

COOS BAY TIMES

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L. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub. VAN E. MALONEY News Editor

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WHEN A LINCOLN COMES.

It is worth recalling in these days of Lincoln reminiscences that Stephen A. Douglas seriously embarked Lincoln in the course of their famous debates by insisting that he had proved false to the good old whig doctrines of Henry Clay.

Lincoln was a Clay whig. Clay was his model statesman. He believed his new republicanism to be merely his old wigism up to date. But Douglas charged him with posing as a whig while really engaged in destroying the old party so many of his friends revered. Lincoln could not satisfy many of them that it was not true.

The moral is, of course, obvious—Lincoln was right and his life time political friends who could see in republicanism nothing but a surreptitious attempt to steal the whig livery were wrong. The time had come for a progressive step. Lincoln could read the signs of the times and they could not.

Every generation is brought to the same test. New occasions teach new duties. There must always be Lincolns who are able to graft new truth on the roots of old custom. There will always be Douglasses to charge them with treachery, and there will always be old whigs to credit the charge. And it will always be that the Lincolns are right and the old whigs are wrong.

Of course, every innovator is not a Lincoln. That is what gives so many pause at the threshold of reforms pause at the threshold of reforms in party policy. It is hard to tell the true from the false, the leader from the charlatan. And yet we must not give up the quest for our Lincolns nor fail to recognize them when they come. For they will appear when the need is. Even if often delayed it will not do to lose faith in progress or turn our backs on the men who believe tomorrow must be different from today.

AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

A course in after-dinner speaking has been established at the summer school of Columbia University. Trailing in education is part of the curriculum of a great many colleges, but this is probably the first time special provision has been made for instruction in the theory and practice of post-prandial science.

Members of those who have attended the course at Columbia are now. There is a strong suspicion at many of the feminine contingent are seeking to qualify for suffrage-tyranny. The male members of the class includes a couple of Japanese; there is nothing unusual or learned under the sun nowadays without the presence of representatives of Nippon as pupils—or professors.

There does not seem to be any particular demand for this new branch of education. After-dinner orators are born not made. One of the drawbacks to the new college course is that al-

though there are after-dinner speeches there is no dinner beforehand.

Nobody can deliver a genuine after-dinner speech unless he has undergone the preliminary discomfort of trying to eat and to rehearse his speech simultaneously. The mental and physical status of the man who is about to be called upon for a speech are closely interrelated. He listens to the remarks of his right-hand neighbor with a vacant, lack-lustre eye. He is afraid he will forget his jokes, his statistics, his apt illustrations. He cannot enjoy his creamed chicken, his salad or his coffee for the thought of the ordeal to come. If only he could be advanced a few numbers ahead of the long-winded speakers! If only the toastmaster would get through what he has to say, and sit down, and not steal all his thunder! These are the circumstances that make the delivery of an after-dinner speech almost as much of an affliction and exacerbation of the spirit for the speaker as for the hearers.

One sympathizes at times with the railway magnates who said of the clergyman that he had poor terminal facilities. A preacher at Yale asked President Hadley how long his sermon should be. "There is a tradition here," said the educator, genially, "that no souls are saved after twenty minutes."

Is there any real use in enlarging the annual crop of after-dinner orators? Aren't there enough as it is?

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today will take care of you tomorrow and every day... Be at peace, then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations.—St. Francis de Sales.

WHY NOT?

Now if a female suffragist is called a suffragette, A lady socialist, 'tis plain, should be a socialiste; A linguist of the lovely sex a linguette she should be. A palmiste, that would be a girl who's up in palmistry. While optimist may better be than optimette a lot, A woman botanist should be a botanette—why not? A lady lobbyist a lobbyette we mightn't call; A Methodist a Methodette—that wouldn't do at all. An artistette, that a girl would be who wields the brush with skill. A dentette, one who in the chair would give to us our fill; At pianette for pianist there might be some demur— An oculette would test our eyes while we made eyes at her.

And having changed these words we then could start another list. Beginning with the male coquette, who should be called coquist. Meanwhile let's give the girls their due—henceforth that pretty pet who fixes up my nails, to me, is a manurettette.

SAME OLD TALE.

Same old story, every day. Same old rumor, same old war. Same old friend who tells you true; same old thing and says its new. Same old lies and contrast let. Bluff and smile, "we'll get it yet." Same old cement up in G.— Same old headlines for you and me. Same old railway, same old game, same old bunk, a bloomin' shame. Same old story, every—well, isn't this railway simply H—?

STORY FOR THE DAY.

"What's the matter, got a cold?" asked Dorsey Kreller of A. T. Haines the other morning. "Yes, I suppose like every one else you want to tell me what to do for it?" replied Haines. "No, not particularly. But I can tell you what I used when I had one." "Go ahead, one more won't hurt me. What do you use?" Haines asked. "A handkerchief," replied Dorsey

as he dodged a bale of hay that Haines buried at him.

There are times when living in hope and living in hot water are very much alike.

Plenty of people fuss about small profits, but the list doesn't include the one doing the buying.

Don't blame other people for not taking your advice; you won't take it yourself more than half the time.

There are, however, a number of other ways of having a good time besides indulging in the reflection that a rich man can't take it with him when he dies.

A woman thinks she is handling a man considerable package when she tells him he is lacking in finer feelings.

Every Coos Bay married woman likes to poke fun and defiance at that "obey" feature of the marriage ceremony.

A good deal of money, as well as some space in the waste basket, could be saved by sending out fewer circular letters.

"He is the kind of a man," a Coos Bay man said in describing a noted failure, "who spends most of his time getting ready."

A Coos Bay man believes there is something to the good luck of others, but he labels his own as sound business judgment.

While prices are pretty high, and all that, you can't think of any one right off-hand who doesn't believe he is entitled to all the profit he is getting.

Finding fault with father probably would become the great American game, if the women and girls instead of the sports, determined that sort of thing.

It also happens frequently that the man who is a good fellow while he is down town isn't anything of the kind during the few hours he remains at home.

OLD JIM RILEY.

It is often said that a man must be dead before he is spoken of highly; but that isn't true of the popular view of that sweetest of poets, Jim Riley. O we sit by the fire, and we list to the lyre he plays as no other can play it, and all the year long, we love him and his song, and we're only too happy to say it. The world's full of noise from poetical boys who pound on their harps with a hammer and often, with tears, we are holding our ears, to shut out the horrible clamor. These singers are hoarse and their music is coarse, and their themes are as punk as their cause is; it eases the pain when the gentle refrain of Riley is heard in the pauses. His songs always start from his good, gentle heart, that's brimming with love for his fellows; he doesn't make songs with a hammer and tongs, and blow up his fire with a bel-lows. His verse is as true and as pure as the blue of the heaven that's bending above him, and long may he live, his sweet lyrics to give to the millions of people who love him. WALT MASON.

The trials that make us Fume and fret, The burdens that make us Groan and sweat,— Are the things that haven't Happened yet. PAUL SANDBERG.

BRYAN ON ADVERTISING.

William Jennings Bryan has answered some thousands of questions, and some of them may be considered as compliments. Here's an instance: While the colonel was in Reading, Pennsylvania, one day a cheerful idiot inquired whether he really believed that advertising paid. In its terseness and wisdom Mr. Bryan's answer might be likened unto the philosophy of one Solomon. Said he: "The fellow who tries to attract business without advertising is like the young man who throws his sweetheart a silent kiss in the dark. He knows what he is doing—but no one else does."

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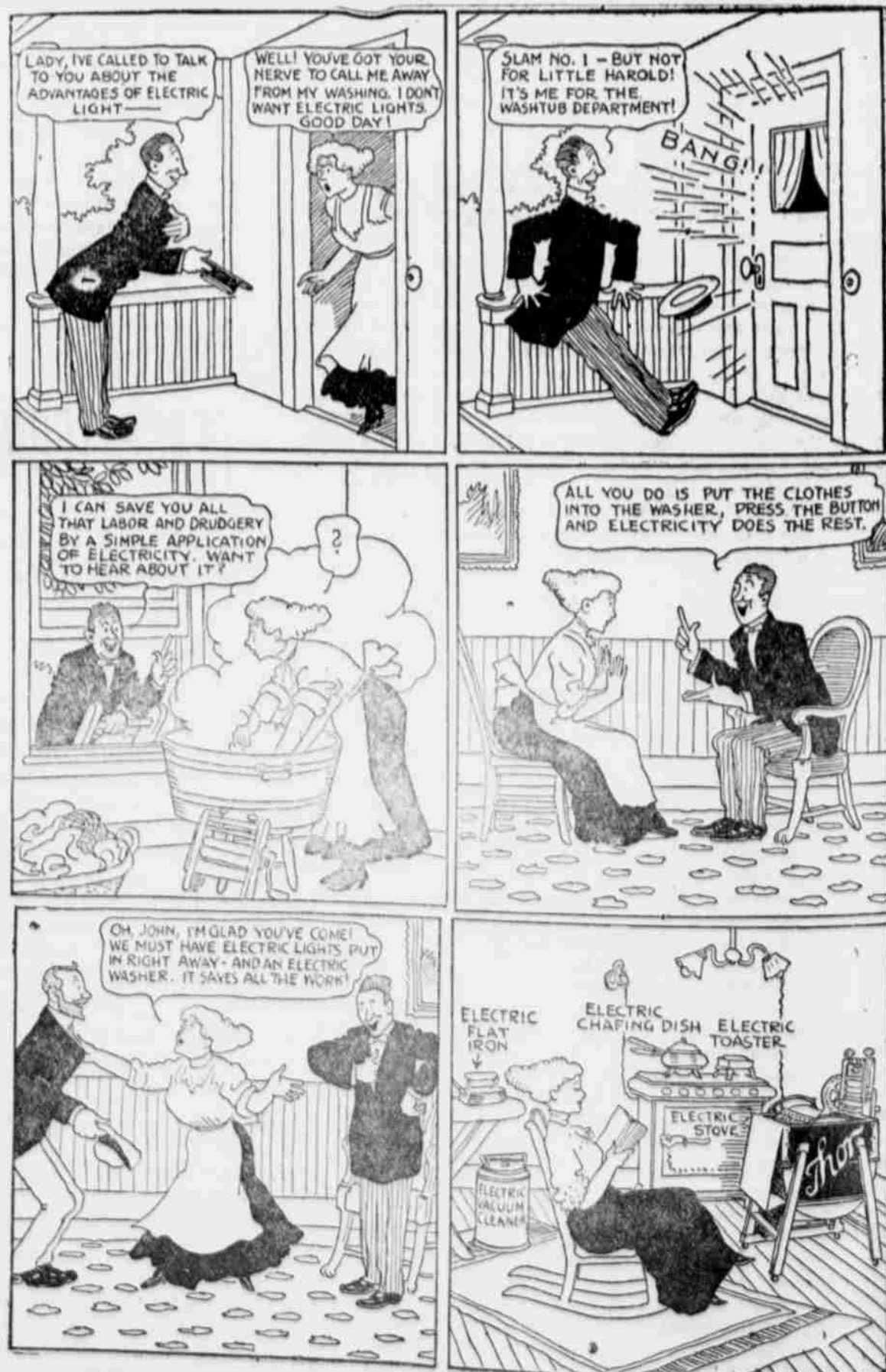
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