

COOS BAY TIMES

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An Independent Republican newspaper published every evening except Sunday, and Weekly by The Coos Bay Times Publishing Co.

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

The Coos Bay Times represents a consolidation of the Daily Coast Mail and The Coos Bay Advertiser. The Coast Mail was the first daily established on Coos Bay and The Coos Bay Times is its immediate successor.

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Official Paper of Coos County.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

MOCK ELECTIONS.

THERE is a suggestion to the women of Oregon in the action of the ladies of Pittsburg who arranged a mock election held the day before the regular election.

It was the purpose of the ladies to give the male voters of Pittsburg an object lesson in good government they might profit by when their own turn came. They arranged for two polling places, secured judges of election, went to considerable expense to provide ballots, and then invited all of the women of voting age to express their preference, mainly as to governor.

"The women of Pittsburg desire to put themselves on record once for all in the matter of governorship elections," said Miss Mary Bakewell, who was chief judge at the downtown election and who has just finished an exhaustive examination of political conditions in Europe. "We will conduct an election as it should be conducted. We have already spent much money getting our ballots printed and in other campaign expenses and we expect to have a very busy day.

"The women of Pittsburg feel very keenly the importance of this election and we hope by showing our male friends and relatives that we are in earnest to have some influence on their vote the next day, and in addition it is well for us to get acquainted with the way of voting, for probably it will not be long until we have the privilege of casting a really and truly vote at the polls, the same as husbands, fathers and big brothers."

Whatever the mock choice of the ladies may have had to do with the decision of the men on the following day, it must be admitted that there was method in their way of going about encouraging the ballot for women. For no man can dispute that practice in voting is a good thing for man or woman, that getting acquainted with the ballot, and going to the polls are evidences of good faith and of real interest in public affairs.

If the ladies should begin to organize mock elections all over the country it might readily happen that more interest would center in what they were doing than in the official poll of the regular election.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Some Coos Bay men quit their bad habits at least once a week.

The first rain of the season brings out some pretty tough looking raincoats in Marshfield.

Mr. Roosevelt is having throat trouble. Probably due to his having to swallow the election returns.

Some Coos Bay people can talk about one thing while thinking about another, but they don't do it very well.

"For the good of Marshfield." This must be the cry and principle from now until the 6th of next month. Let us have the best in city officials and unitedly support them.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth.

I dreamed that was the new city of Friends.

Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest.

It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city.

And in all their looks and words.

WALT WHITMAN.

IT GETS LATE EARLY.

One lonesome bee lags to the hive

On stiffened and rheumatic wings.

The frost-bit cricket, half-alive,

Creaks out the swan-song that it sings.

The wind-tossed withered blade and husk

Where one lorn cornstalk feebly sways

Are crackling dirges in the dusk—

It gets late early nowadays.

The cat is whining at the door,

The dog will whimper, too ere long;

An undertone of winter's roar

Comes in the breeze's treetop songs;

Bare boughs are lifting here and there.

The afternoon dies in a haze,

A subtle warning thrills the air—

It gets late early nowadays.

The chucking chickens seek their rest,

The street lamps flare out in surprise,

The drifting clouds against the west

Gleam with a myriad gorgeous dyes.

The maple leaves turn richer gold.

The woodbine has a crimson blaze.

The grape leaves crumple up and fold—

It gets late early nowadays.

A sense of eagerness and content;

A mingled sense, that makes us ask

What time the dancing summer went

And whence this dull, half-mystic mask

The day draws on—this comes to us.

And half in dream and half in daze

Unto ourselves we murmur thus:

"It gets late early nowadays."

The women will have to suffer a while yet.

Once in a great while we meet a man who actually practices what he preaches.

Many who might have achieved some degree of greatness never had the courage to go after it.

The true only is the beautiful, and what is beautiful can never be laughed to scorn except by fools.

Do you think there are any Coos Bay men—we know there are no women—who kill themselves by overworking?

A number of Kansas girls have formed an anti-tightwad club. That ought to loosen the cough of their gentlemen friends.

Woman writer asks: "What is man's life without a dearie?" In order that she may be in ignorance no longer she is hereby informed that it is less expensive.

THE PUMPKIN PIE

Once more, my friends, do I decry, the good old trusty pumpkin pie.

It stands upon the shelf, serene, a pie that's fit for king or queen.

Of all good fodder it's the best; it surely soothes the savage breast, and fills the lowly home with cheer, and dries the orphan's bitter tear.

When autumn comes, with wailing breeze, and lonely birds in naked trees, when in sad and solemn woods are fallen leaves and kindred goods, the housewife who is good and wise gets busy making pumpkin pies.

With pots and pans and thimbombs she starts that best of human jobs. She gets a pumpkin from the vine—a pumpkin yellow, large and fine, a pumpkin fresh from nature's heart—and then she whacks the same apart, and scrapes the innards from the shell, and makes her pies with joyous yell.

And when her husband comes to dine, so hungry that it makes him whine, and sees those pumpkin pies on deck, he shoves a couple down his neck, then holds the hausfrau in his arms, and says she's worth ten thousand Kansas farms.

The good old yellow pumpkin pie, O may its glory never die. Long may the women of this land make pumpkin pies, with a skillful hand.

—WALT. MASON.



Fire! Fire! Fire!

A Little Blaze, Some Smoke, Much Excitement, but

No Fire Sale

It was a close call but a miss is as good as a mile. Anyway, it serves to call attention to some of the

HOT FALL SURPRISES

in everything for men we are offering every day. It does not require a fire to reduce prices at YOUR BOSOM FRIEND'S.

HERE WE ARE! HIGH ART CLOTHING in all the new Fall Patterns. Browns, Tans, Grays, Etc. at \$17.50 to \$35.00. JUST IN TODAY—25 Presto

Rain Coats. They are just a little ahead. Better Get Next

PACKARD SHOES

that will keep your feet dry and look dressy. DON'T FORGET Rees Waterproof Clothing and Goodyear Rubber Boots are guaranteed to keep you dry and your money refunded.

See YOUR BOSOM FRIEND,



PORT PUTTERING.

Och! Booster, dear, ye must feel queer,

That Elijah had but one,

Sure it's triplets, three, that the likes of ye

Were wanting to make things hum.

Three hundred thousand the three would take,

But Be Gobs 'twas five they axes, They'd have no vote, for they had the goat

Of the divil who pays the taxes.

Clean out the bay, sure, they did say,

And the Ferndale gulches fill;

Make the "Oregon" hump, if you break the pump

On the pipe line over the hill.

We'll levy some more, and have coin galore

Our enterprise for to boost,

And the island home, in the channel "Ochone"

Will be fine for a clamdigger's roost.

But Booster, dear, put this in your ear—

The triplets are minus two,

And one of the boys can't make much noise,

Unless he is built like you.

Ye may Peck away, the live long day,

And raise a hullabaloo

But ye can't hide facts, from the man whose tax,

Makes wind for ye're big bazzoo.

J. W. BENNETT.

SMITH LOSES CASE.

Portland Man Wins Suit For Big Timber Commission.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 18.—N. V. Sorenson won every cent he sued for as his real estate commission by a verdict for \$15,937.50 given in the circuit court this morning.

The defendant was Charles A. Smith, the commission being claimed on the sale of 7480 acres of timber land in Douglas county to the Storey-Brachor Lumber Company.

The selling price of the land was \$300,000. Sorenson claimed \$15,000 and interest under a contract between George Sorenson and Fred A. Kribs, George Sorenson later transferred his right to the claim to the plaintiff, while Kribs was agent for Smith in making the contract.

The defense alleged that George Sorenson's contract to make the sale had expired, and denied that he negotiated the final sale, while admitting he took part in earlier dealings with J. O. Storey, who represented the purchasers. The jury, which heard the case in Judge Gastenbein's department, sustained Sorenson's version.

CHEERING THOUGHT.

In twenty-three months we will be in the midst of another turmoil like that we have just passed.

WHY THE TUESDAY AFTER AFTER THE FIRST MONDAY.

Editor Times: Will you inform me why it is that election day in many states is the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November

I have asked many of my friends, but nobody knows. Newspaper people are supposed to know everything so I appeal to you and would thank you very heartily for the information.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT.

We are not omniscient, as our correspondent flatteringly suggests. We do not know, for example, how this question managed to pop into his head.

The books on political curiosities fail to note the answer. But we have ascertained the facts and the reason stated, as follows: The State of New York in 1841 was the first to adopt "Tuesday after the first Monday in November" as its election day.

Most of the states at that time held their elections on the first Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday in November. The Congressional act of March 1, 1792, had prescribed that elections for presidential electors be held "within 34 days preceding the first Wednesday in December, every fourth year."

But the Congressional Globe of January 17, 1845, records the passage on that day of a bill making the quadrennial election day uniform throughout the United States. On December 9, 1844, the essential provision of the bill read:

The next regular stated election for the choice of electors of President and Vice President of the United States shall be held in each state on the first Tuesday in the month of November, 1848; and on the first Tuesday in the month of November in every fourth year thereafter.

This fixed upon the "first Tuesday," not the "first Tuesday after the first Monday."

But Representative Duncan, the father of the bill, at once announced his intention of changing it, for the Globe reports:

"As soon as it would be in order to do so, he (Mr. Duncan) should move an amendment of this section so as to make the day the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, instead of the first Tuesday in November, as the section now stood.

His reason for making this change was to avoid the necessity of changing the laws in relation to the day on which the Electoral Colleges now meet; for the first Tuesday in November might in some cases, be more than 30 (sic) days from the first Wednesday in December."

The report should have read "34" instead of "30" days, to be accurate, but otherwise the reason asked by our correspondent must have been as stated. Since the Congressional act of February 3, 1887, which changed the date of the meeting of the Electoral College to the second Monday, in the January following the election

no special reason has existed for the statutory designation of election day.

Any week day during the fall months would do, provided it be uniform throughout the states for the presidential elections.

but supposed the man neglected to lock the car, so ed after it to turn on the br did not see another empty car was coming behind him, caught by it, but instead of knocked down and run over car, he was luckily tossed air and fell into the car. was found shortly afterward unconscious condition. Bo will recover."

THE QUIET OBSERVER

"One way to tell whether getting old or not is whether you would rather clothes comfortable or fashion."

It doesn't take much to induce a woman to start a career.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

To the Public: WHEREAS, on investigation we have found the store of CHAS. STAUFER Fully and completely with a complete line of thing good for the Thanksgiving Dinner including and Chickens, It is here claimed that this place Things to Eat shall be quarters for Thanksgiving plies.

By order of THE PRESIDENT

Of the Thanksgiving Committee for the people.

ONCE T ALWAYS PAID

Is the verdict of all That's because we do work and do it at prices. You'll be sure the transformation of your old clothes. trial job. Marshfield Cleaning Phone 270X. Ladies Garments

Narrowly Escape Being Killed In Shaft At Riverton.

The Bandon Recorder says: "Ira Bumgardner of the McGee mine of Riverton, narrowly escaped being crushed to death by a falling rock. The only thing that saved his life was the fact that the falling rock was caught by other rocks so that he did not get the full weight of the fall, or he would have been instantly crushed to death.

"Curtis Price was also hurt on Saturday, and that he escaped death was only a miracle. The rope pulling the loaded cars from the mine broke and the car was rushing down the incline at great speed. Mr. Price did not know the rope had broken,

THE WHEAT MARKET.

(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—Wheat closed as follows: December, 90 3/4 c; May, 96 1-8c; July, 92 3-8c.

PORTLAND, Nov. 18.—Wheat unchanged.

TACOMA, Nov. 18.—Wheat unchanged.

TWO MINERS HURT.

Narrowly Escape Being Killed In Shaft At Riverton.