

COOS BAY TIMES

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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The Coos Bay Times represents a consolidation of the Daily Coast Mail and The Coos Bay Advertiser. The Coast Mail was the first daily established on Coos Bay and The Coos Bay Times is its immediate successor.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

Official Paper of Coos County.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

IN AN EDITORIAL in the Youth's Companion of January 20, 1910, occurs the following paragraph:

"Americans are proud, and justly so, of the courage and devotion displayed by the life-saving service. Last year only thirty lives were lost in the nearly fourteen hundred disasters which took place within reach of help—less than one-half of one per cent of the persons imperiled. The maintenance of the service costs about two million dollars annually, and no part of the government expenditure is more cheerfully met by the taxpayer."

The above statement, which is doubtless authentic, brings out with more startling vividness the appalling horror of the wanton sacrifice of human life in the Czarina wreck. Only thirty lives lost all last year in nearly fourteen hundred disasters, while Coos Bay establishes the terrible record of twenty-four lives in one wreck less than 2,000 feet from shore.

As the details of this awful tragedy are developed the needs for a thorough investigation become more imperative. The Port Commission is to be commended for its prompt action in this matter. It is to be hoped that the investigation will be as thorough as it is timely.

Appropos of the matter of the efficiency of the Coos Bay Life-Saving Service and equipment. The morning Astorian, published in Astoria, prints the following editorial in which it iterates and confirms the statement made by The Times that there was a radical deficiency somewhere. The Astorian says:

"Twenty-four human lives is tremendous toll to take for the ambition of a steamship captain to keep up his schedule by running his steamship out of port in the teeth of a gale and under strains that were certain to provoke her slightest mechanical weakness to the point of breakage and disaster. This is what Captain Duggan of the Southern Pacific steamship Czarina did at Marshfield on Wednesday last. At this writing it is not known but his own life has been forfeited to the folly. We hope not, and we also hope the death toll may diminish greatly as the wretched story develops."

"Under the close rules and calculations incident to the commerce of the day this well-known and conscientious officer may be forgiven the overzeal that led him on to such disaster but, primarily, that excessive desire to make time on a fixed schedule, is at the bottom of the loss of the ship and her crew."

"The loss of life at that point, within a mile or two of a populous and busy center such as Marshfield, indicates that there is something wrong in the matter of life-saving appointments down that way; we say it is 'indicated' because this catastrophe is, mainly, a result of radical deficiency in that line there, so utterly helpless were the hundreds bent upon saving and surviving. The whole thing is deplorable in the extreme, and deep investigation is eagerly looked for, for the development of the vital reason for its transpiring, as well as for the real scope of its loss and death toll."

RECALLS OTHER SHIP WRECKS

J. A. LUSE GIVES SOME INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF DISASTERS AND HEROIC RESCUES ALONG THIS COAST.

(By J. A. LUSE.)

Last week's sea tragedy has been the cause of recounting the many deeds of bravery in the rescue of human lives on this coast within the memory of our inhabitants. This locality has produced and claimed as its citizens men who feared not death in the angry billows and who have risked their lives to save their fellow men imperiled in the sea. Though numerous, space forbids us from mentioning but a few.

Captain Alex Scott, formerly keeper of the Arago station and later located at Bandon, first came into the public eye when but a boy. It was down in Curry county. There was but one boat in Port Orford harbor. This Jake Tichenor and Merric Bates had taken on a fishing jaunt. A gale sprung up, their boat was capsized and they swam to a partly submerged rock. The tide was fast flooding and threatened to sweep the men from their position. Alex Scott on horse back arrived on the scene and a badly excited community informed him of the perilous position of their two residents. Without dismounting Scott rode his horse to the waters edge, and the bystanders stood aghast when they saw the horse with Scott astride headed for Tichenor and Bates, whom after two trips were landed safely on terra firma. Scott then a "cowboy" turned his attention to the sea. He knew not fear in the surf when there was an opportunity to save lives.

This man with a brilliant record, was excluded from the Life Saving Service when the civil service had come in. He was shy on "book learning" and was set aside for those who could memorize the rules and master the technique of "red tape."

In the wreck of the steamer Tacoma on the ocean beach north of the Umpqua river, a real life-saver was produced to our former townsman, Bob Breen. The Tacoma's position was somewhat analogous to that of the Czarina, but before the days of modern paraphernalia for shooting life lines. Scores of beings were clinging to the rigging, when Breen volunteered his service. He tied a line around his waist, and after several unsuccessful attempts in which the boat was capsized he jumped into the sea and made the ship, and scores of lives were rescued from a watery grave. Breen was awarded a medal by Congress for his bravery. It was in the Tacoma wreck that Captain Bergman won his spurs as a life-saver. Bob Breen years later joined the regular lifesavers, but like Scott, was put on the shelf by the civil service rules.

In deeds of daring there never was a more courageous act committed on a sea coast than that of Captain John Roberts. It was not to save lives, but to rescue property and serve to show how far the widely-known "Scantling Bill" would have gone if there had been a life at stake. The big 600-foot cigar-shaped raft had broken adrift and had gone in just north of and alongside of the Coos bay jetty. With low water this ponderous assemblage of piles was nearly high and dry. Roberts was repeatedly advised to leave the raft where it lay; that it meant death to himself and crew if he attempted to pull her off. He turned a deaf ear to these entreaties, and informed the writer that "I'll tow that raft out of there tomorrow or I'll put the Ranger in alongside of her." Roberts made good. With scarcely a foot of water under the keel of his tug he went in onto the north spit in a sea that constantly swept the decks of the Ranger and towed the raft to sea and finally back into the harbor. John Roberts thereby did what was never done before and probably never will be repeated. He did what supposedly wiser heads said he could not do. But he was determined and this was the point that won. As an exhibition of nerve this deed in rescuing property remains unexcelled in the annals of shipping on this coast.

When the Brother Jonathan went down the toll exacted in human lives still maintains the record. In recounting the marine catastrophes on this coast the loss of the Brother Jonathan stands out foremost. The story has been rewritten time and time again; article after article has appeared from adventurers who were to locate her hull and dive for her golden treasure.

L. M. Noble, of this city, is probably the only person residing here to give a first-hand account of that dreadful marine disaster. Mr. Noble was then a young boy, but he said his memory of that wreck was as vivid as if it was yesterday. Here's a brief story of the

loss of the treasure ship Brother Jonathan, as narrated by Mr. Noble:

"While I was making my home on Rogue River, I chanced to be in Crescent City, on Aug. 24, 1865, the day the Brother Jonathan went down, carrying with her 300 of her cargo of human souls. Eighteen, including one white woman and a China woman, reached shore in the third mate's boat, landing in Crescent City. This craft was nothing but a little dinky skiff and scarcely had three inches of her gunwales out of water. It looked remarkable to me and the landing scene I shall never forget."

"The Brother Jonathan was steaming north against one of those howling nor'westers and mountainous seas famous off Point St. George, and unable to make any headway her master decided to return to Crescent City for shelter. After steaming some ten minutes he struck a submerged rock, about 12 miles north of that port, and the rest you know."

"On board the Jonathan was General Wright; she also carried \$1,500,000 in government treasure. It was being carried north to pay off the soldiers after the war. She also carried private funds, which with Uncle Sam's has often been estimated as high as \$2,000,000."

"Of the 300 lives lost there were between 80 and 90 bodies recovered. The bodies were picked up along the coast from Trinidad on the south to Whale's Head, 10 miles above Chetco, on the north."

"SUCKING EGGS AND HIDING SHELLS"

Pertinent Inquiry Concerning Action of The Oregonian.

To the Editor:

Because of the very great importance attaching to the question of the rich coal lands in Alaska, I have an interesting query to make, and doubly interesting because of the implied endorsement of the Pinchot-Roosevelt conservation policies made by President Taft in his message. Many of us here on Coos Bay read the Portland Oregonian, admire its great value as a daily newspaper, as well as for the enemies it has made, and chiefly admire it for the literary charm and solid worth of its editorial page. Above all, we have grown to believe that, aside perhaps from political statements arising in the thick of the affray, it is honest and honorable. And yet my query has to do with a suspicion that the Oregonian not only sucks eggs but tries to hide the shells.

Perhaps seldom in the history of the world have greater stakes been played for than in the coal fields of Alaska. Empires have been worth less, and less audacity has been shown by Caesars in playing for them. To use a newspaper phrase, the mind is fairly staggered by a contemplation of the vast wealth of coal that has recently been found in one or two compact fields in Alaska. Of the gold in Alaska a few years ago we spoke in millions; of the coal, even our government experts speak in billions of dollars. Not even those magnificent pirates, Cortez or Pizarro, ever even dreamed of wealth in gold and silver so great as is now coldly set forth in official reports, pertaining to these coal fields, and Solomon's wealth beside them would be as "Ossa to a wart."

As most of us know, Mr. Pinchot has made extraordinarily fine efforts to conserve these coal fields, this stupendous wealth, to the end that the people might have some share and voice in the matter and to prevent the whole fields being snapped up by greedy schemers. Unfortunately coal and land laws are in lamentable, even chaotic state, and it was difficult to keep the coal grabbers off. Yet there is now promise, due chiefly to former President Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, to retain at least an equitable interest in these coal lands for the people.

But the Oregonian is bitterly fighting the whole plan to conserve. It seeks to deny this, but the fact appears plain, and many of its friends have been grieved by its attitude. So bitter and even contemptibly unfair have been its attacks upon Mr. Pinchot as to create suspicion and now a ray of light is thrown upon the Oregonian's attitude from an outside source.

Let us turn for a moment to the pages of McClure's magazine for January, which contains an article on these coal fields written by John E. Lathrop and George Kibbe Turner, both men of standing. On page 340 we read: "It was the greatest project to get something for nothing from the United States government ever proposed in Seattle."

"There was one interesting group, made up quite largely of bartenders, scene-shifters and men of similar vocations in life. Bartenders, between selling drinks, signed documents they didn't understand, just to be a 'good feller.' Another,

headed by a former Y. M. C. A. secretary

"Another stock selling concern operated out of Portland, Oregon, under the management of a bank officer and an owner of the leading newspaper."

Which is the leading newspaper of Portland, Oregon? Is it the Oregonian? If it is the Oregonian, who is the man who has or had a finger in the pie? Was it Mr. Scott, who now writes the editorials lambasting the plan to conserve the coal?

In its great sphere, McClure's occupies a position even more commanding and enviable than does the Oregonian in its narrower field. Such a charge evidently was not lightly made and cannot lightly be passed by. The statement is true, or untrue. The Oregonian can tell us the facts. The charge is not one necessarily carrying any disgrace with it, or moral degradation, and much less is it necessarily a criminal charge. The matter, however, becomes an intimately personal one, between the Oregonian and its readers.

Is there someone standing behind the arras when those rather absurd and illogical editorials against "Pinchotism" are written? Is this "owner of the leading newspaper" still in the plan to grab a share of this tremendous wealth at about \$10 an acre, and shall we have these editorials forced down our throats under the guise of an able and entirely disinterested discussion of the biggest subject before the American people today?

After all, there is only one kind of honesty in the world, and that is plain honesty. I do not deny that perhaps the Oregonian has the right to suck eggs, but when it hides the shells and acts as if it never had disturbed a hen's nest in its life—well, that is different. On the farm we used to whip those dogs most that were bright and knowing enough to conceal all traces of their depredations, for their hypocrisy in hiding the shells was deemed the worst part of the crime.

Of course, if by "the leading newspaper" of Portland is meant the Journal, then apology is due the Oregonian for the above. But that leaves the mystery of the Oregonian's attitude greater than ever.

A WOMAN'S COMMERCIAL CLUB.

SOME WOMEN of Seattle have organized a commercial club. They purpose to work for more factories and a longer and larger payroll for that city. This is well, and there is no reason why women should not help to advance a city's interests in this business way; but these women have an even larger and better object, namely, to improve the condition of women workers, particularly those who work in large industrial establishments, says the Journal. In these times there is a multitude of women and girl wage earners even in our comparatively small cities of the west, and their welfare is a proper subject of consideration by the women of every city.

It has often been said that women do not stand by one another, that they are neglectful of and cruel to their more unfortunate sisters. If this has been true, it is something to be corrected or amended. The working girls and women should have friends among all women in better circumstances. A woman's

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commercial club might be advantage and benefit in several ways in this or any similar city.

McDONALD AT BANDON.

Marshfield Man Looking Over Projects There.

The Bandon Recorder says: "Daniel McDonald, formerly of Butte, Mont., but now of Marshfield, was in Bandon a few days last week. Mr. McDonald is investing in timber lands and other property in Coos county and is figuring on one or two projects in Bandon. He is a man of high standing in politics and is one of the most widely known men in political circles in the west. He manipulated Senator Clark's campaign when he was elected to the United Senate from Montana. It is generally known that Senator Clark's seat was the highest priced seat ever secured in congress and money flowed like water. Mr. Clark was opposed by Standard Oil and one or two other interests of like caliber, consequently it was capital against capital and was considered a legitimate fight, in that no poor men were crushed in the game, but on the other hand some poor men were made rich."

REALESTATE TRANSFERS

Daily Real Estate Reports Furnished By Title Guarantee and Abstract Co., Henry Sengstacken.

January 17, 1910.

H. Sengstacken et ux, to J. B. Ashby; deed. Lots 9 and 10, blk 18, Steamboat Addition to Yarrow. Consideration, \$7.50.

Wade H. Richardson et al, to E. G. Jones; deed. All of sec 16, twp 26, R 9 and all of sec 36, twp 27, R 10. Consideration, \$1.00.

January 14, 1910.

C. L. Smith et ux, to E. B. Curtis; deed. Lot 1, sec 31, twp 24, R 12. Consideration, \$10.

H. Sengstacken et ux, to Mary Larson; deed. Lots 20 and 21, blk 14, Sengstacken Addition to Marshfield. Consideration, \$500.

E. B. Curtis, to Anton Taplo et al, deed. NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and lot 1, sec 31, and lots 11, 12 and 13, sec 30, twp 24, R 12. Consideration, \$2,500.

Belt Line Railway Co., to Coos County; deed. Right of way 60 feet wide beginning N. 1065 ft. and E 595 ft. from S 1/4 corner of sec 2, twp 26, R 14. Consideration, \$5.

L. J. Simpson et ux, to Coos County; deed. Right of way 80 ft. wide beginning N. 665 ft. and E

1,914 ft. from S 1/4 corner of sec 2, twp 26, R 14. Consideration, \$5.

G. W. Waterbury et ux, to Erma May Wilson; deed. Lots 30 and 31, blk 20, South Harbor. Consideration, \$1.00. love, etc.

January 15, 1910.

Crawford Point Land Co., to E. R. Forrest; deed. Lot 1, blk 7, Crawford Point Addition to Coos Bay. Consideration, \$200.

Planagan Estate et al, to C. A. Smith Lumber and Manufacturing Company; deed. Lots 15 and 16, blk 8, West Bunker Hill Addition to Marshfield. Consideration, \$10.

January 18, 1910.

Marshfield Realty and Trading Co., to C. R. Peck et al; deed. Lots 11 and 12, blk 10, Dean & Co., Second Addition to Marshfield. Consideration, \$1.00.

John K. Kollock et al, to Ellis M. Mettler et al; deed. Lot 5, blk 20, Coos Bay Plat A. Consideration, \$10.

Thos. Vigers et ux, to Pere Peterson; deed. Lots 31 and 32, blk 9, Woodlawn Addition to North Bend. Consideration, \$10.00.

J. R. Robertson et ux, to E. R. Peterson; deed. Lot 8, blk 19, Steamboat Addition to Yarrow. Consideration, \$5.00.

Dennis McCarthy et al, to Frank E. Grove; deed. SE 1/4, SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of SW 1/4, sec 10; NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, sec 15, twp 26, R 11. Consideration, \$10,000.

G. P. Mulcahy et ux, to Henry Liere; deed. Lots 18 and 19, blk 11, Edmonston's Second Addition to Marshfield. Consideration, \$1.00.

Bennett Trust Co., to Cora C. Kegler; deed. Lots 2 to 6, blk A, and all of blks B & C, South Harbor. Consideration, \$10.00.

Bennett Trust Co., to Cora C. Kegler; deed. N 1/2 of NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, sec 12, twp 26, R 13. Lot 1, blk A, South Harbor. Consideration, \$2,120.

Cora C. Kegler et al, to South Harbor Development Company; deed. N 1/2 of NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, sec 12, twp 26, R 13; lots 1 to 6, blk A, and all of blks B and C, South Harbor. Consideration, \$1.00.

January 18, 1910.

W. G. Kegler et ux, to South Harbor Development Company; deed. Lots 1 to 33, blk 5; lots 1 to 18; blk 17; lots 35 to 39 and 45 to 47, blk 21; lots 3 to 11 and 37 to 47, blk 22; lots 15 to 17, blk 13, South Harbor. Consideration, \$1.00.

Evelyn Cribbs, to A. F. Cribbs; deed. Lot 12, and part of lot 14, Evergreen Terrace. Consideration, \$1.00.

German Cough Cure

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