

COOS BAY TIMES

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

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

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. DAILY.

One year, \$6.00. Per month, .50. When paid strictly in advance the subscription price of the Coos Bay Times is \$5.00 per year or \$2.50 for months.

WEEKLY.

1 year, \$1.50.

The Coos Bay Times represents a consolidation of the Daily Coast Mail and The Coos Bay Advertiser. The Coast Mail was the first daily established on Coos Bay and The Coos Bay Times is its immediate successor.

Official Paper of Coos County.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

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

SO LET ME LIVE

Let me keep the child-heart, happily unspoiled by malice, full of charity Of the old-fashioned sort, that gives and takes, With scorn of falsehood and of fakes; With love of simple things and homely ways— The common things of all our common days.

Let me keep the poet-heart, With all his love and with his art; Let me laugh as little children laugh; Let me drink of life's red wine—quaff Of its virtues, simple and sincere, Human, wholesome and without fear.

Let me sing as the brown thrush sings, In the hedgerow, of the common things; So let my song spring fresh and free From the warm heart of humanity. Let me sing to comfort and make glad Hearts that are lonely, spirits that are sad.

Let me live simply and serenely here, Holding the faith in the things still dear To humble hearts—the common faith of men In that which is—the Now and Then— Believing somehow God is always good, In spite of things misunderstood.

Let me be big and brave enough to be Fearless in thought, and just as free To grant to others what is granted me, In the true spirit of fraternity. Let me be true and Truth be mine— All truth—all human, all divine.

So let me live, so let me die, This year or next, nor question why, Enough to live and living know He knows the way I still must go To just go on is always best— The way He leads, leads unto rest. —Anonymous.

AN OREGON BIRTHDAY.

THIS month Oregon had a notable anniversary. March 24, 1811, was the political birthday of "the Oregon country." It was an epochal event in the history of the United States and intimately concerns every dweller in the Pacific northwest. If it had not been for the founding of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia, perhaps this region and California would not today be in the American Union and Hawaii and the Philippines a part of our dominions beyond the seas.

Captain Gray had discovered the Columbia in 1792. Lewis and Clark had explored it in 1805-6. These facts gave the United States title to all the territory drained by this great "River of the West." One man in America grasped the possibilities of power. This was John Jacob Astor, the German-born merchant-prince of New York. He saw that if American commerce

could establish itself on the Pacific, China, the best fur-buying market of the time, would be a great market for the trade of the United States; that England could be shut out from the sunset slopes of the Rockies; and that the Pacific coast from California to Alaska could be brought peacefully under the Stars and Stripes.

To President Jefferson and other eminent Americans of vision and courage his project seemed feasible. He founded and financed a company with a capital of \$1,000,000 to operate the enterprise. He asked a British company to cooperate. This refused, but tried to occupy the Oregon country before him. Then he resolved to shut them out of what now is British Columbia, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and the Yukon. When Astor's ship sailed into the Columbia and founded Astoria a century ago, the race between British and the United States for political ascendancy over half a continent was won for America. Disasters occurred afterward, and the post was temporarily lost; but the founding of Astoria established the American title to the Oregon country by actual occupancy, and all else was but the logical and inevitable development of American rights. This country owes an immeasurable debt to the commercial genius, foresight, courage, wealth and patriotism of the German-American builder of empire, John Jacob Astor.

THE VALUE OF A VEGETABLE GARDEN.

IN THE spring any man's fancy may profitably turn to thoughts of a vegetable garden. A vegetable garden is not only valuable as a deterrent to the high cost of living, it adds to the quality of the daily bill of fare and a man's health and contentment.

The late Count Tolstoy declared that no man had really lived until he had worked in the soil and by his own hands made things grow and bear, and a similar idea was expressed by Booker Washington in Des Moines, Iowa, as follows:

After I have gathered my eggs, and have at least said "Good morning" to my pigs, cows and horse, the next morning duty—no, I will not say duty, but delight—is to gather the vegetables for the family dinner. No peas, no turnips, radishes nor salads taste so good as those which one has raised and gathered with his own hands in his own garden. In comparison with these all the high-sounding dishes found in the most expensive restaurants seem flavorless. One feels, when eating his own fresh vegetables, that he is getting near to the heart of nature; not a second-hand stale imitation, but the genuine.

Those who have picked the dew-sprinkled lettuce in the early morning, or when the sun is just tinging the eastern hills with gold, have hoed about the tender shoots of onions, will heartily agree with Mr. Washington that one of the shortest and pleasantest routes to the heart of nature is through a vegetable garden.

PLAIN LANGUAGE ON THE FLY.

IT IS not easy to keep delicacy in a discussion of the fly. The health authorities who attack it do not waste much time in efforts to do so. The nature and habits of the pest make it next to impossible to say what it is and does without the use of plain English. The authorities are giving the plain English not only to householders but to school children. The following is taken from a "Fly Catechism" distributed to the children in North Carolina schools:

Where is the fly born? In filth. Where does the fly live? In filth. Where does he go? Into the kitchen and dining room. He walks on the bread, fruit, and vegetables; he wipes his feet on the butter and bathes in the buttermilk.

Does the fly visit the patient sick with consumption, typhoid fever, and cholera infantum? He does—and may call on you next. What diseases does the fly carry? He carries typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and summer complaint. How? On his wings and dirty feet. What is his correct name? Typhoid fly.

The "catechism" is written for children, but the adult mind need not be offended by its simplicity.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

If you are small, or crooked, or thin, And wish to be handsome and grand, Just take a pin and stick it in Your pituitary gland.

G. E. D.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even pardoned, if they bring bitterness. Gentle-ness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality: they are the perfect duties.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE FIGHT WITH SELF.

We all have fights to make with self, And these are the bitterest fights of all. Worse than the fight for a board or pelf Is the fight to master our vices small.

Worse than the fight on the battle line Is the struggle that many a man goes through To rid himself of the thirst for wine, That he may live as he wants to do.

Temptation knocks at the good priest's door, And fierce is the struggle within his breast, But he kneels and prays till the siege is o'er, And rises a victor in the test.

And man and woman must fight as he The things of self that would drag us down, And over ourselves get the mastery Else all we gain is a paper crown.

Oh, the fight for wealth and the fight for fame, The fight for glory and world applause: The struggle, too, for an honored name, And I'd list the fight for an able cause

Are simple things, if the truth were known Compared to the struggle a man goes through In his fight with self, when he's all alone, To live a life that is clean and true.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE QUIET OBSERVER SAYS:

"You've got no kick coming if you deserve the mean things said about you."

FOR A RAINY DAY.

It was announced from this bench the other day that the next fellow sending in a poem beginning, "Ah, Spring" would be turned over to the postal authorities for our protection. Yesterday, however, there came through the mails in sheer bravado some couplets which we are constrained, in our admiration of real courage, to print. Therefore, we give it in full:

"Ah, Spring"—Oh good, kind, sir, Take pity on my verse, Before it is consigned to rest Within the poet's hearth!

"Ah, Spring"—I get no farther, A muffer to my thoughts— My wife disturbs the rhythm With rattling pans and pots.

"Ah, Spring"—I have a fancy, I know 'twill be a take; When Willie calls impatiently: "Say, Pa, where is the rake!"

"Ah, Spring"—Gol-durn the garden! Why will they pester me, To grub and dig and putter 'round Each flower and stunted tree!

"Ah, Spring"—I've got the fever! "Bill bring me the spade, The pick and rake and 'barrow! The warren must be made!"

Some Coos Bay women would like to trade their husband for a bunch of alimony.

When a man is always talking about his dear wife the chances are she has to drag the price of a spring bonnet out of him with a pair of pliers.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years a doctor pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has shown catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Dr. J. Cheney's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, Inc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Every married woman likes to poke fun and defiance at that "obey" feature of the marriage ceremony.

Don't blame other people for not taking your advice; you won't take it yourself more than half the time.

MISSING WORD CONTEST.

Owing to spring housecleaning and other annual duties at this season this important department has been neglected the past week. It is now resumed with an extra baffling mystery for today:

"It never rains but it —"

The foregoing being an especially hard one, the polls will be kept open for three days.

Will some student of the Child Mind kindly tell us why the first thing said child learns to do with a lead pencil is to chew it?

THE KNOCKER.

If you take a gloomy view, as your journey you pursue, you will have a weary jaunt, getting nothing that you want, for the man who always knocks finds his pathway strewn with rocks. In our village there's a man who has followed up this plan, saying as he jogged along that all things on earth are wrong; and the gods have weary grown of his dismal monotone, and they surely make him prance every time they have a chance. If a thunderstorm is loose, lightning hits his cheap caboose; if a flood is raging round, he's the only one that's drowned; if the fire fiend visits town, it will burn his haystacks down; and his pigs all roam astray, and his hens have ceased to lay, and his daughters all elope, and his heart is void of hope. For the man who always walls of misfortune seldom fails to encounter all there is of that melancholy biz. WALT-MASON.

A motor boat in London has made a record of 49 1-2 knots an hour. Some trolling in the stern of that boat.

NOT SO SLOW.

Some flings at old Coos Bay Are made, but never meant; I don't believe they are so slow They couldn't fast in Lent.

Remember a TURKISH BATH will help you. Phone 214-J.

When her child is in danger a woman will risk her life to protect it. No great act of heroism or risk of life is necessary to protect a child from croup. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and all danger is avoided. For sale by all dealers.

Advertisement for 'Don't Buy your Butter, Cream or milk from the Coos Bay Ice and Cold Storage company unless you want only the Best' with phone number 73-J and delivery times.

Advertisement for 'PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY' listing Dr. G. W. Leslie, Dr. J. W. Ingram, J. W. Bennett, and W. M. S. Turpen.

Advertisement for 'Spring Is Here' promoting vacuum cleaning services.

Advertisement for 'IS THERE A GAS MAIN CLOSE TO THAT NEW HOUSE YOU ARE GOING TO BUILD?' by OREGON POWER COMPANY.

Advertisement for 'Pacific Monumental and Building Works' by H. H. Wilson, Proprietor, Marshfield, Ore.

Advertisement for 'Flanagan & Bennett Bank' established 1889, listing capital, surplus, and assets.

Advertisement for 'Condensed Statement of the First National Bank of Coos Bay' as of March 7th, 1911, with financial details.

Advertisement for 'Have That Roof Fixed NOW See CORTHELL' with contact information.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE TIMES' OFFICE.