

COOS BAY TIMES

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MONEY.

I do not believe in the doctrine that if you want to make your wife happy all you have to do is to give her plenty of money. I do not believe that possession of money and happiness are synonymous. Women want love first of all if they are provided with the right instincts. The great problem of today is the making of money. It is unquestionably the occupation that engages the minds of the vast majority of people. But from what I have seen of life and those leading it when one has obtained a competency money is superfluous, just like an excess of what is not needed to round out the figure and give it a handsome appearance. Piling up wealth then becomes like piling on flesh and greatly hinders the enjoyment of the best things of this life.—John Burroughs.

A QUESTION OF HONESTY.

THE Marshfield city council at its next meeting is to be asked to ratify the franchise granted four years ago to the C. A. Smith Co. for a tramway to convey lumber from its mill to its retail yard in Marshfield.

The Times has some pronounced views on the question of franchises which it has voiced on more than one occasion. In this instance, however, the matter has gone beyond the stage of discussion. The franchise has been duly granted by the city of Marshfield for certain definite considerations. Later the franchise was attacked on a technical issue which was sustained by the court and the city council is now asked to rectify the error which was made by its own officials.

As the Times sees it the question involved is only one of common honesty. Marshfield through its duly elected and employed representatives concluded a business transaction with the C. A. Smith Lumber and Manufacturing Co. This commercial transaction involved certain considerations on both sides. The C. A. Smith Co. agreed to build and maintain a mill with a pay roll of \$30,000 per month. The company has built two mills and trebled this pay roll. The Marshfield city council agreed to grant a franchise for a tramway. In fact did grant it. If it involved any inconvenient features the time to have objected was at that time. The C. A. Smith Co. has performed its part of the contract, the city cannot afford to do less. A community cannot afford to be less honest or maintain a lower standard of honor in business transactions than that exacted of its least citizen.

There is nothing complicated or involved in this question. It is just common, old-fashioned honesty and the more modern application of the square deal.

GLIMPSSES OF CHINA.

THE TIMES is pleased to be able to present to its readers this evening the first of a series of interesting and valuable articles con-

cerning the life and character of the people of China and informing facts about that little known country. The articles are written by Rev. Robert E. Browning, rector of Emmanuel Episcopal church of Marshfield. Rev. Mr. Browning secured his information at first hand having been stationed in China for two years as a missionary.

The people of the United States have recently been giving more thought to this remarkable land. The other day the Portland Journal printed an editorial in which it referred to China as a country of vast and varied natural resources, and there are evidences that in some localities it is not so unprogressive as most Americans imagine. A traveler visiting Talyuanfu, a city of 60,000 and the capital of Shansi province, for instance, would be surprised at the modern improvements, reports the American consul at Ampy. The streets are broad and well paved, and lined with cement drains, and there are electric lights, telephone, modern school and college buildings, foreign goods shops, a thousand uniformed police, and a uniformed street sweeping brigade. School girls may be seen marching in public parades, and women go about freely shopping and calling much as in an American city. The people are favorable to foreign products and the stores carry a great variety of American goods.

But while this city and the few others reached by a railroad have thus become modern most of Shansi province has made scarcely any progress in hundreds of years. Even Sianfu, the capital, a city of 300,000, is as yet unawakened to progressive influence. The building of a railroad through this province will bring about rapid and wonderful changes, and this is true of other provinces and cities. Chengtu, the capital of the province of Szechuan, with 335,000 inhabitants, has broad, well paved streets, and the finest shops of any Chinese city except Canton. Chengtu is 2,100 miles up the Yangtze river, and foreign goods and ideas penetrate so far slowly, but the 200 missionaries in that city and vicinity have had an educational influence.

The Chengtu plain, 90 miles long by 45 miles wide, is "a veritable garden spot," and has been irrigated for more than 2,000 years. The province of Szechuan has a population of 80,000,000, and when the Hankow-Szechuan railroad, now building, is completed, its commerce and industries will greatly develop. It is expected that important public works will be inaugurated, and the cities will install electric lighting plants and machinery for industrial factories, affording a great field for American manufacturers.

Rev. Browning writes interestingly of these conditions and gives a personal glimpse and touch that adds value to his articles. Readers of The Times will find them informing and interesting.

A man in Alton, Ill., who was once scalped by Indians and left for dead in Nevada, once shot in the head by robbers and thrown in the Mississippi river, has now met death by falling four feet. When a man's time comes there always seems to be a way.

ALIQUD AMARI.

I HEARD a sailor singing as he leaned against the shrouds. And the breeze moaned in answer, and the voices of the main "However happy love may be, the core of love is pain." The breeze learned the burden and murmured to the land. The sailor's wife was sitting in her cotage by the strand. And when she heard them whisper her heart's pained again. "However happy love may be, the core of love is pain." They left the woman weeping and hurried to the town. Where gossamer lids and ladies were walking and they took their message, and all addressed it plain. "However happy love may be, the core of love is pain." Then loquacious, all ye lovers! Be mindful what ye meet. To promise bright or little eye this grave, eh ye repeat. Ye surely shall have proof thereof, ye shall not spend in vain. "However happy love may be, the core of love is pain." —Francis Money-Couts.

Ready With His Tongue.

James T. Brady, a prominent member of the New York bar in the last century, was noted for his ready wit. Quick as Mr. Brady was with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness: "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O." "Have ye, now?" retorted the witness. "Yon my sowl, it's a pity ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

MISSIONARIES.

A large and well trained corps of native missionaries, brought from "the land of the heathen," educated here according to Christian doctrine and inculcated with love for Christian living and sent back to their homes to preach by word and example the enlightenment of Christianity, would be far more potent preventive of "dangers from without" than the whole United States navy and could be done at one-tenth the cost. The Christian religion is responsible more than any other thing for this nation's position in the world, its progress and the greatness of its future.—William J. Bryan.

THAT OLD BUCKET.

HOW oft I remember a song of my childhood Whose soft, simple cadence would tenderly swell, Enhancing the delicate charm of the well-known "The Old Oaken Bucket That Hangs in the Well."

NO more do the waters come sparkling and splashing To cool us when weary we turn to repose. A scientist clasp, with his instruments flashing, Has brought a once happy career to a close.

THERE were things from a bullfrog down to a bacillus Disporting themselves in the crystalline flow. Invisible monsters stood ready to kill us Whose names were too long for a layman to know.

WITH bricks and brush it is covered completely, And all that remains the old story to tell Is the village quarter that still warbles so sweetly About the old bucket that hung in the well.

THE average man never knows what lies before him, but he feels reasonably sure that it isn't a million dollars.

The man who never tells his son the smart things he did as a boy can be trusted to misjudge the boy.

All depends upon the point of view. It is accident when dad smashes the car and carelessness when Johnnie does.

If it were not for credulity what a barren waste this old earth would be!

He is a diplomat as well as a hero who can make his heavy pay him a salary.

How to be real tough without hurting mother's feelings is what drives some boys to despair.

The sharper makes it a rule of his business never to let pass an opportunity to do real good.

If you are determined to make a show of any of your weaknesses you should at least try to get a pecuniary consideration.

The husband of a clever woman is always sure he is boss of the house.

He is either a brave or a desperate man who goes through a fashionable wedding the second time.

The Winner.

The man of action is the chap Who juggles with success, Who finds a seat in fortune's lap And makes the others guess. He gets ahead by doing things And thereby makes a win. His left hand deftly pulls the strings; His right hand counts the tin. While other people sit around And wish they might succeed His feet are on the solid ground And running at full speed. Nor does he stop to take his ease And take a spell of play, But gathers fruit from off the trees That grow along the way.

From task to task he lightly flies, Close up things in his flight, And it is not a case of quits. Till he has finished quite, If twenty things are there to do That means just twenty done Before he pauses for a view Of theories flabby spun.

O wondrous human dynamo, Forever on a strain, And every moment on the go. In sunshine, storm and rain, You pile up wealth while others play, With forces blind you toy, But when do you find time, I pray, Your winnings to enjoy?

Her Father Wasn't Rich.

"Aren't you dancing attendance on Miss Slim any more?" "No." "Why not?" "She wanted to make me the hero of her dreams." "Didn't you like that?" "I liked it well enough, but it wouldn't work." "Why?" "No salary attached."

THE LAW.

If we are to have respect for law in this country the law must be based upon those sentiments which win common approval because of their justice and their fairness.—Charles E. Hughes.

HELPING ALONG THE RETAILER

He Gets Manufacturer's Aid In Fighting Mail Order Game.

SHOE TRADE FOR EXAMPLE.

Advertising of Brand by Maker Goes a Long Way to Introduce Goods into New Territory—First Profits Smaller, but Business Is Built.

John Smith of Cresco, Ia., is in the shoe business. He is in competition with two other shoe stores in town and three general stores. He is also fighting for trade in competition with mail order houses in Chicago, Minneapolis and Kansas City.

When he puts in a stock of goods he finds that he cannot buy any cheaper than the stores already in the field. He can have shoes made with his own name on them which net him a profit on an average of 33 1/3 per cent per pair, but he is dealing with a value then which the people of his community know nothing about, and he realizes that it will be a hard pull to sell only those shoes which bear his own name and which have no identity as to value with the average consumer. He finds the other stores are established, doing a comfortable business. They are just as popular socially as he is, and he looks about for some aid to enable him to break into the shoe trade.

It is logical, then, that he should determine upon some advertised brand of shoes that is known to every family in his neighborhood, which has been advertised so effectively that the standard of value is fixed in the public's mind, so that when he hangs up his sign and puts his advertisement in the papers that he handles — shoes the people will immediately come to him because they recognize that he is marketing a well defined shoe value.

In a town like Cresco John Smith can generally get an exclusive agency. He can have a shoe that is not sold by any other store in his town—he can have a shoe that is not sold by mail order houses at all and that nets him on the average as good a profit as an unadvertised brand of shoes.

It is true that his initial profit on the advertised line of shoes may be smaller than the profit that is marked on the nonadvertised lines, but the advertised shoe seldom requires a clean-up sale or a cut price to move it, whereas this is the regular procedure with the nonadvertised shoe, so that the profit percentage margin per year is as good or better with the advertised line as it is with the nonadvertised. The dealer is able to sell a shoe that is known to every family in his neighborhood, which can't be sold by mail order houses and which is produced by a manufacturer constantly striving to give the dealer advertising help and store co-operation so as to build up a constantly growing business.

The dealer gets from the manufacturer this friendly co-operation because the dealer is the sole representative of the line of goods in the dealer's neighborhood. The manufacturer desires to build the dealer's account as much as possible. He therefore supplies him with advertising matter, booklets, circulars, window ideas, and so on, and enables the dealer to be a live, progressive advertiser.—Printers' Ink.

TOWN BULLETIN BOARD.

Usually Put Up In Conspicuous Public Place, Destroying Bacteria.

In most towns the law requires the posting of notices in public places. In selecting a conspicuous pole or fence a disinfectant is often created which will at times destroy the looks of a whole section.

What is a more unsightly than a large placard stuck up on a telegraph pole in a well kept street, perhaps in the town's most residential section?

Since communities are or should be trying to overcome the unsightly of fences, buildings and poles with all kinds of advertising matter it is necessary that it be necessary that the authorities find some other plan for posting such notices than the use of bulletin boards such as shown in the illustration.

New Town to Be a Model. Announcement has been made by an American of the completion of plans for founding an entirely new city in Lower California directly on the line of the new San Diego and Arizona railway, near the old town of Ta Juana and the international boundary.

The plans for the New Ta Juana call for well constructed streets, a modern hotel, a casino, a sunken garden, a theater, a Spanish bull ring, pavilions and other places of amusement, including a lecture hall, plunge baths and a library.

WHAT IS CIVIC BEAUTY?

What is civic beauty? Not fine streets, parks, fountains and public buildings. "Handsome is as handsome does" also applies to a town. If a town be full of lawlessness, racket, noises, blackening, scandal, contention, it is not the town beautiful—it is the town ugly. Order is heaven's first law everywhere, and a town is no exception. Letting things go hither whither is a losing business. Let a man deface his own property and it depreciates all property. Let the town do an ill piece of work or permit another to do it and the welfare of the whole community is weakened. Civic life is the main thing. It is for that the streets and structures are encouraged. The true civic life implies things that are positive—purity, honor, cleanliness, decency, order, quiet. Behavior is the first thing a town needs to take care of if it wants to guard its own honor or welfare. Respectability is not in money, houses nor lands—it is in conduct, and right conduct is a utility, an advantage to a community. When that is not rightly prized a community is very unfortunate.

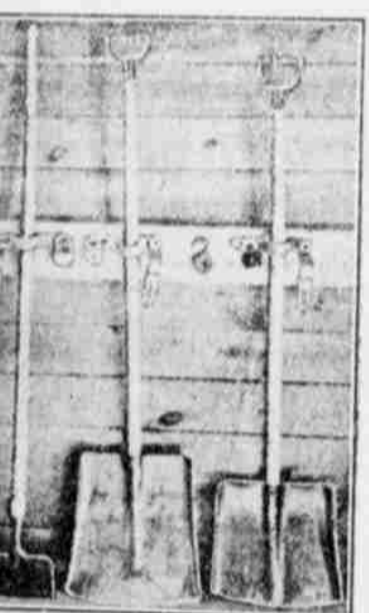
STREET CLEANING METHOD EMPLOYED BY LACROSSE.

Commissioner's Talk Explains System Used by Municipality.

In cleaning the streets of Lacrosse, Wis., George Foll, street commissioner, carefully studied the various methods which seemed adaptable to that city and from these has reached several conclusions as to the most desirable practice under the conditions obtaining there, which may be of use to other enterprising towns.

He believes that a machine macadam scraper, requiring but one team and a driver, who also operates the machine, can accomplish in a day more than twice as much work as twenty-five men using the old fashioned hoe. The latter method required five or six weeks for each of the semiannual cleanings, but with the machine this is now done within two or three weeks. Macadam streets in residence portions of the city are given but two cleanings a year, in spring and fall.

In cleaning the business districts hand sweepers are employed to take up the heavier refuse, such as broken glass, hoops, stones and other materials, many of which are dropped by careless drivers, these being kept constantly removed. Sand and dust are removed by machine sweepers in the morning or evening, the frequency



LOCKING RACK FOR SHOVELS, ETC.

with which this is required on any given street being determined by observation. The machines leave this dirt in piles, which are removed by the day force a few hours later. Hand sweepers are instructed when going on their routes in the morning first to clean the center of the street and to clean the gutters later after the shopkeepers are through sweeping the stores and sidewalks. Waste paper cans at the street corners be fitted to be of considerable assistance in keeping the streets clean.

For cleaning brick or block pavements in the spring after a winter's accumulation of dirt he finds the quickest and cheapest method to be by the use of iron snow shovels in the place of old fashioned hoes. Each of the cleaning crew is required to furnish his own shovel, which is kept at headquarters in locking racks provided by the city.

These racks are made of ordinary straight haws such as are kept in stock at any hardware store, which have been bent and bent in a half circle so as to fit closely around the handle. One end of the hawp is fastened permanently to the wall by a staple, while the other end may be fastened to another staple by padlock. These racks are arranged around the room in the men's quarters. In this way each man is sure always to obtain his own shovel or other tool, it being the practice to have the men furnish the locks also and thus be the sole possessors of the keys to the same.

Town Criers' Club.

A club to be known as the Town Criers was organized at the Town Criers meeting of the leading business men of Fargo, N. D., recently. This organization is the outcome of the unusual interest in advertising which has been felt in the town for some time.

THE SCRATCHED BULLET

By RUTH GRAHAM Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

A man sitting in his office heard an explosion. He was counting a pile of bills at the time, but as soon as he had finished and thrust them in his safe he went in next door and found the occupant, Daniel Jones, sitting in his chair with his head down on his desk, dead.

My office was in the same building and hearing of the murder I went into Jones' office. A surgeon was extracting the bullet from the wound, and as soon as he had done so it was seized upon by a detective who stood waiting for it. The detective rolled it up in his handkerchief and was going away with it when I said to him:

"I believe you detectives are humbugs, making a great ado about small things to keep up an appearance of efficiency. I'll bet you a hundred dollars to ten that the bullet you have taken never leads to the discovery of the murderer."

"Since you offer large odds I'll take your bet. I think in about one case in ten the bullet with which a man is murdered will lead to the discovery of the person who shot him."

"Very well," I replied, "if it is so in this case come to my office, let me the story, and I'll give you a hundred dollars."

We exchanged names and addresses and I thought no more about the matter till I saw it stated in a newspaper that a man had been tried for the murder of Daniel Jones. The jury had not been ten minutes in coming to a verdict of justifiable homicide. The very next morning the detective with whom I had made the bet came into my office and claimed a hundred dollars. I invited him to be seated and told me the story.

"I examined the bullet with a microscope," he said, "and discovered a tiny scratch on one side, and, looking further, found another scratch twice the breadth of the first about one-third the distance around the circumference. If I could find a pistol with two specks in the barrel at such distance from each other to make those two scratches on a bullet fired from it I would have the weapon with which Mr. Jones was killed."

The next move was of course to learn of a person or persons who would have a motive for the murder. The family of the murdered man were very loath to point a finger of suspicion at any one, and I had a hard time to get anything out of them. Jones had a debtor, Evans, whom the family admitted to have pressed so strongly for payment that the two had quarreled bitterly about the matter. Then there was a discharged coachman who at the time of his discharge went away muttering curses. These were the only suggestions I could get from the family, and I went to work on both of them at once.

"I effected an entrance to the house of Jones' debtor and found a pistol in his drawer, but of a different caliber from the one with which he (Jones) had been killed. Besides, from other indications I made up my mind that he had nothing to do with the murder. I also found the coachman who had been discharged, but no pistol in his possession."

"I sat down one day, lit a cigar, put my feet up on a desk and did a job of thinking. I can think out any soluble problem with a cigar in my mouth and my feet in the air. The murderer, after shooting Jones, would naturally be worried about the pistol with which he committed the deed, since it might be used as evidence against him. Even the fitting of the ball in it, considered with other incriminating circumstances, might convict him. He would endeavor to get rid of it. How? He would either try to lose it, give it away, sell it or pawn it. I rely greatly on criminals' anxiety to get rid of incriminating articles. There was a chance in this case that the pistol would find its way into either a second hand store or a pawnshop. I concluded to go through all there were of both in the town."

"In a pawnshop I found a new revolver, only one barrel of which had been used, that had been pawned a day or two after the Jones murder. I focused the sun's rays in the barrel with a glass and thought I saw some scratches, but could not be sure. I bought the pistol, loaded the barrel with a tank full of water. Recovering the bullet I found on the scratches I was looking for."

The detective paused, and I, taking up my checkbook, wrote him a check for a hundred dollars. Handing it to him I remarked that the rest of his job was doubtless dead easy, but I would like to hear how it was managed.

"I was not long," he continued, folding the check and putting it in his pocketbook. "In finding the person who had pawned the revolver. He was a tramp and said he had been walking on a road toward the city and met a man in an auto driving furiously. The tramp turned to look at the registered number and made a mental note of it. Just then he saw the man in the auto throw something away. He went after it and found a revolver."

"Taking it into the city he pawned it. The man who threw it away was identified by his auto number. "Jones had broken up his domestic happiness by alienating his wife's affections."