

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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PUBLIC FOLLY.

The American people are disgusted with the great railroad companies and private speculators, which hold vast areas of valuable timber land and refuse to comply with the terms on which they received the grant. What do the American people want to do with these lands in case the grants are annulled? Do they want them to go back to the public domain to be purchased at \$1.25 per acre by "home seekers"? Is not that foolishness? Will a man make his home on one hundred and sixty acres of land containing five million feet of timber? Will he clear it? Or will he sell the tract as soon as he has title to it to some syndicate? If the latter, then where have the American people been benefitted? The fact is this land is only speculative land and will not be converted into farms unless the timber is cut off and wasted. That would be a misfortune, too.

Now the truth is plain. For example, it is said the value of timber holdings under grants which the grantees are in duty bound to sell out in lots of one hundred and sixty acres to a settler at \$2.50 per acre is \$35,000,000 in Oregon alone. Undoubtedly, if the railroad and land companies lose them they will all be syndicated again and absolutely withheld from general settlement. There is probably no other way to handle these forests to the best advantage than to syndicate them and let large aggregations of capital establish saw mill plants. But why should the government sell a tract worth fifty dollars an acre to a gentleman just from Syria for \$2.50 and then feel charitable because the Syrian has made \$46.50 per acre or \$7,440 profit? True the gentlemen of the syndicate must pay out money, but why to the Syrian who does nothing but allow the title to filter through his name from Uncle Sam to some corporation? That the chance to get such a tract would be a lottery as corrupt as that of Louisiana seems clear enough.

Why doesn't Uncle Sam cancel the grants if the law decrees it, and then sell these lands for what they are worth? Better still, why not turn over the lands in Oregon to the State for \$2.50 per acre adding interest and such taxes as have been paid, returning those sums to the companies and requiring Oregon to sell them for what they are worth? Then, why not require the State to place the money in a fund which shall be used to make good roads in the State. It would be a great scheme to get some \$30,000,000 to make good roads in a State where such roads are badly needed. The public needs roads more than it needs to have a lot of money wildly distributed through the country. This habit of throwing away opportunities is a silly one. Why put a claim which a man can neither cultivate, improve nor clear in the hands of a man without means and let that man make from \$5,000 to \$10,000 without doing a stroke for the public or the State and, in a majority of cases have even that stake carried out of the State when it would be so easy to divert the flood of money to making the country fit to live in, and giving thousands of honest men honest work to do? It is submitted that this is simply common sense. Has any senator, Fulton or Bourne, courage or patriotism enough to suggest it? The Dutch in Holland are not so foolish as the Americans. They are reclaiming through drainage a large part of an interior salt lake called the Zuyder Zee—and they do not give it away—but they sell it for \$3,000 per acre and use the money to improve the country.

TRY QUARTER'S PURE.

With the Toast and Tea

WHOA THERE, BEEF!



—Taylor in Los Angeles Times.

GOOD EVENING.

Not in the time of pleasure Hope doth set her bow, But in the sky of sorrow, Over the vale of woe. Through gloom and shadow look we On beyond the years, The soul would have no rainbow Had the eyes no tears.

HELP THE WORLD BE GAY.

It's time to lure the smiles along and help the world be gay; It's time to sing the happy song and whistle care away. It's time to gladly leave behind the sorrow and the sighs; It's time to look for joy and find each cranny where it lies. It's time to hoist the flags for mirth and shout huzzah to Glee; Give Joy the freedom of the earth, drive Woe into the sea; It's time to hide the frowns and let the songs of gladness rise— The world is laughing; let's forget the sorrow and the sighs. S. E. KISER.

It isn't so much what you see in a thing as what you get out of it.

This world is but a fleeting show and for the most part overadvertised.

In whipping the devil around the stump look out that somebody doesn't use a stump puller and leave you face to face with old Nick.

You do not gather figs from thistles nor big dividends from watered stocks. Many people pride themselves for being firm who have a great reputation among their friends for obstinacy.

A fever of comprehension is frequently preceded by a chill of apprehension.

Poverty is a thing that you enjoy only when you have plenty of money and unlimited credit.

Unseemly Bravado.

The mountainous waves threatened to engulf the struggling ship at any moment. The captain ordered a box of skyrocket and flares brought to the rail and with his own hands ignited them in the hope that they would make known his distress to some passing ship.

Amid the rockets' glare an austere individual made his way to the rail and reproved the captain as follows: "Captain, I must protest against this unseemly bravado. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."—Everybody's.

Correct.

"Now, can any of you tell me what is water?" asked the teacher at the end of an object lesson. "Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you put your hands in it!"

Infantile Knowledge.

Little Rosalie, aged six, was watching her mother label some glasses of preserves.

"Mother," said she suddenly, "what kind of preserves does God make?" "Why, God doesn't make preserves, Rosalie."

"Yes, he does, mother. I say it every Sunday in Sunday school. The teacher says, 'Why should you love and serve God?' and we say, 'Because he makes preserves and redeems us.'—Lippincott's.

Teacher—You wouldn't like to be a two-facer, would you, Tommy? Tommy—Indeed I wouldn't, ma'am. It is bad enough to have one face to wash on cold mornings.

"If men really would vote as they

pray," remarked Goodley, "this would truly be a happy world." "Yes," replied Wise, "but in that case you wouldn't get some men to the polls once in ten years."

Typographical Term.



Roy Lawhorne's idea of bold faced type.

Getting What's Coming to Him.



Innkeeper—That chronic kicker Beizer is sitting over there. Waiter—Yes, sir.

Innkeeper—See that he gets a bad dinner. He shan't always grumble for nothing.—Megendorfer Blatter.

He Won the Dog.

A minister, walking along the street one day, saw a crowd of boys sitting in a ring, with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them he asked:

"What are you doing to the dog?" One little boy said, "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was a silence for awhile, until one of the boys shouted, "Hand him up the dog!"

I'M COMING HOME.

Oh, breath of June from the woodland,

Oh, scent of the stream and fields,

Oh, droning winds that are whisp'ring

Of peace that the country yields— I'm coming home!

Oh, hills floating in bayous,

Oh, islands of rustling reed,

Oh, willows bending above them,

Oh, daisies of fragrant mead— I'm coming home!

Oh, fields that wave like the ocean,

Oh, billows that ebb and flow,

Oh, groves that shelter the birdlings,

Oh, banks where the sunsets glow— I'm coming home!

Oh, maiden, fair as the flowers,

With eyes that are soft and blue,

Await tonight by the arbor,

A-tryst for your lover true— I'm coming home!

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