

Coos Bay Times

Entered at the postoffice at Marshfield, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO COOS BAY DAILY TIMES
Marshfield Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. In Advance. DAILY.

One year\$5.00
Six months\$2.50
Less than 6 months, per month .50
WEEKLY.
One year\$1.50
Local readers, 10c per line.

FORGIVE THESE TEARS

LOST—One subscriber to the Coos Bay Daily Times. No reward is offered for his return for he is gone forever.

The Times lost a subscriber yesterday.

Seymour H. Bell, manager of the Coos Bay Gas & Electric Co., stopped the subscription of Henry Hewitt, Jr., 417 Providence Block, Tacoma, Washington, for the Coos Bay Daily Times.

Henry Hewitt is the head of the company.

The Coos Bay Gas & Electric Co. thus fires another broadside in answer to this paper's criticism of the light and power service being furnished Marshfield.

It seems evident that the Coos Bay Gas & Electric company have been mistaken in their judgment of this paper. There was an apparent understanding on the company's side that a newspaper would be a "good dog" if it were thrown a few bones of patronage in the form of advertising and subscriptions.

Henry Hewitt was not much interested in what was going on in Coos Bay except in the Coos Bay Gas and Electric Co. and Mr. Bell kept him better posted on this than a daily newspaper could possibly do. But just as evidence of interest and an earnest of good intent Mr. Hewitt would subscribe for the paper.

Mr. Bell did not believe it paid to advertise but to be a "good fellow" and help the paper along, he would also advertise in it. Recent developments have proven that it was NOT WHAT THE PAPER PRINTED that it was being paid for but WHAT IT DIDN'T PRINT.

Mr. Bell was not so much interested in what was printed in the advertising columns as what WAS NOT PRINTED in the editorial and news columns.

Mr. Hewitt did not sit in his luxurious offices in Tacoma long past office hours waiting for the mail to be distributed so that he might get a copy of the Times and read all the latest news from Marshfield. He was also more interested in what the paper did not print than what it did print.

Now both gentlemen feel aggrieved.

The Coos Bay Gas & Electric Co. stops its advertising in the Times.

Mr. Bell has stopped Mr. Hewitt's paper.

There is one less name on the subscription list today. The aching void which Henry Hewitt filled is empty.

The Times will be primed, however, at the usual hour Monday evening, if the electric power does not fail.

It will continue to print the news and criticize public service corporations, regardless of the approval or disapproval of the Coos Bay Gas & Electric Co. or Mr. Bell or Mr. Hewitt.

We have lost an advertiser, also a subscriber, but we retain the right to print what we please in the columns of the Times without consulting anybody or anything except our own conscience.

What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole works and lose his own self respect.

Let the merry war go on.

"Lay on MacDuff,
And damn'd be he who first cries
Hold! Enough!"

THE DOLLAR MEASURE.

All men have use for the dollar in the common adjustment of life, its duties, its pleasures, its aspirations, its anxieties; it is used, and abused, according to the guileless, spirit, and necessities of the man in whose hand it lies. It has attained the chief place in the calculation of the ordinary mortal, and it will stay anything from the common commodity to human life and character; the scale of values it stands for is found in the standards of human cupidity, safety, ambition and prodigality. The human has become demoralized, insofar as the relation of the two are concerned and

the impossibility of separating them goes. Law, religion, social ethics, love, fraternity, fellow-ship, and hope itself, are wrapped into the disc and paper-leaflet of commerce, until man dare not espouse even the gentler elements of life, without first reckoning the reflected influence of the dollar is going to assert itself in the dollar is going to assert itself to the chain of circumstance that follows the act of inspired committal.

It has cheapened existence, morally; and made it intolerable in a physical sense; and has become the "touch-stone" of all endeavor to the utter exclusion of the once boasted basis of individual action and judgment. This, of course, outside the rare noble use that is made of it, says an exchange. Bond and bargain and bale are the slogans of money and the want of it; and yet we go on cultivating it and forcing it into the last crevice of our existence and put it above and beyond almost every virtue and grace that makes for the fullness and sweetness of life.

WHAT IS A GRAFTER?

"What is a grafter?" asks a correspondent, seeking for light.

Ah, if we would only ask something answerable! Who shall limit the indefinite word? Who shall limit the limitless? It needs a Homer to sing the epic of graft, and catalogue the grafters.

Graft is a tendency, an atmosphere, an influence, an impulse, an instinct. It is a reaching out for more. It is an evolutionary effort to survive. It is selfishness. It is egotism. It is fraud, injustice. It is an effort to get more than one's share. It is as old as the world and as universal as sin. Still, that does not explain.

"What is a grafter?" This form of the question is more concrete, but just as elusive. Our correspondent knows. We know. Everybody knows. But the "body of this death" is too subtle, too protean to be confined in a stick of type, or embalmed in a spoken phrase. The latter day prophets know—ask Upton Sinclair; ask David Graham Phillips; ask Lincoln Steffens; ask the whole tribe of muck rake wielders. And yet, if you do not know, they cannot tell you, says an exchange. The surgeons know—ask Roosevelt; ask Hughes; ask Folk. Yet they cannot make it plain. The condemned know—ask in San Francisco, in St. Louis, in Chicago, in Kansas, in Oregon, and turn your telescope toward Philadelphia and Washington. But if you do not understand already their elucidation is obfuscatory.

ELECTRIC POWER FROM THE MIDDLE FORK.

Development of Energy From Coos County River Being Investigated.

E. V. Hawley, a grandson of Orvil Dodge of this city, is here on a visit and to look up the possibilities for electrical development in this section. Mr. Hawley is principal of the electrical engineering department of the agricultural college at Corvallis. He has begun investigating the possibility of developing electric energy from the Middle Fork at a point about six miles south of Myrtle Point and is confident that there is sufficient power going to waste there which, if put to use, would be a great factor in the development of the valley. He has been interviewing the business men and property owners to see what encouragement would be given to such an undertaking and has met with gratifying success here. On Tuesday he left for the Coquille and the lower river to interview the people and if he finds sufficient encouragement will return in the spring and further develop the project. He also intends to interview the people on the Bay for the same purpose. He is confident that there is power to light the various towns of Coos county, furnish power for the various industries and generate a current for an electric line. A flume to carry the water from one level to another would be the method of generating the power.—Myrtle Point Enterprise.

"LIVING SKELETON" IS DEAD

Weighed 80 Pounds—Was 6 Feet and 1 Inch Tall.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 11.—Charles H. Perry, who traveled with several of the larger circuses for 16 years, figuring as "the living skeleton" was found dead recently from natural causes in a lonely hut in the outskirts of this city, where he had lately led a hermit's life.

Perry was known to the public as Eugene Ferullo. Although he was six feet one inch in height he weighed only 80 pounds. His widow, a son and daughter live in New York.

—A sacrifice sale—90 acre ranch, 70 acres bottom land, modern 9-room residence, 5 miles from town. This is water-front property. For particulars see Stutsman & Co.

—Coos Bay Electric & Gas Co. are water pipe in Sengstacken addition.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA GOOD EVENING

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goethe.

Can You Afford It?

You can't afford to look as if your hopes had faded away. Though failure face you everywhere you turn; You can't afford to let the world discover your dismay, Though others claim the profits that you earn; You can't afford to go about with dismal mutterings, Or mourn the wrongs you suffer and the woeful state of things; You can't afford to show your wounds or try to salve the stings By tearfully complaining that they burn.

The world has little sympathy for him who shuffles past, Proclaiming by his look that he has failed;

The world has small regard for him whose face is overcast, And Fortune hates to hear herself assailed.

The world is always ready to believe in him whose air is that of one whom victory makes proof against despair;

The world is ever eager to be helpful if we dare To seem undaunted where we might have quailed.

You can't afford to sacrifice the watchful world's regard, No matter how your wounded heart may ache;

You can't afford to wall because the blows fall thick and hard, The fates will not be kind for pity's sake.

You can't afford to look the part of one whose hope has fled; You can't afford to show the wounds upon your bleeding head;

The world looks on the somber man as one whose soul is dead, And cheers men for the hopeful fights they make.

—Chicago Record Herald.

The mill never grinds with water that has passed—applied it means you can't run a business on last year's advertising.

Repetition fastens a matter in the mind. An advertisement appearing ten times is more effective than one ten times as large appearing once.

A Marshfield grocer, when a customer complained that the pepper which he sold was not pure, remarked that "to the pure all things are pure."

A Marshfield merchant once said, "I advertised yesterday and the day before." Very good, but this is not an excuse against or a reason for not advertising today or tomorrow.

A Delaware man who married again four weeks after the death of his first wife went out on the porch and told the "shivaree" crowd that he didn't think it showed very good taste for them to come banging around a man's house like that so soon after a funeral.

There has been some lively discussion among the members as to the gender of the new Millcoma club. Jack Flanagan insisting that being a man's club it must of necessity be masculine gender. Claud Nasburg, always a friend of the ladies, said it was feminine gender. "Why look at the name," Claud remarked, Millie Coma, who ever heard of a man named Millie, of course it is feminine gender," and he dismissed the subject as settled, while Jack started a discussion in the Poets Corner by asking if anyone knew of a word that would rhyme with Millcoma.

A certain Marshfield man doesn't go to church often, but a week or so ago he was persuaded by his wife and they attended services together. Upon their return home he regarded her with a teasing look and asked:

"Now look here, my dear; which is worse, not to go to church at all, or to go and pay absolutely no attention to the service?"

"If you mean that for me I think you are horrid," she replied.

"Well, you didn't; you were looking at all those diamonds the woman in front of you had on all the time."

For an instant she blushed, for she was an honest little woman, but quickly recovered her poise.

"Oh, well, suppose I was," she retorted; "didn't you ever hear of sermons in stones?"

Not a Removal or Clearance Sale

But an Everyday Sale

My Trade is so GREAT and my PRICES so SMALL that they are equal to a SALE anytime of the year.

WHY can I SELL for LESS than any other STORE on the BAY

REASONS

- 1 Because I Buy Right.
- 2 Because I Only Want a Small Profit.
- 3 Because I Do My Own Work.
- 4 Because My Rent is Small.
- 5 Because There is No PATENT on STYLE and QUALITY and I Have the BEST in BOTH.

My line is exclusive and I take pride in seeing that my patrons get COOS BAY styles as well as EASTERN styles.

LADIES are you under the impression my store is for men only? if so you are mistaken for my Patrons are equally divided among LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Geo. Goodrum

DO NOT HESITATE BUT GET IN LINE EARLY AND YOU WILL NEVER GET OUT.

THE HOUSE REPRESENTING STYLE AND QUALITY. Corner C Street and Broadway

MYRTLE POINT MUSINGS

Doings of the Week as Told by the Enterprise.

W. S. Ray and Geo. Belton, of Marshfield were the guests at the home of W. Lee this week.

Grandpa Ray, who has been sick at the home of his son, Lee Ray, with rheumatism, is improving in health.

Marshfield barbers are evidently in it to boost the sale of safety razors and other similar equipment for home use. They have agreed to charge 25 cents straight for shaves.

W. R. Haines, the Marshfield piano man, remembered a number of his friends with some choice pieces of music on Christmas, many of them finding their way to Myrtle Point.

Claude Waters, of Lee, returned Wednesday from a trip to Seattle he had been about three weeks at Seattle but three days when he decided that there was no place like Coos county and immediately decided to return to this favored spot as soon as he could.

Miss Callie Chandler left Wednesday for Elk River where she is to teach a term of school.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rackleff arrived Wednesday from Silverdale, Wash., where they have been living since their marriage. They expect to remain here for some time, and their friends hope, permanently. Mrs. Rackleff was formerly Miss Myrtle McDonald. Her parents remain at Silverdale.

Miss Kittle Thom, who has been a nurse in the hospital at Eureka for the past two years, arrived Thursday morning, for a visit with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pierce, of the Middle Fork left Wednesday for Los Angeles, California, where they expect to spend most of the winter with relatives and friends.

Mr. James Button and Miss Myrtle Mullen were united in marriage Wednesday evening, the first, at the Myrtle Point hotel, Rev. Thos. Barklow officiating.

Fred Brace, of Eastern Oregon, has been here this week looking over the country. He is an old mining man and took an interest in the ore taken from the mines in this locality.

The stringency in the money market does not seem to affect "East-side." Lots are selling there right along.

A Most Unusual Sale

Of Boro Thymol Antiseptic Tooth Paste.

This paste was put up expressly for High Class trade that the Lockhart Parsons Drug Company caters to and is an exceedingly delightful preparation for cleansing, preserving and beautifying the teeth. Former selling price 25c Special sale price.....15c

LOCKHART, PARSON DRUG COMPANY

Corner A and Front Sts. "The Busy Corner."

The Southern Oregon State Normal School

At ASHLAND, Ore.

Offers especial opportunities for teachers to review for the teachers' examinations in February and August, and to take work in Pedagogy and in Special Methods of teaching in the various grades of the training school. Since the public schools of Oregon are calling for teachers who can teach manual training, many are taking advantage of the industrial work lately installed in the school. Expenses of board and lodging and tuition nominal. The State Normal School at Ashland is enjoying the largest appropriation of state funds ever granted a Normal school in the history of Oregon. Catalogues sent on application to the PRESIDENT.