

COOSBAY TIMES

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people, that no good cause shall lack
a champion, and that evil shall not
thrive unopposed.

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ON WOODBROW'S FREE LIST.

SOME of the items of common use
that will be admitted free of
duty when the democrats have
had a slash at the tariff. If the bill
introduced is passed, are bicycles,
knives, razors, scissors, awl, wheat,
bran, bread, eggs, many meats, saddle-
rider, lead pencils, India rubber,
leather goods, granite, sandstone,
limestone, iron ore, baling iron, cut
nails, horseshoes, typewriters, sewing
machines, cash registers, posts, laths,
pickets, shingles, timber, hewn,
sided or squared, lard, milk, wood
pulp, bibles, bituminous coal, coke,
many hides, boots and shoes and agri-
cultural implements.

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

HORRORS OF THE BALKAN WAR.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we
blow at old Tchatchok.
Also at that place named like the
ticking of a clock—
Also at that place whose name will
cause your jaws to lock—
While we are marching through
Turkey.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Set Zhagabltza
free.
Hurrah! Hurrah! We sound the jub-
ilation.
Karahassakofo was as easy as could
be—
While we are marching through
Turkey.

Therkeskist was baffling, but we
hung on for a spell,
When we struck Moschopolis we got
on very well—
And we've found another town just
like a college yell
While we are marching through
Turkey.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our jaws refused
to break,
Hurrah! Hurrah! It is not trick to
take
Old Trebotivshite with a gurgle and
a shake
While we are marching through
Turkey.

Vlachollvedon we won—it was a long
campaign—
Syllable by syllable we counted up
our gain;
Old Kovatchobete we even now re-
call with pain
While we are marching through
Turkey.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Therkeskist waits
as yet,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Pokaskokol we will
get,
In another week we'll rise and fight
the alprabet
While we are marching through
Turkey.

Now and then one meets a man
who is bright and cheerful Monday
morning.

—*—*—
LITTLE ERIC.
Little Eric went a-fishing,
With his rod and line and hook,
And his wishing cap for wishing,
Half the minnows in the brook,
This is what he caught by wishing:
Trout and flying-fish and whale,
This is what he caught by fishing,
One small tadpole by the tail!
—Exchange.

Every married man can name one
woman who has a fine husband.

Open Up.
When opportunity comes knocking
Its promise is to keep
You should be in to hear the din,
But do not be asleep.

Some men are born fighters, others
learn to fight, and some fight because
they are kicked into it.

If a woman would only face all
situations in life with the courage with
which she faces a new fashion, no
matter how outlandish, the world
would be hers.

Have your job printing done at
The Times office.

Try The Times' Want Ads.

RAILWAY NEWS OF COOS BAY

Engineer Hindmarsh Com- pletes Bridge Tests— New Rumor.

Aside from some unofficial gossip,
nothing new developed in the local
railroad situation today.
Engineer Hindmarsh and his crew
completed the tests for the founda-
tion of the bridge across Coos Bay
this morning and "pulled stakes,"
preliminary to leaving for the Umpqua,
where they will make tests for the
bridge there. Engineer Hindmarsh
and his men will go up to-
morrow morning on the stage and the
equipment will be taken up by the
tug Gleaner.

It is stated that the tests here have
been more than satisfactory. While
they did not find bedrock, they found
sand and gravel in which the concrete
piers can be easily built.
Rumor S. P.-Wiley Deal.
Yesterday the rumor was revived
about the possibility of W. J. Wiley
buying the Major Kinney properties
on Coos Bay for the Southern Pacific.
No one here credited the rumor very
much.

The story was that the delay in
concluding the Kinney-Wiley deal
might also be one of the reasons for
the delay in the local construction
work of the Southern Pacific. It
was stated that when the Kinney
property is taken over, the real routes
of the S. P. on the Bay will be known
and then it will also be known where
the shops, yards, etc., will be.

The idea that Wiley, who has been
fighting with the S. P. for the past
several years and was almost broke
by the S. P. when the Drain-Coos Bay
project was on, could now be repre-
senting that company seems unbelie-
vable to those who know him. How-
ever, more unlikely things have
happened.

It was stated by one Marshfield
man, close in touch with the Kin-
ney affairs, that the Southern Pacific
at one time, not long ago, refused to
consider the direct purchase of the
Kinney properties.

Work on Surveys.
It was stated that there was nothing
new in the negotiations between the
Southern Pacific and the North
Bend city officials about street grades
and that there probably will not be
until an answer is received from
Chief Engineer Hood about the North
Bend proposition. However, Engi-
neer Wheeler and his assistants are
working away on profiles, etc.

No Terminal News.
No specific news has been received
about the Terminal Railway and
Southern Pacific negotiations and
there probably will not be any pre-
vious to C. A. Smith's visit here soon.

Other Tunnel Work.
Milo Pierson, who is in from Ten
Mile today, reports that the prospects
are that the construction of the two
small tunnels this side of the Wind
Creek tunnel will be started soon.
No official announcement has been
made but intimations have been given
by the men at Lakeside, who are to
do the work on the big tunnel.
These two tunnels are each about
700 feet long and are in the dis-
trict over which there is much dis-
cussion as to who has the contract—
MacArthur, Perks company or Porter
Brothers.

S. P. BUSY ON SIUSLAW.

**Getting Steam Shovel and Other
Machinery on Ground.**

The Florence Pilot says: "Four
loads of construction rails have been
distributed between Mapleton and
Acme on the Coos Bay road recently.
One load was put off at Charley Cox's
place just above Acme.
"At Mapleton they are getting the
steam shovel and dinky ready and
men are on the ground expecting to
go to work this week.
"A big house boat that has been
tied up at the Island opposite Acme,
has been rented and will be fitted up
as a bunk and cook house.
"Several motor boats are kept busy
in the employ of the contractors now
establishing camps on tide water and
much activity is reported by those
who are on the river run. Every-
thing indicates railroad work will
be rushed at many points soon.

**BABY QUOTATION, \$2 @10;
POODLE DOGS, \$100 @ 1000**

**Social Worker in Boston Urges More
Safeguards for Infants, Who Are
Now Regularly Sold.**

BOSTON, April 16.—An active
traffic in babies at prices ranging
from \$2 up is carried on in Boston,
according to Mrs. Charlotte Smith, a
social worker of this city, who ap-
peared before the legislative com-
mittee on public health in support
of a bill requiring the registration
of midwives.

Mrs. Smith said she had bought
infants and knew where more could
be purchased at any time.
"The idol of the home in the
Back Bay," she said, "is a poodle
dog. They run from \$100 to \$1000,
while babies are being sold at from
\$2 to \$10, depending upon whether
they are blondes or brunettes."

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The Times office.

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MY AEROPLANE ADVENTURES By J. ARMSTRONG DREXEL

IV.—Fighting Fear In Cloudland

Few aviators will admit that
they have any fear in flying.
Yet I venture to assert that
there isn't a man using an
aeroplane today who does not feel a
sinking sensation either just before
he mounts his seat or shortly after-
ward or many times after he gets
well into the air.

The late Ralph Johnstone exhibited
less fear than any man I have ever
known, yet he admitted to me that he
frequently found himself on the verge
of panic while performing some of his
most dangerous evolutions. He, how-
ever, was the type of man who kept
absolute control of himself, and he
never allowed this feeling the upper
hand. He unconsciously illustrated
this power of control when shortly be-
fore his unfortunate end he told me
one day of a plan he had of turning a
back somersault in the air.

"I want to get up about 5,000 feet,"
he said, drawing a diagram on a piece
of paper. "Then I will begin the
somersault. The machine will go back-
ward a certain distance until it loses
the support of the air. Then it will
drop straight down for about 3,000
feet. During that drop I shall manipu-
late my levers so that they will
bring my right side up again, and I
will glide to the ground."

Johnstone was perfectly serious
about it. He admitted that he was
afraid of it, but he was determined
that he would do it.
Captain Thomas S. Baldwin is prob-
ably as seasoned a veteran of air perils
as is alive today. For many years he
went about the world ballooning and
parachute jumping and then he took
to the aeroplane. No one in watching
him would think that he knew the
meaning of the word fear. Yet a friend
of mine once asked him if he ever felt
nervous, and he replied:
"Scared to death every time I take
my seat. Some days my mechanics
have to shove me on to the machine.
Then, when I get her started, I am all
right and the fear vanishes. But I am
a baby until I hear the motor going."

Different Forms of Fear.

Some men feel their greatest fear at
the thought of the engine stopping
suddenly and without warning. I have
never been troubled by this, though I
have had it happen to me several
times. Each time, however, I man-
aged to get down safely, and I have
always felt that there was a good
chance in favor of the aviator if he
keeps his head and takes as gradual a
slant downward as is needed to give
him control of his machine.

I know several men, though, who
have never got over their nervousness
at the thought of volplaning, as they
term coasting down without power.
The slightest sound in the engine that
hints of trouble puts them in the same
panic that the thought of the fall of
my aeroplane puts me when I am out
for altitude records.

As a man mounts higher and high-
er into the air the familiar ob-
jects of earth fade from his sight
and he becomes overpowered with a
sense of being absolutely alone—of be-
ing cast adrift and dependent entirely
upon his own resources and upon a
power plant which he knows may fail
him at any moment.

Up and up he climbs, and soon he
enters the region of the clouds. He
seems to be whizzing through an im-
mense void with neither sides nor top
nor bottom, and the unreality of it all
and the immensity of it oppress him
and the nerves begin their unpleasant
little tremors that tell of approaching
fear.

Then above the clouds he bursts
into the glaring, brilliant sunlight, and
here again he meets conditions that
increase the nerve tremors. Sudden
gusts of wind catch him. They are
quick and dangerous just above the
clouds on a sunshiny day, and they
give no warning of their approach, so
it means every faculty on edge to pre-
pare for all kinds of contingencies,
and the strain begins to tell. So one
grits one's teeth and sits tighter and
looks to the whirling propeller or the
anemometer or anything to take one's
mind off the loneliness and the vast-
ness and his own impudence in com-
ing up so high into a region in which
he has no rights.

When Fear Laughs at You.

Up near the top of the climb, when
the last few mad minutes of plunging
and rising, plunging and rising, begin,
fear seems to laugh at you for trying
to keep it away from you.

Now the nerves are gone. They
jump and strain, and you fancy you
hear and see things, and then your
fears concentrate on a noise behind
you, and suddenly you realize that
you are gone—the tail has come loose!
It is rattling on its broken wires now,
and at the next plunge it will be
wrenched off completely and leave you
helpless in the one awful straight drop
down to the earth that is lurking un-
der the clouds thousands of feet be-
low you.

You take a quick glance over your
shoulder and find the tail in first
class shape, holding the machine to

ner work and looking strong enough
to balance a machine with two men
your size.
Completely reassured, you turn again
to your climbing. Your nerves are
terribly shaken by this few moments
of panic, but you make up your mind
that it shall not occur again, and you
grit your teeth and shove her nose
upward once more.

Usually the danger is over almost be-
fore the aviator can realize it. It
keeps him busy. Every nerve and ev-
ery faculty is worked to the utmost to
overcome the danger, and there is only
a lightninglike passing sensation of
awful horror.

A Flight of Torture.

But once in awhile we do get caught
under circumstances that make flying
a long continued torture, and one of
these times that I shall never forget
occurred to me during the meet at
Lanark, Scotland, a day or two before
I made the world's altitude record. I
rose gradually in big circles and was,
I should say, 2,500 or 3,000 feet high
when I suddenly heard above the
sound of the engine an unusual and
most disagreeable tapping sound at
my left.

Glancing along the front of the
plane on that side, I was horrified to
see that something was loose and was
being torn this way and that by the
pressure of the air, through which I
was going at a rate of about sixty
miles an hour. I was suddenly over-
whelmed with the stupefying realiza-
tion that the only thing it could be
was a piece of the fabric with which
the framework of the rib was covered
and which gives the supporting sur-
face of an aeroplane. To the layman
the full import of such a realization
cannot be understood in its full force.
Briefly it meant that the cloth which
alone held me in the air had begun to
rip on that side, and I knew that at
the tremendous speed at which I was
going it would take only one good
grip of the wind under such a small
opening to tear the entire fabric from
front to rear, whip it off the frame
and leave me absolutely unsupported
on that side to get crashing below.

All this flashed across my mind in
an instant, and I made up my mind
to turn about and try to get back to
the aviation field.

I came down in as easy curves as I
could because I did not want to put
any extra strain on the torn fabric,
and I kept my eye glued on that vi-
brating piece of cloth, fascinated, held
spellbound by the problem of whether
it would continue to vibrate without
tearing until I got down another one
hundred feet or so to comparative
safety, or whether it was merely wait-
ing until the next moment to give a
final shrieking rip as though in a de-
adish desire to tantalize me with false
hope as long as possible.

I know that cold sweat stood out
all over my body, and it was only by in-
stinct that I worked the controls of
my machine, for my entire mind was
focused on that little flapping shred
and all my thoughts revolved about
that one question of whether it would
hold long enough to let me get a little
closer and have a chance for safety
in the fall if the rip did come.

Blessing of Something to Do.

As I look back on it, I believe I
never even noticed the jolting of the
wheels when at last I touched the
ground. Dumbly and by instinct again
I had shut off the power on landing,
bringing the machine to a full stop.

I sat in my seat as my mechanics
came running up, and with my eyes
still glued fascinated to the spot where
I had seen the flapping cloth I waited
for them. When one of my men came
near I shouted to him to go over there
and see what was hanging to the
plane.

"I do not see anything," he said.
"Isn't there a shred of the cloth
hanging there?" I asked.
He ducked under the plane and soon
came up, holding in his hand a little
piece of string four or five inches long.
"It wasn't a piece of cloth," he said,
"it was just a bit of string that got
caught in a bolt here."

Do not get the idea from what I
have said that an aviator is more or
less constantly engaged in fighting
fear when he is in flight. As a rule,
a man in an aeroplane is far too busy
to think much of fear, especially when
he is taking part in some meet. There
are pylons or turning posts to be
rounded, grand stands and inclosures
to be avoided, outlines of ships to
drop bombs upon, circles and squares
to land in for accuracy and all such
details that keep a man's mind fully
occupied. The earth is near and flash-
es by at the rate of a mile a minute,
and, more than likely, there are other
machines in the air at the same time,
and the rules of the "road" must be
followed or there will be disqualifica-
tion if not total smashup. So the
aviator is too fully occupied in guid-
ing his machine according to the rules
to think much about the danger he is
in, yet, oddly enough, it is in this very
competitive form of flying that he is
in most peril. In working by himself
he is least in danger, yet he is likely
to be more in fear, for he has more
time to think of his peril and not so
much to occupy his mind and so quiet
his nerves.

Before I had gone very far into aero-
plane flying I had an experience in the air

which illustrates the point that too
many things a man has to do while
flying and think about for safety's
sake as a rule operate to keep his
mind away from fear.

I had been well up in my Blériot
several times and had felt very little
nervousness when a friend in England
invited me to accompany him and a
party of guests on a balloon trip. As
the ground sank away beneath me I
tried to feel some of the thrills that I
had felt in my good Blériot. But they
did not come. There was no merry
humming of the motor, no stinging
rush of the wind, no sense of great
power overcoming nature, nothing to
give me the idea that I was doing
some of the work and that skill and
courage were necessary to success.

It seemed that we were only hung
suspended by a tiny thread and that
all of us were on edge, waiting for the
thread to snap and the whole outfit to
go crashing below to the far distant
earth and to destruction.

I could not get out of my mind this
sense of suspended fate—of helpless
waiting for something awful to hap-
pen. I had never experienced it in
my Blériot. There all was action.
Muscles, mind, nerves were constantly
occupied with the glorious battle.

I found myself looking at the ropes
that suspended the car. They were all
too thin and weak. It seemed to me,
for the weight of such a party. I felt
my nerves going fast. I felt the need
of fighting something, of working e-
vers, of directing the thing, of doing
something or other that would give me
a chance. I was in a cold sweat, and
my knees and teeth actually trembled.
I knew it was silly, yet I could not
help it. I was in a complete quak.
The awful stillness, the oppressive
calm, the sense of nothing to do and
nothing to be done—all so different
from the inspiring struggle in a fight-
ing aeroplane—increased my panic ev-
ery minute, and I was never before
nor have I ever since been so glad of
getting back to Mother Earth as I was
when we stepped from the basket.

NEW PHONE LINE.

Company Constructing New Line Be-
tween Florence and Mapleton.

The Florence West says:
O. C. Stanwood, proprietor of the
Talliticoos telephone line, is prepar-
ing to build a new telephone line
between Florence and Mapleton.

A cable will be laid across the
river at the upper part of Acme
and the line will be constructed on
the south side of the stream from
there to Captain Steear's ranch
about two and one-half miles below
Mapleton. There it will cross the
river again and follow the north
bank to W. F. Potter's ranch above
Mapleton.

Mr. Stanwood has arranged with
property owners for right of way
and will build the line along the
river bank all the way.

The old line which was built
some eight or nine years ago is now
in poor condition and many of the
poles have decayed. Besides this
the railroad work going on be-
tween Mapleton and Acme, so close
to wires the entire distance, it
would be very difficult to keep the
line in working conditions.

SALEM.—J. A. Forehand, superin-
tendent of the Postal Telegraph com-
pany, has filed a complaint with
the State Railroad Commission for
discriminations against his company
on the part of the Pacific Telephone
and Telegraph company.

Try The Times' Want Ads.

THE KINGS OF THE FORESTS

A Remarkable Picture to Be
Shown at Grand Theatre
Thursday and Friday.

One of the most interesting and
finest educational moving pictures
ever shown in Marshfield will be ex-
hibited at the Grand theatre Thurs-
day and Friday nights of this week.
It is entitled "Kings of the Forest,"
and is one of the most remarkable
moving pictures ever shown. It con-
tains a story of romance, adventure
and daring and shows wild animals
with a familiarity never seen be-
fore.

This remarkable picture was filmed
on Selig's wild animal farm in
Southern California and has created
a tremendous sensation wherever
shown. Nothing like it has been
seen before. It is entirely different
from any other wild animal picture
that you have ever seen.

Don't forget the dates, Thursday
and Friday nights. You cannot af-
ford to miss this great picture.

HEALTH OF THE CHILD IN SCHOOL.

DO YOU eat breakfast every day?
Do you drink coffee or tea?
Do you have your bedroom win-
dow open or shut at night? Do you
own a toothbrush?

These and other pertinent ques-
tions are to be answered by the chil-
dren in the public schools of Minne-
sota. They form part of a "Health
Grading Outline" prepared by Dr. E.
neest B. Hoag, Special Director of
School Hygiene for the state, where-
by the teachers and school nurses
may learn in the most direct manner
possible the physical conditions of the
children entrusted to their care.

"Rational conservation of the men-
tal and physical health of our school
children" is the ultimate ideal of
this and other current health proj-
ects reported to the United States
Bureau of Education.

The appointment of a special state
director for school hygiene, and the
institution of a searching but non-
technical health survey by teachers
and school nurses, are important con-
tributions to the school-hygiene
movement that is now steadily mak-
ing its way throughout the country.

IOWANS LEAD IN OREGON.

Iowa leads all the other states in
the number of native sons and
daughters now residing in Oregon
for 5 per cent of the state's popu-
lation were born in Iowa, the aggre-
gate number being 28,242. Illinois
is a close second with 27,942. The
other states rank in the following
order: Missouri, 25,456; Ohio, 24,
030; Wisconsin, 18,755; California,
18,184; Washington, 17,509; Minne-
sota, 16,499; New York, 14,132;
Kansas, 15,937; Michigan, 15,194;
Indiana, 14,877; Pennsylvania, 12,
352; Nebraska, 12,566.

PORTLAND.—George W. Simon,
manager of the Pacific Bridge com-
pany and wife, were slightly injured
when a taxicab in which they were
riding collided with an Oregon
Electric train.

Have your job printing done at
The Times office.

Ladies' Attention! Keen Kutter SHEARS — SCISSORS

20 Per Cent. Discount
All Styles and Sizes

We have a most complete assortment of all styles,
BARBER, MANICURE, BUTTONHOLE, POCKET, EMBROID-
ERY and in fact Scissors for every use. We have had so much
call for Keen Kutter Shears and Scissors that we ordered a large
stock. We find we have no room for them and have decided to

Close Them Out at a Discount

Now is your opportunity to buy this famous shear. They will
not last long. Take advantage of this offering while our assort-
ment is complete. Priced 60c to \$1.25 less 20 per cent discount.

SEE OUR WINDOW.
Every pair has a price tag put on at the factory. Figure
your own discount.

We want you to learn what "Keen Kutter" means. If you
once use "Keen Kutter" you will use nothing else. During this
sale we will sell our

Keen Kutter Knives At 20 Per Cent. Discount

We want you to try "Keen Kutter Knives."

"The Gunnery"

THE HOUSE OF KEEN KUTTER—The recollection of quality
remains long after the price is forgotten.

Only Two More Days
TWO FIVE-ROOM COTTAGES, NEW, UP-TO-DATE. AND
YOU CAN HAVE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION—\$300 DOWN AND
\$25 A MONTH.
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