

COOS BAY TIMES

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The policy of the Coos Bay Times will be Republican in politics, with the independence of which President Roosevelt is the leading exponent.

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THE HIGHROAD TO HAPPINESS.

Plain people hesitate to even mention Ibsen for fear of assuming a wisdom which they do not possess.

This is not saying that the average reader if steered up against them by accident or some guiding hand, does not enjoy the plays of the late famous Norwegian dramatist.

Since Ibsen's death there has been much written about him, and on the principle that a cat may look at a king a very Average Reader may presume to draw a moral from two facts which his biography states.

Ibsen said that a man of genius had no time for friendships, and he allowed thirty years to pass with no communication between himself and parents. That is the first fact and the second is that Ibsen's plays all end in a hopelessly sad tangle and that his own life closed with a period of darkened mind when he awaited death without hope and without intelligence.

The Average Reader ventures to deduce from these statements an inference very comforting to average intelligence. Perhaps the average man whose absence of genius gives him leisure for the demands of family and friends gains through his homely studies and pastimes a saner view of life.

Affection, appreciation, sacrifice and service are what common every day existence among our fellows demands without much talk about it, and this is the highroad to optimism and sanity.

THE LOS ANGELES WAY.

The city and county of Los Angeles, California, have voted to issue \$2,500,000 in bonds for use in paying the expenses of constructing good roads in that part of the Golden state, and this action displays a commendable spirit on the part of the taxpayers and citizens down there.

Road building is purely a business matter, and the people of Los Angeles will not ask the state or the United States to construct the roads for them. They have resolved to build them without further delay; and it will pay, just as it does for a city to improve her highways by paving.

Los Angeles has gone ahead at a rapid pace during the past ten years, all of which is due to the progressiveness of her population who do things in a strictly business way knowing that what is spent in the way of substantial improvements will be returned several times through the increase of property values and the greater demand to own real estate in the vicinity.

OREGON AS A DAIRY STATE.

An editorial paragraph appearing in a late number of Hoard's Dairyman has reference to Oregon as follows: "Oregon cannot yet be considered a dairy state, but during the past year or two her farmers have gone rapidly into dairying. In the year of 1907 over \$17,000,000 worth of dairy products were produced. If in the next ten years, the increase of dairy products is as great as it has been in the past five, Oregon will rank among the leading dairy states of our country. Dairymen of the east should look well to their laurels, for people of the west move energetically and they will have no well worn ruts to prevent a rapid movement. It takes more persuasion than an old dairy district to get the dairymen to accept a new idea or principle than it does in the new section where habit has not taken possession of their reasoning. Beware of Oregon! for the spirit of dairying has struck that state."

Send this paper to a friend.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING. The call to religion is not to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself. BEECHER.

Be Kind to Your Father. Be kind to your father, he has a hard time. To pick up a dollar and toll for a dime; He bears all the burdens and chops all the wood, And still you all tell him he's not any good; While mother, dear mother, she goes through the days, Cooking and cleaning and getting the praise.

Be kind to father—don't send him to bed With jeers and with rancor to ring in his head; He sits in the office and sweats for the dough While mother skips 'round where the sea breezes blow, And writes, "Darling Husband—It's pleasant down here; Please close all the windows if storms come, my dear."

Be kind to your father and don't pull his leg, Till he's almost compelled to turn beggar and beg; He's chopping the kindling and earning the money And getting sweet letters from mother: "Dear honey— Look after the kitten and feed the pet bird, And water the rubber plant, love, not a word!"

Be kind to your father and keep him from worry; His life is all trouble and bustle and hurry; Don't beat him at breakfast and bang him at night, But play him some music and treat him all right; "Regards to your father, and tell him to send A check for more money, my wad's at an end!" —Selected.

They're Getting Wise. Tom—Do you think it really does any good to tell a girl she's the first woman you ever loved? Dick—No; for nine times out of ten you're not the first liar she's ever met.

A SORE AFFLICTION.

Of all the bores that try men's souls And cause them to repeat Some very wrong and naughty words With vigor and much heat The one big bore that takes the prize And matches any two Is, if you are a judge of bores, The one that troubles you.

You can be quite resigned to those Who meet you once a year And pour for one brief afternoon Their troubles in your ear. It's those who follow you about And every moment spoil With stupid, stale and pointless wit Who should be boiled in oil.

You know the kind—the one who thinks Of you as his one friend, Who always wants to hang around His leisure time to spend, And who you wish you could suppress Or blot him from the view, Yet cannot quite insult because He makes so much of you.

Like dripping of a constant rain That wears away a brick, The steady bore gets on your nerves And reaches to the quick. Though you may hint about a gun That's lying on the shelf Or grow sarcastic when he calls, He will not chase himself.

The Rescue. The storm had spent its force, leaving the proud ocean liner a wreck of its former self. The hatches were about the hinnacle, and the spanker boom had a compound fracture in Davy Jones' locker. Any one at all acquainted with nautical terms will see at once that the queen of the seas was in bad shape.

She was sinking slowly but surely into water that was several miles deep. There was no hope of getting her to port. The small boats had been washed away and the life preservers had all been worked up into hamburger steak for the benefit of the steerage passengers. The outlook was dark. Suddenly a young girl rushed up from below and shouted, "Saved!" Launching her "Merry Widow" hat, she invited all to step aboard, which they did, and a pleasant voyage was had, provisions enough having been taken along to last them until port could be made.

Tribute to Her Skill. "The disguise was perfect. His closest friends didn't know him." "How did he make up?" "Had a lady barber cut his hair."

If a woman wants to make her

husband sit up and take notice she tells him he has been talking in his sleep.

Don't ask for a stone and expect to get bread.

Even a stationary engine is supposed to run.

Induce people to laugh with you instead of at you.

For ages women have been trying to conceal theirs.

There is no argument able to discount a feeling of happiness.

It is better to be born poor and plucky than rich and unlucky.

Beware of the spinster who asks you for a match during leap year.

Married women should remember that nagging doesn't make the nag go.

If a guest makes himself too much at home his host is apt to wish him there.

Don't attempt to make your mark in the world by making a mark of your neighbor.

The smile of a hypocrite is on a level with the laugh of a hyena and the tears of a crocodile.

The Naughty Boy's Suspicion.

"Where on earth is my umbrella?" demanded a Coos Bay man who was starting downtown. "I'm sure I put it in the hall stand with the others last evening."

"Father," volunteered his son, "I suspect Mr. Blank took it last night!" "Oh, you naughty boy!" exclaimed a grown-up sister; "how can you say such a thing?" "Well, when he was saying good night to you I heard him say, 'I'm going to steal just one!'"

She Had An Appetite.

They are talking about a girl 10 years old named Anna Smith, in Kenosha, Wis., who has a strange and voracious appetite. She will devour a dozen candles as fast as they are handed her, and has eaten twenty raw potatoes in as many minutes.

With people looking on she ate two pounds of butter and the same of uncooked bacon, and then finished with a pound loaf of bread. At another time she ate two dozen large pickles, a pound of lard and a pound of honey in the comb. Like a shark she is always hungry, and if she ever gets a husband he will have to hump himself to get her enough to eat.

Inquisitive Edwin.

"Say, maw!" "Well, what?" "How do they get holes in lace?" "Why, they make the lace round the holes, my son."

"But it ain't lace 'though it's got holes, is it, maw?" "No, Edwin."

"Well, how do they get the holes in the lace they put round the holes to make the lace, then?" "Child, you will drive me to distraction."

"Where do they get the holes, maw?" "Why, the holes are just air."

"O, they're air holes?" "I suppose so."

"Well, there's air holes in paw's hat. Does that make it a lace hat?" "No. No. No."

"A Swiss cheese has holes in it. Does that make it Swiss lace?" "Hold your fool tongue! Do you hear?"

"Didn't you say all lace had holes, maw?" "Yes."

"Well, I've got shoelaces, but they ain't got no holes in 'em."

"Leave the room and permit me to finish 'Lady Lingerie's Lost Lover; or, How Lord Lumbago Was Lured Away by a Lissome Little Lallapalaza of a Lacemaker.'"

"Maw, kin you make lace?" "No, Edwin; that is not one of my accomplishments."

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D. H. J. W. INGRAM Physician and Surgeon. Office 208-209 Coos Building Phones—Office 1621; Residence 788.

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