THE COOS BAY TIMES, MARSHFIELD, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1911 -EVENING EDITION

"GO PUT YOUR CREED INTO YOUR DEED"-EMERSON. THIS IS OUR CREED



AND IN CASE YOU THINK THAT YOU GOT A ROUND DEAL.

PLEASE, BRING IT BACK AND WE WILL GUARANTEE THAT WE WILL MAKE IT SQUARE

The Toggery

FORMERLY GEO. GOODRUM SWELL TOGS AND SENSIBLE TOGS FOR MEN.

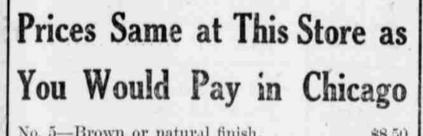
## For Baby's Comfort and Mother's Convenience

Here is the only conveyance designed for the baby that will absolutely permit the mother to take her child everywhere. Shopping, calling, visiting, riding on cars, trains, or elevators, it makes no difference where you go or how you go, the baby need never be lifted out. The

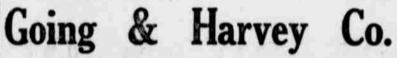


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Oriole Swings



COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING

## Flanagan & Bennett Bank

The Story of a Tree

Eons ago, upon a bleak, bare spot, A flying bird dropped from his slender bill A small brown seed, plucked from a fir-tree's cone, Upon a hill remote. Unheeded, there For many days it lay, the plaything of The elements. At length a frightened deer, Escaping from the cougar's stealthy chase, Set his fleet foot upon the prostrate seed, Pressing it in the earth. Aud thus a tree Was planted. In the warm, moist ground for months It slept, nourished in nature's wondrous way .----A forest's embryo. When winter's time Was past, and milder winds blew o'er the land, A little emerald leaf peeped through the mould, Thrusting its sturdy blade up to the light. And thus a tree was born.

Years passed, and sun And dew and rain all lent their mystic skill, And lo! upon the hillside bleak, there waved A slender sapling, robed in verdant green. Among its branches fair, birds sang in joy, And there the wild canary built her nest, And reared her tender brood.

## Ages elapsed.

And now in glorious might and majesty, The fir-tree stood, the monarch of the wild. Its strength and power were not attained without Great struggles and discouragements. The storms Of many winters on its rugged form Had fiercely beat in vain. Tempestuous gales Had bowed it near the earth: the thunderbolt Played round its lofty head; but firmer yet It stood, defying wind and flood, in mute Resistance sending its strong, fibrous roots Still further in the sympathetic ground. It seemed as though a great Power understood The mission of the tree, and gave it strength. Around its giant form, a forest vast Had grown,-descended from the small, dark seed Dropped by the flying bird.

The surface of The country now was changed. The trees' deep shade Conserved the waters of the springs and brooks, And through a splendid sylvan aisle, a swift Stream flowed, while all the little rivulets Were gathered to the mother streamlet's breast,-Forming a noble river far below. Near by, the patient beaver built his dams, And speckled trout leaped in the crystal pools.

Within the sombre wooded shades, there dwelt A motley life. The wily panther met The grizzly bear in battle to the death; The fox, the lynx, and the rapacious wolf, Pursued and trapped the timid mink and hare; Oft leaped the red deer and the antiered elk Across the mossy, fallen trees, pausing To slake their thirst from out the rippling brook,

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While savage forms crouched in the covert deep, To slay these harmless creatures of the woods,

Time passed away, and through the forest depths, Oft came the red man for this winter store Of food and furs. At last he too was gone, And once again the dark wilds knew no sound Of human voice, or touch of human hand.

Uncounted years fled by. Then one sad day A strange, new sound rang through the dusky glades. "Twas not the note of bird or beast; the sound Re-echoed through the listening grove, and all The great trees drooped their tasseled heads,-save one, The patriarch of the wild. Straight it stood, And as the loud, quick ring of ax on wood, Came nearer and more clear, sadly it bowed Its hoary head, and murmured "It has come!"

A crash of breaking twigs and boughs was heard; A low, deep rumble as of thunder, shook The earth, and through the ancient forest dark A melancholy lamentation swelled; The great trees tossed their feathery arms on high, And swayed from side to side as though in pain; Upon the air a mournful sigh arose, And then ensued a silence as of death.

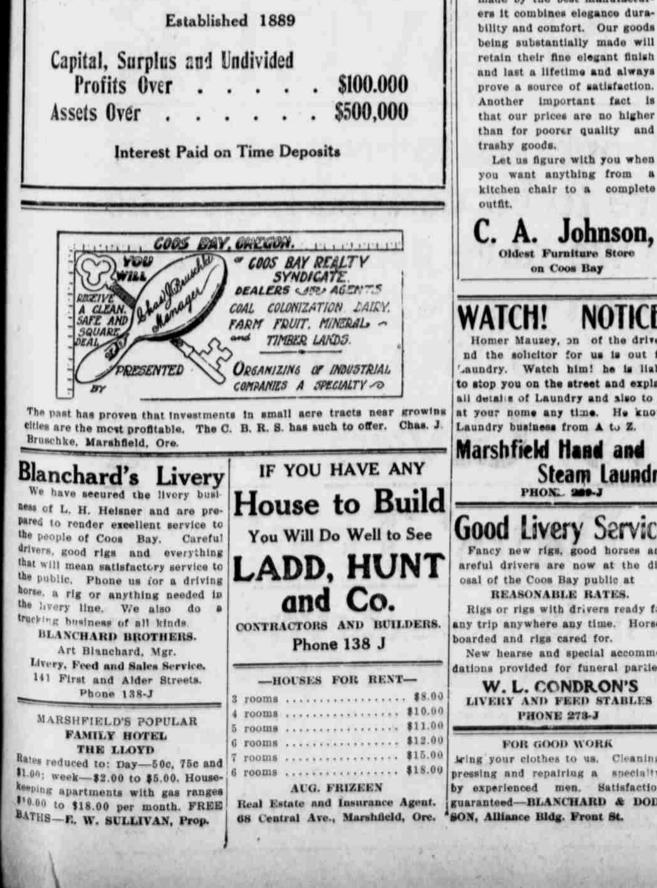
Short space elapsed before the hewers came; Straight to the forest's sire they went, and ere The summer's sun had set, upon the ground, Prostrate before its own, the monarch lay,-A monarch still, though shorn of kingly power, And stripped of all its royal robes of green. A few days more, and through a rough, wild road, The patient oxen and their drivers walked, Dragging the great fir in its captive chains;-A tree no longer, but a senseless log, Incapable of movement, sound or life. O'er tedious, devious ways their path they took, Until the river's brink was reached, and then With strength and skill combined, the giant log Was rolled adown the bank. There would it rest, With many of its slaughtered forest mates, Till winter's copious rains should free them for Their funeral ride to the great mill below.

For months in heaped confusion did they He. Unconscious, though bereft not of all power; At length the freshet came, and on the tide The big raft rode serenely to its fate, The mammoth mill received it; iron hands With vise-like clasp the patriarch embraced. Bearing it swiftly to its second death. A few short moments more, and what was once A noble forest tree, was but a mass Af glistening boards. Swiftly the saws had done Their work, and now to mortal vision first Revealed, the fir tree's heart lay bare.

Ah, who

Can tell the matchless beau'y of that wood? Its countless convolutions, penciled lines Of growth, its light and shade, concentric rings, And coloring delicate, made all that looked Admire. It seemed as though the forest's air Was in the fresh-sawn boards,---the scent of flowers, The hum of insect life, the song of birds, The breath of summer and of balmy spring. Nature, that wondrous alchemist, deftly Worked her transformations. Reincarnate Was the fir tree's soul. What before had seemed Its tragic death, was its resurrection.

On its wild, native hills its work was done; 'Twas needed there no more; the wide world called; Its mission now to tell to all mankind The gospel of beauty and useful strength.





It chanced, when in the lumber yard it lay, A railroad magnate, famed from shore to shore, Walked thorugh the place. His quick eye saw at once Its beauteous grain and charm; and there he chose Enough of it to panel his own car. Thus, as his swift train speeds along its way, The beauty of the wood a marvel is To those familiar not with forest of The west.

Near the dark mill's side, a stately Ship lay, waiting the workmen's magic touch To make it ready for its maiden trip. The master saw the mellow-tinted boards, And straightway said-,"With this Oregon fir, The salon for my bride shall finished be." And now o'er unknown seas to lands afar, Where dusky natives gaze in mild surprise, The spirit of the fir tree strays, bearing Its creed of grace and usefulness.

## Yet not

Exhausted was the great log's fruitful yield; To other distant countries, laden ships Their lumber cargoes carried, and each time Some of the fair-grained wood they proudly hore, And oft their sailors unto aliens told The story of the fir's tenacious strength.

It further chanced, in the swift course of time, That in our nation's capital was reared A splendid edifice, of wondrous cost, To show the glory of some sister states In the fair country of the distant south. The forest products of our and were scanned To find most fitting woods to ornament These classic halls. A true friends of the west, In high authority and rank admired The Douglas fir, and asked that some be sent To grace the noble rooms. Accordingly. In that historic place, wainscoted walls And carved medallions tell the story of The fir.

On Africa's burning coasts; distant Australia's sun-kissed plains and shores, and wild Siberia's frozen steppes and strand; where old Manila's storied bay gleams blue and fair, And famine-stricken China's rivers flow; Upon Hawall's palm-crowned emerald isles; Where ChilFs cities rise 'mid scented groves, The product of the fir tree found a home. There will it rest until the touch of Time. Shall take it back unto its mother's breast. AGNES RUTH LOCKHART.