

AT THE CHURCHES

To Pastors:—To insure publication Saturday evening, notices should reach The Times editorial room not later than 3 o'clock Saturday morning.

Sentence Sermons.

"Another six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun; Return, my soul, unto thy rest; Enjoy the day thy God hath blest." —ANON.

It is better to live rich than die rich.—W. H. Bishop.

Unless above himself he can Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.—Dryden.

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die.—Carlyle.

What moans it to say that you love a man's soul, when you don't care if he lives or dies, or if his family is starving?—Graham Taylor.

I am glad to think I am not bound to make the wrong go right.

But only to discover and to do, With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.

Very often the best way of fighting temptation is to cease fighting, fill the mind with Christ and holy thought, and then trust quietly to the delivering power of His Holy Spirit.—R. J. Campbell.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. W. HORSFALL, Rector.

Services will be held at the Episcopal church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and at 7:30 in the evening.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH. Rev. B. F. Bengtson, Pastor.

Services at the Lutheran church Sunday as follows: Morning service at 10:30 and Sunday School at 9:30. Services at North Bend from 2 o'clock to 4 o'clock.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. Christian Science services will be held in the Masonic Temple, Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. Subject: "God, the Only Cause and Creator." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Presbyterian church services for Sunday: Regular services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m. and Christian Endeavor at 6:30 in the evening. All are cordially invited. A. S. Gordon Mackey.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. Rev. G. S. Clevinger, Pastor.

Baptist church services for Sunday: Morning service 11 a. m., topic, "The Inebriate; evening service 7:30 p. m., topic, "Service to Man is Service to God." Sunday School 10 a. m.; Young Peoples' meeting 6:30 p. m.; preaching by the pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Rev. H. I. Rutledge, Pastor.

Services for the Methodist Episcopal church: Sunday School at 10 a. m.; morning worship at 11 a. m. There will be an address by Mrs. Eddy, a returned missionary from Poona, India. Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m.; Prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at the parsonage on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. Come and hear Eddy on Sunday morning.

THE BEST ADVERTISING. Advertising of all kinds pays, but legitimate advertising—that is, newspaper advertising—is the best investment of all.

The painting "ads" on your old fences or on the broad side of a barn is cheap; the results are the same. Bill boards packed around by itinerants are well enough for guys to glare at. The only practical good they do is to give the fellow who carries them the price of a meal. Advertising in established publications is the kind that pays. The other kinds are dear at any price.

Saturday afternoon from 2 to 5—the AMERICAN BOX BALL PARLORS will be open for the benefit of the Ladies.

Best Barley \$1.40 at HAINES.

Edgerton's ...Farm.

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An Experiment.

I never heard of transplanting potatoes, which of course is no indication that it has not been done. At any rate I know it has now been done, and successfully, and that by a tramp gardener that fell into my place one day when I particularly needed him. I did not fall from heaven, however, but from the river road, which is a very different thing. Any one who knows anything about river roads will appreciate how different.

Before the advent of the tramp gardener I had a man who knew every thing—except how to garden. This man's omniscience was only equalled by his mendacity, as is apt to be the case. A know-it-all is nearly always liar. He has to be to keep up his reputation.

This man planted the potatoes when no one was looking and got two rows where one ought to be. A man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before may be a benefactor, but a man who makes two rows of potatoes grow where there is room for only one should be called a scoundrel and an uglier name. At any rate, when the potatoes came up that is what the man in question was called.

Later on the tramp gardener showed up the situation. He never had heard of transplanting potatoes either, but that did not discourage him. He prepared another plot of ground and carefully dug holes large enough for the hills. Then, a hill at a time, he carefully took up every other row of the potatoes and removed them to these new hills. This he did by slipping his shovel deep under the outside hill, lifting it so as not to disturb the roots. As a result every hill kept green, and that part of the potato patch now looks as well as the other. It remains to be seen whether it will bear as well, but I see no reason why it should not. If it does, some word of time will be saved, to say nothing of the seed potatoes, and that tramp gardener will be entitled to put himself on the back.

Is This Fancy or Prophecy?

Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Bells of the Republic," recently dreamed a "dream" that was not all a dream. She saw a new era suddenly dawn upon the world. Men and women, as under a divine inspiration, joined to fight back evil in every form. Such a crusade had never been seen since the world began. That brotherhood for good expelled all history in its culmination. It gave a reason for all the past, crowning it with glory.

A d why not? The best, the most intelligent, men and women in all lands have seen that there is nothing in wrong; that it does not satisfy, that it is but an empty shell, a hollow unreality, a diet of husks. Why should they not join to beat it back? That would be a movement worth living for.

I have overcome a few habits in my life, and I have done it by seeing their nothingness. They had no meaning in that far they were unreal. What power had they over me, a real being? To retain these puerile habits, I said, would be like a grown man playing with a baby's rattle. That made the battle easy. Indeed, there was no battle. The habit dropped away of itself.

Moonlight and Mysticism.

What is there about the moon that makes people think about love and ghosts, eternity and infinity and other pleasantly uncanny things?

Sometimes when I see the moon shining across the broad river I feel a million years old. I get a real shivery sensation that I have seen that same moon with other eyes and in other lands before the Sphinx lost her nose.

Now, that is no way for a twentieth century man with a good digestive apparatus to feel.

What is the connection between moonlight and mysticism? Any one who thinks he can explain is welcome to try.

"Mike."

The wandering gardener that drifted into my place at the beginning of the summer, along with the birds and the hoboes that sift into the country as soon as the days grow warm, has taught me some new things in human nature.

The only name he answers to is Mike, but as he was born in Rhode Island and is as much of a Yankee as an Irishman, I cannot determine whether the original baptismal formula of that abbreviation was Michael or Misaac.

In addition to his other good works Mike has endeared himself to the goats by talking to them in a dialect they understand and by carrying them green and tender branches several times each day. In consequence they know even the dents in his old and battered hat and call to him half way across the place, crying in that penetrating and mournful note that makes the voice of the goat nearly half human and more than half diabolic.

To the little girl Mike tells stories of the Mother Fairy that has her home in the secondhand wilderness at the upper end of the little slanting farm.

The boys he teaches to fish and set traps and, when they think it is not work, to pull weeds.

The love of children and of dumb

things, like charity, is sufficient to cover a multitude of sins, of which Mike also has his inherited and acquired share.

There is his wanderlust that has made him tramp most of the dry parts of the earth and, not content with that, has driven him to sail before the mast over the wet parts.

There is likewise his recurrent thirst that at the end of a period of months takes Mike out of the world for at least a week.

To the Only Woman Mike one day paid a tribute to her more unworthy half than well, it really does not matter what he said because he dashed it all by the mournful postscript, "He don't understand such old fellows as me."

If I do not, it is my fault and misfortune.

Have I been so eager to find the light for myself that I have forgotten "one of the least of these?"

Have I loved humanity so much to the mass and the abstract that I have failed to care for them in the individual and the concrete?

If so, I have missed the way. I must find my brother man in him that fathers and stumbles.

Poor old Mike! The wanderlust at last will be too much for him. He will take to the open road, disappearing as he came.

But his lesson will remain. That has burned itself home.

Unconventional Gardening.

Honestly, I have honest that people are going to get over formal, straight line, mechanical and unnatural gardening. It is time.

Here I read an article from the Washington Star actually advising people to take a spade and chop holes, angles and curves in their straight borders. What are we coming to? This same article says that the Japanese and other orientals have us beaten a mile as landscape gardeners for the reason that they follow nature, have curves, bays, different levels, rock effects and other things in line with the way that nature and God do things.

This is most hopeful. If a sufficient number of writers will begin talking in this strain we may do something.

The only thing needed is to put our souls into our gardening. When we get away from mechanical and forced effects.

How I Got the Don't Worry Habit.

I have learned since I lived with the soul of things that people do not need to be unhappy unless they desire to be. All this is good if rightly seen and rightly placed. God is actually running things, and running them right. There is satisfaction in a thought like that.

I used to be disturbed about the way the world is being managed. I thought God was off the job every now and then, that things were going wrong and that the politicians had to make them right. Now I have come to the conclusion that a competent engineer is in charge, and I am not so much worried.

Understand me, I believe that God works through people and that we must stand true to him, true to our soul impulses, true to righteousness, to liberty and to humanity. But there is no need of losing sleep about the universe going to the demitition bow-wows.

It is like this: I used to watch a gang of men doing some gigantic work—building a railroad or erecting a building—and every now and then I became disturbed with the thought that they were not doing it the right way. Then I reasoned with myself in this wise: The man in charge of that job knows more about it than I do. He is experienced and takes every part of the work into consideration. He is not making a mistake, and there is no occasion for me to bother my head about it. It was a comforting conclusion.

I am a part of the social machine, and to that extent my responsibility goes and no further. In public matters I am legitimately interested. There I owe my duty to my country and my state. I also owe my duty to the Supreme—that I keep my heart open and receptive to his will. But I owe it to nobody to worry. I owe it to nobody to interfere with his private business or to be concerned about it. This is a constructive world and is going right. My greatest concern is to be constructive myself and to keep step with God and humanity.

That is one of the lessons I have learned from my little farm.

This is a universe of exact justice. Were that not true it could not exist. Injustice simply means incomplete justice, and no incomplete thing can be permanent. Only that which is whole and perfect is durable. If there could exist one wrong not ultimately righted, the orderly course of things would be disturbed and the destruction of all would inevitably result.

The world wants things that are genuine. It wants people who seem to be what they are. It is tired of pretension, of cant, of fakism. It is sick of the goody good. It yearns for a little wholesome common sense. It needs more warm hearted, broad minded, sincere goodness—the real thing and not the counterfeit.

I once dreamed of a perfect rule of life that God would give to man, and this was the form it took: "Aspire to nothing the world can give. Aspire to all that I can give."

Death is not a terrible thing. We die often. Back along the years we see the ghosts of our dead selves.

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

We Want to Call Your Attention To Our Complete Line of CHRISTMAS GOODS

Our stock this season is larger and more complete than ever before.

And we are able to give the best values ever offered—as we took the opportunity last Spring of ordering direct from the factory.

Our Holiday Line

Is too large to enumerate—but we have presents for everyone—old or young. All the latest books of fiction—and TOYS of every description—Fountain pens at all prices, from \$1 to \$15.00.

Everything will be found here and we are always glad to help you in your selections.

We especially wish the attention of those desirous of sending away presents to friends—And would like to fill their orders in time to insure arrival before Christmas.

NORTON & HANSEN FRONT STREET

AUG. FRIZEEN REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE. C Street, between Front and Broadway. Phone 605. City and Bunker Hill Property at low figures.

IT IS A WONDER. Chamberlain's Liniment is one of the most remarkable preparations yet produced for the relief of rheumatic pains, and for lame back, sprains and bruises. The quick relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. Price, 25 cents, large size 50 cents. For sale by JOHN PREUSS.

The plumbing on the new Hotel Chandler is being done by J. B. RUST. The specifications call for class "A" material and workmanship throughout. Estimates given on plumbing, heating and gas fitting. C Street, Opposite Hotel Chandler — PHONE 864.

Dr. D. A. Sanburn FRENCH SPECIALIST. I am now in Marshfield to remain. I treat chronic diseases. I remove all conditions arising from impure blood with Nature's remedies—roots, herbs, barks and berries. I also give magnetic treatments. CONSULTATION FREE. Office in Flat 5, O'Connell Building, 'A' Street, Marshfield, Ore.

GOOD COUGH MEDICINE. Coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough are promptly cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no better or safer medicine made as it contains nothing that will injure the smallest child. For sale by JOHN PREUSS.

For quick results, put an ad in The Coos Bay Times Want Column. Read the Times' Want Ads.

LINOLEUM BARGAIN!

The manufacturer of one of the best brands of Linoleum made an error in the shipment of our order and as a result we are overstocked. To work off the surplus supply we will sell

D. 16¹⁻⁴ Linoleum 65c

This is what is regularly sold at 70c and 75c. It will pay you to buy Linoleum now and look at this before you buy.

C. A. JOHNSON, House Furnisher FRONT STREET

Selling at Cost

Rather than Carry Over our Stock of Hunting Coats and Shot-Guns

We will Sell them at FLAT COST

We have a good stock of SHOT GUN SHELLS at the Right Price.



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