

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.

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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

The Sentinel professes inability to understand what the Herald was talking about when it criticized that paper for the way in which it gave what purported to be a news report of the testimony in the Cameron case. Why all the fuss, it asks, if the Herald agreed with the verdict of the jury. We wonder if it is possible to write English so plain that the Sentinel man can understand it. We thought we made it plain enough in the first place, and we rather suspect that the Sentinel understood perfectly. It really pleaded guilty to the only charge made, and attempted to defend itself by setting up its own infallible wisdom, its unerring judgment of what is good for its readers to know, and the commission it, in effect, claims to hold from some power, high or low, to suppress any item of a news report that it may think bad for the interests of the office holder. Still, it asks that foolish question, and in different articles it places before its readers the suggestion that the Herald called the Sentinel down because the Sentinel was on the side of the prosecution or against Cameron. Now any one who read the Herald article and undertands English as she is wrote could not possibly make that mistake. So we must infer that the Sentinel man does not understand good every-day English, perhaps on account of having such a fluent command of Latin. Therefore begging the indulgence of our readers for the repetition, we will endeavor to make the meaning plain even to the reluctant consciousness of the Sentinel. The Herald criticized the Sentinel for publishing as a news article what purported to be some account of the testimony in the Cameron libel case and giving only the testimony favorable to the one side; suppressing all the testimony offered by the other side. At the same time we called down a paper favorable to Cameron for publishing the testimony favorable to Cameron but not that for McLeod. We classed them together, where they belonged, and lumped the criticism. We called that "Journalism As It Shouldn't Be," as it was. The article made no reference, near or remote, to the merits of the Cameron case itself. That had nothing to do with the matter. The offense we criticized was the transgression of the fundamental rules of journalism, which require unbiased news reports. Any one who has been in the newspaper business for forty years or more ought to understand this rule. To affect ignorance of the existence thereof, or, as we say in Athens, "wake nika eumtux," is not creditable to any so-called journalist. We think it kinder to suppose that the Sentinel man is trying to mislead his readers as to the Herald's position—and in that case, of course, it is useless to prolong the discussion.

Gosh, but it takes lots of explanation to get anything through the Sentinel's head. The editor of the Herald makes no pretensions to being unbiased himself; but he does try to write his news items from an unbiased standpoint. He reserves the privilege of being as cranky and as biased and as illogical in his editorial column as best pleases him, although he can not pretend to keep up with the Sentinel in that way; but he does endeavor to give a news report that shall not be colored and distorted by his personal prejudices. As we now understand it, the Sentinel has no such aspiration.

Will our sainted contemporaries please point out one word or collection of words in the Herald of any issue in the last three months that can be construed as favoring Cameron. Come on, now, Mr. Sentinel. Our files are open, if you have none. Reprint in your divinely censored columns the word, phrase, sentence or paragraph that favors Cameron or casts any reflection on McCleod. Prove yourself worthy of the confidence that some people probably have in you by showing cause for the insinuations by which you are endeavoring to create a false impression unfavorable to the Herald. Do this, we beg of you. Do it in your next issue. Do it now—or acknowledge that you have been misled by your own imagination, or are trying to mislead your readers.

Lumbering

It is estimated that there is 348 billion feet of privately owned timber in Oregon west of the Cascade Range, and 270 billion feet in Washington. The national forests contain 102 billion feet, making for the west side of the two states a total stand of timber estimated at 790 billion board feet.

According to the latest figures, the highest prices paid per M. feet for raw material by any industry in the state of Oregon were by the manufacturers of vehicles and vehicle parts. Only small quantities and highest grades are used. This covers not only the manufacture, but the repair of wagons, carriages and automobiles, and includes the local demands only.

The Ten Mile, Coos county logging plant, has opened operations with intent to run for four years. The Porter Bros. sawmill at Florence will soon begin cutting 16,000,000 feet of lumber. It is estimated the opera-

SPRAY FROM THE SURF

By Rory O'Moore

Human After All

In speaking of the sentence imposed upon Frank Cameron, the Sentinel says: "Being without means to pay the fine the judge gave Cameron thirty days in which to raise the money. If he fails to do so he will be imprisoned one day for each \$2 of the fine and costs." Our learned friend, who spends so much of his time at the court house these days, presumably to make sure that he misses none of the choice bits of testimony in those cases which we as a people should be ashamed of having the necessity for, and which he rolls under his tongue with such relish, before he passes them on to his readers, is human after all. Not only does he err; but in this case it seems that "the wish is father to the thought" and he would have Cameron serve out the amount of the costs as well as the fine. It cannot be done.

Clearing the Calendar

By B. H. Lampman.

I stood in the prisoner's dock—maw's face was wet with tears—and heard the drone of the judge's voice sink down to "Twenty years." Seemed like I dreamed and fought in a choking strife for breath, and but for the tick of the courtroom clock the place was mute as death. Somebody screamed, and I woke as they led poor maw outside; something within me stretched and broke and I knew that hope had died. Never no more to come back, never no more to be free—never to see the clear stars shine or feel the flood in my veins like wine—never to smoke a pipe at noon under the apple tree.

Nobody smiled at me, nobody scowled or jeered; and out of the state attorney's face something like pity peered; the sheriff touched my arm and looked right hard at the floor; back of the siding gazing crowd somebody gasped and swore. My voice came back to me then, dull for the dearth of tears. I echoed it over again. "The judge said, 'twenty years.'" Never no more to go home, never no more to be loose—never to hear the tall pines sing or watch for the deer at the hidden spring—never to feel the April joy wake to the winging goose.

I never have blamed the law; a man is the play of fate—he swings like the tick of the court-room clock betwixt his love and his hate; I never have blamed the judge—he does what he had to do; I never have blamed the lawyer chaps or the twelve good men and true. Nobody understood—and I couldn't blame them none—that a fellow whose heart was good could do what I had done. Never no more to be free—that is the way of the law—never to follow the old ridge trail and hear the call of the mountain quail—never again to go home—home to the shack and maw.

The First Paper

When Adam's Eve began to do housekeeping for Adam, she had no cares such as pursue the modern Adam's madam. She did not know what was the rage, because there was no woman's page.

She did not get a weekly hint from Paris full of passion to start her on a daily sprint to keep up with the fashion. She did not haunt the beauty stores in order to keep open pores.

When Adam capered home at night (he was no wearied plodder!) he did not shiver lest he might be served with curious fodder. There were no papers, so you see there was no Household Recipe.

Old Adam was a happy bloke and lived a life most cheery. He did not know that he would choke some day with his bacteria. Adam and Eve had never read Health Articles to scare them dead.

Eve never went through Adam's breeks when he was sweetly dreaming, because there were no Bargain Weeks to tempt her to such scheming. The serpent thought she was a goose. She was too good for any use.

The serpent was a clever brute. Though he'd not been through college, his sanctum made him mighty cute. It was the Tree of Knowledge. "Aha!" he said, "I'll publish free, The Daily Eden Apple Tree!"

The first edition raised a row whose scandal shocked creation. Since that first issue Adam's brow is wet with perspiration. It told the scandal, rich and rare, that Eve had not a thing to wear!—Lines O' Type.

Still Out.

"Are you sure your mistress is out?" asked the caller.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the maid. "She told me two hours ago she was out, and she hasn't come in since."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Impacticable and Dangerous

There is a great mass of available testimony that goes to show that in most American communities where Prohibition has been put in force, its chief effects have been to drive liquor from the open to cover, to make lawbreakers of the people and to displace the milder harmless beverages with spirits less bulky but more powerful and destructive to morals and health. There are prohibition localities in amazing number where the quantity of alcoholic liquors imported is proportionately far in excess of the consumption in places where the traffic is quite free. For instance, the city of Topeka, Kansas, which may be called a citadel of

Coos County

The Herald's Special Coos County News Service

Bridge Briets

Tobe Morris was over from Powers last week.

School began at Rock Creek, Sept. 25. The teacher, Miss Abbie Ellwood, is boarding at W. A. Letts.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bledsoe camped at Bridge one night last week.

Miss Edith Weekly went to Myrtle Point Saturday to take a music lesson from Prof. Davidson. She expects to make regular weekly trips, until the weather gets too bad.

Oscar Lundberg came over from Powers last week.

A Ford, R. A. Cribbins, and J. H. Rookard were in Coquille on business last week.

Johnnie Wadman has returned to his home, in order to attend school. He spent the summer at J. T. Everdeen's.

The sick list this week is a long one, mostly children, including Herman Ford, Dorothy Hooton, May Hatcher and Ella Frances Endicott. A number of other children, and grown-ups, too, are suffering from colds and sore throat.

Next day is Promotion Day in the Sunday School. The children will give a program.

Miss Abbie Ellwood went to Coquille for the week end.

Bancroft Briefs

(Crowded out last week.)

Cattle buyers are almost as plentiful as fat cattle this season.

G. W. Crunk expects to begin his season's work of threshing this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shields left Sunday for a few days' visit with their daughter, Mrs. Olsen.

O. O. Lund & Sons are improving their trail down Yellow creek for convenience in moving their cattle out to the railroad.

The Telephone company have their work of repair extended pretty well up Myrtle creek. Bryant, Bower & Miller are a hustling team.

East Fork Items

J. D. Laird and family, E. N. Harry and family, Pearley Crowley and family, and Julius Bennam were those from Brewster Valley who took in the circus. Ed Abernethy also took it in.

Work is being done on the road up Brumitt Creek to Jas. Benham's place.

I was to the summit of the Coast Range the 18th, the first time for 8 or 9 years. Quite a lot of slashing and various improvements have been made in Brewster Valley in that time. Looking up Brumitt creek at the mountain that stands between the forks of the creek places a picture in the mind that sticks.

Mrs. Dorman of Cal. has been visiting her brothers, the Shepherds, and her sister, Mrs. Hanson for the past month. Mr. Dorman was up for a few days. They returned last week.

Sunday, Oct. 8, at 11 a. m. R. A. Easton gives his lecture "Ideals in the Church" at the Fox bridge. In the evening in the church at Gravel Ford.

Hughes and the president of the Santa Fe railroad will not knock out the eight hour railroad law that President Wilson signed. The supreme court of the U. S. has some new blood in it, not but that the vision of the old members is gaining. You can feel quite sure that they will stand for man instead of the \$ mark, but on Brandies and Clark you do not have to guess. Didn't the old standpatters hate to see Brandies go on the bench? The world of mankind sure does move—up.

Random Rambles

(By a Rambler.)

Last week our journey took us to Stringtown and on up Catching Creek, above the Myrtle Point section. Near the mouth of Catching Creek, on the farm of E. W. James, we saw what reminded us powerfully of Old Washington along the Columbia—a beautiful field of American Wonder potatoes. Large, smooth and well formed, these are the best by far we have seen in all our rambles. We succeeded in getting a sack of them and they sure

Keeping Up With

The March of Progress

We have consolidated the Model Grocery and the Busy Corner Grocery at the old

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FUHRMAN'S PHARMACY
The Rexall Store

evening. Miss Marsters is a competent chauffeur.

At the foot of the hill where the road climbs over toward Langlois is the old Johnson place. Orion Johnson, owner. This has just been sold and the family will shortly move to near Myrtle Point. Orion Johnson recently celebrated his fourscore years milestone. He is a veteran of the early Indian wars and is still strong and clear in mentality. He is growing feeble in body. It is interesting to hear him tell of his experiences as a soldier and of the early years on the farm here.

Above the Johnson place are two families of Browns, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Miller. There are others farther back we believe but these are close by. Some day this will be a live farming community but as yet the roads are bad in winter and the primeval forests dispute the right of man to till the soil.

Evidently the county court is alive to the danger that threatens from the spreading of the Canada thistle which already is seen in several widely scattered parts of the county. On this trip we observed no ices posted where the pest has made its appearance with orders to exterminate as fast and thoroughly as possible. This is a much needed precaution and will save the farmers of this county thousands of dollars and much trouble and annoyance if it is faithfully carried out.

Talk about your berry gardens. Never has the writer seen such an abundance of berries growing wild. Evergreen blackberries predominate, but there are huckleberries and several other kinds. Literally wagon loads are now going to waste in the woods and by the wayside.

Webb Mast is erecting a big new barn on his place and Mr. Kirkpatrick is completing one on the farm he lives on. The factories are doing a

good business and the price of cheese is improving. Progress and prosperity mark the trend of events in this section.

Never were such opportunities open to the people of this county and never was there a time when there was such urgent demand for new manufacturing enterprises, both on the farms and in the growing towns. Factories will arise in the near future and much that has heretofore been shipped away in its crude state, or gone to waste entirely, will be prepared in its most saleable form and so add tens of thousands to the annual income of this section.

One of the first and most needed things is a system of canneries and driers that shall save the fruit crop and so convert this industry into one of the most profitable and add thousands of dollars to the present farm production of the county.

Another thing that demands urgent attention now is a system of factories to utilize the by-products of the camps and mills. Thousands of dollars worth of the most valuable timber the world possesses is going to waste, simply because there is no adequate means at hand to convert it into manufactured products. Timber is being burned daily as waste that in a few years would possess values almost unbelievable. In Wisconsin and Michigan they do the same way—and later went back to dig up the stumps and clean out the tops which they had left as useless. The same thing will happen here. When it is too late people will realize the value of our myrtle and white cedar and these will be treasured like precious metals are. The railroad has put us in touch with the world of commerce and it will not take them long to discover that here is a rich field as yet practically untouched.