

News From Nearby Towns

ARAGO AND VICINITY.

(Special to the Times.)

The people of Arago and vicinity have started a spelling school to meet every Wednesday evening at the Arago school house. The first spelling match was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, and was attended by a large crowd. Olaf Ansen carried off the honors by spelling the school down.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. George Hampton, January 25, a ten-pound girl.

Miss Myrtle Hodge has returned from Coquille.

Mr. Hammock and his son James have bought the machinery in Mr. Albee's shingle mill. They are going to use a large amount of their timber in making shingles this summer.

Miss Hazel Radabaugh spent Saturday and Sunday at home. She returned to Coquille Monday, where she is attending school.

A. J. Radabaugh, who recently returned from Ohio, was visiting his brother, J. H. Radabaugh, a short time ago.

John Fennel, who has been conducting an evening school at the Fishtrap school house, is going to begin it at Arago next Friday evening, as it will be more convenient for the people to attend. He will give instructions in English, writing, bookkeeping, arithmetic and possibly spelling.

MUCH MONEY

According to a recent statement of Postmaster General Hitchcock, approximately thirty million dollars had been deposited in postal savings depositories by 290,000 individuals, averaging \$86 per depositor. The system is now operated in 12,773 postoffices and 7,357 banks have been designated to receive postal savings funds.

Postmaster Curtis announces that the deposits in the Marshfield branch is more than \$25,000 and is steadily increasing.

CULLINGS OF COQUILLE.

Coos County Seat News as Told by The Herald.

George Colvin, a sawfiler in the camp of Aasen Brothers, has just received a patent for a crosscut saw raker gauge that he will soon place upon the market. In adjusting the height of the saw teeth, a small mirror in the mechanism reflects with exactness and convenience any discrepancies that other important features in connection with the tool for aiding in putting the saw in proper shape. This raker gauge is unlike any heretofore patented and it appears to have merits that will commend it to all users of the saws.

Josephine G. Peoples was the only bidder for the property of Arthur Peart and Lillian Peart, sold at sheriff's sale last Saturday and was awarded title for the same in the sum of \$207.96, the amount of the judgment.

Lloyd Wise of Myrtle Point was given a warrant Monday on bounty fund for \$2.00, and one less wildcat prows about the farmer's premises.

Chas. Crouch notified the county clerk February first that he had won the heart and hand of Margaret K. Curry. A license was issued in order that each could become one.

The mail arrived one day last week with newspapers filled with talcum powder—probably caused by a broken package sent by parcel post. Postmaster Linegar is not an avowed expert on the skin-soothing decoction and is not positive as to the nature of the material, but a lady with whom we are acquainted, and who has handled it in considerable quantities—on her face—pronounces it talcum.

WET AT BANDON.

Captain O. Wren, co-operative observer, announces that the rainfall for the month of January was 9.95 inches. Rainy days and cloudy were 22, and clear days, 9. The rainfall for the corresponding month of 1912 was 9.98 inches, making a difference of .03 inches more this year.—Bandon Recorder.

BANDON LOSES GAME.

The Bandon high school lost the basketball game with the Coquille high school last Friday night, the score being 20 to 8 in favor of Coquille. The Bandon boys were much lighter than their up-river opponents, although they played just as fast a fielding game, but were unable to throw baskets successfully.—Bandon Recorder.

ACME RUNS INTO FIFIELD.

The steamer Acme ran into the Fifield just as the latter was entering the San Francisco harbor on her last trip, but neither boat was damaged, and both were able to continue their trips.—Bandon Recorder.

DRIFT OUT OVER BAR.

Bandon Men in Launch Have a Narrow Escape.

The Bandon Recorder says: "Drifting with a strong ebb tide a gasoline boat belonging to Henry Herman went out over the bar Sunday afternoon. Mr. Herman was alone in the boat. He and a Mr. Peterson of Prosper, each in a launch, were navigating near the bar when Mr. Herman's engine went dead and he drifted at the mercy of the tide. The life saving crew was notified at once and succeeded in recovering Mr. Herman and his boat, bringing them in about 7 o'clock in the evening. The only damage done was the life boat, causing once on their return trip, causing the crew to lose their caps and a couple of oars, but the affair might have been more serious, only for the quick work of the crew."

The Girl's Side

—BY—
BOB STANLEY.

I pay a tribute to the girl who's passed up feathers with a curl, once worn upon her picture hat, and furs, and jewels, and all that, to help some poor romantic youth go out in life and learn the truth which floats around 'neath Heaven's dome, when they first try to make a home. With admiration for her grit, I see her wear the clothes, unfit for her whose form of airy grace should be togged out in old point lace. I see her wear, while on the street, brogans that soil her shapely feet, and see her smile a smile, serene. Gaunt poverty can't hide a queen. I bow my head to such a maid who's loved, and cherished, and obeyed, and hidden from him all the tears, and sighs, and wants of first few years. My heart goes out in sympathy when thinking of the things that she has borne in silence for her king since first he placed a wedding ring upon her slender, snowy hand, and vowed and promised he would stand forever by her girlish side 'though all the storms of life betide. I honor her when on her face, a Mother's Love has come to place its stamp of Holiness that glows beneath a halo God bestows upon the head of Motherhood—a blessing that is pure and good. 'Tis then, unselfishly, she goes, forgetful of herself and woes. Ah! yes, we hear the man complain about the way he must refrain from all the comforts he has known, and pleasures he must now disown, but then there is another side that comes to her who was his bride on that eventful, happy day when she gave all her joys away.
Release February 4, 1913.

IF YOU HAD A MILLION, WHAT?

(Della Austrian in Chicago Tribune)
What would you do if somebody should hand you one million dollars? This may be a rather difficult problem to plump down before you on short notice. Yet, after the first surprise, you probably could meet it as aptly as did a number of men in the following story:

"If I had a million dollars," said an artist, "I would stop working at art as a means of livelihood. I would work for my own pleasure only, with little thought whether I sold my pictures or not. My ambition would be to give my best endeavors to my work for the world's sake."

"My first act would be to pay my debts. My next to buy a comfortable but not extravagant home. I would surround myself with plenty of books, especially works of art. I do not think I would study painting, save in the knowledge of it to be obtained in travel with my family in this country and in Europe."
"This is the plan of a retired business man:

"First, I would sit down and from insurance tables, family records and my present physical condition estimate my expectancy of life. This ascertained, I would just double the number of years so as to be absolutely safe.

"Thus, if I felt that my expectancy of life was ten years, I would calculate twenty years, if fifteen years, I would calculate on thirty. Then I would divide my million dollars into as many equal parts as the number of years calculated. I would put these parts into separate envelopes, marking each envelope for a certain year. Then I would rent a safety deposit box and put my million thus divided into the box.

"I would use each year one equal part so divided. I would not under any circumstances use any part of that set aside for a succeeding year but in addition to a year's allowance I would use up any unused part of a previous year. I figure that this arrangement would give me an annual income of from \$12,500 to \$25,000. That's enough for anybody."

"If I had a million," said a newspaper man, "I would throw up my job and start a magazine. It would be a Socialist magazine, up-to-date, with the best writers money could get. Though my principal aim would be to help Socialism, I would also try to make the publication pay and increase my capital.

"I would buy a farm and a comfortable home, but I would not work on the farm. I would let others do that work for me. I would make every effort to get every comfort for myself and my family. My chief extravagance would be in having plenty of time to think and to write. I would buy good books and I would travel much."

ADVERTISING TALKS.

To Coos Bay Times Readers:

Real estate is a commodity. Like the other commodities it has a known value and use. Therefore it should appeal to nearly all classes. Again, like some commodities—certain real estate appeals to certain classes of people. Price, location, buildings, restrictions, etc., cause this. It is just this distinction that you should base your real estate advertising on. This necessitates a thorough study of the land to be sold, i. e. take for instance its location. Is it too far out for comfortable daily city trips? What appeal does the outlook make? What class is the trend of building progress?

You should follow this line of thought in its advantages, price and terms, building restrictions and right down the line—picking out the possibilities and reconstructing them along KNOWN HUMAN LINES.

RALPH KAYE.

If you have anything to sell, rent, trade, or want help, try a Want Ad.

Times' Want Ads bring results.

FOR HIGH-GRADE MEAT and fancy SAUSAGES OF ALL KINDS call up PHONE 144. The NORTH BEND REFRIGERATING MEAT CO., where you can SAVE FIVE PER CENT by paying cash.

R. J. MONTGOMERY
Real Estate and Insurance
244 North Front Street.

HOO'S HOO.

Who quit the grand old game for good to go to raising fruit? (See sporting sheet—November last—the Daily Toot-a-Toot. Who took a job with Herrmann on the Cincinnati Reds? (The Evening Pink 'N had it under blue and yellow heads.) Who'll boss the Highlanders of York (see latest in The Shine), at wages high and wide enough to buy the Homestake Mine? Who's signed to be the manager (why, readers go insane) of almost every tanktown nine from Puget Sound to Maine? Who's used up miles and miles and miles of type in getting set? That Frankie Chance, the Peerless One—and Charlie's Murphy's pet.—John Carey.

CHEER UP, CUTHBERT.

Nobody Really Begins to Do Anything until he Gets his Mind Off that Do-Somebody Thing!

We wouldn't quite so much Mind Being Broke if the Members of the Maeing Fraternity would Believe us when we Tell Them we Are!

Our Idea of the Absolute Zero in the Non-Nutritious is a Reputation for Having "Been a Good Fellow When You Had It!"

It May be True that the World Accepts us at Our Valuation—but the World wants to pay with a Mighty Long-Time Note!

There's Hardly any Hard-Lucker that we don't Feel Sorry For except the One who Feels Sorry for Himself!

It's Agreeable to Think of how many Whopping Feeds we've Dredged into since the Last Time we Didn't Know where the Next Meal was Coming From!

There Isn't Much Hope for the Rainy Day Security of the Man who Thinks he's Saving Coin when he has Won a Radified Turkey that Cost him \$16.85!

When you've got 98 Bones in the Bank the Odds are about 5 to 1 that you'll Add the Other Two Bucks to It Before you'll Draw Two to Blow!

You can Explain and Still Keep your Nerve, but when you Begin to Make Excuses you're Engulfed! Some Day Some Genius is Going to Invent a Scientific, Search-Proof Sweat-Band for the Hat of the Man whose Spouse insists upon Knowing to a Penny just How Much Money he Makes!

It takes Some of us a Long Time to Ascertain for Ourselves that no Case of Hard Luck possibly can be Cured by a Drunk!

—CLARENCE L. CULLEN.

WORK NEAR EUREKA.

General Manager Porter Tells of Construction of New Line.

The following from the San Francisco Call will be of interest owing to the likelihood of the Coos Bay-Eureka line being started soon:

"B. F. Porter, assistant general manager of the new railroad in course of construction between Willits and Eureka, is staying at the Mack. Mr. Porter who has been with the Southern Pacific for nearly 24 years, has the following to say concerning the new road:

"More than one-half of the new line has been completed now, and we hope to finish it by the end of this year. While we have but about 50 miles of road left, it is even broken and mountainous country. Thirty tunnels will have been made before the 105 miles of line are constructed. The roughest and most difficult part of the new road has been finished already. As an illustration of the great amount of work required to build this small piece of road is the cost, which will amount to something more than \$9,000,000 or about \$9,000 a mile. The new line will open up a land that heretofore has almost been a wilderness. The new branch is being built by the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe."

"COOS BAY STEAM LAUNDRY."

Now, bring your wash to Jones, folks, for he's the proper man;

His life has been a triumph since its starting first began;

His pluck and spirit in the days when all to him were strange;

He builded up a character, no circumstance can change.

We always work eight hours a day, and we're always sure of good pay!

We don't claim to work but eight, and then have to stay until too late;

As a good and honest man, we'll serve him with a hearty open hand.

He serves his people nobly, and does the best he can,

With patriotic valor, and the washers' noise.

And as we to him are loyal, in working by the day.

So does he prove to be to us upon every pay day.

So bring your wash to Jones, folks, the place where they deserve.

In every office that he fills, the people will be served;

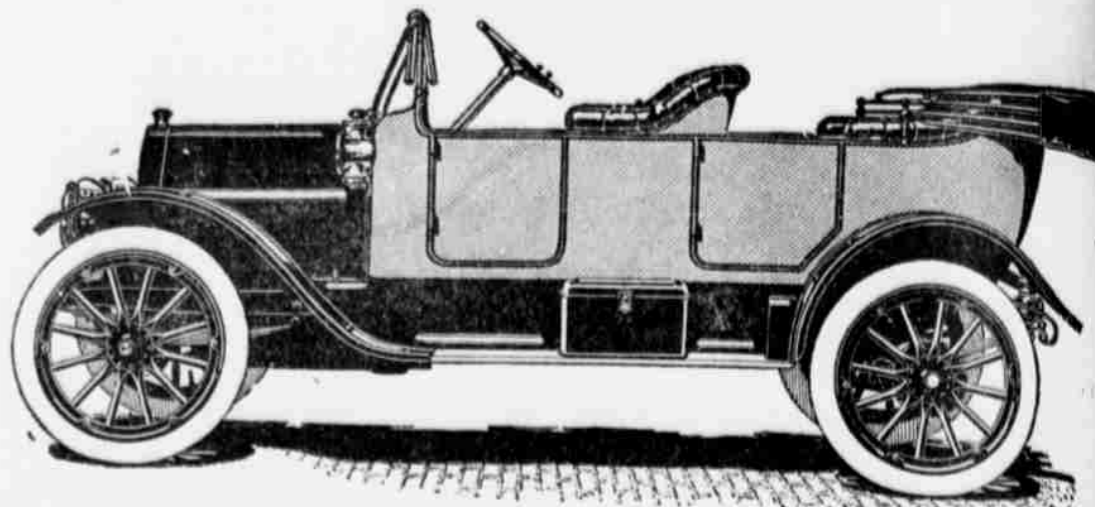
Progression is his policy, no laggard in the race!

He'll turn your wash out proper whatever be the pace.

—Evelyn Lewis.

WAIT! WAIT! WAIT!

Don't Order an Auto Until You See This Great Car



Studebaker

"25" Only \$885

Five-passenger, Four Cylinders, Long stroke, 3 1-2-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 102-inch wheelbase.

With
With
With

30x3 1-2-inch Goodrich tires
Demountable rims
Acetylene gas primer
Studebaker Jiffy Curtains
Ventilating windshield
Speedometer
Robe rail
Tire holders

With
With
With

Electric horn
Prest-O-Lite tank
Silk Mohair Top
Extra rim
Full set of Tools
Tire repair kit
Tool Box
Full elliptic springs

ISAAC R. TOWER

STUDEBAKER AND BUICK REPRESENTATIVE

THE GUNNERY

FRONT ST., MARSHFIELD

CITY BUILT BY CAIN IN OREGON

Klamath Is Said to Be Epoch of Bible—"Land of Peach" Is Found.

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—That Cain, the son of Adam, established the first city in America, near Klamath, Oregon, and that it was in this city, called Enoch, that the people of Asia fled in part to escape the flood, is the assertion of Charles Hallock, Ph. D., an archaeologist, in a report to the Peabody museum at Harvard.

The region about Enoch was known throughout tradition as the Land of Peach. It was a communal settlement. Great personal fortunes were divided among the laborers. Just before the deluge, Dr. Hallock says, the discoverer shows, many routes extended out from the city, and gold probably was brought up from California.

Traces of Airships Found.

The actual discoveries on the Pacific coast regarding the city have consisted of stone, bone and metal tools at various levels, traces of rude machinery, including slips and airships, and inscriptions and pictographs of what appear to have been temples.

Some great cataclysm rendered useless the aqueducts and irrigating canals of the place. Disjointed records of this catastrophe are inscribed upon monoliths and porcelicos, according to report.

America Is "Land of Nod."

North America is asserted to be the Biblical land of Nod, lying to the east of Eden. Cain migrated there, and, although the population was sparse, built the new city. The Land of Nod was inferentially the birthplace of the allegorical Adam, "from where he was taken when the Lord established him in the Garden of Eden."

Times' Want Ads bring results.

Barnard & Langworthy

See our window display of WOOD ELECTRIC FIXTURES LEADED ART GLASS DOMES PORTABLE STAND LAMPS. PHONE—184-R.

Unique Pantatorium

THE MODERN DYERS, CLEANERS, PRESSERS and HAT RE-NOVATORS Agent for Edward H. Straus & Co., Fine Tailoring. Let us make your next suit. 235 CENTRAL. Phone 250-X

The Excelsior Leads

Others Follow.

Smashed Every Record 1 to 100 Miles

Lee Humiston on an Excelsior auto cycle, made a clean sweep in the recent big motor cycle races, attaining the long coveted speed of one hundred miles an hour, for the mile, and set new time for every mile up to 100.

Here's the Remarkable Record:

- 1 mile in 36 seconds flat.
- 5 miles in 3 minutes 7 seconds.
- 10 miles in 6 minutes 18 seconds.
- 20 miles in 13 minutes 29 seconds.
- 25 miles in 16 minutes 54 seconds.
- 50 miles in 33 minutes 55 seconds.
- 75 miles in 50 minutes 55 seconds.
- 100 miles in 68 minutes 10 seconds.

This latest triumph makes

The Excelsior the Fastest and Greatest Motorcycle In the World

The new 1913 model may be seen at the Koontz Garage.

John L. Koontz

North Front St.

Marshfield