

The Herald, the old established reliable newspaper of the Coquille Valley in which an "ad" always brings results.

THE COQUILLE HERALD

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COQUILLE, COOS COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912

PER YEAR \$1.50

THE O. E. S. NATAL DAY

GATHERING OF WIMODAUSIS

Of Freemasons at Masonic Temple, Marshfield, Friday, August 30, 1912--Eleventh Annual Convention

Wimodausis, a composite name formed from the words WIFE, MOTHER, DAUGHTER, SISTER. "A secret society to promote friendship and a kindly interest in the welfare of the members, and to stimulate intellectual activity by an interchange of thought on all subjects which will tend to the advancement of the wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of Freemasons."

The Order of the Eastern Star--to which the above paragraph refers--comprising representatives from the five chapters in Coos county, met in eleventh annual convention at Marshfield Friday last.

Of the members present Coquille contributed forty, North Bend fifty, Bandon twenty-five, Myrtle Point twenty, Marshfield one hundred and twenty-five and visitors from Michigan, California and several places in Oregon swelled the number in attendance to over two hundred and fifty.

Margaret V. Hayter of Dallas, Grand Matron of Oregon; Jesse Davis of Roseburg, Matron of Roseburg Chapter No. 8, and J. L. Roy of Coquille, 82 years of age, the first Associate Grand Patron of the Eastern Star of Oregon, were among the more distinguished visitors.

All incoming members were met at trains and boats, provided with suitable badges and escorted to Masonic Temple where a reception was tendered at noon. Address of welcome by Jesse Marsh of Marshfield, eloquently responded to by D. D. Pierce of Coquille. Dinner in the dining room of the temple followed, at the conclusion of which routine business, election of officers, exemplification of secret work, vocal and star drill, and ceremony of closing were demonstrated by the various chapters.

A silver cup given for the largest attendance at the convention in proportion to membership--outside of Marshfield--was won by Coos Chapter No. 99 North Bend, the "baby chapter" of the county. The cup has a capacity of three gallons and cost \$90. F. E. Allen presented the cup and N. C. McLeod on behalf of Coos Chapter made speech of acceptance stating "if it takes a three-gallon cup for an infant two years old what size would be required for one at maturity?"

The lodge room was profusely decorated with choice flowers of all kinds, while large and numerous bowls of fuschias beautified the reception room. Floral decorations were likewise many upon the long tables in the banquet room and the soft illumination from scores of candles made a scene of beauty long to be remembered.

A sumptuous banquet was given at the temple in the evening at which F. E. Allen was toastmaster. Many responded to calls of the toastmaster on subjects pertaining to the order, the one on "Our Past Matrons" by Susie Folsom of Beulah Chapter No. 6, Coquille, being particularly pleasing and appropriate. Mrs. Folsom spoke as follows:

Our Past Matrons--You all know who they were and what they were to us and to our chapter. Our Past Matrons were the flower of the flock, the gold taken from the dross, the fairest among thousands.

They were the women chosen from among their associates as best fitted to wield the gavel of authority, and in controlling others they gained greater control over themselves. They learned to be cautious in words, courteous in manner, serene in their ruling, and governed with moderation and decorum.

The principles of our order are ennobling and worthy of earnest purpose, and they who have passed through its chairs cannot help but be keener of sympathy and finer of vision. They exemplify in their lives of labor the fidelity of Adah, the unquestioning obedience of Ruth, the heroism of Esther, the faithful trust of Martha and the loving endurance of Electa.

If they have lived up to the charge

given them when they were installed as Matrons they have shared in promulgating the principles of brotherly love, relief and truth; they have aided, comforted and protected their sisters and brothers in their journey through life and by cheerful companionship and social enjoyment lightened the burdens of active duties.

The O. E. S. was founded in this country in 1778, and I can see, as in a vision, that wonderful array of Maids and Matrons marching on from that day down to the present, each one trying to be what James Russell Lowell calls "earth's noblest thing"--a woman perfected.

Mrs. Tyrrell of Coquille, while not named on the program, favored the convention with a vocal solo in her usual pleasing manner.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are Mrs. Stephen Gallier, Bandon, president; Mrs. C. R. Wade, Bandon, vice-president; Mrs. Wm. Bingham, Bandon, secretary. Bandon was chosen as the meeting place of the convention next year.

We are indebted to Chas. Evland of this city for giving us information regarding the convention and we fully realize our inability to supply words sufficient to elucidate the benefit and enjoyment derived by the participants, as well as depicting the enthusiasm manifested by Mr. Evland.

May the shining light of the Eastern Star giving forth its radiance of beauty and holiness never grow dim.

A SOCIETY WANDER SONG.

This quiet life is heavenly dull,
I'm getting quite blasé from it,
I wish I were a blustering gull,
I'd quickly fly away from it.
For in my heart there is a flame--
A longing rawther hot, you know--
To plunge into this wander game
And--all that bally rot, you know.

I'm greatly bored with clubs and such,
I'm sick of smart society,
I'm yearning pretty blawsted much
For change and for variety,
I feel a throbbing in my veins
That makes me wish to trot, you know,
Across the hills, across the plains
And--all that bally rot, you know.

To be a gypsy would, I'm sure,
Affect me rawther plannity,
Although I--"I understand" 'em poor
Or I wash themselves int'requently.
Or I could sail the open sea--
It's wally done a lot, you know--
Where I could be alive and free
And--all that bally rot, you know.

Ah, yes, the fever's in my blood!
The lust to leave is stirring me,
But heavily here or cold or mud
Or wally keeps on deterring me.
The weather will not let me start,
It chains me to the spot, you know,
But, ah, the dream that's in my heart
And--all that bally rot, you know.

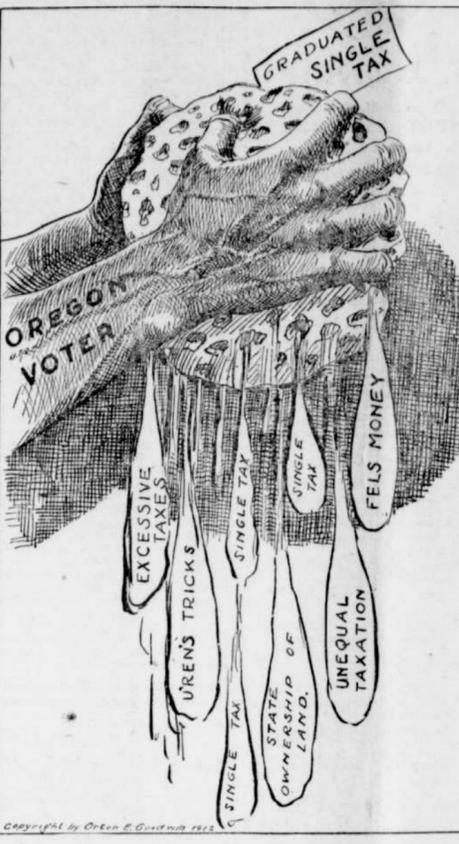
Uncle Joe (who has been left to cook dinner for the party, reading from "Things All Scouts Should Know")--"If your only wax match falls into a puddle... you need not despair. Dry it roughly on your coat and then stick it in your hair. Leave it there for a minute, and it will come out perfectly dry again.--Punch.

Her Black Hope.
"You yourself have been arrested, have you not?" he began in cross examination.
"Look-a-heeh!" exclaimed the dusky witness. "Does yo' think I's gwine to tell yo' mah private business? I guess not!"

"I have the right to know, and you must tell me," the lawyer persisted. And the judge instructed the witness that she would have to answer.
"I's been arrested fo' lickin' mah husband," the woman finally said, her eyes flashing.

Conditionally.
"Well, sir," said Mabel's father after Algy had asked for the maiden's hand, "she tells me she loves you, but do you think you can afford to pay for all the little luxuries she is accustomed to?"
"Why, yes--that is, if she'll do without the necessities, I can," said Algy.--Judge's Library.

SQUEEZING THE WATER OUT OF SINGLE TAX



Single Tax Exposed

By CHARLES H. SHIELDS

THE above subject advertised to take place at the Masonic hall last Monday evening proved a failure insofar as securing the hall. It appears arrangements had been duly made for the hall but the party renting it failed to materialize. Much disappointment was manifested by the throng awaiting in the streets not the least chagrined being the speaker, Mr. Shields, who personally made application for and secured the Scenic Theater where an able discourse was delivered in opposition to the single tax theory.

Very many voters are in a quandary as to how they will exercise their franchise on this measure at the polls next November and are not only willing but anxious--as they should be--to "hear all sides and then decide."

The graduated single tax and the various single tax measures offered in Multnomah, Clackamas and Coos counties were nothing more or less than single tax and was one of the earliest statements of Mr. Shields.

"You will find," he said, in every communication that Mr. Cridge, one of the Fels paid workers, has sent out, he has declared this statement of mine to be untrue. However, I can back it with proof, for not only do the single taxers stand wholeheartedly for Henry George who declared that the purpose of single tax was the absolute and entire confiscation of land by the state, but I can also prove my statement by Mr. W. S. U'Ren. Rather heedlessly the other day in a letter to the Oregonian he admitted this to be true. This is what Mr. U'Ren said:

"The Single Taxers have presented two Single Tax measures, one in the local county option law for Multnomah, Clackamas and Coos Counties. The other is the graduated specific tax exemption amendment."

"This is the first time Mr. U'Ren has ever made such an admission, and while he admits writing this letter, every other paid single tax worker says his statement is not true. I leave you gentlemen to judge for yourselves."

Mr. Shields first told of his work in Seattle and declared that his private business under single tax would escape paying \$1,000 a year in taxes. His work was a matter of principle, he said. He had come to Oregon because he had told the Seattle single taxers that he was determined that Oregon should know the truth of the case.

time you have exempted personal property. Still your taxes must be paid. Who is left to pay them? Just the small lot owner, the small home owner and the small farmer, and when they cannot pay their land will go to the state. For this reason the single taxers' figures are unreliable as the revenue expected from the large land owners would not be forthcoming. All land values under graduated single tax must and will decline in value. The selling and the renting value will be destroyed. When the full rental value is taken by the state, the state's means to raise funds will be by leasing, for there will be no value on which to place a tax. To you, ladies and gentlemen, it will be a case of pay your taxes or get out. Do you want to get out? If so, vote for single tax. U'Ren of course promises you that if you do not like the law, you can repeal it. This argument does not appeal to me. Does it appeal to you? Do we want failures? Do we want an era of depression, for that is what declining land values and no market for your land will spell. As land values decline, the mortgagee will foreclose your mortgage. An era of land communism and land socialism will be upon you. In my belief it will be before you ever have the opportunity to repeal the U'Ren single tax measure. No progress was ever made under a law of this kind. No progress will ever be made. Egypt saw a system of land communism and Egypt fell. Greece and Rome fell too in their turn when they applied the test. Barbarian races everywhere have land communism. Is that what we want? These measures are promised to cure all evils. I am not sure whether graduated single tax is promised to cure rheumatism and gout, but I know it is promised to cure crime, want and all social evils. Personally I doubt this. I never did have faith in quack doctors.

"On the ballot in November," went on the speaker, "you have offered three measures by the State Tax Commission, Numbers 304, 306 and 308. These will give you a rational system of tax reform and with absolute assurance I leave them to your consideration.

"I want to thank you for the very careful consideration you have shown to me this evening and from the talks I have had here today, I have no question of the manner in which the voters in this section will mark their ballots."

Astoria People Patriotic

The huge flagpole presented the Panama-Pacific International Exposition by the citizens of Astoria reached San Francisco in one of the giant rafts of the Hammond Lumber company, and has been towed to the Exposition site at Harbor View. It was sent by Mayor Henderson of Astoria as that city's contribution to the wonderful Exposition to be held in 1915. The pole was originally intended for the Astoria Centennial celebration, but it was so long and heavy that it was impossible to raise it. The dimensions of the flagpole, as given by an expert timber scaler, are as follows: Douglas Fir, a perfect piece of timber, base 56 inches, top 23 inches; estimated weight 93,061 pounds. Cubic contents 1,958.52 cubic feet; contains 23,515.46 solid lumber feet; length over all 246 feet. The special flag which is to be flown from this flagpole is to be furnished by the citizens of Astoria. It is planned to hold appropriate ceremonies when the pole is raised and old glory is unfurled from its lofty peak.

Future Restaurant Ethics

"Here, waiter, take this away. What do you mean by bringing me soup with a bit of paper floating around in it?"
"I can't serve you soup without that, sir. That's the union label."

T. L. Parks, Murrayville, Ga., Route 1, is in his 73rd year, and was recently cured of a bad kidney and bladder trouble. He says himself: "I have suffered with my kidneys. My back ached and I was annoyed with bladder irregularities. I can truthfully say, one 50c bottle of Foley Kidney Pills cured me entirely." They contain no habit forming drugs. Sold at Fahrman's Pharmacy.

FARMERS AND EDITORS CALLINGS COMPARED

H. L. Rann, an Iowa newspaper man, relieves himself, like this: The man who owns eighty acres of Iowa land and who has brains enough to till it, makes a lot of country newspaper men look like the last sad remnants of a Dutch Lutch. The farmer has the best of it all around. He is as independent as the American Express Company. He doesn't have to go into raptures over the beauty of an open-faced bride with a cast of countenance that would blow out the gas, and he can say what he dum pleases about a candidate for congress, something no newspaper man ever dared to do unless he had lost the postoffice. The farmer isn't required to lie until his back teeth fall out, about the sterling manhood of a groom with ears like a cauliflower plant, and the brain power of a shoat. He doesn't have to run a piano contest for the most beautiful young lady in the community, make everybody sore about the winner, and then print a seventy-five cent half tone of the beauty that looks like a tintype of grandma at the age of thirteen. He isn't called upon to paint the virtues of a prominent citizen who earned his money by collecting notes with a draw shave and who would have an attack of heart failure if suddenly separated from two bits of real money.

The farmer can look every man in the eye and tell him to go where there is no premium on coal slack, and if the printer informs a man who tries to beat him out of four year's subscription that he is so crooked that he couldn't go to sleep in a roundhouse he is liable to be reduced to the consistency of a cornstarch pudding.

If a newspaper man knew the joys and independence of the farmer's life, he would kick himself up to a peak until he looked like a rattailed file for continuing to make himself the door mat of the stiff-necked and ungodly community.

Let us reform, brethren, and get close to nature's heart with a threatened pitchfork and a self-feeding manure spreader. We will live longer, or at any rate it will seem longer, as the married man said, and if the worst comes to worst, we can live on rutabagas and rock salt, which we have no doubt, is an improvement over our customary diet. Then "Back to the Soil" will be the pass-word and "Soh Boss" the grand hailing sign of distress.

Weighed Two Pounds At Birth

Russell Halle is Philadelphia's protege for the world's runt honors. His fingers are as small as tooth-picks, his arms pass comfortably through a woman's finger ring. He weighs two pounds and is twelve days old.

When he was born he weighed a pound and eleven ounces, but he is growing. He is now nine inches long, or, rather tall. Physicians said he would not live. But, in his place at the Infant Incubator hospital at Point Breeze, the young man is persistently setting their predictions at naught.

The indications are that he will keep on growing and be a regular baby, as he drinks his milk as eagerly as any other infant. His mother is sixteen years old and weighs roo pounds.

That Settled It

It happened in the chemistry class, and the professor had just asked some one to define gravity. The somewhat hurried answer contained the word "pull" which irritated the instructor. He declared that there was no such energy in nature as pull. A young woman in the front row caught the professor's attention. "I would like to ask a question," she said. "Yes, Miss Myers, what is it?" The young woman spoke up very clearly: "I want to ask whether you would push or pull a radish?" And that closed the controversy.

A man may praise a woman's pie but that is no sign he will eat it.

It may be all right to lend a dollar, but it is better to give it away.

OREGON NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK

Transpiring in Oregon Boiled Down to Least Number of Lines and Yet Make the Subject Understood

Fifteen thousand Woodmen attended the state fair at Salem, September 3.

Recent heavy rains have suspended threshing operations in Lane county and farmers believe that grain standing in the shock is damaged so that it will be unfit for flour.

T. F. McCallister of Crooked river has invented a plow that, if it proves a success, will revolutionize farming as it will plow, harrow and seed at the rate of 126 acres in 24 hours. Mr. McCallister is having the first machine built in St. Louis and hopes to be able to test its merits within a short time.

Mrs. Jane Veatch of Cottage Grove, aged 82 years and one of the oldest pioneers of the valley, will at the Grange fair, to be held this month, ride the same saddle with which she crossed the plains in 1852. She is still spry and energetic and gets about like a woman of 50 and will, no doubt, ride her horse as well as anyone in the parade.

The Medford and Crescent City railroad company, on August 30, filed articles of incorporation, with a capital of \$50,000, for a road from Medford to Crescent City, Cal., passing through the towns of Ruch, Wilderville, Wonder, Taylor, Kirby, Deering and Gasquet. All incorporators are said to be Medford people.

In the name of Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, president of the Oregon State Equal Suffrage league, Mrs. Henry Waldo Coe is arranging a great rally of state-wide importance for the suffrage cause to be held in the Gipsy Smith auditorium in mid-October. Representatives of organizations in every county of state will attend and the speakers will be some of the most prominent men and women of the state.

"Capt. Charles Bennett was the discoverer of gold in California and fell in defense of his country at Walla Walla." This is the inscription upon a tombstone in a cemetery at Salem. He was killed in battle with the Indians in 1855. The All-Seeing Eye, broken column, the Great Light, square and compass are engraved upon the stone marking the place the body of Charles Bennett reposes.

C. F. Lansing, proprietor of the Quaker Nurseries, Salem, is experimenting with the citrange sent him by the government. The citrange is a cross between the lemon and Japan orange, and is said to be much better for ades and ices than the lemon. In the government's report the trees are claimed to stand the cold as far north as St. Louis. This being true, Mr. Lansing believes they ought to do well on the Pacific coast. His trees have done well, having made a fine growth, and he hopes to be able to report on the fruit in a year or two.

Hairless Race Propheesied

"Within 500 years there will be scarcely a hair on any woman's head, and men will lose their hair 200 years before that time," declared Professor C. E. Wells, an eminent brain specialist of Paris, who is here on his first visit to the United States in twenty years. Baldness will be the fashion for both men and women. The development of brain power of the human race will precede the loss of its hair, and to have curly locks will be a reflection on the intellect of the wearer some hundred years hence."

The implicit confidence that many people have in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is founded on their experience in the use of that remedy and their knowledge of the many remarkable cures of colic, diarrhoea and dysentery that it has effected. For sale by all druggists.