

FINANCIAL

STRENGTH

In a bank lies, first, in the ability and experience of its officers. "The men behind the gun;" second, its board of directors who advise with and direct the officers; and third, the Capital.

First Trust and Savings Bank OF COOS BAY

Capital Fully Paid \$100,000.00

Officers and Directors.

- John S. Coke, Pres. William Grimes, W. S. Chandler, S. C. Rogers, Henry Sengstacken, Dr. C. W. Tower, Dorsey Kreitzer, cashier, Judge John F. Hall, M. C. Horton, Vice pres.-manager.

IMMEDIATE VICINITY

It is the policy of this bank to confine its business to the immediate vicinity. In following this course the bank not only enhances its own stability, but promotes the highest interest of the community.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF COOS BAY, Marshfield, Ore.

- O. B. Hindsdale, W. S. McFarland, John Pruess, Cashier, John Pruess, R. T. Kaufman, Vice Pres., Asst. Cashier

Flanagan & Bennett Bank

MARSHFIELD OREGON. Capital Subscribed \$50,000. Capital Paid Up \$40,000. Undivided Profits \$25,000. Does a general banking business and draws on the Bank of California, San Francisco, Calif., First National Bank Portland, Or., First National Bank Newburg, Or., Hanover National Bank, New York, N. Y., M. Rothschild & Son, London, England.

STEAMERS.

Steamer M. F. Plant

SAILS FOR SAN FRANCISCO, THURSDAY, JULY 30. FROM MARSHFIELD.

No reservation held after the arrival of the ship unless ticket is bought.

F. S. DOW, Agent

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

California and Oregon Coast Steamship Company

Steamer Alliance

B. W. OLSON Master.

COOS BAY AND PORTLAND

SAILS FROM PORTLAND SATURDAYS, 8 P. M. SAILS FROM COOS BAY TUESDAYS, AT SERVICE OF TIDE. F. P. Baumgartner, Agt. H. W. Skinner Agt. Couch St. Dock, Portland, Ore. Marshfield, Ore., Phone 441

Portland & Coos Bay S. S. Line

CITY OF PANAMA

Sails from Portland Wednesday at 8 p. m. Sails from Coos Bay Saturdays at Service of Tide.

S. S. CZARINA

SAILS FOR SAN FRANCISCO, FRIDAY NIGHT, JUNE 26, 1908. CARRYING FREIGHT AND COMBUSTIBLES ONLY.

L. W. Shaw, Agt.

Phone Main 34 - - - - - A. St. Dock

SUNSET BAY STAGE

Leaves North Bend stables Monday, Wednesday and Fridays at 8 a. m. Returning at 4 p. m. Fare \$1.50 round trip For Seats Apply NORTH BEND STABLES - Phone 111

THOMASON & HANSON

-DEALERS IN- 'Hay Grain and Feed' Free Delivery Phone 1781

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THE OREGON ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO.

Marshfield Phone 61

- Hot Weather Drink: WEINHARD'S BEER Phone 481 MARDEN'S LIQUOR HOUSE For a Case.

MANGAN'S NEW UNDERTAKING PARLORS.

Just moved into new building on South Broadway, two blocks south of 'C' street, where a fine chapel has been fitted up. A full line of caskets, couches, robes and funeral supplies in general. Licensed embalmer with lady assistant. Telephones: Office 2161 Residence 2171

"ALERT"

Captain C. E. Edwards. Time-Table. Leaves Allegany, daily at 7 a. m. Returning—Leaves Marshfield 2 p. m. For terms of charter, towing, transportation or freight, apply on board. C. E. EDWARDS, Owner.

Business Directory

- Doctors. R. A. C. BURROUGHS Homeopathic Physician Chronic Diseases a Specialty. Residence and office, corner 'C' and Second Streets, Marshfield. D. R. GEORGE W. LESLIE Osteopathic Physician Graduate of American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo. Office Hours:—9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Other Hours by Appointment. Office in Nasburg Block. Phone 1611. Marshfield, Ore. D. R. GEO. E. DIX Physician and Surgeon. New Flanagan & Bennett Bank Bldg. Phone 1681. D. R. J. W. INGRAM Physician and Surgeon. Office over Sengstacken's Drug Store. Phones—Office 1621; Residence 783. D. R. A. L. HOUSEWORTH Physician and Surgeon. Office second floor of Flanagan and Bennett New Bank Building. Residence, two blocks north of Crystal Theater. Office Phone 1431 Residence Phone 656.

MRS. NETTIE HOVEL Midwife Obstetrical Nursing With E. W. Kammerer Phone 1474

LAWYERS. Francis H. Clarke Jacob M. Blak Lawrence A. Liljequist CLARKE, BLAKE & LILJEQUIST, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW United States Commissioner's Office Trust Building. Marshfield, Ore.

J. W. BENNETT, Office over Flanagan & Bennett Bank Marshfield, Ore.

COKE & COKE, Attorneys at Law. Marshfield, Oregon. Miscellaneous

MARSHFIELD TURKISH BATHS 210-213 Coos Building. Hours:—Ladies, 10 a. m. to 6 p. m., except Saturday—Gents, 7 p. m. to 1 a. m., except Friday. TURKISH BATH \$1.00. C. L. BUTTERFIELD, Prop.

W. S. TURPEN Architect. First Trust & Savings Bank bldg. MARSHFIELD, ORE.

OKLEY & ARNOLD Civil and Mechanical Engineers, North Bend, Oregon. Surveying. Maps.

CRIBBS & MASON Photographers. Coos Bay Monthly Bldg. Marshfield, Oregon.

NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Room 214 Coos Bldg. Phone, Marshfield 814. Rooms and offices for rent—Houses for rent. Your property cared for while you are away. My commission very reasonable. Call and see me. WM. WICKENS

M. R. ALBERT ABEL, Contractor for Teaming of all kinds. Phone 1884.

MUSICAL. WILHELM G. HOLL, RESIDENT TUNER. Pianos tuned and repaired. All work guaranteed. With W. R. Haines Music Co.

MABLE CLARE MILLIS Vocal Instruction. Italian and German Diction. Studio, Phone 511.

ELMER A. TODD, Director Coos Bay Academy of Music. Voice, Piano, Pipe Organ, Harmony etc., from beginning to graduation. Singers coached in style diction and interpretations, for opera oratorio or concert work. New O'Connell Building, Marshfield.

DRINK WEINHARD'S BEER BEST MADE MARDEN'S LIQUOR HOUSE

Cab Call Service at any Hour Good Horse and Vehicles HEISNER, MILLER & CO. Livery, Feed and Sale Stable. Wood for Sale. 3d and 'A' Sts. Phone 1201 Mrfd.

The Scrap Book

A Predicament Reversed. "The late Bishop Fowler," said a Buffalo Methodist, "was a broad minded man. Bigotry he abhorred. Creed, he claimed, should never hedge one good Christian from another. Sincere creeds, no matter how diverse, should on the contrary, bind Christians together. "Bishop Fowler used to tell about a young Detroit couple, John Smith and Hannah Jones. "John Smith was a Presbyterian Hannah Jones was a Baptist. They hesitated about marrying because they feared that in later life, when the little ones came, religious disputes might arise. Thus the years passed. Neither would renounce his or her church. John Smith grew bald, and Hannah Jones developed lines about her mouth and eyes. It was a complete deadlock. The world said. "Then John was sent abroad for a year by his firm to buy fancy goods. He and Hannah corresponded regularly. Toward the year's end by a remarkable coincidence each received from the other a letter, the two letters crossing in the mail. They said: "Friend John—The obstacles that stood in the way of our marriage have at last been removed. This day I was received in full membership in the Presbyterian church. "Dearest Hannah—We have no longer any ground for delaying our union for ther. I united myself this day with the Baptist church. JOHN. "Washington Star. DEAR HANDS. Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and care. No perfumed grace, no dainty skill had these. They earned for whiter hands a jeweled ease And kept the scars unlovely for their share. Patient and slow, they had the will to bear The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize The flying joys of life, the gifts that please. The gold and gems that others find so fair. Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone, Whereon no lover's kiss was ever pressed, Crossed in unthought quiet on the breast, I see through tears your glory newly won— The golden circle of life's work well done, Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest. —Susan Marr Spalding. The Warning Beacon. The bachelor and the benedict were wending homeward their weary way. "Ah, you lucky married man!" sigh'd the bachelor. "Think of having a hearthstone, a real home, a waiting welcome! Look, there is a light in the window for you!" "Gee! So there is!" muttered the benedict. "Well, there's only one way out of that. Let's go back to the club." —Home Herald. A Practical Suggestion. It was his first Sunday school, and he sat in the infants' department eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in. The superintendent turned to his small audience and in a tragical and sorrowful tone said, "You see, he is so puffed up with sin that he cannot enter in." "Try him sideways, mister; try him sideways," came the small, shrill voice from the infants' department.—Philadelphia Ledger. The Democracy of Death. In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions, Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil. Here at last is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is explained, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure and opportunity, which make life so cruel and inexplicable, ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary, who disarms alike victor and the vanquished.—John J. Ingalls. A Maine Whisky. Sir Thomas Dewar told an amusing story at the opening of Dewar House concerning a liquid which he once sampled in the prohibition state of Maine, U. S. A. When he asked what it was made of he was told the blender took a gallon of wood alcohol, put a wineglassful of glycerin in it to mellow it, then ground down some plug tobacco and strained it through a cheesecloth to give it a flavor and united the whole with a gallon of water. It was called "squirrel whisky" because "those who drank it talked nutty and climbed trees."—London Globe. The Locust Story Outclassed. The king commanded the court story teller to unfold a narrative without an end. "Once on a time there was a huge building filled with corn," began the story teller. "An enormous swarm of locusts swooped down on this tremendous edifice and"— "Stop!" commanded the king. "That tale is a bearded chestnut. I want something new. But it must be a story without an end." The story teller departed. Several hours later he returned and was admitted to the royal presence. "O most mighty monarch," he began, "I have found one who can regale you with a story which is devoid of conclusion." "Produce!" cried the king. The story teller passed from the throne room, but soon returned. He was accompanied by a woman. "Your highness, this lady will tell a story which has no end," announced the story teller. Then the woman told the king everything she was going to purchase when her husband had his salary raised. The king was still listening.—Harper's Weekly. The Saving of the English. I cannot disguise from myself the helpless dependence of the British empire on us (the Irish) for vital elements of talent and character. Without us the English race would simply die of respectability within two generations.—Bernard Shaw. He Saw With His Mouth. "A wealthy and indolent countryman of mine," said a Frenchman, "spent several years in America. On his return to Paris a learned society invited him to dine. "Tell us your impressions of that great and rich country where you remained so long," they said to him at the dinner. "And he pondered a long while. Then he said: "The American redhead duck is delightful." "But the learned men about him pushed aside that statement. He had been in America eleven years. Surely, they said, he must have observed other things. "And the guest, after a very great while of thought, said: "The American canvasback duck is also delightful." The Missing Frog. The pupils of a distinguished professor of zoology, a man well known for his eccentricities, noted one day two tidy parcels lying on their instructor's desk as they passed out at the noon hour. On their return to the laboratory for the afternoon lecture they saw but one. This professor took carefully up in his hand as he opened his lecture. "In the study of vertebrates we have taken the frog as a type. Let us now examine the gastrocnemius muscles of this dissected specimen." So saying, the professor untied the string of his neat parcel and disclosed to view a ham sandwich and a boiled egg. "But I have eaten my lunch," said the learned man bewilderedly. These Married Men. "A charming actress sat beside me one night at a dinner," said a Philadelphia playwright, "and with the fish some one began to talk about wifely extravagance. The actress listened to tale after tale of the ruinous extravagance of wives, and finally she said: "Wives' extravagance—oh, yes. You men are all alike. You are all like the broker who at midnight at his club hiccupped, wiped his eyes and said brokenly: "This is the sixth bottle of champagne I've drunk today, all through my wife making me lose my temper. It is terrible what a lot of money that woman costs me." Our Insignificance. Worlds are but dreams of God and evanescent. The galaxies of suns burn out; the heavens wither. Even time and space are only relative and the civilization of a planet but an incident of its growth.—Lafcadlo Hearn. The Other One. "Yes," he said, after explaining to his wife that the lodge meeting had been a very important and a somewhat protracted one, thus making it impossible for him to get home a minute earlier than he did, "and there were two fellows there who made the worst fools of themselves you could imagine. You couldn't find two worse chumps in a row of counties clear across this state." "I suppose not," she replied. "Who was the other one? I'd like to sympathize with his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald. Satisfactory Plan. "Your wife's twin sister is so like her that I wonder you can tell them apart." "Well, when I meet either of them I kiss her. When she slaps my face I know it isn't Bertha."—Meggendorfer Blatter. No Hair Splitting. "But," argues the exasperated automobilist, who has been hailed before the country justice, "you haven't the shadow of a reason for arresting and trying me. Why, man, my machine was standing stock still, absolutely motionless! Even the constable will tell you that." "The automobilist was a standin' still all right," acknowledges the constable, "but his engine was runnin' full blast, an' it sounded just like they do when they go forty miles an hour." "But my machine was not moving! Judge, this is prepos!" "The evidence is all against you," coldly decides the justice. "Twenty dollars and costs. This is not the time or place for idle technicalities."—Judge.

TOWN BOOM AGENTS.

Every Citizen May Become a Local Publicity Bureau.

PROMOTE FACTORY SITES.

Merchants Particularly Concerned In Having Such Establishments Located. Some Hints as to How a Prosperity Campaign May Be Made.

The city publicity bureau is becoming a fixed institution in this country. Many cities, particularly in the northwest, maintain regular bureaus for the propagation of publicity concerning their attractions and advantages. Even Boston, the "hub of the universe," fifth in population in the United States, is engaged in such a campaign for city booming.

It is perhaps unreasonable to expect a small town to maintain a paid publicity agent, yet there are some of the smaller cities which seem to find it profitable. The average town must be boomed by volunteers. Every citizen may constitute himself a publicity agent and proceed to make his town better known to outsiders.

The big city bureaus take up such matters as factory sites and opportunities, local trade advantages and the like. The small town resident can do likewise with a reasonable promise of accomplishing something for the good of his community. In these days of overcrowding in large cities, with high cost of living high rents for floor space and other unfavorable conditions many manufacturers are on the lookout for available country towns in which to locate their plants or to establish branch plants.

The advantages of a location in a smaller town are obvious. In nearly every town of a few thousand people there are many young persons unemployed who would welcome heartily a chance to get a job with some manufacturing concern. Both boys and girls, young men and young women, are available in the average town for factory work. In the absence of such opportunities they are inclined to leave home and seek work in the cities, where at best the chances for success and happiness are but meager.

With many parents in the smaller towns there is constantly present the pathetic dread of parting from their children, because the latter, approaching maturity, are ambitious to get into the big world outside and earn more than they can earn at home. With a manufacturing concern located in your town you can keep your children at home, where the conditions of living are vastly superior to the city conditions.

The town merchant is particularly concerned in this matter. A branch shoe factory, for instance, not only will give employment to the unemployed at home, enabling them to earn money for spending at home stores, but it will bring new families to town. A monthly payroll of several thousand dollars means just that much more money in local circulation. The merchant gets the benefit of the increased demand for all the necessities of life and for some of the luxuries.

Almost any town possesses a suitable site for some sort of manufacturing establishment. In good agricultural communities a canning factory works in every direction to benefit the people. It supplies a home market for the farmer's and gardener's produce. It gives employment to home people. It brings more money for home circulation.

If there is no fund in sight for the employment of an agent to push things in this line, the local business people might get together and do much toward making the advantages of the town known to manufacturers in search of locations outside the big cities. One excellent plan suggested by an expert in these matters is to have a tasty booklet or circular printed at the local printers, setting forth the merits of the town and surrounding country, giving population figures, transportation advantages, prices of available factory sites and such other information as the occasion may indicate. This booklet should be kept on hand by the merchants and other business people in quantities sufficient to enable them to inclose copies in every letter written to outsiders.

Another plan that has worked well in some towns is for the business men to club together and buy some regular advertising space in the home newspaper, where interesting information concerning the town may be kept standing. As a matter of fact, only the type will be kept standing. The information thus expressed will travel widely. It can be made to travel still more widely if the citizens will secure extra copies and mail them where they will do the most good.

A town in which every responsible citizen is a walking, talking, writing, fighting publicity bureau and town boomer is not calculated to remain very long an unknown quantity. The outside world will discover that that town is on the map and will not have to stick a pin in the atlas at that point to remember the fact.

The writer once knew a man in a Missouri town who was regarded by his friends as a benevolent lunatic because he went around talking up his own town as the best burg on the map of the United States. He visited many other towns and cities, always blowing the horn of his home town. That man no longer is regarded as a crank. His talk has built up his town, and last year the grateful citizens contributed from the money he had enabled them to make and bought him an automobile.