

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.

THE WOMEN OF TOMORROW AND THE MOTHERS OF THE FUTURE

WOMAN is a human being first and a woman secondarily. As the first she is rightfully entitled to whatever place and share she wants in the work of the world.

Mental mossbacks may as well recognize now as later that these problems are settled in woman's favor. She has won her place among the workers outside of the home.

Among the last there is a constantly growing number who respect themselves too highly to eat the bread of idleness and look for "Prince Charming."

Few of these new women take advantage of the movement for women's emancipation to advertise themselves. The new women in the mass make the best wives and mothers as well as the best citizens.

ONE MAN'S IDEAL OF A WIFE

COLONEL Edward Green, son of the redoubtable Mrs. Hettie, seems to be a worthy child of his mother.

If statements credited to him are actually his he has inherited all of her hard-headed horse sense. He appears to have nothing in common with the millionaire of the sort that belongs to the so-called smart set of New York and other purileous of wealth, frivolity and fashion.

"Coelias in Search of a Wife" had nothing on this colonel as respects old-fashioned ideas and requirements about the right qualifications for a wife. His views and language are as refreshingly homely as those of a horay-handed farmer in the backwoods of Maine.

"When I marry," this youngster of 40 and more is quoted as saying, "I'll not marry a clotheshorse. I'll marry a woman."

Bravo, colonel! You prove the truth of Thackeray's sage saying, "Oh! you will know the worth of a lass once you come to 40 year."

Mr. Green is debited—and discredited—with various unflattering utterances against the New York women. They need not be repeated. The positive affirmations of the man who considers himself now qualified for matrimony, having kept his promise that within three hours of his death

to mamma not to marry for 20 years offer he came of age, are the important matters. The future Mrs. Edw. Green must not marry for a home to live out of; to be away from a husband; to be divorced and obtain a new husband or live on alimony from the first. She must be able to bear children, cook and do the washing. An ancient hymn said: "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound." But this sound from the neighborhood of the New York "Tombs" is a cheerful noise.

A TRUE HEIR.

GENERATION ago Charles Dickens, the renowned novelist, incurred the everlasting ill will of many loyal Americans by his complimentary notes on American life and manners. When it was announced that Alfred Tennyson Dickens was about to honor this country with a visit, it was fondly hoped that he would retrieve the unfavorable reputation of his famous sire and say something pleasant about us all.

"Better fifty years of Europe than an ankle of Back Bay," remarked the facetious observer, and he is even reported to have added, referring complacently to his father's writings, "Beefy, beefy, as Mrs. Micawber's own." With this piquant beginning we may expect a whole second installment of the Dickens' disparaging notes which the immortal Charles started.

DO NOT BE A LEANER

Power is the goal of every worthy ambition, and only weakness comes from imitation or dependence on others, says Orison Swett Marden in "Success Magazine."

Nothing else so destroys the power to stand alone as the habit of leaning upon others. If you lean, you will never be strong or original.

The man who tries to give his children a start in the world so that they will not have so hard a time as he had, is unknowingly bringing disaster upon them. What he calls giving them a start will probably give them a setback in the world.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Good maxims are germs of all good; firmly impressed on the memory, they nourish the will.—Joubert.

To apprehend contempt is to have deserved it already.—Pierre Loti.

In this world one must be a little too kind to be kind enough.—Marivaux.

In reality history is of no avail. Humanity is caught every day with traps that have served before.—Jules Simon.

To be without enemies is to be unworthy of having friends.—Joubert.

There is a sort of hatred which never is extinguished. It is the hatred that superiority inspires in mediocrity.—Paul Bourget.

Virtue glories in persecution as a flag glories in rags.—Frederic Mistral.

When a fool wants to become wicked he must meet a wicked man who is looking for a fool.—Beaumarchais.

An Indianapolis woman asserts that within three hours of his death

her husband returned and talked to her. Perhaps he figured that by starting while she was rattled he would have a chance to finish what he had to say.

TODAY'S DAFFY DILLS.

If Nolan works the council for a franchise, who would the city water works?

If it breaks Marshfield to buy the water system, would it make North Bend?

THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is an average man. Not built on any particular plan. Not blest with any particular luck; Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess" He knows and answers "no" or "yes".

When set a task that the rest can't do He buckles down and puts it through.

Three things he learned; that the man who tries Finds favor in employer's eyes;

That it pays to know more than one thing well; That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits till one fine day There's a better job with bigger pay, And the man who shirked whenever they could Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works.

Who neither labor nor trouble shirks; Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes, The man who wins is the man who tries. —Selected.

LONGEVITY.

Some of the men who favor the water franchise say they believe in municipal ownership but not until the city is in a better position than at present.

I would not live always I'll be content If I am not compelled to cross the bar

Till all the cycles of Time are spent Before these franchise grabbers will be willing to let go the least little bit of any chance to squeeze the people out of every cent and accept public ownership at par.

The word obituary reminds us that we are now prepared to furnish correspondence school instruction in obituary poetry writing and will guarantee any pupil enough in three lessons to secure a good position with one of the Coos Bay jetties or some other monument concern. We agree to teach you to rhyme "heaven" with "given" in two lessons, and by the third you will find a rhyme for Taft and Sherman. Young man, there is money in poetry. There must be money in it, because nobody ever got any out of it.

His whiskers froze to a sharp apex. He slipped and he fell With a terrified yell, And stabbed himself in the solarplex.

To knock all her friends with a will The gossip she made was her whole stock in trade. It was all grist that came to her mill.

There was an old maid who was never afraid To knock all her friends with a will The gossip she made was her whole stock in trade.

There was a young woman named Lon. Who wore her shirtwaists neen-a-boo She went down to Brandon But found no place to stand on So she fell in the ocean Which caused a commotion. Funeral Wednesday at two.

They buried him darkly in the dead of night, The sods quite happily turning; No longer he'll squall in the moon's misty light, In cat heaven he's sojourning.

"The latest alliteration," says the Chicago Tribune, "is Harmony, Hell and Hearst." But why make it impossible for Harmony and Hearst to get together?

Suited to the Action. How tiresome is the man Who always is exclaiming "Can You beat it?" I hate that phrase. It makes me swear; I duck and dodge, but everywhere I meet it. "Beat it, beat it, if you can!" It's awful; but I have a plan To meet it. The moment someone asks me that, For answer I put on my hat And beat it. FRANK HAGUE.

To An Aviator. Fly, and the world will cheer you, Fall, and you're down and out. A trip to the sky sends your spirits high, But a dip may make you doubt. Soar, and the winds uphold you, Sink, and you're lost in the air. And with all your pains to control your planes, They may land you anywhere!

FORTY FEET OF WATER ON BAR MYRTLE POINT LOST 10 TO 5

(Continued from page 1.)

was taken to the Milleoema club where an hour or so was pleasantly spent.

Mr. Hawley was the only speaker of the evening and devoted his remarks largely to the bar and harbor work. Relative to the bar dredge, he said that he thought that the engineers had made a mistake in recommending the bar dredge as the first step in the bar improvement. He thought that the jetty should come first and then the bar dredge as an auxiliary to the jetty.

He said that it was uncertain whether there would be a river and harbor bill at the next session of congress. However, he said he hoped to be able to arrange with the engineers to have an examination of the old jetty made and also recommendations for its restoration and extension. However, he strongly intimated that nothing could be done except on a favorable report from the engineers.

Mr. Hawley stated that he was prompted to urge the establishment of a great deep water harbor at Coos Bay because he considered it a means of developing Central Oregon. He said that the short and direct route to the great undeveloped portion of the state was from Coos Bay, and pointed out that the long haul north, thence west and south to get a market for the products of Central Oregon was a great drawback.

He stated that Captains Olson, Maegen and Bendergard had shown him by maps and conditions that by rebuilding the present jetty and extending it 1,000 feet further and by building the south jetty, 35 feet or more could be secured on the bar. He said Capt. Olson had also shown him that owing to the uncertainty of the bar many vessels that would come here for cargoes did not come now.

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He also spoke of a change that he and other western congressmen are going to urge in the homestead laws. He spoke of the injustice done by inefficient inspectors of the Land Office and requested that if anyone knew of any homesteader or miner having trouble in getting his patents, to notify him of the case and he would give it his personal attention. He also stated that he would appreciate any suggestion that could be made that would enable him to present a stronger claim for harbor and bar appropriations for Coos Bay and declared that he would cooperate to the full extent of his ability.

Mr. Hawley will leave Monday morning for the Coquille valley where he will spend three days. Had Fine Trip

Yesterday Congressman Hawley accompanied by a party of Marshfield and North Bend business men and Engineer Leeffe had a fine trip to the lower bay. The weather was ideal and the tug Columbia took them about a mile out over the bar and came in close to the jetty where Mr. Hawley could inspect it at close range and have the action of tides, currents and sands explained to him.

Some urged that an effort be made to have the \$350,000 appropriated for the bar dredge changed so that the money could be utilized in the restoration of the jetty and made the nucleus for extending it. Mr. Hawley promised to take the matter up with the engineers and the War Department.

Messrs. Maegen, Olson and Bendergard united in urging the jetty as the best and most certain means of improving the harbor.

If you have APPENDICITIS. See DR. WINKLER.

BAND DANCE at EAGLES HALL, Saturday evening, OCTOBER 28. MUSIC by FULL band.

If you have anything to sell, trade, rent, or want help, try a want ad.

North Bend High School Football Team Victors In Yesterday's Game.

FOOTBALL DAFFY DILL. If North Bend High school can point the way to football victory which way does Myrtle Point?

Before a large crowd, the North Bend High school football team defeated the Myrtle Point team there yesterday afternoon by a score of 10 to 5. Myrtle Point out weighed the North Bend team considerably. Neither team was at its best however, owing to some of the regular men being unable to play. Van Zile and Grout of North Bend were out on account of injuries and North Bend also missed Newkirk and Davis. Jack Wood of Myrtle Point who was hurt in the game in Marshfield is still out of the game. The two teams will play at Myrtle Point November 11.

North Bend kicked off to Myrtle Point. On the line-up, Breuer worked the forward pass to Reed for thirty-five yards. Line plays failed to carry the ball beyond the 45-yard line and the ball went to North Bend on downs. North Bend not making any gains, the ball went to Myrtle Point on downs ad again the line plays were used by the Pointers. North Bend stood like a stone wall and on the kick returned it promptly and their man being on the spot ran the ball down the field for a touch down but failed to kick goal. Score North Bend 10 and Myrtle Point 0.

The game then see-sawed up and down the field, neither side making any gains until on an intercepted forward pass, North Bend got the ball and ran it around the far left field for a short run to the extreme left end of the field and a touch down. On the punt out, the play failed and the score stood North Bend 10, Myrtle Point 0.

No gains were made through the Pointers' line thereafter to amount to anything except by what looked like mass formations or old style plays and then not enough to be dangerous.

In the last half the Myrtle Point boys seemed to be getting into their stride and to play a faster game. On the forty yard line, Myrtle Point worked for the first time the criss-cross and Davenport got away with the ball for a touch down. The kick for goal failed, leaving the score North Bend 10, Myrtle Point 5.

On the next scrimmage, Davenport of Myrtle Point sustained a twisted ankle, and was taken out. Ross Davenport going in. This ended the chances of the visitors but the game was going steadily their way when the whistle put an end to the game with the ball in the possession of North Bend on Myrtle Point's 35.

REWARD FOR CAPTURE OF PAPER THIEVES

The Coos-Bay Times will pay \$5.00 reward to any party furnishing evidence that will convict men or boys who steal copies of The Times from subscribers after The Times' delivery boys have delivered it.

BIG MASK DANCE at SUMMER SATURDAY evening, OCTOBER 28.

NORTH INLET ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McIntyre, who have lived on their homestead for the past 2 years, left Tuesday for the Philippine Islands where he was formerly employed in the Custom Department. We need just such men as Mr. McIntyre here as he has been a booster for Coos Bay and has demonstrated what can be done on the hills of the country in the way of orcharding.

Jack Nye is about the same. Though he is able to be around his condition is quite serious.

Tom Miram, who has been in the vicinity for the past year, expects to go to Bandon to work on the jetty.

The Ladies Sewing circle met with Mrs. J. H. Pinkerton on Thursday, there being about twenty present.

BLACK CATS and yellow PERM-KINS for Halloween parties at COOS BAY CASH STORE.

FOR ONCE, THE LITERAL TRUTH (Sacred Heart Review.)

A Kansas editor announced he would try for one week to print the truth, and he is still in the hospital. He didn't get by the first day. The following item appeared in Monday's issue, and now the boys are getting out the paper. This is what he said: "Married—Miss Sylvia Rhode to James Cannabam, last Sunday evening, at the Baptist church. The bride was an ordinary town girl, who don't know any more than a rabbit about cooking, and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty, by any means, and has a gait like a duck. The bridegroom is an up-to-date, has-been loafer, living off the old folks all his life, and don't amount to shucks, anyhow. They will have a hard life while they live together."

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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