

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.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

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Saturday Evening Thoughts

GOOD EVENING.

The stationary condition is the beginning of the end.
HENRI AMIEL.

SOMETIMES when the merry clanging of the anvil chorus dings in your ears you are inclined to doubt the wisdom of the apparently overworked statement that "every knocks a boost."

You are just about convinced that if the anvil chorus is helping your game you'd be willing to do without the help, and worry along by yourself.

Smile, little one, smile!
Fame seems to have neglected to preserve the name of the man who first remarked upon the boosting qualities of the never-ceasing knock, but fame has made a lot of mistakes. She should have written it bright and strong on her flaming scroll alongside of the names of Socrates, Plato, Galileo, Kant and Sir Isaac Newton. In fact, for the plain, practical pluggers like you and me, she might have put it a little higher up on the parchment.

Time may yet put Plato and Socrates on the bum; Sir Isaac Newton seems to have a cinch, but it is possible that there'll be a day when the theories of Mr. Kant can't come back. But the man who first said: "Every knocks a boost," stated an immortal truth, and as long as men and women are women, and we all have a little of the heart stuff left in us that that bon mot with the bark on it is going to live and shine.

Humanity is beginning to cut its eyeteeth.

The more we know the more we realize our shortcomings.

The more we realize our shortcomings the more we sympathize with the other fellow.

Sympathy is the most enduring quality of the human soul.

Deep down at the bottom of every heart is a warm spot that stands for fair play.

Your neighbor may not show much interest in you, but he doesn't want to see you clouded with the cloud every time your back is turned. When the bar tax for you it gets on the other fellow's nerves. Finally his feet get into the night and you've got a friend you didn't figure on. And when you nail the knocker—nine times out of ten you get your chance to nail him—your neighbor and your neighbor's neighbor know the lay of the land and they're for you to a fareyouwell.

Hammer music never made a hit with a man worth worrying over.

Knocks never did anything but stir up strife for the knocker.

Backbiting is hateful to the uni-

versal instinct that makes him boost or bust.

Brethren, there are 94,000,000 of us. That is about the result of the census of 1910 and it indicates that as a nation we have been growing some. Now, in 1810 we were less than 3,000,000. Therefore, if the rate of growth of the last century is maintained in the future one, in the year of our lord 2010 we will be 94,000,000 multiplied by 31, which will be—well, you figure it out. Suffice it to suppose that there will be some few of us—nearly 3,000,000,000.

But does any one think for a moment that there will not be room for us. If so, let him find solace in the calculations of Professor Smith of Washington, D. C., who calculates that if worse came to worse the entire population of the United States could get in the District of Columbia and there would be some elbow room. In short, an average person, standing up, only occupies a plat about two feet square, and there would be five feet square for each one of the 94,000,000 in the District of Columbia.

Figures are a great thing, aren't they, particularly when they are made up into statistics. A person may have no particular head for figures, but statistics will make him dizzy with joy. There is Jim Hill, for example. When statistics are concerned he is the human cash register, with a whirling dervish accelerator. If he were addressing the morning breakfast table today he would look over the fresh young faces and then smilingly proclaim:

"Does any one know how many acres each being in the United States would have if the country's area were equally divided? No? Twenty acres. The country can distribute 31 souls in every square mile. There are 850,000,000 people in Asia and yet they could have one square mile for every 60 of them. In—"

It's awful tiresome stuff to listen to, but it is great sport to launch it. Just try it some time when you have some people at your mercy. It's a painless punishment. And speaking of painless punishments, what is the matter with Nebraska? Four millionaire cattlemen in that state were recently convicted of fencing for their own use miles of government land and were sentenced to jail. But before the sentences were imposed the aforesaid cattlemen were allowed to make a tour of the various jails and select the one they liked best.

It sounds like vaudeville, but the Nebraska papers vouch for it. The prisoners furnished the cells luxuriously subscribed for magazines, installed a private library and, although the dispatches do not announce it, no doubt stocked their sideboards with the best wine and cigars. Now who could blame Bobby La Follette from pulling his pompadour and letting out a few polysyllables when he heard of that?

And it is serious business. This is the sort of justice for malefactors of wealth, which provides justification for this talk of class prejudice and a red rag and dynamite revolutions. There is a great deal more fair play in the country than many of the agitators and park bench philosophers would have us think, but as long as justice in any American court is tempered by a bank account there is a great wrong being done which demands correction.

Let the Nebraska officials be asked, for example, how they would furnish the apartments of a cattleman who, instead of appropriating many thousand dollars' worth of public land, had stolen a \$30 steer?

When a man has a cold in his head it doesn't leave room for much else.

In nine cases out of ten, when people are indignant, there is no remedy.

Half the world does not know how the other half lives, but is trying to find out.

When not studying the Bible, a man must find week days mighty lonesome.

Some Coos Bay men are so awkward that they can't pay a compliment without giving offense.

What has become of the old-fashioned father who whipped his son until the neighbors said the blood ran out of the poor boy's shoe-tops?

Good flour—good bread. So try HAINES for the next sack.

IS THIS A DEFINITION OF YOU, MR. MAN?

THE world today is looking for men who are not for sale; men who can tell the truth and look the world right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run; men who neither flag nor flinch; men who can have courage without shouting about it; men who know their business and attend to it; men who will not lie, shirk nor dodge, men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor; men who are willing to eat what they earn and wear what they have paid for.

There are not any too many men today who live up to this definition. There are lots of good men who can fulfill the greater part of it but to find a man who completely fills the bill, without denying a single clause of it, would be far more difficult than to find a man who does not answer half the definition.

ASA CAREY AND THE BEAR.

(In Pendleton, at the annual round-up, spectators gasp at the daring of cowboys who ride bucking horses and wild steers. In Curry county riding prowess is along different lines. A true story of the achievement of a Port Orford celebrity has been translated into the appended verse.)

But did you hear the story, so strange, yet true as well,
Not one that fancy painted like some folks often tell,
But one that's really truthful, and this I will declare,
And emphasize with firmness—Asa Carey rode a bear.

This happened down in Curry, a part of this fair state,
Which now seems forging to the front, a coming out, though late,
Like blossoms on the sweetest rose—but really I declare,
I quite forgot my story—Asa Carey rode a bear.

Asa went and set a bear trap, beneath a spreading oak,
And trouble then was brewin'—for bruin—this no joke,
And from a limb suspended, he placed a bill of fare;
I think he said 'twas equine, and Asa caught the bear.

He caught him by the hind leg, well up to be secure,
Asa went then to a neighbor's to have a witness sure.
The neighbors came and saw him throw a rope, that landed fair,
Around the neck of bruin, and then he snubbed the bear.

Horatius at the bridge is naught, Thermopylae is tame,
This Ursine ride of terror entitles greater fame.
Asa stood there like a Spartan, erect, serenely fair,
Then bowing to his audience, he calmly rode the bear.

E'en Nolan in the jaws of death on Balaklava's field
Must in the final issue the palm of courage yield;
The world did wonder as it should when death shots filled the air,
The jaws of death were 'en bestrode, when Asa rode the bear.

Bear with me for a moment, this story I have told,
There was no tragic end to this that I should here unfold,
'Tis now a part of history, and think it just and fair,
All time should be reckoned from the day Asa rode the bear.
S. P. W. in Oregonian.

TAX LEVY FIXED.

Curry County Commissioners Hold Busy Session.

GOLD BEACH, Ore., Jan. 14. — Some of the important things done by the Curry county court:

Tax levy for 1911 was fixed at eleven and seven-tenths mills.

The clerk was ordered to advertise for bids for the construction of a bridge across Pistol river.

The licensing of three saloons.

Order declaring the Globe the official paper for the ensuing year.

A one mill levy on all property for a Court House.

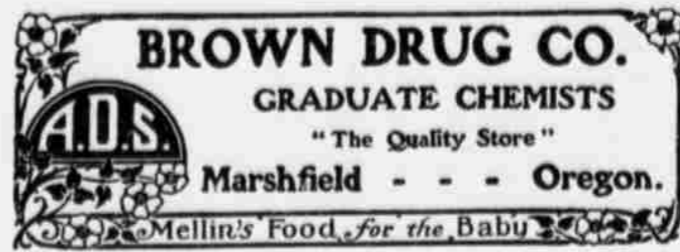
The location of the high school was continued until the July term.

The court endorsed the petition of Assessor Tolman for an increase of salary, with the understanding that the assessor cruise the timber of Curry county without farther cost to the county.

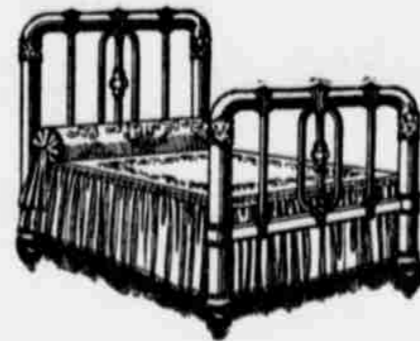
Photo albums, Photo supplies and photo finishing at Walker Studio.

Monday Morning, the 16th

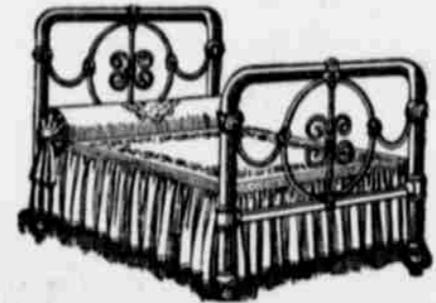
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First Trust and Savings Bank

OF COOS BAY

All of the necessary steps authorizing the consolidation of the First National Bank and the First Trust and Savings Bank have been taken and on Monday January 16th, the First National bank will open for business in the offices now occupied by the First Trust and Savings Bank. The consolidation of the two banks will take effect on or about that date, and the business will be conducted under the name of the First National Bank.

The First National Bank of Coos Bay

STRICTLY A COMMERCIAL BANK.

DRAWS Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank, San Francisco, Cal
The United States National Bank, Portland, Ore.
The National Park Bank, New York, N. Y.
DRAFTS The Coos Exchange National Bank, Chicago, Ill.
ON The Bank of Scotland, London, England.
The Credit Lyonnais, Paris, France.

In addition we draw drafts on all principal banking centers in Europe, Asia, Africa, Austral. China, Japan, North, Central and So. America. Personal and commercial accounts kept subject to check. Certificates of Deposits issued. Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

Flanagan & Bennett Bank of Marshfield, Oregon

Oldest Bank in Coos County. Established in 1880.
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.

OFFICERS: J. W. BENNETT, President. J. H. FLANAGAN, V.-Pres.
R. F. WILLIAMS, Cashier. GEO. E. WINCHESTER, Asst. Cash.
INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

One Good Way to Make Money Is to Begin Saving "New Shoe Money"

Let us repair your old shoes—they'll wear you two and three and four times as long and will look like new ones as long as you wear them. We repair your old shoes while you wait or you can leave them here we'll fix 'em quickly. We'll make your old "cripples" (shoes) look like new and they will be easier on your feet than having to break in new ones besides the big difference in the cost of repairs and the price of a new pair.

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O. O. LUND,

"The man who does things right."
Co. 215 South Broadway, Marshfield

Mr. E. J. Antell

Editor of the Finnish American

of Brooklyn, N. Y., will speak in Knights of Finland, Marshfield, Oregon, on

Saturday Evening

at 8:30 o'clock January 14, 1911.

Admission 50c. After the speaking supper will be served in the banquet room free of charge.

OIL SUPPLIES

The Coos Bay Oil and Supply Company under the management of J. W. Flanagan will continue to handle the Union Oil Company's gasoline, distillate, benzine and coal oil at their oil house across the Bay to which place they have moved their office. Phone 302.

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