

FROM COOS BAY TO BOSTON HARBOR

ACROSS THE CONTINENT WITH A COOS BAY GIRL—INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A TRIP FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

BOSTON, Mass., May 11, 1911.

Dear home folks: Such a shock as I went downstairs to find lying on the table, one of Mrs. Southworth's novels and when I turned around I almost fell dead over a detective story of Anna Katherine Green's—and this in Boston. Well, now to begin at the beginning: as you know I left Seattle on Friday, May 4th, on the Atlantic Express; Aunt Jennie, Katherine, Philip and Virginia came down to the depot with me in the auto.

My trunk had been checked thru from Portland and I had reserved my berth all the way east so I had nothing to bother about. I made friends with nobody but an old lady who got off at Spokane. I read, enjoyed the scenery and nothing of interest happened.

We got into Spokane at 9 o'clock the first night out and I went to bed. The next morning when I woke up we were at Missoula, Mont.

Going over the Cascades the first day, we had some beautiful mountain scenery. All the country east of Missoula over the Rockies was fine. Just before we got into Helena we got into a place where there had been a snow storm the night before and oh, but it was cold. All through the Rockies the snow had not yet melted. The second night out we got into Billings just at dinner time and the next morning, Sunday, got up somewhere west of Mandan, N. Dak. We were well out on the prairie by this time and things were getting uncomfortably warm and very, very dirty. At Mandan I mailed letters home which no doubt you have received by this time. Oh, those plains of Montana and Dakota—hot, treeless, desolate, windy, it made me heart sick to look at them. As we went along, I thanked God you lived in a country with plenty of trees and water.

The farms are small, but what they do raise must be simply wrested from the ground with all the strength a man could put into it. In some places they use irrigation, but it must be awfully hard work.

The lakes along thru that country are wonderfully blue, but all along the shores the ground is pure white with alkali, and trees or grass? No, not a twig nor a blade. Sunday night we came into St. Paul and there our car was put on to another train going to Chicago, and the next morning we were in Illinois and a regular garden it is, but everything is laid out in prim, straight lines; all the roads are paved and all the bridges are pretty little stone arches, all the houses are painted white and all the barns, red and all the streets are parked and trees are planted the whole length of them. Out 200 miles west of Chicago the country is all laid off in picture book farms and as you get nearer to the towns they give way to picture book country towns with prim streets and then you come into dirty, squalid city streets that make you sick to look at and then into the depot at Chicago.

We got there just at noon. I followed the crowd out and when you come to the exit there is a man in uniform shouting: "Parmelee's, Parmelee's," "Transfer, etc.," and then he asks you "Where?" and I said "Lake Shore & Michigan." Then he shouted it and another man in uniform comes and takes you to the right bus and then you go to the other depot. When you get out there, a little messenger boy or some kind of a kid in uniform takes charge of your suit case if you wish him to and then he showed me where things were and when the train was called he came and got my things and took them to the train, for which service I gave him a quarter.

I left on the 1:40 New England express, so you see that I didn't have long to wait. In the depot in Chicago is a woman's waiting room and aside from that is another smaller one with couches and writing material. Then from that is a big lavatory lined with big mirrors and places to wash and there is a maid there and a place where you can buy all kinds of toilet articles, such as women need. It was fine. So I went and fixed up a little and then went into the outer room and watched the women who came through in a perfect stream all the time. There were all kinds; old, young, sunny and pathetic looking.

These Chicago women have the funniest walk I ever saw. They put their heels down first and their feet are all so flat. East of Chicago the country is very pretty. Just one little town after another, all built in between.

The land is very stony and they use the stones for fences, making very artistic looking walls of them. It was Monday noon when we left Chicago. The train runs through the negro quarters of the city and gave me a very good idea what city slums really were like. That night I went to bed at Toledo, Ohio. We went right along by the south shore of Lake Erie all night, I was very much disappointed in not seeing it by daylight, however, I left the curtain up and lay watching it after I went to bed. It was moonlight, but the lake was covered with fog and so the view wasn't very good. We went through Buffalo in the night and in the morning were in Syracuse, N. Y. I certainly felt that I was a long way from home by that time. At Utica I got out for a little walk. Then we came up through the Mokaw Valley; it was very pretty, but there is nothing at all grand about this eastern scenery, it seemed to me very tame after the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades. At Albany, we crossed the Hudson, a very dirty, sluggish looking river at that point and not as wide as the Columbia at Portland. After leaving Albany the country began to change so that had I not known where we were I could have guessed easily it was New England; little hills with such stony soil an angle worm would bump its head every time it turned around.

There were little streams everywhere and none of the poor things ever got a start before they were jammed up into a pond to furnish water for a paper mill or some other kind of a factory—and then the mills and factories and churches and school houses—the country is all so thickly settled, it seems like one continuous town. "Oh, those Berkshire hills!" I heard some of the people on the train just raving about them! Just some low hills with little scrub oaks growing all over them and a pretty little creek at the bottom. They were pretty all right, but oh, I wish those people could see the view from the top of our chicken house! At Springfield we crossed the Connecticut river and by 3:30 we were in Boston. The secretary of the school met me and we walked past Trinity church, the new Old South church, the Pierce building where my school is, up Commonwealth avenue—it seemed like a picture to me—it does now and I am a dream girl, walking through it all—my senses completely numbed. I can't get excited nor enthusiastic about anything—I feel like I was asleep and that the last week has been a dream. May be I will wake up after a while. Well, anyway, I am in a house with ten other girls, one is a student at my school and all the rest are students at the Conservatory of Music. I went over to the school and find it to be a very business-like institution. I met the matron and she is a dear, I met also the dean, Mrs. Curry, they say she is a very brilliant woman and I'll soon be at work. It is easy to find one's way about here and I have walked about alone a good deal, "crooked streets" notwithstanding. I was in the Public Library this morning, the place is grand. In the hallway are several panels painted by some one I never heard of before. One represents—well really I'll go over again and make notes about them and tell you in my next letter.

I walked around Trinity church this afternoon—it filled me with awe—and it looked so strange, standing as it does, old and grey, right in the heart of the teeming city, and right across from it, ivy covered and solemn stands the Old South church, and this is Boston! "The cradle of the Republic!" So good bye for this time with lots of love to yourselves and all the friends.

PEARL WATKINS.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment wonderfully effective. One application will convince you of its merits. Try it. For sale by all dealers.

GET SAMPLES OF BRIQUETTES

Dr. Mingus and H. C. Diers Plead With Prospects for Plant Here.

Dr. Mingus and H. C. Diers have received a box of briquettes which are on exhibition in the window of the Chamber of Commerce.

These briquettes are made from lignite coal taken from the Union Pacific Coal mines at Tono, Wash. This coal is the same grade as that of the Beaver Hill mines here. The binder used is tar and the briquettes were made by what is known as the "Mashek Process" and were made in one of the Mashek plants in New York from a large shipment of the Tono coal furnished by the Union Pacific Coal Company which company is preparing to build a large briquetting plant at Tono, Washington, the briquetted fuel to be used for locomotive purposes.

Coal from the Beaver Hill mines was sent to Mr. Mashek who reports that this coal makes a higher grade and better quality briquette than the Tono coal.

Mr. Mashek also reports on the Diers-Mingus process of briquetting Coos Bay coal, mixing it with charcoal and using wood tar for a binder, that by this process a briquette can be made which is "equal, if not better than the best grade of anthracite coal on the market at the present time."

The officials of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, which owns the Beaver Hill mines, are investigating the Diers-Mingus combination process and if found practical will build a large briquetting plant at Beaver Hill. The investigations on the Diers-Mingus combination process are being carried on by the officials of the Southern Pacific, the Mashek people, who build briquetting equipments, and the Grundal American Company, a Swedish concern, that builds wood distilling plants.

The Diers-Mingus process is especially adaptable to Coos Bay on account of the large beds of lignite coal and the enormous amount of waste wood from the saw mills and that remaining on the logged off lands.

The U. S. Forestry Department reports that over 500,000 tons of wood go to waste every year from the mills and logged off lands on Coos Bay.

Those interested seem of the opinion that from this waste wood and Coos Bay coal, a fuel can be made which will equal the best grades of coal on the Pacific coast market at a less cost to the consumer than that of these other coals.

A NEW OLD HOTEL.

Old patrons of The Windsor Hotel, San Francisco, will be glad to hear that this famous house is now open in a fine new six story building right down town. New furniture, new carpets, steam heat, hot water and telephone in every room. Cafe in connection. Notice these rates: Room with private bath \$1 a day, \$5 a week. All cars pass the door. Select family hotel, Windsor Hotel, 233 Eddy street, San Francisco.

After the show try a Turkish bath Phone 214-J.

RAISES the DOUGH

Better than other powders—producing light, dainty, wholesome cakes and pastries—

CRESCENT BAKING POWDER

is high grade and moderate in price—25c lb. tin at grocers, Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle



COOS BAY, OREGON. COOS BAY REALTY SYNDICATE. DEALERS AND AGENTS. COAL, COLONIZATION, DAIRY, FARM, FRUIT, MINERAL and TIMBER LANDS. ORGANIZING OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES A SPECIALTY

The past has proven that investments in small acre tracts near growing cities are the most profitable. The C. B. R. S. has such to offer. Chas. J. Brusckke, Marshfield, Ore.

MY WHEELBARROW.

My trusty wheelbarrow is long and it's narrow; and it's painted a beautiful delicate green; it's strong and it's handy; it's simply a dandy;—a better wheelbarrow I never have seen. With joy that's abiding, I wheel her around; and motorists guy me while joyriding by me, but little I care for their laughter and sound. My good old wheelbarrow goes straight as an arrow, I push it before me with jubilant feet; whatever 'twas made for, it's mine—and it's paid for, and so I don't envy the autos I meet. I'd rather go wheeling my barrow and feeling my raiment grow moist with a rich, honest sweat, than ride in a carriage like groom to his marriage, and have the sad knowledge that I was in debt. Of all the world's curses there's nothing that worse is than going in debt for the things we don't need; so blithe as a sparrow I push my wheelbarrow—keep tap on my motions, get onto my speed.

WALT MASON.

Woman cannot boast of complete equality with man until she finally learns, as man does, to get shoes that are large enough.

Spring onions may be cheap, but there's nothing of a two-for-a-cent nature about them. Pass the spinach, Phoebe.

WARNING TO RAILROAD MEN.

E. S. Bacon, 11 East St., Bath, Me., sends out this warning to railroad men: "A conductor on the railroad, my work caused a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and I was miserable and all played out. A friend advised Foley Kidney Pills and from the day I commenced taking them I began to regain in my strength. The inflammation cleared and I am far better than I have been for twenty years.—RED CROSS Drug Store.

"Our baby cries for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. T. B. Kendrick, Rasaca, Ga. "It is the best cough remedy on the market for coughs, colds and croup." For sale by all dealers.

When Going on Your Picnic

- don't forget that we have Papyrus Picnic Plates, . . . 10c doz. Wood Picnic Plates, . . . 10c doz. Paper Napkins,5c for 2 doz. Paper Ice Cream Dishes, with Spoon,1c each Open Chip Baskets, . . . 10c, 15c, 20c Covered Chip Baskets, 30, 40, 50, 60c

Why carry a lot of china when you can get plates at these prices.

COOS BAY CASH STORE

The Store That Saves You Money. GEO. N. BOLT, Manager. Front Street, Marshfield.

Business Directory

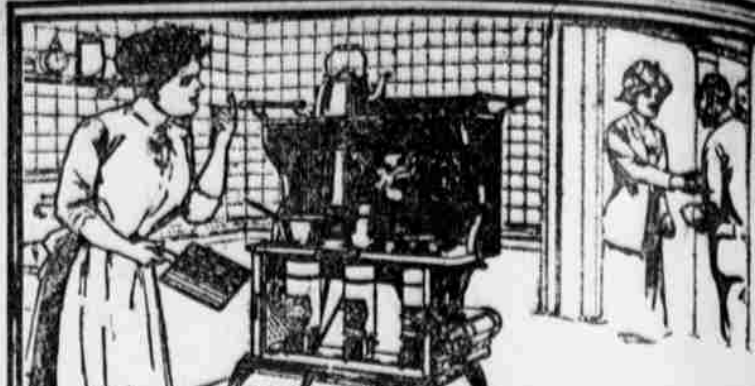
Following is a list of Reliable Business Firms that it will Pay to Patronize.

Go To WILLEY & SCHROEDER for Plumbing and Heating Marshfield, Ore., Phone 773

STADDEN

All kinds of photograph work, bromide enlarging and kodak finishing.

J. L. KOONTZ Machine and Repair Shops GENERAL MACHINIST Steam and Gas Engine Work At Holland's boat shop, Front street, Marshfield, Ore.



Unexpected Guests

The farmer and his wife were about to sit down to a cold supper when they saw some old friends driving towards the house. The good wife was equal to the occasion—thanks to her New Perfection Oil Cook-stove.

She had it lit in a moment, and her guests lavishly were seated at the table before a hearty hot meal was ready for the table—sausages and eggs and long rashers of streaky bacon, and rolls just crisped in the oven and fresh coffee—and the hostess herself as cool and neat as if she had not been near the kitchen.

She never could have managed it with an old-fashioned range. The New Perfection is the quickest, most convenient and best cooker on the market.

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners, with open, pressure, blue enamel, etc. Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

First National Bank OF COOS BAY

Capital fully paid \$100,000.00 Surplus 5,000.00

OFFICERS: W. S. Chandler, President. M. C. Horton, Vice-President. Dorsey Kreitzer, Cashier.

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MARSHFIELD'S POPULAR FAMILY HOTEL THE LLOYD Rates reduced to: Day—50c, 75c and \$1.00; week—\$2.00 to \$5.00. House-keeping apartments with gas ranges \$10.00 to \$18.00 per month. FREE BATHS—E. W. SULLIVAN, Prop. POULTRY FOR SALE Lot of full-blooded Plymouth Rock chickens. Come at once as they will be sold soon. AUG. FRIZEEN Real Estate and Insurance Agent 68 Central Ave., Marshfield, Ore.