

EDITED BY THE PEOPLE

Some Interesting Letters From Readers of The Times on Various Timely Topics

# If Noise Were Music

Then one piano would be as good as another. The \$8.00 down and \$5.00 per month piano would fill the bill.

# Then Art Would Go Begging

And Commercialism Predominate

# There's a World of Difference

Between the noisy rattletraps that become thin and tinny in a few months and a real standard piano such as

# The Gabler Piano

Come in and let us show you these magnificent specimens of the piano-maker's art.

**W. R. Haines**  
**Music Co.**  
**YOUR HOME DEALER**

## A TRIP TO GOLD BEACH

A Marshfield Lady Writes Interestingly of Journey Down the Coast.

On September 9th, Clara and I left that enterprising city of Marshfield on a tour through southern Coos, to be extended as far down the coast as Gold Beach. We left with high anticipations of an enjoyable time, with eyes on the alert for whatever was to be seen, either in the line of scenery, in the peculiarities of human nature, or in the progress of civilization. But we have neither time nor inclination to enter into details perhaps tiresome to the reader, however interesting and instructive they may have been to the writer.

Boarding the train at Marshfield at 2 p. m., we were whirled up the bar along Isthmus Inlet, where huge rafts of logs are gathered, and gaily decorated launches glide over its peaceful waters. Then climbing the divide between Coos Bay and the Coquille river, we reached the down grade and rushed along the upper margin of the famous Beaver Slough marsh with its extensive views and prophecies of future wealth, and then to Coquille, the county seat, which is noted for its fine location and for its neat homes, its schools and churches, but more particularly just now for its champion team of ball tossers.

After a hasty glance at the town, and sampling some excellent ice-cream, we went aboard the steamer Dispatch, a roomy comfortable boat, creditable indeed to a river of much larger pretensions, and proceeded down the river to Bandon by the sea. The ride down the beautiful river is of such surprising fascinations that one can never forget it. It has endless changes of scenery, fine valleys and beautiful homes may smile upon you from one bank, while from the other the cedar clad hills come down to the waters edge, their sides drilled tunnels, at the mouth's of which great piles of coal attest the marvelous wealth of this unexplored region.

We had heard that Bandon was a fine location, but it is more; it is ideal. The location is grand. The turbulent ocean is fanned by its ozone laden breezes; it looks up its freight laden river where the echoes of wakening industries are reverberating with increasing strength. The sound of hammer and saw greets one everywhere. Bandon is growing and its level townsite reaches to Port Orford.

A few miles out of Bandon the road runs through an immense field of huckleberries, miles and miles of them. We had never seen them growing in the wild state before; we had never dreamed even of such prodigious quantities, but it did not spoil our taste for them. We stripped the heavy laden bushes as fast as our kind driver would break them off and supply us. If there is a vacant spot of that land, we want it.

Noon at Langlois, where we were served to as fine a chicken dinner as ever surprised and gratified a hungry traveler. A sixteen-mile drive in the afternoon from Langlois, landed us at Knapp's hotel in Port Orford, where we were most hospitably entertained, and where a few strenuous days were spent climbing Battle Rock and her grand head lands, strolling along the agate lined beaches, fishing for trout in her beautiful lake, wading in her bathing place, watching the whales disporting in the bay. As a place for recreation and scenery, Port Orford lying in a fogless belt, is one of the grand and beautiful pieces of nature's handiwork.

The stage ride from Port Orford to Rogue River this time of the year is a thrilling, delightful experience. Just south of Port Orford, you climb a mountain twelve hundred feet high. This is the highest mountain between Port Orford and Gold Beach. The road runs through love-

## WHY AUSTRALIA BUYS APPLES FROM COOS BAY

A Ten Mile Lake Man Tells of the Fruit Growing Conditions in the Big Island.

Editor Coos Bay Times,— I read a paragraph in The Coos Bay Times recently about shipping apples to Australia, and as I resided in the land of the Kangaroo for twenty-four years and was in the fruit trade there for many years, I have a good knowledge of conditions there. I bought and sold many boxes of first-class California apples, oranges and lemons, and I also bought and sold many thousand boxes of first-class Australian apples, oranges and apples. They have a first class climate for apple culture in parts of the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania. They export by shipload to the European markets. The fruit growers of Australia will derive great benefit from the Panama canal as they will be able to ship fruit in a week's less time to Europe than at present. Australia being on the other side of the Equator, they have winter there when we have summer in America. Therefore when we have plenty of apples on Coos Bay, they have none in Australia. Consequently if they require apples for their Christmas dinner, they must import them from American places like Coos Bay. I am glad to say that we, on Coos Bay, have a first-class climate for apple growing and Australia will always be a good customer as long as we furnish them first-class apples. It will mean that there will be no difficulty in marketing all we can raise.

I have a young orchard of about 300 trees, mostly Gravensteins, and a good many are bearing this year.

Wishing Coos Bay apples success, I am, respectfully,

CHAS. OLLES,  
Lakeside, Ore.

ly forests where we catch the northern limit of Tan-bark oak. The road climbs hills where it ought not to, but it is good and carries one to many grand observation points where scenery is wonderful, and an unobstructed vision of the coast and ocean lies. Away south to the bold head lands of Cape Sebastian. To our right is Hamburg mountains, rising to dizzy heights, out of the edge of the ocean; then comes a rugged shore, with rocks huge and of fantastic shape standing like embattlements against the assaults of the sea.

Down, we pass the Three Sisters, their gigantic rocks rising from the sea, where ships have sailed with cargoes of lumber.

At Euchre Creek we see some fine timber, thence to Rogue River runs on an elevated ocean bed and the long beach, near which we travel has been famous for the treasure of gold and platinum it has yielded in the past, and the heavy surfs of winter sift off the top sand which at this season of the year covers the black sand and gold.

Suddenly sweeping around a point, Rogue River bursts into view, surrounded as it appears by timbered mountains on the south, and bare hills on the north. We gaze with rapture on this river of gold. As we look upon its placid waters at its mouth, we can hardly realize that its source its Crater Lake, and its course to the sea is one of the most turbulent in the world.

The next place we arrive at the Wedderburn hotel, call for salmon and dream all night of crossing the beautiful Rogue River to Gold Beach. There a few strenuous days were spent bathing in the surf.

EDITH.

HOT TAMALES at Corthell's.

AUG. FRIZEEN  
REAL ESTATE

—and—  
INSURANCE

'C' Street, between Front and Broadway.

Call in and I will give you something if I cannot sell you anything.

## T. E. DOW TELLS OF CONDITIONS BACK EAST

Former Coos Bay Man Sends Breezy Letter From "The Windy City," Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—Coos Bay Times and dear old Marshfield, while it is sizzling hot here I love to think of Coos Bay. It is cooling, don't you know. These earth beings here do not know it, or surely they all would emigrate at once.

I went to the baseball game yesterday 28,000 people there shouting and rioting for their favorites, the sign of the dollar is on everybody's face here. That is all they know — Burnt in sure what you might call a stoney stare. The people on the Pacific coast certainly do not appreciate our wonderful climate, but they will all right, once they go east, if it were not for making this trip as planned, I would start for the Pacific coast at once. Coos Bay is all right, I hope to see you all again, but this east never. Don't want to see even a photo of it. My boy, here, is selling pianos like C. W. Wolcott sells vegetables. Soon out and then filled up with fresh ones, I am doing some fine talking for Coos Bay. Hope it will do good. These people here will thank me all their lives if they only take my advice, and when I get old they will pension me, see. (They say, Coos Bay, Coos Bay.)

Good bye,

T. E. DOW.

## REAL ESTATE'S NEW EL DORADO

Former Coos Bay Man Writes of Prince Rupert, the City-To-Be.

J. D. McNeil has received the following interesting letter concerning Prince Rupert, B. C., of which there has been much talk lately, from O. L. Hagood who is well-known on Coos Bay:

"I have wondered frequently if you and Dr. Ingram had forgotten my broken or rather long deferred promise to give you a few words on the much-talked-of city of Prince Rupert, or the city-to-be.

Now that I have taken the matter up, I am going to ask you to communicate to the doctor, together with my kindest regards, the contents of this letter, insofar as it concerns Prince Rupert, thus saving to a lazy man the tremendous effort necessary to the writing of an extra letter.

"I might, if I cared to, write pages of moonshine about the country's climate, wild mountain scenery, lillimable stretches of uninhabited wilderness, wild game and myriads of fish and what not but the one thing we had in view when we discussed it, and the one thing I traveled far to see was whether or not it looked good as a real estate proposition. After all we will drift back to the "lousy old dollar," won't we?

You have no doubt heard by this time that the sale of lots in Prince Rupert, which was to have taken place this month, has been deferred indefinitely. This had not been determined upon, or at least had not been made public, before I went there; otherwise, I should not have gone. The reason for this delay was a long controversy between the provincial government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad Company over the division of the water frontage along the harbor. This was not settled until about the middle of August, and then, as it required several weeks to survey the townsite, it was impossible to put the lots upon the market this fall as they had expected to do.

As a townsite it is one of the most forbidding that one could possibly imagine. Ralen Island, on which it is located, is solid rock and an upheaval of rocks at that. The cost of grading lots and streets, if it is ever properly done, will be almost beyond computation. It is going to take a

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## CATS CARRY DIPHTHERIA

Dr. Golden Writes Concerning a Much Dreaded Contagious Disease.

Editor Coos Bay Times: As there seems to be considerable scare of the possible spreading of an epidemic of diphtheria through our schools, by request, I will offer a few words of advice to parents in regard to its modes of infection and symptoms of onset.

It is unfortunate that just at this time (beginning of rainy weather we should be confronted with an epidemic of diphtheria, as damp, cloudy weather favors its spread whereas warm weather with plenty of sunshine and perfect cleanliness is detrimental to it.

Diphtheria is recognized as a very infectious disease. But the infection is only transmitted by the implantation of the causative bacillus, the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus. This bacillus is found in abundance in the secretions and excreta from an infected diphtheria patient. It is particularly prolific in the false membrane formed in the throat and nose, and secretions from these membranes are the principal source of its distribution. These bacilli are transmitted by direct contact, and implantation on some mucus membrane of a susceptible individual occurs. The diphtheria is not flying in the air as is sometimes supposed. The contagion differs in this way from small-pox. A person is perfectly safe in approaching within a few feet of a diphtheria patient, as long as he is not in a dust laden atmosphere whereby dried bacilli may be floating in the air and inhaled, and as long as he does not touch the patient, or anything that the patient's secretions may have come in contact with.

The disease is contracted by and transmitted by cats; and another important source of danger lies in the milk from cows with 'chapped teats' as in many instances these sores have been found to be diphtheritic and the diphtheria bacillus grows very nicely in milk.

Diphtheria rarely attacks infants. It is found most often in children between the ages of two and fifteen years.

The diphtheria bacillus are sometimes carried in the throat of a healthy individual, they themselves not contracting the disease, but they may transmit it to another person who will contract a violent form of the disease.

Ordinary ulcerative tonsillitis sometimes so closely resembles true diphtheria in its first stages, that it is almost impossible to say definitely which it is without a microscopic examination for the "Klebs-Loeffler" bacillus. Where this is not carried out, people are sometimes quarantined unnecessarily, or on the other hand are not quarantined when they should be.

A very good system for maintaining quarantine is in vogue in Portland, where every physician who has a suspected case of diphtheria is required to send a specimen from the throat of his patient to the city laboratory where a culture is made, and if the bacillus are present the patient is quarantined and kept quarantined until no bacilli can be found. Frequently physicians think their patients are over the disease and are ready to release them from quarantine, but the culture still shows bacilli and they are not allowed to raise the quarantine. So there is no chance of an apparently well person, even scattering the disease.

When commencing treatment in time with the present day methods of treatment, diphtheria is not usually a hard disease to control and is not considered the dangerous disease it used to be.

If troubled with any kind of a sore throat, accompanied by fever, and a feeling of depression and tired out, keep the child out of school, call your family physician and lose no

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