

COOS BAY TIMES

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Official Paper of Coos County

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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LIVE AND LET LIVE. IF YOU wish people to love and honor you, you must make yourself lovable and honorable. And even then people's tastes honestly differ, and you must be willing, without resentment on your part, not to be idolized by certain people if it does not come natural to them. Respect, friendship, love, esteem for yourself may be inspired in others, but they may not be demanded of them.

Mean little souls that are unable to inspire these feelings in others and sometimes also great souls, who have forgotten to be considerate, are always trying to claim these things as a right.

They are always trying to own another soul to demand of it things that can never exist except as free gifts. They think that gratitude and love are commodities, goods held for exchange, sums that must be paid on demand in consideration for some other good.

Such demands may secure an apparent submission but never self-giving. They poison all the richest gifts of love with the venom of secret hate.

People are always saying to one another, "You person, I have been so good to you, how dare you not feel grateful to me?"

"You child of mine, for whom I have endured so much, now pay me back this debt of devotion and respect you owe me, and don't you forget."

"You friend, you neighbor, I have been counting on you to think and act in a certain prescribed way. What right have you to perplex and shock me by acting and talking in this unexpected manner?"

"You husband, you wife, haven't I suffered and worked for you? Now whether you feel like it or not, give me the affection I demand."

"You other souls within my reach, whom I have served, you are my property, see this price I have paid for your devotion. Do you think for a minute I gave you all that for nothing? Now I propose to collect or make you suffer as intensely as I know how."

The greatest tragedy in the world is this attempt to own people, this mutual strangling and sucking the life out of living spirits, this unseen slavery of everyone to everyone else, this perpetual, silent bullying, this spiritual loan-shark business that is often conducted in the very name of goodness or love or service.

Once, when I was a boy, I found some grubs which I thought would be good bait to use the next time I went fishing. So I put them in a box, shut them up together and then forgot them for several days. When I opened the box, I saw a loathsome, silent tragedy that has been an object lesson to me ever since. Those grubs were slowly eating one another up.

No community, no household, no association, no society of any kind can be happy or free until its members can learn to live and let live. Do that and all the rest will be given spontaneously, and it will be the real thing, too.

THE BEST PUBLIC SERVICE.

HENRY WALLACE, of Des Moines, Iowa, is editor of Wallace's Farmer and one of the leading writers on agricultural topics in the country. In recognition of his distinguished services he was made a member of the Country Life Commission of America by President Roosevelt. Mr. Wallace has recently been traveling in Europe and writes to his paper from Aberdeen, Scotland, as follows:

"The most surprising thing of all to us is the fact that this great business—the wharves and facilities for sale—are all owned by the city, and the city made a profit on it last year of 4000 pounds sterling, or \$20,000. In fact, these English or Scotch cities can teach us lessons in civil government. For example the city owns all the tram lines, or as we would say, the street car lines. They are owned by the city, run by the city, and, as one of the councilors told us, the net profit last year was 20,000 pounds sterling, or in round numbers, \$100,000. In fact, these Scotch cities own all the public utilities. That question is settled with them and settled for all time. Glasgow, for example, owns not merely the street cars, but her waterworks, her gas, her electricity, and, as I believe I told you,

sells gas at less than 46 cents, whereas we in Des Moines would be well satisfied if we got it at 80. It is true it is a large city, the second largest in the three countries in the British Isles, but it furnishes electricity and has coal which is mined at great depths at a cheaper rate than with us, at a rate which makes which makes electricity more economical for lighting purposes than gas itself.

Now the marvel of it all is that this tremendous business is managed by men who do the work for the honor of it. The opportunity of managing public business is one of the great prizes of life. No man can be elected to be either bailiff or a councilor, much less a lord provost (which corresponds to our mayor) without having done something worth while. Needless to say, there is no politics in it, but the bestowal of office is simply a mark of public confidence and the highest esteem. A Scotchman can do this for he has been trained from his youth up in the elementary principles of morality and loyalty to the public interest. Possibly some time in the far future we will reach the point in America when the tremendous operations connected with the government of a great city can be done without money and without price, solely for the honor of it.

It is one of the peculiarities of human nature that men do their best work without pay. When the country life commission was appointed, at its first meeting, President Roosevelt said, "I am asking you to work for nothing and to look after your own expense, but my experience has been that the best work that can be done is by men who do it for the love of it and not for sordid cash."

NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY.

WHERE is the man, woman or child that does not read a daily newspaper? Not every one can afford the luxury of travel, by train or trolley, to read advertising there. Home keeping folks do not tramp aimlessly up and down the broad highways after dark to read street signs. When they do so they have an objective point and are usually on pleasure bent, and such pleasure costs considerable money. But who is too poor to buy a paper? Indeed, who can afford to be without one?

The newspaper is an advertising medium of the first class, because it carries more in number and a greater variety of announcements than any other and at less cost. It gives greater value for its cost than any other medium.

The newspaper is the literature of the masses and is often their bible at the same time. Local and national advertisers can reach more people through the newspaper than through any other known medium of publicity and can get quicker, more immediate and lasting results by its use than by any other means.

The newspaper advertiser reaches all who read anything, and his constituency is practically unlimited. All who read news—and who do not?—read advertisements for the simple reason that they cannot help doing so. Indeed, the daily newspaper is, as has been wittily said, "a small body of literature (only its volume is underestimated) entirely surrounded by advertisements."

It pays to advertise—in the right medium. And among such the newspaper is supreme. It is new every day.—Fourth Estate.

THE NEWSPAPER'S RIGHT

JUDGE GOLDSBERRY, of the Common Pleas Court of Ross County, Ohio, has recently decided that a newspaper has a property right in news relating the actions of public officials. On this decision of public officials. On this decision he has enjoined Robert D. Alexander, auditor of Ross County, from preventing representatives of the Scioto Gazette attending sessions of the County Board meetings. The decision of the Ohio judge gives new force to the assertion that it is against public policy for public officials to hide their acts from the public, while they do when they conceal them from inspection by the newspapers.

News of official meetings belongs to the newspapers, because it belongs to the people, and the newspapers are the only adequate means of reaching them. Under the view of the Ohio judge this right is actual as well as understood. The responsibility of the newspaper is made all the more binding on that account.

A woman's idea of a happy demise—to be crushed to death in a shopping crowd.

MARCH 27TH IN HISTORY.

- 1513—Florida discovered by Ponce de Leon. 1632—Canada ceded to France. 1814—Jackson defeated the Creek. 1814—Jackson defeated the Creeks at Horseshoe Bend, Ala. 1854—England declared hostilities against Russia, opening the Crimean War. 1864—Union City captured by the Confederates. 1874—John G. Whittier, General Banks and Charles Francis Adams were among the candidate voted on to succeed U. S. Senator Chas. L. Sumner of Massachusetts. 1898—Court of inquiry reported: "Maine destroyed by mine."

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

GOOD EVENING

You know your duty. No man ever looked for it and did not find it.—Philips Brooks.

DON'T TROUBLE

There's a saying old and rusty (But good as any new); 'Tis: "Never trouble trouble Till trouble troubles you."

Don't you borrow sorrow— You'll surely have your share; He who dreams of sorrow Will find that sorrow's there.

If care you've got to carry, Wait till 'tis at the door; For he who runs to meet it Takes up the load before.

If minding will not mend it, Then better not to mind; The best thing is to end it— Just leave it all behind.

Then don't you trouble trouble Till trouble troubles you; You'll only double trouble And trouble others too.—Selected.

Borrow your neighbor's spectacles and have a look at your own faults.

Every Coos Bay man knows that one man is as good as another, but is convinced there are mighty few in his class.

FACT.

A swelled head makes a man a prig, And sudden trouble often brews; For few men ever get so big Some other man can't fill their shoes.

A California editor has notified the merchants of his town that he will soon be in need of a pair of shoes, a new shirt and a sack of flour, and will call for bids on these, as that is the custom of the merchants when they want four dollars' worth of printing.

When a Coos Bay married man brings his wife home a box of candy, she sits up half the night worrying herself sick wondering what awful thing he has done that he is trying to square himself for.

Feed some Coos Bay women flattery and they will get positively fat on it.

LONGING

I long to breathe the air of June And skip among the clover, Where I can trill a merry tune And ants crawl down my back.—Dorsey Kretzler.

I long to breathe the July air, And quit this humble station, And ramble by the river there, On my two-weeks' vacation.—Henry Huggins.

I want some plumes, quite a few, A basinet big to pack; I long to feel sand in my shoes And feel quite warm all over.—C. F. McGeorge.

Some Coos Bay men would rather borrow an umbrella than lay one by for a rainy day.

THE WISE GUY SAYS

"Don't hate to part with your salary. It won't go very far."

In San Francisco they are now dancing the "kitchen sink" a'long with the tango. Getting pretty close to the sloppy splash.

Some Coos Bay people seem to get a lot of enjoyment in keeping others from enjoying themselves.

This is a willing world. Half the people are willing to work and the other half are willing to let them.

A BEATITUDE FROM LIFE

Blessed are the poor in pocket, for they shall be practiced upon by physicians, sliced by surgeons, patronized by plutocratic philanthropists, purchased by politicians, researched by reformers, led about by lawyers awed by authorities, exorted by ecclesiastics, meddled with by ministers, explained by

DOLES FREE.

For Saturday only, with any purchase of 25 cents and over, we will give a beautiful doll free.

16 1/2c pure linen Crash Toweling; in white and unbleached. A new lot just received. Only 10c per yard

Beautiful Messaline Silk Petticoats, large variety of latest colors. The \$5.00 kind. Now on sale at \$3.45

Linen laces, beautiful patterns; all widths, values to 10c. While they last, per yard 5c

Ladies' fine Cashmerette Gloves; perfect fitting. Values to 40c; now 23c

Bleached Shaker and Outing Flannels. The 10c kind. 6 1/2c

Save Money Now by Trading Here at These Prices

For the next few days we are quoting prices that you cannot afford to pass by. Come early and take advantage.

15c and 18c Ladies' Fancy Steepleless Vests. On sale only 9c

Men's real Hog-skin and Horsehide gloves. A good value at 75c. Now only 38c

Men's pure linen White-Handkerchiefs. The 20c and 25c kinds. Only 12c

For Saturday only, with any purchase of 25 cents and over, we will give a beautiful doll free.

THE FAIR

Irving Block, Next to Chandler Hotel Central Avenue Satisfaction always or money refunded.

economists and curly castigated by courts.

STORY FOR THE DAY.

Down in Bandon there is a former prohibitionist who recently announced that when the wet and dry question came up again he was going to vote wet. It was a great surprise to his friends and one of his friends went direct to him and asked the reason for his change of heart and he expressed himself as follows: "Well, if we are going to stand for our women to wear peek-a-boos, waltzes, shadow skirts, tight form-fitting dresses and the vulgar hobble and our young women learning to dance the tango, the rag, the fish wiggle, the Texas Tommy, the bunny hug, the bear dance, the calf censor, the buzzard flop and so on down the line, the men folks had just as well have their saloons and the whole push go to h—l together."

INGRATITUDE

"This rain," I said to Farmer James, "will surely boost your little games. It is a good thing for the wheat, and you should chortle and repeat." He looked around with gloomy frown. "I hate to see rain coming down; we farmers want to sow our oats, and can't unless we sail in boats." I met him later when the sun was shining till it took the bun. "Why lookest thou?" I asked, "so tough?" This weather surely is the stuff. "We need a rain," the farmer said; "the grass is looking brown and dead; my squashes scarcely are alive; my peas and pumpkins do not thrive." I meet this farmer every week, and tears are always on his cheek; he wants dry weather when it rains, and when it's wet he still complains; he kicks because there's too much wind, and says the weather bureau's sinned, and when we have refreshing snow, he springs a little spile of woe. And when his crops in Autumn strain beneath their loads of golden grain, he scolds around and sadly yawns about the shortage in his crops. "Had there been less sunshine and rain," he wails, "I hadn't tilled in vain!" I sometimes wonder that the gods don't lamm him with their chastening rods; they must grow tired of roastings rude, complainings and ingratitude.—Walt Mason.

ISN'T IT TRUE?

"I AM A DOLLAR!" A little age-worn, perhaps, but still in circulation. Am proud of myself for being in circulation. I am no tomato can dollar—not I. This town is only my adopted home. I like it and hope to remain permanently. When I came out of the mint I was adopted into a town like this in another state. But after a time, was sent off to a big city, many miles away. I turned up in a MAIL ORDER HOUSE. For several years stayed in that city. Millionaires bought cigars with me. I didn't like that for I believe in the plain people. Finally a travelling man brought me to this town and left me here. I was so glad to get back to a smaller town that I was determined to make a desperate effort to stay. One day a citizen of this town was about to send me back to that big city. I caught him looking over a mail-order catalogue. Suddenly I found my voice and said to him: "Look here, if you will let me stay in this town I will circulate around and do a lot of

good. You buy a big beefsteak with me, and the butcher will buy groceries, and the grocer will buy hardware, and the hardware man will pay his doctor bill with me and the doctor will spend me with a farmer for oats to feed his horse, the farmer will buy some fresh meat from the butcher who will come around to the dentist to get his tooth mended. In the long run, as you see, I'll be more useful to you here at home than if you'd send me away forever."

"The many said it was a mighty stiff argument. He hadn't looked at it in that light before, so he went and bought the beefsteak, and I began to circulate around home again. Now, just suppose that all the other dollars that are sent to Chicago or Portland or some other big city were kept circulating right here at home, you could see the town grow. Honest, now, ain't I right?"

MYRTLE POINT POLITICS.

Candidates Are Nominated for City Election on April 6. The Myrtle Point Enterprise says: About forty voters, men and women, were present at the union caucus held at the rooms of the Myrtle Club last evening. Mayor L. A. Roberts was chosen to preside while Recorder E. A. Dodge acted as secretary.

Candidates for councilmen to take the places of W. J. Stroum and W. E. Lundy, whose terms expire this spring, were placed in nomination. The following names were brought before the meeting: T. D. Guerin received 28 votes; W.

J. Strong, 26; H. A. Schroeder, 15; W. C. Fessler, 16; and E. Brown, 17. The four receiving the highest number of votes were declared nominees as candidates to have their names put on the ballots at the election to be held Monday, April 6.

For candidates for Recorder and Treasurer, the present incumbents, L. A. Dodge and J. M. Arrington, respectively, were nominated.

After the business of the meeting was over R. A. Annin moved that the assemblage extend to W. E. Lundy, the outgoing councilman, a vote of thanks for his services during the past year. This carried unanimously.

KNOCKING THE KNOCKER

AFTER God had finished the rattle-snake, the toad and the vampire, He had some awful substance left, with which he made a knocker. A knocker is a two-legged animal with a corkcreeper suit, a waterlogged brain and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where other people have their hearts he carries a tumor of rotten principles. When the knocker comes down the street honest men turn their backs, the angels in heaven take precipitate refuge behind their harps and the devil baricade the gates of hell.—Exchange.

"Kid" Elberheld is the older rookie at the training camp this season. He is working out with the Dodg rs. By playing real ball in the Southern League last season Elberheld earned another chance to romp the big yard.

This Sign Answers Your Question



"Where can I get the articles advertised in my magazine?"

This sign means that we carry the goods (of our line) nationally

advertised in all the magazines, especially in Good Housekeeping, whose publishers add their guarantee to that of the manufacturers. Remember—

Advertised Goods are Quality Goods

They've got to be—to get into the pages of the national magazines. That's why we sell them and that's why you take no risk in buying them. Don't send away for goods—you can see them at our store. Just phone and we'll send you anything you want. We can't enumerate here all the lines we carry, so step in and let us show them.

We try to handle all the goods advertised in Good Housekeeping, as they will not permit any announcement of foods in their pages that have not received the endorsement of Dr. Wiley, as being free from all impurities and adulterations of any kind that would be injurious to the health of even the most delicate child.

We have just received a fresh line of the famous Crosse & Blackwells GOODS, INCLUDING PICKLED WALNUTS, PARMESAN CHEESE, PICKLED ONIONS, CHOW CHOW, FAMOUS ENGLISH MARMALADE

PHONE YOUR ORDERS EARLY Nasburg's Grocery GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STORE. Corner Commercial and Second St. Phone 213-J.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR

GROCERIES BY PLACING YOUR ORDERS WITH THE PORTLAND GROCERY

GOOD POTATOES, \$1.30 Per hundred CHOICE LEMONS 30c Per dozen CHOICE ORANGES, 30c Per dozen

Portland Grocery Store Phone orders to 192-J. Next door to Postoffice 307 South Broadway

The Royal TONIGHT

La Petite Janis in a pleasing and dainty act. Seven reels of new pictures. "Moths." With Moude Fealy supported by the incomparable Than-houser Company. This picture is the equal of any picture ever shown here. Taken from the book by Ouida. It is complete in four reels. "Calamity Ann's Sacrifice." This comic series of pictures never fail to bring good cheer in place of the blues. This time Calamity breaks up a motion picture company. "Mutual Weekly." Fifteen subjects. Don't be content with reading about things in the newspapers. Come and see them. Admission, lower floor, 15c; balcony, 10c. "Sapho" will be shown again Monday night.

The Parisian IRVING BLOCK FASHION'S CENTRE FOR MEN AND WOMEN'S NEW SPRING APPAREL NEW ARRIVALS IN MERCHANDISE EVERY DAY WATCH OUR WINDOWS