

Coos Bay Times

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OLD THINGS MUST PASS AWAY

The world teems with people who cling to worn-out ideas and antiquated forms. They refuse to climb onto the triumphal car of progress. In districts of China and northern Japan a sharpened stick is still used in plowing. The Australian bushman has not graduated from the use of his boomerang. The pigmies of Africa eke out a miserable existence with their refusal to cultivate the soil. A wide section of the people in one of the strongest military nations on the planet still worship the sun. Europe clings with a death grip to throne and scepter, and only yields when forced to, to constitutions and ballot rule. Premier Franco resisted progress too vigorously, and the lives of the king and crown prince of Portugal were the result.

Human nature is as much given to blocking progress as to promoting it. Every man with a message is at first hooted at as a rabble agitator. Half of mankind would still insist that the world is flat but for the incontrovertible proof to the contrary. The unwillingness to accompany the world as it swings forward in its onward sweep of progress is partly prejudice and partly self interest. Some of us resist the new method because it was not the one grandpa used, or oppose the new idea because it was not ours in boyhood. That is prejudice. It is a common error of the aged. Others resist change through self interest, notably the American senate, resisting elections by the people. Back of the senators is corporate greed and the arrogant few, who hold the masses to be ignorant and incapable of participation in government. This resistance to the forward movement, from one reason or another, has been the history of the world, and it will so continue. The new in civic and social life has to be dragged, inch by inch and step by step, from the unwilling apologists for the antiquated and worn-out.

In Oregon we are face to face with the old dogmas and prejudices. Because there are 19 measures to be passed upon by the people at the coming election, we are told that the initiative and referendum is an impossibility. A group of local teachers and preachers of economics and social science profess to see peril for the state, and are hysterical with alarm. We might expect as much from the Chinaman with his wooden plow, or the bushman with his boomerang. Premier Franco would naturally regard the risking of such responsibilities to the rabble people as full of peril to society. The thrones and scepters of Europe we should expect to tremble at thought of so great a confidence in the common herd. Naturally, too, those who from age and prejudices or selfish interest, are linked to the bigoted and dogmatic past, we may expect to be frightened at the prospect of the common people actually attempting constructive legislation. But is it not strange that those among us who assume to teach should be hysterical at thought of Oregon people striving to pass upon public regulations, called laws, under which they are to spend their lives, to which they entrust their fortunes, and which they must leave as a legacy for the government of their children and children's children?

The level-headed, forward-moving progressive is not alarmed. He knows the world does move. When the initiative was put into effect, he anticipated that, at first, it would be much employed. It was and is a new and encouraging field for exercise of his intelligence, and he wants to use it. It is human nature to do so. The boy uses astidiously the new pocket knife, but when the knife is used only when there is need, it will be with the initiative. It will adjust itself, if given a little time to work off, he takes it aside, then and patiently, just as the antiquated water in a basin, if left undisturbed will come to rest. Let the prejudiced and discursive reactionaries, cling to their old idols and old prophets, quiet their fears, for there is no danger.

With the Toast and Tea



A Valentine Dream

Today being St. Valentine's day there was a special meeting called this morning in the Millicoma Club. The attendance was not large but every one present was required to answer roll call with a poem, either original or selected. The secretary's roster showed the following result at the close of the meeting:

The Leap Year Refusal.
'Tis very kind, indeed, of you
To offer to become my wife;
To say you love me as you do
And wish to share my simple life.
But do not grieve at what I say,
Dear Maud, I really love another;
In anger do not go away
I will consent to be your brother.

I'm sorry, Maud, I really am,
That you have learned to love me so;
For me you should not care a—darn;
For I never meant to be your bean.
Your husband, Maud, I cannot be,
My heart belongs to another;
I'm sorry you have proposed to me,
But I can only be your brother.

If you should ever want a friend,
I trust that you will send for me;
On me you always may depend;
I'll come to you, where'er I be,
Surely there is some better man
Who'll gladly take you for his wife;
So find him—I am sure you can—
I'll be your brother all through life.
—GEO. GOODRUM.

A daring theft Jack wrought last night
On darling little Rose,
He stole some things he wanted right
Beneath her very nose.
—BILL LAWLER.

'Tis hoped that if fair Rose
Returned the blissful smack,
Jack did not overlook a bit,
But turned and kissed her back.
—CLAUDE NASBURG.

That may be as they do the job
Down in the Marshfield South
But if Jack resided in North Bend
He'd kiss her on the mouth.
—CHARLIE KEENE.

Why rouse again the bitter strife
That two cities should wax hot,
Let's all agree to compromise
Jack kissed her on the spot.
—BERT DIMMICK.

"On the Spot?" what tommy rot!
Jack rose to the sublime
Almost missed her—then he kissed her
In the good old summer time.
—ANSON ROGERS.

But why not tell the tale entire
Of Jacky's escapade,
Of how dad let the bull dog loose
An' the tracks that Jacky made.
—WILL KENNEDY.

Hello!
O, can you speak the wrath he feels,
As o'er the phone his message squeals,
And his tired list'ner tho' quite near,
Shrieks, "Shake your phone up, I can't hear!"
I can not—can not hear."
—LOUIS R. ROBERTSON.

Investigators tell us
'Tis the little things that kill,
You'll find no deadly microbes
On a \$1,000 bill.
—RAY KAUFMAN.

Take Another Gaze!
Though dreary days may come to you,
And make life look all bum to you,
And hope of going some to you
May seem all past and gone,
Remember there are other days,
And other plays and other ways,
So, cheer up, take another gaze—
You may see something further on.
—E. W. KAMERRER.

Knock and the world knocks with you,
Boost and you boost alone;
If you roast good and loud
You will find that the crowd
Has a hammer as big as your own.
—THE EDITOR.

Get Busy.
"It costs to advertise,"
Some person says.
But what of that? This much is flat;
It pays.
GEO. GOODRUM.

Not Fatal.
Shot through the heart was the youth,
But there were no tears of sorrow;
He lives to tell the tale because
The wound was made by cupid's arrow.
—WALTER BUTLER.

She Couldn't Do That.
She bought a device to mix the bread
and one to stir the cake—
A fireless stove and a coffee machine
and one to broil the steak,
And into her kitchen so up to date
It's a pleasure indeed to look;
But the family's boarding while she
seeks a machinist who can cook.
—W. R. HAINES.

Adam never smoked a cigarette
Nor lighted match upon his pantaloons.
Eve never rode in a gasoline launch
Nor whistled the latest rag time tunes.
—CHARLIE HOWARD.

Get off your roost
And help Coos Bay boost.
—WALTER LYON.

He called her Lily, Fanny, Rose,
And all the other buds of spring.
She said: "I can't be all of those
So you must Lilac everything!"
—A. H. DERBYSHIRE.

An Epitaph.
Beneath this stone a button lies,
A trousers button bright;
'Tis all we found of Miner Green.
Who thawed out dynamite.
—PAT HENNESSY.

Little Willie at the table,
Just as hard as he was able,
Hit his mather with a platter,
And remarked, "That swats the mather."
—A WHISNANT.

Their Shyness.
They were both too shy to marry;
Now perhaps you'd think that
funny;
But Louise grew shy of Harry
When she found him she of money.
—JACK DAVIS.

The Lone Fisherman.
With bated breath, he played the line
As the fish ran out from shore,
When it got off, he called the jag
And bated his breath some more.
—CHARLIE LEE.

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy in a druggist firm.
When any near the place grew ill
I gave 'em paregoric or a quinine pill.
—McARTHUR.

The Reward.
Toll on, young man, until some day
Success has crowned your patient pluck.
A few staunch friends will say, "Hooray!"
But more will sigh, "A fool for luck!"
—ROY MERCER.

Poor fellow, you are threatened with disaster.
Sing, hey, the gallant fellow that you are.
Take liver pills and wear a porous plaster—
Sing, hey, the merry doctor and the tar.
—FRANKLIN C. BIRCH.

Here is a tip to milliners
Who get up headgear togs;
If women must wear mushroom hats—
Why not trim them with frogs?
—JACK SULLIVAN.

The Social Moth.
There once was a woman named Jennie
Who bridge-whisked away her last penny;
When forced to dispose
Of her fingers and toes
She remarked, "I shall use my Antennie."
—TOM JAMES.

Strange, Isn't It?
When you call a girl a kitten you seem to hit it pat;
So why should you get the mitten
When you say she is a cat?
But you do.

Say that she's "a perfect vision," it will fill her with delight,
But there'll be a big collision when you say that she's a sight.

Ain't it so?
Just call a man a "sly old dog," and he'll ask you in to sup.
Why should it set his wrath agog to say that he's a pup?
But it does.
JACK FLANAGAN.

I've tincture of tolu
And gum drops for Lulu
As sweet a girl as I could find.
If trouble should stir up,
I've great soothing syrup;
'Tis certain to quiet the mind,
I've squills of face powder,
Beef tea and clam chowder,
And all that a drug store should sell;

I've tooth paste and candy,
And things that come handy,
In case you're not feeling quite well.
Buy of your Cut-'Em-Up—Dear Little Cut-'Em-Up—
Doctors should never be shy,
Buy of your Cut-'Em-Up—
Come, of your Cut-'Em-Up buy.
—FRANK PARSONS.

Ever Notice It?
When you buy a box of apples,
Nothing seems at all amiss.
When the rosy checked top layer
Stacks up just about like this,
O O O O O O O O O O
But enthusiasm dwindles,
And you're given awful shocks
When the apples stack up this way
Through the balance of the box
O O O O O O O O O O
—A. P. GOSS.

MAUD MULLER FROM THE CITY
Maud Muller on a summer day
Set a hen in a brand new way,
(Maud, you see, was a city girl,
Trying the rural life a whirl.)
She covered a box with tinsel gay,
Lined it snugly with new-mown hay,
Filled it nicely with eggs, and then
Started to look for a likely hen.
Out of the flock she selected one,
And then she thought that her work was done.

It would have been, but this stubborn hen
Stood up and cackled "Ka-doot," and then
Maud Muller came and in hurt surprise
Looked coldly into the creature's eyes;
Then tied its legs to the box. "You bet
I know how to make you set."
But still it stood, and worse and worse,
Shrieked forth its wrongs to the universe,
Kicked over the box with a dead gay,
And ignominiously flopped away.
Then a bad boy over the barnyard fence
Tee-heed: "Say, Maud, there's a good ference
'Tween hens, you know, and it is this:
One says "Ka-doot" an' one "Ka-doo."
And ever since that historic day
She blinches in an embarrassed way
To think of the bobble she made once when
She tried to set a gentleman hen.
—IVY CONDORN.



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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY
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