

COOSBAY TIMES

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

Official Paper of Coos County.

BUY IN MARSHFIELD

THERE are a good many reasons for buying in Marshfield. Our interests are here. If good enough to live in it is good enough to buy in.

LOOK WHAT THIS TOWN DID:

TOWNS that make no attempt to wake up and show some form of civic pride should look to the example being set by Morristown, Ohio, a little village which cannot boast more than 300 souls.

One day a live idea struck one of the business men of the village, who otherwise had been about as much of a dead one as the other business men, but the idea was live, and so stuck around for a while.

The movement of "cleaning up the town" got a good start, and the good start kept on until today Morristown is not to be scoffed at. The village has four miles of cement sidewalks, the streets are improved, the vacant lots mowed, the business men alert to anything of a civic nature that will help their village and further improvement conditions.

CITY BUILDING

Recently the New York newspapers have carried the most astonishing announcements. "New York's Menace to Democracy," "Recruit Citizens in Whirlwind Tour to Boost City," have been some of the headlines.

No city, no matter what its natural advantages, may trust wholly to chance if it would retain its position. Other communities are not trusting to chance, but are carefully planning and working to enlarge their fields of activity.

New York in its early years was the most pushing of American cities.

In recent years New York has felt that it could indulge the luxury of doing nothing for itself in a concerted way. The consequences are already beginning to appear.

To break up this condition of prejudicial apathy the Merchants' association has set itself to work.

This Merchants' association has had 221 business men out on a systematic canvass, each man to see and report on twenty-five, the committee meeting at 9:30 o'clock in the morning to consult before setting forth, and then at luncheon at Delmonico's to report the day's gains, much after the manner of the Y. M. C. A. campaign.

"We intend," says William C. Reed, general manager of the movement, "the Merchants' association, with its twenty-six committees and bureau it has established and purposes establishing for industrial advancement, for foreign trade developments, for the obtaining of conventions, for handling traffic problems intelligently and for giving proper publicity to our work, we intend that all these agencies with the funds to be added through increased membership, shall be employed for the general advancement of New York and its commercial and civic interests."

When New York is forced to admit that something more is needed than an advantageous location and a rich country, what is the lesson for other cities?

IS THERE A MORAL?

Mickey Smith died in Ireland the other day at the age of 115. From a brief account of his life we learn that he smoked and drank nearly all his life, married three times, worked until he was 113, and—died in the poor house. If you can see the moral in that you are welcome to it.

BIG SHIP TO COST \$11,000,000.

Plans for Battleship Pennsylvania Are Given Out.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Secretary of the Navy Meyer in signing the contract plans for the new battleship Pennsylvania announced that these would be given to the prospective bidders and the bids will be opened February 18.

With her great displacement of 31,400 tons, this battleship will be the largest and most formidable of any navy. Even without her armor and guns she will cost \$7,425,000. Probably her total cost, fully equipped for service, will be between \$11,000,000 and \$12,000,000.

NOTICE

Commencing Tuesday, December 24, the Marshfield-Empire auto will leave Marshfield at 9:30 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. for Empire.

THOSE PLEDGES

—BY— BOB STANLEY

We made some pledges yesterday that quickly got into our way when on the street some friends we met who were not quite through pledging yet, their friendship, in the flowing bowl where pledges always toss and roll, and founder on the jagged rocks that lie in most all city blocks.

The pipe we passed up,—good, old friend, came back once more with joy to blend, and twilight beckoned us to go, and stay where songs and laughter flow. We had to yield to tempter's snare, We could not take the fellows' dare. We spent our money like young fools, investing in Old Gay Boy's pools. So, now, with pledges partly wrecked, we'll pass up others, I suspect, and wait until next New Year's Day before we toss our faults away.

Ah! New Year's pledges, come and gone, before the next day's pleasant dawn, we did our best to keep our word, but man is weak, we've often heard. We'll lock you up within our hearts, way down where Goodness plays its parts, and keep you there out of our way till dawn of coming New Year's Day.

WITH TOAST AND TEA

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

The way to make friends is as easy as breathing the fresh morning air; It ain't by an art to be studied Alone by the men who can spare The time from their every-day labors, To ponder on classical lore; It never is taught in college And it ain't a trick or a chore.

The way to make friends is to be one, To smile at the stranger you meet, To think cheerful thoughts and to speak them Aloud to the people you greet. To hold out your hand to a brother And cheerfully say "Howdy-do," In a way that he'll know that you mean it— That's all that's expected of you.

Be honest in all of your dealings, Be true to your word and your home, And you will make friends, never doubt it— Wherever you happen to roam, Condemn not the brother who falters, Nor fawn on the rich and the great, Speak kindly to all who approach you, And give up all whining at fate.

The mistakes of others always look fierce, our own are lambs.

Perhaps the year 13 will be the best for a century.

All the dairyman had to do is to get up, milk the cows, separate the cream from the milk and take it to the creamery, getting a check the first part of the next month. No churning or fuming over small butter accounts.

Here is a good one: The time to hit opportunity is when it is over the home plate.

Hugh McLain says Walt Mason's latest poem is a libel on the democrats. Here it is:

Dear Woodrow Wilson: Here I stand, a lightning rod in either hand, impatient to be struck; I told you how I'd bleed and die, but you have sent me no reply—just like my dog-gone luck! I told you if I had a chance I'd be your minister to France, or ditto to St. James; turn down the patriots who shirked, but don't neglect the ones who worked until they broke their hames! You well may shudder when you think of how you'd be upon the blink had I not toiled and slaved for you throughout the long campaign; I wore out body, boots and brain—and how have you got me? Long since you gave my courteous note; no answer to the same you wrote, but left me here to pine, and all my enemies in town predict that you will turn me down, that I'll get soup for mine, I don't insist on foreign suit—though such a snap would suit me most—most any job will do; just any snap beneath the sun to show you've not forgotten one who did so much for you. I am the man who for you yelled when all the other fellows held the fort for Ted or Bill; I am the man who drilled the dubs, and organized the Wilson clubs at Mudville-on-the-Hill.—Walt Mason.

STORY OF THE DAY

Money Well Spent.

Arthur Blanchard, who spends much of his time traveling over the country for the government, was seated behind a bride and groom in a Pullman car one afternoon when the train went through a long tunnel. As it emerged into the light of day the bride was grabbing desperately at her hat and lighting three fast rounds with one or two hatpins which had become loosened.

In order to relieve the situation and inject some harmless conversation into the gap, Blanchard remarked:

"This tunnel cost \$12,000,000."

"Well," said the bride judiciously, "it was worth it."

If the family next door wears more stylish clothes than her own, a woman can easily imagine they have less to eat.

It's easier for some Coos Bay men to pray for forgiveness than it is to fight temptation.

Wilson will cut out the public receptions and handshaking stunts at the White House. No doubt he

ESCAPED AFTER 15 YEARS. W. P. Broyles made a successful escape after 15 years of suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Foley Kidney Pills released him and will do just the same for others. He says, "They cured a most severe backache with painful bladder irregularities, and they do all you claim for them." Refuse substitutes. Lockhart & Parsons, The Busy Corner.

realizes that he will need that good right hand of his to sign thousands of commissions for clamoring Democrats.

Adam was fortunate in losing only his rib when he married; some Coos Bay men seem to lose their entire backbone.

There's nothing better than marriage for bringing out all the temper there is in red hair.

"Prejudice and narrowness of mind," according to Lillian Russell, "are barriers at the gates of Heaven." Somebody who tried to get in must have returned to do some tattling.

"Annoyed at seeing his divorced wife listed in the St. Louis directory as 'Caroline Draper, widow,' David T. Draper remarked her," reports the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Presumably it pleased him to be considered a dead one.

According to a scientist who has investigated, some intoxicated rabbits become mad and fight, while others run around in circles or become sad and morose. But we have yet to hear of a rabbit that became so soured that it attempted to kiss the bartender good night.

A TRAGIC TRIOLET.

(An adopted poem dedicated to Bob Stanley)

I wrote it as plain as could be, "Her cheeks were as red as a rose."

As an ardent and soul-stirring plea, I wrote it as plain as could be. It appeared to the printer's great glee, "Her cheeks were as red as her nose."

I wrote it as plain as could be, "Her cheeks were as red as as a rose."

THE SECRET OF THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

The telephone girl sits still in her chair— And listens to the voices from everywhere. She hears all the gossip, she hears all the news; She knows who is happy and who has the blues; She knows all our sorrows and all our joys, She knows all the girls who are chasing the boys; She knows every man who is mean to his wife; She knows every time we are out with the boys. She hears the excuse each fellow employs; She knows every woman who has a dark past, She knows every man who's inclined to be fast; In fact there's a secret 'neath each saucy curl— Of the quiet, demure telephone girl.

If the telephone girl would tell all she knows It would turn all our friends into bitterest foes. She could sow a small wind that would turn to a gale, Engulf us in trouble and land us in jail; She could let go a story (which gaining in force— Would cause half our wives to sue for divorce); She could get all our churches mixed up in big fights And turn all our days into sorrowing nights; In fact she could keep the whole town in a stew If she told the tenth part of the things that she knew. Now, doesn't it make your aching head whirl— When you think of the trials of the telephone girl?

—E. M. Cooksle.

"The world," says Dr. McArthur, "will become better as truth becomes universal." The one depressing thought in this connection is that it will decrease the number of railroads that are built to Coos Bay every Spring.

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Marshfield Business College

Day and Night School

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Lack of business knowledge was always a grievous handicap—even before business was King; before it became the biggest game men play, as it is today. Long tedious apprenticeships, at little or no pay formerly overcame handicaps. Apprenticeships are no more—not in business—and the inexperience which was once a handicap, is now a positive bar, that HOPELESSLY BLOCKS even your beginning, but more decidedly still your advancement.

A man unfamiliar with business is undesirable as an employe, useless as a manager, and a serious problem to those who would befriend him.

A sound, modern training, which will enable you to give a good account of yourself, right at the start, in a position of trust and responsibility, is what is now offered you! Explanatory literature will soon be on the ground. For particulars write the college.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

of

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MARSHFIELD, OREGON

ESTABLISHED 1889.

At the close of business, November 26, 1912.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....\$483,557.13
Banking House..... 50,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 263,899.96

Total.....\$797,457.09

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in.....\$ 50,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 64,989.75
Deposits..... 682,467.34

Total.....\$797,457.09

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W. M. S. TURPEN, ARCHITECT Marshfield, Oregon.

D. R. W. MORROW, Dentist. 171 Gimes Building, over Coos Theater. Office Phone 320.

W. G. CHANDLER, Architect. Rooms 301 and 302, Coos Bank Building, Marshfield, Oregon.

D. R. A. J. HENDRY'S Modern Dental Parlor We are equipped to do high work on short notice at the lowest prices. Examination by Lady attendant. Coos Bldg., Chandler Hotel, phone 117-J.

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