

COOS BAY TIMES

Entered at the postoffice at Marshfield, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub.
BAN E. MALONEY News Editor

Address all communications to
COOS BAY DAILY TIMES,
Marshfield : : : : Oregon

An Independent Republican news paper published every evening except Sunday, and Weekly by
The Coos Bay Times Publishing Co.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
in Advance.
DAILY.

One year \$5.00
Six months \$2.50
Less than 6 months, per month .50

When not paid strictly in advance the price subscription of the Coos Bay Times is \$6.00 PER YEAR.

WEEKLY.

One year \$1.50

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 PORT COMMISSION SUIT.

EVERY resident of the territory embraced within the confines of the Port of Coos Bay will bid hearty good speed to the efforts to hasten a decision in the suit which is retarding and preventing the important project of the development of the harbor. Just at the present time when the attention of men prominent in the railway world is directed toward this section it would be advantageous to have all these evidences of divisive strife submerged and settled.

While this suit has been generally deplored it serves the one good purpose of securing a final settlement of the exact legal status of the Port Commission. A confirmatory edict will for all time, lay every ambiguity attaching to its conditions and existence and entrench it so firmly and legally to avert all possible future chance for dispute, denial or disruption as may arise to hamper or qualify its organic authority to act. It's warrants, it's negotiations, it's contracts will have the substance of perfect establishment and incontrovertible rule and power, wherewith to launch, build and maintain the big improvements necessary to the development of this harbor. The Commission will then possess an assured status upon which to approach the Government itself in its search for recognition and endorsement, as well as for the aid that may be expected from that source at such times as it shall be essential.

It is worth much to be free from question and attack. And so important a creation as the Port Commission is entitled to the soundest and freest status that can be attained. Everyone will be glad to see the termination of this suit for the sake of the results which are hopefully anticipated and the latitude of safe and effective action that must ensue. The sooner it is settled the sooner will Coos Bay have the necessary improvements and all of her port appurtenances and benefits.

THE FLY.

THE OLD order changeth. Time was when the buzzing of the fly on the window pane spelled summer sunshine and in a large way, lazy content.

Housewives were divided into two classes. The "good" housekeeper made war on the flies just as she insisted on the family album lying with geometrical accuracy on the parlor center table and "nagged" the men of the family about tobacco ashes and dirty shoes. She never talked about disease germs. She just said she couldn't have things all specked up and flies dropping into everything. She made a fly-shooter out of the stout paper of flour sacks and an old broom handle and the members of her family suspected that she often wielded it as proof of authority and as an outlet for nervous irascibility.

Life with the woman who "didn't" mind flies" was held to be not without its advantages. An atmosphere of friendly calm pervaded her home. She waved them off the baby's face if they seemed likely to disturb his nap and she fished them out of the milk when they were unattractive enough to fall in and she was lucky enough to see it.

The bald-headed man who could not see that his relation to the fly was a huge joke was a mean, crabbed individual; father to the man of today who doesn't think it is funny when the spot light is thrown on his

pate and the chorus girl sings about him.

But all this has changed. The *Aesca Domestica* is no longer the innocent common house fly. He is the Typhoid fly and camped on his trail are not a few nervous females but physicians and etomologists, boards of health, business men's associations and civic improvement leagues, pure food societies and anti-tuberculosis societies and every reformer who has a little spare time from his other reforms.

The consensus of opinion among these wise people is that there is nothing to be said for the fly. He breeds in filth and he carries disease and the picture they draw of his rapid transit from the manure pile to the baby's glass of milk is enough to give us typhoid fever from sheer fright.

We are told that if there is no dirt there will be no flies and the anti-fly crusaders are wisely sending out their campaign literature before the fly season opens. Our only hope is to get in ahead of the fly for if left to itself, its descendants during a single season, according to the conscientious calculation of a scientist, will amount to 8,154,000,000. Even if some of them should perish in the butter, that's a pretty big number to reckon with.

Florida, Georgia and Louisiana have embarked in the anti-fly crusade officially. The women of California have organized for the purpose. The Department of Labor in New Jersey has issued an order that all bakeries must be screened.

Oregon must not be behind the times—if she is not so already. A woman who came here from the east last year said she was amazed at the carelessness which was permitted in Marshfield and she found proof of its baneful effect in the number of flies which was far greater than in her former eastern home.

There are two fundamental rules in the anti-fly crusade. Rule 1—Keep everything so clean that there can be no flies. Rule 2—When you see a fly that is the result of somebody else's carelessness—swat him. The fly, of course.

CAME HER WAY AT LAST.

He joined the Elks and Eagles; he joined the K. of P's; he blowed in all he had to pay initiation fees. He borrowed money of his friends and put them on the bum to take out life insurance in the El Kafoozeleum. He was a Modern Woodman and he headed the parade, an ax upon his shoulder that had a wooden blade; his wife at home was wrestling with the gnarly knot, try to split a splinter off to keep the cook stove hot. He went into the Workmen, but he had no love for work, a kind of lodge bacillus in his system seemed to lurk, and when he went up town to buy potatoes, meat or tea, he was very apt to spend the cash in taking some degree. One night the lodges combined and gave a banquet rare, and you bet your bottom dollar, the finer, he was there. He ate some cheese and pickles and a bait of oysters fried, then took a first class fonder and went right home and died. Now when the fact was proven by his sad and weeping wife, she was handed twenty thousand in insurance on his life. She said, "I see that everything has come my way at last," and she got her second husband before the year had passed.

Bids have been asked for grading on the Oregon Trunk south from Madras to the north line of the Klamath Falls Indian Reservation, a distance of 111 miles. It is expected to have the work started May 1 and to have the grading complete by next January. The line will cross Opal Prairie, Juniper Butte, the Redmond and Rosland irrigated districts and will probably soon be extended to Klamath Falls as the indicated terminus is not a desirable one.

IT MATTERS NOT.

(By Robert V. Carr.)
It matters not what restless man may seek,
Fame, glory or a heap of glittering gold,
Each season sings the same sweet thrilling song,
And every day the same old tale is told,
It matters not what boastful man may shout,
What vain reforms that demagogues may spawn
The trees are heedless and the flowers mute
Beneath the ghostly mists of changeless dawn,
It matters not what puny man may build,
Palace, hut or monstrous pile of stone,
A moment and the patient earth rebels,
And sorrow stalks the silent streets alone,
It matters not what man may babble of,
Or favor or oppose with all his might,
He may not hold the mystic light of life,
Or stay the coming of eternal night.

MYRTLE POINT MEN IN JAIL

Judge Coke Sentences Four Bootleggers to Thirty Days And \$100 Fine Each

COQUILLE, Ore., April 21.—Sig Aasen, Frank Wyland, Tom Cornelius and Jesse Warfield, all of Myrtle Point, indicted for selling liquor in a dry precinct contrary to the state law were fined \$100 apiece and sentenced to thirty days each in the county jail.

All entered pleas of guilty to the indictments returned by the grand jury. All have been conducting tobacco, confectionery or other kind of stores and were caught dispensing booze on the side by Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Liljeqvist.

NOTED BANDIT IS CAPTURED

San Francisco Drug Store Robber and Murderer Given Away By Jealous Woman

(By Associated Press.)
SAN FRANCISCO, April 21.—Jealousy over the discovery that Charlie Chieftan, a confessed murderer, had intimate relations with half a dozen other women has led Annie Bell, daughter of a rancher near Hollister, Calif., to tell the police of San Jose that Chieftan who confessed to the murder of Police-man George Whitbark at Santa Clara also slew three other men, Deputy Sheriff A. W. Linquist of Berkeley, Fred A. Smith, a motorman of San Francisco, and William Schneider, who was killed in a bath house here, besides being the notorious drug-store bandit and having committed numerous robberies, the proceeds from which the girl says she helped him sell.

ROOT AND TAFT CONFER.

Senator Refuses to Talk About Probable Meeting with Roosevelt.

(By Associated Press.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21.—Senator Root passed nearly an hour with President Taft at the White House. The Senator expects to sail for Europe May 21. He would not say whether he would see Roosevelt on the other side before the latter sailed for New York where he is due June 17. Root goes to the Hague as one of the American representatives in the Newfoundland fisheries dispute.

ASTRAY IN MAILS, \$5,000.

Dead Letter Office Returns \$4,193 to Senders.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—During March more than \$5,000 went astray in the mails and through the diligence of the dead letter office \$4,193 of it was returned to the senders. More than 1,000,000 pieces of mail matter went to the dead letter office during the month because they did not bear return directions. That number was nearly \$0,000 more than in the corresponding month in 1909. In these figures Postmaster General Hitchcock finds added arguments to support his contention that no legislation should be enacted that would stop the government from printing cards on its stamped envelopes.

FEAR TROUBLE IN CUBA.

Troops Sent to Santa Clara Province to Prevent it.

(By Associated Press.)
HAVANA, April 21.—During the night a special train of infantry with a battery of machine guns started for Santa Clara. A rumor that an uprising occurred there is denied by Secretary of the Interior Lopez who stated the troops were sent because the utterances of negro agitators had indicated such a precaution was advisable.

CURRY COUNTY NEWS.

The A. P. Levitt homestead entry on Enchre creek was cancelled by the government a few days ago and Frank Meers was the lucky man in which to secure a filing on it.

J. L. Knight, Coos county stock buyer, was as far south last week as Pistol river buying mutton sheep. Mr. Knight has bargained for about four thousand head in this county at \$3 and \$2.25 per head.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Are you ready for the census?
Have you read the almanac?
Have you studied your ancestors?
For a dozen cycles back?
Have you counted up your freckles—
For you know you'll have to tell—
When the census lady rings the bell.

Have you added up your children?
Have you figured up your cash?
Did you ever find a button
In a dish of corned beef hash?
Are you deaf or blind or ugly?
Do you toe out or toe in?
All of this you'll have to answer
When the census girl comes in.

Do you slip or squint or stammer?
Ever have the whooping cough?
Are you handy with the hammer?
Ever fall and break your shin?
Do you swear, you'll have to tell it,
When the census girl comes in.

Ever wear a porous plaster?
Was it hard to get it loose?
Are you fond of pickled onions?
Do you smoke, or chew, or swear?
Have you any corns or bunions?
What's the size of shoes you wear?
Oh, you might as well look pleasant,
If your hat is dented in,
For you must confess on the day
When the census girl comes in.

STAND UP FOR COOS BAY.

Good Evening! Have you been counted yet?

Pelican Bay, Harriman's famous Oregon Resort, has been sold to D. C. Hacklin, the Salt Lake mining magnate, who will beautify it.

People who are inclined to "knock" because they say prices of property on Coos Bay and in Coos county are too high will be interested in the fact that two thousand two hundred dollars an acre was paid for six and a half acres of eighteen-year-old apple orchard in the Hood River Valley! Takes your breath? That was the rate which an eastern man paid, recently for a small farm in the famous orchard district bordering the Columbia river and which has made Oregon grown apples famous the world over. The total sum paid for the land was \$14,400. The new owner also purchased seven acres of brush land adjoining, for which he paid \$28.00 per acre, a record price for unimproved land. Coos Bay and the Coquille valley will have to get up and go some to beat that. The soil is here. Now who can make such a showing?

If you cannot have a baby in the house, be sure to go out and adopt a grandma. And happy is the house that can have both, for it is very near to God in two directions. If you listen near the corner where grandma sits and makes little things for the children you will always hear music if you have any inward ear at all, for the celestial harmonies are just straining themselves to play something sweet enough to be heard in two worlds at once. Somebody once wrote a song about the quilt that grandma made and of the stories she told of the time
When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went,
O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter than
Than now, in its sweet content,
The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's eyes,
Never has gone away.

What to Eat.

Is a daily problem, but where to buy is solved at once when you decide to order all your table supplies from

WOLCOTTS

OUR GOODS ARE FRESH
OUR QUALITIES ARE HIGH
OUR PRICES MOST REASONABLE
These three cardinal principles of this grocery store should make you a permanent patron. We please others and would like an opportunity to please you.

C. W. Wolcott THE GROCER.

EVERYTHING FOR A BOAT

—AT—
Coos Bay Oil & Supply Co.
Waterfront, Near Market St.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT NOW

IT IS THE POLICY OF THE NEW MANAGEMENT OF THE COOS BAY GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY TO PLACE ALL ITS PRODUCTS WITHIN REACH OF ALL THE PEOPLE THEY CAN REACH. WITH THIS END IN VIEW THE PRICE OF

GAS

HAS BEEN REDUCED TO \$1.70 CENTS PER THOUSAND WITH A DISCOUNT OF TWENTY CENTS—MAKING THE NET RATE

\$1.50 Per Thousand

PHONE US AND A MAN WILL CALL.

Coos Bay Gas & Electric Co.

PHONE 178.

\$14.00

Special Suits. Nothing like them at the price. Good workmanship, good material and correct styles — all for \$14.00

FIXUP BEST SUITS ON EARTH

Beaver Hill Coal

MOUNT DIABLO AND JOSSON CEMENT
The best Domestic and Imported brands.
Plaster, Lime, Brick, and all kinds of builders material.

HUGH McLAIN

GENERAL CONTRACTOR
316 SOUTH BROADWAY PHONE 201

Portland & Coos Bay S. S. Line Steamer Ramona

Sails from Ainsworth Dock Portland, Wednesdays at 8 p.m.
Sails from Coos Bay Saturdays at Service of Tide.

W. F. Miller, Agt. Phone Main 35-L

STEAMER M. F. PLANT

Sails for San Francisco Fridays

FREIGHT RECEIVED UP TO THURSDAY NIGHT AT OCEAN DOCK.

Sails every Tuesday for here F. S. DOW, Agt.

Abstracts and Real Estate

To anyone interested in above we would say, it is important when buying to see that you get title as well as value. We are best prepared to give you both. Our work is reliable. Are General Agents for Eastside and Sengstacken's Addition. Hence you will consult your own interests to come to headquarters to do business.

Title Guarantee and Abstract Co.

Branch Office, Coquille City. Henry Sengstacken, Manager.

FOR SALE.
BUGGY, BUCKBOARD AND ALL KINDS OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND GOODS, CHEAP FOR CASH.
180 BROADWAY, SECOND-HAND 178 Broadway South, Marshfield

Cash Paid for Furs & Skins

C. F. McGEORGE