

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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THE HAND OF LINCOLN.

LOOK on this east and know the hand that bows a nation in its hold. From this mute witness understand what Lincoln was—how large of mind.

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clench,
Yet, lo, the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much!

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years,
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erstwhile was wont to press,
And now 'tis furrowed deep and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless trace
This moulded outline etches about,
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out.

The love that nest an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze the statured man,
Built up from yon haze hand, appears,
A type that nature wills to plan,
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free?
—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE LINCOLN BANQUET.

IT WAS at once a love feast and a forum; a proclamation of republican principles and a definition of their probity and permanence.

The meeting of Coos county republicans last Saturday evening was as stated by one of the speakers, not a gathering of assembly or anti-assembly republicans, nor of progressives or stand pats but just republicans who gave full and free and frank expression to their views on various phases of party organization, policy and principle. The necessity of organization and harmony were ably set forth. The need of the party to keep abreast of the people was voiced.

All sides of current political questions were stated. Some were accepted, some answered and others absorbed. It was a healthy discussion that brought out all phases of politics.

A noteworthy feature of the evening was the suggestion of one speaker that Lincoln had met and solved the problem of dealing with the constitution when he made that great instrument conform to equal rights and freedom of all men without reference to color, creed or country. The demand of the people today for direct election of U. S. senators will be solved in a similar manner.

The Lincoln banquet served its purpose of bringing republicans together to talk over their common cause and advancing reasons for the faith that is in them. It developed the fact that the spirit of real republicanism is the spirit of progress from the days of Lincoln to the days of Taft.

We want party harmony. We want to work together as a party. If we are to have party harmony that amounts to anything, it must be the harmony of health; it must be the harmony of party soundness; it must be the party harmony that has nothing in it which fails to represent the demand of the people and that the party—that the government

of the nation and of the state—shall be pure and honest and faithful.

PASSING OF THE VALENTINE

MARSHFIELD dealers comment upon a falling off in the demand for valentines. Not a very serious thing, perhaps, but it has its reason, and a reason that others besides valentine dealers may do well to consider.

The first missteps sent in honor of St. Valentine were expressions of friendship by neighbors and acquaintances and of love by those bound in closer ties of union. The bashful swain took advantage of the latitude allowed during the season and sent his timid though fervent epistle.

No doubt grotesque were some of the latter attempts to make the best of the occasion, and from these probably arose the "comic" valentine. Gradually, however, the liberty of the season grew into license, and "comic" valentines descended through paths into a dangerous affinity to insult. People with a grudge against others took advantage of this season to wound where they dared not strike openly; the "joke" was merely an excuse behind which to hide if discovered. Thus the valentine became degraded and eventually discarded.

There possibly is danger that the Christmas season may follow a similar course. So far the Christmas card has not shown any indication of this tendency, but the Christmas tree certainly has; almost any public entertainment at Christmas time is now made the occasion of offensive "gifts" by persons having a grudge, and taking advantage of the supposed "joke" in the gift to humiliate, or attempt to humiliate, some one they dare not face openly.

Sport, as represented by athletic games, may tend toward a similar degradation and be shunned by the better classes of the people if "nagging" of players and bitterness of feeling be allowed to replace the many strenuous character these games should show in players and spectators.

The humble valentine may have a valuable lesson to teach in its dying hour.

CRIMINALS.

The history of the nineteenth century is filled with the reforms which were directed not merely to the improvement of criminal codes and the mitigation of punishments for crime, but to the better care of the insane, of paupers and of prisoners, who had been treated in the eighteenth century far worse than animals. In some of our states and in many countries of Europe the death penalty has been abolished, even in cases of murder. Before the era of reform there was little or no public sympathy with the criminal. Today we seem almost to have reached the point where the sympathy is so strictly confined to the criminal that there is none left for the victim of the crime. The abolition of capital punishment does not appear to have brought about the condition postulated by Talleyrand, who, when he was urged to support the abolition of the death penalty, said he certainly would if the murderers would begin by giving up murder.—Henry Cabot Lodge.

NANCY HANKS.

Rolling plains
Of billowy green,
Far horizons,
Blue, serene.
Lofty slides
The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
Heat out the time.
These and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Faded legends,
Hopes unfulfilled,
Gave to you
A banner of fire,
Love like deep waters,
Life's desire.
Ah, when youth's rapture
Went out in pain,
And all receded over
Was all in vain?
O good obscure,
Whose wings life bound
And soft death folded
Under the ground;
Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew.
To you at last
Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
"Through the nation's years!"
Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise,
A battleflag
And the victor's bay!
—Harriet Monroe.

VALENTINE social DANCE at Odd Fellows' hall NEXT MONDAY EVENING under the auspices of the Ladies of the Episcopal church.

The Lion's Share

By SADIE OLCOTT

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The world is full of cases of people overreaching themselves by trying to overreach some one else. Unhappily few of these cases come out to the advantage of the person overreached.

Peter Inslee, a prospector, discovered a rich vein of ore in Colorado and sold a half interest to Enoch Smithson, who organized a company for its development. Inslee's share was all in the stock of the company, he owning a few shares less than Smithson, thus giving the purchaser full control in the premises. Inslee did not get any dividends on his stock, and being very poor, with a wife and a couple of kids to support, he was obliged to sell a few shares occasionally to keep the wolf from the door.

Meanwhile the price of the stock on the exchange was gradually settling. When the company was organized a few shares were sold at 50 per cent of their par value. As Inslee kept putting it out he got less and less for it till he was obliged to part with considerable shares at a time to supply his necessities. After awhile he sold the last of it for 6 cents on the dollar. About this time, going by the mine, he saw that a high fence had been put around it. He strolled up to the gate and was refused admittance. For the first time it occurred to him that Smithson had pretended that the mine was not paying in order to depress the stock.

Inslee went to Potter, a broker in Colorado Springs, and asked him to find out what floating stock of the company there was on the market. Potter investigated subrosa and discovered that there was all of Inslee's original stock and a part of Smithson's, which the latter had given in payment for mining machinery and other necessities. Inslee told the broker about the fence recently put around the property, saying also that he suspected there was a "nigger" behind it. Potter agreed that if Inslee would at any time find out that the mine was doing well he would advance money to buy the stock, he getting a slice of all he bought besides his commissions. So they got up a code of communication and Inslee went home.

Staining his face so as to pass as a half breed Indian, Inslee went to the mine and applied for work. He was obliged to apply several times before being employed. When he got in behind the fence he found that he was not allowed to go out. Nor was he or any other man in the mine permitted to communicate with those outside except by letter, and all letters were inspected before being sent.

Inslee felt assured that the management were expecting something remarkable. Then one day it was evident that something remarkable had occurred. Smithson went by, talking excitedly to a man Inslee knew to be a capitalist, and Inslee heard Smithson say, "Six hundred dollars to the ton!"

Inslee dared not communicate with Potter direct. He could with his wife, though only about family affairs, and had told her before leaving her to heat his letters. The day he heard Smithson's remark he wrote her, inclosing some wages he had received. Mrs. Inslee heated the paper and brown letters came out on it.

"Wire Potter to buy all he can get. Six hundred to the ton."

Mrs. Inslee at once sent the message. Potter found that already small orders to buy the stock were being executed, and the price had gone up from 6 to 7 cents. He had learned who held the shares and went round buying it at private sale. In this way he kept the price down till he had bought all Inslee's original stock and so much of Smithson's as was on the market.

Smithson's brokers were now endeavoring to secure the stock at an advanced price through the exchanges, but found none for sale.

One morning Inslee walked into Potter's office and told him that a magnificent strike had been made at the mine. Potter at once began to bid in open market for the stock. He secured none, but effected his purpose, which was to give a better value to the shares as quoted.

Then Inslee, undisguised, went to the mine, called for Smithson and demanded an accounting. Smithson told him that he had paid him for his interest and ordered him of the premises. Inslee advised him to be ready to turn the property over to a new management one month from that day, on which was to be held the annual election of directors.

When that day came around Inslee, who held his own original half of the stock and one-third of Smithson's, appeared at the meeting of stockholders—he and Smithson held it all—and voted in a new board with himself as president.

"And now, Mr. Smithson," he said, "I'll trouble you to vacate these premises."

There was nothing for Smithson to do but to turn the mine over to its discoverers, under the law governing corporations. Smithson, who was ambitious to have both his own and Inslee's share, found himself obliged to be content with the lesser part. This he eventually sold to Inslee at private sale.

The mine proved far more valuable than had been supposed even when the strike was made, and through it Inslee became enormously rich, while Smithson subsequently lost what he had made.



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