

COOS BAY TIMES

M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub. DAN E. MALONEY News Editor

Official Paper of Coos County

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EASTER. Oh, the fragrant Easter lilies How we love each snowy bloom. With the heart of golden glory And its soul of rare perfume.

EASTER is the morning of the year. It is the time of awakening. "Awake thou that sleepest," is the summons that shakes from the soft breezes, murmurs from the musical brooks, and without voice, sings to us from swelling buds, rising sap and spring-time grass blades.

Young hearts view the Easter awakening and read the Easter promise with partial vision. Those who have stood perchance many times within the shadow of the valley of death catch a note in the Easter music that untried hearts must miss.

Shall the grass awake and the human feet that tread its emerald carpet go forth no more forever? Shall bud and blossom return and the eye that viewed the beauty cease its visionary eternally? Shall this insensate earth renew her life year by year through the centuries and the mighty minds that have conquered her sleep ever in darkness?

Easter is the morning of the year. How many mornings there are! Our lives are crowded full of beginnings—mornings—dawnings—happenings. Are they not symbols of the great beginning—the new Morning—the eternal Dawning—the Hope materialized that shall forever shine away the shadow of death that has lain across life's dear threshold.

Truly Easter is a time to rejoice and be glad.

WORLD'S RAINFALL.

IT MAY be interesting, as well as comforting, to some Coos Bayites to know that according to the estimate by Sir John Murray, the total annual rainfall upon all the lands of the globe amounts to 29,347.4 cubic miles, and of this quantity 6524 cubic miles drains off through rivers to the sea. A cubic mile of river water weighs approximately 4,205,650,000 tons, and carries in solution, on the average, about 420,000 tons of foreign matter. In all, about 2,735,000,000 tons of solid substances are thus carried annually to the ocean.

CLEAN UP AND PAINT UP.

THE early adventurous birds, the position of the sun and a thousand less obvious but quite as certain signs of spring are at hand. Spring means, or should mean, house cleaning, and not only house cleaning, but yard cleaning, street and alley cleaning, painting, refurbishing; it should mean order and harmony and beauty. So clean up and paint up.

"Oh, yes, where payin' ye to advertise some feller's paint?" sneers an omniscient knocker friend. We might answer that it is none of his business, but we don't have to do that. We're advertising everybody's paint, just as we advertise everybody's soap and underwear and clean and decent outer garments. People should keep themselves clean. Health demands that we do that. And we can't keep ourselves clean without soap and water and towels and the ordinary toilet conveniences. We can't keep our yards and lawns clean unless we use mowers and rakes and shovels. We can't keep our streets and alleys clean unless we have the men and tools and the inclination to keep them as they should be kept.

Clean up and paint up. That is an evic prescription that is worth while. Cleanliness is akin to godliness. You have heard that often enough to convince you of its truth, but we sometimes overlook a truth by reason of its sheer familiarity, or at least fail to profit by it as we should. Clean houses, clean lawns, clean streets, clean outbuildings—that condition means health and comfort and aesthetic pleasure. Dirt and tawdry negligence indicate decay and shiftlessness; they invite disease; they are ugly, offensive, unnatural.—Exchange.

HERE'S TO OLD MAIDS!

And here's a gentle word of encouragement and joy for the "old maid!" She lives longer on this happy earth than a mere married woman. Experts in the employ of forty-free insurance companies have substantiated these facts by statistics gathered last year. But just why this is so, statisticians fail to show. Anyway, the old maid should worry as to why!

HISTORY OF G. A. R.

THEN. Forty-eight years ago April 6, the first G. A. R. Post was established, in Decatur, Ill. Major Benjamin F. Stephenson, surgeon of the 14th Illinois regiment, and three army friends had drawn up the constitution two months before. The secret ritual was printed by veterans in the office of the Decatur Tribune, all of whom were members of the order. Its purpose was the "establishment and defense of the late soldiery of the United States, morally, socially and politically, with a view to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services and claims by the American people." The first National Encampment was held at Indianapolis in 1866. Gen. S. A. Hurlbut became the first commander in chief.

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

LIBERAL EDUCATION.

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "To talk of many things That should amuse a Carpenter, Like cabbages and kings, And fountain pens and motor cars, And potter wasps and cheese, And cuttle fish and liquid air, And lager beer and fleas.

Of many things the walrus talked—Intelligently, too—Exhausting entertainingly. Each subject, old and new. Not yet the Carpenter suspects, Not yet an Oyster knows, That he got all his learning from The films at picture shows.

Speaking of baseball—if the boisterous percentage of this town was as high as Ty Cobb's batting, how much better the community would be.

Don't vote for a man merely because he is a friend of yours. You have no right to pay private debts with public property.

Some Coos Bay people are never happy unless they feel that they are happier than anybody else.

Handsome is not always as handsome as he thinks he is.

Between new hats, new suits and the chair the average Coos Bay preacher hardly gets a square deal on Easter Sunday.

As a matter of fact we wouldn't even enlist if there were a war with Mexico. Would you? Ah, we thought not.

ON THE DEAR OLD FARM.

I am longing for the country, With its pastures wide and green, Where the cattle on the hillside Browse untroubled and serene. Where one hears the pleasing gobble Of the proud, majestic turkey— Oh, I'd spend my days at farming, If it were not for the work.

I am longing for the country, When it's June and all is bliss, When the grassy slopes and wood-lands Offer joys I fain would miss. But I draw the line at farming When it's raining cats and dogs And they rouse you out ere daybreak To do chores and split the logs.

AS WE CAN. (One Coos Bay auto dealer sold six cars Sunday.) IF WE can't star with a motor car, we'll bless all those who may. The chances are we'd have a car and hit the crowded way at fastest clip throughout the trip, had we the price to pay. With reason bleasred and not obsessed with yearnings 'rain and mad, we poor in purse, it might be worse, can walk, so let's be glad. There's hope for him, though chance is slim, who, safe and sound, stays on the ground, though others may fly high.

open in her lap, "Is there lilies, Miss Gertrude?" And she says: "Ascension lilies, Ruff. You know what they stand for? And I had to own up I didn't, and then she talked to me like an angel might 'a' talked and told me more about the Bible and Jesus than I bet any of the preachers know. And I thought if she was sick for the smell of the lilies I might help Miss Withers to get well. Is it a go, mister?" "It is a go, Chippunk. But," he handed Ruffin a card. "I will be at that address before 3 o'clock, and if you fail to show up what must I do about my lily?" Ruffin grinned confidently. "Send the chief of police to Mrs. Blsland's bo'din' house on east Forty-six street and tell him to ask for James Ruffin Clark." And he was off.

The Royal TONIGHT

Entire Change of Program. Trixie Mack and Baby Phyllis in new songs and stories. Featuring the Popular Tango Dance. Four reels of new pictures. "His Hour of Triumph"—An Imp masterpiece in two reels with Jane Gall and William Shay. "The Heart of a Vaquero"—A heart interest western drama. "The Kid"—with Kathie Fischer and the famous Powers juvenile comedians. Admission, Lower floor, 15c; balcony, 10c. Coming tomorrow night—ARIZONA—the greatest play ever written, told in six reels. 210 scenes with a cast of 150 people.

the Chipmunk show up? The doorbell rang.

He called to the white capped maid as she passed to open it. "If it is a boy with a lily, bring him in here." Enter Ruffin, crimson from rapid walking, but with the light of triumph in his eyes. "The big clock out yonder's jus' strikin' 3, Mr. Marschalk." "Well, Chippunk, did your lady friend take a smell of it? Put the flower there on that stand in the window. And did it make her well?" "I don't know about it makin' her well, sir, but she said it made her glad, and then she bust out cryin'. When I'm glad, I grin. Don't you?" "Invariably, Ruffin."

FLOWERS.

For groups of beautiful growing plants in the church at Easter none for color are richer than the amaryllis in bloom and the Lillium auratum, that royal old lily that is so fickle as an out door plant. Sometimes it grows and blossoms wonderfully, and again it defies cultivation, yet as a pot plant it rarely fails. It is a magnificent addition to an Easter collection, with its stately air and its golden band, the en sign of its royalty.

Ruffin's Friend An Easter Story

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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TO Ruffin, shifting restlessly from one dirty little bare foot to the other, the fastidious deliberation of the gentleman who was selecting an Easter lily from Mrs. Moxer's stock was not only exasperating, it was "tommyrot." One lily was just like another.

Ruffin stepped boldly between buyer and seller. He lifted a small, freckled face, made bright by a pair of winning blue eyes. "Mister, I'm lookin' fur a job. I'll carry you lily home for you." The gentleman looked Ruffin over critically. Mrs. Moxer indorsed the boy. "Oh, you can trust Ruff, sir."

The gentleman put his hand into his pocket. "All right, Chippunk. A dime, isn't it?" Ruffin shook his head. "Not yet. Wait till the goods is delivered. I wants a stop over privilege."

The gentleman laughed. He found Ruffin delightful. "All right, Chippunk." "Well, it's this way, sir. I got a friend. She's my friend all right, but she's heap closter of kin to the angels than she is to me. She bo'ds at the house where I jobs. I clean the steps and take out trash and such. She don't belong there, but I reckon she's down on her luck. I was rattlin' out her stove one day last week, and I heard her sort of say to herself, 'Oh, if I only could smell the lilies once again it would make me well.' She do look mighty peaked, mister. And I ups and says, 'pointin' to a big book she had

What's that fur, boss?" "For you to get a new suit."

"What fur, boss?" "Because you need it. Ruff, and because in a way you were instrumental in making me know your friend, Miss Gertrude. She and I are to be married next month, Ruffin, and I don't want you to disgrace her in church."

An Easter Message.

You must live before you can believe. If you would have a right to the tree of life, if you would have the right to know that there is a tree of life, you must seek this immortal life here, and seek it from the God who is here, and seek it through the channels that he opens for you.

Live here and now the immortal life, and then, if you are mistaken and there is no life after the grave, still you will have been immortal.

We must have the immortal life here and now if we would have a rational hope to have it hereafter. This is my Easter morning message to you.—Lyman Abbott.

Much Money For Easter Flowers.

"A million and a half will not cover the amount spent on flowers in New York before Easter is over this year," said a fashionable city florist. "Plants are more popular for gifts than flowers, and there are fashions and fads in plants just as in anything else."



SOCIAL CALENDAR.

WEDNESDAY. Stereopticon lecture by Rev. Burkhardt at the Presbyterian church. with Mrs. Alderton. D. M. C. Club with Mrs. L. A. Loomis. North Bend Altar Guild with Mrs. Paul Dimmick. Narcissus Club with Maggie Robertson. Jolly Dozen with Mrs. Ross. Sewing party by Mrs. Geo. Heggie of North Bend. Jolly Dozen Evening Party with Mrs. T. Wilcox. Rook Party at home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilson. THURSDAY. Thursday Club with Mrs. Fenton and Mrs. Dodson at R. M. Fenton home. Young Matron's luncheon at the home of Mrs. W. A. Reid. Norwegian Lutheran Young Ladies' Aid at church hall, Mrs. Jens Hansen and Mrs. O. Larson, hostesses. FRIDAY. Bethany Bible Class "Camp-Fire" at C. A. Schibrede home. Fernside Sewing Circle with Mrs. R. Hall. Jolly Dozen afternoon sewing with Mrs. H. O'Meara. SATURDAY. Firemen's Ball at Eagle's Hall.

BLUE AND PINK CHOSEN

Miss Eleanor Wilson Selects Trousseau in New York. (Special to The Times.) NEW YORK, April 8.—Miss Eleanor Wilson has been spending some happy days in New York selecting many of the frocks and hats of her trousseau. She is very fond of "fuss and feathers" but her wedding outfit will be simple. None of the more exaggerated styles will be included in her wardrobe, and everything will be made right here in this country. One of the women who was fortunate enough to learn the details of the wedding shopping said: "The selections are perfectly beautiful and have been chosen with the greatest taste and discrimination. Her favorite colors are all sorts of blue shades and rose and deep pinks. She told me of a wonderful dinner frock she had selected of rose pink, to be trimmed in lovely silver lace and tulle. Her going away gown is a smart imported model of blue, made in the newest French mode. Miss Eleanor's clothes will be much smarter than those which Mrs. Sayre selected for her trousseau," continued the friend "because Eleanor is more fond of dress than Margaret ever was."

"LADY-KILLERS" IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 8.—The three essential requisites of the lady-killer are Impressionability, Sympathy and Humor. The first two act directly, the last is of indirect assistance in understanding the ways of womankind. That, at least, is the opinion of Margaret Vandercreek, author of "The Loves of Ambrose." The man most attractive to women is, above everything else, the man most attracted by them. He is the man to whom, throughout his life, Woman is the supreme thing. He is eminently impressionable. The man for whom every woman has a weakness is the man who makes her feel while she looks to him that she is the only thing in the world. A man need not be good looking to make a hit with women," stated Mrs. Vandercreek. "We like men who are manly and strong, but I don't think we mind homeliness. Women are attracted by the man who understands them, and who is tender to their weaknesses and woes. They like to lean upon a broad shoulder, literally and metaphorically and they like sympathy and tenderness to be expressed. Europeans are better lovers than Americans, only because the latter can keep it so well hidden! I believe in falling in love," continued the writer of Ambrose's four matrimonial adventures, "for the best way in the world for a man to keep young is to keep on falling in love. I don't recommend dynamite, which is falling in love with a new woman when you have an old one. But why can't a man just fall in love again with his wife, and recourt her till he wakes both of them up?"

PLAN TO HOLD BIG REVIVAL

Marshfield Ministers Get Rev. E. J. Bulgin to Hold Services Here

It is announced that the Marshfield Ministerial Association has secured the Rev. E. J. Bulgin, a noted evangelist, to conduct a month's series of revivals in Marshfield, the revivals will open about the first of May. Nearly all of the Protestant churches are uniting in it. Rev. Bulgin is a southerner and has every appearance of his nationality. He is said to be on the Shannon type of evangelist. In this connection, it is stated that Dan Shannon is now holding a big revival in California.

The old Tabernacle which was used for the Shannon meetings will be used for the new revivals. Rev. Bulgin has recently been at Pendleton, Oregon, and it is claimed that his meetings there have been very successful. He attained considerable notoriety in the recent moral crusade which he launched there which resulted in the indictment and conviction of many for gambling, illegal liquor sales and other offenses.

Temperance Work.

Rev. R. G. Sumner, formerly pastor of the United Brethren church at North Bend, was here today. He is spending a couple of months in Coos County doing evangelistic work, visiting relatives near Myrtle Point and in adding in the prohibition campaign. He will leave tomorrow for Myrtle Point, Bridge, Coquille and Haddon where he will conduct special services and expect to continue the work here until about May 1.

FEMINIZE MEN—LET 'EM COOK!

"What the 'women's movement' really means is the development of the feminine in man." Is the unexpected announcement of Mrs. Clara Bentwick Colby, who recently delivered an address in Washington on "Women and the Destiny of Nations." "Men have taken so many things away from us that if we neglect the home when we vote, as they say we will, then let them take the work of cooking away from us, too."

FLIRTING WITH DEATH ON FLOATING VOLCANO

NEW YORK, April 8.—As appearances go the British steamship Shirley does not differ materially from the half dozen other freighters lying off Staten Island. Her officers will nonchalantly tell you that nothing of interest happened on the seven months voyage to and from Far Cathay, but then, some men can accustom themselves to anything. When the Shirley left New York last September, she was a lumbering, floating volcano. Below her decks was an inferno, for part of her cargo consisted of 900 tons of torpede war heads, barrels of naphtha and more barrels of benzine. "But 'twas all in the day's work," observed Johns, the second mate. "We had the cargo aboard and that was all there was to it. There was one night when I thought we were as close to the back of beyond as it is possible for men to get. We were a few days from Manila when we ran into an electrical storm with the velocity of a hurricane. The lightning played about us, making the sea clear for miles ahead. The Chinese quartermaster at the wheel was calling on all the gods of his forebears for protection. I knew that things would happen if a bolt of that blinding terror ever struck our steel plates. The Chinese crew had an idea of what we had below decks and they had enough imagination to guess the rest. The storm passed as quickly as it came, but I admit that I was not quite myself until we got that cargo off the ship in Manila. But that she should not lose her identity, the Shirley brought back from Chinese ports a goodly cargo of firecrackers for American consumption."

THEATRICAL NOTE.

"Does your wife, the fashionably close?" "I should say so; she has one of these 'standing-room-only-dresses'."

The Parisian IRVING BLOCK FASHION'S CENTRE Men's Soft Shirts Men's Special Easter Offering 10 PER CENT DISCOUNT ON ALL LADIES SUITS, COATS AND DRESSES. THE PARISIAN We invite inspection as space will not permit description. 20 PER CENT DISCOUNT ON EASTER HATS, BLOUSES AND SKIRTS. All new and modern in style and the best of material. We Guarantee Satisfaction \$1.50 and \$2 We Guarantee Satisfaction



"I'LL CARRY YOUR LILY FOR YOU."

Times Want ads bring results.