

COOS BAY TIMES

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The policy of the Coos Bay Times will be Republican in politics, with the independence of which President Roosevelt is the leading exponent.

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CASTING POLITICAL HOROS. COPEES.

The Democratic prophets and philosophers of the country are busily engaged in constructing a great variety of political horoscopes, the essential feature of all of them being a mathematical demonstration that it is all over with the Republican party. This is an agreeable diversion, as one can easily construct a table of electoral votes which, if it should correspond with that to be hereafter constructed by the people, would assure the Democrats a dead clench on the national officers for the next four years.

In this county we have also developed this type of forecaster who demonstrate to their own satisfaction that the Democrats may elect one or two local officers and that the United States senatorship is a cinch. It is another case of assuming the impossible for the sake of argument.

The fact is that the men who live within the sphere of the little local political breezes come to imagine that they are in the midst of a world-wide cyclone. They are always mistaken. Mankind has not gone daff. Most people are busy in getting their living, which, in spite of all the imaginings to the contrary, they find it easier to do with each decade. The relations of all of us with our neighbors and with society do not materially differ from those of half a century ago. Upon the whole this world is a comfortable place for honest men to live in, and most of us are honest. As conditions change with development in the material world society gradually changes not its organization, but its methods and its instruments to correspond. And that process is what we call social progress.

In the United States this same and reasonable progress in matters which are proper objects of political action has for many years been represented by the Republican party. In its ranks have always been concentrated a vast majority of the clearheaded and able. From its ranks have been developed the natural leaders of the people. It has never been a party of negation and obstruction, but always a party of positive constructive force. As new conditions have arisen it has dealt with them and dealt with them wisely. It is today dealing with present conditions sensibly and forcibly. And it will not change. The policies which it is now pursuing it will continue to pursue. The laws will be enforced as they are now, whoever is President. Obedience to law will be compelled—including obedience to the Constitution—next year as now. The national platform will be both progressive and sane, because the mass of the party is progressive and sane, and all the hosts of radicalism can never prevail against it.

THE UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP. The Republican candidate for United States Senator, Mr. H. M. Cake, when defeated by a very small vote two years ago, campaigned this whole State for his successful opponent to uphold the principles of the party. Those principles are at stake not the individual candidate's interests. The question is: What does the candidate represent? Not who is he? There is no foundation for criticism of Mr. Cake. He is one having friends, is friendly, an experienced lawyer accustomed to public work and in the prime of a clean life, and representing openly, frankly and honorably the principles of our party. On the other hand Mr. Chamberlain poses as the best friend of his people. In the real analysis he is

first, last and all the time a Democrat. But wait! On his pictures, on his cards, in his literature, he is afraid to use the name of the Democratic party. In the Primary Election he would not even permit his name on the ballot. What is he? The candidate for United States senator must be something. The conclusion is logical and inevitable that he is urging the people of Oregon to send him to the United States senate while trying to hide his real political affiliations. He is a Democrat, but afraid to say so. He is a Bryan worshipper. The atmosphere of the United States senate is Republican. The voters of Oregon must not be fooled by his statements that in Washington he will not be obliged to be counted as a Democrat. He sets forth in glittering terms that Oregon will not suffer by having him in the senate. Forget such nonsense. Men are human. The senate is Republican. There is not a proposition put forth by the Chamberlain advocates which can bear the light of day in a Republican state.

RATHER CHEAP HAGGLING. It may be said, in passing, that there is scarcely a biennial legislative session held in Oregon, at which there is not expended, in immensely less compensating ways than for the uplift and progress of one of the State's proudest institutions, as much, and often more, than the \$125,000 it is proposed to grant the University of Oregon; and the hagglings that have been done conveys to the world about us, the impression of our cheapness and smallness in things educational.

With a board of regents culled from the brain and character of the State, it would seem that so pitiful a sum as this might be freed, for legitimate uses from the treasury, without the chance of financial paralysis, or cataclysmal graft; that the great State of Oregon might do this thing with the same spirit and high intelligence wherewith other States grant millions in such behalf; that she might realize that her sons and daughters are without price when it comes to their equipment for life and its strifes, achievements and graces; that as a great commonwealth she might at least do as much as hundreds of individuals are doing, daily, throughout the world in the cause of higher education, and quit posing as a hide-bound economist on such lines as this, while doing spend-thrift stunts every two years, on people and programs quite outside the record of utility and compensatory worth.—Astoria Astorian.

AMERICAN PEASANTS. Mrs. Humphry Ward has written some very readable and diverting novels, using character and local color belonging to England, which is her home. Recently she delivered a lecture on the peasant in literature before a New York audience and made the break of holding up for analysis the "American peasant class." To her European mind the everyday types found in novels depicting life in New England, Tennessee and on the plains are peasants because they have coarse hands and are seen at their rough tasks. In saying that these people make delightful studies in literature Mrs. Ward means to be complimentary, but she fails of attaining to the whole truth by not knowing that they represent American life.

There are no peasants in America except the few who come here from Europe to escape the intolerable class bondage of their fatherland. In truth, the American plain folks who get into novels were never in the peasant class. They come from ancestors of the middle and even upper classes in Europe, who emigrated to enjoy the blessings of free thought and free worship. These combinations of philosophy and humor, with physical hardihood and endurance, which make characters for literary treatment result from the clash of culture with wild nature. And so the man with the hoe can impress the prayer meeting and sway the town meeting with thoughts that are classic, although his language and delivery may be unpolished. It requires vast landed estates to breed a race of peasants, and these fortunately America has never been cursed with.

It really seems that the kaiser is writing too many letters, but perhaps the day will come when his correspondents can keep the wolf from the door by selling the confidential epistles for a round sum in cash.

It has been said that each one of us could write one romance out of his own experience, and if that be true the subject would be "Love."—Ian MacLaren.

Venezuela may make it necessary for Mr. Root to employ a different tone from that which he customarily employs in addressing South Americans.

Ship destroyers, like rabid anarchists, even blow themselves up to make good on their name.

In many millions there is much force.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

THE TOUCH OF A HAND. At times when the world seems dead, And the heart is bound in frost, When every bird or blossom Forgotten is, or lost,

A HAND is laid in ours— Ah, the world is not so wrong, And for every bud that blooms The heart leaps up in song! —Margaret Ridgely Schott.

IF WE ONLY KNEW. COULD we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives, See the naked heart and spirit, Know what spur the action gives, Often we should find it better, Purer than we judged we should; We should love each other better If we only understood.

COULD we judge all deeds by motives, See the good and bad within, Often we should love the sinner All the while we loathe the sin, Could we know the powers working To overthrow integrity, We should judge each other's errors With more patient charity.

IF we knew the cause and trials, Knew the efforts all in vain, And the bitter disappointment, Understood the less and gain, Would not amid the evil Seem, I wonder, just the same? Should we help where now we hinder? Should we pity where we blame?

AH, we judge each other harshly, Knowing not life's hidden force, Knowing not the source of action Is less turbid at its source, Seeing not amid the evil All the golden grains of good, Oh, we love each other better If we only understood. —Unidentified.

"Everything comes to him who waits," remarked Goss at the restaurant last evening, "but it comes cold."

There is one good thing about the devil; he doesn't run around trying to find out who started the report about him.

The Millilooma Cynic says there are only two kinds of people in the world—Bad ones and those who have not been found out.

OVERHEARD AT THE MILLICOMA. A great many men admire diligence, and when the diligence resides in others and they get a good fat rakeoff their admiration amounts to an obsession.

The less you know a man the more may you assume an acquaintance of men in general and freely speak your mind to him.

Many people spend their gray matter trying to dig out a creed that does not call for anything resembling a deed.

The only quarrel we have with difficulties is their perfectly horrid habit of being familiar.

A good way to keep friends is not to need any.

Probably the power of coming quickly to a decision does as much to save friction as the power to sign a check.

There is no use in trying to dodge an issue, for issues are notably as nimble footed as Mercury and as persistent as Satan.

The reason some of us don't want to make footprints on the sands of time is because the style of shoes change so soon and we hate to be on record in an out of date model.

All things are possible to the man who has a future and many are impossible to the chap who has accumulated a malodorous past.

Fear makes us afraid, and the only grain of comfort lies in the likelihood that it makes the other fellow afraid too.

Sometimes a cynical disposition ends in a silical exposition.

The Annual Spasm. A song of spring! Pray, who does not Appreciate the lass, Or say as she goes tripping by, "That lady has some class?" We all with one accord accord To her the foremost prize, And whisper in a pleasant voice That she is just our size.

Some other seasons, we have heard, Are fairly well supplied With qualities which lend them charms That cannot be denied. Let others rave about the fall And o'er it fume and fuss, We serve due notice that the spring Is good enough for us.

With cherry blossoms in her hair And blessings in her hand, She gently saunters down the road And smiles to beat the band. Then every one due notice takes, And every mother's son Who rubbers at her says in glee, "Ah, there, my pretty one!"

Yes, spring is all the Christmas cake, The candy and the pie, She worms herself into our hearts, She likewise takes our eye. We like to see her come around The verdure to renew, And, seeing her, we almost say She's too good to be true.

Mother Goose Down to Date. Young Mrs. Hubbard Plaintively blubbered, Her hat is a beautiful thing; She had a gown made, And now she's afraid We aren't going to have any spring. —TOM JAMES.

ONE OF the worst features about this cold, damp spring is the stories some of the "oldest inhabitants" tell about worse ones along in the fifties and early sixties.

"We want eggs, and we want them bad," advertises an eastern Oregon merchant, who ought to be arrested by the pure food law inspectors.

\$25,000 a day is what this big battleship show costs the country, a million dollars every forty days, Jack Flanagan says it was the most expensive and disappointing bit of fireworks he ever saw as he caught a glimpse of the lights as the fleet went by.

"Ouch!" blurted Dr. Toye, as he injured his hand with one of his instruments.

"Ha, ha" laughed the man in the chair. "That's good!" Dr. Toye was furious. "I don't see anything to laugh at," he snapped. "I am in pain."

"And that's why I am laughing. Thought you was one of these here 'painless dentists,' Doctor."

The Marshfield Siren. She heard the fire whistle blowing, "And what is that?" quoth she. And Tom Hall, merrily, Replied: "It's just the dog watch, ma'am, Whose bark is on the sea."

Something in That. A young man of Marshfield who had failed to pay his little bill endeavored to turn his Chinese aside from inquiry by an attack upon the Celestial's manner of speech.

"Why do you say 'Fliday,' Gow Why?" he asked. "Say Fliday because I mean Fliday," replied Gow stoutly. "No say Fliday and mean may be week after nex', like Melican man."

Shy on Relatives.



"Poor man, have you no brothers, sisters, cousins or nieces?" "None at all." "No aunts or uncles?" "Come to think of it, I have an uncle." "Is he kind to you?" "Oh, very! He lets me store my overcoat with him every summer."

Feel Better. "I see the expert says that one will never be attacked by a lion as long as one can put a chair between himself and the king of beasts." "Looks simple." "It is simple." "Say, I wonder if a mountain would not do as well."

Life. When life is young And joy is brave We give it tongue Nor in a cave Essay to hide The vital thing, Both far and wide We gladness fling.

When life is old And love is kind The mirth we hold, With grief combined, Then hermits we And vainly yearn For joy and peace To make return.

Baffled Them. "You think you understand women?" "I know I do." "In every instance?" "Well, I understand them except when they try to sing. Then I would defy a language expert to understand most of them."

Calls Most of Them. "When I put my hand to the plow I don't turn back." "I would hate to see you tried out on it just as the dinner bell rang."

COOS RIVER WOODMEN ATTENTION. There will be an important special meeting Saturday evening. The Buffalo Bill will start from E. Hodson's landing at six o'clock p. m. sharp and return immediately after meeting.—H. GEDDES.

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