

COOS BAY TIMES

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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EQUITABLE TAXATION.

Now that the question of equitable taxes is being discussed in Oregon as a result of the single tax feature of the next election, it might be well to examine the methods pursued in other states. In the matter of levying and collecting revenues, a glance at New York would not be amiss.

It is probable that the inheritance tax collections in New York this year will amount to about \$20,000,000. There are two classes of beneficiaries under the New York inheritance tax law. The first class includes fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children, brothers, sisters, wives and widows of sons and husbands of daughters of decedents.

Persons of the first class may receive bequests up to \$5000 without paying any tax whatever. On any amount in excess of \$5000 up to \$50,000 their shares are taxed 1 per cent; on amounts from \$50,000 to \$250,000 they are taxed 2 per cent; on amounts from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000 the tax is 3 per cent, while in amounts in excess of \$1,000,000 the tax is 4 per cent.

Persons of the second class may receive 1000 without taxation, but are taxed 5 per cent on any bequest from \$1000 to \$50,000, 6 per cent up to \$250,000, 7 per cent up to \$1,000,000, and 8 per cent on any amount in excess of \$1,000,000.

THE TIME TO SHAPE YOUR CAREER IS IN THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

"I F ONLY some one," Clara Brown Lyman walls, "could have told me before I left college! Then how different my business life would have been!"

Miss Lyman spent four years of college fitting herself to teach, because at that time no other profession open to women offered equal opportunities. A brief career, however, as a teacher showed her that her heart was not in the work.

She failed to do so, became companion to a wealthy woman and acquired shorthand. Her first position as stenographer and typewriter was worth \$8 a week. She set her teeth, stuck to this job a year, and acquired her business training.

Her second position brought recognition of her executive capacity. She was found to have distinctive ability for promotional and advertising work. The results of her activities on this line for two years took her to the service of a new magazine needing her combination of experience as editor and advertiser.

Out of her experiences and heartaches as a bachelor maid in business Miss Lyman utters this warning: "There is a wider field for girls unfitted to enter public or professional life than any field offered by business. This field is the home."

PREVENTABLE EYELS.

It is pre-eminently an age of eliminating the preventable ills of life. From the days of sluggish indifference or fanatic stolidism we have come to a time when the slightest as well as the most appalling ailments to which flesh is heir are receiving the most intelligent attention. And yet we have done little

compared to the opportunities for doing, as is pointed out by those interested in this phase of reform.

It is quite evident that we no longer need to be tormented by flies and mosquitos and other dangerous pests if we set about their elimination in a scientific manner. Professor Hodge of Clark University declares that the problem of the fly filth is so easy as to be humorous. He has interested the children of the public schools in the campaign, and believe that rewards should be given not to those securing the greatest number of dead flies, but to the fly-fighter who is able to report a clean field, a street or alley or back yard that has no flies.

But the fly and mosquito campaign is only one of the many indications of a new regard for material comfort that is arising. The rigors of climate are made less disastrous by various protective devices. And instead of ruthlessly appropriating the forces of nature or destroying them, as we have done in the past, we are beginning to question as to the future and the ultimate effect of our actions.

Man's place in the scheme has seemed to be that of an intelligent appropriator. And he is just coming to realize the possibilities of his position. Not ruthlessly, but reverently, and at the same time with vigor and conviction should the work of humanity reflect this new spirit of regard for humanity's best comfort and concern. The work requires the cooperation of all. The avenues for effort are manifold. It is important that we learn to utilize them wisely.

If Job had only had a telephone his record for patience might have been achieved.

VACATION DAYS.

When I think it best to enjoy a rest I don't go to Cork or Rome, to the mountains, or to the sea—I just lie around at home. With my trusty pipe—which is good and ripe—I seek for the Golden Fleece in a rattling book, in a cozy nook, my feet on the mantelpiece. I do not sigh for Italian sky or yearn for an Alpine guide; I do not crave for the ocean wave—I'm perfectly satisfied.

In books I find from the beastly grind relief that is better far than to blow my wad for a tour aboard in alrship or motor car. I climb no hills and I pay no bills for breathing the mountain air; I am not mobbed and I am not robbed at home in my easy chair. I pay no cash for outrageous hash but feed on the things I like, and I do not wake at the morning's break with tourists somewhere to hike. I am not clubbed by the cops or snubbed, as tourists are often spurned; my jaws don't creek in attempts to speak a language I never learned. And when I am done with vacation fun no wearisome tales I pour from a tireless jaw of the things I saw—so no one calls me a bore.

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WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY

A husband, like an umbrella, should be selected for his durable and serviceable qualities rather than for his shape and style; those brilliant showy patterns seldom stand the wear and tear of domesticity and usually fade or shrink or run in the wash of matrimony, writes Helen Rowland.

Every man looks upon home as a rest-cure; it merely remains with a wife to decide whether she will be a head rest or a footrest.

No home is complete without a husband; he is as necessary as a clock, as useful as a doormat and as decorative as a potted plant.

It is difficult to tell which is the more tragic figure—the woman whom a man should have married and didn't, or the woman whom he shouldn't have married and did.

Making fame, or making a fortune, or making books and political speeches is not the real forte of a woman. It's making a husband—out of a man.

Flatter a husband a little and he will adore you; flatter him too much and he will begin to wonder why such a perfect combination of wit, wisdom, virtue and pulchritude ever happened to marry you.

There would be more happy marriages if the average woman would spend less time trying to adjust her husband to her ideal and more time trying to adjust herself to her husband.

THIS LITTLE OLD WORLD.

This little old planet is rolling along; To the lilt of a laugh and a rollicking song.

And ever a welcoming smile, And better and better 'tis growing each day.

And love bending over to brighten the way, And lighten each wearying smile.

This little old earth is a haven of rest With blossoms strewn over its motherly breast.

And sending their fragrance around; There's ever a word of the kindest cheer.

To gladden our hearts when the journey grows drear, While pleasure and plenty abound.

This little old world is a refuge of love, With rapturous skies bending o'er us above.

And little ones clasping our hands, While eyes, all alight, smile the joy that they know.

Back into our own, with a heart all aglow, And a yearning we well understand.

This little old world is a beautiful sphere, While Love leads the way and is hovering near.

To guide us along on our way, It radiates joy, if our hearts are alight.

With all that is happy and cheerful and bright, Wherever we're led day by day. —SELECTED.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING

Evolution. I know not of a thousand creeds Which one is right; A child in midnight's gloom and darkness lost I seek the light.

I only know that nothing is to-day As yesterday; The whole world changes and I too evolve In God's own way. —Verne Dewitt Rowell

THE BROTHER OF LIGHT

He never keeps a catalogue of everlasting woes; He says good morning to the world an' whistles as he goes; He hides the thorns o' life away and only wears the rose — Brother to the two high hills of Morning.

The pleasant pathways known him— fields where the daisies throng The winds make music for him as they sweep the world along, And when that music's silent in his heart he hears a song, Brother to the Light that makes the Morning.

And far away—up yonder, in the window o' the blue, The dreamed-of angels listen to an echo glad and new — Thrilled to the Gates of Glory, and they say: "Heaven's love to you, Brother of the Light that makes the Morning!"

A Marshfield man who recently quit a situation told a friend he had gone into business for himself—the business was looking for another job.

Hugh McLain says that the cement he carries is strong enough to mend the break of day.

Some Coos Bay men divide their lives between trying to forget and trying to recover from the effects of trying to forget.

You may talk of your dandy dancers, Of any place or clime, Who step the fancy Lancers, And whose movement is a rhyme Of those who tread the "Texas Tommy"

On the stage or on a rug, But there's nothing half so funny As the "Two Jims" in a "Bunny Hug."

You may rave about the maiden Who dances on her toes, Or of the graceful girls, But of all the world's great dancers, There are none that can compare With the poetry of motion Of the "Two Jims" in the "Grizzly Bear."

A girl may be a perfect dear, but just because she carries away the tooth she has had extracted is no sign she's also an Elk.

And while you are growling about the weather here it might be well to remember that in the east they are having the usual number of heat prostrations and W. T. Stoll received a letter from Spokane saying it is 110 in the shade. Frank Parsons has a paper from Missouri telling of cyclones and floods.

WE WONDER

We wonder, on That other shore, If people still Ask, "What's the score?" ARCHIE JOHNSTON.

Boil your whiskers if you want to kiss, or many a kiss you're sure to miss. They say in whiskers microbes nest, and, well, lip to lip is far the best.

STORY OF THE DAY

Chick! Chick! I see by old friend Joe Schilling is thinking of going into the hotel business in Myrtle Point. That's the place where Archie Johnston and Gene Paddock recently found themselves dining together. On looking over the bill of fare they noted that young "fry" were "special" for that meal, so Archie turned to the pretty little waitress and asked: "How's the chicken?"

The young lady blushed, then answered: "Oh, I'm alright. How are you?"

Frank Laise was talking about taking a little auto trip with Dr. Dix. "But, Doc," Frank said, "if I go it must be understood that you will not run over twenty miles an hour." "Huh!" replied Dix, "you don't want to go in an auto, you want some one to take you out in a baby carriage."

An eastern paper has found a new sporting novelty—a pair of cats that do a wrestling bout. The felines' strong hold is, we presume, cats-as-cats-can.

WE SHOULDN'T WONDER.

There lives a dame in our town Whose biscuits are immense, Her husband put two dozen down And hasn't felt well since. DORSEY KREITZER.

Some people are naturally congenial, and others make "daffydills."

SPIRITUAL COMFORT.

To sit up near the pulpit, We greatly do aspire, When Maud, upon the organ plays And Grace sings in the choir. —CLAY CHURCH.

Times' Want Ads bring results.

"MY VIEWS"

A Running Record of Individual Opinion by a Quiet Observer.

A COMMON LIFE.

The death of the late King of Denmark in the streets, the removal of the royal body to the common morgue where it awaited identification, wrapped in an ordinary winding sheet and among other forms equally silent and unknown, has provided the world with a striking example of the great leveling power of death, of the simple, all-absorbing oblivion which none can gainsay.

No royal robes, or attendants or stately death chamber, added their unmeaning pomp to the great man's passing. No bells or beads or echoing dirge recalled the thoughtless mind to tragic mood, but the ordinary daylight hum of Hamburg streets, the ordinary curious gaze of casual crowds, and then the cold marble slab and the long, pale garment with the dignity of its ultimateness and the democracy of its unpretension.

The incident was a strangely touching one. And yet, significant only because of the halo and mystery which death always lends. The circumstances of his dying were really no more meaningful than the fact of his living, of his walking unrecognized through the highways of the world. "An elderly gentleman in a sack suit"—this was the description to which the King answered in his man's estate. The little details of his daily wants, his dreams, his sadness, his casual laughter, all must have been as betrayingly human as his death, yet they were not regarded so.

For we are likely to forget the commonness, the mutual interests of our several human lives. We pass men and women in the street with little thought that they are men and women with hearts and minds very much like our own. They seem so many passing shapes, sometimes smiling and attractive, sometimes dis-

MOTHER AND HER 26 CHILDREN TO CHURCH

MARSHALL, Mich., June 26—Mrs. William Moore, wife of a farmer of Burlington township, brought her twenty-six children to this place recently to attend church, and incidentally, watch her post a letter to Theodore Roosevelt telling him the size of her family.

Practically the whole town turned out to watch the army of youngsters toddling along with Mrs. Moore, and the restaurant keepers hurried to make extra arrangements for feeding the brood.

"There are a fine lot, too," Mrs. Moore said, "and I imagine Teddy will be glad to hear that there is such a large family in this country. Now, there's a fine man—Mr. Roosevelt. He has the right idea and I would vote for him if I only could."

Mrs. Moore despite her large family is only 46 years old. The youngest of her children has not yet passed his first year. She was married first when she was 14 years old, and married her present husband when she was eighteen, having given birth to one child by her first husband.

Fourteen of the twenty-six children are twins, the others having arrived one at a time. "Yes," Mrs. Moore said, "it has been hard to raise all these children properly but it is not as hard to have a large family in this country as most people would suppose." Despite the cares and worries of governing twenty-six children and a husband, Mrs. Moore finds time to keep up with the times and is a close student of political conditions of the country.

PERKINS TO RUN

Roseburg Man May Be Candidate on New Roosevelt Ticket.

The Roseburg Review says: "Since the 'steam-roller' has renominated Taft and Sherman at Chicago, the progressive Republicans now declare that they will carry more states for Roosevelt than will be carried for Taft. They expect to

tasteful and dust-laden, but far, far remote. We brush elbows with one who has perhaps 'bounced the same depths of tragedy that we are just tasting. We smile at a chance incident with the same appreciation of the unknown bystander, but we do not touch his hand or look into his eyes, or in any way respond to our mutual emotions. We are ignorant or indifferent. Which?

We watch our fellow beings with calm unconcern as they toll or weep or smile about us, but when death makes them silent and unresponsive, and forever beyond need of our sympathy or possibility of our companionship, we are inclined to question their past curiously, to lend a moment's thought to the chronicle of their living, and perhaps even to let fall a tear or a bunch of flowers on their unanswering coffins.

It is the mystery of a common end that draws us, and yet the common loves and tragedies and fleeting, precious joys might well provide a similar interest and concern. It is conceivable that we are missing much in the cold indifference of our living. Underneath the exterior of reserve and caution and foolish pride we are hiding the things that make both death and life significant.

If we could come closer together sometimes in our living it might make us less childishly inconsistent in our dying. Somewhere in the warm touch of hands, in the subtle understanding of intellects, there is possibility of intercourse, of a mutual response to the things that stir us and please us and wring our souls with their unanswering mockery. Yet we lose all this. We exchange it for the pitiful sentiment of the death chamber, the cold stiffness of still hands and the eternal silence of closed lips. Somehow the thrilling pathos of a common life leaves us unmoved.

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COUNCIL MEETS IN NORTH BEND

Many Street Improvements Discussed—No Definite Action Taken.

At a meeting of the North Bend city council last evening a number of proposed street improvements were brought up, but no definite action was taken on them.

One of the matters that came up was the opening of the temporary roadway over the dredge fill to meet up with the county road on waterfront streets in Marshfield. City engineer reported that this would cost \$531.20, exclusive of blasting of rocks and stump pulling, and that the cost of rip-rapping the dredge fill. A bulkhead could not be for a part of the distance, owing to a ledge of rock. Some of the head is also proving defective and will have to be strengthened by work. The water main will also have to be protected against damage by the blasts and this will be expensive. It was referred to a committee to take up. It was suggested that railroad contractors might be willing to aid in fixing up the bulkhead rip-rapping the fill as it would be for their benefit.

Some Street Work. The council was notified that certain parties want the grade on Virginia avenue lowered, six feet. Union and eight feet at McPherson. This will practically ruin McPherson and Meade avenues, near Virginia and will meet with strong opposition.

The cost of opening the alley at the ball park from Sherman to Pony Inlet was estimated by the engineer to be \$103.20 exclusive of planing. The cost of it will be on the abutting property owners. The alley has never been dedicated to the city. The object in opening it is to have an outlet when the improvement of Sherman and Meade avenues is underway.

Accept Invitation.

The invitation to participate in the Marshfield Fourth of July celebration was read and it was decided to accept it. Next year, it is proposed to have a big Fourth of July celebration in North Bend and Marshfield will be asked to join in it.

A proposition from the North Bend concerning street lighting weekly concerts was also discussed. The band asked that four electric lights be put in at Virginia and Sherman and strings of lights strung between them. The council was asked to pay for the lighting. The council, however, decided that the City of North Bend would pay one-half cost of all the cluster lights put on the property owners to pay the other half. This will apply to all parts town.

SETS HENS IN HIS COFFIN

Man Hoped Not to Die So Hatchling Would Be Undisturbed.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., June 26.—When Edward D. Pomeroy was buried in the little mountain town of Buckland in a coffin that he made with his own hands a strange plea made by the old man to a doctor to save his life for two weeks came to light.

"Can't you keep me alive two weeks?" asked the ill man, anxiously.

"Why do you want to live just two weeks?" asked the doctor.

"Well, you see," he replied, "I have six hens sitting in that coffin and I'd rather not disturb them until they've hatched."

But Pomeroy died a few days ago and new nests were found for the hens.

Times' Want Ads bring results.

Get Ready for the Fourth We are Coos County Headquarters for Celebration Supplies Flags Cane Pennants Rockets Decorations Fireworks Firecrackers Balloons Pennants Everything in fact to make the Great and Glorious Day one to be Remembered. NORTON & HANSEN Wholesale and Retail FRONT STREET, TWO STORES CENTRAL AVENUE.