

Vote for Millage Bill Number 320 X Yes

It provides six-tenths of a mill tax for support of Agricultural College and University of Oregon, giving them permanent support and taking them out of politics. It also provides one Board of Regents, thus solving the problems of operation, consolidation, division of sources and economy of management.

It does not increase the average rate of taxation.

It repeals the \$500,000 University appropriation bill.

The bill is endorsed by Governor West. "This Bill is in the interest of good business and should pass."

By L. R. Alderman, State Superintendent Public Instruction: "Experience in other states shows millage bill principle to be correct."

By Will H. Daly, President Oregon State Federation of Labor: "No argument can successfully combat the benefit to the state that will follow the adoption of the millage tax plan."

Endorsed by Portland Tax Payers League.

Bill prepared by committee of Governor's Commission, Boards of Regents, and administrative officers of the two institutions.

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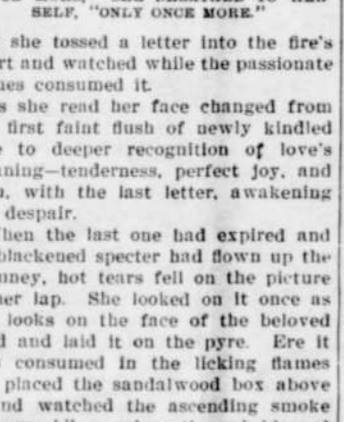
The Masquers

A Story Showing That Our Inmost Thoughts Are Our Own

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Miss Vardemond dismissed her maid and leaned back in her chair with a weary little sigh. She had superintended the packing of her trunks and had inspected with languid interest the lustrous white bridal gown with its dainty accessories. There was one hour before dinner. After dinner would come Stephen. She must do it at once. She went to a writing desk and from some secret hiding place brought forth a carved sandalwood box. She turned a golden key in the lock, and odors of sandalwood and rose leaves perfumed the air like incense rising from an invisible altar. She took out a bundle of letters and a man's picture. Untying the package, she placed the envelopes face upward in a long row on the rug. There were thirty in all. Thirty days of perfect bliss in one's life. That was not so very much, she thought rebelliously. But then each day had been full of an unutterable joy that had been rounded to an idyllic close by the receipt of a letter. She pressed a white finger on the first misse. It was merely an invitation to ride in the park. The last letter was a passionate avowal, ending in black night for her. She stretched out her arms and murmured wistfully, "All within this little space!" Then she made a motion as if to gather and toss them into the fire, but hesitated. "Once more," she breathed to herself, "only once more."

She did not open the letters. One by one in the order of their dates she picked up the missives and read them with her mind's eye. Graphically she lived each day, and at the close of the day she tossed a letter into the fire's heart and watched while the passionate flames consumed it. As she read her face changed from the first faint flush of newly kindled love to deeper recognition of love's meaning—tenderness, perfect joy, and then, with the last letter, awakening and despair. When the last one had expired and its blackened specter had flown up the chimney, hot tears fell on the picture in her lap. She looked on it once as one looks on the face of the beloved dead and laid it on the pyre. Ere it was consumed in the licking flames she placed the sandalwood box above it and watched the ascending smoke and crumbling embers through blurred vision. When the fire glowed clear and bright again her tears ceased to flow. For a long time she gazed into the fiery coils wherein her tokens of happiness had been consumed and likened it to the order through which she had passed. After it was all over, the brief, feverish term of joy which had been allotted to her, she had with drawn into the grateful shadow of Stephen Wade's friendship. Friend ship which had ripened into a love in which she played the passive part of recipient, for she had no love to give—only calm affection—but it was affection that would be lasting as life itself—and perhaps would be more satisfactory than transitory love. Stephen did not know this. He was not aware that the offer of his sheltering love afforded a grateful refuge to her bruised heart. He believed in her love for him. He believed her to be too high minded and steadfast to come to him with anything less than love. Yet she had done it and he would never know. It would be her life's purpose that the noble hearted man she had promised to marry should never learn that in return for his deep love she brought him sincere affection—and nothing else. With a quick, graceful movement she arose to her full height and shook back the copper glory of her hair. It was as if she had slipped off some burden that had lain heavy on her beautiful shoulders. "Now I can begin anew," she said triumphantly.



"ONCE MORE," SHE BREATHED TO HERSELF, "ONLY ONCE MORE."

"I believe it is customary," soothed Wade, with a little smile, as he drew a letter case from his pocket. Then he stared into the fire absently. A half hour passed, during which he sat utterly motionless, the fine profile of his face cut like a cameo against the dark velvet of his chair. With a sudden start he slowly opened the letter case. From an inner compartment he took a small parcel wrapped in tissue paper and unrolled it in his broad palm. He looked down upon an absurdly small fan with rich lace and delicate pearl sticks crushed and broken. His own hand had wrought the injury. Ah, the pain again! He had not thought it possible, for had not his very soul died that night? Yet there was the pain, the terrible crushing agony. Could men suffer like that and live on? Aye, man had done it and would. He drew a sharp breath. The pain deadened into apathy, and the broken fan slipped from his fingers to the floor. He saw a full southern moon shifting light through honeysuckles and roses while he watched with passionate ardor the shadows flickering across a beautifully dark face with soft black eyes and rose leaf lips. There was the rise and fall of her low toned chest, and he was transfixed to the sound of whose music he could listen forever. He saw a warm southern sun shedding light on long delightful days when life was intoxicatingly blissful—days wherein care nor apprehension nor any doubt found place, days when his sprightly, honorable, clean soul rejoiced in the love of a woman, in the glory of perfect womanhood that was without a flaw. Poets and historians were base revilers to the contrary; he Stephen Wade, knew. He saw a moonlit night, heavily scented with jasmine, when his very heart ached with the perfect joy of living—when, in the pale shadows of arching palm alleys, his perfect joy turned to agony, his strong hand clinched about the eagle tail of ice and pearl, and crushed it as his hopes were crushed under the faying scorn of her voice, under the indifferant mockery of her softly luminous eyes. Bewildered with pain, he had turned away with ashen face. He had walked miles through the brilliant night, every star hanging like a lamp in the sky, while the clinging perfume of the jasmine flowers that riotous the wayside hedged overpowered his senses and numbed his agony for the time. When the first pink flush of dawn had spread into the pale morning sky he had stopped beside a fern edged pool. Hot eyed and weary, he lifted one hand and looked at the fan, at first stupidly, then with growing apprehension and then realization. He shuddered now as he thought of the hours, days, months, years that had followed. Then had come his meeting with Constance Vardemond, his warm admiration for her beauty and her sweet, sound disposition. They had become the best of friends. They understood each other perfectly, but he had never dreamed of marriage. He did not want to marry any woman now. But some one had whispered a word, or it materialized in the air, for it had never evolved from his modest tinner consciousness that Constance cared. Stephen Wade did not hesitate. He held out his hand and his heart and his life, and she took them gratefully, as one who thankfully receives a great boon, and between them had come a perfect peace and understanding. To Stephen, Constance Vardemond represented the highest type of womanhood that he believed could exist. Beyond that his nature, which had been hammered into a cool, calm, evenness of temperament, did not inquire. Tomorrow they would be married with all the pomp and brilliant pageantry that was a part of such occasions in their circle. This was the last night he could open the book, or it materialized. A deep toned clock chimed the hour. He passed a hand wearily over his eyes. "Of course it is near dinner time," he muttered. "And after dinner there is customary!" He laughed harshly and picked up the fan. The simple action seemed to give vent to some inward storm of passion, for suddenly he tore the sticks into fragments and tossed them into the fire. Then with a fierce cry he leaped forward and snatched a small bit from the glowing mass. With seared fingers he clutched the smoky tatter of lace and splinter of pearl and pressed it to his lips passionately. Then he flung it back into the fire. With compressed lips and swollen, miserable eyes he watched the licking flames devour his little bit—the only thing he had cared for in the world. There was a last burst of devouring flame and then, when not one atom of his fetish remained, he sprang to his feet and faced the large photograph of Constance Vardemond that stood on the table behind him. He looked at it with a grave steadfastness in eyes from which all passion had fled and where nothing but a great peace remained. Constance should never know that the love he was bringing to her was a make believe, a sham. The love she had chosen to honor him with should receive its full quota of deep, earnest affection, and he would make it the purpose of his life that the woman who loved him should never guess that he had none to give in return. "It is good to begin anew," he smiled confidently. There was a soft tap at the door. "Dinner is served, Mr. Stephen."

burden that had lain heavy on her beautiful shoulders. "Now I can begin anew," she said triumphantly.

COMMITTEES NAMED IN PARTY CAUCUS

Bourne's Present Committee Places Not Good Reason for Asking Re-election.

In appealing to the voters for their support of his independent candidacy, Senator Bourne urges as the chief reason for that support the fact that he holds important and commanding committee places in the organization of the Senate. There is nothing in this appeal. The fact is that the personnel of every committee at each session of Congress is determined by a party caucus. What committees will Senator Bourne get in the new Senate, if he should be re-elected? He will have abandoned the Republican party and returned as an independent or "pop ular government" Senator. He is today a member of the Republican Senate caucus which makes the committee assignments of the Republican Senators.

Discussing this phase of the situation, a Portland paper made the following comment: "Will Mr. Bourne enter the Republican caucus? After having defeated the regular Republican nominee will he be taken in if he seeks to enter? Will he have any political status what ever as an independent? The question will not be determined by the desires or wishes of Senator Bourne, or by any regard for his previous standing in the Senate; but solely by the political exigencies of the Republican majority, if there is a majority. Or it is just as likely that there may be a Democratic majority. In that case it might be expected that Senator Bourne would traffic with the Democratic party as a 'practical man' for anything the dominant party might be inclined to give. 'Whatever the facts about this interesting and doubtful question, it is certain that Senator Bourne would be obliged to adjust himself to a new situation as a new senator in the Senate, and it is further certain that the faithful followers of the Senator who are declaring that the committees he got as a Republican he may retain as an independent are merely guessing.' Bourne and the Tariff.

In an address in Portland a few days ago, Walter M. Pierce, prominent Eastern Oregon Democrat, had the following to say concerning Senator Bourne and his tariff record: "But if Bourne is re-elected, how will he vote? Nobody knows and I doubt if he knows himself. When the Payne-Aldrich bill was being considered Bourne admitted to the floor of the Senate that he did not know anything about the tariff bill left that with Aldrich with whom he voted in nearly every instance. Neither do we want a man in the United States Senate who is so close to the Standard Oil Company—an intermediary, if you please, for that corporation."

BOURNE'S CHARGE ABSURD

No Violation of Corrupt Practices Act in Writing Letters. The only excuse Senator Bourne and his friends attempt to offer for his independent candidacy is the general and unsupported charge that Ben Selling, Bourne's successful opponent in the direct primary election, violated the spirit of the corrupt practices act in securing the nomination. It is charged against Mr. Selling that he wrote letters to many voters prior to announcing his candidacy for the nomination and failed to include the expense thereof in his report to the Secretary of State.

SELLING A PROGRESSIVE

Record Shows Life-Long Support of the Oregon System. The record of Ben Selling, Republican direct primary nominee for United States Senator, is that of a life-long and consistent progressive and a true friend of the Oregon System. Sixteen years ago, as a member of the State Senate, Ben Selling was fighting for progressive laws when many of the near-progressives of today were actively playing machine politics against which the people were rebelling. Mr. Selling is just as much a progressive today as he was then. His record has been consistent. He has been in securing to the people of this state the direct primary, initiative and referendum and recall, Presidential preference primaries and other measures of popular legislation that go to make up the Oregon system. He merits the support of every progressive voter.

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EXPLANATION BY BOURNE IS WEAK

About Four Years His Story About Standard Oil Incident Does Not Ring True.

The letters from Roosevelt to Senator Bourne, demanding that the Oregon Senator cease in his persistent activity as intermediary for the Standard Oil company, were written in February and July, 1908, over four years ago. The first intimation Oregon people had that Bourne was serving as the representative of the Rockefeller corporation came in September, 1912, less than two months ago, when Roosevelt caused his two letters to Bourne to be published in connection with the Standard Oil controversy.

Even then Oregon's "Coal Oil Johnnie" Senator did not give a satisfactory explanation. Neither did he undertake to explain until after C. W. Fulton, ex-United States Senator, in a public address in Portland two weeks ago, directly charged Bourne with becoming a representative of the Standard Oil interests before he had been in the Senate a year. And then Senator Bourne spoke. Listen to his explanation.

Bourne said that in forming intimate relations with the Standard Oil company, he was undertaking "to prevent a panic." Sounds good? Yes, but remember Bourne was carrying on these negotiations in 1908. The only "panic" with which this country was threatened since 1892-3 had come and passed away nearly a year before Roosevelt wrote the letters to Bourne. But if Bourne was actually striving to "prevent a panic," why this belated admission? Why did he wait four years before taking the people into his confidence and telling them of the service he was rendering? Bourne has never been charged with diffidence in acquainting the people with his work as Senator, when that publicity would redound to his credit. But why this long silence? We have Bourne's own word for it that he was hob-nobbing with Archbold and other Standard Oil officials in order to arrest an impending "panic."

In the last four years, Senator Bourne has sent thousands of letters and printed addresses to Oregon voters. In the same period he has caused to be published many magazine articles. But all reference to the Roosevelt letters and to Bourne's service as intermediary for the Standard Oil were omitted from his communications to the voters and his magazine contributions. If he was truly engaged trying to stop a "panic," why did he not frankly tell the people

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