

COOS BAY TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF COOS COUNTY.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

I WILL.

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear,
I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.
—Anonymous.

THE VALUE OF PUBLICITY.

"PUBLICITY" AS A means for correcting the political, commercial and social wrongs of the people has found many earnest champions the past few years, during which period it has been more generally and systematically employed, perhaps, than ever before. That it has proved efficacious to a great degree is not questioned by the many who have seen the doers of doubtful deeds scurrying from public gaze whenever those in a position so to do have found it possible or advisable to turn on the light, says an exchange. And that there is still urgent need of its further employment is quite obvious to the readers of newspapers and magazines, many of which are ardent specialists in the work of bringing to public view the dark, unwholesome, unhappy doings of persons and peoples. It is rather apparent that there are still many trusts, organizations, institutions and "machines" whose inner workings must be illuminated and whose ways must be mended. Much more light is still needed and the spirit of the hour demands that it shall be forthcoming. But in order that their corrective measures may be more equitably applied and their work more evenly and honestly done have not the advocates and employers of publicity a twofold duty to perform?

For the broad betterment of society it is morally and manifestly as essential that the right shall be encouraged as it is that the wrong shall be discouraged. To be recognized as a persistent and inevitable fault-finder is to become, in the estimation of most persons, merely a common scold, whose words of admonition lose such power of persuasiveness as they would naturally possess because there is no normal recognition of right things over against which they can be contrasted. The eye that has become all too familiar with seeing the spotlight of publicity setting forth with startling distinctness some unfortunate enemy of good-fellowship or the ungracious outlines of some unhappy place or purpose should be joyously reassured betimes by being permitted to dwell upon pictures of "the good, the true and the beautiful," which are everywhere about us in this busy, workaday world. Policies should be constructive when and where they may; destructive only where they must, and then only for the purpose of clearing the ground for the building of a more praiseworthy structure.

The shining beauty of a commendable example has a more potent force for keeping men from ways of wrong than has the distressing shadow of punishment inflicted as a corrective for misconduct. While "Virtue is her own reward," there can be no harm in adding a kind word of approbation to her compensations now and then. The good people of the community and of the wide world should occasionally have an inning. It is well to have their splendid though unheralded doings "raked up and exposed." There may be a few clouds in the firmament but all know that there is lots and lots of beautifully blue sky. And while the storm-brewers regret that affairs are so bad, the fair weather prophets will continue to be happy and hopeful with the thought that conditions are no worse and that with the increase of light and truth they are sure to grow better. And in the final analysis of all worldly purposes and endeavors it will be well to remember that very much depends on the point of view.

Because each rose must have its thorn,
The pessimist life's plan opposes;
The optimist, more gladly born,
Is joyed because the thorns have roses.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

As much as the children like mother they never approve of her great patience with father.

Since Adam started it the fashion of blaming one's mistakes on others has hung on pretty well.

"Why strive for perfection?" asks a Portland editor. We wouldn't, if we had to live in Portland.

The trouble with the girl who powders is that she soon forgets she is engaged in a retail business and branches out into the wholesale.

"A New York woman has a hen that has laid 130 eggs in sixty odd days," says an exchange. That hen doesn't lay—she lies.

Considering that they are wiping on new towels, wearing new shoes and cooking in new frying pans, young married couples get along pretty well.

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LITTLE TALKS ABOUT TOW

A GRIST OF COOS BAY GOS-SIP GATHERED HERE AND THERE ABOUT THINGS OF PASSING INTEREST.

"Did you know," remarked Uncle Dal Cathcart as he shook a few snow flakes from his whiskers, "that Oregon was Uncle Sam's Valentine? This state Valentine was admitted to the State, Union February 14, 1859. There's a good chance to make a poem," he continued.

"Oregon is Uncle Sam's Valentine, admitted to the Union February 14, 1859."

"We were very anxious to hear about it at that time but the mail facilities were as bad then as they are now, and it was not until a month later that we knew we were admitted as a state. The mail had to come around by way of Panama and there was no telegraph."

EASTSIDE IS A WINNER.

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With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

I doubt whether that practice of piety to be thankful because we are better off than somebody else be a very rational religious observance.

THACKERAY.

At Eventide.
Weary with play but with eyes aglow
With love that the babies only know;
Tired of roaming through room and hall;
Tired of answering each other's call—
So, when shadows of evening creep,
And friends, the birdies, have gone to sleep,
Two tired kiddies come close to me,
Perch each one on a favorite knee,
Nestle two heads on my willing breast,
Then sigh contented and sink to rest.

"From Widdleton to Waddleton is fourteen miles;
From Waddleton to Widdleton is fourteen miles,
From Widdleton to Waddleton,
From Widdleton to Widdleton,
From Widdleton to Widdleton is fourteen miles."

Shining brown eyes looking into mine,
Four loving arms that around me twine,
Two little hearts that are full of joy—
Goldenhaired girl and a sturdy boy—
Of the giant days and the fairy times,
Thus does the eventide glide by
Till the sandman closes each sleepy eye,
And sinking to sleep in my sheltering arm
I leave them to Him who will shield from harm.
—Selected.

Today being Valentine day there was a full attendance at the semi-annual meeting in the Poets' Corner last night. After adjournment, the janitor fished the following out of the waste paper basket.

At first she touches up her hair
To see if it's in place,
And then with manner debonnaire
She touches up her face.
A touch to curls behind her ears,
A touch to silken collar,
And then she's off to hubby dear
To touch him for a dollar.
FRANK HAGUE.

There, little lambs, don't cry!
We have sheared your wool, we know;
But we've let you go,
And the fleece will grow,
And you will come again by and by.
GEO. ROTNOR.

The banker's "teller" is he who,
When to the bank you go,
If overchecked your balance is,
Will quickly tell you so,
DORSEY KREITZER.

The man who stole to buy fine hats
To deck a woman said—
With ample justice in the plea—
His crimes were on her head.
TOM BENNETT.

Little Miss Flop
Went to the shop
To buy her a brand new hat,
They took all her money—
Now was it so funny
For her to be treated like that?

When she came home
She worse for a dome
A contrivance that looked like a bucket,
Her heartless old Dad
Said he would be glad
If lightning descended and struck it!
R. H. HOPSON.

Baby's in the ice-cream freezer,
Willie turns the crank to squeeze her.
Ma says: "Dear, the way that's fixed
"You'll have that child completely mixed."

JACK FLANAGAN,
"While I've no gold," he whispered,
"True riches shall be thine,
Though we within a modest cot
On bread and water dine,
With Cupid's lamp to serve us,
At slight expense," said he,
"We'll make of bread and water,
Sweet feasts of toast and tea."
WILL EKBLAD.

Thrice welcome, deadly mincemeat pie,
No other pie can beat you,
Although not yet prepared to die,
In spite of that I'll eat you!
HARRY MCKEOWN.

Here lies a chauffeur who on earth
Scorched round for all that he was worth;
If he got his deserts, I vow
Somewhere he must be scorching now.
EUGENE O'CONNELL.

A fair maid once said to a "Mr.":
"I'd like to be kissed!" And he kr.,
When the maiden, alack!
Made him give it right back
For he hadn't the will to resist.
GEO. GOODRUM.

"Aha!" said the egg,
As it splattered a bit,
"I was cast for the villain
And made a great hit!"
SAM MARSDEN.

Though we are not mercenary,
We get editorial chills
When you take the paper
And forget to pay the bills,
THE EDITOR.

It is bargain ribbon sale!
Terrific is the strain.
It takes a dame
Who knows the game
To make a timely gain.

Observe yon damsel's onward rush!
No obstacle retards.
With tactics fine
She bucks the line
For twenty-seven yards.
ED. KAMMERER.

Man has but little here below,
And he will have less yet,
If the high cost of living
Isn't lower soon, you bet.
O. O. LUND.

Raised by Rule,
Sterilized each morn at eight,
Is the latest law,
Baby has a down-to-date
Scientific ma.
PATER FAMILIAS.

How dear to my heart are the flap-jack and bacon
That mother constructed in days long ago,
And how I would eat till my food shop was achin',
And swallow each Jack till the flap didn't show;
The coffee and rolls and the fritters that sizzled,
The cat that sat meowing for scraps now and then—
Oh, you may have breakfast served up in three courses,
But give me the flapjacks and bacon again.
G. N. BOLT.

Hi diddle-diddle,
The steak's off the griddle;
We're eating our food with a spoon,
The little dog's blue, as there's no bone to chew
Since beef has jumped over the moon.
FRANK PARSONS.

Jack Sprat would eat no fat,
His wife would eat no lean—
They joined the anti-meat reserves
And praised the juicy bean.
MILO SUMNER.

Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard
To get her poor doggie a bone,
There was one on the shelf, but she gnawed it herself
And so the poor doggie got none.
W. J. CONRAD.

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow—
She traded it for an automobile,
And a pleasure yacht with a golden keel,
And a peck and a half of U. S. bonds
And became the queen of the dizzy blondes.
C. C. GOING.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
Bright lad! He knew he had a chance
To become a king of high finance.
TOM HARVEY.

Some Coos Bay people wouldn't be contented with their lot even if it had a big house on it.

There's one thing a married man might as well learn early in life: he can't fly around with other women.

Ed. Kammerer denies that he is responsible for the weather today just because he advertised it as the opening of the White Goods Sale. He says he made no arrangements to present customers with souvenir snowflakes.

It may be said of the under dog, however, that he sometimes starts the fight.

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