

# WEEKLY COAST MAIL

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WEEKLY

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A Frosty Morning.  
I love these frosty mornings,  
When all the outer air  
Is tingling with freshness  
And vies beyond compare.

The north wind in the tree tops  
Proclaims the coming dawn  
And sends the crisp leaves rattling  
Across the frozen lawn.

From some adjacent farmyard  
A watchful chanticleer  
With raucous, joyous crowing  
Assails the atmosphere.

Then, nearer home, a watchdog,  
Awakened from his sleep,  
Gives voice to his resentment  
In tones prolonged and deep.

A wagon, bound for market,  
Goes creaking down the road.  
I hear the axles groaning  
Beneath the heavy load.

The light grows at my window,  
And on the pane I see  
Jack Frost has limned a picture  
Of silver tracery.

Now from the servants' stairway  
Slow feet descend the hall,  
And then a kitchen shuttle,  
Bangs out against the wall.

I love, these frosty mornings.  
To note these things and then  
To draw the bedclothes closer  
And go to sleep again.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## MEET THE COLOR QUESTION

At the school meeting which is to be held Friday night, one of the matters to be acted upon is the question of what to do about the colored children who have applied for admission to the school.

While the COAST MAIL does not wish to pose as the all-wise mentor, to tell this community exactly what to do in every case, it will suggest that this is a question which should be met openly and on a basis of modern Americanism. Not only by the laws of Oregon, but by the laws of justice and humanity, these children are entitled to the benefit of the public school. If this district wants to bear the added expense of hiring an extra room and extra teacher, for the colored children to avoid the possibility of some of the color rubbing off on the other children, well and good; but let something be done honestly and above-board, and let us not try to shirk or smother the responsibility.

## ABBY'S FAILURES

By HARRIET WHITNEY

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Abby sat rocking by the south window, listening resignedly to her mother's lamentations and reproaches. She had assumed about as awkward and uncomfortable a position as she could well have invented, with one foot drawn up and her hands clasped around her knee.

The old rocker lurched and grumbled querulously. Her best blue lawn dress was tumbled and crumpled. Her hat pins and the summer breeze had conspired to muss her hair and make it untidy. It straggled unbecomingly behind her ears and at the nape of her neck.

"Another unsuccessful quest," said Roger Sterling to himself, with a saucy smile. From his cool library across the hall he could see Abby, with the strong light peering in over her at the worst possible angle. He could also hear most of Mrs. Gardner's remarks, for as that matter of fact Marion said, she was so used to her literary brother she didn't mind him about the house any more than a cat.

"Nobody'd expect you'd get a possum that looks like a deer," he said, leaning the

Trix's and Mab's."

Mrs. Gardner's energetic voice proclaimed, "but a little old district school like that! I don't hardly see how you could have helped getting it if you tried to."

"My dates go wrong," confessed Abby meekly. "The committee said that, according to my information, the Declaration of Independence must have been signed several years before America was discovered."

"Well, 'tain't any use to say anything more. If a body ain't got a brain you can't give 'em one! You better gather up your duds and put 'em away. And I don't know as it's worth while to hunt another place for you. I reckon you was cut out for a failure."

Mrs. Gardner settled back into a disengaged silence rather more depressing than her previous harangue had been. Abby arose with a patient sigh, gathered up her hat, gloves and parasol and trudged limply away.

Roger Sterling looked after her with more pity and less amusement than

drink this hot lemonade and go to sleep if you can. Give me the hot water bottle, Mr. Sterling. There, now."

As Abby tucked down the blankets and patted them Mrs. Gardner settled submissively and sleepily into her pillows. "If you think you can get supper?"

"I'll help her," shouted Roger eagerly. "Shan't I, Miss Abby? What'll I do first?"

"Fill the teakettle," directed Abby "then I'll let you set the table. But mind you, don't meddle with that coconut layer cake on the third pantry shelf, right hand side."

"Glad you told me exactly where it was, so slick. I shall have it for my supper," announced Roger, travelling off kitchenward with alacrity, while Abby flew along after like a lapwing and arrived first at the goal, with a new and bewildering display of roses in her cheeks.

After a week of Abby's care and coddling Mrs. Gardner was allowed to sit up on the shady porch. She leaned back in her big rocker with a delightful sense of some protecting influence about her.

"How nice it is to think there's some one to depend on in a pinch!" she said to Roger, who was making a lattice for Abby's late flowering bean vines. "Who'd ever thought Abby'd turn out such a good nurse and housekeeper after all her failures at everything else? I shall just keep her now to help me with the work."

"Oh, no, you can't, ma'am," said Roger, pausing suddenly in his task, "because, you see, she has secured a position."

"Hey?" gasped Mrs. Gardner blankly. "Abby—a position?"

"Yes," returned Roger calmly, driving in a nail. "I have engaged Abby myself."

### Quitting a Bully.

A man was brought up in a provisional court on a charge of stealing a sack of flour and was very severely handled by the prosecuting lawyer, who had once made himself notorious by going into bankruptcy, which was the only means by which he could escape his debts.

"You admit that you stole the sack of flour?" questioned counsel sternly. "Yes, but I took it honestly and in broad daylight to save my children from starvation," pleaded the prisoner.

"You call that honestly, do you?" sneered the lawyer. "I call it a passing impudence. Stealing is stealing from whatever point of view you care to look at it."

"Just so, mister, but it don't allow bring the same punishment," retorted the man in the dock. "For instance, I shouldn't have been here now if I'd done as you used to do—bought, or ordered, the flour and never paid for it."

And even the magistrate chuckled behind his papers at the bullying lawyer's discomfiture.—London Tit-Bits.

### An Oriental Love Letter.

English is put to strange and eloquent uses in the orient. Here, for instance, is a letter addressed to a native gentleman by a youth seeking the hand of his daughter:

To Baboo —, Paternal Father of Miss —.

Dear Sir—it is with a faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time past a secret passion has fired my bosom internally with loving for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother the growing love knot that is being constructed in my withdrawn, but the humid lamp of affection trimmed by Cupid's productive hand still nourishes my love sickened heart. Needless would it be for me to numerically extenuate the great conflagration that has been generated in my heart and heart. Hoping that having dictated this proposal to your pregnant mind you will concordantly corroborate in exposing your female progeny to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle. Your dutiful son-in-law.

—Harper's Weekly.

From Friday's Daily.

### PORLAND ATTORNEY HEARD FROM

### On the Question of School Privileges for Colored Children

The following letter has been received by Mrs. Trollinger, mother of the colored children who have disturbed the placidity of Marshfield school affairs, from a Portland attorney:

To the parents and Afro-American Citizens,

Marshfield, County of Coos, Oregon.

Having seen sometime ago in the morning Oregonian a clipping from the Roseburg Review giving an account of a

color discrimination in that Negro children had been denied admission in the public schools of Marshfield by the principal in charge, I wrote to the postmaster of the same said place for information; wrote principal of the city schools and the district superintendent trying to ascertain if the report was true; white also

the pastor of the leading church asking

for the facts in the case but as yet I have received no reply. I have been informed by parties who do not wish their names mentioned that my letters were received, of course, and that they were discussed; that I was ever "investigated" but further than this nothing has been done to my knowledge.

Believing in the purity and justice of the judicial and executive departments of the state; believing that they stand for fairness, the equality of opportunity and justice due all citizens in matters of public concern; believing in the broadness of mind which characterizes the average Oregonian I am led to think that if this matter was brought to the attention of the proper officials our rights would be guaranteed by a proper administration of the schools the laws and the regulations relating to them; that our children, descendants of brave soldiers who have fought in every war from the Boston Tea party to San Juan, would not at this late time have the door of hope closed in their faces being disbarred from public schools of learning even in the city of Marshfield and the county of Coos.

There are Colored men in Coos county of respectability and character; men paying taxes on property. The taxes are paid into one common treasury for the welfare and maintenance of the government.

White people who object to sending their children to mixed schools should send them to private institutions.

The Colored people are to be commended for the stand which they have taken and I hereby tender my services, and state that I am at your disposal in waging a fight for liberty—those privileges due us under the articles of our Magna Charta. We should not give up our struggle for absolute freedom. When we are denied book and pen at the hands of the state we are not free. The man who demands respect and if necessary fights for it is generally respected.

Yours truly,  
McGANTS STEWART.

### WHAT THE LAW SAYS

### About Admission of Children to the Public School

As the question of the admission of colored children to the school is to come up at tonight's meeting, the voters may be interested in knowing exactly what the law of Oregon says about it.

Subdivision 18 of Section 3380, Cotton's Code, touching the duties of directors says: "They shall admit free of charge to the schools of their districts all persons between the ages of six and twenty-one years residing therein, and all other persons may be admitted on such terms as the district may direct."

Sections 3423-4-5 make it compulsory that "Every parent, guardian, or other person in this State having control or charge of a child or children between the age of eight and fourteen years shall be required to send such child or children to public school for a period of at least twelve weeks in every school year."

Failure to comply with this provision renders a person liable to a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$25 for the first offense, and not less than \$25 nor more than \$50 for the second offense.

There is no question whatever, but this school district is required to admit the Trollinger children to school privileges. It may be a matter of opinion as to whether they should be placed in the same room with the white children or whether the taxpayers should be compelled to provide a separate room and teacher; but the taxpayers themselves will have a chance to vote on that question this evening.

It should be decided, once for all, and no further delay should be tolerated. This community does not want to be placed in the position of defying the law of the state, from most ignoble motives. Nor should it lie open to the accusation of trying to delay another an issue which it lacks the courage to face.

Let the taxpayers turn out and settle the question definitely.

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