

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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A DOGMATIC THOUGHT.

It is hard to be forbidden the joy of entertaining a definite ambition. Without a tangible goal human industry and application would be stripped of their most specious excuses for being. The privilege of hoping is the only earthly heritage of some men.

Consequently, it is not surprising that we listen with some bitterness and much distrust to the voice of Andrew S. Draper, commissioner of education of New York, who warns young men against making an effort to win higher places in the world than those occupied by their fathers before them.

In an address delivered before a gathering of educators, Mr. Draper urged his auditors to refrain from encouraging individuals in the belief that the presidency is not unattainable. There can be but one president to about thirty million or so eligibles, asserts Mr. Draper, and by telling the normal youth that he some day might win the honor is subscribing to an assumption which is tantamount of deliberate falsehood.

The chance of any given individual being elected to the highest office is so remote as to be practically without the pale of possibility. Why, asks Mr. Draper, should we nurture an idea in youth which must invariably end in cruel disappointment.

Mr. Draper only mentions the presidency for the sake of illustrating a tenet. His theory is given a much broader application. It concerns the whole scheme of education which, he avers, has the tendency of developing in the ordinary young man false and flattering notions of personal fitness.

When a boy enters the public schools he is taught, in the beginning, that no mark which his ambition might set is unattainable. Therefore, if he has the desire to grow, coupled with a certain dogged determination, he will waste years in trying to cultivate an intellect which may be ineffectual and not worth improving. The sons of Martha, he asserts, cannot palm themselves off as the progeny of Mary, no matter how carefully and earnestly they strive to efface the mark of service.

Mr. Draper points to the social conditions of Europe as an ideal for our contemplation. Young men of other countries, he says, have no desires beyond following in the footsteps of their fathers. For generations the eldest sons of one family will occupy the same graded stall in a bank. Another family will furnish an interminable succession of merchants, or butlers, or coachmen, or barristers. The status of the sons will be that of the fathers, neither higher nor lower. The result, declares Mr. Draper, is most satisfactory. There is no unrest, no discontent, no disappointment. Each man does what he has been born to do, without futile yearning for something bigger.

Of course, as Mr. Draper intimates, the world offers a diversity of employment. There must be grave diggers and iron workers as well as physicians and statesmen. And mankind adjusts itself naturally to its occupants. Circumstance, and special fitness, determines each man's work. Education does not fix one's place in the world; comparative education does. The laboring man of today is better grounded in the rudiments of learning than was the courtier, the ship's captain, the apothecary of 200 years ago; yet he is a laboring man. The ship's captain of today knows as much as the pundit of years ago. This is development. Men continually are aspiring to a higher plane. Ambition is responsible for the improvement.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves. —Selected.

To Button Her Waist Behind.

She stood at the glass and she tried with her might To button her waist behind; She would reach and she'd tug, she would sigh and she'd moan, And after each effort she'd let out a groan; She twisted and squirmed till she strained every bone, To button her waist behind.

She strained at the risk or ripping her clothes

To button her waist behind; She would take a long breath and then stand on her toes To button her waist behind; She had a contortionist beaten a mile. She would bend like a jackknife, then straighten a while And wonder why nightmares like that were in style, The waists that button behind.

For an hour she labored in wildest despair

To button her waist behind; Her face became red and all loosened her hair. To button her waist behind; She wept, and the tears splashed down in her lap. While for life and its pleasures she cared not a rap; When she went to the office a hideous rap Was there in the waist behind. —ANON.

There is a man on Coos Bay who is so temperate that he says it gives him a pain even to find his shoes tight.

"I have never loved before," he said. "Well," she replied, "I am not running a kindergarten."

"I hear your daughter Annie's wedding was quite a lively one, Mr. Jones." "Well, it was something of an animated scene."

"We are told to cast our bread upon the waters," said a young wife. "But don't you do it," replied her husband. "A vessel might run against it and get wrecked."

Officer—Excuse me, madam, there goes 'eight bells; it's my watch on deck. Mrs. Landsman—Well, I don't blame you for keeping your watch on deck if it strikes as loudly as that.

"Jack told Maud her teeth were like stars." "That's a singular expression. He probably meant to say 'pearls.'"

"No; I've a suspicion of what he really meant, though Maud didn't see it. He meant they were like stars because they came out at night."

"A hammock large enough for two?" repeated a Front street dealer. "Do you want it with or without?" "With or without? what?" asked the girl.

"Crowding," replied the merchant, smiling at her innocence. Then she gave her order in a whisper.

"I always hate to pass an ice cream saloon when I'm walking with my girl."

"I've never happened to pass one when I was out with my girl." "That's strange. How do you manage it?" "I don't manage it; she does. She always insists on going in."

One of Life's Little Tragedies.

He seized her, drew her to him, and deliberately struck her. She made no sound. Again, and yet again, the brute repeated the blow, and still she gave no sign of suffering. But when, with rapidly growing anger, he struck her for the fourth time, she shrieked aloud—and her head flew off. She was only a match.—The Bohemian.

London Tid Bits tells an amusing story of a man who took some interest in the management of asylums and was one day conducted over a large institution. In one of the wards sat a middle aged man, sad and gloomy, and staring vacantly into distance. The visitor's sympathy was aroused. "What is the cause of the man's condition?" he asked. "A girl jilted him," was the reply. In another cell a lunatic was tearing and raving and wildly beating

at the wall. "Ah! this is a much worse case," remarked the visitor. "Yes," responded the attendant, "he married the girl."

Some men who beat the hangmen only win by a neck.

A good bluff is better than great riches. It lasts longer.

It would be logical for the lightning express to go like thunder.

Don't ask a woman her age. Take it for granted and subtract four.

The fellows who are always howling for a new deal will often be found not to know a good deal.

Doubtless we call the parrot Polly, whether it is a lady or not, because of its notable attainments in continuous conversation.

Most of the good fish in the sea that haven't been caught seem determined to stay there. No place like home.

After a city has attained a population of 100,000 a stranger may alight to it as a village without danger of having his head knocked off.

Still, the man is something of a hero in the eyes of his valet who pays promptly.

He is a wise man who knows just when it's to laugh.

Go to Europe and tell your troubles to the police. They will not be able to understand and will thus escape suffering.

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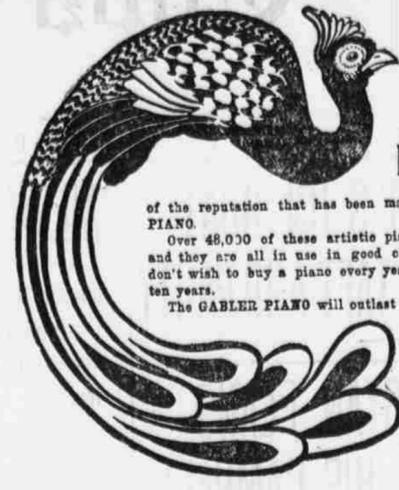
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