

COOS BAY TIMES

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

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

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.

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Official Paper of Coos County,
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

AN IDEAL CITY.

COOB BAY in the making can study with profit the experience, mistakes and successes of other cities. At present, Portland is wrestling with the public dock problem, and the papers there are giving the question much attention. The Journal in a brief review of a magazine article on progressive German cities has the following:

Frederick C. Howe, in Hampton's Magazine, explains why German cities are so much more beautiful than American cities. The city, he says, is America's problem of problems. Its solution is not altogether in a business administration and putting good men into office, but also in making the city "a humanized entity, with purposes and plans, with foresight and dreams, with humanity and generosity; it consists in abolishing poverty and its cause, in training people properly, in raising their standards of living, of happiness, of morals."

Of all German cities that have made progress toward this high and to many quixotic goal. Mr. Howe thinks Dusseldorf the first. It is a comparatively new city, its population having grown from 60,000 in 1871 to 300,000 now. It is an industrial city, but has dreamed dreams and dared to carry them into execution. It is built for the comfort and convenience of its people, and believes in doing things for them. It owns its street railroads and a controlling interest in connecting inter-urban roads; it owns its harbors and docks, its gas and electric light and water plants, even its slaughter houses; it operates three banking and loan establishments, an opera house, a museum and an art gallery; has public baths, cemeteries and pawnshops. It is building suburban villas to rent for \$6 or \$7 a month, and has apartment houses in the congested portions of the city.

Dusseldorf was planned by expert architects and landscape gardeners; nothing was left to chance. No private owner can use his land to mar the general plan or defeat the general purpose. No lot can be fully covered with a building, and the height of buildings is restricted. There must be no unnecessary dirt, smoke or noise.

Of the river front development Mr. Howe says:
Dusseldorf has developed a system of municipal harbors and docks that are marvels of convenience. The cost of the improvement was \$4,500,000. In ten years' time this investment has increased the river trade by 300 per cent, while the cost of the harbor is being paid by the dues and rentals from its use. Dusseldorf was not a natural harbor. The waterfront, which extends for miles along the Rhine, was low-lying land. The bank opposite the city was covered with shacks and huts, which were torn down and the land developed into a beautiful parkway several miles in extent. The city side was reclaimed from the river and confined with stone embankments. A wide esplanade was constructed, upon which several great public buildings as well as a splendid exposition building have been erected. In the latter, annual exhibitions of art are held.

Farther up the river a system of

docks was constructed, with powerful cranes and devices which handle all kinds of freight at an insignificant cost. Crossing the river is a beautiful bridge upon which hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended—merely to make it beautiful. The remarkable thing about the undertaking is the way business is made to harmonize with art and beauty. The use of the river front for recreation is not impaired by the docks and railway tracks.

Only a small portion of these many things can be done in Portland or Coos Bay, many of them we might not desire to do; but this city, that is destined to grow into a very large one, and that has so many natural advantages, can make some progress toward this goal of an ideal city.

A BEGINNING.

THE election of Victor E. Berger to Congress in the Milwaukee Wis. district, as a socialist is not important for anything that he will accomplish at Washington. He will be just one man alone, upon whom some hundreds of other congressmen, democrats and republicans alike, will look rather curiously, and against whom most of these other hundreds will be arrayed more or less strongly. He will be put upon the least important committees, probably, and in the least important places in the committees; he will be largely ignored in every other phase of congressional activity.

So Mr. Berger's election is not important or interesting for what he is likely to do in congress. Its interest lies rather in the fact that he is socialism's first outspoken representative in that body. Never before have the socialists mustered enough strength to get a candidate within sight of an office like this. First things are interesting because they are first things, and Mr. Berger's election is a first thing.

Nobody now anticipates that the socialists will ever have any considerable following in congress, but who knows positively that they will not? Very often, of course, first things are both the beginning and the end, but again, sometimes they are just a beginning.

These speculations as to the future are things that are really interesting about Mr. Berger's election, not the mere present fact that Mr. Berger was elected.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

WHAT COUNTS.
It's the constant drop of water
That wears away the stone.
It's the constant exerciser
That develops all the bone.
It's the constant advertiser
That brings the bacon home.
Ex.

Leviathans of the air are to be among the early realizations of the age in which we live. Who can doubt it in view of the astounding progress already achieved in aviation? Who wants to doubt it anyway?

As there is an appetite in the human heart which not all the treasures, honors, joys of nature can satisfy, so there is a void in the mind which all the truth within reach of the unaided natural faculties leaves unfilled.

LIFE INSURANCE.
When in the market for life insurance, see that you get the insurance which insures: The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, with 561 million assets deliver these goods. For particulars, see **HENRY SENGSTACKEN,** Local Agent, Mutual Life of New York.

WHAT CURES ECZEMA?

We have had so many inquiries lately regarding Eczema and other skin diseases, that we are glad to make our answer public. After careful investigation we have found that a simple wash of Oil of Wintergreen, as compounded in D. D. D., can be relied upon. We would not make this statement to our patrons, friends and neighbors unless we were sure of it—and although there are many so-called Eczema remedies sold, we ourselves unhesitatingly recommend D. D. D. Prescription.

Because—We know that it gives instant relief to that torturing itch.
Because—D. D. D. starts the cure at the foundation of the trouble.
Because—It cleanses, soothes and heals the skin.
Because—It enables Nature to repair the ravages of disease.
Because—The records of ten years of complete cures of thousands of the most serious cases show that D. D. D. is today recognized as the absolutely reliable Eczema Cure.
Drop into our store today, just to talk over your case with us.
For sale at Red Cross Drug Store.

Why the House Rented Cheap

By WARREN D. BENTON

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Desiring a house and grounds in the country, I scanned the newspapers till I found an advertisement of one that appeared to be what I wanted. Taking my little boy with me for company and to give him a holiday, I went to the place, found the agent who had the rental of the house and signified a desire to look at it. He drove me to it and showed me through the premises. When I asked him the price he hemmed and said:

"What do you wish to pay?"
I named a price, about half what I thought the place was worth, and was very much astonished that the figure was accepted.

I resolved to remain in the town near which the house was located to make inquiries as to why it rented so cheap. At the hotel where we stopped while eating supper I engaged the landlord in conversation and told him that I had come to look at the Rand premises, as they were called, with a view to renting them. At the mention of the place he cast a quick glance at me, then bustled himself at a side table where the meats were served, as though he did not wish to continue the subject. I did all I could to draw him out, but failed signally.

After supper, taking my boy with me, I went to a garden decorated with Chinese lanterns and, seating myself at a table, ordered a glass of wine. A man sat at the same table, and I addressed him:

"Do you reside in this town, sir?"
"I do," he replied.
"Do you know anything about the Rand place?" I asked, looking at him knowingly.

"You refer to the old gentleman who is interested in the hedge?"
"Yes."

I had never heard of an old gentleman near the stable, but suspected that I had struck what I was looking for, and this was the reason for my affirmative reply. I waited for him to speak again, but he did not. So to lead him on I said:

"Have you ever seen him?"
"I? No. How could I see him?"
"Why, with your eyes, of course."
"Don't you know," he said, looking at me in surprise, "that only a child can see him?"

"A child?" I asked, puzzled.
"Yes. Your boy might, but not you."
"H'm!" I said for want of something more indefinite to say and not wishing to give away my ignorance of what he was talking about, then after a pause, "Is he always there?"
"That no one can tell. No adult has ever seen him and only a few children."

There was an orchestra playing in the garden, and during this conversation my son had left me and gone to listen to it.
"I wonder," I said to the stranger, "if my boy would see him?"
"The boy who sat with you when you first came to this table?"
"Yes."
"I should think he might."
"Why so?"

"Oh, it is only a surmise. The little fellow has a spiritual look."
"What is the best time to see the old gentleman?"
"About 5 in the afternoon. That's the time he was killed."
"The time he was killed?"
"Yes. He had ordered his horse, a vicious brute, for his accustomed horseback ride. A new groom had just come to work for him who did not know the animal's tricks, one of which was to refuse to leave the stable, rearing and plunging when expected to do so. The old gentleman went out to see why his horse was not brought round and found the groom struggling with him. The gentleman mounted the beast, gave him the whip and clapped the spurs into his flanks. The horse shot out of the stable, and before he could be turned brushed against the hedge, throwing his rider, who fell on his head and broke his neck. The time was exactly fourteen minutes after 5."

I was tempted to laugh, but resisted the impulse. Nevertheless there is a bit of superstition in all of us, and I determined to take my boy to the place the next afternoon. Besides, I wished to tell my wife the story of why such a bargain was offered and assure her there was nothing in the story. So the next afternoon I went with my boy to the place, arriving there about 5 o'clock. We walked about the grounds for a quarter of an hour, when I said:

"I wish there was some one here of whom to ask some questions about the place."
"There is, papa. Perhaps the old gentleman over there can tell you what you want to know."
I started. I saw no one.

"That old man over there pruning the hedge?" I asked in pretense.
"He isn't pruning it, papa; he's cutting it down with an ax."
"Never mind, my boy. I think we won't take the place after all. Your mother wouldn't like it."

I took my son by the hand and led him away as quickly as he could walk. Now and again he turned his head to look back, remarking, "I wonder why he wishes to destroy so well grown a hedge?" or, "What a queer looking man he is! Sometimes I can't see him, and I can't hear any sound when the ax strikes the thick wood at the bottom where he is cutting."
"I paid no attention to these comments, getting the child away as soon as possible.

EASTERN TOWNS BEING IMPROVED

Civic Centers Beautiful and Playgrounds Provided.

WOMAN'S ENERGY BIG HELP.

Wayland, Mass. Will Have Parks and Recreation Places Under Direction of an Association Formed by Mother Who Lives Two Miles Away.

Many splendid improvements have been made in New England towns and cities this year, and one of these has been the beautifying of the civic center of Belmont, Mass., where a fine bridge has been constructed to facilitate the handling of traffic.

Mainly through the energy of Mrs. James Lowell Moore the people of the town of Wayland, Mass., have secured a charter for the Wayland Park and Playground association. Although plans have long been under way and there was strong hope for a playground in Wayland Center this summer, it has been found impossible to do all the people desired, and the only playground this year was allotted to Coehuitate village, in the extreme



BELMONT CENTER.

southern end of the town. Wayland Center is a comfortable village in the center of a farming district, while Coehuitate is a manufacturing village where the conditions are not so favorable for the children. This is a most progressive move for a town so thinly settled as Wayland. But Mrs. Moore and her associates recognize that Wayland must grow because of its proximity to Boston, and they propose to make an early start in developing the playground possibilities and to secure permanent areas for park and playground ideas. The movement is well received by the people, and there are good prospects for a successful first year.

In this connection Mrs. Moore's example ought to be pointed out to those who hesitate. Her home is on a farm two miles from Wayland Center. Her boys are not particularly in need of playgrounds, and yet, as has been said, it is through her leadership that the progress to date has been made possible. And the example of all in starting first in the extreme end of the town because there the need is greatest is much to be commended. Such unselfishness, for it must be remembered the whole movement is in the main directed by Wayland Center people, must do a great deal among reasonable people to weld the town together and to dissipate those petty animosities which so often spell disaster.

Station Gardening on the C. P. R.
N. S. Dunlop, superintendent of the floral department of the Canadian Pacific railroad, recently started to send out a circular to station agents and section men all over the system, offering a number of prizes with a view to encouraging gardening around stations and section houses. Each general superintendent will award a prize of \$25 to the station agent having the best flower garden and neatest ground, and there will be prizes of \$10 and \$5 for locomotive foremen and also for section foremen. In addition, each superintendent will give a prize of \$10 and a second prize of \$5, while a first prize of \$10 and a second prize of \$5 will be awarded on each general superintendent's division for the best photograph of a flower garden at a station on the division.

Excellent Sweeping Ordinance.
An ordinance that would be of great benefit to any town has been passed in Columbus, Ind., making it unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to sweep dust, dirt, refuse or any accumulations from any building or from any premises to any sidewalk, gutter, street or alley. Instead, the sweeping must be done to the rear and the sweepings then gathered up, placed in a receptacle and left for the garbage collectors to remove. The local board of health fathered the ordinance and it was aimed at business houses where clerks were in the habit of sweeping into the public streets.

Mail Order Buyers' Attention!
Listen to the Chicago Association of Commerce, speaking to other cities:
"We want to know you and have you know us, not as merchants and manufacturers, but as men and associates, feeling that you are agreed with us that the interchange of commodities is more strongly influenced by social relations than by mercenary motives and that there is greater incentive to the warm grasp of the hand than in any other association."
Doesn't this apply to men living and doing business in the same town?

An Easy Way to Get Breakfast

Just a few General Electric Utensils will enable any housewife to stay in bed another half hour in the morning. Put cereal in the cooker and coffee in the percolator the night before. In the morning turn the switch, electricity will get breakfast ready—provided your house is wired for electric light.

Let us tell you all the particulars,
Coos Bay Gas & Electric Co.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

First Trust and Savings Bank

OF COOS BAY MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

Resources.	Liabilities.
Loans and discounts . . . \$127,400.57	Capital stock paid in. \$100,000.00
Overdrafts 1,574.51	Bonds and securities . . . 25,771.07
Banking house furniture and fixtures 57,023.45	Surplus and undivided profits 6,326.00
Cash on hand and due from banks 71,089.73	Deposits 177,532.40
Total \$282,859.53	Total \$282,859.53

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In addition we draw drafts on all principal banking centers in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, China, Japan, North, Central and South America.

Personal and commercial accounts kept subject to check. Certificates of Deposits issued. Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

FLANAGAN & BENNETT BANK

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

Oldest Bank in Coos County, Established in 1889.
 Paid up Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits over \$100,000.
 Assets Over Half Million Dollars.

Does a general banking business and draws drafts on the Bank of California, San Francisco, Cal.; Hanover National Bank, N. Y.; First National Bank, Portland, Ore.; First National Bank, Roseburg, Ore.; The London Joint Stock Bank, Ltd., London, England.

Also sells exchange on all of the principal cities of Europe. Individual and corporation accounts kept subject to check. Safe deposit lock boxes for rent.

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Suitable for Platting.
\$250.00 Per Acre

See Title, Guarantee & Abstract Co.

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Coos Bay--Roseburg Stage Line

Daily stage between Roseburg and Marshfield. Stage leaves daily and Sunday at 7 p. m. Fare, \$6.00.

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