

COOS BAY TIMES

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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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THAT GARDEN.

The garden we did in the spring, tra la, Gives promise of many a feed. It causes a mortal to sing, tra la, And wait for tomatoes to spring, tra la.

THIS is garden weather. The sun is shining from a clear blue sky and the robins are singing in the trees. It is meet to place the opalescent onion in the mellow crust of Mother Earth and confine the pristine pea in its dusky sepulchre, to spring forth in vast verdant verdure.

There is no doubt something in this. Gardening is good for the constitution. It aids appetite and encourages a certain rugged independence that harks back to primitive man. It tends to reduce the cost of living and the size of the waist band.

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

GOOD EVENING

When one works for something he believes to be right, he knows that every hour will increase the chances of his triumph, for he believes that back of truth stands God with an arm strong enough to bring victory to his side.—William J. Bryan.

WHEN LIFE IS YOUNG.

When life is young And hope is high, When the sunshine's gold And blue the sky, A man may sing— No need to try— When life is young And hope is high.

When life is old And hope is dying, When the skies are gray And the wind's sighing, The song man sings Is worth the trying— When life is old And hope is dying.

All women who pose are not models.

Politics is a good game, but a mighty poor business.

Some spinsters are so timid that they would jump at a proposal, they would jump at a proposal.

A drunken man will tell you everything he knows—but what's the use?

And some men like to talk to themselves because they like an appreciative audience.

One way to keep the boys on the farm is to install a motor to turn the grindstone.

THE FIXUP

TWO STORES.

Marshfield—North Bend

Save Money on Your Next Suit at Either Store

The Favorite Poet's Club

SOMETIME since, Captain T. J. Maegenn organized a "Favorite Poet's Club," among a number of Coos Bay lovers of the lulling music of poetry. Each member is requested to choose a favorite poem from a favorite author, which will be published for the purpose of stimu-

THE MOON.

(Selected by Capt. Maegenn from "Rokeby," by Sir Walter Scott.)

I. Hail thy cold and clouded beam, Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky! Hail, through the mists that o'er thee stream, Lend to thy brow their sullen dye! How should thy pure and peaceful eye, Untroubled, view our scenes below, Or how a tearless beam supply To light a world of war and woe!

II. Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now, As once by Greta's fairyside Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow Did then an angel's beauty hide, And of the shades I then could chide, Still are the thoughts of memory dear, For while a softer strain I tried, That hid my blush and calm'd my fear.

III. Then did I swear thy ray were no Was form'd to light some lonely dell, By two fond lovers only seen, Reflected from the crystal well, Or sleeping on their mossy cell, Or quivering on the lattice bright, Or glancing on their couch to tell, How swiftly wanes the summer night!

THE EDITOR'S FAVORITE.

THE CRITIC.

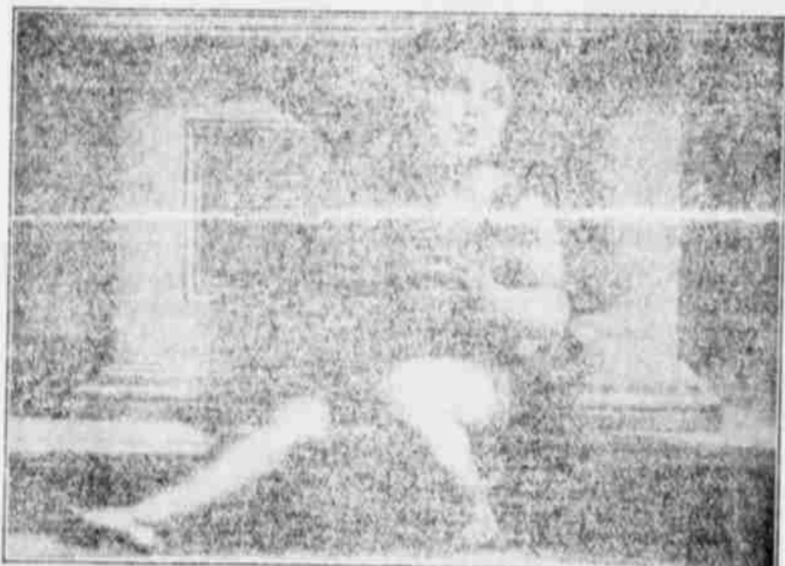
My father says the paper somehow ain't got up just right. He finds a lot of fault with it when he reads it at night. He says there ain't a god darn thing in it worth while to read. And that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people need. He tosses it aside and says it's strictly "on the bum."

He reads about the weddin's and he snorts like all git out. He reads the social doin's with a most derisive snort. He says they make the papers for the wimmen folks alone. He'll read about the parties and he'll fume and fret and groun; he says of information it does not contain a crumb. But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come.

He's always first to grab it and he reads it plumb clear through. He doesn't miss an item or a want ad—that is true. He says: "They don't know what we want, them darn newspaper gurn; I'm going to take a day some time and go and put 'em wise. It sometimes seems as though they must be deaf and blind and dumb. But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come."

CHERUBS IN ART

"LEARN ONE THING EVERY DAY"



No. 2. Angel, by Fra Bartolommeo

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SEVERAL of the greatest of Italian artists have been monks. This is not at all surprising, if one recalls the encouragement given to art by the patronage of Savonarola from the very first. Until after the middle of the fifteenth century, books were scarce. They were a luxury that the rich only could afford. But much that nowadays would be taught by books was in those days taught the unlearned by means of the pictures with which the churches were freely decorated. The Church was not slow to grasp the value of this educational agency, and we should doubtless have much less of the work of Italian artists had they not been cared for by the churches for which they were painted. And therefore, when a gifted brother became associated with any of these monastic orders, it was usually impressed upon him that he would best serve the interests and increase the fame of his brotherhood by continuing in his vocation as artist.

preaching. Indeed, close friends often disagreed about it. Albertinelli, Savonarola's artist friend, took the side of the enemies of Savonarola. The estrangement which this difference of opinion brought about seems not to have continued for very long.

The struggle in which Savonarola had engaged was not a passive one. It was a struggle of good against patriotism—a struggle of the Medici and a pope who hoped to add Florence to his temporal dominions against a man whose desire it was to give his city better laws and higher principles of living. As often happens, wrong seemed to triumph. Savonarola was strangled and his body buried.

Fra Bartolommeo did not desert the cause he had espoused. He took part in the defense of the monastery of Savonarola, San Marco, against the mob that stormed the place crying for the blood of Savonarola. But he did not vow that were he delivered alive from the mob, he would enter a monastery. Thus in the course of time he donned the robe of a monk, thinking to give up his work as a painter. But, encouraged by the abbot, he was induced after an interval again to take up his brushes. During the remainder of his life he painted many pictures, some of which are considered the treasures of the galleries of Europe.

Every day a different human interest story will appear in The Times. You can get a beautiful intaglio reproduction of this picture, with five others, equally attractive, 7 by 8 1/2 inches in size, with this week's "Mentor." In "The Mentor" a well known authority covers the subject of the pictures and stories of the week. Readers of The Times and "The Mentor" will know Art, Literature, History, Science, and Travel, and own exquisite pictures. On sale at The Times office. Price ten cents. Write today to The Times for booklet explaining The Associated Newspaper School plan.

NEW YORK TO GET MILITANT

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont Says English Suffragette Methods Will be Introduced.

LONDON, April 29.—In a statement today Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, of New York stated that the militant methods of the suffragettes of England will be introduced in New York if that city fails to awake to the cause of suffrage. The release of a license of Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst, the suffragette leader, was extended today for a week as a result of the visit to her by the governor of Holloway jail and the official doctor.

RASMUSSENS SELL OUT.

A deal was consummated Saturday whereby Rasmussen Bros. sold their saloon business to T. W. Blew, of Portland, possession to be given in about twenty days. The Rasmussens have been in business in Bandon for sixteen years.—Bandon World.

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms. Enquire at dressmaking rooms, 343 South Broadway.

A man's children are nearly always well trained—if his wife does it.

Riches have wings. This is the subtle moral to be learned from the eagle on our coins.

At Last the End

Tomorrow—Last day of the month and the last day of the

Bazar's Gigantic Closing Out Sale

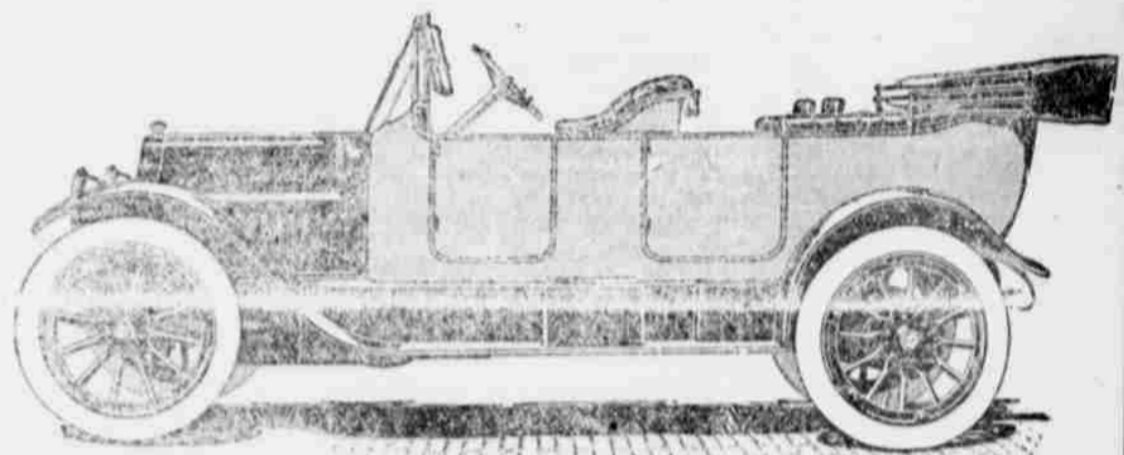
This day or never again will you be able to buy the bargains of your life in Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Furnishings. Almost given away. Come, hurry, for Wednesday is the last day.

LANGHORNE & LUTZ THE BAZAR

Store Open Evenings

THE Studebaker

Safe and Sure Everywhere



In a Studebaker you feel self-confidence in your car under all conditions. Whether on the paved streets of Marshfield or in a rough, cross country drive through mud and sand, you know you will get there quickly and safely. This confidence is a part of the STUDEBAKER. Every Studebaker owner HAS this confidence—a confidence bred in the strength, the power, the wonderful construction of the Studebaker cars.

The Studebaker "35" \$1415 Laid Down In Marshfield

This six-passenger car commands this confidence in the same degree as a car costing double this price. Because it is Studebaker built, true to the Studebaker tradition in every line and every part.

Ride in the Studebaker "35." Study its construction. You will know it is a Studebaker through and through. Such a car—a Studebaker "35"—for \$1415 in Marshfield will be a revelation to you as to what Studebaker means. We invite comparison of the Studebaker with cars selling for \$1000 more.

You will marvel, too, at the completeness of this car. A more perfectly equipped car has never been produced. Everything that you could ask for is on this car, nothing left to buy—electric self starter, electric lighting, speedometer, double ventilating wind shield, electric horn, jiffy curtains, demountable rims, tire irons.

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