

The Coquille Herald

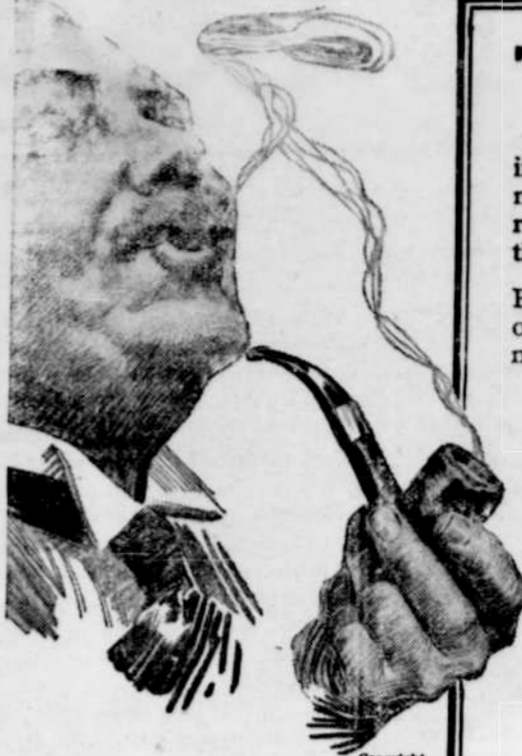
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY
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P. C. LEVAV, Lessee and Editor.
LANS LENEVE, City Editor.
Devoted to the material and social upbuilding of the Coquille Valley particularly and of Coos County generally. Subscription, \$1.50 per year in advance.
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Hogwallow News

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The Dog Hill preacher has had a hair cut. Poke Eazley says it seems like the preachers of this day and time try to look as nice as anybody.
Ellick Hellwanger, who last spring used to sit in the far back end of the Dog Hill church every fourth Sunday, has gradually improved his ways until now he sits on next to the front seat.
Raz Barlow has been hunted this week by the Deputy Constable on a charge of breaking up a birthday to do at Bounding Billows Saturday night. The Deputy got on track of him yesterday, but Raz escaped by obscuring himself in the cloud of dust raised by his mule.
Sap Spradlen, who in some ways is a very smart person, has been swindled again, this time by Slim Pi-kons. Slim and Sap bought an umbrella, it to be used half of the time by one and half by the other. Sap had to put up the money to buy the umbrella and, there being more good days than bad ones, Slim agreed to let Sap use it on the good days while he will have possession of it while it is raining.
Sap Spradlen is becoming very much interested in Miss Flutie Beicher and stands up in his cart when passing her house.
A large red necktie worn by Raz Barlow got wet in the rain Saturday and began striking up so rapidly that it was choked very bad before the assistant coroner could remove it.
Some of the candidates in the recent elections made the race "solely on merit and qualification," and then got defeated.
Tobe Moseley, while taking a drink of water at the cistern the other day gave it as his opinion that the money system should be arranged so that the poor man would have a better showing. He would suggest that all money in the United States be converted into small change and then put into circulation. Then most of it would fall into the hands of the poor man, small change being all that he is able to get.
The exceedingly dry weather of last fall dried up two ponds and a section of Gimlet creek. It also caused the Rye Straw voting precinct and Poke Eazley's cow to go dry. Aid has been summoned from Tickville.
The information some of the graduates get at school is of no more use to them than an electric light plant to a blind man.
We all have the eyes to see, but to know the things when we see them is a great gift.
Fit Smith is wondering if there is going to be many snakes this coming summer. Fit is a great connoisseur of snakes, but has a hard time keeping up with them.
During his nap yesterday afternoon Sidney Hooks dreamed that he saw a large drove of green squirrels cross the road. Sidney says he could be mistaken in the color, having gone to sleep with a pair of green eye goggles on.
Fletcher Henstep will climb to his housetop this week and come down the chimney to remove the soot. All of his children are getting ready to hang up their stockings for the occasion.



On the reverse side of this tin red the eye will read: "Process Patented July 20th, 1907," which has made three one smoke pipes where one smoked before!

Try it yourself—

if you want personal and positive information as to how delightful Prince Albert really is, smoked in a jimmy pipe or rolled into the best makin's cigarette you ever set-fire-to!
For, Prince Albert has a wonderful message of pipe-peace and makin's peace for every man. It will revolutionize your smoke ideas and ideals. The patented process fixes that—and cuts out bite and parch!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke
is so friendly to your tongue and taste that it is mighty easy to get acquainted with. You'll like every pipeful or cigarette better than the last because it is so cool and fragrant and long-burning. You'll just sit back and ponder why you have kept away from such joy-us smokings for so long a time!

Men, we tell you Prince Albert is all we claim for it. You'll understand just how different our patented process makes Prince Albert quick as you smoke it!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold: in tippy red bags; 5c; tidy red tins; 10c; handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener tops that keep the tobacco in such prime condition.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

JEALOUS OF ASTORIA? OF COURSE

The Portland Telegram often forces one's admiration by the boldness with which it tells its home town what is what. In a recent issue that paper took the Chamber of Commerce to task in a nice, fatherly way, about its position on the subject of the Astoria terminal rates, recently granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It seems that the Portland Chamber of Commerce could not conceal its chagrin that the port at the mouth of the Columbia river had been granted terminal rates, and when it came to expressing itself on the subject had shown its disposition to feel small jealousy of every other place in the state or on the coast that showed any signs of making progress except as a tributary of Portland. In the gentle phrase of the Telegram, "it has failed to put itself in the attitude of serviceable sympathy with the rest of the state." "It is a pity," laments the Telegram, "that the Chamber should have been dominated by bureaucratic influence in making a confused and halting acknowledgment of the justice and the benefit involved in this issue." "It is encouraging to see that Portland has one daily paper with the breadth to see and the courage to express ideas which rise above the fixed Portland level. This state has been dominated for many years by a city which depended for its supremacy on keeping back every other place which showed a sign of coming to the front. Portland can see no benefit in the doubling of the population of Oregon if 25 per cent of the benefit is to get away from her by centering in other cities.

Portland would rather keep a cinch on what she has than see some other place get part of the benefit of new growth and development of the state. She would rather see a great part of the state a howling wilderness cut by a few sparse settlements than to see it fill with a prosperous people trading at Coos Bay, even though she would herself be immensely benefited by the change. She would rather see Astoria remain a fishing village at the mouth of the Columbia than to see her grow into a real city at which ships might load their cargoes instead of coming a hundred miles up the river to the so-called seaport on the Willamette, even though the whole state and the commerce thereof might derive much benefit therefrom. That's what's the matter with Portland.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

It would seem that the Good Roads movement in Coos county is at last getting off on the right foot. With Chief Deputy State Engineer Cantine to look over the situation here and lay out a scientific and rational plan for the development of a system of good roads in this county, and one that will harmonize with the plans of the State Highway Commission and receive the support of that body, it ought to be possible for the people here to reach a mutual understanding and work shoulder to shoulder for that which we so much need. For its growth and development, for the attraction of new settlers and for the profit of every resident of the county, directly or indirectly, it is hard to think of anything that would equal good roads. There is one phase of human nature which is working in Coos county as it works everywhere else. In the matter of roads, the roads are "good" or "bad" in the opinion of those who travel over them, in relation to what the travelers are used to. If a man is used to driving over roots and rocks and through ruts and mudholes, the removal of some of the obstructions and the drying up or filling up of a few holes makes the road "good," while someone accustomed to real roads would pronounce it the "worst" he ever saw. Those residents of the Fairview neighborhood, for instance, who remember the days when they could get to Coquille in winter on horseback only think that the plank road, passable throughout the year for wagons and autos, a "good road." In comparison it is; but it is safe to say that people used to hard surface roads might bump over this one in an auto and call it a holy terror. They would be wrong, of course, but you couldn't make them believe it. Further than this, our own people will never realize how far from "good" their present roads are until they have a few object lessons before their eyes, or under their wheels. For this reason, it is the duty and should be the pleasure of everyone who has seen the light to boost for good roads.

When railroad connection shall finally be made, at least part of the stream of Eastern tourists looking for a location will find its way into this county. One great attraction for these people would be a system of good roads. These cannot be built in a year; but we can at least show that we are determined to have them and that it will be but a comparatively short time until we do have them.

There is much to be said in favor of the censorship of motion pictures. There is no question but they need it. There is also much to be said in favor of the spanking of young girls who wander the streets of small towns at night. They also need it. On the other hand, there are objections to giving the power of either censorship or the spanking into the hands of a few individuals, to exercise despotic and arbitrary authority in the premises.

Random Rambles

(By a Rambler)
Last week the Rambler strayed off toward Marshfield and will endeavor to tell you something of what he saw. One of the first places of interest we visited was the home of John Yoakam about five miles down the road. Mr. Yoakam has a splendid country home here with over 600 acres of fertile land and good farm buildings. He and his estimable wife are very sociable people and we enjoyed our visit with them immensely. Mr. Yoakam comes of an old pioneer family. He was born near Myrtle Point in 1859, so you see he is truly a pioneer. For some years previous to his buying the present ranch he was in the livery business in this city where he is well known. He is one of the type of men who have helped to put Coos county on the map. Bright, capable and energetic he is making a success in his chosen line.

Next we pushed on to Coaledo and there met F. Heitzman, Wm. Grow, D. M. Grow and Mr. Witchey. Mr. Witchey was just recovering from a severe illness. He formerly lived at Bridge. Coaledo is a memory of the past. It was once a thriving little mining place but the mine is shut down and the people have to look elsewhere for a living. There are several nice homes here.

One of the things that has always interested us is the old Henryville mines. Here nearly forty years ago we wrestled with our A B C's in our first term of school. On we went, coming to the present Henryville mine at Delmar and then down to where the old mine is located across the bay from the road. Nothing was as we remembered it except the bay and the general contour of the country. Henryville is no more, except in history. Even the old coal bunker was burned last season and only a few decaying planks and a few rickety tumble-down shacks mark the place. There is one nice residence where the keeper of the place lives, but the rest is fast passing to decay.

At Delmar we met Mr. Z. T. Siglin who was at one time sheriff of the county, and also treasurer at another time. Mr. Siglin is one of those genial spirits with whom it does one good to come in contact. He is a bachelor but not a recluse. We enjoyed an evening of reminiscence of the old times in Coos and some of the incidents in a sheriff's life. Mr. Siglin has a good ranch here and an orchard of the leading varieties of apples. His crop last season amounted to 1500 boxes, but there was not a good market as the demand is largely local and the supply is abundant.

Perhaps the thing that impressed me most on the journey was the road (what there was of it). This is narrow and muddy and the grades are heavy and the turns sharp. In some places it would be impossible for teams or autos to pass for a considerable distance. There was not much mud most of the way, but there was not much road either, barring about two miles at this end. As I drove along I wondered that a main thoroughfare like this could be so neglected. Bridges were in bad shape and the road generally had the appearance of the roads of half a century ago. But as I got down a ways below Delmar the mystery began to clear. Here was a crew of men at work cutting down the grade, making a look like a railway. Expensive cuts and fills, easy grades and graceful curves took the place of the old. Inquiry soon elicited the information that they were planning to reconstruct the entire road and would either plank or rock it.

Nearer Marshfield we found the roads all that one could wish and it is clear that they mean to make a good road all the way to this place. Along the road here are a number of fine farms and as one gets nearer Marshfield there is a young town of pretty residences under the unique name of Millington. We would like to have continued our travels to the metropolis of Coos to see what change the forty years had wrought since last we visited it, but time forbade and we turned back.

The beautiful weather continued and we enjoyed it immensely. It brought back memories of our boyhood when all the world was bathed in the glorious light of youthful anticipation. But if the years have robbed us of somewhat of the splendor of those boyhood days it has not robbed us of the power to enjoy to the utmost the glorious climate and the matchless witchery of nature when she peeps out at you coquetishly under the balmy Coos sunshine.

There is a subdued interest, growing ever more intense. There is a something hardly tangible but yet exerting its power over the country. You can feel it in the air, you can see it in the bustle of preparation for a greater activity. What is it, do you ask? It is the coming of the railway. For half a century and more Coos has lain here, isolated from the world by the nature of her environment, cut off from the ordinary means of communication and yet she has built up well toward the top among the counties of the

Interest and Attendance In Revival Continue

The revival meeting, which is being conducted by Evangelist Price at the Christian church, started up on its second week Sunday morning. The attendance during the first week broke all previous records of attendance for the opening week, and preparations will be made to accommodate larger audiences this week.
The chorus under the direction of Claude Nosler is doing splendid work, and the special music by some of the leading singers of the city has been well appreciated. A question box has been placed in the rear of the church and any question upon the scriptures will be answered by the evangelist.
During this week Evangelist Price will speak upon the following topics:
Tuesday night "Death of the Old Man"
Wednesday night "The Old Man's Burial"
Thursday night "Hell"
Friday night "Why I am not a Campbellite"
In this sermon Mr. Price will speak upon what the Disciples of Christ believe and teach, and place their plea as a religious body before the public.

Woman's Study Club

The literary department of the Woman's Study Club met in the library yesterday afternoon, and spent two hours and a half very pleasantly and profitably. Below is given the program for the next meeting, March 13.
The domestic science department will meet next Monday, March 6. The lesson will be "Beverages and Condiments."
The program for March 13 is as follows: Nathaniel Hawthorne. Roll call—Titles of Hawthorne's stories. Talk—"House of Seven Gables" with reading of chapter 18, Mrs. Rogers. Talk—"Hawthorne's Literature for Children", Mrs. Pursley. Talk—"The Blithedale Romance", "Brook Farm", "Margaret Fuller", Mrs. Longston. Talk—"Hawthorne's Experience in the Consular Service", Mrs. Smith. Talk

An Old-Time Visitor

Harry Meyer, of Portland, who used to tour this country in the interest of the Mason Ehrman company, showed up here one day last week, after an absence of thirteen years. He now has an interest in the company, and came to this place for the purpose of establishing a firm. Mr. Meyer looks exactly as he did thirteen years ago and none of his old friends failed to recognize him.

state. She may well be called "The Hermit Empire" for she has sat in solitude beside the great sea, waiting for the coming of the steel rail that should link her with the civilized world. Small wonder that now when this dream is an accomplished reality we should hear the sound of commercial progress as it leaps along the rails.
A new era stands before this county—an era of unprecedented growth and development. The chains that have bound her in solitude are riven and now her splendid energies can be put to use. Her matchless resources will soon put her among the leading counties of the state and turn the attention of capital this way. Really, after forty years of wanderings it seems good to return to "The Promised Land."

Result of Foreign Life on His Writings

"Result of Foreign Life on His Writings," Mrs. Young. Talk—"Marble Faun", a review, Mrs. Spranger.
The South. Way Down South. a. Products of the South; Industrial Conditions. b. Florida; St. Augustine; Tropical Landscape; Climate. c. Alabama; Tuskegee and Booker T. Washington; Mobile. d. Louisiana; the People, Ancestry and Customs. e. New Orleans; the Levees; Mardi Gras; French Market. Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Barrow. Readings from Cable's "Old Creole Days," Mrs. Anderson.
Down the Storied Ohio. a. Pittsburgh; the Iron Metropolis. b. Wheeling; Historical Associations. c. The Oil and Natural Gas Region. d. Blennerhassett's Island. e. Cincinnati, Louisville. f. "Egypt," Mrs. Knowlton, Mrs. Kistner.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon and for the County of Coos

JOHN D. GOSS Plaintiff
vs.
JOHN G. MULLEN as administrator of the Estate of John W. Negithon, deceased, ALFREDA NEGITHON, JOHN DOE and MARY DOE and all heirs known and unknown of John W. Negithon, Deceased, Defendants.
To Alfreda Negithon, John Doe and Mary Doe and all Heirs, known and unknown of John W. Negithon, deceased, in the Name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby notified that you are required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you, in the above entitled Court and cause, within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit, within six weeks from the 15th day of February, 1916 and if you fail to appear on or before the 28th day of March, 1916, said date being the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication, judgment will be taken against you and each of you, for want thereof for the relief demanded in plaintiff's complaint, a succinct statement of which is as follows:
That plaintiff receiver from the above named defendant John G. Mullen as Administrator, of the estate of John W. Negithon, deceased, the sum of Six Hundred Dollars together with interest thereon at the rate of 5 per cent per annum from the 1st day of June 1912 to date and the sum of Seventy Five Dollars as an attorney fee herein together with the costs and disbursements of this suit. That a decree of foreclosure issue as against all of said defendants and all persons interested in the hereinafter described real property, and that the same be sold in the manner prescribed by law, to wit: The west one half of the southwest quarter (1/2 sw 1/4) of section three (3), the north-east quarter of the southeast quarter (ne 1/4 se 1/4) of section four (4) and lot four (4) of section ten (10) all in township twenty-five (25) south range twelve west of the Willamette meridian Coos county Oregon. That all of the interest of the above named defendants and each of them and of all persons claiming by or under them in the above described real property be forever barred and foreclosed. That the plaintiff have judgment and execution against the defendant John G. Mullen as administrator of the estate of John W. Negithon, deceased, for any deficiency which remains after the proceeds of the sale of the above described real property have been applied to the satisfaction of said judgment herein. That Plaintiff or any other party to this suit may become a purchaser at the sale of said real property; that the sheriff execute adoes to the purchaser and that said purchaser be let into possession thereof forthwith.
Service of this summons is made by publication pursuant to an order made by the Hon. John S. Coke Circuit Judge, dated February 12th 1916, directing publication hereof in the within newspaper for a period of six weeks.
John C. Kendall
Herbert S. Murphy
1st Nat'l Bank Bldg. Attorneys for Plaintiff.
2-15-16

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Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, has filed his final account in matter of the administration of the estate of Sarah J. Ferry, deceased, and that the County Court has set Thursday, the 16th day of March, 1916, as the day and the County Court room in the County Court House at Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said final account, and the settlement of said estate.
Dated this 14th day of February, 1916.
WILLIAM FLOYD,
Executor of the last Will and Testament and of the estate of Sarah J. Ferry, Deceased.
2-15-16

The Celebrated Bergmann Shoe

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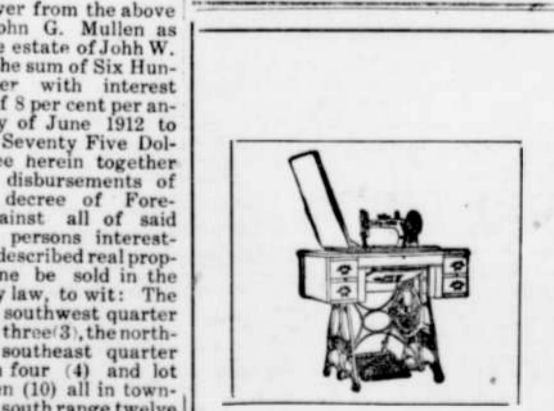
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