

A Little Shop Talk From The Toggery

The Hat That Has the Call



"SCRATCH-UPS," "VELOURES" and those "FUZZY WUZZY" kind, as they are known in store talk, have the call.

As we show them, all the freaks have been eliminated and the really smart, refined textures and shapes are represented.

Some splendid new shades in hats that can be worn telescoped, creased or dented. Brims that can be pulled in any rakish angle.

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PACKARD has just sent us the NEW SPRING LASTS in SHOES. Come and see them. You know they must be right.

You are not too dignified for a HEID-CAP.

The best dressers in the country, young and old, are wearing HEIDCAPS. It is the gentleman's cap.

The Toggery

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THE TOGGERY

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The work can be done quickly and without tearing up your home.

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This is a vital question for present day homebuilders—whether to have a house which in appearance may always remain the same or a house that will permit of a little refreshing occasionally. Neighborhoods change as do individual tastes—a frame house can easily be made to harmonize with its surroundings—a fresh coat of paint often will make it as good as your neighbor's new house—the same as a new suit makes you feel like a new man. At any rate a frame house is susceptible to most any change you might desire and while it is permanent it does not necessarily need become an eyesore or a monotony. There are lots of things we've observed about houses and lumber that you should know before building—come in and we'll give you our views.

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THE SEA'S FLOATING PERILS

Derelict Vessels Are a Constant Menace to Shipping.

(From New York Evening Post.)

It is hard to understand how the ship owners and seamen of the Atlantic Coast ever got along without the Seneca, guardian of the seas and destroyer of derelicts. Whenever the crackle of the wireless brings news of the presence of some drifting bulk plunging about in the chop of the Gulf Stream or wallowing keel-up in the direct path of the ocean greyhounds of the Newfoundland banks, the Seneca weighs anchor and puts to sea under all steam, bent on its allotted task of keeping clear the ways of the ships. In the course of its brief career—and it has not been in commission three years—it has done more to preserve the safety of those who trust their lives to the deep than all the other preventive agencies.

The Seneca's task is not easy, for it deals with the most detestable foe the sea provides. The derelict has been called the vampire of the ocean, and the term is held to be well applied by those who have met these rolling sea monsters. There is something terrifying about their bulk, their uncanny longevity, buffeted, as they have been, by the storm and abandoned by men; about their unnatural power of resistance to all destroying forces; even about their ultimate doom.

Hunks With Histories.

Yet each derelict, repulsive as she may be, has had a history—a history including at least one tragedy. Kipling, in his poem, "Derelict," has told her story:

I was the staunchest of our fleet Till the sea rose beneath our feet Unheralded, in hatred past all measure Into his pits he stamped my crew, Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw, Bidding me, eyeless, wait upon his pleasure.

Here is the story of a typical derelict. Off the coast of Hatteras, that graveyard of ships since the days when the high-pooped fleets of Raleigh careened past on their way to the Spanish Main, a schooner, with all sails reefed down, is boring doggedly into the heart of a wild northeast. The wind sings through the cordage, the waves tush its sides with trip-hammer blows, opening its seams and making it groan with agony. Hour after hour the vessel fights to keep its head to the wind, but at last the crew become exhausted. They are unable to continue the fight; the elements triumph over them. Their vessel falls into the trough and rolls clumsily to and fro.

In the eyes of the crew the fight is over, and they abandon the vessel for their lifeboats, seizing only such things as they can carry in their hands. The ship's deck beams are awash, and, as the men in the lifeboats pull away through the scarcely abated storm, they look to see it take the last plunge with every moment. But it is still there when the scudding spray closes over the picture, still rolling along with that sickening motion that reminds one of an over-tired horse.

A week or two later, dispatches from Norfolk or Newport News tell of an "unknown two-masted schooner, water logged, sighted in latitude blank, longitude blank. All vessels beware. A menace to navigation." The history of the derelict has begun.

Most of Them Lumber Ships. Most derelicts carry lumber, about the only cargo that is absolutely unsinkable. The wetter the wood gets, the more disposed it is to stay near the surface. Lumber schooners take in water to their full capacity after they spring a leak and then simply drift along buoyed up by the mass of swollen, water soaked material in their holds. Sometimes they are so rotten from exposure and so badly battered that the deck planking lifts with every lift of the hull, and yet sheathing is like rubber; yet the great mass of cypress wood and pine packed firmly inside the hold keeps the ship together even when it is falling to pieces.

Instances of iron steamships keeping themselves afloat have been known. There was the British steamship Anglo-African, which met with grief off Cape Henry. It was a steel

vessel of two thousand tons, and it took twenty-six separate gun-cotton mines to dismember it so that it was no longer a menace to navigation.

One day, years ago, the American Line steamship St. Louis came into port with a tale of having sighted a tramp steamer wallowing along its port side, its hull salt-encrusted and red with rust, stanchions and deck fittings hanging in shreds and half of its funnel pendulous from its lower stays. Scampering over the listed decks was a great army of rats, lean, gray coated sea rats, that fought and ate each other with dumb ferocity while the ship that had been their home drifted aimlessly along.

Many a good ship has met its end in the night when some lunging phantom slipped beneath its bows and then bounced away again. So perished the steamship Georgia in March, 1897, and all its company of fifty-four. A similar reason was assigned by the steamship Naronic in mid-ocean in February, 1893. The loss of the Huronian, ten years later, was also supposed to have been caused by a derelict. There is a long list of such disasters.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

BUSTING THINGS UP.

There was a fellow got a hunch That he was strictly "it." Just to get even with his boss He quit.

The boss he bore it wondrous well. He never wailed or moaned or swore; But said, "As you go out don't slam the door."

The other boys about the place Did not go moping much that day. They laughed and said good-bye, and drew Their pay.

He thought: "They do not realize That I have left them to their fate. So much the better; let them laugh; But wait!"

And then he ambled down the street, And confidently told the town, "Now, fellows, watch and see the boss Fall down."

Somehow or other things went on; The business did not go to smash; The boss went smiling as he grabbed the cash.

And every day the fellow met Some friend who didn't know he'd quit, And didn't care, and wasn't sore A bit.

It rather stunned him that the world Went booming on through day and night As well as when he used to keep It right.

Somehow, there isn't any man For whom the whole creation squirms; And good men cluster round a job Like germs.

And when you up and leave your place And think the whole blame works will quit, The joker hollers, "Tag, old man, You're it!"

The world goes plugging, plodding on, As unconcerned as it can be; If you are mentioned, some one asks, Who's he?

LEAP YEAR POETRY.

Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream;" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real, life is earnest, single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returneth," has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end or way, but to act that each tomorrow find us nearer marriage day. Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the day. In the world's broad fields of battle in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle—be a heroine—wife! Trust no future, however pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead; act—act in the living present, heart within and hope ahead. Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and departing leave behind us such examples as shall "tell"—such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport, a forlorn, unmarried brother seeing, shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

This is the season for planting seed, and 'tis also the printer's time of need. Sow radish seed, and lettuce too, and pay the printer whatever is due. Go build yourself an onion bed and remember the printer must be fed. Sow several rows of early peas and pay for last year's paper, please. Dig up the earth 'round each strawberry vine and if you want the (The Times) drop us a line. Plant some potatoes to put in the hash and remember the printer is short of cash. Fix up a hill or so of beans and with ye editor divide your means. Of watermelons you'll need a patch—the editor's pants needs one to match. Pay up your subscription, then plant your corn and you'll raise a big crop, as sure as you're born.

All Children's Eyes

should be examined before sending them to school.



A child's eyes are delicate things. Hence it is only by the rarest skill, are children eyes fitted with glasses, which are in accordance with their requirements. Years of experience enables me to guarantee satisfaction in such cases.

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OPEN LETTER TO HAWLEY

Geo. Watkins Makes Acknowledgment of The Annual Gift of Seeds.

To the Hon. W. C. Hawley, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:— I take my pen in hand to tell you I got your package of seeds of the succulent pumpkin free, free as salvation, for which please accept my grateful thanks.

If there is any one thing more than another, in this vale of tears, that fills my soul with joy, it is to get something for nothing, something without its costing me a single cent. Or is it a slight token of appreciation on your part for long years of fealty spent in sliding down your political cellar door?

I indeed, I am touched, touched to think of the strings of dried pumpkin that will adorn my humble cottage on Pony Slough, from cellar to garret, in the gloaming, and for my proportion of your pearly annual salary of \$8700.

William, or Bill, I had always suspected that you had regarded me as one of the foremost agriculturists of the northwest, but never had I any actual proof of it before. Receiving this encouragement I will now look about me after which I will strike you for a soft federal job.

Bill, I want something easy, something without much work. In fact the less work and the more pay, the better it will suit me. However, if the pay don't suit, given a whack at it, I'll agree to vote to raise my salary, as I believe you did yours.

I am looking forward longingly, oh so longingly, to the day when I may retire on a handsome government pension and go fishing. That scheme you fellows are working out to pension all government employees, looks good to me, provided I can catch on.

Bill, methinks I hear my country's call; it needs me; you need me and so does Uncle Joe.

These beautiful pumpkin seeds! My, I am so tickled. What breed are they? I do so hope they are a cross between the southdown and Maltese. Are they subject to glanders?

And now, William, the springtime comes on apace and the perennial candidate skiddooes o'er the lea, afraid some office will come out and get him.

This is the time the pesky political warble begins to get in his work. This is the season when it behooves us farmers to perk up a bit. I observe you have already begun to cultivate your publicity board, and the things you do not propose to do are mighty few.

I dare say ere long the celebrated O. A. C. demonstration car will be greased and started on its biennial tour of the state, probably under the supervision of that horny handed farmer, James Withycombe, and in its wake will likely be farmers Oswald, George, Steve, Ben, Jonathan and the devil knows who all. This is the open season for farmers and the occasion on which conservatism and irrigation congresses and like yawn seeds flourish like the green bay tree.

I am not informed as to whether farmer Jim Withycombe will be shouting for the assembly this year again or not, or as to whether he will again compete for Governor, in the sweet bye and bye.

These lovely pumpkin seeds! I do think pumpkin flowers and hiacs are so becoming to a bald head. Will you probably seek an assembly nomination again? Pardon me! Perhaps this may be impertinent, but in any event I am sure you will always be Vicar of Bray.

I wish you would kindly frank me some statuary. You might find some lying around loose in Statuary Hall. I would like a statue of Franklin or Washington or Lincoln.

We now have free delivery in our town. Under the direction of the postmaster general, I have had a bung-hole bored in the door of my sanctum. If the carrier can't put it in through that, I'll take the dang door down.

Your motto, "Only the peoples' interests," is beautiful. Are these pumpkins the kind that grow in trees or will they have to be poled?

The bar and lifesaving station are just where you left them. I hope you will return soon and look at them some more. They are two things that can't be started out of countenance, else you would have had them going long ago.

The other day half a dozen folks drowned there because the station is too far away—no congressman—just plain folks, that's all.

Are you given to "Seed" things at night?" Oh nothin'! I just wondered.

Which do you think pays best, holding office or the manufacture of pumpkins?

I am so glad the student and the insurgents are getting together. It's all so beautiful.

Give my regards to Uncle Joe and tell him that the outlook on Pony Slough for pumpkins is immense.

I think a pumpkin nose in a farmer's head and a wisp of affairs behind his ear is so becoming, when running for office.

I am very respectfully your admirer and constituent, GEO. WATKINS.

P. S.—What is your private opinion as to the merits of the magnificent variety of pumpkin—the seedless and greenest sort?

P. S.—Would you recommend the late 'box of trouble to a man's nose?

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