

COOS BAY TIMES

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LET US TALK IT OVER

OPPORTUNITY.

To every life there comes a time supreme;
One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,
One fleeting hour, one moment opportune,
One rift through which sublime fulfillments gleam;
One time when fate goes tiding with the stream,
One Once in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon,
And ready for the passing wavering beam.
Ah! happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and how to stand
On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow,
To seize the happy moment big with fate
From opportunity's extended hand
When the great clock of Destiny strikes Now!

Mary Ashe Townsend.

IT HAS BEEN sometime since I have had one of those confidential little chats with the owners of The Times. When I presented the paper to the people of Coos Bay and Coos county, I intended that we should hold a conference of this character every Saturday evening. But other things intervened, I found myself surrounded on all sides with pressing duties crying out like tired children to be cared for and there was no time for that much desired heart to heart talk with the people who employ me. You see, unlike most hired men I have to collect my own salary—and the salary of my fellow workers. The task is not an easy one. Do you know that sometimes, I almost grow weary of the job of being your hired man. Many of you are familiar with the difficulties that beset a man when he has two or three bosses. One desires him to do one thing and another something else. I have several thousand bosses. It is difficult to please them all—in fact impossible. But I did not promise that. I promised to be fair and honest and to give everyone a square deal. In all candor and sincerity when you hit down someone with your conscience and your God you must admit that such a course is right. In the heat and dust of the daily battle, with the clashing of self interest and the desire to gain some temporary advantage you make demands that are unreasonable. You must admit it in your calmer moments. My good friend Henry Black came into the office shortly after my first declaration of principles to tell me that it sounded good but I couldn't do it. "You can't please both sides," Henry said. "But I didn't promise to do that," I replied, "I promised to treat both sides fair and square. No honest man can object to that." "No," Henry remarked doubtfully, "but you are a Republican and, when the election comes round, how will it be then?" "Just the same," I replied. "Treat every man honestly and fairly. A good man does not require that his friend and neighbor be slandered acquire a good reputation. If we, but knew this life is not a battle of men, but a struggle of principles. It is a constant searching for the truth. Let us seek that and feel that when we find it, its light will illumine the pathway of our brother as well as our own. It is so difficult to gain an acceptance of this one tiny gleam of truth. So many are suspicious and distrustful of the other fellow. And alas! it is too often justifiable.

Some of the subscribers of The Times seemed to accept the gift of the paper literally and promptly entered in possession, but not with the broad and generous view of a large, general welfare. They come around to the Editor on every matter of public interest and either desire some one "roasted," or some other item kept out of the paper. "It is only a personal matter," they say, "Keep it out." They forget the rights of a thousand other partners who are paying their share to sustain the paper to tell the news—not part of the news but all the news. It would not be fair to them if every item involving this single individual was suppressed. Then again one will ask: "Why don't you roast them?" but the fellow who asks the question will be the one who will yell the loudest if ever the opportunity comes his way to be roasted. This fellow who hollers "roast" can be depended upon to set up an awful wall when once his toes are stepped on. He will be the maddest man in town when you hit him, and the chances are that he will threaten to lick the editor.

Then there is the man who is sorely grieved that the rest of the world is all wrong, who is wearied by his efforts to have everybody else do right. He has a sour, disinterested face, a suspicious, disagreeable expression, eyes that see only what is amiss, ears that hear only tones out of tune. His mouth has uttered nothing but fault-finding for so long that it has forgotten it has any other function. His lips are only the gateway to a heart where complaint lives, with its world-wide companions criticism and abuse. No matter what happens, he sees the fault in it. It is always either too early, or too late, or at the wrong time, or the other man was deliberately doing wrong to annoy somebody else. No matter what is said, he sees where it was insincere because it said too much, or cunning because it said too little. Whatever is done is about as unsatisfactory as it can be. His nagging of all around him he cannot see is the worst of all.

The house is too warm, or else it is too cold. If the window is open it ought to be closed; if it happens to be closed, he wonders why people prefer to be smothered. His meals are never cooked to suit him; he never did like the way the house was built, and nobody knows how to bring up children any more. He fairly revels in the wretched way in which the office is conducted. The office boy is lazy; the bookkeeper is doddering, the chief clerk an ignoramus, and he wonders who it was that died and left things in such a shape that the boss ever got his position of authority. The bank is rotten. He knows it is. The minister is a hypocrite. Besides, he does not like the sermons, and the music is awful. He wishes to heaven he could find a decent grocer. Nothing is right; everything is wrong. This man thanks his fate that his own soul is so pure; as a matter of fact, the man has a cross-eyed soul.

The blue sky is the sky of faith, out of which the sun of happiness shines down. If the heaven is hidden by clouds, there cannot be any sun in the world. One little cloud is enough to cast a shadow. The single blur on another man's friend, the single suspected motive ascribed to a thoughtless woman, the single irritable word spoken at breakfast—any one of these may be the cloud that will keep the sun from shining somewhere all day long. To blow these over, trust, believe, have faith. Learn to see the good side and the satisfactory side. Let the sun shine.

As some modern philosopher truly says, the habit of holding the good will, kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meanness; it enriches and enlarges the whole life. Wherever we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, greater interest in them if we have formed the good will habit. We feel that if we only had the opportunity of knowing them, we should like them. Like them.

In other words, the kindly habit, the good will habit makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling others will reflect it back to us.

On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interests, our own comforts, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and mar the affections, and we shall become dry pessimistic, and uninteresting.

Try to hold the kindly, good will attitude toward everybody. If your nature is hard you will be surprised to see how it will soften under the new influence. You will become sympathetic, more charitable toward others' weaknesses and failings, and you will grow more magnanimous and whole-souled. The good will attitude will make us more lovable, interesting, and helpful. Others will look upon us in the same way in which we regard them. The cold, crabbed, unsocial, selfish person finds the same qualities reflected from others.

Let this then be our Easter thought. To have a greater charity, a broader human sympathy, a kindlier feeling toward all mankind. If we do the world will be the better for our having lived and our own lives brighter. Just remember it is

"A cold world, but a gold world, and the best old world we've got—
So, laugh and be contented, and be happy with your lot!
A cold world, but a gold world, when the heart is beating right,
When the hands have done their duty,
And the eyes find hidden beauty
In the sweet and simple valleys and the hills that lead to light!

A cold world, but a gold world, and the best old world we know,
So, deck the lips with laughter and forget about your woe!
A cold world, but a whole world of blessings in disguise,
When we take its paths of gleaming
To the golden shores of dreaming,
The violets in the meadows and the sunshine in the skies!"

DECREASING USE OF SAILING VESSELS.

The substantial increase in American shipping is due entirely to the increase in steam vessels and in un-rigged craft, as the number of sailing vessels decreased over 10 per cent, while their tonnage increased but 1.7 per cent.

Between 1889 and 1906 the number of steam vessels increased from 5,603 to 9,927, or 77.2 per cent; their tonnage, from 1,710,073 to 4,059,521, or 137.4 per cent; and their value, from \$131,567,427 to \$386,772,727, or 194 per cent. This increase, moreover, was general on all waters except the Mississippi river and its tributaries, where the tonnage actually decreased. The greatest absolute increase, except in gross tonnage, is shown for the Atlantic coast and Gulf of Mexico. In gross tonnage the largest increase—one of 1,319,973 tons—was reported from the Great Lakes, and resulted from the recent construction of large vessels to carry ore and grain.

If the tugs and other towing vessels are regarded as part of the freight equipment, 67.4 per cent of the steam vessels were engaged as freight and passenger boats. Yachts, although forming a considerable proportion of the number of steam vessels, are of comparatively little commercial importance. Ferryboats, which numbered 536, formed 5.4 per cent of all steam vessels.

MEN'S EASTER HATS.

A Times reporter has interviewed several of the Coos Bay Mentors of masculine fashions in headgear, including Ed. Kamerrer and George Goodrum, and gleaned the following interesting bit of information. "The Merry Widow" hat will be worn by all married men whose wives are away visiting.

Because a Coos Bay man wears a yachting cap is no sign that he owns a gasoline launch.

The sombrero is in style this season in Mexico.

The Panama is the proper thing on the Panama canal boats.

Golf caps—but then it is not good form to play golf on Easter Sunday.

The plug is worn by all proper persons who drive plug horses or chew plug tobacco.

This is really the last season when the Rough Rider hat is officially the mode.

Avoid nightcaps, and you'll always be able to see for yourself if your hat is on straight.

"We haven't had a norther for two weeks," remarked Capt. O'Kelly, as he shivered his timbers on the Bonita.

"Of course not," called Capt. Pendergast, of the Flyer, "because its Easter."

PARDON THESE BLUSHES.

The Times makes its best bow to the Astoria Leader for the following very kind and flattering commendation published in a recent issue of that paper. It is printed that the people at home may know how their daily is regarded abroad.

The Times is not satisfied with its present measure of excellence but will be improved as rapidly as the support which the Astoria paper thinks it deserves warrants. Here is what the Astoria Leader says:

"A GOOD PAPER."

"There are many not yet aware that Coos Bay is the home of a most excellent daily paper—The Times. It is carefully conducted, fearlessly edited, proudly loyal to its home county, and deserves the hearty and constant support of every citizen of Coos county. There is not a daily in the state its superior—all conditions considered."

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To Whom It May Concern

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Phone 2111

DR. GEORGE W. LESLIE
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Phone 1611. Marshfield, Ore.

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New Flanagan & Bennett Bank Bldg.
Phone 1681.

DR. J. W. INGRAM
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Sengstacken's Drug Store.
Phones—Office 1621; Residence 783.

DR. A. L. HOUSEWORTH
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