

Mr. Coos Bay Renter

You sojourn in a favored place, a land of perennial flowers and foliage and pleasant weather; in a city of great commercial future, but still so long as you are a renter you are only a sojourner, a rolling stone, without the full dignity and satisfaction of a property owner. Why not tell yourself you are here to stay? Stop paying rent and own a home in Marshfield. paying house rent in a city where real estate values are increasing is indefensible anyway, except on account of financial inability to make the start toward owning a home.

First Addition to Marshfield

We are selling lots in the most attractive residence addition in Marshfield—for \$300—(50-foot lots, mind you). We are selling these lots for \$25 cash and \$10 per month. If you cannot see your way clear to get a home in FIRST ADDITION TO MARSHFIELD this summer, we believe we can make the way plain to you. Call and see us while choice, level lots remain.

Reynolds Development Co.

Owners

Coke Building, opposite the Chandler.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING

I am learning that success is a matter of habitual concentration upon ideals.—Selected.

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

We save the souls of the men who kill,
And we turn to shrieve the thief;
We restore the pride of the man who lied;
And count it service chief.
But for her who fell we have fashioned a hell
With a faith all stern and just;
It was so of old and no-man has told
What our Lord wrote in the dust.

We sigh betimes for our brother's crimes,
But bid them be of cheer;
For the flesh is weak, and the soul grown meek
May yet read its title clear.
But we turn away from her astray,
And say that the righteous must.
She is cursed indeed and we do not read
What our Lord wrote in the dust.

For the men who kill and thieve an lie,
Who have slain the woman's soul,
We have worked and prayed, and seen them made
All clean and white and whole,
But we turn her out with a righteous shout,
In our Pharisaic trust,
While the men go forth and we will not see
What our Lord wrote in the dust.—Selected.

Most Coos Bay men have the goods, but some have the knack of getting them in the front windows before the other fellow does.

Clothes may not make the man, but we have seen cases where a Coos Bay man's wife's clothes made him hump.

When a Coos Bay man makes up his mind the office can't get along without him usually the office hears about it and decides it can.

Some Coos Bay men have to get into jail to get into print, while others would get into jail if the truth about them got into print.

Ever notice that the woman who is most expert at painting her face is least successful in drawing suitors?

Every wife is a martyr, and everybody in the world knows it but her husband.

Sakes alive, Betsy! Just think of a skirt with a high slit and those new hose with the network effect. Shades of the crinoline!

KISSES.
Though deadly germs in kisses hide,
E'en at the price the cost is small;
'Tis better to have kissed and died
Than never to have kissed at all!

A bill has been introduced in Congress providing for the coinage of 3-cent pieces. We also should have some 30-cent pieces so that some Coos Bay people could carry what they are worth.

Every paper brings us news of some person who was saved from a watery grave by not sailing on the Titanic. Every day people are saved by not getting in front of automobiles in Marshfield streets.

In politics there is a great deal in "claiming." After it is over with you discover that there are a lot of liars.

If a man isn't honest and truthful and kind it doesn't make much difference what sort of religion he professes to have. He's on the road to hell.

Give us, dear Lord, one day whose low descending sun sees the screens on and all the cleaning done.

THE BACHELOR GIRL SAYS
Oh, well, even a clever girl is sometimes silly enough to be kissable.

A little girl's mind is always more precocious than a little boy's; but by the time he gets big enough to bully her, he soon manages to convince her that she is his "mental inferior."

MY CREED.

DO NOT keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead, but fill their lives with sweetness NOW. Speak approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say after they are gone, SAY BEFORE THEY GO. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins BESTOW NOW, and so brighten and sweeten their earthly homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body,

STYLE

By Star Key.

Listening to a young lady playing on a piano lately, I was appealed to by the performer with a request to give my opinion of her style. "Beautiful," said I. Flattery or base adulation (the terms are synonymous) I do not deal in, neither giving nor taking; but I was tied up in a knot in this case, and had to cut loose as smoothly as possible.

"Mas," said I, "your artistic attainments are of the highest order. I understand but little about the notes in music, but the melodious twanging of a jews-harp strikes a responsive chord in my appreciative ear."

"Do you sing or play any?" she asked. "Do I?" I replied, "why, I'm a singer and actor from away back. My last performance took place in Coquille City, in aiding some worthy young men to form a brass band. "What were the pieces you played?" she asked.

"I recited two important pieces of undoubted merit and enduring fame; they were 'The Irish Mule-driver' and a charming olio called 'The Nigger Snooks'."

"Did you not sing anything?" she asked. "No," I said, "the audience were not up to the style of the audiences of the great cities; they indulged in no encores. Being chiefly a farming people, the style that they were most used to was 'Sitting on the Stile, Mary'."

"Well," said she, "be kind enough to favor us with a song; but first permit me to ask what style of melody you mostly affect?" "My dear," said I, (the girls are extremely partial to endearing epithets) "to give effect to my experience as a do, fa, me, fa, sol-o-ist, the style which affects me is that which embraces the sinful, soul-stirring melodies of the plantations in the south; the pathetic appeals that permeate every line indicate a longing for something of which they are deprived. As an instance, the following beautiful ballad will serve as an illustration of my leaning in the direction of negro minstrelsy:—

Now, some war black and some war blacker,
And some war de color of a chaw o' terbacker.
Get out ob de way, ole Dan Tucker,
You are too late to get your supper."

"O, gracious!" she exclaimed, "there is no style in that; it is of no consequence whatever, and utterly absurd."

"It may be absurd," I remarked, "and also lacking in style, but its sentiment and consequence are paramount. Consider the effect it must have had on old Dan Tucker to lose his supper; a moment's thought devoted to the hungry object will convince you of the serious aspect of the case, and arouse your sympathy."

"The consideration that leads us to bestow a moiety of our leisure and means to the relief of suffering humanity transcends all the gloss and vanity of the absurdity called style."

Bay City, Isthmus Inlet.

I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial; post mortem kindness does not cheer the departed spirit. Flowers on the coffin shed no fragrance backward over the weary way by which loved ones have traveled.

—INGERSOLL.

THE TOILER'S GUEST

The poor downtrodden toiler came and asked me for a job; the marks of want on his frame, he heaved a mournful sob. "My children and my sad-eyed wives are hungry as a Turk; it is to save their precious lives that I am seeking work." "Poor man!" I cried, "work you ask I'll surely put your way! Saw up some wood—got at your task, and earn a bone a day!" "Your words," he said, with manner grand, "my blood makes fairly boil! You do not seem to understand the dignity of toil! If for that price my hands I laid on axes and on saws, I would eternally degrade great Labor's sacred cause! Two bones a day to do that chore—that is my humble tune; to start at 8 and quit at 4—and rest three hours at noon! Far better that my wives should croak, my kids throw up their hands, than see me live to make a joke of Labor's just demands!" I pushed him gently with my feet and drove him from my door; and now he stands upon the streets and talks forevermore. He cries: "The toiler's name is Pance! On earth he has no place! He has no help; no hope, 'no chance! The Tyrant grinds his face!"

—WALT MASON.

Ladies' Aid Outing—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Swedish Lutheran church have planned an outing up Coos River to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Euegren. The outing will be held on Wednesday, May 1. Arthur Matson's boat has been chartered for the occasion and will leave City at foot of Commercial street at 10 a. m. sharp.

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