

COOS BAY TIMES

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Bay Times is \$5.00 per year or
\$.25 for six months.Address all communications to
COOS BAY DAILY TIMES
Marshfield OregonMORE OF THE TREE
TO BE CONSERVED

C. A. SMITH has probably done more for the conservation of the timber of the country than any other individual or group of individuals outside the government experts in the forestry department. And in some economies in manufacture he has been far in advance of the government. It is only recently that the forest experts in the department of agriculture have been following the tree through its various processes from the time it is cut until it is finished lumber. As a result of these investigations they report that only 35 per cent of the tree finally enters into the construction of a house, if designed for that purpose.

The exact figures of the experts are: In the logging process 13 per cent of the standing tree is left in the stumps and tops; waste at the sawmill reduces the remaining 87 per cent to 44. Seasoning reduces this to 42, the finished lumber has become 39; and waste in the sawing of boards for the house makes the final percentage 35. To obtain a greater return from the tree, the government urges more attention to the by-products. Tops, bark, slabs and edgings can be made into charcoal, turpentine, tannic acid, wood alcohol, acetate of lime, pulp and paper, while the sawdust will yield wood and grain alcohol. The United States, long a prodigal nation in the use of its wealth, has of recent years begun to give serious attention to conservation in many forms, and the scrap heaps and sawdust piles of past generations will furnish many new industries for the generation now entering the industrial field, and in all of this economic progress C. A. Smith has been a pioneer.

TAKE A VACATION

It is getting close to that season when a multiplicity of impressions suggest to you that vacation time is not far hence. If you are able to take a vacation you have commenced already to talk and plan about it and if you are not able to take a vacation this year you are respectfully listening to your neighbor tell how he and his are going to spend theirs. A vacation is not a fad designed for the mere purpose of inflating the living expense account for a month or so in the summer. Few of us find a vacation an absolute necessity from the standpoint of a means of separating ourselves from burdensome coin. Usually a vacation has quite the contrary use and effect with most persons. Nevertheless, a vacation is a practical necessity for every one. Some may not be able to take a vacation and in doing without it may not be conscious of any considerable loss, but the chances are that even those who never take a vacation nor feel the disadvantages incident to their failing to do so, would be wonderfully benefited in body and mind by a few weeks of rest and change.

When you get to that point in your yearly labors that the zest is gone out of work, it is good to take a little rest. Most persons work too hard and God forbid these words may ever be used as an apology for the fellow who does not.

But the candle of life will burn longer and the sum total of happiness comprehended in the span of our earthly existence will be a little greater if we take a vacation. Maybe you can afford it. Maybe you can't. It is a problem worth figuring on. It has a great variety of solutions. For the sake of the tired wife and fretful children as well as for your own tired self, figure on it, even though it may mean but a week or even a few days in the camp in the mountains or down at the beach, it will help you.

TIME TO LEAVE IT ALONE

WHEN selfish interests cease to combine with a view to swinging nominations and elections so as to favor their own ends and when old guard leaders get over the notion that politics is the exclusive business of professional politicians, it will be time enough then to consider giving up the direct primary.

Meanwhile friends of the primary law will do well to be on guard. With the evident attempt of the old crowd to come back another effort may be made to settle the primary. The reactionaries would do it in a minute if they had the chance. They have never favored the direct primary and they do not favor it now. They set forth various objections to it. It may have faults but its chief defect from the standpoint of viewpoint is that it gives too much power to the people and not enough to politicians. It does not permit of sufficient manipulation and jobbery to suit the bosses and the bosslets. Too many people have a say in the game and nominations are decided with a view to the is-

suces involved rather than in the good old time way which allowed the political generals to get together in quiet confabs and deal out the cards as they saw fit.

The fact a great many politicians are dissatisfied with the direct primary law is a good indication the law is working well and is accomplishing the purpose for which it was intended. It is a good time to leave it alone. When the politicians get to praising the law and see good in the measure it will then be time to look the situation over very carefully to see if the law is not slipping somewhere.—East Oregonian.

HOW FAR TO THE END?

SCIENTISTS tell us that life on the earth began about 2,000,000 years ago. It has been generally accepted that life will last for 95,000,000 years.

Ninety-five million years is a fairly long time. None of us who are alive today need worry about what will take place 95,000,000 years hence. Even the most altruistic can scarcely be inspired by love for an inconceivably remote prosperity.

But the French savants are altogether disturbing. Here comes one M. Veronet, who says that the earth will permanently freeze within the next 2000 years, and that life will vanish. This is bringing the tragedy nearer home. We would gladly accept the old reckoning.

Veronet places mankind of today about midway between the beginning and the end. He computes that it the future life will exist as long as it has existed. He specifies only forty-eight as long a life as those who have studied in the past.

There is only one consolation to be derived from the Veronet reckoning. As far as he influence of today is concerned 2,000,000 years is as good as 95,000,000. In either event those who are comfortably laboring today cannot expect to be remembered when the cataclysm of ice makes the earth a barren wilderness.

WITH THE TEA
AND THE TOAST

GOOD EVENING.

Custom forms us all; our thoughts, our morals, our most fixed beliefs, are consequences of the place of our birth.—Hill.

THE ETERNAL EVERYDAY.

O, one might be like Socrates
And lift the hemlock up.
Pledge Death with philosophic ease
And drain the untrembling cup—
But to be barefoot and be great,
Most in desert, but least in state,
Servant of Truth and lord of Fate,
Who does not falter at the peak
Trod daily by the steadfast Greek?

O, one might nerve himself to climb
His cross and cruelly die,
Forgiving his betrayers' crime
With pity in his eye—
But day by day and week by week
To feel his power and yet be meek,
Endure the curse and turn the cheek,
Who is there of us may be
As was the man of Galilee?

O, one might reach heroic heights
By one strong burst of power,
One might embleze the whitest lights
Or heaven, for an hour—
But harder is the daily drag,
To smile at trials which fret and fag
And not to murmur or to lag,
The test of greatness is the way
We meet the eternal Everyday.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

It would be difficult to find a Coos Bay man who takes as much pride in running the baby carriage as he would in running a new six-cylinder auto.

A judge says a man can swear without raising his hand. We know some Coos Bay men who can do it on one leg and blindfolded.

IF I MAY

"EVERY dog will have his day," so they say. Brief is triumph that will stay but a day; yet the time is long enough for one made of canine stuff, or for him who tries a bluff when he may. I would rather every day, if I may, full of courage, humbly say when I pray: "Grant to me not days but years; give me grit to fight my fears and I'll know more joys than tears all the way."

—H—H—

COULD SEE THIS COMING.

A story is going the rounds about a dog which helps a hen keep her eggs warm. He's at setter of course.

—H—H—

ANSWER QUICK.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never right out loud
Has said
As he banged his toe upon the bed
Dx! —XXXX— xx —D—
—xxD—!

—H—H—

There once was a girl named Du-
buque
Who was ambitious to marry a duke
But as none have in sight,
It discouraged her quight
And she married a barber named
Luque.

Probably the original bone of contention was jawbone.

A dead letter may be one she gave her husband to mail.

—H—H—
But a woman seldom realizes how many opportunities she had to get

WHEN I KNEW IT ALL

WHEN I was young—about eighteen, I was the brainiest lad e'er seen upon this little dab of earth, within this vale of tears and mirth. I sure was a wise youth, all right, and willing to sit up all night to give both Pa and Ma advice, that was dirt cheap at any price. But though I was a brainy cuss, I wasn't proud and made no fuss, and while I knew lots more than Pa, such modesty you seldom saw. Of course when anyone would praise my wisdom and my thoughtful ways, I was too honest to deny or try to prove an alibi. But that which puzzled me the most, was how much common folks could boast. A son so full of knowledge, great: an offspring of undoubted weight. Another problem hard to solve, that in my brain did oft revolve, was whether I'd be President or just a very wealthy gent.

Years rolled by—some thirty-eight and now I'll tell of the sad fate that came to me: me, Johnny Wise, who surely was ordained to rise. And first, as you have no doubt heard, although you'll think it quite absurd; each year it grows more evident: like Bryan, I'll ne'er be President. Now modesty forbids that I should here attempt to reason why, although I'll say (quite privately), 'tis no doubt due to jealousy. In gathering shekels day by day I very much regret to say, that somehow, through no fault of mine, I also failed to cut much shine. And now the thing that gets my goat, for which I find no cause remote: is why results so dad-blamed small, came to a youth who knew it all. For though I'll ne'er be President, and should I lose my last darned cent, I'll e'er proclaim to great and small; when I was young—I knew it all. And as my dying breath I draw, I'll still affirm that Pa and Ma shone with much lustre—indirect, from my prodigious intellect.

—Anon.

married until she finds herself left at the post.

—Exchange.

Few of us become round shouldered from carrying other people's burdens.

—H—H—

A desirable thing to know is how best to sweeten the bitters of life with mirth.

—H—H—

There is more or less guile in the smile a man generates when he is losing.

—H—H—

Occasionally a girl accepts the hand of an aged sultor because of what there is in it.

—H—H—

THE SONG OF THE TUG

Across the briny waters
There comes a heavy note;
In level deadness rolling
Up from a swarthy throat;
Chug! Chug! Chug!
It is the song of the tug.

It is a song of freedom
The little fellow sings:
So ably, staunch and sturdy
To all Time's weather stings.

It has no grace of motion
As it plows the briny sod;
Yet mighty strength and power
Are within it shod.

Across the bay, every day,
The week in and the week through
This song does never vary—
Every sure, ever true—
Chug! Chug! Chug!
It is the song of the tug.

Anon.

'Twas on a Chocolate Sundae,
Manhattan Flip struck town.
He yielded to Temptation
At a table sat him down.

Then up tripped Morning Glory,
With a cool Pineapple Smash,
And he cried: "My dear Peach Melba
Here's a Chocolate Kiss for cash!"

But she sneered, "You Broadway Jig-
ger,
Kindly close your bold Vim Fizz,
Or you'll raise Jamaica Ginger
In this Irish Jewel. Gee whizz!"

But he found Riverside Cooler,
And loitered for a day,
Hoping that Hunyadi Janos
Would buy a Peach Parfait.

But a storage Egg Grenadine
Hit his Coco Cola thine,
And he gave the place the Milk Shake
Then ducked an ice cream brick!

During courtship the young man
Likes to say good night the next
morning.

As soon as a rat discovers that he
is trapped he loses all interest in the
piece of cheese that caused his down-
fall.

Two heads are better than one—
except in a family.

Men dislike details, but women
want the full particulars.

Nerve and tact are a combination
it is difficult to sidetrack.

One can't always judge a woman's
complexion by the receptacle it came
in.

Some people worry because they
have nothing else to worry about.

Strive to become a leader; the supply
of followers exceeds the demand.

The world never sits up and takes
notice of the chap who follows in the
footsteps of others.

One seldom hears of a man's get-
ting in bad by keeping his trap closed
that leads from his dome of
thought.

—H—H—
FRANKNESS.

The clothes we wear are the out-
ward expression of our inner life.
Mrs. Robert J. Burdette. It is the
contention of many men that women
should bare their inner lives to the
world. But, Mrs. Burdette, don't
you think there could be too much
frankness?

—H—H—

THE OLD STORY

There's always something, and
repeat to make us weep and sigh;
we're looking for big crops of wheat,
then comes the Hessian fly. "Vast
tracts of grain," the papers claim,
"are ruined by this pest, and farm-
ers, weary of the game, are moving
farther west. And thus the splendid
prospect ends—all estimates have
shrunk." And nearly all such talk
my friends, is piffle, con and bunk.
The farmers fear the price will
slump, if prospects seem too bright,

and so such fairly tales they pump,
into the jaws who write. You'll see
the stately wheat stacks rise at har-
vest time, don't fear; and none will
miss what Hessian flies have spoiled
for us this year. And scores of
boggles that we hate, that wear and
tear the mind, are flouted by some
selfish skate who has an ax to
grind. When we behold a thing of
fear, it's safe to bet, by jinks, that
there's a speculator near who sits
and pulls the strings.—Walt Mason.

—H—H—

No, Alphonsus, not all gushing let-
ters are written with a fountain pen.

—H—H—

One thinks, as his new summer hat
Off on a lively spin goes,
Of that old saw which tells us that
"Straws show which way the wind
blows."

—DAN KEATING.

—H—H—

A mirror never shows Mrs. Brown's
hat the way Mrs. Jones sees it.

—H—H—

When a man is looking for an ex-
cuse to make to himself, a poor one
is as good as the best.

—H—H—

THE WISE GUY SAYS:

"Women used to put their hair up
for the night in curl paper. Nowa-
days they put it up for the summer in
tar paper."

—H—H—

If clothes make the man some
Coos Bay men ought to change
their clothes.

—H—H—

A Coos Bay man is more liable to
arrive late at church than at the
theater.

—H—H—

QUESTION FOR THE DAY.

Is there anybody in the world who
would go bail for the gas man?

CHEAP ADVERTISING.

Why It Proves an Unprofitable In-
vestment for Merchants.

Cheap advertising is generally the
most expensive investment the busi-
ness man can make. There is
such a thing as good goods sold
cheap, but cheap advertising is sel-
dom good. Cheap advertising is a
drug on the market. That's why it
is cheap. Newspapers and period-
icals with little circulation or which
are forced to give their publications
away in order to circulate them are
generally vendors of cheap adver-
tising.

They are obliged to sell their space
for little or nothing, and no matter
how cheap they offer advertising, it
is seldom worth half they ask. "Any-
thing to fill up the paper," is the
motto hanging on the wall of the
vender of cheap advertising. The re-
sult is a constantly diminishing cir-
culation list and a continual strug-
gle to get business by cutting the
price.

The publisher who furnishes his
patrons with good features in a daily
paper cannot afford to sell his ad-
vertising space for the price asked
by the "anything to fill up" publish-
er. He doesn't have to, either. He
can ask and obtain a fair price for his
advertising space because he can de-
liver the goods. The advertiser
wants circulation. He wants assur-
ance that his announcement will be
read by a sufficient number of peo-
ple to justify him in paying the price
asked by the publisher for the space
used.

Not only does the advertiser want
quantity in circulation, but he is par-
ticular about the quality. It makes
a vast difference whether a paper
is received into the homes of a com-
munity as a daily friend, welcome be-
cause of the information to be found
in its columns and paid for because
it is considered one of the daily ne-
cessities, or whether it is tossed on
the doorstep by a carrier whose in-
structions are to distribute his pa-
pers, get rid of them somehow and col-
lect for them if he can. There is no
need to tell the progressive advertiser
which medium is the best.—Fond du
Lac (Wisc.) Reporter.

FORMER U. S. MARSHAL DEAD.

PORTLAND, Or., June 25.—After
an illness of two years, Elmer B. Col-
well, United States Marshal for Ore-
gon in 1910 and 1911, is dead of
heart trouble. He was very active in
the campaign of Theodore Roosevelt
for President on the Progressive tick-
et in 1912. He was forty-six years
old.

SAYS MEN WERE RINGLEADERS.

Rev. W. G. Smith Files Complaint
Against Wolf Creek Citizens.
GRANTS PASS, Or., June 25.—
The Rev. W. G. Smith, who was forced
to leave Wolf Creek and was
horsewhipped and egged by women,
caused warrants to be issued here for
E. N. Story, H. C. Fletcher and T. M.
Lamond, all of Wolf Creek, on charges
of inciting riot. Officers have gone

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-- INSPIRATIONS --
FOR YOUR FOURTH OF JULY WEARINGS

Out of our large and
varied stock of plain and
fancy weaves we will
mention an ALL WOOL
SERGE, full yard wide at

50c

the yard

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Navy, Brown, Gray, Tur-
co, Green, Vendome, Light
Garnet, Tan and Black.

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Velft, Burgundy, Snow
White, Nile, Lavender,
Coral, Blue, Old Rose and
Lilac, at

25c

the yard

Also: We have many
new bewitching shades in
Charmeuse, Regal and
Crepe de Chene.

NEW

RUFFLINGS RIBBONS COLLARS

SHOES

PURITAN POMPS IN SATIN, GUNMETAL and PATENT



THE TANGO CORSET IS HERE

THE CHURCHES

(Written for The Times.)
Why can't they come together,
In one great brotherhood,
And drop their feuds and fighting
For the universal good?

We all expect to get there
—To Heaven—every one;
Let's travel all the one broad road
Of night, till life is done.

Why not live here, by the golden
rule;
Drop doctrines, also creeds,
Let every man and woman be
Judged not by words, but deeds.

It seems 'twould be far better
To form one church of all
Band each and each together,
For joined, they cannot fall.
—Hearsay.

The Times does job printing.

\$35.00 Cash

and \$35 per year for three years.

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