

COOS BAY TIMES

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A LIFTER, OR A LEANER?

Do you develop your strength, increase your reasoning power, your will power, your power of initiative? Do you not only elevate yourself and hold yourself up, but also have strength to help others?

Or do you, like the senseless lobster, remain high and dry on the sand or among the rocks, waiting for someone to carry you to sea, or for the sea to come to you, when by your own native energy you should boldly plunge in and ride the wave triumphant?

Do you, in considering every undertaking, look hesitatingly to the right or left for some advice, some support, some prop to lean on?

It has been said that for every self-made man there are ten self-reliant ones. It is a safe guess that nine of the ten are leaners.

The ranks of mediocrity—of the half-successful—are crowded with people of fine natural abilities who never rise above inferior station because they never act independently. They are afraid to take the initiative in anything—to depend upon their own judgment and resources—and so let opportunity after opportunity pass them by.

Half a hundred claim to have been the first to invent the railway air-brake. Only one had the nerve to demonstrate its practicability.

Thousands talked about an Atlantic cable, until one came forward and laid it. He lost a big fortune by falling at first, but made a bigger one by succeeding at last.

In every walk of life are earnest, conscientious people who are disappointed that they do not get on better and who wax eloquent over the injustice that confines them to inferior grades, while others with no more natural ability are constantly advanced over their heads. Analyze these people and you find their real trouble lies in their lack of independent action. They dare not make the slightest move without help or advice from some outside source. They lack confidence in themselves. They do not trust their own powers. They have never learned to stand squarely on their own feet, think their own thoughts and make their own decisions.

The price that must be paid for this shifting of responsibility is a heavy one—the loss of a kingdom.

We voluntarily abdicate the throne of personality, resign the priceless privilege conferred upon every human being in this civilized land—the right to think and speak and decide and act for himself.

REVIVE ELECTRIC LINE.

Roseburg Men Discuss Road to Coos Bay.

ROSEBURG, Aug. 6.—The News says that both in Marshfield and in Douglas county there is a revival of last year's talk of building an electric line from Marshfield to Roseburg. When the matter was taken up before, it was proposed to form a company of the capitalists of the two counties. The plan was never carried to completion.

The Douglas county people believe they would be greatly benefited by having a rail outlet to tidewater, and the Coos Bay country would of course benefit by securing the traffic from Southern Oregon and the quick passenger and mail service from the Southern Pacific railroad at Roseburg.

The electric line and the matter of rail outlets in general will be one of the chief topics discussed at a convention of Southern Oregon and Southern Idaho delegates, to be held in Marshfield Aug. 24 and 25.

Great reduction in prices on LADIES BLACK SKIRTS at the Coos Bay Cash Store.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Ma Reads The Riot Act. Last nite when Pa set down to eat. The first think that he said Was: "Mickey has got some dicky Ideas in his head. He could have saved that game Sunday By taking Peralto out." "That's what he could," said bruther Bill, "What was the man about?"

En so it went, this way en that, Some praises en some knocks, En speculatin' on who mite Have gone into the box. "It does best all," said Pa at last, "How we keep up of late!" "It's nuthin' but bull-headed luck!" Said Bill across his plate.

En all the time I saw Ma's face A sort o' cloudin' up. En castin' shadows all aroun' Her plate en coffee cup. En when Pa sez: "We're second now." Why, Ma riz up en hit Her fist upon the table cloth With these few words, to-wit:

"This baseball talk is got to stop! If not, you might as well Be warned that Sue en me will eat Our meals at some hotel. We won't sit here en be ignored Nite after nite this way, While you two crazy baseball fans Fight over every play!"

With that Ma hit the table hard, En dropped into her seat. En Pa looked sort o' hen-pecked like En shifted both his feet. En after while, first time in weeks, He looked across Ma's way. En says: "Maria, how'd you get The housework done today?" —Adapted.

Every man believes that he carries the heavy end of the log.

It is sad, but nevertheless some things are too true to be good.

Many employers seem to think that a low salary offers no distractions to the mind, and thus the mind is free to entertain high aspirations.

People who cultivate hot air are probably hoping to attain fame as balloonists.

Pride goes before a fall if it is too high minded to follow.

In order to have peace in the house it is necessary to have some one willing to take all the hatchlings meekly.

Many people are kind because it is too much trouble to be otherwise.

It doesn't take much to please a woman, but it is keeping her pleased that keeps a man busy.

The fellow that makes the greatest strides in the right direction spells his luck with a "p" in front.

Picnics are pleasant things to think about, and some of us are quite satisfied to take ours all out in thinking.

It is easy to be popular. Don't have any feelings of your own, flatter your acquaintances, run down their enemies and have a good word for everybody.

The Great Headliner. All other shows take second place Or do not run at all. One aggregation fills the ring And will remain till fall; The thick, dense smoke, the only noise, The tumult, wild and red, The one loud, piercing scream will be The campaign just ahead.

Let small attractions take a seat Some distance in the rear Nor try with their ailments to Disturb the atmosphere. Because no odds how they attempt To cut up and to shout, They may as well crowd in advance They will be crowded out.

The man who wants to start a fund To find the long lost pole, To fit out ships with grub and such And several tons of coal, Will have to wait around without Encouragement or cheer. The funds are needed for parades And other things this year.

The fellow with a freakish suit, The man with mining stock, May close up their concerns and take A walk around the block. All minor matters have to wait Or walk their horses slow. Their season has not opened yet; The campaign is the show.

SUNSHINE.

A LITTLE gold amid the gray— That's sunshine. A little brightness on the way— That's sunshine. A little glimpsing of the blue. A little widening of the view. A little heaven breaking through— That's sunshine.

A little looking for the light— That's sunshine. A little patience through the night— That's sunshine. A little bowing of the will. A little resting on the hill. A little standing very still— That's sunshine.

A little smiling through the tears— That's sunshine. A little faith behind the fears— That's sunshine. A little folding of the hand, A little yielding of demand, A little grace to understand— That's sunshine. —Stuart Maclean.

Good evening!

Have you voted yet?

Offer to grant a boy any single wish, and he will wish for something to eat.

The Times contest beats a city election, for you can vote early and often and the oftener the better.

People often get this advice: "Enjoy yourself while you may." But if you set out to find enjoyment, you don't find much.

Sometimes a smoker gets a whiff of a cigar that reminds him of a particularly good cigar he smoked years ago and has lost track of.

Some Coos Bay church members are so grasping that should their pastor ask for the rendering of the sacred song, "Ninety and Nine," many would kick for a hundred.

When a Coos Bay man begins by saying, "Of course, it is none of my business, but—" it is a sign he is going to make it his business and advise you what to do.

When a Coos Bay woman goes into a dry goods store, and is pleased with everything shown her, it is a sign that she has no intention of buying. But if she finds fault with everything, she intends to buy that day.

When a man and woman are first married they try to look unconcerned on the streets, but if you will notice, they always lean over a little toward each other. But they gradually drift apart, and in five or six years they occasionally lean the other way.

Good Fit.

"He calls his wife Dynamite for a pet name." "Dynamite?" "Yes; she is always blowing people up."

Offering Him a Chance.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the man of the house of the husky tramp who had asked for something to eat. "Can't find anything at my trade, boss," he replied. "What is your trade?" "Shoveling snow," he replied sadly, looking up at the hot summer sky. "So no one will give you work at it," mused the man of the house. "Well, I will. No man who wants work shall say I turned him away. Get your shovel, my good man, and shovel about half a ton of snow up on my front porch, and then you can come inside and sit down to one of the best meals you have had in a long time."

The Reason.

A mermaid swam the ocean blue; Her hair was golden green. Sobriety was overdone— Red booze was on the scene.

Willing Another Should Have Him. "Is it true, Ida, that you are going to marry Mr. Johnson?" "Yes, I have finally consented."

"A girl should be mighty careful in such things. You know you have only known him a little while." "Yes, but he comes highly recommended. He showed me testimonials from his three former wives."

Funny to Them.

"Half the people in that car are standing." "It is that way every night." "Why don't the company put on more cars?" "They don't see the use. They consider it a standing joke."

Guessed Right.

"Where you going?" "To the woods for a week." "For a vacation?" "No; for punishment."

Goes Without Saying.

"My parents were honest, but poor." "You needn't have said it." "What?" "The last."

HER DARK HOSE HALTS BULL.

Girl He Chased Fell and Her Red Cloak Was Eclipsed.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., August 6.—A bull got out of a barn-yard near Callicoon Centre, Sullivan county, and wandered in the highway just as Miss Carrie Mulhern, wearing a red cloak, appeared.

The bull charged the young woman. She started for a fence, urged on by the farmer, who was after his runaway. She tripped over a log and fell. The bull stopped within a dozen feet of her, then turned and allowed his master to drive him back home. Miss Mulhern asked the farmer why the animal had become so docile.

"Young woman," he replied, "when you fell the bull saw nothing but your white skirt and black stockings. He evidently thought he was color blind, or had made a mistake, which so dazed him that he allowed himself to be driven home without trouble, something which I have never known him to do before."

BAGGED A WILD CAT.

Hunters Who Smoked It Out Expected Fox—Got Three Kittens.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., August 6.—John Burrows and his daughter, Maude, of Philadelphia, who are visiting a friend above Lackawaxen, in company with the eldest son of the farmer, holed what they thought was a fox in some rocks.

A feedbag was obtained, and Miss Burrows held it over one hole while her companion, who had made a fire, began the smoking out process at the other hole. Suddenly there was a rush and something plunked into the bag with a snarl. Miss Burrows closed the bag. There was much spitting and snarling from within, followed by a ripping and tearing of the sack, then the head and claws of a wildcat protruded.

Miss Burrows dropped the bag, the wildcat freed itself and leaped at her. A shot fired by the farmer's son killed it. In the cave three kittens were found. The little fellows fought savagely, but were all got into the bag and taken home.

The steamship City of Panama will leave Marshfield for SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8. For freight or passage apply at Breakwater dock, L. W. Shaw, agent.

Greatest depth of Atlantic ocean is 27,366 feet; Pacific ocean, 30,000 feet.

Steamer Breakwater sails for PORTLAND, 6 p. m., SATURDAY, AUGUST 8.

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Advertisement for Golden Gate Lard. Text includes 'Like the Lily In Color and Purity', 'Golden Gate Lard Is Perfect', and 'A trial will convince any housewife Ask for it'. All Grocers and Butchers Have It.

Advertisement for Coos Bay Steam Laundry. Text includes 'WHAT COLOR IS YOUR LINEN?', 'Is it yellow, a gray streaked or a dingy blue color?', and 'Coos Bay Steam Laundry Phone No. 571 for driver to call.'

Advertisement for Red Cross Drugstore. Text includes 'YOUR VACATION Will Last a Lifetime if You Take a KODAK With You' and 'RED CROSS DRUGSTORE'.

Advertisement for Building Material. Text includes 'Building Material' and 'NORTH BEND HARDWARE & SUPPLY CO. North Bend, Oregon.'

Advertisement for Columbia Machine Works. Text includes 'COLUMBIA MACHINE WORKS Cavanagh, Chapman & Co. General Repair Work and Woodturning. Launches a Specialty Foot of Queen Avenue, Marshfield'

Advertisement for High Grade Meats. Text includes 'HIGH GRADE MEATS The odor of good roast beef, however appetizing, can only be suggestive of the delicious taste and flavor that goes with every piece of meat we sell. R. H. Noble The CITY MARKET Phone 1941 Front and C Streets, Marshfield, Oregon'

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