

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A GARDEN?

Place: City Hall.
Time: 8:00 p. m.
When: First and Third Tuesdays.
President—Geo. W. Taylor, Sr.
Treas.—Mrs. John A. Martin
Cor. Sec'y—Mrs. Nellie Whereat.

Tuesday night's meeting of the Flower Club showed the effects of the glorious Fourth of July in the number of members and visitors who attended the first meeting of the month.

Mr. Taylor, the president, being absent, the chair was ably filled by the second vice president, Miss Haekin.

The main business last night was the final reports of the various committees of the flower show and the scanning of the bills incurred for the same; these fortunately, so far have not proved to be very large, and the free will offerings from the show will cover them.

Although there was no cup contest last night, there were a number of fine bouquets brought in for display.

Mrs. Bonnie Dutton had a large black vase of gladiolus of the primulus type. These were the largest blossoms of that type that I have ever seen and were certainly very beautiful.

Mrs. Dutton is one of our new members and takes a great interest in our club. Miss Haekin had a very charming rustic basket filled with white snapdragons and a very beautiful blue campanula.

Mrs. Alexander brought a vase of very fine sprays of the popular butterfly bush, the sprays were large and full and very even in shade.

Joy Pettingill had a lovely display also; it was a large basket of feverfew and butterfly bush, the blue and white of the flowers making a beautiful combination.

Mr. Beyers had the masterpiece and had there been a contest, I am sure he would have carried off the cup, especially where the men were concerned; it was a dish of giant sized gooseberries and red cherry currants.

We measured one of the gooseberries and found that it measured three and three-sixteenths inches around one way by three and five-eighths inches around the long way. Don't you think he would have taken the cup?

We are starting the cup contests again at our next meeting, which will be July 19th, and the contest will be for the best display of gladiolus in any kind of container.

Mrs. Beyers then took charge of the program and read an article, "Adventuring with Rock Garden Seeds," by H. M. Flemming, which article appeared in Better Homes and Gardens for July, 1932. This was followed by a general discussion of the growing of perennial plants from seed, the different members giving their experiences as they were called upon by Mrs. Beyers.

These discussions bring out a lot of useful information and are generally enjoyed by the members even if all of them do not take part in them.

Mr. Beyers told of a visit he recently made to the new park which was dedicated at Marshfield Wednesday; from Mr. Beyers' description it is very fine and it is to be hoped that Marshfield people will soon see their way clear to complete the project.

Anyone visiting Marshfield and having the time should go out to see this park and walk through the many trails which have been made through the trees and shrubbery.

Owing to meeting of the city council Tuesday night, we met in the city recorder's office and on Mr. Leslie's desk was a lovely spray of Lillium Candidum, commonly known as the Madonna Lily. I counted fourteen open flowers on it and Mr. Leslie told me it had only one open bloom on it

when it was brought to him. Another spray on a nearby desk had thirteen open blooms and buds on it. This lily, like many others is easily grown and does well with practically no care in our congenial climate. It is a pity that there are not more lilies grown here as the climate is particularly adapted to them and they grow readily with little care, and oh, what a showing they do make in flowering time.

Remember the date of our next meeting, July 19th, at the city hall and be sure to bring your glads.

Card of Thanks

The Coquille Flower Lovers Club wishes to take this means of thanking all those who took part in the programs at the recent flower show and also wish to thank the ladies who acted as judges for it, all of them coming from out of town to perform this difficult task.

Nellie E. Whereat, Sec.

Neighborhood Party on Fourth

A very happy Fourth of July gathering of neighbors and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Moore was held at their ranch home in the Lee vicinity.

Forty-one were present to enjoy the day and a picnic dinner with ice cream and all the trimmings. Swimming was enjoyed by the young folks.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Richards and family, of Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. Vernie Hatcher and family, of Fairview, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Miller and family and Ray Miller of Myrtle Point, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller, of Jacksonville, Oregon, Arla Jenkins, of Ashland, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Salling and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Harrison and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mast and family, of Lee vicinity, Wm. Harrison, of Harmon, Nebr., besides the host and hostesses and family.

Mrs. C. O. Mace Improving

Writing from San Jose, Calif., to renew his subscription, Dr. C. O. Mace, formerly of Arago, tells of the improvement of Mrs. Mace, who was Miss Harriet Sweet and is a sister of Mrs. Pearl Ellingsen, of this city:

"My wife has been in the San Jose Hospital recovering from a mastoid operation for the past eight weeks. That's a long time to stay in bed! Your paper has been one of the bright spots in her hospital life. She is slowly improving. With sleep, rest, good medical attention and the Coquille Valley Sentinel; how could one help but get well?"

Knife Hospital Notes

Harry Lamson, of Bandon, underwent a major operation at the hands of Dr. Jas. Richmond on Tuesday, and Monroe Spurgeon, of Coaledo, had his tonsils removed the same day.

Mrs. Chas. H. Hunt, who had been confined to the hospital for several weeks, has shown such marked improvement recently that she was able to go home last Sunday.

Mrs. R. B. Knife is able to be up and on duty again after a three days' illness.

Respect Carried Too Far

"Respect for our ancestors," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "should not go so far as to convince us that they have provided all the wisdom and morals of which the world has need."—Washington Star.

Standard of Greatness?

A great leader seems to be one who takes the credit when things work out right.—Pathfinder Magazine.

TALES... of the TRIBES

By EDITHA L. WATSON

The Blackfeet

The "terrible Blackfeet" are a tribe whose early contact with white men has colored most of the pioneer history of the plains. Tales of their daring, skill, and ferocity are to be found in abundance, so that it is easy to picture them, the terrors of the prairie, ambushing the enemy or hunting buffalo in great bands.

The significance of their strange name is not certain. It may refer to moccasins painted black, such as were worn by the Pawnees and other tribes, or it may have reference to footgear blackened by the ashes of prairie fires, and this latter is the more probable theory.

This is a confederacy, rather than a single tribe, as it consists of the Siksika (Blackfeet), the Piegan and the Kainah (Bloods). They probably included about half a hundred bands. Each of the three divisions had its own chief and council, and held its own Sun dance. The Atsina and the Sarai were allied tribes.

The Blackfeet have been called "the most dangerous banditti of the mountains." They were always found with weapon in hand, eager for a fight. The young men went to war to acquire horses and the means to set up a lodge and become leaders in the councils, while the older men fought for the love of battle and to add to their prestige.

Blackfeet legends mention a time when they had neither horses nor guns, and hunted on foot, but it was their acquisition of these that caused them to become the "terrible Blackfeet." Horses were stolen from other tribes with great adroitness, and Washington Irving relates a story showing their boldness. Some Blackfeet went into a Nez Perce camp and cut the horses loose where each had been tethered by one foot before the lodge of its owner. The Nez Perce were all asleep except a party of gamblers, who were so engrossed in



Blackfeet.

their game before the fire that they paid no attention to anything else. One of the raiders, his blanket drawn close, actually stood near the Nez Perce, watching the game for some time, unnoticed by them. Finally, mounting some of the horses, the Blackfeet drove the rest ahead of them, and yelling derisively, galloped the Nez Perce herd off to their own camp.

The Blackfeet territory included the upper part of Montana and north to the Saskatchewan river. The six or seven other tribes whose ranges adjoined theirs, especially the Crows, were their bitter enemies, but some of them held the Blackfeet in great respect, and they were not often aroused to attempt retaliation for the constant harassing to which they were subjected.

Smallpox, measles, and starvation (due to the government cutting down rations at a season when game was unusually scarce) reduced the number of the tribe materially in later days, but in modern times they are reported to be increasing in numbers and prospering. At present they are settled on reservations in Canada and one in Montana, and have been publicized until they are one of the best known tribes of modern times, who enjoy their limelight and play up to it cleverly.

It was a Blackfoot, Two Guns White Owl, who was selected to pose for the Indian head on the buffalo nickel. He and his band often travel over the country and lend "native color" to important gatherings.

The Siksika must not be confused with the Siksapa, or Blackfeet Sioux. This is a part of the Teton Sioux whose range was southeast of the Siksika. They and the Hunkpapa were responsible for many of the depredations along the Platte river. This band, however, was small and could not compare in any way to the "terrible Blackfeet."

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Waban, a Nipmuc, was made a justice of the peace. When asked what he would do to drunken, quarreling Indians, Waban said, "Tie 'em all up, and whip 'em plaintiff, and whip 'em defendant, and whip 'em witness."

Face paint was used among the Indians as a protection against sun and wind, and children were painted as well as adults. The color and the manner in which it was applied was symbolical.

Well-worn sandals found in cliff dwellings show that the Indians had a very high instep. A sandal was sometimes buried with a Pueblo infant to guide it back to the underworld.

Hamburg and Luebeck



Scene in the Port of Hamburg.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

MEMORIES of the prosperous era of the Hanseatic league are stirred by the proposal that has recently been made for joining the one-time Hanseatic cities of Hamburg and Luebeck. The cities, which were both leaders in the old league, lie only about 40 miles apart in northeastern Germany, one on the Elbe river near its mouth into the North sea, and the other on the River Trave, only ten miles from the Baltic sea. The object of the association of the two ports would be to eliminate competition and to overcome the effects of the depression that both have felt.

Hamburg is both a free port and a free city; and he who sees Hamburg quickly learns that both appellations have practical consequences. The visitor starts forth, wisely enough, to see Hamburg's best advertised spectacle, its harbor. He finds it has not been overrated. It is one of the most amazing industrial spectacles in the world; that vast sweep of cluttered water, pierced by hundreds of land fingers separating the rectangular water sheets which are basins, skylined by monster skeletons of mighty ships in the building, often smoke-screened by the chimney outpourings of myriad factories.

For six miles along the broad Elbe, 75 miles up-river from the sea, extend the massive docks, the hippodrome landing stages, the intricate jumble of cranes, derricks, and elevators. The landing stages are necessary because Hamburg has an "open harbor," accessible to the tide, in contrast to the dock-basins and flood-gates of much of the Port of London.

A ferry to its proper sightseeing vehicle. For the port is a 15-square-mile area, strewn with every type of modern vessel, from huge ocean liners down through lazy barges, alert yachts, energetic motorboats, chugging tugs, and busy ferries.

"You have your pass, of course," inquires the master of the "circular ferry"—"circular" applying to the trip, not the craft.

"A pass, what for?" "A part of this harbor is a free port, sir," patiently explains the boatman. "And you will wish to come back."

What the Free Port Means.

You get your pass, your boatman threads his way for miles and miles through a floating traffic jam, but an orderly one—that makes crossing Fifth avenue seem child's play to the land-lubber mind. You visit the free port, then your ferry heads back toward your embarkation place. On the way you pull up at what seems to be a customs house, displaying a sign which marks the free port limits. You show your pass; the boat is searched.

You understand the need for the pass, and you realize, too, that you have just seen one key to the prosperity of the foremost continental port. The huge free port, with its mammoth warehouses, cluttered with silks from China, beef from Argentina, coffee from Brazil, harvesters from the United States, all bearing addresses for transshipment to strange-named Baltic ports, none to pay a cent of duty into Germany's treasury.

One-third of Hamburg's harbor, you later learn, is given over to this free port; in its zone are employed some 20,000 of the city's 110,000 industrial workers.

Hamburg entered the German customs union in 1888, thus enabling it to sell its own goods to Germany, tariff free, but its canny senate maintained its free port privileges, which arrangement makes it the great trans-shipment department store of the Baltic.

A senate in a city? Yes, a senate which clings to its stiff Spanish dress as loyally as it guards the ancient rights and privileges of the free city—the "Free and Hanseatic City of Hamburg."

There are only three German survivors of that mighty Hanseatic merchandising chain of the Middle ages—Bremen, Luebeck and Hamburg. Of these three the mightiest is Hamburg.

Once the senators of Hamburg were elected for life. Their rule of Hamburg was as autocratic, to our modern way of thinking, as that of the doges of Venice. That has changed now. There is a house of burgesses, giving a legislative balance much like that under the United States capitol dome.

Where Hamburg's Senate Sits.

The senate sits in the town hall. Perhaps you have heard of the famous Ratsweinkeller, beneath the central building, with its jolly stone Bacchus frankly enthroned at the entrance to a vestibule adorned with stained glass

window portitures of the John Paul Joneses of maritime Hamburg. You climb aloft. The peculiar walls catch your eye. They seem to be of solid wood, most delicately carved and beautifully decorated. Closer examination shows some to be felt, pressed to the hardness and likeness of wood, with the intricate patterns imposed by a matrix.

And after a banquet hall that conjures up memories of the belted burgesses, the staunch merchants and the gentlemen adventurers of medieval times, you come upon the senate chamber. One feature strikes a home note in the American bosom. This senate, too, has secret sessions. But when it does, it retires from the chamber with the visitor's gallery and the press gallery into a smaller chamber that has just one entrance. That entrance is guarded by two massive doors of incredible thickness.

Dating back to Charlemagne, Hamburg is Germany's most modern city. Almost modernistic. The fire of 1842 left few traces of its medieval architecture. Some of its newer office buildings have spiraled sides, in northern search for sunlight; others have contours that make them loom up in Hamburg vistas like a giant Europa entering a narrow harbor.

In these office buildings are elevators which have dispensed with doors and operators. They run on the chain principle, like buckets in a well. They do not stop. One hops on or off as the "buckets" pass the floor. If one forgets to alight at the right floor, no harm done. Stay on, and you will be carried around the top or bottom of the shaft as on a ferris wheel.

Busy but Beautiful.

Industrial to its finger tips, militantly so, Hamburg is a beautiful city. It leaves a confused impression of Minneapolis and Venice. For the Alster river, en route to the Elbe, splays wide in the midst of Hamburg's busiest quarter, giving it the unique spectacle of great office buildings, fine hotels, fashionable shops, all along the lake front. Clerks in the great, gray stone building which is the office of the Hamburg-America line, glancing up from their ledgers, can look out over a glistening sheet of water, flecked with tiny yachts, motorboats, scurrying ferries, racing shells, and canoes; with swans and sea gulls hovering about.

By night the hotel visitor can view from his window the moonlit waters, rimmed by thousands of electric bulbs, and see tiny firefly points of light bobbing all over the surface. At one corner are huddled hundreds of canoes, their occupants reclining on cushions, listening to the concert of the Alster pavilion. This sprightly cafe, or coffee house along the lake front, gathers its daytime patronage from the great department stores of the opposite side of the street.

Luebeck's Commerce and Romance.

Luebeck, companion port of the north, became, during the World war, the foremost port of the German empire in foreign, water-borne trade. It is the smallest of the free cities of Germany, but richer in reminiscences of former greatness than either of the other two. Hamburg, Bremen and Luebeck joined the modern German empire as free and independent Hanseatic cities. Hamburg and Bremen have developed into great stone-and-mortar hives of present-day business; have multiplied their wealth at a tremendous rate; and have, more and more, grown to the international type of purely business cities. Luebeck, on the other hand, while it has maintained an importance as a busy place of commerce, is medieval, romantic, a breath from the past.

Lying ten miles from the Baltic sea, on the River Trave, the channel of which has been so improved that boats of 16-foot draft are able to tie up at the city's docks, Luebeck has been a nerve center of North German trade with Denmark, the Scandinavian lands, and with Russia. The city has been made into an island by its harbor improvements, the Trave flowing around its western border and a wide canal around it on the east.

This city enjoys a location as favorable as that of Bremen or Hamburg for the distribution of its wares over Germany. It is reached by rail in two and one half hours from Bremen, and is about as conveniently near to Berlin. The port is connected with Copenhagen, Stockholm and Danzig by regular steamer services. Its chief articles of commerce are wines, especially clarets, timber, tar, and northern consignments of German manufactures.

The Pioneer Methodist Church

Philip D. Hartman, pastor.
Morning worship at 11 o'clock with a message by the pastor on, "Three Abiding Things."
Evening worship at 8 o'clock with a sermon on, "The Power of Christ's Gospel."
Sunday school at 10 a. m., Lyman Carrier, superintendent.
Both departments of the Young People's Division meet at 7 p. m. for devotionals.

Special vocal musical numbers at both services Sunday. Sunday morning Mrs. Marvel Oberbauer, of Columbus, Ohio, will sing "Abide with Me"—Liddle.

A cordial welcome awaits you at all of our services.

Foursquare Gospel Church

259 E. 2nd Street
Rev. and Mrs. T. R. Jackson, Pastors
Sunday 9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. M. Jewell, superintendent.
11:00 a. m., Morning Worship. Sermon: "The Three Temples."
6:45 p. m. Crusader Meeting.
7:45 p. m. Evangelistic service with sermon: "A Passion for Souls."
Tune in on "Cathedral of the Air" program Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1:30 p. m.

Church of Christ

Turner B. MacDonald, Pastor
Bible School 10:00 a. m. Ned C. Kelley, superintendent.
Morning worship beginning at 11:00 o'clock. Mr. MacDonald will bring the message.
Regular C. E. meetings at 7:00 p. m. The topic for the evening will be: "Have I Right to Live My Own Life?"
Mid-week prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.
Orchestra practice on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist Coquille, Oregon

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service at 11 a. m.
Subject for next Sunday, "Sacrament."
Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock.
Free public Reading Room open in Church Building every Tuesday and Friday afternoons except holidays from two to five o'clock.
The public is cordially invited to attend our services and to visit the Reading Room.

Methodist Episcopal Church

Evening Preaching 8:00 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday 8:00 p. m.
Preaching at Bandon Sunday 11 a. m.
Everyone welcome.
G. A. Gray, Pastor,
107 E. 2nd St., Coquille, Ore.

Church of God

Corner of Seventh and Henry Streets
Pastor, Rev. Geo. S. Murphy
10 a. m. Sunday School.
11 a. m. Preaching services.
6:45 p. m. Young People's meeting.
7:45 p. m. Evening services. Evangelistic message.
7:45 p. m. Thursday evening prayer meeting.

Great Land Purchase

The Louisiana Purchase was the first territory acquired by the United States. It was purchased from France in 1803 and comprised the Mississippi river's west side drainage basin, except that part held by Spain. It extended from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and included areas now occupied by Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Montana, most of Minnesota and portions of Colorado and Wyoming. The United States took formal possession of the Louisiana Purchase regions on March 10, 1804, and congress divided it into two parts—the territory of Orleans (later the state of Louisiana), and the territory of Louisiana.

From Popular Opera

Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the music to "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." It was taken from the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance." The melody used occurs in act 2, song 12—Samuel and chorus of pirates—beginning, "Come, friends, who plough the sea," etc. This melody is exactly as it was written in the operetta, but begins in the middle of the chorus. Theodore Morse made a slight change in the notes at the end of the present arrangement.

Submerged Land Charted

Georges Bank, a 200-mile neck of submerged land which identifies a popular fishing area off Cape Cod, was part of the American continent 25,000 years ago, in the opinion of United States coast and geodetic surveyors. The submerged land has several hills that come almost to the surface and are a constant menace to navigation. For this reason the surveyors charted the strip. The survey revealed several submarine valleys, which may have been river beds.

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A Nourishing Diet

