

Coos Bay Times

AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN PAPER
PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY
AND ALSO WEEKLY BY

THE COOS BAY TIMES PUBLISHING CO.

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

Entered at the postoffice at Marshfield, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class mailmatter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Single copy, daily, - - 5 cents
Per month, daily, - - 50 cents
Three months, daily, - - \$1 25
Six months, daily, - - \$2 50
One year, daily, - - \$5 00
Weekly, per year - - \$1 50

Local readers 10c line first insertion, 8c line each succeeding insertion.

Address all communications to
COOS BAY TIMES
Marshfield, Oregon.

IT WILL BE BUILT.

Who says now that there is no public spirit on Coos Bay? Hurrah for Marshfield. The Rubicon of moss covered conservatism is past and the united hosts of Progress have entered beyond the barriers of selfishness. The traveling public will be taken care of. The men and women who come to Coos Bay will now have ample accommodations in a suitable hotel.

IT WILL BE BUILT! The money amounting to \$75,000 has been subscribed. The location has been selected. The plans are being prepared. The work will soon begin. This is great news for the people whether they are among those who could subscribe or not. They would if they could.

The beauty of the movement to build a hotel is that the citizens are thoroughly aroused and that they ARE DOING IT FOR THEMSELVES. When the wagoner in the ancient fable found his wagon stuck in the mud he threw himself on his knees and prayed Hercules to help him. A voice came out of a cloud commanding him to put his own shoulder to the wheel for Hercules helps only those who help themselves. Marshfield people have heard the voice, and have decided not to wait for the outside world but to put their own shoulders to the wheel. They will be surprised to find how much they can do without outside help. They will taste the invigorating and inspiring nectar of independence. They will cultivate a public spirit and civic pride. There will be no longer any new and old. They will act in all things as one man. They will pull together.

This hotel success is only a small matter as compared with the great things to come, but it is a matter big with important consequences at this time. The manner in which it has been done inspires confidence on the part of the people in one another. It inspires confidence in those who have been watching Coos Bay and its future. With the positive assurance of Harriman that the Drain road is to be pushed to completion, the expanding development of the vast plant of the C. A. Smith Lumber & Manufacturing company, the establishment of a \$75,000 hotel by home capital, the impetus given by the Chamber of Commerce to the menations and exhibition, to the fruit and dairy enterprises of Coos county, the location of half a dozen new saw mills and a large number of factories and shops along the Bay, the real history of the Seaport of Coos Bay has begun in earnest, and the man who doesn't wheel in line with the new spirit of progress is a toad. Again, all together, Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

ADVERTISING THE CITY.

Advertising a city is one of the fine arts. The peninsular cities of Coos Bay are engaged in studying this art now and, for neophytes, have been reasonably successful. They are not handicapped, however, by a lack of material as many cities have been. With the whole country beyond their immediate influence, baron of timber for lumber, they have unlimited quantities. With a coal famine threatening the entire west they have great coal measures at their doors. With the world hunger-

ing for apples and butter and cheese, they have a large area adapted to the abundant production of all these.

There are several good ways to advertise, but, of course, the best of these are those which attain the best results with the least waste of money. First, there are the natural ways. Among the natural ways the newspaper press of the city is always the most effective. Both the weekly and daily papers must be well supported. When a city begins to aspire to more than mere local importance, and has acquired a value which will make proper advertising possible, the business men and owners of real estate, should see that they have a daily paper and should give that daily paper their unstinted support in every way. They should advertise in it. They should help to collect all the local news and turn it in. They should remember that the more metropolitan their paper becomes the more it will impress the men of means who can be enlisted in helping to build up the city. They should not expect the small force which such a paper in a city of 4,000 people can afford to maintain to produce for them the same results that a big, successful, profitable metropolitan daily gives. They should not require the owners of the local plant to keep as near the verge of ruin as possible and still live. They should employ the columns of that paper as an advertising medium, both for private and public purposes, and not insist on gratuities. When an eastern man finds that a community supports the home paper liberally, he knows that the city is composed of live people. If the paper seems at times to lack news, it is because there is none, and if news is lacking it is because the people are not active enough to make it. The paper doesn't want bad news, either. It prints it because it has to. What it wants is good news. News of a new enterprise starting, of a new deal made, of a new church, or school, or library, or public institution, or some expression of public spirit. That catches the interest of an eastern capitalist or intending resident, more than anything else.

The second of these natural methods is for everybody to talk well of their own city. Scarcely anybody who ever visited Coos Bay and stayed with it a week has been able to talk otherwise than well about it. They should insist that they have the best place, the best institutions, the best resources and the best men and women in the world. Boom your own people. Make your own men and women great. Don't make the dollar your God and don't get purple proud. The dollar is the cheapest thing in the world and the meanest. It is the same miserable little mischievous imp everywhere. But no other section has just the same resources, institutions, people and location you have. Make it a practice to concede things to your neighbor and always speak well of one another. That's the way to advance the city and advance yourselves.

Another natural way to advertise is to welcome the stranger at your gates. Take him in and treat him well. Feed him and give him a good place to sleep. He will pay for it and has come prepared to do it. He will talk well about your city when he goes away. Show him the resources. Take him down to the Chamber of Commerce and show him the apples, pears, plums, celery, strawberries and pumpkins, and the exhibit of ornamental and useful woods and of coal, building material, and other resources that the able and active secretary is getting together. It will enthrall him. Tell him all you know about the country. That's the way to organize a public spirit and build a great city.

There are artificial ways to advertise which a city can't afford to overlook. Let the challenge to the world ring out like the war cry of a Roman hero. You can't attract attention in Boston, New York, Chicago and other centers of capital by a cold statement of statistics. They have plenty of those at home. Write and send them a description of your people, their customs and manners, tell them of their good qualities, let them know about your scenery and climate. Harriman didn't advertise Klamath half or a quarter as much on his recent visit by statistics of timber and land as by his reference to scenery, climate and sport. If a man wants statistics he can get them, but you must have them ready for him.

The Chamber of Commerce is about to get out a pamphlet containing pictures of Coos county with Coos Bay as the central thought. Nothing can be better or wiser. Pictures tell a wonderful story. But there are cheap pictures for the waste basket and attractive pictures for the desk and drawing room table. A cheap binding of cheap prints will never go into a man's pocket and if it does that is no place for it. Every capitalistic center and the colonizing states are circularized by all sections of the west. The mails are loaded and the man at his desk or the farm-

er in his occasional easy chair, will not spend time to look at the cheap folder. This was discussed long ago by all the experienced advertising localities of the developing west. Coos Bay wants nothing cheap. It should be something that the recipient can be proud to take home and lay on his drawing room table. Something his wife and children will be glad to look over. Something the man who waits in a hotel, barber shop, railroad station or other public place will be interested and attracted by, while he waits. Those are the pamphlets which tell the tale—which advertise well and which last. The committee having this matter in charge for the Chamber of Commerce should not forget that all money is wasted which is not expended with these truths in view.

—Bayside Paints and Imperial Varnishes. No better made. None made better. Pounds or tons. Pints or barrels. Bayside Paint Co., North Bend.

The "Georgia Grind."

Colonel Anstruther was distressed. His St. Louis host had asserted that Missouri was the garden spot of America for the production of watermelons. Being a Georgian, Colonel Anstruther could not allow such a statement to pass uncorrected.

"Suh!" he exclaimed. "Proof of the abundance of watermelons lies in the facility for eating them. Can you show me, suh, a man in Missouri who has yet acquired the equivalent of the Georgia grind?"

"The Georgia grind!" demanded the Missourian. "What is that?" "The Georgia grind, suh, is the ability to feed a continuous and unbroken line of watermelon into one side of the mouth while emitting a continuous and unbroken line of seeds, suh, from the other side. The mere development of that aht, suh, is proof beyond doubt that Georgia raised the most watermelons, suh."

—Youth's Companion.

Puffs of an Engine.

The train was starting. The puffs of the locomotive, at first slow, grew faster and faster, and finally seemed to cease in the roar of the train.

"It is the emission of the waste steam through the chimney that causes the locomotive's puffing, coughing sound," said an engineer. "As the train's speed increases, the puffs increase in rapidity, and when ten a second are emitted the ear can't distinguish them separately any longer—it hears them as a continuous roar. A good many people, on this account, think a locomotive only puffs at starting. Really, she puffs all the time, only the puffs are too rapid to be recognizable. A train going a mile a minute gives twenty puffs per second."—New York Press.

A Full Answer.

An English rector one Sunday preached from the text, "Who art thou?" After reading it, he made a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a man in a military dress, who at the instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, replied: "I am, sir, an officer of the Sixteenth Regiment of Foot, on a recruiting party here, and having brought my wife and family with me. I am come to church because I wished to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and other people." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation that the sermon was concluded with considerable difficulty.

The Primitive Gun.

As soon as the forces of the explosive gases developed by the burning of powder became known the old style weapons disappeared, and firearms took their places. The first of the kind was a small gun barrel fastened to a long pole and fired with a slow match. Shot stones, balls of lead, iron bolts and fireballs to set buildings on fire were propelled with this apparatus. Only a short distance could be shot with these primitive guns. The old and clumsy siege machines which threw heavy stones by means of a spring rope were changed into siege guns.

Misunderstood.

"Oh, yes. I go to church, of course."

"Yes? What denomination?"

"Oh, whatever you care to give. Some of us drop in notes of large denomination and some give small change."—Philadelphia Press.

The Losing Side.

McBigger—Say, what is the reverse side of a coin anyway?

Thingumbob—It depends. If you call "heads," for instance, the reverse side is "tails," of course.—Detroit Free Press.

Cautious.

Yeast—I understand he always writes his poetry when he is alone.

Crimsonbeak—That's right. He hates to have people see him make a fool of himself.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Steamer

M. F. PLANT

SALES FROM MARSHFIELD THURSDAY, SEPT. 5th.

F. S. DOW Agent

MARSHFIELD, : : : OREGON

A nice line of
Souvenir Postals of Marshfield
NORTON & HANSEN

MARSDEN'S
WHOLESALE LIQUOR
HOUSE
JACK RICE, MANAGER

SOLE AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS

GAMBRINUS
BEER

Handling the following
goods

IMPORTED, BRANDIES, GINS
and WHISKIES. Also for family
trade a choice line of the celebrated
Castlewood.

Old Hickory, Yellowstone and Canadian Club Whiskies; also vermouthe and cordials.

TRY A TIMES WANT ADV. AND GET THE BEST RESULTS.

WHY DO PEOPLE BUY IN
SENGSTACKEN ADDITION
BECAUSE

It is choice inside residence property, lots 50x100 with alleys, is well sheltered with a good bay view and prices of lots are reasonable. For particulars see
TITLE GUARANTEE & ABSTRACT CO.
Henry Sengstacken, Manager.

COOS BAY
MONUMENTAL WORKS

We guarantee better work at lower prices, than can be had elsewhere. Do not order monumental work until you have seen us.

Stewart & Mitchell

Corner 3d & D Sts.

Phone, - - - Main 1731

TRY A TIMES WANT AD.

Business Directory

Doctors.

DR. J. W. INGRAM,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Sengstacken's Drug Store.
Phone—Office 1621; residence 788.

Lawyers.

J. W. BENNETT,
Office over Flanagan & Bennett Bank.

Marshfield, - - - Oregon

Francis H. Clarke Jacob M. Blake
Lawrence A. Liljeqvist
CLARKE, BLAKE & LILJEQVIST,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Times Building, Marshfield, Ore.
United States Commissioner's Office.

C. F. McKNIGHT,
Attorney at Law.
Upstairs, Bennett & Walter Block
Marshfield, - - - Oregon

COKE & COKE,
Attorneys at Law.
Marshfield, - - - Oregon

Nasburg Block. Phone 816
J. E. CAYOU,
Architect
Estimates furnished for all
kinds of buildings.
Marshfield, : : Oregon.

BRIGHAM & BELL,
Architects.

North Bend, - - - Oregon

Real Estate Agents.

MR. ALBERT ABEL,
Contractor for Teaming of all kinds.
Phone 1884.

The C. B., R. & E. R. R.
and Navigation Co.

THE C. B., R. & E. R. R. & N. CO.
TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

No. 1.	Daily, ex- Sunday	No. 2.
Lv. 9:00a.m. Marsh'd	Ar. 12:30p.m.	
Ar. Junction		
Ar. 9:45a.m. Coquille	Ar. 11:30a.m.	
Ar. 10:20a.m. Myrtle Pt	Ar. 10:45a.m.	

Trains to and from Beaver Hill daily.
F. A. LAISE, Agent.

BONITA
and
NORTH BEND
FASTEST BOATS
ON THE BAY

Half Hour Schedule
Run Between Marshfield and North
Bend Made in 12 Minutes.

Private Landings.

Fare: One way, 15c.; round trip, 25c.

J. A. O'KELLY, Proprietor.

STEAMER FLYER
M. P. Pendergrass, Master

and 10:30 a. m., and 1:00, 2:30
and 4:00 p. m.
Leaves North Bend at 8:15,
9:45 and 11:15 a. m., and 1:45,
3:15 and 5:00 p. m.

Makes daily trips except Sun-
days. Fare: One way, 15
cents; round trip, 25 cents.

TIME TABLE.
Leaves Marshfield 7:30, 9:00,

—Let—

A. J. COLVIN
Figure on your flues. Gen-
eral brick and cement work.
Apply, Blasco Cigar Store.

PIANO STUDIO

of
LOUIS H. BOLL
Will open for the reception
of pupils about Sept. 8, 1907.
Parlors above Taylor's Piano
Store.

Steam Dye Works

C Street.
Ladies' and gentlemen's garments cleaned or dyed.
Philip Becker, Proprietor.

Pull the
BELL CORD

Wet Your Whistle Then Blow
J. R. HERRON, Prop.
Front Street, : : Marshfield, Oregon