

COOS BAY TIMES

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UNSELFISHNESS.

The rarest thing in the world is unselfishness. Men may be brave or cowardly, virtuous or immoral—even kind or unkind—largely in proportion as they yearn for praise or commendation, or dread blame and contempt.

It isn't a nice thing to do and rarely makes anybody happier, but it is too true that when we pluck the petals of little acts which constitute some prized and nurtured flower of friendship, we are apt to find them to have been centered in some selfish desire of our benefactor to derive personal profit if not monetary gain.

Even in the Garden of Love, where the very atmosphere should be charged and surcharged with the spirit of service and sacrifice, and uncalculating surrender of self, the pass word is frequently "gold."

Masterlinck has entrancingly pictured for us what he calls the Nuptial Flight of the bee, and thereby teaches a lesson of perfect—though unconscious—self-sacrifice. He shows us how zealously are guarded those cells which contain the larva of the queen bee; how carefully the young queen, when born, is nurtured; what homage and attention she receives.

He takes us with him in imagination into the realms of the air, directs our attention to the flight of the queen, surrounded and pursued by the eager drones, the latter of which, one by one, tire in their flight and drop back to earth, but the queen and her mate sail on and on to that end of the flight which although the consummation of her life's purpose, means after she has fulfilled that end and made possible the creation of a new queen, her own detronement and inevitable death. And when we consider the meaning of it all, we bow our heads and wonder.

But that little queen is driven by an impulse of which it knows nothing. It is unselfishness in a sense, but unconscious unselfishness, which is at best a paradox. Even the animal that dies for its young comes in the same class. We behold its suffering and are impressed by the sacrifice of its act, but we know that it is driven by the impress of an instinct which is as natural to it as to eat or to escape impending danger.

But, Oh! how different with the Queen of the home. For it is only when we approach human motherhood that we feel that we are at last in the presence of real unselfishness. Only those who have stood at the bedside of suffering and been awed by the love light shining in the eyes of a new mother as she watches her first born can have any idea of the beauty of it all. Looking back over our lives and counting the good that men have done us, it is not pessimism but a raw, bald fact, that we are apt to find a quid pro quo explanation fitting many instances. But God pity the man who is so unfortunate as not to carry with him throughout all the heartaches, the disappointments, the failures, the buffetings of a busy life, not one, but numberless memories

of the truly unselfish sacrifice of a fond and a loving mother.

Mother—love—unselfishness—they tell it all. They speak of all that is best and highest and sweetest in this hard old world of ours. No love is truly great which is not the essence of the mother love—a desire and eagerness to shield, protect and sacrifice. Neither can there be any love which is not unselfish.

In the columns of The Times today is told a story of unselfish mother love, which is beautiful and sweet, sacred and inspiring. In the town of Wallace, Idaho, a child was recently born under circumstances which, considered from every angle, have few parallels in the world's history of love and sacrifice. When we read it our heart's strings seem to vibrate with a sweeter melody. It is the dramatic story of a young wife, who, knowing the heart's longing of a fond husband, and herself burning with a desire to clasp in her arms a little one whose every heart throb may be a reflection of her own—a wife who, in spite of all warnings, pleadings and entreaties—yet knowingly, willingly, eagerly—conscious of danger but joyously preparing and actually entering into the valley of the shadow of death—undertook to give her own life if necessary that a human soul, the blending of that of her husband and herself, might be given life. The bravest man who attempts the most daring feats, rarely takes more than an even chance, but this little woman had just three out of one hundred to live—and she took it.

There have been other Caesarian operations, though comparatively few; but there is no recorded instance in all medical science where the chance has been taken voluntarily and under the circumstances here related.

Truly this is love. This is unselfishness. This is unselfish mother love. What a beautiful thing it is and how perfectly does it fit with the story that the little child came into the world on St. Valentine's Day. We congratulate her parents upon having given her a name so suggestive of her birth.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.—Thackeray.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

When the last big hat has been purchased, and the plumes are broken and bent. When the hobble skirt has been banished, and no one cares where it went. We shall rest, and faith we shall need it—and quit for an aeon or two. Denouncing each fashion verdict, and condemning each thing that's new.

There will be no word from Paris of fashion, of freakish mold; "They'll be the rage in the spring-time," will never again be told; And the hair can be dressed as one wills it, provided it's all one's own.

And no puffs and curls at the play-house shall make any patron groan.

And the men will have naught to worry, for the tailors will show one style.

That will satisfy all forever, and will make no crisp in one's "pile"; And all who wear studs shall be happy, and say: "This is grand, I declare— I can wear my last year's garments with a perfectly cheerful air."

Dr. Tanner, who proposes to pull off another big fasting stunt, will save much more money this time than he did thirty years ago.

If all the men who are always crazy to go fishing were ordered to do it by the state they would want to get up a revolution about it.

"A rumor is never idle," asserts the Toledo Blade. Guess the editor of the Blade must have been hearing some of these Coos Bay railway rumors.

That eastern man who kicked on paying \$2.50 for a marriage license

will probably fork over much more than that for a divorce without a murmur.

Laura Jean Libbey asserts that not one husband in three can be rated above par. Which may explain why some women want four or five chances at the market.

That 80-year-old citizen of Los Angeles who says he will wed when he reaches the century mark doesn't mean to have a long period of repentance to look forward to.

Why should anyone be surprised over knocks on the Coos Bay Commission? We have some men here who are convinced that heaven will not meet with their approval.

PARTING.

"I told him that if it was only my money he wanted, the best thing we could do would be to part—and he said: 'Certainly, how much would you part with?'"

The suffragette who recently declared that kissing is unsanitary and meaningless is likely to get in bad with her sisters who believe in buying votes for the cause that way.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Longworth celebrated their wooden wedding anniversary the other day. And perhaps there were mutual congratulations over the fact that the selection of names for the children never led to a quarrel.

Orcharding Is No Longer Farming

"Orcharding is essentially a business proposition and not merely an agricultural pursuit. Judgment as to the proper varieties of fruits, most profitable for the soil and climate of the particular district, skill in developing the orchard or vineyard and combatting fruit pests, care and protecting against an unseasonably frosty night by using smudge thinning, picking, packing and, last and most important of all, marketing the crop, make orcharding both a scientific and a business enterprise vastly more interesting than the old systems of agriculture—sowing and reaping."

Thus spoke President E. F. Benson in his annual address before the annual convention of the Washington State Horticultural association.

"Back to the Soil."

Continuing, the president said in part:

"The popular call, 'Back to the soil,' applies more particularly to the orchard districts and the mixed farming necessary and incidental to dairying, the pigs and chickens, the small fruits and gardens. Don't advise the new orchardist to put all his ground into trees. Such advice has too frequently been given.

"There is a colony near San Diego, Cal., whose chief motto is, 'Only as much land as one family can till to the highest state of perfection.' They call themselves the 'Little Landers' and their colony is platted into one-acre tracts, with their club house centrally located. They deary the long hours of toil and drudgery for the mere accumulation of money, and, instead of that, they have adopted another motto, 'The certainty of a good living with no desire to become rich.' They boast of having a highly educated, idealistic community.

"Whether we agree with these people or not, their experiences are worthy of our consideration.

"With the rapidly increasing population of the United States and with the era of the public domain virtually at an end, the tendency in all districts where intensive farming is possible is to subdivide the farms.

There is more crotch in this section of the country than all a hot disease put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. Ever a great many years ago, a physician discovered a local disease and prepared a medicine, and by consistently taking it, one could be cured. Halliday's Cure is a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Halliday's Cure is manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. It is a constitutional disease, and the medicine is taken in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It is directly on the blood and cleanses the system. First offer one hundred dollars for its use in full recovery. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists. Take Halliday's Family Pills for constipation.

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Halliday House. North Front Street, over Breakwater office. N. C. HALLIDAY, Prop. Under new management and conducted in first class shape. Completely overhauled and now best European hotel on the Bay. Rooms from 25 cents up per day.

One Man Can't Know Everything. This is true in the complex art of electrical production and application. One kind of expert knowledge is demanded of the dynamo manufacturer; another kind is required of the man who keeps the machines running. Illumination has developed a science of its own. Electric power, in its larger uses calls for years of study and training. When we advertise that we have experts competent to investigate power needs of any size and variety, and to give authoritative advice, we mean just what we say. The Byllesby organization includes engineers capable of grappling with the biggest kinds of electrical installations. There are men for all phases and angles of the electrical industry. The entire staff is at the call of every operating company. Although the man wanted in a particular emergency may be a thousand miles away, his services are to be obtained as soon as the railroads can bring him. The whole Byllesby organization is at the service of every customer. Our electrical engineering staff is at the disposal of the power user large or small. If permission is given, the right men will be sent to solve his power problems. TELEPHONE 178. Oregon Power Company.

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