

How Tom Johnson, Blithe and Gay, Spent a Happy New Year's Day

This is a tale of New Year's day. A day when people should be gay, when caring care should be forgot and sighs and frowns and tears be not; a day when mirth and joy should reign, when worry should not be, nor pain; when everybody should be fed and everyone hold up his head. Good resolutions should abound; good things to eat, too, should be found, and from the hour when morning's light is shed upon the town till night is well advanced all persons should indulge in "times" that men call "good."

Now, Thomas Johnson was a man who every New Year's used to plan to see the sights and hear the clinks of glasses while he drank the drinks that almost any person may more freely take of on that day than any other in the year without the shadow of a fear that any one of him will judge, "He's got to taking too much budge!" A hundred dollars was the sum Tom Johnson spent to make things hum, and with it in his pockets he would always start our merrily at 10 o'clock sharp to the minute, and then till midnight he'd be "in it."

This day Tom started out alone. He felt quite friendly and unknown. The day was cold, and driving sleet went whistling up and down the street, and ere he'd sauntered half a block Tom Johnson had a dreadful shock. A man he'd known in other times stood on the curbstone begging dimes. His clothes were thin and mean and old; his jaws were chattering with the cold, and when he met his old friend's gaze he tried to hide his pallid face.

But Johnson would not have it so. "What is the trouble, old friend Joe? Down on your luck? I didn't know what had become of you."

Then Tom took his friend's arm and led him from the pavement to a quiet spot where it was warm and dry.

"Great Scott!" said Tom when they had sat down. "I thought that you had left the town. Here, waiter, bring a good hot lunch and."

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

The Times will be pleased to publish letters from its readers on all questions of public interest. Each letter must be signed by the writer, and so far as possible be limited to 300 words. In publishing these letters it must be understood that the Times does not endorse the views expressed therein; it is simply affording a means for the voicing of different opinions on all questions affecting the public welfare.

Editor Coos Bay Times:

For the encouragement of the workers in this noble mission—penioning mothers with children, having no living or able bodied breadwinner, and as a foundation work for American childhood—the oncoming generation, I beg you will publish the following:

The Legislature of the state of Illinois having passed a similar law last year, same has now gone into effect and the past month in the city of Chicago over 400 mothers with 1636 children beneficiaries of this law, received \$10,990.80 to support them during December. Next month a similar sum will be paid to them and each month following while they remain under the terms of the law. This is less than it costs Cook county to furnish provision to this many children.

The county must care for them. It happens in this way. The unfortunate mother deprived of her means of support labors as best she can in the support of her children, until she is no longer able to do so, broken in health and body and penniless she and her children are finally ejected by the landlord into the street. Their only recourse in this case is for the city, through juvenile courts to take care of them and provide them food and lodging, until they are finally paroled out to work in different localities for different disinterested individuals, thus separated from each other, torn from their natural parent and best friend, much as were negro children and parents in slavery days. A false and pretended organized charity and defective civilization except in remote cases, idly watched and abetted this scheme, knowing full well in advance what was to be, and is, the final outcome of life for these children. Society and law was originated to defend the weak and helpless. Many of these children from the day of their birth, never had a living chance in the battle of life and never a law that would recognize their God-given right to be fed, as long as the knarled fingers of a loving, but broken-spirited, disfranchised and desecrated mother could bring bread from somewhere inside a badly weather beaten door, where they would huddle together shivering, while they devoured it. Unwashed, lean of body, and ragged, prone to disease and crime, you, who read, can find them every day in Portland and the larger cities of Oregon, as in all other states where there are cities. Some of them are pushed into the cemetery, others were released from the penitentiary of Arkansas a few days ago, others of them—because some are girls, and the best of the boys. The tears of angels can never wash away the stains to our civilization caused by the fate of these children.

Everyone should work for the passage of this bill. Everyone,

brew a bowl of good strong punch. Now, Joe, just tell me what you need. I'm glad we met—I am, indeed."

Then bit by bit the facts came out. Hard times had downed Tom's friend. Without a cent he'd found himself that morning—without a job, too—so, forlorn, he'd started out to beg for bread. Tom Johnson sadly shook his head.

"You should have come to me," he said. "But say goodbye to days of sorrow, I'll find a place for you tomorrow. You shall begin the world anew; your sky shall once again be blue."

Then to his rooms Tom Johnson led and in warm clothes from foot to head he clad his old time friend, then said:

"This is New Year's day, old man. This town is doubtless full of good men down. Let us two see if we can't find some others who have run behind. We'll take a cab and drive about and hunt them up and get them out, and if they don't enjoy this day it won't be my fault, anyway."

To this Tom's friend gave quick assent, and up and down the town they went, and before evening they had found of friends of both a dozen round on whom Dame Fortune false had frowned. Did they accept Tom's bid to dine? Would ducks swim? Would you decline a chance to change from grave to gay on New Year's day? At the table every one ate and drank till he was done; smoked and joked and stories told; some were new and some were old. Then, to wind up the New Year's day, Johnson took them to the play, and when the curtain was rung down his friends agreed in this town Tom's equal never could be found.

And when at last he sought his bed Tom missed his usual New Year's head. What he thought was far more funny—he had not spent all his money, but to his friend he made remark:

"To these my words I pray you hark: Never before, I desire to say, have I passed a happier New Year's day," Davis Dexter.

man and woman, should have his or her name on the petition being circulated for this purpose before it leaves town. Our senator, I. S. Smith, has faithfully promised the undersigned that he will leave no stone unturned to effect the passage of this bill. No one doubts his sincerity. Our representatives, Messrs. Barton and Peirce, should each receive a line from every voter, directed to Salem, both men and women, telling them they are expected to work and vote to make this bill a law. The constituents from all over the state should do likewise and remind them they will be marked men, should they fail to do so.

Let us hope civilization in the state of Oregon has reached the stage where it will no longer permit a so useless, unnecessary crime to fester in its midst, a blur upon its brightening horizon.

C. H. McLAUGHLIN.

WANTS MORE QUAIL.

State Game Warden Finley Tries to Propagate Game.

SALEM, Or., Dec. 31.—Several attempts have been made by the state game warden, William L. Finley, to buy Bob-White quail in the Eastern states, for liberating in certain parts of Oregon. The Bob-White is a very desirable bird, however, and other states are guarding carefully the supply they now have. Some sections of Oregon are already pretty fairly stocked with Bob-White quail. Other sections are stocked with California and mountain quail.

"We can easily stock almost all parts of our state with these different varieties of quail," said Mr. Finley, "if we can secure reliable parties to trap the birds and ship them under our directions. We are anxious to get in touch with anyone who is in position to trap quail. We are willing to pay for the birds and shall arrange to have them sent either to the state game farm at Corvallis, or direct to the places where we want to liberate them."

"In parts of the Willamette valley and in sections of eastern Oregon, Bob-White quail are quite abundant. These birds will thrive well in southern Oregon, and the people in that part of the country are anxious to have them introduced. In southern Oregon, the California or valley quail are abundant, and yet we have none of these birds in the Willamette Valley, although they would thrive here and make a splendid addition to our supply of game birds."

Both the California quail and Bob-White quail are insect and weed seed eaters. They are not only excellent game birds, but are most valuable birds from the economic standpoint about any farming community.

It is strictly against the law to trap any game birds in the State of Oregon, yet the state game warden can by special written permit grant this privilege for scientific and propagation purposes.

SETTLE ABOUT ROAD. The Eugene Guard says: "The county court and the representatives of the Willamette Pacific railway came to an agreement last Friday in regard to the matter of changing county roads along the Coos Bay railroad in the Siuslaw canyon and the order was made by a vote of two to one of the members of the county court."

NEW YEAR'S BALL AT EAGLES' HALL. New Year's night, JAN. 1, 1913. KEYZER'S Orchestra.

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WHERE WAVES RUN HIGHEST

Coos Bay people who have experienced the sensations of a sea trip by steamer to Portland and San Francisco will be interested in knowing that the so-called heavy rolls and giant swells on the North Pacific are mere ripples compared with waves in other parts of old Ocean's domain. A recent scientific article on this subject has the following:

"Although severe tempests often lash both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans into mighty waves, there is reason to believe that the most tremendous seas are those that run south of the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn."

Sailors in modern times have never seen such waves as those described by early navigators, which were reported to rise to the height of 100 or even 130 feet. La Perouse, indeed, asserted that he saw waves in the Pacific towering to a height of nearly 200 feet. In these more prosaic days we can only say that the highest wave yet measured had an altitude of about 52 feet.

That was in the Southern Ocean, a little north of the Antarctic continent, and it is quite certain that the highest waves ever seen in that region did not exceed 55 feet. The highest waves ever observed in the Indian Ocean were about 40 feet. The highest waves in the North Atlantic are from 25 to 29 feet, and in the Mediterranean from 16 to 19 feet.

Even the smallest of these mighty waves has great destructive power, for they often travel at a speed of 25 miles an hour. A wave 30 feet high contains thousands of tons of water, and when this immense force is exerted against any structure, the ruin wrought is likely to be impressive.

The great size of the waves in high southern latitudes is explained by the fact that south of the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn there is neither windward nor leeward shore, and the prevailing winds are westerly, so when a westerly gale springs up, it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind, still running. The new born wind increases the steepness of this swell and forms majestic storm waves that sometimes reach a length of 1200 feet from crest to crest. The average height in feet of sea waves is about half the velocity of the wind that causes them, reckoned in miles an hour.

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By D. C. Green, Manager.

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