

### COOS BAY TIMES

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Official Paper of Coos County.

#### THE COOS BAY SPIRIT.

**FIGHTING MEN** are the salt of the earth. They are the plus factor in communities. They help to make destiny. By fighting is not meant those who shoot, maim and kill, but those who are fighters in the arts and concerns of peace. Illustration of their handiwork is seen in the recent Development meeting at Coos Bay. In it, the private concerns of life were forgotten in the larger public affairs. The impulses and issues of a bigger and stronger community career were in review. How to promote and develop was the individual and collective anxiety. How to get a railroad and, through it, a closer touch with the heart throbs of Oregon, was the universal solicitude. Every mind was en rapport and every hand lifted in this behalf. The whole community surged and urged for its attainment. A welcome such as communities seldom outpour was showered upon those who came from other cities to sympathize and aid in the work of promotion. The welcome itself was a demonstration of the enthusiasm and virility of Coos Bay men. All that could be done to make the occasion worth while was done. All that can be done by active men to push that community into great factorship in the life and affairs of the state, will be done, for there is leadership with a virile following on the shores of Coos Bay.

Coos Bay is to be a place that will count. It is a community without mossbacks. Its minus men have been regenerated, or have stolen away into communities of their own kind. Portland can further herself by copying the Coos Bay spirit, and need not be ashamed to do so. So can every part of Oregon, and it is worth while to try.—Portland Journal.

#### TRANSPORTATION NOW AND THEN.

**BEFORE FIVE** years are gone the northwest will get at least two more transcontinental railroads. The prediction is made by C. M. Key, for seven years financial writer on the Wall Street Journal, a man of conspicuous attainments as a student of the transportation world and whose views of the northwest were formed during a visit of several months spent in exhaustive investigation. Under the caption, "The Battle of the Railroads," his article appears in the current issue of World's Work.

The northwest is described as a region that has seen no real railroad development. It is now the battle ground of the railroad giants, each of whom is seeking to gain a foothold for a trunk line that is to be the foundation for a developed system later on, says the Oregon Journal. A sample of the struggle is the North Bank road built by Mr. Hill as a means of intrenching himself in territory that had been dominated by Mr. Harriman. Another is railway that a determined board of from the Missouri river to Puget Sound. This is the Milwaukee, which fell upon the territory of the Northern Pacific and paralleled that road as no great trunk line was ever paralleled in history. For nearly 300 miles through Montana, and then on through Idaho and Washington the two lines are within rifle shot most of the way. A new railroad, supposed to be the Chicago & Northwestern, is grading from St. Anthony, down in the southern part of

Idaho, toward the Salmon river with the Snake and Columbia as a probable destination.

In this battle for main line supremacy the big companies have been compelled to use all their power. This battle they must continue for some years to come. It is a terrific combat of direct lines, huge main arteries of traffic, draining through tonnage from center to center. Few branches as yet leave these lines. A narrow strip of country along each artery has received about all the development that the roads could afford, and outlying regions have been forced to wait.

This is explanation of why Central Idaho and Eastern Oregon remain two of the biggest areas unserved by railroad in this country. Local capital is not strong enough to build and protect a railroad in these areas. In time the preponderance of trunk lines will compel the building of feeding systems. "There is not a rich agricultural valley in Washington, Idaho or Oregon that will not sooner or later have its outlet." Among the railroad men in the region today the forceful factors are in the operating and engineering departments—"traffic nursing is a lost art."

Perhaps there must arise in this western world a railroad magnate who has been a traffic man before a real revolution in development methods, by the lines can come about. In the meantime thousands of "little people," sturdy, patient, full of courage, are holding acres in the wilderness, little sterile farms that will produce enough to live on now and that will yield their 40 or 50 bushels to the acre when men can sell the wheat. They reason that there is no use to grow wheat until the railroad comes, and therein is the secret of great areas in Oregon and Idaho held back in development.

"The future of transportation is clear enough in the light of facts," writes Mr. Key. "Nobody believes that the Canadian Pacific is to stop at Spokane; nobody doubts that the Northwestern must reach the coast, but whether at Seattle, Tacoma or Portland, nobody knows."

#### CONSERVING LOCAL TRADE.

**IF MARSHFIELD** is not minded to lose what she possesses of trade advantages with her neighbors there should be certain expression of her appreciation of it in the future. She cannot afford to lose anything nor is there any immediate danger of such a reverse, though it does behoove her to make manifest the good will she feels.

Marshfield people should visit and patronize every event of public character organized by the valley towns and stay in sympathetic touch with those whose home interests and businesses make for our welfare as well as their own. It will serve more interests than one and contribute to the building up of a solid and appreciable union in commerce at this point that must soon be cause for the enlargement of present wholesaling establishments here, and introduction of new ones.

This is a most desirable end. We are needing just such an impetus and project, and it is inevitable. The setting up of wholesale resources here expand the mercantile prestige of the city and aid everyone in business touch with us. It is not our own peculiar fight we are making but involves every business and industry in the whole section.

#### WE HAVE THE KNOCKER EVER WITH US

**THE KNOCKER** IS knocked by his own knocking. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you" was not spoken for the knocker. This was meant for the seeker. There never was a knocker who was a seeker, and seekers don't knock. A knocker is a cross between a failure and a crime. He has no hope in himself, nor faith in anybody else. He is a moral wart destined to sizzle in sulphur. Into the blue dome of heaven he looks, sees the reflection of himself and knocks the stars. His own image he sees in crystal waters, and he knocks nature for supplying bum water. In the shimmer of the moonbeam he sees his own self-despised form silhouetted against the mightiest works of man and he condemns all. Wherever he moves he leaves a slimy trail like the path of a snail, and when at last he reaches his eternal bed of brimstone, above all of the din of the wailing and gnashing of teeth will be heard the clarion knock of the biped who will not even see any good in his ilk being toasted on the prong of a one tine pitchfork.

### WITH THE TOAST AND TEA

#### GOOD EVENING.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. **RUSKIN.**

#### Creed of the Optimist Club.

Think happiness! For thoughts are things; They live and pulsate and are unconfined by time or space. The quality of thoughts are yours to plan. If good and kind, uplifting in their tone, The world will catch the note And gaily sing the carol of good cheer; But if your thoughts are hateful, black, unkind, And scattered as the chaff before the wind, They will come back in vain regrets and fears, Bringing sad harvest for the after years.

Look happiness! Your eyes, "the windows of your soul" were made to shine, And as your soul is lit with heaven's light, You cannot hide its radiance in the gloom Of your own sorrowing heart, but let it shine; Some other soul will catch the spark, Which kindling, will again illumine, And flashing back will drive away your gloom.

Talk happiness! The world needs every word That lights the gloom that closes in her day. Talk happiness; it is the shining star That guides you all along your troubled way. And shining back, illumines your own soul, And gives you greater power to shine. **WILLIAM J. ROBINSON.**

Astoria barbers have resolved to quit eating onions. Congratulations to their patrons are in order.

"Talk," said John Goss, "is something like rain. A certain amount is welcome and necessary. But dog-gone a deluge!"

Scientists have come to the conclusion that the earth is 240,000,000 years old. That may account for the attacks of "trembles" from which the old thing suffers so much lately.

We do not care how quick the girl To learn, if it's a handsome him 'Twill take him from the spring till fall To teach the lady how to swim.

A comet is reported to be flying through space at a million miles a minute. Guess that will make Al Powers and Prentiss Gray feel like getting new boats or becoming "also rans."

"Considering the work they do, are not millionaires underpaid?" asks the Boston Globe. Perhaps they are; but we can't afford to give them a raise this year—that's a cinch.

Doctors are imparting the interesting information that if tonsils were removed there would be no tonsillitis. Of course not! And if heads were removed there would be no headache. Never thought of that did you?

#### THE R-LESS SEASON

This is the last month of the year in which one letter don't appear. And if we eat an oyste now It's p etty ha d to tell just how Ou health will be affected; so We'd better let the oyste s go Until it will not cause a ja To eat ou oyste s with an

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