

COOS BAYTIMES

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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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BOOSTING YOUR HOME CITY.

BOOST Clubs now forming every where. 'Believe in the town that supports you' is getting to be the universal cry, says an exchange and by adapting to local conditions it should be said in Marshfield. The spirit of local loyalty is abroad in the land. A number of stores are distributing and receiving substantial encouragement by devoting a part of their advertising funds to this movement. It boosts business. Don't put your energy on the 'hold-backs.' Business men's clubs, local leagues, booster clubs, etc., are exercising a wonderful influence on the citizens who are learning that when they boom their city they are also booming themselves. Don't knock, except at the door of opportunity, every time you get the chance. Talk your city—pull for your city and your city will pull for you. This is the principle of optimism that promotes enthusiasm and breeds success. The writer could have added correctly that the successful stores in every community are contributors to the community advertising fund. Go into any town in the West that is worth while, and you will find that it has a commercial club. Go into the best store in the town, and it is a safe bet that business is represented in the list of contributors to the advertising fund of the commercial club. Make it local—go into the best trading places in Marshfield and you will find that the men in charge know that boosting Coos Bay is boosting themselves, and their names will be found on the club's subscription list. Every business man in every community ought to concede that he owes something to the town that supports him, and ought to be square enough with himself to help boost, knowing that community publicity is a paying investment and that he receives benefits from it. He does not hesitate to accept the benefits an increased trade brings him, but in some cases will not join in the good work, being satisfied to share the benefits without aiding in creating them. No self-respecting business man ought to place himself in the "moocher" class. No self-respecting community in these latter days fails to support decently a Chamber of Commerce or similar organization, as they are generally recognized as necessary institutions everywhere. But there is probably not one Chamber of Commerce in America that receives the support it really deserves, although there are several communities, some of them in Western Oregon, that are mighty good examples for certain other clubs. The Marshfield Chamber of Commerce deserves the moral and financial support of every business man and property owner in this vicinity. If you are one who has not yet responded to "the spirit of loyalty that is time for you to show that you believe in the town that supports you." Join the Chamber of Commerce, try boosting for a while, and become a promoter of the "enthusiasm that breeds success."

ART IS LONG.

THE recent exhibition of fancy dances in this city was new evidence of the real poetry of motion in dances that are properly executed. In an appreciative criticism of the Russian dancers, a writer in the current Bellman calls attention to the fact that the wonderful artistry which is displayed in the ballet is not, as we might thoughtlessly imagine, a matter of easy or sudden development. It is an art which the Russian dancers have developed and perfected after long years of careful and painstaking thought and training. More than this, it is a development which requires the absolute devotion of those who undertake to learn the dances. Children are practically surrendered by their

parents into the care of the dancing masters of the Dramatic School of St. Petersburg, where the dancers for the imperial ballet are provided.

Like any other art, dancing must become a part of the dancer's life and feeling. The difficulties of technique must be so completely mastered as to be absolutely unapparent. The artist's personality must dominate these and his intelligence make of them a means for the expression of the emotion which he feels.

As Belinsky says, "Dancing is a great art, with laws and rules which must be studied not only by those who dance, but by all who would understand and appreciate it—just as in music or painting. Dancing combined with music becomes plastic; plastique which has left a pedestal, which becomes movement and harmony."

The imperial ballet is a thing which is essentially a part of Russian character and life. It has been developed through years of rigid training and amid conditions which have molded its character and spirit. It is for these reasons that it becomes a real means of expression of consistent and intelligent harmony. Its perfection is an outgrowth of its artistic conception and could not have been attained by mere mercenary and unsympathetic efforts.

A TIME-HONORED OCCUPATION

THAT the modern club woman is only an improved edition of her house-wifery sister of fifty or more years ago, and not a startling innovation in the universal scheme of things is suggested by a writer in one of the current magazines.

That the interests of the women of the present have widened and multiplied is quite evident from the variety of tasks which now claim their attention. Their accomplishments in what may be called distinctly public service have been considerable. And their advent into these newer fields of activity aroused no little anxiety and sarcasm because it was feared that the movement would mean the neglect of the home duties.

But a glance at some of the results of these enlarged activities goes to prove that women have instead of neglecting the home and what it stands for, realized in quite a remarkable manner the breadth and diversity of those very interests when carried to their logical finality.

Cleaner streets, sanitary back yards, efficient garbage systems, beautiful parks and public buildings and play grounds, pure food restrictions, child labor laws, juvenile courts, better drainage and water supply, public school nursing, improved libraries and churches and rescue missions—these are a few of the representative results of the earnest and organized effort of women in the last dozen years or so which speak for the sanity and fundamental usefulness of woman's clubs and the work for which they stand.

Much other work of a less public nature has been accomplished but it was the general widening of interests represented by activities like the above which drew upon the first women workers the disapproval of the world at large. Their success in these realms of endeavor has now silenced ridicule and skepticism quite universally. And upon a critical analysis of the achievements it may be seen that they are really only a larger and less selfish interpretation of the ordinary duties of the housewife.

As one of the women quoted in the magazine article remarked, women have not changed fundamentally. They have only come to recognize in a bigger sense the work which is really theirs to accomplish. "We're doing the same old work now that we've done from the beginning of time," she declared. "It's always been our business to do the cleaning and to look after the food and to take care of the children—conditions have changed; women haven't. And all these activities that seem so new are really just the old, old ones adapted to our changed ways of living."

There is a lot of truth in this contention. A great diversity of activities come under the head of those three things—doing the cleaning, looking after the food and caring for the children.

In spite of the views of some of the social alarmists of the present, it seems plausible that judging the future in the light of an old, old past, there isn't a great deal of danger that womankind in general will desert the claims of the home to which they have always been drawn. If some women find satisfaction in a career of simple and efficient public service it doesn't argue that the whole sex is going to forsake the lure of the fireside. It will prob-

ably mean that there will be fewer of the inadequate and dissatisfied home-makers who have taken up with a calling which demands renunciations and sacrifices which they are not ready to make. The increased growth of feminine interests can only result finally in a deeper and more abiding faith in the work that a woman as a woman is called to do.

AT CHEHALIS

CHEHALIS, Wash., a city of 5,000 people, voted last week on the commission plan of government and the plan carried by a vote of 415 for and 183 against. The commission plan carried despite a strong campaign waged against it by the standpat element of the city. Both Chehalis newspapers opposed the adoption of the new plan but the merits of the commission plan are so obvious to the people that they voted almost unanimously for it.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—James Burgh.

MOVE!

If your road is wrong, Ask the way; If the night is long, Wait for day!

If the spring is far, Start to walk; Move from where you are— Do not talk.

If you loose your song, Tune your ear To vibrating gong Of a tear!

If the ground is wet Where you stand, Look about to get Higher land!

Stay not where you are— Wake and move! All is pitch and tar In the groove.

Pass your love along To the next; "Under good for wrong," Be your text.

As you travel up Cheer the crowd; Pass the loving cup, Sing aloud!

DID YOU KNOW.

That Judge Coke Was, One Time Mayor of Marshfield? In years gone by we knew him as head of Marshfield's clan.

In act and thought and word and deed he's every inch a man. An optimist who spreads good cheer and never stops to fret. Ask him about the railway and he'll say, "It will be Built, you bet."

Speaking of "Daffydils" here's one that E. W. Nevers sprung on the Tea and Toast man the other day. "If the wife of the man in the moon had a baby would the skyrocket?" All that prevented us from turning in a fire alarm was the fire water.

"To my mind," remarked Al Owen, "there never was but one real national hymn, and I haven't heard that for forty years or more."

"How did it go?" rashly inquired Geo Bolt. "As I remember it," answered Al, clearing his throat, "It went this way: 'I've roamed over mountains, I've crossed over floods, I've traversed the wide rolling sa-and; Though the fields were as green and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not me own native la-ha-hand!'

No, no, no, no, no, no, no-o-o-o-o-o! No, no, no, no, no, no, no-o-o-o-o-o! Though the fields were as green and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not me own native la-ha-hand!'

Al didn't sing the next stanza. Geo made a bolt for the door and the noise stopped the concert.

Even if Adam was ribbed up to create woman, he needn't try to make any bones about it.

You can't expect to lie at ease by sitting in the lap of luxury, unless you stand for something.

Three physicians in San Francisco recently came to blows over the diagnosis of a patient's ailment. If the patient was permitted to view the scrap he doubtless began to feel better immediately.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

The Times will be pleased to publish letters from its readers on all questions of public interest. Each letter must be signed by the writer, and so far as possible be limited to 200 words. In publishing these letters it must be understood that The Times does not endorse the views expressed therein; it is simply affording a means for the voicing of different opinions on all questions affecting the public welfare.

CURIOS CONTRIBUTION. Visitors Views on Vessels Victuals, Vegetables and Various Vendable Varieties and Vocations.

Editor Times: I have been looking over the Coos Bay vicinity and have concluded that—

"Coos Bay coal, clapboards and commerce can contribute considerable comfort to the commoners who come and continue to care for cows, canned goods, cabbage cucumbers, clams, crabs and crawfish."

R. R. GRABEEL.

SCOTCH PRONUNCIATION.

Editor Times: I saw in Saturday's Times an item relative as to how the Scotch spell the word (cow). It is spelt (Coo). (Plow) is pronounced (ploot), (dove) is pronounced (doo). There is no twist of the tongue in the way the Scotch pronounce their words.

ALEX SIMPSON, North Bend, Ore.

SAYS BOOSTER PAYS. G. P. Schlosser of Roseburg on Advertising Coos Bay.

Editor Coos Bay Times: In reading your interesting paper I noticed that the Marshfield Chamber of Commerce decided recently that your community does not need a "publicity manager" at the present time, therefore I have taken it upon myself to call your attention to the fact that Coos Bay does need a publicity man, and that you could derive much benefit by having an established office in your community, devoted to advertising Coos Bay and the various cities in Coos county. I enclose three letters which show you that this club has been sending out Coos Bay literature (furnished us by the North Bend Commercial club), and which I believe are evidence that your community can well afford to pay a man to look after the proper advertising of Coos Bay. We have sent out your advertising matter because we believe the more your community prospers the more certain the Coos Bay-Roseburg railroad is to be constructed, and what helps Coos Bay is bound to help Roseburg and Douglas county.

If you had a regularly organized department and sent out advertising generally, I am very sure it would result in a decided gain in population for your territory, as you have many features that appeal particularly to many people, but they will never know it as long you fail to call their attention to these features. Your community is well enough established and your people have ample means to support a publicity department that will be well worth while, if you could only see the benefits to be obtained by consistent and persistent community advertising. Many families do not make a change for a year or two, and sometimes longer, even after deciding on the particular location they select, and every community in the west that is not making an

COGENT REASON FOR COOS BAY

Name Is Strong and Expressive and Should Be Adopted Entirely.

Editor Times: There has been some needed agitation about the change of the name of the city of Marshfield. At one of the recent council meetings it was decided, I believe, to submit the whole matter to the will of the people, allowing them to vote upon the two names proposed, namely Coos Bay and Millilcoma.

If I may be allowed a little space regarding this matter, it would seem to me that there should be no doubt in the minds of the people as to which one of these two names they ought to make the name of their municipality. Coos Bay has everything in its favor, while Millilcoma has but little to commend it as the name of what we hope some day will be "no mean city." Coos Bay, as every one feels, is strong and expressive, at least the latter part of it, and this after all is no small consideration in the name of a place. Just as with a person. Names of places ought to have some reason for being so called. Are we going to choose a name that will arouse in people's minds absolutely nothing regarding our beautiful situation? The Bay portion of the name certainly does this. That is why I term it expressive. Besides, as some one remarked, it is unique. I don't know of anything similar to it in geography. In the Aegean Sea there is a little island belonging now to the Turkish government, an island made somewhat famous because the Apostle Paul stopped there on one of his missionary journeys, but the name seems to vary slightly from our own Coos. In the authorized version it is pronounced as two syllables with the accent on the former Coos, while in the Revised version it is written Cos. Perhaps our Coos has a different lineage, making it all the more unique.

When we have something that is worth while, people sooner or later will come to see its virtues. We don't have to run down something else in order to glorify it. We cannot but say in passing, however, that Millilcoma is entirely too fanciful. It is pretty to be sure, but what is that as compared with a name that is expressive and strong enough to stand the test of future generations, as we believe Coos Bay will be able to do. It is a good name for a club or a boat, and perhaps some day we may think well enough of it to attach it to one of our many suburbs, but it can hardly hope to dignify what we all hope our city will become in the future. To a thoughtful person it will hardly occur, as we build for that future, to select a name that is not only not expressive, but which perhaps will make it hard for other places on the Bay to join with us, in the event of such a happy consummation.

A LOVER OF THE BAY.

effort to interest the prospective settlers is losing good opportunities Coos Bay will some day be a city of importance, but the longer you delay presenting its merits to the general public, the longer delayed will be its establishment. A well equipped publicity office is an institution well worth its cost to any community.

Respectfully yours, G. P. SCHLOSSER, Publicity Manager Roseburg Commercial Club

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING NEWS

Vol. 1 TUESDAY, Oct. 10 No. 3

NOTE.—We will give in this column, from time to time, hints on the preparation and use of meat food products that may be used for the betterment of and economy in your cooking.—Union Meat Co.

Buying Lard.

The time was when it was a rare occurrence to purchase lard in any other way than in bulk and the customer knew nothing about the quality of the lard until it was used at home. Nowadays, however, most lard is sold under a brand and in pails so that the customer knows she is getting what she wants—that the quality must be uniform.

Perfectly pure lard, like butter,

turns rancid if it is not kept in a cool place. It is best to keep it in a refrigerator if possible. The reason of this is, that pure lard, like our Columbia Brand, contains nothing but the choice cuts of fat from Government Inspected hogs, "tried out" in an open kettle in the same old-fashioned way as our Mothers used to do. It contains no steric acid and melts at a low temperature. The cheaper grades of lard are "refined" as is Pearl shortening and while they will keep for a longer period without turning rancid, when fresh, they are not as "short" or as "sweet" as Columbia. For real goodness and flavor you can't beat open kettle rendered lard.—Union Meat Co.

LIVES OF MEN IN NOTED CASE

(Continued from page 1.)

tion in which I held office, particularly the legal end of it, and so I attended the Indianapolis College of Law and was admitted to practice in 1909.

"There is little else about my life except my arrest. I am an inveterate reader, and always have been, of books treating with economics and industrial matters."

James B. McNamara, who sat quietly by while his brother talked, was also born in Cincinnati. His birthday was June 2, 1882. He attended the common schools and then learned the printer's trade, which he has followed almost continually ever since, working in job offices in Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and other cities.

"Unlike me," said John J. McNamara, "my brother has never been especially active in tradesunion affairs."

STORY OF McMANIGAL

Ortie E. McManigal, who, in confession, declared that he was the confederate of John and James McNamara in a conspiracy which involved murder and destruction all over the country, lived an uneventful life, as he himself described it, up to the time he was arrested in April, and brought to this city to be the principal witness against the brothers at their trial on the charge of having murdered nineteen of the men killed in the Los Angeles Times building October 1, 1910.

He was born in Bloomville, Ohio, April 1, 1874. His mother died when he was four years old and her parents who lived in the same place, took him and his sister and cared for them until he was six or seven years of age. Then his father remarried, and took the children back to his home, where they remained until Ortie was about 12 years old. A separation then occurred between father and stepmother, and the children were sent to live with the father's parents in Hutchinson, Kan., where they lived for a year or two.

When McManigal was about 15 years old his father ventured for a third time into matrimony, and took his children with him to a farm near Forest, Ohio. Shortly afterwards they removed to Tiffin, Ohio, where McManigal, senior, is still living.

When war was declared against Spain in 1898, McManigal enlisted, but did not get out of the training camps. He was made orderly to an officer, a position he said he liked very much.

Of a reckless nature, McManigal earned the sobriquet of "dare-devil" by feats of agility on the towering skeletons of skyscrapers. In Chicago, while working on the tallest buildings, he would leap off the top story to catch a beam being swung upward by the derrick.

When he was a small boy, McManigal fell off a wagon, and a wheel passing over him, severely injured his head, he said.

McManigal appears to regard his coming ordeal as chief witness in the McNamara trial with as little unconcern as he does the accidents of his childhood and his exploits on the tops of high buildings.

He recently determined to break with his wife, because he said she was too active in behalf of the McNamaras. His only regret in this connection grows out of the fact that he believes a break with her means separation from his children, Evelyn, eight years old, and Walter, aged six, who were out here with their mother last July and August, but who were not permitted to see their father.

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