THE COOS BAY TIMES, MARSHFIELS, OREGON.

Lieut. Bryan, U.S.N. stated before the Am. Soc. of Naval Engineers: "Oils made from the asphalt-base crudes have shown themselves to be much better adapted to motor cylinders, as far as their carbon-forming proclivities are concerned, than are paraffine-base Pennsylvania oils."

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HAPPINESS AND JOY. A graybeard and a stripling touched glasses and saluted. "Teve's happy days, old chap?" "My Boy, I wish you joy?" Then drank and parted at the door. The old man, leaning on his cane, wakked slowly up the street, ondering on happy days. The old man, leaning on his cane, wakked slowly up the street, ondering on happy days. The joint went jauntify the other, love, across my face. Looking for joy. The joint went jauntify the other, love, across my face. Looking for joy. There old cronies with their pipes and mugs of ale. At a little round table in the corner of the tap room— And thou beside me singing in the wilderness." Happiness is a cloistered heard, Hared and shuttered azinst a chiling world. Yoy walks the lonely high road, under the friendly stars; With a good old tramp dog, cagerly beating the hedgerows. Happiness toilers on velvet lawns, through lover's, lunes, to hear the shrift cicala calling to the droning bese. Kultant Jey, with reckless steps, stands tiptee On that slippery perilous verge that tops the world, To catch one flashing glimpse of life's horizon line. Happiness tolls in a steamer chait, Mappiness tolls in a steamer chait, Mappiness tolls in a steamer chait, Mappiness is the clinking of the coin of the market place, Wor for smooth in passing from hand to hand. Hat varines the lower by ord hand to hand. Hat varine stard, bio ford heard by free happiness in a steamer chait, Mappiness is the clinking of the coin of the market place, Wor ma smooth in passing from hand to hand. Hat reveauses of joy are not minted ore banked, or given in barter Keept for human souls. For some, alael who long sought happiness in valia. Her would be price is in the happiness in valia. Her would be price is in the happines in valia. Her would be price is in the happiness in the stands of life. Displaces is the yellow gold, patientify woshed from the sands of life. Displaces is the yellow gold, patientify woshed from the sands of life. Displaces is the yellow gold, patientify woshed from the sands of		Oregon try and e St. Hel of \$60,00 At Eu for a scho At St. ed a 30 h
THE COOS	BAY TIMES	The A increased At Spri the \$25.0 start soon At Eng

Travels over Every Street in Every Town, and over Every Road in Coos County. LET IT CARRY YOUR MESSAGE.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1916-EVENING EDITION. ************************ At that instant there was a confu-WS OF OREGON ********************* bert was with them, rville and Gorham will The two young men went downstairs arage on the Pacific Highquist's body. arrisburg. "Well?" asked Hibbert eagerly. ortland Gas & Coke Co. was How They Solved responsible for typhoid just come," he explained. drinking water used by emthe Mystery rville and Gorham will erect committed suicide." on the Pacific highway at By CLARISSA MACKIE ortiand Gas and Coke Co. unpleasant glances. not responsible for typhold Dr. Hibbert hastened to explain their drinking water used by em-Harley and Rogers, investigating lawyers, faced each other in some disoria twenty-five out of thir- may. "A murder case," remarked Harley ics on the lower Columbia and quite unofficial. ion are employing 10,000 at last. "That's rather out of our line, isn't it? voted for a \$2500 union "Just because no one has brought one to our doors. We've taken everything in sight so far," grinned Rogers. commercial clubs and col-"Then we won't let this one get by, becoming more useful in eh? Good thing it's vacation time. Now tell me what Dr. Hibbert had to : flax industry. upon the door. gene chamber of commerce say about the matter." "I found him waiting in the office sly voted resolutions opwhen I arrived this morning. He said prosed change in hours of that he had a curious story to tell me. vages for women by the detective bureau." "It seems he has been attending a ndustrial Welfare commis-"Done!" exclaimed Rogers confidentpatient, Emery Armstrong, who lives in a dilapidated house on the Freeman Harrisburg six carloads of road. Armstrong was a middle aged shipped direct to London. man of eccentric habits and lived alone with a hired man, a Swede of the name of Lindquist. is reviving the flax indus-Rogers. "Armstrong had money or was rextending the mint industry. puted to be a miser, but his house ap-"The woman?" ens has a monthly payroll peared poverty stricken. He always paid the doctor with grumbling reluczone the contract was let tance "Armstrong had been sick for some ol house to cost \$13,492. time, nothing dangerous apparently, Johns E. H. Watkins erectmerely a low malarial fever. He was 70-foot concrete creamery so much improved that Hibbert decided he need not come any more. la beach opposite Vancou-"When he went to pay his last visit improved for summere re- last night the man Lludquist met him at the door and said that his employer was unconscious. The doctor found the door leading to the cellar." Pervine of St. Johns, in- Armstrong had been dead for several vacuum fire place, wants hours. Investigation showed that the sh a factory. man had been sho; through the heart on dollar shipbuilding plant as he isy in bed. "The shot had penetrated bedelothfor Linnton. ing and all, and yet there were no light. and Lewis may locate a jobpowder marks from a gun pressed e at Bend. against the bedding. \$30,000 business block was "Lindquist appeared stupefied when told that his employer was dead. He Bend. Harley. laska-Pacific Fisheries Co. admitted that he had been away all night and had just returned. Hibbert its stock to \$1,000,000. ngfield the construction on came directly to us and has now gone 00 Methodist church is to to notify the police authorities." winding upward. "Where is Lindquist?" asked Harley, "Oh. Hibbert left the man alone At Eugene the Elmira Lumber Co. there. Rather an odd thing to do undivided into several rooms. has resumed operations. der the circumstances." Harley and his companions had not The Big Dee mill starts operations "Of course Hibbert's reputation is impeccable," remarked Harler, reach-March 20th near Hood River. more that wild laugh. ing for his hat "Coming with me?" A cold storage plant planned for They peered through a half open "Yes. I'd like to beat the police to door. lower Umpqua will cost about \$7,it. My car is below."

street and entered Rogers' low swung racing car. In fifteen minutes they COOS BAY TIMES WANT ADS were turning into the neglected Low Cost - High Efficiency grounds surrounding the Armstrong house. They were quite extensive, and

sion below stairs. The coroner and his associates had arrived. Dr. Hib-

and found them crowded around Lind-

Rogers shook his head. "We've only

"It's a clear case," said the coroner. "This man killed his employer and has

"Shot hinsself in the back?" asked Rogers. "We found no weapon either." Harley and Rogers met a battery of

presence on the scene, but the young investigators were given to understand that their presence was both untimely

The coroner and his associates were enger to have the investigation to themselves and felt jealous of the interference of the two young lawyers. They scorned the theory of a third person being involved, though Rogers told them about the uncanny lang which had followed their first knock

"You find the laugh, young fellow," grinned the police detective, "and I'll get the chief to appoint you on the

ly, and he withdrew with his partner, while the others went on unstairs.

"How about the laugh?" queried Harley as they stood in the kitchen. "We must find the woman," said

"Yes. There's a woman somewhere around the place. Why? She has been down and made some tea. The pot is still warm. There are the dregs in a cup. Armstrong is dead, and Lindquist probably did not make the tea. Men fly to strong liquors in

times of stress. This tea was being made when we entered the house." "Where is she?" asked Harley. "All the doors are bolted on the inside, even

"We might try the attic. These back stairs will take us up there."

Rogers led the way up a narrow, dusty flight of stairs. Once he paused and searched the treads with his finsh-

Plainly visible in the dust were the imprints of a small stockinged foot. "We are on the right track," said

The stairs ended in a small hall on the second floor, and, opening another door, they discovered a dusty flight

Now they walked cautiously, guns in hand. Under the low roof the attic

taken ten steps before they heard once

The room was directly over Armstrong's sleeping apartment.

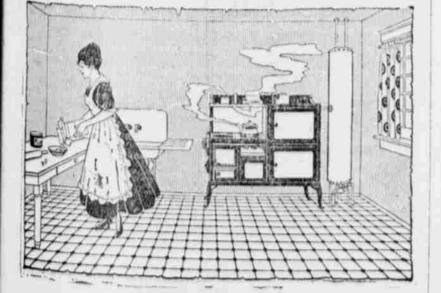
In the middle of the floor a board had been removed, and beside the hole knelt a woman. She was a small creature, bent with years and illuess. Gray hair hung in tangled locks shout her the masses of shrubbery furnished exwrinkled face, and eyes were wild and glittering as she lifted her head and regarded the two men Then, without comment on their in trusion, she bent over the hole and ap peared to look down. Rogers silently placed himself where he could lean over and look down also. He saw the lath and plaster of the bedroom celling and a white point of light that streamed up through a small

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cellent hiding places for any one prowl ing around bent on mischlef.

The young lawyers went down to the

The house itself, once a lofty colonial mansion with pillared porticoes and many wings, was in a tumbledown condition

There was no sign of life around the place, and Rogers could not help a sudden tightening of heartstrings when he recollected that the murderer might be concealed where he could pick them off one at a time as they entered the house.

The same thought occurred to Harley, and he was glad they were both armed with automatic weapons. Rogers lifted the ancient brass knock-

er and rapped gently. If Lindquist was on guard he would answer at once.

The knock reverberated as though through empty rootas.

"What was that sound?" asked Rogers. "It sounded like a laugh!" Harley had heard it too.

"Perhaps the Swede has gone insane," he suggested and turned the doorsnob.

The door opened halfway and then stopped.

The two men entered and almost fell over the squat form of a man huddled on the floor in a pool of blood.

muttered Rogers as he got up from his knees.

"It has just happened." Harley touched his companion's arm. "The murderer may still be here." he breathed.

Weapons in hand, they searched the lower rooms, finding only dust and decay, except in the kitchen, which bore evidence of being in daily use.

On the second floor only one room was habitable. This was the one in which the dead man lay. This was a lofty chamber furnished

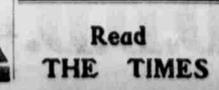
in the black walnut "period" of forty years ago. There was every evidence of comfort here, the bookcases running over with volumes. The well equipped writing desk, with its scattered papers and fine reading lamp, denoted that Emery Armstrong had spent much of his time in his own apart-

ment But the gulet occupant of the room! The two young taen turned back the sheet and looked upon a noble countennne

A hasty examination of the room showed nothing to indicate there had been a struggle.

The big bed stood almost in the center of the room, and it had been made up with the pillows at the foot, under a hanging lamp.

"So he could read in bed." explained Rogers. "There was a book near his hand when the doctor found him."



Below that hole was the bed where the body of Armstrong was found with a burnt in his heart, and the hole in the celling was right above his heart!

Suddenly the hole was obscured, and to Rogers' horror, he saw that the woman had covered it with the muzzle of a revolver.

With a signal to Harley, they both leaped for her and tore her away from the hole.

She fought like a tigress, and again and again her wild, insane inughter echoed through the house.

The men below came tearing upstairs and secured the raving woman. It was Dr. Hibbert who identified her.

"It is Armstrong's manine wife." said the physician. "For years she has been "It is Lindquist-shot in the back!" confined in the Leets asylum. I did not know she had escaped, and I did not connect her with the crime,

"It is plain to be seen now how she accomplished her deed. She concealed herself here and made a small hole in the ceiling close to the book in the middle of the plaster centerplece. From

this hook the lamp was suspended. "As for Lindquist, she probably surprised him and killed him as he tried to escape. If our friends, Harley and Rogers, had not traced the laugh it in very likely that she would have got one or more of us."

As the mad woman was led screaming to the patrol wagon in which the officers had arrived Dr. Hibbert turned to the detective in charge.

"How about your promise, Smith?" he asked. "My friends here traced the taugh."

The detective shook hands with Harley and Rogers.

"The next case you have, my friends," he said, "will have the backing of the detective bureau.

"Not if I know it," grinned Rogers as they left the house. "But I'll tell you one thing-I don't want another murder case.

"We'll turn down the next one." agreed Harley as the car sped toward the city.

But it was to happen that the cext case they handled touched them so intimately that they could not help being involved in the most mysterious crime of the decade.

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