

COOS BAY TIMES

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MAJ. MORROW IS PLEASED

Says Coos Bay Is to Be Commended for Furnishing the Funds for Harbor Work.

PORTLAND, Or., July 29.—Determined that the harbor work under way in their section shall receive no check pending the enactment into law of the rivers and harbors bill now before Congress, the Port of Coos Bay officials notified Major Jay J. Morrow, corps of engineers, U. S. A., that their organization will donate the necessary funds to keep the Government dredge Colonel P. S. Michle and Oregon in service.

"I am highly gratified at the action taken by the Port of Coos Bay," said Major Morrow this morning. "It is only another striking illustration of the efforts being put forth by the residents of Coos Bay to help themselves in the matter of increasing the commercial importance of their section of the state."

About the only rivers and harbors projects to be affected in the district now in case the appropriation bill should not pass at an early date are the construction of The Dalles Cello boat canal and the building of roads and trails through the Crater Lake Park. The construction of the north jetty at the mouth of the Columbia river is being done temporarily with funds of \$475,000 appropriated by the Port of Portland and \$25,000 given by the Port of Astoria.

COOS BAY BAND TO STATE FAIR

Awarded Contract for Furnishing Music for Big Salem Gathering This Fall.

SALEM, Or., July 29.—Frank Meredith, secretary of the state fair board, announces that the contract for the music at the coming state fair has been awarded to the Coos Bay Concert Band, of Marshfield. Music was furnished last year by the Portland band. Bids were received from numerous other musical organizations, and the committee on music made a thorough investigation before making the award. The Coos Bay band is considered one of the best in the state, and was recommended by numerous organizations in the southern part of the state.

BOOST FOR BAY.

State Fair Trip Will Be Big Thing for This Section.

R. N. Fenton, director of the Coos Bay Concert Band, said that the band would leave on September 21 and that it would give concerts at Roseburg, Eugene, Corvallis and Albany. The band will be engaged at the State Fair at Salem from September 28 to October 3.

There are 32 pieces in the band and each player will receive a salary of \$36 a week. On the return trip the band will give concerts at The Dalles, Portland and other places and then make the return trip to the bay by the boat route.

Director Fenton, with the support of the Marshfield Chamber of Commerce, plans to have the band represent the state at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition next year. The Coos Bay Concert Band was competing with every band in the state for the State Fair engagement.

SPEEDWELL sails from MARSHFIELD July 23rd for San Francisco, San Pedro and San Diego. GET RESERVATIONS at ABSTRACT office.

YOUTH HELD INCORRIGIBLE

John Osborne, Age 16, Accused of Stealing Sacks, Gloves and Copper Kettle.

John Osborne, age 16, arrested on an information filed by C. W. Warren, who alleges that the youth is incorrigible and delinquent, had a preliminary hearing before Judge Hall this afternoon. Osborne was turned over to Constable Cox, who will have charge of him until tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, when he will again be brought before the judge.

In the information filed by Warren it is alleged that Osborne stole from David Musson 1000 barley sacks, from Arthur McKeown one pair of driving gloves, and from Warren one copper kettle. It is also alleged that Osborne stole a boiler from the basement of the last house on South Broadway. Osborne admits that he took the copper kettle and the boiler and that he tried to dispose of them at the Nelson Iron Works.

Warren further states that young Osborne is incorrigible, that he is growing up in idleness and that his father has no control over him, that his mother is dead and that it is unsafe to permit the child to run at large.

Osborne was held in the city jail this morning, pending his hearing before Judge Hall. He asked permission of the judge to allow him to remain with his father until tomorrow morning. The father said he would be responsible for him.

43 MILES OF RAILS NOW IN

Southern Pacific Steel Getting Nearer Coos Bay—Hot Weather Bothers.

EUGENE, Or., July 20.—That the track of the Willamette Pacific Railway has been laid to the bridge across San Antonio Creek, 43.2 miles from Eugene, that the preliminary work of building the bridge across Coos Bay has begun and that there are over 1300 men at work along the line, is the information brought to Eugene by Thomas Dixon, superintendent of construction for MacArthur, Perks & Co., contractors.

Mr. Dixon returned from a trip over the line as far as the rails are laid and says that the work is progressing as rapidly as possible. He says that the trains which are now making the Fowler farm their stopping place will soon be extended to Richardson's and that work has been started on the bridge at the third crossing of the Siuslaw River.

"Men are scarce right now and hard to get," said Superintendent Dixon. "During this warm weather it is hard to keep them at work and many of them are quitting."

Some piling has been driven for the long bridge across Coos Bay and work on the foundations for the piers will begin in a short time. The bridge will consist of a draw span, eleven ordinary spans and about three-fourths of a mile of trestle-work. The company has abandoned the idea of putting in a lift at the draw but will put in a swinging draw instead.

The contractors are working on seven of the tunnels between the Siuslaw and Coos Bay and good progress is being made on all of them.

NORTH BEND NEWS

Mrs. E. F. Russell is entertaining her Sunday School class at her home on Meade avenue today.

John Hazer, who spent the weekend with his family camping on Ten Mile, returning home today.

L. F. Falkenstein, who fell from a load of lumber recently and broke a bone, is now improving at his home.

R. W. Simpson and family and Mrs. Swearinger and daughters Marjorie and Katherine, and Harold Simpson are camping at Brewster Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Worrell, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Simpson and daughters, Edythe and Bernice, made an auto trip into Brewster Valley yesterday.

Miss Katie Smythe from South Inlet was shopping in North Bend Saturday.

Mrs. N. P. McLeod and granddaughter, Marie McLeod, who have been camping at Ten Mile, returned to their home on North Bend Heights yesterday.

MEDFORD.—W. A. Barnum, president of the Rogue River Valley Railroad Company, for years a resident of the Rogue River Valley, has decided to move to Medford from his home in the county seat.

HUNTING SPIRIT IN THE AIR

How It Affects the Sons of Nimrod—Guns and Dogs and Shooting Tog the Talk of the Day

Signs have already appeared—signs of the hunting season, which is near at hand. Signs of a good season, too.

Over the hills and mountains, at about this time of year, hovers a sort of mist, visible only to the sons of Nimrod. It is not inert, but strangely beekons. By those who have the eyes to see and the gift and grace of understanding it is called "the spirit of hunting."

If you would smile at this fancy, remember the story that is told of Whistler, the artist. A tourist stood beside the famous painter in a country of lakes and mountains. One was seeing the same sunset that the other was only looking at.

"I don't see anything in a sunset," complained the tourist.

"But don't you wish you could," said Whistler.

The spirit of hunting, perhaps, will some day be embodied in marble—the masterpiece of a Borglum.

The zest and exhilaration of the hunt are not to be known vicariously by proxy. They are learned only through experience, but it doesn't take very long. After the first hunting trip there is no cure for the malady that results. Some friend of yours, for example, He disappeared into the woods with rifle and camping kit and when he came back he was a different man. His beard was shocking. He never acted the same again. Like Barkis, however, he was a will-'n-victim; and every year when the fever comes and he takes to the hard miles and crooked trails, there is no holding him back. The best thing that you can do is to go along with your hunter friend. You can easily get your doctor to advise it.

Now is the hunter's time of anticipation. It is the time when the office-crazed man has hallucinations even in business hours. He looks out of the window and sees a herd of mountain sheep feeding in their sky pastures. He sees a bear in the far distance of a woods. He knows of a happy hunting-ground that he could reach by train. A railroad timetable, bearing evidence of much use, is locked in the drawer of his desk, and with it lies a copy of the game laws.

The boss is similarly affected, so he doesn't notice that anything is the matter. Go home with either man and you find that some room in the house looks like a sporting goods store, and all through dinner you know that he is thinking of a camp menu of grouse, trout and venison. Finally, after all the necessary small talk, he discovers that you belong to the hunting fraternity. That settles it. Big-talk, then, for the rest of the evening, and nothing else. After dinner your host makes you examine his Remington, aim it, and look through the shining barrel; he proudly calls your attention to the antlers on the wall (though you had seen them before) and tells you the whole story; and when it has grown late he urges

you to stay overnight, apologizing for the bed he offers you by saying he wishes it were a bed of balsam boughs.

Your true hunter reckons not the hardships of the trail. He welcomes them. They increase his joy. Even disappointments have a certain fascination. He tells you with great gusto of the deer he didn't kill, and includes the incident in the story he sends to his favorite outdoor magazine. Just notice the conclusion of the following paragraph, taken from an account of a bear hunt:

"While putting the dogs into the brush at the bottom of a gulch, something attracted my attention up the mountainside on the rocks. I looked up and beheld a fine little brown bear gazing down upon us. I threw my gun to my shoulder and fired, but an instant later, for just as I pulled the trigger he dropped out of sight behind the rocks. The dogs saw him, however, and the chase was on. Mr. Bear turned into the brush and down the gulch he came, with both dogs at his heels. Close to the Rancher they crashed through the thick undergrowth—so thick that it was difficult to determine which was bear and which was dog. The Rancher got in several shots, but with no effect. Down the mountain we ran, dogs and bear in the lead, everybody yelling to encourage the dogs and in the hope of scaring the bear up a tree. Breathless and weary, we finally got to the dogs, who were lying down under a tree, 'all in,' and no bear in sight. His pace had been too hot for our unhardened pups, and he had escaped." (Now hear the conclusion of the matter.) "It was the Rancher's first bear and he was much disappointed not to get him. We were all agreed that it was the best sport that we had had in a long time, hence were pretty well satisfied."

It was "the Rancher's first bear," even though it seemed. There was the tree hunter. And by the way that party did not finish their trip empty-handed—not in a country that abounded in bears, mountain sheep, mountain goats, cougar and deer, as well as the smaller game, like pheasants and rabbits, which any townsman or farmer can find near home.

It is wonderful what a transforming power a hunting trip has. A parson, conducting morning prayers in front of a lakeward-looking tent, was interrupted by a shout from one of the group: "There's a loon out there by the point." The next word was "Amen," and the loon now stands upon the parson's bookcase.

A hunter is as old as he feels, and judged by that standard he has the advantage of old Ponce de Leon, who searched long and vainly for the Fountain of Youth. Though the gift of the trails and camps and campfires is physical health and strength, one always comes back with a sense that somehow an even richer legacy has been bestowed.

LUMBER TRADE OF COOS BAY GOOD THINGS IN MARKETS

Shipped Nearly Twice as Much to San Francisco as Any Other Port. Boats Arrive from South with Supply of Vegetables and Fruits for Local Men.

Coos Bay shipped almost twice as much lumber to the San Francisco market during the first two weeks of July as any other coast port, as is shown by the following figures of the receipts there:

Table with columns for location and amount. Includes Aberdeen (6,750,000), Bandon (1,400,000), Bellingham (750,000), Columbia R. (2,224,000), Coos Bay (9,855,000), Eagle Harbor (16,000), Everett (900,000), Port Angeles (680,000), Port Ludlow (200,000), Umpqua (206,000), Willapa (1,150,000), Total (24,531,000). Also lists Redwood: Eureka (5,042,000), Albion (1,080,000), Caspar (900,000), Fort Bragg (1,076,000), Mendocino (763,000), Greenwood (483,000), Crescent City (315,000), Total (9,639,000).

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20.—The President has issued a proclamation eliminating sixteen sections from the Umpqua forest of Douglas county. The lands will be open to homestead entry for 26 days beginning about September 1.

SUNDAY PICNIC.

A party of ten enjoyed a delightful picnic at the Krominga home on Coos River yesterday. They made the trip on the steamer Rainbow, returning late in the evening. Among those in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Gist, Mrs. O. Honson, Mrs. Carl Walker, Mrs. Robert Kruger, Mr. Hagemeister, Elbert Hagemeister and family, Robert Kruger, Hans Kruger, Albert Piehl and H. Hagemeister.

BAPTISTS TO CHARLESTON.

The Baptist Sunday School will give their annual picnic to Charleston Wednesday, July 22. The Alice H. and Standard leave Market street at 8 a. m. Bring your baskets well filled. Everybody invited. Children free. Boats stop at North Bend.

IT CAN BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done; And he, with a chuckle, replied: That maybe it couldn't; but he would be one Who wouldn't say so till he tried. So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin On his face—if he worried, he hid it. He started to sing, as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done—and he did it. Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that! At least no one ever has done it." But he took off his coat and he took off his shoes And the first thing we knew he'd begun With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin, Without any doubt or quiddit. He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done—and he did it. There are thousands that tell you it cannot be done; There are thousands to prophesy failure; There are thousands to show to you one by one The dangers that wait to assail you. But just buckle in with a bit of a grin; Just take off your coat and go to it; And start in to sing as you tackle the thing That cannot be done—and you'll do it.

LARGE AUDIENCE IS REACHED BY DAILY COOS BAY TIMES

Number of Readers of The Daily Times More Five Times as Great as the Combined Seating Capacity of All Theatres on Coos Bay. Many merchants regard the readers they reach through a daily paper as an audience to which they appeal with the most interesting facts and service.

Dealers who advertise in The Daily Times reach by far the largest audience it is possible to reach in Coos County. For the first five months of 1914 The Times had an average of more than 10,000 readers. Audience of newspaper readers is more than five times as great as the combined seating capacity of all the theatres on Coos Bay. It is an audience whose applause and approval are well gained, because it is composed entirely of thrifty, permanent, earning element of the population.

The Store Ads Are a Co-operative Service for the Housewife

THE woman who is in too much of a hurry to look almost always wastes a lot of time looking about for what she wants to buy. It's a wise—a very wise—woman who takes time to think about her table, and the buying of it for the home folks. The woman whose attention in this task amounts to enthusiasm will be prepared to accomplish the most difficult of modern tasks—the making of a real home. The store ads are a co-operative service to such a housewife.

You can make about every one of your shopping trips a "good stroke of business" for your household if you pay as much attention to the ads as you should.

The "making" of a home is a serious, yet a joyous occupation for a housewife. It keeps her busy and alive in the new things—in the chances for new home furnishings—in thrift-chances in her attention with routine home expenses. Because she reads the ads she knows when she must "hurry to a new and when she may profit by making a trip to an unfrequented shop.

No one would think it "funny" to see a broker or investor show a somewhat feverish interest in financial news and stock quotations. You have no more potential importance to him than the store ads have for the woman who does the shopping of the money for the home.

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