

COOS BAY TIMES

AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, AND WEEKLY BY THE COOS BAY TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF COOS COUNTY.

Saturday Evening Thoughts

KINDLY EYES.

If you look on the world with kindly eyes
You will see nothing in it to despise,
In all that hitherto seemed low and mean
You will see virtues heretofore unseen
And all the beauties of the world will grow
More beautiful than those you used to know.
The faults of others you can then condone
Because they are so like unto your own,
For others' actions you excuse can find
As if they were your own you had in mind.
No harsh misjudgment will you then express,
Thus advertising your own littleness;
No hasty criticism will you make,
Which, though half-founded, might cause hearts to ache,
But loving all your world and by your world
Beloved, forgiving and forgiven,
Safe in dear hearts—all that will be your prize
If you look on the world with kindly eyes.

A GROOM'S PROMISES.

I REALLY DON'T LIKE to do it, boys, but I am forced to by a compelling conscience. I have promised the readers of The Times that the news would never be suppressed but would be printed at all times without fear or favor. This news comes from New York and is of a very disturbing character. The men have watched with more or less trepidation the advance of the new woman but this news tells of a movement so far forward that men may well tremble for the future. Here is the news just as it was sent out from New York in the press dispatches:

"A woman married a man in Montclair yesterday, and she thinks she is going to keep him at home. Justice of the Peace Williams married the couple.

At the appointed hour the young woman, accompanied by a young man, appeared at the office and announced that she was about to let her companion become her husband if he would sign a certain agreement in the presence of the justice of the peace.

"George," she continued, "says now that he will be just the kind of a husband that I want him to be. But I insist upon getting him down in black and white as subscribing to a few simple rules of married life. He means well, but he is of a flighty disposition and might take his marriage vows too lightly after a while."

Thereupon the girl took from her shopping bag a document containing the following rules of conduct for George and which he had to sign before the ceremony was performed.

"I solemnly promise before the justice of the peace to give to my wife my pay envelope, unopened, every Saturday night; be at home every night by 9 o'clock unless my wife is out with me; never to go to parties without her and never to dance with anybody else without her permission.

"I promise to be kind always to her mother; never to join any lodge that does not admit women; never to smoke more than three cigars on a week day, and not more than five on Sunday; never to smoke cigarettes at all, and never to use profane language; to beat carpets every spring without grumbling; to do up my own laundry package each week; never to drink intoxicating liquor, except at the annual spring housecleaning, and never to keep a dog."

Now, what do you think of that? Isn't it awful, Mabel? Boys, think of signing a document like that. I did hate to print it because it will suggest something of the same thing to Coos county girls. When I think of Dr. Dix, Geo. Goodrum, Fred. Wilson, W. J. Conrad or Tom Bennett or Will Ekblad signing a paper like that it makes my heart bleed. I know some of them will be mean enough to suggest that I would not have dared to print that a year ago, and that I do it now just because I am safe over the danger line. But the penalty of being misunderstood is one that must be often met by the man who does his whole duty at all times and under all circumstances.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE CHIEF ANXIETY is not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First, she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms undesirable neighborhood, and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as these that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high positions and they may have an affluent residence, but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played.

The virtues grow about the home. They cluster, bloom and shed their perfume around the fireside. Love, husband, wife, father, mother, child and home—without those words the world would be a barren wilderness, and men and women but brutish beasts. The home is the nursery for the virtues.

Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with depth and length and breath and magnitude and eternity of meaning you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hands write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

signed on 1 WHAT TO FORGET.

IF YOU WOULD increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeableness of life; they will come, but will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT.

IN THE COURSE of an editorial article on railroad development by the people of Oregon, the Salem Capital-Journal prints the following:

"A big force of men are scraping the rust off two million dollars worth of steel bridge material at Drain and painting it ready for use somewhere.

A large force of men are extending the Mount Hood railroad grade on toward Central Oregon.

Harriman surveyors are staking out a line from Eugene to the north fork of the Coos River.

Surveyors are busy completing the survey of the railroad from Marshfield to Roseburg, the western section of the Coos Bay, Central Oregon, Boise and Butte railroad.

They report finding easy grades to Roseburg—much easier than they had ever expected.

The people of Roseburg are pursuing the right policy to get a railroad—to get in and build it themselves.

Everybody who can take a dollar of stock or certificate of ownership is doing it.

Citizens are taking a dollar, five dollars, fifty dollars, one hundred, five hundred, a thousand, five thousand—whatever they are able to do.

They are giving right-of-way, subscribing labor, material, lumber, timber, giving townships, sidings, anything to make the road go by their own means.

In true Oregon style, the people of Coos Bay are flying with their own wings.

They shut out Seymour Bell and his associates and are going to grant a franchise on the water front to themselves.

That five-mile franchise on the Coos Bay waterfront, owned by the people themselves, will prove the backbone of the whole thing.

Ordinarily people are asked to give franchises, give water-fronts, give rights of way, give subsidies, to the other fellow and pay him big to take them for all time to come.

Over at Coos Bay they are giving something to themselves, doing something for themselves, and when they get through they will have the railroad instead of some promoter.

That spirit is going to take hold of the whole state—the spirit of self help.

No one can stop the people of Oregon when they are fully aroused and determined to do something for themselves instead of waiting on Hill or Harriman."

KEEP THE APPENDIX.

MOST PEOPLE DISTRUST and despise the human appendix as an organic interloper, an evil stranger in the interior department, something of a sinister, hateful and unavailable nature which has no business to attend to, and which, as far as the industries functions of the anatomy are concerned, is de trop—always in the way.

Yet, was there ever anything so mean and ignoble and unnecessary that no champion would arise in its behalf? Certainly not. It is therefore not surprising that there has come into the open a man who desires to apologize for all appendices, declaring that they are man's friends in disguise. This defender of the appendix is an Englishman—a learned physician who confesses to having deprived many a patient of his extraneous organ before he himself found for it an occupation.

By drilling a neat hole through the length of the appendix, declares this man of surgery, medicines can be let into remote parts of the system which heretofore have never been attainable. After an appendix has been once pierced and lined with silver it will always be ready to serve its proprietor in a most honorable capacity. The doctor urges all persons of intelligence and taste not to become irked by their appendices and have them thoughtlessly shorn away, but, rather, to have them equipped with the modern improvements which no properly regulated torso should lack.

THE DAWN.

The Eastern sky is glowing red,
The sun has left her ocean bed,
And climbs toward the mountain-top.
The dew from leaf and blossom drop.

Her lower limb the mountain kissed,
And soon dispelled the morning mist,
Skyward she glides upon her way
And time has claimed another day.
CAPT. MACGENN.

CONFETTI at Coos Bay CASH STORE.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill—the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ROLLING ALONG.

Don't you come a-whinin' an' a-pinin' 'bout de way
Dat de days keeps a-rollin' along;
Dar wouldn' be no sense in hangin' 'roun' de same ol' day.
An' a-singin' de same ol' song.
De snow has got to fade away to bring along de spring;
De trees mus' shade deir branches so's de birds kin come an' sing.
An' de blossoms got't drap 'um whah de fruit is g'ineter swing
As de days keeps a-rollin' along.

De little boy is weepin' c'ase he went an' stubbed his toe,
But de days keeps a-rollin' along;
But he's clean forgot his botheration in an hour or so,
An' is laughin' so sweet an' strong;
An' as he keeps a-growin' he is gwine foh to meet
Among de flowers dat please his eye de stones dat bruise his feet,
Fohgit about de bitter chile, an' think about de sweet
As de days keeps a-rollin' along.

—Selected.

THE DAY'S BEST STORY.

There was a quick exchange of wit one day between Congressman Sharp of Ohio and Congressman James of Kentucky. Mr. Sharp was defining his political creed. He said:

"I want protection for every industry until it is able to stand on its own feet."

Like a flash his colleague retorted:

"I'll go that far; I'll favor protecting industries until they can stand on their own feet, but I don't feel like continuing that protection until they stand upon everybody else's feet."

Many a man credited with being a sorehead may be merely suffering from corns.

"People who fry their meat," says Meredith Nicholson, "never amount to much." That's quite a roast, isn't it?

Lots of men would take a cold bath every morning if they weren't afraid they would get the habit of bragging about it the rest of the day.

The Chicago man who recently paid \$10,000 for a \$50 gold piece is now doubtless receiving all kinds of mining stock circulars in his daily mail.

Some Coos Bay men who put off till tomorrow what could be done today immediately begin studying up a good excuse for postponing it still further.

Let us hope that the Miss Drybread who was married in Kansas the other day didn't get a husband who will object to her loafing a bit occasionally.

Some newspaper writers believe it is better to make people laugh than to make them think—and it is a great deal easier; for almost everybody can laugh.

"Fire Fighters Attend Church," announces a Manchester, N. H., Union head line. It must have pleased the preacher, who in his way is somewhat of a fire fighter himself.

James J. Hill has declared himself in favor of fewer and better laws, but at present there appears to be no prospect that Jim's wishes will receive much attention from the legislators of the country.

A San Francisco woman wants a divorce on the ground of cruelty, and charges that her husband offered to "paste her face with a plate at dinner." Which, it appears to us, comes under the head of gross impoliteness as well as cruelty.

"Do you ever stop to think," asks the Atchison Globe, "that almost every minute in the day some one somewhere is having teeth pulled? Also, has it ever occurred to you that some one somewhere is having his hair yanked out by the roots?"

A teacher asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up, and all went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil.

"Don't you know what you want

our old friend Walt Mason hits at a type of citizen that we have had on Coos Bay:

"The place he lived in never needed; he hankered to be gone; and he packed his grip and scooted a little farther on. A while he pined in our calm valley, where all the virtues bloom, but left it for a sparsely alley, and seventh-story room. And when of city life he wearied, he northward turned his toes, and hired an Eskimo, and parlayed among the arctic snows. And when of toes about a dozen were icy, stiff and stark, he left those regions, white and frozen, for jungles hot and dark. His youthful friends grew fat and wealthy, with children at their knees, and made their homes in climates healthy, but he had none of these. Some other place was always better than that where he abode, and so, on snow-shoes or in sweaters, again he hit the road. And when this wanderer was dying, one cold and dreary dawn, 'I'll have some fun,' they heard him sighing, 'a little farther on!'"

An inventor now claims that he can photograph the human voice. Perhaps he will prove a benefactor to the human race, for after looking at a picture of her voice the average woman may conclude not to use it so often.

"Schools are closing, girls are coming home and the streets are filling up with college boys," says the Birmingham, Ala., Ledger. And the college boys, we presume, are filling up with hot air for the benefit of the girls. "Twas ever thus.

"CASTLEWOOD" at the P. K.

AUTOMOBILES

Each car the best of its class

Buick, Chalmers-Detroit, Packard, Pope-Hartford, Thomas, Lozier.

BEFORE YOU BUY THAT AUTOMOBILE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOME OF THE FEATURES OF THE LATEST AND BEST MACHINES.

ISAAC R. TOWER

AGENT FOR COOS COUNTY

OFFICE AT "THE GUNNERY," MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE GERMAN AMERICAN INSURANCE CO.

of New York, in the State of New York, on the 31st day of December, 1908, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Capital.	
Amount of capital paid up in cash.....	\$ 1,500,000.00
Income.	
Premiums received during the year in cash.....	\$ 6,336,780.88
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year.....	578,462.94
Income from other sources received during the year.....	8,129.79
Total income.....	\$ 7,423,373.61
Disbursements.	
Losses paid during the year.....	\$ 3,811,265.51
Dividends paid during the year on capital stock.....	450,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year.....	1,652,086.18
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year.....	155,466.71
Amount of all other expenditures.....	463,121.55
Total expenditures.....	\$ 6,731,939.95
Assets.	
Value of real estate owned.....	\$ 1,650,133.51
Value of stock and bonds owned.....	11,035,981.00
Loans and mortgages and collateral, etc.....	206,071.43
Cash in banks and on hand.....	1,169,045.82
Total admitted assets.....	\$14,791,071.76
Liabilities.	
Gross claims for losses unpaid.....	\$ 610,044.24
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks.....	6,695,709.48
Due for commission and brokerage.....	41,715.90
All other liabilities.....	482,254.58
Total liabilities.....	\$ 7,829,724.30
Total insurance in force December 31, 1908.....	\$1,284,581,944.00
Business in Oregon for the Year.	
Total risks written during the year.....	\$ 5,152,592.00
Gross premiums received during the year.....	106,478.41
Premiums returned during the year.....	22,852.67
Losses paid during the year.....	38,812.30
Losses incurred during the year.....	41,940.30
Total amount of risks outstanding in Oregon December 31, 1908.....	\$ 5,782,640.20

German American Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

By WILLIAM N. KRAMER, President.

Resident General Agent—W. HARVEY WELLS, 636 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Oregon.

HENRY SENGSTACKEN, Agent, Marshfield, Oregon.