

INVEST YOUR MONEY AT HOME

THE greatest opportunity for investment in real estate lies right at your door. The one biggest prospect for general advance in realty values in the entire west is on Coos Bay. Wherever you find a deep water harbor at the terminus of a great trans-continental railroad system, you will find a great city. Coos Bay is such a deep water harbor; the railroad is now building here. Furthermore Coos Bay is more favorably situated than most seaports in that it is the only practicable one along a coast line 700 miles long. Read the United States government reports on Coos Bay if you want reliable information that is at the same time thoroughly optimistic.

And then remember that you can buy a fifty-foot lot less than one mile from the S. P. station by paying \$25 cash and \$10 each month until the purchase price of \$300 is paid. It's a real opportunity but like most opportunities so easy to ignore until they have passed by.

Inquire about First Addition to Marshfield at our office. We'll furnish you with plat and full information.

REYNOLDS DEVELOPMENT CO.

COKE BUILDING

TELEPHONE 160

SURVEY IN ALASKA.

Alex Hartle of Myrtle Point on Long Journey.

The Myrtle Point Enterprise says: "A. C. Hartle, who has been spending the winter in and around Myrtle Point, left Sunday evening to join the party of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, who will work on the southern end of the Alaska-Canada boundary this season. Mr. Hartle has been a member of this party several seasons and the winter before this one remained in the north, having charge of the winter camp. The boundary survey above the Arctic circle was completed last year, and this year they will land at Cordova, from which place they will go by pack train to the scene of this year's operations. Eckley Guerin, formerly of this place, who has also been a member of the party for a number of seasons, will probably join them from Washington, D. C., where he has been in the Coast & Geodetic office the past winter."

'SAVS SILKIVK SHIV

"When you do find a boy that's cryin' 't' git a education he seems 't' think everybody in th' world ought 't' help him."

"It pays to be honest, but it don't pay enough 't' suit some fellows."

"You kin allus tell a self-made man if you'll keep your ears open."

"We all like our relatives when we're little."

"Platery won't hurt you if you don't swallow it."

"Nobody works as hard for his money as th' feller that marries."

Let every man resolve that he will sweep thoroughly before his own door before he criticizes the negligence of his neighbors.

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

LIQUOR QUESTION AGITATED

Florence May Vote on Wet and Dry Question at Next Election.

FLORENCE, Ore., March 2.—Believing that it will be decided at the next annual city election in April, the people of Florence are beginning to determine their attitude towards the wet or dry question.

Two things, the advocates of a dry town say, prevent the situation from being really alarming—one is the women's votes, the other is that the question cannot be decided, as is believed at the next annual election in April, because of the attorney general's decision that the liquor question can be voted on only on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

The argument is being advanced that Florence, for its own salvation, must anticipate Glenada in granting licenses. This is weakened, however, by the repeated promises of Glenada that it will not go wet.

At the next election there is almost certain to be an attack made upon the charter, which it is claimed is a "hand-me-down" of the large and ancient stock given by the state to small towns several years ago; and probably there will be an attempt to introduce a liquor clause, enabling the council to grant licenses similar to the charter of Tillamook.

CURRY WILD HOGS.

A couple of months ago George Dunn of Encre Creek, drove 89 head of hogs into the oak woods at Panther Camp and the "Old Diggins" on Lobster Creek to fatten on the acorns. The hogs scattered and at present it looks as though Mr. Dunn will not be able to get more than half of them out of the woods this season. The others will probably go wild and help to increase the number of "sleek-ears" that already roam that section.—Port Orford Tribune.

Times' Want Ads bring results.

COQUILLE TO IMPROVE.

Plans Made for Front Street Project Adopted.

The Coquille city council met in adjourned meeting Wednesday night, all councilmen except Mr. Pierce, who is in San Francisco, being present. The first street improvement and the matter of an amendment to the charter were the important features of the session, although the question of providing an adequate lighting system had its regular inning. The city engineer presented specifications for the manner of grading and paving the thoroughfare referred to, and likewise estimated the cost of the improvement. The aggregate cost, was estimated at \$7,750.84 for a sixty-foot-wide grade and twenty-foot pavement, the amount to be apportioned among the property holders abutting the improvement. The grading without pavement figures \$11.71 per front foot. The distance is 3300 feet or thereabouts. The council adopted the report, and ordered the improvement.

An ordinance providing that an amendment to the charter, relating to the amount of indebtedness the council may incur, be submitted to the qualified voters at the ensuing election was presented and adopted. Other charter revisions were discussed at some length, one being provisions for the creation of improvement districts.—Coquille Sentinel.

BAND DANCE AT EAGLES HALL next SATURDAY night.

JUST RECEIVED

A large shipment of Electric Cut Glass Shades. Call and see our stock of glassware. We also have some of the latest designs in shower fixtures, from two light to five. Everything in electrical supplies.

Barnard & Langworthy

TONIGHT at The Royal

The best yet in a Musical program by the SISTER TEAM. The Misses Mildred Owens and Ruby Pine.

These pretty and attractive young ladies have proven their ability to bring applause from the large audiences and will give their admirers and others a chance to see them at the Royal again tonight.

—ALSO— 4000 feet of all new pictures. The best show for quality and price in the city.

Follow the crowd to the place. PRICES: Balcony 10c. Lower floor, 15c.

I Will Furnish Your House on the Installment Plan

W. K. Wiseman 311 North Front St. Bus. Phone 296-X; Res. Phone 166

THE WHINE AND THE SONG

By Dr. Frank Crane

The easiest and cheapest form of expression is the cry of pain. The baby's first utterance is a howl; the triumph of manhood or womanhood is the tone of joy. All brutes growl, whine, or in some other way signify that they are suffering; only man laughs, laughs in mirth, that is, for the sound made by the hyena or the Australian laughing jackass is not funny.

Almost all young authors begin with agonies; many never get any further. Some illustrious sinners are in the category, but no matter how great they are this element of whining in them adds nothing to their stature and is just as wrong as if it had been the fault of a lesser man.

Swift cursed the day he was born; likewise did Job. Goethe is supposed to have enjoyed a life of singular serenity, yet, in his old age, he told Eckermann, his biographer, that he had not had a month of real happiness in all his life. Dr. Samuel Johnson, when asked if a man ever were really happy in the present time, replied: "Never but when he was drunk." And the poet Watson wants to know.

In this house with starry dome, Flored with gem-like lakes and seas, Shall I never be at home, Never wholly at my ease?

Now, I venture to say that the least child playing in the sun, the most modest mother giving her breast to her child and smiling at the future, the commonest pair of lovers walking May meadows and chortling in silly gladness, the lowest workman enjoying his pipe at the close of the day after a dinner of boiled beef and cabbage, are greater in their contentment than these children of genius are in their pain.

For the value of the days of our life of events, is what the soul secretes from them. Sorrow, tragedy, horror, and all sorts of things are abnormal. They are a part of life as a boil or a bunion is a part of the body.

It is good to be born, and it is good to live; and any philosophy or religion that does not bring you to this conviction does not ring true.

Not that one should be gay and festive and dance and tra-la-la even at a funeral; not that one should not give to Melancholy "her tribute just, her sighs and tears and musings holy"—but that beneath all this the great and true soul always tastes an inward joy, a deep and unshaken peace.

Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, yet he was not a sad and cheerful body; on the contrary, almost his last words to his disciples were: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you."

The whole universe, the moving stars, the varying seasons, the myriads of living things, all are attuned to the harmony of joy; and the soul that has come to basic truth has come to "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The language of the brute is a whine; the utterance of angels is a song.

FAVORITE FICTION.

"Let it go this week. I'll pay you next."

"After the fifteenth your salary will be raised."

"All bills paid the tenth of the month."

"You look so cute in that gown."

Have your job printing done at The Times office.

The Girls of Ravenna, Neb.

A COOS BAY girl, one whose popularity promises she will not linger long in the list of eligible lassos, brought to the editor of The Times, a copy of the following letter, which was originally printed in the Ravenna (Neb.) News. Under its slang and pertness it contains a pathetic note that should appeal to any man, particularly those in the state of bachelorhood. Here is the letter in full:

Mr. Editor: The girls dared me to write this and I dare you to print it. I've heard that papers don't print anonymous letters, but when you read this you'll see why I simply could not sign my own name to it without losing my goat. But for the sake of every marriageable girl in Ravenna I think you should print my letter. I sure have a kick coming and so have a lot of other girls who would make A-1 1913 model wives.

Now I hate to be blunt, but a lot of these Ravenna boys sure need a good jolt. There are a hundred or more marriageable girls in this live burg and down in their hearts every one of them will admit—if she's honest—that there is a mob of able-bodied young men who are side-stepping this marrying business. I can name over fifty strewn all the way from Tod Town to Bloody Run who ought to marry. Every mother's son of them has one or more "Janess" on his staff. Sundays he works her old folks for a chicken dinner, wears out the parlor sofa on stormy nights and peddles his little pet line of stushy gush, but when a good show oozes into town—Oh, you vanishing kid! He stags it, or "has to work, tonight." Some lumpy work, nicht wahr?

I am pretty well provided myself and the gink that can pry me loose and coax me to tackle this "two-lives-as-one" business has sure got to go some. Nix on the Roosevelt full-baby-buggy war cry for mine, unless—well, you never can tell. I have got no gob of gloom to work off, but looking at it from a patriotic viewpoint, I really think there ought to be more mating among the young people of Ravenna and vicinity. It's a fine country, but it needs people. Now I have had the same strong arm around me til my back aches, and I have heard these

same worn-out Sunday night hints about what a lonely life a single man lives till I know them by heart—words and music. But you can always count on the quick get-away when the ice gets too thin. Nothing stirring in the proposal business.

Oh, they are a cautious crowd, these Ravenna lads! A girl I know tread one indiscreet biped in pants who had fudged over the dead line and actually talked marriage. Next day he was back with a tale of woe about the High Cost of Living, the Drudgery that Threatens a Poor Man's Wife, etc. One night that same week we saw him joy riding with some ladies he probably would not speak to in daylight. But there is a lot of raw material in Ravenna and vicinity that would make good husbands, and it is time a marrying epidemic struck this town good and hard.

I can hear the Highbrows and Prims gasp already at this vulgar impertinence, but I am serious. I hate to sling slang along this way, but I want the element I am talking to to "get me." Look at the wedding records. Pretty slim, eh? And at that half the brides are imported from back east, parcel post paid by the groom.

On the job, boys. The girls will meet you half way. Here's to the Lotus Life—in Ravenna! The Times is not in the possession of the exact figures, but there is an undue number of unmarried men on Coos Bay and in Coos county. This is not because of a lack of attractive girls for the Coos county girls are famed for their beauty and brightness. That's why they are picked so promptly and early.

Possibly that's why George Goodrum, Ray Kaufman, Dr. Dix and numerous other eligibles are still unwed.

To these melancholy males and any other who would become a Bendick we point with hope, born of a desire to be first aid to the afflicted, to Ravenna, Nebraska. Many a lone Coosite might do worse than find solace in the corn-fed pulchritude of the wind-swept prairies and the epistolary appeal we have printed shows that there is enough pep in the Nebraska girl to keep brisk the blaze on the domestic hearth and the flame on the altar of matrimony constant-

are happy; but believe yourself wise and you are very likely otherwise.

The deed is everything; the fame is nothing.

The man who has piled up a fortune never wasted any time wishing he was rich.

People don't keep themselves nearly so busy hitting enemies from in front as friends from behind.

It's easy to be a success, as thousands of winners confess; no man's so obscure or unlucky or poor that he can't be a winner, I guess. And success, Mr. Man, doesn't mean a roll that would stagger a queen, or some gems of your own, or a palace of stone, or a wagon that burns gasoline. A man's a success, though renown doesn't place on his forehead a crown, if he pays as he goes, if it's true that he owes not a red in the dod-gasted town. A man's a success if his wife finds comfort and pleasure in life; if she's glad and content that she married a gent reluctant to organize strife. A man's a success if his kids are joyous as Katy H. Dids; if they're handsome and neat with good shoes on their feet, and roses and things on their lids. A man's a success if he tries to be honest and kindly and wise; if he's slow to repeat ad the lies he may meet, if he swats both the scandals and flies. I know when old Gaffer Pete Gray one morning was taken away by Death, lantern-jawed, the whole village howled and mourned him for many a day. Yet he was so poor that he had but seldom the half of a scud; he tried to do good in such ways as he could—he was a successful old lad!

—Walt Mason.

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

Even the bookworm will turn when he has finished the pipe.

Even a lazy man never gets tired running for office.

A fool can shatter a wise man's argument with an idiotic laugh.

When a man loses his heart his head has to do a lot of extra work.

Truth may also be a joy forever, but it is seldom a thing of beauty.

If a man is old and ugly, and his wife is young and beautiful, it may be a sign that he has more dollars than sense.

If every young man could see the girl he is in love with eating her dinner when nobody is watching her, the crop of old bachelors would increase.

Be so square that when you speak in meeting no man can say "Yes, that is all right, but you cheated me when you sold me that lumber."

The place to begin to set the world right by the inculcation of brotherly love is right among the folks we know.

The self-appointed superior class is an awful handicap to civilization.

It saves time and relieves impatience if we take and enjoy what we can get while we are waiting for what we want.

Believe yourself happy, and you

SEED POTATOES

American Wonder, Beauty of Hebron, Salinas Burbanks, Oregon Burbanks

When it comes to seed potatoes it is no idle boast for me to say I know exactly what you want and am in a position to supply the farmer with the best seed obtainable.

BLIGHT, DID YOU SAY?

What price Coos county paid this last year for planting the same old seed in the same old ground.

GET NEXT! PLANT GOOD SEED

I will sell any one from one sack up.

F. S. DOW

Telephone 278 Ocean Dock

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\$8.50 to \$25

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