

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.

ONE WAY OUT.

The proposition to construct and operate an electric railway from Coos Bay to Roseburg and the Willamette valley as recently renewed in the discussion at the Oregon-Idaho Development congress is always amenable to the best thought that Coos Bay can give it, and at this time is particularly pertinent and suggestive. It offers Coos Bay one way out of its present ambiguous and undesired relation with the Harriman transportation system. It makes no difference who shall build the line, though there is always the inherent advantage of local ownership and control in matters of such import. The main thing is that Coos Bay needs a direct line with swift, frequent and reasonably cheap service, out of this city and touching the Willamette valley and making connection with the outer world by rail.

Such a road would be self-supporting and profitable from the instant of its completion. There are practically several hundred thousands of dollars of money in the hands of Coos Bay citizens and in Roseburg that could be utilized with safety and assured profit in this work. Francis E. Clark reports the sentiment at Roseburg overwhelmingly and enthusiastically in favor of such a project.

It would create a distinct commercial field for this city; it would hasten the development of thousands of rich bottom-land acres into paying truck-farms; it would open up line after line of local investment that would redound to the benefit of the whole section as well as to the markets and businesses of this city.

It would expedite the resort traffic season after season, giving the residents of the interior easy, cheap and rapid communication with the ideal spots around Coos Bay during the superheated summer season.

It is one certain way out of a very dubious position, and may be well and deeply considered for the immediate and certain good of all concerned.

THE WORK OF THE NEWSPAPERS

The newspaper in a town says more good things of its possibilities and attractions every day in a way that is productive of greater benefits than all other agencies combined. The newspaperman is so universally expected to boom the town in and out of season that if at any time in his judgment it appears necessary to criticize conditions in any respect he is hopped onto as a knocker. He is supposed to be the town boomer and usually meets every expectation along that line. In the Echo Register we find this analysis of the newspaper man's work in his community and the reward he generally reaps for his efforts:

"Did you ever think of it? Suppose every business man in town took as much interest in the upholding of the town and forwarding all public enterprises as the newspaper man. He works for railroads, manufacturing, schools and churches, good streets and badgers and cavorts around generally. Imagine his feeling when some lame, stringhalted band of a fellow reproaches him because he doesn't boom things enough. If the town does boom and the prices of real estate advance and the owners grow rich from the results of his labor, he makes nothing by it. He is like the poor boy at the pictures without the necessary price of admission."

Steamer BREAKWATER sails from Coos Bay for Portland SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, at 2 P. M.

A COUPON book will save you money on your meat bills. Ask the Sanitary market about it.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.
Ingratitude, I hope, will never constitute a part of my character, nor find a place in my bosom.
GEO. WASHINGTON.

THOSE AUTUMN BRIDES.
The red rose dreams of April.
The white rose dreams of May,
But in this golden autumn
The Bride rose holds its sway,
The Junetime, unreturning,
The runetime comes reborn,
And love leads down the ladies
Through lanes of bridal morn!

Ah, brides of springtime vanished,
Take sweetheart hands again!
Here comes the gold October
With all her bridal train;
The red leaf and the holly,
The harvest and the vine,
Above love's veil of orange,
With dreams of June entwined!

Here come the autumn couples,
Love lights the bridal day—
The red rose dreams of April,
The white rose dreams of May!
The bride rose has all seasons,
And this her dream behold—
Love leads the laughing ladies,
And all the world is gold!
—Exchange.

A heartless woman is without a mission in this world.

The youngest married woman that ever lived felt older in experience than Methuselah.

Love of admiration and self-conceit are almost fatal defects in the character of a woman.

The early bird catches the worm, but need not awaken everybody rejoicing over the fact.

When a woman puts on her fluffiest, fuzzy things it's a sign she doesn't know what might happen.

The devil's red fire is only a bluff; the lights he uses most successfully are twilight, firelight, and moonlight.

Change of occupation has done far more toward restoring the health of women than all the rest cures in the world.

After a pretty girl has been married about four years she begins to look as if she might be her sisters' mother.

Hereafter no careful business man will allow Willie Hearst to enter the room in which the office letter files are kept.

Eve probably thought the unfair part of it was getting her into a scandal where she was bound to be found out.

The poetry of love begins to peter out when a nagging wife stands at a man's elbow fuming over the ashes from his pipe dreams.

Some men are bound to save themselves even if they have to use every dollar in sight irrespective of the little matter of ownership.

Get a woman to tell you the real truth and she'll confess that she has had or still has ambitions for the stage. With men it's the chicken industry.

The science which will cause women to quit thinking of themselves and their physical defects will have accomplished as much as the science of medicine.

When a woman shows a man her new hat it is exasperating the way her manner somehow hints how much prettier are the stockings and ribbons that match it.

In China, says Gow Why, a young man does not see his prospective bride until after he marries her. Marriage seems to be as much a lottery in China as it is in this country.

The women are now after a uniform divorce law for the country. It is to be uniformly easy for a woman to get a divorce and uniformly expensive for the man who is thus kicked out into the cold world with only other men's wives to comfort him.

A man advertised recently in a London paper to forward, on receipt of postage stamps, "sound, practical advice that would be appreciable at

any time and to all persons and conditions of life." On receipt of the stamps he sent his numerous victims the following:

"Never give a boy a penny to hold your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week."

I note in the society department of an exchange the write-up of a wedding which closes with this: "The bride's travelling gown was a suit of London smoke with hat to match." Heavens! What chances the brides take nowadays. Suppose the wind should blow that smoke away and leave her bared to the cruel blasts of the November weather and the critical stare of the guests assembled to see her off at the train?

During the recent presidential campaign both candidates were made the victims of enthusiastic lady admirers who seized them unawares and kissed them. Bryan was seized and kissed in New York and in some New England village a big traveling man who looked like Taft was swooped down upon and kissed by an half score of school girls. This revives the discussion of the whole subject of hero kissing. There is a loud outcry against the fad. Of course, it comes from those who are neither gallant heroes nor fair maidens and who are, consequently, barred out of the game. The old bachelors who couldn't get a kiss if they wanted one, and the fond husbands who can get all the kissing they care for, naturally turn with disgust from the sight of a large crowd of girls struggling to smother one man in a prodigality of kisses.

It is a silly fad. Most fads are silly. But there is little use in wasting time and strength in advocating and supporting a reform movement of this sort. The fad will cure itself before the reformers get fairly started in their work. So long as one girl in the whole nation gained distinction by having kissed a hero there was naturally an eagerness on the part of other ambitious maidens to win like fame, but when the kissing goes through a whole crowd and every little hamlet has a score of girls who have kissed heroes the thing becomes so common that it loses its attraction. It is the uncommon kiss that is sought after by lad and lassie alike (the kiss which is the reward of cunning, coaxing and persistent pleading). The kiss which is passed out like the free advertising button at the exposition soon becomes of no value. When every passerby is allowed to take one there is no rush for them.

Let the cranky old bachelor and the envious spinsters quiet down and not fret themselves over reforming a practice which will reform itself very soon. Let the old married folks, who have at home more kissing than they know what to do with, settle down tranquilly at the fireside. Kissing will go on as long as there are loving hearts and ruby lips, but it will go on in the good old fashioned way, and the fad of the public kissing bee will reform itself before the echoes of these loud protests have died on the air.

When you are gone
The tailors' bills will still lead on,
Still flutter far beyond thy ken
To lure and crush thy fellowmen;
The tramp of many feet shall still
Come hurrying with many a bill,
Pursue thy kin forever on,
When you are gone.

When you are gone
And suns and systems still wheel on,
That grocery bill will yet hold pace
With all thy brooding, mourning race;
The butcher's boy will pass your door
Remembering his unpaid score;
Your washerwoman, lingering where
The sun glints on her rich, red hair,
Will scowl and mutter and pass on
When you are gone.

When you are gone
The rains will still descend upon
The just and the unjust, as they did
Upon your unpaid derby lid;
The comets and the stars perforce
Will hold upon their wonted course;
The gopher gambol through the corn
As from the day that you were born;
And wild geese honking in the air
Will honk as wildly raucous there
As they have thus honked everywhere;
The sunset glow will still sift down,
Your doctor, lawyer still will frown,
The "ten" you owe me still lead on,
When you are gone.
—Life.

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Physician and Surgeon.
New Flanagan & Bennett Bank Bldg.
Phone 1681.

D. R. J. W. INGRAM
Physician and Surgeon.
Office 208-209 Coos Building
Phones—Office 1621; Residence 1623

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