COOS BAY TIMES

Entered at the postoffice at Marshfield, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub.
DAN E. MALONEY News Editor

Address all communications to
COOS BAY DAILY TIMES,
Marshfield :: :: :: :: Oregon

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

An Independent Republican newspaper published every evening except Sunday, and Weekly by The Coos Bay Times Publishing Co.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
In Advance.
DAILY.

One year	$5.00
Six months	$2.50
Less than 6 months, per month	.50

WEEKLY.

One year	$1.50

The Coos Bay Times represents a consolidation of the Daily Coast Mail and The Coos Bay Advertiser. The Coast Mail was the first daily established on Coos Bay and The Coos Bay Times is its immediate successor.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

Official Paper of Coos County.

BREAK THIS PRACTICE

THE TIMES HAS made a plea for greater cooperation for the good of Coos Bay and all of Coos county. There is nothing that will contribute to this so much as to abandon the knocking habit. A little experience the past week has emphasized the evils of this condition. A stranger arrived on Coos Bay several days ago for the purpose of purchasing a tract of land. Being unfamiliar with the country he naturally looked around and talked with anyone whom he chanced to meet, about conditions here and the different localities.

Today that man met the writer and disclosed the frightful condition of affairs. He said one man would tell him that a certain locality was ideal; that the land was good, water plentiful and conditions first class. Then he would mention the same locality to another individual and it would receive a thorough knocking and drubbing, causing the prospective buyer to feel amazed. Another native will add his mite to the knocking which makes the new comer lose interest in the land and he casts his eyes around for another location. It is found and the same program follows. The stranger said he had no idea now long this would last if a man continued to pick out different lands, but he was satisfied that there were enough knockers here to continue the matter indefinitely.

This habit of knocking the other fellow's proposition in hopes of doing something for yourself is not straight, clean business in the realty line or in any other line. It is a reprehensible practice. If your own proposition is not sufficiently strong upon its own merits don't try to strengthen your case by libelling your competition. That is not honorable. Besides when realty men follow such tactics they serve to create general distrust among the intending purchasers. It drives people out of the country. The same thing is true to an extent at least when his knocking habit is followed by those in mercantile lines. If you have the habit break it up.

SWEDES, NORSE AND LAPPS

REINDEER IS THE seasonable argument of a commission of arbitration at present sitting in Copenhagen. The deliberation, as the topic, is not exactly spectacular like the discussion that recently drew the attention of all the world to the Danish capital, but it is decidedly more profitable. The Danes are called upon to arbitrate between the Swedes and Norwegians over a land question affecting the Lapps, northern kin of the Finns, and thus all four Scandinavian peoples are concerned in the topic of arbitration.

[illegible] that the Swedes claim [illegible]ures in the extreme north [illegible]able for the reindeer of [illegible] living under Swedish [illegible] says the Christian [illegible]itor. Without these pas[illegible]h are on Norwegian ter[illegible]ding to the Norse ver[illegible]lish Lapps cannot sub[illegible]eir reindeer must become extinct,—an extremely grave question when it is considered that the reindeer supplies count for everything with these hyperboreans. Without this northern cattle the Lapps would be at a loss to endure hardships that a civilized people would never survive; the meat is eaten, the skin used for shoes and clothes, the sinews torn into shreds for sewing, the antlers and bones are fashioned into household utensils and ornaments, and what cannot be utilized is made into glue. By selling the reindeer products, the Lapp is enabled to buy the articles that are to him the luxuries of life, salt, cloth and others. Thus the reindeer is really much more than the "camel of the north" as it has been called, although as a means of transportation it is unrivaled, for it serves the Lapps as horse, cow, sheep, goat, none of which can exist in the Arctic.

If the Swedes see in the question under arbitration something that vitally affects the very existence of the Lapp stock, the Norwegians are inclined to think this an exaggeration, but the matter is recognized as timely and important, and the Danish commission has for some time been engaged in considering the evidence presented by a number of Swedish and Norwegian experts. At last accounts there were some twenty thousand Lapps on Norwegian territory, as against only seven thousand in Sweden and three thousand in Finland and Russia, while the area called Lapland and estimated at 153,000 squares miles, is distributed among the three sovereignties in the inverted ratio of population, Russia and Finland having 88,000, Sweden 49,000, and Norway 16,000 square miles.

The award of the Copenhagen arbitrators will be of great value for the knowledge of the Arctic and its possibilities, civilization, or at least commercialism ;and it certainly gives the Danes a chance of vindicating their authority on matters Arctic.

COST OF OWNING AN AUTOMOBILE

THE FUEL consumption of the cheap little runabouts is wonderfully small. In an official test at the New York automobile carnival a year ago, the record established was 46.6 miles to a gallon of gasoline, though another car actually scored 46 miles per gallon, but lost the record by deviating from the prescribed course.

A gallon of gasoline costs anywhere from 25 cents, when bought at a roadside garage, down to 12 cents when purchased by the barrel. While the average driver under average conditions will hardly do more than half as well, he should be thankful to be able to travel at a cost of a quarter of a cent to half a cent per passenger per mile for fuel. A heavy car that runs nine miles per gallon of gasoline is doing well.

As for actual available power the purchaser of an $850 five-passenger touring car, with its 20-horse-power engine, gets exactly as much as he could get in a $2,000 car with a 30-horse-power engine. The cheaper car weighs only 1,200 pounds, or 90 pounds per horse-power.

The past year marks the real beginning of the era of the low-priced car, which, as the dealers understand the terms, is one that calls for less than $2,000.

Precisely how much less depends upon the individual purchaser, his bank account, and the service required of the car. The average selling price of the 200,000 cars to be built in 1910 will be $1,200, though there is every indication that the cars selling below that will be in considerable demand.

If a two-passenger car for ordinary use is wanted, a runabout that will fill the bill can be had for $550. For $130 more a better car can be bought, while one still better, with a seat in the rumble for a third passenger, can be had for $750. For $850 a touring car seating five may be had which will fully meet the requirements of the average man, if he is a reasonable person.—Outing.

Cause for Pause.

Your eyes are the bonniest blue, dear,
Your features and figure are fine,
Your heart—ah, I know, 'twould be true, dear,
Should I say to you: "Darling, be mine."

But, alas! there's a frightening fear, dear,
That will not allow me to speak.
You are spending a thousand a year, dear;
I am making twelve dollars a week.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.
—POPE.

The Best of It.

When the morn wakes overcast
And the loneliness is vast,
Make the best of it.
If the birds refuse to sing,
If the bells of joy won't ring,
Make the best of everything.
Make the best of it.

Nature has her crying spells,
Joy can't always ring its bells,
Make the best of it.
Make the best of daily life
When despondency is rife;
Good will come out of the strife
Make the best of it.

Hearts must know their share of pain,
Life must know a little rain,
Make the best of it.
Make the best of every day;
Future morns won't be so gray
Fight the gloom that clouds your way.
You'll get the best of it.

Every shiftless man is a liar. He acquired the habit in giving excuses.

Gallantry is that attention men show to women who don't belong to them.

It isn't death that scares men; it is the suffering and neglect that precedes it.

A man says every year of his life: "Well, sir, I never knew what hell was before."

It occurs to every man occasionally that he would like to be a pugilist for about 30 minutes.

There are so many kinds of meanness that people now talk about the meanest kind of meanness.

Some people nearly always predict disaster for their own town, and tell how well other towns are doing.

A good many people who believe they are indignantly protesting against sin, are really gossiping.

We have observed that considerable distance separates the passing of resolutions and delivering the goods.

A Brooklyn policeman who saved a woman from drowning was given ten cents. That was enough to drive the man to drink.

The women do pretty well in keeping good-natured and patient, considering that all that stands between them, their children and the wolf is one easy-going, self-indulgent man.

In the Massachusetts legislature of 1910 there will be thirteen newspaper men, and they will probably holler as loud as the other fellows if they happen to be misquoted in print.

A Timely Lay.

The gobbler gobbled a gob of cornmeal,
Then gobbled this lay, "How delightful I feel,
My feathers are shiny; I'm happy and fat.
I know whom I am, and just where I am at.
My master admires me' he's genial and kind.
I don't have to worry about where I'll find
My next bit of food, or a warm place to roost,
So that's why I'm giving my owner a boost."
Just then, Ivy Condron appeared on the scene,
With the hatchet in hand, all edged up razor keen.
He spotted the gobbler—a dandy, he knew—
And grabbed onto old Mister Turk p. d. q.,
Placed his neck on a stump, saying, "Here's what you get
What they handed to Mary—last name Antoinette."
The moral is this: "Don't get gay, for, by heck!
You can't tell when someone will land on your neck.

STORY OF THE DAY.

A newly engaged couple were enjoying some blissful moments alone after the Christmas dinner. They had broken the wishbone at the table.

"Tell me what you wished," she asked shyly.

"Tell me what you wished," he returned.

"Well—I will if you will."

"I hate to do it—it might not come true."

"But maybe it would. Now, you promised, you know."

"Well, I—er—I wished you'd let me kiss you. Now, what did you wish?"

"Oh, I daren't tell!"

"But you promised."

"Well—I wished you'd get your wish."

—Selected.

We despise a man who doesn't appreciate a friend; friends are so rare.

You often hear people say of a sick man: "His will power is keeping him alive." Nothing in it. When you can't get your breath will power won't keep you alive.

When the coal supply is low one member of the family stays in bed longer in the morning to keep warm and refuses to worry about it. That member is an optimist.

A NEW YEAR VOW.

I don't go much on gilded vows, for I have made them in the past, and they are with the bow-wow-wows—they were too all-fired good to last. And so I'll make one vow today; I'll simply try my best; that vow should help me on my way, for it embraces all the rest. I'll take the middle of the road, and always do the best I can, and pack along my little load, and try to be a manly man. A man may end his journey here too poor to buy a decent shroud, and planted be without a tear of mourning from the worldly crowd; but when he's in the judgment scale he'll come triumphant from the test; no man has failed, no man can fail, who always, always does his best. And though my pathway be obscure, and void of honor and applause, and though the lean wolf of the moor to my cheap doorway nearer draws, I'll keep a stout heart in my breast, and follow up this simple plan; I'll always do my very best, and try to be a manly man.

WALT MASON.

NOBODY'S SONG.

Ballads enough have been written by the famous, but here is a song written by the unknown to the unknown. It was sent to a newspaper some fifty years ago by a correspondent who remained anonymous, dedicated to that great anonymous public, which after all, is humanity itself. The editor of the newspaper wrote of the poem: "Swift, himself, never wrote anything better in verse." And the hand that copied these lines into a scrap-book, now yellow with age, added the single word of comment: "Amen."

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own;
I bear the name of Nobody,
For from Nobody I sprung;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
And Nobody mine has sung.

In life's young morning Nobody
To me was tender and dear,
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
And Nobody was ever near;
And Nobody heard me crying
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart has clung to Nobody
When Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew old, Nobody
Gave me a helping turn;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn;
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be:
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudged along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have love for Nobody
Which Nobody has for his wife;
So here's a health to Nobody,
For Nobody's now "in town,"
And I've a passion for Nobody
That Nobody else would own.

Ask Any One of the Pleased Customers

WHAT THEY SAVED AT THE HUB CLEARANCE SALE OF THE G. W. CARLETON SHOE STOCK.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO COME TODAY YOUR SIZE WILL BE HERE ALL WEEK.

HUB CLOTHING & SHOE CO

—CASH ONLY— —MONEY TALKS—
MARSHFIELD COQUILLE

Colgate's Toilet Waters

We carry a full assortment of Colgate's delightful toilet waters, in the following odors: Violet, Cashmere Boquet, Caprice, Dactylis, La France Rose, Robenia, Lilac, and Carnation. 25c, 50c, 75c, and $1.00.

We have many other kinds of toilet waters both domestic and foreign. Our stock of perfumes is more complete and pleasanter than ever.

BROWN DRUG CO.

Graduate Chemists, 347 Front Street — Prescription Specialists, Opposite City Hall

COMMON SENSE TALK

This is the time of the year when you should be careful of your health. A good way to contract sickness is to stand over a steaming wash tub all day.

Avoid this by sending us your laundry. It won't cost much. There is not a family on Coos Bay but can afford to have at least a part of their washing done. Our prices Are Right.

Phone in your order. Our wagon goes everywhere.

MARSHFIELD HAND AND STEAM LAUNDRY.

Times' Want Ads Get Results.
Read The Times' Want Ads.
Try The Times' Want Ads.

Cook With Gas
Cook With Gas
Cook With Gas

COOS BAY GAS & ELECTRIC CO

THE MAN WHO THINKS

WHO HAS THE ACUMEN TO READ THE UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS OF THE TIMES, AND PUT TOGETHER FACTS THAT STARE HIM IN THE FACE NEVER QUESTIONS THE PAYING QUALITIES OF JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING.

HE NEEDS BUT TO LOOK ABOUT HIM!

WOULD COLUMN AFTER COLUMN OF NEWSPAPER SPACE BE USED BY BUSINESS HOUSES IF THE EXPENDITURE DIDN'T PAY?

WOULD BUSINESS MEN CONTINUE ADVERTISING DAY AFTER DAY IF THE RETURNS DID NOT JUSTIFY THE COST? NOT A BIT OF IT!

ADVERTISING IS TO BUSINESS WHAT OIL IS TO MACHINERY. DENY EITHER THEIR RESPECTIVE LUBRICATION AND ALL WHEELS STOP.

THERE ARE ENDLESS WAYS OF ADVERTISING, BUT THERE IS NO NEED TO ENUMERATE THEM FOR THE SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN IN EVERY TOWN WILL TELL YOU THAT THE QUICKEST, CLEANEST, AND MOST SATISFACTORY RETURNS COME FROM NEWSPAPER SPACE.

THE BUSINESS HOUSE MAY OBSERVE EARLY CLOSING AND TAKE HALF HOLIDAYS, BUT ITS NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING IS ALWAYS AT WORK.

COOS BAY'S FOREMOST BUSINESS HOUSES USE THE TIMES EVERY WEEK DAY IN THE YEAR.

Coos Bay Times

THE ONLY DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED ON COOS BAY.