

Have you a telephone? If not, you should place your order immediately to be listed in the new directory.

Are you properly listed? This company makes an effort to properly list the number, name, classification and location of every telephone subscriber in its directory. Please advise of any changes from last directory.

Do You Advertise? If so, you cannot afford to overlook the telephone directory as a medium having the largest circulation in Coos County. It is consulted daily by 15,000 people at nearly 3000 telephones in Coos and Curry Counties.

For full information about telephone rates, directory listings and advertising, call Chief Operator.

Coos and Curry Telephone Co.

Souvenir From George Washington's Estate

Compass Watch Charm: Made from the bean of the Kentucky Coffee Tree. This tree was presented by Thomas Jefferson and planted by General LaFayette, and is still living and flourishing at Mount Vernon. Postpaid 75 cents.

Souvenirs from Wood on the Estate: Hatchet, 50 cents; gravel, suitable for Lodges, 75 cents; match holder, 50 cents; pin tray, 30 cents. Each article stamped with a picture of Mount Vernon mansion. Any article sent post paid.

Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, is the name of a beautiful new book, made in Colonial Colors, and indorsed by the best authorities. It contains 33 illustrations. It is a story of a trip to Washington's old home, to your shrine—if you love your country. Makes a fine souvenir, gift book, or addition to the choice things of the home library. \$1 postpaid—and if you are not satisfied with it, send it back within ten days, and your money will be returned.

Send one dollar for a plant from the green houses on the Washington Estate

Write us about Mount Vernon Souvenir Spoons and plates

We Guarantee Every Article Just as Stated Above

U. S. PRESS ASSOCIATION Bond Building Washington, D. C.

Are you looking for real bargains? Then read our our Want Ads.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Coos County

W. J. CONRAD, Plaintiff vs. E. B. PERRIN and all PERSONS UNKNOWN CLAIMING ANY RIGHT TITLE OR INTEREST IN THE HEREIN DESCRIBED LAND Defendant.

To E. B. Perrin and all persons unknown claiming any right title or interest in the herein described land the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby notified that W. J. Conrad the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 14 issued on the 30th day of Dec. 1914 by the Tax Collector of the County of Coos, State of Oregon, for the amount of Twenty-six and 87-100 Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1911 together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows: South West Quarter of the North East Quarter (S. W. 1/4 N. E. 1/4) Section Two (2) Township Twenty-five (25) South, Range Eleven (11) West of the Willamette Meridian, Coos County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said W. J. Conrad has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

Year's Date	Tax Paid	Rate Rec't of	No. Am't Int.
1912 Dec. 30, 1914	97.40	327	12
1913	92.52	331	01
1914 Mar. 10, 1915	127.2	324	35

Said E. B. Perrin as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that W. J. Conrad will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described, and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable John S. Coke, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Coos, and said order was made and dated this 24 day of May 1915 and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 25th day of May 1915.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

JOHN S. KENDALL, Attorney for the Plaintiff Address 1st Nat'l. Bank Bldg. Marshfield, Oregon.

THE PENALTY OF CARELESSNESS

By S. W. English, Fire Prevention Expert.

Every time you hear the cry of "Fire!" you can be almost absolutely safe in thinking that someone has been careless. Fires don't happen. They are the inevitable result of combinations of preventable things. When analyzed to the last equation it will be found that carelessness is the root whence spring nearly all fires.

What a penalty industry pays to carelessness! Fire is the great destroyer. The wealth of a generation can be wiped out in but a brief hour. Why not fight fires before they start? Why not so conduct your habits and so keep your premises that when the fire demon wants to offer your savings as a sacrifice he will pass you by, just as those of Egypt of old were passed over when the sign they had been told to place over their doors, were seen?

Too often when those who are responsible from fire cry out they are the victims of bad luck, they are not paying the natural penalty for their own carelessness.

If you want to keep down your fire insurance rates, wage eternal warfare against those things that ever breed fires.

RURAL SCHOOL TERM SHOULD BE EXTENDED

By P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education

In most States school days for country children are fewer than for city children. The average length of school term in cities of the United States is one hundred and eighty-five days; in rural communities one hundred and thirty-eight days, a difference of forty-seven days. In some States the difference is much greater than this average. In many counties the average length of the rural school term is less than one hundred days; and in some districts it is less. On the other hand, in the States of California, New York and Connecticut, the country schools are in session one hundred and eighty days in a year, and in several other States almost as long. The country schools of Rhode Island are in session one hundred and ninety days in a year.

If all children are to have an equal opportunity for education we must even up the school terms of the country and give to all country children at least as many days as are given to city children. One hundred and eighty-five days of schooling a year for all children will not be too much. There are countries in which the schools, both for city and country, are in session from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and fifty days a year. The children need as much education as those of any other country, and this applies to the rural as well as urban districts.

AN AGRICULTURAL COUNCIL

By T. N. Carver, Professor of Economics, Harvard University.

Every city has its chamber of commerce or its Board of Trade. The purpose of such an organization is to study economic and business opportunities of the city and promote enterprises which will help to build the city. Does any one know of a good and sufficient reason why every rural neighborhood ought not to have a similar organization?

In Germany they already have such organizations. They are generally called the "Landwirtschaftsrath" or agricultural council. Some students of the problem of rural organization are strongly of the opinion that such an agricultural council is necessary before much can be done for the bettering of rural credit or the marketing of farm produce. There is no object, for example, in having more capital in a farming neighborhood unless the farmers know without any guess-work just how to use that capital so as to increase the production and the profit of their farms. If all the leading farmers of a neighborhood would lay their heads together and talk over the situation and study the opportunities for new investment, they would be less likely to make mistakes than if they work secretly, as separate individuals.

CIVILIZATION'S GREATEST TRAGEDY.

Extract from article by W. D. Lewis, president Texas Farmers Union, opposing woman's suffrage: "We are willing to join in every effort to elevate woman but will assist in none to drag her down. The descent of womanhood is the most awful tragedy in civilization. As she sinks she may, like the setting sun, first throw a brilliant glow of glory. She may tenderly kiss the mountain tops of her achievement farewell; she may, like the sinking sun, allure the populace with her beauty as she disappears for the night but when she steps downward, the earth is as certain to trouble and plunge into darkness as death is to follow life."

GET YOUR Butter Wrappers AT THE Herald Office

WITNESS TO THE DEED

By M. QUAD (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

My mistress in Gainsboro road had lost a 45 note in the house, and the thief was the parlor maid. I knew it from her actions, and three months after I left the house she was caught in a similar offense and owned up to the first theft. However, the crime was laid on me, and because I made indignant and perhaps impudent protest I was flung out of the house at half an hour's notice and refused a character. I was idle for the next three months. The first thing demanded when I applied for a place was a character. As soon as it was learned that I had none it was useless to talk further. It was for this reason that I finally paid a fee to an intelligence office in Margate street and was at length sent for to take a place at general housework. It was an old man named Dyson who wanted me. He was willing to take me without a character because he would have to pay less wages and because, as he grimly asserted, there was nothing lying around loose in his house for me to steal. As we sat face to face I sized him up as mean and penurious, but I did not see any evil in him. He had an aged and infirm wife, he told me, and I would be the only servant I must have a place and hold it long enough to get a character again. I went with him miles and miles out on the Holborn road, and we at last arrived at the cheaply built and cheap looking cottage he occupied. It was a place devoid of almost all conveniences and had been selected for its cheap rent. I found the old wife deaf, almost blind and peevish, and it was apparent that she had no care whatever.

I soon had evidence that he was in love with a widow in the neighborhood, or at least he desired to be free so that he could marry her. My natural impulse on finding out how he felt toward his wife was to flee the house, but I have explained how I was situated.

In the course of a couple of weeks he declared that the cellar was full of rags and gave me money and commanded me to buy arsenic. He recommended me to go to a store miles away and to say that I wanted it for my complexion and to give my own name. I went to a drug store only two blocks away and gave his name, and when he discovered this he was highly indignant for a day, and I rather expected to be thrown out. However, in the early to three or four days he developed another plan. After consulting the old wife he left me alone with her for the first time, and she begged me to get her some laudanum for toothache and not to mention the matter to him. It was easy to tell that she had been coached what to say, and I refused to do the deed. A few days later as I was preparing her a soup I had to leave the kitchen for a minute. When I returned the soup was giving out a strange odor, and being satisfied that her husband had poisoned it, I, of course, threw it away. He scolded about my waste, but when I looked into his eyes he dropped his and had no more to say.

I had been with the Dysons five years when the climax came. The old woman was holding her own if not getting better, and the husband's impatience had a savage edge to it. Their bedroom was on the north side of the house. All along on that side was a deep excavation for a factory. At 10 o'clock one night I lay wondering if he really meant to take her life and how he would finally accomplish it, when I heard a half suppressed scream from his room. I got softly out of bed and went to the farther door. I looked through the crack I saw that the window was up and that he stood before it with his wife in his arms. She was hanging on to him with fingers of steel and making a great struggle. I heard him breathing heavily and snarling and growling as he tore her fingers loose, but I did not know what he planned to do. I saw a sudden he staggered to the open window and flung her out. She screamed as she went to her death, and in my fright I echoed the scream. I remember the man rushing across the room at me, of his dashing open the door, of his striking me down, and then came darkness which lasted for weeks. He had struck me with a piece of iron and fractured my skull. He then carried my body downstairs and bore it a quarter of a mile away and flung it into another excavation. Before taking me from the house he put on my hat and cloak, and thus it appeared to those who found my unconscious body next morning that I had been coming home the night before and fallen into the pit. As to his wife, he gave the alarm and brought the police and made out that it was a case of suicide. While he was fast asleep, as he claimed, she had stolen to the window and leaped to her death.

His story went, and it was several months before there was any contradiction. I had a fractured skull, brain fever and pneumonia and for weeks and weeks lay as one dead. When I mended my memory was confused, and it was seven months before I told my story and put the police on the track. Long before that Dyson had married the widow and sailed for America, and though efforts were made to find him nothing came of them. Never did a man deserve the hangman's rope more, and yet if living today he is free and has no fear of the law.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. Have you paid the Printer?

Colonel Bunker

By M. QUAD (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I was just thinking, sub," said Colonel Bunker as he sat looking out of the window—"I was just thinking of an incident in my early career as a duelist. In fact, sub, when this thing came about I had not yet drawn my rapier on the field of honor. In the southern town where I first hung out my shingle as a lawyer were a dozen gay bucks of young men, and I was one of them.

"We were sports, sub. We rode, we gambled, and we swaggered. We talked about our honor, and we took no advice from our elders. "It was a wonder we kept clear of the duello among our own selves, for we were hot-headed. But destiny had something laid up for us, and at the proper time we learned what it was. When a dapper little man dropped into the town one day and gave his name as Professor Mayne and explained the details of a summer's evening arranging a fox hunt, when the stranger appeared among us, and looking directly at me, he asked:

"May I have the honor of asking your name?"

"I gave it as Bunker, of course. "Bunker? Bunker?" he repeated. "Did you ever spell it with an H?"

"Sub! Sub! What do you mean?"

"Was the name originally Junker?"

"Egad, sub, the man was deliberately insulting me!"

"I always thought I carried things off very well for a first time. I raised my hat, thought I ought to turn and away. He received it with a bow and also turned.

"There you were, sub—there you were! A duel for sunrise was arranged for within an hour, and I was a hero.

"Could a professor of natural history handle a rapier like a young buck who was always at it?"

"No, of course not, and I should play with him. Should I kill or only wound him? That question could wait and be settled after the blades had crossed. The most I had to fear, as my friends told me and as I firmly believed myself, was that the professor would either send an abject apology or sneak away during the night. He did neither, however.

"We talked the matter over, and all the bucks thought I ought to run the professor through the heart, and thus at once establish my reputation, but I decided that a wound that would lay him up about six weeks would do.

"It was only when the word had been given and our blades had crossed that I found out I had caught a tartar. Why, sub, the professor made me look like 15 cents! He disarmed me twice in ten minutes. He could have killed me during the next five, but he stayed his hand.

"At length, after humiliating me for the best part of half an hour, he plucked me in the shoulder and I was out of it. I wept bitter tears as the surgeon dressed my wound. The young bucks didn't know what to make of it, but asked that they must find excuse to challenge the professor until some one had landed him.

"Egad, sub, they didn't have to go hunting far for excuses. He brought them along and laid them at the feet of those who waited. He stopped Dick Beaumont on the street and politely said to him:

"Sub, nature has made a mistake in your case."

"What do you mean, sub?" asked Dick.

"That your nose is screwed on crooked."

"Sub, you must answer for this insult!"

"Yours to command."

"A second duel, you see, sub, and with the same weapons. I wasn't there to see, but they told me that he made a bigger monkey of Dick Beaumont than he did of me. When he had made a show of him long enough he gave him the point in the same shoulder he had me and walked away whistling.

"We had a sensation in that town now and for fifty miles beyond it. The professor had made two victims and was liable to make others, but there wasn't much feeling against him nor much sympathy for those who had felt his steel.

"Joe Beaumont was to be his third. It was rapier again. I rode to the grounds to see the duel. Joe went at it from the first like a butcher with a long knife and was disarmed every other minute. He got so mad that he cried like a boy.

"It was the same old story—wounded in the same shoulder.

"Three smart bucks. Three duels.

"Three of us trying to explain why it wasn't the other fellow who was plucked."

"It was humiliating, sub, and yet it was the proper remedy. It broke up the cabal and settled us down to take a more serious view of life. As to the professor, he was a naturalist at all, but a famous fencer, and I believe he was hired by those who wished us well to come there and administer the remedies our systems seemed to require.

"That's all, sub, and it's a fine day, sub, and it's—"

"But the waiter was already bringing it."

A. J. SHERWOOD, PRES. R. E. SHINE, V-PRES. L. H. HAZARD, Cashier. O. C. SANFORD, Asst. Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF COQUILLE, OREGON. Transacts a General Banking Business

Board of Directors: R. O. Demest, A. J. Sherwood, L. Harlocker, L. H. Hazard, Isiah Hacker, R. E. Shine. Correspondents: National Bank of Commerce, New York City; Crocker Woolworth N'l Bank, San Francisco; First National Bank of Portland, Portland

IDLE MONEY

Is useless money. If you have any cash that isn't working put it to work for you as you worked for it. Open a savings account with this bank and your money will at once begin earning interest for you and will keep at the task 24 hours a day, 7 days a week and 52 weeks in the year. Do it today.

Farmers and Merchants Bank

Roseburg Myrtle Point Stage And Auto Line

Leave Myrtle Point on arrival of boat from Haddon, Auto to Rock Creek and from Cannon; only 14 miles of staging. Arrives at Roseburg 7:30 p. m. connecting with north bound train. Arrive Myrtle Point 4 p. m. Make reservations in advance at Our Drug Store, Marshfield. Fare from Myrtle Point \$7.00

J. L. LAIRD, Proprietor Office at Laird's Stage Barn, Myrtle Point, Both Phones

STEAMER BREAKWATER

OLD RELIABLE—EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS ALWAYS ON TIME Sails from Coos Bay Every Sunday at 9 a. m. From Portland 8 a. m. Every Thursday at 8 a. m. Tickets on sale at Portland City Ticket Office 6th & Oak St. P. L. STERLING, Agent Phone Main 181

HOTEL BAXTER

Under New Management Having leased this well-equipped hotel, I propose to conduct it in such a manner as to merit patronage and give satisfaction to the traveling public. M. M. YOUNG, Proprietor

SELL THAT OLD Automobile

That old watch Photograph outfit of which you are tired Your cat, dog or shoat That old wagon, horse or cow Churn, wheelbarrow, tools for which you have no use The unused shed that ought to be torn down The lot that you don't need

The Herald Want Ads. Will Do It For You!

A Directory of each City, Town and Village, giving descriptive sketch of each place, location, population, telegraph, shipping and banking points; also Classified Directory, compiled by business and professions. R. E. FOLK & CO., SEATTLE