

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
ROY M. AVERY, BUSINESS MANAGER

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

JULY 4

INDEPENDENCE DAY



Soars O'er Land and Ocean Free
Emblem of Our Liberty!

"ON THIS AUSPICIOUS OCCASION"

It would seem that this day ought to be a good occasion for the publication of a crackling good Fourth of July editorial. We have therefore been scanning our exchanges for an inspiration that would start us going, but the newspaper men seem to have been woefully lacking in the pep that forces burning words from the point of the pen. It is sometimes a cause of regret that "the times have changed" in the last half century, so that the spread-eagle style of oratory and the general enthusiastic whooping up on the Fourth of July has fallen into disrepute. The celebration of the Fourth has become simply a business proposition. A town gets up a Fourth of July celebration for the sake of inducing people from elsewhere to come in and spend their money. Funds are raised from the merchants and others who expect to reap some kind of a harvest in coin out of the doings; and he is a patriotic phenomenon who would contribute with no expectation of getting his money back with an added profit.

Perhaps it is a good thing in more ways than one that this little Mexican flurry has come up. The sound of martial music and the sight of khaki clad regiments marching down the street may set people to thinking for a time at least what the flag stands for. The American people have a strong and sometimes uncomfortably obtrusive sense of humor. They are inclined to laugh at too much display of emotion and to avoid an appearance of enthusiasm that may arouse the cachinations of the on-looker. They have also been taught to be somewhat cynical as to the absolute and flawless perfection of the American system, and they are inclined to kick about taxes. They are prone to regard our statesmen, if we really have any, as mere politicians, and to look for a nigger in every woodpile from which the flag is waved. They are inclined to regard the Rockefeller foundation as a great bolster of the present "system" under which the money for its support has been wrung from an unwilling but helpless people, and to display a grinning disgust when Andrew Carnegie attempts to buy honorable immortality.

In fact, in time of peace and plutocratic plundering, the American people are forgetful of their many blessings and find a lot of fault with their country. But let any outsider, no matter what his size or the color of his hair, attempt to tread on the tail of our Uncle Samuel's coat, and that outsider is bound to be surprised. The people coalesce into a mass of AMERICANS with a suddenness that leaves no question as to their real patriotism or their love for their country. Even the little Mexican cloud, which can only result in a disagreeable duty to be performed, has caused a change in the sentiment finding expression in this presidential year, and only the smaller fry of partisans are failing to make it clear that they are behind the president. Should we meet the misfortune of being drawn into this European war the demonstration would be far more convincing, and no one would doubt for a generation the existence of the real old Fourth of July spirit in the American people.

SPRAY FROM THE SURF

By
Rory O'Moore

The Last Treat

The streets are lonely, comrade mine,
For all of their light and show
And the pleasure-fevered, happy crowd,
Everywhere we go.

Our last dime bought the weed for you;
I bummed a match from the cop;
And when the fire in your bowl is out,
We'll just ring down the drop.

We'll leave the streets with their
ghostly glare,
We'll quit our weary beat;
But we couldn't cut the old world cold,
Without this one last treat.

Remember the time when you were new:
Fresh from your velvet case;
The happy, carefree month we spent,
Freely going the pace.

And we knew all the white ways then,
With none a bit too bright;
For their lights were soft—they're hard
as steel

Since we have lost the fight,
So come on, bo, we'll mingle in,
For no one knows us here
And may be, if we stick around,
Some guy will treat to beer.

The Bullet

I am the steel-nose, copper-bound
bullet—
Crushing the noble brain;
Piercing the throbbing heart;
Parting God's bond in twain;
Tearing Man's soul apart;
I am the bullet.

A good poem to reread on this
Fourth of July

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

BREATHES there the man with soul
so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Random Rambles

(By a Rambler.)

As was previously hinted the Rambler made the Broadbent section a visit the past week and here is some of the things he observed:

W. T. Warner is building a fine new residence of commodious proportions. A Mr. Smith, contractor and builder of Myrtle Point, is doing the carpenter work.

Haying has begun in this section and some fine hay was caught in the recent rains.

At Broadbent proper (this is at the station) Mr. Bender, formerly assistant postmaster here, is erecting a fine large building to be used as a store and hall. The foundation work is already well under way. The residence of W. A. Roselle is nearing completion and he himself is kept constantly busy at the shop. There is an air of industry worthy of a larger community.

We became acquainted with J. M. Wagner who is running the old Hermann place. This is the largest and best place of this section and one of the finest in the county with its large, well built residence, barn and outhouses. It was here that Binger Hermann spent the early years of his life before he became a power in the counsels of the state. It is a beautiful farm home and there are over 600 acres of fertile valley land. Mr. Wagner is a hustling type of the progressive farmer and dairyman and is making the farm produce well, both the dairy and the field crops.

Just above on the west side of the river is the home of J. F. Massey. They too are erecting a new residence of large proportions, modern and convenient in arrangement and calculated to make life more comfortable and pleasant.

C. E. Rider, who lives below Broadbent on a Hill farm, recently concluded a deal whereby Mr. Strong, of Myrtle Point, becomes the new owner of the place. Mr. Rider will leave in a couple of months for a trip east in search of a location more favorable to his health, and Mr. Strong expects to take charge at that time.

S. S. Reed is one of the prominent farmers of the west side. His farm is located near where the old road crosses the river and is a sam-

ple of the enterprise and thrift that make this section famous.

Another prosperous farmer of this part is R. F. Shull who operates a large dairy farm on the river, while just below him and on the hill side, is located the farm home of George T. Hermann. Mr. Hermann, too, is extensively engaged in dairying and the milking machine is part of the equipment found on nearly all of these ranches.

Passing down the river towards Myrtle Point we found the following: W. A. McNair and brother, H. W. Fisher, and Lloyd Barklow who is situated just above Catching creek. These men have nice dairy farms here. Some are renters.

With the Glorious Fourth approaching and the weather threatening to be "bad" we found the farmers generally busy as could be in an effort to get their work in shape. This section is destined sooner or later to become one of the garden spots of Coos for it is immensely fertile and there is no lack of the power to produce a large variety of fruits and vegetables. Already some attention is being given to the truck raising business and we believe this will be multiplied many times in the near future. With good markets at Powers and other local places it would seem there should be abundant reward for the persistent and thorough tiler of the soil, providing he mixes brains with his labor.

The road problem is a hard one here as elsewhere, though more has been done than in most places, but there is urgent need for more and better road work. Considerable river gravel has been put on the roads and this has helped wonderfully, but there are still some places where it would require the efforts of a twenty mule team to pull a ten dollar bill out of the mud holes in the winter time. Especially is this true between the old ford and the Hermann place on the west side of the river—a stretch of road neglected because there are only a couple of families living on it and those further down cross at the ford when the water is not too high.

East Fork Items

Mrs. Robert M. Marshall and her two children, of North Bend, are camping on the East Fork at Mountain Glade.

E. N. Harry and Mrs. Harry with other members of the family left Wednesday for a long auto trip via Crescent City, thence to Crater Lake, thence to the Willamette valley.

Fred Baker and family left Wednesday in their auto via the Coos Bay road for Junction City, where they will visit his father. They have returned from their trip. They were as far as Philomath. Fred says it rained every day but they had a good time.

Mr. Durrell and Pearly Crowley bought several head of cows of Mr. Albina, who is living on John M. McVey's place.

"Uncle Walt" Laird says "A lot of people cut their hay down to take the water cure."

R. A. EASTON.

CURRY COUNTY CULLINGS

(From the Gold Beach Globe.)

District Attorney Johnson was called to Coos county a few days ago as a witness in the case of E. G. Perham vs. the Bandon Construction Co. This suit originated from the building of the Chetco bridge.

At least one Curry county boy will be on the Mexican border among the first of the soldiers to be sent there from Oregon. In the list of names of Company B, Third Regiment of Portland, which mobilized at Clackamas, we notice the name of Thomas E. Rilea, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Rilea of Agness.

Notices have been posted by both the Macleay and Seaborg Canning companies warning their employees at the mouth of the river, to conform to the ruling of the fish warden, and stating that the nets will be taken from any fisherman who refuses to comply with the instructions.

Evidently Gold Beach is one of the best show towns on the coast. The Hawaiian singers drew a large crowd one night last week and the Edison Elliott Co. played to a good house the four nights following.

SOCIAL

TUTTLE—WATSON

One of the prettiest weddings of the season occurred at Coos City, the home of Judge D. L. Watson, on Wednesday, June 28, when his daughter Dorothy was united in marriage to Clarence Leland Tuttle, by the Rev. F. S. Shimian of the Presbyterian church of this city.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage; the living room with Caroline Testout roses, and the dining room, where the ceremony was performed, was arranged in the form of an altar, with ivy, sweet peas and St. Joseph lilies, and streamers of pink crepe paper. The blinds were drawn and the chandelier, from a bell of canterbury bells and sweet peas cast a pink glow over the room.

The west side of the porch was inclosed with screens of foliage and Indian arrow wood entwined with pink flowers and a bell shaped light covered with flowers hung over the serving table.

The minister entered the living room from the north porch, followed by the groom and his best man, Neil O. Wasson, brother of the bride, and the bride entered from the opposite door on the arm of her father, accompanied by her bridesmaid, Miss Laura Watson, her sister, while Lohengrin's wedding march was played by Miss Leta Mast. The ring service was used.

The bride wore a handsome gown of silk net, crepe and shadow lace over silver shen with a tulle veil caught up with orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and sweet peas.

The bridesmaid looked very pretty in a pink and white gown and large pink hat and carried a shepherdess basket filled with pink roses and sweet peas.

Immediately after the ceremony a bounteous luncheon consisting of chicken salad, sandwiches, olives, coffee, cake, ice cream, candy and cigars, was served on the porch.

The groom is the son of Mrs. C. C. Evland of this city, and is head clerk at the Model grocery. He was raised in this city and has a host of friends.

The bride has been connected with the county clerk's office for a number of years and recently was second deputy county clerk. She has many friends here among the young folks as well as in Marshfield, where she formerly lived.

They were the recipients of many beautiful gifts of cut glass, silver and other articles.

The guests were: Judge and Mrs. D. L. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Gallier, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Folsom, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Watson, Mrs. Chas. Evland, Mrs. Bert Folsom, Misses Leta Mast, Eva L. Schroeder, Evelyn Flanagan, Naomi Knowlton, Eleanor Folsom, Laura Watson, Mary Watson, Alice Gallier, Mrs. C. A. Gage and Messrs. Earl Leslie, James Watson, James Lowry Watson, Rev. Shimian and Neil O. Watson.

WEDDING AT BANDON

Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock Ora Garin and Frank Timmins were married at the Garin residence at Bandon. A host of friends and relatives were present. After the knot had been tied a grand repast was indulged in by all present. Miss Vivian Haynes furnished the music for the evening. The happy couple will reside at Bandon.

ALUMNI BANQUET

The sixth annual banquet of the alumni association of the Coquille High school was held Friday evening in the basement of the Methodist church. The members of the association assembled around the beautifully decorated table at seven thirty to partake of the sumptuous feast which the ladies of the church had prepared, after which the toastmistress, Miss Geneva Robinson, called upon the president for a speech. Miss Edna Harlocker responded with a few sincere words of welcome to the new members of the association. In response, as president of the class of 1916, Keith Leslie expressed the pleasure of the new members in being admitted to the C. H. S. Alumni.

Keith Leslie was elected the president for the ensuing year, Olive Howey and Mary Levar first and second vice-presidents, Julian

"Martha" to Be Presented in Costume



THE comic opera "Martha" is probably one of the best known of the humorous operas. It is to be presented on the Chauvatin program by the Boston Lyric Opera Singers, a quartet of soloists especially selected for the parts in this opera.

MYRTLE POINT July 13 to 18

One and Two inch

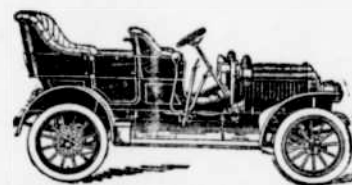
LUMBER \$5.00

Per Thousand

No. 3 Grade Good Value

F. E. JOHNSON

Roseburg-Myrtle Point Auto Stage Line



Leave
Myrtle Point
7:40 a. m.
Roseburg
6. a. m.

6 hours Running Time

Connecting with Coquille Auto Lines

J. L. Laird

Myrtle Point

Leslie secretary-treasurer, and Mer-ton Tyrrell toastmaster.

After the meeting they adjourned to the Ko Keel Klub rooms where the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

Died

KELLEY—In this city, June 28, 1916, Albert W. Kelley, aged 55 years, 3 months and 23 days.

The deceased had been a resident of Coquille since 1902 and had conducted a confectionery store for a number of years on B street. He was a native of Massachusetts and had lived in several of the middle western states. In 1886 he was married to Jennie A. Messer, who died in 1899. His second marriage was with Abbie M. Harney, who survives him. He is also survived by his mother, Ned C. Kelley, of this city, and a son and daughter, Ellis L. Kelley and Mrs. J. L. Aasen.

Mr. Kelley had been a cripple for some years, the result of paralysis contracted while serving in the U. S. army in 1898, and was obliged to occupy a wheeled chair. The breaking of his leg caused by a hard fall several weeks ago brought on complications which resulted in his death. He was a member of the Order of Odd fellows, and the funeral, which took place on Thursday, was conducted under the auspices of the local lodge.

Patriotic Advice.

Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appreciation derived from local discriminations.—Washington.

On the 4th day of July, 1754, Colonel George Washington surrendered an army. It was only a small army, but a fort went with it. He experienced on this occasion his first defeat in war, at the hands of the French.

Although at that time only twenty-two years of age, he had been placed in command of a small body of troops which was marching toward Fort Duquesne. At a point on the Monongahela river less than forty miles from his destination he heard of the approach of a party of French and Indians, sent to intercept him. Accordingly he fell back to the Great Meadows, fifty miles from Cumberland, and hastily erected a stockade, which he called Fort Necessity.

With the help of a friendly Indian sachem, Half King, he attacked the French in their camp at night, killing their commander, Jumonville, and taking a number of prisoners. It was the first blood shed in the French and Indian war.

A few days later Fort Necessity was attacked by 1,500 Indians and French under De Villiers, and Washington surrendered on honorable terms. This was on the morning of July 4. He marched out with his little army of 400 men, drums beating and flags flying, and he and his soldiers returned peacefully to their homes.

Old July 4 Toasts.

In 1814 in Philadelphia some interesting Fourth of July toasts were drunk. General Barker proposed: "Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence; may the spirit that presided that day be speedily revived." Mr. Mintzer proposed: "The memory of General Pike; long life to his friends and extinction to his enemies." G. W. Bartram proposed: "The idol of democracy; not to be found in the island of Elbo nor at the court of Berlin as a British spy, but in the virtue and reason of every honest American."