

COOS BAY TIMES

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VACATION TIME.

I meant to do my work today,— But a brown bird sang in the apple tree, And a butterfly flitted across the field, And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land, Tossing the grasses to and fro, And a rainbow held out its shining hand— So what could I do but laugh and go? —DICHARD LE GALIENNE.

HAVE you planned for that vacation as yet? You're not going to put it off this year are you? There are additional expenses this year and you think you'll need all the money for a payment on the lot.

Hush! Out in the trees the birds are singing, lifting little love songs that, when you take time to listen, stir your pulse and start a song in your heart. Worrying about tomorrow? Not they. They are busy little creatures, building their nests, feeding their young and teaching them to fly as soon as their wings are strong and able, always on the wing, soaring up and off into the glorious blue, ever singing their heartening tale of joy and gladness and love.

Learn your lesson from them, busy man. Work may call, payments press but take time to fly a bit yourself and learn a song of restfulness and cheer. If you don't, life will grow so dull, and the notes of your heart's love song will sound so faint, that it may be your friends will forget to listen and cease to hear.

You do not need to spend a great deal. That can be gauged entirely by the condition of your purse. The main thing is to go. Even the work horses have their days for rest. Just sit down—you and the woman who is all in all to you—and, in a sensible way, talk it over.

Set the day for your departure and move steadily toward it; and when it comes, leave your work and go. Don't worry; don't wonder. Just put your whole soul into living, and you will come back younger and stronger and more lovable, so that not only yourself, but everyone about you, will be benefited by the change.

A COMMON WEAKNESS

Old Bildad and I are neighbors, and oft when the day is through and done are our divers labors, we argue an hour or two. And thus, in our pleasant titling we thrash out a hundred themes; I jump on the pomes of Milton, he says that those pomes are screams. I spend quite a while contending the Giants will rafe things in; he labors away denking the Pirates, and says they'll win. We spend many hours discussing the secular thingumbob, with never a bit of fussing, and never a sore heart throb. We spend the long eve debating, and then, when the orgy ends, to home and to bed go skating, the best kind of chums and friends. But gone is our friendly manner when politics is the theme, when, under some statesman's banner, we gird up our lungs and scream! Discussing some party matter that makes not a bit of odds, we stir up a bug-house slatter, and argue with bricks and slods. My lily white nose is broken, my collarbone's in a sling, for Bildad, some words I'd spoken, resented like everything; and Bildad is blue with bruises since we had our last debate; I argued with flimsand shooses, but couldn't convince the skate.

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"There was a strange man here today to see you, papa," said little Mary as she ran out to meet her father. "Did he have a bill?" "No, papa; he had just a plain nose."

LORD OSSULTON'S SCHOOLING.

A news dispatch is just received, from far across the sea, that indicates the English are as angry as can be. It seems the Earl of Tankerville has brought Lord Ossulton away from all traditions that surround that "Lordly Son." He's brought his Lordship o'er the sea, away from British school, to have him learn his lessons on a common Yankee stool.

His Lordship has a mother who was born right here at home. They blame her for the moving, and they fret, and fume, and foam. We're glad the mother hasn't lost the spirit of the free. We hope she'll come back over with her youth of high degree.

There's something that will happen to this Lordly Little Lad. If he gets his learning over here, he'll never be a cad. He'll get his turn at foot ball—perhaps, become a fan, and the Yankee boys will make him just a plain, good, little man.

BOB STANLEY.

Don't forget the Turkish Baths PHONE 2143

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING For he that wrongs his friend Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about A silent court of justice in his breast, Himself the judge and jury and himself The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE. What might be done if men were wise— What glorious deeds, my suffering brother, Would they unlie In love and right, And cease their scorn for one another.

Oppression's heart might be imbued With kindling drops of loving kindness; And knowledge pour From shore to shore Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrong, All vice and crime might die together, And wine and corn, To each man born, Be free as warmth in summer weather.

—SELECTED.

I see by a copy of the Ostersunds Posten which my friend P. A. Sandberg has given me and which by the way contains the first picture of the prizes to be presented the champion athletes, that "Olympiska Spelens Biljettforsaljing" is Swedish for Olympic Games. I had no idea what our brave athletes were up against over there but under the circumstances they have made a good showing.

If one wants a room in Stockholm he can go to the housing offices at Brunkebergstorg or 12 Kungstradgardsgatan.

A little widow is even more dangerous than a little learning.

There are more lemons than plums on the political plum tree.

If "faint heart ne'er won fair lady" it kept out of a lot of trouble.

TELEPHONE GIRL SWORN AT. COMMITTS SUICIDE VANCOUVER, B. C., July 15—Sworn at by an irate telephone subscriber to whom she had given the wrong number, Miss Maude Harris, a telephone employe, went home and cried bitterly.

She brooded over the subject several days and on Tuesday night locked herself in a bathroom and turned on the gas. She was dead when found today. She left a letter saying she was tired of living.

MILITIA MANEUVERS PLANNED.

The Oregonian says: Unless there is a decided objection on the part of the Navy Department the naval militia organizations of Oregon, California and Washington may maneuver together next summer off the Northwest coast. The first step toward such a meeting was taken during the stay of the cruiser Marblehead and when she sailed yesterday for Port Angeles it had been thoroughly discussed that the vessel should meet with the monitor Wyoming, of Washington, and the cruiser Boston, of Oregon, and if possible the three bodies pitted in target practice.

It was possible for the Oregon Naval Militia officers to arrange but one entertainment for the visitors and that was in the form of a dinner at the Commercial Club Thursday evening, at which Adjutant-General Finzer of the Oregon National Guard, told of how California had aided in starting the Oregon Naval Militia. He said that in his opinion it would continue to go ahead, as in its ranks were now mustered the most desirable men who had ever been identified with it.

LITTLE BONE BUTTON MAY CONVICT OF MURDER

PENDLETON, Ore., July 15—A little bone button may be the means of convicting Columbia George of the brutal murder of A-To-Me-At, an aged squaw last Saturday. The button was found at the scene of the struggle and still attached to it a piece of pink flannel. Search of the tepee of Columbia George revealed a suit of torn pink underwear with the top button of the drawers and a small piece of cloth missing. Other buttons on the garment are identical with the one found at the scene of the tragedy.

In these days of high cost of living, a medicine that gets a man up out of bed and able to work in a few days is a valuable and welcome remedy. John Heath, Michigan Bar Cal., had kidney and bladder trouble, was confined to his bed, unable to turn without help. "I commenced using Foley Kidney Pills and can truly say I was relieved at once." His example is worth following. Lockhart & Parsons Drug Co., "The Busy Corner"

MARSHFIELD IN PORTLAND

News Notes of Elks and Others In Rose City Convention Week.

(Special to The Times.)

PORTLAND, Ore., July 13.—The Marshfield delegation has "sure been taking in" the Elks Grand Lodge and while each of them has not seen everything, still all of them probably have. Each night, or sometimes morning, has witnessed them gradually "turning in" only to be out bright and early to see "what's next."

The lodge members made quite a hit Tuesday evening when they visited the various headquarters in a body, marching from hotel to hotel. The Montana Elks band was secured and nearly everyone took it for the Marshfield band. The uniforms of the Callispeil band boys were almost identical with those of the Marshfield lodge and the aggregation made a very nifty appearance. Few of the delegations had appeared in uniform and consequently the hit was much greater than if the stunt had been pulled off later. In all 33 members of the Marshfield lodge were present.

In the Grand Lodge Parade, ample evidence that Marshfield was not an unknown quantity in the mass of humanity gathered in Portland was given. The delegation received the glad hand all along the line, the plaudits to "Coos Bay" indicating that it was not entirely the "Marshfield banner" that indicated who they were applauding.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Haines were the only members of the Coos Bay delegation who had a near-accident. They were out for an auto ride with Mr. Morse, of Portland, a boyhood friend of Mr. Haines, when it occurred. In order to prevent a collision with another car, Morse turned his machine into the curb, smashing it up badly but luckily the occupants escaped with nothing worse than a severe scare.

E. D. McArthur was the only member of the Marshfield delegation who lost any of his uniform. Monday evening his hat disappeared. The women in the great throng on the streets had a penchant for getting souvenirs from the various lodges. Whether McArthur's hat is one of the souvenirs of the 1912 Grand Lodge is something the other members of the Coos Bay contingent are trying to find out. Anyway, there were other white hats in Portland and Mr. McArthur appeared in the parade with the same style "sky-piece" that his companions wore.

E. S. Bargelt and wife have been getting considerable enjoyment out of having their auto here. While there are innumerable autos in Portland, it is hard to get one when it is most desired and it doesn't take long to get a bill for auto hire that would make quite a dent in the first payment on a machine. Mr. and Mrs. Bargelt are stopping at the Imperial and so are A. E. Neff and wife. Besides the latter, Mr. and Mrs. Bargelt have had Mr. and Mrs. Watson, of Salem, as guests for a considerable portion of the time. Mr. Watson is private secretary to Governor West.

Mrs. W. A. Toye and daughter, Catherine, are planning a few weeks' trip to various northwestern points after this week's stay in Portland. Dr. Toye will make only part of the trip with them.

A. E. Neff and wife are planning a trip to Spokane and Puget Sound following the week's stay in Portland.

Dr. and Mrs. Ira B. Bartle plan to leave the last of the week in their auto for Seattle, where they will take in the Potlatch festival and later visit various northwestern points. They will not return to the Bay for a couple of weeks yet and will motor back if the weather is favorable.

E. D. La Chance, formerly of The Chandler in Marshfield, is now in the auto business in Portland. Harry Hunter, a son-in-law of Julius Larson of Marshfield, is interested with him.

Jack Goldie, formerly steward of the Millcooma Club in Marshfield but now running a bar in Portland, expects to spend the last two weeks of July on the Bay.

E. W. Nevers, who spent most of last summer in Marshfield promoting the Coos Bay, Roseburg & Eastern, was in Portland this week. He did not apprise any of the Marshfield bunch of his present field of operations.

The Muskogee, Okla., Lodge took first prize for having the most attractive Grand Lodge badge. It was decidedly clever, being a real watch. Mrs. A. T. Haines succeeded in securing one of them, her Oklahoma friends securing it for her. They were hard to get and she is decidedly elated over the souvenir as well as the fact that a lodge from her old home state won honors here.

W. N. Ekblad probably secured the best collection of badges of any of the Marshfield delegation. Trading badges was quite a feature the first two days, men and women both being busy at it. Some had their coats literally covered with badges.

Portland has been "wide-open" all week and the gayer side of life has not been confined to the few resorts that not a few Coos Bay people are reputed visiting during their journeys to the Rose City. Consequently

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