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THE TRIBUNE,

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and the

WEEKLY OREGONIAN

Both Papers one year for \$2.25.

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THE TRIBUNE.

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MEETINGS OF THE COURTS.
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 County Commissioners Court meets
first Wednesday in January, April,
July and September of each year.
 Probate Court meets first Monday in
each month.

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The leading evening newspaper of the Pacific Coast, which has complete Associated Press reports and special leased wire service, with correspondents in important news centers and in all the cities and principal towns of the Northwest. Portland and suburbs are covered by a bright staff of reporters, and editorial, dramatic, literary and special writers. Saturday's edition consists of 20 to 25 pages, and has colored comic pages, as well as a department for children, colored fashion page, an interesting social story and other attractive features in addition to all the news of the day.

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Trespass Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, not to enter upon, or trespass in any manner upon the Star Beach, situated at Langlois, Curry County, Oregon, for the purpose of hunting with guns or dogs, or otherwise trespass in any manner. Any person or persons so entering upon said premises without my consent will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

FRANK A. STEWART.

Blue Prints of Township maps showing all vacant lands, 50 cents each. For reliable information concerning Government land, write to Frank E. Alley, Abstractor, Roseburg Oregon.

FRANK A. STEWART
Notary Public,
Port Orford, Oregon.

OUR HISTORY IS MASCULINE

Hard and Unpleasant Is the Chronicle of the Events Connected with America.

Our history is hard and masculine; colored with few purple lights; too little related to our tenderer sentiments and deeper passions. When older peoples have paused, as we did then, they have looked upon far different scenes, says William Garrott Brown, in the Atlantic. Fairer companies have stood about more stately figures of triumph or of tragedy than that America and the world now gazed upon. The common chamber, the gaunt, pale president, the strong, bearded counselors at his bedside—this was unlike the scenes which European peoples have fixed in their memories. Charles I. and Mary Stuart on their scaffolds, the barons and the king at Bannymede, Maria Theresa appealing to the nobles of Hungary to take up their swords for her child, Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau, and many another pageant of human love and sacrifice are treasured up by other people as we have treasured up this crude, unlacekneyed martyrdom.

Even the great personality of Lincoln, now potent in so many individual lives, intimate and familiar of so many of our hidden moods, was not yet fully revealed to his fellows. It was the emancipator only that had fallen, the leader and shepherd of men. Outwardly at least his experience was limited as theirs was. Dying in the midst of multitudes, master of armies and of navies, he was still of the frontier; as, indeed, all our American life was still, in a sense, only the frontier and western fringe of European life.

True, Lincoln also leads us back to the princes whose peer he was, but we can pass from his death bed with no irreverence, no sense of shock or change, to look out, in the plain light of day, upon the whole wide field of work and strife and progress which was always in his thought, and glimpse the attitude and state of the republic when his summons passed, like an angel, across the continent.

CANAL IS 2,500 YEARS OLD.

At Least the Corinthian Was Under Contemplation as Long Ago as That.

"Speaking of canals," said the engineer who had been talking about Panama, "a very interesting canal, and one not much heard of, is that connected with the gulf of Corinth and the gulf of Aegina in Greece.

"It's some older than any we have in the western hemisphere, also, for Pericles, tyrant of Corinth, proposed to cut through the isthmus as long ago as 600 years before Christ. Suppattion stopped him, however.

"Julius Caesar and Calligala took it up again when Rome had hold of Greece, but it was too much for them. Then came Nero, and he went at it with vigor, but the work stopped when he died.

"Others kept pounding away at it for the next several hundred years, but it was not until 1881 that real work of the Nero energy was put upon it. Then Gen. Turr, aide-de-camp to Victor Emmanuel of Italy, organized a company and worked on till the money gave out in 1890, the chief obstacle being some kind of flint which dynamite couldn't break.

"About \$10,000,000 was spent up to 1890, and then Mr. Syngros took hold, organized a new company, with \$905,000 working capital, and finished the job in 1893. It is only about four miles long, but it is 69 feet wide at the bottom, about 80 feet wide at water-line, 26 feet and three inches deep in water, and it is cut nearly all the way through solid rock, rising at some points for 300 feet above the canal.

"It is like a canyon, and ships do not take kindly to it, the entrance being bad, a strong wind blowing through it as through a great air shaft, and there is at times a strong reverse current.

"It is an interesting trip through the canal, and it saves 123 miles of very rough water and 20 hours of time; but so far skippers prefer to go through the peninsula rather than through the canal, though with some changes which will be made it is believed the canal will become of general use as soon as a few ships begin to use it and remove the prejudice now existing against it."

A NEGRO AND STEAMBOAT.

River Man's Reason for Believing Colored Man Good Boatman—Superior to Whites.

"The suggestion came out of St. Louis the other day that white labor had replaced the negro on the wharf and that after long service the black roustabout was about to enter upon the decline of his away," said an old river man, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "All of which, I may add, I accept with a grain of salt, as the saying goes. Somehow I can never think of the successful and really valuable roustabout as anything but a black man.

"The negro seems to have been born to the calling. He is, as a rule, fond of the steamboat, and naturally takes to steamboat work. He has always hovered around the river. Of course, you will find negroes back in the hills and scattered around in the higher altitudes, but the vast majority of them you will find quartered in the lowlands of the country, and on the rivers, where he can hear the flutter of steamboat wheels. There is one other fact to be mentioned in connection with the negro's peculiar fitness for steamboating.

"Did you ever hear the steamboat mate talking to the 'rousters'—say, for instance, when the boat was a little late in pulling out and during the busy season? Hast not, eh? Well, there is something in store for you, something loud and forceful, and something that will force you to run the gamut of the emotions. The point is that the negro is stimulated and urged on to quicker work by this kind of talk. Profanity is an essential in the mate's calling. The negro needs it. I was just wondering if the white man would ever get used to it. Maybe so, but I have my doubts about it."

Queen Mary's Hair.
The hair of Mary, Queen of Scots, has been bought by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland for \$4,500.

LIBRARIANS OF OLD AGES.

As an Army to a Castle So Was the Library to the Ancient Monastery.

The librarian was sworn into office on the holy gospels, as became one whose duty it is to furnish to those who have need the "food" and "weapons" of the soul—for so they used to call books. "Books are the nourishment of the soul," says one abbot, speaking of the library of his convent; and another says: "As the army is to the castle, so the library is to the monastery." The very name librarian, "armarius," derived as it is from the press, cupboard or almerie in which the books are kept, is precisely the modern word almoner—as the almoner serves from his cupboard food and drink for the needy, so the librarian deals out books, which are the food and drink of the soul, says Harper's Magazine.

In the beginning the librarian was, curiously enough as it sounds at first, the preceptor or choir-master, but the explanation of this is, in fact, simple enough; since the first books were the service books kept in the apse-cupboard in the church, the preceptor was naturally charged with their care, and when the collection grew by the addition of other books he kept charge until the growth made subdivision of labor necessary.

The ordinary duties of librarians are often laid down with great minuteness in monastic rules; they differ greatly in detail but not much in essence from those of the modern; he must take charge of the books, "keep and know under their separate titles," frequently examine carefully to prevent damage from damp, dust, mice and "moth worms," and repair them when damaged. He must lend books to the brethren, enter such loan-carefully in his register, and see that a sufficient deposit is left for its return, or proper bond given.

CALIFORNIA TOMATO STORY

Planted in May, the Plants Climbed Twenty-Foot Trellis in About Three Months.

Throughout the winter months, when easterners were crouching about their fires and shivering, and native growths were either asleep or frozen stiff with the cold, F. J. Bates, of Pasadena, Cal., was in his garden climbing an 18-foot ladder to gather his various crops of tomatoes, says the Scientific American. He has three plants which have reached a length of 30 feet. They are of the species Ponderosa, but these particular plants have surpassed in growth anything previously attempted by their kind. The seeds were planted in May, and three months from that time they had climbed to the top of a 20-foot trellis. When they reached this remarkable height they waved their flower-tasseled heads wonderingly, then turned around and grew backward until they have attained a length of 30 feet. As the vines are still sprouting, Jack's beanstalk must sink into obscurity and transfer its fame to these irrepressible tomato plants. They have had no especial care or cultivation, and have had no protection from the weather, yet, in spite of every disadvantage, they have kept on growing and fruiting in the most astonishing fashion. The trunks of these vines are one and one-half inches in diameter. The foliage is thick and luxuriant, and at all times blossoms, green fruit and ripe fruit can be seen on the vines. Enormous quantities of tomatoes have been picked from these three plants. The fruit is of unusual size and has an extraordinarily fine flavor.

Attended 10,000 Funerals.

At the annual meeting of the parishioners of Farworth-with-Kearaley parish church, near Bolton, it was mentioned that the sexton of the church, George Holmes, had celebrated his jubilee. He had commenced his duties when 16 years of age, and has officiated at nearly 10,000 funerals.

First Tissue Paper.

Tissue paper was originally intended to be placed between tissue of gold or silver, to prevent its fraying or tarnishing when folded, hence the name.

POLITENESS OF JAPANESE.

Ordinary Terms of Respect and Courtesy Are Regarded as Ill-Mannered and Improper.

The Japanese language is overflowing with complimentary or humble expressions. So thoroughly imbued is it with this tendency to present every fact in an elaborate dress that the simple truth is regarded as discourteous, even improper.

Corresponding to our verb "to give" is an entire series of Japanese verbs, the same in meaning but varying in courtesy.

Here is an imaginary conversation, wherein everyone who wishes a reputation for even possible courtesy must refrain from saying anything except in the most roundabout manner.

You, are, we will suppose, at a tea-house, and you wish for sugar. The following conversation is pretty sure to take place. I translate it literally, simply saying that every tea-house girl, usually in the first blush of youth, is addressed as "elder sister."

You clap your hands. (Enter tea-house maiden.)

You—Hai, elder sister, augustly exists there sugar?

She—The honorable sugar, augustly is it?

You—So augustly.

She—He (inadmissible expression of assent).

She goes out to procure the "honorable sugar."

Whether this is a more satisfactory mode of address than the laconic demand: "Water, sugar" is an open question. It is at least evident that it is one which takes more time.

THE COFFIN HANDKERCHIEF.

Family Heir That Has Been Traveling About the World for Fifteen Years.

The "Coffin handkerchief," which for 15 years has been a continuous traveler around the world, is again in Newmarket, Ind., having been received by Harry T. Coffin, a business man.

Fifteen years ago it came into the possession of the family and was started from one member of the family to another, each in turn "working it off" on some other member without his knowledge, says the Chicago Tribune. In this manner it has been kept on the go for 15 years and has been to Manila, Porto Rico, England and all points in the United States.

During the Coffin family reunion in Newmarket, last summer it was slipped into the trunk of a New York member of the family, who several weeks later discovered it and sent it on, with the result that it went around the world, reaching Omaha, where a member of the family lives. The family considers it a relic and will keep it traveling as long as there is a member of the family living to send it to. It bears a proper inscription, and each recipient adds a little to it each time.

IRISH CONTROL THE TRADE.

Horsehoes in New York City Are Still Principally of That Nationality.

In the last report of the police department, filed with the comptroller, there is given a full list of those who, during the quarter preceding, did horsehoes for the department. Of the two dozen names on the list all but two are Irish, says the New York Sun.

While in nearly every other trade in New York city there has been so lively a competition as practically to transform it, the ancient and honorable calling of horsehoe remains almost exclusively in strong Irish hands. The govt or blacksmith is an Irishman here, though the green grocer long ago gave place to the German corner groceryman.

German barbers have been largely superseded by Italian barbers, negro bootblacks by Italians, Italian fruit dealers by Greeks, Irish fish peddlers by Russians and Scotch by Swedish carpenters.

There would appear to be something about the work of the horsehoe which is very attractive to the Irish mechanic.

Doubtful Good.

Mrs. De Ruffe—If you ever did any good in this wide world, I'd like to know what it is.
Mr. De Ruffe—Well, for one thing, I saved you from dying an old maid.—Stray Stories.