

COOS BAY TIMES

Entered at the postoffice at Marshfield, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub. DAN E. MALONEY News Editor

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

Subscription rates: Daily, One year \$6.00, Per month .50; Weekly, One year \$1.50

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

Address all communications to COOS BAY DAILY TIMES, Marshfield : : : Oregon

CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN! This is Walt Whitman's famous poem on the death of Abraham Lincoln.

O CAPTAIN! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done; The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;

But heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies,

O CAPTAIN! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells; Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;

MY Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still; My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;

Excite O shores, and ring, O bells! But I, with mournful tread, Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Some days in school when teacher says, "Jim, name the presidents," I up and commence

THE passing years add lustre to the name and fame of the great American Emancipator. There promises to be a more general observance of Lincoln day in Oregon and throughout the country this year

than ever before. In many states the governors have issued proclamations and declared a holiday. It is right and proper that one day should be dedicated to that well loved name.

It has been well said that Lincoln was not a type. "He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successor."

THE WORLD'S GREAT NEED.

THE world has a hard time finding a cure for its ills. It searches for it high and low; it searches for it far and wide.

Yet 2,000 years ago humanity's Great Friend pointed out the way to world peace and happiness when He said:

Education helps the world much, but if it were the solution for the world's problems, they would have been solved by Plato long ago.

Sir Launfal, traditional knight of old, for that mythical boon of mankind, the Holy Grail. Sir Launfal set out, a splendid knight, "in his gilded mail, that flamed so bright";

There followed years of vain searching for the Holy Grail. Sir Launfal found it not, though he rode through northern cold and southern heat;

was transformed and he spoke in words of wondrous sweetness as he said: "Behold! it is here—this cup which thou didst fill at the streamlet for me but now."

Though the world, like Launfal, seek everywhere else for its boon of happiness, it will find it only in friendliness and love.

IMPROVE "MOVING PICTURES."

THE "full-light" moving picture is the latest invention in this form of popular amusement. Besides being of great value for purposes of theatrical exploitation, the pictures possess a scientific interest for electrical and optical experts.

The other day the price of table salt dropped 30 cents a ton. That ought to hold the fresh guys who are always kicking on the cost of living.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

PATRIOTISM. The religion of patriotism may sound blasphemous to some ears, but that patriotism be less than religion is the conviction which has prepared the way for the civic corruption of the last decade.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[This poem, written shortly after the great president's death and published in the Atlantic Monthly at the time, has been called one of the finest eulogies in all literature.]

the facts are he looks as badly as the woman.

THE BACHELOR GIRL SAYS:

Too many hooks have spoiled the matrimonial fishing.

All the polish in the world won't brighten up a tarnished reputation.

A woman spends her life in learning what she spends the other half in pretending not to know.

A woman always accounts for her enemies by saying they're jealous.

There are so many ways of being foolish that you'd better watch yourself.

Find a man with friends and you'll find he accumulated them by being a friend.

During 1911 the old excuses for worrying will be just as good as new ones.

The only story on the women that the women will admit is that Eve chased Adam.

Success is the only thing that saves a political career from being disreputable.

A bad egg attempts the impossible when it tries to look like a bargain at any price.

"I can talk to my son," said a man today, "but he never pays the slightest attention to anything I say."

A very useful bird is the stork, and not at all like Jim Jeffrey or Opportunity in the matter of playing return engagements.

The North Carolina man who is serving a term in jail for kissing a woman may come out entirely cured, and then, again, he may not.

People are always being abused for not minding their own business; but old John D. Rockefeller seems to attend to his business too well.

A fried egg ages more rapidly in looks than anything else we know of. An egg fried in the morning looks a thousand years old by night.

Writers of "advice to the lover-lorn" will always be tolerated so long as they do not go so far as to condemn the practice of "holding hands."

Some Coos Bay folks are so particular that their idea of a well-governed city is a place where it is not safe to spit on the sidewalk and they are right.

"From my own experience," said the man at the postoffice, "I should judge that a resolution to quit cursing the alarm clock in the morning can't be made strong enough to stand the strain."

Some Coos Bay people like abuse so well that they pay no attention to nice things said of a man in an obituary. "Huh!" they say, "they always whitewash a man after he is dead!"

CHEER UP! Hitch your wagon to a star—but keep your foot on the brake!

The Rocky Road to Dublin has been macadamized—with laughs!

Waiting for the clouds to roll by is dull work. Shove 'em.

The boss makes some fool little mistake every day of his life. But he knows it, he knows it!

They can "snatch up" your marbles—but you've still got the tattoo-knuckles that won them!

"Just as good fish in the sea" is the chuffer's excuse. Snag the one you cast for!

There's always room for improvement"—in the other fellow!

war chant before he hurls his javelin—and gives you time to duck!

Adversity has a wallop in both mitts—but you've got it on him for footwork!

Some day there'll be shade trees on both sides of the long lane that has no turning!

MORE MONEY FOR FARMING

Today we are paying 72 out of 100 cents raised by national taxation to pay for past wars and insure against future wars.

EXPLAINS SCARCITY OF SERVANTS.

Society women learned recently why they are perplexed with the servant girl problem, why they can't get girls to remain in their homes, even if they do give them the use of a porcelain-lined bathtub and provide them with good meals and dessert thrown in and let them entertain their company in the kitchen.

"It's because you want to own them body and soul, because you expect them to be accountable to you for every hour of the 24, because you say to them: 'You can go out and enjoy yourself two nights a week, but you must be in by 10:30 o'clock. I can't have you gadding about and coming in late. I can't have you entertaining your friends after certain hours.' It's because you take away their liberty and make them slaves that they won't stay with you."

ADVICE TO A DAMSEL.

When a damsel has a steady who's a pretty decent man, and who shows a disposition to perform the best he can; who is shy of sinful habits, and whose bosom holds no guile, and who labors in the vineyard with a gay and cheerful smile, then she shouldn't make him promise that he'll do a seraph stunt, when they've stood up at the altar, with the preacher man in front. And she shouldn't spring a lecture when he comes around to court, for a man is only human, and his wings are pretty short.

Spoiled His Sport.

"How many ducks did you shoot, Pat?" "The devil a wan."

The Comforter.

Visitor—I just looked in to cheer you up a bit, and I'm very glad I did, for I met the doctor going out, and he says you're worse than you think and unless you keep up your spirits you can't recover.—London Opinion.

Comparatively Easy.

"It is hard to lose the savings of a lifetime." "Oh, not so hard. I know of a dozen men with schemes that you could go into."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Patriotism.

It is the duty of every man who desires to carry on his business in peace and safety to take his share in the defense of his country.—Sir Walter Besant.

The rule in carving holds good as to criticism—never cut with a knife what you can cut with a spoon.—Charles Buxton.

MUCH LUMBER SHIPPED OUT

Over 3,000,000 Feet From C. A. Smith Mill Sent In Two Days.

MUCH LUMBER Over 3,000,000 feet of lumber has been shipped out from the C. A. Smith mill here yesterday and today.

The two mills of the C. A. Smith company are now cutting in the neighborhood of 500,000 feet of lumber a day, and it is expected that the average cut for the present month will probably break all previous records.

The Purist Lost a Sale. "I've just happened to remember that my wife told me to get a tin pas that will go under the icebox. Has you any?"

No, sir, but we have some that can be shoved under the icebox. Won't that do just as well?" "I think not, young man. My wife is a bit particular about my getting the exact thing that she tells me to get. I presume I can find it at some other store. Good day, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Horse Sense. During a heavy downpour of rain an Irish farmer sent his boy to a distant field to bring home a horse. Some time elapsed, and the messenger returned without the horse.

Father—Didn't Ol send ye for the horse, ye gamoach? Is your head is your brogues?" Little Boy (drenched to the skin)—Sure, he was standin' in shelter as dry as ye look. Indeed, he knows more than the two of us.

Too Empty. Panney (morning of the second day out)—Come, old boy, let's go out on deck. Breakfast won't be served for half an hour yet, and a brisk walk to an empty stomach will do you good.

Klabber (feebly trying to smile)—Take a walk on yours, if you like, chappie. Mine is—entirely too empty.—Chicago Tribune.

In Art Circles. "That picture is by an old master" the owner stated proudly. "Umph, umph," commented the critical visitor. "What was he master of?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Solitude. Solitude is dangerous to reason, without being favorable to virtue. Pleasures of some sort are necessary to the intellectual as to the corporal health, and those who resist gaiety will be likely for the most part to fall a sacrifice to appetite, for the solicitations of sense are always at hand, and a dram to a vacant and solitary person is a speedy and seducing relief.

Rastus and His Razor. "You are charged with carrying a razor," said the magistrate. "What have you to say?" "But his is a safety razor," pleaded Rastus.

"What difference does that make?" the court asked. "Well, yo' hono, a safety razor am carried only fo' de moral effect."

A Fair Proposition. "But," the patient exclaimed, "your advertisement said 'no cure, no pay.'" "I shall cure you," the doctor replied, "if you only will be patient and give me time."

"Very well. I will pay you if you will be patient and give me time. When shall I call again?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Take your SUNDAY DINNER at The CHANDLER. Special menu. RESERVE tables for PARTIES by PHONE.

WHY BUY STALE BUTTER when you can always get GOOD BUTTER at the ANONA GROCERY.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS. Taxes for the year of 1910 are due and payable on and after February 1st, 1911.

W. W. GAGE, Sheriff and Tax Collector. Dated: Coquille, Oregon, January 16th, 1911.