

COOS BAY TIMES

M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub.
DAN E. MALONEY News Editor

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

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

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 WEEKLY. One year \$1.50

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

Official Paper of Coos County

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

ROOSEVELT'S ENDORSEMENT OF THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is on record as giving in the latter part of 1910 a review of the Taft administration for the first eighteen months which is strong, unqualified and specific as to its accomplishments. He said in an address to the New York state convention: "We come here feeling that we have the right to appeal to the American people from the standpoint alike of national and state achievements. In the last eighteen months a long list of important legislation most heartily to be recommended as combining wisdom with progress has been enacted by congress and approved by President Taft. The amendment to the interstate commerce law; the beginning of a national legislative programme for the exercise of the taxing power in connection with the big corporations doing an interstate business; the appointment of a commission to frame measures that will do away with the evils of over capitalization and improper and excessive issue of stocks and bonds; the law providing for publicity of campaign expenditures; the establishment of a maximum and minimum tariff provision and the exceedingly able negotiation of the Canadian and other treaties in connection therewith; the inauguration of the policy of providing the tariff schedules through a high class commission of experts which will treat each schedule purely on its own merits, with a view of protecting the consumer from excessive prices and to securing to the American producer, and particularly to the American wage worker, what will represent the difference of the cost of production here as compared with the cost of production in countries where labor is less liberally rewarded; the extension of the laws regulating safety appliances for the protection of labor; the creation of a bureau of mines—these and similar laws, backed by executive action, reflect high credit upon all present shape and upon the statute books; they represent an earnest of the achievement that is yet to come; and the beneficence and far-reaching importance of this work done for the whole people, measure the credit which is rightly due the congress and to our able, upright and distinguished president, William Howard Taft."

What has been done since that that warrants any modification of this endorsement. And why should not this "able, upright, and distinguished president" be given a second term?

KINDLINESS OF THOUGHT

"IT WAS a liberal education in charity to go to her with a bit of gossip." The speaker laughed softly over the memory. "She was the gentlest hearer and the kindest judge you ever saw. No matter how dreadful and how true the news might be, she always managed to find some pity or some praise to mix in and sweeten it. She always sent you away with the shamed and chastened resolution to gossip no more—or to go back to everyone to whom you had told the tale and mollify it after her pattern," such a gentle hearer and kindly judge would be a blessing in every community—aye, in every household. For we all need more or less training and reminding to use gentleness and kindness of thought and word in our dealings with those about us. It is so easy to judge keenly and harshly; to get into the habit of seeing the faults, and allowing them to obscure the virtues; of gossip and criticism, instead of praise and encouragement. Suppose we try instead to ignore the faults that we cannot remedy by notice, and bring forth to the light every virtue we can find, in everybody we know. Would it not make a wonderful and splendid change in our view of our friends and neighbors. Who knows but it might make them all rally to the standard we set for them, really growing out of the faults ignored and into more than the virtues noticed, and taking us right along with them.

SPRING FEVER

ONE of the signs of spring which seems unfailing is the tired feeling which comes with the going out of winter and the appearance of a sun that is high in the sky and blinking steadily northward. The spring fever which our grandmothers combated with cenna and boneset molasses and sulphur is still among ills of modern humanity. And the cure lies in the direction of the simple common sense remedies which

were early recognized as a means of destroying the poisons of a winter of heavy eating and more or less torpid existence.

But the modern person has begun to recognize in addition to homely drugs and wholesome food, the necessity for fresh air, exercise and invigorating showerbaths. Add to these a diet of simple and largely vegetable foods and the debilitating influence of the opening of spring may be intelligently lessened.

TAFT A WINNER

William Howard Taft is a winner at all points says an exchange. This is as it should be since he is the logical candidate of the country. He has been right; he is right now; he will be right when you hear from him again, and still again. The right wins always, however long it takes to assert itself. He never failed yet because he was not right, a fact which fixes his claim to popular confidence and consideration incontestably.

PRINTING THE NEWS

MRS. MILLER, WRITING in Sunday's Register, condemns the modern newspaper for the news that it publishes. Mrs. Miller is one of a numerous class. She would have the papers print only the good, the beautiful and the true. She would ignore the fact that there are wrongs, or evils, or violent and brutal passions in the world. She would have us endorse the belief of the ostrich that what we fail to see doesn't hurt us.

It is the modern belief that ignoring evil tends rather to increase than to diminish it. Crime and wrong thrive in the dark. Scandal fears publicity as healthy people dread a pest. Public sentiment is a powerful agent for good in these days, and ignoring the presence of an evil or the fact of a wrong never has aroused any public sentiment and it never will.

Publicity is a potent safeguard to the public morals. More than any unishment that the law can inflict, transgressors against decency fear the pitiless glare of publicity. His first thought is to rush to the newspaper and stop the story. Publicity is immeasurably more powerful as a deterrent than the police.

The modern conscience rebels against ignoring evil. Even the vice problem, that grisly and clanking specter against the fact of whose unholy presence the lips of the world have been sealed for uncounted centuries, is being forced to come out into open to face the light of publicity. The day of the ostrich method is past.—Eugene Register.

WEARING OUT

THE old saying that it is better to wear out than rust out seems to leave unaided an important truth in this connection, namely that it is quicker to rust out than wear out if one exercises some discrimination about the degree of wear to which he subjects himself.

The example of Mrs. Francoeur White of Baltimore, who is 89 years old, and has decided to go to England in June to study English classic at Cambridge, has been cited as indicating a new sort of fountain of youth which the people of the present are discovering.

There are numerous notable instances of similar import. Sarah Bernhardt has testified frequently to the fact that it is hard work and an interest in life which have kept her young. And there is excellent reason in the theory.

Also it is encouraging aside from its mere ability to prolong life because of its inherent possibility for an enjoyable old age. The person who rusts out is likely to be a source of misery to himself as well as to those about him.

A live interest in the affairs of life is not only a means of keeping one young but of making old age endurable and even pleasant.

ELECTING SENATORS

Senator Lorimer's vote for the seating of Senator Stephenson is a logical sequel to the course of the senate. He was whitewashed by the Senate and therefore feels that he ought to share his whitewash with a man tarred by a like brush of corruption. The Senate's approval of Mr. Stephenson invites fresh disapproval of the Senate from the people. Primaries for the election of Senators may be no more successful in preventing corruption and fraud than senatorial elections by legislatures, but the Senate has again riveted the resolve of the people to elect federal senators directly.

Coos county republicans should endorse this progressive step by voting for I. S. Smith for senator.

PAPER IS GROWING

An apology is due the readers of the Enterprise for the abbreviated form in which much of this week's news is gotten up, owing to the demand made upon our advertising space. In anticipation of this increase the publisher some time ago ordered material to increase the size of the Enterprise to six column quarto, but this has not all arrived, and as we have no paper "stretcher" in the shop, the readers will have to bear with us for another week or two of the cramped for space cry.—Myrtle Point Enterprise.

COQUILLE MAN WEDS

Earl Nosler of Coquille City and Miss Irene Frey, of Camas Valley, were quietly married at Looking Glass on Friday, Justice of the Peace Vernon officiating. The happy couple will make their home in Coos county where the groom holds a lucrative position.—Roseburg News.

You can say goodbye to constipation with a clear conscience if you use Chamberlain's Tablets. Many have been permanently cured by their use. For sale by all dealers.

The Lost Joy

ALL DAY, where the sunlight played on the seashore, Life sat. All day the soft wind played with her hair, and the young young face looked out across the water. She was waiting—she was waiting; but she could not tell for what.

All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all-day, with the sunlight in her eyes, she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head upon her knee and fell asleep, waiting still.

Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore. Life awoke and heard it. A hand was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up and saw over her the strange, wide eyes of Love—and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting.

And Love drew Life up to him. And of that meeting was born a thing rare and beautiful—Joy. First Joy was it called. The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss, are not so ruddy. Its tiny pulses beat quick. It was so warm, so soft! It never spoke, but it laughed and played in the sunshine; and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly. Neither whispered it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said, "It shall be ours forever."

Then there came a time—was it after weeks? Was it after months? (Love and Life do not measure time)—when the thing was not as it had been.

Still it played; still it laughed; still it stained its mouth with purple berries; but sometimes the little hands hung weary, and the little eyes looked out heavily across the water.

And Life and Love dared not look into each other's eyes, dared not say, "What ails our darling?" Each heart whispered to itself, "It is nothing; it is nothing; tomorrow it will laugh out clear." But tomorrow and tomorrow came. They journeyed on, and the child played beside them, but heavily, more heavily.

One day Life and Love lay down to sleep, and when they awoke it was gone; only near them, on the grass, sat a little stranger with wide-open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly, "Oh, our Joy! our lost Joy! shall we see you no more forever?"

The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them. And when Life looked down in anguish, she saw her tears reflected in its soft eyes. And when Love, mad with pain, cried out, "I am weary, I am weary! I can journey no further. The light is all behind, and the dark is all before," a little rosy finger pointed where the sunlight lay upon the hillside. Always its large eyes were sad and thoughtful; always the little brave mouth was smiling quietly.

When on the sharp stones Life cut her feet, he wiped the blood upon his garments, and kissed the wounded feet with his little lips. When in the desert Love lay down faint (for Love itself grows faint), he ran over the hot sand with his little naked feet, and even there in the desert found water in the holes in the rocks to moisten Love's lips with. He was no burden—he never weighed them; he only helped them forward on their journey.

When they came to the dark ravine where the icicles hang from the rocks—for Love and Life must pass through strange drear places—there, where all is cold; and the snow lies thick, he took their freezing hands and held them against his beating little heart, and warmed them—and softly he drew them on and on.

And when they came beyond, into the land of sunshine and flowers, strangely the great eyes lit up, and dimples broke out upon the face; brightly laughing, he ran over the soft grass; gathered honey from the hollow tree, and brought it to them on the palm of his hand, carried them water in the leaves of the lily, and scattered flowers and wreathed them round their heads, softly laughing all the while. He touched them as their Joy had touched them, but his fingers clung more tenderly.

So they wandered on, through the dark lands and the light, always with that little brave-smiling one between them. Sometimes they remembered that first radiant Joy, and whispered to themselves, "Oh! could we but find him also!"

At last they came to where Reflection sits; that strange old woman, who always has one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out, "Oh, wise one! When first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a tear, sunshine without a shade. Oh! how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, the wise old woman, answered, "To have it back, will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

And in agony Love and Life cried, "No!" "Give up this!" said Life. "When the thorns have pierced me, who will suck the poison out? When my head throbs, who will lay his tiny hands upon it and still the beating? In the cold and the dark, who will warm my freezing heart?"

And Love cried out, "Better let me die! Without Joy I can live; without this I cannot. Let me rather die, not lose it!"

And the wise old woman answered, "O fools and blind! What you once had is that which you have now! When Love and Life first met a radiant thing is born, without a shade. When the roads begin to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard and the night cold and long—then it begins to change, Love and Life will not see it, will not know it—till one day they start up suddenly, crying, 'O God! O God; we have lost it! Where is it?' They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert, and the frost, and the snow. They do not know that what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is the Perfect Love."—ANON.

JOKE ON A CHIPMUNK

(By Helen Perkins of the B Division of Third Grade at Central Building) Mr. Chipmunk went out for a walk one day. He found some acorns. He thought he would tell his little wife, because she ate so much, and he wanted them all for himself. He ate what he wanted of them then, and hid the rest in a tree. The next day he came to get his dinner. When he got there he had found them the day before, he couldn't think where

he had put them. He couldn't think to save his life. The little acorns heard him talking and thought it a good joke on him. They laughed until they split their sides. He had been so selfish and now he was getting what he deserved.

PEOPLE'S 5, 10 and 15 CENT STORE, Phone 233-J. A TURKISH BATH will do you GOOD. Phone 214J.

DON'T DELAY

Only two days more during which you can take advantage of the

Great 25 Per Cent Discount Sale

Cut Glass Silverware Fancy China

\$ 2.00 Worth of goods for \$1.50
\$ 4.00 Worth of goods for \$3.00
\$ 5.00 Worth of goods for \$3.75
\$10.00 Worth of goods for \$7.50

It will pay you to buy your wedding presents and graduation presents now and hold them for the future.

This sale and these discounts positively discontinued after

Saturday, April 13th

The Red Cross Jewelry Department

Watch Repairing Guaranteed

WITH TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue—it cannot be left behind or spared, but it hindereth the march. Of great riches there is no real use except in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—Bacon.

WHAT'S THE USE

What's the use of fluting fault? With every wind that blows? What's the use of wanting rain, Every time it snows?

What's the use of grumbling when it's ninety in the shade? What's the use of brooding o'er Mistakes that we have made?

What's the use of wishing that We'd been born with wealth? What's the use of groaning when We've sacrificed our health?

What's the use of railing at The man who wins success? What's the use of telling of Our personal distress?

What's the use of talking when We've nothing wise to say? What's the use of buying things For which we cannot pay?

What's the use of standing where We're in somebody's way? What's the use of feeling glum When we might as well feel gay?

What's the use of this and that? What's the use of how? What's the use of anything That's useless anyhow?

A well-dressed stranger who already had a few gold pieces gave Charley Hickox, of the Pullman, a check for \$20 one day last week and Charley still has it. Charley says he is not going to take any more checks except on local banks and he is going to learn to ride a motorcycle so he can get to the bank quicker.

STORY OF THE DAY:

Here's one that G. L. Dindinger is telling:

It was in a hotel where a newly arrived commercial traveler was holding forth. "I'll bet any one \$5," he said, "that I have got the hardest name of any one in the room."

An old farmer in the background shifted his feet to a warmer part of the fender.

"Ye will, will ye?" he drawled. "Well, I'll take ye on. I'll bet ye ten again' your five that my name'll beat yours."

"Done," cried the commercial traveler. "I've got the hardest name in the country; it is Stone!"

The old man took a chew at his tobacco. "Mine," he said "is Harder."

MORAL SUPPORT

"I'm strong for Bob La Follette," Hugh McLain said today. "And when the votes are counted I hope they'll go his way. You bet I'll fight for Robert. From the drop of the hat But I'll have to vote for Champ Clark For I'm a democrat."

Among the other signs that spring is here, we note that Dorsey Kretzer has been buying garden seeds.

Now a Battle Creek publication comes out with the declaration that the dishcloth is full of germs. And it's hard enough to get the girls to wash dishes, without frightening them some more.

"Another reason a farmer is more contented than a town man," remarked J. Albert Matson, as he hung the telephone receiver up with a bang. "Is that he has no modern conveniences to inconvenience him."

"There is plenty going on," comments the Topeka Capital, "but not much of it seems to be important." A half hour spent on Coos Bay discussing the railway and Port Commission propositions would help the writer of that to change his mind.

Meanwhile the time is quietly passing and the registration lists are woefully short of names. Go and register now. Don't wait to be sworn in.

LENTEN THOUGHTS

Do men erect them temples of stone And call them "houses of God," And gather together one day in the week, For worship?—or for the reward?

The church today somehow seems to be On the "life insurance" plan; And the man who keeps his premiums paid Is the most religious man.

The church hands out to him a pass For the train that is due for Heaven; And the only question that is asked, "Have you given, given, given?"

Oh, why insult Almighty God With baubles such as this? What need has He for temples here When the universe is His?

The whole universe a temple is, And our hearts are altars fair; And when we burn the incense, love, Our God is present there.

Ah, well, erect those temples high, And garnish with gold each part; The temple of God, know thou, oh man, Must be within thine heart.

ANNE W. RUST.

If the people in Iowa and other suffering middle states only knew the truth about the splendid climate and resources of Coos Bay, the west-

bound trains would be loaded with colonists.

Dr. Lindsey Wynkoop of Chicago at the national congress of mothers in St. Louis, said that "every man or woman who earns \$20 a week or more should adopt a baby. If she earns \$40 a week, two babies should be adopted." Dr. Wynkoop ought to take a little of the front end of her name and crawl into the rear end of it. Just think of it. Watnell would Alex Hal for Alex Farley do with a baby?

A LEARNED SUGGESTION

Dear T. & T.—Portland wishes to curb the soapbox orators. Now a idea is to enjoin grocers from selling or allowing to go out of the possession any and all empty soapboxes. Does the idea appeal?—I. N. Sane.

There was a young lady named Ed Who had a new bean every day, She was awfully coy, And she'd catch every boy, Then she'd throw 'em all over, she say.

But now she is old and more so, Her beauty has started to fade, Now she's ready to wed, None wants her, 'tis said, And she's likely to be an old maid.

MAKING HOME HAPPY

He never grumbles at his wife, Nor has to look the wain of years;

He lives a peaceful, happy life, Absolved from all domestic care, When he gets home at 1 a. m. No terror lingers in his heart, Contentment dwells with both of them—

They live a thousand miles apart.

TIGHTWAD TOWN

In Tightwad Town they're cheap dollars, and when they catch a fly-bone, they pitch the eagle till he falls so loud 't would rattle a heart stone. In Tightwad Town they're

have axes for any scheme to change things move, "it would," the "increase our taxes if we the village should include." In Tightwad Town there is no knowledge of books or thors, art or song; they starn church and bust the college, to boost the mortgage works along.

Tightwad Town man's estimated according to the wealth he owns; he most revered and elevated who has the tallest stack of boxes. In Tightwad Town they're only civil to strangers who have brought their tin in Tightwad Town the soil shrivel pursuing milled and milled rods. In Tightwad Town there's the laughter, there is no warth hand or heart; men seldom smile to follow after the idols of the mart. With streets unpared and walks broken, and houses old tumble-down, the word of boys seldom spoken in Tightwad Town, Tightwad Town!

—WALT MARSH

THE PEOPLES FORUM
The Times will be pleased to publish letters from its readers on questions of public interest. The letter must be signed by the writer and so far as possible be limited to 200 words. In publishing these letters it must be understood that the Times does not endorse the views expressed therein; it is simply affording a means for the voicing of different opinions on all questions affecting the public welfare.

COOS BAY

Editor Times:— Coos Bay with your placid waters and scenic shores. The eyes of the multitude watching with you. Your future development, the long wide your doors. That railroads may enter, that may progress.

You're hampered and hindered, and all admit; From the progress you're denying now and hereafter, By a bunch of old timers, who are right, right and split. Laundrying through the streets; pers; all seem to be doing.

A long article will come from old Joe. A Reply from Mingus or some miscellaneous. Each trying to make a grand show, Playing to the gallery, with feet instantaneous.

It's disgusting and silly from age readers' views. To read about Joe's hic, his title to Mingus' Clear. But would like to see them put together; forget their squabbles; Work in harmony and a Coos Bay's Port is a

This Port is excelled by only this coast. Tapping vast area, billions of porting can be done; Railroads are knocking, so look and boost For improving this harbor; big boats can come.

Go bury your hatchet, yet be gone; Let harmony be your motto; ed we stand, Develop this city, invite come; Ten years hence a city the land.

—One of Marshfield's Millionaires.