

COOS BAY TIMES

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BETTER BUSINESS

THE business man who is inclined to ask the question "What will it profit me to spend time, money and effort trying to make this town better?" should always remember that men only change as their surroundings change.

SOMETHING ABOUT PAVEMENT

PAVEMENT, its price and wearing qualities are always matters of interest to property owners and the public. Astoria has just gone through a struggle and the Astorian prints the following:

"A responsible pavement man will lay standard asphaltic concrete, Worwick specifications, for \$1.16 per square yard. The bithulthic council has passed resolutions to give us was quoted at \$2.00 on tentative bids.

Standard asphaltic concrete pavement can be laid under Worwick specifications for \$1.16. That is cheaper than macadam. A ten year guarantee makes it preferable to any other pavement irrespective of price.

This pavement will prove a success; it has proved a success elsewhere and, as far as that goes, the ten year guarantee—five in a surety bond and five in a maintenance bond—precludes even the remotest chance of failure.

There is no necessity for paying a cent above \$1.16 for standard asphalt concrete on any other street in this city. This is a big item when you consider the amount of paving that must be done in the down town districts next spring. Of course the grade on some of our streets necessitates brick, but we have also established a low price for that style of improvement.

That brings us to the Seventh street proposition. The council's proposal to use Warrentite on this thoroughfare is wrong. There is nothing to justify it. In the first place Warrentite is merely a two-inch sheet of asphaltic concrete. It will cost at least \$1.50 per sq-yd. Why then, lay Warrentite when Worwick, six inches thick, can be secured for \$1.16 cents with a ten year guarantee.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

There are many jokes about the Ford but this rebate to purchasers is one on the other fellow.

If you want to discuss the Coos Bay weather for a day or two, go ahead; but we warn you about saying anything against the climate.

According to some of the war dispatches a large percentage of the Russian army is without arms. They may be short on arms but judging from recent dispatches there is nothing the matter with their legs.

The June brides are now busy trying to make a square meal out of a round steak.

The practice of dodging taxes continues to obtain in the most exclusive circles.

The time to be dissatisfied with your progress is before it has stopped—not after.

A river is a poor thing to use as an example, for it is the only thing on earth that "gets along" and still spends much of its time in its bed. And at that it has to "rise" to hit the "high-water mark."

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

GOOD EVENING

It is the man who does not want to express an opinion whose opinion I want.—Lincoln.

ON THE FISHING LINE

Not all the Ananias folk are where the war guns shine. The tellers of the mighty tales are on the Fishin' Line! The war claim agents—they are good an' write the readin' fine. But they'll never match the stories of the steady Fishin' Line!

They're in a class—them tellers; no Annias chaps. Can beat with leap-frog lightnin' world-shakin' thunder claps! An' every day the "moonshine" way you'll see 'em rise an' shine.—There's world-imagination on the Georgy Fishin' Line! —Frank L. Stanton.

When she is single she believes she pleases all the men. When she gets married she discovers that she can't even please one man.

When they are first married she is surprised if he doesn't kiss her when he gets home. But after awhile she is surprised if he doesn't cuss her when he gets home.

THE WISE GUY SAYS

After all, there isn't a great deal of difference between dignity and a grouch.

A woman is certain of heaven. But she is always afraid that her nose is shiny.

NO RESPECT.

Somewhat there always seems to be some pesky things to vex. Just now everyone is asking, "When are you going to the San Francisco Ex?"

STORY FOR THE DAY

Little Frank had just returned from church one Sunday morning. "Grandma," he queried, "are you a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or what?"

ROCKAWAY

The completion of

How to Write to the Editor

DR. FRANK CRANE, one of the editorial writers of the New York Globe, is evidently a recipient of many letters from the subscribers of this paper and like all other editors he receives those communications in such shape that they are hard to read and hard to handle. For the guidance of his correspondents the doctor has formulated a set of rules which should be read and followed by those who write "to the editor."

Have your letter typewritten. If you have no typewriting machine it will cost you only a dime to hire a public stenographer. All handwriting is trying; most of it crumpling!

Sign your name. An anonymous letter goes straight to the waste-basket. Why take the trouble to write it?

Not only write your name, but type it, so it can be deciphered. Most people are more illegible in their signatures than any where else.

Give your address, your street, number, city and state. Also the date.

Write on only one side of the paper.

Never roll up a manuscript. Fold it flat.

Be polite. Control your anger. Be a gentleman. Don't be abusive or scurrilous. Whatever you say it will have more force if you say it temperately.

Don't indulge in personalities. Neither the editor or the public are interested in your particular grouch. If you must speak it go out in the back yard and tell it to the horse.

If you have an idea, express it in the fewest words possible. When you have said a thing once, don't say it again in another way.

Avoid adjectives, especially two or three adjectives. Nouns are bullets.

and verbs are powder; adjectives are smoke.

Don't do fine writing. The editor does not want literature. He already has books full of it. He wants to know what you have to say.

Don't apologize. Don't be sarcastic. Don't be bitter. But you can be as funny as you please.

State the gist of your message right in the first sentence. Don't use preliminaries. Don't try to prepare the editors' mind for your idea. He keeps it prepared all the time.

Don't use long sentences. Make your statements as short as you can; then copy your letter and make them shorter. Use periods. Eschew semi-colons.

Ideas are what the editor wants. He is hungry for them as a cat is for fish. He does not want eloquence nor gorgeous phrases.

Write affirmatively. Don't combat. Don't defend. State your opinion in positive terms. Let your opponents do the defending.

If you want an answer, enclose a postal card addressed to yourself. Be satisfied with a mere courteous acknowledgement of the receipt of your letter.

If the editor does not print your letter, don't take it to heart. There may be twenty reasons for not printing it, besides the reason that he does not like it or is afraid to publish it.

Editors are only men. Don't scold them. They are doing the best they can.

And rest assured that if your communication is SHORT, CLEAR, TYPEWRITTEN, and GENTLEMANLY, the editor will either present it to his readers or be sorry that he cannot.

The Barber's Periscope

FROM Hadlock Mills, a Maine town so small that you can't even find it on a fat-sized map, comes a trade lunch that ought to be worth money to any barber in any community in the United States.

Sid Holbrook, it appears, had had a run of fierce competition with Silas Harvey for the barber trade of Hadlock Mills. The two had vied in alternate improvements and attractions, running the gamut of new enamel chairs, clean tissue paper covers for the head-rest, rocking chairs for the patrons instead of old wooden settees, good magazines to replace the month-old sporting sheet and the Police Gazette, phonographs and mechanical banjos, young alligators and pet monkeys to attract the artistic and curious and still honors were about even.

Then Sid Holbrook had his revolutionary idea. What was it, he asked himself, that a man desires most, while he is leaning back in a barber's chair? He yearns to see outside—just because he can't. Forced to stare up at an uninteresting ceiling, he wonders what is

going on in the street, and all the barber's glib chatter can't compensate for the defect.

But how could it be done? Simplest thing in the world. Sid had read about the periscope, by which the captain of a submarine sees what is going on all around while he is safely submerged. The soldier in the trenches, to look at the enemy without exposing their heads to rifle fire.

So Sid installed above his barber's chair a tin pipe running up through the roof, with a mirror combination in it that enables a patron, while having his beard removed, to gaze at ease on the busy life of Hadlock Mills' main street. And the way the citizens are flocking to Sid's barber shop is a caution.

Periscopes (or barber shops! It's the last word. Who'll be the first to install them here?)

And after several barbers have installed periscopes by means of which barbered citizens may view the moving traffic outside, who will be the barber to set up a moving picture outfit which throws the modern drama upon the ceiling?

Man Out-Birds the Bird

ONE of the ambitions of men has been to imitate the flight of a bird, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Imitate? Why they have far surpassed it in swiftness and endurance. A current item relates that homing pigeons in Texas had broken the record of their tribe by making an average of forty-one miles an hour for a distance of over 500 miles.

About the same time an automobile in a test at Chicago averaged 100 miles an hour. Evidently, the machine barely skimmed the ground and may be said to have flown. Flying machines, an old dream of the centuries, are an accomplished fact.

military bureaus having taken the lead in their development. They soar like birds, exceed them in rapid motion, and go through evolutions beyond the range of the feathered sort.

A locomotive has traveled at the rate of 120 miles an hour. Motor boats have covered forty-five miles

an hour, and each year shows an advance in their speed. Aeroplanes have worked up to a flight of nearly 100 miles an hour and an altitude of six miles. Birds are so far outclassed that they can no longer be said to be in the running for records. It long seemed that human air flight was too baffling a problem ever to be solved in a practical sense, but at length success came with a rush. No limitations to what it may become can now be seen. It may in time be the choicest method of travel. For simple ease of motion it is the most agreeable and its swiftness already is greater than was expected.

It is said that war legislates. It certainly stimulates invention with an intensity not seen at other times. Napoleon's most important rule of action was celerity. The world appreciates speed in its various forms, and the progress made in it is wonderful.

All Over Oregon

HOOD RIVER — Circuit Judge Bradshaw has decided that Hood River county is not obliged to appoint a man for the position of roadmaster.

EUGENE — Frank Collier, aged 14 years, who escaped from the state reformatory school at Salem, was arrested in Eugene and returned to the institution.

PORTLAND — Mrs. Susan P. Clark, who died at St. Johns, was born in Oregon in 1856, and for many years was a resident of Douglas county.

ALBANY — Miss Louie Pirie of Albany and O. A. Anderson, a graduate of the Oregon Agricultural College will be married on the high seas while en route to Streima, Alaska, where they expect to make their home.

BAKER — William S. Boswell, aged 82 years died at his home at Malheur City after a brief illness.

PENDLETON — Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, a resident of Pendleton for the past 22 years, died at her home, aged 70 years.

GOLD HILL — Samuel T. Holton was struck by a train while riding in an auto and was instantly killed.

the plunking of a part of the county roads was celebrated by a big picnic in which hundreds of people took part.

CORVALLIS — Extraordinary good crops are reported throughout the southern part of Benton county.

ASTORIA — A competent expert may be secured by Linu county to fight the fire blight which is doing so much damage to the fruit trees of Oregon.

DALLAS — Mrs. Ann Coad of Dallas and Mrs. Jennie Cooper of Independence find that they are heirs to a piece of land in New York which is said to be highly valuable.

COTTAGE GROVE — Walter Woodward lost four fingers when he caught his hand in machinery at the J. H. Chambers mill.

SALEM — Dohi Nichols, aged 55 years, had a stroke of paralysis while witnessing a base ball game and fell through the bleachers and died.

DALLAS — The district attorney will investigate the recall petitions circulated with a view of taking from office the members of the county court, it being alleged that the allegations contained therein are libelous.



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For Better or Worse



A HUSBAND is the only thing a woman has to take with that proviso.

When it comes to selecting articles of apparel, things for the home, she can choose with absolute surety.

The advertising columns of a good newspaper like THE TIMES are a guide to true goods and service.

Reputations are behind each advertisement. The men who pay for them are in business for a life time and their success lies in your satisfaction.

Advertisement for North Pacific Steamship Co. listing routes to Santa Clara, Portland, San Francisco, and F.A. Kilburn Portland.

Advertisement for Inter-Ocean Transportation Co. listing Steamer Westerner with freight and passenger service.

Advertisement for Steamship Breakwater, equipped with wireless, always on time.

Advertisement for Marshfield-Roseburg Auto Line, offering best cars, fare \$7, best drivers.

Advertisement for C.A. Smith Lumber & Mfg. Co., offering gravel and retail department.

Vertical strip of various advertisements including Vacation Days, South Coos River Service, Dry Wood, Wood!, Save Money, Have the Roof Fixed Now, Western Loan Building Co., Professional Directory, Dr. A.L. Houseworth, J.M. Wright, Dr. H.M. Shaw, Benjamin Ostlund, H.G. Butler, W.G. Chandler, and Wm. S. Turpen.