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COOS BAY TIMES

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Official Paper of Coos County OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

GOOD EVENING.

WHAT IS BEST. It's wiser being good than bad; It's safer being meek than fierce; It's fitter being sane than mad. My own hope is a sun will pierce The thickest cloud earth ever stretched; That after last returns the first. Though a wide compass round be fetched; That what began best can't end worst. Not what God blessed once prove accurst. -Robert Browning.

CLEAN JOURNALISM.

THERE is set forth very plainly a stirring appeal for clean journalism in the editorial pages of the Century magazine for May. The writer remarks that law restrains persons who deal in wrong in response of public demand in certain directions, yet lays not a finger of prohibition on the work of lawless newspapers. The article says that while a large portion of the press strives with great ability for the higher interests of the nation, a considerable share exists with the evident purpose of purveying to the taste for sensationalism in order to increase the owners' income. There seems to be no reason for being, on the part of such news sheets but to cater to the lowest instincts. The writer finds that the actual increase in crime since the rise of this type of journalism can have no other explanation than the adage "Evil communications corrupt good manners." But there is hope in the fact that in every direction outcry is making itself heard against this exploitation of wrong for sordid motives. Several of the magazines of highest standing have put themselves on record as advocates of proper restraint of the press. It is hard to see why censorship up to a certain point should not be exercised over the daily newspaper as well as over the book press and all printed matter circulated in the mails. It is evident that many newspapers do actually violate the laws regulating the use of the mail service.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land-- Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd As home his footsteps he hath turn'd From wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go, mark him well! For him no minstrel raptures swell. High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim-- Despite those titles, power and pelf, The wretch, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung Unwept, unhonored and unsung. -Sir Walter Scott.

LOCAL OVERFLOW.

McLain Here.—Fred McLain of Myrtle Point is transacting business in Marshfield today.

Sails Today.—The Nann Smith sailed this morning for Bay Point. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight, F. A. Warner, Miss Myrtle Smith and J. V. Smeaton were the passengers who went out on her.

Will Return Soon.—Mrs. Jas Ferry, Sr., who has been spending a few months with her daughter, Mrs. Jacobs, and Mrs. Jacobs and little son are expected here about June 15 for an extended visit.

SAYS IT IS MISTAKE.

Florence Paper Denies Harbor Improvement Work is Stopped.

Concerning the report that was published here that the harbor work on the Siaslaw was being held up as a result of the litigation over the Port law, raised on Coos Bay, the Florence West says:

Evidently somebody is very much mistaken in regard to this matter. Work on the harbor here has not been neither is there any prospect of it being stopped till the present contract is completed. The bonds to pay for the work under this contract were sold eighteen months ago, and the money for them has been received by the port commission, according to their agreement with the purchasers. As we stated last week the commission are negotiating with the Dime Savings Bank of Detroit, Mich., for the sale of the second issue of port bonds. The necessary documents were forwarded to Detroit last week to be examined and as soon as they are approved by the bank the deal will be consummated.

As soon as the present contract is finished the work will be turned over by the commissioners to the government engineers who will then handle the funds, let the contracts, and superintend the work of building the jetty. There may be a short delay after it is taken in charge by the government, before the contract can be awarded under the new order of things; but we are in hopes to see the new contractor carrying on operations at a lively rate for several months before rough weather sets in next fall.

CURRY COUNTY NEWS.

Events There As Told By Port Orford Tribune.

Deputy State Game Warden, Morgan of Bandon, made us one of his hurried, but interesting calls Sunday. He has had a strenuous time for several weeks past with game violators and criminals generally. In his hurried visit to this place he traveled all night, but made the fastest speed when his horse fell off a high bridge this side of Denmark, and both lit on their heads in the mud at the bottom, mutually thanking for the life-preserver.

The gasoline boats, Ranger and Wanderer, came down from Coos Bay Monday. The latter will make headquarters here this summer and will be used by Geo. Forty in gathering Murr eggs and hunting sea lions. The Ranger returned to the bay, where it is reported Captain Swing will sell her.

There is not a vacant house in Port Orford, and for the first time in many years, more houses are needed though several new ones are occupied and more are being built.

WOULD REGULATE NEWSPAPERS

Railroad President Advocates Supervision of I. C. C.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 3.—President F. A. Delano of the Wabash railroad system, speaking recently before the Chicago Traffic club, advocated the regulation of newspapers by the interstate commerce commission as semi-public utilities. "The railroads have gone through with the regulation and laid down a system of procedure and the honest roads are profiting by it," said Mr. Delano, "but why stop at the railroads? Why not apply the same rule to bankers, to interstate shippers and to merchants and, indeed, why not give the newspapers a taste of it? I think it would do them good."

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES AT THE GUNNERY.

As a sales-maker and a business-builder, do you know of anything better or surer than advertising. Monogram Oil at the GUNNERY.

MRS. LEWIS IS GIVEN DECREE

Warned By Judge Coke Against Marrying Again Without Consulting Friends.

After warning her against marrying again without consulting her friends and lawyers, Judge J. S. Coke yesterday granted Mrs. T. J. Lewis a divorce and the right to use her former name, Mrs. Emily Olive McFarlane. The hearing was in Chambers. Mrs. Lewis is about 60 years old.

Judge Coke warned her to exercise more care in future matrimonial alliances lest she made the victim of some unscrupulous man who might take that means of securing her property. Mrs. Lewis, or rather Mrs. McFarlane as the court has decreed her to be, listened attentively to Judge Coke and after he had completed, exclaimed:

"I won't do anything without Judge Hall tells me to." Judge Hall and Tom Hall were her lawyers. She was also allowed to retain all her property.

Mr. Lewis' present whereabouts are unknown but he is supposed to be somewhere in Washington. He did not contest the divorce proceedings. It will be remembered that he was formerly a Marshfield undertaker and Coos county coroner and just prior to marrying Mrs. Lewis, the widow of the North Inlet cranberry grower, announced he had fallen heir to a big estate including a "castle in Wales" but the castle proved to be an "air castle."

Judge Coke yesterday also heard the evidence in the divorce proceedings of Mrs. Elizabeth Lawlor vs. Wm. Lawlor and took the matter under advisement until Monday. Mr. Lawlor is in Portland and it is understood that he will not contest the case.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

President Taft shows the rigidity of his backbone in refusing to interfere with the sentences of Morse and Walsh, the bank-wreckers, and in refusing to budge from his determined attitude on Canadian reciprocity. And he is to be commended in both instances.

The name of Borah will be historic indeed if he stands fast for his resolution for senatorial action with regard to the popular election of federal senators and succeeds in forcing it to an affirmative vote in that body. The people have demanded it and there is woe in store for the man who denies them.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

An exchange disposes of a "Didn't know it was loaded" item in the following manner:

"Pretty little plaything; pretty little kid. Half-grown boy or girl, and an 'unloaded' gun. Starlight in the child's eyes in an instant hid; Dead, and Mamma, moaning for little Sis, or Son! Every week it happens; there's many a little grave—Bright and winsome little man or miss. Tears will not avail, the bullet sped, to save—Dead, and Mamma moaning for sweetheart Bud or Sis.

BEDILLION IS NAMED.

SALEM, Ore., June 3.—Governor West recently announced the names of all appointees not heretofore given out. Final copy for the official biennial state directory is now ready and will be sent to the printer. The appointments announced are:

Second Southern Oregon District Agricultural society members—Dexter Rice of Roseburg, James Medley of Oakland, E. J. McClanahan of Eugene, R. E. Bedillion of Bandon, W. H. Meredith of Gold Beach.

ADVERTISED LIST.

Fred Brock, Emmet Baker, Mrs. Nellie Bender, Emilio Blanco, John Bale, John Butz, Frank Chase, W. M. Chatman, Cappious Walter, Jack Dillingan, Miss Margaret Denny, Thomas E. Evans, B. F. Frohmader, Michael Forlong, Peter Gadra, Mrs. M. Gardner, Fred Gebhardt, Henderson Gow, James T. Hill, Humboldt, C. J. Koeberlein, William Lawton, P. R. Lyons, Thomas Liddle, Miss Ella Mosena, F. B. Neff, Frank Oregon, Miss Ada Pennington, Dan Reed, Oskar Sonyyu, Isaac Steinburg, George Sinclair. W. B. CURTIS.

You Should Come Here First If We Have It You Can Save Money

We don't claim to have everything, but there are so many articles we do have, that it will be time profitably spent, to first visit us. We can positively save you 20 to 60 per cent. and give you in many cases a higher grade of merchandise than is ordinarily given elsewhere. 20 to 60 per cent. saved—think of it. If we have it, you should get it here. Open till 10:00 tonight. New merchandise added for next week.

Men's \$1.00 Rubbers. All sizes and several lasts. We have 196 pairs to sell at, pair 75c

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Boys' \$8.50 All Wool Suits in extra strong materials. Pretty patterns. All sizes to 17. \$4.85

Fine All Wool Dress Goods. Regular Values to \$1.50. Many colors. Now, yard 68c

Women's Fine All Wool Underwear, non-shrinking. White only. High or low neck, Long and wing sleeves. Was \$2.00. Garment 95c

Scott's Hip Forms and Bust Ruffles were 50c and 65c, white, grey and black. Now 25c

Don't Buy It Elsewhere If You Can Get It Here The Boston Store "Every Article a Big Bargain"

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BE UP AND DOING. Trust no future, how'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act—act in the living present! Heart within and God o'er-head! Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time. Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait. -Longfellow.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR. LIKE the mirage of the desert, With its promise falsely fair; Like the treasure laden rainbow, Is the castle in the air.

DISPENSE not the sweet illusion With a look of mute despair. High your castle should be built, with Snow crowned turrets in the air. IN the earthly race of mortals Glory's halo would you wear? Then put a rock foundation 'Neath your castle in the air. -Floyd P. Wagaman.

WHAT DIM ARCADIAN PASTURES. WHAT dim Arcadian pastures Have I known That suddenly out of nothing A wind is blown, Lifting a veil and a darkness, Showing a purple sea, And under your hair the faun's eyes Look out on me? -Alice Corbin.

A Helping Hand. Aged Derelict—Excuse me the liberty of arskin' of a favor, mum, but would yer object to me committin' someyaside in yer shed? Soft Hearted Woman—Poor man! You had better come up to the house, and I will give you the remains of my Christmas pudding.—Ideas.

Thrown In His Way. In Brooklyn a maiden named Dolly Had no seat and stood up in a trolley, When the car, with a jerk, Got in its fine work, And her seat was the lap of young Cholly. -Judge's Library.

Didn't Want to Oversleep. "Nodder's wife won't go to church with him any more." "The very idea!" "Don't blame her. The last time she went he asked the usher to put him down for a call at 12:10."—Browning's Magazine.

Evident Proof. "They say that 'ignorance is bliss,'" Began the lovelorn chaffle. "I guess that's true," the pert young miss Replied, "for you look happy." -Catholic Standard and Times.

His Sole Asset. "If you become a citizen, prince, you will have to drop your title." "Drop my title! Never! What then would I have to offset the dower of a rich American bride?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

I am accused of being a radical. If to seek to go to the root is a radical, a radical I am. After all, everything that flowers in beauty in the air of heaven draws its fairness, its vigor, from its roots. Nothing brings can blossom into fruition unless through nourishing stalks deep planted in the common soil. Up from that soil, up from the silent bosom of the earth, rise the currents of life and energy. Up from the common soil, up from the quiet heart of the people, rise joyously today streams of hope and determination bound to renew the face of the earth in glory.

I tell you the so called radicalism of our times is simply the effort of nature to release the generous energies of our people. This great American people is at bottom just, virtuous and hopeful. The roots of its being are in the soil of what is lovely, pure and of good report, and the need of the hour is just that radicalism that will clear a way for the realization of the aspirations of a sturdy race. -Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey in a Recent Speech.

Those Long Waits. Church—I see it is stated that the owner of a department store in New York has installed wireless telegraph apparatus so that patrons on vessels approaching port can do their shopping before they land. Gotham — It will be a great time saver if a person can arrange with the storekeeper to have the change ready the same day.—Youkers Statesman.

Love's Labor Lost. A silly young man Of the cigarette clan One night sought the home of a maid. It was not very far, And with voice and guitar He turned out a grand old serenade. He warbled of love To her window above In a voice that was soft and mellow, Then found, to his cost, 'Twas love's labor lost. For she'd eloped with another fellow. -Chicago News.

Arctic Skepticism. "Did you see the janitor?" asked Mrs. Shivers. "Yes," replied her husband. "I told him it was as cold in our flat as at the north pole." "What did he say?" "He merely looked supercilious and asked for my proofs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Hysterical Rondeau. From luncheon she called me down, By telephone she called me up; My negligence had won her frown. Right scornfully she called me down. I had forgot to praise her gown. My thin excuse hailed me up, And that is why she called me down. When angrily she called me up. -L. Inceott's.

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