

COAST MAIL

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A FRANK ESTIMATE.

According to the Myrtle Point Enterprise, the editor of the COAST MAIL is a "braying donkey," "headless," (twice) an "ass," and a "social excrecence," and the COAST MAIL itself is an "indiction." We lay this frank estimate before our readers for their entertainment. It is nearly as funny as the Enterprise' account of the late tragedy here, republished in the MAIL a few days ago, which mainly accounts for this outbreak. A fellow can always get some fun out of the Enterprise by stirring it up a little.

IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT.

The dispatch published in the MAIL yesterday morning and telling of the bonding of the Sprackles interests in Coos county to the Great Central is the most important piece of news that has developed lately. While it has been expected, it is a gratifying confirmation of the theory that the Great Central means business.

A gentleman who was in Portland a couple of weeks ago informs the MAIL that the deal was made at that time, though it has just reached publicity; also that the Southern Pacific was after the same property and it was only after a lively fight that the Great Central secured the option. It is a good thing for Coos Bay that the S. P. did not succeed.

THE LOSING FIGHT AGAINST UNIONISM.

The reports from the Anthracite coal fields indicate that the operators are loth to accept the arbitration idea, and some at least intend to keep up the fight against the union. This is another illustration of the fact that the great coal companies, like all great companies who are in a position to do so, wish to bring their employes down and keep them down to the level of serfs.

Without their union, the miners are helpless and entirely at the mercy of the operators. As individuals they are powerless to better their condition, and it is as individuals that the operators are determined to treat them. Do away with concerted action, and the miner's pay will be reduced to the starvation level, if it is not at that point already, and the miner can work or starve, or both, as best pleases him.

In this fight against unionism the operators are bound to lose. No matter what the individual opinion may be as to the right or wrong of combinations, they represent the spirit of the time, and working men as well as capitalists

are determined to reap some of the benefits of co-operation. They are learning every day, and every mistake they make carries its lesson.

Combination and co-operation is carrying the day against individualism and competition. The movement can be retarded but not stopped, and the people who stand in its path must yield or be crushed.

THE NEW TOWN

OF NORTH BEND

L. J. Simpson, Manager for the Simpson Lumber Co. who recently purchased what was formerly known as the town-site of Yarrow has incorporated same together with the other holdings under one corporation known as NORTH BEND. This is destined to be one of the most active fields of operation on Coos Bay, aside from its scenic beauty and well elevated residence property has the deepest and most accessible and safest harbor on the Bay. The Simpson's are already clearing ground for a \$15000 Hotel and are making preparations for the grading of streets. Aside from this we are assured of another Saw Mill, a Sash and Door factory a Shingle Mill, a Public City Dock, National Bank and a \$50,000 General Merchandise stock.

TO CLOSE MARSHFIELD

STORES ON SUNDAY

Movement Inaugerated by Ministerial Union With Good Prospect of Success.

Rev. F. G. Strange, Rev. Thos. Irvine and Rev. B. F. Bengtson, of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Swedish Lutheran Churches respectively, were circulating a Sunday closing-agreement among the merchants yesterday.

They were meeting with good success, and when seen by the COAST MAIL man had the signatures of the three leading drygoods merchants among the fifteen or twenty which they had already obtained. Only two merchants had declined to sign; one because he always closed on Sunday anyway, and the other because he wished first to consult an absent member of the firm.

It is to be hoped that every merchant in town, large and small, will see his way clear to join this movement. There is no good reason why merchants and clerks should not have one day of rest out of the seven. If all will join, none will lose any thing, the people will consume the same amount of goods and the trade will be distributed the same.

Of course, if a few hang back it is likely to block the whole scheme, and all will be obliged to forego the needed rest and recreation.

The Ministerial Union has taken hold of the matter in a common sense way, and the MAIL wishes it success.

A Missouri Editor apologizes to his readers for the lack of news as follows: "We expected to have a marriage and a death notice this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being sick himself the patient recovered and we are accordingly cheated out of both items."

WHAT THE GREAT CENTRAL

MEANS TO COOS BAY

In the course of an article on the Great Central R. R., the Portland Telegram has these significant utterances: This is an era of strenuous endeavor among the great transcontinental railway systems of the country to reach the Pacific Coast in anticipation of the trade expansion which is to follow upon the opening of the Orient. While there has been a good deal of surmise, as to the movements of certain railways toward securing terminals in the Pacific Northwest, no enterprise of greater moment or with more promise of actually going through has appeared than the Great Central Railway Company, which has begun the actual construction of a road from Coos Bay to Salt Lake, a distance of a little over 1000 miles and through some of the most advantageous territory that is to be found.

The Great Central Company's entry into the field of Oregon activities was made quietly and without ostentation until its plans had been pretty completely laid. Within another year it looks as if the construction of the Salt Lake line will be well advanced. Coos Bay will probably witness greater activity in the next 10 years than any place west of the Rocky Mountains. That the coming of the new line will develop the wonderful fertility of the soil and neglected resources of Southern Oregon and add to the permanent riches of the state goes without the saying.

It is difficult for those who have never made a close examination of the immense Coos Bay country to realize what lies in store for the people of that hitherto isolated section. There are but five good harbors on the Coast, exclusive of Alaska, where deep-water vessels can enter and anchor with perfect safety—San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Coos Bay and Seattle. There is certain to arise on the basis of certain powerful young industries there a great seaport city, that will vie in grandeur and greatness, population and wealth with the largest centers on Pacific waters.

Coos Bay will be the center of development, through railroad connection, of the vast rich country between Portland and San Francisco, a distance of over 700 miles. It needs only a railroad from the East to cause it to grow by leaps and bounds.

As a result of the operations of the Great Central Railway and its allied corporations there is now a great activity among speculators in townsite tracts, lots and lands on the bay. A number of industries, it is said, will soon be established, among them being a large paper pulp plant capable of turning out 20 tons of finished paper daily which will be established near the terminus of the road.

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Softening the Blow.

The cashier of a certain firm had absconded, and the staff of clerks were deciding on a fit and proper person to acquit the head of the firm of the fact on his arrival.

Ultimately the matter was left in the hands of the head clerk, possibly because none of the others cared to undertake the responsibility.

There had been a dogfight in the street, and a small crowd was just dispersing as the chief's carriage dashed up.

"What's that crowd after, Jorkins?" demanded the head of the firm.

The chief clerk thought he recognized a chance of breaking the news gently and seized it.

"The vacancy, sir," he replied.

"Vacancy? What vacancy?"

"Cashier, sir."

"But we want no cashier, Jorkins."

"Beg pardon, sir; but we've a vacancy for one."

"Jorkins, are you mad?"

"No, sir. That is, sir, I don't know, sir. Fact is, sir—all the cash is gone and—"

"Well?"

"The cashier's gone with it, sir."

From the way the old man took it the clerk thought he might just as well have blurted it out at the start.

Polled by Humidity.

Notwithstanding, but with all his might, the burglar tugged at the bureau drawer.

In vain.

It refused to open.

He tugged again.

"Give it another jerk," said a voice behind him.

The burglar turned.

The owner of the house was sitting up in bed and looking at him with an expression of the deepest interest on his face.

"Jerk it again. There's a lot of valuable property in that drawer, but we haven't been able to open it since the damp weather began. If you can pull it out, I'll give you a handsome royalty on everything that's—"

But the burglar had jumped out through the window, taking a part of the sash with him.—Chicago Tribune.

Regarded in Different Ways.

That one can obtain more favors by "jollyng" than by being brusque is just as true as "one can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar."

Two young men have lived in a boarding house in West Twenty-third street for some time, and one has the reputation of being a "jollier," while the other is quiet spoken and of a bearish disposition. The young men are friends and usually breakfast together. Their respective standings in the estimation of the dining room maid may be judged from the way in which that damsel shouted their order—both had requested steaks—down the dumb waiter shaft recently:

"A nice beefsteak, a trifle rare, for Mr. Wood; some meat for Baldwin."—New York Tribune.

Very Simple.

A rather simple looking lad halted before a blacksmith's shop on his way home from school and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest.

The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron suddenly under the youngster's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat.

"If you'll give me half a dollar, I'll lick it," said the lad.

The smith took from his pocket half a dollar and held it out.

The simple looking youngster took the coin, licked it and slowly walked away whistling.—Chums.

To Be Expected.

The health resort we soon may know will be a grand affair. They'll sterilize its rain and snow and filter all its air.—Ohio State Journal.

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From Saturday's Daily.

Special to the Mail.

Washington, Oct. 24—General Wilson, the first member of the arbitration commission, arrived at the temporary White House this morning at 10 o'clock, and was followed by Spalding. Ten minutes later Parker, Watkins and Wright appeared.

Each member on his arrival was ushered into the President's room. Justice Gray arrived within a few minutes, closely followed by Clark, who was the last member to arrive.

President Roosevelt reviewed his instructions, which were written, and said: "After explanation of my instructions, followed by action which you may recommend, which the parties interested have in advance consented to abide by, you will endeavor to establish the relations between the employers and wage earners in the anthracite fields on a just and permanent basis, and so far as possible, endeavor to do away with the causes that bring about a recurrence of such difficulties.

"I submit herewith the published statement of the operators, also a letter from Mr. Mitchell. I appoint Messrs. Mosley and Neil assistants to Recorder Wright."

The commission adjourned before luncheon to meet Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The only question decided at today's meeting was that all formal hearings will be published. The operators and President Mitchell have been requested by telegraph to meet the commission at Monday's session to confer relative to arrangements for future meetings.

Dunkirk, Oct. 24—Through an agreement between the operators some strikers, reached last night, a few men returned to work this morning. They had to be protected by a strong force of troops.

Wilkesbarre, Oct. 24—The miners are being put to work as rapidly as possible. Considerable time will be necessary to put the mines in complete working order.

Mitchell today declined to discuss the Markle lockout.

Tamaqua, Oct. 24—There is little change in the situation today. The men again reported for work, but were sent home with the trite explanation that when wanted they would be notified.

Hazleton, Oct. 24—The Markle operators today issued statements that they will resume work when it suits their convenience. It looks like a lockout.

Two locals had meetings and decided to continue the strike until the operators withdraw the obnoxious agreements and take them back in a body.

Fish Have No Eyelids.

Fishes are without eyelids, properly so called, and, as the eye is at all times washed by the surrounding water, that gland which supplies moisture to the eye is not required and therefore does not exist.