

COOS BAY TIMES

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The policy of the Coos Bay Times will be Republican in politics, with the independence of which President Roosevelt is the leading exponent.

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Marshfield Oregon

COOKED ON THE VINE.

While we are not sufficiently credulous to believe that pre-cooked vegetables are a possible agricultural achievement, we can still hope for such a boon from nature. Perhaps Luther Burbank might accomplish something of this sort in his experiments. No one would care to state positively that it could not be done.

Besides, it is said that already there is growing in the United States a patch of potatoes which need only to be plucked and eaten, a culinary process having been carried on by artificial means during the period of their germination. Dwight Wheeler, a Connecticut farmer, is proprietor of the astonishing field of spuds. It was he who hit upon the method of cultivation by which the sprouting root is baked as perfectly as though it had been spaded out of the ground and placed in a heated oven. But Wheeler's potatoes do not grow under the earth, but on plants—like tomatoes and string beans.

Wheeler assures us that anyone can grow their own potatoes, already cooked, by following his simple plan, which, by the way, he refuses to divulge. It has been ascertained, however, that the young farmer has been experimenting with red pepper plants during the last year, and it is supposed by those who are not convinced of his mendacity, that he has crossed potato sprouts with the seeds of these exceedingly hot vegetables. How else could one account for the pre-cooked potatoes? The juice of the pepper stock would naturally circulate through the stems of the potato plants, eventually passing into the succulent pulp of the spud itself, cooking it to a turn.

Really, Wheeler interests us greatly. If he can cook potatoes, as he says, without building a fire, he undoubtedly could perform the same service for other vegetables, by infusing them with the quintessence of something hot. Wheeler should experiment with live stock next. The thought of having to prepare neither meat or vegetables before eating appeals to one's sense of indolence.

AN OVERLOOKED WATER FRONT

Speaking of improvements which should soon receive attention, there has been no feature of the city so carefully overlooked as the waterfront. The condition of many of the docks is simply disgraceful, and there is no general movement in the direction of improvement.

One specific case that is attracting some attention is that of the Portland & Seattle docks and terminals. The terminals have been improved in a most wonderful way through the port of Portland's big dredge, Columbia, lifting the gravel from the river bed and scattering it uniformly thousands of feet along the company's terminal grounds. In this way two birds have been killed with one stone, for the gravel used is one direction for a fill deepened the channel in another, and thus provided deep water at the point where the company proposed to build its docks. These docks are now in process of construction, and while they are not being built of cement, as it was hoped they would be, are nevertheless beyond comparison the best constructed docks on the waterfront. They are being bulkheaded and filled in with gravel, which is a vast improvement on the usual free-and-easy style of construction that simply invites fire and spreads disease.

As a matter of fact, it is a great mistake not to extend the fire limits along the waterfront. A new dock being built by a coal company in place of one recently destroyed, is about as disreputable and shabby looking an affair as one could well find anywhere. It is ten years behind the times and a score of years behind what it ought to be. A new ordinance should be introduced in the council extending the fire limits in that direction, and every company,

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.
There are two ways of being happy: we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same.
FRANKLIN.

OLD-FASHIONED BREAKFAST.

How dear to my heart is that scene of my childhood

Which fond recollection recalleth to view:

The damask-clad board with its lavishly piled food,

Delectable fare my young appetite knew.

The thick, juicy beefsteak, the omelette by it,

The crisp, fried potatoes, seductively brown,

The rampart of toast with the marmalade high it—

Ambrosial breakfast, where now thy renew?

The old fashioned breakfast, our forefathers' breakfast,

The long ago breakfast of vanished renew.

Those rich-tinted waffles, how toothsome and tender.

Their dimpled delights on those mornings of yore;

How oft to their delicate charms I'd surrender,

How sweet the libation I'd over them pour.

How calm the content that would softly enfold me

As each melting mouthful slipped lusciously down.

And how I'd have sorrowed had any one told me

That opulent breakfast would lose its renew.

The old fashioned breakfast, our forefathers' breakfast,

The long ago breakfast of vanished renew.

How bleak is this modern repast of the morning,

It differeth far from the feast of my dream,

That succulent fern the bare table adorning.

I yearn to devour with sugar and cream.

I'm weary of hay, predigested and shredded,

On health-giving sawdust I look with a frown,

The pangs of dyspepsia are less to be dreaded—

Oh, bring back the breakfast of ancient renown;

The old fashioned breakfast, the dear, deadly breakfast,

The long ago breakfast of vanished renew.

But is there no hope? Must I ever continue

On flakes of dried science to nourish my brain?

While "vigor" and "force" feed my muscle and sinew,

My poor, patient palate petitions in vain.

Dear meal of my youth, with what rapture I'd hail thee.

Could I but before thy abundance sit down!

With keenest enjoyment I'd haste to assail thee.

Thou memorial breakfast of blessed renew;

The old fashioned breakfast, our forefathers' breakfast,

The long ago breakfast of vanished renew.

Quite frequently the young man is accepted, not because he is good enough, but because he is too good for some other girl.

A California woman is wearing a dress woven from the hair of her pet dog. She preserved the clippings for

association and individual should be made to conform to it. The docks of the biggest corporations, with the exception of the one now under construction for the Portland & Seattle railroad, are all of a piece. There are really more big sinners than small. Some of the conditions which exist should not be tolerated, even from the standpoint of the public health.

More attention must hereafter be paid to the waterfront conditions, for shipping is enormously increasing, and while, to the credit of the port of Portland, it must be said, it is doing most commendable work, it cannot do everything without the backing of the city, and a robust public sentiment which should not tolerate the laxness of which many of the corporations doing business along the waterfront are constantly and flagrantly guilty.—Portland Telegram.

three years and now has a beautiful gown which fairly bristles every time a cat rubs against her.

The difference between what some Coos Bay men infer they make and what they really make, would keep a large family in luxury.

The only really happy day, the day which has no sorrows, no annoyances, no disappointments and no discouragements is tomorrow.

When a man refuses to take no for an answer there is only one thing for the poor girl to do—answer some other fellow, "Yes."

A man with \$1 worth of whiskey in him would laugh at a funeral procession if somebody gave him the least encouragement.

The man who can climb high on the ladder and still keep the friendships he made on the lower rung, is lucky and wise indeed.

There is positively no excuse for a young man kissing a girl once. If she stands for it once she likes it and should have at least two.

A good rule in life is to spend this week's money from the wages of last week. At any rate don't spend next week's wages this week.

It is a mighty mean man that will let his life insurance policy lapse just in time to keep his heirs from quarrelling over the money.

When a man goes out to look for trouble and comes home with a black eye, further proof that he found what he went after is not needed.

A Coos Bay man refers to the sphinx as belonging to the male persuasion. He says a woman could not have kept the secret so long.

Certain Coos Bay individuals who are guilty seem to think they can escape detection if they holler loudly enough about the other fellow.

A Coos Bay boy's definition of the spine is: "The spine is a long, limber bone, your head resting on one end and you sit on the other end."

Some young men seem to think that a college diploma is a daily order on the universe for three square meals and the flub-dubs.

A man never believes that truth is stranger than fiction until the baby gets him up seven times in one night—and still he can't find the pin.

A California man with \$50,000 has married a woman who promised to help him take care of his money. I'll bet he had a hard time getting her to promise that.

"Divorce is almost as easy of accomplishment as marriage," remarked the Bachelor at the Millicombs last evening.

"Yes. You will observe that only a transposition of two letters is needed to make 'united' 'untied,'" replied the Observant One as he flicked the ash off the end of his cigar.

STOLE A KISS TO WIN BACK HER LOVE

Farmer Dick Had Sent Sophie a Lot of 'Em on Paper—Real Article Brought Trouble.

NEW YORK, July 23.—When the love of Miss Sophie Houck of Lyndhurst, N. J., grew cold, Richard Beasecke, a farmer of Nutley, tried forcibly to kiss her, it is charged, and was haled before Justice of the Peace John C. La Faucherie, who is trying to patch up a truce between the couple.

According to Sophie, eighteen, and pretty, the kiss was stolen from her one evening last week on the River road in Nutley, which is known as "lovers' lane," when she and her sister Annie were on their way home. Accounts differ as to what really did take place. If Farmer "Dick's" story is true he and the young woman had been fond lovers for several years and corresponded regularly. The bearer of the love missives was eleven-year-old Edward Marcus. A bundle of letters was produced in evidence, but Sophie indignantly denied having written them. But Marcus said he had carried missives between her and "Dick" and that he opened one of her letters and saw a lot of crosses.

"What did they signify," asked the Justice.

"Why, kisses, of course," answered the lad. The boy said "Dick" gave him a squirrel for carrying the messages and that Sophie seemed anxious to get them.

The Myers Store North Bend, Ore. The Myers Store North Bend, Ore.

SOROSIS Shoes

..America's Best Shoes for Women.

Materials
Best Workmanship
Style

Sorosis Shoes are made in styles for all occasions, and we carry a full line.

The Most Complete Showing of Ladies' Summer Oxfords in Southern Oregon

They Come in PATENT COLT and TAN KID, CALF and SUEDE LEATHERS

N. B.—Just received -- another shipment of Ladies' 12-inch Tan Bootees. They are especially adapted for tramping in the woods. If you are going camping, you'll need a pair. Sizes, 2 1-2 to 7.

REFEREE'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Coos rendered on the 8th day of May, 1908, in a certain suit therein pending wherein Charles J. Elford, and Marie Grandholm, plaintiffs, and Selma Abranhamson, Carl Abrahamson, Oscar Abrahamson, Ernest Grant, Jonas Granholm, Granholm, Oscar Granholm, Granholm, John Doe, Susan Doe, Richard, Roe, Jane Roe, and Ellis Grant, defendants, the case being No. 2452 for partition of real property and an execution and order of sale duly rendered thereunder on the 16th day of July, 1908, directing and requesting the referee to sell the hereinafter described property in the manner provided by law and to apply the proceeds of said sale as in said decree specially directed.

Now, therefore I hereby say that I will on the 27th day of August A. D. 1908, at the hour of Ten o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the Court House at Coquille City, Oregon, offer for sale to the highest bidder the following described property to-wit:

Lot Seven in Block Twenty-five in Clements Addition of a portion of the town of Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon, as per plat thereof on file and of record in the office of the County Clerk of said County of Coos. Dated this 22d day of July, 1908. GEO. N. FARRIN, Referee.

Oh, What Joy!

"Cured at last! Oh, what joy to think that I have at last been cured of that awful bowel trouble," are the words of A. C. Butler of Cold Springs, Texas, who suffered off and on for twelve months with a disorder of his bowels, and finally, after almost giving up in despair, was cured by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. No one need suffer from colic or diarrhoea, for this remedy always gives prompt relief. For sale by JOHN PREUSS.

WEINHARD'S BEER
PROMOTES HEALTH
MARSDEN'S LIQUOR HOUSE
Orders Delivered Free.

A Times Want Ad will sell it for you.

.. A Good Investment ..

A good suit at the right price is not money thrown away. All we ask is comparison in style.

\$8, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20 and \$25 buys you a suit positively the best for the price.

FIX UP

North Front Street.

WHAT COLOR IS YOUR LINEN?

Is it yellow, a gray streaked or a dingy blue color? or is it a clear pearly white? When your linen is "off color" it is the evidence of poorly done or insufficient washing. We give the washing part of our laundry careful attention, and with lots of water, pure soap and modern methods succeed in obtaining a most perfect color.

Coos Bay Steam Laundry

Phone No. 571 for driver to call.

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