

COOS BAY TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF COOS COUN. TY.

JUST A FEW WORDS PERSONAL

GOOD EVENING!

"How ah yo all, this evenin'?"

You may readily understand from this that a portion of a recent trip carried the writer thru sections of the sunny southland where the salutation would be given in that way. But cold type is a poor transmitter of the warmth of a cordial greeting that comes throbbing hot from the heart. There is no suggestion of the soft, musical, languorous lilt of the southern voice with its inimitable drawl that sounds so sweet to northern ears, but if I get to rhapsodizing I will forget the purpose of this article which is to say "Good Evening!" personally to all the members of The Times large family.

Of course, "yo all" know all about it, now, and this is merely an extending hand to everyone of you to tell you how glad I am to be back again in God's own country—our own Coos Bay. In all the 6,000 or 8,000 miles of travel nowhere was there a place that seemed half so good as Coos Bay. This comparison extends to all things—people and prosperity, prospects and promises, commerce and conversation, resources and radiant promises for their early development. There were larger cities, prettier cities, but not one with all the felicitous combination of circumstance and surroundings equal to the Coos Bay cities. This is not said in reckless local pride or the bootless boast of a booster, but with calmness and a clear and careful knowledge of the situation. We may not have a railway and the clang of the electric trolley may not make music in the streets—not yet, but we have the resources that make for wealth and the articles that the world wants and the world will soon be knocking at our doors louder than the inside knockers are knocking now.

But this was to be a personal and not a business talk. Coos Bay is such a fruitful topic that it is always difficult to resist saying a few words in its favor—even in a wedding announcement.

It is little more than a year ago that I purchased and presented to the people of Coos Bay a controlling interest in The Coos Bay Times. It was accompanied with several pledges and promises that have been faithfully performed on my part as nearly as my lights could lead me. I promised then that Coos Bay was to be my home, your people my people and your interests my interests. I come now with greater proof of the solidarity of this statement than at that time I dared hope for.

The Times has been a bit different from most daily newspapers. Its relations with its readers have been candid, cordial and confidential. There are no secrets and no skeletons in The Times family closet. There have been gloomy days and dark hours in the past year, days when the given promises seemed difficult of fulfillment. Working for so many employers is a hard task. Some of them are certain to be displeased but there is always the silver lining—some are also certain to be pleased. Happily I laid no claim to infallibility—I only promised that there should be the same equality in the columns of The Times that there is before the law—the square deal for every man. That's what it has been. The clamor of selfish interests at times denied this and tried to make murky the waters of truth. Then it was that the hours darkened but still the grid continued. I held fast to the fact that performance must follow pledge and I worked on. It was about this time that my old friend Capt. Harris came down from Sumner one evening after supper—the healthy happy people of Sumner do not call the third meal of the day dinner as yet—and he made inquiry of a Times reporter at the hotel if Maloney was married and where he would be likely to find him. "Yes, he's married to that daily paper, and you will find him at the office now." It was then after 10 o'clock, but Captain Harris found me at the office. It was during these dark days, when my faith in the prevalence of the truth and its support weakened and wavered that she came with her ready sympathy and helpful words of encouragement. Then my allegiance wavered between your paper and her. But why waver, why not have her join in the work. Happy thought! She would. She has. Now there are two—no I mean one—for two shall be made as one—to soothe and sustain the faltering faith in the final triumph of the true and good. And so we were married. It is still your paper but now there is a new member on the staff. Her smile will illumine the gloomy days, Her eyes be a beacon in the hours that are dark. She will help in Her quiet way to make your paper better. As manager of the manager she will make him firmer and stronger in the faith and the fight for the "square deal for every man." He will work the harder for you and your paper because of the song in the heart at the end of the day's toll.

"Heavy the heart and weary the brain,
But write my pen Oh! write
For rest from labor will come again
With a kiss from Her lips at night."

MISS ALICE BAY MCCORMAC

MR. AND MRS. M. C. MALONEY

AT HOME

ALL THE TIME TO THE TIMES FAMILY

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it pursue.
—DRYDEN.

A LOVER'S ENVY.

I envy every flower that blows
Beside the pathway where she goes,
And every bird that sings to her,
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That moves her heart at eventide,
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night
That paves her path with moon-beams white,
And silvers all the leaves for her,
And in their shadow weaves for her
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires:
I only long to live to her,
I only ask to give to her
All that her heart desires.
—Selected.

May as well commence brushing up your knowledge of the baseball lingo right now. You'll soon need it.

A Chicago physician declares that being tired is foolish. But foolish men like this doctor will continue to make us tired.

Congress will not feel disposed to complain if Mr. Taft's golf games prevent him from sending in a message or two every day.

An 18-year-old Mexican girl married a 90-year-old millionaire a few days ago. Love may be blind, but it knows when money is talking.

The ossified man in Chicago who fell and broke his leg the other day will now have to hand over a few "bones" to the attending surgeon.

The kiss may be an intoxicant, as one Ohio clergyman has declared, but it certainly doesn't give a fellow that dark brown taste on the morning after.

President Taft will like his new job all the better if he discovers that a lively session of Congress has all the other obesity cures backed off the docks.

A "fine arts society" in Chicago proposes to photograph unclean back yards. The pictures will have added interest if the week's wash is out on the line.

A Wisconsin legislator urges that every toper in the state be compelled to wear a red button. Of course, if he wears any, he should have one that will match his nose.

The Burt, Iowa, Monitor informs its readers that Mr. and Mrs. William Hug of that place will leave for Oregon soon, Oregon can be depended on to welcome the Hugs with open arms.

"No odds how well a woman is dressed," says the Washington Democrat, "if she wears 'tacky' shoes it spoils the effect." No doubt. Also if her stockings has a hole in it in the region of the ankle.

Walter Wellman doubtless meant well when he advised Andrew Carnegie to establish in Washington the greatest newspaper in the world, but he should remember that Andy is anxious only to be poor at his death, not to die in a poorhouse.

LADIES of the Methodist church will make HOT TAMALES at the church kitchen tomorrow. Place your orders early.

When you have pains or lameness in the back bathe the parts with Chamberlain's Liniment twice a day, massaging with the palm of the hand for five minutes at each application. Then dampen a piece of flannel slightly with this liniment and bind it on over the seat of pain, and you may be surprised to see how quickly the lameness disappears. For sale by JOHN PREUSS.

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