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Early Spring Deliveries of Crisp, Up-to-Date

Men's Haberdashery

SOMETHING "JUST A LITTLE DIFFERENT."
NEW BONNETS FOR SPRING—BIG SELECTION.
GREAT VALUES AND RIGHT UP TO THE MINUTE.

Browns, Grays, Pearl, Black and Nutria, every new shape of the season, AND THE PRICE \$3.00.

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UNDERWEAR, in silk, wool and cotton.

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PACKARD SHOES. Will give you another pair if they don't wear.

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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.

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"MY VIEWS"

A Running Record of Individual Opinion by a Quiet Observer.

Editor Times:

Once in a while a man, moved by remorse, will swell up with an almost uncontrollable desire to make amends and do the "square thing" by his family.

In a case like that he is liable to rush down town in a feverish haste and buy a \$9 jardiniere and put a chrysanthemum in it, or an oleander or some other flower with a Swe'te name and come lugging it home, full of conscious pride.

Maybe, though, it is a clock he will buy.

It was a clock in my case. One of those bronze affairs. On the top was a little 7-year-old cupid, couchant, and a grass widow rampant by his side, holding a pewter wreath in her hand, and a look on her face like she was going to lam someone over the head with it; then, crouching at her knees, is a bull dog or two—maybe they are rabbits. I don't think there is a man living who would be sworn and tell which, unless he perjured himself. Beneath this costly outlay of fancy work in bronze is a little \$1.50 clock that is guaranteed to pay dividends on all this lavish display in art, and besides, keep time. There was an alarm connected with it that was equally as irritating as that siren whistle at the Smith mill and had just about as much judgment when to go off. You know how it is yourself when you don't get to sleep until 4:30 and that shrieking demon awakens you at 6 o'clock.

But what a gong that clock had! When I think it over, it was that gong that landed me. The escaped convict that sold me this clock told me that down in Sonoma County, California, there was a clock with a gong, only, of course, larger; but it wasn't a bit better than the gong in this clock, except for outdoor concerts.

As a testimonial he told me that one day there was to be a fellow hung up at Tacoma—anyhow, it was at the county seat. Everything was ready, and just as the Sheriff was about to slip the black cap over the condemned man's head and separate his immortal spirit from the sordid clay, that clock in the court house tower commenced to strike eleven. The Sheriff stopped to listen. The crowd breathlessly turned to gaze on their proud possession, and listened. Silence, except for that gong, reigned everywhere. The birds quit singing. Even a woodpecker, industriously drilling away on a nearby telephone pole, cocked his head and listened. When the last stroke of eleven had been tolled off, the Sheriff heaved an ecstatic sigh, and turned to pull the lever—but the man was gone.

I have often thought he was the unprincipled cuss who sold me that clock.

When that timepiece struck the idea was that it would make a child shut up crying with the earache, and lull him into a sleep, dreamless and soft and sweet as kisses from the lips of love. It was better than hot goose grease or chloroform—and you didn't have to get up and administer it.

That clock was temptingly offered to me for \$9, but I hung fire. Then his last remaining bit of conscience smote him and died. He said I could have it for \$7.50. He confessed that the wreath around cupid was a last year's one, and out of style; so he would knock off \$1.50.

I bought the clock and took it home with me. Nearly every step I took would start the gong and people would stop and look around, thinking it was a fire alarm.

I arrived home all right with my timepiece, and the family gathered around me, and there was joy and harmony in my household. I made it strike for the baby, wound up the alarm and turned it loose and she stuck her fingers in her ears, danced round the room and shouted until one of the neighbors came over, said he thought I had come home drunk and was beating the child. I was feeling so satisfied with myself that it never made me mad.

After admiring the clock for some time, my wife, in kind of a hesitating way, suggested that the wreath around cupid's loins was a little out of date. This irritated me. I told her I was aware it was hung a trifle high, according to my notion; but that fact alone saved me \$1.50 on the purchase price; that I couldn't afford to go plugging around, throwing a \$9 clock over my shoulder simply because it didn't have a 1912 wreath around the little archer.

The first relief that came to me on account of that clock was the same evening I brought it home. I rushed out right after supper and got a carpenter that lived in the block to make me a shelf on which to rest the thing. The shelf was a work of art; but when he went to cut it up he drove more than forty nails through the plaster and tore great, ugly rents in my high-priced paper, trying to find the studs.

Finally he threw down his hammer and told me my house hadn't any. This hurt me to think how I had been imposed upon. I got him his hammer and opened on a bottle of grape juice, and after that he never missed the studs once.

When we got that clock up it started to tick off seconds like it was going to run a hundred years. I heard it strike during the night and

turned over in bed with the self-satisfied notion that I had made an investment that would stay by me and back up my judgment.

In the morning when I got up I found that my Seth Thomas had stopped at 3:30 a. m., and had settled down to a still, quiet hush. I was not much discouraged, for it struck me that the shelf was not exactly horizontal. I stuck a piece of blotting paper under one of its turtle-like legs, and started it going again; and when the hired girl said that she "didn't think that clock was no good" I lost my temper and fired her.

For fear people might misjudge me, I will say here that Sophia is working for us now, when she feels like it—and I will say further, that no clock can come between us.

That night when I came home the thing had stopped again. I got another blotter and crammed part of it under another leg, wound it up, and started off in a gladsome manner, like it was going to make up for all the time it had lost. I sat up and read until about 10 o'clock, and all the while it ticked and struck beautifully.

Before going to bed I went in and took one last look at that clock. The woman with the dogs and little cupid looked peaceful and entirely satisfied with their lots; the pendulum swung back and forth with a steady movement, like it had settled down to a sure job and was content. The still night was penetrated with the harmonious rhythm of that song, while the pendulum with its even measured swing, ticked off time to the music.

Then I went to bed. It may have been an hour—it might have been two—when I woke up. The clock was striking. I counted twelve; then it struck thirteen—still I might have been mistaken—fourteen, that gave my constitution a nervous shock. Then I counted up to fifty. The cold perspiration broke out on me and I began to think. Before that clock had struck sixty-nine I had reviewed all the cases that had come to my knowledge of hallucinations wrought by overwork.

I was just getting ready to start in on a spell of reformation and was figuring what I had better call in first—a doctor or a preacher—that timepiece was still hammering away—when my wife called to me and asked: "What's the matter with your clock?"

It was like breaking loose from a nightmare. I immediately gave up all notion of sending for a doctor or a preacher, and, like a man wholly without fear, I got out of bed and marched into the room where my wife sleeps and wanted to know what she was worrying her head about that clock for.

"Why, it has struck 247 times, or had when I called you, and it is not through yet."

And she said "my clock." It was plain to me that in the future there would be no one to share with me the responsibilities of that clock. This naturally made me sordid and out of condition. Mentally I was keeping track of the strokes—320—321.

I finally broke loose and talked in a tongue that was almost new to my folk; then I grabbed my revolver and swore, bi-chloride of mercury, if it struck beyond 400, I'd shoot it in its vitals; and I took that gun right in the face of the belle of California—as I called that creature on the clock—and held it there.

My wife got up and came down where I was. I called that clock some awful names. If the maker of it had been around he certainly would have felt tough.

Whether it was the influence of mind over matter, I cannot say; but as sure as the world is a foot across, that clock struck just 400 and quit.

The next evening when I came home to supper, I heard Sophia singing a Swe'te song in the kitchen.

That clock is still there, and it is still still. It is decorated every Christmas and on my birthday with ribbons and then presented to me by my family as a present. I am sore.

I have a plan, though. Next summer I am going to send my family down home, on the farm, with the lard bucket. I am going to send them before the fourth of July. I will remain at home, and on the morning of the fourth I am coming down town, shoot off a few sane fire crackers, hang out a flag or two, and be uncommonly patriotic.

Then, after dinner, I am going home. I am going to take with me a quart of Old Crow, a package of tobacco and a pipe. Then I am going to take that clock out into the back yard and set it down under the shade of a cherry tree that is there. After that, I am going to sit on my back porch and smoke a pipe.

When that is done, I am going to take about three fingers of Old Crow, direct from the bottle—take a club—it is an old neck yoke—and I am going to walk up to that clock, select my point of attack, spit on my hands, and wait that timepiece of mine nine times, my best.

After that, I will smoke again, touch Old Crow for three fingers more. I may talk out loud to myself some. If there is anyone in that vicinity watching, he will notice me take up that club, and repeat the former scene. I am going to keep this up until that clock is laid out to my complete satisfaction—or I am laid out first.

There is no use of the authorities trying to stop me, either. It has gone too far. I am a soured man. When I see that dining room now that little innocent cupid looks like a midget ruffian, and the woman with the wreath, who was presumed to be a specimen of the best, gazes down on me with a look so coarse and brazen that it cannot be fixed for me.

Libby COAL. The kind YOU WANT ALWAYS USED PHONE 72 Pacific Delivery & Transfer Co.

GIVE CONCERT HERE SUNDAY

DIRECTOR FENTON ANNOUNCES PROGRAM FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON'S ENTERTAINMENT AT MASONIC OPERA HOUSE.

Director Fenton of the Coos Bay Concert Band this morning announced an excellent program for the concert which the organization will give at the Masonic Opera House Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Mr. Fenton announces that this probably will be the last concert the band will give unless the City Council Monday evening appropriates the \$150 per month needed to maintain the organization. During the last year besides the funds subscribed by business men, the members of the band have raised about \$500 to meet expenses of the organization.

The program for tomorrow is as follows:
March "Punjab" Payne
Overture "Tancred" Rossini
Intermezzo "Cupidietta" Tobani
Descriptive Fantasy, "A Vision of Salome" Lampe
(By request.)
Quartet from "Rigoletto".... Verdi
Selection "Bohemian Girl".... Baefe
March "Famous 22d Regiment".....
.....P. Gilmora
"Star Spangled Banner."

CHANGE PHONE MANAGERS.

K. H. Hansen, A. M. Snyder and David McNair went to Coquille last Saturday to attend the meeting of the newly elected directors of the Coquille Valley Telephone Company. The directors organized by electing the following officers: David McNair, president; K. H. Hansen, vice-president; J. H. Barklow, secretary; and R. H. Mast, treasurer. Minor matters of routine business were transacted and J. D. Clinton having resigned the managership, President McNair was empowered to appoint a temporary manager. J. N. Jacobson has been named and is in charge, and his appointment will probably be confirmed at the next meeting of the board on the first Thursday in March. —Myrtle Point Enterprise.

LONG AUTO TRIP.

Frank Burkhalter, wife and stepson, Claude Moon, returned Monday on the Fifield from San Francisco, after a four month's outing in California and Mexico. They toured the greater part of California in their "auto," visiting almost all the coast cities. In all, they covered over 8000 miles in their machine, and are warm in their praise of California roads, climate and scenery.—Coquille Sentinel.

TO BANISH ILLNESS DUE TO HEAVY SEAS

Ends Use of Baked Potatoes and Champagne.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—If Captain Polack of the steamship George Washington of the North German Lloyd line, has hit upon the right idea, no matter how his vessel may plunge about and disport in the white crested seas, the wheels of the water wagon need not slip for any of his passengers who may be tempted to resort to baked potatoes and champagne as a means of preventing seasickness.

Captain Polack put his idea into operation when the George Washington steamed from Hoboken for Bremen, and on its success depends the salutary comfort of many of her two hundred first cabin passengers.

"There is a great deal of truth in the statement," he said yesterday, "that mal de mer is a mental disaffection, and I have discovered one thing which I believe has more to do than wind and water in making passengers uncomfortable. That is the barometer which hangs in a corner in one of the passageways outside in the main saloon.

"The instrument is suspended in a bracket by a universal pivot, which keeps it perpendicular to the surface of the earth, no matter how the vessel may roll. That is, the barometer, which is one of the long kind, shaped like a pendulum, is always pointing toward the earth's center. When the vessel rolls one gets the impression that the barometer is swaying to and fro, whereas it is actually the only immovable thing on the vessel, for the vessel is swinging about the instrument.

"Well, I have seen persons who never dream of being affected by the motion of the vessel which they feel stand and gaze at that thing until they believe the steamship is rolling all over the ocean. If they just look long enough and begin to realize how rough it really is, they become ill. I have seen it repeatedly, and I have now had a screen placed around the barometer, so that it cannot be seen by persons casually passing. Judging from past performances, that ought to save about forty passengers from acute discomfort. It is more simple than bilge keels, and I dare to hope will be quite as effective."

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