

COOS BAY TIMES

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

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

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. DAILY.

One year \$6.00 Per month .50 When paid strictly in advance the subscription price of the Coos Bay Times is \$5.00 per year or \$2.50 for six months.

WEEKLY.

One year \$1.50

Official Paper of Coos County

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

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

CLEAN UP DAY AND CIVIC PRIDE

CLEANUP Day was a splendid success. With very few exceptions the spirit of the occasion was cordially accepted by everyone. This unanimity of civic pride contributed largely to the excellent results. The glory of the day and its achievements may be generously shared by a large list of helpful citizens. The A. N. W. club and the city officials headed by Mayor Straw who so courteously and cordially supported the "spotless town" propaganda. Street Commissioner Lawhorne proved a host in himself in enforcing the city's edict of cleanliness. Prof. Tiedgen of the High school and his corps of boy helpers worked like Trojans and accomplished much good. This proved a most practical and purposeful lesson to the students on civic duties.

The teamsters and laborers of the city who gave freely their time and their teams deserve a full measure of praise for their civic patriotism and pride. In striking contrast with the donation of these excellent citizens was the action of some few property holders who refused any assistance. These individuals are to be kept within the limits of the ordinance and may later learn a lesson when Commissioner Lawhorne presents a bill for services and enforces it with the letter of the law.

Taken altogether it was a grand success and an important contribution to civic pride. You can have neither good citizens or good morals in a dirty town. Marshfield made a forward step in its "Cleanup Day" that will lead to still greater achievements.

TURKEYS AND OTHER MORTALS.

If a turkey in a barnyard becomes helplessly entangled in a fence, all the big gobblers turkeys, and the hen turkeys and even the little, innocent turkeys—unless they are stayed by a watchful farmer with a regard for poultry values—will rush up and peck and scratch and claw that entangled bird to death. There must be something of the turkey in human nature, for whenever any one is in trouble—enmeshed in the grasp of the law or of circumstances—there is always an abundance of hens and gobblers who want to be in the death.

The hens and gobblers have been much in evidence in Marshfield the past week. Not the honest desire to see justice meted out but merely an opportunity to gobble.

It is one of the things that prove how thin is the veneer of our culture and our civilization.

THE TRAGEDY OF LIVING.

THE tragedy of a death such as 159 girls met recently in a New York factory firetrap is great, but for many of the victims the tragedy of living was just as great.

Read this bit of a paragraph taken from the pitiful story of the identification of the dead:

A cutter identified his sweetheart by their engagement ring and her purse. It contained her week's pay, \$3.

Imagine, if you can, a young woman fighting for an existence in New York City on a pittance of \$3 a week. Imagine her daily starving, her daily crushing of desire, her daily killing of hope.

In the morning—what an awaken-

ing from a night of troubled sleep on a miserable pallet that gave no rest to weary flesh and bones; not an awakening to fresh air and sunshine and comfortable surroundings, but to squalor and dirt, narrow walls that barely give space to a bed, a box and a broken chair. What a breakfast follows! A cup of tea warmed over a smoky lamp, and dry bread, no more, probably. What a toilet! A pitiful effort to make a few worn and faded garments look presentable, and then a glance into a broken bit of mirror at a figure so unattractive and a face so unsatisfied. There follows the long tramp to work, sometimes through cold, sometimes through heat, sometimes wet; then a hard day's toil, ten hours of bending over the garments for the prosperous, and then a painful tramp back "home" again to another scant meal and another night's weary sleep.

And so, day after day, the struggle goes on to keep body and soul together, and the soul clean, on a pitiful \$3 a week. It dare not stop—not even for sickness. It must go on. And with it all there is an everlasting hunger that is never satisfied, and an everlasting yearning for better that is never appeased.

The tragedy of such living is as great as the tragedy of almost any dying.

Some time in the years to come men will look back upon these present days of ours and marvel that we ever believed that we dealt justly and uprightly with one another.

OREGON'S BEST ASSET.

(From Portland Telegram)

THE direct primary will infallibly lead in the direction of a better grade of officials and a higher order of public service than we have had in the past under the machine and the boss who existed simply to do the bidding of the great public-service corporations and those interests which preyed upon the public to fatten their own exchequers. The new system may not be perfection, but as justification for its existence it has only to point to the rotten old regime and the old warhorses for all the excuses which it may require.

(From Portland Journal.)

The best asset Oregon has is her system of government. In their messages the governors of many states have recommended it. The legislatures of many states have approved it. They will all have it as soon as they can get the upperhand of the bosses. The masses in all the states are clamoring for it.

Men everywhere are sick of boss government. They are tired of senatorial deadlocks. They are weary of Lorimer senators and Lorimerism. They are sick of rule by proxies, and long to govern instead of being governed, to boss instead of being bossed.

They long for such a state as Oregon, and are turning to Oregon where the citizen is king and the electorate sovereign. The Oregon system is a better drawing card than all the advertising, all the commercial bodies and all other influences combined for bringing desirable home-seekers to this state.

The price of cut nails has advanced \$2 a ton. Out with your hammers, consumers!

JAIL HAREM SKIRT GIRL?

Joke Bill in New Jersey Hissed by Women in Galleries.

TRENTON, N. J., April 4.—While women in the galleries hissed the assembly listened to the introduction of a bill by Mr. Donnelly of Hudson providing that any woman wearing a harem skirt be adjudged guilty of high misdemeanor and sentenced to imprisonment for no less than her natural life.

There was a flurry among women spectators when the measure was introduced and several of them wearing "near harems" beat a hasty retreat. The others hissed and gave other evidences that the much-discussed skirt was not unpopular as generally supposed. There was some discussion as to what committee should consider the bill.

Several of the lawmakers wanted reference made to the committee on feeble-minded women.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or impaired hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are cured by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous surface. We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. HENNEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

You are your religion expressed in terms of character. It is not by the doctrines you profess, but by your acts that you are judged. That you are Baptist or Methodist, Catholic or Presbyterian, progressive or stand pat, in your belief counts less than that you are a good man in your every-day life. Religion is not so much Sunday dogmas as it is week-day deeds. It may be fostered in a church, but it must be fulfilled in character. Never quarrel about what particular theology you believe;—who cares what it is? Go live it. The world will judge your religion by you, and by you alone.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.

I would I were a mormon now.— My wife is cleaning house! The whole world knows I love my frau.

My energetic spouse. But if I had of wives a score House cleaning days would soon be o'er.

Permit me to remark once more, My wife is cleaning house!

The breakfasts taste of kerosene— My wife is cleaning house!

I'm growing sad, forlorn and mean And scary as a mouse. I started downstairs on a lunge Today, but struck a bar of soap! All this is expurgated dope— My wife is cleaning house!

She wears a dust rag on her head— My wife is cleaning house! Her eyes are bright, her cheeks are red.

But yet I mutter, "Rans!" How women love this sort of thing! Cold eats! Each picture off its string! And chaos! Happiness gone "bling!" My wife is cleaning house!

A little man falls under the test of responsibility.

Caruso's recent cold cost him \$35,000. What did yours cost?

Every man thinks he has scores of friends until he really gets up against it.

When a man tries to drown his troubles in a goblet he only irrigates them.

MISSING WORD CONTEST.

C. C. Going proved to be the good little guesser and wonder winner of the last contest. The complete phrase reads:

"It never rains but it stops." Here's this evening baffling mystery and it will probably keep you guessing all evening, too:

"WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT

There are times when living in hope and living in hot water are very much alike.

If a girl is pretty enough she can sometimes manage to live down a college education.

What has become of the old fashioned man who tied his horse's tail up in a turban or Psyche knot on muddy days?

The average man's attitude toward a clever woman is that of the curious small boy who wanted to "shee de wheels go round."

While you may feel that way occasionally, it is well to remember that repining isn't included in the list of lucrative occupations.

ALWAYS SOMETHING.

Tho' soon the front room fire will be dead

There's no rest for father, alas! For he must dig up ma's flower bed And cultivate the garden grass.

The most injured man in the universe is the big grafter, who is caught with the goods.

The world owes every man a living, but you have to be pretty smart to get a judgment for the debt.

Since comets are composed merely of dust, an astronomer insists that

collisions with them need not be feared. Nevertheless we await the assurance that a comet can't prove more distressing than a housecleaning stunt at home.

Recently Mrs. Nick Longworth's picture appeared on the front page of some eastern papers. Huh? Oh, no! She's merely going up in an aeroplane.

It is a pleasure to note that Colonel Roosevelt is making free use of that word "dee-lighted" once more. It is a good word and more cheering than a dozen short and ugly ones.

Latest reports from the Progress club indicate that the output of spring poetry will be cut down one-half by reason of their attitude toward home production." Made in Marshfield" conveys no hint of patriotic pride when it comes to poetry. This department extends condolences to Jack Flanagan and A. T. Haines.

ONE OR 'TOTHER.

An acrobat I chanced to meet, And these wise words he said: "We must light upon our feet Or light upon our head."

After the show try a Turkish bath Phone 214-J.

Do you know that of all minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the cold itself you need to fear, but the serious diseases that it often leads to. Most of these are known as germ diseases. Pneumonia and consumption are among them. Why not take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and cure your cold while you can? For sale by all dealers.

Don't Worry About the Water

Drink Stafford's Ice Cream Soda—pure water, pure cream, pure fruit juices, make a delightful, healthful, refreshing and invigorating drink.



TWO STORES. 236 Front St.—146 Central Ave.

Parties Desiring Monuments to be Erected Before Decoration Day. Would do well to call at the Pacific Monumental Works, South Broadway and make selection from the large stock now on hand. Mr. Wilson has in his employ the only practical marble and granite cutter in Coos county. And none but the best work is turned

Condensed Statement of the First National Bank of Coos Bay. At the close of business, March 7th, 1911. RESOURCES: Loans and discounts \$169,538.95, Overdrafts .48, U.S. Bonds and premiums 25,250.00, Other bonds and warrants 81,037.15, Banking House 74,100.11, Furniture and fixtures 7,989.34, Cash and due from banks 130,186.17, Total \$494,052.20. LIABILITIES: Capital stock \$100,000.00, Surplus and profits 6,283.14, Circulation 24,500.00, Deposits 363,269.06, Total \$494,052.20. Cash Reserve 37 Per Cent of Deposits. We invite your attention to the condition of this bank as shown by the above statement. A general banking business transacted. Accounts of individuals, corporations and firms received. Interest paid on time and Savings Deposits. Safe deposit boxes for rent at \$3.00 and up per annum. Your business solicited. OFFICERS: W. S. CHANDLER, President, DORSEY KREITZER, Cashier, M. C. HORTON, Vice-President, RAY T. KAUFMAN, Asst.-Cashier. DIRECTORS: W. S. CHANDLER, F. S. DOW, STEPHEN C. ROGERS, JOHN S. COKE, WM. GRIMES, W. P. MURPHY, W. U. DOUGLAS, JOHN F. HALL, M. C. HORTON.

Flanagan & Bennett Bank. Established 1889. Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over \$100,000, Assets Over \$500,000. Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

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 OFFICE, SOUTH BROADWAY. PHONE 201.

First Class Laundry. Work is most desirable to those wishing their linen in perfect particular finish so necessary to good taste in dress. WE DO THAT CLASS OF WORK One Trial will Convince.

Coos Bay Steam Laundry. PHONE MAIN 37-J

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY. D. G. W. LESLIE, Osteopathic Physician. Graduate of the American school of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo. Office in Eldorado Bldg. Hours 10 to 12; 1 to 4; Phone 181-J; Marshfield; Oregon. D. R. J. W. INGRAM, Physician and Surgeon. 209-210 Coke Building. Phones: Office 102J; Residence 102J. J. W. BENNETT, Lawyer. Office over Flanagan & Bennett Bank Marshfield Oregon. W. M. S. TURPEN, Architect. Over Chamber of Commerce.

Have That Roof Fixed NOW See CORTHELL Phone 3121

Union Oils. GASOLINE DISTILLATE BENZINE KEROSENE SAMSON GAS ENGINES —and— CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS

Coos Bay Oil & Supply Co. Marshfield, Ore. PHONE 302-J Mail Orders Solicited.

FORECLOSURE SALE—LICENSED VESSEL. Notice is hereby given that Flanagan & Bennett Bank, a corporation, under the laws of Oregon, owner and holder of that certain note and mortgage executed and delivered on November 24, 1909, by John S. Anderson to Flanagan & Bennett Bank, to secure the repayment in ninety days from said date of \$1,000.00 and interest at rate of eight per cent per annum, no part of which has been paid except \$100.00 on principal and \$80.00 on interest account, leaving now due thereon \$900.00 principal and interest from November 18, 1910, at said rate, which mortgage was recorded in the Collector's Office, District of Southern Oregon, Port of Coos Bay, in the Custom House, Empire City, Oregon, on November 26, 1909, in Book 1, Folio 21, Records of Mortgages of licensed vessels in said office, describing the gas launch or vessel called the "Fish," substantially of the following dimensions, to-wit: Length 39.7, breadth 11 feet, depth 4.2 feet, one deck, net tonnage nine tons; built at Empire City, Oregon, in 1903, of wood; to which mortgage, and the record thereof for a more complete description of said launch, reference is hereby made; including all masts, bowsprit, boats, anchors, cables, chains, rigging, tackle, apparel, furniture and all the necessities thereto appertaining and belonging, gasoline engine, fixtures and connections in said launch, by reason of the default of said mortgagor, John S. Anderson, in the payment of said note and mortgage, has this day foreclosed said mortgage by taking possession of the launch "Fish" and property aforesaid; and said mortgagee being in possession thereof, on Thursday, the 6th day of April, 1911, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of that day at the wharf at foot of Market Avenue in the City of Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon, will exhibit, offer for sale and sell said launch and property aforesaid, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said debt, interest and reasonable expenses, to the highest and best bidder for cash, at public auction and outcry; and will retain and apply the proceeds of such sale to the payment of the amount now due on said note and mortgage aforesaid, and reasonable expenses of said mortgage in connection with the foreclosure of said mortgage including taking and keeping possession of said launch, and the payment of sums which may be necessary to satisfy any lien or claim against said launch having priority to said mortgage; and any surplus to, the said John S. Anderson, his heirs or assigns. Dated March 23, 1911, Marshfield, Oregon. FLANAGAN & BENNETT BANK, By J. W. BENNETT, President.