

COOS BAY TIMES

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

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Official Paper of Coos County.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

SUNDAY BAND CONCERT.

THE Coos Bay Band gave another of its excellent concerts at the Masonic opera house Sunday afternoon. The audience was appreciative and enthusiastic, but not nearly so large as civic pride and the real merits of the program warranted.

THE AVENGING OF IRELAND.

THE story of the depopulation of Ireland is told by Seumas MacManus in a recent magazine. The island had nearly 9,000,000 inhabitants in 1847. It has scarcely more than 4,250,000 today and each year 50,000 young men and women take ship in quest of homes under more hopeful skies.

There are few countries with greater resources for comfort and happiness. The soil, under proper treatment, responds with rich increase. Great markets are nearby and in the hills are swift streams, the power of which goes to waste.

The true irony of the story, however, lies in the fields of the oppressors. There the same process that depopulated Ireland is driving the people from the soil. The rich need the land for hunting and for parks. The small farmer and the laborer must either emigrate or seek livelihood in the crowded cities.

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Bernard Shaw says literature should be sold by the pound. This would make it easy for Coos Bayites who indulge in light reading.

LITTLE TALKS ABOUT TOWN

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

The writer recently had an interesting chat with an intelligent former resident of Denmark in which he dwelt at length on the possibilities of Coos Bay's dairying in this section. He referred at length to this branch of agriculture as the great resource of Denmark. "The whole of that country is one great dairy farm," he said. Although the smallest country in Europe, Denmark is the most prosperous of any in the whole of Europe.

Some of the defeated candidates in the recent primary election are now telling how it happened. Some charge their defeat to lack of interest by the voters, indifference of their own party, and some republicans even lay it on to the democrats.

I heard a good story the other day but cannot vouch for its truthfulness. It is to the effect that a certain woman on one of the Coos Bay party telephone lines was in the habit of talking or listening to other people talking a good part of the day, or until hunger would drive her away from the phone.

The alleged discovery that death and danger lie in the kiss will not revolutionize society as rapidly as was hoped by its discoverers. Many believe that a kiss judiciously is conducive to matrimony in a mild form, and as a prelude or antecedent to that beatific state it still has its friends and adherents.

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Some democrats are still happily dreaming of public jobs but the alarm is set for the morning of November 9.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Try to be happy in this present moment; and put not off being so to a time to come; as though that time should be of another make than this which hath already come and is ours. —Fuller.

PLEA FOR THE BABY CARRIAGE.

Yes, I know the go-cart's handy. When you have to take a car, And it helps the weary mother When she's traveling afar.

But I cannot help regretting That the modern happy marriage Has done away forever With the old-time baby carriage.

The first one I remember Was a simply made affair. Its wheels were stout and wooden And its cushions stuffed with hair;

But it trundled seven babies Born at nine pounds weight or more, And we loved that plain old carriage In the days that now are o'er.

Then there came a sumptuous era— Baby rode in style de luxe, And his carriage was of wicker With a canopy of tucks.

The wheels were steel and rubber And the springs a lullaby, As the little chap attested— With a drowsy, blinking eye.

'Twas a carriage, crib and cradle, And the little chap contrived, As he slept, or viewed the open, That he always ate and thrived.

Tell me, now, ye hurrying moderns, Does the baby get a show When a patent folding go-cart Circumscribes his chance to grow?

Haste the day, O, changing fashion, When the child of honest marriage Won't invite the quick compassion In the go-cart kind of carriage.

THE QUIET OBSERVER SAYS: "A man hasn't taken the thirty-third degree in the Ancient and Modern Order of Heavily Pecked Husbands until he has to ask his wife for spending money."

If at first you don't succeed, don't succumb.

You may have noticed that when a man decides to do anything for the good of the party, he expects to get paid for it.

A little girl never loves her grandfather as much as she does her grandmother. Grandmothers explain it all by saying: "She is afraid of his mustache."

RHYMES FROM LOCAL POETS.

"Here is a man who don't refuse To mend your boots or sole your shoes. And when he dies, he'll fear no coals, Because he's saved so many soles." —O. O. Lund.

If you want a tonic or a singe, A half-cut with or without fringe, Just call on me; I'll do the rest; I'll answer any hard request. —Bu-Jim-gets-the-price. —Charles Hunter.

Good rum! Fine rum! How often my thoughts turn to thee! Then I search for the coin in my pocket. For my name never goes on your docket!

Good rum! Fine rum! George Goodrum who lives by the sea. —Thayer Grimes.

Grimes, Grimes, Grimes, Your name jingles well in The Times; Your voice, low and sweet, Calls them in from the street, And I give them the value in rhymes. —George Goodrum.

I sauntered forth, arrayed in martial glory, And ponderous were the thoughts that weighted me, Stupendous, frowning thoughts, but, —then the story! I wondered if Cal'Wright was seeking me. —Jay Tower.

A New York man refused to marry a girl because she snickered while he was negotiating a license. He

should have had patience. Marriage is a sure cure for snickering.

My food is the kind That you'll seldom find; I'm growing quite portly upon it, And lest you forget Where the table is set, I sing you this sweet little sonnet. —Harry McKeown.

Oh! grand, torrential rain! How sweet your singing. How dear to me each little drop that falls, For mingling with your song, this thought is ringing, We're well stocked up with rain-proof overalls. —David Jones.

I love my fishing rod and reel, My trusty gun and rifle, But when I'm in my red 'mobile, All other loves I stifle. —Claude Nasburg.

What's in your eye? I'll look and see. Is paving high? Now, don't ask me. —Dr. E. E. Straw.

A dot and a dash, A breeze and a crash; The wire's not working, So I hand you back your cash. —Otto Schetter.

Upon being asked to give a definition for "port," Cassius R. Peck is said to have replied: "A port is an impregnable position situated upon or near a body of navigable water which I am compelled to defend against a horde of other lawyers. But Jim-gets-the-price. Upon being asked for his definition, J. W. Bennett said: "A port is a body of men occupying chairs in the office of Henry Sengstacken

whose business it is to mortgage the homes of the people on the outside of that office: \$500,000 mortgages preferred."

We were sitting 'round a table, Not a single word we spoke, For we heard the step of Carter— That is why I went home broke. —Anon.

THE FINE FALL SEASON.

Rosy apples fallin' to suit yer wish an' will; (They caused the fall of Adam, but we're likin' of 'em still.)

Honey, my honey, World is just so bright, Ef they made it any brighter We'd lose ourselves in light!

ALTERNATIVE.

"The autumn leaves are falling down." The long-faced poet cries, But would he have them falling up And fluttering the skies? —T. E. M.

David Graham Phillips declares that American wives spend their lives in idleness. He ought to see 'em during the canning season.

Have you been the subject of a scandalous rumor? The rumor may have been untrue, the invention of a mean enemy, but most of your friends will believe the rumor.

A woman is as suspicious of her grocer as she is of her husband. She thinks her grocer is as good as any of them, possibly a little better, but she firmly believes he will bear watching.

Whenever you feel like kicking over that little water bill that my

friend, Jim Flanagan, sends out the first of the month, just stop a moment and think of that American who recently paid \$200,000 for "The Bath of Diana."

A Boston man named Julian Te Skyszkowski has been arrested on the charge of forging another man's name to a check. It seems almost as great a crime for him to get his own name in the papers.

Jack Flanagan says he has temporarily abandoned the lay of the poet to conduct some experiments with the lay of the hen. His idea is to feed hens boy's 10-cent jackknives and have them lay \$5.00 safety razors.

WHY SHE WON'T WEAR IT.

She will not wear a hobble skirt; she says the style is much too pert, and that no woman of good taste would so deharmonize her waist; besides, she says she thinks the style will last for but a little while, because to any one it seems the fad is going to extremes. When e'er her hobbled sisters pass she only sighs and says: "Alas! How can a lady of good sense incase herself in that pretense? Just see her trip and wobble by! Would I appear in that! Not I! And how the horrid men-folk stare at her as she goes here and there! Oh, if she knew just what they said I know she'd blush a rose red. Besides the style is awkward, too, I don't care if they claim 'tis new." And so she carefully explains her preference for fuller trains, and for a petticoat that's wide, and will not be with giggles eyed when she is tripping down the street. Besides, you see, she has

LARGE FEET!

On The Square



I am On the Square with every suit of clothes I sell. They are all wool and pure wool and that's

On the Square

My prices are On the Square and I can prove it.

Be ON THE SQUARE with yourself and receive full value for what you are paying for. High Art Suits and Overcoats are always ON THE SQUARE.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes High Art Suits (\$17.50 to \$35.00), Presto Cravennette Coats (\$20.00 to \$30.00), English Raincoats (\$10.00 to \$20.00), Auto Raincoats (\$7.50), Packard Shoes (\$4.00 to \$5.00), Paragon Trousers (\$5.00 to \$7.50), Ladies' Rubber Coats (\$6.50).

Geo. Goodrum THE GENTS' FURNISHER. MARSHFIELD, OREGON.