

COOS BAY TIMES

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TELLS ABOUT REDONDO TRIP

(Continued from Page One.)

The power of the Redondo's big engines, being barely able to hold our own against the howling gale.

Captain Erickson Stunned
In addition to wind and waves, we also encountered a terrific storm of thunder and lightning and rain and hail. On Friday night a bolt of lightning flashed across the bow of the boat so close to Captain Erickson, who was on the bridge, that it stunned and blinded him. In telling me of it later, he said that immediately after the blinding flash the whole world turned black for several minutes and he groped wildly for a time fearful that he had been blinded by the stroke. Gradually he recovered, but he never mentioned the matter until two days later.

An Efficient Captain and Crew
To the eternal credit of Captain Erickson and his gallant and efficient crew, he told that although that awful Friday night, with the lightning playing in fitful flashes around the vessel and the howling gale rocking the big iron ship like a cork on the billows, they behaved like true sailors and seamen. Never for a moment was there a hint of panic among the passengers, although many of them realized the dangerous conditions. The Redondo, too, proved her entire seaworthiness and the staunchness of her construction. Never was vessel given a more severe test. Never did she more successfully ride the roaring breakers.

Most Wrecks
A better understanding of the terrific storm and its havoc and our own good fortune was forced upon us Sunday morning when we passed three wrecks blown and broken on the rocks, including the four-masted schooner Pelaris, built and launched on Coos Bay, which went ashore near Point Reyes. Not a single coast vessel of the many due on Saturday arrived in San Francisco port.

Worst in Twenty-five Years
Captain Erickson stated that he never knew his barometer to be as low as it was during this storm and at least two members of the crew stated that in twenty-five years experience sailing the north Pacific they never knew as bad a storm as the one we encountered.

Another peril added to our danger was that during the worst of the storm it was impossible to send out distress signals because of the excessive lightning interfering with the operation of the wireless. It was told that one of the wireless operators attempted to get a farewell message to his mother and was preparing for a final plunge as he felt it would be impossible to launch the boat.

Shipped Many Seas
During the worst of the storm Friday night the Redondo shipped many heavy seas. We occupied stateroom 6 on the seaward side of the vessel. About 5 o'clock Saturday morning a tremendous sea struck us and a solid wall of water rushed through our open windows, completely inundating the lower berth, occupied by Little Lady Lou, who promptly uttered an indignant protest at the unexpected and involuntary bath. She screamed to her mother:

"Mummy! Mummy! the water is getting me!"

Exciting Experience
I leaned from the upper berth into six or eight inches of sea water that was flooding the stateroom and in which our shoes, stockings, magazines, papers and everything movable was floating around. Hastily snatching the little pillow from the water-drench berth I gave her to her mother while I fastened the window against further inundation, but it continued to pour in the cracks around the door, but fortunately did not serious damage beyond saturating all the clothing in our suitcases and grips.

A little later some California man, evidently a rancher, with true optimism, remarked that "the rain would be good for the oat crop this year." There happened to be a hull in the storm and we could hear the words rather faintly in our cabin.

"There," said Her Gentleness, excitedly, "did you hear that Michael? That man said 'lower the boat here'; they are launching the lift boats. Hurry and dress!"

Just at this inopportune but psychological moment the bell on the electric dynamo slipped and the lights flickered.

"There," Her Gentleness exclaimed, "the lights are going out; do hurry!"

Just then the cook was evidently dumping some garbage over the rail which he struck rather hard with the dishpan, and it did make a rather noisy, rather disconcerting, I must admit.

"Oh! Oh!" Her Gentleness gasped, "there on the hollow; we're lost; we're lost; our clothes are!"

Now isn't that just like a woman? Thinking about clothes when you are just about to be launched into eternity. I was just figuring that what we needed most at that particular time was a pair of slippers.

There were many other interesting incidents of this remarkable voyage, but that, as Kipling says: "is another story."
—M. C. M.

NOTED WRITER S. C. BROWN IS REACHES CITY DEAD AT SALEM

David Swing Ricker and Wife, Former Marshfield Man Succumb There—Held Much Local Property

David Swing Ricker, accompanied by Mrs. Ricker, who are walking from Vancouver, B. C., to San Diego, Cal., for the purpose of gathering data on the preparedness of the Pacific Coast for the growth of business and population expected to follow the opening of the Panama Canal, arrived in Marshfield last night after walking as far as Myrtle Point and finishing the trip by train.

David Swing Ricker was Sunday editor of the Chicago Tribune and has been engaged in writing on industrial and general conditions all over the United States and Canada. His present trip in company with Mrs. Ricker, who is also a writer of more than ordinary talent, is to furnish his impressions of the coast for the Portland Oregonian, Seattle Sun, Tacoma Tribune and the Opportunity Magazine.

Mr. Ricker is the author of "The New Industrialism" and is well-known in the East as an author under the nom de plume of "Stephen Wentworth." He has specialized in writing up the cities and towns of the continent, how he finds them and after he investigates them, what their future will be.

He was a guest of the Millicoma Club last night at the smoker tendered to Major Morrow and the impression he has gained of the energy and vigor of the citizens of this section filled him with the greatest enthusiasm. He declared today that he met the "livest bunch" he has encountered since he started out on his present trip.

Mr. Ricker was Commissioner of Publicity in British Columbia during the height of the boom in the Canadian province and since engaging in his present task, has placed a number of towns and cities "on the map." He declared today that the Coos Bay region looked to him at first glance as a fine field in which to secure big impressions of the future and with his camera to illustrate his communications to the various publications he represents, he started in this afternoon to throw a line on all the impressions to be gathered at this point.

The LADIES of the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH will hold a COOKED FOOD SALE, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, beginning at 1 o'clock, at the PERRY-NICHOLSON STORE.

Don't forget EAGLE'S BENEFIT BALL at Eagle's Hall TONIGHT.

S. C. Brown, a well-known pioneer of Coos Bay and Port Orford, died at Salem after a long illness, according to a telegram received today from his son, Wesley Brown, by F. A. McClees. Mr. Brown reached Salem just a short time prior to his father's death. The funeral will be held at Salem.

Mr. Brown spent a number of years at Port Orford in his boyhood and then went East and finally returned here about twenty years ago. He was born near Beloit, Wis., and spent many years at Charles City, Iowa, where he was engaged in the manufacture of gloves and mittens. On the way he followed the vocation of carpenter and house-mover. He owned much valuable property here including the old home at Third and

Commercial.
He is survived by a wife and four children. One son, Charles, lives in Iowa. The other three are boys by a second marriage and are Wesley Brown, of Marshfield, Mrs. Geo. Thomson, formerly of Marshfield, but now of Salem, and Opal, aged 13. He was well liked and news of his death will come as a great shock. He was about seventy years old.

OFFICER SHOUBE IS HURT IN RUNAWAY

Officer "Bill" Shoupe suffered a severe injury to the tendons in the calf of his right leg last night while in the performance of his duty and is confined to his home today.

"Bill" was walking his beat on Front street last night when the Coos Bay Laundry horse and wagon came tearing up the street. The officer made a jump to grab the horse's head and in doing so stumbled so that the muscles of his leg split, or separated and lamed him.

The runaway horse turned up Market street and finally stopped without doing any damage, while the officer was taken to the Turkish bath house and had the leg steamed to see if it would improve the injury. The extent of the injury to the leg will not be known for a time.

Don't forget EAGLE'S BENEFIT BALL at Eagle's Hall TONIGHT.

Here, Now, Is the Place Where Values Will Increase Most in Next Two Months

The section that will enjoy the greatest increase in the next two months lies between Fourth and Tenth streets, on the marsh which will be filled. The improvement will bring this property into actual use, while heretofore it has been almost impossible to do anything with it. Streets will be improved in the near future; houses built, and a section which has been idle, waste land, will be profitably developed.

Most of this property has gone well up in price since the fill was assured. However, we have one or two parcels that can still be had at former prices. They are money-makers beyond question, and will be available at present prices for only a short time.

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Men's Suits, \$25 values. Sale price	\$18.75	Boys' Overcoats, \$6.00 values. Sale price	\$4.00
Men's Suits, \$30 values. Sale price	\$22.50	Ladies and Misses' Coats, three-quarter and full length, ONE.	
Men's Overcoats, \$15 values. Sale price	\$10.00	HALF PRICE.	
Men's Overcoats, \$25 values. Sale price	\$16.65	One lot of ladies' suits, serge, broadcloth, basket weaves. Values to \$30.00.	
Boys' Suits, \$5.00 values. Sale price	\$3.75	Sale price	\$15.00
Boys' Suits, \$8.00 values. Sale price	\$6.00	Ladies', Misses' and Children's raincoats and capes. TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT.	

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