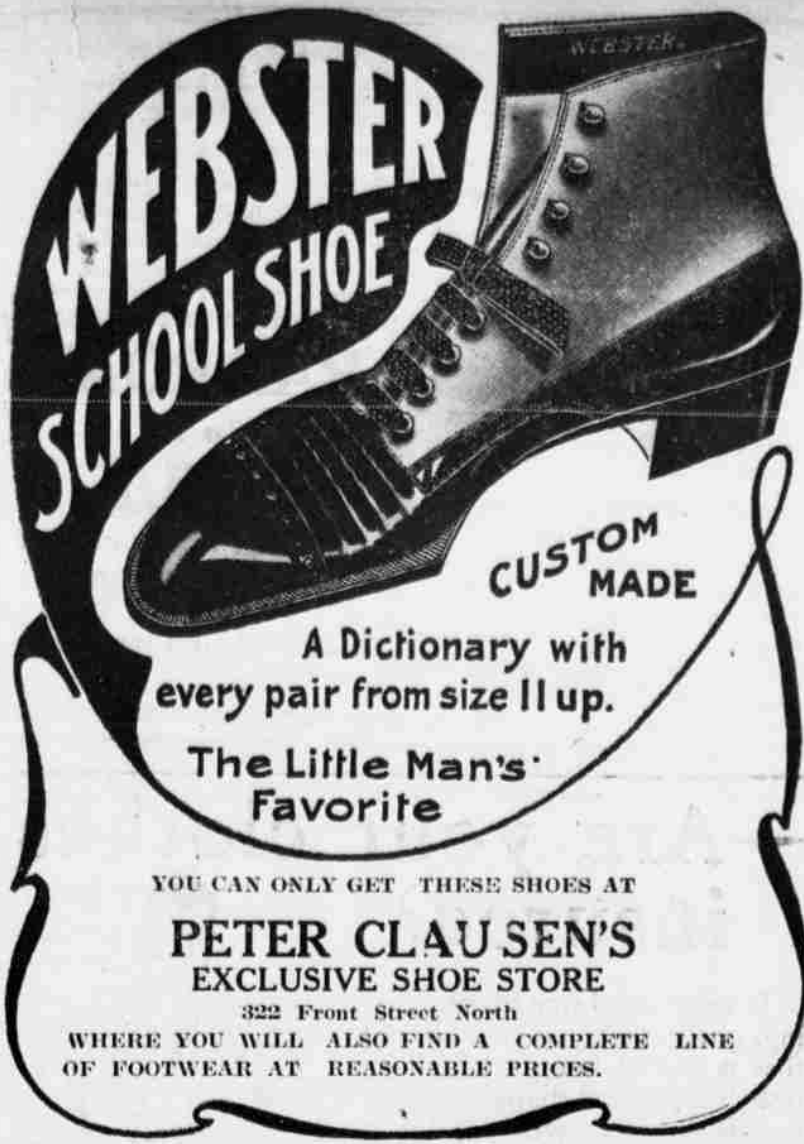




WEBSTER SCHOOL SHOE

CUSTOM MADE

A Dictionary with every pair from size 11 up.

The Little Man's Favorite

YOU CAN ONLY GET THESE SHOES AT

PETER CLAUSEN'S EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE

322 Front Street North

WHERE YOU WILL ALSO FIND A COMPLETE LINE OF FOOTWEAR AT REASONABLE PRICES.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

Smile a little, help a little, push a little.
The world needs you.
Work a little, wait a little, hope a little.
And don't get blue.
—Selected.

ON COOS BAY.

The moonlight falls the softest
"On Coos Bay."
The summer days come ofttest
"On Coos Bay."
Friendship is the strongest
Love's light glows the longest
Yet wrong is always wrongest
"On Coos Bay."
Life's burdens bear the lightest
"On Coos Bay."
The sun shines ever brightest
"On Coos Bay."
While players are the keenest,
Cards come out the megest
The pocket empties cleanest
"On Coos Bay."

The breezes whisper lightest
"On Coos Bay."
The people treat one whitest
"On Coos Bay."
Plain girls are the fewest
Maiden's eyes the bluest
Their little hearts are trueest
"On Coos Bay."

The buildings tower proudest
"On Coos Bay."
The booster yells the loudest
"On Coos Bay."
Saloon booze is clearest
And by no means the dearest
Yet it always acts the queerest
"On Coos Bay."
—A Booster.

Ever notice how easy it is to roll off a pay roll?
A sucker is born every second—and most of 'em are twins.

What a lot of happiness there will be in the world when every woman marries her ideal man.

Dr. Elliot declares there is no hell but he doesn't say what is to be done with the knocker.

The man who knows it all will tell it if he can get somebody to listen to him for five or ten minutes.

Annie Besant says everybody will be wealthy 2,000 years from now. Perhaps. But one can't borrow money on Annie's optimism.

It takes a wife to discover a man's weaknesses. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller has advised her husband to quit talking.

A Missouri man who has reached the age of 90 says a steady diet of pie did it. What a splendid tribute to the woman who made the pies!

A South Carolina physician died last week with the request that his demise be kept a secret. Feared it might hurt his professional reputation, we suppose.

A Virginia jury awarded \$600 for a death caused by an automobile and \$700 for damages to the automobile caused by a locomotive. Figure out the answer for yourself.

A Philadelphia evangelist has been telling a Pittsburgh audience that it was a shark and not a whale that swallowed Jonah. The descendants of Jonah may be glad to hear that.

When a man inherits money keep it dark from the lawyers' and when a woman has money don't let the doctors learn about it.

A man may talk lots and still fail to make a hit in the real estate business. You may have to read this a second time to see the hit.

A new Jersey board of health is going to send 1,500 toothbrushes to the public schools, but we fear that will not make the schools more popular with the children.

A Coos Bay woman of 47, who was engaged four times and married twice, is having what she claims is her first serious heart affair; her son has fallen in love, and the girl doesn't suit her.

A New York writer asserts that Miss Mary Harriman will prove another Helen Gould, but as Miss Mary is already engaged to be married she is evidently not going to imitate Helen Gould in all things.

A Cleveland dog catcher claims to have been bitten between 5,000 and 6,000 times. If the man wanted to brag about it, he should have kept closer tab on his bites instead of making such a crude guess.

The years, which have a fattening and growing effect on a woman, seem to shrink a man; at 50 she looks like a toy balloon blown up, and he looks like a flannel shirt that has been in the wash all winter.

A cabbage by the common herd is generally deemed absurd; Both coarse and plain, Of common grain, A vegetable yokel.

And yet to me a cabbage seems Fit subject for an artist's dreams; For fond effusions, tender themes; A cabbage, in the moon's pale beams Inspires my praises vocal.
Oh, cabbage, of the pale-green hue,
Washed by the pearly morning dew,
Oh, cabbage fair,
Oh, cabbage fair,
I bring thee homage true!
—IVY CONDOR.

My sentimental sense is such That Realism's ruthless touch Cannot displace The fond embrace With which the romance I cling to.

New pigs are hardly though to be A theme for loving eulogy, Or lyrical apostrophe; Pigs are poetical to me, And so a pig I sing to.
Oh, pig, thy blue and beaming eye
Smiles on me from thy rose-decked sty.
Oh, pensive pig,
Romantic pig,
Hear my adoring sigh!
—"DAD" HAYNES.

And some there are of whom I wot, Who hold that kitchen soap is not A proper thing Of which to sing In sentimental measure, But kitchen soap, by one of taste, Upon a pinnacle is placed; And any scene by it is graced.

So smooth and bright, so pure and chaste, It gives exquisite pleasure. Oh, kitchen soap, of graceful form, I bring thee my worship warm.

Oh, kitchen soap,
Oh, kitchen soap,
HARRY MCKEOWN.

That Chicago man who has \$1,000,000 more than he knows what to do with would find his burden lessened if he would come to Coos Bay and subscribe for stock in all

the railway projects now being promoted here.

Mr. Bryan has been married 25 years. He has made a good husband, but a mighty poor statesman.

The police commissioner of Spokane, proposes to equip the jail with baths and safety razors, and as a result Spokane is likely to be stricken from the hoboes' list of desirable stopping places.

The Crux of Love.
No better test of love I know Than that young heart which throbs With love while his sweetheart doth eat Sweetcorn from off the cobs.

A Country Romance.
Move one.
A smooth looking dandy went court-ing one day
With a rose in the nap of his coat.
He was feeling so fine and was feel-ing so gay,
With a flashing green tie at his throat.
As he went, he was whistling a gay little tune
And he pranced with a dandified gait
With the thought that he'd get there "mos'nigh about noon,"
And he'd not start "fer hum" un-til late.

Move two.
A blushing young damsel with fig-ure so neat
Sat and rocked in her "cumberble cheer"
She'd a hood on her head and a rug at her feet
And she owned that she "felt very queer!"
As she rocked she thought over the dark lonely past
—And he knocked and he knock-ed, and he knocked,
Then she thought, "Goodness me, I have caught one at last!"
And she rocked, and she rocked, and she rocked!

Move three.
He came in and he said, "Why Me-litable May,
You look pert, in fresh ez a rose!"
And she simpered and grinned in a maidenly way
And she blushed to the end of her nose.
Then they talked, and they talked, and they talked
Till he couldn't think of what next to say
So he said, "My dear gal, why don't both on us mate!"
And she blushed in a maidenly way.

Move four.
By and bye a rough storm came and shook the small house
Till the poor frightened lady turned pale
And she crept to his side like a scared little mouse
Murmuring low, "Bless my stars! what a gale!"
But the man, he was thinking of chickens and pigs
Left at will on his farm far to roam
And the harness and tools, and the plows and the rigs
In the rain, then, "I'd better get home!"

Move five.
Oh, the hard, cruel wretch! to desert her like that!
But the chickens, they knew, soon would die,
So he put on his coat and she carried his hat
To the door to bid "duckle" good-bye.
Then the storm with a rush slammed the door with a bang
And she locked it with a coward-ly thrill
As she thought of the legends her mother had sang
About ghosts when the wind whistled shrill.

Move six.
Then the maiden went back to her place by the stove
And she nodded, nod, nod she did nod,
And she dreamt of the goblins and spirits that rove
And of dead clammy things 'neath the sod
While her lover with vengeance was pounding the door
With his fists doubled hard he did smote
For the maiden so meek in the tem-pest's wild roar
Had shut the door on the tail of his coat.
MYRTLE INEZ COLLVER.

MASQUERADE BALL at Sumner hall, November 6.

SAYS LIFE IS HELL ON EARTH

Chicago Girl Declares That Existence Is One Round Of Trouble.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—With a description of a Hades in which she says she is living, Miss Elizabeth Magie, "the girl with gray-green eyes," who three years ago attracted nation-wide attention by offering herself for sale to the highest bidder as a young American slave, issued a new declaration today in which she pictures the servitude in which she says the masses of the American people are living.

In a sociological dissertation entitled "A graphic description of Hell by one who is actually in it," Miss Magie tells of the suffering, hardships, embarrassments and unpleasantnesses she has endured because she is self-sustaining.

Here are some of the epigrams from the young woman's statement:

"It is hell to have a superior education and to have to work for and obey the commands of ignorance."

"To have a sensitive and refined nature and have to be forever brushing up against pigs."

"To have an ear for fine music and have to be tortured by street organs."

"To know that you can do some things better than other people and never have an opportunity to prove it."

"To hitch your wagon to a star and then have the darned star start off before you can get into the wagon."

"To long for a little home where you can plant and tend a few flowers and have to live in a little 8x10 hall bedroom."

"To hang on to a street car strap, with seventeen bundles under your other arm, and see silver harnessed bulldogs riding by in automobiles."

"To pray for an 'angel' and get a devil."

"To crave the society of clean, cultured people and have the janitor invite you to an amusement park."

"To love the best candy and never have any."

"To be a 'poor but honest' woman and have men offer you financial assistance on impossible conditions."

"To have a high standard of morality and be called a fool for not violating it for a 'price.'"

"To have a clear conscience and a clean record and go to bed hungry."

"To have long-faced, sanctimonious cusses tell you that 'the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth.'"

"To be always in debt to the land-lady."

"To have these everlasting 'don't worry' and 'keep smiling' signs staring you in the face when you don't know where your next meal is coming from."

MY LADY NEW YORK.

O siren of tresses peroxide,
And heart that is as hard as a flint,
Blue orbs of complacency ox-eyed,
That light at the mark of the mint,
Ears only for jingle of jaybells,
A conscience as light as a cork—
You are wedded to follies and fol-
bles,
My Lady New York.

True, you have (not enough, though, to hurt you),
Your moods and your manners austere;
You have visions and vapors of vir-
tue,
And "reform" for a time has your ear;

But of chaste Puritanic embraces
You soon have enough and to spare,
And then you kick over the traces,
And virtue forswear.

So, go fit, milady! not fleetly
The paths that are primrose and gay;
Abandon your fancy completely
To follies and fads of the day.

"Reform" is a something that throbs
The joys of the pace that's in-
tense,
Smash hearts, reputations, and bot-
tles,
And d—n the expense!

By Day and by Night an

Electric Sign

Talks For You.

It is a thing of beau-ty and brings trade every day.

COOS BAY GAS & ELECTRIC CO.

PRICE OF PREFERRED STOCK OF THE UNITED WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY:

Note the steady and rapid advance in the price of stock since the organization of the company:

	per share
February 23, 1907.....	\$10.00
September 1, 1907.....	11.00
October 1, 1907.....	12.50
November 10, 1907.....	14.00
January 1, 1908.....	15.00
March 1, 1908.....	16.50
June 1, 1908.....	17.50
August 1, 1908.....	18.50
October 1, 1908.....	20.00
December 15, 1908.....	22.50
February 15, 1909.....	25.00
May 1, 1909.....	30.00
August 1, 1909.....	\$35.00

The price will remain at \$35.00 for a short time only. It's a chance of a lifetime to make a safe investment and large profits.

O. L. HOPSON, Fiscal Agent,
Coos and Curry Counties, Box 323,
Marshfield.

Office in The "Chandler"

YOUR WIFE WILL TELL YOU



WHICH IS THE BEST LAUNDRY TO PATRONIZE. SHE KNOWS HOW YOUR LINEN OUGHT TO LOOK, AND WHEN SHE SEES FRAYED COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRT-BANDS, SHE KNOWS THAT YOU ARE GETTING POOR WORK. WE CLAIM TO DO THE FINEST LAUNDRY WORK IN THE LOCALITY, AND THERE ARE SCORES OF WIVES WHO WILL GUARANTEE OUR CLAIM. IF YOU WANT YOUR LINEN ALWAYS TO LOOK SPOT-LESSLY WHITE AND CLEAN, AND IN THE BEST OF CONDITION WITHOUT PAYING FANCY PRICES FOR THE WORK, SEND TO US.

COOS BAY STEAM LAUNDRY
PHONE 57-J

THERE'LL COME A TIME

When you'll want better laundering than you get now (if you're not already getting Marshfield Hand and Steam Laundry work), and then we'll have the opportunity to show you why so many hundreds of Coos Bay men and women prefer our laundering.

Why not try us now and get the best work made possible by the use of up-to-the-minute methods.

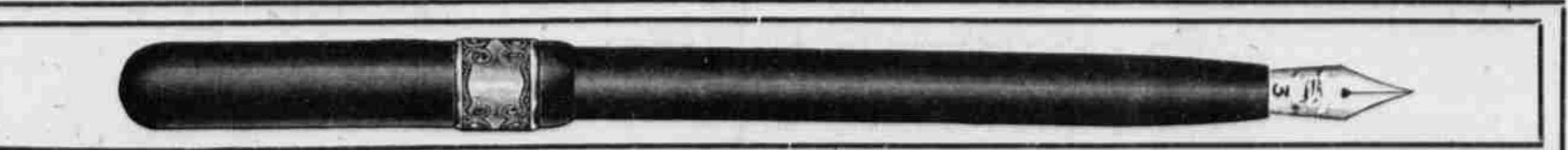
MARSHFIELD HAND AND STEAM LAUNDRY
PHONE 220-J.

Come in and Talk Potatoes, Apples, Onions, also Wool, Hides and Pelts. Bring samples of Produce.

C. F. McGEORGE
Office 178 South Broadway.

HOTEL COOS

Elegantly Furnished Rooms
Rates 50 cents per day and up.
MARSHFIELD OREGON



Examine Conklin's self-filling pens, best in the world. See our window.

SILVER TEA SET TO BE SACRIFICED

We have placed in our window a beautiful four-piece silver tea set that we offer at \$16.00, which is a reasonable price, but as we are determined to sell this set, it will be reduced 25 cents each day until some one takes it. In other words the price today is \$16.00 tomorrow it will be \$15.75, Wednesday \$15.50, Thursday \$15.25, Friday \$15.00, Saturday at \$14.75 and so on down 25 cents each day until sold. This will be a chance to get a bargain, so don't overlook it. Keep your eye on our window and don't wait too long.

CARLETON JEWELRY COMPANY

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK BUILDING.

OPPOSITE CHANDLER HOTEL, MARSHFIELD, OREGON.