

# Demand Greater Than Output

Following is the substance of a letter from the Ford factory regarding the 200,000 Ford Cars being built in 1913.

Unless you can get your prospective purchasers to realize the importance of placing their orders now, it will be useless to take their orders late for it is going to be impossible to meet the demand.

It is true we are putting out 200,000 Ford Cars, but when you stop and think of getting a Ford Car complete for \$700 you can readily see why our output will be sold before spring is here.

In order to do justice to your business and your prospective Ford buyers get your orders in now. Remember the railroad companies cannot supply cars in sufficient quantities to insure transportation. It is a serious question of how to get Ford Cars to the Coast fast enough.

## PRICES:

- 5-Passenger \$700.00
- 2-Passenger \$625.00
- Delivery Car \$725.00

Delivered in Marshfield



## Equipment:

- Top Wind Shield
- Speedometer
- Jiffy Curtains
- Tools Repair Outfit
- Black Enamel Finish
- Lights Horn

## JUST RECEIVED

a large shipment of Ford Parts, consisting of everything for the Ford Car, same to be sold at factory price.

Instead of having to send to Portland or to the factory for what you might need, I have installed a service department in Marshfield, where I can take care of any and all Ford owners, at any and all times.

This service department is something entirely new for Coos county. Just think: to be able to drop in and get parts that most cars have to wait from one to six weeks for.

If you want a car that is inexpensive to operate, one that you keep repaired yourself, one that anybody can drive easily, one that will run over all kinds of roads and one that is represented in the county with a service department,

## BUY A FORD

Remember: I have a complete automobile supply stock consisting of everything for any and all kinds of machines.

Seeing is believing. Drop in at

## Goodrum's Garage

347 CENTRAL AVENUE.

PHONE 373-L

## Do Your Painting While the Sun Shines

is the new version of an old adage. Take advantage of this fine weather to brighten up your home. We are prepared to serve you with positively the

## Largest Stock of Paints, Oils and Varnishes in Coos County

Oils, White Lead and paint was never cheaper in the present time. Don't miss such an opportunity. We have a full line of stains and varnishes and paint brushes.

Don't Forget We Handle Wall Paper



## SLAW WILL BE IMPROVED

Court Sets Time of Hearing  
Petition of Wendling-Johnson Co.  
FEB. 7.—The county court practically granted the petition of John E. Ryan, who some time ago asked the court, in behalf of the Wendling-Johnson Lumber Co., to declare a portion of the river a public highway for the purpose of transporting logs. The court was made setting Tuesday, Feb. 10 at 10 a. m., as the time

for any property owners along the river or anywhere else to object to such action upon the part of the court and for the final hearing of the petition. The court will advertise the meeting in both papers at Cottage Grove, both papers in Eugene and the Florence paper and if there are no objections to the plan the petition will be granted.

The petition asks that the Wendling-Johnson Lumber Company be allowed to improve the Sluslaw between a point where the river crosses the east line of township 20, south of range 5 west, down to the head of tide near Mapleton, in section 2, township 18 south of range 10 west. The company asks the right to widen, deepen, straighten and remove obstructions from the stream, to build dams and to make other improvements so that its logs may be safely floated down stream to mills that will hereafter be built on the lower river.

## OUR AGE

### Some Interesting Thoughts On Present Conditions

There is a "sick man" over in Europe who at the present time attracts universal attention. Interest centers not so much in the nature of his illness perhaps, as in the probable solution of the international wrangle he has caused. Disputes and fights constitute serious pastime to any man, in spite of brawn and muscle, but a sick man had better take a thorough inventory of his chances for victory before assuming the attitude of the undaunted soldier. The sick man in this case has, no doubt, overlooked this most essential precaution as the odds are evidently very much against him in the struggle.

In conformance with general custom the sick man receives little sympathy from the greater number of sister states. Indeed, there are even those who earnestly hope to see the united efforts of the plucky Balkan states sound the death-knell of Ottoman rule on European soil. Others, on the other hand, trust that Turkey shall ere long establish her superiority in arms over the allies. In either case, the interest obviously springs out of selfish ground. The viewpoint from which we observe things often decide what the verdict shall be.

It is somewhat of a puzzle to the average man by what standard an entire nation is adjudged to be sick. Presumably there must be symptoms indicative of health or sickness, and men with a broad scope of wisdom, a penetrating insight and highly developed powers of discrimination deduce less known truths from symptoms already known. In this connection it must be borne in mind that the conclusion may differ materially. The optimist will pronounce everything good where the pessimist finds cause for being alarmed. Thus a nation, like an individual, may at the same time be pronounced to be both well and sick by authorities. The result is that a nation as well as an individual cannot to a mathematical certainty be sure whether he is well or sick, or both at the same time.

Take a survey of our own country, for instance. Prior to the last election circulars were sent broadcast over the entire country containing briefs of the brilliant achievements to be accredited to the administrations of the various political parties. These enumerated in glowing terms the unprecedented wave of prosperity ushered in by the

wise regulation and prudent foresight of the respective aspirants in times past. Hand in hand with these self-laudatory documents came bitter denunciation of the regime and the achievements of opposing parties, and, superadded to these, prophecies in no uncertain terms of impending national disaster in case the rivals should be entrusted with the safety of the ship of state.

Some claimed the nation was enjoying the health and vigor of youth; others that it was abused, worn out, almost on the verge of despair. Besides, all of them wanted to make pretty plain that they, and nobody else, spoke the entire truth. It is easy to discern the conclusion that people inevitably must come to.

Now, there is no imminent danger in calling ourselves sick, as long as nobody joins in the refrain. But the minute some one else tells the same story our ire flames up, which of course, makes manifest that we do not always mean everything we say. Consequently, it will do for political opponents to scatter broadcast the statement that the nation is sick enough to go to the wall, but no other nation may parrot that statement. Such breaks of the etiquette current among the brotherhood of nations have in times past caused the offender deeply to regret his indiscretion, and, indirectly helped to increase the self-esteem of our own country.

Yet, we cannot deny that there are some symptoms found that cause reflection. They stand forth as characteristics of our age and therefore should not be entirely ignored. If some intelligible meaning could be derived from the indistinct babble of complaints echoing throughout the length and breadth of our commonwealth, it would seem to indicate that something very essential to the enjoyment of life were lacking. The statesmen, the politicians, the philosophers, the preachers, the educators, the business men, the working men, perhaps, would all of them give information as to the many things needed. But they would differ both as to the causes and the remedial agents. The difficulty of surveying the entire field and the disposition to look at circumstances almost exclusively from their respective angles of interest renders an impartial diagnosis almost impossible.

As soon as we start to unstrung

the chaplet of our carking cares we meet only an embarrassment of choice. Some attribute the sense of deficiency to politics or business; others to social problems, religion, militarism, or anything else under the sun. People are everywhere hurried, worried, preoccupied and dissatisfied. They evidently lack something very essential to enjoyment of life, but what this is seems to be the problem.

And everyone has his arms filled with a multitude of difficulties, any one of which would be enough to spoil his temper. There is too much pepper in the soup to make it palatable; too much blood and lime and energy spent in the conflicts of petty politics; too much jealousy encountered in the world of literature and art to open the springs of inspiration and brilliant achievements; too much competition in business to sleep good; too crowded a curricula of study to permit the student to enjoy school life; too ceaseless an industrial struggle to give the working classes some respite. There is no pleasure more in governing, because authority is diminishing, everybody commands and nobody obeys; no enjoyments longer in teaching, because everybody is teacher and indolence occupies the school bench. Everywhere matter and circumstances for discontent; everywhere evidence of disquietude and unrest.

In the meanwhile our age hurries us on toward some sort of a goal. Its bosom trembles and heaves with intense, ill-suppressed emotion and its sinews steel themselves as for some tremendous exertion. Its master geniuses scour the annals of bygone times and events to find some pacifying analogy. And when they consider their efforts to be crowned with success they immediately formulate the necessary prognostications and trumpet these abroad, but there is a tremor running like a thread through it all which reveals the uncertainty of the forecast.

It should, however, not be overlooked that history points us to upheavals fully as destitute of idyllic tranquility as our age in which, nevertheless, the equipoise of affairs was retained. The very seriousness of the conditions, the uncertainty of the morrow and the social convulsions seemingly acted as new springs grandest triumphs of human joy have been celebrated in the midst of severe trials and tests of endurance. But, then, the stimulating power of internal harmony called its devotees to its colors, thereby exemplifying the necessity of first making proper terms with the inner self, before the circumstances of outward life can be utilized in carrying out their noble purposes in man's existence. The contagious element sweeping the country like a mighty tidal wave is based, no doubt, as much on the inner life of the individual as on exterior conditions.

There are a greater number of dissatisfied people in our age, perhaps, than there ever was in any previous era. But there are also a goodly number of individuals, in every walk of human life, today, who are at variance with life itself. Now, nobody can reasonably expect to feel contented, whatever his circumstances, who, after all, doubts whether life is really worth living or not. No wonder there is violent abuse of man's sensations. No wonder that divers excesses blur the senses and vitiate the faculties for happiness. Irregularities imposed upon life poison the very springs of pleasure, and, since the desire to live is persistent in spite of everything else, satisfaction is often secured in cheats and haubles. The voracies of enjoyment congregate about the expiring form of pleasure endeavoring to reanimate it; no effort, no expenses is being spared, the possible and the impossible alike are being called in to assist, still no process has so far been either discovered or invented that would distill a drop of veritable contentment to the individual who is at variance with existence itself.

We might well ask ourselves absent such people, are they sick or well? Naturally, the same question suggests itself to our minds when considering a people that evince the selfsame traits. The answer we will leave to everybody interested in questions of this nature. We are aware beforehand that the answer will to a large extent be guided by circumstances and the viewpoint of the individual or class.

JOHN E. OSUND.

Valentines at Coos Bay Cash Store. Prices, one-half cent up.

Libby COAL. The kind YOU have ALWAYS USED. Phone 72, Pacific Livery and Transfer Company.

## ODD TALE OF LOST REASON

Supt. J. Firhar of Medford Is Located in California Poor Farm.

OAKLAND, Cal., Feb. 7.—After wandering about the country in a state of mental aberration for four years, J. Firhar, former county superintendent of schools at Medford, Oregon, was discovered as an inmate of the county infirmary here and was given transportation back to Medford by the board of supervisors.

Four years ago Firhar suffered a mental lapse and wandered away from home in a state of dementia. He left his wife and two children unprovided for and every effort was made to locate the missing man.

On July 7, 1911, a man giving his name as Richards applied to the county infirmary for admission. He was ragged and unkempt and remembered nothing of his past. He was admitted and under the care of Dr. C. A. Willis he has been gradually regaining strength and mental balance.

Two weeks ago his memory suddenly returned and with it the fact of his long forgotten past. He wrote to his wife in Medford of his whereabouts. The latter, who was keeping a little confectionery store in her efforts to send her children to school, telegraphed to T. B. Goodpasture, a real estate man of Los Angeles, and Firhar's uncle. Goodpasture appeared before the supervisors and offered to take Firhar back to his home. The requisition was made and the two departed.

Firhar is 47 years of age and is well known in Medford, where formerly he held a position of superintendent of schools.

### TODAY'S MAN.

When the sages say, "It can't be done at all,  
It will only prove a failure and a mess,"  
Comes a fellow with a quiet sort of gall,  
Just remarking, "We can put it through I guess!"  
There's an old and battered briar in his face,  
And his eyes are calmly humorous and clear,  
For there seems to be an easy sort of grace  
And power in the civil engineer!

He will tunnel through the quicksand and the muck,  
He will bridge whatever gulf you may want to span,  
He has Vision, he has Energy and Pluck  
If you want a Working Dreamer, he's your Man,  
In the Jungle, fighting fever and the damp,  
In the desert where the torrid sun's a glare,  
In the bleak and frozen North he pitches camp,  
If you show him where the job is—he'll be there!

He has turned the wildest fiction into truth,  
He has made the maddest fancies into steel,  
He is alive, he is Daring, he is Youth  
Crushing Doubt and all Disaster under heel!  
He's Efficiency—that always finds a way!  
He is Faith, which conquers Unbelief and Fear,  
If you're seeking for the Spirit of Today  
You will find it in the Civil Engineer,  
—Berton Braley.

A Kind Word for the Human Race.  
David Grayson, writing one of his new "Adventures in Contentment" in the January American Magazine, says:  
"I have always believed that men in their innermost souls desire the highest, bravest, finest things they can hear or see or feel in all the world. Tell a man how he can increase his income, and he will be grateful to you and soon forget you, but show him the highest, most mysterious things in his own soul and give the word which will convince him that the finest things are really attainable and he will love and follow you always."

Valentines at Coos Bay Cash Store. Prices, one-half cent up.

## Do You Really Know

### What You Are Buying?

"I am a judge of cresses," said the peasant, when he was eating hemlock. Many of us would be apt to eat hemlock under the impression that it was cress if relied upon our own judgment.

In the same way your self-reliance may cause you to buy poor values in the belief that you recognize high quality. Blind buying is the germ of dissatisfaction. It may also be one of the many reasons for the increased cost of living.

You can avoid dissatisfaction, lower to some extent your cost of living, and gain a truer familiarity with the values of the things you purchase by relying on the word of the man who is not in business for a day—the merchant who advertises in THE TIMES.

It will repay you to read the advertisements in THE TIMES closely and constantly every day.

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