

COOSBAY TIMES

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

Official Paper of Coos County.

New Year's Greeting:

(To The Times Readers.) Dear friends, to you I wish away The joys of living every day. I wish you health and long, sweet life, I wish you luck from care and strife. I also wish I could today Just take your hands in mine and say—

"A Happy New Year" —The Editor.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

SENHOUSE, the poet naturalist hero of Maurice Hewlett's cycle of three English novels, the last of which is "Rest Harrow," had a voluntary mission to sow England with wild flowers, to make the cliffs overlooking the sea bright with a profusion of bloom, to make the meadows in the shires gay with unexpected patches, to make the downs vivid with brilliant blossoms, and to that task he set himself with greater or less concentration through three charming volumes.

The women of San Francisco have adopted the same idea on a smaller scale in that city and are planning to plant the hills around the city with popples, marigold and Scotch bloom that will make the Golden Gate golden indeed.

There is in this a suggestion for some of the women's club's of Coos Bay to manifest their love for the beautiful and do a real service for the community by commencing a systematic campaign for the outdoor cultivation of flowers in this section. There is no section of America that offers greater opportunity.

The service which some want to do for the city manifests itself in a different way. The utilitarian and practical man of affairs has a problem in the city water supply, others in paved streets, the sanitarian may find it in hygienic districts, the property owner in noble buildings, each after his own views, the end toward which he would direct his energies. Each would be doing a valuable work. None should be praised less than the other for his contribution to the betterment of the community. There must be co-operation along all lines, without jealousies, without disdain for work of another, before the work of the city is done.

Be your service what it is, if you are part of the city and are striving to make Marshfield more wisely managed and honestly directed, whether you are a business man striving for the general improvement of yourself and your kind, or a private citizen giving alert attentions to the needs of your city or concentrating on preserving the usefulness of your home and the welfare of your family, you are a factor working for the betterment of Coos Bay. But the bigger your zeal, the more disinterested your efforts, the more valuable are you to your city, and community, and that is what Coos Bay wants—needs—men and women of value.

The current word defining one who is of value to his city is "booster." Be a booster.

PIONEER DIES IN CALIFORNIA

James McVay, One of the First Settlers of Coos County Dead.

The following from the Del Norte Argus, published at Crescent City, California, concerning the death of James McVay, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Elmer Jenkins, there recently, will be of interest to the older residents of this section:

"Much of the early history of Del Norte and Southern Oregon is woven about the life of James McVay. Probably no other Del Norte pioneer has seen more of the thrill of early day life.

"James McVay first crossed the plains in 1851, locating at Jacksonville, Oregon, where he spent one year mining on Jackson Creek. Hearing of the great opportunities opened by the work of the Coos Bay Co., he with a party of 100 journeyed to Coos Bay in 1852, the late Eph C. Catching being one of the number to cross the mountains between the Umpqua valley and the coast.

"On the arrival of the party at Coos Bay, Mr. McVay and his brother, Joseph, who was also one of the party, took part in the discovery of the coal mines now operated near Catching Slough in Coos county. A company was formed, but the work was soon abandoned.

"Failing to get a suitable foothold at Coos Bay, the McVay brothers, in 1854, journeyed down the coast to the mouth of the Rogue river, where they became the original owners of the famous sand mines that now bear their name. Wealth was in sight of them when the Rogue River war broke out in all its intensity. After seeing their buildings and mining ditches destroyed by the In-

PLEDGES

—BY— BOB STANLEY.

Once more we try to get in line We cross our hearts with mystic sign, and swear to start our lives anew—to cut out drinking mountain dew—to douse the cuss-words, and the pipe, abandon ill of every type. We promise we will no more wend the path that has a downward trend, nor seek the company of those who never know good sweet repose, for we will from this New Year's Day, at fall of twilight hit the hay. We'll no more yield to tempter's snare, nor be game when the fellows dare, nor go about the old-time friends, whom New Year's promise oft offends. We're going, now, to save our coin, and pass up liver for the loin like Mr. Morganfeller eats with mushrooms, onion stews and beets.

This New Year's going to be one that sees some wondrous labor done by us who've never worked our best, nor been in earnest in the quest of things. Ambition bids us seek amid earth's grain fields where some reap vain glory, pow'r, and plaudits, sweet, and 'mong these all, Success, they meet.

We promise all these things, and more, just as we've promised oft before, but this time we are on the square, and mean to keep our word for fair.

dians, they were forced to leave. Continuing their travels on down the coast, the McVays became the discoverers of the Dolan mines at Pistol River. There they remained until 1858, when the Indians again went on the warpath. In that struggle the deceased was severely injured by a rifle ball.

"In the fall of 1859 the deceased returned to Missouri, via Panama, and on his arrival there he was married to Miss Lucinda Bledsoe, his first wife having died before he crossed the plains in 1851. On his return to the West, Mr. McVay was accompanied by his wife, father, mother, brothers and sisters, and a large number of friends, the Beams and Cooks being among the company.

"On arrival in what is now known as Curry county, the deceased located on what is known as the Crook place. That location was soon abandoned for the Scott ranch, where Mr. McVay claimed to have operated the first dairy in this section.

"In 1865 the deceased removed to Smith River, where he and his brother Henry bought the Hight and Haight ranches, comprising 160 acres. In the later '70s he sold his interests in the ranches and built the old Valley Hotel, which, in conjunction with a butcher shop, he was the proprietor of until 1884 when the building was destroyed by fire. The present Valley Hotel was built over the ruins of the old structure, and it was in that building that his business life ceased."

OREGON MAN IS INVOLVED

SPOKANE, Wash., Jan. 1.—Mayor Hindley's marriage bureau has received another application for a wife. A young man signing himself Oscar Weaver, Springfield, Or., is the applicant. Following is his letter:

"Dear Sir: I am writing you these few lines this evening in regard to finding me a wife. I am 22 years of age and have one of the nicest homes in the City of Springfield. My occupation is auto mechanic. If you will do me this kindly favor I will appreciate it to the highest extent."

ASTORIA SCHOOL CENSUS.

ASTORIA, Or., Jan. 1.—The taking of the school census in Astoria district has been completed. The report shows there are 3095 persons between the ages of 4 and 20 years residing in Astoria, and of these 1512 are masculine while 1493 are feminine. This number is an increase of 87 over the census of 1911, when there were 2918 children of school age in the city.

NOTICE.

Owing to the advance of coal at the mine, Beaver Hill will be \$6.00 per ton on and after January 1. HUGH McLAIN.

NEW YEAR'S BALL at EAGLES' HALL New Year's night, JAN. 1 1913. KEYZER'S Orchestra.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and dependency makes them give it up as unattainable. J. Chesterfield.

THE NEW YEAR TO THE OLD

I know I'm young and recent, yet this one thing I know: You're feeling low, old fellow—you're feeling mighty low! That brow of yours is frosted with the falling of the snow While mine is to the light that makes the morning. My face is to the future. With a thousand dreams unguessed, I am leaping to the light now, like a baby from the breast Of a mother whose soft lullaby is singing you to rest. My face is to the light that makes the morning. Oh, I know I'm young and recent, but the old boys—they must go. And the dreams that made the May-time fade with daisies 'neath the snow. The past was sweet with patience, but the future's what I know. My face is to the light that makes the morning. Frank L. Stanton.

All women are not as bad as other women think they are.

No, Alonzo, a spellbinder seldom shines at a spelling bee.

Some men never miss the water until the well runs dry in a dry town.

At the mystic threshold of life's climb The New Year sits sedate, A-blowing through the pipes of Time The bubbles of our fate.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I wish you all you'd like to know, Each joy that now you lack, Sigh you for smiles of long ago? Then friend I wish them back.

I wish the best in life for you, The charms that you'd call good, And I would make each wish come true On New Year's, if I could.

I wish you gentle skies above, A level path to tread, A home that is endowed by love, A lifetime free from dread.

A never-ending round of bliss, So long as you shall live, And oh, my friend, I wish all this I had the power to give.

May the realizations of the new year exceed your fondest expectations of the old, in every way.

MAGNES & MATSON

MARSHFIELD, ORE., JANUARY 1, 1913.

To the People of Coos County:

In the passing of the year Nineteen Hundred and Twelve, we look back upon the most successful year in the history of our Company; and we desire to take this opportunity of thanking you most heartily for your share in our success.

It has always been the motto of this Company to give the trade "Quality and Service" and we attribute our wonderful growth in the past six years to the fulfillment of this motto; as we believed there was a demand for better goods, and in this we have most assuredly not been mistaken.

Emerson says: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse trap for his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door," and we shall, during the coming year, to so merit a larger share of your business by a still larger and more complete line of House Furnishings, that the "path will be even wider and deeper to our door."

Wishing you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

GOING & HARVEY

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

A Happy New Year to All

AND HERE ARE OUR FOUR WISHES FOR IT:

MAY YOU WELCOME IT, MAY IT PLEASE YOU, MAY YOU LOOK FORWARD TO ANOTHER ONE—AND

MAY OUR BUSINESS RELATIONS CONTINUE AS MUTUALLY PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE AS THE YEARS THAT HAVE PRECEDED IT.

The Pioneer Hardware Co.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE TIMES' OFFICE

TONIGHT The Royal

THE EMPEROR'S MESSAGE DICK AND DAISY IN OLD TO

MISS MARLIN WILL SING—"My Hero," from the Choccol Soldier. "Do You Think You Will Again." "Annie Laurie." "Auld Lang Syne." Everybody join in the cho

ANY SEAT, 10 CENTS.

COMING—Lee and Chandler, the singing and dancing girls.

City Auto Service

Good Cars, Careful Drivers at reasonable charges. Our motto "Will go anywhere at any time" Stands—Blanco Hotel and Blanco Cigar Store. Day Phones—78 and 46 Night Phone 46.

BARKER & GOODALE, proprietors

Times' Want Ads bring results.

Kammerer Says:

In the Words "Of Rip:"

Your good health— Your family's good health, And may you all live long and prosper. Hoping the season left you with nothing lacking to make this, more than any other,

A Happy New Year

Yours, Anxious to Please

The Toggery