

COOS BAY TIMES

M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub. DAN E. MALONEY News Editor

Address all communications to COOS BAY DAILY TIMES, Marshfield, Oregon

SCIENTIFIC HOUSEKEEPING QUESTION OF A SHORT TIME.

SCIENTIFIC housekeeping threatens to become a feminine slogan as scientific management has become a motto in certain masculine business.

Why not, too? Housekeeping is or should be a business as really as manufacturing steel or woollens.

When science shall have put more apparatus into the housewife's hand, as cookery by electricity, practical dishwashing machines, vacuum cleaners or washing tubs that clean the clothes or themselves, then the servant will be reduced to harmless disuse and yet much drudgery with its waste of time and vigor will depart.

Keeping house may yet become the delightful occupation that it now is to the homemaker who has to do her own work. The bachelor maids who have entered more remunerative or congenial fields may be lured back to homes of their own. The homes of the future will surpass the homes of the past.

FOREIGN MILLIONS FOR AUTOMOBILES.

AN INCREASE of 55 per cent in the value of the country's exportation of motor cars during the year 1911, as compared with the value of the experience of 1910, will give the general public some idea of the progress of introducing the cars manufactured in the United States to users in foreign countries.

Eighteen thousand five hundred cars were sent abroad, and taken in connection with the automobile accessories exported, they represented a value of more than \$20,000,000.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Marshfield postoffice February 15, 1912. Persons calling for same will please say advertised and pay one cent for each letter called for:

- J. A. Allen, Aobert Ash, W. S. Blair, Carl Blomberg, H. D. Barrett, Thomas Brennen, Theo. Blunt, Mrs. Maria Barrett, J. O. Briggs, Mrs. Ida Brown, Chester Bay, S. M. Briles, John M. Bert, Gus Boy, Miss Lillian Cottor, H. E. Cooley, John Conley, H. M. Collier, Geo. Enelmann, Miss Dolly Edwards, Grover C. Evans, Andrew J. Frederickson, Hans Flather, Harry Hastie, Albert Heints, William Hudson, Z. E. Jackson, Jackson Bros., R. Jacobson, Geo. W. Jacobs, Miss Petra Jelle, Mrs. N. Knox, Emero J. Larson, Tom Lawson, Mrs. Matt Leyby, J. W. Linnohan, Mith Louise, M. McGuire, Robert E. McKenzie, James McCahey, James McCormick, Mrs. McLeby, John R. Manning, Johnay Martin, Ed Mason, Frank May, Chas. S. Murphy, Ernest Norton, Leander Olsson, John Rands, James Robertson, Fred Rogers, Alfred Roy, George M. Ross, John Rusklin, John Snodgrass, John P. Stitzer, William Sharp, Charles Smith, F. L. Smith, William Thorp, Henry Tornorth, Joe Ward, R. L. Wright, R. A. Wilder, Mrs. Frank Williams, E. E. Young, W. B. CURTIS, Postmaster.

NOTICE

All Coos County warrants drawn on the general fund, and endorsed prior to October 1, 1910, will be paid on presentation at my office in Coquille; no interest will be allowed on any of these warrants after February 9, 1912.

Dated this 8th day of Feb'y, 1912. T. M. DIMMICK, County Treasurer.

The Royal

TONIGHT 3000 FEET OF NEW PICTURES.

"THE NAVAL REVIEW."

Biggest mobilization of war vessels ever held in American waters. 102 vessels, the flower of the U. S. Navy, in New York harbor, with the battleship Connecticut as flagship. The greatest fleet of war vessels ever shown.

Also 2000 feet of other good films.

G. J. LEMANSKI, Proprietor.

A WARNING AGAINST WET FEET.

Wet and chilled feet usually affect the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and lungs, and in grippe, bronchitis or pneumonia may result. Watch carefully, particularly the children, and for the racking stubborn coughs give Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It soothes the inflamed membranes, and heals the cough quickly. Take no substitute. Red Cross Drug Store.

LOCAL TRAGEDY STORY BASIS

Strange Tale Alleged to Have Had Basis in Blighted Coos Bay Romance.

A tragedy, the particulars of which have been kept partly secret on Coos Bay in the past, is revealed in a short story published in the North Bend Harbor this week. The story, if correct, will bring to the minds of old residents of the Bay the facts in the case which have evidently been handled with poetic license in giving them the touch of fiction.

Editor McDaniels says that the story, whose author is given as "Neva A. Carus," was written from facts and vouched for by a former Cape Arago lighthouse tender. The story is as follows:

It was a very hot afternoon in June. I had been traveling since early morning and the journey seemed long and slow. People drifted in, chiefly people who had been in the city for a day and as the train crawled through the mountains they left by twos and threes at the little stations. Shortly before 5 o'clock when I was the only passenger in the coach a woman entered and took a seat across the aisle from mine. I put aside the magazine in which I had been trying to interest myself, and propped my hand against my cheek, and indifferently observed her from behind my screening fingers.

She was neatly dressed. Her mannish coat of black serge opened over a plain white shirtwaist. The curly locks that hid her temples were silver gray, yet her face was winning—with its childish upper lip, its thin oval, and clear, lovely brown eyes. Grace was also imprinted on the fragile body, and beautiful hands. The only disturbing feature was an apparent restlessness and constraint.

Thus I mused, when suddenly the dull vague babble of the grinding wheels and shuddering window frames abruptly ceased. I thrust my head out of the window. The train was on a side track at a lonely station in the mountains of the Pacific Coast range.

"Wait two hours," said a man as he passed beneath my window.

"What can of happened?" I spoke involuntarily, but the sound of my voice startled the woman and she glanced at me inquiringly. Then I noticed her pallor. "You are ill. Lie down," I said, taking hold of her arm.

She did not speak, but laid her head against my shoulder a moment. Then with a "Thank you" she pushed me away from her and sat upright.

"If you could see the inside of me would that be the real me, you would spurn me," she said, in quick, impulsive yet a gentle voice.

"Dear lady," I said, "I'm sure you misjudge yourself. Many people are pessimistic when they are ill. Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable?"

She shook her head slowly. "No one can do anything for me—because—no one can bring the dead to life."

"Our Heavenly Master will help you if you ask Him," I said.

"He hates me," she said, brushing away a tear, "but perhaps you can help me. Perhaps you know what God thinks about some things."

She was silent; though her lips moved and finding nothing to say that was not futile I sat dumb, with the weight of a tragedy bearing on my heart until of her own choice and seemingly as if she must talk, she broke forth, tumultuously.

"Listen, and I will tell you the thing I did. Until I was twenty I lived beyond those mountains in a village on the shores of Coos Bay. Oh, those golden years of girlhood; so radiant with hope, so filled with vague longings; so beset with visions impossible of realization; so little appreciated until they were of the past. So misty with dreams. Ah, if those dreams had been lofty and pure, I would not now look back with unbearable regret. But, alas, I looked with indifference on all things from which integrity of purpose and usefulness would come. I was selfish and vain. I had had my own way since babyhood. My fond parents lavished every care on their only child, and having no responsibilities, my thoughts were filled with romance. I spelled it with a capital R. Those days I was considered a beauty. A bitter curse that beauty has been to me. Yes, and to the man who loved me."

She paused a moment, and gave a weary sigh. "There was a depth of misery in her lovely eyes."

"One afternoon," she went on in a low, but determined voice, "down on the Oregon Coast not far from the entrance of Coos Bay he told me he cared for me. His love was not an hallucination of the brain. It was a great love of which only a great soul

Foley Kidney Pills will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. Red Cross Drug Store.

is capable. He was not handsome, yet his face showed strength and character. There was no affectation about him. He was straightforward and open. Little given to the kind of talk that serves in so many cases to conceal character.

The woman's voice trembled. She was silent a moment then went on again.

"We were near the Arago lighthouse on a precipitous cliff that overhangs the Pacific, with the sea on three sides of it, when suddenly my inherent love of tyranny stirred within me. "Harry," I cried, "I don't want to marry. All married people I know live, move, and breathe the atmosphere of the commonplace. I do not care to live such a prosaic existence."

"Elvira," he answered, "love is a mysterious thing. It is like religion and reverence. It's not the marriage part that matters; it's the love that makes people marry so they can keep together. I'm sure you would not think it would be commonplace if your heart responded to the deep, faithful love which I feel for you."

"I am not sure that you really care for me. You have never done anything to prove that you have a feeling stronger than friendship."

"What shall I do?" he cried in a tense, strained voice.

"We were standing upon the very edge of the cliff. The restless swash of the Pacific harried and fretted and fumed sixty feet below us. 'Get that boat that is fastened to that rock below us,' I said, laughing. 'I will meet you at Sunset Landing.'"

"That will be a convincing proof of my affection?" he said, with a note of inquiry in his voice.

"I told him it would, in my frivolous way, while he looked at the treacherous sea that rose and fell in long oily swells."

"Then he turned and gazed at me a moment, and declared in accents thick with passion."

"Elvira, I will obey your command at the risk of my life; if by so doing I may win your love and confidence."

"I gave him my promise with a light heart. This is 'TRUE ROMANCE'—of which I have always been dreaming. I thought, as I watched him descend the steep and rugged wall of stone."

"A moment later, I realized his great danger, but it was too late. He was hanging thirty feet from the angry breakers, with his hands grasping a slippery projection of rock. It was only a second that he retained his hold, then—"

The woman ceased speaking, and rocked back and forth on the seat, holding her head with both hands, and groaning. I could say nothing. Then she peered at me again with a look of intense suffering.

"Always since then," she whispered "asleep or awake, I can see nothing but a ghastly face and a watery grave. The angry sea is ever rumbling and roaring in my ear. But God knows that I have repented. And oh, how I regret my love of adventure and admiration. Every Decoration Day I visit the scene of the tragedy with a tribute of flowers."

"How did your parents feel about it?" I asked.

"Ah," she cried, "it is for them, too, an ever-haunting misery, which tortures them unspeakably. They can never forgive themselves, yet I know that it is I who should know better—who am all in fault. Sometimes when I am tormented beyond bearing with remorse, I try to shield myself behind my lack of moral training, and I wish I had been taught to be humble, patient, and loving—"oh" the wailing tone of that word still lingers in my ear—"Will the end ever come?"

The train started and I was glad. The porter came in whistling and said with a grin—

"Only half hour's wait after all. Aren't you glad?" And I wondered what would have happened if we had stayed two hours.

Not until the train had ground out another noisy fifty miles or so, and we were at Salem did the woman speak again.

"This is my home," she said with a smile. "Goodbye, to you. Much obliged to you."

A moment later she passed through the car, and like the transient, impersonal, altogether mysterious stimulant of a strain of martial music she vanished into space.

NOTICE TO PUBLIC.

Notice is hereby given by the Coos Bay Oil & Gas Company that no one but officers or directors of the company is authorized to transact any business for it or receipt for money paid in.

R. T. KAUFMAN, Sec'y.

HAVE YOU READ IT?

The Adler-I-ka book telling how you can EASILY guard against appendicitis, and get instant relief from stomach and bowel trouble, is being read with much interest by Marshfield people. It is given away free by Lockhart & Parsons Drug Co.

First Class Auto Service

Cars leave Front of Lloyd hotel to meet all trains. Fare 25c. Special calls anywhere at all hours. BEST CARS. Best drivers. Phone 66-J until 11 p. m., after 11 p. m. phone 5-J. Residence phone 25-J; after 12 phone 181R.

D. L. FOOTE, Proprietor

WANTED!!!

CARPETS UPHOLSTERING AND PIANOS TO CLEAN, by the Pneumatic Cleaning Company. Orders for work taken at

GOING & HARVEY

PHONE 190

MEN of ideas, who have some inventive ability please write REELEY & MCINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.



YES this is the celebrated Ostermoor you have heard of and no doubt your friend who has one has told you about its quality and durability. We have them at prices the same as you pay in New York from \$15.00 to \$25.00. We also have the largest line of all kinds of mattresses in the city at prices from \$2.50 to \$25.00. A good felt mattress for \$10. Call and examine our entire line. You are always welcome.

GOING & HARVEY CO.

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

We Clean and Press Ladies' and Gent's Suits

Goods Called for and Delivered Coos Bay Steam Laundry PHONE MAIN 87-J

Unique Pantatorium

DYEING, CLEANING, PRESSING AND REPAIRING ALL KINDS OF ROSS & PINEGRO. 256 Central avenue Phone 250X HAT WORK.

WM. S. TURPEN Architect

People Take Notice!

We have all lengths of stove wood for sale, prices ranging from \$1.50 per tier up. We can furnish any length you wish.

L. H. HEISNER

Phone No. 120-J or 49-L.

Blanchard's Livery

We have secure, the livery business of L. H. Heisner and are prepared to render excellent service to the people of Coos Bay. Careful drivers, good rigs and everything that will mean satisfactory service to the public. Phone us for a driving horse, a rig or anything needed in the livery line. We also do trucking business of all kinds. BLANCHARD BROTHERS Phone 138-J Livery, Feed and Sales Service. 141 First and Alder Streets

Now Is the Time

TO HAVE THAT RESIDENCE WIRED FOR LIGHTS. ESTIMATES GIVEN

Coos Bay Wiring Co. PHONE 287-J

Industrial Accidents Double During Dark Months

Accident insurance statistics show that twice as many injuries to factory operatives occur in the dark winter months as during the light summer months.

The cause principally is poor interior lighting; too few lamps and poor methods of illumination.

Bad factory lighting also diminishes production and adds to damaged material.

Our lighting experts will plan installations for workrooms and factories which will reduce the personal injury list, increase production and very likely decrease the expense of lighting.

A representative will call at your request.

Telephone 178.

Oregon Power Co.

FLANAGAN & BENNETT BANK

OLDEST BANK IN COOS COUNTY, ESTABLISHED IN 1868

Capital and Surplus \$100,000 Undivided Profits 8,000

Interest paid on time deposits. SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT. U. S. Depository for Postal funds. Taxes can be paid through bank free of charge.

The Times Does Job Printing

Advertisement for Snow Drift Flour, Highest Quality, featuring a logo with a snowdrift and the text 'NORTH PACIFIC FLOUR MILLS CO. SNOW DRIFT FLOUR'.