

COOS BAYTIMES

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SOME TIME.

Some time we're going to do a kindly deed. Or speak a helpful word to some lone heart; Some time we're going to plant the living seed In soil where it will thrive and do its part. Some time we'll stoop to help a wearied soul Which staggers underneath a heavy load; Some time we'll pause, while rushing toward the goal, To aid a brother on the rocky road. Some time glad eyes will speak the love they bear Because of favors which were ours to show; Some time in life's long day, we'll gladly share The little blessings which are ours to know. Some time we're going to stop the ceaseless grind— This everlasting hurry-life we live, And be more loving, tender, true and kind, More thoughtful and more ready to forgive. Some time we'll cease to fret at little cares, And put away our foolish, timid fears; We will not look for pitfalls or for snares, We'll sneak no gossip for our neighbor's ears. Some time we'll only see the good in men, Be blind to the all the worthless and the bad, And recollect our own weak faults, and then Just strive to make the whole world bright and glad.

THE MUSICAL FOGHORN.

LIEUTENANT Commander Moffatt, whose duty it is to inspect lighthouses, beacons, buoys, foghorns, etc., along the California coast, is credited with the idea of so improving the tone of the foghorn that to those brought or held within its reach it will hereafter be a delight rather than a distress, says an exchange. It is said that he got his idea from the automobile horn and that he has developed it until he is now ready, or nearly ready, to install a foghorn that will have a range of twelve miles and four lively notes instead of one that is dismal.

It may be taken for granted that no matter what Lieutenant-Commander Moffatt does toward bringing it about, and he probably will go no further, the Blunt's point (Angel Island) foghorn will not be long in service before the government shall be offered foghorns that will play complete popular airs automatically, not only to warn but to charm the mariner and his passengers. Necessarily, the government would have to exercise considerable care in choosing the selections, but there could not be any serious objections, to begin with, to airs that have stood the test of time and are popular pretty nearly all the world over, such, for instance, as "Home, Sweet Home," "Annie Laurie," the "Swanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," "Maryland," "Illinois," "Last Rose of Summer," "Bonnie Dundee," and, of course, airs appropriate to the surroundings and circumstances, such, for example, as "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "A Life on the

Ocean Wave," "Who Would Not Be a Sailor Boy?" "White Wings," and so on.

The idea of converting the foghorn into a musical instrument is one which, we believe, will appeal to all people of taste and culture. If, in addition, the lighthouses on clear nights could be made to show interesting and instructive moving pictures, and the bellbuoys could be made to signal baseball scores, there would be such promise of regular entertainment along these shores every evening that, doubtless, vessels would soon fall into the custom of shutting off steam or slackening sail, that those on board might have a better opportunity of enjoying the program.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE following editorial appeared in a recent issue of the Oregonian and states so many splendid truths concerning the public library that are equally applicable to Marshfield that The Times reprints it verbatim:

"The enterprise of the trustees of the Public Library bids fair to show the people of Portland before long what such an institution, suitably housed and properly conducted, can do for a community. The scale on which the new building and grounds have been planned may look extensive to some citizens, but Portland has a great future, and the library trustees, being men of foresight, have cut their cloths for the garment they know will be needed. The prudent mother in Johnny's succulent years makes his trousers a little more spacious than his legs immediately call for. Persons who have studied the methods pursued in conducting the public library have nothing but praise for them. The old curmudgeon who would like to have twenty or thirty thousand books all to himself in a gloomy and dusty hall may grow a little at the crowds of workmen and school children who haunt the reading rooms and circulation department, but he is of small account in the modern world. There was a time when libraries were kept up for book-worms and pedants. Nobody else was welcome within their scholarly walls, and even the pedants were not very welcome, for the theory was that books were meant to be stacked in neat rows on the shelves and admired from a respectful distance. But times have changed. The theory accepted by librarians now is that books were made to be read, and the great ambition of the progressive superintendent is to corral all the readers she possibly can. We say "she" because the best librarians in the country are women, with the necessary exceptions to prove the rule. The benighted wayfarer who wrote to the paper the other day to inquire why Portland did not procure a "man librarian," in order to keep up with the times, did not know what he was talking about. The Portland public library is well in the van of the march of the ages because it has a woman librarian, one who knows her business from "a to lizzard," and does it with dauntless energy. The modern concept is that a public library is a popular educational institution, popular in the sense given to that term by Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. All its aims are for the masses. It goes into the highways and hedges and compels readers to come in. It sits on doors-sepa with armloads of books and exhorts the inmates to come out and read them. It carries Huxley to the Italian track laborer and Haeckel to the Finnish fisherman, and lauds the beauties of science while he wields his shovel or draws his net. In season and out of season the library preaches its gospel of enlightenment and uplift of the soul. Shelley invades Burnside street. "The Ode on a Grecian Urn" is chanted in the railroad shops. The library believes in the possibilities of the human being. It calls to the nobility in man with the tireless voices of the saints and sages, ambitious not so much for scattering individuals as for whole populations. It wants to lift the world up, and the printing press is the fulcrum where it lays its lever.

Every year the colleges close their doors a little tighter. Amberst makes itself over into a close corporation, available only to the cream of the cream of academy graduates. Williams follows suit. Examinations for entrance are made stricter. Learning recedes farther and farther from the mob. But while the colleges bar and bolt their portals, the libraries swing wide their double doors. They have the water of life flowing in exhaustless fountains and they call to everybody to come and drink. The public libraries are not afraid of truth. They believe that knowledge is opportunity. They believe that knowledge and the accurate thinking which depends on knowledge are the only safeguards of republican institutions. The rule of the mob is upon us. Men may shudder at it. They may shriek with fear as the specter advances, but there is no way under Heaven to stay its steps. The only rational expedient is to educate the mob. By meeting it with all that is gentle and

good and true in the experience of the world we can transform the rough monster into an angel of light. It is the warmth of the spring sunshine that sets the world blooming, not the howling of the north wind.

The public library is the most democratic of institutions. Its fearless faith in the power of truth to make the world go well is sublime. Knowledge has swept the world clear of witchcraft, pestilence, persecution and kingly tyranny. Why should it not do more? Why should it not sweep away all injustice, warfare and ancient wrong? By knowing a little truth men have freed themselves from enormous burdens. By knowing more they will break the rest of their chains. Every advance in knowledge lifts the head of the mob a little higher, straightens its bent back and squares its shoulders. Science has guided the masses up from serfdom, both physical and mental. By and by it will make sages and philosophers out of bootblacks. The library stakes all on the infinite worth of man. It is like a modern Lady Bountiful who sits at the door of her house and gives to all who pass, not material leaves, but the bread of life. The hope of the world rests in the educated intelligence of the common man. No elite oligarchy can help. That has been tried and tried and it has always failed. The last appeal lies from the mob ignorant and passionate to the mob with its intelligence enlightened and its passions controlled, and the public library in close alliance with the public schools has the work of transformation well in hand.

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR LEADERSHIP.

SPEAKING generally, the political situation in the United States at the present time is not pleasing. Party discipline, so long a steady influence, has in a large measure been forced to relax its hold upon the public and, for the time being, at least, is superseded by disorganization and disorder. In many quarters the old leaders have withdrawn from all activity and those who have taken their places have not yet developed strength sufficient to win an unquestioning following, either for the issues they represent or for themselves. This statement is equally true whether applied to national or to state politics.

Not only is party discipline ignored, but party alignment is largely disregarded. Men who have not regularly voted the Republican ticket in the past, and who have no intention of regularly voting it in the future, are frequently foremost in declaring what its policy must be. Men who have not recently found themselves in sympathy with Democratic ideas of government and who are uncertain as regards the length of time this sympathy will continue, are frequently foremost in declaring what the future policy of the Democracy shall be. Independent of these and overshadowing them completely, are other men, neither Republicans nor Democrats, nor in harmony with the doctrines or platforms of either, who nevertheless take part in the councils of both and contribute in no small measure toward increasing the embarrassments and complicating problems of each.

Such organization as still exists in either of the principal parties is doubtful of its strength and too timid to take steps toward the restoration of strict party discipline. Political insurgency has cowed the old-line managers. They are permitting things to run loosely, fearing that a tightening of the reins will increase the probabilities of a general upset. The insurgents are aware of this and take more and more liberties with the regulars. Claiming to be Republicans or Democrats, as the case may be, they refuse to be counted with their parties on many present issues. The President of the United States, titular head of his party, finds it difficult during his trip through the West to determine whether the Republicans he is addressing are in or out of agreement with what he regards as Republican policies. As a consequence, his speeches are becoming uncertain in tone and less and less satisfying to those who believed he, at least would take a positive position and cling to it as to gold.

In the very nature of things there must be a change from all this. The mixed and muddled situation must clear. There are issues to be decided within the next fourteen months upon which men must take sides. Mere insurgency will not do; mere regularity will not do; there must be real organization and real leadership, whether insurgent or regular. Party and party managers will be forced to assume their functions and their responsibilities. Wabbling and compromise must cease because, as the issues are defined and become acute earnest men will insist upon knowing what the parties and party leaders and the party candidates stand for and what they propose. There is a growing demand even now, and in all parts of the country, for something more definite than has lately been issuing from any political party or faction headquarters. This demand must have response. Present disposition to confuse or to ignore the questions with which the public welfare is chiefly concerned seems at best short-sighted and hazardous. The time is ripe for leadership.—Christian Science Monitor.

Recipes First in the Hearts of Men The Woman's Home Companion has been collecting the favorite recipes of husbands. The results show that the dishes American men like best of all are strawberry short-cake and chicken pie.

The Toronto clergyman who says there is not enough kissing in this world is entitled to the sympathy of the younger chaps who feel that they have not been getting a fair allowance.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

Were not the eye itself a sun, No sun for it would ever shine By nothing godlike could the heart be won Were not the heart of man divine. —Goethe.

Sea. From shell-strewn sand to rippled purple pool, From the dawn to twilight hour, The sea spreads out its petals wide and cool. Like a morning glory flower; Emerald, opal, amethyst, and blue In its nectary-cup it holds, Till it yields each lovely hue to the darkness and the dew, And the great sea blossom folds.

Then, wrought with silver, and rimmed in rainbow pearl, A porphyry goblet lies, Where the dazzling waters scintillate and whirl To the glow of lustrous skies; For the budding splendors in its deep heart hide, And the full-blown glory breaks, When radiant petals wide unfurl at morning tide, And the great sea blossom wakes. —Selected.

If some Marshfield folks don't "get religion" this week it will not be because it isn't brought home to them.

After Dr. Wiley has put a stop to the artificial ripening of fruit he might see what can be done toward checking the artificial coloring of "peaches."

An Omaha physician is now recommending the "rest cure" in cases of appendicitis. Which brings to mind the large number of patients who went to their long rest after an operation.

THE SHY BOARDER

If landladies served flying fish, I do believe, by jing, That every time they passed the dish I'd only get a wing. JOHN GOSS.

If landladies served Switzer cheese Or doughnuts, by my soul, I know the best of each of these I'd get would be the hole. GEO GOODRUM.

If landladies served sandhill cranes, When dinner came on deck And I held up my hopeful plate I'd only get the neck. GEORGE ROTNOR.

If landladies served boneless cod— A dish we all have known; Why, I'd be sure—it may seem odd— To get the only bone. ALBERT MENDEL.

If landladies served bread pudding; As too many of them do, I know I'd get my portion And have to eat it, too. FRANK LAISE.

The discovery that whiskey with a delicious odor can be made from bananas is likely to make the downward path more slippery for skates.

A LONG FACE.

The Pessimist is never gay; His face is long and grave. He really ought to have to pay Four bits for every shave.

Forty-seven years ago a Towanda, Pa., man serving in the army wrote home urging his wife to send him a pair of trousers, but the letter was not delivered until last week. We feel reasonably sure, though, that the poor fellow has not been without pants all this time. It is also a pleasure to know that there are other places where the mail service is worse than on Coos Bay.

WAR.

With weapons ready for the foe They waited the command "Advance!" and they were on the go With death on every hand. Up yonder sheer and jagged hill, They were not there to maim or kill. It was the film brigade.

STEEL TRUST CASE IS FILED

GOVERNMENT FINALLY BEGINS LONG DISCUSSED SUIT AGAINST NOTED COMBINE IN NEW JERSEY.

(By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times) WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 26.—Suit has been filed for dissolution of the steel trust at Trenton, N. J. The petition was prepared by Jacob M. Dickinson, former Secretary of War who is special counsel for the government in the case. Try The Times' Want Ads.

"MY VIEWS" A Running Record of Individual Opinion by a Quiet Observer.

Editor Times: I see by the papers that William Lester Sis, a Washington man, has applied to the courts to have his name changed, by leaving off the "Sis." I hope the court will grant the change, for notwithstanding Shakespeare's argument that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," many a person is greatly handicapped in this world by an objectionable name. Presidential tickets are made up to a considerable extent on lines of euphony; the people want candidates nominated whose names slip off the tongue trippingly; no tongue-twisters stand any show when the office is seeking the man, or vice versa. Women have an advantage in being able to change their name by the matrimonial route, but usually a man's name sticks by him, and very often it makes or mars his fortune.

The newspapers are printing a report that Mr. Bryan is disgusted with the way he has been treated in politics and intends to enter the ministry. If this is true, he can't agree with those who contend that there are too many ministers already. Mr. Bryan is one of those men who, like Senator La Follette, Elbert Hubbard and others, possess rare histrionic genius and who would be able to succeed in any sphere of public action, whether on the stump, on the stage or in the pulpit. After all, all public men are preachers in one sense, for they are trying to spread their doctrines among the people. Mr. Bryan has had a profound influence on American politics in spite of his wonderful ability in invoking defeat; he has seen many of his doctrines

taken up even by his rivals and some of them adopted. But other leaders have come up in his party and it may be that he can make his power felt more now as a preacher than if he remained a politician. He sees that there are many great questions which politics refuses to settle. Gov. Wilson, the most prominent democrat at present, for instance, declares that politics has nothing to do with the liquor question. If these deep moral and social problems are to be solved, therefore, they must be solved by appealing to the conscientious, intelligent and solid people of the country, over the heads of the politicians, as President Taft has just done in the cause of universal peace. Hitherto our ablest men have felt that they must get into politics if they wanted to have their talents recognized. It would be a great thing for the country if more of this class of able, forceful, ambitious men would go into the ministry. There is a splendid opening here, and one in which there will always be plenty of room for men of ideas and energy. We believe that this country is getting ready for a great moral regeneration. It is getting tired of the pettiness and emptiness and falsity of partisan politics and tired also of the grinding, soul-destroying scramble for money. The time is ripe for great reforms—not merely these surface reforms which men advocate for their own ends and to fool the people, but for great fundamental reforms that will go to the very root of our civilization and make it truly Christian in the highest and broadest sense. And for workers in this field there are rich laurels waiting. —DIXIE.

Forestry Being Introduced In the Public Schools

FORESTRY is attracting wide attention among the schools of the United States. Not only have many colleges and universities introduced courses and even professional schools of forestry, but elementary phases of the subject have been introduced into the hundreds of the graded and high schools, and teachers give enthusiastic reports of the success which is attending the new study. Public school teachers say that they have found in it a subject interesting to children and one which furnishes much attractive, tangible material to work upon, developing the child's observation and being at once acceptable to the young mind and most practical.

The public schools of Washington, D. C., and parts of Iowa and other states in the middle west, are in the vanguard of this movement. Every graded school in Washington and a large number of rural schools of Pottawattomie county, Iowa, are now teaching the elements of forestry. Aiding School Study. In Iowa, the subject is being taught as a commercial course in connection with home geography and agriculture, while in the Washington schools it is used in the nature study courses. The four upper grades of the Washington schools are studying the forest; and this year all are following practically the same outline; next year this outline will be confined to the fifth grade, while the other grades will follow an outline one step advanced, and so on until by the fourth year a four-year course will have been introduced. As a preparation for this work, forestry has been taught in the normal school of the District of Columbia for several years and when the young student teachers take up the actual work of teaching they are already familiar with the details of elementary forest study. Prominent among the other normal schools of the country to take up work of this kind are those of Cleveland, Rochester and Joliet, Ill.

There is a section in the forest service of the United States department of agriculture which works in cooperation with schools in teaching forestry and it related subjects. This co-operation is not limited to technical schools of forestry; it is equally open to primary and kindergarten grades; it is as willing to help teach tree study in a first year nature study class as to assist in the establishment of a professional forest school. This section of education, as it is called, is now working out model courses of study for graded and high schools, in co-operation with the public schools of Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia, Pa. The work in Philadelphia is being conducted by W. N. Clifford, head of the commerce department of the Southern High school where he is building up a modern equipment and evolving a practical system for the teaching of forestry in high schools.

Practical Field Work. In Washington, the section of education is directing a similar work for graded schools in four of the public schools of that city. Besides special lessons in the class room, the pupils collect and mount specimens of leaves, twigs, bark and seed, and, in connection with wood working, wood specimens of different commercial trees are prepared and placed in cabinets. Opposite each wood section is placed the name of the wood, its qualities, and uses. Extensive field work is planned for the spring months, and the different classes will be brought out into the woods, there to study the trees at first hand. As these courses are built up and tested they will be

published from time to time for distribution among teachers, and it is expected that the practical line along which the courses are being evolved will win for them a wide application in other schools.

Most of the schools now teaching forestry are using as text books several of the publications issued by the forest service, including Farmers' Bulletin 173, "A Primer of Forestry." The service also issues many circulars dealing with local conditions, which teachers in the localities dealt with might find very useful. By writing to the Forest Service, Washington, D. C., many copies of these various publications as are needed for class room use, as well as other helpful material and information may be secured free of charge.

This is the subject that should be taken up and investigated by the Coos Bay and Coos county school boards with a view to its introduction in the local schools.

- THE REAL CITIZEN "WORTH WHILE." The man who is "too busy" to lend a little help in the community's common cause is too busy to measure high in the community stature. The man who is so poor he "can't afford" to support a well-founded, successful, result-producing community movement, is indeed so poor that he is on the debit side of the community ledger. The man who counts for something in the community is the man who does something for the community, and he is the same man who gets back from the community the fullest measure of return. If you are not yet "a real citizen worth while," join the Chamber of Commerce at once, and thus assist the other live wire citizens of Coos Bay in carrying on the public work of our city.

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