

COOS BAY TIMES

M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub. DAN E. MALONEY News Editor Official Paper of Coos County.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall thrive unopposed.

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STICK.

STICK! Just Stick. That's the essence—the beginning and ending—of success.

The Sticker is the "getthere" man. Stick. Everybody begins—but not all stick. Yeast lay you failed, maybe, but today you can win—if you stick it out.

When you feel like quitting—Stick! If the other fellow is getting the best of you—stick! He will if you don't.

The great successes of business and life are but repetitions of the same story—the story of men who know HOW to stick.

You may not like your job, but think before you change it. So few know HOW to stick. So few learn WHEN to stick. So few care WHERE they stick. You think it out with patience. Then—whether it be a job or a task—stick it out.

Today—start things and stick to each task until finished—completed in the best way you know how. Just stick.

TOO MUCH SACRIFICE.

THAT self-sacrifice may become a dangerous and really unwholesome practice is frequently evident through the unreasonable devotion of fond mothers. Says a magazine writer:

"The commonly praised 'self-sacrificing' mother—she who never lets her child do anything, who continuously showers attention upon it, who ceaselessly waits upon and does things for her child—is the mother who frequently complains that children are a great care, and that it is difficult to manage them. She is the mother, who, in but a few years, is frequently changed from a young, energetic woman into a worn, nervous creature; she is prematurely aged."

Everybody has seen mothers of whom this is true. And the results are usually far from satisfactory. Over-indulged children grow to accept this kind of sacrifice as a matter of course, to demand it, in fact, and naturally become selfish and dependent to an irritating degree. The mother who really cares most for her child's welfare will refrain from making herself its constant slave. When the youngster gets away from his home and mother, there won't be a lot of people standing around to do him service. It is well to prepare a system of dividing the sacrificial labors.

AN AMYGDALOUS VICTORY.

SCORE one for the humble, the plain, the plebeian prune. It remained for the modest and shrinking dietetic staple of the boarding house and the eleemosynary institution to garner the first specific advantage on account of the new parcel post.

Hitherto express companies have played fast and loose with the gentle and substantial prune. Inasmuch as that variety of amygdalaceous fruit thrives in chief abundance on the Pacific coast prunes have been a real luxury in New York City, despite their lowly reputation. And while countless millions of famished mouths have cried aloud for prunes, tremendous fortunes have been built on the mere transportation of the fruit from the transcontinental path.

But the combination is broken. A prune expert in California has just notified the government that the first shot out of the box he expects to ship to the Atlantic sea boxed by parcel post two car loads of prunes, in eight pound boxes. Each of these consignments would take 96 cents postage, for the postal zones of New York and San Diego are as far apart as possible. But at the rate of 96 cents for eight pounds, the Californian imagined he could bear prunes in New York till every boarding house was supplied for indefinite years to come.

This, however, was overreaching. The express companies, in retaliation, have announced a 35 cent rate and the government cannot meet the cut rates under the law. But in yielding to the prune express companies first bowed their necks to the galling yoke of the parcel post, showing that sometimes the most homely instrument may be selected by fate to add poignancy to grief and humility to prostrate pride.

Have your job printing done at The Times office.

PLEASED WITH CITY OWNER-SHIP.

(From Toronto Globe.) THE inauguration yesterday of the first of Toronto's public operated car lines was a notable event in civic history. After a trial of private operation extending over 50 years, the people of Toronto have come to the conclusion that the public operation of civic services is the only satisfactory method.

Before the Toronto railway franchise expires in 1921 the civic system will be thoroughly established in the outer circle and the change from private to public control within the limits of the city of 1891 will be made without friction and almost as a matter of routine.

If the owners of the Toronto railway ever entertained the idea of fighting for an extension of their franchise they have abandoned it long ere this. Public opinion ripens slowly in Toronto. Civic operation of street cars had few friends in Toronto in 1891. Today there are probably not 20 per cent of the electors who could be brought to the polls against that principle.

There is but one danger to be guarded against. Mayor Hocken and Commissioner Harris, who will have much to do in the next year or two with the inauguration of the various civic car lines must be on the watch against extravagance in operation. It is hardly to be expected that the lines will pay at first. Perhaps there may be deficits until the franchise in the center of the city expires. But every dollar spent on operation should secure a dollar's worth of labor or material. Only by providing a good service at the minimum of cost will the civic lines justify their existence.

A MAN AND HIS SON.

EVERY boy is going to have a confidant, some one to whom he can tell his secrets and whisper his hopes and ambitions, which he would not breathe to others. This friend, this confidant, should be his father.

Any man would be horrified at the suggestion that he would ruin his boy by neglect, that his absorption in business would result in the undoing of his own son. But, it is the easiest thing in the world to forfeit a boy's confidence.

It will only take a little snubbing, a little scolding, a little indifference, a little unkind criticism, a little nagging and unreasonableness to shut off forever any intimacy between him and his boy.

One of the bitterest things in many a man's life has been the discovery, after he has made his money, that he has lost his hold upon his boy, and he would give a large part of his fortune to recover this loss.

It is a most unfortunate thing for a boy to look upon his father as a taskmaster, instead of a companion, to dread meeting him because he always expects criticism or scolding from him.

Some fathers constantly nag, find fault, and never think of praising their sons, or expressing any appreciation of their work, even when they do it well. Yet there is nothing so encouraging to a boy, especially if he finds it hard to do what is right as real appreciation of his effort. This is a tonic to youth. Boys thrive on praise. That is why most of them think more of their mothers than their fathers—because their mothers are more considerate, more appreciative, more affectionate and do not hesitate to praise them when they do well.

The confidential relation between a father and his son is one of the most precious things in life. One should never take chances of forfeiting it. It costs something to keep it, but it is worth everything to the father and to the boy.

POSTOFFICE TELEGRAPH WILL FOLLOW THE PARCEL POST.

IT TOOK less than a week for the interests which assured us the parcel post would be a failure—that is, the express companies—to grow frantic over the success of the system; to complain that it was "unreasonable and unworthy of the United States government to 'compete' with them; to make impressive appeals to agents throughout the land to forestall, as far as they were able, with increased politeness and improved service the popularity of the United States package delivery, says the San Francisco Call.

The "failure," the "untoward burden" which was to be placed upon the government by the inauguration of the parcel post was a bogey to frighten children. The "scare" was made ridiculous within a week after the parcel post was introduced—within a day, it might be said.

The United States Postoffice department has not yet reached the limit of its usefulness to the public. The next work it will probably undertake is the inclusion of the telegraph and telephone service among its functions. This may be accomplished either by the purchase of the existing systems or by the establishing a competing system. The former method would be the more economical, if the acquisition could be honestly and fairly accomplished.

It is no new thing, the suggestion that the postoffice department acquire the telegraph in America. Postmaster General John Wanamaker in 1892 advocated that reform. He has since repeated his opinions on that subject and is quoted by

the Philadelphia North American as saying in New York in November, 1911:

I am clearly of the opinion that the government owes it to the business interests and the family life of the nation to take possession of all the telegraph companies. The people have a right to a protected service that only the government can give, to the use of wires without the delays that special interests now secure at times and to the lower rates now necessary and possible.

Postmaster General Hitchcock announced a year ago that he would recommend to congress the acquisition of the telegraph lines of the country. His suggestion did not get far, being checked by the president. Hitchcock pointed out that in fifty of the leading countries in the world telegraph service was controlled by the government at a profit and to the satisfaction of the citizens. It is only in democratic America that the government admits itself incompetent to undertake a work which private capital finds so remunerative.

Operation of telegraph lines by the government would mean improved service and lower rates, a wider extension of the system and more economy of management. Every postoffice would be a telegraph office, every postbox would be a depository for telegrams, which could be properly stamped before being deposited, just as a letter is.

Telegraph companies have been reducing their rates by indirection, as if afraid to be frank and open in their bids for more business. "Night messages," "delayed deliveries," "bargain day rates" and other such innovations are delicately worded devices to conceal reduction of rates. But the profits of the telegraph are enormous, though their earnings probably do not rival the fantastic incomes of the express companies. And the indirect reductions have caused a great increase in the volume of business.

The United States government could, if it were deemed the wiser policy, take over the companies by condemnation proceedings, and as Pierpont Morgan, for instance would take over a bank or a railroad and make the new property pay for itself out of its earnings.

Of course, there will be furious objection, some from the conservative element, which reluctantly admits that the government can build a canal below the estimated costs, but will not admit that it can run a telegraph office. But chiefly the protest of outraged interests will come from the telegraph companies themselves. It did not take the United States a week to make a popular success of the parcel post. How long will it take to operate a telegraph line? Inevitably the United States will soon be seeking the opportunity to answer that question.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

In the ordinary business life industry can do anything that genius can do and very many things which it cannot.—Becher.

NOT WHAT HE ORTER BE.

He dropped into his nail-kag seat One night in Stokes' store; His weathered and bewhiskered face A sad expression bore. He was a pessimistic soul, Ez Gumy was aware; An' really couldn't see no good In people anywhere.

Herm Stokes, the grocer, was a man Good natured to the core, An' allus had a word uv cheer For patrons uv his store. He asked Ol' Amos 'bout his health, An' Ame, he says, says he; "Although my health is purty good 'Tain't what it orter be."

Herm spoke of pollertics an' sech Ez cheery as could be; Ame made a face, an' sighed, an' said: "'Tain't what it orter be." An' bizniz in old Gungywamp He 'lowed was up a tree; "Although it's purty fair," he says, "'Tain't what it orter be."

Herm spoke uv this an' spoke uv that. The church, an' school, an' all; Ame's face took on a dismal look. "Just like a sullen wall. 'They may be good enough," he says His natur' plain to see; "But all the same ain't none uv 'em Jest what they orter be."

Herm Stokes he couldn't stand no more An' brought his fist "kerswat" Down on the counter good and hard— Ame jumped like he was shot. "Ame Green," he said, "you make me tired, It kinder seems to me, The world is good enough, but you Ain't what you orter be!"

THE QUIET OBSERVER SAYS

A true friend is one who knows everything about you, keeps it to himself, and likes you anyway.

There was a young maid from Remote, Who ran like the deuce for a boat; But her efforts were vain, For her shoe string snapped in twain. And caused the boys on the corner to gloat.

A St. Louis woman is suing for \$5,000 damages because her hus-

band, who fell into a vat of boiling water, has lost his "gayety." Most Coos Bay men lose that when their wives keep them in moderately hot water.

THE BACHELOR GIRL SAYS:

Helen Rowland A man who's married against his will will be a gay Lothario still.

A man can no more understand why a woman can't play bridge without talking than she can understand why he can't play poker without drinking.

Alas! in this world there's no peace of mind with a husband and no peace of heart without one!

"Home" is that sacred spot in which a woman wears out all her old clothes and a man wears off his gronches and headaches.

Before marriage a man vows he would lay down his life to serve you; after marriage he won't even lay down his evening paper to talk to you.

If a man succeeds in business it's because of his "remarkable astuteness;" if he fails, it's because he "never got any help or encouragement at home."

THE BUSY WOMEN

By Walt Mason

The women keep after their rights; their husbands, unfortunate wights, are scrubbing the floors and washing the doors, and herding the babies at nights. The women still go to the club; their husbands are eating stale grub, and sweeping the stairs and dusting the chairs, and doing their stunt at the tub. On juries the women now sit, while lawyers throw fit after fit; their husbands may take up the burden and bake, and darn the old stockings, and knit. The women are running for snaps, like other political chaps. Their husbands have knives for the campaigning wives, which they'll use at elections—perhaps: The dimes are the equals of men; they've said it again and again; they've laid down the law with the hoof and the jaw, the dornick and bludgeon and pen. Professors the women invade; you run against matron or maid in the office and store, in the shop evermore, assertive serene, unafraid. But you don't see the girls laying brick, or sweating around with a pick; and they don't seem to itch for a job in the ditch, along with Tom, Harry and Dick. Oh, the men will remain upon guard where the work is both dirty and hard, while the dizzy old dames play the masculine games and talk of their rights by the yard.

WALT MASON.

APPLIES TO BOTH.

At a mass meeting in a small country town a large quantity of refreshments were distributed to keep the audience in good humor. The first speaker rose after the noise had ceased to some extent and began his speech by saying:

"The old hall is full tonight," but here his voice was drowned by the confusion. When it had subsided he began by saying:

"The old hall is full tonight." He paused for a rhetorical effect and a thick voice in the back of the hall said slowly and deliberately: "So is Bill Horn."

FAIR EXCHANGE.

Kind o'tired an' hurried; Kind o' lost his grip; A feller sat and worried. An' watched the minutes slip. Says, "I think I'm gettin' A deal I don't deserve." He jes' kep' on a-frettin' Cause he'd simply lost his nerve. Like a disappointed kid, So he did.

Snowbird came a-hoppin' On the window sill. Mongst the snowflakes droppin' From the sky so still, So he did. He didn't have no cover, Nor no cozy place to eat, But he didn't chirp and hover In discouragement complete. He looked mighty bold instid, So he did.

An' the feller saw that sparrow An' he chucked him out some crumbs On the window ledge so narrow, An' thought he, "That's how luck comes," So he did. "That sparrow sort o'trusted, Though much worse off than me, Just present I am busted, But, the same as him I see. Luck step out from where it's hid." And he did.

If you have anything to sell, rent, trade, or want help, try a Want Ad.

W. R. Fox, 195 W. Washington St., Noblesville, Ind., says: "After suffering many months with kidney trouble, after trying other remedies and prescriptions, I purchased a box of Foley Kidney Pills which not only did me more good than any other remedies I ever used, but have positively set my kidneys right. Other members of my family have used them with similar results." Take at the first sign of kidney trouble. Sold by Lockhart & Parsons, The Busy Corner.

BERNHARDT HERE TWO DAYS

Great Actress Opens at Grand Theatre to Crowded Houses.

Manager Marsden of the Grand Theatre scored the greatest triumph in the history of that popular photoplay house in securing Sarah Bernhardt, the world's greatest actress, in the brilliant, historic play, "Queen Elizabeth."

When the doors opened for the first performance at 2 o'clock this afternoon the attendance gave promise of breaking all records.

The people of Coos Bay are evidencing their appreciation of Manager Marsden's enterprise in bringing this great photoplay here at this time by attending in large numbers. It is an opportunity that should not be neglected.

By having matinees both Saturday and Sunday afternoons in addition to the regular evening performances Mr. Marsden hopes to accommodate all who wish to see this great actress in the greatest play of her brilliant career.

The performance begins Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. You should be present promptly and on time to enjoy this brilliant and spectacular event.

THE RECIPES

By Bertron Braley

You want to make good and don't know how to try it? That's rather a common place cry. The main thing is just get out and go to it.

Not sit around idly and sigh. You'll never get far in the game, as I view it. Unless you get busy—and try!

You want to be well—you are weary of ailing. The world is all going awry? The best sort of cure for that manner of falling

Is plenty of sunshine—and sky! You want to be well—then forget all your ailing; Just go and get busy—and try.

You're wanting a girl since the day that you met her! The same rule will apply. Indifference, some people say, is much better!

Well, I think that some people lie! The manner of getting a wife is to get her; Just cut out the dreaming—and try!

TARIFF HEARING TODAY WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The paper and tobacco industries were today on the programme of the House Committee on ways and means. A large representation of those interested in the pulp, paper and book industry of affected schedule "M" tariff law are ready to testify.

Something New The Royal Sunday

Lee and Chandler, who have earned the reputation of being one of the best sister teams on the vaudeville stage, and who have been packing the house at every performance during their engagement at the Royal, will close their Marshfield engagement on Sunday evening. As a special feature they will present for the first time in this city their sensational Barefoot Texas Tommy dance. This dance must be seen to be appreciated and as it has only been presented in a few of the largest cities, Marshfield is especially favored by its presentation Sunday evening.

A COWBOY PLEDGE. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE—Thankyou—in two reels. A beautiful drama from the story of Charles Reade. Entire Change of Program. Sunday Matinee at 2.30. ANY SEAT, 10c.

We Will Finish

moving the stock of the Coos Bay Paint and Wall Paper Co. into our Front street store today and will be ready next Monday to serve our patrons with a complete line of

Wall Paper and Paints, Builders' Hardware, Carpenters, Millwrights and Machinists' Tools

In fact, everything to be found in a first-class hardware store may be had here and always at right and reasonable prices.

Eckblad & Son WE SELL HARDWARE

WANT ADS

ANSWERS TO WANT ADS

The following answers to Times want ads are being held at this office for the parties inserting the ads: H. I. Office, 2; Y. I. Meyer, 2; W. 5; Z. 2.

WANTED—A 10 or 15-foot motor. Address P. O. Box 714 phone 394-J.

FOR SALE—New strictly bungalow. Easy terms. Phone 385-J.

FOR RENT—Two furnished keeping rooms. Apply 414 Fourth street.

FOR SALE—I. C. S. complete 13 books. Inquire Times office.

WOMEN—A money maker. Guaranteed Hosiery to wear. Proposition beats all others. 10c per day. Write immediate Quaker City Mills, 34 So. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—To exchange modern dwelling. Fine large model in the midst of a successful country for Coos Bay land. Spokane acreage for Coos County land. Particulars at 126 Broadway—Stutsman & Co.

FOR SALE—80 acres of hill land head of North Inlet, 45 miles walk from boat landing. New county road just built. 5 room house with good water system, orchard of 30 trees, 2 and 3 years old, a good variety of berries. Let this up, its a bargain. Address care Times.

WANTED—Work by married man with farm experience, with people in the country. Wife to be with house work in exchange for board. Address P. O. Box 10 Marshfield, Oregon.

WANTED—Inside work by middle aged man, American. Wages object, but must have employment at once. Address West care Times.

FOR SALE—Store building, 2500 six living rooms above; fixtures and general stock. Rose A. Perry, Riverton, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Horses, harness and wagon. Phone 57-J, Coos Bay Steam Laundry.

FOR RENT—Ranch in Loon Lake Valley. Inquire Mrs. John Kirk, North Bend, Ore. Phone 41.

OWNER HAS FOR SALE—1-2 block of 14 lots in Bay View Addition to Marshfield. \$500 down. Balance, \$1500 in 3 to 5 years. Address P. O. Box 16 Marshfield, Ore.

FOR RENT, SALE, TRADE, or PAIR—Singer sewing machine. Inquire 131 Park Ave. or Phone 280-X

WANTED—Up-to-date teacher in District No. 40 at Libby. Address School Board, Libby, Ore.

OPPORTUNITY—For immediate sale I offer my West Marshfield property at the corner of Twelfth and Commercial. The home is modern, including hot water heating plant. This property faces east with beautiful view. Is rented for \$20 month and will bring more. There is no lease on property. The price is right and made with the object of selling the property. See me. R. L. Montgomery.

FOR RENT—7 room house on South 4th Street. Inquire J. E. Edmunds Coos Bay Wiring Company.

FOR SALE—Dry wood, fir and cedar, at Campbell's Wood Yard, Ferry landing. Phone 158-L.