

COOS BAY TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF COOS COUNTY.

Saturday Evening Thoughts

A CREED FOR JUNE

I believe in the love of the earth for the morning
While tree tops talk of the day to come;
I believe in the gladness of hopes a-borning
While yet the lips of them tremble—dumb.

I believe in the wet, fresh smell of the meadows
Caught and kissed by the conquering sun.
I believe in the sweets that hide in the shadows
By gray stone walls, where still brooks run.

I believe in the long, straight beams that quiver
Falling down through the great white day;
While under the face of the glittering river
Currents are moving, and eddies play.

I believe in the rising scent of flowers
Filling the cup of the afternoon;
I believe in the height of the cloudy towers
Built in the west, to fall too soon.

I believe in the music of hidden thrushes
Only heard in the tangle of trees—
I believe in the lullaby wind as it hushes
Green little leaves, and the drone of the bees.

I believe in the good, great world, and I love it,
I love and believe in Man, and the call
Of the soul that is in it, and yet above it—
I believe in God who made it all.

—Selected.

THAT IS AN INTERESTING tale that is being told of the husband who wandered away and lived on husks for twenty years. The story first came over the wires, but its simplicity has earned for it a permanent place in the annals of the times. A few weeks ago the wanderer returned to his own fireside, hungry and footsore. The dog of the story book did not bark at him; the wife did not hurl the traditional flatiron at his head. She said simply: "Come in, John; dinner is ready." That was the eloquence of sweet forgiveness. The curtain is drawn and we are not told of its effect on the soul of the wanderer; but in that sublime moment his heart must have been touched and his mind wrought to a full realization that he had wasted twenty years travelling—from heaven to hell and back.

Some Coos Bay people sometimes fall into the habit of running down their own place in conversation. This is almost as bad as saying you wish you had married another woman instead of your wife. If you said that and your wife heard of it, probably you would have a chance to get another woman. But you'll never have much of a chance to get another town until you improve the one you're in so that you'll love it for its own sake. Be kind to your home place and it will be kind to you.

This talk of women picking out ideal husbands is largely nonsense. The only way to obtain an ideal husband is to make a selection of promising raw material and convert him into the ideal.

SCANDAL.

WE DO NOT KNOW that Coos Bay is worse than any other community of her size in the matter of scandal, but we know she is bad enough, in all conscience. Even a newspaper may not fight this insidious evil; it can but counsel against it as one of the worst, most insuperable, damning indulgences of the day; its deepest menace lying in its gratuity and anonymity; its gravest result, in the helplessness of its victims; its utter meanness, in the raw cowardice that sanctions it.

The news reporter goes against more of it, perhaps than any other man in a community like this; or in any other for the matter of that; he is frequently prompted by some inspired person with a hint, a mere hint; but quick with interest of a sort to invite the eager concern of the reporter if he is of sufficiently "yellow" persuasion: But, to the credit of 99 newsmen in any given hundred, they are only too eager to turn the thing down hard and fast and keep it there. It is easily recognizable, this sheer scandal; it has a logic all its own, and is rarely misinterpreted; its source flavor, animus, and the anxiety of the peddler to shield him or her self in the first instance, are weighed in the very telling of it; and thus "tagged" it is swiftly forgotten by the man in search of genuine, clean news.

One of the ugliest features of the wanton scandal—true, or false, is the fact that its truth, or falsity, may not be fathomed on the instant; the listener simply knows it for scandal; and to verify it, requires the further peddling that is too repulsive, and dangerous, for the ordinary man to indulge. Another bitter thing about it is the charging of the mind with a hideous, suspicious, or surreptitious knowledge, of the evil of one who has always been respected and looked-up to; the sweeping away of the kinder, friendlier attitude, between men and women, that has been cherished, but which is hurtfully disarranged or annihilated, by the interposition of the venomous story. Anyway one looks at the evil it is altogether evil; and we arraign it as the worst, most craven, corrupt, and indefensible, habit to which the meaner element of society is addicted.

When you are thinking of the good things of modern life, take thought of the hardy, husky, life-saver who serves his Uncle Samuel all along the American coasts and does his work faithfully, silently, courageously, day and night the year through! He is entitled to every generous concept of our minds.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

The green grapes, then the ripened cluster, then the dried raisins; all things change, not into that which is not, but into that which is not yet.
—Marcus Aurelius.

OUR IDEAL LIFE.

These outside squabbles don't concern
Matildy Ann nor me;
The tariff marked way up or down,
We're happy as can be.
We've plugged along through rain and shine.
Had all our hearts could wish;
Matildy she makes butter some,
An' I, I farm an' fish.

We'd like to see the world, of course,
An' know more'n what we do;
An' yit, when all is said an' done,
We know a thing or two.
We know ol' Mars don't worry us,
Japan gives no alarm;
Matildy she makes butter some,
An' I, I fish and farm.

Matildy's willin' I should vote,
I let her run the house;
The days an' years they come an' go
As quiet as a mouse,
Our wrinkles come from smiles, not frowns,
Fur fame we hev no wish;
Matildy she makes butter some,
I farm a bit, an' fish.

Some people never have anything except ideals.

Poor and rich people have very funny notions of each other.

It's easy to look on the bright side as long as it is turned your way.

Every smooth man ought to be locked up; he finds so many victims.

That taxes will increase every year seems to be as certain as death.

There is something about a girl who has had a "steady" that you do not notice about a girl who has never had one.

"A Houston preacher says the end of the world is near." If he feels that way about it why doesn't he move out of town?

If you want to be of assistance to a friend in trouble do not say, "I'm sorry." That will not help him any, but it may bore him.

In the fullest interpretation of the term, a "society woman" is a woman with nothing to do, and who wouldn't do it if she had.

"The world's gold supply is twice as great now as it was twenty-five years ago, but there are lots of people who can hardly notice any difference."

"One of the reasons why it's silly to cry over spilt milk," says the philosopher of folly, "is that it has probably been watered sufficiently by the milkman already."

Money makes the mare go, but a man may put all kinds of money into a whizz wagon and yet the thing will break down about forty miles from home and friends.

Looking for ideal husbands may be a pleasant pastime for young women, but by the time the crows-feet make their appearance the novelty of the game has worn off.

Mrs. Carrie Nation has purchased a farm and is going to raise "poultry, pigs, pigeons and peas." That will be quite a change from what Aunt Carrie has been raising.

What has become of the old-fashioned open-faced apple butter pie that used to wear gilluses made of dough or as one little Coos Bay boy called it, "the pie with the slats on."

Boston man says a diet of nuts and pie will make the ordinary life longer than that of Methuselah. Apple, peach, lemon, pumpkin, currant, cherry, rhubarb, custard or mince?

The Same Thing.

"Lemme see," calculated Mr. Phillip Tank. "As near as I can figure it, I only paid \$11 for the whisky and \$58 at the hospital. It

reminds me of one of your dresses."

"Why, dear?" asked his wife.
"The tremens cost so much more than the goods."—Exchange.

A La Tennyson.

The bachelor hath a merry life.
'Twere better to have loved and lost
Than, shackled to a nagging wife,
To be forever loved—and bossed.

What May Have Happened.
"Which little boy can explain what became of Nineveh?" asked the teacher.
"It was destroyed!" was the prompt answer.
"Excellent! And what became of Tyre?"
"Guess it was punctured!"

AT THE CHURCHES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Services will be held in the Christian Science hall, 327 Third street, North, Sunday at 11 a. m., subject: "God the Preserver of Man."

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. G. S. Clevinger, Pastor.

Morning service 11 a. m., topic: "Moses' Choice." Evening service, 8 p. m., topic: "The Complete Life." Young People's meeting 7 p. m. Sunday school 10 a. m. Prayer and teachers' meeting Thursday 8 p. m.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Father J. MORAN.

Mass will be celebrated in Marshfield at 9:30 Sunday morning and in North Bend at 8 o'clock by the Rev. Father Curley.
Rev. Father J. Moran will hold services at Bandon Sunday.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

Rev. H. I. Rutledge, Pastor.

Services at the Methodist Episcopal church Sunday will be held as follows: Sunday school at 10 a. m.; morning service at 11 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 7 p. m.; evening service at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

THE FARMERS' ANTI-AUTO ASSOCIATION

Rules and Regulations For Car Observe During the Summer.

The following is the new code agreed upon by the Farmers' Anti-Auto Protective Society, which has just held its annual conventions in the different states in the Union.

1. On discovering an approaching team the automobilist must stop off-side and cover his machine with a tarpaulin painted to correspond with the scenery.

2. The speed limit on country roads this year will be secret and the penalty for violation will be \$10 for every mile an offender is caught going in excess of it.

3. In case an automobile makes a team run away the penalty will be \$50 for the first mile, \$100 for the second mile, \$200 for the third mile, etc., that the teams run; in addition to the usual damages.

4. On approaching a corner where he cannot command a view of the road ahead, the automobilist must stop not less than 100 yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring a bell, fire a revolver, hallo and send up three bombs at intervals of five minutes.

5. Automobiles must again be seasonably painted—that is, so they will merge with the pastoral ensemble of golden in summer, red in autumn and white in winter.

6. Automobiles running on the country roads at night send up a red rocket every mile and wait ten minutes, then proceed carefully blowing their horns and shooting Roman candles.

7. All members will give up Sundays to chasing automobiles, shooting and shouting at them, making arrests and otherwise discouraging country touring on that day.

8. In case a horse will not pass an automobile, notwithstanding the scenic tarpaulin, the automobilist will take the machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.

Coos Bay's Social Side

(Continued from Page 2.)

members of the class but only a part of them remain in Marshfield and these were all present. They were: Clara W. Johnson, Mrs. Hillis Short, Mrs. Wm. Lawlor, Miss Ellen Mahoney, Miss Esther Ogren and Mrs. Mingus. The affair was one of the most enjoyable class reunions that has been held on Coos Bay in many a day.

Miss Jessie Chase, a teacher in the Marshfield schools, will leave Tuesday via Roseburg for Eugene where she will attend the commencement exercises of the University of Oregon of which she is an alumnus.

Mrs. H. S. Tower entertained at Whit Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Helen G. Raymond of Charles City, who is her guest. The home was prettily decorated for the affair and refreshments were served. The afternoon's play resulted in first honors going to Mrs. W. T. Merchant and second honors to Mrs. E. G. Flanagan.

Mrs. John Bear left today for Portland where she will visit at the home of her son, Chas. A. Jensen and also attend the Grand Chapter of the Oregon Eastern Star.

Mrs. Fannie Hazard left today to attend the Grand Chapter meeting of the Oregon Eastern Star which will be held in Portland next week. Mrs. S. Lando, another delegate from Doric Chapter of Marshfield, left early in the week.

Mrs. Lizzie Lobree and daughter, Miss Adelaide, formerly of Marshfield, are visiting in New York. They will return to San Francisco shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Pollexfen visited the early part of the week with Capt. and Mrs. Butler at Coquille.

Col. Peyton and wife of Spokane, Wash., are guests of their daughter, Mrs. J. M. Blake.

Tennis promises to be revived to greater extent this summer than in several years on Coos Bay. A few weeks ago, a club was organized and fixed up a court on the city lot near the Episcopal church. This week, a second club has been organized and will fix up a court on the Merchant block on South Marshfield. The new club has not selected a name yet but has elected J. W. Motley president and Karl Kaufman secretary. The other members are: George Dindinger, Sam Marsden, J. Clarey, H. C. Marvin, Harry Fuog, Carl Larson, Geo. F. Farrin and J. H. Stadden. The membership may be slightly increased. A number of the young women are also talking of taking up the sport.

Mrs. Mary Merchant, who has spent the past six weeks visiting relatives here, expects to leave next week for her home in Oakland.

A number of young women enjoyed a picnic excursion to the Sigma Chi boat house on Coos River last Sunday, going up in the morning and returning in the evening. Among those in the party were Misses Kathleen Bennett, Mamie Mahoney, Bertha Kruse, Laura Kruse, May Bennett and Genevieve Sengstacken.

The Ladies Art Club met at the home of Mrs. F. A. Sumner Friday afternoon and will meet with Mrs. Wm. Warwick next Friday afternoon. A very pleasant afternoon was spent. The hostess served refreshments. The club had its annual picnic Sunday, June 6. A very pleasant day was spent, fifty-two participated. The ladies were highly complimented on the picnic spread.

Mr. and Mrs. Noris Jensen have purchased a beautiful houseboat which will be anchored on South Coos River and which they are planning to occupy as a summer home.

Mrs. A. W. Myers entertained about eighteen pupils of the North Bend Presbyterian Junior Sunday school Thursday with a picnic in Simpson Park.

Mrs. L. F. Falkenstein gave a shower at her home Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Sophia Heinze whose marriage to Mr. Harry Evans will take place shortly. The Falkenstein home was prettily decorated for the affair. Among those in attendance were: Mrs. J. H. Gardner, Mrs. Hockett, Miss Merle Hockett, Mrs.

Ward, Mrs. A. Whelan, Mrs. Hoeck, Mrs. Larson, Mrs. C. S. Winsor, Mrs. W. P. Evans and Mrs. R. G. Gale.

Rev. and Mrs. Clevinger expect to leave for Portland and Seattle one week from today for their summer vacation. They expect to be gone for about a month.

Mrs. R. G. Gale of North Bend, has issued invitations for bridge whist at her home next Thursday afternoon.

The close of the school year this season in Marshfield was devoid of many of the functions that usually mark the event. The high school commencement program had to be cancelled owing to the inability of Bishop Scadding to fulfill the engagement to deliver the principal address. However, last evening the Eighth Grade pupils were pleasantly entertained at the home of Superintendent and Mrs. F. A. Golden. Today, the members of the high school accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Golden and some of the teachers are enjoying a picnic at Enegren's Grove.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. McCormac and Fred. McCormac left today for the McCormac bungalow on South Coos River where they will spend Sunday.

The North Bend Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society was entertained Wednesday afternoon at the A. H. Imhoff home on Union avenue. Those present were: Mrs. B. Moore, Mrs. Chas. Murr, Mrs. C. Kitting, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. L. Metzler and Mrs. Imhoff.

Mrs. T. B. James and daughter, Lura of North Bend, and Miss Maude Painter, who have been spending the past two weeks in Portland, are expected home on the Alliance Monday.

Mrs. C. M. Byler and children of North Bend, were guests of Marshfield friends Friday.

Miss Frances Franz pleasantly entertained the Baptist Young People's Union at the Wheeler home last evening. Various diversions made the evening an unusually enjoyable one.

Mrs. C. J. Mills and Miss Mable Clare Mills returned this week from a visit in Portland. Tomorrow Miss Mills will sing a solo at the First Baptist church.

Mr. Henry Shires of New York City, is a guest at the C. J. Mills home.

Mrs. A. H. Powers left today for Portland where she will meet Miss Hazel Powers and Miss Lucy Powers who have been attending school in Minneapolis the past year. They will return to Marshfield on the Breakwater next week.

Miss Lettie Larson of Larson's Inlet, is spending a few days with friends and relatives in Marshfield.

DOG FIRES GUN, KILLS BOY.

BIG RAPIDS, Mich., June 12.—While hunting with his brother, Orton, and Wellington Cole, two miles north of Mecosta, Herman Strong, 18 year old, was killed by the accidental discharge of his brother's gun.

The boys found a nest of rabbits under a log. Herman picked up one of the young rabbits and, while holding it in his hand, a large hound jumped against Orton's gun, striking the trigger and sending the whole charge into Herman's neck. When help arrived Herman was dead, still clutching the rabbit.

SUCH SWEETNESS IN MAIL.

SEDAN, Ind., June 12.—Corunna citizens had a sweet mail recently. Someone had sent a nation of molasses by mail, paying \$1.25 postage on it. Part of the mail was thrown off and the molasses happened to be one of these sacks, the consequence proving disastrous to the other mail matter.

JUSTICE SITS ON BIG HATS.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., June 12.—Under a new ruling in the Chester county court women with exceptionally large hats must remove them while occupying front seats in the court room.

Cameras, PHOTO Supplies and finishing at WALKER'S STUDIO.