

COOS BAY TIMES

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M. C. MALONEY, Editor and Pub. DAN E. MALONEY, News Editor

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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.

LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE.

On the 4th of next March the president of the United States will leave the White House and drive to the capital with William Howard Taft, who is to become his successor, and the president of the United States will go to the White House to take up the reins of government. For Mr. Taft it will be the proudest day in the history of his life. For Theodore Roosevelt it will be a memorable anniversary, tinged with the sadness which, since the beginning of the nation, has been felt by every ex-president of the United States.

The retirement of a president from the White House is a pathetic milestone in the lives not only of the president and his family, but in the lives of the household staff of the mansion, says the Boston Herald. Many of these officials, caretakers and servants have served for years. The average term of a president nowadays is eight years, and in this time friendships are formed between the family of the executive and the people gathered about them to serve them. President Roosevelt's young children have practically spent their childhood in the White House. The leave taking will be naturally sorrowful for them, as well as for the doorkeepers, messengers and attendants who have been their companions for seven years.

The actual moving of one family out of and another family into the White House is a simple operation, attracting in itself but little attention on the part of the families concerned and none at all on the part of the general public.

Preparations are being made in advance, personal effects quietly packed and possessions sent to the future home. The leave taking on the part of the retiring president, his wife and children consists only of the goodbyes said and the handshakes given, for the White House is entirely furnished by the government. In the winter the president will begin preparations for leaving, the details of which will be under the personal direction of Secretary Loeb and Colonel Bromwell, superintendent of public buildings and grounds. In the first place, all the papers which have accumulated in the White House during the last seven years will be carefully looked into by the president and his office staff. All personal papers will be packed and sent to Oyster Bay. All official papers and documents will be sent to the various executive departments of the government, according to the usual custom. Then the personal effects of the Roosevelts will be packed and early in the year will be sent to the Sagamore Hill home under Mr. Loeb's directions.

Of those who have long been associated with the White House none will witness the departure of the Roosevelt family with greater regret than Colonel W. H. Crook, the veteran disbursing officer of the White House, who entered the executive mansion service in the first term of President Lincoln and has been there ever since. He has seen every president say farewell to the White House since the war.

"The departure of a president is one of the saddest things I know," said Colonel Crook. "I am scarcely able to describe the emotions I have felt in saying goodbye to the different presidents under whom I have served and the members of their families. I believe I never felt quite so badly as when President Cleveland retired at the close of his first term, and perhaps they felt it keenly too. Mrs. Cleveland remained until the last moment on the morning on March 4, loath to take her departure. She visited the different rooms, looking at the pictures, gazing out of the windows. I went to her to say goodbye and found her taking leave of old Jerry Smith, one of the old

time colored servants of the White House.

"Jerry," said Mrs. Cleveland, "keep everything in good order until I come back."

"Mrs. Cleveland evidently believed that her husband would later be reelected president, and her faith was vindicated, for he was, and Mrs. Cleveland did come back, and Jerry Smith had everything as she liked it. She gave me a bunch of violets when she said goodbye to me. I have that faded bouquet still and would not part with it."

"When Mrs. Grant retired from the White House she went around the building and shook hands with every one and said goodbye. Mrs. Lincoln's departure was the saddest I ever witnessed. President Lincoln was assassinated on April 14, 1865, and died the next morning. The blow fell with the force of a bolt from a clear sky. President Johnson took up his headquarters in the treasury building for ten days, in which time Mrs. Lincoln made her sorrowful preparations to leave.

"The going away of Mrs. Garfield was sad, too, but General Garfield lingered for a long time before his death, and the blow to his wife was not so sudden as that to Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. McKinley returned to the White House after the assassination, but she never returned after she had accompanied her husband's remains to Canton."

Most of the presidents have left Washington immediately after the inauguration of their successors.

A QUIANT BUT A BEAUTIFUL WILL

Through the courtesy of an interested friend living in the east The Times has received a copy of the last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, a county charge in Illinois. It is considered by those who have read it, to be the strangest, yet the most beautiful expression of a poverty stricken being ever put into print.

Will of Charles Lounsbury. The last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, who died in the Cook County Asylum (Poor House) at Dunning, Ill.)

This will was read at the dinner of the New York University Law School Alumni Association by Justice Walter Lloyd Smith.

"I Charles Lounsbury being of sound mind and disposing memory do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament.

I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I justly and generously as the needs of their children may require, charge said parents to use them

Item—I leave to children inclusively but only for the term of their childhood all and everyone flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long long days to be merry in a thousand ways, and the night and morn and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant water where one may swim, all snow clad hills, where one may coast and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where when grim winter comes one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of care.

Item—To lovers I desire their imaginary world with whatever they may need as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall; the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastings and beauty of their love.

Item—To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous inspiring sports of rivalry and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength though they are rude I give them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I

give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item.—And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

Item.—To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age and the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

CHAS. BUXTON.

LIFE.

Give me a taste of life!

Not the tang of a seasoned wine; Not the drug of an unearned bread; Not the grape of an untitled vine. The life that is really life;

That comes from no fount afar, But springs from the toil and strife In the world of things as they are.

Give me the whole of life!

The joy, the hope and the pain. The struggle whose end is strength, The loss that is infinite gain.

Not the drought of a cloudless sky, Not the rust of a fruitless rest; Give me the sun and the storm, The calm and the white sea crest.

Give me the best of life!

To live in the world with God. Where the seed that is sown and dies Lifts a harvest over the sod, Where beauty and truth are one, Where the right must have its way.

Where the storm-clouds part for stars And the starlight heralds the day.

Give me the toll of life!

The muscle and mind to dare, No luxury's lap for my head, No idly won wealth to share,

Whether by pick or plane, Whether by tongue or pen, Let me not live in vain; Let me do a man's work among men. C. P. CLEAVES.

Nat Goodwin says he will not get married again. In fact, what's the use?

The advice to men not to marry on a salary of \$12 a week still holds good, even if the girl is earning \$15.

Dr. Mary Walker says times will be better when women look upon shopping as a necessity instead of as a diversion. Not long ago Mrs. Hetty Green said the extravagance of women was ruining the country. For president in 1912—Dr. Mary

Walker, of Boston; for vice-president—Hetty Green, of Hoboken and Bellows Falls. Platform: Lord, have mercy on the men!

The hen is a beastly contrary "critter," sure enough. When eggs are 60c a dozen, you couldn't get one of them to lay an egg for love or money, but when the market makes a downward pull, then they begin to get a cackle on 'em. At 25 cents a dozen, there is more or less disturbance in the hen yard. At 15 cents you can hear nothing much but cackle and the rooster is then doing the big promenade act. When the 10-cent clip is hit, by the everlasting carrying on, you'd bet a box of ground bone against a spoonful of oyster shells that there was not a hen in the pen that was not laying from 6 to 27 eggs a day, and that blooming rooster doesn't do a thing but holler it to you from daylight till dark.

"I have just read a story of an economical farmer that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., had been telling to his Sunday class," said Higgins. "He says there is a farmer out near Cleveland who makes a fad of economy. Every time he drives into town he carries a hen with him tied to the seat of his buggy. A friend who rode out with him one day was curious to learn the use of that hen, so he watched carefully and found out. When at noon the farmer lunched under a tree he gave his mare a feed from a nose bag, and the hen, placed on the ground, ate all the horse spilled from the bag, so that there was no waste at all."

"Good story," said Wiggins, "and true, too. I know the old farmer. Mr. Rockefeller didn't say where he got his lunch, did he?"

"No," said Higgins. "The story stops there."

"It was the egg the hen laid under the buggy seat on the way out," said Wiggins.

VARIETIES.

New York has an area of 209,218 acres.

Ireland's linen industry employs 70,000.

The Moaris of New Zealand number 1,000.

New York's Chinatown has a population of 5,000.

Japan is beginning to use home-made cigarette paper.

WOODMEN ENTERTAINMENT.

All members of Woodmen of the World are requested to be present at November 18. Business of importance and entertainment.

By order of the CONSUL COMMANDER.

Steamer BREAKWATER sails from Coos Bay for Portland SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, at 8 A. M.

Better send this paper to a friend

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Steamer Alliance

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F. P. Baumgartner, Agt. H. W. Skinner, Agt. Couch St. Dock, Portland, Ore. Marshfield, Ore., Phone 441

Portland & Coos Bay S. S. Line

S. S. BREAKWATER

Sails from Portland Wednesday at 8 p. m. Sails from Coos Bay Saturdays at Service of Tide.

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No reservation held after the arrival of the ship unless ticket is bought.

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MARSHFIELD, OREGON

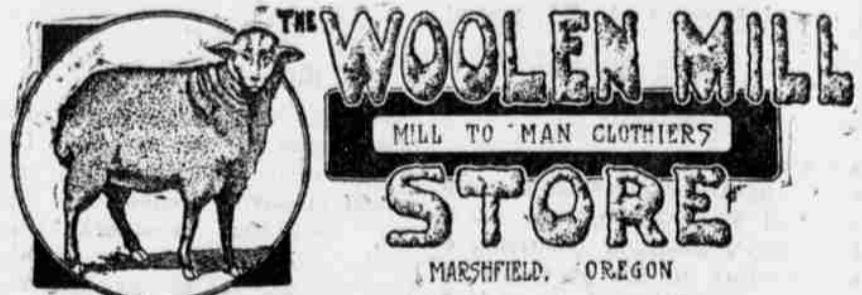
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DON'T wait for an attack of the grippe to force you to buy your heavier underwear---buy it now.

Our Underwear is made from the Pure Oregon Wool, and turned out by the Best Mills in the world, so we are prepared to give you exactly the kind you want---and at a pleasing price.

\$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50 per garment



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Paid Up Capital and Undivided Profits \$75,000 Assets Over Half Million Dollars.

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Leaves Allegany, daily at 7 a. m.

Returning—Leaves Marshfield 2 p. m.

For terms of charter, towing, transportation or freight, apply on board.

C. E. EDWARDS, Owner.

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Two trips daily between Bandon and Coquille connecting with all Marshfield trains.

Leaves Bandon . . . 6:45 a. m.

Leaves Bandon . . . 1:20 p. m.

Leaves Coquille . . . 9:15 a. m.

Leaves Coquille . . . 4:00 p. m.

Travelers leaving Marshfield in the morning reach Bandon at noon. People on Coquille river can spend over three hours in Marshfield and reach home the same day.

COQUILLE RIVER TRANSPORTATION CO.

HIGH GRADE MEATS The odor of good roast beef however appetizing, can only be suggestive of the delicious taste and flavor that goes with every piece of meat we sell. All our meats are the choicest we can produce.

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