

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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THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

Real light on Mr. Roosevelt is shed by a private letter which has come into our hands, and which has more personality than many of the President's longer documents: "State of New York, Assembly Chamber, Albany, April 30, 1884.—Dear Mr. North: I wish to write you a few words just to thank you for your kindness toward me, and to assure you that my head will not be turned by what I well know was a mainly accidental success. Although not a very old man, I have yet lived a great deal in my life, and I have known sorrow too bitter and joy too keen to allow me to become either cast down or elated for more than a very brief period over any success or defeat.

"I have very little expectation of being able to keep on in politics; my success so far has only been won by absolute indifference as to my future career; for I doubt if any one can realize the bitter and venomous hatred with which I am regarded by the very politicians who, at Utica, supported me, under dictation from masters who were influenced by political considerations that were National and not local in their scope.

"I realize very thoroughly the absolutely ephemeral nature of the hold I have upon the people, and the very real and positive hostility I have excited among the politicians. I will not stay in public life unless I can do so on my own terms; and my ideal, whether lived up to or not, is rather a high one.

"For very many reasons I will not mind going back into private life for a few years. My work this winter has been very harassing, and I feel both tired and restless; for the next few months I shall probably be in Dakota, and I think I shall spend the next two or three years in making shooting trips, either in the Far West or in the great northern woods—and there will be plenty of work to do writing. If you are ever in or near New York, let me know, and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in my home, either on Long Island or in New York; you will always be sure of a welcome. Very truly yours,

(Signed)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

When Mr. Roosevelt wrote this letter he was six months short of 26 years old. Since he predicted the early termination of his political career, 24 years have passed, and the last 19 of them he has spent constantly in public office. A few weeks after the date of this letter he went to the Republican National Convention as a delegate, and seemed to further insure his political oblivion by bitterly opposing Blaine. Thereafter this is the list of his political activities:

- 1886—Republican candidate for Mayor of New York.
- 1889-1895—National Civil Service Commissioner.
- 1895-1897—President New York Police Board.
- 1897-1898—Assistant Secretary of the Navy.
- 1899-1900—Governor of New York.
- 1900-1901—Vice-president of the United States.
- 1901 to date—President of the United States.

When he wrote this letter Mr. Roosevelt was just finishing his second year as an unpopular reformer in the New York Legislature. He addressed it to Simon N. D. North, editor and statistician. Mr. North was then managing editor of the Utica Morning Herald, and had commended Mr. Roosevelt's course in the legislature. Twenty-four years later found Mr. North in President Roosevelt's administration as Director of the Census. Will those politicians, petty and great, who cringe and fuss and scheme and lie awake nights and

curry favor with this interest and that to keep a desperate and slippery tail-hold on popular favor see the point?—Colliers Weekly.

DECREASE IN RAILROAD CASUALTIES.

With the reduction in volume of railway traffic there has been a natural decrease in the number of accidents and casualties to passengers and trainmen says the Spokane Spokesman Review. This result is attributed by the interstate commerce commission not merely to the fact that the fewer number of trains operated gives less opportunity for accident, but to the diminished demand for overwork and excessive hours, while the weeding out of the less competent men is held to be an important factor.

The quarterly accident bulletin just issued by the commission covers October, November and December of last year. Comparison of the principal items in this bulletin with those for the preceding quarter and for the quarter ending with December of the previous year shows a remarkable falling off in the number of passengers killed in train accidents and a considerable reduction in the fatalities to employes. In the quarter ended December, 1907, 21 passengers were killed in train accidents; in the previous quarter 110; and in the October-December quarter of 1906, 180. Trainmen killed in train accidents during the same periods were, respectively, 199, 236 and 294.

The total number of persons killed in train accidents during October, November and December, 1907, including passengers, trainmen and other classes of employes, was 220 and of injured 4187.

In addition to these the bulletin mentions casualties due to other causes than train accidents bringing the total for the quarter up to: Killed, 192; injured, 19,366.

It is noticeable that in the fatalities to passengers for other causes than train accidents, such as getting on or off cars, and said to be largely due to their own negligence or want of caution, there is little difference between the quarter under consideration and the corresponding quarter a year ago, the figures being 61 and 54, respectively. This probably indicates that the difference in the total number of passengers, traveling was not large; while, on the other hand, the diminution in the number and severity of train accidents must have been due to the diminished pressure under which trainmen have had to do their work as a consequence of the falling off in general traffic. This gives emphasis to the importance of providing that as traffic increases there shall be no overworking of any employes engaged in the operating of trains.

A SENILE ROUE AND MISS WOOD.

Age never appears in a more unlovely role than when posing, with a self-satisfied smirk and grimace, as an object of the amorous regards of youth. All feeling of respect and reverence that by common consent of civilized peoples is due to gray hair, and eyebrows touched by the frost rime of time flees in disgust when the whitened thatch projects over weak eyes, watering lasciviously at folly's indecent pose as represented by a young woman ogling for the money that is behind the trick that she is playing to catch the senile regards of the hoary simpleton. It is bad enough and disgusting enough when the latter is a plain lumberman or a lusty cattleman, or an uncouth miner, whose accumulations in these honest vocations have been the golden bait that allured the angler, but who has not heretofore been known to the general public. But when a United States Senator drags his toga to the slimy social fishing pond and poses and postures, and drools and smirks while the unscrupulous angler, watching her chance, takes him in for the gudgeon that he is, the disgust of decent people is augmented and nausea ensues.

It does not matter that Senator Platt probably tells the indecent truth, when he denies that he was married to his youthful accuser. He admits all of the important allegations of lewd, immoral conduct and seeks cover in his infamous part in the matter at issue in the simple, boyish declarations that the prosecuting witness "fascinated him" and he was "very fond of her."

The great state of New York is the humiliated sponsor for this senile simpleton. She knew the man full well, yet she bestowed upon him the rank and title of a United States senator. Who shall say that her humiliation—complete as it is before the world, is undeserved?—Portland Oregonian.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

The pain of an unfulfilled wish is small in comparison with that of repentance; for one stands in the presence of the vast open future, while the other has the irrevocable past closed behind it.

SCHOPENHAUER.

Getting Information Out of Pa. My pa, he didn't go to town Last evening after tea, But got a book and settled down As comfy as could be. I'll tell you I was awful glad To have my pa about To answer all the things I had Been tryin' to find out.

And so I asked him why the world Is round, instead of square, And why the piggies' tails are curled, And why don't fish breathe air? And why the moon don't hit a star And why the dark is black, And just how many birds there are And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells, And why do June bugs hum, And what's the roar I hear in shells, And when will Christmas come? And why the grass is always green, Instead of sometimes blue, And why a bean will grow a bean, And not an apple, too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo, And why a cow can't neigh? And do the fairies live on dew, And what makes hair grow gray— And then my pa got up an' gee! The awful words he said I hadn't done a thing, but he Jest sent me off to bed.

There's more than one man in Marshfield who can be a millionaire if he has the money.

Sometimes when a father tries to get a daughter off his hands he gets a son-in-law to put on his feet.

The breadfruit tree is all right, but what I want to know is, "Where is there a tree that grows pie?"

Some Coos Bay people are like pins—they have their good points but they will stick you if they get a chance.

Nature probably has compensations for women, but somehow they have not yet evolved to her satisfaction.

There really is no use in getting mad, but a great many people make use of it.

Self conceit should not be kept upon dress parade if kept at all, but it certainly is the balm of Gilead for bruised feelings.

Some people will steal before they will starve, while others have to starve awhile before they will steal.

Some people must have borrowed a lot of trouble in their time the way they have it stacked up about them.

Nothing matters very much, but there is always so much to matter.

An apple was never known to turn into a plum, but a peach often helps to make a pair.

It is easy to get something for nothing. The consummate flatterer knows how it is to be done and is the only party to the transaction who knows that it is being done.

A man usually pleases himself when he marries, but he sometimes finds it hard to keep pleased and married at the same time.

The best thing a mother can teach her child is how to get along without her.

The man who delights to hear himself talk is generally alone in his enthusiasm.

Some Coos Bay people call dancing "praying with the feet." If this is so a clog-dance must be a prayer in Chinese.

Arthur McKeown says that love of the national game runs in his family, even the baby is a great bawl enthusiast at times.

There are girls one cannot nickname. Martha may be called Mattie; Catherine, Kittle; Mary, Mollie; Frances, Fannie; Sarah, Sallie; Winnifred, Winnie, but a girl named

Belle they never—well, they call her Belle all the time.

"Say, Dave," asked W. R. Haines of his friend Stafford, "What I want to know is do the members of the brick-makers union make your brick ice cream?"

In Saint Louis a man was arrested and fined \$300 for trying to flirt with a married woman. Put that rule in force on Coos Bay and there are several fellows that would be broke financially.

A Quandary.



"Where did you get that counterfeit dollar?" "I picked it up on the street." "I should have thought you would have been afraid to do that?" "I didn't dare pass it, did I?"

Nightmares. He—Mrs. Jones has a new bonnet. She—Yes. Isn't it a dream? He—Maybe it is, but if I had dreams like that I would be sending for the doctor.

Vanity Fair. In vanity fair is mirth in the air, And folly is flaunting about. She's nailing so fast Her flag to the mast She's putting gray Wisdom to rout.

Language Expert. "What is this 'made in Germany' I hear so much about?" "Maid in Germany? That's frauiein."

At school a little Coos County

boy, being one of the geography class, was deeply interested in learning the points of the compass. Said the teacher: "You have in front of you the north; on your right the east, on your left the west. What have you behind you? After a moment's reflection Charlie exclaimed: "A patch on my pants."

Coos Bay girls who blush and they all do now and then will be interested in the following definition of a blush by an Oregon editor: "A blush is a temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy actiologized by one's perceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of unequilibrium from a sense of shame, anger or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vasometer filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with a radiance effemanating from an intimated praecordia."

HEARD ON FRONT STREET.

Snatches of Conversation Caught on the Fly by a Times Reporter.

"I hope that it will be dry." "Hey, Jake, come and have a drink!" "If this rainy weather continues the strawberry crop'll be short."

"Oh, girls, have you seen the new show—at the—?" "Yes sir, a man has a right to stand up for himself, but not to step on another man's toes."

"I never told a lie about fishin' in my life, but there was that bass and—"

"He ate so much we was all ashamed of him." "All them two does is to stand around and watch the bank building."

"I'm skeery of ice cream because I hear of a good many people being poisoned from eatin' of it." "Yes, she lives in North Bend."

"Old man — built his house close to the street so as to save a lot on his ground for another house." "Keep still, here comes that newspaper man."

"I carried that potato in my pocket for fourteen years, and I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since."

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