

COOS BAY TIMES

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY
OF MARSHFIELD.

Official Paper of Coos County.

THE CALL OF FATE.

(On the wreck of the "Czarina"
by Captain T. J. Macgenn.)

The skipper and crew were sailors true,
And men of courage bold;
They steered their stout ship to the bar

Where the stormy billows rolled.
But King Neptune's wrath was high
That day,

For he had come from afar,
To chafe the waves for to meet his braves,

So they could not cross the bar.
He stood on the crest of a giant sea
With his harpoon in his hand,
And he cried: "I am the ruler of the deep

And I hate the sight of land."
The skipper saw the storm king,
And heard the pipe of fate,
And the billows moaned their warning,

But alas, it came too late.
For he rang the fatal signal,
That was answered with a will,
And when they sunk beneath the waves,
The dial read "full speed" still.

THE EASIEST WAY.

The easiest way doesn't lead to fame,
The easiest way doesn't lead to rest,
The easiest way doesn't win the game,
For often the hardest way is best.

And thousands journey the easiest way,
Choosing the simplest tasks to do.
They love to dance and they love to play,
But the hardest road is trod by few.

But those who travel the hardest way
Are brave of heart and unafraid,
And they face the trials of today
With hope and courage and undismayed.

And, in the end, the golden goal
Becomes their own—and perfect rest
And peace reward each striving soul,
And with content each life is blest.

The hardest way is long and rough.
Beset with disappointments, too,
But the man who is made of the proper stuff
Elects to fight with the noble few.

AGAIN THE ASSEMBLY

THE TIMES regrets that it finds itself at variance with the publicly expressed opinions of a number of the leading and influential Republicans of Coos County in the matter of the proposed assembly plan. This regret is solely in the interests of harmony and because of the papers preference for the foot-paths of peace rather than the tumultuous ones of turmoil and trouble and not because of the decided and determined stand which The Times has taken against this plan of the machine politicians of Oregon. The Times has enlisted under the banner of the direct primary because of the editor's earnest and sincere belief in

the sovereignty of the people and their right to rule and regulate the men and methods of their government. Popular government, in its final analysis means, if it means anything, that the making of laws and law-makers shall remain with the people. This is the meaning of the direct primary law. It takes from a gang of greedy and designing politicians their power to subvert the will of the people and by cunning artifice and skillful subterfuge turn it to the meaner ends suggested by a selfish politician's cupidity and greed. The Assembly cannot succeed because the people have tried and tested the merits of the primary plan and possess a knowledge of its good as a result of their experience.

The people are slow to learn their power but are slower still to yield it once accustomed to its strength. Never since the day when the people of England wrested the Magna Charta from the unwilling hands of King John have they abandoned a stronghold once acquired. Defeats suffered have been only temporary. The memory of the shameful and disgraceful moral debauchery of the old caucus and convention system is too fresh in the minds of the people of Oregon for them to return to its degrading and demoralizing influence.

It may be suggested by some of these political leaders that a two years' residence in the state has not qualified the editor of The Times to speak with such certitude of political conditions. While it is true that the editor's personal knowledge of Oregon's political affairs is not fortified by a lifetime's experience he is not without information as to former political conditions in this state. The past political turpitude of Oregon has been a matter of common knowledge to any American citizen in touch with national political affairs. The slimy tentacles of the system's monster reached to the national capital and offended all decent self-respecting citizen by the odor of its putridity. It drove Senator Mitchell in disgrace to a dishonored grave. It made thieves and grafters out of men who might otherwise have been honored and respected citizens. It debased and debauched public life in Oregon until the people arose in disgust and drove the Republican party from place and power.

These are a few of the reasons why The Times is unalterably opposed to the Assembly which seeks to reestablish the old regime. The Times does not propose to be a party to this betrayal of the people.

The Times is a republican newspaper. It believes in and stands for and supports Republican principles, but it relegates to no Republican the right to do its thinking. It wears no man's collar. If designing politicians by trickery and cunning succeed in forcing this issue The Times will appeal direct to the people for final arbitrament and support the men and measures that make for clean politics and the right of the people to rule.

BARRING THE CHRONIC DRUNK.

IN CALIFORNIA they have a state law that was enacted in 1898 which is intended to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to persons who are in the habit of getting drunk. The law provides substantially that relatives of such a man may place in the hands of the chief peace officers a circular demand upon saloonmen to desist from selling liquor to the party named therein. A photograph of that person accompanies the circular, to be attached to it and posted conspicuously in the saloons to which the entire matter is distributed by policemen.

Acting upon the requirements of this law, the chief of police at San Diego has issued warning to all the saloonmen of that city not to sell intoxicating drink to any man whose name and photograph appear in a bunch of circulars that has been sent around.

The notice first informs the saloonman that the signature attached is that of the wife or near relative of the party to be subject to the prohibition, whose name appears on the circular, and whose photograph is attached for the purpose of conspicuous posting—which latter is compulsory on the part of the saloonman. Then follows a warning that the saloonman, his employees or agents are not to supply the dipsonmanias with any form of intoxicating drink under pain of prosecution and punishment. Each notification and warning is signed by the Chief of Police.

If drastic and direct action will head off the chronic drunk at the source of supply, this California law should just all the bill. In New Hampshire they have what is known as a "posting" law, that has been in effect for a number of years. The photograph feature is lacking in the

New Hampshire act; but report has it that the law has been reasonably effective, and especially so in the smaller towns and cities where liquor is sold. It will be interesting to learn of the progress of the more drastic procedure, as put in force in San Diego. It ought to be a weapon in the hands of a great many families that will effectually cure much drunkenness. The actual enforcement should also be a matter to enlist the cooperation of the better class of saloonmen; and in that a great deal of good should result. The measure may be considered severe by the man who is addicted to too much drink, but unless such a man has entirely lost his self-respect, it will prove effective.—Portland Telegram.

POLL TAX A HUMBUG.

"The Eugene Register says the poll tax is 'pretty much of humbug.' It is, and it is more—it is fraud and an imposition. It should be done away with entirely as unjust when collected and as a relief to the land speculators when gathered into the treasury. There is not a county in the state but what could make up the difference by assessing the empty and idle sections more closely to their real value and cutting out the thieving poll tax altogether."—Portland Labor Press.

It would not be quite so bad if there was uniform collection of the poll tax. As it is, the records in all the counties show that about half those liable for such a tax put up the money, while the other half succeed, by various hooks and crooks, in evading the same. The tax should be cut out or else collected without discrimination. The same applies to the road poll tax.

SATURDAY EVENING THOUGHTS

SATURDAY EVE THOUGHT

Do not look for wrong or evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you.
Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass—you meet a smile.

Never be sorry for any generous thing you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous if the person was mean afterwards. Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

With the morbidly superstitions of the land the Comet is becoming the chief thing in existence. Every blessed, and unblessed, thing in the world not otherwise accounted for, is charged up to the wonderful visitor, and thousands of things as yet uncompassed, attributed to its influence and made threateningly certain because of its passing. It's about the same old world it ever was!

What would become of the legal profession and the very courts themselves, let alone the illimitable interests seeking the protection of the law, if it were not for the ubiquitous "technicality?" We dread to contemplate the sudden redundancy to simple, honest, common-law doctrines and results. The confusion would be almost as deeply disastrous as that existing under the vast fabrication now existent.

Someone has prepared the following recipe for good manners which is worthy a place in any scrap book. While the ingredients cannot be purchased at a dry store they should be found in every home.

Recipe For Good Manners.
Of unselfishness, three drams.
Of the Tincture of Good Cheer, one ounce.
Of the Essence of Heart's Ease, 3 drams.
Of the Extract of the Rose of Sharon, four ounces.
Of the Oil of Charity, three drams and no scruples.
Of the Infusion of Common Sense and Tact, one ounce.
Of the Spirit of Love, two ounces.
The mixture to be taken whenever there is the slightest symptom of selfishness, exclusiveness, meanness or I-am-better-than-you-ness.

Man is too much inclined to base his opinions upon false impressions, says a magazine writer. A closer intimacy with our fellows often reveals undreamed-of virtues and unsuspected strength.

It was a part of the philosophy of Comenius, the famous Moravian educational reformer of the seventeenth century, not to beat into the young a mass of words and opinions gathered

out of books, but "to open their understanding through things themselves."

This was the beginning of the object lesson idea so successfully elaborated and given impetus by Froebel 200 years later.

It is quite possible that we owe to this movement more than we realize for its influence in having made the nineteenth century the wonder epoch of history.

It set in motion that tremendous idea of learning by observation rather than absorption; of judging by things themselves rather than by some other person's opinions of those things.

It made men self-reliant. Had it not been for this faculty of observation, highly developed, we should still believe that the earth was flat and that thunder was the rumbling of Jove's chariot wheels.

It was intimate personal acquaintance with nature that made the works of Audubon ornithological law.

He did not base his writings upon what others had written, but upon his own close relationship with the birds.

Maeterlinck found, upon close association with the bees, that there was much to be gained from them besides honey.

The sting is the impression we get from chance acquaintance with the bee. Upon closer contact we discover the honey.

It is largely the same in our intercourse with men.

Basing our opinions upon casual acquaintance, we often do ourselves an injustice by misjudging those who, upon closer observation, we find to be people well worth knowing.

We flatter ourselves that the injustice is done to those we misjudge; it is ourselves to whom we do the injustice.

Few men worth knowing are apt to favorably impress one upon first acquaintance.

Beneath the cloak of reserve, the shell of modesty—we find the best material.

Addison, one of the most intellectually profitable of companions, was utterly deficient in the art of parlor conversation. First impressions of him were never favorable.

Once beneath the cloak of reserve, his social hospitality was the delight of his friends.

To meet Addison casually was to misjudge him.

"Meddlerity can talk," says Disraeli.

Genius is generally reticent. Dryden, second only to Shakespeare in the intellectual wealth of his epigrams, was dull and almost stupid among strangers.

The man who is always forcing himself into the limelight is usually the froth of society.

It is close contact with the reserve forces of life that reveals character.

We should reserve our judgments of men until we know the men we judge.

JACK JOHNSON TOOK COUNT

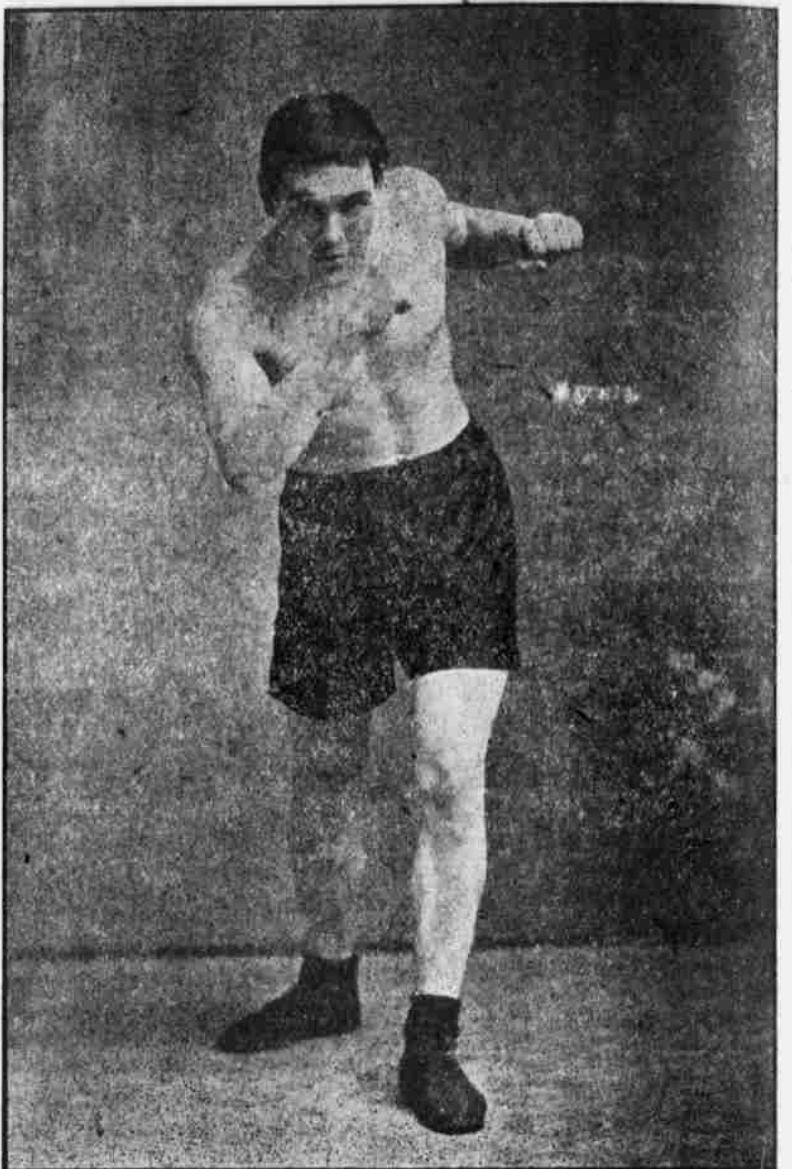
Barroom Slugger Knocked the Champion Endwise Once in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29. — Did Jack Johnson ever take the count? He certainly did. Here is a story told by Willie Gibbs, the Philadelphia featherweight:

"I am glad I saw that big black man take the count once in my life, anyway," said Gibbs. "It happened in Philadelphia the next day after he fought old Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons and won from him in easy fashion. Of course, Bob was all in at that time, and it was pretty soft for Johnson. But it made a lot of white people sore to see this negro knock out the grand old gladiator, and they were about ready to do most anything to Johnson the next day. Johnson, as everyone knows who is at all acquainted with the champion, feels pretty good over his victories. The next day after the battle he was on the main streets of the Quaker City with his swell rags and a gold headed walking stick. You would have imagined he was the king of the Zulus or something like that to see him strut around. This also caused the white friends of Fitzsimmons to feel very peevish.

"I was standing in a saloon, a sort of sporting headquarters for all the boys, when Johnson, just to make the best sports of the town

TWENTY ROUND BOXING BOUT HERE NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT



JESS DAY

Arrangements have been perfected for one of the classiest boxing contests that ever ben pulled off on the Bay next Saturday night, February 5, when Jess Day of Marshfield, and Joe McGurn of San Francisco, a protege of Al Neill, will meet at the skating rink. They will fight at 145 pounds.

Day has been in training since he defeated Fred Sax in two rounds at Coquille, and is in the pink of condition. Those who saw him put Sax out say he is the fastest little man that has ever struck this section.

recognize him, walked into the saloon. He had just got inside of the door when a big white fellow standing up to the bar (they never allowed negroes in that saloon up to that time), said, "Get out of here, you nigger."

"What's at?" replied Johnson and fire popped out of his eyes to think a man would speak to him in that manner.

"But the fire did not pop long, for just as he got those two words out of his system this big white fellow put over a right to Johnson's jaw that would have floored Jeffries for the count when he was in his prime. Did it floor Johnson? Well, it not only floored him, but he needed assistance to get back up off the granite when he came to. He did not offer to fight. This had been all taken out of him. He simply demanded the arrest of the gentleman who had made him acquainted with the tiling. A policeman refused to arrest him, but was finally persuaded to take both of them to jail, and the white man paid a \$11 fine. He remarked afterwards that he would have willingly paid \$100 for the privilege of landing that one punch!"

HUSBAND TRAINING.

Young women of Grangeville, Ida., married during 1909, have formed the "1909 Club."

The brides refuse to tell the motive of the club, but it has leaked out. The object is for the exchanging of ideas as to the proper governing of a husband, the best things to make for him to eat, and how generally to please him.

At each meeting some one member of the bride's club delivers a dissertation on some specific branch of husband taming. Then all discuss what has been said and offer suggestions.

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You want to buy your groceries from us because you want the best. If you don't find it so, we want to return your money.

F. A. SACCHI
Corner Commercial and Second St

WANTED ADS

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, newly papered and cleaned. Reasonable. Phone 126-J.

FOR SALE—Good team, large, young horses. See Chas. Doane, Marshfield, Ore., Phone 273-X.

CANARY BIRDS FOR SALE—Extra good singers. Phone 22-J for particulars.

FOR RENT—Furnished room close in. 168 Second street.

FURNITURE—Refinished French or hand polish and fine painting done. Apply W. J. Scott, care Times.

FOR RENT—Breakwater hotel. Apply Robert Marsden, Sr., at Coos Bay Liquor Company.

DRY KINDLING WOOD—For sale cheap at Campbell's Wood Yard, North Front street.

FOR RENT—Store in Coos Building. Apply at Woolen Mill Store.

FOR RENT—Modern house at corner Anderson Ave. and Third street. Phone 253-J.

AGENTS WANTED—To handle good selling household article.—J. B. Grungstad, 311 Main St., Portland, Oregon.

FOR SALE—New launch hull, 28 feet long, 6 ft. beam. Never had an engine in it. \$200 less than cost price. At Allger's boat house, North Bend.

LLOYD HOTEL Formerly the Garfield. Only family hotel in town. Opened under new management. Thoroughly remodeled and refurbished. Rates 50c to \$1 day or \$2 to \$5 per week. Special rates by the month. Free Bath. Fine Marine View.
L. V. BRIDGES, Prop.

Have that Roof Fixed Now
See **CORTHELL**
PHONE 169-L