

COOS BAY TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

THE PARASITE WOMAN.

PROFESSOR SCOTT NEARING of the University of Pennsylvania takes a gloomy view of femininity. He declares that "if the women of today continue to be the economic burdens to men that they are now, they will ruin this country just as the dissolute women of Rome ruined that empire."

"The wife no longer contributes to the family income by creating values. With the increased standard of elaborate dressing, she is often its chief burden. Today we have the parasite woman. The whole idea of the woman of the middle and upper classes is to sponge upon the men."

"Either woman must continue to be a parasite and go down to ruin, dragging nations with her, or she must become a producer with an economic necessity for her existence."

All of which is interesting and to a degree true. But the future of the country is not at all endangered by the tendency of women to become parasites, though such a tendency exists today as it always has existed. But the percentage of parasites is no greater, though publicity avenues being wider, more is heard of their frivolities and follies.

There never was a time when there were more women engaged in productive work, when there were so many avenues open for women, when woman was of such industrial, commercial and political importance as today—and her field of opportunity is constantly broadening.

The "parasite woman of the upper and middle classes" forms such an infinitesimal part of humanity—such a tiny bubble of froth on the great wineglass of life, that she cannot be considered as seriously affecting it. For every parasite there are thousands of willing workers, for woman, as well as man, is understanding more and more that the purposeless life of the non-producing parasite is not worth while, and that the idle sin against themselves as well as against society, which in its imperfect organization still tolerates them.

NOT LAW BUT A GAME.

WITHIN less than three months from the time of his arrest, the London murderer, Morrison, has been tried, found guilty, had his appeal passed upon, and been handed over to his fate. Coming closely after the court's procedure in the Crippen case, this affirmation of the law in England as being law and not a game, throws our own system into shameful relief. Consider what has been going on at Cincinnati in the case of one George B. Cox. This most vicious example of the potlatch boss has at last been haled within sight of the reward that has come to Abe Ruef. To escape this fate George B. Cox has been fighting in the courts, not to prove his innocence, but to prevent his case from going before a judge whom he fears. Hence we have had the following beauty. He declares that "if the women of our judicial machine: By the vote of two judges against one judge, it has been decided to issue a mandamus against a fourth judge, ordering him to pass on the question why George B. Cox should not be tried before a fifth judge—the one he is afraid of. Why blame the Socialists for railing at our courts. It would be more than human to omit the opportunity.

LETTER TELLS STRANGE TALE

Wm. Haley, Former Marshfield Printer, Says Name Is Art Stivers.

J. A. Luse is in receipt of a rather peculiar letter, which will be of interest to many on Coos Bay who remember Wm. Haley, a former Marshfield printer. Mr. Haley says that he went under an assumed name here and that his real name is Art Stivers. His reference to his father being a well-known Iowa publisher leads to the belief that he may be referring to Henry Stivers, at one time editor and part owner of the Des Moines Leader, one of the leading papers of Iowa, Henry Stivers lost heavily at Des Moines but subsequently went to Osceola and regained some of his wealth.

The following is the letter to Mr. Luse:

Since leaving Oregon, Marshfield, and her country, I have traveled in many states, the Eastern and the Western, but today after all of my experience I feel that I have never gained anything. I often feel that I should have stayed in the Coos Bay country and made my way in this world the way that came to me.

Since I left Coos Bay I have never felt so satisfied as I was there. To gaze over her beautiful body of water was a wonderful sight, and to think that the lack of railroads was the lack of progress of the Coos Bay country often made me wish that I was able to give Marshfield the best transportation that she could have. Often have I wished that I again would be in Marshfield sitting beside the Java Coffee House and feeding the peaceful sea gulls. To watch the small launches run by the hundreds up and down the beautiful body of water was one of my chief delights, and never have I seen its equal.

To watch the big liners, lumber and coal carriers come and go with ease was a thing all by itself that should make Marshfield a great country. There are many reasons why I often regret that I left the Coos Bay country. I always liked her mountains, her green pines, her people and her harbor, and wherever I have been, I have always been a booster for her. There is a reason why at the time I was there that I did not wish to stay, and this I will try and make plain to the people of Marshfield.

In the year 1906 while living in the East with my father, mother, sisters and brothers I had (much do I hate to recall it) troubles with my family, and finding that there was nothing else to do, left for this great western country. Arriving to Marshfield one beautiful day and having nothing in mind I went into The Sun office and asked for a job, and to tell the truth, at that time I did not know much about the printing office, but my experience in one of my father's offices in Iowa, was a starter and in that I was able to live for a time by working in The Sun office. My quick learning soon put me into the job as foreman on the Coos Bay Daily Times which I held for some months, and worked very faithful. But after all I was not satisfied. There was a load on my mind—and it was known only by three in your city, a girl, her mother and father, and for them it is today that I want to clear the past. Since leaving Marshfield I have become reconciled with my mother, but my father with all his same ideas and wealth has still his back turned on me. But while living in Marshfield I was under a name other than my own and that is what I want to confess to the good people of Marshfield. If I never intended to come to your city again I would not take this step and tell of the past. But today I have a desire to live in Marshfield and under my rightful name and be honest and faithful to her people. I want to say that while I did live in Marshfield I never did a wrong or anything that I regret, and I always lived and was honest with people, every dollar that I spent in Marshfield was earned by the honest labor of my hands. I wish to thank the people who have been so kind to me while I was in Marshfield and hope to be and live in Marshfield in the near future."

ART STIVERS,
Formerly Wm. Haley.

Real love is nearly as uncommon as real diamonds, but some folks are so happy they never know the difference.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Surely the only true knowledge of our fellow man is that which enables us to feel with him, which gives us a fine ear for the heart, pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion.
—George Elliot.

ACHIEVEMENTS.

I dream of deeds I mean to do,
Of these there's quite a lot;
I do not say these dreams are new
The fact is, they are not.
I dare not say how many years
I've known them now, and I'm
Beginning to be filled with fears—
To do deeds I've no time.

I hope to leave my home behind
And travel far away;
I've had a pleasure trip in mind
From quite an early day.
I've pictured off the joys that lie
In each fair, foreign clime;
But I won't take that trip—not I—
I'll never get the time!

Oh, deeds of might and little deeds
I'm planning, goodness knows;
But I am driven by my needs—
My case depressing grows;
I fear my dreams are bound to share
A fate that's not sublime;
I make no progress anywhere—
I never get the time.

UNCLE DUDLEY SAYS:

"The best thing fer hurt feelin's is not to have any."

A bachelor in California announces that he will get married when he is 100 years old. Oh, the booster!

Now comes the unripe strawberry
And the early season rawberry.
or,
Now comes the unripe stroberry
And the early season robbery.

THE BACHELOR GIRL SAYS:

Fools rush out when angels are going to bed.

"What did he die of?"
"A slight difference of opinion, near as I can find out."
"Oh, a fight?"
"Not at all."
"What then?"
"Doctors disagreed and he died before they settled it."

MRS. TAFT HOME.

President's Wife Recovering From Her Illness.
(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19. — Mrs. Taft arrived here yesterday from New York. She stood the trip very well.

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