

STIRRING TIMES
Are these days of war and bloodshed. It is important that you have full knowledge of the latest authentic news.

Coos Bay Times

VOL. NO. XXXVIII. Established 1878 as The Coast Mail. THE COOS BAY TIMES, MARSHFIELD, OREGON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1914—EVENING EDITION. A Consolidation of Times, Coast Mail and Coos Bay Advertiser. No. 70.

COOS BAY TIMES MOVES INTO NEW HOME AT 2ND AND ANDERSON

Occupies Reinforced Concrete Building Erected Especially For Its Occupancy

FINE FAST DUPLEX PRESS FOR PRINTING
New Quarters and Equipment to Take Care of Increasing Business

The Coos Bay Times is today located in its new home at Second and Anderson. This is a simple statement, but it means a whole lot to Coos Bay, to the Times subscribers, to the Times patrons, to the Times force and in fact to all.

Because it means a larger and better Coos Bay Times. A new concrete building for its exclusive use, a Duplex press which can print 6000 papers per hour and other new machinery and equipment—all being part of the realization of the goal that has inspired many days, weeks and months of hard labor.

Occupies Own Building. The new home of The Times is probably one of the best ever built in a town the size of Marshfield for an exclusive newspaper office. It is of steel reinforced concrete construction, as near fireproof as could be built, heated by hot water, well lighted and well finished throughout.

The Times building was erected by M. C. Maloney, publisher of The Times, and occupies part of the two lots which were purchased by him from the Marshfield Realty & Trading Company for it last winter. The lots have a frontage of 145 feet on Anderson avenue, facing North Second street, and a depth of fifty feet on South Second and on Second Court which bound them on the west and east ends respectively.

The Times building occupies a ground space of 45x50 feet. It was designed especially for a newspaper office and printing plant. W. G. Chandler was the architect and supervised the construction. P. M. Tully was the general contractor, erecting the structure and completing the interior.

BOSTON DEFEATS PHILADELPHIA 5 TO 4 IN 12 INNINGS TODAY

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—The Boston Braves and the Athletics played the hardest fought game here today that has occurred in the world's series for several years, Boston winning, 5 to 4 in 12 innings.

At the beginning of the 12th inning the score was four to four with both sides fighting desperately. With the score 2 to 2 in the ninth, Philadelphia came up in the tenth and scored two runs but in their half Boston made it four all by sending two more across the plate.

Philadelphia ... 4 8 2
Boston ... 5 9 1
The Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.
BOSTON, Oct. 12.—Fenway Park staged today the third game in the World's Series between the Boston Braves and the Philadelphia Athletics. The weather could not be better and 35,000 wildly enthusiastic fans witnessed the game.

Let Us Talk it Over

TO BUILD without boasting, to construct without too copious conversation concerning it, to render real service to the community without shouting and shrieking it from the housetops, that is the aim and ambition of the Coos Bay Times.

Seven years ago when the writer took charge of The Times, he presented the paper to the people of Coos Bay and Coos County and dedicated it to the service of the community. As earnestly and sincerely as it is given to mortal man to keep inviolate a sacred obligation, I have endeavored to be faithful to my trust.

Today The Times greets its family of readers from its new home. It is a home of which The Times is proud and of which, it hopes, the people of this community may always be proud, for it is your home and the home of your paper and not mine. Your confidence and your support have made it possible.

Proud as The Times is of its home it is still more proud of its home in the hearts of the people. In dedicating my life work to the upbuilding of your newspaper, I have been animated by a single purpose to help in a humble way in the development of this splendid section and do my share, as a common citizen, for communal betterment.

Service is the corner stone and the keystone of the Times' new building. The Times is being built up for its service to the community rather than for the accumulation of wealth. In doing this I arrogate to myself no feeling of sacrifice and no special claim to benevolence or philanthropy.

We are told that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and it seems as if these words might be taken literally when we see how rich is the return to the giver.

Those who have not given of their money or their goods, or their influence, or helpfulness, or wisdom, or experience, or sympathy, to their fellow men needful of any of these things hardly can be said to have lived; and surely have not touched life on many sides nor penetrated it deeply.

Never to have given such comfort as you can to another in bereavement, or sorrow, or distress, or disgrace, is never to have known how human hearts beat in unison, how the same pang of pain runs through us all.

As I cannot give of money, or power, or prestige, or influence, mine must be in service and The Times, your newspaper, must be the medium of its expression.

In assuming charge of the publication of The Times I had certain cherished ideals of what a newspaper should be and while those ideals have not been realized, they have never been abandoned or altered.

Sometimes these ideals become dim and shadowy outlines of a purpose in the hard and practical struggle of daily routine but they are ever there to beckon me on to further earnest effort. The Times has never been as good a newspaper as I hoped to make it, but it has been as good a newspaper as honest effort could produce and its support permit.

That this earnestness of purpose has been appreciated by the people of this community I have abundant reason to believe and for that I am truly grateful. It is true that at times my purposes have been impugned and my motives misrepresented, but ever are those who will snarl at success and cry out in carping criticism at that which they cannot understand.

Probably The Times has been as much discussed and cursed as any paper in a small city could well be. In the past seven years it has been accused at various times of favoring each so-called faction and also of opposing each. It has been accused of individual favoritism and personal prejudice, but ever has it pursued the even tenor of its way faithful to its ideals, telling the truth as God has given me the light to see the truth and give every man a square deal.

No names have been suppressed in its news columns because of any pull and no individual praised because of personal preference. When assailed by these accusations as unjust as they were unfair, I have been soothed and sustained by the words of Polonius in his advice to Laertes:

"Beware of entrance to a quarrel; But being in, Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee. This above all: To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Every sincere, independent man or woman who undertakes to accomplish anything which sets the old dry bones of their environment to rattling wakes up human dogs and sets them to barking. Every selfish individual whose interests are at variance with the communal good becomes a carping critic.

It does not matter how fine and useful the thing is that you would do, if it is something that is not in line with the promotion of their selfish purposes it is pronounced evil and they raise their voices in loud protest. Some people become frightened at the barks and the savage rush of the dogs. They are timid, lack independence and backbone, and so they run.

That is just what the dogs want, and as soon as you run their pursuit becomes a jubilant pean of yelps at the damage they have done and the fright they have caused. They cannot dream and so cannot understand that the dreams of yesterday are the accomplishments of today.

You are meeting with these human dog-like types, respectable, fine people, many of them. The more respectable the dog, the more dangerous and destructive he may be. His respectability and nice disposition give him prestige and latitude. He may really mean no harm and be honest and sincere in his barks—most dogs are, only they cannot get above the dog level of mind. The way to treat him is just as you would any respectable dog: be firm, gentle, don't get frightened, and don't run.

REQUENTLY he will respond to a frank, open, kindly invitation to look into, investigate, smell, feel and touch the new proposition which aroused his opposition and will thereafter "protect" it with the same vigor he first used to oppose it. You will meet him everywhere, he is one of the types of the human race. Don't try to creep past him, because he will take that as a sign that you are guilty of doing something wrong.

Meet him boldly, frankly, kindly and do not be afraid of his barks. The bigger, finer and newer your dream, the louder the barks and the more dogs it will attract. A parade brings them out from every corner. Every man or woman who ever accomplished any fine thing for the betterment of the human race, had to meet this snapping, barking pack. Often they were torn to pieces by it, yet the dogs were honest dogs. Take your history and read the story of any step forward in human progress. It is always the same story.

If you would lead in your community, no matter how fine your ideals, how self-sacrificing your efforts, how beautiful and useful your purpose, you must be prepared to meet the dog type, for he has been part of the race since the beginning. If you are afraid of dogs and their barks do not seek to better yourself or your neighbors, but stay in the crowd that stands still and watches the parade and the dogs will not notice you. If you wish to accomplish something, to develop and improve yourself and your surroundings, to dream and then to make the dream come true, be prepared to give the best there is in you to meet attack, abuse, misrepresentation, barks and snaps that will try your courage, your endurance and your very soul.

There is no such thing as something for nothing. The greater the accomplishment sought, the finer and broader and more useful the thing to be done, the more bitter the attack and the heavier the price you must pay. The nearer the front you get the fiercer the attack upon you. Whatever we are seeking to accomplish, you may be sure of one thing, and that is that the price in effort and in heartaches will be exactly in proportion to its bigness.

WHEN I first spoke to Will Chandler about building a new home for The Times I told him as I must go in debt for it all, I must be economical. "Why not save money and put up a brick veneer building, it will look like solid brick and cost much less," said Will. "I'll tell you," I replied, "I'll tell you the real reason. The truth is I am not a veneer man. We might build a veneer building to look like solid brick and not a person seeing it would know the difference. But I'd know and every time I'd look at that building I'd say to myself, 'Maloney, you're a d---n liar.' I guess I'll keep right on being genuinely what I seem" and so we made it reinforced concrete and solid and genuine all the way through.

BEFORE retiring the other night I sat on the porch of my rented home and looked up at the stars in silent wonder, each tiny, twinkling spark a great world unknown to us. Millions and millions of great worlds, and millions more beyond them, which we cannot all see, all moving in perfect and wonderful harmony and order for countless millions of years, and will continue to do so as many more. I thought of the wonderful knowledge, have gained, of the better understanding of things beginning to dawn on our minds and all we know and all we have accomplished seemed pitifully little beside the vast universe of which we are atoms. A sense of human helplessness, frailty and vanity swept over me. Why was it? What is it all for and where is it all going? What was the use of striving, struggling, trying day and night to accomplish something, to move the peg one notch higher when all that we could do, must in a few short years crumble back to dust? Just then a dog went trotting by. I had my answer. A dog could not dream, but only bark at the stars. I, a man, who could both dream up to the stars and bring them down to me by a life of earnest effort, of giving the best there is in me without stint, of faithfulness to trust, of courage under trial and difficulty, of seeking for better things. I lifted my own soul, mind and heart a peg higher and nearer to harmony with the life of the universe. I would have built something that would not die or crumble to ashes, and in its building I would gain all that was worth gaining. The other choice was to join the dogs and stop dreaming. You, too, must choose. What we are dreaming and then doing will live long after us, for no step forward in human improvement is ever really lost, although the tangible evidence of it in stone and mortar may long since have crumbled. You are building your own characters and setting the peg one notch higher for those who follow.

HELLO BILL. Every Elk and his wife, mother, sister and sweetheart are expected at the first dance of the season at the home Wednesday night. Got on your glad rags and come.

GERMAN LOSS IS HEAVY LONDON, Oct. 12.—It is stated that the Germans lost 45,000 men during the attack on Forts Waelhem and Wavre St. Catherine at Antwerp, says a Central News dispatch from Amsterdam.

ANTWERP OF SUPREME VALUE TO GERMAN MILITARY PLAN

LONDON, Oct. 12.—Additional details from Antwerp indicated that the damage from shells was not so great as was first estimated. Military critics agree that for military purposes the occupation of Antwerp is of supreme importance to Germany. The German official statement says that on Saturday the German cavalry completely routed the French cavalry division at Lille, which indicates the extreme limit of the western battle is within twenty miles of the Straits of Dover.

DEVELOPMENTS IN WAR TODAY.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—News of the German movements at Antwerp and Ostend up to the present is so contradictory as to be almost worthless. Reports are coming from Belgian and Dutch sources of heavy repulses to the Germans with losses suspiciously large, and are looked on with as little credence as the reports of the capture of Ostend would be worth many Antwerps to the Germans, so it is taken for granted that they will not enter the popular seaside resort without fighting every foot of the way.

Dispirited desperate encounters on the eastern and western wings of the battle line in northern France today, the positions were little changed. Great events depend on the result of the battle now on along the line of

VIENNA, Oct. 12.—It is officially announced that the Austrians' rapid advance has relieved Przemyśl of Russians. Austrians have entered the points where the Russians attempted resistance. The Russians fled in the direction of San where a great number were captured.

AUSTRIANS RELIEVE SIEGE OF PRZEMYSL AND DEFEAT RUSSIANS

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THE HAGUE, Oct. 12.—A dispatch from London, quotes a Belgian officer as saying that the number of soldiers who crossed from Belgium into Holland is about 26,000. The Belgian troops were fired on last night by German machine guns on the Belgian frontier not far from Koewaegt, Holland.

Sixteen hundred Belgian soldiers arrived at the Hague today, having fled from Antwerp.

FRENCH REPORT GERMAN DEFEAT IN SEVERAL ENGAGEMENTS

PARIS, Oct. 12.—The following official communication was issued this afternoon: "On our left wing engagements continue in the region of La Bas, with Hazebrouck. Between Arras and the Oise the enemy attempted to deliver several attacks, which were repulsed between Lassigny and Roye. On the center wing some progress on the right bank of the Aisne between Soissons and to the east and southeast of the right wing in the Vosges, the enemy attempted to attack in the region of Ban De Sapt."

GERMANS ANNOUNCE DEFEAT OVER RUSSIANS ON

BERLIN, Oct. 12.—(Via Associated Press) German military communication says: "In the eastern part of Poland, in the north all attacks of the first and second Russian armies on October 9 and 10. Russian outposts by way of Schirwindt, East Prussia, equidistant in Russian territory and the Russians lost a thousand prisoners of little importance the advance guards of our army have occupied the Vistula River. Near Grojec, south of Ossowetz has been captured 2000 men of the second Siberian division."

Russian official communication about the fact that no official Russian communication has been published about tremendous defeats at the front.

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