

COOS BAY TIMES

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

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THE PRESS.

LAWS ARE of small avail unless supported by intelligent public sentiment. Education is as empty as the reverberations of a drum if it be not vitalized with independent thinking, speaking, hearing, discussion and investigation. And it is to the public press that the world today looks for inspiration, criticism and in many ways leadership.

"Give them a corrupt House of Lords, give them a venal House of Commons, give them a tyrannical Prince, give them a truckling Court, and let me have but an unfettered press and I will deny them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England," was the challenge Richard Brinsley Sheridan flung in the face of British misrule. And he might with equal truth have added that all other forces would not avail to preserve liberty if the press were shackled.

Now and then some individual whose selfish interests run counter to communal good feels the sting of criticism and seeks satisfaction by attacks upon the Times. This paper is denounced as a "knocker" for not booming and boosting, the schemes for promoting private greed or gain against the general public weal. Such persons only expose the littleness of their minds and their ignorance of the duty of the public press.

Thomas Jefferson said on one occasion, "The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and were it left to me to say whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

Cardinal Gibbons has added his testimony to that of those who affirm the positive value of newspapers to the community. He regards publicity as the surest antidote for graft, and declares, "The dread of exposure in the public press keeps many a man sticking close to the path of rectitude who otherwise would stray off into the byways of graft." The Cardinal paints a dark picture of the corruption which has always existed and which he fears always will exist, and then observes: "The bright spot is the fact that the degradation is made known. Corruption cannot exist nowadays without being discovered after awhile. The greater the evil, the greater the possibility of remedy. And that publicity is the remedy has now become such an assured fact that it counterbalances, almost, the evil which the present condition of money-madness creates." Seldom has the social usefulness of the newspaper press been placed in a stronger light than in this utterance of Cardinal Gibbons.

Few persons nowadays take an utterance or opinion as law or gospel. Public intelligence and independence of thought are too great for that. The time was when the family newspaper came into the house as a sort of oracle. Many of us can remember how people used to sit solemnly down and read it from beginning to end and took it as one of the most impressive and reliable of teachers. Certain great journals, like the New York Tribune, were regarded as infallible in the faith to which their readers subscribed. They had behind them the personality of such men as Greeley and others with whom men and women of their political belief associated profound knowledge and unwavering principle, so that they took their views as something inspired.

There is no such childish confidence now, and for good reason. Men and women think for themselves and do not get their opinions ready made. Nevertheless, there is, and always will be, a ready and respectful hearing for editorial opinions carefully and honestly presented. A free press is the grandest possession and greatest safeguard of a free people, and with all its faults, the journalism of the present day, and especially American journalism, is one of the finest features of our national life. The dishonest newspaper, capable of being used against the rights and privileges of the people, is easily known,

and the public loses confidence in such; but the honest newspaper, which is conscious of its responsibility, which serves its constituency loyally and carefully, which provides a true report of the news of the day, which keeps its columns and its tone elevating, and which makes its expressions of opinion well-considered, conscientious reflections of its views on public questions, does and must ever command the respect and confidence of the public.

REDONDO HAS BIGGEST CARGO

Steamer Arrives In Today With Most Freight She Has Yet Brought to Bay.

With the largest cargo she has brought to the Bay since going on the San Francisco run, the Redondo arrived in this forenoon from the south. Capt. Magee reports a good trip up the coast.

She also had a capacity passenger list. The Redondo will sail from here Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 for San Francisco and Agent McGeorge has been compelled to turn passengers away, all of the reservations having been engaged for this trip several days ago.

Among those arriving on the Redondo were the following:

- Mrs. W. A. Tove, Catherine Tove, Mrs. W. S. Turpen, G. L. Falkenstein, Mrs. G. L. Falkenstein, Alice Falkenstein, P. Nason, J. Clausen, H. Henderson, J. Stratton, E. P. Nienstadt, Mrs. G. H. Anderson, G. H. Anderson, E. V. Knapp, A. R. Schimmel, J. B. Davis, C. F. Metlin, Miss Wanda Stevens, Miss Minnie Harkensee, D. O. Becker, W. W. Holland, Miss De Chapman, Miss Ada Chapman, Mrs. M. C. Chapman, A. Rose, Mrs. A. Rose, H. J. Russell, J. C. Wilcox, Max Pajz, J. W. Russell, W. Smith, Miss H. Stenholm, Austin Sperry, R. G. Christopher, W. F. Lehmkohl, John Erickson, Chan Ching, L. Chanel, A. S. Chappel, John Maloney, F. Hertlock, John Fahrur.



THE CHANDLER

F. T. Marquis, Portland; W. Lemkin, Portland; E. R. Throsby, Bandon; L. W. Coke, Portland; W. C. Sellmer, Bandon; B. A. Gifford, Portland; L. Fletcher, Spokane; C. Lawrence, Buffalo; J. J. McGuire, Beaver Hill; W. A. Robertson, San Francisco; C. N. McLean, Kansas City; F. D. Layton, Portland; W. J. Slattery, San Francisco; R. G. Armstrong, San Francisco; Ben McMullen, Myrtle Point; Jas. H. McDonald, Bad Axe, Mich.; A. Whisman, Portland; Ben Chandler, Coos River.

THE LOYD

Ira A. Albee, South Inlet; J. R. Wagner, Rudolph Kino, Leo Stevens, Coos County; Alex Peterson, Tacoma; F. B. Dodds, Portland; P. J. Meyers, Jeffersonville, Ind.; Ed Colledge, Olney, Ill.; P. Genbord, New York; M. Nemeyer, Findlay, Ohio; F. R. Lamson, Washington, D. C.; R. S. Dunbar, Boston; S. S. Converse, Springfield, H. Hastings, St. Johnsbury, Me.; W. C. Guenther, LaPort, Ind.; T. W. Heywood, Indianapolis; H. Welby, East Hampton, N. Y.; M. O. Sleeper, Boston; P. S. Hamilton, Portland; R. W. Shumenway, Cooperstown, N. Y.; E. L. Clapp, Los Angeles; Dr. B. B. Clarke, Portland.

THE BLANCO

E. V. Knapp, Tulare, Cal.; A. R. Shimmel, Tulare, Calif.; Howard Evans, Buckley, Wn.; Mr. and Mrs. Signatness, Sumner; Rex Thom, Portland; M. Phelan, Eugene; Wm. Whitelaw, San Francisco; Ellen Pomeroy, Bandon; N. J. Frear, Roseburg; G. O. Lowe, Myrtle Point; Mrs. G. W. Kausen, Ferndale, Calif.; Bessie Robinson, Eureka; Alva Taylor, Myrtle Creek.

THE COOS HOTEL

M. Blomberg and C. Blomberg, Coos Bay; C. L. Long, Portland; Sam E. Owings, Moscow, Idaho; Chas. Heller, and D. Lewin, Coos county; Ren Smith, George Smith, Al Smith, and Jessie Smith, Coos River.

GEO CHILDS and B. F. Willey telephoned Chas. Hekox that they expected to break camp in Curry county tomorrow and start for home. They did not state how many deer they had bagged since Billy Cox left them but intimated they were having the time of their lives.

"MY VIEWS"

A Running Record of Individual Opinion by a Quiet Observer.

HOW OFTEN a young man is told when he steps out into that little world he is about to fashion for himself, that there is always plenty of room at the top, and generally by the people who have never been there—people who wouldn't know the "top" from a hole in the ground if they saw the two side by side. It is an old fallacy—a piece of antique hum-buggery. The man at the top invariably pushed someone off to get there.

Did you ever stop to think what a monstrous tragedy this world would be if everyone had the ambition to be at the top—to be president or a multi-millionaire? It is usually tragedy enough when three or four men have the same ambition. What would it be if we all had it? The man in the moon would pray for a wider orbit.

Every failure has been a stepping stone for some man who has made a success. It has always been so; it always will be so—there is no help for it. I am no advocate of the "hookworm;" but I have a mighty lot of sympathy for that great mass marked "failures"—arbitrarily marked, too, by people who don't know what success is, only as they see it.

A world full of successes would be the most stupendous failure ever dreamed of. If every pink promise brought forth a peach, the tree would be mashed to the ground before a single one ripened. If every man in the world were a millionaire, there would be millionaire tramps at that—this old world is all right just as it is.

No deck is complete without its two-spots. How in samhill would a man know he was successful unless he had the means to draw a comparison?

I want to lay this down: If every man succeeded in getting what he wanted, he would commit suicide. There would be no race suicide—it would be suicide of the race.

I have a notion that most all of us cut down just about as big a swath as we can bind up. These lost opportunities are like the fish that get away—they look bigger after they get off the hook. One man likes to count his money; anything he wants looks cheap. Then there are some who like to read obituaries and attend funerals. Thus we see the wisdom in the divine plan of economy.

The man who saves his money and has to be pried loose from every dollar shudders for the man who spends it—he is a failure. The man who would rather spend his money than figure interest, counts the other life as wasted—a failure, to his notion. Both dead wrong.

So long as he doesn't interfere with society, that man who comes nearest doing what suits him comes nearest to being successful, and he may be a tramp at that.

It always grinds me to hear some people criticize and rail at the man who still insists on working and piling up money long after he has accumulated enough to last him a thousand years beyond the grave. "Why don't he spend it and enjoy himself?" they harp. Why? Because that isn't the way he enjoys himself—mighty few persons take medicine unless they think it is going to help them, or unless it tastes good.

I knew a man once who had worked hard, lived frugally, and had accumulated a vast amount of money—he was the richest man for a hundred miles around. He raised four boys. The old man never went to a ball game—the boys never missed one; the old man would take a car load of cattle to market and get back in three days—it took the boys three weeks.

One day a neighbor approached the old man, and he said, "Billy, what in the world is the use of you workin' and slavin' the way you do? Why, don't you know when you're gone them boys of your'n will make your money fly like corn shucks in a whirlwind?"

"Well, blankety, blankety, blank, blank! If those boys have as good a time spending my money as I have had making it, let 'em, blankety, blankety, blank, blank, spend it!"

There is a screw loose in this philosophy somewhere—but I am not going to look for it.

Then, again, it almost makes me mad to hear people talk about someone else as being shiftless; that he would rather hunt or trap than work; that he didn't seem to care a cuss whether school kept or let out at the first recess—a compound failure. It never seemed to strike them that

while he was hunting or trapping he was enjoying himself and, at the same time, standing out of the way of some other man's success.

This same Uncle Billy I spoke of once had a tenant for a twenty or thirty acre patch of ground, by the name of Levi Dare. Now, Levi spelled "failure" in big capitals, according to the consensus of neighborhood opinion. He could sit for nine hours on a log waiting for a bite, when it would almost have been the death of him to sit for an hour sprouting potatoes.

He would walk twenty miles and carry a gun, and when he came home, turn a hand spring in the yard—when, if he had walked half that far and followed a plow, he would have had to have been put to bed. He would dig a hole in the ground big enough for a decent sized cellar, after a wolf, when his back was so lame he couldn't spade in the garden.

Children were criticized by being told they were as lazy as old Levi; as shiftless as old Levi; as worthless as old Levi—and so it went.

One morning, in middle winter, Uncle Billy, along about 5 o'clock, was up calling his hogs. Later in the day he met Levi. After the usual country greeting, "How're you?" was passed, Levi said, "Billy, this morning, while I was lying in my good warm bed, I heard you out in the cold and the storm calling your hogs, and I felt so daddurned sorry for you that I mighty near cried."

There you have it. One of these men was marked a success; the other a failure. Both successes, only from different viewpoints.

I have thought at times that the tramp has a philosophy that is not all bad by a good deal. I mean that irresponsible individual of penury and good humor, who works here today lives riotously tomorrow, and the next day, maybe, begs a meal some place else, and all the time follows summer's circuit. He has no more responsibility than a flea on a good, healthy dog.

If there are castes and classes among insects, the flea is surely a damned little aristocrat. He is no more to be compared with the ant and the bee than a galley slave with a member of the royal family. The ant works all summer—at least he makes work out of his idiotic foolishness, and then, when winter comes, he freezes hard as a brick; the flea lives in blankets and lunches when he pleases on the fat of the land. The ant labors to construct a den where he freezes solid; man builds for the flea a warm and commodious home, and then stocks it with provisions. This won't do—I don't believe more than half of it myself.

Still, it doesn't reduce one's expenses much when the mercury comes down.

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\$17.50 buys any of our \$25 to \$35 suits.

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Made by Strouse & Bros., Baltimore, Md., absolutely guaranteed to be of the best on the market in style, fit and quality. Even if you have a new suit, you can't afford to miss this bargain. Wear a suit of quality for what you would pay for a cheap shoddy working suit. Also a few

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\$2.00 and \$1.50
\$3.00 Kingsbury Hats \$2.35
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The Toggery
Corner Broadway & Central

SHIPS SALMON ON ALLIANCE

Steamer Leaves Here With About 8,000 Cases of Fish For Portland.

With about 8,000 cases of salmon of which about 2,000 were taken on at Coos Bay, the Alliance sailed at 7:30 this morning for Portland. She arrived in late yesterday from Eureka.

reka and after taking on passengers and freight here went to Empire to load salmon.

Among those sailing on the Alliance from Coos Bay were the following:
W. A. Bishel and party of three, S. E. Hodee, A. C. Henning, Geo. Bailey, T. L. Rennick, E. Emanett, W. S. Stream, D. C. Stream, E. R. Older, M. Codine, L. O. Hurdling, T. M. Long, J. A. Moore, D. C. McCleamets.

LANGE IS ILL

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Sept. 2. — Bill Lange, the Australian heavy weight, is suffering from influenza and his match with Jack Lester of Cleelum, Wash., was postponed.

REYNOLDS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY SUBDIVIDING AND PREPARING FOR AN ACTIVE CAMPAIGN

The significance of the sale of the Oregon, Coal and Navigation Company of their Marshfield real estate holdings and its bearing on the development of this city has become more apparent during the past few weeks. Some thought at first that the Reynolds Development Company had purchased the land for the purpose of mining coal or to hold the land for a long time investment, but this opinion was dispelled by the recent activity of Mr. Lawyer and his energetic corps of assistants.

About 90 acres of the closest lands of the Company are now being surveyed and platted by Engineer Fred Gettins, several miles of street improvements are contemplated and part of the work is under way by Contractor Walter Condron.

The large office room in the Coke building rented by the company early in July is being handsomely furnished. A selling force is being organized and announcement has been posted of the early commencement of sales.

When interviewed today, Mr. Lawyer, Secretary of the Reynolds Development Company, said:

"We are preparing for a very active sale of lots and acreage. We are having a great many inquiries for our lands and number of reservations have been made by Marshfield people already. We are now about ready to file our plat and when this is done the actual sale will commence.

"We are a little surprised at the scepticism felt by a few of the local business men as to the railroad development and but poorly concealed.

This attitude can only be charged against the Drain railroad experience. "The electric effect which succeeded the starting of the Drain line is to have a repetition and this time there will be no occasion for a re-acton such as followed the cessation of building operations near Drain. There will be the biggest rush into the Coos Bay country during the next two years that any city ever enjoyed. And the growth will be a permanent one."

Mr. Lawyer expects to spend only a part of his time in Marshfield. Mr. A. Y. Meyers is in general charge of the Company's business. Mr. W. F. McEldowney has charge of local sales. Mr. McEldowney recently evidenced his faith in Marshfield's future by purchasing the corner of Second and Golden, next to Eagles' Hall, from Mr. Herert Lockhart at what was considered a surprisingly high price. Mr. Paul Heald will represent the Reynolds Development Company in the East and boost Coos Bay there. Mr. A. E. Morten is bookkeeper. His familiarity with the Libby properties is a great asset to the new management.

The reputation of Messrs. Kiernan and Lawyer for developing and building up their various additions and properties in Washington and California is of great interest to Marshfield. Their policy has always been to provide street car service and every improvement that conditions would warrant and no doubt the same policy will be pursued in the handling of their Coos Bay property.

SCHOOL TIME IS SHOE TIME

Bring the Boys and Girls to the Big Store to be Fitted Out

Your boys and girls will need new shoes for school. Have you given this important matter the thought it deserves? Or do you just buy any kind of shoes and if the soles wear out or the uppers split in a couple of weeks, blame it on the children? Really, the fault is not theirs. Children can not be expected to sit quietly to save shoe expense. Rather, you should economize by providing your children with shoes that will stand the wear.

Bring Them Here, Please the Boys and Girls and Save Money

Merchant & Son
Formerly Merchant & Kammerer