

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. 32, NO. 7

COQUILLE, COOS COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1913.

PER YEAR \$1.50

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. ESKOTT, W. M.; R. H. MAST, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Regular meeting of Beniah Chapter No. 8, second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, in Masonic Hall. EVA BARROW, W. M.; JOSEPHINE G. PROPLER, Sec.

O. O. F.—Coquille Lodge No. 53, I. O. L. O. F., meets every Saturday night in Odd Fellows Hall. C. H. CLEAVES, 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 ESCAMPMENT, 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.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Lycourge Lodge No. 72, meets Tuesday nights in W. O. W. Hall. R. R. WATSON, K. R. C.; O. A. MINTON, C. C.

PYTHIAN SISTERS—Justice Temple No. 35, meets first and third Monday nights in W. O. W. Hall. MRS. GEORGE DAVIS, M. E. C.; MRS. FRED LINGGAR, 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. 10,550 in M. W. A. Hall, Front street, first and third Saturdays in each month. M. O. HAWKINS, Consul; R. B. ROGERS, V. C.; NED C. 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 KEEN, Oracle; EDNA KELLEY, Sec.

W. O. W.—Myrtle Camp No. 197, meets every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. at W. O. W. Hall. Lee Currie, C. C.; JOHN LENEVE, Sec.

EVENING TIDE 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 BENSCHOLDEN, Pres.; O. A. MINTON, Sec.

FRATERNAL AID No. 398, meets the second and fourth Thursdays each month at W. O. W. Hall. Mrs. CHAR. EVELAND, Pres.; Mrs. LOBA 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. BENA ANDERSON, Pres.; EDNA MINARD, Sec.

KO KEEI KLUB—A business men's social organization. Hall in Laird's building, Second street. A. J. SHARWOOD, Pres.; FRED SLAGLE, Sec.

COMMERCIAL CLUB, J. E. NORTON President; J. C. SAUCE, Secretary

Transportation Facilities

TRAINS—Leave, south bound 9:00 a. m. and 3:30 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 9:50 a. m. and at 1:00, 3:30 and 4:45 p. m.

STAGE—J. L. Laird, proprietor. Departs 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. Neway and Arago 12:45 p. m. Eastern mail 4:45 a. m. Eastern mail arrives 10: 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
Councillmen—D. D. Pierce, C. T. Skeels, W. C. Laird, H. D. 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. Gordon
Coroner—F. E. Wilson
Health Officer—Dr. Walter Culin

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

THE SCALE TURNED

By ARTHUR GRIGSBY

Edwin Hoxie, an American artist seeking subjects for his brush in Spain, left Madrid to go to the mountains of Toledo, some sixty miles from the capital. Arriving at an inn midway between the plain and the summit of the range, he concluded to make it his headquarters, going about among the mountains sketching. He arrived in the evening and concluded to put off any work till the morning. The inn being in a lonely spot and at the time apparently no other boarders in the house, he seated himself on a veranda, where he could overlook the plain far below, and called for supper.

The cloth was laid by a girl in a short petticoat encircled with stripes of various gay colors, beneath which appeared a dainty foot and ankle. Hoxie was very young, and youth is unthinking. He permitted himself to gaze too admiringly on the senorita and did not take the pains not to do so while she was looking. He spoke some Spanish and began to chat with her, but could get nothing except "Yes, senor," and "No, senor," for she was a different little thing, especially in the presence of one in the social scale so far above her.

There were many points in the vicinity where attractive views were to be obtained, and Hoxie attended to his work, not thinking about the girl when doing so. But in the evening between supper and bedtime he needed company and after supper would invent ways to keep her with him on the veranda. The inn was kept by her aunt, and the two women were the only persons in the house besides the few wayfarers who stopped there. The aunt Hoxie addressed as senora, the girl as Pepita, which was her name. When he was not out sketching he was continually calling on the one or the other for something—either a glass of wine or a bit of cheese or for Pepita to bring her guitar and play for him.

"You are troubled about something, Pepita," he said one evening to the girl while she waited upon him at supper. "What is it?"

"Nothing, senor," she said. "Yes, there is something you fear. Tell me."

"Well, then, senor, there are bandits in these mountains. You should not go out sketching."

"You must be mistaken. I asked about that before coming here and was told that I would be as safe here as in Madrid."

This did not appear to relieve the girl's fears. There is something that draws a man to a woman who fears for him, and Hoxie drew the girl to him and kissed her.

"It is very lovely for you," he said, "to be anxious for my safety. Don't worry. I think I can take care of myself."

There was a sound in some shrubbery just beyond the veranda. Pepita started, gasped and trembled. Hoxie looked up at her, surprised, and was about to ask her what had frightened her when she ran into the house.

The next evening was very warm, and Hoxie lay smoking in a hammock in the yard. The moon was at the full and in the rare atmosphere at such a height cast a bright light. Hoxie dozed. Suddenly he roused himself and looked upon a shadow cast by the moon on the ground directly before him. It was the shadow of a man with arm uplifted. The closed fist seemed to grasp something, for there was a protrusion from it not clearly enough shadowed for Hoxie to discern what it was. Hoxie divined that it was a weapon of some sort, most probably a knife.

Whatever was done must be instantaneous. Hoxie's reasoning certainly was. He reasoned that some one was about to kill him; that the murder would be committed silently. The only method of escape seemed to be to call to some one. This might frighten off the murderer.

"Senora!" he called without displaying any alarm in his voice. "What do you wish, senor?"

"A glass of wine."

At the first word the shadow withdrew so that he did not see it. His enemy had sprung back.

"Never mind," Hoxie said, rising as he spoke. "I will drink it in the house."

Not daring to betray his knowledge of his danger by looking back, he walked into the house without turning his head. He had not seen his enemy—only his shadow. Nor did he see him later. His coolness had saved his life. His enemy quite likely was in such condition of mind that a word spoken by the man he would kill was enough, momentarily at least, to deter him, and before he had time to begin again it was too late.

Hoxie was never in a hurry about anything. He said nothing to the landlady about the matter, preferring to think it over before doing so. He remembered the sound in the bushes, where the evening before he had kissed Pepita, and her fright. Here was an explanation.

"Pepita," he said the next morning when he was alone with her. "Yes, senor."

"You have a lover, one whom I have never seen?"

Unlawful to Hunt Between Suns

The new Federal migratory bird law provides a closed season on all migratory game birds from sunset to sunrise.

For the guidance of Oregon sportsmen the following table has been prepared showing time of sunrise at stated periods during the continuance of the hunting season.

	Sunrise	Sunset
Sept. 28	6:06	5:57
Oct. 5	6:15	5:44
Oct. 12	6:24	5:31
Oct. 19	6:33	5:19
Oct. 26	6:43	5:07
Nov. 2	6:53	4:56
Nov. 9	7:03	4:47
Nov. 16	7:13	4:39
Nov. 23	7:23	4:33
Nov. 30	7:32	4:28
Dec. 7	7:40	4:26
Dec. 14	7:46	4:26
Dec. 21	7:50	4:28
Dec. 28	7:53	4:33
Jan. 4	7:53	4:39
Jan. 11	7:51	4:47
Jan. 18	7:47	4:56

Awaiting Developments

The Bandon Surf says: At the last meeting of the city council the proposition came up to name the tax levy for the ensuing year. Upon motion the matter was pigeon-holed until after the coming election the majority of the members of the council claiming that in the event of Bandon becoming dry, the usual two mill tax would be inadequate to meet the expenses of the city government and that a twenty mill tax and a special license levy on express wagons, automobiles, peanut stands, cows, dogs and business houses will be necessary to make good the \$7,000 which is annually derived from saloon licenses and which has hitherto been depended upon to meet current municipal expenses.

Says Two Years are Wasted in Schools

Two years of useful life are lost to every American under existing educational conditions, due to the increased fads and turberlows adopted in recent years and made a part of their required curriculum. This is the finding of a body of eminent educators, headed by President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado, whose report has been issued by the United States Bureau of Education.

"The great mistake in our education is to suppose," says the report "that quantity and strain constitute education. Education is a question of doing a few essential things well and without overstrain. The college has committed a grievous mistake in demanding more in quantity than in quality produced under healthy normal development."

The educators, who, says the bureau officials, spent to years investigating conditions, would have the elementary education of the young only six years instead of eight. They would have the student pass through high school and college so as to be prepared to either enter the world at the age of 20 or if desirous of taking up a profession enable him to be equipped within two or four years later.

Old Voters Registered

Speaking of the registration in Bandon, the Western World says: Grandma Shoemaker is the oldest woman registered and says she is going to vote alright.

Grandma Barrows is the oldest woman citizen of Oregon registered here to date. Having lived in Oregon 66 years, and crossed the plains with her parents in 1847 with an ox team.

Dad, Wm. Jenkins is the oldest Oregon citizen, having lived in the state 70 years. He was a member of the little band of whites who fought and conquered the redskins in the famous Rogue River battlefield. He also fought his way across the plains from Missouri to this state in 1843 and had many close calls. He is one of the Indian war veterans of the 50's, for whom C. B. Zeek recently received from the state, \$100 for services rendered for the territory during 1855-56, which had been due him since that time. He really thought there was nothing due him but found, on investigation, that he had not received all of his pay when discharged. He is 84 years old.

A NEW CURRENCY SCHEME SPRUNG

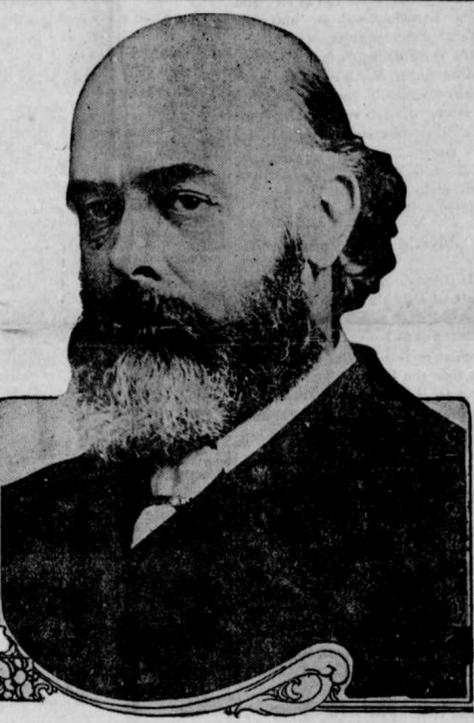
Government-Controlled Central Bank Proposed by Frank Vanderlip—Nice Democratic Scheme to Cinch Some Offices—Other News Notes

(Progressive News Service)

Washington, D. C., Oct. 25, 1913

Just as the struggle over the currency bill in the senate had reached a point where President Wilson was beginning to felicitate himself on the prospect of action, a big spoke was suddenly thrown into the administration wheel by the submission of a new plan to the senate committee on banking and currency which in a single day radically changed the situation. And the joke of it is that the new plan comes from the very heart of Wall Street. It was submitted to the committee by Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York City, a concern which is popularly known as a Standard

Sir Oliver Lodge Says Science Will Solve World's Riddles



TWO of the greatest riddles of the universe are immortality and sex determination. Science has long looked upon these as the most puzzling of the world's problems, but without very definite or satisfactory results. This is why the recent remarks of Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on these topics are extremely interesting. Sir Oliver stated that he felt scientists were started on the road to the solution of the question, "Is there life beyond the grave?" He said he thought science would answer this deepest of all life's puzzles. Regarding the predetermination of sex, he said science was still as much in the dark on that subject as it was on the other, the claims of some experimenters to the contrary, but he thought this question would be solved through observation and experimentation of plant life.

Oil bank and which has been allied during recent years with the Morgan group. Before Mr. Vanderlip left the committee room it was apparent that his plan received the support of the majority of the committee.

His plan differs radically from that of the administration bill by providing for a central bank, to be controlled absolutely, and possibly owned, by the Federal government, instead of the plan carried in the administration bill, of regional reserve banks, to be owned by the banks, under government supervision.

The Vanderlip plan has the support of at least three of the Democrats on the committee and all of the five Republicans.

President Wilson lost no time in getting word to his supporters on the senate committee that under no circumstances would he approve the Vanderlip plan.

The submission of this plan puts the President in an extremely awkward position. It has been demonstrated conclusively that under the administration bill the banks will absolutely control the regional reserve institutions. Mr. Vanderlip has outflanked the President in pro-

cept the disruption of the President's plan for currency legislation at this session. Whatever Mr. Vanderlip's purpose may have been, however the immediate result of the submission of his plan is the precipitation of a fight which is bound very greatly to prolong the struggle over currency legislation.

As had been predicted in these letters, President Wilson has signed the urgent deficiency bill, with a memorandum concerning the 1200-job assault in that measure upon the civil service. This little grab exempts deputy marshals and collectors of internal revenue from the civil service. The president declares in his memorandum that no harm will come from the enactment of this little grab because of his well-known advocacy of civil service reform. This would at once inspire the question as to how long Mr. Wilson thinks he is going to be President, but he apparently saw that, and added that moreover, the power still resides with him to cover these places back into the civil service by executive order at any time. That is exactly true and therein lies the nub of the most important, political doings these days are going on in New

Synopsis of Federal Migratory Bird Law

(For Oregon and Washington)

"A daily closed season on all migratory game and insectivorous birds between sunset and sunrise.

"A five-year closed season beginning Oct. 1, 1913 on the following game birds: Band-tailed pigeons, little brown, sandhill and whooping cranes, swans, curlews, woodducks, and all shore birds except black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, woodcock and greater and lesser yellowlegs.

"Open season on ducks, geese, rails, coots, gallinules, from Oct. 1 to Jan. 15, dates inclusive.

"Open season on black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jack snipe, and greater and lesser yellowlegs, from Oct. 1, to Dec. 15, dates inclusive.

"All migratory birds protected indefinitely.

"Penalty for violation, fine of not more than \$100 or imprisonment not more than 90 days."

whole matter. By the adoption of this provision the Democrats now have easy access to 1,200 jobs that they did not have before, and as soon as they have been filled the President can come along with an executive order covering these faithful into the civil service and insuring positively the retention of that many more Democrats on the Federal payroll indefinitely. In other words, the President and his friends in Congress are merely serving notice upon their successors, heirs and assigns that if such successors desire these 1,200 jobs as ardently the present incumbents do it will be necessary to play the same kind of spoils politics that Mr. Wilson and his henchmen have just played.

York, where Sulzer and his graft investigator Hennessy have got Murphy, McCall and the rest of Tammany backed up against the wall and are daily and nightly shooting them full of holes as efficiently as any Huerta agent ever shot a Madero—and much more legitimately. It is an amazing tale that Hennessy the graft prober tells, but he supplies convincing detail for most of it.

It seems that, as Jimmy Dolan used to say, the Tammany grafters have found "no detail too small to ignore." They even made a systematic levy upon the wages of the \$40 a month men who worked on the canal, and they had their collectors in the paymaster's office so that the graft was deducted before the pay envelopes were delivered to the employees. According to Hennessy's figures, this line of graft alone amounted to about \$3,000 a week.

The graft Hennessy has disclosed renders all the more clear and emphatic the important duty of Martin Glynn, the governor whom Tammany has installed in place of Sulzer at Albany. Whatever of folly or wrong the impeached governor may have committed, it is undeniable that he did one thing that was good and strong and straight for the state. He did start on the trail of the grafters, and it is undeniable that it was because he was on the trail of the grafters and because Murphy and Tammany knew that that trail if pursued would put some of their friends in the penitentiary that Sulzer was impeached. Obviously, Murphy and Tammany were more ready to trust their case to the friendly hands of Martin Glynn. Just as obviously, there devolves upon Mr. Glynn the paramount duty before everything else unflinchingly to pursue the trail that Sulzer's investigations uncovered.

Will he do it?

On the day that he became governor, when he was holding his first talk with the newspaper correspondents in Albany, one of the reporters recalling the Sulzer declaration of last January that he was the "leader of the Democratic party," asked Glynn if he intended to proclaim himself the leader of the party in the state. Mark the reply:

"I have no ambitions to be leader," said Mr. Glynn.

There have Glynn's certificate of Murphy's leadership.

In the New York "Times" of the day after this interview, in the report of events at Albany, there appears this significant paragraph:

"The legislative leaders who were here to-day were profuse in declaring that Mr. Glynn would have the hearty support of the Democratic majority in the legislature, and that they did not look for any differences like those that marked the administration of Sulzer."

There have Tammany's certificate of Glynn's acceptability to it.

What is the prospect that the new governor will attempt to perform the paramount duty which now faces him?

AN UNPAID DEBT

By MANTON HENDERSON

The outing season was over, and the outers were returning to town. Expecting an aunt whom I was to meet and see through the city to her home, I went to the station to meet her. I didn't meet my aunt. She had delayed her coming, but I met with an adventure.

Those waiting for the train were roped off to inspect those who left it and to pounce on those we expected when they came along. Among the last was a young lady whose face the moment she saw me broke into a smile, and, advancing to the rope, she dropped a suit case she was carrying and, clasping my hand, put up her lips to be kissed. She was a stranger to me.

I defy any man, be his intentions the most scrupulous, to have a pretty girl put up her mouth to be kissed to draw back. Why, it would be an insult to the girl. At any rate, I kissed the young lady, fervently since I was about it, and awaited developments. I confess I wondered should my aunt come along what she would think of the proceeding. Then I was afraid she would come along and bring about an explanation before an explanation was called for.

"I'm so glad you've come," said the girl. "Did you get the telegram? I'm tired out carrying this suit case." And, taking it up, she handed it to me. "Have you got a carriage? You have changed ever so much."

Now, if she had stopped for an answer to the first of these questions I would have been in honor bound to explain. But she didn't, and, taking the suit case from her, letting her do all the talking, upon which she seemed bent, I escorted her to the street, called a carriage and, my conscience prompting me to go no further, stood still. She looked at me with wonder in her big brown eyes and said:

"Why, what are you waiting for?"

"This rattled me, and I got into the carriage and shut the door.

"Where to, sir?" called the driver. I hesitated a moment, got out the word "Number," hesitated again, and the girl supplied the information. Then we rattled away, I feeling as though I had been committing a felony and expecting an arrest at any moment. Unfortunately the girl subsided from her loquacity, and I felt bound to say something. I thought it a good time to confess—that is, if I could pump up the courage to do so.

"I feel it my duty to tell you"—I began.

"Oh, heavens! What is it? Any one dead?"

This rattled me again. I hadn't the sand to go on in the vein I had started. I switched off.

"Oh, no," I said, "not that at all. What I was going to say is that for a few days I shall be loaded down to the guards with work and shall not be able to show you the same attention as of late."

"Dear me, how you frightened me! I know Uncle Ben is quite ill, and I feared you were going to tell me that the poor old man had gone."

"Not at all, not at all. I assure you I had no such intention." I mopped my face with my handkerchief.

All the while the carriage was bowling toward the address given the cabman, and I was thinking of that "day of wrath" when I should meet those who would uncover my unintended deception and make me an object of contempt.

"Do you know," said my companion, turning to look at me with her face, her lips dangerously near mine, "that had I not been looking for you I wouldn't have known you."

"You, too, are changed," I replied, and a method of saving myself flashed into my brain. Why shouldn't I pretend to have made a mistake as well as she? Splendid idea! Now was the time. So I continued, this time with perfect confidence: "But, Lou, the change is for the better. You were pretty when I saw you last. Now you are beautiful."

"I'm glad you continue to call me by my first name," she replied. "I was afraid you would 'Miss' me."

Great heavens, rattled again! I had accidentally struck her name. Instead of wondering that I didn't call her Alice or Evelyn or some name other than her own, thus bringing out the double blunder, she was glad I did it.

The carriage swerved to the curb. I was lost. In a moment persons would be running out to meet the girl and give me away. Miserable me, what should I do? Oh, for a little more time!

"Before we alight," she said, "I wish to say something. You won't feel hurt, will you?"

"Certainly not! Go on."

"Please don't see me to the door. They don't know anything about this meeting, and I don't care at present to have them know."

I gave mute thanks to heaven. "I think you are quite right," I said. "I will remain in the carriage."

The devil had been sick and would be a saint. He had suddenly recovered, and devil a sin was he. Conscience with safety vanished. "Mayn't I have a parting kiss?" I whispered.

We drew back away from the window, and it was very sweet if it was a rationally proceeding on my part.

I have often wondered who she was and who was the fellow I owe reparation to for two kisses that belonged to him.