

COOS BAY TIMES

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Address all communications to COOS BAY DAILY TIMES. Marshfield :: :: :: Oregon

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 Coos County

THE McMINSVILLE PLAN.

PEOPLE of McMinsville, Oregon, have formed a plan for aiding the settler in Yamhill county that has originality and will doubtless be of great benefit in getting people on the land.

The land owner, who holds a large farm, will put his land in the hands of a stock company, composed of leading citizens, who will subdivide the land into small tracts, plant it to fruit and care for it until the orchards come into bearing.

This will be known as the McMinsville plan and it will be operated under the name of the Yamhill County Improvement and Development company.

It is desired by those behind the plan to bring about the transformation of the big farms of Yamhill county into smaller tracts, with a denser population and improved rural conditions.

Satisfied settlers are the best asset for any county, and it is thought the new plan will be one which will safeguard their interests.

REGULATION—NOT DESTRUCTION.

TO MANY who give the matter thought, the efforts of the federal government to break up trusts, monopolies and other co-operative movements seem wasted effort.

What is the use of compelling the reorganization of the oil trust, the tobacco trust and other concerns under some slightly different form?

The central idea of the commercial combination, the principle upon which its success is builded, is elimination of economic waste.

nation of economic waste. It is a sound principle and one bound to prevail.

Associated effort, whether among industrial enterprises or among producers and toilers, should be encouraged, rather than made a crime.

The abuses growing out of combinations are not due to the impelling principle of co-operation. They are the result of greed on the part of the promoters.

Regulation, not elimination, nor segregation, is the proper remedy for combination.

In the process of time, evolution will consolidate these various combinations into still larger consolidations. The principle of regulation will have gradually expanded into that of co-operation.

In the United States today officials of industrial trusts, of co-operative farmers' associations and of labor unions, are under indictment for the "crime" of co-operation for mutual benefit.

The nations of Europe, more experienced in the government of men, encourage co-operation rather than attempt to destroy it—but the evil effects are prevented by regulation.

Co-operation is a world-wide movement. Civilization is nothing but co-operation. So efforts to destroy it are worse than folly.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

"THE commission plan of government," writes Judson Weliver in the August number of Munsey's Magazine, "proposes to merge the legislative functions, once exercised by the city council of one or two chambers, and the executive powers, formerly held by the mayor; to repose both in a small commission, commonly of five members; to have this commission elected by the people of the entire city, rather than by wards, as formerly; to make the commissioners subject to recall by the people at any time; to give the people a right to veto the commission's legislation through the referendum, and to supplement it through the initiative.

"In its best development, the plan takes all party politics out of municipal government. No party name, emblem or slogan can be attached to any man's candidacy. The office-seeker must run as a citizen, not as a partisan, standing on his own politics, not on a platform made by a convention that can never hold him to accountability.

"It is ridding us of the city boss, who has intimate relationship to state and national boss-ships. It is making our cities cleaner, better, more healthy both morally and physically. It is nailing this over a vast lot of rat-holes into which we have poured our city revenues. It is teaching the people the value of public-service franchises, the need to protect them, and the possibility of securing good public service at reasonable prices. It is reducing the cost of living to the denizens of the town, and giving better living."

CATCHING INLET NEWS.

Miss Selata Howe of Dora, will teach the winter term of school at Ross Inlet commencing September 18th.

Clifford Doane's foot which was injured some time ago, was taken out of its plaster of Paris cast recently.

Mr. Byron Hodson, who has been hunting deer at Big Creek for the past week, returned Sunday and says "he saw nothing worth shooting."

Master Albert Atkinson was operated on by Dr. Horsfall recently for adenoids and is getting along nicely.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

HOW TO LIVE.

I hold it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping stones Of their dead selves to higher things. —Tennyson.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever; Do noble things, not dream them, all day long; And so make life, death and that vast forever One grand sweet song. —Charles Kingsley.

May I govern my passion with absolute sway And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away. —Walter Pope.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

He is the jolliest power boat man and he plows the raging main That is of course when it does not rage but is perfectly smooth and plain

He is all decked out like a horse marine with the garments of the sea—

The buttons bright and the panties white, and the lid that goes skewgee

And bears on the front of its visor's slant his motor club's proud burgee.

Sing ho, me lads, for the power boat man, who was never known to wince;

The bravest tar that you ever saw before the mast—or since.

He treads the deck with a lordly tread; he swears and won't take it back

When the spark plug blows or the petrol flows the wrong way of the track,

When it comes to bossing his two hand crew he's a point and a half from slack.

The power boat man has a saucy craft—it cost three thousand flat.

And you know, if you're wise to the price of boats, you can get some boat for that.

It rises above the water line a story in the clear;

The upstairs part is trim and smart; downstairs it's a perfect dear

With lots of bunks and a cooking stove, and an icebox, never fear.

O, I love to ship with the power boat man when the gasoline runs free.

With a handy pier on our windward side and a grass plot on our lee.

The cap is brave, but a cautious man; no chances will he take.

When the weather is not what we call ideal he ties up to a stake, And turns the piano on and serves ice cream and cake.

Let others, sing of the sailing boat and say it's the only stuff;

I had some of that and I must aver that a little is quite enough.

I can see no sport in it at all, and it's dangerous as a rule—

When the day is wet, then the best you get is to feel like a perfect fool.

Y'heave ho, me lads, for the power boat thing, when the weather is not too cool.

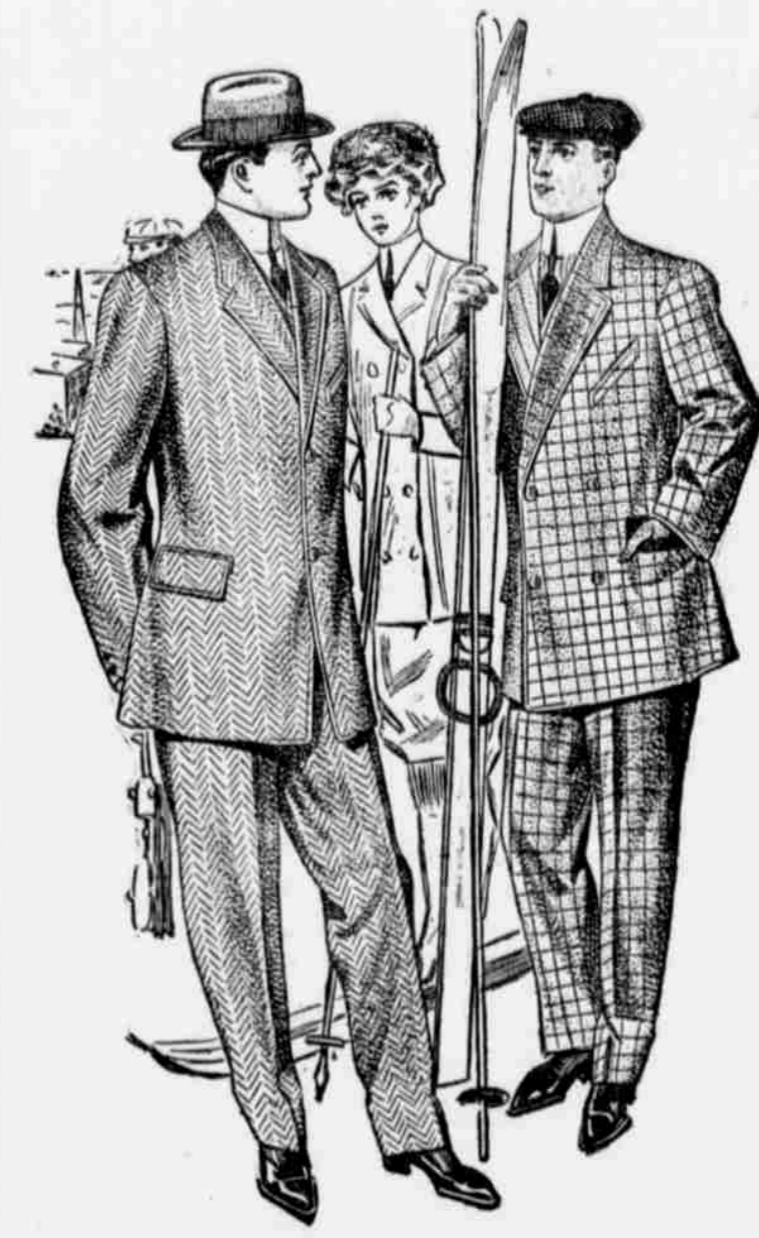
Good resolution for the day; Try to see only the good points of the Coos Bay situation.

THE QUIET OBSERVER SAYS:

The longer I live the more I realize that if I attend to all of my own business I have got all that I can do. I find that I have no time to monkey with other people's affairs. 'Isn't that the way with you. You may be making mistakes in your business, but I haven't the time to run after you and show you where they are. You may be making a fool of yourself socially, but I have all I can do to keep my own canoe off the sandbar. If I go to wasting any time looking after your business something is liable to go wrong with mine. There are just enough people in this world to manage all the business properly. But if you neglect yours to help me out there is going to be trouble when you get back home. We all like the man who attends strictly to his own business better than we do the buttinsky. As I poke around day after day I can tell the men who are attending to their own affairs and the men who are not. The men who are attend-

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THE TOGGERY

Corner Broadway & Central

ing strictly to their own business are the ones who go to the bank every day to make a deposit. So tomorrow when you start over to your neighbors to give him a little advice look around and see if you can't use it yourself to very good advantage.

Some Coos Bay people get tired every time they lift a hand.

Millionaire Stokes admits that he is "too old to be anything but polite." Life must be an awful bore at that stage.

An Amherst professor says "swearing is natural." Sounds almost like a kind word for the man who finds life one blanked thing after another.

A New York woman changed her mind and was promptly upheld by a court in that state. Judges are not yet so foolish as to deny any woman that right.

"When I read of Mr. Taft's troubles," remarked the man at the post-office, "I can't help wondering whether he still tries to begin every day with a smile."

According to a statistician, a blonde has three times as many chances to marry as her dark-haired sister. And the divorce court records appear to indicate that she is taking all those chances, too.

After a man has had a garden ruined by his neighbors' "pet" dogs, he is not likely to grieve if a few licensed canines should be killed by mistake.

A dun is a dun the world over, but some are more cleverly gotten up than others, and catch 'em both going and coming. This one printed in one of the Kansas weeklies is not half bad: "Anyone owing this paper is requested to call and pay at once. Anyone not owing is requested to call and subscribe and begin owing us at once. Anyone we are owing is requested to subscribe for this paper in advance to

the full amount of the debt and pay us another year in advance cash. Anyone who is not owing us and will not do so, is requested to move to North Dakota and make room for one who will."

Sunlight and ships at sea, Clouds as still as stars, Out beyond the vast to-be Of earth's horizon bars. Take my hand and let us go Where the winds may lead. Earth and time are all we know; Life is all we need.

Dawn-flush and flying foam, Tides that beat and turn, Now the vast beyond is home, And there our altars burn. Take my hand; our cottage hearth is flaming in your eyes. Earth shall be our garden-girth, Our tent the summer skies. L. W. SMITH.

SUMMER'S SONG

You can call it the patter Of raindrops that scatter, Like diamonds the grasses among Or else, if it pleases You whisper of breezes, And cadence of songs they have sung.

Of clear lilted fountains, The murmuring mountains, The voice of old ocean, sublime, But jocund or lonely, I'll wage you they're only The songs of the glad Summer Time.

Oh, the rollicking notes of a rhythmic rhyme, The matins and vespers of Gay Summer Time. You call them the voices, Of birds, and your choice is The robin, the linnet, the wren. You praise the quail drumming, The honey-bees humming.

The Katy-Did's call from the glen, You reckon outwitting The rustle corn at its prime, But plaintive or merry, Or solemn or cheery.. This song of the gay Summer Time. Oh, the rhythmical tune of a faithless rhyme, The matins and vespers of gay Summer Time.

A young man who wanted \$10,000,000 of Mr. Morgan's money has been sent to the insane asylum. He

made the mistake of asking for that sum instead of learning the franchise game and going after it in the usual manner.

A New York man says he has washed every piece of money he has received in recent years. Most of us in Coos Bay the last few years could do that without adding much to our labors.

"Why is it," queries the Chicago Record-Herald, "that a woman with a loud, rasping voice wants to talk all the time?" Perhaps she is afraid she will lose the voice if she doesn't exercise it.

The chronic kicker is the man Who's never satisfied; He seeks the fault in every plan And throws the good aside. To please him were a futile task; Pile up the joys of earth For him alone, for more he'll ask And kick for all he's worth.

I've studied kickers in my day, I've seen them frown and smelt. I've heard them growl, but I may say I've never seen them work. Oh, no! a kicker never aids Or toils for any cause His is the laziest of trades— The job of finding flaws.

And when he gets to Heaven's gate I'll warrant he will say: "Improvements must be made here straight If I am going to stay." I'm sure he will not like the way The Heavenly world is run; And he will grumble day by day At everything that's done.

LAWYERS IN SESSION.

Thirty-Fourth Convention of American Bar Association. (By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times.)

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 28. — The thirty-fourth annual session of the American Bar association began here today. The executive committee of the general council met during the day and this afternoon the annual gathering of the comparative law bureau is being held.

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