

Makes Home Baking Easy



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Absolutely Pure The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

THE OIL WELL SHOOTER.

Sometimes Blown into Eternity With His Own Ammunition.

In certain of the petroleum producing districts it becomes necessary sometimes in opening an oil well—sometimes when the well has become clogged or apparently exhausted—to begin or renew the flow by exploding nitroglycerin at the bottom of the well.

The shooter has a wagon in which to carry his explosive. A square box under the seat is carefully padded, and when it has been solidly filled with cans of nitroglycerin, which is a molasses-like fluid, he fastens down the cover and drives slowly away to the well that he is to shoot.

For the most part the roads are bad, and the wagon jolts along in a way to make any one but an old shooter decidedly nervous. If it is dark there is great danger that a wheel may drop into a hole with force enough to detonate the explosive.

In such a case little is ever found except the great hole in the ground which the explosion has dug, with possibly a wheel of the wagon a quarter of a mile away in one direction and another in the opposite direction.

The shooter generally takes from 80 to 240 quarts of nitroglycerin in his wagon. The smaller amount is quite enough if it should explode to leave no trace of the driver of the vehicle.

When the shooter reaches the well which is to be treated long torpedo tubes are placed within the casing of the well, and the nitroglycerin is poured carefully into them. The well may be 1,500 feet deep and is seldom less than a thousand. When one of the tubes is filled it is lowered with the utmost care to the bottom of the well. This operation is repeated until the shooter is satisfied that the load is heavy enough to accomplish the purpose.

Suddenly the earth trembles; there is a crash, followed by a snap; a muffled sound arises and becomes louder and louder until a column of oil and water shoots from 75 to 100 feet into the air. The country for hundreds of feet around is filled with clouds of spray floating to leeward. When this subsides the well is in operation and the shooter receives his fee and drives away.—Harper's Weekly.

Literary Firsts and Seconds.

The youthful newspaper reporter who has visions of being a famous author is still wondering over the epigram made by a successful conferee when the latter noted his disappointment over the return of a manuscript.

"I thought sure," said the reporter, with a sigh, "that that confounded story would sell. It's good stuff, if I did write it, and I am certainly surprised that it came back."

The successful writer grinned and then placed his hand on the other man's shoulder.

"My dear boy," he said, somewhat grimly, "there are only two stages in the life of a writer. One is when he is surprised at getting his stories back and the second when he is surprised at not getting them back. You're in the first; I'm in the second. And there you are."

But the reporter is still wondering.—Philadelphia Times.

Why He Was on Time. Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements.

Fault Finders and Foolishness

Being a Brief Dissertation on Buncombe and Politics

Editor Times:

When a man has done things in a certain way for a long time it is sometimes hard for him to adjust himself to new conditions. If he is not careful he finally gets so deep into his particular groove that you can't lift him out with a handspike, and if you attempt such a thing he usually degenerates into a common scold and a finder of fault—he develops a chronic grouch and a look of woe—he deprecates the degeneracy of the times and vociferously lauds the old condition of things. He is a misfit, a square peg in a round hole. He faces backward instead of forward and longs for the days of the war club and the sun dance. The procession has gone along and left him stranded and alone to vent his spleen and yowl in the wilderness. Such as he a little while ago would have adjudged an Edison a sorcerer, his person a habitation for devils and had him drawn and quartered without benefit of clergy.

As such, I believe there is no republican party in this state at the present time; let us not deceive ourselves. At first the party was staunch and firm and virtuous, but after a while unscrupulous politicians throttled it and prostituted the party to their own selfish purposes. They used it to crush and blight the public career of every man who would not bend the suppliant knee and follow the lines of their dictation.

The iron heel and the mailed fist was the portion of every person who refused orders and the leading strings, or who believed in common honesty or common decency in matters political. They used the party solely to further the private interests of themselves, their tools, their henchmen and their hangers on. The public was regarded as common prey, to be robbed, looted and flched. Grand and petit larceny in public affairs was the rule and not the exception.

Latterly, however, things have changed, in some respects, at least. New blood has been infused and we now have the "Oregon system," or whatever you may choose to call it, and because of this the grizzled bosses wail, not in contrition, but because the white slave refuses further to contribute to their degeneracy. The "Oregon system" is the outgrowth of political conditions and they are the very people who brought these conditions about and are most to blame or praise for the "system," whether it is good, bad or indifferent. If the political Moses, who assumed to pilot the people in times past had proved themselves worthy of confidence, of disinterested leadership, the common folks would not have cast them into the swill barrel and gone groping about in search of better things without chart or compass and the "Oregon system" would not have been so much as thought of, much less adopted.

That we have made many mistakes under the "Oregon system," we can't deny; that we shall make many more we expect. First efforts in any direction always have been and always will be largely experimental—a matter of cut and try.—In advance, human foresight cannot see all possible defects in first things, but we believe, even in the beginning, we have not committed as many errors in proportion as were committed under the old system. We are willing to compare act for act, law for law and official against official.

No man made law was ever perfect and perhaps never will be. They all fit too snugly in some places and too loosely in others. They all need to be gathered here and lot out yonder. If under the initiative we have made laws nobody can understand, it is nothing new. We have been doing that thing ever since we began business and no doubt will continue to do the same thing for all time. The books are full of such laws and the truth is the greater part of the time of all courts, are and always have been devoted to finding the meaning and intent of the different laws and to the interpretation of their own decisions and the decisions of each other.

It is said the Oregon system "hurts business." The same brand of people claim that the regulation of corporations, freights and fares, the reduction of the

of rebates and preferences, the parcels post, the election of United States senators by direct vote and the like, either does or would "interfere with business." If a footpad on a public highway should present a gun and demand your valuables and you should put up a fight or take to the woods you too would interfere with business. While nobody desires to interfere with any legitimate business, yet there are some kinds that should be interfered with in all conscience.

Again it is said our ancestors some years ago established, in this country, certain governmental principles and that the Oregon system has a tendency to modify or change these principles, in certain respects; that any change would be an evidence of disrespect on our part amounting to sacrilege. We are aware the fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their most sacred honor to the upholding of these principles and that the sacrifices they made and the devotion they exhibited in that behalf is almost beyond belief. With profound gratitude we also remember that they established and bequeathed to us the best government the world has ever known. While all this and much more is true, yet there is no evidence anywhere of their desire or intent to bind us with these principles hand and foot as with fetters of steel through all eternity without change or readjustment. To so believe would be an aspersion upon their intelligence. The political system formed by them was suitable to their times and to the condition of things as they then existed and was largely experimental. Had it not proved satisfactory to them, they, without doubt, would have changed it in some respects. Then if they would have made suitable changes wherein can be the harm of our doing the same thing to suit conditions in our day? The son that does not rise a little higher in the scale than his father has lived in vain, and the father who would condemn his son for so doing is unnatural. These fathers themselves were "insurgents" they repudiated the doctrine of their fathers, that the king was the Lord's anointed; that the king could do no wrong and ruled by virtue of divine right. For the first time on earth they declared that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with "certain inalienable rights"; that "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed"; that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it, and to institute new government laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing in such form, as shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness," and that is what we are trying to do right now with their consent in black and white. In those days the standpats were known as Tories and for the most part had urgent business in Canada, but at present they stay in our midst and employ themselves in making faces.

The fathers of these fathers were also insurgents in that they at least discarded the fig leaves and donned trousers, and so on all the way down the line to the tadpole. Another line of yawp is that the people are not competent to do what they have marked out for themselves under the Oregon system. Many admit this to be true, in a measure, at least, and therein is the base of ultimate success. Any self-respecting man who has a duty to perform and knows that he is incompetent to perform that duty will take immediate steps to qualify and hence thousands of incompetents have been made competent by leading them with responsibility. The dangerous man is the man who knows it all, the man whose every action, line and lineament shouts, "Enquire within for anything you want to know." Such a fellow is without the pale of human help and you couldn't puncture his egotistical pate with a pile driver—he knows nothing and can never learn. While we confess to a few tumbles yet we are coming along nicely in the main; anyway we are ready and willing to take all that is coming to us, in the firm belief that we shall get there after a while. Don't be in a big hurry; we are doing the

very best we can and the fellow that does that need fear nothing here or hereafter. In the meantime, the expense of the violinist is being defrayed by the folks and if there are any of us who have become so ossified we can't dance we can at least remember with gratitude that the doors of the Bellmaker's union are always ajar.

Dearly beloved, we have eaten of the tree of knowledge and the Oregon system has come to stay in one form or another, regardless of the O. K. of T. R. or anybody else. It has landed bag and baggage and the sooner we kill the fatted calf and bid it welcome the sooner it will cease to harrow up our souls.

We are charged with being adroit manipulators of buncombe; now that may be true in some sense, but if it is true in any sense we deny any corner on the buncombe supply. We are not alone by any means; there are other dextrous artists and workers in buncombe. Indeed there are others, there are others.

GEO. WATKINS.

IF I HAD ECZEMA

I'd wash it away with that mild soothing liquid, D. D. D. Trial bottle, cleansing away the impurities and clearing up the complexion as nothing else can.

Yes, if I had any kind of skin troubles I'D USE D. D. D.—Red Cross Drug Store.

Polks Oregon and Washington

State Gazetteer and Business Directory.

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Flanagan & Bennett Bank of Marshfield, Oregon Oldest Bank in Coos County, Established in 1889. Paid up Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits over \$160,000. Assets Over Half Million Dollars. Does a general banking business and draws drafts on the Bank of California, San Francisco, Cal.; Hanover National Bank, N. Y.; First National Bank, Portland, Ore.; First National Bank, Roseburg, Ore.; The London Joint Stock Bank, Ltd., London, England. Also sells exchange on all of the principal cities of Europe. Individual and corporation accounts kept subject to check. Safe deposit lock boxes for rent. OFFICERS: J. W. BENNETT, President. J. H. FLANAGAN, V.-Pres. R. F. WILLIAMS, Cashier. GEO. E. WINCHESTER, Asst. Cash. INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

THE FAST AND COMMODIOUS Steamer Redondo (Equipped with Wireless) Will make regular trips carrying passengers both ways and freight between Coos Bay and San Francisco. All reservations for passengers made at Alliance Dock, Marshfield and Inter-Ocean Transp. Co. Union Street Wharf No. 2, San Francisco. For information, phone 44-J or 285. Will sail from San Francisco for Marshfield, Tuesday, March 7th. INTER-OCEAN TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

"THE FRIEND OF COOS BAY" S. S. ALLIANCE CONNECTING WITH THE NORTH BANK ROAD AT PORTLAND WILL SAIL FROM COOS BAY FOR PORTLAND AT 8 P. M., MONDAY, MARCH 6, LEAVING PORTLAND FOR COOS BAY, FRIDAY, MARCH 10TH. NORTH PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY. PHONE 44 C. F. McGEORGE, Agent

OLD RELIABLE STEAMER BREAKWATER ALWAYS ON TIME Sails from Ainsworth Dock, Portland, at 8 P. M., every Tuesday. Sails from Coos Bay every Saturday at service of tide. Reservations will not be held later than Friday noon, unless tickets are purchased. L. H. KEATING, AGENT PHONE MAIN 35-L

Coos Bay-Roseburg Stage Line Daily stage between Roseburg and Marshfield. Stage leaves daily and Sundays at 7 p. m. Fare, \$6.00. OTTO SCHETTER, Agent. C. P. BARNARD, Agent, ROSEBURG, Ore. PHONE 11

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