

COOS BAY TIMES

M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub. DAN E. MALONEY News Editor Official Paper of Coos County. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall thrive unopposed.

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THE LITTLE RIVERS

A-dancing, a-dancing, the little rivers run Down to the great, wide ocean, a-sparkling in the sun. By many a devious channel and barrier perplexed. By wheels and foaming rapids their onward way is vexed. The larger rivers snatch them to swell their stronger tide. But every little drop moves on to find the ocean wide. O dancing little rivers, how fair you make the land! Along your banks the happy kine knee deep in grasses stand; The great trees bending over hide from the sun each pool Where little minnows dart and play beneath the waters cool; Down to your crystal shallows the songbirds dip and drink. The ferns uncurl their fronds and bend to reach your curtained brink. Along your little valleys the crowded gardens grow And fruit peers out beneath its leaves in crimson row on row; The dashing, sparkling waters which feed your current clear Come from the gushing springs that flow from out the hillside near; Beauty you take from all and give; O river, cool and clear, Because of you earth is more bright and life has grown more dear. —N. M. Lawater.

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

GOOD EVENING. To be 70 years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old. — Oliver Wendell Holmes.

There is less fun in gambling if you can afford to lose.

If you would pose as a cynic, all you have to do is to put the lid on your sentiment and nail it down.

Some man is usually at the bottom of two women's dislike for each other.

STORY OF THE DAY

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday school class. "Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy; and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life." A small boy queried, "Why do the men all wear black?"

THE LITTLE BOY'S BABY PRAYER.

The recent receipt of a birth announcement from my friend Frank Tichenor, containing a cartoon in which the twin girls with hammers concealed behind their backs were waiting for the nurse prepared to do their worst if the new arrival was not a boy reminds me of a little poem, entitled "The Little Boy's Baby Prayer," and which goes as follows: Dear God, I need you awful bad; I don't know what to do; My papa's cross, my mamma's sick; I hain't no fren' but you. Them keerkless angels went an' brung 'Stid of the boy I ast, A weenchy, teenchy, baby girl, I don't see how they dast!

Say, God, I wish't you'd take her back. She's just as good as new; Won't no one know she's second hand, But 'cep'tin' me an' you, An' plek a boy, dear God, yourself. The nicest in your fold; But please don't choose him quite so young, I'd like him five years old.

"This world is but a dismal place, a desert sad and dreary." So Croaker says, with long drawn face, and Croaker makes me weary. I've hung around this good old sphere for two score years and twenty, and found that things are pleasant here, and there is joy aplenty. Although Brer Croaker tears his robe and talks like some soured prophet, he will not leave the gay old globe until we push him off it. I've noticed that the chaps who roam this world wherein we're dwelling, and sigh to join the shining host where anthems are swelling, when called away, put up a roar, and naught their grief can soften; they hate to leave this punk old shore that they've abused so often. I like to think that when we die to Aldenn we'll be wending, and sing beneath a cloudless sky, in happiness unending. However glorious the land for which (I hope) we're headed, we shouldn't knock this mundane strand where we are now homesteaded. I hope to have a harp that's pealed, and keep that harp humming, but while I loaf around this world I have no kick a-coming.—Walt Mason.

When it comes to work, in the spring almost anybody is willing to pose as a total abstainer. With riches some men imagine that they can gild a lot of vices until they look like virtues. A woman seldom knows what she wants until after she discovers that she can't get it.

"HURRAH! FOR COOS BAY." Hurrah! Hurrah! for Coos Bay. With her woods and valleys green, Hurrah! for her good old harbor, Where the ships each day are seen.

Good ships be on her waters, Good friends upon her shores; Right royally we are singing To all nations make it known That we love the land of Coos Bay, Within her gates she turns down no one.

If from wrong we should abstain, And true honor is our aim. To all true and honest people, She, her welcome does proclaim. —M. E. H.

MUCH MAIL IS HANDLED HERE

Less During April Than March Owing to One Less Day in Month—Kinds and Weight

About 1,000 pounds less mail was handled in the Marshfield postoffice during the month of April than was handled during the month of March. Deputy Postmaster Frank Sumner has just completed the report on last month's mail, the postoffice being required to weigh all mail handled during the months of March and April for fixing the pay of the star route carriers. Marshfield handles five routes, Cooscon, Eastside, Allegany, Empire and South Inlet, and also the incoming mail for North Bend has to be weighed through this office.

The total weight of the mail handled during the month of April was 41,241 pounds. In the incoming mail were 2,171 pounds of letters, 29,545 pounds of second class or papers, and 5,011 pounds of parcel post matter.

The outgoing mail totalled 7,451 pounds against 7,825 pounds during the month of March. Of this, 996 pounds were letters, 723 pounds parcel post matter and 1,656 pounds newspapers. April had one day less than March and this accounts for the slight decrease in the amount of mail handled. Then, too, March had some odder mail which was delayed on the roads by the storms.

NORTH BEND NOTES.

The regular meeting of the North Bend library committee will be held in their rooms in the Myers building Friday afternoon at 2:30. The regular business will be taken up and all interested in the work are invited to attend.

The Goose That Lays Several Eggs. The Times is in receipt of a parcel post package from Allegany, containing four goose eggs weighing 21 ounces, an average of 5 1/4 ounces, and each measure 7 1/2 inches by 8 1/2 inches. The following self-explanatory note accompanied the eggs: "Allegany, Or., May 5. Editor Times: I am sending a sample of my zoose eggs."

"I sent to Indiana for a setting of eggs in February of last year and in April I received them in good condition. One hen hovered over a week and deserted the next; another hen kept them warm a few days when she left the nest. I took out five spoiled and tried another which left the nest in about three days. The one good egg was given to another biddie who was mother of one lone goose which grew rapidly and seems contented with a flock of ducks. About Christmas she began laying, giving us about 56 eggs and is still laying, with no indications of stopping. She is of the Gray African species. "MRS. J. H. PRICE."

LOSES HIS LABOR.

Siuslaw Rancher Loses Homestead After Long Residence. FLORENCE, Ore., May 8.—After spending eight years in lonely toil on a homestead on Upper Big Creek, Bert Frohmader has received notice from the land office that his claim had been rejected. Frohmader was a member of the second Oregon volunteers and fought fourteen months in the Philippines, which time, if allowed as usual, would extend the legal period of his residence on the homestead to 10 years, lacking a few months.

He settled on the place in 1905. It was surveyed in 1909, and he filed in May 1910. In 1905 he built a cabin and barn and did his first clearing. In 1911 he built a bungalow out of dressed cedar, with large windows, panel door, and covered with shaved shingles. The same year he added three sheds to his barn to accommodate his increasing herd of cattle. He now has an orchard of twenty trees, some bearing, one and one-half acres in garden and fourteen acres seeded to grass, all inclosed with substantial fences. He raises hay enough for his stock and will have hay left over this year. He has always raised produce enough for his own needs. On the government side of the ledger in the way of natural resources, there are a few patches of

MRS. LA FRANCE TELLS STORY

Wife of Alleged Swindler Is Anxious to Get Babies Away to Home.

The Portland Oregonian prints the following story which will be of interest here, as J. C. LaFrance was arrested in Coquille a week ago for the \$15,000 insurance swindle at Portland:

"I would wait for my husband, should he be sent away, until the resurrection, if necessary," said Mrs. Emoline LaFrance, yesterday afternoon, wife of J. C. LaFrance, charged with obtaining \$15,000 insurance through palming off a dead body as his own. "I would wait for him because he is the father of my dear babies."

Mrs. LaFrance embraced her youngest born, Vendora, who cuddled in her lap, as she spoke, while Grace, three years of age, stood holding to her mother's right arm. "They are such dear children," continued the mother, "and we are in such a plight, I suppose they will need my husband away, but I hope not. And if they do all I ask is that I be allowed to leave here and get a little home somewhere so I can take care of my babies."

"You don't think they will do anything to me, do you? How can they? I meant no wrong. No jury would convict me of a crime when they see these little children."

All Thought Corpse La France's. "When I got the money—\$2500—from the Artisans everybody thought the corpse found in the river was that of my husband. I believed it and was mourned him as dead. And when he came to see us for the first time it was like the dead coming to life. I could hardly realize it was he. I was glad and yet I thought of the money."

"I gave him the money and he told me to collect the rest. He dominated me. I did not refuse. I collected the money and gave it to him. It did me no good. Most of it he invested in a sawmill at Bandon and in timber land in Coos County. I think the property can be sold for enough to pay all back."

"I never asked him where he got the body that was thought to have been his. I was so worried over the money that I did not want to learn any more. I just did as he said and worried myself almost to death."

"Mrs. LaFrance is 32 years of age, but looks several years younger. She is comely and well educated. Her manners and conversation indicate that she came from a refined family. The children resemble their mother and both are beautiful."

Wife Does Not Look Her Age. "When it was suggested to Mrs. LaFrance that she looked to be younger than 32, she said:

"Well, I am not as young looking now as I was before this terrible thing happened. I have aged years in appearance the last six months. You know not the terrible strain I have been under, and it grows worse all the time. When will the trial be, and will they try me? I want it all over with as soon as possible. I wish the trial could be held tomorrow."

"Mrs. LaFrance is in custody at the Detention Home as a principal in the alleged swindle on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. She and her children have a comfortable room and are given the best of attention. She said if she and her husband got out of the trouble they would go away and begin life anew."

NO NEWS OF BODY.

LaFrance Evidence Sought by the Authorities.

The Oregonian says: "To confer with District Attorney Evans regarding the body found on the upper reaches of the Clackamas River and palmed off as that of J. C. LaFrance, insurance swindler, now in the County Jail, Sheriff Maas and Coroner Wilson, of Clackamas County came to Portland from Oregon City. They wished to ascertain if Mr. Evans had any evidence on which to base an assumption that a murder had been committed, but he said that there was a theory conjecture to sustain such a theory."

"The Clackamas County officials suggested, as has been previously suggested by others, that the body might be that of Lloyd Williams, County Recorder of Clackamas County, who disappeared last spring. It is not believed, however, that Williams is dead, as several have reported having seen him alive on the streets of San Francisco. Several former Oregon City people have written back from San Francisco to this effect."

"District Attorney Evans is no nearer a solution than he was at first of the mystery of the body substituted for that of LaFrance. He has had Frank Beatty, investigator for his office, checking up on various leads but so far no clew of any real value has developed. La France's statements on the subject are evasive and contradictory."

young alders, a great many dead cedar spikes and not one green tree big enough for a saw log. Frohmader's patient efforts to secure a home thus meeting disappointment has widely aroused the indignation of the settlers in the Siuslaw forest, who are preparing a petition more concrete and vigorous in its indictments than any appeals formerly sent out from this forest.

Proposing by mail is as unsatisfactory as kissing a girl through a knot-hole in a board fence.

BAND DANCE SAT., MAY 10.

BIG MAN ON NOTI TUNNEL

Does Work of Three Men, Eats 18 Eggs for Breakfast, Drinks Six Quarts.

The Eugene Guard prints the following: "Gus Gustason, more generally known as the 'Big Swede,' who dumps cars on Noti tunnel on the new Coos Bay railroad, 30 miles west of Eugene, is a man of such huge size and strength as easily to justify the appellation of giant. He is almost seven feet high, nearly three feet across the shoulders and has a most phenomenal morning appetite. Daily, for his breakfast, 18 eggs are used, but though a dozen and a half eggs with ordinary concomitants of toast and butter, make anything but a cheap meal, the company that feeds him has never uttered a word of protest, for Gus Gustason has proved that he is an engine worthy of his fuel. Dump cars ordinarily requiring two and three men to handle he dumps by himself. In swinging a sledge he is another John Ridd; in using a bar in cramped quarters where two or three men could work with difficulty, his concentrated strength comes in handy; in lifting rocks, in placing timbers, in a hundred ways in the course of the day he pays for the costly albumen of his breakfast and the equally costly properties of his dinner and supper."

"His capacity for potables is quite as great as that of solids, his acquaintances proudly attesting that he can drink 'six quarts' in the course of a day 'without batting a lash.' But even when he goes beyond his 'six quarts' and does 'bat a lash' as occasionally happens, he does not grow fowl, abusive or dangerous, but then as at all times lives consistently to the good nature giants have traditionally possessed."

"He wears his hair cropped short, disproving the connection that was anciently supposed to exist between hair and strength."

Along the Waterfront.

A Portland paper says: "United States Inspectors Edwards and Fuller began an investigation this morning into the accident of the gasoline schooner Anvil, which went ashore at the mouth of the Siuslaw April 11. After taking testimony of Captain Snyder, the master, the investigation was postponed until other witnesses will be in a position to come to Portland."

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AUTO TRIP TO PORT ORFORD

Chinese Cannery Crew's Boss Chinamen Pay \$55 to Be Taken From Here South

Chas. I. Bonebrake and Lynn Lambeth last evening returned from an auto trip to Port Orford, having made the run in their new car, with three Boss Chinamen for the wheel, derburn Trading company's cannery on Rogue River. The Boss Chinamen were "swell guys" and paid \$55 for being taken to Port Orford, from where they will have to stage it. The run was made in good time, going down by the Seven Devils. The road was rough but wasn't very muddy.

Mr. Bonebrake says that an immense number of railroad ties are being taken out from below Bandon. Hundreds of them are piled near the road and a large number of teams are employed in hauling them to Bandon.

MAY APPEAL CASE.

Mrs. J. M. Stewart Tells Different Version of Bangor Troubles.

Mrs. Jennie M. Stewart, of Bangor, is considering an appeal to Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Liljeberg as a result of the trouble which followed the trip of Acting Constable James Watt and E. H. Joehnk to their home in Bangor the other day. Charges of trespass may be preferred. She has consulted a lawyer about it. Mrs. Stewart says that no gun was pointed at the men. She claims that prior to their visit, she received a telephone message from C. E. Maybes asking about the Cattel note and mortgage, saying there was some mixup about it. She refused to go down and then Joehnk and Watt came to her home. She says that Joehnk said he had the money to pay the claim as soon as he straightened it out. She gave him the documents and he handed them to Watt, saying they were attached. "I am not," declared Mrs. Stewart and she grabbed them back from Watt. Then Mr. Stewart appeared on the scene and then there was a tussle. Mr. Stewart not knowing that his wife had recovered the note and mortgage. When he discovered she had, he picked up an unloaded shot gun and the men left. She declares that she was not told that Mr. Watt was an officer and anyway says Joehnk had no business there. She says the claim that Joehnk is trying to collect from them was paid long ago.

To the Public:

Shows of a first class character, other than moving picture shows, have been so rare in Marshfield that the public feel that they are from Missouri and need to be shown.

At the present time, the Masonic Lodge, through their opera house committee, have secured what we can conscientiously say, after two night's trial, is the best show troupe that has been in this town for years. They are now playing at the opera house at popular prices, 25c, 35c and 50c.

F. S. DOW, E. A. ANDERSON, MAIR DANO. Opera House Committee.

PRICES

Queen Quality Shoes for Women, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00 and \$4.25.

Flebrich Fox Hilker Shoes for Men, welts, \$4.00 and \$4.50.

Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes for Children, \$1.50 to \$2.25.

Men's Suits \$7.50 \$11.00, \$12.50, \$14.00, \$16.50 and Up

We are sure we can save you from \$3.50 to \$5.00 on any Suit you buy here. Try us.

Men's Hats for one-third less than you have been paying. Try us.

Boys' Caps, extra value, 25c.

Men's Socks, black or colors, 10c, 12 1-2c, 15c, and 25c.

Women's Hose, 15c, 18c, 25c, 35c, 50c and \$1.00.

Prices such as these and a thousand others have made the Golden Rule what it is, the largest of its kind in Coos County.

The Golden Rule

First National Bank Building. R. A. Copley

Just As Easy THE FIXUP TWO STORES. Marshfield—North Bend