

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

ETIQUETTE IN BOSTON.

The Boston Record prints a story of a Black Bay woman who expressed herself forcibly on the negligence of her friends in sending her letters of condolence on the death of her lapdog. Meeting a friend of hers, she remarked in a tone of voice which reached the bystanders, "I am glad to say, dear, that you had the good sense and breeding to write me. Some of my friends, I regret to say, did not do so, and I was quite cool to them at the luncheon the other day."

A fitting punishment for persons who neglect so important a duty! If it is customary in Boston to send letters of condolence on the death of a dog or a cat or a parrot, the people who neglect their duty deserve no better fate than to be treated coolly at a luncheon by the chilly atmosphere.

The finer feelings of the Boston woman who turns her children over to a nurse girl or a governess and lavishes her affection on a long-haired poodle or a homely pug dog deserves some consideration from the women who belong to her set. To mourn in solitude is at best a depressing task, and when the loved one mourned is a pet lapdog the neglect of friends must be particularly bitter and apt to make the burden of sorrow heavier than it should be.

As we understand it, this bit of Boston etiquette has not yet penetrated to the west, and so long as western people have something better to give their time to it is not likely to gain a foothold here.

ABUSING THE HEN.

The gentle hen is one of our noblest workers. She is credited with producing more wealth annually than the Rockefeller family could absorb without showing it. She is so energetic, so constant, that the poet who ordinarily considers it a crime to commit a pun cannot resist the temptation to call hers a faithful lay.

There is a plot on foot to stimulate the returns of the henhouse. Whereas the hen takes a vacation in the wintertime, it is the scheme of a Connecticut man to cut the poor creature out of this much-needed rest. The manner of doing it is as dastardly as the initial conception. It is no more than to warm the roosts of the chicken coop to such a temperature that the simple soul will believe that spring has come again, will leap to the ground with a happy cluck and immediately fall so.

There are men beneath the contempt of respectable persons. This Connecticut Shylock, this slave driver, taskmaster and "hold-up," is one of them.

There are some women, by the way, who neglect to do their Christmas shopping early even when every article in a store is advertised as a bargain.

A Baltimore undertaker is advertising "a free grave with every \$75 funeral," thus enabling Baltimoreans at the very last to satisfy their craving for "something for nothing."

Italy has a remarkable superstition. It is believed that dire misfortune will befall the present monarch if the chamber of the dead king be interfered with till at least two generations have passed. Therefore the room of the late King Humbert at the Quirinal is shut, no one except the members of the royal family being permitted to enter it. Thus it will remain, silent and unused, like the apartment of King Victor Emmanuel King Humbert's father, which is just as it was at the time of his death, about 30 years ago.

Choice oat hay at HAINES.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Strive to be a bit of blue sky in the lives of those around you. Then your life cannot be a failure any more than those blue rays are a failure.

The Sun.
A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling by the day,
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy—and that is life.

A short-lived fleeting summer's morn
When happiness seems newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above
And one bird sings—and that is love.

A little wearing of the years,
The tribute of a few hot tears,
Two folded hands—the fainting breath
And peace at last—and that is death

Just dreaming, loving, dying, so
The actors in the drama go:
A fitting picture on the wall,
Love, death, the themes! But is that all?

Every trusting wife is easily fooled.

If you can make your scheme good, you are a very unusual man.

A good nature is the best thing that ever happened to a man.

Don't long for good luck; it will only result in an extra dose of bad luck.

Humor and sunshine—the heavenly twins—are the arch-enemies of crime and disease.

There isn't anything very far wrong with a man who can find nothing that in his opinion beats staying at home.

You can think you're photograph doesn't flatter you, but your face will be a disappointment to strangers after they have seen it.

Ladies may now have blushes tattooed on their cheeks. Which would be deceedly in the way when they want to faint.

A fashion authority declares that the new hookless waist lacks beauty and grace. When enclosing a Coos Bay girl, however, it is full of both.

The Maid—Do you believe it's unlucky to get married on a Friday?
The Abominable Bachelor—Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?

One of the reasons why women give as a proof that a girl's pretty complexion is painted on is that they can remember when she didn't have it.

That mighty unfair trick of killing the fatted calf for the prodigal causes more family rows than anything else on earth, except the division of father's money.

In spite of the declaration of scientists that dancing makes girls' feet big, that ice cream makes freckles and that hanging on the front gate produces rheumatism, enough marriage licenses are being issued to prove that love will find a way.

"There is a rumor that Daisy cheats awfully at bridge," remarked a member of a Coos Bay Whist club.

"Is that why you were so anxious to get her for a partner last night?" retorted the cynical member to the one always after the prizes.

Editor—Dear Sir: Would you be good enough to print the inclosed poem in your esteemed publication at your usual rates? Respectfully,
A. J. POET.

A. J. Poet, Esq.—Dear Sir: I would be, but the poem isn't. Respectfully,
THE EDITOR,
—Judge.

"Miss Blank," asked a young man, "may I ask you, please, not to call me Mr. Durand?"

"But," said Miss Blank, with great voyness, "our acquaintance is so short, you know. Why should I not call you that?"

"Well," said the young man, "chiefly because my name is Dupont."

Steamer BREAKWATER sails from Coos Bay for Portland SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, at 7 a. m.



You Bet

I have just supplied my wardrobe with a classy assortment of Togs from Goodrum's Tog shop.

You had better see what he has for he certainly has the real swell articles.

Drop in and get Xmas suggestions.

Geo. Goodrum
GENTS' FURNISHER
MARSHFIELD, ORE.

MARSHFIELD SCHOOL NEWS

Knowledge Is Sweet.

"Now dear," said mamma yesterday, "I will explain to you All in a very simple way How one and one make two; Here is a cookie from the jar, And here is another one; Just count and see how many are There now—the sum is done."

"And if you eat one cookie—so Another sum is done— You count what you have left and know That one from two leaves one; And now you eat the other and Another sum you do. For you have none left in your hand, When you take two from two."

"Oh, dear!" sighed little Isabel This very afternoon; "I thought I knew sums so well I'd not forget so soon. I really think I ought to go And ask my mamma quick To get the cookie jar and show Me my arithmetic." —Exchange.

Mrs. Miller is to be janitor of the new building. James Cox will be fireman.

The Seventh Grade won the singing contest which was held with the Sixth Grade on Friday last.

Mr. D. L. Rood, a former principal of the Marshfield school, will present the new building with a flag.

Dr. C. U. Tower has presented the High School with two very fine microscopes which will be a great aid in the science department.

The pupils of the Sixth Grade invited the pupils of the First 'A,' First 'B,' and Second Grades to visit their room on Friday morning.

The Eighth Grade made some very pretty calendars, as Christmas favors for each other. Floral designs were used and colored with water colors.

Miss Laura Escott, a graduate of the Marshfield High School and a teacher of several years experience, has been selected to teach the Second Grade in the new building.

The following pupils of the Fifth Grade made a monthly average of over 95 per cent:

Marian Seaman, Florence Powers, Isabelle Ferguson, Edythe Lund, Herbert Bradley, Helen Stolls, Nellie Warwick, Jens Hansen.

The School Board have appointed Mrs. D. L. Rood, the present teacher of the Sixth Grade, principal of the grammar school which will remain in the old school building. Mrs. Rood is one of the most popular teachers the Marshfield school has ever known and her advancement is a source of gratification to the many friends she has made among the parents, teachers and pu-

pils during the fifteen years she has taught in this school.

Mrs. Rood taught seven and a half years in New York, fifteen in Marshfield, one and a half in North Bend and was for three years principal of the Treadwell school in Alaska beside being assistant principal of the Marshfield school in 1881. Mrs. Rood also taught a private school in Marshfield for five years. The teachers heartily endorse the appointment of Mrs. Rood as principal as her experience and resourcefulness have good naturedly aided her colleagues many times during her association with them.

The school-mistress sent word to the school that, owing to an attack of illness, she would be compelled to dismiss the classes for the day.

Toward evening she was pleased to receive a large bouquet of wild flowers from the class, and was giving vent to graceful speech for this thoughtful manifestation of sympathy, while she undid the wrapper, when this note fell from it:

"Teacher, stay ill tomorrow, too, and we'll send you another bunch!"

MASONS ELECT.

The members of Blanco Lodge No. 48, A. F. and A. M. elected officers last night as follows: Worshipful master—E. A. Anderson.

Senior Warden—August Farley. Junior Warden—A. J. Savage. Treasurer—R. Walters. Secretary—Noris Jensen.

The installation will take place tonight instead of December 26, as previously arranged, and there will also be work in the master mason or third degree.

Xmas presents—Try the GUNNERY.

Christmas Kodaks at the RED CROSS.

Christmas TOYS for the little ones—at the Coos Bay Cash Store.

"Uncle Josh" at MASONIC THEATRE TONIGHT.

Steamer BREAKWATER sails from Coos Bay for Portland SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, at 7 a. m.

Try a sack Charter Oak Flour. Best on the market, sold only at the ANONA CASH GROCERY.

"UNCLE JOSH" at Masonic Theatre TONIGHT.

For Good Work

good material and the lowest prices consistent therewith on contracting in marble, stone, stone and concrete work and tiling. Call on the Pacific Monumental and Building Works.

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This Cold Weather



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OVERCOAT

and suitable winter suit. Our store is full of popular priced goods.

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THE FIXUP

NORTH FRONT STREET.