

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. 31

COQUILLE, COOS COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1913

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## CITY DIRECTORY

### Fraternal and Benevolent Orders

**A. F. & A. M.**—Regular meeting of A. F. & A. M., at Masonic Hall, every Saturday night in each month on or before the full moon.  
C. W. ENDICOTT, W. M.  
R. H. MAST, sec. etary.

**O. E. S.**—Regular meeting of Beniah Chapter No. 6, second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, in Masonic Hall.  
EVA BARROW, W. M.  
JOSEPHINE G. PROPLES, 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 HEBERT, 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 PYTHIAS.**—Lycourus Lodge No. 72, meets Tuesday nights in W. O. W. Hall.  
R. R. WATSON, K. R. S. O.  
A. A. MINTON, C. O.

**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 LINDGAR, K. of R.

**RED MEN.**—Coquille Tribe No. 46, I. O. E. M., 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. 10,550 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 KEES, Oracle.  
EDNA KELLEY, Sec.

**W. O. W.**—Myrtle Camp No. 197, meets first and third Mondays at W. O. W. Hall.  
R. S. KNOWLTON, C. C.  
JOHN LEVENE, Sec.

**EVENING TIDE CIRCLE No. 214,** meets second and fourth Monday nights in W. O. W. Hall.  
ORA X. MAURY, G. N.  
MARY A. FIERCE, Clerk.

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

**FRATERNAL AID No. 398,** meets the second and fourth Thursdays each month at W. O. W. Hall.  
MRS. CHAR. 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.  
RENA ANDERSON, Pres.  
EDNA MINARD, Sec.

**KO KEEL CLUB.**—A business men's social organization. Hall in Laird's building, Second street.  
A. J. SHERWOOD, Pres.  
FRED SLAGLE, Sec.

**COMMERCIAL CLUB.**—J. E. NORTON, President; J. C. SAVAOK, 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, 9:20 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 mails close 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 Gooding  
Councilmen—D. D. Pierce, C. W. 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. Gould  
Coroner—F. E. Wilson  
Health Officer—Dr. Walter Culin

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

## THE CASTAWAY

By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

"Boat on the starboard quarter" cried the lookout.

I was first officer of the Helen Drew and on duty. With my glass I swept the waters as indicated and brought within the field of view a ship's boat, now raised high on the crest of a wave and now sinking low in the trough. Wherever it was inclined sidewise toward me I could see lying motionless on the bottom the body of a woman. I gave an order to put the ship's bow toward it and when within a reasonable distance sent a boat out for it and its contents.

On its return I ordered the boat raised to the main deck and the body was immediately lifted out. It was that of a young girl not more than seventeen years old. The ship's doctor at once made an examination to determine if she were dead and reported signs of life. She was removed to a cabin and by the united efforts of the doctor and the stewardess was restored to consciousness.

When she seemed sufficiently recovered to be questioned she was asked how she came to be in an open boat at sea, but could remember nothing about her lonely voyage or any of her past life.

I made a personal examination of the boat in which she had come to me in order to identify the ship to which it had belonged. It was an old one and had either not been painted for some time or had been so weather beaten that the paint was very much worn. The stern had been jammed against something, and but few of the letters of the name were legible. This was many years ago, before it became the universal custom to paint the ship's name on both sides of the stem of the boat. I could make out the first, fourth and eighth letters. The other five were either partially or entirely obliterated. Those I could read were N T S. I think that if I had been familiar with the names of marine animals I might have hit upon the name.

We had started from Boston on a cruise around the world, taking in the Cape of Good Hope, Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, San Francisco and other American ports. We picked up the girl after having left the cape, and since we were approaching countries which were then barbarous there was nothing to do but keep her with us. In a couple of weeks she had recovered her health, but not her memory.

Being nearer her age than any other of the officers, I became more companionable with her. There were only two clues by which her identity might be established—the three letters on the stern of the boat in which she had been picked up and two letters on her underclothing. The boat had been abundantly provisioned, and the girl had been well supplied with wraps. From these facts I argued that after an accident, collision, fire or other disaster she had been put in the boat with a number of others. She was not likely to have been stranded alone, and the supply of provisions had originally been sufficient for a number of persons. This feature of the problem has never been solved. My theory is that some person or persons who had the girl in charge, in order that she might have all the provisions, after a certain date committed suicide by jumping overboard. Possibly such an act might have been the result of delirium.

It is to be supposed that a young man of twenty-three making a voyage around the world with a girl of seventeen would be in love with her. Such was the case with me, and the poor girl was glad to have some one to lean upon in her lonely condition. I told her that she need not fear for anything since she belonged to me. At the end of our voyage we would do all in our power to find out her identity and be guided by the result.

We spent hours together working over the letters on the stern of the boat in which she had drifted. The captain had a dictionary among his books, and we undertook to make a check against every noun beginning with N. Having the relative position of all the letters was a great advantage, and having the first letter was even a greater help.

We found a number of words of eight letters beginning with N, but the one that fitted the conditions exactly was Nautilus, and it was the only one that was a proper word for the name of a ship. It must be remembered that ships have often been named for a person, and these names are not to be found in a dictionary. However, we believed that Nautilus was the name of the ship in question, and we would learn of such ship on reaching our home port.

We were not disappointed. The ship Nautilus of Providence, R. I., had sailed from there and had never been heard of afterward. I took the castaway to that city to learn that her father had been a sea captain, and his daughter Alice being in poor health, he had taken her on a voyage with him. Since she was the only person saved and had lost her memory no further explanation was forthcoming.

Alice found a mother whom she did not remember. It was said that, having her daughter unexpectedly returned to her, the girl should not be able to respond to her caresses. But Alice did all she could to comfort her mother, remaining with her till three years later, when she married me.

## Works To Reconstruct System of Education

University of Oregon, Eugene, April 2—George Rebec, of the extension department of the University of Oregon, to which position he came from a previous position as head of the department of philosophy of the University of Michigan, has returned to the University after a trip in Eastern Oregon, on which he visited and spoke at Pendleton, Athena, Adams, Stanfield, Milton, Freewater, Fruitvale, Ferndale, Rockpoint and Vincent in the Umatilla county. After conferences with the campus departments, Dr. Rebec left for Huntington, Ontario Vale, Nyssa, Baker, La Grande, Enterprise and Joseph.

"Pendleton high school has a physical equipment equal to that of any high school in the state," said Prof. Rebec. "In visiting the Walla Walla valley, I was astonished to find fine school buildings, and many community halls. At Milton, Fruitdale, Ferndale, Rockpoint and Vincent are schools and social centers which bespeak an intelligent, active and progressive people."

On his return trip from Eastern Oregon, Dr. Rebec visited Oregon City, where he found a grade school system which was the premier of the state. "Supt. F. J. Toze, has done away with rigid formalisms," he stated "and has installed a course of study that is grounded in every day experiences. The utilitarian, or industrial value of manual training, drawing, domestic science and other sciences are handled in an educative way. The children are as far advanced in arithmetic, geography, history, and other branches of learning as those who devote all their school time to books. In each place, Dr. Rebec generally delivers two addresses, one before the school and one for the general public. Dr. Rebec believes that the country is undergoing a great industrial, political and social transformation, and that it is of the utmost importance that education and public opinion should be brought to grapple with modern problems in a modern way, and he fears the effect of any failure to grasp the situation at the present time.

"Our life will be drowned in vulgarity and cheap lavishness," says Dr. Rebec, "unless we take measures to insure economic and public efficiency. Education must, on the one hand, undergo an immense reconstruction in character, and on the other, be extended to a far wider field where it will touch the life of every human being."

## Myrtle Point Pointers

Miss Josie Weekly, of Coquille, was met here by Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Brockman and returned with them to their home on the East Fork where she will visit with her old friends.

Jas. Masson returned from San Francisco, Cal., on the 11th, via Marshfield. He has been spending the winter at the metropolis and will be joined on Monday by Mrs. Masson, who comes from Fortuna, Cal.

Thomas Guerin is having a large garage built on his lot corner Sixth and Spruce, thus filling a long felt want.

We need a rooming house here badly, as it is almost impossible to find a furnished room.

## Homestead Amendment

News comes from the Roseburg land office of an amendment of the homestead law passed by the last congress which will be of interest to many settlers in this section. This amendment provides that a homesteader who has lived upon surveyed government land for five years may make final proof under the old law, instead of under the new one requiring cultivation of at least 20 acres out of 160. As the law stands now, proof of general improvement of the land for permanent habitable purposes whether the cultivated area consists of 20 acres or less, is sufficient to secure a patent.

## THE RAVIN

(Without apologies to Poe or anybody else)

Once I spent a midnight merry with companions blithe and cheery, In a barroom where we drank as we had often drunk before. When the beer grew flat and flatter, suddenly there came a spatter And a chill and sickening splatter, as of water on the floor. "Tis the swamper come," I muttered, "come to scrub the barroom floor, Only this and nothing more."

Indistinctly I remember it was May—or was't November? I, the one remaining member of that company of four. Deep and bitter was my sorrow; vainly had I sought to borrow A small sum until the morrow, just to buy me one drink more— Just a quarter or some like sum that would buy me one drink more. "Nay," they told me, "Nevermore."

And the thoughts of that sharp curtain lecture that for me was certain, Chilled me—for I knew my wife toward me would be most awful sore; So I promised her that morning, after many a serious warning, That, the sparkling winecup scorning, I'd abstain forever more; That as beverage I'd partake of water only evermore; Look on red wine nevermore.

And I thought if I stayed longer, her strong words would be no stronger Than they would have had I gone home to her an hour before; So I stayed until the swamper, stayed until the barroom swamper— Or, I thought it was the swamper—came to scrub the barroom floor, Came to carry off the bottles and to scrub the barroom floor, As I'd seen him do before.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I sat there, waiting, fearing, List'ning, looking for that swamper to come back and throw me out. And the glasses round me broken were an evidential token Of the jests there lightly spoken and a jostling friendly bout; Glasses, chairs and tables broken in a little friendly bout; For which they often throw men out.

Then around about me looking (with intent no insult brooking) For a weapon wherewith I might strike that swamper to the floor, If he came about slinking and for such small matters thinking That because I had stopped drinking, had no cash to pay for more, That he'd throw me on this stormy night outside that barroom door; Tho't I'd strike him to the floor.

Open now my booth door swinging, through it there me thought came springing, Woman clad in nightgown whom I thought to be my wife, Irome. "Woman," shrieked I, "thing of evil—woman (hie) why in the devil Have you come in such unclean raiment from your peaceful home, Wand'ring out upon the city's streets beyond your happy home?" Quoth the spectre, "Bill, come home."

Then this spectre at me darting, dancing, prancing, stopping, starting, Terrified me till I shrieked as never mortal shrieked before. "Get thee gone beyond my hearing!" When it stopped and stood there, leering.

Then upon four legs appearing, sprawled before me on the floor; Sprawled, a great green cockeyed, slimy, scaly lizard on the floor— Sprawled and crawled upon the floor.

Much I marvelled this ungainly reptile should have spok'n so plainly, Standing there upright before me such a little while ago. And I trembled, weak, past feeling, and could only crouch there seeing This strange monster from one being into millions others grow. As I stood there, this strange beast to countless others beasts did grow. There before my eyes did grow.

Then in fright I commenced yelling, with great force my voice expelling. While those beasts crept ever back and forth on ceiling, walls and floor. And each one, its head upflitting, through the air it commenced drifting— Millions through the air seemed sifting, crept and flew my eyes before. Lizards, snakes and dragons crawled and writhed and flew from off that floor.

Twisted, hissed, my eyes before.

Then appeared a demon awful, with a look both gleeful, woeeful; And with fiery eyes it darted straight and swift into my face; Then we grappled with each other, while it seemed that I should smother. Seemed that me this beast would smother, with the gas which filled the place; Seemed as though the universe in that foul gas he would efface, And destroy the human race.

Thus we strove and fought each other, bodies twisted close together. Ne'er has human being been before in such a despair'nt plight. And it seemed we fought for ages, without food or rest or wages, As when fiend with fiend engages, knew not morning, noon or night. And an old 'ole' lizard volunteered to referee the fight— Came to referee the fight.

Some days later I recovered, whereupon I then discovered, As full many a mortal man had so discovered years before, That the demon, Rum, had got me; that the liquor I had bought me, Caused the monsters that I thought me crawled upon that barroom floor; Had brought on a case of "jim jams," on that barroom floor; Only this and nothing more.

(A CROAKER).

Above is the first eruption of Spring poetry. Judging from the sample, this year's catch ought to be of excellent quality.

## Settle With Widow

Gorst & King, proprietors of the Marshfield-North Bend auto line on which L. K. Ballinger recently met his death, have voluntarily settled with Ballinger's widow by paying her \$1500. Gorst & King are receiving much favorable comment for their prompt action, and have added to the popularity which they had already won on the Bay.

## Improvements at Central

H. J. Keogh has just completed the installation of a new switchboard in the central office of the Home Telephone Company here. This is for the toll lines and the long distance line, and it will be attended to by another operator who has been added to the force. The improvement will add much to the efficiency of the service. The manager invites the public to call and inspect the improvements.

## Former Resident Writes An Interesting Letter

C. A. Harrington has received from Lee Roberts, who left here about a month ago, the following letter, which is full of matter interesting to his friends and others:

Black Bear, Idaho, March 29, 1913  
Dear Friend:—

I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know how things are in the frozen north. It is snowing here today but it is not very cold. It is so dry here that you do not notice the cold so much as you would in Coquille on a frosty morning. I like the place here, so I think I will stay awhile.

I am at Black Bear, about 4 miles from Wallace. Wallace is a lively place; lots of money there and it keeps on the move. The city is in a great round hole in the mountains. The railroad in and out of it is in a canyon so narrow that there is just room for the road in the bottom of it and so deep that you can not see the top of the mountains when you are in there.

We were in Wallace a week when we came up here, and the best I could do on rooms was \$7.00 a week, and it cost us about \$4.00 a day to eat at the restaurant. I am sending you part of the bill of fare, and it was 10 cents extra every time you looked at the waiter. I am going to get a hotel here if I can. But it does not cost much more to keep house here than it does in Coos, except coal it is \$10.00 a ton.

The Black Bear No. 2 is tied up in a lawsuit, so I am working at the standard. I only work 8 hours a day and make from \$105.00 to \$108.50 a month, and the company carries \$1500 on my life that goes to my family if I happen to get it in the neck. The mine I am in is working nine levels. It is half a mile from the mouth of the tunnel to the shaft and then 2200 feet to the bottom. The levels run from 800 to 3600 feet back from the shaft. I am working on the 1800. They have a track and a motor to haul the ore out to the shaft and then compressed air hoists to take it out. There are seven big mines near here and all working. The lowest wages they pay up here for any kind of work is \$3.00, and most of it is \$3.50 for common labor.

(The letter closes with a few personal notes not of public interest. The bill of fare mentioned is a formidable type-written document filling a sheet of foolscap paper and seeming to mention about everything that a man would care to eat and at prices a little higher than he would care to pay.)

## A "Farm Advisor"

M. P. Long has received a letter from his brother, C. M. Long, of Johnson county, Missouri, who has lately been appointed County Farm advisor for that county. It seems that this is an office created under a state law and the duties are well indicated by the title. The Advisor is supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the business of farming and to devote his time to the dissemination of useful information among the farmers of his county and to the acquiring of new knowledge for a like purpose.

## Myrtle Point Election

The result of the city election held in Myrtle Point last week is summarized by the Enterprise as follows:  
For Mayor:  
L. A. Roberts.....141  
P. L. Phelan.....108  
Councilmen, two elected for three-year term:  
J. S. Whitaker.....175  
J. D. Barklow.....206  
C. C. Carter.....68  
For Recorder:  
E. A. Dodge.....179  
A. H. Bender.....69  
For Treasurer:  
J. M. Arrington.....214

One hundred women cast their first ballots, and the Enterprise says that few of them were badly rattled, as was shown by the fact that only four handkerchiefs were left in the voting booths.

## GRANDMA'S MONEY

By M. QUAD.

Grandma Phelps was a woman over sixty years old and lived alone in the outskirts of the village of Grafton. She was not poor, and she was not without friends. She was a bit eccentric, and she lived that way because she preferred to. She was well liked by all, and her life was passing smoothly along when there came an adventure to turn things topsy turvy.

Grandma Phelps sold a piece of land in the west she had owned for many years and received \$4,000 for it. There was a bank in the village and one would think that the woman would have deposited her money there. She didn't, however. She would not lend it or bank it or turn it over to a relative to safely keep. She announced that she would keep it in the house. The whole town came to know of her decision, and everybody predicted that something would happen. After six weeks something did happen. Grandma ran out into the street one morning and cried out that she had been robbed of her money during the night.

It was a sure thing that grandma had lost her money, but how? The sum was in big bills and was wrapped in a cloth and carried in the bosom of her dress. She could not lose it in walking about. She had not been out of her own yard for three days previous to missing the money. The sheriff searched on the case a week and then made up his mind that the old woman was a little off in her head and had not lost the money at all, but simply wanted to create a little excitement and be talked about. There are such people, and the officer was not so stupid in thinking he had come across one. His belief was strengthened by the woman's words and demeanor.

After the first outcry she took things very calmly and finally even laughed over the loss and said: "Oh, well, let it all go. No use in keeping the whole United States upset about a little thing like this." The case was dropped, so far as any officer working on it, but of course the talk didn't cease. It was surely a matter to wonder over, and it furnished talk for three months. Even the children had theories about it. There was just one single person among the hundreds interested who went at that case to solve it in a common sense way, and that person was a boy fourteen years old. His name was Tom Henderson, and his father was the village blacksmith. The boy has since become the head of a detective agency in the west, and it was that case that shaped his career.

Tom Henderson believed the woman had neither been robbed nor sent her money away. The boy had known grandma for three years and had often run errands for her. She had told him that she believed in dreams and that if she was worried about anything her sleep was broken. That was the point he started from.

Now you've got the key of the mystery. Looks easy, doesn't it? And yet a thousand people passed it by. Tom Henderson wasn't sure he was right, of course, but that view of the case seemed to be the only one to explain things. Grandma had been sleeping with the money under her pillow. She had got up in her sleep and put it elsewhere. Where? If a robber had got into the house he would search all about. The woman would have reasoned that out. The safest place for the money would be outside. There was no cellar, but there was a woodshed and a hencoop. In the shed was always standing a barrel of hen food.

Don't think Tom worked this out in half an hour. It was two weeks before he got to it, and then he couldn't say he had a sure thing. It simply seemed a reasonable theory. When he started out one day to test his theory he was perspiring in his excitement. As he arrived at grandma's cottage he was hailed with: "Say, Tommy, I hear that the mill is going to shut down for several weeks, and I guess I'll have the hen feed barrel filled up."

"How much have you got left?" asked the boy in a trembling voice. "Oh, maybe a third of a barrel." "Grandma, weren't you afraid of robbers all the time you had that money in the house?"

"Yes, toward the last, when everybody said I'd be murdered for it." "And you didn't sleep well?" "I should say I didn't! I didn't sleep an hour at a time. Something funny happened to me that last night. I had counted the money over and put it under my pillow when I thought I heard some one under the bedroom window. That started me to worrying. I thought some one might have been looking in and seen where I put the money."

"Did you tell the sheriff of this?" "No. No one got in." "But what was the funny thing?" "Why, I went to bed and to sleep, and the next thing I knew I had fallen over a chair in the middle of the floor. I must have walked in my sleep."

The boy beckoned grandma to come set into the shed with him, and when they stood by the barrel of feed he said: "Dig down into it!"

In less than a minute she had her \$4,000 in her hands! "Now, isn't that queer?" she gasped. "I remember of thinking one day what a safe hiding place that would be if there were no rats around."