

COOS BAY TIMES

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THE PRESIDENTS' PROMOTION.

SO THE PRESIDENT is going to be promoted when he retires from the presidency. He aspires to be an editor, not editor-in-chief, but a space writer. That is lucky for him. He will only write when he feels like it, and that will save him. If he had to buckle down to the work and put out something every day for everybody to read, in about three weeks he might feel like getting outside and calling somebody a Har. Many a man has been a successful president who would have been a dead failure as an editor. The president does not know it, but he is taking a big risk in selecting Journalism for an occupation. It was not much to storm San Juan Hill. The guns were roaring, the boys were were shouting, the Spaniards were shooting over their heads. Even the colored boys of the 24th went up the hill all right, and then it only lasted a brief quarter of an hour.

It is not so much to be president, for if a man in that position blunders, there are millions of sycophants to applaud the blunders. But the editor, if he is worthy of the place, works all day and half the night, and when he goes to his bed, the work follows him there and haunts him. It is not much to be a rough rider in the open, but to ride a nightmare, night after night, that takes some skill. Then, if he makes a mistake or under long pressure grows dull for a day, then the great public grows impatient, and men who could not write a stick-full to save their lives are eager to assert that the journal does not come up to their standard, and the look they wear is: "If I could spare the time to edit a paper I would show the world some things." Then, when Mr. Editor puts out an idea, it is a great delight for the editor around the corner to hold him up to the pity of mankind and talk mysteriously about the need of a home for the feeble-minded. But the toughest thing of all is that the editor shows out through the type what he himself is, and if he is a faker, or if his soul ought to be wearing stripes at the state's expense, or if he tries to ape a knowledge which he does not possess, or if, when he writes, he thinks he will deceive the public and conceal his real sentiments, lo! it will all shine out through the types, and men will see him as he really is. It is a dangerous experiment for the President to try. He evidently has selected that field in order to keep himself before the public until 1912; but that is a long time for an editor to hold up. The life of a galley slave only averaged a year and a half, but that was nothing compared with the work of a conscientious editor. The President had better reconsider his purpose to sign all his articles. The old editor of the Outlook is a strong man and writer, and though often wrong, he is an able and honest man, and if the President would hide his personality he might often get credit for work that another man did, and might escape a great deal of criticism that he will have to meet if he signs his own articles, for while he himself is bright and strong, he has not that level headedness necessary to make a journal today that will correspond with the same journal six months from today.

But it is to be a big promotion for him to advance from the presidency to stately journalism.

With the Toast and Tea

GOOD EVENING.

One may be feeling, at a given time, without courage and far from cheerful. This, at least, he can do: He can take a good long breath, and stiffen his backbone and put on the appearance of cheer and courage, and doing so, he is far more apt to become cheerful and courageous. There are two sorts of solves in you, a lower and a higher. You can be true to your higher self or you can be true to your lower self. But you are bound to be true to your higher self. And one of the sensible, helpful ways to get the feelings you think you ought to have is to act in the line of them. It is to no one's credit to act as badly as he feels. He is rather bound often to act much better than he feels. And so acting, he will be helped to better feeling.

Let me cut my way with song,
Let me dig my way with cheer;
Thus the forests fall ere long,
Thus the golden dawns appear.
Let me dig my trench with trust,
Let me build my walls with truth;
Thus the dew will quench the dust,
Thus the dream will bring me youth.

Let me keep my eyes ahead,
Let me cross the desert wild
With a man's hope as my tread,
With the keen zest of a child.
Let me make my labor sweet,
Let me build and have my day;
Thus the cities grow complete,
Thus the empires rise and sway.
—Selected.

Some Coos Bay men are always having a "terrible time."

The thing that makes a man sure he understands a public question is nobody else thinks he does.

A Coos Bay marr'ed man says: "I love my wife, but we are approaching a crisis; she makes me

button her dress in the back every morning."

The reason a man belongs to a political party is so he can damn everything about all the others.

One of the most enjoyable things about traveling is how you can say you went to all the places you didn't.

When a barber shop porter shines a barber's shoes, does he get paid for it? Or does he do it as a professional courtesy.

Sometimes a woman can keep within the allowance her husband gives her if she can charge everything she buys to his account.

"Is your watch all right now?" G. W. Carlton asked George Goodrum.

"Well, no, not yet," George replied, "but it seems to be gaining every day."

Here is something to remember, you grouches who look sour on the way to work: Experience proves that every man has a better time earning his money than he has in spending it.

The marine man of the Daily Astorian hands Capt. Magenn, of the Breakwater, this little josh on his whistling propensities: "The steamship Breakwater came into port yesterday morning about 4:30 o'clock, and blew the 'Adam's-apple' out of her whistle all the way up from quarantine ground; then she tied up at the O. R. & N. pier and laid there till well on toward noon, before Captain Magenn even thought of pulling out for Portland. The general captain will 'whistle' himself out of friends in this port if he does not choke off that blithering, blasted blast he indulges in every time he reaches this harbor. We know he is coming without all that hullabaloo. He brought in big business from the Coos country."

500 MEN WANTED—To eat at the Melrose restaurant.

Coos Bay's Social Side

M. R. BURDETTE insists that he once overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows:

"Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Not half an hour before, you said to Mr. Puffer, 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm, and not giving him a chance to decline.

"When we met John Howdy on our way to luncheon you said, 'Just in time, John; come, take lunch with us.' And then to-night, when we had to wait an hour for the train, you looked at your watch, turned to me, and said, in a questioning way, 'Would you like a cup of coffee? And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself, and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect, you said to me, 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.'"

"You are the best husband in this world, but do as nearly all the best husbands do.

"Why do you seem to dole out things to your wife when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why didn't you invite me heartily as you invite men? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me straight away with you?"

"You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me?"

"Indeed, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially and frankly as they do toward the men whom they meet they would find cheerier companions at home than they would at the club."

"When we speak of the attractiveness of woman, we really mean the attractiveness of woman to man.

"With men the question of when a woman is most attractive is doubly complicated, because it depends not only on the woman, but on the taste of the man himself. Not many years ago, if this question had been asked, the answer would have been unhesitatingly made that a woman is most attractive between the ages of 16 and 20. Most of the heroines of classical fiction are mere children.

"It must be confessed that, with rare exceptions, the modern man prefers something more sophisticated than sweet 16, though it is undeniable that the intelligent woman is at her best when she is in her teens. This is easily understood.

"Almost all young creatures are beautiful, and heaven gives to even the homeliest women a day of grace between 16 and 18, when she is pretty with the prettiness of fresh cheeks and dewy eyes and glossy hair.

"Twenty-three is an ideal time of the clock for the woman of average intelligence and pulchritude, unless she happens to be college bred. If she has had the misfortune of acquiring the higher education she is still top-heavy with learning and self-esteem over having discovered the ancient Greeks and Romans, and it requires ten years more for her to find out that, for a woman to be thoroughly charming she should have had a good education and forgotten it.

"For the woman, however, who is meant to be human nature's daily food, no age is more attractive than 23. She is in the first flush of having just arrived. The slim promises of girlhood have been realized in the full beauty of womanhood. She still is innocent, but no longer ignorant.

"Her intercourse with the opposite sex has a certain frankness and comradeship that is not the least of her charms. She seems so safe that she is deadly dangerous. Statistics show that more women marry at 23 than at any other age.

"The bachelor woman is at her best at 30, because she is consciously charming. She has all the advantages with which nature originally equipped her, and she has added to them the frills and furbelows of art. She has learned to enhance her good looks by better dressing and to put a red shade on the lamp and sit with her back to the light. She has also learned how to talk, and better still, how to be a fascinating listener."

Mrs. Phil Wilbur was hostess to the Evergreen Whist Club at the J. T. McCormac home last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. I. Lando and Mrs. W. P. Murphy tied for first prize, Mrs. Lando winning on the "cut" to decide it. The consolation prize went to Mrs. Rolandson. Mrs. C. W.

Tower will entertain the club this afternoon.

A. E. Seaman and wife, who have been spending several weeks in San Francisco, are expected home today.

Mrs. W. S. Chandler, who returned this week from San Francisco, will return to that city next week. She will go via Portland where she will be joined by Miss Helen Chandler who leaves today to spend a few days as the guest of Miss Helen Doble. The Chandlers will probably spend most of the winter in San Francisco.

The A. N. W. Club met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Minot. The meeting was devoted to the election of officers. With the exception of Mrs. J. T. McCormac, the candidates nominated at the previous meeting were elected. Mrs. McCormac was out of town and some of the members thought that she might not want to serve and so Mrs. W. P. Murphy was elected secretary. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Hillis Short at the E. G. Flanagan home. Last Thursday, seventeen members and two visitors, Miss Mary Minot and Mrs. John Sullivan, were present.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. McCormac are expected home next week from California. Mrs. French, their daughter, who has been receiving treatment in San Francisco, is much improved.

Miss Kathleen Bennett is the hostess at a tea this afternoon from 4 to 5 o'clock in honor of Mrs. W. A. Reid of Alaska who is visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. C. A. Schibred. Mr. and Mrs. Reid were guests of honor at a launch party last Sunday, given by Mr. and Mrs. Gettins. With a number of friends, they made the trip to the United States fish hatchery on South Coos river.

The Five Hundred Club was entertained this week by Mrs. J. H. Flanagan. Practically all of the members were present, a few guests from North Bend also being present. Mrs. Minot won first prize and Mrs. J. A. Matson second prize.

The Chaminade Club at its meeting with Mrs. Horsfall this week, decided to arrange for a large associate membership. The associate members will be required to purchase tickets for the two concerts which the club will give this season. It is proposed to start a contest among the members of the Chaminade Club by offering a prize to the one securing the largest number of associate members.

Mrs. J. W. Ingram carried off the honors in the Progress Club's spelling match, Roman names being the test of orthography. The spelling match was at the meeting this week at the home of Mrs. H. S. Tower. Mrs. Bradley was the leader and Mrs. C. W. Tower read a paper on "The Modern Romans." The next meeting will be with Mrs. J. S. Kaufman.

The Ladies of North Bend are arranging to resume the "Ladies' Nights" at the North Bend Chamber of Commerce. It is expected that the first one of the season will be held two weeks hence.

The card party given by the Beautiful America Club of North Bend, at Taylor's hall there last Saturday evening was a decided success, socially and financially. The hall was effectively decorated with huckleberry and autumn leaves. A novel feature was that the hall was lighted by candles—something that was not planned for but which was necessitated by the electric lights refusing to work. Refreshments were served. The evenings play resulted in Dr. Burmester and Miss Grange won the first prizes while the consolation prizes went to T. W. Rennie and Miss Maude Mandigo.

The Beautiful America Club will meet at Taylor's hall next Saturday afternoon and it is expected that final arrangements will then be made for beautifying the North Bend public square. It is proposed to plant trees, shrubs and flowers, converting it into a beauty spot.

The Biographic Club was entertained Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Arthur McKeown at her home. The program consisted of a paper on Torii Kijonaga by Mrs. McKeown followed by a general discussion. The next meeting will be held next Thursday with Mrs. E. Mingus and will be a Thanksgiving Day social.

Mrs. C. J. Mills was the hostess to twenty-two ladies at a launch party

last Monday, a trip being made to the Maze in the Beaver. Picnic lunch was enjoyed there. As the weather was delightful, the afternoon was one of the most enjoyable events of the week.

Mrs. Demangeon left this week for an extended visit at Portland and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Taylor entertained at cards Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Taylor's sister, Miss Anna Devers of Seattle, Wash., who is spending a few months on the Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Painter entertained the Oklahoma Whist Club at their home on Broadway last Wednesday evening. Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the evening's play which resulted in the prizes going to A. T. Haines and Mrs. Dorsey Kretzer. The club was organized last week, and as indicated by the name, the membership is confined to former Oklahomans. The officers of the club are:

President—Harry W. Painter.
Secretary—Mrs. A. L. Houseworth.
Treasurer—Max Roberts.

The membership includes the following:

Messrs. and Mesdames H. W. Painter, Eugene Crosthwait, Wm. Fairwick, A. T. Haines, H. H. Watkins, A. L. Houseworth, Dorsey Kretzer, A. F. Selby, Wm. Grimes and F. A. Haines, Miss Nina Haines, Mrs. Farringer, Ford Painter, Warren Painter, Thayer Grimes and Max Roberts. The club will meet every second Wednesday. Four or five of the couples belonging to the club were charter members of the Kingfisher Whist Club which was organized at Kingfisher, Okla., in 1889.

Mrs. A. M. Rau entertained a few friends at a dinner party last Saturday evening, November 7, in honor of her birthday.

The Assembly Club will give its next dancing party at the I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday evening, November 19.

Chas. E. Nicholson and wife, have returned from their ranch in the Sand Hills where they have entertained a few friends at a house party the past week. Among their guests were Wm. Lawlor and wife, J. W. Flanagan and wife, Alton Sengstacken, and Mrs. E. L. C. Farrin. Most of the time was spent in hunting and a very delightful time was enjoyed.

Miss Elizabeth Donnelly returned this week from a short visit with relatives in Portland.

In honor of her ninth birthday Miss Anna Downs entertained 12 of her little friends this afternoon at her home in South Marshfield.

The rooms of the Coos Bay Academy of Music were filled last evening with the friends of the pupils, several of whom gave musical selections in a really artistic manner, reflecting great credit upon themselves. The program was not long, but was

thoroughly enjoyed, the ease of manner as well as style of performance lending a charm to the numbers as they proceeded. Beside the musical numbers, Master Albert Burroughs gave two very pleasing recitations. The performers were: Misses Nora Tower, Grace Kruse, Frances Golden, Anita and Helen Molloy, Mary Levar, Bessie Douglas and Ruth and Dorothy Horton.

Mrs. C. F. McCollum and Miss Anne Flanagan entertained at luncheon at the McCollum home in North Bend today in honor of Mrs. Arnold. Practically all of the guests are North Bend people.

Friends on Coos Bay have been advised of the marriage of Miss Ella Lichtwerck and Gunner Fosberg which will be solemnized in Portland tomorrow. The bride-to-be is the daughter of Cras. Lichtwerck, formerly proprietor of the Cape Arago Soda Works in Marshfield, and resided here for several years until the family removed to Portland about a year ago. Mr. Fosberg is slightly known here, having served on a government boat here sometime ago.

The new Five Hundred Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wade last evening. A very enjoyable time was had by all present. Refreshments were served and music by a picked orchestra. This was not a usual meeting of the club but a farewell party to Mr. Wade who will sail for California the first of the week. Those present were: Mr. Kalm, Mr. Mohr, Mrs. Mewick, Mr. Jack Dabbins, Mr. Denning, Mr. Mosher, Miss Cora Bowron, Miss Mary Grills, Miss Murphy, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Hontz, Miss Gould, Mr. and Mrs. F. Nelson, Miss Bowron, Mr. Wm. Wade, Jr., Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Hall, Miss Briggs, Miss Settelmine, Mrs. Paterson and husband, Mrs. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wade.

Mrs. E. W. Bernitt entertained the Ladies Art Club on Friday last. At the close of a most delightful afternoon luncheon was served by the hostess. Mrs. James Cowan will entertain the club on next Friday.

POPULAR MUSIC STUDIO.

One of Finest Musical Instruments On Coos Bay Arrives on Breakwater.

In the freight arrivals on the steamer Breakwater was a beautiful new Weber parlor grand piano for the Louis H. Boll Music Studio, in the First Trust and Savings Bank building. This piano is one of the finest instruments made costing \$1,400 and in addition to the new Weber upright already installed, makes the equipment of this music studio unsurpassed in the history of Coos Bay. Musically inclined and interested people of Coos Bay will be pleased to learn of this evidence of prosperity and progress by this addition to the elements of culture here. During his residence Prof. Ball has established an enviable reputation as a musical instructor, and this important addition to his studio is certain to increase its growing popularity.

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