

COOS BAY TIMES

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

This is the Land.

This is the land where hate should die— No feuds of faith, no spleen of race, No darkly brooding fear should try Beneath our flag to find a place. Lo! every people here has sent Its sons to answer freedom's call: Their lifeblood is the strong cement That builds and binds the Nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—

Though dear to me my faith and shrine, I serve my country best when I Respect the creeds that are not mine. He little loves his land who'd cast Upon his neighbor's faith a doubt, Or cite the wrongs of ages past From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die—

This is the land where strife should cease, Where foul, suspicious fear should fly Before the light of love and peace. Then let us purge from poisoned thought That service to the state we give, And so be worthy as we ought Of this great land in which we live. —Dennis A. McCarthy.

UNTIL a man forgets where he came from and remembers where he is, he is not all an American.

That epigrammatic utterance was let fall the other day by a man born in Scandinavia. It is expressive of a great truth.

A man born in Europe may have every intention of being an American in this country where his children are to live after him. And if he cherishes a fond affection for the particular old sod across the water whence he came, who shall blame him? That he should do so is but natural, and indicates a proper heart in a man.

But Europe is no longer his home. His fortunes are cast here. How Europe fares, may well interest him. But how America fares concerns him vitally, affects his practical interests, will affect those of his children who are to live here and will be Americans.

And how fortunate the lot that has brought him to America, where he is more sure of living his days in peace than he could be anywhere in Europe. The chances are so small that any sudden destruction such as has fallen like a bolt upon the poor Belgians will assail him here. The opportunity for him to eat unmolested the bread that his own hands have earned is here better, far better, than anywhere in all the world. The probability that what he is able to save his children will enjoy here exceeds what appetites to any other corner of the earth. He can build in security; here he can lay up store; here he can descend to a decent and a Christian grave.

Therefore, every inducement for being first and foremost an American citizen, considering exclusively America's interest, is presented to our newest immigrants as well as to the scions of our oldest stock.

Let us not fight the battles of Europe here or seek to influence our country's policy to favor some belligerents abroad. The lines of true American policy are well determined.

BEHAVE IN YOUR TOWN

IF YOU live in a town you should believe in it. If you don't believe your own town or city is a little better in most respects than any of its neighbors, you should move out. Like other places, it has advantages that others have not, and your modesty should not prevent you from making that fact known whenever the opportunity presents

itself. At home or abroad, whether pursuing pleasure or engaged in business, do not neglect to give those you come in contact with to understand that you live in a town populated by interesting, wide-awake, go-ahead people and one that is advancing instead of retrograding.

If you can truthfully speak in commendation of the ability of your professional men, the square dealing methods of your business men, the excellence of your mechanics, the superiority of your churches, schools and public institutions and industry, energy and sobriety of your citizens, let nothing prevent you from exercising that privilege. You should learn to believe, if you do not already, that we have all these and in addition the best located town, the finest country surrounding it, with the most intelligent class of people to be found.

If there are any drawbacks it will not be necessary to mention them. The people and newspapers of competing towns will relieve you of that task by attending to that part of it themselves. Strangers seeking locations are always greatly influenced in favor of any town whose citizens are enthusiastic in their praise of it. No city or town expects to attain prominence over its rivals unless its inhabitants appreciate excellence and virtues of each other and will collectively spread abroad their faith in the present prosperity and future greatness of their locality. Talk is a cheap commodity but when rightly utilized it can be made effective in many directions and this is one of them.

and seems to be more popular than buy-a-bale-of-cotton.

Sabitha, Kansas, where J. W. Mitchell, of the Fixup, came from has a J. U. G. Club composed of women who do nothing worse than embroider at their meetings. It would be different if the men were running it.

Some Coos Bay men seem to make the mistake of thinking that by worrying more than necessary today, they will have fewer worries tomorrow.

A Coos River farmer who raises hogs says he makes a living by his pen.

No artist can paint a Coos Bay woman as she can paint herself.

We progress somewhat and a man is no longer regarded as a dude in Myrtle Point merely because his clothes are pressed.

If a Coos Bay woman chases her children out of the room when another woman calls, there's gossip in the air.

It's because some Coos Bay women make a man feel ace high that he is taken in like a two spot.

APPARITION.

Unrevealing, Spring came stealing Through the bare, brown lanes last night! Masked, swift dancing, Softly glancing, 'Twixt the hedges in her flight.

SUNSET BAY

BEAUTIFUL Sunset Bay.

Child of the sunset sea; Like a polished gem in the glad noon day You ripple and smile at me.

When the shades of night have fallen And you reflect the midnight sky, The twinkling stars you lay at my feet A tribute from on high.

Beautiful Sunset Bay, Close by a surf-tossed sea, Here in thy wildwood setting, I sing of my love for thee.

—L. H. C.

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

GOOD EVENING

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.—George Elliot.

THE DREAMLAND GATES.

Her gates are green as in the spring, Within her gates the bluebirds sing. Her gates are hung on haups of bloom, Beyond the utter verge of gloom, Her gates are open that you may leap

The velvet fields and hills of sleep, The dreamland gates are hly-grown They have not seen the snow; And through them all the long, sweet night The little children go.

Her gates shine far across the land, And some bear torches in the hand Beside them as they wait for you With cups of frost and honey-dew, And little joys that fill you fine With the red ecstasy of wine, The dreamland gates are not afar Where little feet can't stray, Except beside a swinging star, They're folded back all day.

Her gates invite the little child, And those who come with heartbeat wild, Her gates sing welcome to the old And to the gray hosts manifold; The weary and the bent and worn Within them flock to feel the morn, The dreamland gates, ah, they are love's,

Her gates, her gates of dream, Where twixt the twilight and the dawn The human pageants stream!

Sometimes a Coos Bay woman's fondness for change keeps her husband's pockets empty.

THE WISE GUY SAYS

"Don't take no for an answer and you will get what's coming to you—even the fire."

The "buy-a-spring-suit movement" is getting under way once more

SOCIETY NOTES

SOCIAL CALENDAR

THURSDAY

North Bend Altar Guild with Mrs. L. B. Bartle, A. N. W. Club with Mrs. F. M. Friedberg, Eastside Sewing Club with Mrs. A. M. Simpson in Bunker Hill, Minne-Wis with Mrs. W. E. Hoagland, Rainbow Club at the club house.

FRIDAY

Friday Club with Mrs. I. B. Bartle, Ladies' Art Club with Mrs. R. H. Walter, Philathea Society at Baptist Church parlors.

TO THE PUBLIC

I have made numerous requests to various people of the city of Marshfield and always found that those who are disposed to be decent, clean and sanitary have complied with the sanitary laws without any hesitation, but there are others who are refusing to act on my request. Now, I have grown tired of being annoyed and it is my intention to vigorously enforce the sanitary laws of Marshfield and all of those who are acting in violation of law will have complaints filed against them after April 15, 1915.

E. E. STRAW, City Health Officer.

I LOVE YOU OREGON

I love you, Oregon; you're the greatest state of all; I love you in the winter, in the summer, spring and fall, I love your fertile valleys, your huge mountains I adore; I love your grand old ocean and I love her rugged shore, I love your fir tree forests, love your fields of ripening grain; I love your summer breezes, and I love your winter rain, I love you, land of flowers, and tall and stately pines, I love you, Oregon, you have won this heart of mine, I love you, faithful Umpqua, you are very dear to me, I love you and each brooklet that rushes into thee, I love you, land of sunshine, half your beauties are untold; I love you in my childhood and I'll love you when I'm old, Where snow-clad Sierra Nevadas keep watch o'er valley's bloom, And every breeze bears with it a rich and sweet perfume, Where Nature gives her rarest in this country by the sea, Here and here alone it is "Home, Sweet Home," to me. —Flossie Fannan.

THE TASK OF HUMANITY.

The task of humanity, to-wit, the task of organizing here on earth a worthy social life, is in one sense a hopelessly complex one. There are our endlessly numerous material foes, our environment, our diseases, our weaknesses. There are amongst us men ourselves, our rivalries, our selfish passions, our anarchical impulses, our blindness, our weak wills, our short and careless lives. These things all stand in the way of progress.

For progress, for organization, for life, for spirituality, stand as the best forces, our healthier social instincts, our courage, our endurance, and our insight. Civilization depends upon these. How hopeless every task of humanity, were not instinct often on the side of order and of spirituality. How quick would come our failure, were not courage and endurance ours.

How blindly chance would drive us, did we not love insight for its own sake, and cultivate contemplation even when we know not what use we can make of it. And so these three, if you will, to-wit, healthy instinct, enduring courage, and contemplative insight, rule the civilized world. He who wants life to prosper longs to have these things alike honored and cultivated; they are brethren, these forces of human spirituality; they can not do without one another; they are all needed.—Selected.

Abstracts

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