

COOS BAY TIMES

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COOS BAY IMPROVEMENTS SHOULD BE MADE WITH COOS BAY LABOR

THERE was quite a little feeling, and justifiably so, at North Bend last night and today, because the contractor, Edward Senberg, who is building the Connecticut avenue sewer, dismissed some of the local men he had in his employ and brought into the city a number of foreigners to work on the project. Those who objected to the action of the contractor rightly took the position that the public improvements must be paid for by the property owners and that what labor was employed should, as far as possible, be chosen from local men who were out of work. In short they felt that what money was to be spent for work should be kept at home. On the other hand, the contractor takes the stand that he made a small bid for the work, that he lost money on part of it because he tried to use inexperienced workmen and that he has furnished a bond for the successful completion of the work and that it is up to him to deliver the completed job, according to contract and make a profit if he can. From that viewpoint the contractor is, of course, within his rights and he doubtless knows his business and has his reasons for employing whom he pleases, but the City Council should provide against such contingencies before contracts are let. Right now conditions are somewhat unusual. There are many men on Coos Bay and in North Bend who are out of work. The construction of the sewer must be paid for by the people, and no doubt at these times the burden is considerable to a good many. In consequence the people feel that the money they are paying out should be in return paid for local labor, as far as it can be, and as a matter of fact, this is right. A community must take care of itself and if the gentleman who holds the contract for the sewer shows preference to local men he will most certainly gain the good will of the community.

There is a suggestion and a lesson in this incident and that is that the City Council in letting contracts should protect local labor. Coos Bay improvements that are paid for by Coos Bay money should be done by Coos Bay labor.

Usually the girl whose front name is Mae or June looks more like July or August.

If you want to know the truth about a Coos Bay woman talk confidentially to her hired girl.

Before he gets her she is so different from other women that he can't live without her. After he gets her he is always telling that she is just like the rest of the dozzone women.

A woman always has "be- cause as a reason, but some Coos Bay men haven't one that good.

When there are five or six grown girls in a family the oldest daughter always has an idea that her mother is trying to raffle her off.

The wife who doesn't find out is pitied. But the husband who doesn't know what is going on inspires only laughter.

Once in awhile you meet a Coos Bay man who is so careful of his conscience that he uses it only on Sunday.

It is the opinion of those who have had experience along that line that gratitude is the rarest thing.

THE QUIET OBSERVER SAYS: "You can tell whether a man is married by the way he shuts the door."

OUCH! Our English language is a fright. At times it is real dense. When speaking of strawberry pie Some say it is "a mince."

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

GOOD EVENING
A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.— Archbishop Whately.

THE LIFE DREAM
The life dream, do you dream it? The best old dream of all, The strife dream tries to heat it, but the life dream has the call. The dream of daily service In the sacrifice that keeps The red rose in the path that runs "Twixt that which wakes and sleeps.

The life dream, don't you know it? The dream that twilight throws On curtains of the sweetheart rose. That holds the sweetheart close. The dream of up and again, To music of the wheels of toll That haunts the hearts of men.

The life dream, don't resist it! The dream of night and day, With beauty like a bubble blown across its hills of May. The dreams of trial and patience, The sweetness and content; With little lips of love to lean In song and sacrament.

Nothing seems funny to a Coos Bay girl when she discovers that she wrinkles her nose when she laughs.

The Coos Bay man who takes his pay envelop home to his wife with-

out opening it may be henpecked but he is seldom in line with the bunch that says, "Good morning, Judge," to John Butler the next day.

You can't convince the players in the North Bend nine last Sunday that 13 is not an unlucky number.

No Coos Bay man knows what it is to be abused until he has engaged in an argument with his wife.

No Coos Bay man ever saw another man's hat that he would wear to a dog fight.

YOU KNOW HIM
I'd like to plant him underground This man I'd like to blotch; I mean the man who stands around And cranks his dollar watch.

The joke about finding a long hair on a man's coat is the oldest one in the world, and the poorest.

The merchant who doesn't advertise is the same fellow who never has what you want in stock because he never had any demand for it.

If you want to hear a lot of reasons talk to those North Bend boys who lost Sunday's game by a score of 8 to 9 in 13 innings.

STORY FOR THE DAY
"Bob" Booth, who returned on the last steamer from San Francisco was telling some sights and experiences on the boat:

"It certainly takes all the starch out of a fellow when he gets sea sick," he said.

"It that all?" questioned John Goss.

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Saturday Evening Thoughts

While He's Living

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration
As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.
For, no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise—bestow it; if you like him, let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.
—Anon.

"I WAS rather surprised," remarked Herbert Lockhart to the writer, one day recently, "how little was said in the newspapers about the death of Elbert Hubbard."

THE NEGLECT OF ELBERT HUBBARD
Hubbard. Has that not occurred to you? It had occurred to me, particularly because of the dramatic manner of his death, and so much was printed about many lesser lights, Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, for instance, while Hubbard was slighted by the papers. And yet there was no American writer who could write more vividly than Fra Elbertus. But brilliant as he was, especially in phrases, he seems never to have been taken very seriously. He protested a great deal, but he never made himself stand for anything definite, for anything that the world remembers, it may almost be said. Then, too, he commercialized his talent to an extent that was offensive to thoughtful persons. Perhaps that is the explanation of the lack of interest in his death. But if Hubbard had been one of the survivors of the Lusitania, instead of one of the victims, that "Message to Garcia" would have been Sunday School literature compared with what he might have written about the German submarine men. The German side of that controversy may consider itself fortunate that Hubbard is not alive to offer his rhetoric.

"When a person who answers the phone tells you that you have the wrong number, should you apologize?" was recently propounded to The Times as a problem of conduct. Not finding the answer in the book of etiquette in The Times editorial library, we passed the question to a Coos Bay lady and she answered "One might say in a most courteous tone, as a gentleman said to me, I trust you will pardon the operator."

AN EXCHANGE is calling for verses on the jitney in a poetical contest that is to be inaugurated. The following is suggested as a sample of SOME rhyme that may be JITNEY ground out by those who MOUNT their Pegasus and ride to Parnassian heights:

There was a young fellow named Whitney,
Who walked out in front of a jitney.
He was thrown twenty feet
To the side of the street
And was carried off home with a split knee.

Now what do you know about anyone who puts poets up against an idea for finding words to rhyme with "jitney"? Think it over yourself and see how it goes. I mentioned the matter to "Gene Crosthwaite, who occasionally tries his hand at poetry, and as he just returned from San Francisco, where he saw millions and millions of jitneys he tried his hand with this result:

There was a youth named William Fass
Who hailed a passing jitney bus;
"The S. P. motor is slow," said Williams, "I'd prefer an auto when I ride."
Another jitney on the high,
Unknown to William, rattled by;
He stepped in front—my rhyme is terse—
Now William's in a jitney hearse.

I am going to ask my friend F. R. Kirk to do something with it next week. Frank can make a rhyme about anything from Mill Slough to Pine street.

ONE thing we can all do and that is to keep the stream of thought that flows to friends sweet and kindly, whether we be busy or not, and whenever then we shall REMEMBER OUR FRIENDS never have any pang of remorse with our regrets. Meeting people and keeping up a semblance of social interchange is not everything. It is possible for friends to be so sincere and harmonious in their relations that it doesn't make much difference whether they meet often or not. They are the ones with whom, after long absences one begins exactly where one left off. Each knows that the other would come, if need were, from the other side of the world, and would share the last act of kindness and the last dollar equally quick. Still, we might make some hours a good deal happier for others and ourselves by a little greater effort toward getting out of our self-centered shell.

Of course you have noticed that while you can learn a little every day, it is just as well to forget the most of it.

The pessimist is the man who imagines another evil in addition to the one that he sees, and then makes the worst of both.

John W. Gates left a big fortune a few years ago. Now, because of two deaths and a marriage, that fortune passes to persons who are quite unrelated to him, and whom he

never even knew. What's the use of piling up a fortune, anyhow? Money has no relatives, and doesn't care who inherits it.

"Say something good about your neighbor, if you have to make it up" is a good rule. It is reversed by some, however, and with them it is a case of saying something evil of a neighbor. However well intentioned, people will do just as well and be a lot happier if they follow the first named rule.

LIFE'S INGREDIENTS
Put some pepper and salt on life,
A little mustard to suit the taste;
It wouldn't be good if all were strife
Worry and scurry and waste and haste.

Got to favor it now and then
With days of bubble and light and glee;
And that's the way we are better men
Than ever we thought we were going to be.

The only person by whom a man can really be cheated is by himself. If he thinks that another cheats him, it is only in the seeming, for the capacity to be cheated dwells within the man cheated and this makes possible the cheating by the other man.

WE COULD forgive Bryan everything, including his recent resignation, if he would only come through with a useful suggestion for ending the European war. But there is always the distressing thought that Bryan is always the man who was always just about to do something great. One dips into the future and things of the Commoner's epitaph and then of the poet who wrote of

The things which never happened,
And the things which never would
Engraven on the tombstones
Of the men who never could.

And speaking of epitaphs, most of us would rather have a little more "tacky," when we are living, and a little less "epitaphy" when we are dead; a few flowers on the desk and less on the grave. Speak the good word and speak it in season.

LOUIS GORR is our plumber, 472 Central Avenue, Phone 351-J.

Big Lucky Dance, Simpson's Pavilion, Saturday evening, June 26.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS
Bids will be received at the office of I. S. Kaufman & Co., up to and including July 1, 1915, for the construction of 506 feet of plank bridge and roadway in First Addition to Bay Park, Coos County, Oregon, according to the plans and specifications prepared for same.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.
MARSHFIELD LAND COMPANY.

NO PRIOR RIGHTS MAKE NO CHANGE

RALPH MOODY, S. P. ATTORNEY, TALKS ON LAND CASE

Says There Is No Chance of Preference According to Supreme Court Decision
That the persons who have filed or settled upon the O. & C lands have no rights over anyone else is asserted by Ralph Moody, the Southern Pacific attorney who with Engineers Hoey and Fontaine Mr. Moody was asked about the supreme court decision last night. He said:

"I have been away from my office since the decision was given by the supreme court. I know nothing of it really excepting what I have read in the newspapers. Therefore I would not want to make any statement as to what will be the policy of the legal department of the Southern Pacific.

"I have however learned enough to say positively that the decision of the supreme court is such that there will be no preference rights. I have not yet had the opportunity of seeing the full text of the decision as I have been traveling for several days past, but as I understand it the matter of the disposition of the land of the railroad depends upon the action of congress. But it is clear to me that those who may have attempted settlement upon the O. & C. lands or those who have made tender to purchase have no preference rights. If congress should rule that the Southern Pacific must sell these lands for \$2.50 an acre I think that the supreme court decision is such that no previous rights would be observed. Understand that, as I have stated, I have not studied the decision closely as yet, but I think I have learned enough to be certain that there will be no prior rights."

Mr. Moody was shown what was printed in the Times last evening regarding the warning of U. S. Attorney Reames that no one should pay promoters any fees for supposed locations on these lands. Mr. Moody was quick in adding his approval to this warning stating that according to this decision of the court it was impossible for any locators to secure lands for anyone.

Mr. Moody together with Engineers Hoey and Fontaine left this morning in a special conveyance up the coast.

CUTTING CEDAR
L. C. Reynolds Mill is Operating Steadily on South Slough

L. C. Reynolds who is conducting a logging camp and operating a saw mill on South Inlet, was in North Bend last evening. Mr. Reynolds is logging a tract of cedar and his mill is located right on the ground. He

is cutting white cedar exclusively and the lumber is barged from South Inlet to North Bend for shipment. He has no trouble in finding a ready market for this class of lumber.

Let's go to Simpson's Pavilion Saturday night. Big dance.

NOTHING NEW IN KINNEY AFFAIRS SAYS JUDGE WATERS

Has Long Consultation With F. B. Waite Who Leaves Today—Major Kinney is Some Better

Though Frank B. Waite was elected for several hours yesterday with Judge V. E. Waters, receiver of the Kinney properties, the Judge this morning stated there is no new phase in the situation. It was thought there might be a possibility of a foreclosure on some of the estate by Mr. Waite. Judge Waters stated he has no knowledge of such a move. This morning Mr. Waite returned to his home in Bath, Ore.

This then is taken to mean there will be nothing for the time being done with the properties.

When last in Salem Judge C. A. Sehlbrede had a two-hour talk with Major Kinney at the asylum and that for a time he was very rational. The day before going out to the asylum the Major called on him in the city, though it was afterwards found that he had come down town without the knowledge of the attendants.

It is said that Major Kinney is quite himself for long periods and then has a relapse which lasts for a period until he again becomes rational.

DIES AT LAKESIDE
TUBERCULOSIS FATAL TO MISS AVIS LEOTA PRESCOTT

For More Than a Year Young Woman Was Invalid—Leaves Parents and a Brother.

Miss Avis Leota Prescott, aged 20, died yesterday at the home of her parents in Lakeside, after an illness which for more than a year has left her practically an invalid with tuberculosis. She will probably be buried in Lakeside either Sunday or Monday.

The deceased was born in Marshfield, Wisconsin, in 1885, and about seven years ago moved West. She was well known in her neighborhood and left a great many friends who mourn her loss.

She leaves a father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Prescott and a brother, Charles Prescott.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Bids will be received at the office of the REYNOLDS DEVELOPMENT CO. up to and including June 30, 1915, for the improvement of Oregon Avenue in FIRST ADDITION TO MARSHFIELD

Improvement consisting of grading and bridge work.

Plans and specifications on file at the office of the REYNOLDS DEVELOPMENT CO.

The company reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Reynolds Development Co.

(OWNER)
178 Central Ave.