

IMPORTS ITS GREENS

Coos Bay Gets Vegetables From San Francisco.

COULD RAISE BETTER ITSELF

How the Harbor Ranks in the Estimation of Government Engineers—Half of Projected Improvement Produces Full Results.

EMPIRE CITY, Or., Sept. 9.—(Staff correspondence.)—It seems odd to an accustomed to the abundance of home-grown "green groceries" of the Willamette Valley to hear Coos Bay housewives waiting for the arrival of a San Francisco steamer in order that they may get fresh vegetables. But I have heard this wish expressed several times, and each time it brought the question, "Why do not local gardeners and farmers raise vegetables and fruit for the local market?" Some of the people had not thought of this. They had been accustomed to getting their supplies of those articles upon arrival of the San Francisco steamers, and they did not worry over the economic phase of the matter. It is not the nature of Coos Bay people to worry over trifles like that. So long as the supplies are forthcoming when wanted, it matters not whether they are produced in San Francisco or Shanghai. There would be no objection to taking home-grown vegetables—and it is not to be said that there are none in this market—but the time of general abundance is when the steamer arrives. To the man who looks over the Coos Bay country and sees its power for producing, it is a mystery why vegetables and common fruits are imported from San Francisco in the very season when local products should fill the market.

"Yes," said one man who attempted to explain the case, "we can grow 'em here all right enough, but the farmers don't seem to want to bother with 'em. There ain't much profit in growing vegetables for the market in competition with the Dagoes and Chinamen around San Francisco."

Therefore Coos Bay imports a great part of its common vegetables, paying for them prices that represent several profits, besides the cost of transportation and of production on land that is much higher-priced than any hereabouts. At the same time, this country will produce the very finest of all these things. It is doing so to a small extent, and it is only a question of expansion to supply entirely the local needs and send back to San Francisco vegetables out of comparison with those grown about the Bay City. This applies, of course, to seasonal articles.

California's warmer climate will enable it to produce many things that cannot be grown here successfully, and to get common vegetables in the market earlier, but Coos Bay, that can beat California all to pieces in its season, still depends on California all the year for the common vegetables that supply every table in the county. Even potatoes are imported.

This speaks of the easy prosperity of the Coos Bay people. It also speaks of a great field lying untillied here. Up River Valley, which is the largest farming area immediately tributary to the bay, the finest potatoes and cabbages and onions and apples in the world are raised, though in limited quantities. No vermin infest them, underground or overground. No orchard pests have yet been introduced in this country. It is possible that these apples, for example, may not be so rich in saccharine matter as those of Hood River, for the climate here is cooler, but I have eaten juicy, well-applied here that would be a credit to any country at any time. Apples, by the way, are exported from Coos Bay, but they do not get into the general market. They are so fine that no difficulty is experienced in contracting them at special prices. The Portland Hotel is one of the patrons of a Coos Valley orchardist.

Though the climate of this section is not hot, it is so mild that figs are grown, and the opinion is expressed by those who have had experience that the white fig could be made a paying crop here. The soil of the valleys is rich and deep, and every hillside is fertile. It is easier to grow grapes and send milk to the creamery than to bend the back picking weeds from among the cabbages and onions. So the butter is sent to San Francisco and the carrots and onions freighted back.

I was surprised to find on the dining table at the hotel delicious fresh strawberries. They were in generous quantity, and everybody helped himself to as many as he wanted. The flavor was the finest imaginable—better, I think, than any of our Willamette Valley berries. I asked my host where he obtained these berries, and if they were often had at this time of year. He said they were grown "over on Coos River," and could be had all summer. I was speaking to Dr. Tower, of Marshfield, about the berries, and he said this was no new thing for Coos Bay. "We usually have strawberries all summer," said he, "I am very fond of them myself, and have had them on my table every day since they came in season in June. We do not expect them to last long into September, however."

The only river entering Coos Bay is the Coos, and it is not a large stream. It is navigable for a distance of about 10 miles from its mouth for light-draft boats. But there are several sloughs putting far into the country between the hills. One of these is Isthmus Slough, and it extends inland 10 miles southward from Marshfield, with several branches. Catching Slough is another long arm of the bay. A dozen others reach out from the bay in various directions like the legs of a spider. The tides flow and ebb in these sloughs, and their banks are covered with a luxuriant growth of grass. They serve as highways for the settlers, who have gone up these easy channels and established homes where crops will grow abundantly almost from wishing.

On the peninsula between Isthmus Slough, which extends inland from the head of the bay, and South Slough, which reaches an equal distance southward from the mouth of the bay, the highest elevation is 900 feet. Between South Slough and the ocean the highest elevation is 900 feet. In this city and Marshfield the greatest height reached is 300 feet. East of Coos Bay, 450 distinct varieties of fish, many of them previously unknown to scientists. This is the first time that the fish life of a coral reef has been thoroughly examined.

East of Coos Bay, toward the Coast Range, the valleys are narrow and the slopes quite abrupt. North and south from the bay the slopes are gentler.

But the best agricultural district of Coos County is in the valley of the Coquille, which drains by far the larger part of the county. The area of tillable land is larger there, though in productive power it is not greater, acre for acre, than the soil about Coos Bay. The beautiful little valley of Fairview, though on the north fork of the Coquille, is less than a dozen miles from the navigable water of Catching Slough, and is thus really tributary to Coos Bay. The best fruit and grain is raised in the valleys like this, that are sheltered somewhat from the dampness of the sea. Along the Coquille River are many of them, and all are susceptible of the highest degree of cultivation. No land is better than that of the Coquille Valley for general agriculture, and the climate is mild enough to assure any crops of the latitude and many of the more tropical habit.

Much has been said about the harbor here, and it is a very important matter, not only to Coos County, but to the great interior region, the prosperity of which depends so greatly upon adequate transportation facilities. This harbor supplies the only possible excuse for building a transcontinental railroad to this point. If Coos Bay were not the best harbor between the Columbia River and San Francisco (some say between Puget Sound and San Francisco), it would present no advantages for a transcontinental railroad terminal. Because it is undeniable that it is the best harbor on a long stretch of coast, and may easily be made still better, it has been believed that men in control of large railroad interests had it in their minds to build terminals here. All this talk would be simply foolish if Coos Bay were not a superior harbor.

Reports of Government engineers show that Coos Bay is regarded by them as the most important harbor between the Columbia and San Francisco Bays. Here is the language of their reports:

"Coos Bay is a tidal strait on the Pacific Coast, in Oregon, about 400 miles north of San Francisco. It is the principal harbor between the mouth of the Columbia River and San Francisco. It is a deep, open harbor, the entrance to which is marked by a bar of sand and shells, which accumulated during northwesterly winds. Under the influence of these winds, the sandpile on the north side of the entrance advanced toward the south, contracting the channel. The high-tide soundings known as Coos Head, on the north side of the entrance, to a very small extent, the bar in the ocean at low tide is about 5.5 feet deep. The present proposed project provides for obtaining and maintaining a channel 30 feet deep at low tide, the bar in the ocean at low tide entrance to the bay, by confining the entrance between two high-tide rubblestone jetties, the north jetty 400 feet long and the south jetty 420 feet long. The estimated cost of this project, exclusive of the amount expended on the original project is \$2,466,412. The project was approved by act of June 30, 1902, in \$967,016.88, of which \$142,016.88 was for maintenance of improvement."

Inasmuch as the projected depth of 20 feet at low tide was practically obtained in 1895 and has been maintained with but rare exceptions since, by the construction of the north jetty, the necessity for constructing the south jetty is not at this time apparent. The \$50,000 appropriated by act of June 13, 1902, will be used for maintaining the present north jetty.

It is apparent from this report that vessels drawing 25 feet of water can enter Coos Bay at ordinary high tide. At spring tide five feet more may easily be added to the draft of vessels that may cross the Coos Bay bar. But it is said by those who navigate these waters that recent soundings, based upon materially better figures for the depth of water on the bar. In the past four weeks soundings have been carefully made at least three times and the least low-tide depth on the bar then reported was 24 feet. One of the soundings gave the shallowest spot at 27 feet. There is no occasion to be ashamed of any of these showings. It is admitted, of course, that there is some variation in the depth of the channel by reason of shifting sand on the bar under stress of weather, but it is seldom when ships of 25 feet draft cannot easily make the harbor. And many sail vessels, drawing more than 17 feet cannot get to the Upper Bay where all the traffic now originates, there has been no occasion for taking larger craft over the bar.

There is special significance in the statement of the engineers that the work expected to have been accomplished with the two jetties has been done with but one. Though the estimated cost of improvement to create 20 feet of water on the bar was \$2,466,412, the result has been achieved by the expenditure of only \$667,016. This leaves no doubt that the other jetty will be built when there shall be a demand for it, with assurance that any depth of water desired can be maintained on the Coos Bay bar, and with comparatively small expense. There is doubt in the necessity for constructing another jetty, it being deemed entirely feasible to get all the depth required on the bar for the largest ships by simply extending the north jetty a short distance and building it up above high tide. It is not now tall enough entirely to confine the water as contemplated in the improvement project.

Once over the bar there is no difficulty in getting up bay to the wharves of this city. It is deep water all the way. A vessel leaving the Empire City wharves is put across the bar and safely at sea with all sail set in less than an hour. Two tugboats might almost handle the marine commerce of the world at Coos Bay.

J. M. L.

This Strange Language.

The following ought to be of interest to all who wish to learn the difficulties for the English tongue.

When the English tongue we speak, why is "break" not rhymed with "treasure"? You will tell me why it is "treasure".

And of "new" but likewise "few"? Cannot call his "horse" with "warrior"? "Beard" sounds not the same as "beard"; "Cord" is different from "word"; "Cow" is cow, but "low" is low; "Show" is never rhymed with "foe"; "Think" of "home" and "dome" and "lode"; And of "room" and "yew" and "broom"; "Think" of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb"; "Do" and "row" and "how" and "now"; And since "pay" is rhymed with "day," why not "paid" with "said," I pray? We have "blood" and "food" and "good"; "Mould" is not pronounced like "could"; Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"? And, in short, it seems to me Sound and letters disagree.

Professor Jordan, president of Stanford University, in his South Sea explorations for specimens of fish from the coral reefs, in conjunction with a surveying party sent out by the United States Fish Commission, found in the Bay of Naples 450 distinct varieties of fish, many of them previously unknown to scientists. This is the first time that the fish life of a coral reef has been thoroughly examined.

GREAT RUIN IN ITS WAKE

(Continued from First Page.)

Lenta, and 20 at Tremont, and at least 20 acres are in flames at the former place. The work at Tremont is particularly hard, and it was only with great difficulty that three new dwellings were saved from the flames.

Near Lenta the fire leaped across a 60-foot road, and licked up the fencing on the other side. This was but one instance of the height and fierceness of the fire.

The losses are as follows:

William Anderson, Mount Scott, 500 cords of wood, \$100.

E. J. Jukes, furniture damaged by runaway, \$100.

Schoolhouse No. 12, Lenta, \$15,000; \$12,000 insurance.

James K. Sycamore, house, barn, 50 cords of wood, and \$500 in cash; total, \$500.

J. Mitchell, Sycamore, house and barn, \$1200.

Mrs. Jacob Conway, Lenta, house, barn and furniture, \$500.

Jacob Sieber, 20 tons of hay, and machinery, \$250.

Jacob Schmidt, Sycamore, house and two barns, \$500.

J. H. Meyers, Lenta, two barns with hay, \$250.

J. Flemming, household effects, \$225.

Elmer, house, barn and effects, \$500.

J. Nelson, house and barn, \$500.

Louis Kettler, house, barn and out-houses, \$500.

W. McDaniel, damage to furniture in moving, \$100.

John Bridge, property near Tremont, \$250.

Tobin, of Portland, house near Lenta, \$250.

Mrs. Rosenberg, house and contents, \$700.

Charles Cook, barn, hay, wagons and fence, \$400.

J. Long, barn, \$300.

E. B. Dunne, barn, \$250.

E. Hurley, barn, \$200.

R. F. Stickett, Deckford, loss unknown.

John, loss unknown.

H. C. Ulrich, loss unknown.

School No. 45, out-houses, \$200.

I. P. Coffman, Lenta, stock injured by moving, \$250.

C. Haener, house, barn and livestock, \$1500.

P. Hagen, house and outbuildings, \$500.

M. Veyant, house, \$500.

H. C. Morse, house and fine horse, \$500.

C. M. Anderson, hay and barn, \$500.

Many losses were not reported last night, and many that were reported could have been estimated. The total loss is not less than \$25,000.

IN KILLGIVER DISTRICT.

Desperate Fight Made—Several Families Burned Out on Section Road.

A desperate fight was made about a mile west of Killgiver, on the Section Line road, near the Buckley house, Thursday night, the neighbors for some distance fighting all night to save houses. Mrs. Harriet Warnock's house, on the corner of the Section Line and crossroads, was saved only after most strenuous exertions. Fire burned up on two sides to within a few feet, but was beaten back with water and shovels of dirt. It was an all-night fight to save it. It is a handsome, new house, many feet of fences were destroyed belonging to Mrs. Warnock, but she was glad to save her home. The fight here began at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, and continued all night.

At the home of Mrs. J. C. Buckley, across the Section Line road from Mrs. Warnock's, was saved through the prompt action of Mrs. M. E. Buckley, who was alone, her husband being at Tremont. The fire was first seen in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. She caused a wide furrow to be plowed between the house and the approaching fire, and then watched and used water wherever it could be used to any advantage. Once the fire was on fire, but Mrs. Buckley discovered it and extinguished it before it got a start. Mrs. Buckley found time in the midst of her fight to run south across the Section Line road and to the barn, where she saw that her home was in danger. She ran back to the barn, where she saw that her home was in danger. She ran back to the barn, where she saw that her home was in danger.

About a quarter of a mile east of Mr. Buckley's home, Joseph Dolewicz's barn and out-houses were swept away, leaving him nearly homeless. This is a most terrible case. His wife is in the hospital at the point of death, while Dolewicz was at home with four little children. The fire completely surrounded his home. He succeeded in getting his wagon, harness and horses out into the road, but the barn, with five tons of hay, was swept away. The children were taken to the home of Mrs. Buckley, where they remained during the night. In the morning Dolewicz fought the fire off his little home all through the night, determined he would save it, and succeeded. Yesterday morning the little frame house stood alone, with no other buildings in all directions. The barn was gone, and all the out-houses burned. The furniture had been removed from the house, in case it should go. The poor man was black as a negro. The clothes were torn and scorched, and he was in an exhausted condition. Not an instant of rest did he have since Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when the fire first began to surround his little home.

When the danger was over he was kindly cared for at the Buckley home. As he looked into the faces of his four little children he exclaimed: "My God! What shall I do? Our poor little home is nearly gone." But there was no time to waste for he still had to stand guard over what little remained of his home.

Further on down the Section Line road was the home of the widow of Fred Wamacher, swept away with his barn, absolutely nothing being left to tell the story but the ruins. It was right in the path of the fire, and it could not be saved. The house of Joseph Dolewicz was nearly gone, and although both were in constant danger, Mr. Buckley succeeded in keeping the fire from the animal.

Along the Section Line road eastward the timber on the north side had been swept with fire. Telephone poles had been burned off at the bottom and had fallen. The country presented a most desolate and blackened appearance. Along the Section Line road beyond the burning some of the several houses in the timber, and the occupants were taking what precaution they could to protect their property. All they were able to do was to prevent the fire from leaping the crossroad and spreading to their homes. They also removed as much of the inflammable material as possible from near their homes. They then tried to get groups to the crossroad, where with shovels they attempted to beat back the flames and prevent them spreading, this being their only protection. The house occupied by Jim Page, the home of John Long, David McEwan and J. E. Taylor, near the 20-mile crossroad, on the Section

Line road, was in great danger yesterday. The wind should change it seemed last evening that they could not be saved.

VAST ZONE OF FLAMES.

Sweeping Barns, Sawmills, Fences, Dwellings—Everybody Alert.

About one mile east of Gresham and on the east side of the Troutdale road, is a vast zone of fire, covering not less than 1000 acres. The zone is a mile wide, and extends eastward to the coast. The zone is a mile wide, and extends eastward to the coast. The zone is a mile wide, and extends eastward to the coast.

In this big territory are fully 100 men at work trying to save the homes of the farmers and stay the spread of the fire. The key to the fight seems to be at Edgemoor, where the fire is the most dangerous. The key to the fight seems to be at Edgemoor, where the fire is the most dangerous. The key to the fight seems to be at Edgemoor, where the fire is the most dangerous.

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Eight barns filled with hay, within a mile of Pleasant Home, were destroyed Thursday night. As far as can be learned the owners were: Lingrin, Allen, McDonald, Silar, Heald, William Harris, Wambers, and some others. There were many stacks of hay, and the cause of the destruction of the barns, and not the houses, was that they were in the more exposed places in the timber, and within reach of the fire.

The house of Mr. Lingrin is only a short distance from Elliott's store, and came near causing destruction to several houses. The house of Mr. Lingrin is only a short distance from Elliott's store, and came near causing destruction to several houses. The house of Mr. Lingrin is only a short distance from Elliott's store, and came near causing destruction to several houses.

AT PLEASANT HOME.

P. H. Roork Has a Narrow Escape From Terrible Death in Flames.

Fire flanks Pleasant Home and the Orient postoffice from all directions. At Pleasant Home, where the fire is the most dangerous. At Pleasant Home, where the fire is the most dangerous. At Pleasant Home, where the fire is the most dangerous.

P. H. Roork, a well-known farmer, living a short distance from the Orient postoffice, had a narrow escape Thursday from being burned to death. He has a sister, Mrs. H. Roork, living in the same neighborhood, and he feared for her safety. He started to her house in his buggy, and took a road through the timber. He had not gone more than half a mile when he was overtaken by the fire. He was then impossible to turn back, and it seemed equally impossible to proceed, but there was no time to lose. He was then impossible to turn back, and it seemed equally impossible to proceed, but there was no time to lose.

ROCKWOOD IS MENACED.

Fire is Racing Westward Along the South Side of the Base Line Road.

Half a mile east of Rockwood, on the Base Line road, the fire is racing westward. The fire is racing westward. The fire is racing westward.

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THE INSIDE HISTORY

OF A REMARKABLE CASE NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Mrs. Nichols Makes a Statement, Telling to the Best of Her Knowledge the Causes Which Led Up to This State of Affairs.

The following facts, says the Belfast (Me.) Republican Journal, have never before been published. The incident caused much comment at the time, and it was thought worth while to make an investigation. With this end in view a reporter called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols at her home in Searsport, Me., and obtained the following information. She said:

"About six years ago my nerves broke down completely, and my whole system became a wreck. I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, and my eyes were very weak. I had frequent fainting spells. Finally my sight failed me entirely, and I had to have my eyes bandaged all the time."

"This state of affairs," she continued, "lasted for a year, when I was forced to go to bed and stay there constantly. I became so weak that I could only take two tablespoonfuls of milk at a time. I could not feed myself, and sleep was almost impossible. This lasted another year, and I was then in such a state of nervous exhaustion that when my people wanted to make my bed they could move me only a few inches at a time. I had become extremely thin, and was still losing flesh. I had tried nearly all the medicines of the market, but failed to find any that helped me."

"But how were you cured?" asked the interviewer.

"I'll tell you. My condition finally became so critical that my family expected me to die any day. Then my husband bought me some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and three days after I began taking them I could eat without assistance, and in a week I could get up and be dressed. After I had taken five boxes of them I began to gain flesh. I continued the use of Pink Pills for Pale People until I had taken ten boxes and was able to help my family pack up and move to a new home. After reaching there I took two more boxes of the pills, and I have been able to work hard and take care of my family of five people ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold at 20 cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

I found also that the reason it flew so poorly was because its eyes were defective and that it must have been almost blind. Had its parents fed it until the time of the fall migration southward the white robin could not have gone with the rest and must have starved. The robin was entirely white, with pink eyes, a pinkish-white beak and pinkish legs. Albinism, by the way, is caused by the lack of pigment, or coloring matter, in the cells. Birds so afflicted are usually not well developed, and suffer from attacks of individuals of their own species.

Rev. Michael Hill, professor of rhetoric at Loyola College, Baltimore, has gone to Rome and will visit other European cities in search of the remains of the white robin. The History of the Insects in North America.

The white robin did not hunt for itself, although it was fully old enough to do so, but depended on its parents. When it flew it did so awkwardly and plunger-like, and its movements seemed to prefer staying in one place.

A day or two afterward two boys brought to my office the white robin, dead. One of the local papers had said that an albino robin might be sold to a museum, and I accused the boys of having killed the bird on the chance of selling it. This they stoutly denied, saying that the bird was a gift from their father, a great deal of interest in the strange inhabitants, especially the purple grackles. As the white robin sat on a bough the grackles would perch near it, looking at it with their heads turned sharply to one side, as if they were waiting for it to hop from place to place as though to get a better view. All the time they kept up a blackbird conversation about the object of their curiosity, chuckling and chuckling away at a great rate.

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H. W. MANNING LIGHTING AND SUPPLY CO. 106 SIXTH STREET, OPP. MERRILL'S.

The above illustration pictures the H. W. Manning Lighting Company's gasoline lamp and mantle import, 106 Sixth Street, opposite F. T.