

THE COOS BAY TIMES

AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, AND WEEKLY BY THE COOS BAY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, AND WEEKLY BY THE COOS BAY

The policy of the Coos Bay Times will be Republican in politics, with the independence of which President Roosevelt is the leading exponent.

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COOS BAY DAILY TIMES.

Marshfield Oregon.

Can You Afford It?

You can't afford to look as if your hopes had oozed away, though failure face you everywhere you turn;

You can't afford to let the world discover your dismay, though others claim the profits that you earn;

You can't afford to go about with dismal mutterings,

Or mourn the wrongs you suffer and the woeful state of things;

You can't afford to show your wounds or try to salve the stings. By tearfully complaining that they burn.

The world has little sympathy for him who shuffles past,

Proclaiming by his look that he has failed;

The world has small regard for him whose face is overcast,

And Fortune hates to hear herself assailed.

The world is always ready to believe in him whose air

Is that of one whom victory makes proof against despair;

The world is ever eager to be helpful if we dare

To seem undaunted where we might have quailed.

You can't afford to sacrifice the watchful world's regard,

No matter how your wounded heart may ache;

You can't afford to wallow cause the blows fall thick and hard,

The fates will not be kind for pity's sake.

You can't afford to look the part of one whose hope has fled;

You can't afford to show the wounds upon your bleeding head;

The world looks on the somber man as one whose soul is dead,

And cheers men for the hopeful fights they make.

—Chicago Record Herald.

THE FUTURE OF OREGON

The "Beaver State" is in its infancy in the matter of population and industrial development. First settled more than sixty years ago, it is far behind many states more recently admitted into the union, while it is as far ahead of them in resources that will make for a great and prosperous commonwealth.

It is sometimes profitable as a means of better understanding the difficulties under which some communities are compelled to struggle, to delve into the dusty pages of history and see what obstacles have been overcome in the march of progress and development.

For instance, in 1824, when President Monroe recommended to congress the establishment of a military post at the mouth of the Columbia as the result of his promulgation of the "Monroe doctrine," and as a means of holding Russia in check. If necessary, a senator from New Jersey declared in debate that it was the widest sort of speculation to suppose that Oregon should ever become a state. He contended that the union was too large already. All that region beyond the Rocky mountains was a vast wilderness, a dreary and worthless waste that was not worth, all told, the paper required upon which to write our title to it!

He figured out that if Oregon should ever be admitted as a state, even granting the possibility of the consummation of such a wild Indian elation in the lapse of centuries to come, a senator from that region would require, at the customary rate of travel, twenty miles a day, 345 days to come to Washington and return home—almost a year and a half!

He asserted that if he should even hurry up and make thirty miles a day it would require 350 days out of the year to make the round trip, leaving scarcely two weeks for legislation!

The country was described as only fit for Indians and wolves and only men with wheels in their heads—though at that time the idea was not couched in the expressive form—

would seriously entertain the proposition of undertaking to either develop or defend it.

Even Daniel Webster took this view of the great west, and but for the foresight of Thomas H. Benton at that time, together with a few other long headed statesmen, it is possible that the settlement of the Pacific coast would have been retarded perhaps a generation.

All this now appears like the most exaggerated fiction. Today all eyes in the United States are turned toward the Pacific coast as the future empire of the union, and the possibility for industrial development and accomplishment here far surpasses those which a century ago were found in the older sections of the Atlantic.

There is no state in the west today that stands for a prospect of such rapid acquisition of population as does Oregon. Its resources are becoming better known, its delightful climate more generally understood, the opportunities for profitable investment more widely advertised, and its immediate future is going to see a greater transformation than has been the experience of any other state within the same length of time.

There is not a county in Oregon, large as is the area of the state, but has its mountain range somewhere from whose sides rushes perpetual streams of water, furnishing to the investor of the future endless opportunities for the generation of electric power—the moving force that is destined to transform the industrial world with a greater rapidity than has ever before been known.—Exchange.

THE NEW U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Chris Scheubel, the new U. S. district attorney was brought up in the foothills near Oregon City, the son of poor people, and has a varied career. He worked around the mills at Oregon City for several years. At one time he joined the Salvation Army and worked with the army at Astoria. He finally studied law and has been practicing a few years. W. S. U'Ren is said to be his backer, and his appointment is said to be due to U'Ren's manipulations. An Albany man, who has known him for years, says he is a pretty good fellow, but intimates that there is more politics than anything else in the selection.—Albany Democrat.

WHAT IS A GRAFTER?

"What is a grafter?" asks a correspondent, seeking for light.

Ah, if we would only ask something answerable! Who shall define the indefinite word? Who shall limit the limitless? It needs a Homer to sing the epic of graft, and catalogue the grafters.

Graft is a tendency, an atmosphere, an influence, an impulse, an instinct. It is a reaching out for more. It is an evolutionary effort to survive. It is selfishness. It is egotism. It is fraud, injustice. It is an effort to get more than one's share. It is as old as the world and as universal as sin. Still, that does not explain.

"What is a grafter?" This form of the question is more concrete, but just as elusive. Our correspondent knows. We know. Everybody knows. But the "body of this death" is too subtle, too profound to be confined in a stick of type, or embalmed in a spoken phrase. The latter day prophets know—ask Upton Sinclair; ask David Graham Phillips; ask Lincoln Steffens; ask the whole tribe of muck rake wielders. And yet, if you do not know, they cannot tell you, says an exchange. The surgeons know—ask Roosevelt; ask Hughes; ask Folk. Yet they cannot make it plain. The condemned know—ask in San Francisco, in St. Louis, in Chicago, in Kansas, in Oregon, and turn your telescope toward Philadelphia and Washington. But if you do not understand already their elucidation is obfuscatory.

There are some Marshfield men who would be compelled to have their resolutions spiked down if they intend to keep them.

BOOKS IN THE HOME. Written for The Times.

We enjoy intercourse with superior minds through books, and the valuable means of communication are in reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours; God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. How desirable then that everyone should have a taste for good reading. Reading not only stores the mind with useful information, but it helps one to pass pleasantly many hours and days when if he did not have the reading habit he would be idle and lonesome and perhaps in mischief. A taste for reading must be acquired in youth. If you do not learn to enjoy reading books and periodicals in your youth it is doubtful if you ever will be much of a reader. Here is a thought for mothers about the importance of placing interesting reading continually before their children. Care should be taken that the literature put into the hands of the young should be of the best. If your boy is determined to read about Harry Tracy, let him read Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly in place of the Tip-Top Weekly. Let him have plain truth. It is not enough that young people should read. The reading matter should be of the right kind. It is just as essential that the mental food should be nourishing as that the food for the body should be. That the reading matter shall not only be harmless, but that it be strengthening and broadening as well. Something more than mere words. If this is not looked after, the work of reading will be mere waste of energy. If every family would form a reading circle under their own home light, devoting if only half an hour each evening to the reading and intelligent discussion of some interesting page, the amount of information gained during the winter months would astonish them. The parents' part in helping to make good men and women out of the boys and girls of today is in personal influence and in constantly raising the standard of books they place before their children. They should never be satisfied with books that are no particular harm. The books must be of some particular good. More time and thought should be given to the study of what are the best books for children, and more time in reading books to determine which are the best suited. Every home should contain a collection of books, however small, and they should be accumulated on some definite plan, however limited. The privilege of using a public library is generally valuable, (and there is something radically wrong when a town the size of Marshfield cannot boast one), but some books must be owned, and be constantly within reach, or no real satisfaction can be had from them.

There are innumerable families who never dream of buying any book but school books. Everyone who can afford anything at all beyond the necessities of life should set aside a definite yearly sum for magazines and should form the habit of frequently dropping into the book stores to see what there may be that will be for the education or amusement of the family. This is the business of the purse bearer, and he should remember that good reading matter is a better investment than liquor or tobacco, or even cheap candy.

A good list of books for the home would be first a Bible, concordance, dictionary, encyclopaedia, atlas, United States history, some good biographies—our best poets, and many other standard works the purse will allow. —E. J. H.

COOS BAY LOTS SELL LIKE RED-HOT CAKES

Portland Paper Says People There Are Investing in Property Here.

At home of the Portland Times had the following booster notice:

Coos Bay lots are now selling like hot cakes in Portland as a result of the development going on in that region. At Marshfield C. A. Smith, a Minneapolis lumberman has about completed a sawmill with a daily capacity of 250,000 feet. This mill is to start up in February with a force of 2500 men. Mr. Smith has a mill in operation over there now, and has established a big trade by ocean for his lumber.

With rail connection with Portland the Coos Bay country is destined to build up rapidly, as both the metropolis and the entire coast region require each other in the progress of trade.

LET ALL ROAR LONG AND LOUD

Coos Bay Should Raise Such a Howl on Rotten Mail Service.

BE HEARD IN WASHINGTON

There is No Cause for Present Inexcusable Delays but Careless Indifference and People Should Not Submit to It.

Editor Times:—A few days ago, I heard a man strenuously defending the mail contractor for his course in giving us far the worst service with which we have been afflicted for many years. It is "impossible" to do better. This man "had been over the road" and he "knew" that it was impossible to get the mail over it in better time. It simply couldn't be done.

It seems that the inspector for this district is also of the same opinion. It has been reported that he had announced his intention of shielding the contractor in every way possible, as the county ought to put the road in better shape.

It is possible, though not probable, that the contractor takes the same view.

With the exception of these three, there is probably not a man in this part of Oregon, acquainted with the situation, who does not know better. As nearly everyone knows, the Coos Bay wagon road is a bad road, as every road that lies out of doors in this part of the state is bound to be, in the winter; but it is no worse now than it has been nearly every winter in the past. It is a hard road to get the mail over; but that is simply a matter of dollars and cents, of men and horses.

The people here are really not informed as to the real situation and the extent of the contractor's actual culpability in the matter. The little information that comes through is far from reliable. As an instance: your recent item, Mr. Editor, headed "A Horse Lost," was off in a few particulars. First—There was neither horse nor mail lost. Second—It happened about two miles east of the station in Brewster valley. The trouble was this: The horse took a trail and walked to the river, only a few feet from the road. As it was dark and the horse stepped into the river, the carrier could not, nor did not, get him out but left him and drove on to the station. As soon as it was light he went back and got the horse and mail.

Here is an instance helping to show why the mail is late in Marshfield: On January 10th the mail from Roseburg reached Dora at 6 a. m. At 1 p. m. it was still there, awaiting the arrival of a wagon from Sumner, and the Lord only knows how much longer it waited. This is the regular order, and it causes the mail to reach Sumner, at the best, too late to come down until the next day.

A reliable man who is in a position to see the entire workings of the system on which this community is depending for its mail says: "The route is badly managed, or rather not managed at all. The whole matter can be served up in a few words: An exceedingly poor class of carriers—they neither care nor try—and a boss who seems powerless to discharge them and get good men. Good carriers and good stock would give you a better mail service and cost not one dollar more. The roads are better than usual at this time of year, and a right kind of an effort would give you a good mail service."

The question is, whether the people of Coos Bay are going to tamely submit to the imposition under which they are suffering, for fear that the mail contractor will lose some money, or whether they will break loose and raise a disturbance that will make itself heard at headquarters. It is true that the Chamber of Commerce has sent a letter to Washington, but the letter was so mild and innocuous that it was well calculated to deepen the slumber of the officials who are apparently and naturally depending on the reports of their inspector as to the reason for delay on the Roseburg-Marshfield route.

It requires something in the nature of battle, murder and sudden death to do justice to the situation and to show that a community of the importance of this one will not submit to any such inexcusable outrage—for outrage it is.

As said above, it is simply a matter of dollars and cents, of men and horses, to get the mail over this route on schedule time. Of course, we have had our freshest which probably is the delay of a day or two unaccountable. No one would blame the mail contractor for that. But it will be remembered that the commence-

ment of delayed service was coincident with the commencement of the first rains. As a matter of fact, as soon as it became known who had secured the contract those who were wise knew what the result would be. It is said that the present contractor made a bid \$2000 below the figure at which the last contract had been let; whereas the increase of mail made a higher figure necessary, and the preceding contractor's bid was about \$2000 higher than the compensation he had been receiving.

Shall this community suffer because someone sees fit to take the contract at a lower figure than will pay for passable service? Yet that is the exact situation. It takes good strong horses, and plenty of them, and good men at good wages promptly paid, to get the mail over the Coos Bay wagon road on schedule time. The government is amply able and willing to pay whatever is required, but of course will let the old and good men at good wages contract to the lowest "responsible" bidder. Why should we submit to such an inexcusable rotten service simply because some one offered to carry the mail for a fraction of what is worth to give good service, depending on the apathy of the people and the complaisance of the inspector to get him out of the scrape?

The winter is nearly over, but another winter is coming; and other bidders of mail contracts are also coming. This community might do well to make an example of the present contractor, to deter future bidders on the contract from making a figure too low to admit of profit on decent service. If the present contractor is irresponsible, he probably has bondsmen. If he cannot give us the service, let him throw up the job, and the Department will employ someone else at whatever price is necessary.

I would suggest that we all play that we are wolves and this is our night to howl. Let our commercial houses and others frame up some letters that are not calculated to have a soporific effect. If we stand this thing it will be our own fault, and all the satisfaction we will have will be the consciousness that our patience under insufferable annoyance and unnecessary loss of time has enabled one man to bunko the whole community of 10,000 people with no unpleasant consequences to himself.

P. C. LEVAR.

Marshfield, Ore., Jan. 12, 1908.

BREAKWATER LEAVES AGAIN FOR PORTLAND

Steamer Carried Fair Load of Passengers and Freight.

The steamer Breakwater left for Portland yesterday afternoon with a good cargo of freight and quite a number of passengers from Marshfield and North Bend. The following was her passenger list.

F. J. Nelson, H. C. Whittier, C. M. Anderson, R. Booth, G. S. Henderson, C. H. Neal, S. Khegame, F. Brose, Mr. and Mrs. W. Horsfall, Mrs. Ella Finger, S. D. Pettyjohn, A. Abbott, Emil Staek, John Haefter, E. D. Dorian, J. Hoffman and wife, G. Anderson, C. M. Anderson, Frank Olson.

IDAHO'S SEAPORT

Idaho Citizen Expresses Himself Enthusiastically About Coos Bay.

Mr. D. A. Utter, of Weiser, Idaho, returns home after a six months stay on Coos Bay and carries with him a very high appreciation of the district. In a conversation with a representative of the Times today he expressed himself as being fully convinced that the state of Idaho as well as Central and Southern Oregon would be greatly benefited by the opening up of Oregon's deep seaport. While Mr. Utter is an enthusiastic Idaho man he is also enthusiastic in behalf of Coos Bay and declares that it is an Idaho port in all respects except that it is not in Idaho.

"It is not the immediate resources of Coos Bay," said Mr. Utter, "which make it a great city, although its timber and coal will make it a very important place, but its bay and the relation which that bay bears to Northern California, Southern and Central Oregon, Idaho, Utah and even to Colorado and Nevada which will tell the story. It may take some time to connect up with all these states but I expect the Northwestern will be down here from Boise in a few years. The greatest impetus which Coos Bay will receive will come about two years before the Panama canal is opened. Then railroads and eastern capital will rush to the coast and will find no better location for business and investment than Coos Bay."

Mr. Utter's many friends on the bay will retain pleasant memories of his presence here and Coos Bay may depend on it that the cities and bay have a friend who will not fail to sing their praise in Idaho.

AGED INDIANS FOUND DEAD

Age Exposure and Grief Causes Death of Two About 100 Years Old.

Word was received by Dr. Mings last night that two old Indians had been found dead in their cabin at the mouth of Larsen's Inlet, and he visited the scene this morning to ascertain what was the matter. The Indians proved to be "Old Lyman," and his wife "Fusie Ann," names given to them by white people years ago because their own names were hard to pronounce. The scene at the cabin was pitiable in the extreme, as both the old people were nearly 100 years old and had nobody to attend to them.

A rancher passing the place a week ago today saw signs of life about the place, but since that time there had been no sign of movement. Dr. Mings is of the opinion that the old couple died last Monday, the wife because of exposure and the old Indian because of grief over the passing of his long life partner.

The body of the woman was found half way between the cabin and the water in a nude condition, and it was evident that she had been bathing, as was her habit, in the waters of the Inlet. The exposure was evidently too great for her and she dropped dead on her way back to the cabin. The old husband, although crippled with paralysis, finding that his partner, who was quite blind, did not return, must have made his way to the remains after much effort.

He covered her body with his coat and a sheet, and then crawled back to his cabin and dropped dead, grief evidently affecting his numerous years and a weak constitution too greatly for him to stand the blow. This was what had happened judging from the finding of the bodies and their relative positions. The Indian's pipe was found beside the remains of his wife, and there was no sign of violence in either case.

That they had not starved was easily evident from the fact that there was plenty of food on the premises, also considerable clothing, most of which had been furnished by the county. Up to a short time ago the condition of the Indians was pitiable, because they were without food and were unable to help themselves. Mrs. Henry Sengstacken interested herself on behalf of the Indians by asking the county to look after them. She had made them up a bundle of clothing and food and was to have taken the articles to the Indians in a few days, as she had become interested in their welfare. From the condition of the cabin, however, it has developed that they were not in need of anything except daily attention.

Very little is known of the old couple as they have kept to themselves for many years. It is claimed, however, that they were the oldest Indians of the Kusan tribe in Coos County, and that they were full grown before this section had ever been visited by whitemen. It was possibly because of this fact that they found it hard to become associated in any way with a race which has deprived them of their country.

The Indians do not keep track of their age, and while the deceased Indians may have been much more than a hundred years old, judging from their appearance, little is known about them, their age is placed close to the century mark. The remains will be laid to rest by the county authorities, and Dr. Mings does not think it necessary to hold an inquest over the remains.

NEW BOAT FOR RIVER

Coquille Transportation Company Has Plans for Torpedo Bult Boat.

We have been shown plans for a new boat which the Coquille River Transportation Co., is figuring on building. One set of plans is furnished by T. M. Haddock, of New Rochelle, New York, and provides a torpedo bult boat 80 feet long and 12 feet beam, and the other plans are by J. H. Bond, of Portland, which is a speed model and provides for a boat 80 feet long, 12.08 beam and a depth of five feet. The company expects to make a decision soon and will begin the building of the boat as soon as the plans arrive. Both plans provide for a speed of about 14 miles an hour. By another year, with this fast passenger boat and the other boats already owned by this company, they will be in a position to handle the river traffic for many years.—Coquille Sentinel.

There are some sharp men on Coos Bay that can't be made tools of.