

COOS BAY TIMES

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An Independent Republican newspaper published every evening except Sunday, and Weekly by The Coos Bay Times Publishing Co.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Coos Bay Times represents a consolidation of the Daily Coast Mail and The Coos Bay Advertiser. The Coast Mail was the first daily established on Coos Bay and The Coos Bay Times is its immediate successor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. DAILY.

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WEEKLY.

One year \$1.50 Official Paper of Coos County.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

WHEN SHIPS REALLY SAILED.

LAST poor echo of the clipper sailing days came to New York when the bark Bonanza, 135 days from Padang to Sumatra, signaled for a tug and the captain asked if the Gaa Paa had arrived.

However satisfactory the outcome of the contest to the skipper of the Bonanza it was one which would not have been mentioned when sail really was carried. It is a matter of record that the Rainbow made the trip from New York to Canton, China, and return in 197 days, her actual time at sea being but 176 days.

He breathed his good mustang and looked him around. But further adventure was not to be found. So he pulled up his trousers and pulled down his vest. And slowly rode back to his olden-time west. Shouting, "Back to em, Teddy. An' back to 'em proud!"

TWO QUOTATIONS.

SAYS Theodore Roosevelt: I believe in doing all we can to increase the chance of the average man, to give him a fair opportunity for an even start in the race of life.

Says Harper's Weekly, the involved finances of which were relieved by J. Pierpont Morgan:

Think of taking such enormous pains to suppress the poor old fight pictures, and then letting the wild and whirling Colonel exhibit his intoxicating vocabulary from end to end of the land without so much as a license.

BROKER INDICTED.

(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.) WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 4.—(Delayed.)—Griffen Halstead, son of the late Mars Halstead, the famous journalist, whose well known brokerage firm failed January 17 last, was indicted by the federal grand jury today on the charges of embezzlement, false pretenses and larceny.



FOR OCTOBER.

(Copyright by C. H. Rieth.)

O. T. Roosevelt has come back to the west!

Of all the Rough Riders his luck was the best.

He rode from Dakota to San Juan Hill.

And he found him the Spaniards he wanted to kill,

Shouting, "Into 'em, Teddy. An' into 'em deep!"

And the men of Granada Went down in a heap.

He rested his broncho and fed him his fill, and then he rode yelling up Capitol Hill.

He wasn't expecting or asking a thing, but he landed right in the political ring.

Shouting, "Into 'em, Teddy, and into 'em plump!"

And the poor politicians went down in a lump.

He watered his pinto and fed him some oats,

And then he remounted and hunted for goats.

He found him some people who didn't agree

With all of his notions, and gave a whoop-pee,

Yelling, "Into 'em, Teddy. An' into 'em hot!"

And he knocked them all into the pittoless bot.

He hobbled his charger and gave him some grass, and then he went after someone in his class.

He put up a lion with blood in its eye, and he clapped on the spurs with a terrible cry, saying, "Into 'em, Teddy, an' into 'em hard!"

And the lion passed on to his final reward.

He breathed his good mustang and looked him around,

But further adventure was not to be found.

So he pulled up his trousers and pulled down his vest,

And slowly rode back to his olden-time west.

Shouting, "Back to em, Teddy. An' back to 'em proud!"

And they gathered about him And solemnly bowed.

He rode in his saddle, and rode on his head, and he put all the tenderfeet under the bed.

He dashed to the east, and he dashed to the west, and he halted before them, expanding his chest, saying, "Three cheers for Teddy, the pride of the west!"

and they took great pleasure in doing the rest.

October is for the Latin octo, meaning eight, and it was formerly the eighth month of the year.

This brought the football season around at a time when there was grave danger of being suffocated before the ball was even put into play, and there was a great deal of dissatisfaction at the old Greek and Roman universities.

A change was frequently talked of, but it remained for Numa Pompilius, who was one of the early friends of education, to do anything about it.

In 713 B. C. he moved October along to its present place in the calendar, and now the quarterback on a football team always says before snapping the ball,

Numa, Numa, B. C. Come seven, One, three!

After which the rooters, who reached a very high state of proficiency in the latter days of Numa, recite,

Numa, Numa, Boomboom, Come seven, One, three, B. C., Whoopee! Sitwash!

or whatever the name of the school is, as you may hear them doing any time this month by following the riot wagon when it passes.

Until the 23rd of the month, October will be under the influence of Libra, the Balance, which is the seventh sign of the zodiac.

This will enable everybody running for office to keep on the fence pretty well as to the real issues of the campaign, but when the sun passes out of that constellation on the following day they will begin dropping on one side or the other, and it will be easier to make out who the true friends of the people are.

After the 23rd we will be influenced by Scorpio, the Scorpion, which is almost meaningless now, but in early times typified the manner in which the north wind stung the old Greeks, who were in the habit of going until very late in

the season without having on any wear to speak of, either over or under them.

A bit of fall is as nice a thing As I know anything about—

When the pumpkin pie is ripening, And the time is opportune for kvant.

When the hunter gets his trappings out,

Awakened by the time of year, And the farmer, furious without, And hot within, begins to shout,

"Get on-u-u-u-t of here!"

"Get on-u-u-u-t of here—dadbame your skin!"

Ah, that's the proper time to sigh—

When the squirrel gets his goodies in Against the winter by-and-by.

When the bending reaches of the sky Are very soft and very near,

And the farmer, with a watchful eye, Begins to hop around and cry,

"Get on-u-u-u-t of here!"

"Get on-u-u-u-t of here—you blanky-blank!"

Ah, that's the season of them all—

When winter hangs upon the flank Of the wild goose passing in the fall.

When the plaintive quail begins to call

Across the golden fields and sere And the farmer, bursting from the fall

With leaps and bounds, begins to hawl:

"Get on-u-u-u-t of here!"

The melancholy days will come, and the pheasant will intone his drum upon the sand and drowsy wind in the solemn manner of his kind.

The booming frog will sniff the breeze and fall to digging on his knees, and the buckwheat cake will take a crack at this fool thing of coming back.

It may be Jeffries and his strain are never quite themselves again, by the pickled pig's foot and the rest are always equal to the test.

They never dissipate a bit, but spend the summer prime and fit, and let the frost succeed the dew, and they're there, you bet, as good as new.

The doughty oyster on his shell, the chitlin looking strong and well, and clear and resolute of eye, the hardy brands of winter pie.

The apple butter, juice and flake, the same that mother used to make, and the crackling of our youthful lot the cock and captain of the pot.

The football season will revert, and the center rush will paw the dirt.

He'll wake the natives with his roar, and bawl for victory and gore.

The piled-up dying and the dead will mass against his butting head, and he'll spin the planet in his rage just like a squirrel in his cage.

Alas for those who calmly sit devising to denature it, and all the college renegades who think to temper it for maids!

The students and the teachers howl, and the rooters and the bleachers yowl, and damned be he who does not rise and kill somebody twice his size.

The aeroplanes will cruise the air above the old-time county fair, and the lucky winner will be he who wins the best two falls in three.

The farmer in his lousine will fool around upon the green, and the hired man will seize the chance to wear his other pair of pants.

The softer weather will defy The blandishments of June,

And the month will give us by and by The office-hunter's moon.

A chop will cost four bits a pound, And beef a buck a bite,

And the wolf will wear a groove around The cabin every night.

The 418th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus will be celebrated on the night of the 14th by the seven Guggenheim brothers.

Mr. Roosevelt will be stage manager again this month. The villain will be the Demon Rum. Mr. Brewster will be the father of the stolen child, and Mr. Cannon, who made the password Hell last month, will change it to read Hell-p!

And then November will return With cold and chilly draft,

And the wild goose going down the line With winter biting aft.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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THE COOS BAY GAS AND ELECTRIC CO. TELEPHONE 178.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE First Trust and Savings Bank OF COOS BAY, MARSHFIELD, ORE., SEPT. 1, 1910.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Resources include Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, Bonds and securities, Banking house, furniture and fixtures, Cash on hand and due from banks. Liabilities include Capital stock paid in, Surplus and undivided profits, Deposits.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF COOS BAY STRICTLY A COMMERCIAL BANK. Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank, San Francisco, Cal. The United States National Bank, Portland, Ore. The National Park Bank, New York, N. Y. The Corn Exchange National Bank, Chicago, Ill. The Bank of Scotland, London, England. The Credit Lyonnais, Paris, France.

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