

YOUR SAVINGS

First Addition To Marshfield

A portion of your monthly income invested in Marshfield real estate will show better returns than a savings account.

At the present prices no better investment can be made than a lot in this city, the future of which cannot be overestimated.

Buy Marshfield real estate, it's all good, but buy the best.

See First Addition, where for \$300 you can secure a 50x120 foot lot in a slightly location and facing on an improved street. Buy it on your own terms; a small initial cash payment and the balance in monthly installments to suit your income.

The Addition is in the right location; on the "South Side" where the many new homes are being built, streets being graded and the direction the city is rapidly growing.

Call at our office for a plat and make your selection now while the choice may be had at our low prices and easy terms.

Reynolds Development Co.

Coke Building

Owners.

Telephone 16C-J

To Better Serve The People

The first rule of a modern utility organization is that customers must be pleased.

Towards realizing this ambition the Oregon Power Co. established its new Business Department.

The purpose of this department is to study the needs of customers in order to better serve them.

Expert assistance has been secured to help make the New Business Department value to patrons of the Oregon Power Co.

Our representatives will respond to all requests for advice on illuminating and power questions.

A telephone call from a cottage is honored as readily as a call from a large factory.

Telephone 178.

Oregon Power Co.

Who Wants a Home?

Here's One to Be Sacrificed

50x100 with a good six-room house all furnished, ready to live in. Close in.

Lot alone is worth price we are asking for house, lot and furniture.

This place must be sold in next 10 days. Owner leaving town.

Price, \$2,650.00

with terms if you want them.

FRENCH REALTY CO.

315 1-2 North Front St.

Marshfield, Ore.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE TIMES' OFFICE.

OUR AGE

Some Interesting Thoughts On Present Conditions

(Written for The Times)

Our age is intensely practical. Everything serves to remind us of this. Only that which distantly carries the earmarks of practical utility receives any considerable attention. And this rule is made to apply not merely to men, but also to animals and implements as well. Whatever it may be that wishes to gain recognition in the chance and change of human affairs is forced, more or less, to make this appeal on the basis of practical usefulness. This alone seems to constitute the magic power which swings open the gates of opportunity, advancement and success in life.

Under such circumstances, it stands to reason that the unpractical will be accorded scant attention, costly lodging and poor rations by the energetic people of today. None but the unpractical class of people, those generally known as the "old-timers," "old-fashioned," "the dolts," of civilization will have anything to do with it. This class is considered unfortunate in not being able to follow time in its rapid forward strides and thus of necessity forced to cling to that which by common consent has become unpractical and antique. After all, they may be the most fortunate.

The majority of men, however, realizes that the pressure of the times demands that everything and everybody furnish the greatest possible returns, or be thrust on the rubbish pile of the has-beens. The situation reminds one rather forcibly of the homestead boots that our forefathers used in the pioneer days of American settlement. These served the purpose without fail in their day, but no one could today be induced to wear them. Times have changed, customs likewise, and the past has evidently been forced to relinquish to a considerable extent its hold upon the present generation. The present day calls for different men and different achievements. It is practical and enlists only men of practical utility to carry out its designs.

Only that which is readily seen to be of practical use, or else without any difficulty can be rendered useful, retains its full value on the market today. Especially that which may be turned into dollars and cents. This is, no doubt, a most serious defect in the trumpeted advance of our modern era which greatly hampers its general efficiency, as it is productive of all sorts of dissatisfaction and disorder. Indirectly it gives to the covetous and greedy after wealth too much territory for self-aggrandizement. And not only the Good Book, but also the experiences of times past and present, pronounce avarice to be the root of all evil. More restlessness, disorders and crime are to be traced to these practical demands of the day than most men would incline to believe. It may pass under different terms, but it is nevertheless the characteristics of an age whose demands for utility is already evidently beginning to defeat its own purpose. At present it seems as if this vigilant search for, and the endeavor to monopolize, that which passes as practical on the market would eventually array against each other individual, classes and organizations in grim determination to solve, with whatever means there are at hand, the ever multiplying problems of an increasingly progressive age. Perhaps, it is to come to the question of the survival of

the fittest; the more humane principle of live and let live is obviously losing ground.

But this trend of affairs is making sad havoc of those higher enjoyments in life which, after all, are designed for entering largely into the warp and woof of existence. The unsympathetic criterion of practical worth does not consider the finer sensibilities and aspirations that give tone, impulse and significance to the endeavors of man. In consequence, man no longer very much inclines toward intellectual conceptions of excellence, beauty and nobility of soul-life, nor endeavor to follow those in ordinary vocations and to embody them in his personal life.

The incessant demands of this electric age, where everything is pushed or pushed, tend to rob the individual of his individuality, make him a soulless automaton, or a heartless despot, and, in either case, to deprive him of the enjoyment higher ideals would furnish. As a result, active and aggressive in our respective fields of activity, but at the same time also prone to forget that there is something nobler in an occupation than living-getting, or money getting, and, that a man may amass millions and still be a failure. The maxims of low prudence are daily dinning in our ears until we begin to repress the longings for the pleasures of a higher life and forget that the hand can not safely reach higher life than does the heart.

It is a mooted question whether the advantages offered by a money-crazed and luxury-loving age increase the contentment and happiness of men, or vice-versa. A considerable number of philosophic as well as untutored minds would tell us that the people of today do not enjoy so full a measure of satisfaction as did the aborigines of this country following their ideals. Our people enjoy superior advantages, are highly endowed in various ways, but notwithstanding, to often pursue with fickle ardor the cloudy countenance of a distorted idealism. The multitudes generally discover the idealistic, or rather what is left of it, in the unattractive garb of material interest and gain. Prevailing ideas, sentiments and aims obviously corroborate this state of affairs.

A cheerless competency settling over the general pursuits of men, a disheartening sense of the emptiness of earthly pleasures and glory, and a deep-rooted and widespread dissatisfaction at the trend of affairs constitute the silent, but not less eloquent, disapprobation with which nearly all classes of men greet the increasing demands of an age too one-sidedly practical.

And time has few constructive measures of a cheering nature to offer, it seems. But then, reconstruction must inevitably be preceded by more or less destructive forerunners. The ground must be cleared for the erection of the more magnificent edifice of the future. And it may be that our age stands before the portals of an era of reconstruction the like of which the annals of history hitherto have not had occasion to record. If so, then this intensely practical age, under the tributes of which we all in a measure groan, will stand forth but as a brilliant link in that mighty chain of events which encircles humanity on its march from the cradle to the grave.

JOHN E. OSKUND.

HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY YEAR

Some Suggestions For 1913 That Are Worth Reading

IN THIS valley of life, on each side of which are the mountains of eternity, resolve to walk onward, taking the sunshine and the rain in good spirit, helping anyone whom you will meet on the way.

Suppose your life is in the home. Resolve to make that home brighter and better for your presence. Do not spoil the happiness of life that is every human being's heritage. Rather add to the joy of the hearth, so that when you go, never to pass this way again, a loving thought will be your meet.

Have you children? Then remember that once you were young. Be kind to them. Never let it be said that you needlessly turned a child's laughter to tears.

If you have gossiped either over the back fence or over the tea cups, here is your opportunity to make a change for the better. Of course, you cannot recall the unkind word that has gone on the snowball proclivities growing to unrecognizable proportions. But you can resolve to guard your tongue and to think twice before you speak once.

Each day read one beautiful thought, do one beautiful deed. It may be just a phrase of your favorite author. The sunset or a sunbeam or a child's golden curls will give you a picture, if you are looking for it. And as for doing something—that's easy.

Don't polish the waiting bench with "hard luck" stories. Stir yourself. Hard luck never caught up with a hustler. This is true of any kind of work. Resolve to fight your battle minus weak excuses.

Look at your face. Do the lines curve down or up? It's never too late to smile. A frowner is an unwelcome companion. If persons make an effort to miss you, change the lines.

Be honest! Even with yourself. Some beings can believe their own lies. Don't enroll your name on the

self-deceivers' list. There is no hope for you if you do so.

Have you been a little bit shaky toward any ideal of conduct that you have formed? Surely you have a conduct standard! Well, what's the use if you have ignored it? Make it a potent factor in the coming year. And may the standard be the best ever!

Whatever your work, let it be done better than it has been done before. In this world each one is filling a place. If you haven't any special work, make it. Don't be a parasite.

If you have cheated any human being of his right, be ashamed and be penitent. And don't stop there. Resolve to make restorations of that which you have stolen. This may be a word of praise; it may be a dollar and it may be—many things. Who are you in this great scheme that you should withhold that which is due?

Don't be a doormat. The homely rug on which people wipe their dirty shoes has a place; but you are a human being with a spine and a heart and a soul. Doormats must not be on your calendar.

Being a human being, you have the ability to grow in all ways toward the superhuman, the ideal! If you grit your teeth and hold back as a recalcitrant, ignorant child, you are shining. You cannot stand still; you either move forward or backward.

That question of love—how are you going to answer it this year? If you have closed the doors of your heart against it, be merciful to yourself, if to no one else. Let love for some human being enter your door. It is the greatest force in the world. Let it come into your life!

Whatever has fallen before you in the past, remember that there is another day, and with it another chance. Make the present year the best of your life.

"SONG OF THE ABSENT" A PARODY

(Written for The Times)

By the cold blue waters of Coos Bay, with the frowning crags o'erhung,
Where the rocky cliffs are steep along the shore;
Where the stalwart pines, that firmly to the rocky ledge have clung
With the years are bending downward, more and more;
Where the waves are gently lapping at the foot of mountains grim,
And the current, ever running, sweeps along;
Where the mountain streams come dashing from the peaks so far and dim,
And in eager haste seem bursting into song.

O, it's back again to Coos Bay where my heart it fain would be,
There where countless peaks on peaks arise;
Great grim giants ever in a far stretched cloudy sea,
Thrusting up their heads towards the skies;
And where'er I wander in the world so far away,
Where above is clear the Heaven's dome,
Still I see the mountain shrouded in the mist so gray,
In my Coos Bay home.

And along the valley, where the mist is floating low,
When the mountain sides are dark with rain—
Thro' the misty curtains distant hills are capped with snow—
Here the lingering autumn would remain.
Golden streaks are showing on the hills, that late were green,
Where the spruce and alder strip beside the pine;
And one feels the good of living in the air so crisp and keen,
When old winter creeps down the steep incline.

Back again to Coos Bay there my heart is turning now,
Now I breathe again the mountain air,
Now I drink in nature as my heart remembers how
And anon to me the world is fair,
Let them sing of other lands that are to others blest,
But altho' in distant parts I roam,
Still my heart goes backward to the mountains of the West,
In my Coos Bay home.

Where the old Coos River sweeps along to join the ocean's tide,
Edging little clearings here and there;
Narrowing 'neath the mountains to again be spreading wide,
Where the valley opens broad and fair;
By the sedgy marshes with the wild duck in the reeds,
By the myrtlewoods, with roots beneath the stream,
By the beauteous meadow where the deer at evening feeds—
There it is that nature reigns supreme.

Backward, ever backward, O, it's there my heart would be,
What altho' I wander far away,
Still the call of nature bids my heart be bounding free,
So the cities cannot make me stay,
Let me see the torrent and my heart is satisfied,
Where golden falls go rushing into foam,
And let me see the mountains towering upward in their pride,
In my Coos Bay home.

—M. E. H., Marshfield.

The Family Man

—BY—
BOB STANLEY.

He's goodnatured fellow with clothes old and yellow and hat that's misshapen and worn. He finds all his pleasure in drinking a measure of good things in books that are torn, and marked with the fingers of small boy who lingers in ecstasy over each page where pictures are printed in ink that is tinted, attractive to youth and to age. He saves at his money to buy milk and honey for wife, and daughters, and boys, and ne'er spends a dollar for shirt or for collar, nor glances at world and its joys. His coat is all sticky from hands that are tricky in searching his pockets for sweets. He once was a dresser, but no husky presser now hands him a bill on the streets.
His friends in the city look on him with pity—this man who was once beau ideal—and whistle that sonnet with whiskers upon it, about wedding bells, ever real. But, these do not matter. It's all idle chatter to pity the poor family man. He's happy as ever. Change this life? Oh! never. Just beat his home life if you can.

FRANK WAITE'S VIEWS.

Says More Railroads Are Headed Towards Coos Bay.

The Roseburg Review says:

"Frank B. Waite of Sutherlin, left here last evening for San Francisco where he was called on urgent business. Like all residents of Douglas county, Mr. Waite believes that the Oregon Electric is headed for Roseburg and that construction work on the line will commence some time during the present year. Mr. Waite also believes that a branch line will be constructed from Sutherlin to the Coast. Although not definitely stated, it is believed that people interested in Sutherlin have offered the Hill interests terminal grounds and \$100,000 in cash in the event they will build their extension to the Coast from that place instead of

from Roseburg. Whether this offer is being considered by the Hill interests at this time is not known."

A FRESH SUPPLY of FRESH OLYMPIA OYSTERS JUST RECEIVED. Free Delivery. PHONE your ORDER to PHONE 73-J.

When Burton Holmes recently gave his celebrated travelogue on "Panama" at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, he was seriously interrupted by continual coughing of the audience. No one annoys willingly and if people with coughs, colds, hoarseness, and tickling in throat, would use Foley's Honey & Tar Compound, they could quickly cure their coughs and colds and avoid this annoyance. For sale by Lockhart & Parsons, the Busy Corner.