THE COOS BAY TIMES, MARSHFIELD, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1916-EVENING EDITION.



FUUR

town.

year.

era of unity action is still on. That is the sort of spirit that membed an action in replevin in the brings results. Wherever it is mani- county court a few days ago, to refested the city is prosperous. Where- cover possession of a pair of horses ever it is lacking there is a different belonging to her and which were betale to tell.

WITH THE TEA

you and you will discover . that those who surround you will be good men to the same depths

The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday Among the fields above the sea, Among the winds at play, Among the lowing of the herds, The rustling of the trees. Among the singing of the birds, The humming of the bees; The foolish fears of what might happen. I cast them all away Among the clover-scented grass. Among the new-mown hay, Among the hushing of the corn Where drowsy poppies nod, Where ill thoughts die and good are born.

Out in the fields with God.

The Coos Bay woman who tells it all seldom claims to know it all.

Every Coos Bay man gets a lot of wireless messages from his wife.

lower.

yer will get justice.

vorce suit.

what they can avoid doing.