

COOS BAY TIMES

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SATURDAY EVENING THOUGHTS

THE EVERLASTING MYSTERY. Companionship.

Men laughed in ancient Egypt long ago,
And laughed beside the Lake of Galilee;
And my glad heart rejoices more to know,
When it leaps up in exultation too,
That, though the laughter and the laugh be new,
The joy is old as is the ancient sea.

Men wept in noble Athens, so they say,
And in great Babylon of many towers,
For the same sorrows that we feel today:
So, stranded high upon Time's latest peak,
I can with Babylonian and with Greek
Claim kinship through this common grief of ours.

The same fair moon I look upon tonight,
This shining, golden moon above the sea,
Imparts a richer and more sweet delight
For all the eyes it did rejoice of old,
For all the hearts, long centuries grown cold,
That shared this joy which now it gives to me.

Whate'er I feel I cannot feel alone;
When I am happiest or most forlorn,
Unaccounted friends whom I have never known
Rejoicing stand or weeping at my side—
These nameless, faceless friends of mine who died
A thousand years or more-ere I was born.
R. M.

NEW EXPLORATIONS are being made in Polynesia, and the indications now are that there was a vast land area in mid-Pacific at one time, most of which, like the fabled Atlantis, sunk, leaving only the islands that are scattered through the ocean, and there are permanent evidences that there was a far advanced civilization in that region. It is proven by the fact that tremendous irrigation tunnels were dug through mountain ranges which required, beside great mechanical knowledge, a knowledge of some principles of surveying. Then there was an elaborate code of water rights; there was a clear knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies; they were familiar with the currents of the great ocean, and made protracted voyages thereon. They had, too, a system of writing, and their system of religion was most elaborate, and obtained a perfection and elaboration of ritual such as has been equaled by few other peoples. All this is to be explored, and it is hoped that the explorations can be made and the work describing them prepared in the next fifteen years.

All that raises the question of whether men and nations do not, like trees, have their seasons. They come up and flourish and then pass away. In point of fact, our actual knowledge of mankind only goes back four thousand years, and yet there are proofs in Egypt and other countries that the race existed there ten times four thousand years ago; that they went on from small beginnings until they got to be in tribes; after the tribes came nations; nations built their great works, marshaled their armies, and then, through civil wars or from outside assaults, they began to perish; then came the era of degradation, until they finally disappeared. It starts the mind on many a curious speculation. Was it the design originally that men should thus come and go, that nations should rise and fall, until finally perfection should be reached and man should have dominion over all the earth and all its elements and then eternity would begin? There are no answers to those questions. No one can tell. The best that any one knows is that mortals come here, they begin in helplessness, within forty years sometimes they advance until they rule their fellow men, and make such an impression upon their age that that impression never dies away until the race itself, either by wars, by disease, or by some overwhelming cataclysm, goes back into silence. No one can tell, the mystery is just as great today as it was in the days of Job. Indeed, men seem farther away from the real truth now than they did formerly, and it all is at best but speculation.

We flatter ourselves that our government was organized by divine inspiration; that in the thought of the Infinite, men had suffered enough; that, hence, a government was to be organized where equal rights would come to all and where the highest civilization would have a chance at last to establish itself, yet there are forces at work in our own country which threaten to disintegrate it, to undo the work of the fathers and substitute something else.

There are politicians who have new theories of what the rules should be; there are new creeds which, like every preceding creed, affects to believe it is the only one. And thus we move, mere shadows that we are, between the cradle and the grave, and, save for the few years past, we know no more of the past than we do of the future, and no voice comes back to us to tell us whether our being originated here and will cease here, or whether, before the world was born, our souls were alive somewhere, and that they are to remain alive through all the rolling ages of eternity.

The final conclusion is that the best any one can do is to do the best he can for himself and his fellow man, that there must have been a purpose in sending him here, that the agency which created him must have been a creation in mercy, and that the farther our lives extend in this or in any other world, the more capable will we be of enjoyment, the clearer will be our wisdom and the higher our hopes.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

On all sides we see evidences that the tide has turned. A steady improvement from this time onward may be looked for with confidence. In New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Boston and other industrial centers mills are reopening their doors. The stocks of goods in the hands of manufacturers and wholesalers have been reduced to low figures, and the resumption of purchases, which is under way in all the great lines of trade, is beginning to send in orders to the factories with a little of their old-time volume.

Recently the output of the mills of the United States Steel Corporation has been increased ten per cent over the average of recent months. The promise is that by the beginning of

November that largest of the world's steel concerns will be running its works to nearly their full capacity. The independent steel mills, which furnish almost half of the country's product, are also responding to the upward turn in trade.

This improvement is registering itself in the reduction of the number of idle locomotives and cars. When the number was at its highest, in the closing days of April, 413,000 cars were sidetracked throughout the United States for lack of work. In the closing days of July the number had dropped below the 300,000 line. The heavy crops, which are now beginning to move to the markets, are likely to send the number of idle cars down to very small figures before November.

IT PAYS TO SMILE. I could learn to love you When you smile, smile, smile. —Popular Ballad.

This is the smile age. It is the new dispensation—the dispensation of optimism.

Take a look at the portraits of our statesmen of the past. They are nearly all of one type—stern of feature, square cut as to mouth, dignified as to pose. You will scarcely find the glimmer of a smile on their faces.

It is different nowadays. Smile pictures are popular.

Note the pictures of Theodore Roosevelt. His well known visage is all broken up and mellowed with smiles. The picture shows either the good natured grin or the teeth, revealing spread of face. The bulldog countenance of the president is broken into ripples like a pond into which a stone has been cast.

And the face of William J. Bryan in picture! He is a smiler of the most expansive width—a width as broad as his countenance is wide. It is a contagious smile and is characteristic of the man.

It is significant that Mr. Taft is called "Smiling Bill" and his running mate "Sunny Jim."

We are a nation of smilers. The frowners are of the unique minority. The surly boor is in hard lines in these days. We are learning that to look at the world through smiling eyes not only sweetens life and brings satisfaction, but that it pays.

It pays to smile. It pays in health, in spirits, in absence of friction. It pays in lives made brighter.

Therefore hold up your chin and smile.

Don't be stingy in stretching your mouth. If you play miser that way you cheat only yourself.

It is difficult to appraise a smile at its highest. It is an intangible thing. So is the light an intangible thing, but it lightens a world. So is heat, but it warms the world. So is love, but it redeems the world.

A home without a smile is no home. Smiles are as necessary in a house as sunshine or air or warmth. They cost nothing. They are worth everything.

Smile!

Start the smile down in your diaphragm and let it creep up into the corners of that drooping mouth and wriggle up into the corners of those lusterless eyes. Smile! It pays.

A MARY BROWN MONOLOGUE.

"Who is that old maid yonder?"
I'll tell you who she is.

Her name is Mary Brown, daughter of John Brown. You remember John? He was a good hearted kind of ne'er-do-well.

Mary looks a little old—yes, even when she is "fixed up." But she has a good face, don't you think? And she is just as good as she looks. She is a woman "with a past," but the past of Mary has nothing dishonorable in it.

She is the oldest daughter and takes after her mother, who was a mighty nice woman who never had a chance. If you remember, they lived upstairs over a store building on Main street. John Brown worked, when he "felt well," at painting and wall papering. He complained that he had contracted "painter's colic" and had never got over it. Well, John never was very strong, and that's true. And one day when he was a substitute over at the stove factory a big knife machine cut off his right hand. After that he couldn't do much except at odd jobs.

Mrs. Brown? A smart little woman and ambitious. She always kept the kids looking neat and clean—three of them besides Mary—two boys and a girl. The woman just literally worked herself to death over the wash tub. Mary did the housework and helped.

When her mother died Mary was sixteen years of age. That was fourteen years ago. Yes, Mary is just thirty years of age.

Well, in all that fourteen years Mary Brown has scarcely had time to raise her eyes from her sewing at the cloak factory. She got a dollar a day for several years. She is a forewoman now and gets \$9 a week.

And, would you believe it, Mary Brown has kept those boys and the girl just as well dressed as the average? She kept her sister in school through the grades. One brother, John Junior, graduated last year in the high school. He helped Mary a good deal by selling newspapers. The other boy took a course in business college, and Mary can now take a long breath.

The old man? Oh, he earned a dollar occasionally. And he was pretty handy round the house. Died a year ago. He had a very decent burial—Mary's money.

That's who Mary Brown is. And I'm telling you no secret when I say one of the best men in this town is going to marry Mary in the fall. He knows what Mary is, and he thinks a lot of her.

Say, there's many an old maid in this world just like Mary. I don't know how things would get along without some of them. But all of them are not as lucky as Mary.

WE DON'T RUN A JEWELRY—cigar—China ware—leather goods—hardware store. We run a drug store exclusively. We know the drug business and give you the benefit of our knowledge.—Brown's Pharmacy.

Net waist \$3.50.—Ladies Emporium.

The EAGLES may screech and the ELKS may scream. Come down to Mother's for chicken and ice cream.

Read the Times' Want Ads.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

DESPAIR NOT.

WE were not made to pass in sorrow
Our brief existence here away,
For grief a cloud that on the morrow
Gives promise of a brighter day.

BRIGHT flowers decay, gay foliage
fades
Beneath November's chilly reign;
But, robed in gayer tints, the spring
Beholds the blushing flowers again.

SO when some grief has blighted hopes
Of happiness too dearly cherished
Too oft we deem that every joy
Has with departed idols perished.

HOWEVER deep the wound we feel,
However great our cause of sadness,
Time rolls the clouds of grief away
And brings again our wonted gladness.
—L. W. Muller.

THE SUBTLE SPIRIT.

I BUILT a temple for my spirit's home.
I filled it with myself, and it was
fair.

From its dream pavement to its
dream reared dome
No spirit but my own existed there.
About the walls I wroth with dotting
care

Huge fancies alien to the world of men,
Vague doubts and vast of youth and light
and air
Sublimely isolated in my spirit's den,
I lived and toiled and dreamed and hoped
—and then—and then

Another spirit entered, subtle, slow,
Like summer coming when the winter
flees,
With eyes that had the soft, warm, quiet
glow

Of some calm evening of a day of ease,
And that was you! I felt, upon my knees,
A swift, mysterious spreading of the
place.

My poor walls seemed to hold infinities
Too vast for peace. I fell upon my face
And worshipped you at last, the spirit of
the place.
—John G. Nelhardt.

The absence of some people is highly appreciated by their interested acquaintances.

Lest we forget, the man with a bunch of bills comes around once in awhile just to remind us that life is not all milk and honey.

If a widow is beautiful it is pretty hard for her to stick to her job.

There are lawyers who work with a will. When they have finished it is apt to be badly broken.

The reason why some deals can't slip through easily is because they are a little crooked and have not had their curves lubricated.

You may need all you get, but if the other fellow is sharper it is his.

It is such a great comfort to a man to think how kindly he is letting his wife have her own way.

After all, most of us know a lot about our neighbors that we don't tell.

Women are really sorry for men, but you never would guess it.

Vice is the pride of fools.

The true strength of a nation lies in the strong arms of its working population—and the strong boxes of its trusts.

What is so game as a man in June—with a straw hat when the mercury drops.

A girl who looks attractive in a rainstorm is entitled to a rebate.

Every fat man is willing to do anything on earth to be thin except to quit eating.

Happiness may be preferred to money, but not apparently among our best people.

A self confessed saint is more open to suspicion than a self confessed sinner.

The peculiarity of the intelligence of some people is its imperceptibility.

Funny that while nobody really wants to buy a gold brick it always finds ready sale.

Luck is a good thing to have, whatever it is, but there is no question at all about pluck.

It takes a lot to live and to live properly; it takes a house and lot and then some.

It always seems as if the ring of the bill collector comes under the head of unnecessary noises.

Use The Coos Bay Times Want Ads

AT THE CHURCHES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Christian Science services will be held in the Masonic Temple Sunday at 11 a. m. Subject: "Matter." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rev. Father DONNELLY.

Mass will be celebrated in Marshfield at the Catholic church at 10:30 Sunday morning, and in North Bend at 8 o'clock, the Rev. Father E. Donnelly celebrant.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Rev. B. F. Bengtson, Pastor.

The service in the Lutheran church Sunday, September 20, will be as follows: Confirmation exercises with a class of eleven young persons to commence 10 a. m. Communion services in the evening at 7:30 o'clock.

NORWEGIAN LUTHERAN.

Service every Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock. These services will be conducted in the Danish-Norwegian language and temporarily at the Finnish Hall.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Baptist Church building is being remodeled and repaired. No services will be held there Sunday, September 20, except the Sunday School at 10 a. m. This congregation will join in the farewell evening services at the Methodist church.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF NORTH BEND.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. 11 o'clock preaching service. Rev. W. A. Smith will preach. His theme will be "A Case in Court." Epworth League at 6:30 o'clock p. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Capt. Schmehl will preach.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NORTH BEND.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock, subject of sermon, "A Service of the Highways." Evening worship at 8 o'clock. Subject of sermon, "Naaman the Syrian Leper." The Bible School meets at 10 a. m. Junior C. E. at 4 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 p. m.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Meets each Lord's day, at Lutheran hall, in rear of Lutheran church. Preaching 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Bible class Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Everybody invited, strangers always welcome.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

H. H. BROWN, Pastor.

Morning worship is held at 11 o'clock at which the pastor will preach. Subject of sermon, "Original Proofs." Sunday School and Bible study hour at 10 a. m. Classes for all ages. Visitors welcome. Young People's meeting at 7 p. m. Subject for consideration. The Christian Endeavor Society as a Training School for Workers.

Leader, Miss Jennie Smith. At 8 o'clock a Union Service will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church in which our people are cordially invited to participate. There will be no evening service therefore in this church.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

W. R. F. BROWNE, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal church, Sunday, September 20th. The services will be as follows: 10 a. m., Sabbath School; 11 a. m., sermon, "In Remembrance." The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the close of this service; 3 p. m., Junior League; 7 p. m., Epworth League, subject, "Christ the Lord of Our Intellect"; 8 p. m., Union Service, the congregations of the Baptist and Presbyterian churches will unite with this church, the pastor will deliver his farewell sermon, subject, "The Gospel Message." Duet (selected) by Mrs. Dr. Ingram and Miss Mable Mills, also Anthem by the choir. Singing will be led by C. J. Mills. A cordial welcome is extended to all these services.

JILTED GIRL TO BUY HUBBY

MISS ROWINS OF PITTSBURG OFFERS \$450 AND FURNISHED HOME FOR MAN.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 19.—Who will marry Mary Rowins, aged twenty-four, fairly good looking, and willing to quit her job in a pickle factory to take up that of mistress of a home? The home is all ready. There is \$450 in bank to Mary's credit. The successful applicant for the post of husband can have all three—Mary, the furnished home and the bank account.

Miss Rowins lives at No. 6 Pulaski alley, and was to have been married a few days ago. Her husband-that-was-to-have-been was a young mill worker. He had been out of work for months, and sought to delay the wedding because he had no money to buy a new suit. Mary, however, came up with the cash and also with \$5 with which to pay for the bridal carriage. Then the young man disappeared.

Now the damsel announces she is willing to marry anybody who wants her, that is, provided the applicant is passably good looking and is not already a benedict. She says she will turn over the furnished house, which cost her \$750, and her bank account. Miss Rowins is the orphan daughter of a former well-known Lawrenceville mill worker, and has been a worker herself ever since her tenth year. She said:

"Harry (the dederict one) treated me bad, and I never want to see him again. Still, I have the house furnished, and I may as well be married. The house is too large for me to live in by myself. I want a man, not a monkey. Harry professed to love me, but when the time came he ran away. The next time I see him I am going to pull his hair and make him sorry he ever met me."

FALLING BEAR KILLS HOUND

BRUIN RUNS OUT TOO FAR ON AND LIMB BREAKS, CRUSHING DOG THAT PURSUED HIM.

LEBANON, Ore., Sept. 19.—Falling out of a huge fir tree from a height of 50 feet a quarter of a mile from Lofton's mill, in the "swale country," near Berlin, when shot by hunters, a big black bear struck squarely on a valuable hound, which was instantly killed.

The remarkable incident was witnessed by a party of six persons, and came as the culmination of an hour's exciting chase with several dogs. The "varmint" hound killed by the falling bear, which weighed about 400 pounds, was owned by Cornelius Kinder, and was noted as one of the best trained animals in the Hamilton Creek region. Kinder would not have sold the dog for \$500.

Bears have been numerous on Hamilton and Scott Creeks this season, and their depredations have been extensive. Many sheep and goats have been destroyed by the ursine marauders and ranchers have recently hunted them as much from motives of self-protection as for sport.

The trail of the bear killed near Lofton's mill was taken by the party on the ranch of John Prior, where it had killed and eaten a young goat less than an hour previously. Those going in pursuit of the animal were Cornelius and Lester Kinder, Dennis L. Taylor, Nelson Bellinger, Lyman Fitzwater and a Telegram correspondent.

Warned by the baying hounds that he was in danger, Bruin covered a wide expanse of country in a short time in the effort to shake off his pursuers. His course led past the ranches of L. M. Taylor, W. M. Woolsey and J. M. Simons, and the hounds were at their quarry's heels when he took refuge in a giant fir. Taking up their positions in line the hunters all "drew bead" on the bear, which had climbed to a height of about 50 feet, and at a signal from one, all fired. Pierced by several bullets, the animal released its hold on a large limb and crashed downward.

Kinder's hound, eager to seize the bear, rushed in, but misjudged the distance, and received the full impact of the dead animal's weight. The dog's neck and back and several ribs were broken, and it never moved after receiving the tremendous blow.