

COOS BAY TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

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GOV. WEST'S VETOS.

IN HIS indiscriminate use of his veto power Gov. West is proving a disappointment even to his friends and supporters. The evidence of his politics and pandering to his personal pique and pique is too glaring to admit of denial. Instead of deciding bills and laws and public problems in accordance with their merits, Gov. West is indulging in petty personal prejudice and peanut politics. His veto of the Port tide land bill was based neither on good sense, good logic or good law, but merely to vent his personal spleen on Senator Chase of Coos county who stood sponsor for the proposed law which was passed and endorsed by the members of both branches of the state legislature.

Now comes the suggestion of his veto of the Naval Reserve bill another measure in which Coos county is interested. Gov. West betrays a narrowness and smallness in such actions that are unworthy the chief executive of a great state.

One good result of the governor's acts will be a revival of the old but always interesting question of the extent to which the executive is privileged to go in putting his foot down on what the representatives of the people have decided to do.

This veto power is one of the very marked differences between the American and the British adaptations of popular rule. There is no veto power in an English or Canadian parliament; what the people decide to have done is done forthwith. Not even the supreme court can intervene to say that the people are unconstitutional. But with us the veto, which was intended to protect congress and our legislatures from enactments out of line with the constitutional limitations on their power, has come to stand for a right on the part of the executive to set up his judgment as against that of the legislative body.

The whole tendency has been on this side to diminish the dignity and importance of the legislative branch of the government, while on the English side it has been to magnify them. With us legislative bodies often act with the conscious thought that the executive or the court will interfere to defeat what they have done, while there the house of commons acts knowing that what is decided upon will be given trial.

In this veto of the Port plan we have a marked example of the lengths to which we have gone to undermine legislative responsibility. There is no question of the legality or the public good of the plan; it is purely a question of expediency. The governor proposes to put his judgment based on personal pique and the manipulation of some local politicians, who are not even of his own political faith up against that of a majority of both houses of the legislature and by a single vote defeat what they have willed. So far have we gone in acquiescence to this increasing executive interference that we shall accept his single vote as in some way more important than the votes of a hundred other men equally capable to judge and primarily responsible for what they do.

There are those who believe we are growing into a tangle between executive and legislative that must lead to some readjustment. There is neither logic nor good government in the present relation. Ideally the legislative should act with a full sense of responsibility, and not with the thought that it is putting something up to some other governing body, while the executive should execute what the legislature decrees. Practically there is no clear dividing line between executive and legislative, and in spite of the distinctions of the books there is an inevitable tendency to get the two mixed.

It is unthinkable that the opinion of Governor West should be worth more than that of the majority of the members of both houses who have voted for the Port plan, and yet he had the power to outvote the whole body. There is something wrong in the system that permits such a situation.

SOMETIMES WISE TO GO IN DEBT FOR A HOME. OWING one's own home means saving the landlord's profit. The fearsome "depreciation," or keeping up the place" bugaboo, which deters so many from buying or building is mostly a false alarm; in any live, growing city or town the appreciation in the value of the property will more than offset the depreciation of the improvements thereon. As an incentive to save and a check on useless expenditure, there is nothing better than going in debt for a home.

WOMAN AND HOME LIFE.

THERE should be no hesitancy in saying that education is very desirable for a woman who has assumed the responsibility of making a home and raising children, so long as it is not merely a selfish culture, but is serviceable in the home life and in the training of the children. The home may be made attractive, says the Review, in many ways by a woman of active intellect who has a truly liberal education, and aside from the enjoyment that each member of the family gets from an inviting home life, there is the matter of retaining the full respect of the children for their parents. When the children become much better educated than their parents a difficult situation is created. Love is usually equal to the situation, but not always. Opportunities for acquiring a broad education are not so far from the wife and mother as some have supposed. It is not essential that she should be a college woman. Charles W. Elliot said in an interview the other day that there is no other occupation in the world in which so much may be acquired, as well as imparted, as in that of the home maker, the mother. He added that the home itself contains unlimited opportunities for the education of the mother.

According to Doctor Elliot the women who are most apt to lose their chances of obtaining their intellectual life as mothers are those who employ servants, nurses and governesses to relieve them of their domestic responsibilities. Doctor Elliot also says: "The normal girl, who learns to read, write and cipher at school and requires there a little knowledge of history and literature and taste for reading, finds her means of intellectual development outside of the schoolroom in her practice of the household arts, in her study of clothes for herself and her family, in her enforced careful expenditure of money, in reading and in her daily intercourse with father and mother, brothers and sisters, companions and acquaintances.

From these things much intellectual training can be extracted by a girl who thinks and the girl who does not think much at any time of her life, when courtship and marriage are taken thoughtfully, and neither as a matter of mere impulse and emotion nor as a business arrangement, there comes with them a strong intellectual stimulation, and in most cases a widening of the field of observation and thought.

A Widesbarre, Pa., man wants a divorce because his wife "paints herself up like an Indian." Possibly he fears that she may go a bit further some day and get his scalp.

"No man lives enough who does not love enough," sagely remarks the St. Paul Dispatch. Nat Goodwin and the fellows in his class are living plentifully, then, if not wisely.

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WITH THE TOAST AND TEA GOOD EVENING.

BROTHERHOOD. I have no respect for the man or social fugitive who flees lest he fall. If the brotherhood of man is fact instead of fancy everybody who has fallen has the right to a helping hand. In this way it is possible to acquire a moral worth unequalled by those receiving the plaudits of the multitude—to acquire a moral heroism unequalled by the warrior. The recognition of social duty is the key to the peace of the world. The recognition of social duty will ultimately bring to the world universal peace and the end of all wars.—Senator Gore.

ALL DAY LONG. ALL day long her little lips Wreathed in song and smile; All day long her foot that skips Many a rosy mile; All day long her chattering tongue; All day long her spell Of the bloom of being young. Keeping sweet and well.

ALL day long a beam that burns Through our tall, our strife; All day long 'tis child that turns The sunshine on our life; All day long her pattering feet, All day long her arms Twining us within the sweet Of her childhood charms.

ALL day long the magic will Of her heart to bring April to the wintry hill With its dream of spring; All day long the effluent flood Of her spirit ray, Bringing back to home and blood All the warmth of May.

A girl in Yakima has announced her intention of marrying a full-blooded Indian. No doubt she wants an alliance with one of America's oldest families.

JUST SO. There is no rose without a thorn; There are specks on all our peaches; We never sat at a banquet yet But we were bored to death by the speeches. JAS. WATSON.

THE man she might have married is a great comfort to a woman when she is talking to her neighbors about how hard times are.

Any housekeeper will tell you that the last fly of the season has more lives than a black cat.

Some people go a roundabout way in asking what they are pleased to call a square deal.

Would you call a straight talk by a crooked man a misfit?

It is maddening to an acquisitive man never to know what opportunities he has lost until he is accused of having unlawfully profited by them.

It is sometimes hard for just an ordinary person to tell the difference between the artistic temperament and a commonplace knocker.

The man who doesn't like buckwheat cakes is mean enough to kick his neighbor's dog for barking at the moon.

Bright Boy. In school the other day a young lad was asked what he would rather be when he grew up. "A stockholder," he replied.—Argonaut.

TO PAY MINISTERS BETTER.

Movement to Make Salaries Larger All Over U. S. Is Started. CLEVELAND, Ohio, Feb. 25.—A national movement to obtain better salaries for Protestant ministers was started here at a mass meeting of laymen of the Cleveland church. The campaign was launched with endorsement from governors, congressmen and others prominent in the political and business life of the country. The matter will be brought before the laymen's missionary movement convention here March 7.

BRIEFS OF BANDON.

News of City-By-the-Sea As Told By The Recorder.

A fine ten pound girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trumbull, Thursday.

Mrs. Isaac Storm died at her home in Bandon last Friday. Mrs. Storm's maiden name was Nancy E. Harvey. She was born in Arkansas December 10, 1888, and was 22 years, 2 months and 7 days old at the time of her death. She came to Bandon with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Harvey in 1903, and was married to Isaac Storm August 17, 1905.

Take your SUNDAY DINNER at The CHANDLER. Special menu. RESERVE tables for PARTIES by PHONE.

The Heroes of Battle Rock Exciting and Interesting Events in the Pioneer History of Coos County. BY J. M. KIRKPATRICK.

(Continued from last week.) I had called to my side James Carrigan who was the best rifle shot of any of my men. I told him to take a good rest, draw his lungs full of air, keep cool and wait until they came near enough so as to be sure and kill the leader, for it was either the big chief or us who must go. When he got within about one hundred yards of us I raised my rifle to my shoulder and said, "Fire!" We both fired at the same time and down he dropped, we had both hit him in the breast and one of our bullets had gone through his heart, killing him instantly. Had a hundred thunder bolts dropped among his warriors they could not have stopped them as suddenly as killing their big chief. They gathered around his body and with a groan that was terrible, picked him up and carried him away to the north out of sight. In about an hour another great tall fellow wearing an old red shirt, came up the beach and commenced calling the Indians around him. He soon collected a couple of hundred warriors about him and made a speech to them about five minutes in length. We could see by his frantic gestures and talk that he was urging the Indians to rush on us and wipe us out. When he stopped talking he waved his big knife over his head and started for us, pointing his knife at us and motioning that our heads must be cut off. We were ready for him and when he came close to where the other chief was killed, we fired and he dropped dead. This ended all efforts on the part of their chiefs to induce the Indians to rush on us. They had had enough of that kind of business. They drew back to the edge of the woods, about three hundred yards away from our camp, and had a big talk, after which they commenced going down the beach to a place a little over a mile from our camp, where there were a number of fires burning. We could see a number of canoes loaded with Indians coming up from the direction of the mouth of Rogue River and landing near these fires. They were evidently concentrating their forces for a night attack on us. We had now taken note of our situation. We were surrounded on one side by thousands of miles of water and on the other side by at least four or five hundred hostile Indians and one hundred and fifty miles or more from any settlement of white men. We had also taken stock of our ammunition and had little left. About six loads apiece for our rifles. Something had to be done and that before night, for if they made a night attack on us we could not possibly stand them off, so I told the boys that if we could gain the woods and they would stand by me I would take them all through to the settlements. We made up our minds that it was the only chance to save our scalps. We were still watched by ten or twelve Indians not more than two hundred yards away. To get rid of those fellows so that we could gain the woods was the next question we had to solve. "Now," said I, "if they contemplate a night attack on us we must convince those fellows on watch that we have no notion of going away." We all went to work as hard as we could to strengthen our breastwork. We cut down one of the pine trees that grew on Battle Rock, cut off the limbs and piled them on top of our breastworks. As soon as the Indians, who were on watch, saw what we were doing they were sure we were determined to stay. They then started down the beach to join the others. We counted them as they got up out of the grass, and there were one hundred and fourteen. I will say that I never, in all my experience with Indians before or since, saw as fine a body of warriors as those. We were now pretty sure that they had all left, but Eagan climbed up to the top of one of the trees and looked in every direction but could see no sign of any Indians except down the beach where they were having a grand war dance. Now was our chance. We left everything we had in camp; our two tents, our blankets and what little provisions we had, and with nothing but our guns and an ax and all the small ropes we had, with two or three sea biscuits apiece, we bid farewell to our old camp on Battle Rock, and started on our fearful retreat through an unknown country. It was now about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We had determined to keep as near the beach as possible. We traveled with all our might to get as far as we could before night overtook us. When we were about three miles from Port Orford just as we were going around a point of rocks on an old trail, we met about thirty Indian warriors fully armed, going down to join the others. We raised a yell and charged right at them. We never fired a shot, but they ran like scared wolves. We kept right on and just between sunset and dark we came to quite a river and, as good luck would have it, we struck this stream just at the turn of the tide so that by wading out on the bar a little way we were able to get across without any trouble. Fifteen minutes later we would have had to build a raft to cross on. This stream was not down on any map that I had ever seen at that time. I think it is now called Elk River. After crossing this stream we struck into the woods and traveled all night, guiding our steps by the roar of the surf breaking on the rocks. There was no time to lose. We knew that the Indians would follow us so we traveled on as hard as we could, wading streams of water, some of considerable size, and making our way through a dense growth of timber and brush. About 3 o'clock the next day we came to the edge of what seemed to us a large plain. It looked to be miles in extent and was covered with a heavy growth of high grass and proved to be an immense swamp. We now determined to try and cross this swamp and reach the sea

after dark and travel all night, floundered around in this swamp night, sometimes in water up to armpits, until after dark when we found a little island of about 500 feet of dry land and covered with a growth of small fir bushes. We laid down and tried to rest, but sleep but encountered a new enemy in the shape of clouds of mosquitoes. There was no escape from them, they were the hungriest lot that had ever seen. In the morning, soon as it was light enough for us to see our way out, we struck the beach again and in about an hour reached an Indian trail fully 100 feet wide where hundreds of Indians had gone. They were now ahead of us. We followed on their heels a few miles when we came to a strip of water about four rods wide and two feet deep. Here the trail crossed up this stream and left the beach, at once came to the conclusion that the Indians had followed us that the first night and when dawn came they had found that we had traveled on the beach, so they crossed up this stream, thinking of accepting us when we reached the stream on our way. We crossed the beach and were now ahead of the Indians. We now put in our time traveling as hard as we could. About five o'clock we reached the mouth of the Coquille river where we were confronted by a large stream of water and on the opposite side of river were three or four hundred Indians all drawn up in line of battle ready to prevent our crossing. They were making signs that they would kill us if we attempted to cross, there was now no alternative but to keep up on the south side of the river and do our best to prevent collision with these Indians. There were so numerous and hostile, now came to the conclusion that had better try and cross the river and strike the wagon road led from the settlements in Oregon down to California. About the four miles from the mouth of Coquille river, on the south side, rises quite a high mountain, we determined to go to the top of the mountain in order to study the surrounding country. Three or four hundred Indians kept right on watching us, with nothing but a river between them and us. (To be continued.)

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