

of Delinquent for Year 1911

\$4.15; lot 2, \$4.15. Edith B. Wyrick, in blk 2, lot 6, tax, \$6.23. Bayview Add. to Marshfield. A. S. Dibble, in blk 1, lot 7, tax \$3.12. Hildebrand & Kennedy, in blk 7, lot 27, tax, \$1.04; lot 28, \$1.04. James P. Morris, in blk 10, lot 1, tax, \$3.12; lot 2, \$3.11; lot 3, \$3.12; lot 4, \$3.11; lot 5, \$3.12; lot 6, \$3.11; lot 7, \$2.49; lot 8, \$2.49; lot 9, \$2.49; lot 10, \$2.49; lot 11, \$2.49; lot 12, \$2.49; lot 13, \$2.49; lot 14, \$2.49; lot 15, \$2.49; lot 16, \$2.49.

WHAT LUMBER INDUSTRY OWES TO COUNTRY NEWSPAPER MAN

THERE is no set of men engaged in any line of business effort who give more and receive less in the way of compensation than the editor of the average country newspaper. He is expected to be the mouthpiece and personal organ of every cause in which his community is interested. It rarely ever happens when a local organization for mutual benefit of the town in which he lives is to be formed by a few live, progressive, but often very thrifty citizens, that the cost of the necessary and absolutely essential publicity is paid to the local editor. He is supposed to be a charitable megaphone—and too often he is—for anybody or any thing that happens along.

The local merchant often feels that the small monthly pittance doled out in exchange for a generous advertising space, is like money donated to any charitable institution— orphan asylum or a home for the feeble-minded. It rarely occurs to the local merchant, irrespective of whether he is a dry goods merchant, grocer or local retail lumber dealer, or simply an individual who has decided that merchandising consists in buying a few goods and marking up a price without regard to quality or previous condition or servitude. And this is often—too often—the type of merchant he has to deal with.

To succeed, the average country newspaper man has to be as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. The plea of many of the merchants against supporting the country newspaper is based upon the theory that either everyone in the community knows the store is in existence, or the big mail order houses of Spokane, Great Falls, Billings, Salt Lake, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Chicago, New York, or Paris, are getting the business, and hence advertising would be probably of little more value than a serenade at a funeral.

The editors of the Inland Empire met at Spokane on June 22, and organized an association for mutual helpfulness, at which it was the pleasure of The Timberman editor to be present. The resolution which hits the nail squarely on the head when a lot of maudlin sympathy is being extended to the mossback merchant, is to the point. Here it is: We further believe that the merchants of the small cities and towns are in a measure responsible for the inroads of the mail order house upon their trade. Having the advantage of immediate and personal contact with their customers, they should, by adopting modern merchandising methods and through intelligent and persistent advertising, be able to compete successfully with said mail order houses.

The resolution also deprecated the sending of money away to the various large cities when the goods can often be purchased at home for less money—believing that such a course is inimical to the development and upbuilding of the community. Sound, reasonable and logical doc- umentation is in the file.

WHAT THRONE THINKS OF BRIDGING COOS BAY

To the Editor:— Southern Oregon asleep at the switch. Coos Bay to be bridged by the railroad monopoly of Southern Oregon, unless the people fight to retain that great natural and open harbor for their own benefit. The Panama Canal is already controlled by the railroad interests. Steamship lines afford no competition or relief from robbing rates between this coast and the east, because they are controlled by the interests that control the railroads. Southern Oregon stands still while no new business can be undertaken while it is dominated by a railroad monopoly. The Creator made Coos Bay for the benefit of mankind and not to be bottled up and controlled by a transportation monopoly. It is right at the door of all Southern Oregon, a free and open highway to every port in the world, that Southern Oregon has not as yet taken advantage of using. The people that are isolated on its shores are so anxious to get a railroad to it that they are about to surrender the great advantages it affords as a harbor, for a branch line of railroad that can do them no good on account of the long detour it makes to connect them, with what? Public hearings are soon to be had on Coos Bay by the United States engineers to decide if the people want to surrender Coos Bay for a railroad, to learn objections, if any, to bridging the bay at the turn in the neck between the storm swept opening to the sea and the real bay. Of course the Coos Bay people will surrender the advantages of free and open navigation for the privilege of riding out to the Willamette valley to pick hops and prunes. What do they care if every ton of freight coming or going through a troublesome drawbridge has to pay extra on account of the added cost of insurance to vessel and cargo on account of the hazard in passing through a drawbridge—a toll gate on the people's highway that is absolutely unnecessary and of no benefit to anyone except the railroad company planning to destroy the advantages to the people of water transportation and to tighten the cinch on the saddle they are riding the Southern Oregon people with. As Coos Bay is Southern Oregon's greatest asset, should the isolated people who live on its shores be permitted to surrender it forever to a railroad combine?

Coos Bay will be there offering an anchorage to the largest steamers from all over the world long after Ashland, Ore., Aug. 7, 1912.

TO CAN OR NOT TO CAN?

Before I was married I had visions of opening cans from the store, and then opening more cans, and having an "easy time." After eight years of married life and housekeeping from the first day, I want to say I never buy canned fruit or vegetables, if I can help it. I never had put up a single can until after I was married, but I soon learned and can do it successfully. My husband tries to raise all the fruits and vegetables we can eat fresh and then have enough for canning for the winter season. We have found pleasure in storing and storing, as the squirrels do, writes Cora S. Lupton in Farm and Home. There are three in the family, and I can 100 cans of tomatoes, 250 quart cans full of various kinds of fruit, and some other vegetables and jelly. I like to know things are picked from our own land. I like to cook the fruit and sterilize the cans with my own hands. I did not have a single can spoil last year, and they have all been used but three cans of peaches. I commence the canning season with strawberries. The first day I did a dozen cans. I do not object to several cans of the strawberry juice, for it is fine to pour over unflavored ice cream, as we often make it in winter as well as summer. I do not intend to spend all my days or all of any day in the kitchen, but I do intend to see that the surplus which is plucked does not spoil. I believe home-canned stuff is by far the best, and I have learned to like to do the work, and now there is nothing pleasant in the thought of opening the tin can stuff from the stores.

BLACK LIST OF SLANG WORDS.

We present herewith a list of slang words. The use of any of these words ought to be made a penal offense, punishment to be a term of imprisonment. No slang word ought to be used by any respectable American citizen under 21 years of age; after that time, given a certain amount of experience and discrimination, a judicious use of slang may be permissible. This list is by no means complete, but it is believed to comprehend the worst offenders. We shall be glad to receive additions from our readers: Beat it! Flossy. Peaved. Sure! Sure! Fussed. Speedy. Old Top. Peachy. Nutty. It's a cinch. Getting your goat. What do you know about that?—Life.

all the timber in Western Oregon has been cut, provided it is not made useless by railroad encroachments. It is up to Southern Oregon to protect its advantages. Will the people surrender without a protest or a struggle because so far they are shut in like rats in a trap? Any other place in the United States would see the people ready to fight to a finish any attempt to steal a harbor like Coos Bay, even if they did not expect to use it themselves, they would protect it for their children; but Southern Oregon sleeps while the moss and whiskers grow. The eastern man has a lot of ambition and grit when he comes here, but he soon loses that and becomes as stupid as a Mexican or an Oregonian. Many Southern Oregon people do not realize the value of Coos Bay to them because the railroads have deprived them of its advantages; they do not realize that nature made only one such place between San Francisco and the Columbia River where large vessels can sail in and land, and while the railroads have for good reasons avoided building there, we have been shut off from its advantages. Many business men know that with 65 miles of railroad to Roseburg and 100 miles more to the Rogue River Valley, all of Southern Oregon would save at least 50 per cent in freight rates, which would make these valleys more prosperous and cause immediate development of our decaying forests, open our mines and our minds, and cause an increase in immigration to develop the idle lands that can not be used now except for pasture. The policy of the government in the past has been to refuse permission to any railroad to bridge navigable bays, but the power of the combines in politics is now so great that they can get what they want while the people are asleep. Coos Bay is so situated that it is just as far around it as across it, hence the glaring gall of the attempt to shut it in. I have no land on Coos Bay or in Coos County, but I appreciate the value of the bay to the Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys, whose people should be more interested in it than the isolated people who live on its shores and do not appreciate it as they should. Protests should be made to the representatives in Congress and the war department and committees should be sent to protest at the public hearings to be held there soon. Roseburg, especially, should wake up and get busy. N. F. THRONE.

HOW LONG DO YOU EXPECT TO LIVE?

There is an element in longevity that cannot be ascertained or passed upon by anyone except the man himself. My opinion is that every man should be his own physician, and he should be wise enough and sane enough to make a diagnosis of his own case—spiritually, mentally, physically—much closer than anyone else ever possibly could. The one thing in human life that no one but the man himself knows, is, how long does he expect to live. It is a pretty good general rule that, barring accident, the man will live as long as he expects to, or, if you please, as long as he wants to, or hopes to. Many people are obsessed with the fallacy that the age of man is fixed at the limit of three score and ten, and so, with a vast number of people, when they are around 65 they begin to prepare to shuffle off. They quit business, retire from active work close up their affairs, and when they do these things, death and dissolution are at the door. There are other men who work on until they are 80, and then they do exactly what the other man did at 70, with a like result. Great numbers of very strong, active, earnest men reach the age of 80, and die at 82, 83, 84. And the reason for this passing is not so much a physical one as it is a mental. These men have fixed this age limit in their minds, and their entire life and death conform to the idea. As a general proposition I would say the way to live to be 100 is, not to consider the question of time, but simply to continue an active, earnest interest in human affairs, and not overcast.

The "Temporary" Wife.

Mrs. Leslie Milne, who writes "Shans at Home," tells an amusing story of a Hindu dispenser connected with an American mission who during the absence of the missionary took a Shan wife in addition to his Hindu wife, who was in Calcutta. When the missionary returned he was very indignant—naturally disapproving of polygamy—and the dispenser came to Mrs. Leslie's house to ask her to intercede for him. "What have I done?" he said. "I may by our custom have many more wives than one, so I said to the sahib, 'Sir, be not angry; it was only a temporary measure,' but the more I thought to please him by telling him that it was only temporary the more angry he became."

Before the introduction of tea and coffee our ancestors used various kinds of beer, and their only substitute for sugar was honey. —ELBERT HUBBARD.