

Coos Bay Times

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Marshfield Oregon

DAIRYING VS. GOLD MINING.

That the dairying interests of the country grow weary of the public's continued devotion to pursuits of a more speculative nature, is not surprising when the facts relating to productive energy are considered. It has recently been said that all the mineowners of the great Tanana district in Alaska could they secure the services of 7,000 men, would be able this year to push the total gold production of the Tanana up to \$16,000,000.

The glitter of this statement attracts the public eye. The figures are enormous. Yet the dairy farms of Oregon last year produced \$17,000,000 and it is doubtful if there are 7,000 men engaged on the dairy farms of Oregon. The Tanana region comprises an area of about 175 by 225 miles, gridironed by gold-bearing streams. The strictly dairying area of Oregon does not exceed these figures. But the meek-eyed cows that feed thereupon produce more gold than the sum of Tanana's wildest dream. Nobody gets excited over the cow. There is no stampede to the dairy farms. Why is it?

It is not a question of work. The most industrious dairyman does not put in harder or longer hours of toil than does the miner who works in the mines of Tanana. Conditions up there are said to be so oppressive that human endurance is tried and the miners have gone on a strike. The people of the dairy farms evidently are better situated, for they never go on strikes. The main reason why men go to the mines is because of the lust for adventure. If an atmosphere of romance and danger could be introduced into the cow pasture they would go into the dairy business.

It is a fact beyond question that an Oregon farm is a better producer than the average gold mine. The Alaska miner works assiduously from morning till night at the hardest kind of toil. The same amount of manual labor put into an 80-acre farm in Oregon will produce more wealth than the average mining claim in Alaska or anywhere on earth. Possession of a farm brings to a man one thing of value above all others—a feeling of peace and security against the inevitable day when old age touches him with its palsied hand and bids him rest from his labors. His farm is a "claim" that he himself can work or that he can employ others to work. And it will always produce. The pay streak never "plays out," says the Oregon Journal, and it might have truthfully added that Coos county the second in the state in dairying, has the best pay streak on the Pacific coast.

CENT-A-WORD TELEGRAPH.

For the major part of a century we have enjoyed the blessings of the telegraph, and it is still among the excellent things that go to make the sum of civilization and progress; but man is beginning to realize that the beneficence is costing him altogether too much; that the people who have monopolized the facilities are exploiting the masses and have been for years. At least one of them.

The reaction has set in and the day for adjustment is at hand. The Telepost, the newest application on the science, has instituted a public service that costs but a cent a word, whatever the distance, and is making a liberal profit on that basis; therefore the other great concerns have got to come to the lower margin and be satisfied with a modified and moderate profit.

This is as it should be. The American people are the most generous on earth in their support of all masterly conveniences and too rarely question the tolls they are paying; they have been "done brown," not only in wire services of all kinds, but in

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

Never suffer the invaluable moments of thy life to steal by unimproved and leave thee in idleness and vacancy; but be always either reading or writing, or praying, or meditating, or employed in some useful labor for the common good.—A'Kempis.

PROGRESS.

Near the town of Up-against-it, in the land of Root-or-die, We have found our very finest inspiration, you and I. Telling up the hill called Have-to, with Compulsion for a guide, We have made the sort of effort that was never yet denied. In the way were Can't and Couldn't, with his brother, Whatt's-the-use, While our dearest foe, Born-weary, seized with joy each poor excuse. Yet behind us, unrelenting, drove our heartless master, Must. And our feet essayed no lagging, spite of hill, or heat, or dust. It was there we grew the sinews for the struggle, you and I—

Near the town of Up-against-it, in the land of Root-or-die, Near that village, Up-against-it, in the land of Root-or-die, We discovered possibilities undreamed of—you and I. Were there heartaches in that journey? Little then, our master cared, As along that stony highway under whip and spur we fared. Bread-and-butter trudged beside us, with a keen and ruthless goad, That should quicken halting footsteps if we loitered on the road. Pride and Spunk, two comely sisters, lured us on with myriad wiles— All the master's welts were painless as we feasted on their smiles. So our hearts grew strong to conquer, as we plodded—you and I— Past the hamlet, Up-against-it, in the land of Root-or-die. —Success.

There are few women who do not buy hats too young for them.

The world is all right. It is the people who make you trouble.

A good many of the compliments a man receives sound like paid locals.

Can a man be called a cannibal because he lives on his father-in-law?

Few men can look themselves over and give their faults a fair hearing.

We have observed that men loaf everywhere except at shops where gravestones are made and sold.

There is a man on Coos Bay whose wife is so charitable that he has to hide his pants when he goes to bed.

It makes very little difference with some men on Coos Bay whether they make a statement on oath or on the street.

You hear of people being afraid to die. We are afraid to live too long, the old are treated so shabbily.

A pin may drop in such a way That nothin' could be louder. Just drop a red hot one some day Into a keg of powder. —THOS. C. RUSSELL.

Hush little mill man, don't you weep, Your timber's growing while you sleep. The Forest Service is hard at work, So you can afford to loaf and shirk. After you're dead and taking your ease, All your heirs will have trees, trees, trees. —THE FOREST RANGER.

A woman went into a department store and said she wanted to see the "thinnest thing they had in shirt waists." The clerk said he was sorry to disappoint her, but she had just

every common utility of the day, and the "kick-back" is at hand. Without depreciating the inestimable value of the great lines of public utility, the people will never rest until they get a normal rate in lieu of the scale that has amounted to something akin to robbery and is only saved from that raw nomenclature by reason of the unreasoning gullibility where-with the excess has always paid.

gone out to lunch. P. S.—This did not happen in Marshfield.

No Glove Problem.

Harriet Lena Lizesey, now four months old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lizesey, of Milwaukee, Ws., enjoys life as well as any other infant, and gives promise of living to a ripe old age. The child was born September 8 and weighed 10 pounds at birth and is as strong as the usual 10-pound infant. She has a perfectly formed head and body, except that there are no arms and legs. If the dear little thing ever marries, the glove and shoe question will be firmly settled for one husband at the very start.

COQUILLE CHRONICLES.

Items of Interest From the County Seat Weeklies. (From the Herald.)

Mrs. Alfred Johnson, of this city, who has been in California for several months, arrived home last Wednesday. She was accompanied by her son, E. E. Johnson, who had been to San Francisco on business.

Mrs. Raymond, the nurse, went to Beaver Hill Monday to assist at the hospital at the mine for a short time.

John Holst has sold his place near Arago to W. H. Thomas, the logger. Mr. and Mrs. Holst will return to Humboldt county, California, for the present. The place will be conducted by Mr. John McVay.

N. B. Sanbo and son and the family of the latter, arrived in town Monday on their way to Bandon where they have concluded to locate.

J. A. Yoakum, Jr., who recently returned from Walla Walla, Wash., has closed a contract with his uncle, John Yoakam, for the erection of a barn on his place north of town. The building is to be 60x88 feet and will be in all respects a fine structure and up-to-date in all respects.

(From the Sentinel.)

G. T. Campbell and family of Mallard, Iowa, arrived in this city Tuesday and will make this their future home.

Dr. Wm. Tatom, the dentist, and family left this week for Florence where they intend to make their future home. The Dr. intends to come to this city several times a year to work at his profession.

D. Morgan who has been in Coquille for the past week left Tuesday for Salem, where he has charge of the lumber yards of Voget Bros. Mr. Morgan has leased his ranch near this city to H. L. Cooper.

While Al Flanders was grading B. street he uncovered some water mains which were made by John B. Fox over 22 years ago. They are in a perfect state of preservation and to all appearance look as though they had only been in the ground a few years. This proves conclusively that wooden pipes are good as iron and cost less money.

OBJECTS TO TILLMAN.

Prosper, Ore., Feb. 26, '08.
Editor Times: I beg to inform you that in your issue of February 25 you stated that Senator B. R. Tillman was from North Carolina, which is an error. I beg to inform you that he is from South Carolina, as North Carolina harbors no such agitators. Yours in earnest,
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Phone 1611. Marshfield, Ore.

D. R. GEO. E. DIX
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Office—First Nat. Bank Bldg. Phone 1681

D. R. J. W. INGRAM
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Sengstacken's Drug Store.
Phones—Office 1621; Residence 783.

D. R. A. L. HOUSEWORTH
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over First National Bank,
Residence, two blocks north of
Crystal Theater. Office Phone
1431. Residence Phone 1656.

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