brother, but let human  
beings live.

—Rev. Miller Hazeman.

The Tariff and Party Leaders.

[Written for the HERALD]

The tariff used, in days gone by,  
To greatly feed the masses;

In politics 'twas carried high,  
As the people had been—

fuddled up by a thousand conflicting state-  
ments in regard to it.

Some folks at last began to think  
No longer would be tools.

For those who gathered in the chink,  
Where the people had been—

credulous and innocently believed almost  
everything told them.

Those thinkers kicked up quite a fuss  
When once the facts were seen,

And money would not wash the muss,  
Though the masses had been—

deceived and led astray by grand spread-  
eagle speeches.

The tariff star now dimly shines,  
The party leaders weep,

The people go on different lines  
Like flocks of startled—

birds that see the gunner trying to crawl up  
to them.

A silver bell they're ringing now,  
That's party with gold,

But honest men are showing how  
The people will be—

got the best of again if they are allured by  
the little silver rattle.

All those who would for freedom strike,  
And spruce the lot of slaves,

Must leave old parties, and their like,  
And leadership of—

those who have so unmercifully deceived them  
in the past.

B.

THE SWEAT SHOP SYSTEM.

An infamous slavery worse than ever ex-  
isted on earth.

"Broadbrim," an able, intelligent  
and unprejudiced syndicate writer

in New York, gives this expose of the  
infamous "sweat shop" system

as practiced in that city and exposed  
by labor unions, but is still unbel-

ieved by many people. We copy  
this from his last letter in the Rose-

burg Review:

An examination by a legislative  
committee has been going on for

sometime as to the character of  
what is known as the sweat shops,

and the condition of the miserable  
wretches who are compelled by

hard fortune to work in them.  
Walking around this great city,

with its beautiful churches, its mag-  
nificent buildings, public and private;

its banks, with vaults filled with sil-  
ver and gold, greenbacks and other

valuable securities; its mighty fleet  
of ships laden with the wealth of

far-off lands, and then to pass  
through those grand avenues lined

with the palaces of our millionaires;  
one can scarcely realize that in the

same city, hardly a rifle shot away,  
is poverty so abject, and misery so

bitter, that you no longer won-  
der that there are desperate thou-

sands, who eagerly listen to an-  
archy's hateful voice, and who stand

ready to enlist under its banner,  
feeling that any change, no matter

what, cannot make their condition  
any worse.

You ask, what is a sweat shop? I

will tell you: From the Bowery to  
the East River, and from East Broad-

way to Twelfth street, is one vast  
human foreign hive. In this cramped

area, more people live than can be  
found on the same space in any city

of the world. No city in the world  
has such tenement houses as New

York; five, six and seven stories  
high, where a single roof often cov-

ers from 150 to 200 people. It is  
in this class of houses you find

the sweat shop, with all of its name-  
less horrors. The people employed

in them are engaged in the manu-  
facture of clothing; they do not

work directly for the wholesale  
houses, but for contractors, who

take the work from them. The  
man who works for the contractor

occupies two or three rooms in one  
of these tenement houses. In one

of the rooms he and his family eat,  
drink and sleep, and in the other

chine. Space is valuable, time is

costly, the grinding roar of the

sewing machines drowns every

sound. The operators all have a

look of hopeless despair; there is no

time for jest or song, which lightens

labor in other lines of toil; all here

is silent misery. All the workmen,

or women, are either Poles, Hun-

garians, or Russians, and here they

work their lives away. No words

can convey an idea of the brutalizing

effect of such a degrading

association, on both women and men.

Then the rate of labor is shock-

ingly inadequate for the labor

One woman, who had four children

to support, swore, that working

thirteen or fourteen hours a day,

the best she could do was to earn

two dollars a week; and several girls

testified that, do what they would,

they could not make more than a

dollar and a half a week.

NEVER, IN THE DARKEST HOURS OF SLAV-

ERY

In this land, was known such a

condition for human beings before.

The slave worked in the open air,

was well fed, and in the majority of

cases contented and happy. Be-

tween him and his master a genuine

affection existed; but between these

white slaves and their employ-

ers there is no friendship or kindly

feelings. He is taught that his em-

ployer is his enemy, and it is the

study of his life how he can spoil

him or injure him. Their whole

lives are full of plot and counter-

plot; they live in this city, and not-

withstanding their miserable condi-

tion, more are coming. The great

body of these people are Jews, but

they seem to have nothing in com-

mon with American Judaism. They

never go to the synagogues, whose

congregations are made up of re-

spectable German, English and

American Jews; they prefer to as-

semble in a little stuffy room, with

not more than ten or a dozen for a

congregation, and there are several

buildings here, four or five stories

high, and on every floor is a differ-

ent congregation; and not infre-

quently fights occur, where the

police have to be called in to keep the

peace.

This is the miserable army that

crowds our sweat shops and are a

constant menace to our peace and

health. In one place where twenty

people are employed, the committee

found a child sick with a malignant

fever; people were constantly pass-

ing and repassing the sufferer's mis-  
erable bed, and all the clothing they

were at work on was subject to con-

tamination, but the toilers still

worked on, apparently as insensible

to danger as the machines they were

driving.

What shall we do with them?

That is the question which becomes

more difficult every day, as their

numbers grow by natural increase

and immigration; they never ac-

quire our habits or our language;

although at a very early stage they

learn the commercial value of a

vote. The wealthy Jews of New

York have spent hundreds of thou-

sands of dollars to try and better

their condition, but all in vain. At

last legislation is to be taken, and

they will be compelled to observe

better sanitary rules. Police inspec-

tion will insist on cleanliness. No

more sweat shops will be allowed in

the tenement house, and, in short,

if they are to exist among us, they

must be governed by the laws of an

enlightened civilization. This we

must do for our own safety, if not

for the protection of the miserable

wretches, which an unlucky chance

has thrown on our shores.

The Farmer's Object Lesson.

A good, honest farmer was standing

in front of the courthouse, yesterday,

looking mournfully at his tax re-

ceipt. He said: "I brought a bale

of cotton here five years ago and

sold it for \$49.50. With this money

I paid my taxes, \$22; got a dress

for my wife, \$5; shoes for the chil-

dren, \$6; a barrel of flour, \$6.50;

fifty pounds of sugar, \$4; ten

pounds of coffee, \$2; and went home

happy with \$3.75 in my pocket for

the preacher. I brought a bale in

today and sold it for \$22.50; paid

my taxes, \$22.25, and have a quarter

left. They tell me I can get flour,

frocks, sugar and shoes for half I

paid then, but it 'pears to me I

hain't got the half. I've about

made up my mind to invest this

quarter in the U. S. gold bonds and

howl for the gold standard.—Bir-

mingham Daily State.

Did you ever stop to think that

when somebody accumulates more

than he earns, somebody must lose

part or all of what he earns? or are

you aware of this fact and still live

in hope that you will be next to

get what your neighbor has earned?

If so, keep on with the goldbugs

and it won't be long until you will

get a chance to go "Over the hills

to the poor house." J. H. J.

Think, yes, think, but not for

yourself entirely. Think for those

who are to take your place in life

and see to it that your children are

not mortgaged.

S. F. Voice of Labor: We notice

that the Republican dailies of the

eastern cities