

Return Engagement

OF THE

Coos Bay Favorites

THE MARGARET ILES COMPANY

Will Appear at the

MASONIC OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT

In the Popular Comedy Drama

"The Convict's Daughter"

Popular Prices Pleasing Plays

The Verdict of the Ladies

(And who could be better jurors in such matters?) is unanimous when it comes to a trial of bread, pies, cakes and all forms of pastry, in our favor. To quote another: "There's a reason," to wit: Fine flour blended, honest mixing, conscientious kneading, just the right ingredients, the proper oven, and a watchful eye keenly alert to general results. We'd like to bake for you. A little order will prove whether we should or not. We want that sample order.

COOS BAY BAKERY

COQUILLE JULY 4th

SOMETHING DOING EVERY MINUTE.

Salute of 13 guns at sunrise;
Address of welcome by Mayor Hawkins.
Procession leaves Masonic Hall at 10:30 a. m. and will march to grove in following order: Coquille Fire Department Band, Goddess of Liberty, Car of State, G. A. R. Hose Company No. 1, I. O. O. F., K. of P., W. O. W., M. W. A., Red Men, Rebekah, Pythian Sisters, Circle W. O. W., Royal Neighbors, Pocahontas, Calthumpians, etc.

Exercises at the Grove will be followed by an Old Fashioned BARBECUE AND PICNIC DINNER.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

75 yard foot race for boys under 18 years.
50 yard foot race for boys under 12 years.
50 yard foot race for boys under 10 years.
50 yard foot race for girls under 12 years.
50 yard foot race for girls under 10 years.
50 yard sack race, free for all.
50 yard shoe race, free for all.
100 yard foot race, free for all.
100 yard fat man's race, all over 200 lbs.
50 yard old man's race, all over 65 years.
Swimming race for boys under 15 years.
Walking grease pole over river.
Log rolling contest on river.
Tub race on river.
Russian buck pole.

Cash prizes will be given for winners of these contests.
Free attractions will be given by Murr & McGraw, acrobats, and others.
An excellent display of fireworks.
A Prize Fight at Night
—between—
MARTIN KENNEDY of Bandon, vs. JACK HOGAN of Coquille.
will be given at Masonic Hall.
GENERAL ADMISSION, \$1.50. 15 ROUNDS.
Also Grand Ball at Night.

WE ARE OFFERING

The choicest meats and poultry at those close figures possible only with a large trade. Constant, steady, uniform and regular, our pathway runs along. Quality Heights all the time. The best meat that Oregon affords is the poorest our customers ever receive. The lowest prices are the highest we ever charge. Every order filled with an expert's selection.

The CITY MARKET

R. H. Noble Phone 1941
Front and C Streets Marshfield, Oregon

This is the time of year to

Cook With Gas

and use

Electric Flat Irons

The Coos Bay Gas & Electric Company
Marshfield and North Bend, Oregon

A Want Ad will sell it for you

Don't Miss the

COOS BAY Races

Speed Program

FOR THE COOS BAY RACING ASSOCIATION, TO BE HELD ON THE MARSHFIELD TRACK

July 3d and 4th

FRIDAY, JULY 3d.

Race No. 1.—Pacing and trotting, free-for-all, one-half mile heats; best two out of three heats; purse \$50.

Race No. 2.—Running, three-eighths mile dash, special for horses named Gold Beach, Verosaz, Head Light, etc.; entrance fee \$25 each, winner to take all; purse \$125.

Race No. 3.—Running one half mile dash; purse \$50.

Race No. 4.—Running five-eighths mile dash; purse \$50.

SATURDAY, JULY 4th.

Race No. 5.—Pacing and trotting, free-for-all, one-half mile heats; best two out of three heats; purse \$50.

Race No. 6.—Running, three-eighths mile; best two out of three heats; purse \$50.

Race No. 7.—Running, one-half mile dash; purse \$50.

Race No. 8.—Running, three-fourths mile dash; Stallion race; purse \$50.

All harness races to be governed by the American Trotting Association Rules as far as practicable.

All running races to be governed by the California Jockey Club, as far as practicable.

Entries will close July 1st, at 9 p. m. Entrance fee \$5.00 for each event, four or more to enter and three or more to start; if not the board reserves the right to reduce the purses; the board reserving the right to postpone races in case of bad weather.

The winning horse to have 60 per cent of the purse, the second 30 per cent and the third 10 per cent.

Racing commences promptly at 2 o'clock each afternoon.

ADMISSION	50c
Buggies	25c

A Few	*****	
Cents	*****	
Invested	*****	
In a	*****	
Want Ad.	*****	
Will Bring	*****	
You	*****	

In Return.	*****	

BEAUTIFY YOUR FACTORIES.

Valuable as an Advertising Feature and Beneficial to Employees.

Scores of newspaper articles are written about improvement of public streets; magazines galore are published in regard to beautifying homes and grounds; prizes are offered to certain classes of people as an incentive toward gardening back yards; public playgrounds are established and school yards tastefully kept. We pass judgment on all these things and call them good, says the Los Angeles Times. In this land of sunshine, where vegetation grows with almost no cultivation and where to beautify at least the exterior and grounds of our manufacturing would require so little effort, this should be done not only for the moral and aesthetic influence on the employees, but really as an advertising feature, always showing tourists that even working shops can be made beautiful by nature in our California.

Not one but many travelers have remarked about the vine covered water tank (practical thing truly) at a certain station near Los Angeles on the Salt Lake railroad. The eye and mind are rested at seeing a bit of greenery there. The electric power houses stationed at intervals all the way from Pomona valley to several thousand feet above in San Antonio canyon show what can be done in simple landscape gardening in waste places. Every weary climber coming around a bend in the trail up there among the mountains can assure you that the vision of blooming flowers, well kept lawn and maybe a fountain is a welcome sight.

The writer has in mind two factories, one so pretty and refreshing that the passerby thinks it must be a pleasure to sit near the low open windows in summer and glance out occasionally from the work of cutting leather and hammering tacks, for it is a shoe factory in Holland, Mich., to which I refer, to a plot of fresh green grass. That glance does not detract from the work, but makes the fingers more nimble and the mind more clear. Must we of the golden west go back east to find the beautiful in nature combined with utility in supplying the needs of our bodies? Can we have no such ornamental practical factories of our own? Another, perhaps more pretentious, is the home of the famous Rookwood pottery in Cincinnati. Do you doubt that the influence of these beautiful surroundings on the artists who decorate this ware works out through their active fingers? Our ground is as fertile, our workmen as appreciative, our own minds as aesthetic as any in the east. Let us look to our factories, at least to the extent of improving them by the addition of a few clinging vines to hide and soften the glare of walls and the harsh, conventional outlines of the buildings.

Town Booming Funds.

Thirteen cities and towns in the Pacific northwest are actively advertising their attractions and resources in the expectation of increasing their population and building up the agricultural communities around them. Spokane, Wash., spends from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year in publicity work. Tacoma, in the same state, which flaunted the famous slogan, "Watch Tacoma grow," at the Lewis and Clark exposition in 1905, spends \$10,000 a year in making the town grow. Portland, Ore., uses \$48,000 for systematic publicity and finds that it pays. Winnipeg, in Manitoba, finds it profitable to spend \$17,000 annually in advertising. Kansas City, Mo., recently inaugurated a campaign of municipal advertising. Hundreds of smaller towns and cities are doing likewise. "It pays to advertise."

Planting Street Trees.

In laying out for street planting let the first stakes be set at the street crossings, says Park and Cemetery. When the abutting streets also are to be planted, place two stakes at each corner about thirty feet from the point of intersection of the curb line on each street. Then space off the intervening distance, setting the stakes equally distant apart, but not less than sixty-five feet as the shortest distance. Street trees generally are planted too closely together. Sometimes this is done with the intention of cutting out alternate ones, as the growth of the trees requires. This, however, is seldom done, and the trees grow up too thickly, thereby overcrowding and injuring one another, destroying all the individual beauty of the trees and the symmetrical arrangement which an avenue of trees should have.

Comfort Stations For Towns.

Anything that tends to advance civilization and promote the welfare of mankind is beneficial to a town. Milwaukee intends to do something in this line, as its board of public works proposes to establish municipal comfort stations throughout the city.

"I am heartily in favor of these comfort stations," said Mayor Becker. "In my travels through Europe I saw a number of the stations in the large cities. They are located in the busy parts of the business districts as well as along the boulevards. For a small fee a person can go into one of these stations, get a towel and hot water and refresh himself without having to go to a hotel to do it. People can also get their clothes brushed and cleaned before filling business engagements. It is a good step toward municipal improvement."

Taboo on Dandelions and Chickens.

The Denver city council is working upon an ordinance providing a fine of \$10 for every dandelion allowed to bloom within the city limits. The city council of Florence, Colo., has passed an ordinance imposing a similar fine on the owner for each chicken allowed to run at large.

The Scrap Book

A Distinction With a Difference.
Ollie James, the giant Kentucky congressman, was making a political speech.

"I want to ask you a question," shouted a man.

"Well, my friend, what is it?"

"I want you to tell this gathering what is the difference between Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt."

"Nothing simpler. Mr. Cleveland is too sedate to hunt, and Mr. Roosevelt is too restless to fish."

EXAMPLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand
And dream we never shall see them more.
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In woods that mar the land
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to float.
We count them ever past,
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

—John Kable.

Porousses.

"That is a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast to Jimmy-boy.

"It looks big," said Jimmy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of porousses in it."

A Tragedy Averted.
A gentleman unexpectedly took a friend home to dine with him. Before dinner his wife took her husband aside and impressed upon him that when the sherry in the decanter was exhausted he must not ask his friend to take any more, as there was none in the house. The husband promised to remember and act with all due discretion. When the sherry was exhausted, however, the husband in a fit of mental aberration pressed more upon him. The wife looked distressed, and the visitor declined. After the visitor had departed the lady said reproachfully to her husband, "How could you press him to take more sherry when I had already warned you there was none in the house?"

"I am very sorry, dear," said the patient husband, "but I forgot all about it."

"How could you?" she replied.

"What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?"

"It wasn't me you kicked," said her husband.

A Lettie Absentminded.

Rufus Choate once endeavored to make a witness give an illustration of absentmindedness.

"Waal," said the witness cautiously, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to him an' took it out'n his pocket to see if he had time to go home to get it—I should say that that feller was a leetle absentminded."

—Everybody's.

He Knew What He Wanted.
The family were gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open.

"That air"—the father began.

"Father, dear, don't say 'that air.' Say 'that there,'" the daughter admonished.

"Well, this air"—he again attempted.

"Nor 'this 'ere.' 'This here' is correct," he was told.

The old gentleman rose, with an angry snort. "Look here, Mary," he said, "of course I know you have been to school and all that, but I reckon I know what I want to say, an' I am going to say it. I believe I feel cold in this ear from that air, an' I'm going to shut the window!" —Ladies' Home Journal.

A Hurry Order.

As she examined her Thanksgiving turkey she asked her little son:

"Did the butcher tell you this turkey was quite fresh?"

"No'm. He just said to hurry home with it as fast as I could."

A Definite Date.
During the money stringency lately a certain real estate man, having nothing else for his clerk to do, sent him out to collect some rent that was overdue.

The clerk, being of Swedish nationality, had their peculiar twang in his speech.

Returning from his trip, the Swede seemed very jubilant.

The proprietor, noticing his smile, said, "Well, what luck did you have?" and the clerk answered, "Purty good."

"Well, did anybody pay you?"

"Yaas, Smith he pay, and Yones he say he pay in January."

"Are you sure Jones said he would pay in January? He never before has made any such promises."

"Vell, I tank so. He say it bane a dam col' day when you get dot money, and I tank dat bane in January." —Judge's Library.

The Play Went On.

In the early days of the last century Thomas Hill, a great-uncle of the late Thomas Hill, president of Harvard university, was occupying an end seat in a theater at Jersey City. Directly in front of him sat a diminutive Frenchman, who found his enjoyment of the play greatly diminished by the fact that an overgrown man in front of him persisted in wearing a tall silk hat. He tried to look around the hat and over the bulky shoulders, but only to his discomfort. Finally he tapped

the man on the arm, saying, "Eff you please, sare, would you be kind enough to take off your hat?" No attention was paid to this protest, and he reiterated his request. Still the big man paid no heed. Mr. Hill's attention was attracted, and, taking his cane, he knocked the silk hat off into the aisle. Instantly the man, his face red with wrath, rose to his feet and began to pull off his coat. The audience also rose, expecting to see a fight. The play stopped, the actors crowding to the front of the stage. Mr. Hill deliberately stood up, displaying his six feet two inches of height and his magnificent proportions, and said in a clear voice heard all over the theater, "My name is Thomas Hill, tanner. If you wish satisfaction, come to my office tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Here is my card." The other slunk out of the house. Then Hill, with a sweeping gesture, exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "The play may go on." And the play went on.—Lippincott's.

Modesty Forbade.

A lady once asked Lord Brougham at a dinner party who was the best speaker in the house of lords. Lord Brougham promptly and emphatically answered, "Lord Stanley, madam, is the second best."

Her Way of Taking Them.
At a dinner party the coachman was called upon in an emergency to assist in waiting upon the guests, among whom was a very deaf old lady. The coachman, in passing the vegetables, comes to the deaf lady.

"Peas, mum?" says Jehu.

No answer.

"Peas, mum?" (louder).

Still there was no answer from the old lady, who at this moment lifts her ear trumpet interrogatively toward the man.

Glancing down and seeing the tube he ejaculated in a whisper: "Well, it's a rum way of taking them, but I suppose she likes it. Here goes!" And down went the peas into the ear trumpet.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wealth and Marbles.

"Why get together any more money?" asked a friend of the late Russell Sage. "You can't eat it. You can't drink it. What good will it do you?"

"Ever play marbles?" Uncle Russell asked.

"Yes, when I was a boy."

"Couldn't eat 'em, could you? Couldn't drink 'em, could you? No use to you, were they? What did you play marbles for?"

He Kept the Secret.
When the teacher was absent from the schoolroom Willie Jones wrote on the blackboard:

"Willie Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in school."

"William, did you write that?" asked the teacher upon her return.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you may stay after school as punishment."

"Got a licking, didn't you?" asked one boy when Willie came out.

"Nope."

"Got jawed?" asked another.

"Nope."

"What did she do?"

"Shan't tell, but it pays to advertise."

Good Little Girl.

A Christian mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward him.

"There, Carrie," said her mother, "this is what I would have done with you if I had been there."

"I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus; I'd go to him without pushing."

Malicious Adiposity.

"Fat men are no account for soldiering," said the late General Shafter. "They pant, they wheeze, they snort, they choke, they grunt, they groan, they waddle, they slouch through the world. Not a particle of good on earth, fat soldiers. Would not have one of 'em around if I could help it."

"Er—but—er—you would not exactly—er—call yourself slight, would you, general?" a venturesome major asked.

"Hell, no! I've been a fat, bloomy old nuisance ever since the day I tipped the beam at over 200 pounds, and right then I ought to've been court martialed and cashiered for outrageous and malicious adiposity, sir, for scandalous corpulence to the prejudice of military discipline!"

Disproving a Saw.

Before the days when ready made clothing was sold regularly below cost, with a discount from that price off for cash, some one who presumably knew declared with some feeling that it took nine tailors to make a man.

Even in these days three times three tailors by putting their heads together might be able to make one of those nice men who come in so handy as part of the decoration scheme to match the parlor furniture, but not so many tailors as that are needed to make a presidential candidate.

It is handed to us by a wise man as a serious reason why we should elect one of the candidates that his coat is always wrinkled.

Evidently a secondhand clothing man could come nearer making a presidential candidate who was looking for popular votes than could a score of artistic tailors.

Smart Girl.

"I am looking for a cloud."

"What for, you pessimistic thing?"

"I am having a new opera cloak made."

"You don't want cloudy weather for that, do you?"

"Well, I thought I would like a silvery lining for it."