

COOS BAY TIMES

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF COOS COUNTY.

Saturday Evening Thoughts

AND NOW THE eastern papers are telling us, some of them, that the art of conversation is going out of date. Some are trying to tell how it can be cultivated.

It seems to us that conversation is mostly a habit and the habit is directed by the occupation of the people. The conversation of a lot of ranchers is about the weather and the crops, the conversation of ladies just before Easter is very liable to be about Easter hats. The best school for conversation is that which comes naturally in an intellectual home, when the nights are long in the winter and books are plenty and the whole family, from the smallest child that can talk up, is on some high or holy theme.

Burne's Cotter's Saturday Night described a good place in which to cultivate conversation, and really the rule ought to be that the heart and the brain both should be interested and only the best thoughts be given, and by the best we mean those that interest the brain and the heart most at the same time.

The other children in a family grow thinking their father probably is the best conversationalist in the world; the younger grow up believing their mother is, the fact being that the father has become absorbed in business and the mother has become more and more absorbed in her children.

You go into a business house in New York, you meet distinguished men, men whose names are known all over the country and the average western man, when brought in direct association with that class of men, is astonished to find how narrow they are and how provincial; their "repertoire" extends only over two or three subjects and their knowledge of the world outside of their own section is shamefully limited.

When the man from Wyoming took the first train that went through to the east and went to Concord and called on the great Emerson and said: "Mr. Emerson, I have no business, I merely called to pay my respects to you because I have admired you and your writings so long," and Emerson asked him where he was from and he told him from Wyoming. Emerson showed that even the limitations were attaching to him, because he said: "Wyoming? I believe that is a place in Pennsylvania."

He had never heard of the real Wyoming of the west with the cowboy, the fighters, the riders and the range. Conversation will advance or recede just as the business of the people advance or recedes.

Speaking of New York, another thing will strike the western man sooner than anything else, and that is that while the New Yorker that he talks to can tell him about half the counties in England and name the celebrated places in France, he will be liable to look perfectly dazed when a man speaks of "where rolls the Oregon," or Yosemite or Yellowstone point their everlasting glorious pictures for human eyes to admire.

That is where the Provincial part of the eastern man comes in. He took up the impression while a child that it would be a great thing to go to Europe and he has been over two or three times; he has passed through some places where people said there was magnificent scenery; he has seen some of the fine works of art, and it has had the effect to close his mind to anything west of New York, or at least of Niagara Falls.

There will be better talkers when men are better posted and when their thoughts are drawn into higher currents and they realize that there is, after all, something for men to do except to make a scuffle of from ten to forty years to get a little bigger fortune than the next neighbor. In other words, we are just as we are raised. When the Greeks were all good talkers, was a time when the young men would listen to philosophy of Socrates or of Aristotle; they believed in certain principles and they believed in the immortal gods and their influence upon men. You take men nowadays that have no fixed principles and do not believe in any God, and they are generally shallow talkers.

IT IS SAID THAT in China physicians are paid for keeping people well, rather than for tending them when they are sick. And the idea seems so practical that it ought to find ready acceptance in the Occidental nations.

At the meeting of the American Academy of Medicine in Atlantic City, some time ago, Dr. Woods Hutchinson read a paper in favor of practicing medicine by contract.

His suggestion is that a family doctor should receive a fixed fee by the month or year for supervising the general health of his clients. The fee should be adjusted by the income of the patient, and should cover a semi-annual examination of each member of the family and a sanitary inspection of their dwelling place.

It would seem that the principal involved is a decided advance upon the old practice. If an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, this new scheme of doctoring by contract ought to beat the old-fashioned therapeutics by about sixteen to one.

It puts the self-interest of the physician in line with that of the patient. While, as things stand, it is a severe strain upon the altruism of the medical fraternity that they fatten and prosper on the leanness and misery of their neighbors.

Thus there can be little doubt that the practice of "preventive" medicine must be the practice of the future. The difficulties in the way are the difficulties of unreason—the abounding lack of prudence and forethought.

The progress of the new system is likely to be slow simply because most people haven't imagination enough to appreciate its immense advantages.

It is to be noted, however, that the contract system of medical practice has already made considerable headway in factories and fraternal societies.

Its general prevalence can be only a question of time, says the San Francisco Examiner.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING

No man knows anything about the divine friendship who does not exhibit human friendliness.

—Selected.

THE MEADOW.

I know a way—will you go, my dear,
Will you follow the path with me—
The path that leads from the Now and Here
And Here
Forth into Arcady?
Where always the rose is red and sweet,
Where always the skies are blue,
Where there is rest for wandering feet
In the Meadow Where Dreams Come True.

Bid farewell to your bitter grief,
Laugh at your haunting care;
Loose the fetters of unbelief;
Arcady's flowers are fair.
Make you a garland of daffodils,
With never a sprig of rue,
And we'll follow the path o'er the happy hills,
To the Meadow Where Dreams Come True.

We will dream our dreams as the hours go,
We will fashion them fair and fine,
And all of my dreams will be yours,
You know,
And all of your dreams be mine.
Dear, will you follow the path with me?
I'm waiting for you, for you!
To take the path into Arcady,
To the Meadow Where Dreams Come True.

—Selected.

A New York man says he can speak 65,000 words an hour. Where is the woman who can beat that?

There are a good many ways of settling questions, but it isn't recorded that a debate is ever a successful method.

After a woman has been married six months the tradesmen don't hear so much about what her husband likes to eat.

Women say as mean things of the men as they can think of in public, but in public men are always complimenting the women.

A St. Louis woman is quoted as saying that she can handle a rifle as well as a man. But can she handle them both at the same time?

Mr. Harriman says a good many people wish him dead, but the fact of the matter probably is that they merely wish him dead broke.

Somehow, a man loses interest in this crusade against the fly after he has skinned a few knuckles in an effort to exterminate the insect.

"The only way to be happy," says a Philadelphia editor, "is to keep at work." Humph! Nice line of talk just when the fish are biting.

Physicians in session in Detroit say modern business life is driving men to drink. In Curry county they have to drive quite a distance.

In the intervals of its scares over German airships and the relative decline of its navy, England seems to find time now and then to discuss the national game of cricket. An English paper at hand contains an indication that there is quite a controversy afoot over the advisability of allowing the players in championship matches to stop playing for fifteen minutes in the afternoon for a social cup of tea. It is pointed out by one writer that there is no intermission for tea in American baseball games. The English observer is correct. There is no stop at the end of an inning for Monahan and Mickey to have their pot of tea together. We're still a crude and uncouth people.

Amateur Tenor's Complaint.
You sing a little song or two,
You have a little chat;
You eat a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat!

You hold her hand and say "good night"
As softly as you can,
Now isn't that a—l of an evening
For a great big, healthy man?

"Life without work is a most monotonous grind," says the Topeka Journal. But what does an editor know about that kind of a life, anyhow?

That New York man who claims he can speak 65,000 words an hour can probably tell all he knows in fifteen minutes.

A scientist declares that every time a man lies he unconsciously wriggles his big toe. There are several men on Coos Bay who should bless the man who invented shoes.

An exchange has discovered that the following divorce suits are of record in New York: Katz vs. Katz, Lamb vs. Lamb, Wolf vs. Wolf, Lion vs. Lion, and Gruntz vs. Gruntz. Evidently somebody has been stirring up the animals lately.

Life is a strawberry shortcake,
It ought to be added, though,
That the optimist sees the berries,
While the pessimist sees the dough.

WM. GRIMES.

A Knock.

I hate like sin to see a man—and he is often seen—who tries as hard as e'er he can to be real cross and mean. There's such a man right here in town, and frequently we meet; and if I can, to dodge his frown, I slip across the street. He always greets you with a scowl that makes you catch your breath, and when he speaks his ugly growl will scare you half to death. Now, if a fellow's sore on life and has a grouch like that, why doesn't he just cuss his wife at home, and kick the cat? His wife can up and get divorced, the cat can run away, but we who can't skidoo are forced to stand it every day.

OBJECT MATRIMONY.

Wanted: A home to call my own,
Small matter where it be,
So it harbors a companion
Who is all the world to me.
My heart is faint with loneliness,
Must it be ever so?
That those who best know how to love,
Love's blessing should not know.
Only a trifling wayside farm,
Or tiny city flat,
Cosy and warm with breath of love
Holds life more joy than that?
Though friends are kind and family dear,
Unsatisfied I roam,
Unseen in my heart is a sign
Reading: Wanted—A home.
W. N. EKBLAD.

The fight for universal justice will not be completely won until the mule is petted more and the dog less. The mule is the greatest worker in the animal kingdom, but all it gets credit for is stubbornness and kicking.

"How dull and uninteresting life would be," remarked the Optimist at the Millicoma the other evening, "if every one minded his own business." "Oh, well, don't worry," replied the Pessimist, "nothing like that is likely to happen on Coos Bay during the present century."

The Unkindest Cut.

Men have borne the news of troubles,
Such as ruin, with a grin;
They've been brave and never faltered
In a battle's roaring din,
But to some there comes a moment
When they're knocked completely flat.
This is when some kind friend chuckles,
"Say, old man, you're getting fat!"

Many a steady heart has faltered
As the mirror showed his hair
Streaked with gray about the temples
Or a bald spot spreading there.
Comfort, though, was quick in coming—
He could hide it with his hat—
But this knocks a man a twister,
"Say, by George, you're getting fat!"

Old age comes, and we accept it,
Though with secret, pained regret.
Then our inner self keeps saying
That we're really not old yet.
But, oh, shades of flesh reducers,
Fate deals her most stinging bat
When the old acquaintance giggles,
"Say, old boy, you're getting fat!"

ANON.

PHOTO SUPPLIES at WALKER'S Studio.

RAILROAD PROSPECTS.

With no less than six companies in the field with projected railroads to Coos Bay, it would seem that some actual building should begin soon. Preliminary surveys have been made or are now in progress by most of these parties. Heretofore we have had plenty of railroad talk every summer. Now we have reached the engineering stage. Actual construction must be the next step, and it looks as if this cannot be further off than next year.—Roseburg Review.

MYRTLE POINT POINTERS.

News of Upper Coquille As Told By The Enterprise.

Austin T. Buxton, master of the state grange, has appointed Lewis Strong of this city as deputy for Coos county.

J. Hay, who recently came here from the Hawaiian Islands, has bought the stage line of Al Baker between here and Coquille and will run it in the future. Mr. Hay and wife at present have rooms with Mrs. Ray, corner Ash and Fourth streets.

Workmen on the new road leading to the Cooper bridge, in blasting out a fir tree 5 or 6 feet through, found a perfect Indian arrow head under the tap root of the fir. The arrow head was at a depth of 10 or 12 feet and it is interesting to speculate as to how and when it got there.

At a telephone meeting held in Coquille a week ago, a telephone company was organized with a capital stock of \$49,999 to be known as the Farmers and Business Men's Company of Coos and Curry counties. J. J. Stanley is manager, and the purpose is to get the farmers and business men of the two counties to own a mutual line connecting all sections of the two counties. The organizers believe that they can maintain a good service at a rate of about \$9 per year.

NEW STUMP ERADICATOR.

Portland Man Devises New System For Doing Work.

W. T. Hendryx of Portland, has designed what he terms a stump extirpator which he declares has solved the vexed question of economy in clearing timber lands in the effort to reduce them to a state of cultivation. He is the inventor and promoter of a machine that operates upon the simple plan of first boring good sized holes on each side of the stump down to the roots and starting a fire, the flames of which are fanned by a constant draft of forced air, which is generated from a donkey engine. Either wood or gasoline may be used in the latter, but inasmuch as the steam for the forced draft can be generated with fuel from waste brush and limbs, which also operates in a dual purpose of assisting in clearing the tract, it is thought preferable to use wood for the furnace, the saving of expense by this process being also a consideration. It is claimed that two men can operate the machine at a total cost of \$30 an acre on heavily timbered land.

"What," asks a newspaper writer, "must a man expect who has been married two years and lives in a flat?" Trouble, of course. For instance, a visit from the stork and notice to move.

COULD IT BE FIXED HERE?

North Bend Iron Works Asks Question Concerning Dredge Repairs.

The following letter from the North Bend Iron Works is self explanatory and as it propounds an entirely reasonable question Captain Peters will doubtless give a satisfactory answer. The letter is as follows:

North Bend, Or., July 22, '09.
Editor Coos Bay Times:

In your issue of the 20th you publish an article headed "The Oregon Is Disabled," in which you state that the front was blown out of her centrifugal sand pump, and that it was necessary to send to Portland for the necessary parts because the local foundries were unable to handle the work of repair.

This statement may be true, but I would have liked to have had the opportunity of examining the damaged pump, before having it said by some one, perhaps unacquainted with the kind and character of work done by the local foundries, that it couldn't be done here.

I will admit that we are not equipped to handle as large work as some of the foundries in the larger cities, but we are able to handle two and a half ton castings with ease, and think we can handle most anything within our limit.

I believe we ought to have a chance, and be given credit at least for what we can do.

Yours truly,
North Bend Iron Works,
By G. C. KERN, manager.

You can BUY or SELL through The Times "WANTS" with ease, dispatch and profit—try them

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The following Aerogram, received by me from the General Fiscal Agent at Seattle, will probably be of interest to the stockholders of the United Wireless Telegraph Company as it shows that the company is progressing as rapidly as can be expected.

AEROGRAM.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 16, '09.
Mr. O. L. Hopson, fiscal agent.

Take official notice that stock will advance on or before August first. Send in business each day until you receive notice of the advance.

GEO. H. PARKER,
General Fiscal Agent.
O. L. HOPSON.

If You Want To See

a really beautiful magazine, ask for THE AUGUST EVERYBODY'S For Sale by NORTON & HANSEN and "THE SMOKE-HOUSE"

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And we are ready for it. If you are not ready come in and let us help you get ready.

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