

COOS BAY TIMES

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PLENTY OF ROOM.

Once in a great while we run across an individual who is laboring under the mistaken idea that we are liable to overdo the boosting business here in Oregon. Let us take Lane county for example and see how true this is.

When we stop to contemplate such astounding figures as these, we are surprised that any one should have the nerve to declare that at our present rate of progress we are liable to overload Lane county with population.

A stranger from Pennsylvania in Eugene the other day remarked that he had a county 20 by 40 miles in size in his state that has no greater city in it, yet it has a larger population than the whole state of Oregon.

Yes, there is room in Oregon for millions of people—room in Lane alone for a quarter of a million, or nearly ten times what we have now.

There is no room, however, for pessimism among the four people to the square mile in Lane over the possibility of lacking room in which to turn around, not during the life of the present generation, at any rate. The only thing that should occasion any surprise among Lane county people is that in a land of such vast and varied resources there should be but 30,000 people instead of 150,000.

"Between the 'old maid' of the fifties and the bachelor woman of today yawns a vast gulf. The mere change of the appellation indicates something of the bettered position of spinsters nowadays," remarks Gentlewoman.

Paul Morton's declaration that "the president has a temper" will go a great way toward verifying the suspicions of a number of wealthy malefactors, undesirable citizens and jugglers of the short and ugly.

The authorship of "Dixie" has been attributed to thirty-seven authors, but it's hats off and hooray for all of them when the band strikes up!

The Abruzzi incident calls attention to the oft demonstrated fact that no government is wise enough to regulate people's love affairs.

A vicious man is dangerous. So is a girl. Combined, they make an amateur.

Who wants a square deal, but he needs a round scoring.

Year is of no use to the kind men like to marry.

Ant-mower must be a good any push it along.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING. Time past, is gone, thou canst not it recall; Time is, thou hast, improve that portion small; Time future is not and may never be, Time present is the only time for thee.

HORACE MANN. When a girl refers to herself as an old maid, there is still hope for her.

Just You. If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled, And take my choice of all earth's treasures, too, And ask from Heaven whatso'er I willed, I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, neither low nor high, Nor King in castle old or palace new; I'd hold Golconda's mines less rich than I, If I had you.

Tol' and privation, poverty and care, Undaunted I'd defy, nor future woo; Having my wife, no jewels else I'd wear, If she were you.

Little I'd care how lovely she might be, How graced with every charm, how fond, how true; E'en though perfection, she'd be naught to me Were she not you.

There is more charm for my true loving heart In everything you think, or say, or do, Than all the joys of heaven could e'er impart, Because it's you.

Some amusing answers were found in the examination papers of the pupils of the Marshfield schools and they lent a bit of cheer to the teachers who had to work overtime in marking them. The humor is probably more striking and probably as ably more striking and probably has considered that all of the pupils were intensely in earnest, being spurred on by the necessity of making a showing to be promoted and to have a good card to show to their parents.

Geography (Second Grade): What direction is Coos River from the school house? Answer—Straight up.

Physiology (Eighth Grade): Where is the alimentary canal? Answer—In the southwestern part of Michigan.

What is the seat of intelligence? Answer—The vermiform appendix.

History: What was the Lincoln-Douglas debate? Answer—Lincoln-Douglass was a negro who said he was free; his owner said he was not. They had so much trouble over it that this was called the Lincoln-Douglas debate.

Physiology (Fourth Grade): How many layers of skin are there? Answer—Two, an under and a topper.

"Is your little girl old enough to be a companion to you?" "O, yes. She already plays a fair game of bridge."

Gerald—I want you to tell me just what you think of me. Geraldine—Have you a telephone in your house?

Several ladies sat in their club a few evenings ago discussing the virtues of their husbands.

"Mr. Smith," said one of them, referring to her husband, "never drinks and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits."

"Does he never smoke?" someone asked. "Yes, he likes his cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But," she continued, "I suppose on an average he does not smoke more than once a month."

"Well," said Finnegan, "there's only one way time when life ain't worth livin'."

"An' whin is that?" asked Flannery. "Whin ye think it ain't."

A man with a torpid liver couldn't see beauty with a microscope.

No one should judge Marshal Car-

ter by the company he keeps—in jail.

It never pays to hurry onward when you are on the wrong road.

When your worries harass you put them in a trunk and sit on the lid.

Yes, dear, to be consistent a Colognial dame should use Cologne.

When a girl refers to herself as an old maid, there is still hope for her.

There are a good many harps in heaven that will not be called for.

The reason why women don't try to understand things is because they don't want to lose their interest nor their quality of being interesting.

Some men are born wise and others are born handsome.

When luxuries become necessities, necessities often become a terrible problem.

No man plays the fool oftener than a fool plays many a man.

Some liars are artists, but not all artists are liars.

Some men seem to want a home so that they will have some place to stay away from.

Getting their fortune told is simply a vicarious way some people have of gambling.

The reason most of us are poor is because a select few have such an easy way of getting money.

Nothing succeeds like the appearance of success.

Some Coos county men who think they are great politicians are only good jokes.

Worry kills more people than work—but it is a blamed sight easier way to die.

Whenever an office in Coos county seeks the man, it doesn't have to hunt long.

Some Coos Bay men grumble sixteen hours a day without seeming to be relieved.

Mean of Him.



"She is very beautiful." "Indeed!" "Yes. There is just one fault with her."

"What is it?" "She has been beautiful so long."

Probably.

"Working is doing what you don't like to do." "And doing what you like isn't work?"

"S'pose so." "I see." "What?" "That must be why working people is sometimes called playing them."

Would Know Later.

"Is the prisoner sane or insane?" "I don't know yet." "But you have examined him."

"Yes." "And you are an expert?" "I am one of the best. But, you see, both sides are dickering with me for a witness, and I haven't found out yet which has the more money."

Just Its Way.

March has many moods, they say, E'er it takes its leave—Something different for each day Always up its sleeve.

Wasn't Her Fortune.

"Why don't you marry a millionaire, Maud?" "Haven't the nerve to try, Edith." "Different with me." "Why?" "I haven't the face."

Officers Safe.

"Do they have corporal punishment in the army?" "You bet they don't, and you dasen't punch the lieutenant either. I tell you, these officers has things about their way."

Has the Ladies Guessing.

"Do you know a good conundrum?" "Yes." "What is it?" "Why is a bachelor?"

MEN OF THE HOUR



ANTHONY HOPE.

Anthony Hope, whose novels are so popular with all readers of fiction, had little success as a writer until he produced the "Prisoner of Zenda," whereupon he came into immediate and lasting popularity.



Killing by Electricity More Humane Than Hanging.

By Dr. E. C. SPITZKA, Brain Specialist.

THE method employed in electrocution is already generally well known. What is not so much a matter of popular knowledge is the fact that ONLY FROM SIXTY TO SEVENTY SECONDS elapse from the time the prisoner enters the room until he is pronounced dead.

More than this, in every case with which I am familiar the prisoner slept soundly on the night previous, entered the execution room calmly and often smiling, kept a decent silence or broke it only to murmur a prayer or say a pleasant farewell, walked mostly unaided, seated himself in the chair and watched with curiosity the strapping of his body thereto.

Much has been said about life surviving the first contact, but IT DOES NOT SURVIVE. The current is now turned on when the signaling doctors see that the lungs hold the minimum amount of air, for after death what air was in the lungs rushes out and gives the effect, to the layman, of a sigh, which, if any mucus is present, changes to a deceptive gurgle. In only two instances did I notice even any such sign of a respiratory effort. Death was ALWAYS PAINLESS AND INSTANTANEOUS, and consciousness had ceased in a flash.

For the purpose of comparison, by courtesy of Sheriff Brown, I attended five hangings in Moyamensing prison, and the results, in my mind, are best expressed by that stanza in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol:"

'Tis sweet to dance to violins When life and love are fair; To dance to lutes, to dance to flutes, Is beautiful and rare, But it is not sweet with nimble feet To dance upon the air.

THE PREPARATIONS WERE AS SPEEDY AS IN THE ELECTROCUTIONS OF WHICH I HAVE SPOKEN, BUT AFTER THE DROP FELL THEN FOLLOWED A PERIOD OF STRUGGLING AGONY WHICH CAN BE BETTER IMAGINED THAN DESCRIBED.

In nearly every instance the heart continued to beat for thirteen minutes, and in only one—that of Mok Kung, who really died of a sort of apoplexy—was there no movement after the drop. In all other cases there were CONSCIOUS EFFORTS TO BREATHE, struggles of the manacled hands to free themselves and reach the strangling neck, bitter contortions of the feet, tied though they were, in an endeavor to find support. The men literally "danced upon the air."

These struggles continued for a minute. Sometimes they kept up for a minute and a half. Often the sight was such that SPECTATORS FAINTED.

FINALLY I PERFORMED AUTOPSIES ON THE BODIES OF FIVE MEN EXECUTED BY HANGING. THE BODIES WERE SENT TO THE JEFFERSON HOSPITAL, AND I HAD EVERY OPPORTUNITY FOR THOROUGH INVESTIGATION. IN NOT ONE CASE WAS THERE A BROKEN NECK, AND IN ALL DEATH HAD BEEN DIRECTLY DUE TO STRANGULATION.

Give me a man who has enemies, It is proof positive that he is not a dead one.

All donkeys do not wear long ears. Some of them wear silk underclothes.

An hour spent with a good lively dog is worth two spent in morose loneliness.

A policeman should make a fine electrician. Copper is a good conductor.

NO TOWN KNOCKERS.

How Coryville Got Rid of a Bunch of Unprogressives.

THE YOUNG MEN ORGANIZED.

And the Croaking Critics Couldn't Stand the Ordeal of Initiation into the Mysterious Order of the G. B.'s. A Story of Masks and Spades.

There was something doing in Coryville. The G. B.'s were getting busy. Who were the G. B.'s? Oh, just follow this little story and find out!

For many years Coryville had had on hand an oversupply of citizens whose chief activity had to do with knocking the town. These fellows were but a small group, only four or five, but they did harm. Half a dozen maggots can spoil the best cheese ever made. So these town knockers, these croaking critics, were slowly undermining the good reputation of Coryville by their incessant chorus of defamation. Nothing suited them. They opposed every movement for the good of the town. They croaked and knocked and clamored and hammered whenever anybody suggested a street improvement, a new building, the organization of a business men's club or anything of the sort.

Finally the G. B.'s were organized. Of course they did not take the knockers' bunch into their confidence. There was a reason and a good one for not letting the knockers know. The G. B.'s were organized in secret. The initial meeting was held in an old abandoned schoolhouse half a mile out of town. Grips and passwords and other secret signs were adopted. Even a mystic apron was devised, but it was not to be worn where aprons usually are worn. It was to be tied around the head just below the eyes, thus serving as a mask.

The G. B.'s had been in existence only a month or so, holding their meetings every Friday night in the old schoolhouse, when one of the knockers discovered that such a society had been formed. He straightway notified his brother knockers. The group met in a grocery store.

"Seems to be something mighty mysterious about it," remarked the chief knocker.

"Yes; can't imagine what they're up to," said another. "The society seems to have thirty or forty members, and most of them are the younger element around town, young business men."

"How did you find that out?" asked knocker No. 3.

"Why, one of the members told me," replied the other.

All of which was quite true. It was true also that this member had violated no rule of the G. B.'s. He had been detailed to acquaint the knockers with these primary facts concerning the society. Immediately the knocker in chief had expressed a desire to attend a meeting. He was cordially invited along with his brother knockers.

When the five town knockers filed into the old schoolhouse at the regular Friday night meeting they found a most startling assemblage. About forty men, with long white apron-like masks concealing their faces and reaching far below their shoulders, were standing around the walls of the chamber, which contained no seats. Every fifth man carried a blazing torchlight. Many of the others carried picks, spades and shovels.

The supreme sarchem of the G. B.'s advanced to the group of visitors and asked them solemnly if they desired to be initiated into the order. They replied that they did. How can a man knock unless he is on the inside? The chief knocker laughed scornfully as he assented to the initiation.

"The ordeal is severe," said the supreme sarchem, "but if you survive it you are our brethren. Advance, G. B.'s!"

Fifteen of the masked figures advanced, carrying stout cords. They quickly bound the hands of the knockers behind them and tied the whole group together with a rope. Then the torch bearers came forward, the knockers were led outside, the other G. B.'s followed, and the entire party stopped on the open space back of the schoolhouse.

Without a word the men with picks began to dig, the shovelers began to shovel, while the torch bearers held their lights high above the group. After the digging was well under way the G. B.'s started up a dirgelike song in doleful voices. Altogether it was an uncanny scene.

"Wha-what are you fellows up to anyhow?" gasped the chief knocker.

"Gentlemen, unmask," commanded the supreme sarchem. All the G. B.'s unmasked, revealing the fact that they were the leading young men of Coryville. Then the supreme sarchem, who happened to own the grocery store in which the knockers chiefly knocked, addressed the candidates for initiation:

"We are the Grand Buryers. We are digging your graves. We have reached the conclusion that a few first class funerals are needed in the interest of Coryville, and we have selected you gentlemen for the honor of furnishing the raw material. For years you have knocked and blocked every movement for the good of our town, and we have decided that Coryville can get along without you. However, we are going to give you a chance. If you will promise solemnly to boost and not to knock hereafter, you may take your own time and die natural deaths. But always remember that the Grand Buryers have the tools and that we can dig."

Coryville has no knockers now. BURR JOYCE.