

EASTSIDE



For special bargains in Eastside Residence lots at "go as you please terms." See Title Guarantee and Abstract Company, H. Sengstacken, Manager.

FREE:

P. S.—Eastside Ferry is making regular trips between Marshfield and Eastside every hour. It only takes 4 minutes to cross.

Title Guarantee & Abstract Co.

HENRY SENGSTACKEN, Manager.

Your Choice Is Here



and no doubt you will prefer the Turkey. Rest assured, we have gobblers of all weights and sizes, sure to please you, tender as chicken; and all that, but if you do not feel like investing in a "bird," we have joints that are equally as tender and delicious. Beef, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, Pork, or Hams for roasting. We can guarantee the freshness and tenderness of all our Meats, and their flavor is the subject of talk among our customers.

Sanitary Market Hall & Richards

PHONE 1001

Get Your Suit Pressed

While you wait, bathe, sleep or while you eat—at WASSON'S SHOP, on 'A' street.

If you have not a suit, let me make you one for \$35 or \$40. If that is too much for your pocket book, let me take your measure and have the Royal Tailors make you one much cheaper with an Extra Pair of Pants FREE.

As I am able to give a correct description of just what you want, I will guarantee you a good fit. PHONE 2211.



Thanksgiving is Coming

We have everything you need for the table in the grocery line. That's our specialty. We do not claim to be better or wiser than others but we are careful of the goods we handle. There's a lot to lose but very little to gain by trying to use cheap things. Our prices are always reasonable and our quality always speaks for itself.

C. W. WOLCOTT THE FAMILY GROCER

PHONE 971.

Front St. Marshfield.

DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve is especially good for piles, but it is also recommended nearly everywhere for anything when a salve is needed. It is soothing, cooling and healing. Be sure to get DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. We sell and recommend it. Sold by LOCKHART & PARSONS.

HARMONY IN YOUR NEW HOME

Color blending of Furniture, Draperies, Carpets, Woodwork, Walls, make home life happier.

Our expert decorative specialist will visit your city soon. Without obligating you he will discuss the furnishings for your new home.

Write for particulars

J. G. Mack & Co.
Furniture and Carpets
PORTLAND, OREGON
Single Rooms Furnished Tastefully

AUG. FRIZEEN REAL ESTATE

—and—
INSURANCE

'C' Street, between Front and Broadway. Phone 905.

Cigars, Fruits and Confectionery.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Each recurring attack of rheumatism makes the disease harder to control, but the fact that it is not in itself dangerous causes people to neglect it, awaiting a change or a settled condition of the weather for relief. It is often only after the disease has become so serious as to interfere with business that the sufferer will seek more than temporary relief. Chamberlain's Liniment is a remedy for rheumatism which any one can apply. It not only gives prompt relief from pain, but in a large majority of cases it brings about permanent results. The first application will surprise and delight you as immediate relief is almost sure to follow. For sale by JOHN PREUSS.

ELECTRICALLY-LIGHTED ORNAMENTS



are a new and novel idea in household adornment. We place clusters of lights in unexpected places so as to give pleasant surprises to your visitors. We do all the necessary wiring and suggest the ideas. We decorate halls for parties and balls, and are fully competent to carry out every job we undertake with credit to ourselves and satisfaction to our patrons.

Oregon Electrical Supply Co.

'A' STREET, MARSHFIELD

Everything Back But the Dirt

Marshfield Hand & Steam Laundry

PARKSIDE POULTRY RASCH
Empire, Oregon.
JOHN W. KING, Prop.
Eggs from thoroughbred Buff Orpington chickens for sale \$1.50 to \$5.00 for setting of 15.

COLUMBIA MACHINE WORKS

Cavanagh, Chapman & Co.
General Repair Work and Woodturning. Launches a Specialty
Foot of Queen Avenue, Marshfield

FOOT BALL

The Old Man's Opinion.
I've heard a heap o' talk o' late 'bout football and such things
How its rules have been remodded,
how they've sorter clipt its wings
So'e every football player now, if he sees fit, kin be
A regular full sized member o' humane society

How the boys kin kick the pigskin without danger to their legs
And the risk o' ever after stumping thru the world on pegs
And now it seems the ladies find they, too, may share the games
By rubberin' long the sidelines, wavin' flags and screechin' names.
So when the season opened up twixt Marshfield and North Bend
Says I, "I'll see a game myself since football's on the mend."
Have allus 'lowed I'd see a game if it would go no furder,
And stop some fifteen broken bones this side o' downright murder.
So off to Marshfield with the rest I went mid yell and shout,
And folks along shore wonderin' what such noise was all about.
We landed at the Marshfield wharf and up the street we went
And most the time in waving flags and yellin' long was spent,
'Til at the gridiron we arrived impatient for the fray
And each gal shoutin' "Now, dear boys, be each a star today!"
Well, after puntin' of the ball, back talk and yells and threats
A half a dozen squabbles, two fights and several bets,
The two teams squared off in the field and things grew pretty still
Save one big husky Marshfield guy sometimes called Bughouse BILL.
Now Bughouse Bill's a clever man, save now and then a dream
Will make himself unto himself appear the Marshfield team.
Then trobble brews and Bill walks around and shakes his fist and swears,
And all the other boys make way for Bughouse football airs.
When Bughouse Bill got pretty still why someone kicked the ball
And every player seemed to think he on that sphere must fall.
They struggled, tumbled, tumbled 'round in one large tangled heap,
And formed a pile of legs and arms not far from ten feet deep.
Nor scarcely were they straightened up when with all might and main they jumped into another heap and tangled up again.

I've seen some struggles in my time as Gettysburg, Fort Pillow—
And at a moving picture show the battle o' Manila;
Also a Spanish bullfight and an automobile smash
And folks in Wall Street trying hard to corner all the cash,
But I declare such things as these grow mighty trite and tame
To side line folks lookin' at a High School football game.
No struggle such as I have named the landscape ere adorns
As when upon a muddy field two football teams lock horns.
They glare into each other's eyes and growl some 'Rithmetic
And when some fellow grabs the ball they scramble for it quick.
They butt into each other's ranks like human billy goats.
And when a man butts extra hard, sidelines split their throats.
And when it comes to rough house games, prize fightin' isn't in it;
Here 'leven men instead of one may hit you any minute.
But they expect such things, I guess, as all the football fed:
A feminine delight (if seems) have found in wearing pads,
And some have rubber noses on and some thick skull caps wear
A football player now-a-days kin play without long hair.
But watchin' this particular game from kickoff to the end
I almost laughed to ketch myself a shoutin' fer North Bend.
Yes sir, as old as I be now, rheumatic and decrepit,
I danced when North Bend got the ball and I wish they might a kept it,
And once when oscar with the ball came plunging good enough
I heered Professor Raab yell out "Hurrh, boys, that's the Stauff (stuff)."
And 'twas with sorrow that I saw North Bend go down to slaughter,
What wonder the when on a field that lay half under water.
The Marshfield boys, amphibious all, are active in such bogs
But North Bend boys prefer a game with white men—not with frogs,
And yet, lest such another fate should soak their tender skins
The North Bend boys have planned

to grow scales, flippers and some fins.
The Marshfield team has taught the boys some tricks quite neat and clever,
But I predict they wont go on beatin' them forever;
No, sir, the boys kin play a game as clever and as neat,
And soon they'll scroll o'er Marshfield roll the great big word DEFEAT.

(Written by Raymond Bates, who taught the seventh grade this year until his ill health caused him to resign his position recently.)

OREGON WINS CASE.

Supreme Court Upholds Claim to Willamette Lock Toll.
SALEM, Ore., Nov. 21.—The interest of the State of Oregon in the Willamette River locks at Oregon City was sustained when the Supreme court denied the petition for a rehearing in the case of the state against the Portland General Electric Company, owner and operator of the locks. The interest of the state amounts to \$200,000, which was appropriated by an Oregon legislature to defray one-half of the expense of building the locks.

The appropriation carried the agreement that the state school fund was to receive 10 per cent of the earnings of the locks as long as they were operated. This percentage was paid to the state the first year (1874) after operation, but never afterwards, the corporation owning the locks having transferred the utility to other parties, who contended that they were not amenable to the contract entered into with the state by the former owners. In the lawsuit which resulted the state was victorious, the courts holding, in effect, that the agreement regarding a percentage of the earnings was more than a mere contract—it was a law and therefore could not be evaded by anyone.

QUEER OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN IN OREGON

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 21.—According to statistics compiled by Labor Commissioner Hoff, there are about 23,000 women in the state who earn a living from toll in different capacities. Among the characters of labor mentioned are: Bakers, 35; bank employees, 15; blacksmiths, 1; carpenters, 5; clerks, 45; contractors, 1; electricians, 3; engineers and surveyors, 4; farm laborers, 165; hunters, trappers and guides, 25; lawyers, 10; lumberwomen, 5; painters, 5; plumbers, 3; sailors, 2; teamsters, 6; woodcutters, 3.

SISTERS MARRY M'N WITH SAME NAME

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 21.—Martin Miller, a pioneer, who died in Linn county, left a large family of children, among them two daughters both of whom married men of the same name, Frank Warner.

"BOSS" CROKER BACK.

Former Tammany Leader Returns to America for Winter.
(By Associated Press.)
NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Richard Croker, who for years directed the destinies of Tammany Hall before he retired to lead the life of a country gentleman in Ireland, arrived in New York yesterday. He expects to remain in the United States about six months and likely will go to California for the winter.

BIG FIRM REORGANIZED.

Westinghouse Interests Placed On New Basis.
(By Associated Press.)
NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—The reorganization committee on the reorganization of the Westinghouse interests today declared the reorganization plan would be effective from this date.

FRUIT CAKE — Delicious and wholesome—at the Coos Bay Bakery.

Come in and ask for a sample.

HOT TAMALES today at Corthe's

RAW LUNGS.

When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgment and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate racking cough, heals the lungs, and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package. For sale by Red Cross Pharmacy, John Preuss prop.

Edgerton's ...Farm.

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A New Style In Agriculture.

Farms are good for other things besides raising potatoes, corn and cabbage. On American farms we have raised a large crop of presidents. About all of them were country boys except Roosevelt, and he made up by becoming a cowboy.
A farm is also a good place to raise joy, honesty, contentment and the simple life. Since I acquired a side hill of my own I have been not only cultivating these, but have also grown a crop of tan, mosquito wets and enthusiasm. Later I plan to raise strawberries, grapes, apples, hens, a mortgage and some goats. I have already harvested a large yield of antipathetic about what I am going to harvest in future.

The particular piece of real estate on which I now have the privilege of paying interest and taxes comes to twelve acres. In consequence I contemplate a book on "Twelve Acres Enough." The only reason the title will not be "Fifteen Acres Enough" or "Twenty Acres Enough" is because there is not that much land in the place. I have observed that most men think the world should be regulated by their own regulating machines and measured by their measuring sticks.

There are more some grape phobers in this world than is generally admitted. A whole lot of people are proud of what they haven't got. That is on a par with folks putting on airs over having had what they didn't want. The most conspicuous case of this on record was an exclusive social set composed of those who had survived smallpox. And how those fellows did look down on the poor unfortunate who had not been thus distinguished! They even sniffed at the old victims. It was like a boy who is proud of a stone bruise. There was no wild rush of outsiders, however, who sought to make themselves eligible to membership in the smallpox club.

To be perfectly frank, I do not know how much land is enough for one man, but suppose it is what he can pay for and is satisfied with. Anyway, the question is not up to me, and I refer to decide it. I am not going to write that book after all. Instead I propose to become author of a work entitled, "One's Own Affairs Enough." It is none of my business whether the fellow owns twelve acres or twenty thousand.

This farming proposition is fine. Otherwise a man can not only eat his own vegetables, but think his own thoughts. Moreover, he is master of his own time, having no boss except his wife. The only thorn in the flesh is the New York Central railroad. That is too modern and civilized for strictly rural effect, besides being too noisy for high thinking. It is as though his Satanic majesty should disturb paradise by making a frequent noise like shoveling coal.

This is not much of a farming section, but has plenty of scenery and history. Every morning I can hear the drums and guns at West Point, where the shoulder strap blossoms and they raise crops of men for the harvest of war. Within sight three poets wrote—Morris, Willis and Drake—but they are all dead. All the great poets are dead. A poet never gets to be great till after he dies, and some not even then.

The Object of Life.

What is the object of life? "Happiness," says one. "Love," sighs another. "To do good," beams a third. "To gain wealth," pants a fourth. "To achieve fame," shouts a fifth. "To lead heaven," breathes a last. Each of these is good when rightly understood, and each has its place. But there is one thing more. It is to grow, to expand, to climb, to overcome—in a word, evolution. God sows his image in each of us, and we grow and evolve until this comes to flower and fruit in the individual character. This is the object of life. It runs through all nature. It animates the universe. It is the divine law. That which does not progress dies. There is no happiness greater than that of conscious improvement and unfoldment, than that of becoming stronger, wiser and better. This is the lesson taught us by the growing and blossoming world.

Getting the Spirit of the Builders.

When I came to the triangular section of rocks, stumps, underbrush and American dirt that is now in my wife's name I found on it a house of uncertain age and still more uncertain floor level. It was assuredly the original of the nursery rhyme:
There was a crooked man
That went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile,
He bought a crooked cat
That caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.

Oh, the dirt we took out of that house! There was dirt in the cloaca, dirt under the stairs, dirt on the floor, dirt in the cellar, dirt in the attic, dirt on the walls, dirt in the kitchen, dirt in the cupboards, dirt in the upholstery, on the lawns, dirt everywhere, barrels upon barrels of dirt, all kinds of dirt from mountains of tin cans to hills of miscellaneous, unclassified, composite and plebeian dirt.
The porches were covered with dirt. They were denuded of insulators and

had boards out of the floors. The kitchens and washroom had part of the floors rotted out and were otherwise in a discouraged condition. The paper was off the walls, the plaster was full of holes, the roofs leaked, and everything was as it should be.

We went to work. We found the leaks in the roof were confined to a flat portion. Some new roofing paper covered with paint fixed that to perfection. Plenty of soap and water, a little plaster, two or three kinds of paint and two or three more kinds of wall paper rehabilitated the inside. As for the dirt, it was carted out by the barrel and burned. All that would not burn was buried.

The repairing of that house was simpler than it looked. It was a trifling matter to renew the broken floors. All the floors were then painted and covered with rugs. Paint on the outside of the little house worked a transformation. It made a clean and cool effect. The chimneys had bricks out of them like teeth out of an old man's mouth. A little dentistry with bricks fixed all that. Then two cans of chimney paint made them look as good as new. The painting of banisters about the porches was easy and made a greater change than one could imagine. All the work was done at odd times and was really a delight. As a result of it, for a trifling outlay the "little crooked house" is really a home. What mansion is more?

The greatest result of all, however, is not seen in the building or the grounds. It is in the people. Nor does it consist alone in the fact that the Only Woman and myself feel like patting ourselves on the backs. The experience goes deeper.

It is nothing less than that we have learned the spirit of the builders.
We have caught a glimpse of the life constructive.

We have seen some faint glimmer of the glory which belongs to the Eternal Architect as he erects worlds and clothes them with beauty.

From this transforming viewpoint even the secondhand wilderness in the up-ended corner of my aspiring farm has a glory of its own. It is filled with the spirit of growth and has been touched by the miracle of life.

I walk hand in hand with Nature—
By the wooded hills and the stream,
Where the soft breeze wafts through the narrow river
Of the leaves and hints my dreams,
Where the cool, cool breeze of the mountains
A breath of the times bring down,
Where the free heart sings and the soul grows wings
Away from the sweetening town.

To thy mothering arms, O Nature,
Receive me again, a prey,
And bid my heart with the old delight
I knew when a boy at play,
Lean over me cool and tender
And quiet me when I am wild,
My passions quell with thy magic spell
And heal my wounds with thy balm.

For I am thy child, O Nature,
Born, nurtured and reared with thee,
The rain and heat of the throbbing street
To me are an agony,
In the crowd of my kind I am lonely,
But a voice in my spirit sings
A song of thee, O Nature, I dwell with thee
And talk with the soul of things.

I am sick to the death, O nature;
I am sick of the red and white
I am sick of the greed and the grinding
need.
The elements and deities of life,
And I come as a child to its mother
To renew my faith again,
To regain the road in the solitude
I have lost in the haunts of man.

As a man aches, O Nature,
By thy cooling springs I kneel,
And a deep soul quest by my lips is
quelled.
A water whose touch will heal,
As a man who is weary of doubting
From the world's unfaith I flee
To grasp thy hand and to understand
The God that's revealed in thee.

"Pat."
When Jimmie, the little boy, came in one day his sister ran to meet him with the tidings:
"Pat is dead."
Then there were tear wet faces, and after awhile the two children trudged out into the back lot. Jimmie got a spade, and a little grave was dug.

Other children were called, and there was a small funeral procession, after which Pat, who had been their playmate so long, was laid to rest.
Jimmie fashioned a rude cross with the name cut on it and placed it over the spot. He reasoned in his childish heart that the who loved little children must also love the animals and all living things. Why not?

For Pat was only a cat.

We use only a fraction of ourselves. In our ordinary breathing the larger part of our lungs is unemployed. We never call on all our strength, and most of our brain cells lie dormant. In each of us are unknown levels of energy that are manifested only in moments of sudden need. We are bigger, better and stronger than we think. All we need is the faith and will to call out our own inherent powers.

Make home life attractive. Are you aware that there are ten or more lawn games played in this country? All these add to sociability, good health and the spirit to do things. A growing child needs happiness as much as a growing plant needs warmth.

What we need is more of the sense of individual responsibility. God cannot send his bill to a corporation, for that has no soul, so the accounting must be made with the human units composing the corporation.

Send a card to each day thinking how much you are. Then spend as long as time thinking how good you might be. Both will help.

JAMES A. EDGERTON,
Cold Spring-on-the-Tudson, N. Y.