

WEEKLY COOS MAIL

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The Knock

Knock, knock, knock!
Knock, knock, knock!
What's the use of saying, "Nothin'!"
So we knock!
Everybody makes us sore;
We've heard all your jokes before;
To be livin' is a bore.
So we roost—
This town is on the hog;
So we knock,
The guy that lives next door
Is a Dum!
He says some
People's knockin' makes him sore—
Never comes here any more—
Because we knock;
Sweats when any thing comes 'round
That'll benefit the town.
(As he says)
We can never see the point.
But just crawl back in our joint,
And knock!

DON'T TURN IT DOWN

There is said to be a disposition on the part of the county court to turn down the petition asking for a \$1000 appropriation for advertising Coos county at the St. Louis fair. One of the reasons given against making this appropriation is said to be that money is needed for roads.

It is to be hoped that no narrow or peremptory view of this matter will be taken by the county court. The petitions that have been filed, containing the names of many of the large taxpayers are a sufficient indication that the sentiment of the people of Coos county is in favor of doing something to bring Coos to the front, where she belongs.

It is true that money is needed for roads, and it is also true that one good way to get it is to encourage an influx of population, development of our resources and increase of the tax roll.

The St. Louis fair offers a rare chance to Coos county, and it should not be neglected. One thousand dollars properly spent there will bring incalculable benefits to this section. The day for action has arrived and the Coos county court is composed of gentlemen who are certainly capable of appreciating the situation and taking the proper action. If they get off on the wrong foot it will be nothing less than a public misfortune.

Feed For Dairy Cows

The following rations furnish the material necessary to produce milk in about the right proportions, according to Professor C. H. Eckles of the Missouri experiment station. By the term "ration" is meant the feed for twenty-four hours. If a cow will not give a good flow of milk in the early part of the milking period when fed a liberal amount of one of these rations it indicates that she is not adapted by nature to be a dairy animal, and she should be disposed of. The amounts given are considered about right for a cow giving from twenty to twenty-five pounds of milk a day. For heavy milkers these rations are to be increased and reduced for lighter milkers. In making up these rations it is desired that the cow be given practically all of the roughness she will eat, and then sufficient grain is added to furnish the necessary amount of digestible material:

	Pounds.
Clover hay	20
Brass	5
Clover hay	6 to 8
Oats	4 to 5
Corn	6 to 8
Clover hay	20
Corn and cob meal	8 to 10
Gluten or cottonseed meal	2
Alfalfa or cowpea hay	15 to 20
Corn	9 to 10
Alfalfa or cowpea hay	9 to 10
Corn stover	10
Corn	8 to 10
Brass	5
Corn silage	20
Clover hay	15
Corn	4 to 5
Brass	4
Corn silage	10
Alfalfa or cowpea hay	10
Corn	9
Cottonseed meal	1
Corn silage	1
Alfalfa or cowpea hay	15
Corn	8 to 10
Corn fodder	8
Timothy hay	15
Corn	8
Brass	8
Cottonseed meal	2

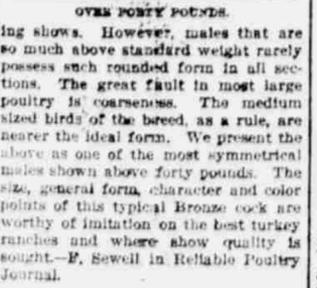
The Silo

Briefly summed up, the advantages of the silo are: First, ensilage produces cheap protein; second, it is a succulent food and as wear to June grass as we can get in the winter and makes dairying the most profitable in winter time, when prices are highest and there is more time to take care of the cows; third, in a silo you can store the most feed in the smallest space; fourth, ensilage does away almost entirely with the necessity of purchasing commercial feed; fifth, the productive capacity of a herd is increased; sixth, ensilage is the cheapest and best supplementary feed.

—A. W. Mowbray, President Minnesota Dairy Association.

Typical Bronze Turkey Cuck

The above splendid specimen of Bronze turkey was second gobbler at Madison Square Garden poultry show, New York, last winter, exhibited by Mr. George W. Salsbury. Forty pound Bronze males are not rare at the leading shows. However, males that are so much above standard weight rarely possess such rounded form in all sections. The great fault in most large poultry is coarseness. The medium sized birds of the breed, as a rule, are nearer the ideal form. We present the above as one of the most symmetrical males shown above forty pounds. The size, general form, character and color points of this typical Bronze cock are worthy of imitation on the best turkey ranches and where show quality is sought.—E. Sewell in Reliable Poultry Journal.



OVER FORTY POUNDS.

A Friend.
A subscriber sends us a letter he received from a breeder of poultry of whom he proposed buying some stock. This breeder claims his hens lay from 250 to 300 eggs a year, many of them producing the larger number. He offers to sell a pen for \$10 or a trio for \$9. The breeder who makes such claims condemns himself at once. Hens that could readily be sold for more than this breeder offers to take for a pen, but such hens are not for sale, for the very good reason that they do not exist.—Commercial Poultry.

Hair Is Useful.
The secret is discovered.
The plot is all laid bare.
The reason why our poets
Wear long and shaggy hair.
When from the second story
By editors they're thrown
The hair, a matted cushion,
Protects them from the stones.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

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HARD LUCK.

When a man is up against it,
When he hasn't got a plunk,
If he never before has sensed it
Then he'll find that it takes spunk
To get out and hustle dinner,
Breakfast, supper, what you please.
He may count himself a winner
If he captures one of these.
When he has the eating habit
He will get at breakfast speed,
If he sighs a job, to grab it
And to worry out a feed.
He will find his woes are many
Seen as all his coin is sunk.
As for friends, he hasn't any
When he hasn't got a plunk.

Makes the Job Worth While.

"Considering that they are out in all kinds of weather, rural mail carriers should get more pay."
"I don't know. Think of the perquisites that go with the job."
"I didn't know there were any."
"Don't they have a chance to read all postal cards?"

She Had Her Reasons.

"Why did you turn down young Bagley?"
"He is a chump, and I know what I am talking about. I have ridden through a tunnel with him."

Lullaby.

Bye, oh, baby, baby, bye,
Go to sleep and do not cry.
You can play in our back yard
Though you hold no violin card.
Bye, oh, baby, baby, bye,
Go to sleep and do not cry.
Bye, oh, baby, baby, bye,
Rest your feet, don't be shy.
When you're grown, my little Dan,
You will be a union man.
Bye, oh, baby, baby, bye,
Rest you, rest you, don't be shy.
Bye, oh, baby, baby, bye,
Softly, gently, close your eyes.
Bye, oh, baby, baby, bye,
Softly, gently, close your eyes.

Beyond Her Means.

"Why did Mabel throw the duke overboard?"
"After consulting her guardian she decided that she could not afford the luxury."

Had the Proof.

"Do you believe in evolution?"
"Certainly. I know lots of men who are quite as intelligent as monkeys."

Changed Her Mind.

The fellow was too ancient
For her to marry him.
Though he had gold, he was too old
To suit her maiden whim.
And when he calmly acquiesced
And dropped out of the race
She started, just to get some dust,
A breach of promise case.

Liberator of Panama.

Dr. Manuel Amador, minister of finance of Panama, was the leading spirit of the movement to overthrow Columbian authority on the Isthmus and establish an independent govern-



ment there. He has been called the "Liberator." Dr. Amador, who is seventy years of age, was at one time governor of the province of Panama.

Grit.

It is necessary for all chickens young and old, fowls, turkeys, ducks and geese to have plenty of grit. Always have plenty of it where they can help themselves. It is not a good plan to mix it in the mash food excepting for young ducks, and for them use quantities of coarse sand. But this is only made use of where they are growing broiler ducks and they stuff and feed them so hard to make them grow fast that it is necessary to mix this kind of grit with their feed to enable them to consume enough to grow to unusual size in a very short time. In dry chick food or in dry scratching food or with grain foods of all kinds no harm or injury will come of mixing some grit among it, for the chickens will pick out the grain from among the grit and only take what grit they need or wish to have. Grit is the only teeth that poultry have. They grind all their food with the grit and cannot exist for any length of time without it.

THE WORLD'S FAIR DAIRY.

All the Processes of Buttermaking to Be Viewed by the Public.

Perfection in butter production will be obtained in the creamery that will be a leading feature of the dairy section at the coming world's fair at St. Louis. The creamery will be 180 feet long and 20 feet wide, and the walls will be of glass. Visitors may see every process to which the milk is treated from the time of its receipt until it is transferred into butter or cheese.

The dairy section at the world's fair will occupy 20,000 square feet in the Palace of Agriculture. The model creamery, which will use 5,000 pounds of milk daily, will be against the west wall, near the southern end of the building. It will be equipped with the latest butter and cheese making apparatus and will be in operation every day of the exposition. The glass walls will permit visitors to see every process but all entrances are guarded and the section so screened that flies will find it as difficult to effect an entrance as visitors will. All of the machinery used in the model creamery will be operated by either electricity or compressed air, and only the latest and best approved methods will be employed.

Connected with the model creamery will be a model dairy lunch room. Here the visitor may test the efficiency of the creamery for himself. Milk and cream, absolutely pure, and butter and cheese, sweet and fresh, may be bought. Nothing will be sold in this luncheon save the output of the model creamery, with the exception of bread. The visitor may get a bowl of milk and bread, or he may order "half and half" or full cream if he desires. Butter and milk will also be on the menu card, as will cream and cream cheese and all other products of the creamery. Cleanliness will be the watchword. The milk and cream will be sold in bottles, and when poured into glass or bowl there will be found no sediment.

In connection with the model creamery there will be shown a sanitary milk plant. This also will be in daily operation, and it will be practically demonstrated that pure milk may be furnished in large cities as well as it can on the farm. Here will be shown by practical tests the best methods of shipping the milk, the best cans, the proper way to receive and to handle it. In the event that the milk should be soured, or nearly so, when it is received the value of the milk as milk is gone, but the butter fat is as valuable as ever, and this milk will be used for buttermaking.

The pasteurizing of milk will be shown in this exhibit. The milk is run through a series of machines and is subjected to a heat of 100 degrees and immediately is run through a cooler and restored to a proper temperature. This heat destroys any germs that may be in the milk, but in no way impairs its nutrition. It imparts to the milk a nutty taste that is soon relished. The heat of 100 degrees does not boil the milk. It would require a heat 10 degrees stronger to do that. After the milk is pasteurized it will remain sweet for twenty-four hours longer than without this treatment.

The Japanese Minister.

Few members of the foreign corps at Washington have had a wider diplomatic experience than Kogoro Takahira, the Japanese minister, who through press of business has been compelled to forego a contemplated visit to his native land with Mrs. Takahira, who recently sailed for the land of cherry blossoms alone. Mr. Takahira began his diplomatic career in 1879 as attaché of the Japanese legation at Washington, remaining until 1883. He returned to this country eight years later as consul general to New York, then going to Rome as minister, from which he was transferred to the post at Vienna, considered one of the highest diplomatic honors. In 1900 he came to America as minister and soon demonstrated that he possessed a remarkable knowledge of the language, government, history, people, and customs of the country.



He Gets It.

Man, wants but little here below,
A lucky thing, because you know
That, though he toils and fumes and frets,
It's mighty little that he gets.

Worthless Roads.

Building worthless roads is one of the grossest forms of swindling the people, says the Buffalo Enquirer. At last the public is awake to the necessity of having roads which shall be good both in name and in fact.

His Economical Way.
"My husband has strange ideas of economy."
"How is that?"
"Why, he seems to think he saves money by drinking so much at the club that he has no appetite for breakfast."
—Chicago Post.

Not on the Square.

"This country merchant writes that he is in business on the square."
"Don't you believe it; I know him. He is on the beam."

A CHAT WITH A POET

THE STORY OF AN INTERESTING EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW.

How "Excelsior," the "Wreck of the Hesperus" and the "Old Clock on the Stair" Came to Be Written.

"The Bridge" Was Born of Sorrow.

I once wrote to the poet Longfellow asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge"—a poem which an eminent English critic has called "the most sympathetic in this language." I received in return a cordial note from the poet in which he said, "If you will come over and pass an evening with me it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem and also of any of my poems that may interest you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I was shown into a long, hall-like room, dimly lighted, in which were a grand table, antique furniture and a tall colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He arose to meet me and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and long white hair and beard.

"And so you would like to know something about the inspiration of some of my poems—what led me to write them?" he said when we were seated. "Well, you are very kind."

"I will tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then. I can recall the time. It was a bright day, and the trees were blossoming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote it for myself. I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterward I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I recalled my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it and sent it to the periodical. It saw the light, took wings and flew over the world. There you may see it written on a Japanese screen."

He pointed to a high, richly ornamented screen which stood before a great fireplace. He added an anecdote which I have always regarded as a true picture of his soul:

"When I was in England I was honored by receiving an invitation from the queen. As I was leaving the palace yard my carriage was hindered by the crowd of vehicles. There came to the door of the coach a noble looking English workman."

"Are you Professor Longfellow?" he said.
"I bowed."
"May I ask, sir, if you wrote the 'Psalm of Life?'"
"I answered that I did."
"Would you be willing, sir, to take a workman by the hand?"

"I extended my hand to him. He clasped it, and never in my life have I received a compliment which gave me so much satisfaction."
"I wrote 'Excelsior,'" he continued, "after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner at Washington. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'excelsior.' As I dropped the letter that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' because, after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words 'Norman's woe.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted me. I arose to write, and the poem came to me in whole sentences."

"The clock in the corner of the room," he went on, "is not the one to which I refer in my 'Old Clock on the Stair.' That clock stood in the country house of my father-in-law at Pittsfield, among the Berkshire hills."

The great clock in the room was beating the air in the shadows as he spoke. I could seem to hear it say:

"Toujours—jamais!
Jamais—toujours!"

It was these words by a French nutmeg that had suggested to him the solemn refrain:

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

"Excelsior" had been set to popular music by the Hutchinsons when the poet met one evening the minstrel family after a concert in Boston Music hall. "I have," he said, "another poem which I will send to you." He did so. It was the first copy of the "Old Clock on the Stair." One of the fatally set words to music.

"My poem entitled 'The Bridge,' he said in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used to sometimes go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends and to return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose and fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great rance on the Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late, solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has been greatly altered, but the place of it is the same."—Hezekiah Butterworth in American Notes.

In the show business promoters are generally aware of it when they are entertaining angels.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

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One Mystery Solved.

"Where do you suppose all of the pins go to?"
"I can't tell you, but I know where all of the buttons go to."
"What becomes of them?"
"Ask the man who passes the collection basket in church."

Love of What?

When a girl of two and twenty
Weds a fellow rich and old,
It is love that prompts her action—
Never mind what you've been told—
But it's true that more than likely
It is only love of gold.

Economizing Space.

"Don't he stand well with her?"
"I guess so. He sits well with her anyway, for one chair does for both."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

For the tramp all roads lead to roam.
—
Modest people are not the only ones to be shocked by electricity.

Milkmaiden cannot hire others to digest their food for them.



It makes it uncomfortable for a young man to be turned down when he tries to turn down the gas.

Sometimes riches take wings and sometimes they only go away behind a race horse.

The last rose of summer is not half so dear as the first rose of winter.

If you see it in the patent medicine almanac remember it was written for the unsophisticated.

Perhaps after all Mohammed went to the mountain because he had hay fever.

The assessor is always a victim of misplaced conscience.

Some men who are supposed to be had an account of the company they keep really containate the company.

Kometimes by-gones refuse to be bygones even though a man wants them to be.

Trouble is about the only thing you can always find when you are looking for it.

One of the strangest things about the Chinese is that none of the natives is named John Smith.

Divorce has no terrors for the fellow that isn't married.

Health is what you have when you can't afford to have anything else.

A Fair Substitute.

Among the buds who made their initial bow to the gay world of Washington this season is Miss Ethel Shaw, eldest daughter of the secretary of the treasury, who leads the debutante procession in official importance. Last



June Miss Shaw, who is of a rather studious turn of mind, was graduated from Cornell college, Iowa, her father's native state. Secretary Shaw attended the commencement exercises and made an address. After leaving college Miss Shaw spent several months in European travel.

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