

COOS BAY TIMES

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GOOD EVENING.

Every honest man defends a just cause.—Selected.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

SOMETIME since an unusual event took place in New York. A policeman, convicted of cowardice, was stripped of his badge and dishonorably discharged from the service. Tears filled the eyes of the commissioner, and many a strong man was deeply moved at the sight.

It was a pitiful thing to see a man thus stigmatized. Yet, after all, there is a higher kind of courage than that for the lack of which he was punished. It takes more stamina, more real manhood, to be a morally brave man than to be physically fearless.

How many, in all the throng that witnessed this man's disgrace, had that higher kind of courage? How many men, the world through, who boast of their "nerve" have that bravery that costs the higher price? Brute courage is our birthright, handed down from an ancestry that fought and struggled for the masters. Moral courage is a finer quality for each individual to gain for himself, and he who would have it must sometimes be "tried as by fire."

The world needs courage of both kinds, but the latter far the most. Brute fearlessness may fight against oppression, but the voice that calls it to battle is that of the moral hero.

Coos Bay needs men with this courage at this time.

THE ONE-MAN POWER.

ONE OF the strangling and crushing agencies that cities of the size of Marshfield have to contend against is the "one-man" power, exerted politically, commercially, or along any given phase of action. The man, or the name of a man, potent enough to stall, baffle or blind a community in the attainment of its highest objectives, is a menace little considered, but tremendously effective for defeat and disaster. Submission to such dominance is tantamount to negation, at once, pusillanimous, and weakening beyond all calculation.

The community that does not reserve to itself the right to collectively assert its own programs and acts, and to freedom from such handicap, is not worthy the name of a town or city, since its motives, efforts and bargains for progress, are but the motives, efforts and bargains of its master, whatsoever his influence, prestige and presumptive right to sway and say.

The trouble with such conditions is, invariably, that the friendly allegiance of a people once given to some wise and friendly man or family, is later abused and turned to grossly selfish ends, the man or men honored with such confidence rarely remaining loyal and square in their dealings; but gradually, yet surely, swinging the trust from the level

line of disinterestedness to downright and supercilious dominance of the coarsest and most ungrateful kind.

There is nothing invidious in this conclusion. It is simply a warning note, sounded for the good of Marshfield and all other towns wherein it may be read. It is an evil that should be known and guarded against all the time, here, and everywhere, if there is the slightest manifestation of its becoming operative.

AN OLD THEORY UPSET.

THE news comes from San Francisco that the merchants of that city are greatly disappointed because their attempt to bring back prosperity to the city by taking off the lid on vice and establishing a disreputable district within a few blocks of the retail trade center has failed utterly.

They had faith in that strange old theory that where vice is given free reign and wickedness disports itself without hindrance, business will thrive and the people prosper. As the story goes, they are a bit dazed by the upsetting of their faith in the efficacy of sin to bring them good times.

Just how that old theory ever came to get any acceptance at all is a mystery. If it is logical, then dissipation should be followed by prosperity, and hell should be paved with gold instead of heaven.

There can be no permanent profit to any community in vice. Vice means a waste—a waste of physical energy, a waste of brain and nervous energy, a waste of morals, and a waste of money. How men can believe that such waste can by any manner of means be made into prosperity is beyond all explanation. Profligacy and debauchery and immorality in all times and in all places have been attended by want and woe; they never have been factors in any permanent prosperity. There may be a little flurry of money spending with the removal of the lid, but when that is over, there is bound to set in a long period of loss to the community—an economic loss in dollars and a moral loss in debauched men and women.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE ORACLE.

When Willie gets into a fight, Or Jimmy stubs his toe, Or father stays out late at night, Or sister has a beau, Ma looks as worried as can be. And when the day is through She reads a magazine to see Just what she ought to do.

If there is naught to ease her mind In picture or in text, She knows full well that she will find

An answer in the next. So when the postman, grave and stern,

Comes 'round, we block his way To get the magazine and learn What ma is going to say.

Some women seem to have an idea that Christmas shopping consists of pawing over everything on the bargain counter.

A Los Angeles boiler-maker exerted himself so violently while trying to button a misfit collar that he broke his collar bone. Previous to that, no doubt, he fractured one of the ten commandments.

The census reports show that tuberculosis kills fewer farmers and more printers than any other class. In this world the printers catch it on all sides, and they say that in the next world those who take the elevator "going down" are doomed as a punishment to "set a square acre of solid nonpareil."

The rain falleth alike upon the just and the unjust, and the walk is exactly as slippery for the righteous as for the wicked. When the good man hitteth the pavement with a dull thud, he is denied the relief which cometh to the iniquitous from the liberal use of cuss words. So what's the use?

We do not in the least mind the annual quota of rain assigned by nature to this particular city and territory, but we do wish it might be more evenly spread over the time allowed. This having from 10 to 14 inches a month, and from three to five inches a day, deluged upon us, to the gorging of the earth and the reactionary damage to the people and things on the surface thereof, is becoming unbearable.

The student was sleepy, so he did not interrupt the professor as he mused to himself as follows: "I wonder why women have to

waste so much time and money on their bonnets. It really doesn't seem right, now, does it? I am a hard-working man and if there is anything about me I value it is my head. I not only depend upon it for bread and butter, but for my deepest pleasures. Naturally if there was the slightest need of spending a great deal of money on any part of my anatomy I would spend it there. But when I decided to abandon my straw the other day I simply walked down to the nearest clothing store, picked out a number 7, put it on and walked out. The transaction cost me \$3 in money and less than three minutes in time. My head has been perfectly comfortable ever since.

"But what a difference when my wife goes down. In the first place she has to read about hats, then she has to spend a week looking at hats, then she has to visit all the stores where they keep hats and, after she has about made up her mind to select one out of 10, she talks it all over with her sisters and the cook and the salesgirl, and at last, when at least three weeks' time has been consumed, she gets a bargain at \$26, marked down from \$50."

"You must be an awful man to live with," said the student opening his eyes dreamily.

"Oh, I am not complaining," said the professor, "I am merely curious. I simply wonder if it is necessary."

Why is it that great men have such a hard time being happy? There is no question about Count Leo Tolstol being a very great man indeed, but if he has ever been wholesomely and genuinely happy the fact has not been recorded. Even when he wrote what was perhaps the most powerful and artistic novel of a generation, he was dead to all pleasure of creation and was only oppressed with the thoughts of the misery and suffering of the world. And now, after a life unparalleled for genuine literary achievement and devotion to humanity, he offers the pathetic spectacle of an old man estranged from his family, unreconciled to many of his friends, who wandered off into the cold wilderness to die. There seems no necessity for it. One can't help but feel that if the "grand old man" would only stop thinking for a while, take a seat before the fire with his wife and children about him and smoke a pipe, he would enjoy some of the rewards his life would seem to entitle him to.

But great thought has never given much happiness to the thinker. Schopenhauer is said to have had a brain weighing some four pounds and yet life was one long blue funk to him. So Nietzsche, Baudelaire, Rossetti, Poe, Balzac, composed one long list of genius and gloom, and they were all thinkers and ornamented some hall of fame or other. The trouble, apparently, is not in thought, but in thinking too much. If every genius would play a game of crib every day, or chop a cord of wood, the whole tenor of his philosophy and life would be changed.

The Price.

"How much are eggs now?" "Two dollars down, and a dollar a month until the dozen is paid for."

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or buzzing in your ears, and your hearing is impaired. It is entirely cured by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous surface.

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IMPORTANT

The Time The Place and The Girl

Right now, this evening to buy that fancy box of Bon Bons, before they're all gone.

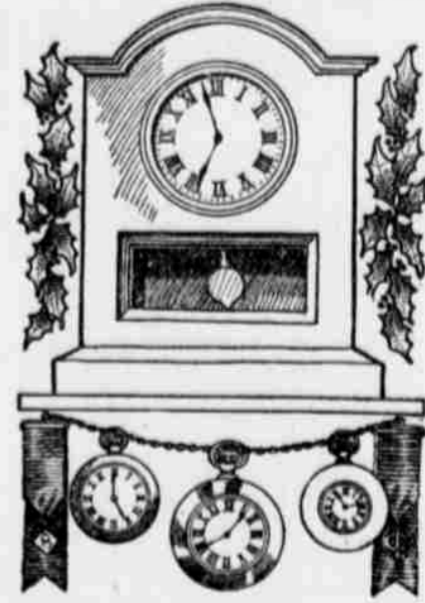
At LEWIS CONFECTIONERY, 112 North Broadway.

Well, I guess we don't need to tell you who she is.

All girls like nice candy, so you will make no mistake in making her a present of a nice box.

These are classy goods, just FRESH from the CITY on the last Plant, therefore strictly up-to-date.

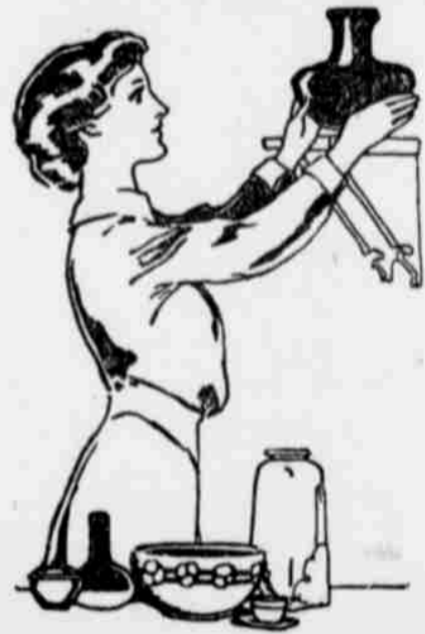
Christmas Gifts



- RINGS BRACELETS LOCKETS DIAMONDS

- WATCHES SOUVENIR SPOONS SILVER NOVELTIES OPERA GLASSES

Red Cross Drug Store



- UMBRELLAS BROOKWOOD POTTERY PICKARD HAND-PAINTED CHINA COFFEE PERCOLATORS BRASS GOODS STATIONERY CHAFING DISHES

- SAFETY RAZORS FOUNTAIN PENS KODAKS PIPES AND CIGARS CASES LEATHER GOODS MIRRORS BOOKS

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