

COOS BAY TIMES

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GET REAL SUPERINTENDENTS

A BILL has been passed by the Oregon legislature that looks good upon the surface but which will bring about little if anything in the way of results and add considerable to the expense of the various counties. The bill is supposed to provide for supervision for country school districts. It provides for a county educational board with the county school superintendent as ex-officio chairman. The other members of the board are to be named by the county court and are to assist the county superintendent in supervising the work of the rural schools. Each supervisor is to have charge of 20 or more school districts and must be paid of course.

The trouble with this bill which was introduced by Representative Huntington is that it does not go to the root of the difficulty. The trouble at present lies chiefly in the fact that in Oregon the office of county superintendent is a political office. Being a poor paying office it is sometimes filled by some third class politician who wants an easy berth. Generally the man selected has had some experience as a teacher but it frequently occurs that the superintendent of an important county has never taught a graded school. Coos county is more fortunate in this respect but the system is at fault. Seldom do you find a competent educator in the superintendent's office. The reason for this is that being a political office the superintendent must be selected from among people who reside in the county, and the few men capable of filling the office with credit generally have better positions already. So the office really goes begging.

In cities, where the schools are conducted with a view to competence, the school superintendent is selected upon his merits as an educator. When the Marshfield school board wants a city superintendent it does not try to employ a local man. The board looks to any part of the state or country for a man. The man selected must hold his position by virtue of good work. If he cannot make good he is discharged. That is the business-like way to do things.

In the view of The Times this same system, in a modified form perhaps, should be applied to the schools of the county. The county superintendent should be employed, not elected. He should be employed either by the county court or by a county school board chosen much as city school boards are chosen. There should be a clerk to do the small office work and the superintendent should supervise the work of the rural schools. He should outline work for the schools and see that the schedules are followed. He should visit the schools personally and keep in close touch with the work by correspondence. He should be a real superintendent—not a dummy.

If the legislators want to improve the rural schools they should lay the foundation for such improvement by taking the office of county superintendent out of politics and placing it upon a basis where merit and merit

only shall count. At the present time the office of county superintendent is a farce. A superintendent's duties consist chiefly in performing some petty office work and in consulting with legislators regarding an increase in salary or in behalf of some measure like the Huntington bill.

IN THE MELTING POT.

SOMETIMES as men look upon the enormous stream of immigration that pours a flood of foreigners into this country they become pessimistic. Such large numbers of the newcomers are wretchedly poor; so many are ignorant; so many bear the marks of grinding oppression; so many seem hopeless as prospective citizens; so many come from widely different and antagonistic races, doubt arises that these hosts will ever be fused in the melting pot.

There is another side to all this, however. It comes out in such little stories as was told recently by an eastern newspaper of the son of an immigrant who, perhaps, in his time was just as hopeless as many who are coming today, just as poor, just as uneducated.

This son, who is in business for himself, recently took a stand for reform that was not popular, whereupon he gave his views of his duty as an American citizen, as follows:

"This country has been good to my father and to its sons. I owe all I am or ever expect to be to the opportunities given me by this country, and if there is anything I can do for its upbuilding, or moral uplift, it is my duty to do it regardless of the result to my personal interest."

Then there is this other story, told again and again in the gubernatorial campaign in an eastern state by one of the candidates:

"Not long ago, in one of our smaller towns, there was talk of having a night watchman employed to patrol the village. A Pole, who had bought a rundown farm in the community and was making it run up, came to the selectmen and said he would be glad to serve as such a watchman one night in every week. 'What would you charge?' he was asked. 'Oh, nothing,' was the enthusiastic reply. 'I love the town so.'"

These stories are but types of countless stories that might be brought together. Every community into which the foreign immigrant has come can furnish its quota. Every community can point to men of foreign birth who stand high as successful citizens, and as for their children—they are as good Americans as though their ancestry had come over in the colonial days instead of in these modern days. Coos Bay has many men of this type. Among these people, too, may be found citizenship ideals as fine and noble as the finest and noblest. It is doubtful if anywhere in America may be found better understanding of the duties and obligations of citizenship than these men hold as their guiding principles.

Though there may be a limit to the successful fusion of races in this country, it is doubtful if that limit has yet been reached.

OBSERVATIONS.

"KINDLY MAIL CHECK."

How dear to our hearts is the steady subscriber

Who pays in advance at the birth of the year,

Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly,

And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

He never says—"Stop it; I cannot afford it."

I'm getting more papers now than I can read."

But always says—"Send it; our people all like it—"

In fact we all think it a help and a need."

How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum,

How it makes our pulse throb; how it makes our heart dance.

We outwardly thank him; we inwardly bless him—

The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

When we see a man hurrying along with soot over his face and a "flit" of stovepipe under one arm, we do not stop him and ask a bunch of questions. He isn't in a humor to stand for anything like that. The chances are he is having troubles of his own and does not care to be bothered.

To dress and go to church Sunday morning may be dubbed a habit by

the man who thinks he knows, but if it was nothing more than a habit, it beats the habit of the fellow whose only variation from a week day existence is to stroll downtown for his mail, sit on the sunny side of the street and spit tobacco juice on the walk and gossip.

There is a certain family in town in which the woman talks bass and the man soprano. Of course the woman is the boss. A man with a woman's voice who marries a woman with a man's voice is so foolish he deserves his fate. He is always so subdued that people consider him more of an ornament than a necessity around the house.

The worst trouble with gronchiness is, that a grouch begets a grouch. The writer, strange to say, woke up with a snippy, disagreeable grouch the other morning. Before breakfast was over all the family had caught it. Same way in the office. He hadn't been at work half an hour until everyone was surly and cross. Same way at dinner. The whole day was unpleasant for all of those around him, until about 4 o'clock he began to realize what a childish, disagreeable sort of a fellow he was and took himself around the corner and administered a good cussing and overhauling. There was some dissatisfaction in routing the grouch, but there was no sense in wasting most of the day in doing it.

Some time during the last years of his life the late John Quincy Adams wrote, beneath a portrait of himself, some lines of which the following is one: "An age of sorrow, and a life of storm." These words were not written by a wretched outcast, dying in the poorhouse, but by one of the marked favorites of external fortune. The late Harrison Gray Otis, in a public speech of his later days, said: "As I look back over my existence I see a pathway of mingled roses and thorns, but the roses have long since disappeared, and the thorns only remain." This was the confession of a man who had everything that almost every human being of our generation fancies worth having, and is striving distractedly to get—health, strength, beauty, grace, eloquence, culture and popularity.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Forget past triumphs also.

Do not rest on your laurels, or be content with past victories.

Thank God for these, and ask for more. It is not enough that we have had a great past, we want a great present and a greater future. Look forward.

In the coming year, let faith widen our coast, and expand our vision. Look out, not in.

Look forward, not backward.

Look up, not down.—Standard.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Proud offspring of the shore and sea,

Home of the millions yet to be,

No more thy billowy smokes arise

No more thy minarets fret the skies,

All Loveland all; the haughty domes,

The lab'ors' huts; the lordly homes.

The earth rose 'neath thee, and her hand

Cast on thy pile the burning brand;

The waters railed thee in thy dread

And left three morning o'er thy dead;

But ever grand, thou givest birth

To all that's brave on mother earth.

Far ere upon the crushed hearthstones,

White are the ashes of bleached bones,

Ere shelter rises o'er defenseless head,

Or wailing ceases for thy dead

Thy cry rings out

Triumphant note

Bold, high and raucous from thy flame-scathed throat,

Above the fragments of the rocking throne

Fiercely commandeering all thine own,

Demanding still the wardship of the seas

With shelter to the homing argosies.

Swift it is yielded.

In thy darkest hour

No hand of ours would clip thy splendid power.

Rebuild thy palaces, reclothe thy form,

Hotly defiant of both shock and



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Thousands of Women

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storm,
And still, oh Sister, o'er the western sea
Hold thou, unchallenged, proud supremacy.
—THAYER.

THE QUIET OBSERVER SAYS:

"About the most universal habit of Coos Bay men is to have too many pockets and too little money to put into them."

You can learn a little every day, and most people do—a very little.

QUESTION FOR THE DAY.

By the by, have you done your Easter shopping yet?

In every family there is a sort of tradition that the boy of the family has a common streak in him, dating back, probably, to some of his father's folks.

THE BACHELOR GIRL SAYS:

"A man never marries for any particular reason; he takes a wife as he does a cocktail. 'Just because,' and then invents the reason afterwards."

Some men seem interested in learning the rules of etiquette in order that they can violate them more frequently.

It is a safe bet that, if the suffragette falls to look the part, she will act it, and there are instances where you win both ways.

Speaking of that old chestnut, perpetual motion, gossip continues to be about the only thing that anyone can start and no one can stop.

Every woman's fear and dislike of other women is based on the belief that some one of them will some day be her husband's second wife.

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