

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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VOL. 31, NO. 29

COQUILLE, COOS COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1913

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CITY DIRECTORY

Fraternal and Benevolent Orders

A. F. & A. M.—Regular meeting of A. Chadwick Lodge No. 68 A. F. & A. M., at Masonic Hall, every Saturday night in each month on or before the full moon. U. W. ENDRICOTT, W. M.; R. H. MAST, Sec'y.

O. E. S.—Regular meeting of Beulah Chapter No. 6, second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, in Masonic Hall. EVA BARROW, W. M.; JOSEPHINE G. PEOPLES, Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Coquille Lodge No. 53, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday night in Odd Fellows Hall. C. H. CLEAVER, N. G.; J. S. LAWRENCE, Sec.

MAMIE REBEKAH LODGE, No. 20, I. O. O. F., meets every second and fourth Wednesday nights in Odd Fellows Hall. EMILY HERSEY, N. G.; ANNIE LAWRENCE, Sec.

COQUILLE ENCAMPMENT, No. 25, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Thursday nights in Odd Fellows Hall. J. S. BARTON, C. P.; J. S. LAWRENCE, Sec.

K. NIGITS OF PYTHAN—Lycurgus Lodge No. 72, meets Tuesday nights in W. O. W. Hall. R. R. WATSON, K. R. S.; O. A. MINTON, C. C.

PYTHIAN SISTERS—Justus Temple No. 35, meets first and third Monday nights in W. O. W. Hall. MRS. GEORGE DAVIS, M. E. C.; MRS. FRED LINEGAR, K. of R.

RED MEN—Coquille Tribe No. 46, I. O. O. F., meets every Friday night in W. O. W. Hall. J. S. BARTON, Sachem; A. P. MILLER, C. of R.

M. W. A.—Regular meetings of Beaver Camp No. 10, 850 in M. W. A. Hall, Front street, first and third Saturdays in each month. M. O. HAWKINS, Consul; R. B. ROGERS, V. C.; NED O. KELLEY, Clerk.

R. N. A.—Regular meeting of Laurel Camp No. 2972 at M. W. A. Hall, Front street, second and fourth Tuesday nights in each month. MARY KERN, Oracle; EDNA KELLEY, Rec.

W. O. W.—Myrtle Camp No. 197, meets second and fourth Monday nights in W. O. W. Hall. E. S. KNOWLTON, C. C.; JOHN LESVIE, Sec.

EVENINGTIME CIRCLE No. 214, meets second and fourth Monday nights in W. O. W. Hall. ORA X. MAURY, G. N.; MARY A. PIERCE, Clerk.

FARMERS UNION—Regular meetings second and fourth Saturdays in each month in W. O. W. Hall. FRANK BERKHOLDER, Pres.; O. A. MINTON, Sec.

FRATERNAL AID No. 398, meets the second and fourth Thursdays each month at W. O. W. Hall. MRS. CHAS. EVLAND, Pres.; MRS. LORA HARRINGTON, Sec.

Educational Organizations and Clubs

COQUILLE EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE—Meets monthly at the High School Building during the school year for the purpose of discussing educational topics. EDNA ANDERSON, Pres.; EDNA MINSARD, Sec.

KO KEEL KLUB—A business men's social organization. Hall in Laird's building, Second street. A. J. SHERWOOD, Pres.; ERED SLAGLE, Sec.

COMMERCIAL CLUB—J. E. NORTON, President; J. C. SAVAGE, Secretary

Transportation Facilities

TRAINS—Leave, south bound 9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. North bound 10:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m.

BOATS—Six boats plying on the Coquille river afford ample accommodation for carrying freight and passengers to Bandon and way points. Boats leave at 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 and 9:30 a. m. and at 1:00, 3:30 and 4:45 p. m.

STAGE—J. L. Laird, proprietor. Departs 5:30 p. m. for Roseburg via Myrtle Point, carrying the United States mail and passengers.

POSTOFFICE—A. F. Linegar, postmaster. The mail closes as follows: Myrtle Point 8:40 a. m. and 2:35 p. m.; Marshfield 10:15 a. m. and 4:15 p. m.; Bandon and way points, Norway and Arago 12:45 p. m. Eastern mail 5:15 p. m. Eastern mail arrives 7:45 a. m.

City and County Officers

Mayor—A. T. Morrison
Recorder—J. S. Lawrence
Treasurer—R. H. Mast
City Attorney—L. A. Liljeqvist
Engineer—P. M. Hall-Lewis
Marshal—C. A. Evernden
Night Marshal—John Hurley
Water Superintendent—S. V. Epperson
Fire Chief—Walter Oerding
Councilmen—D. D. Pierce, C. T. Skeels, W. C. Laird, G. O. Leach, W. H. Lyons, Leo J. Cary. Regular meetings first and third Mondays each month.

Justice of the Peace—J. J. Stanley
Constable—Ned C. Kelley

County Judge—John T. Hall
Commissioners—W. T. Dement, Geo. J. Armstrong
Clerk—James Watson
Sheriff—W. W. Gage
Treasurer—T. M. Dimmick
Assessor—T. J. Thrift
School Supt.—Raymond E. Baker
Surveyor—A. N. Gonil
Coroner—F. E. Wilson
Health Officer—Dr. Walter Culin

Societies will get the very best PRINTING at the office of Coquille Herald.

A Gambler

Of the Olden Time on the Mississippi River

By ELIOT WASHBURN

There are few persons living today who knew the Mississippi three-quarters of a century ago. At that time the west—the middle west to persons living east—was springing forward like a long limbed boy to his manhood. There were no railroads, and the watercourses were in their prime as avenues of travel and trade. There were great paddle wheel steamers, always ready for a race with each other and quite frequently bursting their boilers to win. The great water vehicles on the Mississippi had been in the early part of the nineteenth century the only means of getting persons or goods down the river. They were never seen going northward, always southward. The current, assisted by their long sweeps, would carry them down, but they were not furnished with power to take them back again. On reaching their destination they were broken up and sold for lumber.

During the middle of the century these flatboats, superseded by the



SHOWED A PISTOL IN EACH HAND.

steamers, degenerated into movable gambling dens. A boat would be fitted out at Cincinnati, Louisville or St. Louis and floated down to Cairo, Memphis and Baton Rouge, tying up on the way at small towns or plantations, where their owners would open a game, take what money there was to be had, then drop down to the next stopping place. At New Orleans the boat would be sold, and the gamblers would take passage on a steamer for a northern city and repeat the descent.

One evening a steamer tied up to a wharf boat on the bank of the Mississippi in Louisiana to take on freight. There was a small town in which were stored supplies for the neighboring plantations. On the guard of the steamer stood two men looking down upon the line of negroes rolling bales of cotton onto the steamer.

"Do you see that flatboat tied up there?" said one to the other. "Before tomorrow night the men aboard that cogitation of boards will have the money paid for the cotton being rolled onto this steamer."

"You don't mean it?" replied the other, a northerner.

"Yes, sub, and I regret it, sub. The gentleman who owns this plantation is a friend of mine. He once did me a favor. I'm a member of a fraternity commonly called gamblers. Perhaps you, being a no'the'n man, don't understand the difference between a gentleman gambler and one of those shaks who run those flatboats. The difference is that they have no sense of honor, while we have. Now, to show you that I am correct, sub, I'm going to give you this boat and make an effort to stop the rascals getting the colone's money."

"I have a mind," said the other, "to get off with you and see you do it."

"I should be happy to have you join me, sub."

The men left the boat together and went up on to the bluff. There was a tavern in the place where they put up and after supper went down to the flatboat. One after another persons sauntered down and went aboard. When half a dozen of these pluckable beings had assembled a game was opened, and the play commenced. The gambler and the northerner took no hand in the proceedings, being simply lookers on. It was not long before a young man appeared, who showed by his dress and his manner that he was better bred than the others of the assembly.

"Hello, Lemoyne!" said one of those present. "Going to try it again?"

The man addressed as Lemoyne was too engrossed in his own thoughts or feigning to reply. He sat down at the table and began to bet. He was pale, there was a nervous twitching about

him, and he played as one who knows he is going down to ruin.

"That young man," said the gambler to the northerner, "is the son of Colonel Lemoyne, whom I spoke of as having once done me a favor. I expected to find the colonel here, but I have learned that he has gone to New Orleans. I fear that I'm too late to save this young man from these shaks."

"Why so?"

"He's lost nearly everything he owns."

"Indeed! How do you know that?"

"By his appearance, sub. I can tell by a man's looks just what proportion of his property he's lost."

"Can't you help him to recoup?"

"Not now. He's too far gone. I reckon this year's crop has been lost."

The evening was but half spent when young Lemoyne put up the last hundred dollars he had about him and, rising from the table, went ashore. The gambler waited a few moments, so as not to excite a suspicion that he was interested in the young man; then, beckoning to the northerner to follow him, went ashore. Lemoyne was sitting on a cotton bale. The gambler approached him and said:

"Have you lost everything?"

"I've lost the cotton that went aboard the steamer. I got an advance on it, and the money is all in that flatboat."

"Well, sub, I'll tell you what you do. Here's a hundred dollars. Go down to the boat and start in again. I'll take a hand myself. Are you 'smed, sub?"

"Yes." They went down to the boat. The game being played was poker. Lemoyne and the gambler took seats at the table, while the northerner looked on. He said he was no gambler, but handed Lemoyne some bills as a loan with which to recoup his losses. Then the gambler before taking up the first hand dealt him and said:

"Gentlemen, this will be a fair game. Any deviation from strictly honorable play will result in my displeasure."

The partners who owned the outfit looked at each other. There was something in the gambler's words they did not like. "Result in my displeasure" meant a great deal. For awhile the game was played fairly, but at a fair game the gambler and Lemoyne, too, won, but it was because the gambler helped him by staying out or coming in when his doing so would be an advantage to his friend.

Then one of the owners laid down four aces and won a pot. The gambler turned over one of the aces and showed that it had come from another pack. Every one looked nervous, not knowing how the gambler would manifest itself. He took no notice of the incident, but from that moment his hands were marvellous. Whether the owners of the outfit knew how he got them did not appear, but this made no difference, since having been caught cheating themselves they could not complain.

The gambler and Lemoyne won continuously. Indeed Lemoyne's hands whenever the former dealt the cards, though seldom high, were always a trifle higher than that of any one else at the table. Besides, when the gambler dealt, the cards Lemoyne drew always filled his hand. It was evident that the game was going against the owners. But the gambler knew that when they found a man who could beat them at their own devices they would find some way to call a halt. He did not wait for them to choose their time. He chose his own.

A certain jack pot had been "sweetened" so many times that there was a large amount on the table before it was opened. Then when the betting commenced he kept raising every one, so that in time the table was covered with bills. The gambler laid his cards on the table, put his hands down when for a few seconds they could not be seen, and, on lifting them, showed a pistol in each hand, which he pointed at each of the owners. He was perfectly calm, but looked extremely businesslike.

"After my warning," he said, "that this should be a fair game I have been displeased to see that there has been cheating. A cheating game is without honor, and the longest pole knocks the pe'shimmon. Miste' Lemoyne, will you kindly rake in the pot?"

Lemoyne, as soon as he saw the gambler's move, placed his hand to his shirt collar at the back where a bowie knife was slung under his coat between his shoulder blades, but upon the gambler's request, he withdrew his hand and began to scrape the money on the table into his hat.

Meanwhile the gambler continued to fix a glittering eye on his enemy, and each knew that if he moved a hand a bullet would go crashing through his brain. The gambler asked Lemoyne if he thought there was enough in the pot to pay his previous losses, and Lemoyne said he thought there was plenty. The gambler then told him to leave the boat and backed ashore himself, keeping the owners covered while he did so. When he reached terra firma he asked the northerner if he would please loosen the hawser that held the flatboat. He did so and the current carried the den of iniquity down stream.

The gambler gave his winnings to the poor of the town. Lemoyne begged to be permitted to show his gratitude in some way, but his benefactor was obdurate. The gambler and the northerner took the next boat going down stream. On the way the latter asked one familiar with the river life "What kind of a man the gambler was."

"He's a gambler and lives by seeing," was the reply.

"But" began the other.

"But he has his code of honor, and there's not a man living who can make him break through it."

The Editor's Dream

(The late editor of The Herald sends in a clipping bearing the "pome" given below, having evidently noticed our appeals to delinquents, and having had some experience in that line himself.)

Last evening I was talking
With a printer aged and gray,
Who told me of a dream he had.
I think 'twas Christmas day.
While snoozing in his office,
The vision came to view,
For he saw an Angel enter,
Dressed in garments white and new.
Said the Angel, "I'm from Heaven,
The Lord has sent me down
To bring you up to Glory
And put on your golden crown.
You've been a friend to everyone,
And worked hard night and day;
You've supported many thousands,
And from few received your pay.
So we want you up in Glory,
For you've labored hard,
And the good Lord is preparing
Your eternal just reward."

Then the Angel and the printer
Started up toward Glory's Gate;
But when passing close to hades,
The Angel murmured "Wait!
I've a place to show you—
Its the hottest place in hell—
Where the ones who never paid you
In torment always dwell."
And behold, the printer saw there
His old customers by the score,
And grabbing up a chair and fan
He wished for nothing more;
But was bound to sit and watch them
As they sizzled, singed and burned,
And his eyes would rest on debtors,
Whichever way they turned.
Said the Angel, "Come on printer,
There's the Pearly Gates to see."
But the printer only murmured,
"This is Heaven enough for me."

Grants Pass Funds Now Available for Railroad

The following, emanating from Grants Pass, indicates that there is something really doing there:

This word received last Friday evening from the Toledo firm, caused rejoicing in the city, and justified the delay of the council in accepting the bids that had been previously made. The successful firm had been active in its negotiations from the first, having been in line with the operations here, as it had bought previous issues of Grants Pass bonds and is familiar with the local situation. In its wires accepting the latest proposal, the firm expressed its satisfaction at being given this last issue of our municipal bonds, and said that it would move as expeditiously as possible in making the funds available. Payment is to be made either in delayed deliveries or all at once, at the option of the purchaser. It is probable that it will be delayed delivery, however, and this would be best for the city as it would give it the money as needed, the interest would not be running on the full amount until it was needed for actual use in the railroad building.

Saturday afternoon the city council met in special session and allowed a batch of bills that had been audited by the Pacific Utilities commission, and authorized the transfer of \$1,000 from the general fund to the railroad construction fund. The work of clearing the right of way is progressing rapidly, and by the time the proceeds of the bond sale are available the right of way to the Applegate will be in readiness for the graders. But little grading will be required for the first ten miles or so, and the building of the line will progress rapidly. The engineering work is well along, and the orders can be placed for steel and other equipment as soon as the buyers say the funds are available.

Council Grinds Out More Street Matters

At the council meeting last Tuesday evening all the city officials were present.

J. E. Norton asked the council to name a price for the old city hall property, adjoining that of Nosler & Norton, and on motion the mayor appointed L. Harlocker, M. O. Hawkins and J. J. Stanley a committee of three to make an appraisal of its value, to report at the next meeting.

Ordinance No. 90 was passed, Carey alone voting against it. This provides for the improvement of First street in Elliott's and Notley's additions from the east line of Hall street to a point 100 feet east of the east line of Maple street, according to the plans and specifications of the city engineer filed February 26.

A resolution was adopted declaring intention of improving Second street in Elliott's addition according to the plans of the city engineer filed March 17, the estimated cost being \$10,935.19.

A resolution was adopted overruling the remonstrance of J. A. Collier and Arthur Ellingsen against the proposed grade of C street. Ordinance No. 91 was then passed altering and reestablishing the grade of C street from the south line of First street to the south line of Second street in Elliott's addition. Alderman Skeels' vote alone was recorded against this measure.

Bids were received for the printing of 800 copies of a pamphlet containing the measures to be submitted at the coming city election. The Herald's bid was \$3.30 per page and the Sentinel's bid was \$3.02, the contract going to the latter.

AUTOMOBILE FOR SALE—One good second hand Rambler Runabout, \$165.00 if taken at once. Inquire of W. C. Rose.

Establishing a Family

A Curiosity Shop Was Found Useful

By ERNEST L. TUCKER

Back in the seventies of the last century, when oil wells were spouting and farmers who had been living on hog and hominy in a twinkling found themselves millionaires, a Pennsylvania man of German descent doing his spring piowing was accosted by a man who asked:

"Are you Herman Snyder?"

"Yes."

"You own this farm?"

"Yes."

"Is it for sale?"

"How much?"

"I'll give you a million dollars for it." Snyder left the plow standing in the field, and, accompanying the stranger into the house, after a long parley sold his farm for \$2,250,000. He was greatly elated till another man came along and offered him \$2,500,000. Then he was plunged in misery, considering that he had lost the difference.

A couple of years passed. The Snyder family were now city people and rolling in wealth. The children were being educated. The adage "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" does not always pertain to youth. Katrina, the oldest daughter, was a pretty girl, and it was remarkable with what facility she withdrew from the farmhouse and stepped into the parlor. When she was twenty years old she would pass current in any society. But her father never got rid of his plowman's gait, and her mother never acquired the manner of a lady.

This does not mean that Mrs. Snyder was not ambitious. Though she knew she could not herself shine in high life, she saw an opportunity for her daughter to shine there. The leap the family had made from poverty to affluence caused her to condemn any



SEE CALLED HER LOVER'S ATTENTION TO THE PERD.

plan for her, she resolved to keep her love affair a secret and enjoyed the same on her lover.

One day Katrina and Walker, while browsing about Berlin came upon a curiosity shop filled with—

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked), Old rickety tables and chairs broken backed.

"Suppose we go in," said Walker. "Since manufacturing a family seems to be necessary to secure your hands perhaps I may find the wherewithal to establish one myself."

Entering the shop, they examined the treasures there and in a corner found a number of articles, consisting of swords, arquebuses, pikes and several old portraits, "all cracked." Walker took up a dirk knife and asked the price. He was informed that the articles in that heap were sold. Miss Snyder, whose eyes were especially keen, noticed a paper lying on one of them, a sixteenth century saddle, and, stooping, read on it the name and address of Karl Harsinger.

Bursting into a laugh, she called her lover's attention to the find, remarking that her mother had placed out the furniture of their castle from that shop. Her German suitor was about to establish his family from the same place, and she saw no reason why he (Nathaniel Walker) should not build from the same foundation.

Upon Mr. Walker purchased a tomahawk, that the shopkeeper assured him had been imported from America, and showed him stanzas of blood on it with which it had been recently bespattered during an Indian massacre of whites in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

Such is the knowledge of many persons abroad concerning America.

One day Walker received a note from Katrina informing him that Herr Harsinger had suddenly discovered that he was a count. "Come tomorrow and bring your tomahawk," she added.

The next day at 12 Walker appeared at the Snyder abode, finding a carriage emblazoned with a coronet at the door, the paint of which appeared to be very fresh. He found inside a family gathering listening to Count Harsinger's account of the deeds of his ancestors—how they had fought in all European wars since the time of Charlemagne and had originally gained their title of nobility for military service.

The speaker's back was turned to Walker as he entered, and so intent was he on the splendid record he was giving that he did not hear the intruder. Presently he turned and saw his rival.

"Mr. Snyder," asked the newcomer, "I have called to ask you for the hand of your daughter. I bring with me a weapon captured by myself just before I left America from an Indian during a massacre in the environs of Philadelphia. You may see the blood stains on the blade."

At this point Katrina took the matter out of her parents' hands, telling the count that, while she felt highly honored by his offer, she must decline it since she had already promised her hand to one who, though he had not descended from heroic ancestors, had but recently shown his prowess during an American Indian fight with savages.

That ended Mrs. Snyder's attempt to establish a family among the German nobility.