

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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ORIGIN OF BULL MOOSE.

When Colonel Roosevelt arrived in Chicago and plunged into the contest over the stolen delegates at the recent Republican convention newspaper correspondents were amazed at the indomitable energy with which he met the stress of battle.

"Colonel, how do you feel?" "I feel like a bull moose," was the Colonel's characteristically reassuring reply.

When this was printed some of the newspapers throughout the country, keen for anything to deride Colonel Roosevelt, dubbed him the "bull moose" and the progressive movement as the "bull moose party."

In view of the epithets they had previously applied to the Colonel, the appellation of "bull moose" was a really graceful one to bestow upon him; and as for the "bull moose party," the press has performed a genuine service in coining a phrase that illustrates the vigorous, wholesome, and intensely American new party, of which Colonel Roosevelt is the leader.

For the bull moose is the biggest and most noble animal that makes its habitat on the American continent. Monarch of the forest, greatest beast that frequents nature's wilds, it will never live in captivity. Courageous and strong, it yields to no native foe in its woodland domain. Clean living, it does not exist as a beast of prey. Keen of senses, it detects every taint of the air, and catches every note of danger wafted on the winds. Upright, majestic and dignified, it merits its title of monarch of American animals.

THE TAINTED BUNDLE

Old Pinchem's spacious coffer groans beneath its stack of shining bones, which were his only goal; and foolish people envy him and wish that they could pull his limb and get next to his roll. Old Pinchem now is pretty old, and as he views his pile of gold, perhaps it seems like trash; perhaps to dodge the stinging raps that conscience gives to such old chaps, he's give up all his cash. Perhaps, when looking down the year, and thinking of the groans and tears his avarice has caused, he looks with horror on the past, and wrings his miser hands at last, and wishes he had passed. Old Pinchem hasn't long to live, and peradventure he would give his wealth if he could say: "I helped a neighbor in distress, because of pure kind-heartedness, upon a bygone day." When life is drawing to its close and into night the twilight grows, and ghostly voices call, when you, a poor old worn-out chap, can hear the death-rattle waters lap, that must engulf us all, the poorest comfort you can have is the cheapest balm, the puniest salve, in a big store of gold; wealth won't save off the fateful day, or guide the feet or smooth the way, or make the night less cold. When it's too late old Pinchem sees how better are sweet memories than all his hoarded store; how frail and weak is Money's bark when he goes sailing in the dark to find a starless shore.

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THE VILLAGE BELLE.

Kate Hawkins is our village belle. She knows the styles and knows 'em well. She wears the latest cut of gown while sprouting up and through the town. Her dress displays a splendid form. She's clothed enough, but not too warm. She doesn't even mind the breeze that blows the bark off maple trees. She wears a pair of dainty shoes that fit so tight she cannot lose the laced hose out peek-a-boo to let the pinkish skin show through.

She waddles round, and never soils her soft white hands with roasts or boils, and brooms, and kettles, pies and cakes, for Mother all such labor taken, while Katie learns to do a rag by which she may some sucker bag, who hasn't made the proper "fuss." We feel for him. Poor cuss!

Our Katie knows a host of things. She dances, plays, and even sings. She's up on all the latest noise, and breaks the hearts of all the boys. She'll make some man a splendid wife to tie up with,—for life,—for life. They'll never quarrel but once or twice, provided, he retains the price.

BOB STANLEY.

Times' Want Ads bring results.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

THE sacred narrative portrays the progress of mankind, in that it introduces man to us in the role of a humble inhabitant of a garden and it leaves him in the splendor of a city—the new Jerusalem. So does Augustine write of the eternal city, not in her sins, but purified and glorified. John Bunyan likewise had a vision of what he calls "The City Beautiful." Some of the best of the world's thought focuses itself upon the city, for in it are seen the glories and the possibilities of man. If it is often blackened with the deepest sins of man, it is more often the scene of his highest achievements in every department of life. Centuries ago found our ancestors in the forests of Germany each with his isolated home, glorying in his separation from others. Today he is found as the bulwark of cities. We hear the comparison often expressed: "The country is God-made; the city man-made," inferring thereby that God has little to do with the making of a city. A moment's reflection convinces us that into the making of a city has gone the best of what the country can produce, and at the same time it is the embodiment of the genius and the inspiration of man, which in their inception are divine.

More than a century ago, along the shores of the Potomac river, after it has found its way over the rocky hill country lying between Maryland and Virginia, there began to be what is now rapidly becoming, if it has not already become so, the stateliest and most beautiful city of the world. There is every reason why it should have that as its ideal as the capitol city of the greatest nation in the world. It was the mind of Washington that conceived it, and it rightly bears the name of its honored founder. Aside from this it owes most to the genius of a distinguished Frenchman, Major L'Enfant, whose statue stands in one of the parks as a debt of gratitude of a city for which he planned so well. Washington justly deserves the name by which it is so generally known: "City of Magnificent Distances." In this respect it is a sister city to Paris, with its wide streets and boulevards, all lined with trees. Then there are the many beautiful, well-kept parks, the largest being Rock Creek Park, which reminds one of Central Park, New York City, and winds its way for several miles along Rock Creek, passing through the National Zoological grounds. Second to this in beauty is Potomac Park, just recently finished, its broad driveways running for miles along the river front. Almost in the centre of this park stands one of the nation's memorials to the father of our country,—the Washington monument, the highest structure of its kind in the world. Rising to a height of nearly six hundred feet, its polished point seemingly piercing the heavens, and seen for miles around, its colossal size is at once a worthy testimonial of the bigness of a nation's gratitude. Within it is a great elevator which carries visitors to the top, and there are also winding stairs. One hardly cares to climb it twice the same day. The city is filled with public buildings and national institutions which make it a centre of attraction for all visitors. Weeks would be required to make a thorough study of them all. Taking central place among these, and located almost in the heart of the city on a commanding hill, is the stateliest of all the nation's public buildings,—the Capitol. The Palace of Justice at Brussels is said to be the largest building in the world in the extent of ground covered, but no other is so massive and imposing as the Capitol building at Washington. Its immense dome rising nearly as high as the Washington Monument, is crowned with a statue of the Goddess of Liberty. Within a stone's throw of the Capitol is the Congressional Library,—the most splendid home for books in the world. It is constructed of marble and granite and represents a cost of about thirteen million dollars. There has only recently been finished a union railway station costing nearly fifteen million dollars and being nearly a quarter of a mile in length. No mention of Washington City is complete without touching upon two places at least of historic interest, Mount Vernon, the home of General Washington, and Arlington National Cemetery, formerly the home of General Robert E. Lee. Mount Vernon, situated about fifteen miles down the Potomac on the Virginia side, is a spot of rare beauty, and today the grounds and buildings are kept as nearly as possible in their original condition, even to the placing of the furniture. Washington is typically a residential city. Its freedom from any considerable manufacturing, with its social, official and intellectual life and culture, renders it peculiarly attractive as a place in which to live. Two miles from the city on Mt. St. Alban's, with everything spread out before it as a panorama, there is to be built a massive Gothic Episcopal Cathedral, costing five million dollars, one chapel of which has already been completed. Here are located the Cathedral School for girls and a school for boys. These are but a few of the more important features of a city, which needs only to be seen in order to realize that it well deserves the title above: "The City Beautiful," and when once seen, one is inclined to use the words of the Queen of Sheba, when she beheld the glories of Solomon's kingdom: "The half hath not been told me."

WITH TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING. Human Fellowship. In trying to find a basis of universal fellowship, what is the first consideration? Not money. That is not a basis for fellowship. Of course, there are exceptional circumstances when money may pay for travel and culture and so aid in the formation of character. But money is not a guarantee of either culture or hospitality. It is the work we do in the world, not the money we have, that qualifies us for fellowship. Every human being must do his work well in the world, whether it is paid for or not, in order to qualify for the fellowship of the common life.—Selected.

TRANQUIL JOYS Let others take those eastern trips. Or have a fling in gay New York; By shores of bloom the river slips; 'Tis fun to watch a bobbing cork.

And here in peace and quiet, too. Afar from all the giddy throng. Where summer skies above are blue, And all the vales are sweet with song. —D. Y. STAFFORD.

Let others linger by the sea Or seek to lure the wary fish, But no such "sport" as that for me, I have a fairer, sweeter wish.

A screened-in porch, a good cigar, My heels set high upon the rail, Far, far from where the shouters are, And unused bank notes by the bale. —HENRY HUGGINS.

It's easy enough to be pleasant, When there's plenty of water flows by, But the man I adore, Is the one who don't roar, When the gosh-darned faucet goes dry. —J. W. BENNETT.

THAT NORTH POLE The arctic wanderer's lot is tough, Though he the goal may win, There is no ice box big enough To put his treasure in.

RESIDE THE SEA By the blue sea I sit and dream, The noon is high, the wind's asleep, A Sabbath calm broods o'er the deep; White ships, like lilies, lie at rest 'Upon the water's quiet breast, And mid the heavens that bend above— A canopy of tender love, In reverence hushed all things doth seem.

So by the sea I sit and dream, By the blue sea I rest content! The yesterdays with longing fraught, All sorrows that the years have brought, I give them to the ebbing tide To scatter, scatter far and wide; 'E'en memories that sometimes bless Of service sweet, or happiness Found in dim woods, by lake or stream Seem drifting from me as I dream.

By the blue sea I live anew! Unto my soul a glad new morn Is silently but surely born; For peace and tardy hope have come Within my heart to make their home; The larger life, with portals wide, Comes toward me on the flowing tide, And entering it, at once I seem With God, as by the sea I dream. —Lucia W. Evans.

SHE NEVER WAS A WIDOW Old Adam's luck was not so bad, As you'll agree, without a doubt, He never heard Eve boast about The virtues her first husband had.

SOME DOG, EVEN FOR A LARGE CITY. The New York Telegraph man not-

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NEWS FROM NEARBY TOWNS

NEWS OF GARDINER

GARDINER, Ore., August 6.—Mr. Hutchison, wife and two children of Medford are spending a few weeks camping on Schofield Creek.

Fred Assenheimer, of the Gardiner confectionery, has purchased a fine new gramofola for the entertainment of his customers.

J. A. Janelle's new motor boat was launched Monday, and is a very neat little craft of the fish-boat variety.

The Gardiner Drug Store is being remodeled and enlarged. The rooms above are being fitted up as offices for Drs. Field and Pratt, also a few rooms for hospital purposes.

E. Haskell, the Jeweler, is having his place of business enlarged and a new glass front added, affording additional space for the display of his wares.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Varrclmann entertained at cards Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Lester, of Smith River.

Prof. J. H. Austin has been re-elected as principal of the Gardiner schools, Miss Anna Romig as assistant. The term begins on the first Monday in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade are enjoying an outing at the beach. They have as their guests in camp a number of the small boys of Gardiner, whom Mr. Wade is instructing in the tactics of Boy Scouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Angus and Mr. and Mrs. Will Angus and baby daughter have returned to Gardiner, after a month's visit at Portland and Newport.

Gardiner has one of the finest appointed butcher shops to be found in Oregon, and it affords the finest of meats. Among the bees brought in this week were two exceptionally fine ones, one dressing 850 pounds, the other more than 900 pounds.

A crew of surveyors and assistants are doing some preliminary work in preparation for starting work on the railroad tunnel between this place and Coos Bay.

The U. S. Postal inspector visited Gardiner last week and inspected the office at this place, finding everything in first class order, much to the credit of our efficient postmistress, Mrs. Lizzie Perkins.

Considerable travel between this place and Florence is evidenced by the number of teams passing over the new wagon road. It is said that this road is one of the finest scenic routes in Southern Oregon. It is reported that next year there will be auto service from Eugene to Marshfield, via Gardiner.

NEWS OF FLORENCE Events of the Siuslaw Valley as Told by the West

The Wilhelmina came in from Coos Bay Wednesday afternoon and left yesterday for Yaquina.

Mrs. Alfred Funke returned Sunday from Coos Bay where she spent a couple of weeks.

The government telephone line into Florence was completed yesterday and the forestry service now has direct communication by wire between Florence and Waldport.

C. J. Mahoney and wife left on the Wilhelmina yesterday for a trip to Toledo.

"CAT TAILS" FOR COOPERAGE. Polk Resident Furnishes Portland Firm With Typha Plant.

DALLAS, Ore., Aug. 7.—The appearance of Peter Reddikopp, of near Polk station, on the streets the other day with a conveyance loaded with bundles of leaves of the ordinary "cat tails" or typha plant, a product of the damp sections of the Pacific coast, led to the inquiry of uses made for the leaves. Reddikopp stated that the leaves were being shipped to a Portland cooperage company and that they are used in the construction of barrels and kegs. The leaves are placed between the staves and heads to prevent leakage and makes them absolutely tight. The use of the typha leaves are common. It is said, in all cooperage plants of the country.

AUTOS GOOD ROAD Day after day the roads of Clatsop are taking solid and compensating shape. The good news comes from every quarter. But it is mighty poor policy for the farmer to abuse and condemn the automobile and their owners, since this machine is come to stay, and in staying will aid very materially in making these same roads better for the man who toils to produce something which he may haul over them to market. There is an inter-relation between the farm-wagon and the automobile which may not be disregarded now, nor at any time in the future.—Astorian.

The very Rev. Dean Barry of Syracuse describes the latest style assumed by women as the "camel-hump walk." We know some Coos Bay women whose walk might be more accurately described as the "elephant waddle."

NEWS OF BANDON

Briefs of City-by-the-Sea as Told by the Recorder BORN—July 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Langlois, a 10 pound boy.

Mrs. O. A. Trowbridge entertained at her home on Spruce Wednesday evening in honor of Misses Mervilyn Decker and Gladys Strader. A very delightful evening was spent in musical amusements, after which Mrs. Trowbridge served a very delicious luncheon. Those present were Misses Mervilyn Decker, Gladys Strader, Erma Craine, Ray Carey, Esther Solva, Charlotte Carey, Hattie Johnson, Pearl Craine, Charlotte Schrober, Edna Russell, Messrs. Roy Thom, Claude Adams, Williams, Ely, Lester Gallier, Ray McNair, Harry Craine.

The Ladies' Art Club gave a picnic in Azalea Park yesterday afternoon which was greatly enjoyed by the members and guests present. At 6:00 p. m., a sumptuous picnic dinner was served. Among those present were Mrs. C. Y. Lowe and daughter, Miss Maude, Mrs. F. E. Dyer, the Misses Ford and Miss Denholm of Portland, A. G. Thrift, E. E. Reynolds, Mrs. W. A. Pettit, of Roseburg, C. E. Kopf and wife, and Mrs. H. K. Flom.

GOLD BEACH NEWS. Curry County Events as told by the Globe.

N. B. Moore of Long Ridge killed a large panther and a bear last Sunday. The varmints are not so numerous this year as common.

E. O'Kane returned to Wedderburn after a week's visit at Portland. He was accompanied by his family, who came here to make their future home.

Miss Lela Tolman has secured a position as teacher for the Jack's Creek school for the ensuing term of six months. We believe she will make an efficient teacher and will give complete satisfaction.

Mr. R. P. Tracy of the Forestry Service has been sent in to assist Ranger Helm for the season.

PORT ORFORD OFFERINGS. Curry County News as Told by the Tribune.

The Randolph left here Saturday noon for Eureka, where she will engage in the trade at Klamath river. Jack Flanagan, W. E. Dungan, W. H. Kennedy, J. C. Kendall and M. A. Sweetman, all of Marshfield, arrived here Sunday on the Rustler. They brought along a complete supply for an outing, which they propose to enjoy in the wilds of Elk river, where the waters abound with trout and the hills with game.

The Osprey came up from Rogue river Sunday on her way to Coos Bay. Macleay, one of the owners of the Wedderburn property came down on her on her last trip and will spend some time at Wedderburn before returning to Portland.

Julius Koch came down from Bandon last Wednesday in his new one-seated auto with W. Littlefield acting as pilot and instructor. Julius is 84 years of age and believes in having all the fun you can in youth.

Mrs. Anna Gauntlett arrived at Port Orford Tuesday night of last week enroute from Seattle to Gold Beach, where she will join her husband, Will Gauntlett, and remain several months. She is the same genial Anna as of old, welcomed by all, and looks just "splendid."

The Brooklyn called in here from Bandon at 4:30 a. m., Saturday, and took aboard in a couple of hours 400,000 singles and left here at 7:30 for San Francisco.

DIES AT PORT ORFORD Chas. Crew, a resident of Port Orford, dropped dead at that place Saturday. Crew had been out to sea fishing and had just returned when his death occurred. It is believed that heart failure was the cause.—Bandon Recorder.

MOST OF THE NICE LOOKING LADIES USE HAINES' FLOUR. If you have anything to sell, trade or rent, or want help, try a Want Ad

MYRTLE POINT POINTERS

News of Upper Coquille Valley Told by Enterprise.

Born—Tuesday, July 30, 1912, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wagner of the South Fork.

Born—Sunday, July 28, 1912, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnson of Lee, a son.

Born—At White Cross hospital in this city, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Zetter of Johnson's mill, Saturday, July 27, a son.

Born—Saturday, July 27, 1912, to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hall of the North Fork, a son.

John Whobrey returned to Marshfield Monday after a number of days' business trip in the valley.

John C. Strong went to Coquille last Saturday to join Messrs. Thompson and C. A. Gourley in a hunting trip into Curry county. The party went as far as Port Orford in Mr. Thompson's auto, and will walk across country to the Rogue river section, expecting to get into good fields for big game by the time the season opens.

Wm. Russell of the Old Soldier Home at Los Angeles, Cal., and Mrs. E. L. Reese of Selma, Cal., father and sister of Clarence Russell of the South Fork, arrived on the Freshwater to Marshfield Friday. They have been visiting relatives in Washington points, and after a week's visit with relatives here expect to leave on the Steamer Washington for San Francisco. Mr. Russell is anxious to get back to Los Angeles in time for the National G. A. R. encampment there next month.

Mrs. Sturdivant went to Marshfield Tuesday to be with her son, Tom Sturdivant, who was quite seriously injured in one of the big logging camps on the bay-side.

Jasper McCloskey entertained a number of his young friends Tuesday afternoon in honor of his eighth birthday. Games were indulged in until about four o'clock, when cream, cake, lemonade and candies were served.

OLD HORN STILL IN SERVICE. GOLD BEACH, Ore., Aug. 6.—Betsy Hammersley toots a big brass horn in the Rogue River Brass Band that was carried by a horn-player during Sherman's march to the sea.

Hammersley's horn was made by the Boston Musical company in 1812 and yet retains the full volume of sound that cheered up the "boys in blue" as they marched through the South.

DANCE EAGLES' HALL Saturday eve., AUG. 17. Late music. KEYSER'S ORCHESTRA. No "ragging."

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