

## COOS BAY TIMES

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M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub.  
DAN R. MALONEY News Editor

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## FOOD AND THE FARM.

There is a somewhat hackneyed story about a firm-mouthed woman giving advice at a club meeting where the topic under discussion was the management of men folk. "Feed the brutes," she said laconically.

A governmental commission is now engaged in studying the problem of why boys leave the farm and why the hired hand, once to be plucked at every crossroads, cannot be obtained longer without negotiations resembling those attending the Spanish evacuation of the Philippines. Out in Kansas the difficulty is more than a problem. In harvest season it is a crisis and gives birth to the picturesque stories of the glad acceptance of the feeble aid of Harvard students and the holding up of trains of boxcars to commandeer the tramps therein contained.

Kansas is an agricultural state, with ambitions to be always agricultural and to avoid the growing pains with which industrial centers, such as our lake ports, are afflicted. And here, after a rambling that any rhetorician would pronounce inexhaustible, we get back to the point made by the experienced matron, "feed the brutes."

At the beginning of the school season the Kansas Agricultural college opened a new hall to which is given the name Domestic Science and Art building. It is declared to be the largest building devoted to such a purpose in the country and has, in the few months of its existence, proved the most popular department in the institution. The state intends to spread its disciplines and its teachings from Gabriel to the Sand Hills, from the Hackberry to Baxter Springs. It purports making the cooking of the farmer's food not merely eatable and digestible, but so famous that the hired man will come loping into the hot wind belt and once there will hunger and exercise his hardest in order to eat his heartiest. It will be the aim of the Sunflower commonwealth to prove to the farmer that his prosperity is in proportion to the skill of his wife and his daughters with the skillet, and that the habit, grounded like an Old Testament text among many country people, of sending every good thing to market and retaining the unsalable products is as silly as voting for Jim Watson.

Kansas has pride—the pride that any state might have that copies her constitution as Kansas did from that of Ohio—and a dream of greatness. If she can emblazon her name in the firmament with a power heated at the kitchen stove who is to deny her the privilege? Surely no man, or any woman who agrees that the best taming recipe is "feed the brutes."

## SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.

A young St. Louis woman, it is reported, has solved a problem which has been worrying brides for many years.

She has found a substitute for the word "obey" in the marriage service that is actually "something just as good" and will satisfy the average level-headed bridegroom just as well as the little word that has caused so much acrimonious discussion in the past.

When Miss Orrie Delta Keene faced the justice who was to make her the wife of Charles E. Pickett she informed him that he could perform the ceremony only on condition that he leave out the hateful word "obey" and substitute "humor." The justice, like a wise man, agreed and tied the nuptial knot as per specifications furnished by the bride, who, after promising to "love and humor" her husband, went forth into the

WITH THE  
TOAST AND TEA

## GOOD EVENING!

The man is blest  
Who does his best  
And leaves the rest;  
Then do not worry.  
—Charles F. Deems.

## OUR DUST.

The winds of God took up the sand  
And swept and harried it through  
the land.  
Grinding it in their whirling mills,  
Dashed it on the granite hills.  
And when it dropped upon the  
beach,  
Rasing its grains there each with  
each.

Dragging it whether it would not go.  
The tides of God rolled to and fro.  
His breakers with their heavy tread  
Stamp'd ever upon its restless bed.  
And then his blasts began one more  
To scourge it up and down the shore.  
Yet still the sand with hardihood  
Cried upward to the throne of God:  
Thou art thyself, Creator, and  
We are ourselves, these grains of sand.

## Devised.

"Your feet are small," the shoe clerk  
said.

As he her instep pressed;  
The lady sighed and bowed her head,  
And gladness filled her breast.  
But little time with her he spent.

A busy clerk was he;  
He sold her sizes ere she went—  
But they were numbered three.

A man who is always full of fun,  
is as great a nuisance as the man  
who is always full of whisky.

So far as is known, the presence  
of a few worms in the apples does  
not affect the taste of the cider.

"What's the proper thing at a  
wedding?"

"Wish the pair happiness, and tell  
everybody else there's no earthly  
chance for it."

Nearly all women make the same  
mistake. When men find fault with  
them, or make suggestions, they say  
the men do not know anything about  
it and pay no attention.

There is great rejoicing in a cer-  
tain church because a tough old sin-  
ner appears at every service. They  
think he is beginning to love the  
Lord, but it is really a pretty girl  
member he is in love with.

"Did you ever notice how life's  
arithmetic is generally applied?"

"How?"

"It adds to your sorrows, divides  
your means, multiplies your cares  
and subtracts from your pleasures."

A Massachusetts man is asking for  
a divorce because his wife died him  
in a bed post and beat him. Per-  
haps it served him right. Only a  
mollycoddle would permit a woman  
to tie him to a bed post, anyhow.

In Muskogee, Okla., some one  
named Smith failed to pay in \$8 gas  
bill, and the company turned off the  
gas supply of all the Smiths in  
town. That company is evidently  
not going to let anything get away  
from it.

J. Pierpoint Morgan belongs to so  
many clubs that his membership dues  
amount up to \$7,000 annually. That  
looks like a pretty big price to pay  
for a good excuse for staying away  
from home when one is too uncom-  
fortable there.

A man in the state of Washington  
has just paid a \$5 debt that was  
thirty years overdue, and was con-  
siderate enough to pay interest on  
the amount. When a man's con-  
science once wakes up there is  
something doing.

world looking radiant and feeling  
victorious.

And, after all, why should Mr.  
Pickett feel that he has been depriv-  
ed of anything that was rightfully his?

The average Benedict learns  
all too soon that when his wife obeys  
him she merely does so to humor  
him, and not because she promised

to pay particular heed to his com-  
mands, and wife is the man who

early ceases to expect too much in  
the obedience line.

If more women would earnestly  
strive to humor their husbands and  
stop worrying over the bodgey-  
implied by that little word "obey"  
there would be more happiness on

this earth and a decided falling off  
in the number of divorce suits.

NORTH BEND  
FAVORS PLAN

(Continued from page 1.)

dearly, that Marshfield would not  
give North Bend a "square deal."

Work Hand in Hand.

Judge Guerry, in a few well  
chosen words, disclosed the fallacy  
of seeming to antagonize Marshfield  
in this matter, and urged that we  
extend to the people of that city  
the courtesy of believing that they  
would grant North Bend fair treat-  
ment in everything wherein the inter-  
ests of the entire Bay are con-  
cerned.

Judge Guerry's words brought G.  
W. Carleton of Marshfield, to his  
feet with the emphatic statement  
that Marshfield would most certain-  
ly meet North Bend more than half-  
way in any section looking to the im-  
provement of the entire Bay, irrespec-  
tive of locality.

Colonel Brigham's motion was  
then voted on and defeated by the  
same vote as on the previous  
question and Mr. Derbyshire's motion  
carried by a similar vote.

A motion was then carried calling  
for the appointment of a committee  
of three members, consisting of W.  
P. Evans, J. R. Smith and H. C.  
Diers to report on best plans and  
probable cost of a municipally con-  
trolled water system, said committee  
to submit its report at the next reg-  
ular meeting.

## Fixed Bayonets in London.

The privilege of marching through  
London with fixed bayonets is enjoyed  
by but very few regiments, such as the Royal Fusiliers, who trace their  
origin to Cromwell's trained bands,  
which in later years produced so fa-  
mous a captain as John Gilpin. After  
the Royal fusiliers, or perhaps even  
before them in point of regimental  
seniority, come the East Kent "Buffs,"  
now the third of the line, who claim  
a similar city ancestry, while the Royal  
marines for some reason or other also  
enjoy the same fixed bayonet rights  
in the city. A battalion of the grenadier  
guards was once impressed to  
serve as marines, and hence they  
share the privilege of the men who  
are "soldiers and sailors too." This  
also explains why the grenadier bat-  
talion has for its tattoo "Rule Britain"—  
as a souvenir of the time when  
its combative existence was of the  
amphibious kind.—London Standard.

## The Mental Jog.

"There is a certain type of person,"  
said the business man, "especially in  
New York, who seems unable to un-  
derstand what is said to him—or be-  
cause the statement or remark is pre-  
fixed by some catchword, usually the  
word 'listen.'

"For instance, I have a stenographer  
who simply stares at me in dumb-  
foundedness if I say 'writing' to her  
without first saying 'Now, listen.' If  
I begin to dictate a letter to her she  
will not write a word if I forget to  
give that mental jog. When I snap  
that at her she will scratch like mad.

She is not the only one. The tele-  
phone girl cannot take a message un-  
less it has that prefix. When I am  
out of the office and try to talk over  
the wire with her I must always be-  
gin 'Now, listen,' or else she is hope-  
lessly at sea and seems not to under-  
stand a word I say."—New York  
Press.

## Different in Books.

In the books this is the way they  
say it:

"Outside the wind moaned unceas-  
ingly. Its voice now that of a child which  
sobs with itself in the night now that  
of a woman who suffers her great pain  
alone, as women have suffered since  
life began, as women must suffer till  
life wears to its weary end. And mingled  
with the wailing of wind rain fell—  
fell heavily, intermittently, like tears  
wring from souls of strong men."

Outside the books say:

"It's raining."—Atchison Globe.

## The Brakeman's Joke.

"Run over a cow this morning up  
above Coffeyville," said the brakeman  
to a reporter.

"How did it happen?" asked the re-  
porter.

"She was drinking out of a creek  
under a bridge," shouted the brakeman  
as he swung on to the last car and  
went running out of town.—Kansas  
City Times.

## Brute!

Jimson—Where's your wife? Haven't  
seen her often lately. Weed—Oh, I  
sent her away on a little vacation.  
Jimson—So? Where'd she go? Weed—  
To the Thousand Islands. Jimson—Stay  
long? Weed—Yes, I told her to take  
a week to each island.—Judge.

## A Saving Grace.

Florence—I can't understand why  
Ethel married Mr. Garrison. He is old  
enough to be her father. Lawrence—  
Yes, but he is rich enough to be her  
husband.—Exchange.

If more women would earnestly  
strive to humor their husbands and  
stop worrying over the bodgey-  
implied by that little word "obey"  
there would be more happiness on

this earth and a decided falling off  
in the number of divorce suits.

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