

COOS BAY TIMES

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

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

TALK, TALK, TALK!

COOS BAY as a seaport, a community of substance, wealth, fine location and infinite promise, offers more than most communities of her size to the ordinary investor and business man as a basis for real work and real returns. If only she would do something, even a little thing, beside talking. There has been a solid quarter of a century of talk of what she could, would and should do; but she has done comparatively nothing, except grow to her own local limits and improve herself, as within herself, as becomes a city well managed; but for expansion, the doing of those things which make for self-support and the accumulation of industries and commercial usages and alliance, she has done nothing but talk.

Our one big industry is the result of individual initiative and enterprise and not communal effort.

People come out here, size up the situation, take cognizance of her incomparable location, of the feasibility inherent in her natural advantages, and marvel at her smallness, her lack of importance, her inadequacy of equipment, and while commending her for a well-ordered, industrious, thrifty, hospitable and beautiful place, leave her with the conviction that she has not enough of genuine civic and commercial ambition to build to her own significance and certain greatness. It has been the clog of inaction, the eternal waiting for the coming of the outside man and the outside dollar, the snap and vigor and daring of the man from abroad, that has kept Coos Bay on the waiting market and her stock at the foot of the lists. These conclusions are not pleasant, either in their realization or their expression, but they are too true for longer suppression.

We have talked, written, sung, made signs, for uncounted years, to tell the live and living world of our incalculable opportunities for investment and progressive profit; but we have never, as a community, done a single thing to prove our own faith, save to file some tentative pledges for the backing of a few projects which went to pieces for want of solid money-backing at our hands, and to do a lot of wild-cat-advertising in the magazines of this country and Europe that would have swamped us with a lot of incompetents if but one-half of them had responded to the calls.

Coos Bay will succeed upon Coos Bay brains, Coos Bay money, Coos Bay enterprise, Coos Bay pluck and faith. Talk has failed, though the very Heavens will acquit us of not having done enough of it. The time for action, nerve, money, movement, is at hand; the near years are full of rich promise; there is no speculation about the future; it is big and ripe and inviting, and within our own reach; no one is going to pluck this fruitage and chuck it back to us as an inspired benefice; we have got to go after it, buy and spend and work and struggle and bring it in, on our own account; or leave it to those whose courage and public spirit outbid ours. They won't help us.

We want docks, more ship yards, factories, dozens of things pertinent to the uplift of the city and the expansion of the port, all of which will take more than TALK to secure. Our hour has struck; we have talked ourselves silent; let's begin to DO THINGS. If this be "Hammering" then make the most of it.

RAILROADS AND RAILROADS.

(From Eugene Guard). One of the favorite pastimes at Eugene is to stand on the corner and watch the railroad cutters go by, remarks the Cottage Grove Sentinel. The rumors may give us the go-by, but the railroads—never.

It means more than most of our people realize that Eugene is to be the gateway for the great undeveloped coast country along the Siuslaw, the Umpqua and Coos Bay. That alone should double the population of this city in three years.

Try our FLOUNDER STEAKS. City Fish Market. Phone 269-J.

DO IT EARLY.

Though it's still an autumn day Let me chirp a Christmas lay: Let me meter and my rhyme Smack of cheerful Christmas time: While the earth is gold and green Let me conjure up a scene Of Kris Kringle's make-believe From the North on Christmas eve.

Fancy the icicles hanging around, Fancy the snow drifting high o'er the ground; Overcoats, shivers and blizzards galore.

Everyone happy and nobody sore; Hark to the laughter the kiddies emit; Do they mind elements? Navy a bit!

Each cuddles fondly a package of toys— Santa Claus 'members the girls and boys.

Though it's still an autumn day Let your mind the scene portray: Do you mean to please the kids? Step right in, ere time forbids; Travel to the nearby mart, Christmas cheer within your heart— Only one short month away; Start your shopping trip today.

EACH year the slogan "Shop Early for Christmas" has advanced a few days. This is because, while the rush has not been so great since a majority of the Christmas shoppers have been moved to consider the clerks and there is still a nerve-racking rush during the few days before Christmas. This can be remedied if the prospective purchasers will begin to plan their Christmas shopping earlier. Good intentions for early Christmas shopping have often gone astray because the shopping was not planned early enough in the season.

There are still a considerable number of days between us and the time when the active Christmas shopping will begin, but it is none too early in the season to plan. The local merchants have initiated this movement by assembling their holiday displays already. This is rushing the season to a good end, for only the purchaser who plans early will be able to keep the commendable resolution to shop early.

The last hour rush at the Christmas season not only makes life harder for the clerk, but it also has a tendency to make the Christmas purchaser who should be full of the spirit of Christmas time just a bit peevish. It takes some of the joy out of the giving to have to go through a nervous agony in making a purchase at the last hour. The Christmas shoppers have begun to realize this and every year they plan to do their shopping in ample time. But somehow a good many of them are not able to carry out the resolution. The self-evident reason is that

they do not plan for the task ahead of time.

"Shop early" is an excellent slogan for this time of the year. "Plan your Christmas shopping early" is another maxim that the shopper should put in a prominent place about this time of the year.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.
He who has conquered doubt and fear has conquered failure. His every thought is allied with power, and all difficulties are bravely met and wisely overcome. His purposes are seasonably planted and they bloom and bring forth fruit which does not fall prematurely to the ground.

JAMES ALLEN.

JES' LIVIN'

(Written for The Times) Some kinds of folks can't like a thing.

Enjoy the nicest weather— Or social chat the hours bring, Or promenade together.

They whine and cuss the whole day thru An' waste the joys they're given— For goodness' sakes let's me and you Just thank our stars we're livin'!

Dr. Pearson, who quit using tobacco at the age of 91 years, may next be looking around for some substitute that will help him to break away from the raisin and candy habit.

In Nebraska university the students are no longer permitted to sing "Hall, Hall, the Gang's all Here." A cruel blow like that may move some of them to pack up and depart for home.

IT HAPPENED THIS WAY.

Three little men went hunting, Out where the grizzlies roam, But one got in the way, it seems, So only two came home.

Which reminds us that at a full dress affair many bareskins are used in the make-up.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," says the good book. We take it then, that when his wife trumps his ace he is more or less profane. Another reason why card playing should be abolished.

Some one with a fondness for historical research finds that the trouble in China dates back to 1644. It's a good bet that several million Chi-

nese are today wishing they had settled the trouble then and there.

The most up-to-date way of getting rid of a husband, as practiced by a Chicago woman, is to place the poison in the pepper shaker. Beware of highly seasoned food.

TWO MEN

(Written for The Times) The Time, the Place, the Girl— How strangely we disagree!— For you like the moon On a sandy dune And nobody there to see.

You like the red, red wine, The Cafe on a summer's eve, A sauntering walk— Laughter and talk Holiday's just reprieve.

But give me the wide, wide sea— A blackened sky above— Clouds racing by, Waves racing high— I'll grant you your pale, tame love.

Or give me the desert vast A storm in a foreign land— The sand's sharp sting, And the winds that sing Of a fierce hardy Arab band!

Brave men, and true, I love; Men that will do and dare With a wild, free life 'Mid a world's keen strife, And a courage that will not care!

Chancellor Day expressed the opinion that the Almighty never intended to give all men an equal chance. And the chancellor never said anything that conflicted less with the views of Rockefeller, Morgan and some Coos Bay men.

Madero says one term is all he wants. Seems to have acquired a case of cold feet quicker than Doc. Straw.

CRUSHED.

I called upon a maiden fair; We talked of love, we talked of art. She broke the word she gave to me, And then she nearly broke my heart. I could forgive her all these things, And could have blessed my lucky stars. But when she learned against my breast She broke two twenty-cent cigars. —Exchange.

"It is easy to bury the past in a golden coffin," soliloquizes the Charleston News and Courier. And yet nearly every rich family has a skeleton or two in the closet.

Aviators claim they are often overcome with "ethereal asphyxia" while flying. As the same results can be

accomplished with mixed drinks we prefer the cocktail route.

Half a play by Sophocles entitled "Trachiniae" has been discovered in a Greek town called Oxyrhynchus.—Cleveland Leader.

Considering the difficulty of pronouncing it, it is just as well that they didn't find more of the blooming thing.

WHEN I GROW TIRED

When I grow tired of loving, And love grows tired of me, Bury me in the kirkyard Beneath the rustling tree; Buy me in the kirkyard Where rest is long and deep, When I grow tired of dreaming And weary for my sleep.

When I grow tired of hoping And life has ceased to sing, When every night is lonely, And every bird takes wing, When running brooks are voiceless And stars an empty show When I grow tired of loving It will be time to go.

When I grow tired of loving, And every thing is gray, No light to thrill the springtime, No dreams to bless the day; At dawn and at nightfall No joy to throb and leap— When I grow tired of loving It will be time to sleep.

AN INVITATION.

Dear Pard:—You ort to work right hard, and save yer coin, and come out here, where flowers is bloomin' all the year, and ocean breezes toss yer hair, and sun is shinin' mighty fair. You don't know how it makes you feel, to be out here where men is real, and ev'ry feller's got a chance, 'thout a dollar in his pants.

I seen a feller yistaday, that come out here from Piqua way, and now he's got a lot o' land, and bank, and all he had was sand; I wasn't here but 'bout an hour, and feeling lonesome like, and sour, till all the fellers called me, "Bob", and help me ruffle for a job; and then you know that lung o' mine, why, it is just a feelin' fine, and all the medicine I took, was just Fir Balsam, and a book.

I tell you, pard, this wully west, is a whole lot better'n the rest o' this big country I have saw, from Kanaday to Arkansas; Just wish you'd come out here and see, the things that is attractin' me; I'll kind o' see you git along, and that you don't go awful wrong; Well, this is all I'll rite this time, so give my best to Bill and Sime, and, pard, you'd better quit that job, and come out here, yer old friend, Bob.

R. O. GRAVES. December 6, 1911.

THE LAW ON WRITING IN CHRISTMAS PACKAGES.

A statement recently published has caused the Post Office Department to call attention to the law governing writing upon mail matter of the third and fourth classes. The law governing this subject reads as follows: "Such inscriptions as 'Merry Christmas,' 'Happy New Year,' 'With Best Wishes,' etc., together with the name and address of the addressee and of the sender may be written upon mail matter of the third and fourth classes, or upon a card enclosed therewith, without affecting its classification."

BE HAPPY HERE.

If you are one of those who are praying for, and looking forward to, a happier world beyond the grave, here is a message of gladness for you: you may enter into and realize that happy world now; it fills the whole universe, and it is within you, waiting for you to find, acknowledge and possess. Said one who understood the inner laws of Being: "When men shall say to here, or to there, go not after them. The Kingdom of God is within you."

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

A stately squash grew on a vine that hung upon a fence and it was large and smooth and fine, and sold for seven cents. The buyer put it in a crate and shipped it off to town; the railway charged ten cents for freight and got the money down. Then divers kinds of middlemen passed that old squash along, and each one got a rake-off then, in which they saw no wrong. The jobber to the grocer sold that squash one autumn day, and it was scurred and bruised and old, and tending to decay. The farmer man who raised that squash to town came on his wheel; at dinner time he said: "B'cosh, I'll have a good square meal!" So to a restaurant he sped and ate some squash on ice, and then he stood upon his head when he was told the price. "Your price on squashes makes me hot!" he cried; "your game is bunk! I'd sell a wagonload for what you charged me for that chunk!" Our eyes with teardrops are awash; we're viewing with alarm; for when we go to buy a squash, we have to buy a farm.

WALT MASON.

Photography is being utilized to measure the height of aeroplane flights, a camera with a lens of known focal length being used to take pictures of objects on the earth, which are compared with the objects' actual size.

AGENTS WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM WARE.

Startling Statement

We have put in one of the largest stocks of Holiday goods ever shown in Marshfield. And this merchandise is marked at such startling low figures that you cannot help but purchase.

Our Assortment Consists of

A Complete Line of the Following Holiday Goods

- BOYS BICYCLES
- MEN'S BICYCLES
- LADIES' BICYCLES
- SPORTING GOODS
- POCKET KNIVES
- RAZORS
- SAFETY RAZORS
- SCISSORS
- CARVING SETS

- CHAFING DISHES
- PERCOLATORS
- BREAD MAKERS
- "WEAR EVER" ROASTERS.
- ALUMINUM WARE
- XMAS CROCKERY
- DINNER SETS
- TEA SETS

- HUNTING KNIVES
- RAZOR STROPS
- BOYS' TOOL CHESTS
- AIR RIFLES
- FLASH LIGHT
- BOYS' WAGONS
- MECHANICS' TOOLS
- ATKIN'S SILVER

- FISH SETS
- HAND PAINTED PLATES
- BRASS WARE
- JARDINIERS
- GLASSWARE
- DRUMMER'S SAMPLES in CARVING SETS and POCKET KNIVES



330 FRONT ST. MARSHFIELD, ORE.

THESE DON'T OVERLOOK