

COOS BAY TIMES

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EUROPEAN WAR ONE YEAR AGO TODAY

NOV. 27, 1914

It is announced that the British war loan of \$1,750,000 has been greatly oversubscribed.

The Austrians repulse the Russians in Western Galicia.

The Germans continue a fierce bombardment of Reims, and Soissons is still being bombarded.

The Germans prepare a concentrated attack to pierce the lines of the Allies in Flanders.

The president of France confers upon General Joseph Joffre the highest honors than can be given a French soldier.

WE HAVE RIGHT TO BE OPTIMISTIC

THAT two billions of dollars worth of machinery will be purchased in this country within a few years after the close of the European war, is the estimate made by commercial leaders who are already conferring with foreign bankers and manufacturers on this feature of the eventual upbuilding abroad.

And with this great demand for machinery will come the demand for other building materials in which Pacific Coast lumber will play a conspicuous part. To replace the demolished industrial plants of France and Germany and to generally supply the sinews of renewed peace activities across the ocean many billions of American products will be bought from the day that hostilities cease.

Though money experts have shown a tendency to be nervous about the collapse of credits and the adjustment of financial balances following the great struggle, business men are becoming more and more encouraged over the outlook for the future.

And we of the Pacific northwest have every right to take our place in the ranks of the most optimistic.—Astorian.

LACKING INDUCEMENTS

WHILE on a vacation I was much interested in meeting an agent for a magazine, says a Kansas editor. "Just watch me get this woman to subscribe," said the agent as we approached a farm house. He said to her: "Madam, you'd better subscribe for this magazine; costs you only 10 cents a year, and every new subscriber gets a life insurance policy, a bicycle, a mushroom hat, a bottle of Finigan's Oil of Joy and a popular novel."

CAPTAIN OF JUDITH DIES

Skipper of Barkentine Saved by Captain Reed Succumbs—Had Half Interest in the Vessel

Captain Jose Bard, skipper of the Peruvian barkentine Judith that was rescued in the breakers south of the Columbia river by Captain Reed and his tug boat Wallula, is dead in Portland. He succumbed to an attack of la grippe, aggravated by worry over the trouble to his ship. He was 68 years of age and owned a half interest in the vessel.

The Judith was formerly the Arago and was built on Coos Bay and belonged for a long time to the Simpson Lumber Company. The ship was bound from Grays Harbor when she got into trouble because of a heavy fog. She was brought in to Astoria in a waterlogged condition and with much of her deck load gone.

THE LATEST WONDER

Wonders are so common in these days that they attract little attention. The Seven Wonders of the ancient world, if located in New York City, would find themselves out classed.

Few people know that there are two enterprises being carried forward in New York each of which equals the Panama Canal in magnitude and estimated cost. These are the aqueduct to bring water from the Catskill Mountains to supply the city, and the come highway.

WITH THE TOAST AND THE TEA

GOOD EVENING

Our strength often increases in proportion to the obstacles imposed upon it. It is thus we enter upon the most perilous of failing in more simple ones.—Raphin.

THE ONLY BOOKS

Oh, take away these books that tell The hideous so-called truth of things.

These little documents of hell— Bring us the book that dreams and sings And whispers "All is well!"

The beautiful is just as true, And truer, perhaps, when all is told, Than all this dross and dirt that you

With little maggot eyes behold— Are there not roses, too?

Dull pedants of the seamy side Of earth's fair robe of stars and flowers,

Life is a stream where glories ride "Twixt singing banks a-gold with towers, Trumpets and pennoned pride.

Give us the books that flowers and flames

With love and youth and noble tears, Great life with all its laureled games;

Give us again the "Musketeers" And keep your Henry James.

—Richard Le Gallienne.

The old-fashioned woman who used to bake all her own bread and biscuits now has a married daughter who thinks that dough is what her husband earns and she spends.

A Coos Bay man seldom thinks seriously of marriage until after he is married and is compelled to.

You will sometimes discover that your distant relations are too close.

A Coos Bay woman always feels sorry for her husband when she realizes how miserable he would be if he had married some other woman.

During the first three weeks of married life a Coos Bay man tells his wife everything he knows. But it is different later on.

Luck and women are the most changeable things in the world.

TODAY'S ADVICE

Loose chatter you should always shun.

You'll find this is a fact: The less you have to say, my son, The less you need retract.

thing about New York is the bridge over Hell Gate. As the traveler approaches the city from Long Island Sound the bridge, although not completed, dominates the view. It is the greatest work undertaken by man in at least ten different features. Its arch of 1,017 feet will be the longest steel arch in the world. It will be the heaviest bridge ever built, containing four times as much steel as the Woolworth Tower. It has four of the largest pieces of steel ever made, each weighing 200 tons. The ends of the bridge rest upon four of the heaviest castings ever made, each weighing 500,000 pounds. The jacks used in lifting those enormous masses into place are the most powerful ever made, and the rivets that fasten them together are the largest ever used.

The engineering problems involved are the most difficult ever solved, and the foundations were the most difficult to make safe; the concrete retaining walls are the highest ever built, and the ten mile railway, of which the bridge is a part, is the most costly of any line in the world. The whole cost in point of construction is estimated at \$30,000,000, or three million dollars a mile, of which \$12,000,000 is the cost of the bridge over Hell gate.

The road and the bridge, it is expected, will be ready for use in July, 1917.—Salem Capital Journal.

Recipe for Pumpkin Pie. This pumpkin pie recipe has been tested and found good by many housewives:

Mix two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ginger and one-half teaspoonful of salt, and add one and one-half cupfuls of steamed and strained pumpkin, two eggs, slightly beaten, one and one-half cupfuls of milk and one-half cupful of cream. Bake in one crust.

SUBSCRIBERS NOTICE The Times carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, misses you, or neglects getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone 133.

A Song of Thanksgiving

By MINNA IRVING

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THANKSGIVING to the Lord of Hosts, Who rules the mountain and the wave,

Who cools the cannon's burning lips And leads to victory the brave.

From lofty peak to level plain, From forest land to rolling sea,

In fields our willing hands have tilled, Today we bend the grateful knee.

Thanksgiving for the bounteous gifts That crown the happy harvest year,

The wheat all silver on the stalk, The corn all golden in the ear.

Thanksgiving for the countless herds That on the sunset hills increase,

And thank thee most of all, O Lord, For all the blessed arts of peace!

A "Thank Offering" Box

A woman who has faith in Providence keeps what she calls her "thank offering" box. Into this goes through the year, from one Thanksgiving to the middle of the following November, a sum of money for every accident that is escaped, calamity averted or special joy.

These offerings are not confined to her own escapes, but each time some member of her family bobs up from some threatened woe into the box goes the money offering of thanks to Providence.

Not the same amount is given each time and rarely large sums, for the woman is not rich, but a nice little sum is realized.

This is devoted to giving some one a happy Thanksgiving day. It does not always go into regular channels. As the woman says, the poor and hospitals are usually well cared for in holiday seasons.

Sometimes a homesick girl in a strange city is given car fare for the Thanksgiving gathering she would otherwise miss; once a music lover was given a season ticket to the symphony concert; again a doctor's bill that had worried a young stenographer who had her mother to support was quietly paid.

In speaking of her pretty custom the owner of the thank offering box said, "Never had I known what thankfulness really meant until I started my box and saw the joy my thankfulness brings to others."

Such a box, besides cultivating one's bump of gratitude and making others equally grateful, affords great pleasure and interest in the spending. It illustrates as few other things do the truth of the saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

An Old Time Thanksgiving Sentiment. The day, the joyful day, recommended by the illustrious Washington has dawned which invited united America religiously to celebrate the goodness of God—the happy fruits and effects of one of the most memorable revolutions recorded in all history, a revolution, considered in its rise, progress and speedy termination without a precedent, at once exhibiting such a phenomenon in the political world as has attracted the eyes of all civilized nations and attended with such a series of providential interpositions as might well astonish disinterested spectators, confound the infidel and enrapture the saint; a revolution in favor of civic and religious liberty which in its principles has given a fatal shock to tyranny and oppression in general, a glorious evolution which spake into political existence our national republic, now rising with rapid progress to meridian glory.—Benjamin Wadsworth at Danvers, Mass., 1785.

HELPING MOTHER WITH THE THANKSGIVING DINNER. The house was aglow in joyful anticipation of the coming guests—a true hospitality, not so elaborate as it was bountiful and not so luxurious as healthful, but replete with rare kindness and grace.

And when the feast was over and the long afternoon of sport and games was spent and the shadows of evening closed round the great assemblage crowded about the huge fireplace how gayly the popcorn spluttered, how clear was the cider passed around! Hearts overflowing with jollity and gratitude burst into song—

Ah, on Thanksgiving day, when from east and from west, From north and from south, come the pilgrim and guest; When the gray haired New Englander sees round his board The old broken links of affection restored; When the care wearied man seeks his mother once more, And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before!

This was the spirit of old time Thanksgiving.

Some Coos Bay men find it hard to live within their wages and others find it harder still to live without.

Good reasons must, of course, give place to better. States, here.

AMERICA'S THANKS.

We thank him who has made and preserved us a nation. Who hid this continent from the eyes of the world until the time for its revelation had come.

Who summoned hither faithful men, believing in God and in men as the children of God.

Who preserved the brave colonists from famine, pestilence and sword; from internal dissensions and from foreign foes.

Who united the hearts and minds of the various peoples in their demand for liberty and their declaration of independence.

Who made wise the counsels of their counselors and strong the arm of their defenders and gave victory to the weak battalions.

Who pacified the strifes and vanquished the jealousies which separated the several states and joined them in one indissoluble union.

Who suffered not the evils of slavery to end in the nation's death, but raised up prophets of liberty to awaken the consciences of the people.

Who has brought to our shores the oppressed of other lands and made it a refuge, a school, a home for the needy and the aspiring of all nations.

Who has given us wisdom in the past to provide a free school and free churches for a free people.

Who inspires in our own day clear sighted, brave hearted men to battle without truce or retreat against open violence and insidious corruption, against the perils of popular ignorance and the perils of concentrated wealth.

Who inspires other clear sighted, brave hearted men to toil in peaceful vocations without stint for public education and public virtue.

Who has given to us an open Bible, a living church and a common faith in a righteous and a redeeming God.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men!—Outlook.

The Old Time Spirit of Thanksgiving

The old time spirit of Thanksgiving—"Ah, those were good old days!" This with reminiscent sadness, if there was not a lurking sentiment for the splendor of good fellowship, for the charm of simplicity and the peace that comes from the contented heart that marked the old time Thanksgiving, there would be no regret for the good old days that are gone. But why can't they be conjured back again that we might cherish the generous spirit of that household festival?

It is the character of the day that we would have back again—the aftermath of the harvest, with its spirit of joyousness, the bounteous feast gathering together the family, making sacred the beauty of home ties.

In old New England a hustle of preparation began long before the appointed day. The turkey, strutting in laudatory disregard of his fate, was watched with eager eyes and fed with liberal care. The pumpkins were gathered and lay with faces upturned to the sun. Vegetables, fruits, nuts, raisins and citron were heaped in plenty upon the pantry shelf. And within

the house was aglow in joyful anticipation of the coming guests—a true hospitality, not so elaborate as it was bountiful and not so luxurious as healthful, but replete with rare kindness and grace.

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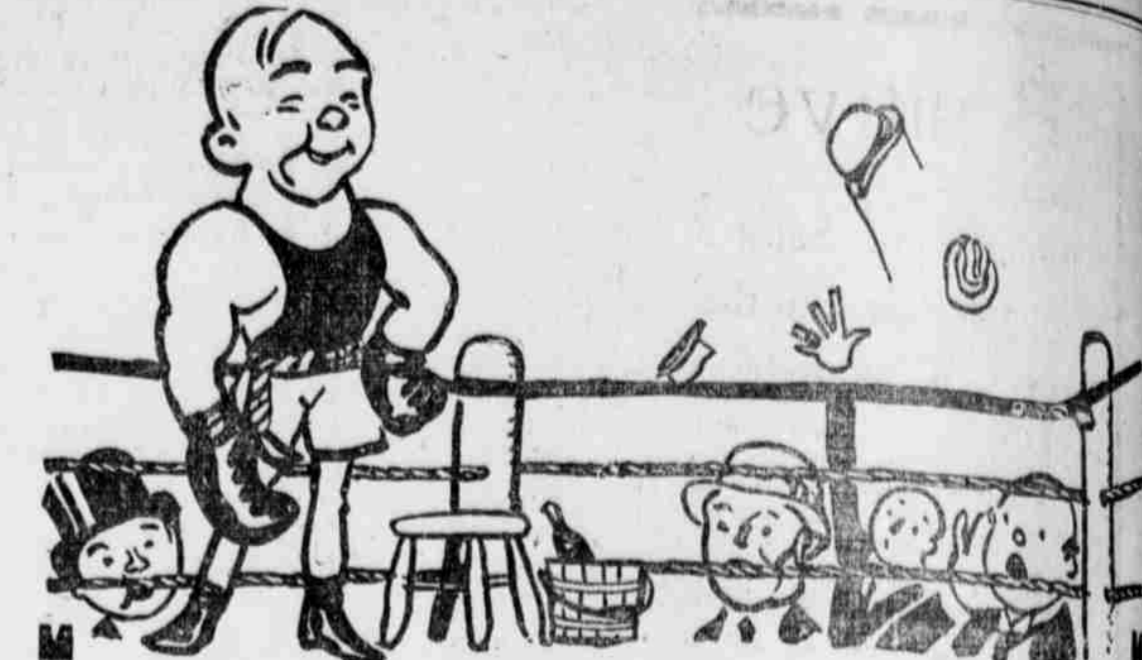
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Meet a Winner!

PIEDMONTS promise you the same cool, mellow taste that they're giving thousands of other men.

Mr. Smoker — PIEDMONTS! Go to 'em!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Some Punch to the Coupon, too!

Also Packed 20 for 10c



Poem of Gratitude of Long Ago

LORD, thou hast given me a cell

Wherein to dwell, A little house whose humble roof

Is weather proof, Under the sparres of which I lie

Both soft and drie, Where thou, my chamber for to ward,

Hast set a guard Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep

Me while I sleep. Low is my porch, as is my fate,

Both void of state, And get the threshold of my doore

Is worn by the poore, Who thither come and freely get

Good words or meat. —Robert Herrick.



The True Intent. Urge Patient (after the agony)—What do you mean by proclaiming on your sign, "Teeth extracted without pain?"

What Happened. "What is the cause of the rumpus over there?"

An Old Punishment. David Leyes, a Scotchman, for striking his father was sentenced in 1754 to appear "bairheddit and bairfuttit" in church with an apologetic placard attached to his cranium.

Own Up. A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday. —Pepe.

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SHOP EARLY AND HELP KEEP PEOPLE AT WORK



Electrical Gifts

Combine Charm and Utility

ELECTRIC CLEANERS give pleasure to the recipient Christmas morning because for years they will lighten household burdens and promote household healthfulness.

SHOP DURING ELECTRICAL PROSPERITY WEEK NOVEMBER 29-DECEMBER 4 ALL ELECTRICAL INTERESTS HAVE JOINED TO MAKE THIS EVENT PROFITABLE TO YOU

Oregon Power Co

Telephone editorial No. 11.

SERVICE FIRST

The storm which reached its climax Thanksgiving Day was severe and costly. Most of our long-distance service was more or less interrupted. Our plant department worked early and late with the result that all our lines were working early Friday. The first telegraph service to outside points was restored over our lines. That was "service first" as usual.

COOS AND CURRY TELEPHONE COMPANY

OCEAN BEACH AUTO LINE

Leave Marshfield at 7 a. m. and returning leaving from Empire at 8 a. m. Leave Marshfield at 11 a. m. and returning leave Slough at 1 p. m. Leave Marshfield at 5 p. m. and returning leave South Slough at 6 p. m.

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