

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

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

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 month50
When paid strictly in advance the subscription price of the Coos Bay Times is \$5.00 per year or \$2.50 for six months.

WEEKLY.
One year \$1.50

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

MESSAGE OF EASTER.

FOR AGES the unquenchable desire in the heart of man cried out in the despair of his hopeless condition—this crying is turned to rejoicing, the craving of the heart of man has ceased, the resurrection of Jesus Christ has placed a guarantee over against man's shrinking from the grave, and what was for ages a dark, uninviting tomb has become a triumphant arch, through which all may pass victorious—this is the Easter message.

This message should strike a responsive chord in the heart of every man—it is a joy in which every creature everywhere can share. The whole human family can sing Hosannas because of it and exclaim in one mighty chorus of joyous ecstasy: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave where is thy victory?" Christ is risen, and man of all nations is rushing to the portal of a sepulcher through which came the representative of God's sons, the righteous race, who say: "I have been crucified with Christ and it is no longer I that live but Christ that liveth in me. I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand upon the dust in the last day; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

Seated beneath the shadows of the vine covered porch, a man of the evening hour of life. The sun has just painted the western horizon, as though the angels had dipped the brush of nature into the rainbow and carelessly applied it to land and sea. Suddenly there comes a beautifully robed person into the presence of the man—there is something wonderful about the creature—this hoary-headed man begins to tell the newcomer of the beauties of earth—the flowers and birds and all nature and—lo, a dark cloud overhead spreads the sun—the flowers lose their perfume—the song bird's plaintive notes die into silence—"Beautiful creature, you are a stranger here; go thy way; there is an enemy here whom you cannot escape—go—hasten away before this enemy—Death—lays his unrespecting hand on you—Go."

The beautiful creature bent low and looking into the face of the man said: "I am Death—God's angel messenger—Death—I have come to do the bidding of my master, one Jesus, whom ye know. He has said, because I live ye shall live also. He that believeth in me hath everlasting life. He that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

THE annual gathering of the Nebraska Retail Hardware Dealers association the question box contained the following question: "Is it right and just for our members to purchase their furniture, carpets, clothing and groceries of Butler Bros. instead of from their home merchants?"

Here is an interrogative that may be given serious consideration by merchants' associations and individual dealers everywhere including here on Coos Bay. The practice of consumers sending away for their requirements has been discouraged upon to the full limit. It has been universally condemned, and justly so,

for there is no one element that is so conducive to the handicapping of the smaller towns, retarding their commercial growth, limiting their possibilities as a profitable market for the producer, and robbing the community of the business, profits and prestige to which it is justly entitled.

But just what is the attitude of the merchants and their families in this respect? Is their loyalty to retail and industrial interests in other lines measured by the same rule that they would have the farmers, the laborers and other classes of consumers practice with them? It is openly charged, almost invariably, where a persistent and aggressive campaign is urged against mail order buying that the "leading citizens" are prime offenders in this regard, and the business interests of the smaller towns set the pace in practically all matters of style and custom.

When the wives of the grocer, the hardware dealer and the baker find that they can "do better" by shopping in the city, in the matter of dress, it would be suicidal for the dry goods merchant to carry such an assortment as would be justified, if he controlled the "better class" of trade, for everybody who aims at social standing is certain to follow the example set. The same conditions render it certain that a representative line of furniture would prove an unprofitable business venture. The hardware man is restricted to the handling of staples, which pay the smallest margin of profit, and the catalogue advertiser finds the field a profitable one for his operations. Wherever this practice is common the character of stores is destined to be far below the standard of other possibilities, every branch of activity which offers employment to labor and helps to maintain public utilities is dwarfed and the general prosperity and prospects of the town impaired.

It is notable that of the hardware dealers responding to this question, all were unanimous in condemning the practice, but how about those who did not respond? One member said: "I never think of sending away from home for what I want to use in my family. I get it right in my home town, and if they do not keep it in stock they will send away to some other man for it. If we want a pertinent question—GAL 2

to be progressive in our business, and want our neighbor's trade, we should in turn give him ours. We must be reciprocal in these matters." Since The Times editorials on the mail order houses appeared, several of our friends, who do not agree with us have courageously come to us and laid these statements come before us: That there are storekeepers and their wives on Coos Bay who buy their dress goods, jewelry and cloaks out of town; that the practice of patronizing the mail order houses is not confined alone to the small wage earner, and that so long as merchants and business men and the wives of merchants who expect the people of Coos Bay to trade with them, do their trading outside of local stores, they should have no complaint to make against the small wage earner buying at mail order houses, where they say they can "do better." They have even gone so far as to mention the names of these storekeepers.

One man walked into the office of this newspaper and said: "I have been working for \$65 per month and supporting and educating six children. Here is an instance where it pays me to buy from the mail order houses. I brought my cash to a retail merchant and purchased a suit of clothes for our boy. It cost me just \$2.50 more than the mail order house suit. On a bill of goods we saved \$5, and that means much to a man working for \$65 per month."

When The Times took up the question of home buying, it did so with a view of stimulating the growth of Coos Bay and every other little business center of Coos county. While we admit it was based a good deal on sentiment, we still believe it is a good practice to follow. By some we have been condemned; by others we have been commended. Every large and small newspaper in the country during some time of its existence has called attention to mail order buying against home trading. The Times has given its views on the matter to the readers of this newspaper. Some have taken exceptions to the articles. Others have come in and given their views, and we are glad to have an exchange of views, no matter whether others agree or disagree with us. No newspaper can satisfy every one of its readers. If it did, it would solve into a personal organ and not a newspaper. What offends one pleases another. If the editor of a newspaper were sagacious enough at all times to steer the newspaper craft out of shoal water, he would indeed be a

clever man. The Times is fearless and independent. It is our ambition to have this newspaper reach the homes of every resident of this county. We are enthusiastic for the up building of this city and county, and if everybody will help in this cause, the county and its enterprises will grow. We still maintain that home buying is conducive to civic growth and progress.

GOOD FRIDAY.

GOOD FRIDAY has been held as a festival by the church from the earliest times. In England all business is suspended, and in the United States Good Friday is observed as a legal holiday in Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee. In commemoration of the crucifixion of our Lord the day is kept as a day of mourning and of special prayer and is the most sacred of all of the church festival days of the year.

In America there is no specified observance of the day, other than the special Easter services in the Catholic and Protestant churches. In Rome, more than in any other city, are the services of a most solemn character. The Pope carries out his part of the ceremony habited in a red cope, and the cardinals dress in purple, which is their mourning color, and wear no rings. The morning sermon is preached by a conventual friar, and the "Miserere," chanted in the Sistine Chapel in the afternoon, draws a vast throng. After the "Miserere" is chanted the Pope, cardinals, and other clergy proceed through a covered passage to St. Peter's in order to venerate the relics of the "True Cross," the "Lamee," and the "Volto Santo," which are shown by the canons from the balcony above the statue of St. Veronica.

In London and all over England the morning of Good Friday is ushered in with the universal cry of "Hot Cross Buns!" A parcel of them appears on every breakfast table. It is a rather small bun, more than usually specked, and having its brown sugary surface marked with a cross. Thousands of poor children and old, frail people take up for this day the business of disseminating these quasi-religious cakes, only intermitting the duty during church hours. The ear of every person who has ever dwelt in England is familiar with the cry of the street bun vendors:

One a penny, buns.
Two a penny, buns.
One a penny, two a penny.
Hot cross buns!

A superstition regarding bread baked on Good Friday appears to have existed from an early period. Bread so baked was kept by a family all through the ensuing year, under the belief that a few gratings of it in water would prove a specific for any ailment.

The ancient archiepiscopal city of Treves, on the Moselle, Prussia, claims the possession among its cathedral treasures of the coat reputed to have been worn by our Saviour at His crucifixion and for which the soldiers cast lots. This coat was the gift of the famed Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. It is very rarely shown, and the history of her possession of it has never been written.

In the Good Friday processions of penitents, which takes place in the southern Italian cities, the persons who form them are so completely enveloped in a peculiar dress that nothing but the eyes and hands are visible. A long white gown covers the body, and a high-pointed hood envelops the head, spreading like a heavy tippet over the shoulders. Holes are cut to allow of sight, but there are none for breathing.

Each penitent in the procession wears upon the hood a crown of thorns twice twisted round the brow and over the head. A thin rope is passed round the neck and looped in front of the breast, in which the uplifted hands of the penitent rest in the attitude of prayer. Thus deprived of the use of hands and almost of sight, the slow movement of these lines of penitents through the streets is regulated by the clerical officials who walk beside and marshal them. In this section is the most picturesque observance of the day.—Washington Herald.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by H.S.'s Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

LET US TALK IT OVER

A FELLOW countryman dropped in on me a few days ago, and he said some old things in a new way, which is about all anyone does. I could give his name, but then he just naturally hates notoriety. I am not giving his exact words. Then he is not quite as fluent as I am and here and there I have added a flower or a figure in order to render and the meter less lumpy. I have also cut out all profanity, except one; and would have lopped that off, but he used it with such gusto that, afterwards, I could not think of anything that carried out his idea quite so well—in fact, I am coming to believe that profanity does not pay in the marathon. Anyhow, here is the way he ran on, and here is where my responsibility ceases:

"A pessimist is a man who sees a cyclone in every cloud, a thorn in every flower and a worm in every apple. Grief is his meat and drink, and his vacation and his pleasure—he lives on it. He is an unnatural product. Nature has no place for pessimism along with other calamities—like going blind or becoming deaf, or losing your mind. It is an insidious growth, and generally a fellow has a well developed case before he knows it. Do you know, of late, I have had a suspicion that pessimism had taken a hold on me. Last night, for the second time, I read 'Pigs in Pigs,' and not another thing could I see in it except the grotesque, incongruous multiplicity of pigs. It is not a bit wittier than a hell of a big nose—it is sort of funny; but so is a false face. Have you read it?" I nodded. "What do you think of it?" I didn't commit myself. "It occupies about the same position in humorous literature as does the comedian on the stage, who can work his ears or throw his knee out of joint at will. That is the way it appeared to me last night; but then I haven't had a very good week. I don't mean this as a criticism, and would hate to have you take it as such and go to defaming that book and running down Mr. Ellis Parker Butler. It may all look differently to me next week.

"Still speaking of pessimists: We have had a tremendous litter of them here in this town—probably every city has. They don't believe in raising the grade or lowering it. It would be calamitous to do either, and an outrageous mistake to leave it the way it is. They are forever kicking on filthy streets, and telling of the disease germs they generate—and then howl when it costs something to clean them. They sneer and rail at old, streets, and when new ones are ordered they contend the old ones were good enough.

"They kick because it costs more money to run the city than it used to and point an accusing finger at the tax levy because it is not growing less. They kick because the police protection is not more efficient—and then kick on paying for more policemen. It is the same way with the fire department, public schools, etc. They seem to want a great deal; but don't want to pay for it. Something is offered to them for nothing, they grow suspicious.

"You remember when you lived in the old house, and had a pump on the back porch, and a cistern was considered a modern convenience; when you read by a kerosene lamp, and your dining room was in the kitchen; when your refrigerator was out doors, and your bath tub was a tobacco bucket; when your wife did her own washing, and the girls ironed after school. It did not cost you a million a month to run the house then.

"You remember when the neighbors began to improve all around you how they made fun of your little old story and a half; and 'out of date' was stamped all over you and your possessions? It is still fresh in your mind how you became ashamed of the talk, tore down your birthplace, filled up the well, and built a modern house with all modern conveniences. You still have the bills.

"You remember how the old furniture had to be replaced with new, and how you traded the old organ in on a new upright. You recall, don't you, what an almighty hole this all tore in your bank account. Then when you moved in and at the end of the first month figured up your expense account, you discovered that it cost lots more to run a modern house, with modern conveniences, than it did the little old story and a half, didn't it? But it was worth it, wasn't it?"

"It costs a lot of money to be modern; but if you are going to be anybody, if you expect people with money to drive up to your portoullis, you have to be. You have got to have an umbrella rack in your hall, and someone to go to the door besides your wife.

"Now Marshfield is just moving into the new house, and it is costing a pile of money for new furniture—that is the penalty for being modern. Now what I want to know is, where are we paying too much? What department of this city is spending more money than it should? It is so easy to charge extravagance in generalities. It don't take a college president to figure out where every dollar goes. Now, where is the incompetency or the graft—if there is any, and if not, let us shut off all this talk about the excessive burden of taxation, and put in a little more time admiring our new belongings.

"Of course, it may be that the steam roller came a little high, and there is no doubt but what we have paid a trifle too much per yard for legal opinions and other sundry, experts; but in any event it is only an error in judgment. Some people seem to think that if an expert fails to tell us a lot that we never dreamed of he should never have been employed; that it is simply money thrown away. And if he should set forth an array of glittering facts they wouldn't believe him. A man would have to bring home with him a section of the north pole as evidence before some Coos Bay people would believe it had been discovered.

"Say, some day I am coming up when you are not so busy, and we will talk over this street car business from one to thirteen.

QUIET IN RIOTING.

Calm Prevails Among French Wine Growers.
(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)

EPERNAY, Department of Marne, France, April 14.—Calm prevailed during the night throughout the Department of Marne, the scene of three days' rioting by discontented wine growers. The vote in the Chamber of Deputies nullifying the action of the Senate in reference to the Champagne districts had a quieting effect. An army of soldiers will be retained in the disturbed districts.

HILL QUILTS POST.

Ambassador to Germany Hands In His Resignation.
(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14.—David Jayne Hill of Rochester, ambassador of the United States to Germany has resigned his position. His resignation has been accepted by President Taft.

Neither Hill's letter of resignation nor in the President's letter of acceptance is any reason given for the ambassador's action. The resignation goes into effect July 1st.

NO PEACE IN MEXICO.

Madero Regrets Overtures Made by Government.
(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)

CHIHUAHUA, Mexico, April 13.—Another peace proposition for Mexico failed today when Frederick Moore and Dr. F. R. Zylferte returned in automobiles from Madero's camp near Bustillos and reported their mission as having failed. Madero refused the terms offered which he regards as nothing more than promises already made by Diaz in his congressional message. Madero reiterated his intention that he would sacrifice himself if necessary to the end that the insurrection bring about a complete change of policies in Mexico.

FREE TONIGHT.

Easter eggs at the Shamrock Bar.

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

ARMY OFFICER WOUNDED.

Shot By San Francisco Watchman In a Drunken Revolt.
(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 12.—Captain F. A. Cook, of the Twelfth cavalry, is at the Central Emergency hospital here with a bullet wound through his left lung received in a fight with an aged night watchman early today. According to J. J. Hayes, the watchman, the officer broke through the door of Spreckels market and attacked Hayes as he was working there. Hayes, who is seventy years old beat Cook over the head with a club but was unable to subdue him. The watchman says he was forced to the floor and drew his revolver and fired. The hospital authorities say Cook was in an advanced stage of alcoholism at the time. He is expected to recover. Capt. Cook arrived here from Manila yesterday accompanied by his two sons and two daughters. They visited friends last night and after he left them had a few drinks.

GRANDSTAND IS BURNED.

New York Giants Suffer \$250,000 Damage to Grounds.
(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 14.—John McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, believes the damage from the fire which destroyed the grandstand at the ball grounds will reach \$250,000. Efforts are being made to get the grounds in shape for today's game. The fire started a half-hour after midnight and was confined practically to the grandstand section. The cause has not been ascertained.

SOUTH ENTERS PROTEST.

Rep. Hardwick Introduces Bill to Repeal 14th Amendment.
(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14.—A bill was introduced in the House by Representative Hardwick of Georgia providing for the repeal of the 14th amendment to the constitution. The measure seeks to prevent congress from limiting the representation of southern states because of the disfranchisement of the negro which curtails the voting position of the states.

Have your job printing done at The Times office.

Here's the Proof

What Coos Bay Women Say About Century Flour, The Famous Idaho Bread-maker.

A few days ago we told the Ladies of Coos Bay that we had had the "Best Flour on Coos Bay." Read the following statements of Coos Bay Women who have tried it:

MRS. CARL ANDERSON of Bay Parks says: "It makes as good Bread as I care for."

MRS. A. ERICKSON of Bay Park, says: "It is good enough for me."

MRS. G. W. CRAIG of Bunker Hill says: "I used Century Flour while in Idaho and it is good enough for any one."

MRS. MEAGHER of West Marshfield advises her friends to try a sack.

MRS. TORREY of South Marshfield, says: "It is almost too good to be true."

MRS. MULLOY says: "It is the best Flour and makes the best Bread I have eaten on Coos Bay."

MRS. SARTER says: "It is good enough."

MRS. HARPOLE of Bay City, says: "It never had its equal on Coos Bay."

Watch for more testimonials. Every woman who uses it tells the same story. Give us your next flour order.

ANONA CASH GROCERY
PHONE 110