

COOS BAYTIMES

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

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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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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF MARSHFIELD.

LET US BE THANKFUL.

COOS BAY has much cause for genuine Thanksgiving on this festive occasion. First and foremost in the matter of material blessings may be mentioned the certainty of two or more railroads being built into this section as rapidly as men and money can do the work.

There are in addition to prospective benefits sufficient present blessings to make the people of Coos Bay thankful. The first of these advantages is that we are living on Coos Bay—a place bountifully blessed by the Almighty with climate and a generous provision for all the wants of man.

Coos Bay grows not only its own turkeys but can furnish them with Coos Bay cranberries. For this also we should be thankful. But why continue? The Times might enumerate blessings of Coos Bay until the turkey at home would be cold and its readers would not have opportunity to enjoy their own.

SERVICE OF THE IMMIGRANT.

MAURICE LOW has emphasized a phase of the immigrant which is not so new as it is undiscussed. While belittling the immigrant and laying up his many sins against him, this side of the situation should not be overlooked.

Mr. Low believes that the American people owe a debt of gratitude to the immigrants who have flocked to this country in the last quarter of a century. He finds that the value of these workmen has not only been in building railroads and digging sewers, but in raising the intellectual level of the native American.

SOLVING THE WAGE PROBLEM.

THE question of capital and labor has generally been regarded as economic and sociological rather than mechanically scientific. But a new theory is suggested by Dr. A. Imbert, a French scientist, who proposes to measure a workman's labor and fix the corresponding wage required, by strict laboratory methods.

He will measure the work done by computing the amount of beefsteak and potatoes required to produce the energy expended. A human or animal organism at rest needs a certain amount of food. The extra amount required when work is being done shows the value of the workman's labor in terms of the cost of food required to produce it.

Of course, this does not take into account the expense of a home, of supporting a family or of laying up something for sickness or old age. But it does suggest a possible beginning, and a tangible basis for computation of the amount necessary for a living wage.

Dr. Imbert has also made experiments by measuring with a dynamometer the actual work expended in various industries, such as the rearing of vines, the moving of bales and similar employment where the work involved a complex and varied system of movements.

would produce quite the opposite results. By its unerring statements the employer who tries to force his employes to work for less than a living wage could be reached.

If the laboratory method were applied to many of our factory workers, it would probably show that their pay was insufficient to provide proper food and clothing. And the coldly automatic results could not be disputed because of the sympathetic sentiments of the sociologist or the undue vigilance of the muckraker.

WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

GOOD EVENING.

If men only understood How Love conquers; how prevailing Is its might, grim hate assailing; How compassion endeth sorrow, Maketh wise, and doth not borrow Pain of passion, they would Live in Love, in hatred never— If they only understood. JAMES ALLEN.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

From every open kitchen door A whiff of fragrance flies, The aroma appetizing Of tarts and pumpkin pies. Above the homestead's shingle roof The sunset fades away, And fair and frosty falls the eve Before Thanksgiving day.

The children, and their children, too, By auto, car and train, A happy, laughing, loving crowd, Come trooping home again, To wander in the woods and fields Where once they used to stray, And with the old folks on the farm To keep Thanksgiving day.

Within the shadow of the barn The fattest of the flock, By lantern light is made to do Obedience to the block, And baby fingers, pink and small, Will with his drumsticks play A merry measure at the feast Upon Thanksgiving day.

In honor of the noble bird T'at shares the eagle's fame, Bring out the finest table cloths The linen chest can claim, The best of silver and of glass In glittering array, And grandma's rosebud china, too, Upon Thanksgiving day.

Lo! from the Pilgrim's barren rock Surrounded with the snow, The swiftly passing years have seen A land of plenty grow, 'Tis founded on the loyal love That brings from far away The nation's sons and daughters home To keep Thanksgiving day. —Minna Irving, in Leslie's.

The kindly heart never practices Beauty is the kindness of life breaking into bloom.

Etiquette is the artificial manner of the person who lacks natural grace.

The American hen is feathering her owner's nest in very comfortable style this fall.

If a man's ideal world breaks in contact with the real world, it is because he did not live in it sufficiently.

We just got to save the government, for we need it in our business. It's the only thing we can kick the stuffing out of whenever we need exercise.

THE THANKSGIVING LINE-UP And now upon life's football field the turkey forms his team They say that they will never yield and quite in earnest seem. Behold the pumpkin stanch and stout, the mince-meat trim and fine! But we will put them all to rout when we swing into line.

We'll chase the pumpkin off the lot and serve him up in state; We will not even leave a spot to mark the mince-meat's fate, And when we've left the squash a wreck and done the gravy brown, We'll grab the turkey by the neck and make him holler "Down!"

FOOTBALL ITEM. He stood on the bridge at twilight as the game drew near its close, 'Twas a pensive mood in which he stood on the bridge of the halfback's nose.

Thus far no blackhand letters have made appearance in the campaign.

PROTECTED. He didn't know that nollies Had fired a bitter dart— Because he carried goodness Packed securely in his heart.

Christmas is like company; the people who do the most for it make the most fun of it.

Nobody seems particularly enthusiastic over the prospect that the price of fresh eggs will do some record breaking this winter.

Warmed over potatoes and love affairs will never be able to pass for the original article.

You frequently hear of a great man dying whom you never heard of while he was alive.

The telephone is about the only thing we know of that is a blessing and a curse at the same time.

A NOVEMBER BIRD. We miss the robin's cheerful pipe When gales grow rough. But now the turkey waxes ripe And that's enough.

We have often thought it a pity that a man's stomach is not better than his appetite.

It may not do a poor man any good to abuse a rich man, but it cannot be denied that it is mighty comforting.

LIVELY SCRAP DUE.

(From Eugene Guard) And the S. P. Co. and the Pacific and Great Western are apparently due for a live scrap over a hole in the ground.

THANKSGIVING.

I'm glad I'm not a rich guy But just a common bloke, A long way off from East street And mighty near to Broke.

A fellow who has lots of coin, So long as he will spend, Will never lack for company And seldom have a friend.

And all the capers he has cut Since he was but a child Have raised a chorus through the land, "Oh, gracious, ain't he wild?"

I'd rather be a poor guy, I'm telling you this straight, A rich man takes his lunch at noon And dines at half past eight.

For wealth, I'm telling you, my friend, I have no fond desire; I'm either happy 'cause I'm poor Or else a cheerful liar.

When there are two cases of anything in town some people say the disease is epidemic.

The trouble with the friendship bank is that most people want to draw out more than they put in.

WOOD-NYMPHS The styles of the fashion plates display Before the public, day by day, The artist views with some dismay, He still may find a lovely face, But where is now the airy grace That Grecian sculptor loved to trace?

He'd like to paint her if he could But has not got the hardihood, For women now seem made of wood; And how can any man of taste, Admire the modern wood-nymph's waist,

By cage of bone or steel encased? Oh! that the day might come again When women'd were really vain, And did not nature's lines disdain! —Exchange.

You are thoughtful, and may be able to think of something which means less than a woman's kiss bestowed on another woman.

After a man discovers how little he knows, he begins to suspicion that possibly others do not know as much as they claim.

Father doesn't care much for frills of etiquette, and, if he is boss in his own house, the fowl is carved before it comes to the table.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

Someone committed a murder last night, But hundreds of thousands were kind, For the wrong that is done is forever in sight, To the good we are fearfully blind, Someone deserted his children today, But millions of fathers are true; The bad deeds are not such a fearful array Compared to the good that men do.

Someone stole from his brother last night, But millions of honest men live, Someone was killed in a murderous fight, But thousands were glad to forgive Their brothers the wrongs that were fancied or real; The crimes we hear of each day, Compared to the good deeds that we could reveal, Make not such a fearful array.

I would answer the men who stand up and declare That the world is much given to vice, That the sum of man's crimes every day, everywhere, Can't compare with man's sweet sacrifice, That for every black soul there are thousands pure white, The sum of the sinners is few, And I know in my heart that the world is all right, When I think of the good that men do. —Detroit Free Press.

Save money by patronizing The Times advertisers.

AN OLD TIME THANKSGIVING

(Written for The Times.) The house, 'most hidden by the trees, that stand forth 'gainst the wintry breeze, is buried to the wintry drift, in snow that blows and whirs, and fills the hollows, till the old lawn seems as smooth and level as the beams of dawning sunlight through the rift of breaking clouds that float and drift.

The trees and shrubs are almost bare, of autumn colors, rich and rare, that clothed them ere the wintry blast had plucked them off, and roughly cast them rolling, tumbling in the brook, that flows down past the shady nook, where once we had a robber's cave, and played that we were fierce and brave.

Within the house, a merry throng is laughing heartily and long, while glowing fireplace growls and roars, at blazes that try the panes and doors. From kitchen, come out odors, rare, of good things mother's cooking there; they make us faint with hunger grow, while all our happy faces glow with expectations of the feast, that's coming soon for e'en the least; and how we sigh; O! can we wait 'till mother calls to dinner, late?

But, soon she calls to table spread so heavily, it's 'most like lead, with turkey, cranberries, and pies, and other things that take the eyes of girls and boys, and grown-ups, too, and down deep in their hearts imbue a spirit of thanksgiving, strong, that bursts forth in a grateful song. O! happy were those old time days, when every heart gave forth its praise, in true thanksgiving, while each face bowed low at father's words of grace; but, now, this all has homely grown, and haste and selfishness have sown the seeds, which make us thankless view, the gifts of home and family, too.

—ROBERT O. GRAVES, November 30, 1911.

THE BANE OF NEWSPAPERING

From the Iowa City Citizen: When the perverse and frolicsome types made The Citizen refer to a prominent citizen of Fort Dodge a few days ago as "the irresponsible Dr. Kme," instead of "the irrepressible," as the phrase was written, we felt the poverty of language to express our views, for that gentleman is really a strong and influential citizen, notable for his activity in many good causes. But we take comfort in the following wall from that modifi newspaper, the Burlington Hawkeye, which says: "When the painter recently made the Hawkeye refer to Chief Justice Marshall, the great jurist, as 'the great pianist,' there was grief. But since the classical editor of the Marshall town Times-Republican has written beautifully about 'the autumn woods,' and the expert operator put the article under the caption 'Ottumwa woods,' our grief has undergone material migration. Typographical errors are not provincial but cosmopolitan and world wide, to be found in every newspaper, magazine and book. None escape the infection. Not until the business is transferred to the New Jerusalem will perfection be attained, and then—watch out!"

THE HUNTER.

The wind blows o'er the marshes, There's music in the reeds; Beyond the busy city A winding roadway leads From where the strong are straining And weak men are complaining At wrongs that never cease; By wood and yellow stubble It winds away from trouble To pleasure and to peace.

The quail forsakes the thicket To venture through the glen, And in the busy city Men cheat their fellow men; The warring rivals wrangle, The jumble and the jangle Continue all the day, But by the forest's edges And down past singing sedges A long road winds away.

The wild duck's wings are weary, For it has traveled far From where the sky-blue waters, And northern lowlands are, Far from the busy city, Where few men yield the pity For which the beggar pleads, A wide road winds serenely Where south winds, blowing keenly, Make music in the reeds. —S. E. Kiser.

THE BEST ADVERTISING "Advertising in the newspapers and magazines is read quite as extensively and with as much careful study as the news text and therefore requires as much consideration and ability in its preparation," declared F. W. Ayer of Philadelphia, senior member of the well-known advertising firm of N. W. Ayer & Son, on his first visit to Portland.

"Advertising has undergone wonderful revolutions in the last decade. Today it is an important—essential—part of any selling proposal. To obtain best results from advertising it is necessary first to have a meritorious article—something that will repeat. The thing that you advertise must be a legitimate business proposal—not a fad nor something designed to deceive. It must be a real, substantial, staple and enduring article, and you must tell the truth about it. The days of reckless, unscrupulous advertising are over. Advertisers know that their goods are not sold when they pass from their hands into those of the retailer. They must reach the ultimate consumer and the consumer must be satisfied. Then can the introduction of an article be called a success. On that basis the modern idea of advertising is carried out."

GIRLS GET READY FOR LEAP YEAR

Save February, which alone Has twenty-eight, but once in 4 To twenty-eight add one day more.

February has something to look forward to next year, and February will live one day longer than it has for three years past.

To the Romans this year seemed to "leap" forward a day; and once each four years they reckoned the same day twice, having two February 24ths. As a matter of fact, leap year is no longer than any other year. Each year has 365 1/4 days, and leap year gets credit for the accumulated fourths of the other years. Julius Caesar it was who arranged the calendar and allotted February the extra day, thereby demonstrating his ability as a justice of the peace of the months as well as in his better advertised role as warrior, for ever since his day the arrangement has proved perfectly satisfactory and no other month has complained.

The Women Look Forward to It. It is whispered around quite confidentially that February isn't the only one who looks forward to leap year. Leap year there is no rule against the women doing the "astin'" and going after the men instead of putting the men to all the trouble. Close observers, however, say they are no more that way leap year than any other. However, it's a pretty safe guess that they stick to the rules as well as the men in case the suffragettes triumph and men have to wait four years for a chance.

How It Is Figured Out. The real times that try women's souls, though, are the mistletoe days of leap year. The men haven't the nerve to kiss the girls, and then they just "raise an awful holler" when the girls are too timid. They talk a lot about what they would do if it were just their place to do it, but they are not so brisk the other three years.

Every year that is exactly divisible by four is a leap year, except the ends of the centuries. Only the century years are leap years which are divisible by 400. There have been a great many arrangements of the calendar by different nations. After the French revolution a calendar for France was devised dating from the moment of the proclamation of the republic. Each month had thirty days and the five days left over at the end of the year were set aside for a festival season. The months were called "seed month," "mintage month," "heat month," "fog month," and so on.

In the middle ages there was much confusion by different countries adhering to the systems set down by governments or churches. Pope Gregory VIII, with the aid of astronomers, worked out an excellent system, but Protestant nations would not accept it because it came from the Catholic Church. Julius Caesar many years before this had devised the system which, with few changes, is now in effect over most of the world.

NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT. A new reporter on a western paper was assigned to go to a church meeting and get a story of it. He went. When he came back the city editor asked:

"How did it pan out?" "Oh," said the reporter as he struck his feet on the desk and lighted a cigarette, "there was nothing doing. I haven't got anything to write. The meeting broke up in a flat fight between the minister and a deacon—and not a bit of church business was done."

PYROGRAPHY. "I spent a lot of money on that girl of mine to have 'er learn her pyrography, as she called it."

"Did she get on well with it?" "Can't make a pie worth puttin' in your mouth."—Baltimore American.

SELFISHNESS. Do not tell me doleful stories the city's poor, I say, for I'm tired of the glories of the car I boss today. She's a beauty and a beauty; nothing finer passes by; I'll have some fun this summer. I'll know the reason why. There a widow needs assistance? There a children starving near? Friend, wish you'd keep your distance, for your stories bleak and drear. It's anything but pleasant, and it gives my nerves a jar, when I'm busy at present, cranking up my motor car. There are workmen standing idle, and they have no place to sleep. Friend, I'm going to the bridal of lady friend of mine. I have bought her gems and lilies, and I can spare the cash that would fix her weary Willies, with a bellful of hash. Do not urge and do not tempt me—and I think it's mean and low thus to worry and distress me, with your dismal tales of woe. There's a poor old woman weeping, that her sons have strayed afar, and in her watch she's keeping? Well, she would shine and glisten like a star wreath on the moor, if we did have to listen to these splices about the poor!

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