

COOS BAY TIMES

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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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MEMORIAL DAY.

PEACE.

Oh, draw aside the drapery of gloom And let the sunshine chase the clouds away And gild with brighter glory every tomb We decorate today.

And in the holy silence reigns, round, While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere Where loyal souls of love and faith are found, Thank God that peace is here!

And let each angry impulse that may start Be smothered out of every loyal breast, And, rocked within the cradle of the heart, Let every sorrow rest. —James Watcomb Riley.

ANOTHER year has rolled around and another Memorial Day is at hand. From being a purely patriotic holiday, Memorial Day is now becoming more and more a day when all the dear ones gone before are remembered and honored, as well as the soldier. It is a time when all the people of this great country pause in their work for a brief period of time at this most beautiful season of the year, to pay loving tribute to their dead.

Every nation in nearly every age has observed similarly some day each year. The time the Romans set apart was from February 13 to 21; they called this Ferialia. All work as far as possible was set aside, and food of all kinds, and wreaths of flowers were placed on the tombs. In China and Japan there exists the ancient festival known as the Feast of the Lanterns. On this day those who have passed on, they believe, come back to visit their friends here, and when the evening comes, a little boat, with a lighted lantern, is launched on the seashore, to take the soul back to the spirit land.

The Jour des Mort in France is the day the French cover with flowers the graves of their friends and relatives. Up in the Alpine villages, wreaths of evergreen and flowers are woven, and these are placed on the graves All Saints' day. In the evening a lighted lamp is placed at the foot of each friend's grave. In England, the last resting places at both Easter and Whitsunday are covered with flowers. Throughout the continent one part of All Saints' day is always devoted to decorating the graves.

Two claims are made for the origin of the day we celebrate in the United States. One claim is that in 1867, General John B. Murray of Waterloo, N. Y., inaugurated this beautiful ceremony in his home town; the other is that in the spring of the same year, the ladies of Columbus, Miss., in their hope of a reunited country and in a spirit of womanly tenderness, strewed flowers upon the graves of both federal and confederates. In 1868 the commander-in-chief of the army gave out a general order, asking the remaining veterans to cherish and guard the mounds of their brothers.

No day is more fraught with sentiment and sad memories than Memorial Day, and no holiday should be more free from irreverent sports on the day we pay honor to the dead. "Flowers for our dead! The delicate white roses faintly red; The valley lily beds, as purely white As shines their honor in the vernal light; All blooms that be As fragrant as their fadeless memory! By tender hands entwined and garlanded, Flowers for our dead!"

WHERE IS THAT DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY?

THE democrats rode into power in the House of Representatives on the most solemn pledges of economy. Throughout the present session all that the country has heard from the democratic members has been repeated declarations of the purpose of keeping those promises of economy.

Where is that economy? It is true that appropriations have been reduced in certain directions, but these have been more than offset by certain impairment in efficiency and unnecessary appropriations in other channels.

A great deal of time and a consequent large sum of money has been expended upon investigations which were heralded as undertakings in the interest of the people, but were known of all men to be simply fishing excursions to land some political catches for the approaching presidential campaign.

Democratic congressional economy is still in the promise shape.

JOHN A. LOGAN WAS REAL. FOUNDER OF MEMORIAL DAY

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN was the real founder of Memorial day. On May 5, 1868, he was commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and as such gave the order that Decoration day be generally celebrated on May 30. One reason for the date doubtless was that it was on May 30 that the last Union volunteer of the war was discharged.

General Logan was born in 1826, served in Congress from Illinois as a Douglas Democrat, resigned to go into the war, fought at Forts Henry and Donelson, being wounded at the last named; commanded the center before Vicksburg, became military governor of the city after the surrender, served for several years in the United States Senate and was a candidate for vice president with Blaine in 1884. After his defeat he returned to the Senate.

James G. Blaine said of General Logan: "While there have been more illustrious military leaders in the United States and more illustrious leaders in legislative halls, there has, I think, been no man in this country who has combined the two careers in so eminent a degree as General Logan."

TUNES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"By fours—right—march!" rings down the line. From troop to troop it flies. The bent forms straighten; there comes the shine Of the old light in their eyes. "Ta-rat-tat-tum!" throbs the turbulent drum, While the wild fifers shrill and blow, And the tunes they cry as the ranks go by. Are of fifty years ago.

Old "John Brown's Body"—"Guide right there—hep!" And "Rally Round the Flag!" The hearts of the marchers keep in step, Though their old feet halt and lag. "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—say I never hear that air But I think of the day I marched away And left Her standing there.

"The Battle Cry of Freedom"—Bill, Did you hear how the band blared out "The Battle Cry" when we charged the hill And took it with a shout? "Yankee Doodle," "The Picket Guard".

"Gone with Their Country's Call"—How they take us back through the years, old pard, And how we love them all.

"We're Coming, Father Abraham"—Yes, coming as of yore, And when we pitch our final tents Upon the farther shore We're sure "Old Abe" will greet us there, And the boys we used to know, And we'll hear above the songs we love Of fifty years ago. —J. A. EDGERTON.

THE DULUTH PLAN.

AT AN election recently Duluth adopted an amendment to its charter providing for the initiative, referendum and recall. The vote was more than four to one in favor of the amendment. A year ago Duluth abandoned a movement for the new rule because of the opposition of its politicians to destroying the old ward form of government. But in adopting the amendment for the recall and the initiative and referendum Duluth has robbed the old form of about everything that made it so attractive to the politicians who opposed the commission plan.

AFFAIRS IN CONGRESS.

For a time the hope was expressed that Congress would be able to put up the shutters before the Chicago convention met. Now that hope is almost dead. Convention day is only a few weeks distant, and the tables of Congress are piled high with business. Even the supply bills are in a backward state; and Uncle Sam must have his rations. And so it is urged that Congress must stay on the job until it is completed with deliberation. No hurrying in the interest of politics.

MODESTY.

A man may sing his ego song, proclaim his merits with a gong, and fool the folks a while; but they will weigh him in the end, size up his caliber and send him to the old junk pile. To gather in some fame or puff the cheap man always boosts himself; and makes a wondrous noise; but noise soon bores his fellow men and fills them with the willies; then he's outlived by the boys. I've met some fellows really great; some guys who reached a high estate in letters or in art; and shy and modest were they all—no banners on the outer wall, no mannerisms smart. And I have met some cheaper guys who thought this planet and the skies resounded with their fame; ah, they were made of finer dust! Their chests were swelled up fit to bust, their heads swelled up the same. A little while, throughout the town, the selling-plates hold renown, and then they sink and slip; at last they join the has-been clan and have no friend in mortal man since they have lost their gong shining over all the earth as a grip. The influence of men or worth shines the summer sun; it needs no carnival of noise to gain attention from the boys, or hold it when it's won.

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WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING. Say not always what thou knowest, but always know what thou sayest.—Claudian.

OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR HOUSE

Over the hills to the poorhouse, I'm setting a sizzling pace; I've mortgaged my home for an auto, And I'm playing her straight and for place. There are others well up in the running. But I'm holding my own, you bet! I can see the roof of the county farm, And I'm going to get there yet.

Of course, I can't afford it (There are very few who can). But the family whined about it, And insisted I wasn't a man If I didn't get six cylinders, A tonneau, some tires and plugs, And go out and speed on the highway With the automobile bugs.

So we plastered the house with a lien, The second I'd have you know; The first was for part of the purchase price, And a few other things I owe. My wife said it would be a saving, We'd soon pay for the machine With the difference between the carfare bill And the cost of the gasoline.

The girls had to hire a "shuffer," A lantern-jawed son-of-a-gun, And when Sonny goes out for a joy ride, I'm sorry he hasn't one, For whenever he hits a lamp-post Or sends the car into a ditch, I cough up some more spandulix To fatten the bloated rich.

Once I was known for my wisdom, My business foresight it was keen, But that was before I invested In an aid-to-bankruptcy machine. Now others are getting the rhino, Their assets with solvency shine, While I'm on the road to the poorhouse— The Home for the Indigent, mine.

Whoopie! Clear the way for I'm coming— Just passed by a bunch of my friends, All bent in the same direction, Where the road of the searcher ends. It's the pace of a drunken sailor, At the helm of a rudderless ship; Over the hills to the poorhouse, I'm hitting a lively clip. —EXCHANGE.

Here's a spring poem handed in by Altus Kingston. It is entitled "THE CALF'S LAMENT" "A kick, a squeal, and then I'm veal."

Speaking of daffydills, Bob Booth wants to know "If the wood was knotty, would the sawbuck?"

Joe Bennett and Col. Grimes were seen on the street talking amicably about the nomination of T. Roosevelt. On second thought we might add that the above happened four years ago.

Dave Stafford is planning to get away soon on a fishing trip. Not that we are particularly interested ourselves, but we like to warn the fish.

Hugh McLain, who is something of a democrat, says the holes being dug in the Front street paving are for elephant traps to catch the G. O. P.

John D. Goss has just prepared the following by-laws of the Coos Bay Gravy Militia:

"Article First—This company shall be known as the Coos Bay Gravy Militia.

"Article Second—In case of war this company shall immediately disband."

When a man is all in how much is he out?

When a girl says "Save your money" to a man then it is right for the fellow to be cautious for his finish is in sight.

STORY OF THE DAY:

Had to Drown Them "I wonder," mused little Harry, who was studying his Sunday school lesson, "if men will ever live to be 500 or 600 years old again?" "No, I guess not," replied his 6-year-old sister. "The Lord tried the experiment once and they got so bad he had to drown most of them."

Time was when a boy thought a velocipede exciting.

Here is a new riddle by Dorsey Kretzer: "When is an automobile not an automobile?" "When it turns turtle."

Why don't they put that city council steam roller to work on some of the bad roads of the county?

General William T. Sherman, in his younger days, was admitted to the bar by a Kansas Judge on the qualification of his "general intelligence." It's a pity that test isn't invoked more often nowadays.

Even Satan may not be so black as he's painted; you can't judge a man's private character by his business reputation nowadays.

A TRUE SPORT. "Why do you live with your husband, if you quarrel all the time?" "Well, my sister bet me a box of chocolates we would never celebrate

our paper-wedding anniversary, and I'm going to win it just to spite her."

Capt. Macgonn says: "If all our deeds were written on our foreheads, some of us would wear our caps very low."

The Cleveland Leader reports that a citizen of that town was "shot in the automobile." And we'll bet the automobile stupidly took him to a hospital instead of to a garage.

By the time summer begins there may be a reorganization of the amateur gardener's mutual condolence league.

It is said the saddest hour is one hour after sunset. Yet I'll place my roll on the early hour in the morning when the whistle blows.

Back in Boston things have reached a funny pass. Not only have they barred silk hose, short sleeves and peekaboo waists, but they are taking the pork out of the beans.

Probably the butter trust is not so anxious to raise prices as to keep them where they are.

Will some one kindly tell us what they do with the millions of Bibles they issue every year.

In the olden days if a kid got licked at school he got another at home. Now his dad arrests the teacher.

The Portland woman who fainted when she found a mouse in her bonnet had a rat there all the time.

WHERE DO YOU BELONG?

The only possible thing, under the sun, Is something that cannot be imagined, my son; Some men are cowards, others are weak and don't try, Other fellows are quitters and sit down and cry.

These can make every kind of excuse and then flunk And say: "There's no use trying, everything's gone punk." While the fellow with a will gets there with both feet, Bound to accomplish his task and cannot be beat.

It all simmers down to this: It's easy to see In which class you are going to let yourself be; That you can make of yourself just what you may will, You can be a go-ahead or a dead standstill. —EXCHANGE.

AS IT HAPPENS ACCORDING TO HOWE.

A slender, pretty girl of 15, with fat ancestors, cannot realize what is ahead of her.

A man of sense does not require a policeman at his elbow constantly; a sensible man is his own policeman, and knows it doesn't pay to violate the ordinances.

When I hear of a quarrel, know what it means; two men are trying to get the best of it; and the quarrel will be settled when each man takes what he knew he was entitled to in the first place.

A country doctor is celebrated; who, was called to see a man very ill with an unknown disease, whereupon the doctor tried to throw his patient into fits, a complaint he claimed to understand. The people today are trying to throw business into politics, although we know from long experience that politics is epilepsy, and incurable.

THE SAME, YET DIFFERENT.

About two years has passed away Since Nell and I had met; So 'twas not strange that I should say, When I again chanced by her way, "Nell, are you married yet?"

She glanced at me in mild surprise—I would have made a bet That there was sadness in her eyes As she replied, between two sighs, "Yes, I am married—yet!" —JUDGE.

MEN.

It is easy to plan and easy to scheme When the toll of the day is done, It is easy to think and easy to dream Of the glories yet to be won, But the man who wins is the man who digs

Away at his daily stunt, And takes each task as it comes to hand, Keeps working away to beat the band, The while with a smiling front.

It is easy to dream of heroic deeds And long for a chance to do Some wondrous task that the nation needs

And get in the public view, But the man who's cast in humble place And sees that each duty's done, Is the man who stands for the nation's best

And for its strength leads all the reed, In the victories it has won. —SELECTED.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the system strength in building up the constitution and restoring nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF FLANAGAN & BENNETT BANK MARSHFIELD, OREGON. At the close of business, April 18, 1912. RESOURCES. Loans and Discounts... Banking House... Cash and Exchanges... LIABILITIES. Capital Stock paid in... Surplus and Undivided Profits... Deposits... Total...

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