

Crown Flour Days, Oct. 19, 21 and 22

THE LATEST



THE BEST

To make it an object for the housewife to ask for and insist on getting CROWN FLOUR, which is the BEST Patent flour produced, we will on all deliveries made on the above days allow 25c per sack for the printed slip in this advertisement signed by the lady ordering it.

CUT THIS OUT

F. S. DOW, Agent Crown Flour:
I have ordered through (insert your grocer's name) sacks of Crown Flour.
C. B. T. Signed:

TO THE GROCERYMAN:
We will accept this signed statement for 25c for each sack of Crown flour delivered. BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., F. S. DOW, Agent.

The Retail Price of Crown Flour Is \$1.40 Per Sack

Sign This Slip and Your Merchant Will Sell You a Sack of Crown Flour for \$1.15

COOS BAY TIMES

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

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

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

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

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

TOO MUCH TALK.

FOR a live and advanced nation such as ours it would seem to be unnecessary that there should be so much public talking by politicians. The "stump" should become obsolete sometime. We have more than we can read in the press of the day and the lark of listening to a practical repetition of all we do read, is fast verging upon a nuisance. Our enlightenment rarely comes from the rostrum; it is from the newspaper, the book of the hour, we glean our best insight into current public affairs and this intelligence stays with us longer when we get down to our real thinking and acting.

A RESTFUL CAMPAIGN.

THIS is one of the most restful presidential campaigns ever known in the United States. Except for the unfortunate tragedy of the shooting of Roosevelt it has been devoid of excitement and that tragic event was occasioned by an unbalanced mind, rather than political unrest. Even the introduction of a new party has not precipitated any of the political hysteria that has marked some previous campaigns. The people are gladly attending to other and nearer matters, but always with a reservation back in their minds as to what they are going to do on the fifth of November. Nobody is fooling them, to hurt this day and hour, and when they voice their will it will be done in a way which will leave the spell-binders spell-bound, all right.

Monkeys never worry, probably because they live in ignorance of Darwin's theory.

If you feel that the world owes you a living, it's doughnuts to fudge that you are too lazy to collect it.

Many a good farmer never saw an agricultural college.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Directing Others.
Whilst I do what is fit for me and abstain from what is unfit my neighbor and I shall often agree in our means and work together for a time to one end. But whenever I find my dominion over myself is not sufficient for me and undertake the direction of him also, I overstep the truth and come into false relations to him.—Emerson.

MY PROUD PA

(Dedicated to Jesse Luse.)
I s'pose the big head bending over my crib
Is my pa.
I s'pose that wisecare whose talk is so glib
Is my pa.
I've not been here long,—my days are but three,
But there's something that even a baby can see.
And the man who takes all the credit for me
Is my pa.
I s'pose that the man with the hat that won't fit
Is my pa.
I s'pose that that fellow who thinks he's "it"
Is my pa.
He's a big guy, too, and as proud as can be,
An' that wonderful lady an' I both agree
That the one who takes all the credit for me
Is my pa.
I s'pose that the man with that face-stretching grin
Is my pa.
I s'pose that that tall chap, so terribly thin,
Is my pa.
My ma is that wonderful lady in white,
Her voice is as sweet as an angel at night.
Now I'm next to that proud skinny geezer all right!
He's my pa.
—SELECTED.

Some Coos Bay men mistake a golden opportunity for a gold brick.

The older a woman grows the harder it is for her to get a becoming hat.

Some Coos Bay men never quarrel with their wives because it costs too much to make up.

"Seventy-five thousand flies make a gallon," remarks the Charleston News and Courier. The discoverer of that fact deserves some sort of

recognition, but we fear the world is going to be too busy to bother with him, although Dr. Mings might write him a letter of acknowledgment.

A woman is never willing to admit that she was in the wrong until after the man has apologized.

When Dame Fortune knocks at a man's door he always "rubbers" to see if the neighbors are looking.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

From early morn till late at night,
With silent, patient tread,
He trudges up and down the street
To earn his daily bread.

In winter he must plod along
Through the mud and water;
In summer through the dust and heat
While it's often hot—or hotter.

Though he can hear the whistles blow
And the loud, clear call to dinner;
He must still keep on the go,
Working like a sinner.

At Christmas time he gets no rest,
But buckles on his armour;
(Makes me long for country life,
And wish I were a farmer.)

Although the route seems pretty long,
It shortens up the miles
If you will give him now and then,
A few kind words and smiles.
—JACK SNEDDON.

Some Coos Bay boys have acquired good habits by not following in their father's footsteps.

The wedding ring is an exclusive circle.

MADE IT PAY.

(An adapted poem dedicated to E. Bandel.)
There was a man came to town
And he was not so wise
He bought a little gun shop
And began to advertise.

At first it did seem foolish
For who would ever think
Of building up a business
By using printer's ink?

Some business men say it does not pay,
Good money thus to spend,
But the man who advertises
Must play it to the end.

For advertising prices
Of bicycles good and strong
Will get the people coming
And push business right along.

So when he found his little ad
Brought people to his store
He paid his advertising bill
And advertised some more.
—AN ADMIRER.

Every mother is firmly convinced that she is capable of picking a

better husband for her daughter than she did for herself.

The more justice some Coos Bay people get the less they are inclined to boast of it.

All the kickers on Coos Bay do not belong to the foot ball teams.

THE QUIET OBSERVER SAYS:
You may have noticed that people who listen to reason always agree with you.

Most people would rather take advice from strangers.

Most men are so busy hating the alarm clock on "the morning af-

ter" that they have no time to waste on a troubled conscience.

A fool and her money frequently marry into the nobility.

The straight and narrow path doesn't look good to the rounder.

There is a little doubt that the young die good.

The early worm fills a long-felt want.

The homely girl can act as her own chaperon.

One way to avoid excitement is to live within your income.

When a young widow makes up

her mind to marry a bachelor may escape by dying.

THE HILLS.

Joy dwells amid the morning
Why must we seek the plain
To plod beneath the burning
Toward the far reaches of mines?

Fair hills of youth, dear hills,
Oh, to be with you once
And not thus journeying on
Toward the inevitable mine!

—Clinton Scott
Try The Times' Want Ads.

"Kammerer Says:"



Never better prepared to supply your needs. Every department complete with the season's latest.

Collegian Clothes

for the man who cares—have them in all the new models of the season.

Norfolks, Box Back and the Semi-Fitting.

Rain-Proof Clothing Cravenettes and Slip-Ons

Packard and Thompson Bros. Shoes. Cluett Shirts, all styles. Big assortment of Neckwear.

Sole Agents for the

Ever-Wear Hosiery

Will make good every pair that goes wrong. Price 25c and 50c.

Silk, Lisle and Wool.

Yours, anxious to please,

The Toggery