

COOS BAY TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF COOS COUNTY.

Saturday Evening Thoughts

NAPOLEON SAID, "Men are nothing, a man is everything." We always think of that when we think of John Muir. We think him one of the most remarkable men of this age and we do not feel so small when reading any other man's writing as we do those of John Muir.

In the World's Work, French Strother tells about a three days' visit with him in his home in Alhambra Valley, California. He lives there alone, he works long hours in his study, surrounded by his books, current magazines and specimens from the petrified forests of Arizona and Australia. He sleeps on the porch, makes his own coffee and, withal, he is a good farmer.

The charm of the article is in repeating the very words which John Muir said. He is past seventy years of age now and he impressed Strother with a feeling that reverence was his strongest characteristic, and quoting from him, Muir is made to say:

"There are no accidents in nature. Every motion of the constantly shifting bodies of the world is timed to the occasion for some definite, fore-ordained end. The flowers blossom in obedience to the same law that marks the course of constellations, and the song of a bird is the echo of a universal symphony. Nature is one, and to me the greatest delight of observation and study is to discover new unities in this all-embracing and eternal harmony.

"Little men, with only a book knowledge of science, have seized upon evolution as an escape from the idea of a God. 'Evolution!'—a wonderful, mouth-filling word, isn't it. It covers a world of ignorance. Just say 'evolution' and you have explained every phenomenon of nature and explained away God. It sounds big and wise. Evolution, they say, brought the earth through its glacial periods, caused the snow blanket to recede, and the flower carpet to follow it raised the forests of the world, developed animal life from the jelly-fish to the thinking man.

"But what caused evolution? There they stick. To my mind, it is inconceivable that a plan that has worked out, through unthinkable millions of years, without one hitch or one mistake, the development of beauty that has made every microscopic particle of matter perform its function in harmony with every other in the universe—that such a plan is the blind product of an unthinking abstraction. No; somewhere, before evolution was, was an Intelligence that laid out the plan, and evolution is the process, not the origin, of the harmony. You may call that Intelligence what you please: I cannot see why so many people object to call it God."

And again: "People talk about creation as a remote fact of history, as if it were something that was attended to a long time ago, and finished at the time. But creation was not an act; it is a process; and it is going on today as much as it ever was. But nature is not in a hurry. With God 'a thousand years is as a day.' Suppose you could have been a spirit in one of the past periods of the creation of the world, and the Archangel Gabriel had taken you to a place where you could see the earth as it was then covered miles deep with snow and ice, the air still full of swirling snowflakes that seemed to be burying the world forever. Suppose he showed you this silent, frozen, characterless waste (as it would seem to you), and told you that God was creating here a world of beauty, of seas and mountains of flowers and forests, of song-birds and men. Suppose you flew away and were gone for a thousand years, and then looked again. You could not see that the scene had altered a particle. Another thousand years. Still no change that you could see.

"Creation?" you cry out, "I see nothing being done here."

"Patience," is the angel's answer. "Down beneath these miles of snow the ice is shifting, grinding, slicing, leveling, building, making a sierra here, a broad valley there, scooping out a Yosemite leveling off a plain, polishing boulders, marking rock ledges with the handwriting of God, making ready warm glades for grass and flowers, mountain slopes for majestic forests, homes for birds—breaking ground for beauty."

"At the end of a few million years your visits are rewarded. The ice-cap has receded from parts of the earth. Seas are exposed, land has come into view, flowers have followed the retreating ice, trees nestle in the canyons and climb the mountain shoulders, birds are caroling, fish dart along the singing streams, man is abroad to enjoy the beauties of the earth.

"This is creation. All this is going on today, only men are blind to see it. They think only of food. They are not content to provide three meals a day; they must have enough for a thousand meals. And so they build ships to carry the food that they call commerce, and they build houses to store food in, and other houses to buy and sell it in, and houses to eat it in, and load themselves down with the care of it so they cannot get away. They cannot pause long enough to go out into the wilderness where God has provided every sparrow enough to eat and to spare, and contemplate for even an hour the wonderful world that they live in. You say that what I write may bring this beauty to the hearts of those that do not get out to see it. They have no right to it. The good Lord put those things here as a free gift that he who chooses may take with joy, and he who will not walk out of the smoke of the cities to see them has no right to them."

Again: "See how painstaking nature is in her minutest creations. I picked up this piece of petrified wood in Arizona. It is millions of years old. Millions of years ago the tree that it is from was covered about two miles deep in alluvial mud. Then nature set about making it imperishably beautiful. All living organisms are composed of microscopic cells that are linked together to make the organism. These cells are so minute that millions of them would have to be laid side by side to extend the length of an inch. But each cell is perfectly formed and individual.

"When the process of decay began in this bit of wood, these cells began to break down and lost their shape. But as they did this, nature repaired each tiny break with a bit of mineral from the water of the ooze in which this lay, so that when a cell disappeared it was replaced by a piece of enduring masonry that is an exact reproduction of the

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

The thing that makes life worth while is work, work, having something to do and knowing that it is worth doing, putting your heart into it, so that every night you can look back over the day glad of what you have done, and every morning you can look forward to the day glad of what you are going to do. The secret, the incommunicable secret of happiness is in finding the thing that you can do, the thing that you will be glad to remember that you have done. That is the art of happiness, conquering the world, not surrendering to it.—From "The Art of Life."

A LITTLE HAND IN MINE.

When I can feel a baby hand a-snugglin' into mine,
The world is glad an' happy with a flood of fair sunshine.
The carkin' cares all leave me, an' Love's messenger holds sway,
An' there's a sense o' pleasure in the duties of the day.
A little face is pictured 'gainst the window pane at home,
A-waitin' there to greet me in the hush o' even's gloam.
The wealth o' worlds is somethin' for which I will never pine
If I can feel a baby hand a-snugglin' into mine.

When I can feel a little hand a-snugglin' into mine,
When little arms around my neck in rapture intertwine,
The troubles that have pressed me seem to drift an' drift away,
An' tender soft embraces send me happy on the way.
I have my share o' troubles which are over-hard to bear,
An' sometimes think of crosses I have got a double share;
But I will bear 'em smilin' an' go singin' down the line,
If I can feel that baby hand a-snugglin' into mine.

When I can feel a little hand a-snugglin' into mine,
When little eyes of sombre brown with lovin' glances shine;
When little lips are lifted for the kisses warm an' sweet,
When little footsteps patter out to meet me on the street,
'Tis then I have the riches that the millions cannot buy,
The riches which earth's gold an' silver, never can supply,
I've wealth enough to please me, an' I worship at Love's shrine,
When I can feel a baby hand a-snugglin' into mine!

— Selected.

"Don't inquire into a hungry man's history."

"The greatest victory goes with the most faith."

If the corners of your mouth sag, smile, smile, smile.

A boy likes pie so well he never knows when it is poor.

Eliminate the grouch or the grouch will eliminate you.

No physical beauty can compensate for an explosive temper.

"What frost would do for a flower accusations will do for love."

It takes the world a long time to discover that bigness is not greatness.

Learn to see things with a balanced brain, not with your prejudices.

"When a man has lost confidence in himself he has nothing else to lose."

"Face the world with your heart forward and your backbone straight."

If the Easter hat is paid for, begin saving for the summer vacation fund.

What do you think of a man who lies because he is too lazy to tell the truth?

"Your body will soon be where your aspiration is, provided you hold there unwaveringly."

Mr. Bryan's son is to marry a daughter of a millionaire, his father's politics to the contrary notwithstanding. But Mr. Bryan has made living cell. It is as if you had a brick building and wanted to change it into a stone replica without tearing it down all at once, and so you took out a brick at a time and substituted a block of marble so carefully carved that it reproduced every microscopic peculiarity of the brick in structure and surface. In time your brick house would be all of marble, but identical in appearance and structure. So with the bit of wood, except that the replacing of cells was done on a scale of millionths of an inch. The result is that piece of wood translated into stone, in exact replica, except that nature has added, with the mineral, a rainbow of coloring that rivals the finest gems. Think of it, millions of years of silent labor under miles of dirt, all that at some day there might come to light a new beauty to adorn the earth."

Mr. Strother happened to use the word "psychology" in a remark, and he came back with this:

"When I was eleven years old I could repeat the entire New Testament from memory, and about two-thirds of the Old Testament. Memorizing was the larger part of schooling in Scotland in those days. Teachers had not heard of psychology and all these other new-fangled 'ologies' with which modern teaching is chopped up. They had only one theory; they had learned from experience that there is some unexplained connection between the memory and the skin and that by irritating the skin the memory was stimulated. So we had the Catechism and the Bible and John Milton thrashed into us, and much of it we never forgot."

Now we are not sure but we do not believe that there is another soul on earth that could say what is said above in so few words, and with such perfect knowledge could give so splendid an idea of the majesty of nature and the goodness of God.

Coos Bay's Social Side

(Continued from Page 2.)

Coos Bay. Mrs. Hague was formerly Miss Eva Russell of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Hague are now at the Chandler where they expect to remain for the present.

A novelty surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Imhoff on Union avenue in North Bend on last Tuesday evening complimentary to Miss Marian Imhoff who is to be married in the near future to Mr. Ed. Land-nberg. The evening was most pleasantly spent in a social way and Miss Imhoff was the recipient of many beautiful gifts. Those present were: Misses 'Myrtle Ellsworth Esther Grange, Nora Trueman, Emma Johnson, Florence Peterson, Maude R. Coke, Mrs. Chas. Brod. Messrs. Roy Brainard, Roy Lar-horne, Seth Johnson, Frank Monroe, M. G. Coleman, Duncan Henry.

The Chaminade Club held their regular program night on Wednesday of this week at the Finnish hall. There was a good attendance of members both active and associate. This is the last club recital of the year. It is the plan of the club to hold their second concert of the year during the latter part of May or early in June.

Mrs. Rose Coursen Reed of Portland, will be the soloist. As soon as arrangements are completed further announcements will be made.

Mrs. Johnson of Coquille, was a guest at the Chandler hotel on Thursday evening. She was on her way to her home in Coquille City after spending the winter in California.

Two weddings of well-known young people marked the week on Coos Bay. Last Saturday afternoon, Frank Dillon of the Coos Bay Wiring Company, and Miss Olive Butters of Los Angeles, were quietly married at the home of the groom's parents, the Rev. H. I. Rutledge officiating. Only a few intimate friends and immediate relatives were present. The marriage marked the culmination of a courtship begun when the groom was located in Los Angeles a few years ago, the young couple having arranged that the bride-to-be should join him here for the nuptials. They will reside in Marshfield.

Last Saturday evening, Matt Alfred Jacobson and Miss Alma Elizabeth Johnson were united in marriage at the Finnish hall in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives, the Rev. B. F. Bengtson officiating. Following the ceremonies, refreshments were enjoyed and the remainder of the evening was devoted to music and dancing.

The beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Powers in South Marshfield, was the scene of one of the largest and most brilliant receptions of the season. Thursday evening, the event being a farewell to the Rev. Father E. Donnelly, the retiring pastor of St. Monica's Catholic church, and a welcome to the Rev. Father J. Moran, his successor. It was given under the auspices of the Ladies of the Catholic church and more than one hundred were in attendance, the hours being from 7:30 to 10 o'clock. The home was artistically decorated for the occasion, apple blossoms predominating in the flower scheme. In the receiving line were Mrs. A. H. Powers, Mrs. C. F. McCollum and Mrs. Elizabeth Adams. Early in the evening, delicious refreshments were served, Miss Mamie Mahoney, Stella O'Connell, Sadie Hogan and Marie Maloney assisting in serving. Music was furnished by an orchestra with Miss Susie Eickworth as pianist.

The feeling shown in the leave-takings of the Rev. Father Donnelly was one rarely evidenced by so large a number, all regardless of denominations expressing sincere regret that he had to transfer his field of labor but also expressing the hope that he would find it possible to spend considerable time on Coos Bay in the future.

The reception was the tribute from the ladies of the parish to the Rev. Father E. Donnelly and yesterday, the men of the parish headed by Dr. W. A. Toye, presented him a handsome purse as a testimonial of their appreciation of his work.

Mrs. L. Lang entertained the Ladies Art Club at her home Friday afternoon. There was a large attendance with Mrs. C. W. Merchant,

Mrs. Albert Merchant and Miss Emma Hunt as guests. At the close of a most delightful session, a delicious luncheon was served by the hostess, Mrs. C. W. McCulloch will entertain the club next Friday afternoon.

Edna Rees entertained a number of her friends last Saturday at a picnic out in South Marshfield in honor of her sixth birthday. They were chaperoned by Miss Laura Carter and Miss Nettie Sneddon. They all enjoyed it very much. Those present were: Florence Flanagan, Bessie Flanagan, Alice Flanagan, Helen Flanagan, Emma Lou Douglas, Blanche Mirrasoul, Francis Mirrasoul, Jeanette Upton, Edith Ayre, Mable Sneddon, Nettie Sneddon, Laura Carter, Helen Rees, Edna Rees, Bruce Temple, Georgie Moore, Gordon Neff, Emerson Neff, Charley Sneddon, Robble Sneddon, Walter Sneddon.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the North Bend Presbyterian church entertained a large number of friends, especially from the North Bend high school, at a launch and bonfire party in the Sand Hills Friday night. Three launches were chartered for the trip and the school teachers acted as chaperones. The evening was a most delightful one.

The marriage of Miss Marion Imhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Imhoff of Union avenue, North Bend, and Edward Landenberg, will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents today. The young people are well-known on the Bay and are very popular. After a short honeymoon trip, they will make their home in Bandon.

Miss Isabella Deming of North Bend, left today for a six weeks' visit with relatives and friends at various points in the Pacific northwest, manifested with.

FLOATING PIANO HOUSE.

Lee Bethel Introduces Novelty On the Coquille.

RANDON Ore., April 30.—A new novelty in the piano business and one that promises to be a taker, is the new floating piano house, which Lee Bethel, representative of the Sherman, Clay & Co., is having constructed for use on the Coquille river. Wm. McKay, the shipbuilder, is constructing the boat which is in the shape of a scow 14x26 with a house erected thereon 11x18. The house is finished in old mission style and will have room for eight pianos, also a small living room with two berths which will be occupied by the salesmen. The scow will be pulled by a gasoline launch, fitted out with a 10-horse Regal gasoline engine, this is also being constructed by Mr. McKay.

Mr. Bethel's plan is to work up and down the river among the ranchers. He will be able to pull his movable piano house up to any dock and get the ranchers and their families to come down and enjoy a fine musical entertainment.

"THE FAILURE" at the Opera House tonight is a fine comedy-drama.

You can BUY or SELZ through The Times "WANTS" with ease, dispatch and profit—try them

A WINNING FULL - HAND.



when you are calling on your best girl, is a hand full of our Fine Chocolates. There is no sweeter — no more appreciated gift than these, because they are warranted pure in materials and manufacture, and they are daintily put up to please the artistic eye as well as the feminine appetite. We have a great variety of choice Candies packed in boxes and ready for opening and eating. Such a "full hand" will surely win the girl's love.

Star