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M. C. MALONEY Editor and Pub. DAN E. MALONEY News Editor

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GOOD EVENING.

The heart that remained true to itself never yet found this big universe finally faithless to it.—Carlyle.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

THE call for the republican national convention is to be issued December 12. The national committee will meet in Washington, D.C. Four years ago there were 980 delegates in the national convention. Next year there will be 1,072, if New Mexico and Arizona are ready for representation.

An effort will be made to persuade the national committee to change the basis of representation. Senator Bourne will demand that the delegates be chosen not by congressional districts but on the republican vote of the state.

The presidential primary will also be urged upon the committee. There is little prospect that anything will be accomplished in the nature of a change, and the regular procedure may be looked for.

In that event the solid south will have about as much to say about the next nomination as the middle west, and the determination of the whole matter will be left with the extreme west and the extreme east.

NATIONALIZING RAILROADS.

THE supreme court of the United States has again foreshadowed the ultimate federal control of railroads. It has ordered all roads to comply with the requirements of the interstate commerce commission as to engines, cars and equipment, without regard for state regulation.

It would probably be too much to say that the affirmation of the Sanborn decision is indicated. But it is plain that a case will arise in which the right of the state to fix rates will be made secondary to the right of the interstate commerce commission.

At first flush many will question the wisdom of making railroad regulation so exclusively national. States right prejudices will be stepped on. The fight made by individual states to bring about regulation will be recalled.

But in the end everybody must see that interstate traffic is national, and that railroads must be regulated as a whole. There is no reason why a railroad should meet with different conditions at every imaginary line which stands for a state boundary in the geographies. What there is no reason for cannot persist.

CONSTRUCTION, NOT DESTRUCTION

AN INDICTMENT in the United States court has been brought by federal authority against the officer of a milk producers' union on the ground that its efforts to get a living price for the farmers' milk is a combination in restraint of interstate commerce. Another lawyer now comes along who says that it is likewise illegal under the common law for two or more persons within any state to combine to secure a better price for any article or service bought or sold wholly within that state!

Such strained interpretation, either of the Sherman act applied to interstate commerce, or of state laws applied to commerce wholly within state lines, is contrary to common sense. Under such a construction it is criminal for two or more farmers or other persons to either buy to-

gether or sell together, either within the same or different states. If that theory is to prevail, then any individual, every member of any labor union, corporation, agricultural club or other association, who in any way unites with one or more persons in buying or selling labor, merchandise or service is subject to fine and imprisonment or both. To enforce this theory, therefore, the district attorneys, state and national, would have to send to jail pretty much all the people in all the United States!

How ridiculous! Who is responsible for this foolishness? Who is great enough to indict a whole people? How, when and where is this thing to stop? What do you think of public officials who in one breath urge farmers to co-operate, and in the next indict them for so doing? Isn't it high time to apply a little "hors sense" to these economic propositions?

Let us have economic peace instead of economic war. Let the laws be simple, plain, specific, so that farmers, laborers and business men will know just what they legally may and may not do. They are all indissolubly bound together. The welfare of one is the welfare of all. A few bad trusts can be curbed and regulated without interfering unnecessarily with the social, economic and political freedom of every individual.

It is high time to call a halt on the bureaucratic idea that government should regulate everything. The theory is fine for meddling lawyers and office holders, but its abuse is bringing on hard times when all natural conditions conspire to make times "boom." It suggests the more ignorant peasantry in County Cork who declared, when Gladstone's home rule bill seemed likely to pass: "No need to plow or plant; we are going to have Lome rule now, and the government at Dublin will support us all!"

Here in this free land, no healthy individual asks or expects town, county, state or nation to support him. He simply wants a fair chance to work out his own salvation. To do that he must co-operate with his fellows. Indeed, co-operation is the true way out of most economic ills. European governments foster co-operation. They do everything possible to encourage it. The time is here for the American people to insist upon a similar policy on the part of government—national, state and local.

Co-operation is all-important from the standpoint of agriculture. If the courts are going to say that farmers shall not co-operate, the movement of population from the land to the city will be even more rapid in the future than in the past. The wisest and most patriotic statesmen in America and Europe realize that the greatest need of the present generation is policies that will lead people back to the farm instead of away from it. Before this fundamental necessity all other so-called reforms are as nothing.

God grant us leaders of men who will realize this great truth before it is too late. We need to build up, not bear down. We need men in public office, and especially in law-making bodies, who are imbued with plain common sense. We need men of this kind instead of lawyers, pettifoggers, politicians and bureaucrats who know not what it is to earn a living by good, old-fashioned, hard work. We need to realize that "that government is the best which governs least."

TRUTH, GOODNESS AND BEAUTY AS PART OF THE CHILD'S EDUCATION.

CHARLES W. ELLIOT, president emeritus of Harvard, has recently advanced valuable views as to the religious ideal in education. Mr. Elliot considers religion as if it were "a frame of mind or state of feeling possible to men of any church or sect." He defines the religious ideal as the combination of the ideals as to truth, goodness and beauty that have resulted from the best experience, feeling and thinking of the finest geniuses. He assumes that the education is that which is given in free schools maintained by public taxation in a nation where state and church alike are free.

Such education shuts out catechisms, dogmas, fixed observances, liturgies, prescribed rites. It admits "beauty, goodness and truth personified and held up as standards of right feeling and conduct." Is it feasible to teach children the meaning of conceptions so abstract and to induce them to aspire to perfections so ideal?

Mr. Elliot thinks it is. He would have children from 4 to 18 taught how truth is to be sought; and informed that goodness is reached through observation as well as experience of tenderness, sympathy and deeds of kindness; and informed that the source of the beautiful and the love for beauty are spiritual attributes.

All this is abstract and difficult of application. The author confines himself mainly to principles and leaves methods and details to be worked out by practical teachers actually engaged in education. But he throws out stimulating suggestions. In everything the child learns says or does he can be taught to consider whether truth is in it. He can be helped to perceive and love goodness, revealed by parents and teachers and flowing from self to others. He can be awakened to love of the beautiful and be given pure and genuine and enduring joy through the gratification of the feeling.

One lofty idealism and noble faith of President Elliot should encourage every educator of children.

MUSSES: \$4.50 and \$5.00 RAIN CAPES for \$3.00 Friday and Saturday only.—LADIES' EMPORIUM.

Have your job printing done at The Times' office.

RIGHT SORT OF BOOSTERS

COMMERCIAL organizations throughout the Northwest seem to realize their full responsibility in helping promote every phase of the country's development. Pendleton, Ore., has a commercial club secretary who seems to be made of the right material. He is a booster, but recognizes certain fundamentals which are the basis for satisfied people. Rather than urge them to buy something they do not want, he directs newcomers to the right localities. This gentleman believes there is entirely too much knocking. He feels that commercial organizations should work together rather than work as individual units. He says in the long run the country will be more quickly settled if commercial clubs get together and quit knocking the other fellow's territory. The spirit seems contagious, for just such expressions have been voiced by most influential commercial club secretaries of the Northwest.

A HEALTH FORMULA.

ON THE making of rules of health these seems to be no end and a comparison of the various health codes is sure to reveal the most contradictory statements. The only intelligent method of forming a health formula is to decide each one for himself what is best for his own physical make-up. The course is suggested by Daniel D. Whitney, ex-mayor of Brooklyn, now in his ninety-third year. Says Mr. Whitney: I am ninety-three years old; and attribute my health today to the fact that I have been very careful not to go to extremes in anything. I once used tobacco, but I gave it up some thirty years ago. I was satisfied that smoking cigars did not agree with me and so I stopped it. When I go out to dinner I take a glass of wine or champagne, but I do not believe in drinking stimulants regularly. I am also extremely moderate in eating, confining myself to two meals a day. In my opinion, a large majority of people eat entirely too much.

The attitude of the venerable health advocate is one which is at once consistent and practicable. It is not usually a matter so much of lack of knowledge as lack of care, which makes one indulge in unhealthful actions. After finding the course of living best suited to his own good health, the seeker after long life should have the courage to follow this course and not to change his practices with every new health fad that comes along. And to avoid extremes is a pretty safe rule as a general proposition.

MAKING SOCIALISTS.

THE president of the United States declared at Pittsburg: "Only one course is open. I say with all sincerity at my command, that we are going to have individualism and freedom from these combinations which suppress competition, or else we are going to a point where the people will demand that the power which these men exercise shall be no longer exercised by them, but shall be transferred to the government. Then we will have socialism."

It is a splendid statement. Mr. Taft's phrasing and his philosophy in this instance are superb. For ten years, the steel trust, according to Henry Clews, "held prices at the high level through sheer force, and much construction work was held up in consequence." Himself a captain of Big Business, Banker Clews shows us how railroad construction, bridge construction, skyscraper construction, and other steel and iron construction were held back by high prices exacted by steel magnets "through sheer force," an exercise of power acquired through combination.

The same exercise of power is habitual with the tobacco trust, with Standard Oil, with cotton trust, with the wool trust, with the harvester trust, with the coal trust, with the meat trust, with the sugar trust, with the plumbing trust, with the paper trust, with the rubber trust, with the furniture trust, with the leather trust with the coffin trust and all the other trusts.

As the steel trust "held prices at the high level through sheer force," so they all do, thereby exercising a power that the president of the United States says "the people will demand shall be no longer exercised by them, but shall be transferred to the government."

Yet, standpatism is the agency by which combinations are given these powers, which are doing so much toward driving the country to socialism. Standpatism is the recruiting ground from which Big Business draws all its "sheer force," through special legislation.

Standpatism is the influence that creates Big Business by placing in its hands special privileges and special implements with which to oppress those outside the sacred zone of trustdom.

For twenty years the Sherman law has been the law of the land. For twenty years Big Business has been violating it, but standpatism has seen to it that no trust magnate has been sent to jail.

That is what is making socialism. It is time for men to be progressive. —Portland Journal.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The man who publicly scorns flattery is much more charitable toward it privately.

There is so much more fun steering an automobile than a baby carriage because it costs so much more.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING. Guard well thy mind, and, noble, strong, and free, Nothing shall harm, distrust or conquer thee; For all thy foes are in thy heart and mind, There also thy salvation thou shalt find. —JAMES ALLEN.

WRITE ME A POPULAR SONG.

Write me a popular song, boys. That is the boon I ask. The writing will not take long, boys. So ho for the jingling task. Invention may lag, But a brand-new rag Can be written about like this:

Oh-hug-a-me close, babe, You've de coon dat I-a-love, Nobody-a-knows, babe, A'm you' turtle-a-dove. I-a-love you all day And I love you all night, Oh-hug-a-me close And-a-squeeze-a-me tight, For Ah am your baby, You-a-Dinah-na-mite.

Then warble me something pathetic, With barber-shop chords galore. It may not be very esthetic, But people will cry for more. Just turn on the weeps Till you give me the creeps And write me a song like this:

Oh, the sun is setting in the sunset, Setting as it never set before, And he knew he left her in the sunset Where he lost his sweetheart years before.

Neglect not the lay patriotic. It beats both the weepers and rag; The stuff may be plumb idiotic, But ring in a verse on the flag. The song may be bum, But start up the drum And write me a song like this:

Tr-r-r-rum, tr-r-r-rum, tr-r-rum-tum, You may travel on your feet to far Alaska; You may swim afar across Pacific seas. You may fly by aeroplane From Washington to Maine. You may travel in a Pullman at your ease.

But you'll never beat the record as a flier; You will find your weary footsteps pull and lag If you try to get away When the band begins to play To the glory of the grand old flag.

Archie Johnson Wants to Know

If a Chinaman chews opium what should a Manchu?

An agnostic is a fellow who says he knows nothing and thinks he knows everything.

J. ALBERT MATSON.

When ducks are plenty on the flats and are flying all the day, And angling to the right or left while shooters blaze away You'll find him there with gun in hand a-smashin' at 'em, too J. Albert is a marksman and a sportsman through and through

Women ask "Why?" Men ask "When?" Man's weakness is woman's opportunity to get even.

A kick against fate is often but an apology for laziness. When a kind and gentle man does deliver a jolt it counts.

Trouble's shadow is frequently blacker than the trouble itself. If a woman can't think of any other excuse, she can have a headache.

If our neighbors would only do things as we think they should, how much easier it would be to love them.

DORSEY KREITZER.

Altho' he still is young in years his deeds have gained renown For he is with a local bank and helps to boost the town. But he, when work has all been done, Trots Hensworth's auto out And speeds along the city streets with nifty runabout.

AUTUMN. Come along, old autumn, With your charm and spell Might glad to see you And we'll treat you well! Goldenrod a-blossom, Leaves a-turnin' brown And a happy gladness Hangin' o'er the town.

Come along, old autumn; Hazy, lazy days! Forest all a-flamin' Colored varied ways. Cider mills a-workin'; Fiddles all a-tune— Git yer partner, fellers! It's dancing season, soon.

Why most men leave home—To go their daily toil.

Last we heard, Mr. Hearst was still back in the democratic party.

A man can get so much madder,

with you for telling him that his watch keeps wrong time than with his watchmaker for not getting it right.

The scrapping factions in China are doing something more than washing dirty linen in public.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS

Genius, that power that dazzles mortal eyes, Is oft but perseverance in disguise; Continuous effort in itself, implies, In spite Of countless falls, the power to rise. 'Twixt failure and success, the point so fine,

Men sometimes know not when they touch the line. As the tide goes clear out, it comes again clear in; In business 'tis the wisest men who win.

Anh oh, how often when shades of doubt dismay, With little more persistence, courage, vim, Success will dawn o'er fortune's cloudy rim. Then take this honey from the bitterest cup.— There is no failure save in giving up; No real falls, so long as one still tries For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise. There's no defeat, in truth, save from twihin. Unless you're benten there, you're sure to win.

MILKMAN'S TALE OF WOE.

Of How Patrons Hold Him Up For Bottles. I set me down in deep despair As grieved as I well could be, For I own three hundred bottles And today I've forty-three.

I won't stand it any longer The dickens will be to pay, If I don't get some of those bottles That ought to be coming my way.

So I began on one old codger, (He was always ready for strife), And I said, "See here, I'm tired of Buying bottles for your wife.

She is using them for bouquets And for jam and jelly, too, She is using them for ketchup, And she's using them for brew.

She's oblivious to the printed hint, "Wash daily and return." Those bottles cost me money, And I haven't any 'to burn."

He first began to stutter And then began to swear By the time he had them emptied I had gleaned a dozen there.

Now to all such careless patrons, Won't you be fair to me? That I may not wonder any more Where can those bottles be? —C. E. N. G. S. N.

EVERY WOMAN

(With Apologies) Everywoman—I'm ready now, Hook me up in the back, please. Everyman—Can't you wait a minute?

Everywoman—I do wish that you'd come willingly just once. Everyman (fumbling with her dress)—I wish they'd invent something fashionable for women that they could put on themselves.

Everywoman—This is the last time I can wear this gown. I've got to have a new one. Everyman—I can't afford it. Everywoman—That's what you always say.

Everyman—I need a new overcoat. Everywoman—You got one three years ago. You can get new sleeves and a velvet collar for \$1.50, and it will look as good as new.

Everyman—I did that last year and it didn't look as good as new (straining and tugging and trying to make the dress hook.) This dress is too tight for you. Everywoman—Silly. It's so big I can almost turn around in it.

Everyman—You're ruining your health dressing this way. Everywoman—What nonsense. Everything I own hangs like a bag on me.

Everyman—I wish they hooked like bags. There, I guess that's all. Everywoman—Just a minute. Does any of my white skirts show? Everyman—Not a bit. Everywoman—See any powder on my nose?

Everyman—Not more than usual. Everywoman—Have you locked up the house? Everyman—Yes. Everyman—Attended to the furnace?

Everyman—Yes. Everywoman—Then I'm ready to start. (She jumps back.) Goodness gracious, have't you shaved yet?? What have you been doing all this time?

Have your calling cards printed at The Times' office.

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

LEAVE TODAY ON REDONDO

Steamer Sails This Afternoon For San Francisco With Large List.

The Redondo sailed this afternoon for San Francisco with a capacity list of passengers. Her freight cargo consisted largely of lumber from the Smith mill.

Among those sailing on her were: Chas. Siegel, S. Strauss, H. J. Gillis, Dr. A. E. Alden, Mrs. A. E. Alden, R. P. Corcoran, R. A. E. Wernick, Geo. A. Gould, F. Davenport, F. E. Savery, Chas. Lovegren, J. A. Stauff, Master Smith, Mrs. A. H. Lewis, Mrs. O. E. Smith, Mrs. H. Borchert, Miss Josée Ross, Mrs. A. M. Tortellati, Earl Long, Mrs. M. D. Long, Grace Long, W. G. Braine, Mrs. W. G. Braine, Frank Lang, S. M. Warner, T. H. Kennedy, J. W. Gibney, Mrs. I. W. Entner, Geo. Daly, James Daly, J. J. Lee, Roy Brothers, E. Runold, Chas. Wilson, O. Okrastrum, S. Williams, W. J. Gleason, Carl Zilzed, J. Hegerty, John Benzeter, Matt Allrich.

WEDDED BLISS ENDS QUICKLY

DANIEL JUMP OF MISSOURI JUMPS OUT FROM BRIDE OF A DAY AND STARTS SUIT FOR DIVORCE—WAS 55-YEAR OLD BACHELOR.

CENTERVILLE, Ia., Nov. 9.—After fifty-five years of single life and only one day of wedded bliss, Daniel Jump of Missouri has decided that he wants separation from his Iowa wife and has started divorce proceedings. He was married to Miss Dollie Hall, aged 45 years, of Franklin township. The next day he changed his mind altogether and his divorce petition was filed at Unionville, Mo. The petition alleges that on Oct. 19 he lawfully was married to the defendant and continued to live with her as her husband until the next day, Oct. 20, that in the meantime the plaintiff discovered and alleges the fact to be that lawful grounds exist for the granting of a divorce. It is said that Jump has a farm and considerable property in Missouri. His bride informed the sheriff that when he left the next day after the wedding he told her he would go down there and look after things and be back for her the first of the week—to move to his new home there.

WEDS AT 17 AND 17TH CHILD IS GIANT BABY

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The biggest baby born in the history of the New York Maternity hospital is reported doing well and gaining rapidly. It was born recently to Mrs. G. A. Fritzer, and weighed 15 pounds. It is Mrs. Fritzer's 17th child since her marriage at the age of 17 years. The family lives in a four-room tenement in the heart of the East Side.

HOWARD PYLE DEAD

Noted American Author and Artist Passes Away. (By Associated Press to Coos Bay Times)

FLORENCE, Italy, Nov. 9.—Howard Pyle, aged fifty-eight, the American artist and author, died here today of heart failure.

Every Coos Bay woman knows just how her neighbor's children should be governed.

Marriage proves a failure earlier in some cases than in others.

All my life long I have beheld with most respect the man Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him And from among them chose considerably.

And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind Pursued his purpose. —Sir Henry Taylor.

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Who Wouldn't Be Thankful to receive a present of such handsome jewelry as can be had here. If you have no one else to make a present to make one to yourself. Surely among our rings, bracelets, lockets, chains, scarf pins, brooches, etc., there is something you have been wanting. Don't wait for some one to give it to you. Make sure of it by making a gift to yourself.