

# The Toast and Tea

AD EVENING.

Love, well knowing here is  
 the step for those who  
 he bliss as their most lofty  
 lings high. Love this knowledge  
 was given who love are but one  
 from heaven.

LOWELL.

er, Take My Hand.  
 ed, Father; all the way  
 has grown more difficult  
 steep; and stumble as the shadows  
 ep out me, and the light of  
 y darkness over all the  
 ad; tears brim my eyes, I can  
 t see ce, in tender skies, bent over  
 e; helpless, Father, take my  
 and.

wonder," she softly murmured,  
 "What George means?"  
 "George means business, I hope,"  
 said mother, looking up from the  
 wedding announcements in the eve-  
 ning paper.

**A Woman's Bargain.**  
 A Marshfield man, who was de-  
 tained at the house for a part of the  
 day, handed his wife, who was going  
 down-town, a quarter of a dollar and  
 requested her to get him two cigars  
 for it.

When she returned she handed  
 him the package, remarking exult-  
 ingly:

"That shows that women can beat  
 men all hollow when it comes to  
 making purchases. I found a place  
 where I could get six for a quarter  
 instead of two. Isn't that going  
 some?"

And the poor man, as he took his  
 medicine, merely remarked:

"It certainly is, dear."

"Pay your debts before taking  
 your vacation," advises a contempo-  
 rary. Compliance with that would  
 compel most Coos Bay people to cut  
 out the vacation.

"It is to be hoped," remarked  
 John Goss as he ordered another ice  
 cream soda, "that Ivy Condron will  
 not get the big head just because  
 The Times has called him the 'Cabb-  
 age King.'"

"The graveyards," solemnly avers  
 an exchange, "are full of mothers  
 who died taking care of their chil-  
 dren." It is equally true that the  
 graveyards are full of children who  
 never received proper care.

"I am very sorry to hear, Capt.  
 Salter, that your wife left you so  
 unceremoniously."

"My mistake, sir. I took her for  
 a mate and she proved to be a skip-  
 per."

**Discontent.**  
 I went out fishing yesterday—  
 I whipped the weeds with might  
 and main,  
 And when I'd whipped a certain  
 space,  
 Went on, and then went back  
 again;  
 Right manfully I cast my line—  
 The smooth-gear'd reel the tac-  
 kle's swish,  
 Worked with the elements for once,  
 Because at last I caught a fish.

It was a trout—a gamey trout  
 That struck the fly; I saw him rise  
 And curve and strike the deadly  
 lure—  
 I saw the battle in his eyes!  
 It was a masterful affair  
 To land that monster from the  
 weeds—  
 The world has builded monuments  
 To greater men, for lesser deeds!

And then I missed another strike,  
 Then hooked a fish that got away;  
 Another struck—I got him on  
 But could not get my line in play.  
 And he, too, anchored in the weeds  
 And struggled loose, and now I  
 weep  
 To think how quickly he rejoined  
 His comrades in the placid deep.

And then the fish that I had caught  
 That looked so great, a minnow  
 seemed!  
 My thought was with the other  
 three  
 Whose crafty eyes one moment  
 gleamed  
 Before the escape; my feeling was  
 A human one, as like as not;  
 I did not want the fish I caught,  
 But mourned for those I nearly  
 got.

Lee Edwards had performed the  
 operation with skill and dexterity,  
 and as he was about to drop the foot-  
 rest and bolt Charley Hiscox up-  
 right, he happened to think of his  
 stereotyped list of questions, and be-  
 gan:

"Face massage?"  
 "No; not today."  
 "Hair singed?"  
 "No."  
 "Shampoo?"  
 "No."  
 "Electric scalp treatment?"  
 "No."  
 "Dipp's Dandruff Cure? Beg par-  
 don, sir, but you need it."  
 "No; not today."  
 "Fakir's skin food?"  
 "No."  
 "Manicure or shoe shine?" (Si-  
 lence.)  
 "Hair dyed?"  
 By this time Charlie had lost all

patience, and whirling on the inno-  
 cent talking machine, he shouted,  
 "No, no, no! I don't want any of the  
 things you rattled off, nor do I  
 want a Turkish bath or be measur-  
 ed for a suit. I don't want my teeth  
 filled or a third leg grafted on. I  
 don't want to be fitted for spectacles  
 nor take a chance in a lottery. I  
 came in to get a shave, and I asked  
 for a shave. If I had wanted a glass  
 eye put in I would have asked you.  
 S-h-a-v-e, that's what I wanted. Now  
 proceed with the comb and brush  
 finale!"

A large dealer in Teddy bears has  
 failed. He made the mistake of be-  
 lieving that the country would stand  
 for an idiotic fad indefinitely.

A Chicago girl sued for breach of  
 promise and got a verdict for fifty  
 cents. The jury must have looked  
 the man over and put a face value on  
 him.

**Coos Bay Greetings.**  
 True Coos Bay comrades, when they  
 meet,

For compliments are hard to beat.  
 It is not very far amiss

To say their greetings run like this:  
 "Why, hello, Jim, you son-of-a-gun!  
 You scurvy pup, what have you  
 done?"

I haven't seen yer ugly face  
 For ages 'round this doggoned place.

Why, darn your hide, you ought to  
 be  
 Shot for desertin', seems to me—  
 Desertin' us, plague take yer skin—  
 Here, lemme grip yer hand agin,  
 Fer old times' sake!"

"Why, blame yer old hook nose, it's  
 Tom!  
 What low down place did you come  
 from?"

Why, dang ye, Tom, I ain't seen you  
 For a dingbusted year or two!  
 I'd know 'twas you, though, blast  
 yer eyes,  
 Unless it was in Paradise.

Ain't changed a mite, Tom, blame  
 yer soul—  
 Come on, let's have one 'flown'  
 bowl—  
 Fer old times' sake!"

**ON OLD COOS BAY.**  
 Out here we are happy,  
 Tho' they say we're all "daffy,"  
 But we're not just what we seem,  
 Out in a swift launch,  
 With a jolly old bunch,  
 I tell you our life's a sweet dream.  
 Out here we spoon,  
 By the light of the moon,  
 And the scent of sweet gasoline  
 You may think we care,  
 But you're mistaken there,  
 For we're out on old Coos Bay.

Out in a boat on old Coos Bay  
 The mud flats are thick,  
 And the nights are like pitch,  
 Sometimes they stay out in the  
 cold.  
 The captains get mad,  
 And I've heard that they've said,  
 Things not well understood,  
 Except on old Coos Bay.

Out in a launch on old Coos Bay,  
 The wind it blows cold,  
 They don't mind it, I'm told,  
 As long as the engine will run  
 Sometimes it breaks down,  
 And the men storm around,  
 I tell you it's not any fun,  
 Dear Miss, if you're modest,  
 You'll not come about us,  
 For they swear till you're ready to  
 run,  
 Oh, I tell you we're happy,  
 Altho' we're all daffy,  
 Down on old Coos Bay.  
 CHARLIE JOHNS.

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