

# TIMES' - MAGAZINE - PAGE

## Preparation

With the opening of Spring you will be making plans to establish a home and selecting a building site. FIRST ADDITION offers the home builder every convenience desired—graded streets, excellent city water service, telephone and electric lights at your command make this section the home place perfect. And lots, full size, 50 by 120 at only \$300 each on terms to suit your income. In no other part of the city can you buy such desirable property at such low price and terms.

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## Rusty Water

Where red or rusty water occurs, it almost always comes from the hot water faucets. The water is discolored because of the rusting of the inside of the hot water piping in the house and is not dirt or foreign matter, for if it were then both the hot and cold water would be discolored. The hot water piping in some houses causes more rust than in others, due to the galvanized coating of the pipes being of poorer quality. When placing new or repairing old water piping, insist on your plumber using the best grade of galvanized iron pipe of not less than three-fourths inch diameter.

Where rusty hot water is especially bad it can be remedied to a considerable extent by having a plumber attach an inexpensive device to the water pipe entering the hot water coil or stove-back for the introduction of a small amount of lime each week. The lime added to the hot water will largely prevent the formation of rust in the hot water pipes, but it will make the water somewhat harder and require more soap.

Don't heat your hot water supply too hot. A temperature of 140 degrees is sufficient for all ordinary uses of hot water and to exceed this causes trouble. Flush the rust out of the bottom of your hot water tank at least once a week. Every hot water tank should have a faucet for this purpose.

## COOS BAY WATER COMPANY

MARSHFIELD AND NORTH BEND, OREGON.

## PARCEL POST YOUR LAUNDRY

We Pay Return Charges. Prompt and Efficient Service  
COOS BAY STEAM LAUNDRY

## Consider the Want "Ad" ---

If you have anything to sell; if you want to hire help of any description; if you desire to buy or exchange any article, you can save yourself time, annoyance and much expense by using

## The Times Want "Ad" Columns

Every day THE TIMES goes into nearly 2000 homes—and an average of five people read each and every TIMES that is printed. This makes a total of 10,000 people who read THE TIMES want ad columns daily. This is more than half the population of Coos County and surely you will find in such a multitude just what you want. The cost of a want ad is small—an advertisement not to exceed 15 words will be run in two consecutive issue of THE TIMES for 30 cents.

## Use the Times Want "Ad" Way

## TRAMPS 1,750 MILES WITH BURROS AS PALS

### Prospector Seeking to Start New Life Startles San Francisco.

San Francisco.—Harry H. Cloud, sixty years "young," with his camping outfit of two burros and a cart, has walked 1,750 miles across burning desert and rugged mountain to get a "start in life."

And Mirandy Cloud has established the long distance walker's record for babies of ten months. Mirandy is one of Cloud's burros.

Cloud, who abandoned his mining "prospects" thirty miles from Prescott, Ariz., spread his blankets in the shadow of the Tower of Jewels outside the exposition grounds.

The glitter and glare of the exposition have never had a more colorful contrast than this picture of sturdy, sun bronzed age in boots and khaki. The "tenderfoot" of the city stood amazed.

Traffic piled up on Market street as the strange caravan from the desert plodded down the great business artery. Crowds followed. Men cheered. Babies cooed in glee.

"Sell me the baby burro?" said a Miss Louise Burton.

"Won't part 'er from 'er mother," replied Cloud.

"I'll buy them both," said Miss Burton's sister Mabel. "How much?"

"Ten thousand dollars," answered Harry.

"Oh," said the girls. Then they gasped again.

"Well, these 'ere burros are my only pals," said Cloud. "Would you value a friend at less? I'm startin' after a fortune. I'll need it when I get old. An' I've got to have friends to help get it. If I have the ten thousand I won't need burros for friends. That's proved philosophy. Getap there, Junnie!"

As the banner moves on pleased nods and bows greet its progress. Into a dark doorway and up the stairs marches Miss Dock, holding her suffrage banner before her. "Our nurses come here often to look after the children," she explains.

Through a crowded kitchen and into a room in the front of the house she marched. "May we come in?" asked Miss Dock. A guttural sound signified assent. A young woman with a much embroidered and solemn faced baby looking like an infant mandarin sat at one end of a table between the windows. At the other window sat an older woman sewing. Both women wore native costumes. Neither could speak English. The younger woman went out of the room and soon returned, bringing her sister, a girl of fifteen, who goes to high school. She listened to Miss Dock a moment and then a smile broke out all over her face. Yes, indeed, she knew about the suffrage campaign, and she believed in votes for women. Then she turned and spoke rapidly to her mother and sister-in-law. Immediately their faces changed, the glumness vanished and they beamed upon the callers. They, too, believed in votes for women; yes, indeed, and so did their husbands.

Out on the street again and up into another house marched the Chinese banner with its message of equality for men and women. Here was a Chinese woman of high degree. Helpless to all the traditions of old China, nevertheless she has her face set toward the promise of the future to come, and she believes in equal suffrage. To be sure, as Miss Dock explains, there are not so many many registered voters in Chinatown, but even though they be but few they are going to receive the message. They are interested in it too. One full blooded Chinese voter born in this country expressed the new ideal for women as he sees it: "I would like my wife to be a citizen."

Separated Fifty-six Years. Toledo, O.—After a separation of fifty-six years Mrs. Helen McCullough, a widow of this city, has located her brother, J. D. Bingham, at Kalamazoo, Mich., and has gone there to see him.

A Tree in a Thunderstorm. Every one is aware that it is not wise to seek a tree's shelter in a thunderstorm, but if you must take refuge there then climb to the topmost branches. It has been proved that the upper boughs of trees during a storm would be the safest position, and it is said that birds in the branches are seldom killed. When the tree is struck by lightning it is the trunk which, presumably from its greater dryness, is a bad conductor and which therefore suffers the most.

PERSISTENCE. Be not discouraged or out of humor because practice falls short of precept in some particulars. If you happen to be beaten, come on again and be glad if most of your acts are worthy of human nature. Love that to which you return and do not go, like a schoolboy to his master, with an ill will.—Marcus Aurelius.

See Sting Got in Her Tonsil. Kingman, Ind.—Mrs. Edward Reath was the victim of an unusual accident when she was stung by a bee which she swallowed when getting grapes. The insect in its eagerness to suck out the pulp of the grapes had crawled inside the skin and was not discovered by Mrs. Reath until it objected to being made of Jonah and inserted its stinger in one of the tonsils in her throat. The tonsil swelled badly, and the services of a physician were required to remove the stinger.

Grocer Forgets to Take Cash Home, and Thieves Are Foiled. Marion, Ind.—When Jack Lines of Lines & Grosse, grocers, went home after closing the store he forgot to take with him the cash receipts for the day, about \$400.

Just after he retired some one knocked and shouted that his barn was burning.

While Lines was away thieves searched his house from top to bottom. They made away with all the change in Lines' clothing, and it is the belief of the police the barn was first set on fire by persons who knew Lines was in the habit of taking the money from the store to his home each Saturday night.

## CONVERT CHINESE TO AID SUFFRAGE

### Woman Uses Native Flag in New York Campaign.

#### BANNER WARMLY GREETED.

Goes From House to House Telling Alien Inhabitants of Equality For Men and Women—One Chinese Voter Declares He Would Like Wife to Be an American Citizen.

New York.—Miss Lavinia Dock of the Henry street nurses' settlement has undertaken to convert Chinatown to suffrage with Chinese flags. The psychology of the flag is an interesting study. It is hard at times to pierce the apathy, the stolidity of the alien inhabitants of a great city like New York and to arouse among them an interest in a cause not primarily and originally their own. But there is one universal, never failing method—and that is to display the flags of those foreign lands whence they came. So Miss Dock unfurls a beautiful white silk Chinese banner bearing the votes for women message on both sides. A kindly missionary man and a cultured Chinese doctor helped make the banner, which is attached to its standard by gay ribbons of old rose, light blue



Photo by American Press Association.

MISS LAVINIA DOCK.

and bright yellow, these with black and white being the colors of the new Chinese flag.

Flag in hand, the suffragists go out into the highways and byways with their message of equal political rights and responsibilities for men and women. "First class," said a smiling faced, prosperous looking Chinaman in well cut American clothes as he greeted the suffrage banner. "First class, I believe in that," he repeated, and other Chinamen smilingly nodded assent.

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## Mysteries Of Grand Opera Revealed By Geraldine Farrar

### Hidden Secret Of Lyric Drama Told In Prima Donna's Second Photoplay Depicting Life Behind The Scenes.

"BEFORE the stage door at eleven!" Probably no profession holds a greater appeal to the imagination of the lay mind than that of grand opera singing. Behind the damask curtains of grand opera lies a world in itself, the secrets of which for years have been guarded by a coterie unwilling that the public should know by what manner its compelling illusions are accomplished. The public sees and hears only the other side—the enthusiasm of the premiere, the crash of applause and the cheering



Contrasting Emotions Expressed by Geraldine Farrar in Two Scenes from her Second Photoplay "Temptation."



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stare at her, to ask her by what right she, an unknown child, was in this world of make-believe, of brilliant spectacle, golden opportunity, bright lights, deep shadows.

"Down center" sat a man at a piano in shirt sleeves. His long, disheveled hair and uncouth appearance bespoke the artistic temperament, but the laymen would hardly have recognized the world's greatest leader. With extravagant gestures he was madly illustrating to one of the singers the manner in which a passage could be sung to better effect. To the midst of the animated group the girl walked.

"Ah, you are prompt!" It was Muller's voice. "We will try your voice immediately." He led her to the piano. The man in shirt sleeves surrendered his place to her. "Sing!" the impresario commanded. "Scales!" He did not waste words.

Then, her heart in her mouth as her fingers played up and down the keys, she abandoned the scale she had been told to sing and started the aria of a popular opera.

Encouraged by Muller's pleased smile she finished it with a brilliant display of vocal ability.

The inattention of the listeners had turned to rapt attention, and the girl, a stranger among them, was enthusiastically applauded.

"You'll do," said Muller. Rene Dupree had broken the ice. She was on the high way to success. How difficult of attainment that success would prove, she was to learn.

"THERE," said Geraldine Farrar. She turned from her desk handing the slip of paper on which she had been jotting notes to the man with whom she was talking. "It's just an outline, but I think you can work it up into something worth while."

Turnbull, formerly dramatic critic of the New York Tribune and now a member of the Lasky Feature Play Company's literary staff, left the star's dressing room and set to work. The prima donna had completed the last stirring scene of her Paramount Picture, "Carmen." In all her career she had never played a modern role. Here was the suggestion of a story, based partly upon her own experiences which had the possibilities of a greater photoplay.

The scenario which Turnbull wrote and called "Temptation" has been "Paramountized" by the Lasky Company. A new achievement is credited to Cecil B. De Mille, the director.

"Temptation" is a throbbing, pulsating story of grand opera, of the men and women who make it possible here and abroad. The story of Rene Dupree is that of the leading stars of opera history. Her experiences are based upon fact. Secrets of life behind the scenes are revealed as she plays her part on the shadow stage.

Caruso had kept out of sight of the audience and no one had seen him, believing, as usual the aria had been sung by another. Caruso himself enjoyed the prank more than any other member of the company.

In one of the scenes in "Temptation," Miss Farrar, as Rene, having achieved success in opera, is suspended from the company through the machinations of her employer's father. She returns the following day and while standing outside the impresario's office, the wardrobe mistress passes taking Rene's costumes to the storeroom. The singer, filled with disappointment, rushes over and grasps her costumes in her arms. "None shall wear the gowns in which I had my hour of success," she cries. This incident is taken also from an actual happening at one of the big American opera houses.

The appearance of Miss Farrar in a role which, in certain minor respects, touches on her own wonderful career in grand opera, is a matter of more than passing interest. Miss Farrar, more often than any other American artiste has been asked to give advice to young women who would choose an operatic career. Although the prima donna is not authority for the state-ment, "Temptation" is said to contain in no uncertain fashion, a striking and truthful warning to those who would seek fame and fortune in grand opera.

### Safety First Service?

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