

COOS BAY TIMES

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

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GOOD EVENING.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold Not all Appollo's Pythian treasures hold; Or Troy once held in peace and pride of sway Can bribe the poor possession of a day.

ILLIAD OF HOMER

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF BUSINESS.

The banquet to be tendered the visiting railway officials at the Chamber this evening by the Marshfield Chamber of Commerce, should call attention to the splendid work of that organization and sharpen people's appreciation of its value.

The Chamber of Commerce is the missionary society of business. It exists simply and solely for the material development of the community. It should devote itself, as an organization, to the promotion of commerce, finance, farming, manufacturing, mining, real estate, transportation and trade.

This is not to say that its members should be interested only in business and boosting. As good citizens they should interest themselves in all the other ways of usefulness that have been mentioned.

The Chamber of Commerce that hammers on its own anvil lives and prospers. The one that attends to other business than its own sickens and dies. Its function is the promotion of prosperity. Its task is to accomplish this by fostering commercial fellowship and teamwork in the community.

COMING OUR WAY.

EVEN with the actual completion of the railway nearly two years away people and things we all want, are "coming our way." Coos Bay is rapidly becoming a noted section, and is daily growing to be of greater interest and importance in a thousand channels.

...the need, the need of our people was more imperative.

We must meet and greet this line of friendly interest and commercial overture with a sense of its value and fitness and make the most of every man and every objective and do it with a snap indicative of our deserts. Coos Bay must assert herself readily and fully as a place entitled to the best thought of those who come to her with money and brains and purpose.

Things are "coming our way" and we must "get a move on" and meet them half way at least.

THE OPTIMIST.

THE optimist, while he sees much of the evil, sees also much of the good. He sees more of the beauty, hears more of the music; his mental vision is keener, his spiritual insight deeper. His whole view of life is one of promise.

SUCH TROUBLES WILL COME

IN SPITE of adverse circumstances the typewriter has come into general use throughout the country. True, there are some neighborhoods where it is hard to introduce them.

One day an agent for a typewriter called on him and asked if he might sell him a machine. "No, I don't want it," replied the merchant.

"Oh, no; I had a girl from the city who knew all about it."

"Perhaps you couldn't dictate your letters. Some folks find it very hard work."

"I didn't try to. I sat down and wrote them out and let the girl copy them. Then I didn't save no time there. Then I had to read them over and see if they were correct.

"Anything more?" smiled the agent. "Just a little. My mother-in-law was indignant, my sister mad at through and my wife sitting around the store seven hours on a stretch, and after the minister had given me the cold shoulder and the Masonic lodge threatened to bring charges against me, I let the poor girl go and sold the machine for half price. It was too much of a strain on the mind. You can do those things in the city and no one says a word but out here, it's 50 years too soon, and you've got to heed public opinion or lose your place in the fire company."

Perhaps this merchant is not the only business man who has had troubles of this sort, but there may come a time when girls, who run typewriters, will be able to pursue their calling without raising the ire of mother-in-laws or whole families, for that matter; but, evidently the day is not yet.

"Getting business is just like courting a girl—you must offer the right kind of goods, and keep on calling."

Our attention was called to the shortage of apprentices in the trades.

Poem by Mr. Wendling

That G. N. Wendling can write good poetry as well as tell good stories and build railways the following poem recently written by him is ample proof:

THE SILENT MONITOR.

Like the Sentinel at the gateway, Stands Mt. Shasta at the Pass; Where the Weed line stretches northward Through mountain and morass.

Who can guess the force that made her.

In those aeons long ago: Built her frame of molten lava, Crowned her crest with ice and snow?

Formed from Nature's massive child-ron, Built with giant lava walls, There she'll watch for countless ages O'er the land of Klamath Falls.

In that land of richest bounty, Where forever fortune calls, There the bride is Klamath County, And the groom is Klamath Falls.

They are strong in pride and beauty, They are rich! Without a care! May their children number legion In that land of promise rare.

As the sphinx stands guard o'er Egypt, So Mt. Shasta holds in care All of lovely Klamath Valley, In that land beyond compare.

G. X. WENDLING, San Francisco, June 15, 1911

OBSERVATIONS.

TWO KINDS OF MEN.

Two grades of men are constantly going into the activities of life. Some, determined to make a career, resolved upon success, look upon every man who stands in the way as an enemy. They fight the battle, looking only for one spot in an opponent—the solar plexus.

These men believe that the thing to do is "to ride through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

These are the men of power that every age has produced. They have been dreaded, feared, obeyed.

Other men have gone out seeking the fixed point in every foe-man from which to make as nearly as possible the measurements of perfect life. Those who thus go forth it pleases me to call men of influence, who make friends of enemies, patriots of rebels and citizens of out-laws.—Governor Marshall.

Make it a life-rule to give your best to whatever passes through your hands. Stamp it with your manhood. Let superiority be your trade-mark. Let it characterize everything you touch. This is what every employer is looking for. It indicates the best substitute for genius; it is better capital than cash; it is a better promoter than friends or "pulls" with the influential. Remember the saying: "What-over is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

The household pests we are discussing today are the neighbors who come to the back door. They are most likely to arrive when you're in the kitchen in your kimono ironing handkerchiefs. You have left your switch upstairs and your hair is a fright. Often they come in when you're taking a bath. You hear footsteps below and you think burglars are in the house. You slip on something (generally the soap) and you hear a voice: "It's only me." This is annoying and ungrammatical. To get rid of this pest, keep the back door locked.

A doctor advertised as follows: "Don't abandon hope until you see me." A merchant advertised: "Don't go to some other man to be cheated out of your money; come and see me." A lawyer advertised: "We can invest your money for you where no one else can cheat you out of it." A dentist: "Teeth extracted with great pains." A tailor advertised: "Why send away for clothes and have troubles? We can furnish them for you and guarantee you will have fits." An editor advertised: "Don't send away for punk work; try us."

A Pittsburg scientist has satisfied himself that there is a microbe in every kiss. Yes, they are the good microbes—make you want more.

Our attention was called to the shortage of apprentices in the trades.

and the question asked "Why?" We have discovered the reason. Young men now days who desire to learn trades want a man's wages from the start. Tradesmen are unable to pay the price and an apprentice isn't worth it. Young men will be standing around looking for something to do, not knowing how to do anything. When the writer was a boy he worked at the printer's trade for \$1 per week and he finds now he didn't learn it any too well. Boys, take an older fool's advice and learn a trade. Perhaps when the odd job falls you can then find employment at something else. Put in the time you now spend loafing learning to do something and don't ask a tradesman's wages while you are learning. It will be money in your pocket in the end.

OVER THE HILLS TO OREGON.

Over the hills to Oregon, They sing who seek the best— Whoe'utmost hopes are placed upon That dear land of the West. Her evergreen hills engender thrills Of pleasure. Her meadows, streams and rills, And cataraets with music ring. Her golden mines and lofty pines Preponderate description lines. The glory of her early spring, The sheafs that summer verdure brings, The beauty of her autumning We will never cease to sing.

Over the hills to Oregon, And the margin of the shore, Where Pacific's waves are dashing on And roll forevermore! Where a view of Nature's forces Makes a picture that's sublime, And the fruitful land's resources Would beggar the boldest rhyme. Extremes of heat and cold are not Encountered on that favored spot, Come o'er the hills to Oregon, Her praises let us ring— Those who present a life well spent Will never cease to sing. STAR KEY.

Parental Standings.

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families, first as to personal appearances, clothes, etc. then as to parental dignity. The minister's little girl boasted: "Every package that comes for my papa is marked 'D. D.'"

"And every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M. D.'," responded the daughter of the physician.

"And every package that comes for my papa," said the South Marshfield girl, "is marked 'C. O. D.'"

A BOOSTER'S TEXTBOOK.

Keep on boosting, even though you fail to hear a single "Thank you." Be a hero. Help boost your city. Patriotism draws on a man's intelligence as well as his vocal organs. Faithfulness to a trust consists not so much in outward display of loyalty as in a constant born of love and perpetuated by a righteous faith. Proclaim aloud your preachments, but don't forget the interests of your town when you are longing for something useful to do. Buy at home. Sell elsewhere.

IDEAL CITY OR TOWN.

The Main Point is to Try to Please the People.

The ideal city or town should be laid out with carefully selected sites for public buildings, schools, colleges, churches, amusement halls, residential areas, business houses, factories, interborough transportation lines and passenger and freight terminals; also docks, bridges, ferries and tunnels when water courses enter into the problem, and along with all the rest the matter of the distribution of parks and parkways requires judicious consideration, says Charles W. Barnaby in Cassier's Magazine. All of the above should be located in such relation to each other and the surroundings as to provide the people with the safest, most convenient and most satisfying accommodations and at the same time present a highly pleasing and artistic appearance.

The large parks should be in the outskirts and should be left in as natural a state as practicable with their native forest trees. Such paths and lanes as are required, with their bridges, resting nooks, etc., should be judiciously treated to conform as far as possible with the natural surroundings. The parks throughout the body of the city, instead of being large and few in number, should be of medium size, plentiful, well distributed and connected, together with numerous parkways of liberal width. This arrangement would give all parts of the city convenient access to the park spaces, which, being thus arranged in a continuous system, could, when once entered, be traversed throughout without leaving it, if desired.

Have your job printing done at The Times office.

If you have anything to sell, trade, rent or want help, try a want ad.

LOGGER DIES OF INJURIES

Albert Hassenen Succumbs to Accident at Selen and Stora's Camp.

Albert Hassenen, the logger who was injured yesterday at the camp of Selen and Stora near Summer, died last evening at the home of his sister, Mrs. John Backman, in West Marshfield. Hassenen's injuries while known to be serious were not thought to be of a critical nature until the physicians made a thorough examination on his arrival here.

Hassenen was caught between a log and a tree and large amount of flesh torn from his hip. He was also injured internally and partly paralyzed.

Hassenen was about fifty years old and a native of Finland. He came to Coos Bay about thirty years ago, but had been away for short intervals a number of times. Much of his time away from Coos Bay was spent in Michigan and gained him the nickname "Michigan" among his friends. He was never married. The only surviving relatives in this country are Mrs. John Backman of West Marshfield and Alex Larson of North Bend.

The funeral will be held from the Backman home at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon with special services at the Swedish Lutheran church at 2:30, the Rev. B. F. Bengtson officiating at both.

NORTH BEND COUPLE DIVORCED

Mrs. Mildred Wood-Hevenor Granted Decree by Judge Coke Mildred Wood-Hevenor of North Bend was yesterday afternoon granted a divorce from Ray C. Hevenor, a North Bend school teacher. The case was heard before Judge John S. Coke yesterday, A. H. Derbyshire representing the applicant.

Mrs. Hevenor charged her husband with cruel and inhuman treatment and divers other things. The couple were married a year ago last winter. Mrs. Hevenor is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood of North Bend. Hevenor is now teaching a rural school near North Bend.

THE TWO TOLLERS

Two men pass my cottage door on their way to do their work; one goes to a beeswax store, t'other is a sausage-kraut clerk. One goes slouching on his way, sour of face and sad of eye; he will soldier all the day, count the hours as they drag by. So he journeys down the street, on his way to earn the mon; and he lifts his sluggish feet just as though they weighed a ton. Toll to him's a thing of years making him with anguish throb when he labored twenty years he will hold the same old job. T'other man goes prancing by with a step's that's bold and free; there is ardor in his eye, and he whistles "Nancy Lee." He goes gallily to his task, not in bitterness and tears, and in fortune's smile he'll bask as he travels down the years. For the gods adore the man who will work with might and main; and the shiftless pilgrim's plan void of virtue is and vain. WALT MASON

SMALL TOWN AMBITIOUS.

Citizens of Mayville, N. J., Organize an Improvement Association. Citizens of Mayville, N. J., have organized the Mayville Improvement Association "to protect their rights and promote the interests of property owners and residents at or near this section."

Most of the citizens own their own homes and make a livelihood in the "sounds," where clams, oysters and fish abound. The little village, which is in Cape May county and only a mile from the courthouse, boasts the only public road to the water front from Cape May to Bensly's Point, a distance of thirty miles.

Mayville's natural resources have never been exploited, but the people have now awakened to the advantages of having an improvement association.

How to Make Disfranchisement Read the Times' Want Ads

HOPE RANCH IS SOLD TODAY

Dr. Pope Howard of Everett, Wash., Purchases North Inlet Property.

Dr. Pope Howard of Everett, Wash., today closed negotiations for the purchase of the Hope ranch on North Inlet. There are about 570 acres in the tract and it is considered one of the best ranches north of the Bay. The consideration was not given but it is understood that it was in the neighborhood of \$35,000.

Much of the tract is swampy and several parties have figured on it in the past with a view of draining it and converting it into a large cranberry bog. It was formerly owned by Geo. Beale.

Dr. Howard bought it as an investment and converting it into a large cranberry bog. He says he has long wanted a ranch and this was the first one that caught his fancy. He formerly lived on Prince Edward Island and came here to visit Dr. E. Mingus, who was a classmate with him at a Pennsylvania medical school.

LIVESTOCK WORTH \$91,080,400

Dr. Withycombe Tells Breeders of Immense Value of Stock to State SALEM, Sept. 22.—At the annual banquet of the Oregon Pure Breed Live Stock Association here, Dr. Withycombe, director of experiment stations at the Oregon Agricultural College, made the striking statement, in his address, that live stock in Oregon annually brings the producer \$91,689,400.

At the annual business meeting, C. L. Hawley of the board of regents of the college was re-elected to the presidency of the association, and M. C. Marris of Portland was elected secretary. Prof. Van Pelt of Iowa, Prof. Carlisle of Idaho, and Pres. W. J. Kerr of O. A. C. spoke. Pres. Kerr's address was on the advantages of agricultural education; the necessity of getting the boys interested early in life and on farm problems.

Dr. Withycombe gave the following telling statistics in his address last night: Oregon has 673,750 cattle valued at \$13,475,000; 175,000 dairy cows valued at \$7,000,000; 295,000 horses at \$22,538,000; 8,870 mules at \$1,040,400; 2,401,000 sheep at \$9,604,000; 324,000 hogs at \$3,888,000; 220,000 goats at \$880,000; 20,000,000 lbs. of wool at \$4,000,000; 800,000 lbs. of mohair at \$264,000; dairy products at \$4,000,000; and poultry at \$5,000,000, making a total value of \$91,689,400.

LOCAL GLEANINGS

MISS LILLIAN McCANN of North Bend visited her sister, Mrs. E. R. Hodson, here yesterday.

S. P. BARTLETT of the Randolph Lumber company is in Marshfield on business.

GEORGE L. JENSEN returned to San Francisco today after spending a few weeks visiting at the home of his sister Mrs. Abe Anderson on Kentuck Inlet, and with other relatives. He enjoyed his vacation hunting and fishing and had such a good time that he promises to come again.

Opens Meat Market.—H. Fourrier an experienced market man, has opened a new cash meat market at 324 Front street in the Pioneer building where he will carry a large line of meats.

Socialist Picnic.—The Coos Bay Socialists are planning for a big basket picnic at Eastside next Sunday. There will be speaking, singing and a good time generally. In case of bad weather, the meeting will be held in the Socialist hall on Front street.

Big Salmon Bake.—Last evening a big salmon and clam bake was tendered at Empire in honor of Misses Minnie and Grace Sheridan and Mrs. T. R. Sheridan of Roseburg. Jack Flanagan acted as master of ceremonies and won new honors in the art of serving clams and salmon. Jack Merceen, Claude Nasburg, J. W. Flanagan and family and C. F. McCollum and wife were among those joining the party last evening.