

COOS BAY TIMES

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MAKERS OF THE FLAG

F RANKLIN K. LANE made a little speech the other day on the American flag. In form it is prose; in fact it is a poem. It fits a definition of poetry that some are glad to remember from an older day when American life had less of material comfort than in more recent years, but, was filled with an idealism which, let us all be thankful, is visibly recovering.

It is a "beautiful thought, beautifully expressed." It is worth reading and preserving to read again. This is no effort to improve, amplify or revise this linked jewel of word and thought. It is merely an effort to emphasize the application of its thought to the lives of all of us, and how that thought should inspire us. The flag speaks:

"I am whatever you make me. I am your belief in yourself; your dream of what a people may become. I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and pain, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the clutch of an idea; I am the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be; and I am all that you believe I can be. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you made them so out of your hearts. For you are the Makers of the Flag."

We are all Makers of the Flag—every American man and woman of us. We make our flag glorious as each of us does the day's work in the day—does it thoroughly, does it honestly, does it unselfishly, with kindly thought for the weaker and with careful thought of its consequences to our fellows.

Let us never forget, we Americans, everyone of us, what are our duties, our responsibilities, our splendid privileges as Makers of the Flag. Let us remember them carefully, and prayerfully in the Fear of God, and with faith that the destiny of our country of humanity is ever onward and upward. So shall we cause our Republic to endure and make the Flag immortal, we Makers of the Flag.

WHAT IS WAR, ANYWAY?

WHAT kind of business is this war thing, anyway, when judged by the laws and morals that govern individuals? Just suppose—

That you're walking down the street and a fellow bumps into you and then says: "Can't you see where you're going? Get outta my way next time, or I'll land you one." This makes you leaved, because it wasn't your fault at all. You feel that if you proudly ignored this threat—and the lowbrow who uttered it—that you would look like a poor, spineless coward. Maybe you ought to "resister the source," etc. But you notice that other passersby, who heard it, have paused just long enough to note the result and you recognize one or two of them as your neighbors. You "don't want any trouble." But what are you going to do? Swallow it and go on—or what?

This all goes through your mind like a flash. You feel rather nervous, but you also feel that in order to maintain your standing in the community as a regular fellow, who doesn't want trouble but who won't let anyone pick on him (where it can be heard by others at any rate) that it's up to you to say something. So, you turn and remark: "Get outta the way yourself; who do you think you're talking to?" This looks better. The passersby stop. The other fellow is now up against it, just like you were; he's got to do something now to maintain his own standing. Things begin to happen. First thing you know you're in a fight. You didn't want a fight. You didn't expect to fight. You had had one in your mind here it is. Without

warning. What's the answer? Do you maintain your standing by showing you're not afraid to fight if someone picks on you? Not at all; not at all. A policeman arrives. He rings for the patrol. You and your opponent are pinched almost before the fight got started—to the intense joy of the crowd that likes a little excitement—whether it's a fight or a pinch. And from starting with the most justifiable motives in the world—those of merely maintaining your right to be set alone and not picked on—you suddenly are confronted by the fact that to be arrested as the result of a fight is a disgrace. And you get nowhere except into trouble, for it's "against the law" to fight. Our whole theory of civilization is based on that—otherwise, they say, we would have anarchy. So there you are.

But—when one country confronts another, and each refuses to back down because of pride or national honor, and the affair ends in a fight, it's glorious. It's patriotism. It's war. It is not "against the law." About the only real difference is that instead of one man fighting another man, several millions fight several millions. Then it isn't disgraceful. It is heroic. And they pin medals on you for doing things they'd lynch you for if you were settling a private grievance.

We're not saying this isn't perfectly natural and correct, because, as most people in this world seem to be willing to fight to prove that nobody can pick on 'em, war must naturally be biologically accurate. But if war is correct, you'd think, perhaps, that the custom of legally prohibiting two men from fighting it out is wrong. Both can't be correct. So, we merely ask as we did at the start, what kind of business is this war thing, anyway, that makes what we usually call an offense against the law, or even a crime, suddenly into a virtue. There is something, somewhere, in the unexplored realms of psychology that may explain it, but, personally, we haven't met the explanation. Exchange.

MUNICIPAL MOVIES

M UNICIPAL ownership of moving picture theatres is to be an experiment in Norway. The diet recently passed a law providing that the licenses of all theatres shall expire in 1916. Cities and villages will then be at liberty either to renew the licenses or to establish municipal theatres.

The Frankfurter Zeitung says a number of smaller cities have determined to municipalize their motion picture houses, and larger cities are considering the question. It is a live issue in Christiania and Trondhjem has determined to take over the houses in 1918, this date being fixed to avoid unnecessary hardship to proprietors of the theatres. The mayor of Trondhjem lays great stress on the educational value of the movie. He considers it the duty of the city to control these theatres, just as it controls the public schools, and to have the surplus earnings.

There are six motion picture theatres in Trondhjem. According to the mayor's plan, the municipality will maintain only two theatres, both on a large scale. It is expected that in this way expenses will be kept at a minimum, at the same time insuring the people the best films that can be secured. Journal.

KEEP MONEY AT HOME

T HE PLAN to use planks on the county highways instead of a hard surface material is a good one. In the news columns of this issue will be found the arguments which are presented in favor of the plan. It will give with the money derived from a bond issue 200 miles of roadway while the money would only build 25 miles of hard surface. But most important of all is that the material and labor would all be secured at home and the \$419,000 expended for roads would all be kept in the county. This is quite a big sum of money and would help materially.

The Bandon city council is specifying that home labor be employed as far as possible in the city improvement work there. This is the proper attitude to take. Right now when there is not any too much work for Coos County people it is right to spend all the money with home people as far as possible particularly when the cost of public improvements must be paid out of the pockets of the property owners. The attitude of Bandon in her city work and the attitude of Coos County good road advocates in desiring to keep the money within the county are positions well taken.

YOU AUTO CALL FOR FOOTE'S AUTOS Phone 260-L. Night and Day. Right Cafe. GOOD CARS. CAREFUL DRIVERS. D. L. FOOTE.

Post-Mortem Praises I've noticed when a fellow dies; no matter what he's been— A saintly chap or one whose life was darkly steeped in sin— His friends forget the bitter words they said but yesterday, And now they find a multitude of pretty things to say. I fancy when I go to rest, some one will bring to light Some kindly word or goodly act long buried out of sight. But if it's all the same to you, just give to me instead The bouquet while I'm living and the knocking when I'm dead.

Don't save your kisses to imprint upon my marble brow. While countless maledictions are hurled upon me now; Say just one kindly word to me while I mourn here alone, And don't save all your eulogy to carve upon a stone. What do I care if when I'm dead the Coos Bay Times does fret, And gives me a write-up with a cut in mourning borders set? It will not flatter me a bit, no matter what is said, So kindly throw your bouquets now and knock me when I'm dead. It may be fine when one is dead to have the folks talk so, To have flowers come in loads from friends you used to know. It may be nice to have these things for those you leave behind, But just as far as I'm concerned, I really do not mind. I'm quite alive, tho' sick today, but while I linger here, Lend me a helping hand at times—give me a word of cheer. Just change the game a little bit; just kindly swap the decks For I will be no judge of flowers when I've cashed in my checks. —Anon.

With The Tea And The Toast

GOOD EVENING Learn to see in another's calamity the ills which you should avoid.—Publius Syrus. QUESTION FOR THE DAY After a man has apologized what does it amount to? "The microbe and the tiny flea Are small," said Thoughtful James, "But you would gasp if you could see Their great big Latin names." Every now and then two Coos Bay married men will hang over a bar for three hours and tell each other how much their wives gaff. DAILY ADVICE To this advice, my son, give ear, And you will never grieve; Do not believe all that you hear Nor tell all you believe. Anyway, an old maid has the consolation of knowing that she was born that way. 'Tis to date Dr. Matrimony has never failed to cure a case of love sickness. A Coos Bay boy hasn't a bit of trouble in learning the things that he should not know. The average Coos Bay man believes that if other men were like him this would be a fine world. The only time father ever does anything for himself when he is at home is when he and mother have had a battle and are not on speaking terms. The only labor some Coos Bay men do is to work on the sympathy of others. After all flattery is nothing but hearing someone else recite the nice things we have always believed about ourselves. All Coos Bay women are flattery proof—after the undertaker gets through with them. Some Coos Bay men are hard to satisfy—there's Dave Stafford. All he wants is a hair restorer that will restore. Most Coos Bay people find living an agreeable job. Jealousy is a food upon which love will not fatten. Every Coos Bay man thinks he is entitled to a lot of credit he doesn't get.

When a Coos Bay woman starts to find her husband a piece of her mind she never stops until she has given him the whole works. When it comes to making a man see like a monkey, booze hasn't anything on love. Mighty few Coos Bay husbands are as loyal to their wives as their wives are to them. A woman always admires a man when she knows that he admires her. Few Coos Bay men live to reach the age of a hundred, and fewer live to reach the age of discretion. A wise man coaxes a woman. A fool tries to force her. It doesn't hurt to tell the truth once in awhile.

FIRST, get suffering properly placed in its relation to life. It is not an accident. It is part of the program. It is the other half of sensation. If you can be happy you must also be able to suffer. It is, then, something to be reckoned with, to be understood. It is something to which we must adjust ourselves. The purpose of pain is two-fold. It is the guardian of life. Pain is the sentinel that cries "Halt!" When we approach danger, it is by the bruises and stomachaches the child learns how to preserve life. Secondly, pain is an educator. From grief the human race has learned its greatest secrets of art, science, philosophy and religion. When pain comes what is to be done? We cannot deny it, it is a fact. Nothing is gained by shutting the eyes to any fact. We are not to imitate the Stoic and set our spirit dully against it. To exclaim: "Such is life! It is made up of suffering. Let us clench our teeth and endure it," is not wisdom. It makes for self pity and pessimism. The design of suffering, with economy of nature, is to set new problems for the soul. We are in the world to develop our personality, to bring our powers to perfection, in other words we are here to struggle and grow strong. First, therefore, when pain arrives, we are to seek as in all phenomena, the cause of it. If we have violated a law of nature, let us seek wherein and class our error. If it is for another's wrong we are suffering, let us study how to bear vicarious pain nobly, so as to increase our own spiritual stature and help others. We may be certain suffering will endure as long as the human race. Nostrums, fads and curealls, whether physical or spiritual, only avoid or conceal the trouble. Suffering of any kind is simply opportunity, mental and spiritual; it is the open door by which we are to enter more deeply into the secret treasures of life and love. And we shall so enter it, if we strive first to understand, second, to adjust ourselves to it.

A bird in the bush is better than two in the hand when a man is called upon to eat crow. And occasionally, a Coos Bay woman thinks she is marrying a mighty oak only to discover later that she is tied to a stick. Invitations printed at The Times office.

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