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Makes kodaking easy. No dark room needed. Particulars at **Knowlton's Drug Store**

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Coquille, Oregon

### A Bake Shop Test

Is made of every milling that Olympic Flour is made of. One of the best bake shops anywhere is run in connection with the mill that makes Olympic Flour. Every bunch of flour that goes through the mill is tested. It has to be up to the highest standard—has to make the best bread possible, else it doesn't go into the Olympic sacks.

That is the reason your bakings of bread, biscuit and pastry are always uniformly good when you use Olympic. Your bakings can't be expected to be the same always unless the flour is. Therein lies the beauty of using Olympic.

THE PORTLAND FLOUR MILLS CO.

### Three Vital Reasons

"I want to give every person not using electric light three vital reasons why the General Electric Mazda Lamp should make them have their house, store, office or factory wired."

First—  
The G-E Mazda Lamp gives nearly three times the light of the ordinary carbon incandescent.

Second—  
It costs no more to burn.

Third—  
The quality of light is vastly superior—a clear white light like sun rays.

"The General Electric Mazda Lamp represents the high-mark in the evolution of incandescent electric lighting. It blends inventive triumph and manufacturing skill—and you reap the benefit in the form of dollars and cents, and freedom from eye strain when using artificial light."

"I want the chance to prove to your entire satisfaction that this wonderful lamp is even better than represented. Come in today and see for yourself. Your call places you under no obligation, and is apt to be decidedly to your profit."  
Be careful to see that every electric lamp you buy bears the G. E. monogram.

**Coquille River Electric Co.**

### J. H. OERDING

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN LUMBER, LATHS, SHINGLES MOULDING, CEMENT BRICKS AND BLOCKS, SAND AND GRAVEL  
**COQUILLE, OREGON**

### Coquille Herald.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Entered as second class matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at Coquille, Oregon, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Devoted to the material and social up building of the Coquille Valley paragon and of Coos County generally.

Subscription, per year in advance, \$1.50

Phone, Main 354.

### In Coos County

#### Building Hotel.

J. E. Schilling was down from Gardiner this week. Twelve carpenters started to work on the hotel in which Mr. Schilling, W. F. Jewett, Warren Reed and others are interested in, Monday. The location commands a beautiful marine view, not far from the steamer landing. There will be 56 rooms in the new building, which will be a three-story structure and cover a ground space of 50x100 feet. Hot and cold water baths and many other conveniences will be furnished in the more important rooms, all of which are large, airy and well lighted. It is expected the hotel will be ready for occupancy in sixty days.—Coos Bay Sun.

#### Banker Submits to Operation.

Cashier L. M. Suplee of the Flanagan & Bennett bank of Myrtle Point, has been quite ill for several days past, and went to the bay Monday of this week to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

The operation was carefully performed at Mercy hospital Tuesday morning. The case was an aggravated one, but the operation was successful, and late reports from his bedside indicate that the patient is getting along nicely. His Myrtle Point friends hope for his early and complete recovery. George Winchester of Marshfield is helping at the bank during his absence.—Enterprise.

#### Promoting Deal for Passenger Boat.

A sea going passenger boat of light draft is a new project of F. J. Monroe, now at Florence. It is said that he has sold nearly enough stock to assure the purchase of a small steamer in San Francisco, which he proposes to put on a regular schedule between this place, Florence and Yaquina bay. It is claimed that many passengers could be brought in here from Yaquina, where the branch of the Southern Pacific railway ends. Just how well Mr. Monroe is succeeding is heresy on our part, but we understand that he will be down here soon to interest local capital in the enterprise.

#### Bulkheads to Be Put In.

A report was current here a few days ago that the government had given out the ultimatum that there must be bulkheads put in along the shoals in the Coquille river to protect the channel after it had been dredged by the Oregon, which is to come here about June 1st, and we have been informed by parties in position to know that the bulkheads will be put in, consequently this removes the last obstacle in the way, and it is now an assured fact that we will get the dredge. As soon as the dredging is done, the big lumber carrier Melville Dollar will be run by the Dollar people, and she will take out from eight hundred thousand to one million feet of lumber at a trip. This will help some toward stimulating business on the river, and this should awaken the port commission spirit again which was allowed to lag during the time the Coos Bay port commission was going through a course of litigation, out now that all points of law have been settled in favor of the commission, there is no reason for further delay on the part of the local port, and steps toward establishing the same will no doubt be taken very soon.—Recorder.

#### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final account in the matter of the administration of the estate of Charles A. Peterson, Sr., deceased, and that the County Court has named the County Court Room, in the Court House, in Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, as the place, and Monday, the 5th day of June, 1911, as the time for hearing objections to the final account and the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 18th day of April, 1911. MARY L. PETERSON, Executrix.

C. R. Barrow, Attorney.

### A Pastoral Love Affair

Combination of the Natural and the Artificial.  
By ARTHUR BEMERTON  
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Bessie and I fell in love naturally—in fact, too naturally. I have often thought how pleasant it must be for the animals and birds to mate without having to look into each other's record. A tiger may not only kill a man, but eat him and mate with a most respectable tigress without any questions being asked. Two birds may meet on the branch of a tree and after the slightest knowledge of each other become mates. But man and woman must not only know all about each other, but be of the same grade and each have a clean record, or there comes a lot of trouble.

And the most singular thing about it all is that either of them will murder any animal, except their own kind, and eat the carcass. I, being an artist, when the buds were beginning to open went into the country to catch that first delicate shade of pale green which appears on the trees at that season. I was sitting on my tripod in a wood working in the colors when I heard the bark of a dog, and a moment later a little terrier stood growling at me. A girl, budding like the trees, not into leaves, but into womanhood, hurried up, calling in a soft voice:

"Frisk! Come away, Frisk! What do you mean, at this time of day? I paid no attention to the dog, and there was no need for the girl to call him off, for he had no idea of attacking me, but he gave me an excuse for addressing the girl.

And yet I question if any excuse was required. People who meet in crowds are constrained by convention. We two, meeting in a wood, with not a sound about us—when the dog had ceased barking—except an occasional twitter of birds engaged in nest building, felt constrained in another way. We were impelled to be companionable. I began by telling her not to mind the dog, that he wouldn't disturb me, and she stilled around where she could catch a view of my sketch. One thing led to another until we felt quite well acquainted. I had chosen a delightful spot to transfer to canvas. It was on a declivity. An opening in the trees below revealed a patch of landscape, while at my feet distilled a stream, at this season well supplied with water from snows recently melted at higher altitudes. The air was balmy and laden with perfumes.

One has but to mention this outline picture to indicate the result. Given an opening spring in a wood, buds, wild flowers, twittering birds, a vista, a brook, a dog and lastly a young man and a young woman, both in the first freshness of youth, what follows? Why, exactly what the poet says—the young man's (and the young woman's) fancy turns to thoughts of love.

The result of this meeting was an other meeting and another and another. I didn't count them; I was too preoccupied to do so. I painted so long on my picture that before I finished it the delicate shade I had come to the country for had grown into a dark green and the full grown leaves had blotted out the vista which gave the work more than half its beauty. But while this beauty was disappearing the bud of love was opening.

So much for the natural features of this story. Now come the artificial. A girl's confession to her father that she had met her fate, but had not met with any knowledge of that fate's antecedents; then a command from the father, tears from the girl and a triangular condition between the father, the girl and the artist such as has taken place ever since the first primeval girl planned to give her first love a kiss. What a tragedy! What a first primeval youth, the tree being too high for the old gentleman to follow. Bessie's father was really as reasonable as we considered him unreasonable. He merely wished to know who I was. Since I had lived in South America from the time I was two until twenty-two years of age I must send there for my credentials, involving a delay of a month or more. What cruelty to force a pair of lovers to wait all that time in a state of suspense!

"Sweetheart," I said to her one day, "suppose the reply should come that I am an escaped defaulter, jailbird, murderer."  
"I would not believe the story."  
"But your father would," I added sentimentally.

One day, after having painted alone in the wood, on leaving it I saw something half covered with shriveled branches and dead leaves. I examined it and found the dead body of a man. Horrified lest I might be implicated in a murder, I threw back what I had removed and was about to hurry away when I saw two men coming for me. Within five minutes I was on my way to the nearest police station.

It seemed to me that the only logical beings are the beasts and the birds. They kill and eat each other without inquiring whether or not they are eating the same species, while man—well, this is what man does.

He kills and eats every animal below himself. To kill even one of his own kind he considers the greatest of crimes unless he kills them in battle, where the more men he kills the bigger man he is, which is exactly what made the chiefs among his savage ancestors.

I was so impressed with this reasoning that I asked my father for writing materials and wrote it down, or, rather, elaborated the bare skeleton I had thought out. When it was finished I asked to have it delivered to Bessie's father.

In due time a reply came as follows: I have always desired my daughter to marry a man distinguished for something. Artists and poets are usually distinguished for their ideas. You being one of the kind, share that distinction. You may further lay claim to being the most impracticable numskull that, to my knowledge, the world has yet produced. You have interested me in yourself and your case. I have retained the best criminal lawyer I can find to take charge of your case, and if your innocence is proved I shall deem my daughter honored in wedding such an eminent fool.

This reply stung me to the quick. I regarded it as tantamount to a refusal of his daughter's hand even if my innocence were proved. As to the lawyer he spoke of hiring for me, I was him immediately that I had engaged the most eminent counsel in the land and would have no need of the one he had retained.

What was my surprise, when I was folding and addressing this second letter, to receive a visit from Bessie.

She threw herself into my arms hysterically. I couldn't tell whether it was joy or grief that moved her. When she became calmer I spoke of her father's communication.

"Father has turned right around," she said. "He's your friend forever."  
"Really?"  
"Yes, really. He considers you innocent of this crime with which you are charged. He says that no man who could have written that letter could have committed murder and if he did he would convince the judge that there was no case against him, since there is no logical difference between killing a man and a steer."

"I am glad," I said, embracing her, "that in thousands of years one couple may in some respects return to the natural methods of our progenitors. Are you quite sure your father is sincere in his change of mind toward me?"

"I am. If he were not he would not have permitted me to come here to visit you. He says you are the first man he ever met who did not talk and act artificially. He's simply delighted with you."

I showed her the note I had written declining her father's offer of counsel. She burst out laughing. I asked what amused her.

"You haven't any money to pay counsel," she said.  
"Upon my word! I never thought of that."  
"You are ideal and impractical," she said. "That's the reason I love you." And she embraced me.

Our colloquy was broken in upon by the sheriff, who came in to say that the real murderer had been arrested and had confessed. I was free to go. At the same time he handed me a letter postmarked Rio Janeiro.

"Ah," I exclaimed, "my credentials!"  
Slipping the letter in my pocket, I accompanied Bessie to her father's house. He greeted me warmly, and handed him the credentials I had received at the jail. Removing the envelope, he began to read, his eyes opening wider as he read.

"Are you a fool or a knave?" he asked, looking up at me.  
"Both," I replied.  
"What is it?" asked Bessie.  
"Why, daughter, this pastoral business of yours has resulted in your catching the only son and heir of the biggest coffee planter in Brazil. I knew when I received his note that he was an original, but I didn't know he was rich. You tell me," addressing me, "that you are both fool and knave. Will you kindly inform me of the introspective reasoning by which you have arrived at this result?"

### NOTICE

Having closed out our Dry Goods and gone into the Grocery business exclusively, we have decided to discontinue the handling of the Graphophone. As we have put out something like two hundred machines, we will continue to handle the Records, but have decided to make some changes in the giving out of Records to our Customers who have our Machines. Viz: When your Cash purchases amount to \$5.00 we will give you one Single Record free, or one Double Record by paying 35c in addition to the \$5.00 worth of Tickets, and will continue to keep a good selection of pieces on hand at all times.

Respectfully,  
**P. E. DRANE**  
Dealer in S. I. and Fancy Groceries, Flour and Feed.

### FOR SALE

160 acre ranch. About 25 acres bottom land, mostly in cultivation. House and barn and good orchard. Price \$2,500.00. Terms on part.

80 acre farm. Nice house and good barn. Located on county road. Price \$5,750.00. Good terms.

160 acres. 40 or more acres bottom land. 20 acres in cultivation. 80 acres in pasture. Good orchard. Good house and two barns. 15 or 20 tons grain hay. Price \$3,500.

159 acre farm. 132 acres rich river bottom land. 100 acres of it cleared. Good 1-2 story 7-room house. Large dairy barn. Other good outbuildings. Good orchard. Two running springs with an abundance of good water. 20 head of dairy cows. One thoroughbred Jersey bull. Several head of young stock. 40 head of hogs. Lots of chickens, ducks and turkeys. One hack and one buggy. Full and complete outfit of farming tools. One cream separator. 100 bushels of wheat and 50 bushels of oats, for feed or good for seed. Price if sold soon, \$110 per acre.

130 acre farm. 25 acres bottom land cleared and mostly under the plow. Hill land most all in pasture. 6 room house and good barn. 12 cows and one bull. All farming tools. Two colts, one and 2 years old. Household goods. Located close to market and creamery. Price per acre \$62. Terms on \$3,000.

80 acre farm. 25 acres bottom land all in cultivation. Hill land is used for pasture, but an excellent proposition for orchard. Plenty of good water. Good 7-room house and good barn. Orchard. Located about one-half mile from steamboat landing on the Coquille river. Price, \$4,500; \$2,500 cash, balance in 3 years time.

30 acre farm located on Coquille river. 20 acres in cultivation. House, barn and other outbuildings. Good orchard. Price \$3,400.

800 acre stock ranch. 600 acres open land in grass. Two barns. A good 7 room house. Good orchard. Plenty of water. Located one half mile from county road. Price, per acre, \$8.00.

250 acre ranch, with house and barn and orchard, located only two miles from Coquille. A bargain. \$30 per acre. Cash \$2,500; balance long terms at 6-12 per cent.

160 acres logged off land, all in pasture. A fine tract for orchard and berries. Level enough to plow almost the entire tract. Located within 2 miles of Coquille. Price \$2,500.

120 acre farm located on the Coquille river close to Coquille. Fine house and good barn. Several head of stock and farming tools. Price per acre, \$85. Half cash is required. This is a good buy.

Nice city lots at from \$225 up, on easy payments. \$50 cash, balance \$50 every six months with interest.

40 acres bench land, no improvements, for \$500.

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For a job of first-class mending, dyeing or cleaning, or a new suit tailored, call at the rear of the Pharmacy building.  
I am agent for two tailoring houses in Chicago. Come and see my styles and samples. I will save you money and guarantee a good fit.  
**K. Halverson Coquille, Ore.**

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