

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. 29

COQUILLE, COOS COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1914.

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## CITY DIRECTORY

### Fraternal and Benevolent Orders

**A. F. & A. M.**—Regular meeting of Chadwick Lodge No. 68 A. F. & A. M. at Masonic Hall, every Saturday night in each month on or before the full moon.  
D. D. PIERCE, W. M.  
R. H. MAST, Secretary.

**O. E. S.**—Regular meeting of Beulah Chapter No. 6, second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, in Masonic Hall.  
MARY A. PIERCE, W. M.  
ANNA LAWRENCE, Sec.

**I. O. O. F.**—Coquille Lodge No. 53, I. O. 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 HERBER, N. G.  
ANNE 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. C.  
J. S. LAWRENCE, Sec.

**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS**—Lyeurgus 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 LINDGAR, K. of R.

**RED MEN—Coquille Tribe No. 46, I.**  
O. O. W. 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.  
C. D. HIGSON, Consul.  
L. H. IRVINE, 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 every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. at W. O. W. Hall.  
Lee Currie, C. C.  
JOHN LESEVE, Sec.

**EVENINGIDE CIRCLE No. 214,** meets second and fourth Monday nights in W. O. W. Hall.  
O. A. X. MARY, 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. EYLAND, 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.  
LENA ALDERSON, Pres.  
LENA MINARD, Sec.

**KO KEEL KLUB**—A business men's social organization, hall in Laird's building, Second street.  
A. J. SHAWWOOD, Pres.  
FRED SLEALE, Sec.

**COMMERCIAL CLUB** J. E. NORSON President; J. C. SAGE, 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 9:50 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 11:45 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.; 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 Harley  
Water Superintendent.....S. V. Esperson  
Fire Chief.....Walter Gerding  
Committee—D. D. Pierce, C. T. Skeels, W. C. Laird, G. O. Leach, W. H. Lyons, Leo J. Gary. 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. 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 CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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### PROLOGUE.

Was Jennie Brice murdered? If she were murdered, who was guilty of the foul deed? If she were not done away with by an assassin, what became of her? Whence did she disappear? These and a few other interesting questions are raised at once in this very clever tale of mystery written by a woman who is not only an adept at writing fiction of this character, but the possessor of a style that chains the interest by its clearness and directness and wins by its rich humor.

### CHAPTER I.

WE have just had another flood, bad enough, but only a foot or two of water on the first floor. Yesterday we got the mud shoveled out of the cellar and found Peter, the spaniel that Mr. Ladley left when he "went away." The flood, and the fact that it was Mr. Ladley's dog whose body was found half buried in the basement fruit closet, brought back to me the strange events of the other flood five years ago, when the water reached more than half way to the second story, and brought with it, to some, mystery and sudden death, and to me the worst case of "shinities" I have ever seen.

My name is Pitman—in this narrative. It is not really Pitman, but that does well enough. I belong to an old Pittsburgh family. I was born on Penn avenue, when that was the best part of town, and I lived, until I was fifteen, very close to what is now the Pittsburgh club. It was a dwelling then; I have forgotten who lived there at that time.

I was a girl in '77, during the railroad riots, and I recall our driving in the family carriage over to one of the Allegheny hills, and seeing the yards burning, and a great noise of shooting from across the river. It was the next year that I ran away from school to marry Mr. Pitman, and I have never reconciled, although I came back to Pittsburgh after twenty years of wandering. Mr. Pitman was dead; the old city called me, and I came.

I had a hundred dollars or so, and I took a house in lower Allegheny, where, because they are partly inundated every spring, the rents are cheap, and I kept boarders. My house was always orderly and clean, and although the neighborhood had a bad name, a good many theatrical people stopped with me. Five minutes across the bridge and they were in the theater district. Allegheny at that time, I believe, was still an independent city. But since then it has allied itself with Pittsburgh; it is now the north side of the city.

I was glad to get back. I worked hard, but I made my rent and my living and a little over. Now and then on summer evenings I went to one of the parks and, sitting on a bench, watched the children playing around and looked at my sister's house, closed for the summer. It is a very large house. Her butler once had his wife boarding with me—a very nice little woman.

I am curious to recall that at that time, five years ago, I had never seen my niece, Lida Harvey, and then to think that only the day before yesterday she came in her automobile as far as she dared and then sat there, waving to me, while the police patrol brought across in a skiff a basket of provisions she had sent me.

I wonder what she would have thought had she known that the elderly woman in a calico wrapper, with an old overcoat over it and a pair of rubber boots, was her full aunt.

the parlor bedroom and the room behind it. Mrs. Ladley, or Miss Brice, as she preferred to be known, had a small parlor at a local theater that kept a permanent company. Her husband was in that business, too, but he had nothing to do. It was the wife who paid the bills, and a lot of quarreling they did about it.

I knocked at the door at 10 o'clock, and Mr. Ladley opened it. He was a short man, rather stout and getting bald, and he always had a cigarette. Even yet the parlor carpet smells of them.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply, holding the door open about an inch.

"The water's coming up very fast, Mr. Ladley," I said. "It's up to the swinging shelf in the cellar now. I'd like to take up the carpet and move the piano."

"Come back in an hour or so," he snapped and tried to close the door. But I had got my toe in the crack.

"I'll have to have the piano moved, Mr. Ladley," I said. "You'd better put off what you are doing."

I thought he was probably writing. He spent most of the day writing.

using the washstand as a desk, and it kept me busy with oxalic acid taking ink spots out of the splasher and the towels. He was writing a play and talked a lot about the Shuberts having promised to star him in it when it was finished.

"H—" he said, and, turning, spoke to somebody in the room.

"We can go into the back room," I heard him say, and he closed the door. When he opened it again the room was empty. I called in Terry, the Irish man who does odd jobs for me now and then, and we both got to work at the tacks in the carpet, Terry working by the window and I by the door into the back parlor, which the Ladleys used as a bedroom.

That was how I happened to hear what I afterward told the police.

Some one—a man, but not Mr. Ladley—was talking. Mrs. Ladley broke in: "I won't do it!" she said flatly. "Why should I help him? He doesn't help me. He loafs here all day, smoking and sleeping, and sits up all night, drinking and keeping me awake."

## FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

### Events of Interest Reported For The Herald

(By J. E. Jones)

"WAIT UNTIL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY, EMMA."

Since the course of true love was never known to run smooth, it ought not to be so surprising that the Democrats have been indulging in a sort of "lover's quarrel." The partisans within the party should not forget that Democratic harmony was first established in Congress two years before the beginning of the present Administration, and that for more than a year past its inventors have kept the cogs of peace running easily. It is unreasonable to expect the President to do all the thinking for his party, and it some of them go off in an opposite direction at times it ought to be their privilege under a free government. Our "Uncle Champ" and our genial "Oscar" think they are right, and they cer-

tainly engaged in the coastwise trade can be exempted because they are not engaged in "foreign commerce," which is the meaning of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. There are Supreme Court decisions and acceptances after a sort of this claim from the British. Still another argument is that the treaty was made before the Canal was commenced, and at the time it was not known whether Britain, France, America, or some other country would dig the ditch. However, the time came when the Canal Zone ceased to be a territory of Colombia, but was acquired by the United States, after which the canal was built in domestic territory. Ex Presidents Roosevelt and Taft have taken positions exactly opposite to that of President Wilson. Add to this the division of opinion in the Senate and House among the President's own party, and you have proof of the claim that this is not so simple a matter, after all. Undoubtedly it is a many-sided question.

### IS THIS CONSERVATION?

There are two thousand acres of coal lands in Montana lying idle.

## Miss Eleanor Wilson Will Wed W. G. McAdoo In White House



Photos copyright, 1914, by American Press Association.

THERE will be another White House wedding very soon. Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson, youngest daughter of the president and Mrs. Wilson, will wed Secretary of the Treasury William Gibbs McAdoo. Miss Wilson is twenty-four and is the most vivacious of the Wilson daughters. Mr. McAdoo is fifty. He is a widower with six children, two of whom are married. He is a grandfather. Mr. McAdoo is said to be younger in his manner than those of his age usually are. Reports that Mr. McAdoo would resign from the cabinet were circulated. Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson, the second daughter, was the first of the three Wilson girls to marry.

tainly have as much reason to support their judgment as anyone else. Politically this Panama canal toll exemption matter is very exciting, and while some of the big steamship companies and the transcontinental railroads doubtless have axes to grind, yet there is no evidence that they are becoming agitated by conditions. Meanwhile it is a mistake to think that harmony has been routed at the Washington wigwag, and the more conservative expect to see the hosts of Democracy breaking bread and singing glorious hal-lalujas in harmony in a short time. It is only a lover's quarrel.

### THE BROADER QUESTION.

It has been several years since Washington has become so perturbed over a public question. Tariff bills, currency revision, and the goings and comings of new political parties have hardly caused such disturbances as the proposition to treat everybody's vessels alike at Panama. The President says the treaty stands for just what it says. Read it yourself, and you will agree that it is plain enough, no matter what your political creed may be. The opposition says that American ves-

## HIGH SCHOOL BOYS COME TO EUGENE ON MAY 9

### Athletes Who Have Won at Home Will Get Chance in State Meet

University of Oregon, Eugene.—High schools over all Oregon are beginning to get their men ready for the third annual inter-school athletic track meet which will be held this year on May 9 on the State University athletic field. Graduate Manager Dean Walker, who handles the business affairs of the Student Body, says he expects contestants from forty high schools. He thinks the competitors will number 150 to 200.

High School boys like the yearly spring meet at "Oregon." It gives them opportunity to try out against picked men who are to hold up the state's intercollegiate record during the next seven or eight years. It also gives watchful athletic experts an idea of who have team material in them.

The University Student Body will pay the expenses of four representatives from the high school of each Willamette valley town. There is no limit to the representatives that may be sent, but expenses of men over the four have to be paid by the school. The Student Body will also pay the expenses of first and second winners in county meets from counties outside the Willamette valley. Silver cups are given the winning school, the winning relay team and the individual winning most points. Winners of first place in the events get gold medals; of second place, silver medals; of third place, bronze medals.

The visiting athletes will be given lessons in form, and directions for training, by William Hayward, the widely-known athletic instructor of the State University, for whom every high school boy with a liking for athletics has a warm spot. Mr. Hayward will also give an illustrated lecture on the last Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden.

Fraternity houses and private homes provide entertainment for most of the contestants and visitors.

Coos county and Crook county have the newest high school athletic organizations.

The meet was won in 1913 by Columbia University, Portland.

Visitors at this year's meet, which comes during Junior week-end, will have opportunity to see the Oregon-O. A. C. track meet, May 8, and other Junior week-end events.

### CURRY COUNTY CULLINGS (From the Port Orford Tribune)

Steve Gallier and Frank Catterlin were in town last night, returning to Bandon from a business trip to Gold Beach.

Geo. Johnson of Astoria, who had charge of the fishing interests of the Wedderburn Trading Company at Rogue river last season, passed down the coast a few days ago to resume the same position.

County Attorney Meredith says that he will vigorously prosecute all persons who accidentally shoot and kill another in Curry county so long as he holds the office he does. His position in this matter will meet with the hearty approval of the people of the county.

E. J. Loney has been in Marshfield since our last issue, where he took the Master's degree in the Masonic lodge. Mrs. Loney is improving nicely in the hospital at Bandon, although it will probably be six weeks before she will be able to return to her home in Port Orford.

At a preliminary hearing before Justice Wright last evening E. C. Egger was bound over in the sum of \$500 to appear before the grand jury for the killing of J. D. Bush. C. E. Inman furnished bail.

(Gold Beach Globe)

## MARGARITA REMEMBERS COOS

### Movie Actress Tells of Barnstorming Adventure

Margarita Fischer, who used to visit this county ten or twelve years ago, playing the leading lady in a company managed by her father, now deceased, is now a prominent and well boosted figure in the independent movie pictures, being the wife of Harry Pollard, a photoplay director. She is well remembered here and there as the forgotten Coos county girl who became too proud to remember her barnstorming days is shown by the following little story which appears in an interview with the fair Margarita in the Photoplay Magazine for April:

"Once," she said, "we were in the Coos county, Oregon, and had to wait for a boat to take us to Eureka, Cal. We decided to fill our time by going to a little town called Libby. We had a perfectly awful time of it. We had to carry our grips for miles, and after much persuasion we managed to flag a flat-car drawn by a small engine.

When we got there we had a terrible time getting anything to eat and had to climb up some coal bunkers to get where we wanted to go. Eventually we got fixed in a dinky little hall, the schoolhouse—ugh! it was dirty. When the time came for the performance nobody appeared. Father could not understand why not even one person came, so he went to the village to inquire. The 'oldest inhabitant' looked at him and said: 'Have ye rung the bell?' Father admitted he had not. 'How can you expect people to come if ye don't?' said the old man. Father took the hint, and the bell was pulled vigorously.

then came a troop of people who had been waiting patiently to see the show.' We gave them something pathetic and had them with us throughout. After the show we lost our way trying to find our rooms. It was a caution."

## HUNT YOUR PICK AND SHOVEL

### April 25th the Day for All to Work Roads

Judge John F. Hall has sent out the following letter calling on the people to turn out and celebrate "Good Roads Day" by doing some manual labor on the public highway and byways:

Coquille Herald, Coquille, Oregon, Dear Sir: Governor West has proclaimed Saturday, April 25th as a public holiday, to be known as All Oregon Good Roads Day, and has requested that every person do their working clothes and proceed to do one days labor on the public highways.

And I request that you give notice to the citizens of your district, irrespective of race color or sex, to procure the necessary tools and material and perform eight hours hard labor upon the public highway for the benefit of public roads. And that you give notice in writing to the County Court of the names of persons so performing labor.

Persons performing labor upon that day will not be entitled to compensation.

Yours very respectfully, John F. Hall, County Judge.

## Jimmie's Essay on "Botels"

Botels. Botel is a very use full little articles and they ain't aw little neather. ive saw sum botels most as big as a man cud carry an ive saw sum not so verry big wat had inside of em moar then most cud carry.

Sum botels is maid of skins and sum is maid of lether but most botels is maid of glass. Sum botels you can sel to the salunes and get 3 for a nickle for em and sum caint but you can mostly sell the ones you find around in basements and old empy bildings and sumtimes us kids finds em when they are neerly full and then my dad he likes em and will mostly give us ten cents apeace for em and that is wy the good boob sez look not thow up on the whine wen it is read wen it giveth its culler in the cup for at last it bitteth like a alder and stinggeth like a surpent, but taik a little whine for the stummick ake, and dad he neerly always has the stummick ake so he drinks it out of the botel seze he caint look up on it in a cup.

youres truly, Jimmie.