

The Coquille Herald

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

Entered as second class matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at Coquille, Oregon, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

P. C. LEVAR, 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.

Phone Main 381.

SHALL WE "PREPARE?"

Are the American people going batty over "preparedness?" That the army and navy officers should be affected that way is not surprising. Their whole life's training leads in that direction, and their chance for glory or even distinction lies that way. That the makers of munitions of war and of armor plate, who are just now experiencing the pleasures of piling up the uncounted millions that can be made in their line of business when the demand is brisk, should advocate a "preparedness" that will bring unlimited profit to their coffers is to be expected. But why any plain American citizen should wish to see this country embark on the course that drove the European nations to the verge of bankruptcy before the war for which they were preparing ever started and is now sacrificing the very flower of their citizenship in one unspeakable carnival of murder, to say nothing of the incalculable cost in dollars and cents—why any sane American citizen should want to shunt this country onto that down grade passes understanding.

"Preparedness!" What do they mean by it? Not one in a hundred of the writers and jingo spouters knows himself what he means. He doesn't need to know. It is so easy to say, "we ought to be prepared." It is not even necessary to say for just what we should be prepared. We should be "prepared" for whatever contingency might arise, presumably. But what does that involve? Let some of these people tell us exactly what they mean. Let them give us the specifications—and the cost. The mere assertion that we need a larger standing army and more battleships and forts is too vague. Let them tell us how many battleships we need to be "prepared" according to European standards. We have many harbors. How many battleships should be bottled up in each one, afraid to show their nose outside for fear of an enemy's submarine, in case of trouble. Let us try a stunt of the idiotic figuring by which the nations of Europe endeavored to each place itself on a war footing that would enable it to cope with any two of the others. Let us try a whirl at the battleship game in which our cousins across the water engaged for so many years; when the building of a battleship by A called for the building of two each by B and C, and this again called for the building of five more by A to hold her supremacy, also making it absolutely necessary that B and C should each put out a half dozen more each, and so on ad infinitum. Or let us show our American superiority by modifying the game whereby it will only be necessary for each of the great nations to have a more powerful navy than any of the others, as well as a larger standing army and a better defended border. That ought to be easy—in an idiot asylum.

It is so easy to talk preparedness—if you don't go into details! Just stick to generalities. Forget that we never have yet been "prepared" since the nation had its birth; that we won our independence without "preparation;" that we fought out one of the greatest wars of history among ourselves without "preparation." Forget that we have saved enough since the Civil War, by not being prepared, to repair the damages of a good big war; forget that no nation on the face of the earth has any desire to go to war with us and that none will do so if our foreign policy is conducted with common horse sense; because they know that, while they might win a few seaports in the first few months and perhaps blow up a few seaport banks, they could not penetrate the country for any distance, and if they did would never get back to the ocean with their arms; and that the reprisal would be something that they do not care to think about; forget that this is written down in the geographies as a "Christian" nation, and no nation, and no individual who advocates war has any right to call himself "Christian," but, when he does so, stultifies the Master he professes to serve; forget that our President, when he went to the Bible for a quotation that might support his new propaganda of "preparedness," was unable to find a word in the utterances of the Savior, but had to skirmish back through the Old Testament until he found something that some one had said to the Children of Israel when they were surrounded by enemies who were liable to make a raid at any minute, when he suggested that the watchmen keep a sharp lookout and do not sleep on the job. Forget all these things and a good many others, and whoop it up for "preparedness"—there's literally "Millions in it"—for some people. Perhaps they'll whack up with you.

The recommendation of E. I. Cantine, from the state engineer's office that in any system of good roads for Coos county the Coquille river should be bridged at Cedar Point, rather than at Coquille, seems to have stirred up the animals to some effect, and the people of Coquille are displaying some interest in their own affairs by taking steps to revive the project of a bridge at this place. It is time. There is no place in Coos or Curry counties where a bridge is so much needed as at this place, and where so much

Tuning Up the Orchestra.
"Why," asked a visitor to the theatre the other day, "do the members of the orchestra always worry people possessing nerves, like myself, by tuning up their instruments in the orchestra instead of before coming in?" At first glance the complaint seems reasonable enough, but it is not sound at bottom. It is all a matter of thermometer. The temperature in different parts of the buildings is different, and the instruments have to be tuned in the temperature of the place in which they are going to be played. As a rule, the air in a theatre is warmer than the performance progresses, and so the instruments have to be tuned several times.—London Express.

Hogwallow News



DUNK BOTTS, Regular Correspondent
(George Bingham)
All Rights Reserved

The Wild Onion school teacher says in the business offices the adding machine takes the place of brain. Had everyone studied their arithmetic lessons more closely instead of playing sick or playing "hooky," there would not have been such a demand for these machines today.

The two Twins of the Calf Ribs neighborhood were in our midst this week, and before departing for home they bought some two-for cigars. The Two Twins seem to enjoy one another's company more than they do anybody else's, as they remind each other of each other so much.

Slim Pickens came into possession of a new derby hat while over at Tickville the other day. The derby is too large at present, but Slim expects to fatten up a lot this summer.

A good many attended the discussion at Bounding Billows Thursday night. The question was one that has never yet been settled, being entitled, "Ought a Man Get Married?" The negative side won, as the judges have all been married one or more times.

The Postmaster, who was a staunch Republican up to the time of the last national election, and who cunningly changed his politics while no one was looking, has decided to remain neutral for awhile yet, on the possible outcome of the election next fall.

Luke Mathewala says if some of these old fellows you see sitting around on stumps now trying to draw pensions had been in the thickest of the civil war they could not remember so many tales to tell now.

Jefferson Potlocks has a grievance against the high handed manner in which the government does business. He says when it began to lay out the parcel post system, it cut the country up into small units, and never asked anybody for a right-of-way through their farms.

Ellick Hellwanger has been arrested for sitting down too hard on the front porch at the postoffice.

Slim Pickens has returned from a pleasant stay at Tickville, where he was a guest of the jailer for a few days, on account of some slight punishment of the law. Slim says he would

not mind being in jail if there was a little more freedom about it.

Yam Sims was arrested a few days ago on a charge of stealing a mule from a gentleman who lives at the head of Gimlet creek. He was placed in jail at Bounding Billows, through a mere formality of the law and remained there until Friday morning, when he was taken before a magistrate for an examining trial. Upon mounting the witness stand he stated that he was not guilty and was straightway turned loose.

DUNK BOTTS SEES A DIFFERENCE

Pants are worn by men who work for wages; trousers by those who draw a salary. No civilized man can get along without pants. The law, public opinion and the clothing manufacturers demand them. Pants are made in all sizes, just as are men. It has always been a mystery why the weaker and least durable portion of this garment is at the point which comes wholly in contact with the chair, so that if a man sits down it is expensive. Every pair of pants has money tight compartments for the conservation of wealth. They are called pockets and are designed for the safekeeping of the above mentioned riches, but instead in them at all times may be found such valuables as a knife, four or five nickels, two or more sized buttons and an occasional key. There are always two pockets at the rear. One of these is frequently used for artillery and the other for liquid ammunition. One is needless without the other. There being no room for a Bible pocket, that is carried in the hand. There is no need of it being concealed anyway. All pants, like all men, sooner or later bag at the knees. This imperfection comes from a curvature in the thread in the weave of the material. The constant opening and shutting of the knees causes the threads to become bent. Were the hinges in a man's knees made to work both ways there would be no baggy pants. The man who wears trousers generally has two pairs, but the one who wears pants considers himself lucky if he has an extra pair to put on while the others are being patched or pressed. Sometimes even this is not feasible, hence places where they press "While U Wait."

traffic would be accommodated, unless it be the North fork bridge between here and Myrtle Point. It is safe to say that over half of the farming country lying tributary to this city lies on the other side of the river and finds its natural trading point in this city by crossing the river. The ferry is only an expensive makeshift and a poor one at that. What is needed is a bridge. The wonder is that this town has been asleep at the switch so long. It seems that the project was taken up some years ago and some figures were obtained as to the cost of the bridge projected. These figures were high, even for the bridge in the location intended. The project then quietly died of malnutrition: Perhaps one reason was that the figures then obtained as to the cost of the bridge were very high. It seems now that considerable of a fund could be raised toward the cost from the city of Coquille and from the Russ interests, the value of whose holdings would be greatly increased. It is also suggested that by placing the bridge farther up the river than formerly contemplated, so that the lower river traffic would not be interfered with, a much less expensive bridge would answer every purpose. In any case, it is up to the people here to get behind this bridge project with all the force they can muster.

At last, President Wilson has sent our troops into Mexico. That he calls it "a friendly act" and taken to assist the Mexican government to round up the bandit Villa, cuts little figure. We have gone in to quiet things down. That is exactly what the jingoes and the American speculators who have invested in Mexico have been trying to get us to do for many moons. If we restore order and establish a stable government with the understanding that we will sustain it these speculators will reap their millions. It might not be so far off to guess that these same speculators have an understanding with Villa that he shall get a percentage of these millions for compelling us to take a hand. In any case, we have a long job on our hands; that we will finish it goes without saying, and Mexico will certainly be "pacified" by the time we get through with it. This may all be a good thing in the way of furnishing an outlet for the furious energies of those who have been itching to get this country mixed up in the European trouble. Again it may be used to furnish an argument for that "preparedness" which is responsible for the inhuman slaughter going on across the water.

Herald ads Bring Business

WHY IS WOMAN RESTLESS?

DESTINY OF NATIONS DEPENDS UPON CONTENTED HOMES.

By W. D. Lewis.
President Texas Farmers' Union.
Why is woman restless under the crown of womanhood? Why is she weary of the God-given jewel of motherhood? Is it not a sufficient political achievement for woman that future rulers nurse at her breast, laugh in her arms and kneel at her feet? Can ambition leap to more glorious heights than to sing lullabies to the world's greatest geniuses, chant melodies to master minds and rock the cradle of human destiny?
God pity our country when the hand-shake of the politician is more gratifying to woman's heart than the pat of children's feet.

Woman Is Ruler Over All.

Why does woman chafe under restraint of sex? Why revile the hand of nature? Why discard the skirts that civilization has clung to since the beginning of time? Why lay aside this hallowed garment that has wiped the tears of sorrow from the face of childhood? In its sacred embrace every generation has hidden its face in shame; clinging to its motherly folds, tottering children have learned to play hide and seek and from it youth learned to reverence and respect womanhood. Can man think of his mother without this consecrated garment?
Why this inordinate thirst for power? Is not woman all powerful? Man cannot enter this world without her consent, he cannot remain in peace without her blessing and unless she sheds tears of regret over his departure, he has lived in vain. Why this longing for civic power when God has made her ruler over all? Why crave authority when man bows down and worships her? Man has given woman his heart, his name and his money. What more does she want?
Can man find it in his heart to look with pride upon the statement that his honorable mother-in-law was one of the most powerful political bosses in the country, that his distinguished grandmother was one of the ablest filibusters in the Senate or that his mother was a noted warrior and her name a terror to the enemy? Whither are we drifting and where will we land?

God Save Us From a Hen-Pecked Nation.

I follow the plow for a living and my views may have in them the smell of the soil; my hair is turning white under the frost of many winters and perhaps I am a little old-fashioned, but I believe there is more moral influence in the dress of woman than in all the statute books of the land. As an agency for morality, I wouldn't give my good old mother's home-made gowns for all the suffragette constitutions and by-laws in the world. As a power for purifying society, I wouldn't give one prayer of my saintly mother for all the women's votes in Christendom. As an agency for good government, I wouldn't give the plea of a mother's heart for righteousness for all the oaths of office in the land. There is more power in the smile of woman than in an act of congress. There are greater possibilities for good government in her family of laughing children than in the cabinet of the president of the United States.
The destiny of this nation lies in the home and not in the legislative halls. The hearthstone and the family Bible will ever remain the source of our inspiration and the Acts of the Apostles will ever shine brighter than the acts of Congress.
This country is law-mad. Why adding to a statute book, already groaning under its own weight, the hysterical cry of woman? If we never had a chance to vote again in a lifetime and did not pass another law in twenty-five years, we could survive the ordeal, but without home, civilization would wither and die.
God save these United States from becoming a hen-pecked nation; help us keep sissies out of Congress and forbid that women become step-fathers to government, is the prayer of the farmers of this country.

A DIVINE COVENANT.

God Almighty gave Eve to Adam with the pledge that she would be his helpmeet and with this order of companionship, civilization has towered to its greatest heights. In this relationship, God has blessed woman and man has honored her and after four thousand years of progress, she now proposes to provoke God to decoy man by asking for suffrage, thereby by amending an agreement to which she was not a party.
Woman, remember that the Israelites scorned a divine covenant, and as a result wandered forty years in the wilderness without God. Likewise man should remember that it is a dangerous thing to debase woman by law. Rome tried lowering woman's standard and an outraged civilization tore the clothes off the backs of the human race and turned them out to roam in the world naked and ashamed.

Seasoned.

Young Husband—Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions, my dear? Young Wife (anxiously)—Oh, I hope not, my dear! I took such pains with them, and I even sprinkled them with eau-de-cologne before I put them on to boil, to take away the unpleasant odor.—London Mail.

The National Cream Separator

GETS ALL THE CREAM With the "VORTESPOON"

The wonderful "Vortespoon," the one-piece Solid Nickel Silver skimming device—smooth, unbreakable—never wears out.

Many "Nationals" now in daily use after 20 years of service.

Sold with an unlimited Guarantee

PORTLAND SEED CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

Cleaned in 3 Minutes

Ask for Catalog No. 234

Random Rambles

(By a Rambler.)

For a long time we have heard rumors of the South Fork and its wonderful resources, but it was not till last week that the Rambler strayed into that section. We found it well up to our expectations.

On the way up we called at the home of Mr. Roy Garrett, a prosperous farmer of the Myrtle Point section. They have a nice farm here.

Turning up the South Fork the first people we met were the Dyes. There are two of them, C. W. and J. W., father and son. Each has a nice farm.

Next came the Warners, two brothers. The old Warner place is one of the oldest in this section and the men, now past the summit of life, were born here. Another brother, of whom we spoke in a previous ramble, is located on Myrtle creek. We found them very courteous and enjoyed our brief sojourn with them and the reminiscences of the early days of pioneer life and hardships.

Passing on we were soon in full sight of Broadbent, a section justly famed for its dairies. Here is a splendid cheese factory under the able management of N. W. McDonald. They make a fine grade of cheese and make it in large quantities.

In the bend of the river on the rich bottom lands are located several prosperous dairy farmers, among them J. B. Luttrell, E. E. Nelson, A. B. Hermann, T. A. Schroeder, E. F. Schroeder, N. Livingston, Jas. Whobrey, J. W. Bell and W. E. Hartley. All of these men are situated on the bottom lands and have splendid farms.

The old Hermann place, where we are informed Bliger Hermann was raised, is situated just across the river with a splendid farm house and large red barn. The place is now rented by J. M. Wagner. Two of the Hermann boys reside in this neighborhood. One of them, F. G., is on the Dement place as foreman. We stopped over night with them and found him and his wife very clever and sociable young people and well informed on the topics of the day.

J. F. Massey lives on the west side of the river and has a fine dairy farm. He milks a number of cows and takes his product to the Broadbent factory. Up the river from the factory are the farms of S. J. Hartley, Z. Grant, Leonard Hartley, J. A. E. G. and E. L. Robbins, H. C. Luttrell and several others.

We almost forgot to mention that Broadbent has a fine new school house, and a blacksmith shop built by W. A. Roselle, who contemplates moving there in the near future and establishing a store and postoffice, too, by your Uncle Sam's permission. At present the mail comes to Myrtle Point and all this vast section has to get it from there as best they can. There is some talk of a rural route, too, but we do not know what the prospect is for its establishment.

The Johnson farm is a large and splendid farm situated a little further up the river. Here we met A. J. Newman and wife. He is section foreman on the road at this point. No doubt some of your readers will remember the great slide at Burke, Idaho, some years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Newman are the sole survivors of that catastrophe. They lost two children, and Mr. Newman sustained a severe injury to his knee, while Mrs. Newman was taken out for dead and lay in a state of coma for weeks with bones crushed and her life despaired of. We were not a little surprised to learn that they were well acquainted with some of our relatives on the Columbia and with a large number of our old neighbors and friends.

Harvey Johnson has a splendid farm here with a magnificent farm home and fine large barns. He is industrious and enterprising and was busy as could be with his spring crops.

M. A. Walden and sons are located here. They also are from the Bridal Veil district and were well acquainted with many of the people we used to know.

Further up are the homes of John Grant, three families of the Haynes, the Carmens, three of them, the Neals, of whom Frank is the supervisor for this section and kept constantly busy, and W. H. Wise. We did not get these in the order in which they come nor did we get all the names.

From Mr. Wise's to Powers is about six miles, but being told the road was very bad we turned back, but with a feeling that we had visited one of the garden spots of Coos county.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of the State of Oregon for Coos County has appointed the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Henry G. Halverson. All persons having claims against the said estate are requested to present the same duly verified to Walter Sinclair at his office in Coquille, Oregon, or to the undersigned.

K. HALVERSON, Administrator.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Luis Kalinowski, deceased.

Notice of Hearing and Settlement of Final Account of Administrator.

Pursuant to order of court, I hereby give notice that the time fixed by order of the above entitled court for the hearing of objection to, and settlement of my final account as administrator of the above named estate is fixed for the 1st day of May, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the court room of said court at Coquille, Oregon, and such hearing and settlement will then be had.

DWIGHT E. HODGE, Administrator.

3-14-16

Str. Elizabeth

Regular as the Clock

San Francisco and Bandon

First-class fare etc., \$7.50
Up freight, per ton, 3.00

E. & E. T. Kruse
24 California Street, San Francisco

For Reservations
J. E. NORTON
Agent, Coquille, Oregon

The Celebrated Bergmann Shoe

Awarded Gold Medal

P. P. I. E. San Francisco, 1915

The strongest and nearest water proof Shoes made for Loggers, Cruisers, Miners, Sportsmen and Workers.

Men's Comfort Dress Shoes

Strong Shoes for Boys

Manufactured by

Theodore Bergmann

Shoe Manufacturing Co.

621 Thurman St. Portland, Oregon

Ask for the Bergmann Waterproof shoe Oil.