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YES, WE WROTE IT

We would like to explain to the readers of the Coast Mail that anything which appears as straight editorial in this paper is written by some one of the regular force of the office. It may be the product of the horse editor, or it may have flowed from the gifted pen of the marine reporter; it does not come from some one outside of the office. Whatever else the Coast Mail force may be, they are neither thieves nor moral cowards. They neither want credit for some one else's work, nor do they want to shirk responsibility for their own.

So if you are displeased with editorial utterances of the paper, don't blame Dr. So-and-So or Prof. Whits-bis-Name, but cuss the editors themselves.

HERMANN AND HITCHCOCK

From a letter written by Hon. Binger Hermann to a friend in Marshfield we are permitted to make the following extracts:

"The opposition will put up a scare-crow and harp on my retirement from the General Land Office. I left because the Secretary and I could not agree upon policies of administration; that is all. He never charged me with any wrong-doing or dishonorable conduct. He had his ideas and I had mine. As for the President, he never mentioned the matter to me, and it was not necessary, because if I could not agree with the Secretary, there was but one thing for me to do—and that was to get out. It was represented to him that wholesale frauds, existed especially in Oregon. My officials could not find them, and the local land officers reported that wholesale frauds did not exist. My hands are clean. It is out of this friction with the Secretary, however, that the opposition are now setting up their scare-crow. I cordially support the president and the administration."

This is exactly in line with the MAIL's round-up of the Democratic position a day or two ago.

It is, perhaps, in accord with the "time-honored principles of Jefferson, Jackson" and the rest of them, that the voters of the first congressional district in Oregon should endeavor to select a representative in congress who would be in the sweetest accord throughout with the Secretary of the Interior, but even so, there is no evidence that the Secretary would be more than pleased to see a Democratic congressman sent in from Oregon. And that is the only alternative.

IMPROVE THE GROUNDS

That Marshfield people are openhearted and free givers is unquestionable and has been exemplified many times. It is also a notable fact that in more cases

where the charitable and philanthropically inclined citizens of this town have loosened their purse strings for something, in the majority of cases it is fruitless, or money wasted. The Young Mens Christian Association for example absorbed probably over \$1000 in cash and much energy on the part of those who had the matter at heart, and what is there left to show, but a few scars upon what used to be congenial friends, who now scarcely recognize each other when they meet?

It seems to be easy enough to raise money in this town for a good cause. For instance, the Coffee Club had no difficulty to raise about \$300, and it is only an experiment.

The point the writer wishes to make is: while we do something of this nature let us turn our thoughts to doing something which will be a thing of value of beauty—one which a whole generation can reap and reap from.

The fact that our younger people must first see the necessity of some kind of a play ground at our beautiful school house ought to set some of the Marshfield givers to thinking.

There is no school in the state of Oregon where so cramped and limited an amount of area is had for healthful exercise, and the very fact that the play ground at the school is so small has caused more trouble to keep the children disciplined than any other one thing.

The movement on foot by the Alumni Society of the Marshfield High School to do something to enlarge, beautify or in any way help for the betterment of this condition is commendable indeed, and should meet with assistance. This is not a questionable proposition. But for a dollar is spent in this direction every child which goes to our public school will receive a direct benefit and when strangers are in our city our beautiful school house will not look like a 15,000 ton battleship would up Coal bank slough.

"THE LIMIT"

St Paul Pioneer Press

Whenever and wherever President Roosevelt opens his mouth to speak, a mean critical, opposition stands, with hand hollowed behind his ear, eager to catch some expression which may be twisted to the speaker's injury and used against him the next campaign. But while the President retains his old-time habit of frank expression, and "says what he thinks," with little appearance of caution, he is panoplied against the critics by the fact that his thought is so pure, clean-cut, manly and American that, no matter with what spontaneity he gives it voice, he reveals nothing to condemn. He has so far made no mistakes, either of matter or occasion, in his numerous addresses. As tactful as he is frank, he rivals McKinley and Harrison in the appositeness of what he says, and his off-hand speeches carry a weight of thought clothed in a felicity of expression which makes them more readable even than the addresses of the same class from those two great masters of impromptu utterance.

FOR THE KNOCKERS

Now that Major Kinney is here on the Bay again, and is going quietly about his business in connection with the Great Central projects, some of the knockers who were prophesying so loudly a few months ago that "the bubble had burst," are fain to acknowledge that they were somewhat at sea in their reckoning.

Of course it is hard to cork a genuine

knocker. If he can't knock about one thing he will knock about something else, and when he can't find facts to knock on, he will draw on his imaginations.

Nevertheless, it seems as though there are some considerations which ought to appeal to all who have the interests of Coos Bay at heart, and who have no axes of their own to grind. Coos Bay needs a transcontinental railroad—not to make this a "good place," for it is that already—but to make this the place which its natural advantages call for.

Mayor Kinney is in touch with railroad people, and his activities for the past year have been directed toward bringing a transcontinental road in here. He certainly isn't here for his health, and the most inexperienced ought to be able to see that it isn't altogether a real estate speculation. His hope of reward very evidently lies in accomplishing his professed object.

One of two things must be true: the road for which he is striving is sure to come, or else it isn't. In the first case, knocking can do no good: in the second it may do much harm.

Supposing that the road were not a certainty, but there were a prospect great or small that Major Kinney might be able to get capital interested sufficiently to build it. Would not the Coos Bayite be a consummate idiot, to place a straw in his way? Would it not be the part of wisdom to assist him in every way possible?

Supposing the facts to be as suggested, and that the knockers were to succeed in defeating the Major's plans. What then? Would they be benefactors of the Bay—or otherwise? They would be putting the country back indefinitely. Is that what they want? Of course, as a matter of fact, the most of the knockers are irresponsibles who don't know what they want and wouldn't know if they had it. But, nevertheless, they have their influence on the people who come in from the outside not understanding the situation, and the effect is decidedly bad, not only on the railroad proposition but on the whole forward movement of the Bay. Dozens of men and thousands of dollars of capital have been diverted from settlement and investment on the bay, and unnumbered people have been sent away with the impression that Coos Bay and all its works are a fake. The people who are responsible for this should stop and give the whole matter a little serious thought, and they will see that they are hurting themselves, as well as their neighbors, for whatever prosperity comes to the Bay through development will be shared by all.

The Subversive Coin.

Rub a coin against a smooth, upright wooden surface for a little while, then press it hard and take your hand away from it. You will be surprised, perhaps, to see the coin stick to the wood. The reason is that in rubbing the coin over the wood and then pressing it hard you drive out all the air between the two objects, and the pressure of the atmosphere keeps the coin in its place.

Her First Umbrella.

I told the rain the other day to go away and stay away. I guess it did, for ever since the sun is shining bright and gay. But now I wish the rain would come, for I've a new umbrella. And not a chance to show it off to Imogene or Bella. —Carolina Wells in New York Tribune.

FOR SALE

One 5x8 camera and outfit, chest carpenter-tools, one 7 1/2 foot saw nearly new, pair small dogs, one double-bitted ax and other miscellaneous items. The above list will be sold at a sacrifice, apply at or address. I. N. WILSON, P. O. Box 74, Marshfield. 4-5-2w d&w

TYNER'S BOLD STEAL

Stirs up Much Gossip in Washington Well be Forced to Give Papers up.

Washington, April 24—Nothing in the investigation of the Postoffice scandal has stirred up so much gossip in official circles as did Mrs. Tyner's visit to her husband's office, at his request, and taking from the safe all papers both personal and official, because the examination into the affairs of the attorney general of the postoffice department is to be renewed and the most searching inquiry is to be made into all the details of Tyner's administration and it is believed that much valuable information may be secured from the papers abstracted.

The Postmaster General entertains no doubt concerning his right to the papers and his ability to get them. Should they be destroyed, Tyner could be prosecuted. The Postmaster General this afternoon sent to Attorney General Knox all papers in case. This includes the affidavits bearing on Mrs. Tyner's rifling of Tyner's safe.

The department officials say the papers now offered by Mrs. Tyner's attorneys are of special interest. It is understood that if the papers had been promptly turned over to them when demanded on Tuesday, there would have been no further action in the case.

JOHN W. BAKER GAME WARDEN

Salem, April 24—Governor Chamberlain this evening appointed John W. Baker, of Cottage Grove, state game warden, to succeed L. W. P. Quimby, the present incumbent.

SOLDIERS TO MEET

NATIONAL G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT

To be Held in San Francisco, Commencing Aug. 17, 1903

The Thirty-seventh National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, which is to be held in San Francisco during the week commencing August 17th, 1903, is destined to become one of the most notable gatherings—in point of numbers, magnificence and splendor—in the history of California, as well as in the annals of the fraternity. The people of San Francisco, and of all California, fully appreciating the fact that these veterans may never again be in Encampment on the shores of the Pacific, will exert every effort to make this Encampment the most memorable one in the history of the G. A. R. No other organization holds the affection of the people as does the one composed of the veterans, the defenders of the Union, of liberty and right. The veterans residing in California and Nevada arranged the preliminaries for the Encamp-

ment, but all the people of California and of the Pacific Coast are enthusiastic on that topic now, and working hand in hand with the committees to make this Encampment eclipse all former fraternal gatherings. From the Governor of the State to the humblest citizen, every one is imbued with the idea that San Francisco and California must give the veterans the most rousing welcome they have ever had. Merchants, manufacturers, farmers and miners, all are eager to make the visit of the veterans a pleasant and memorable one. They are determined to show the visitors the famed beauties of this Western Wonderland, which must be seen to be appreciated. From every county and section of the State the choicest products will be brought to San Francisco, and be placed on exhibition, that the visitors may feast their eyes upon them. Car loads of fruit—the most delicious in the world—fruit-bearing trees, the giants of the California forests, and other wonders that have made the Golden State famous, will be on exhibition throughout the City for the benefit of those who cannot visit every section of the State. The famous gardens of Santa Clara, Marion, Sonoma, Alameda, Contra Costa and other adjacent Counties will furnish the material for the grandest floral display ever seen. Quartz and hydraulic mining will be demonstrated on miniature mines, and oil wells are to be bored in the city, in sight of the visitors.

The electric display and the illuminations are to surpass even those which have made San Francisco famous during the Knights of Pythias Encampment in 1902, and were considered the finest ever seen. It will be the grandest sight to behold the vast host of the veterans marching through the streets of San Francisco, beneath a canopy of flowers, and under garlands and domes woven of myriads of incandescent electric lights, turning night into day and making the scene one of fairyland. For the illumination and the decoration, though much of it is owned by the city and is given free of cost, and the flowers are donated, the Legislature has appropriated \$25,000 for that purpose, and the citizens expect to raise three times as much by voluntary contribution, to defray the cost of dressing the city in holiday garb.

The climate is the most agreeable that can be imagined; the temperature the year round is mild and pleasant. In August, with no rain, the thermometer registers 65 to 75 degrees, rarely a degree more or less, whether mid-day or midnight. Two hundred thousand visitors can be easily accommodated in the city at one time, and have been comfortably housed on two former occasions. Living in San Francisco is cheaper than in any large city in the Union, and is good living at that. Fruit and vegetables grow in abundance the year round; there is no cold, hot, or an off-season in California. In August fruit can be bought from any street vendor enough for five cents to feed a family. Meat is plentiful and cheap, and of the very best quality. Rooms, good, clean, comfortable rooms, may be had in the residence part of the town at 50 cents to \$1 per night, or 3 to \$7 per week. All the hotels, lodging, boarding and apartment houses have agreed to charge the regular rates during the Encampment. The railroad rates are the lowest for the occasion in the history of transcontinental traffic, and will include traveling over either route, coming and returning with many side trips, at a nominal cost. For hotel and other accommodations, address the Executive Committee, G. A. R., Grand Hotel, San Francisco Cal.

John Hays Hammond has been added to the faculty of Yale college, taking charge of the work in mining in the Sheffield Scientific school.

General Alexander S. Webb, who has been president of the College of the City of New York since 1890, has handed in his resignation to the board of trustees.

The Danish government is preparing an important bill for the reform of the grammar schools, with a view to establishing a unification of instruction through the close combination of the public or elementary schools with the middle and grammar schools.

Yes, he was a sober man and true. "The shade of General John A. Logan is a frequent visitor at the capitol. Almost every alternate night at half past 12 o'clock this ghost materializes at the door of the room occupied by the senate committee on military and militia. Silently the door swings open, and out steps the looming and luminous presence, to stalk in stately dignity away into the swallowing gloom. This is a favorite phantom with the guards. Its conduct is exemplary.

"Then there is the shade of Vice President Wilson, who died in his room in the senate end of the capitol, you will recall. His peregrinations are few and desultory. When it does come, there is always an expression of concern and self absorption in the ghostly face. The movements of the vapory body are restless and hurried.

"All of the older members of the night watch are well acquainted with Vice President Wilson's apparition and never fail to salute it, although, truth to tell, the shade remains haughtily indifferent to their deference. This spook rarely fails to put in an appearance when the body of a dead legislator or statesman of national renown is lying in state in the capitol.

"Deep in the subcellar vaults speaks of lesser magnitude revel in horde. Immediately beneath the hall of representatives every night is to be found a tall, erect, gaunt specter, whose identity has remained a mystery for years in spite of unceasing efforts on the part of the night watch to uncover the secret of its origin and antecedents. Its hands are clasped behind its transparent back in a convulsive clutch, and the face evinces a condition of emotions prodigiously wrought upon. Many attempts have been made by guards with rubber soles on their shoes to catch this writhing unwarfare, but failure is the inevitable result. Presto! It has blown into thin air before the sleuthing watchman is within forty feet of it."—New York Herald.

Savages of South America.

Two hundred miles beyond the mouth of the Rio Meta the Iridra river enters the Orinoco. I started up that stream, says a traveler, with my canoe loaded with trinkets for exchange with the natives, who live in a condition of extreme savagery, although they are amiably disposed and usually harmless. They go entirely nude save for the loin cloths and get their subsistence by hunting and fishing, chiefly the latter.

I was much interested in their method of taking fish by their use of the bow and arrow.

For this purpose they employ arrows six feet in length made of reeds tipped with iron. While a canoe is paddled gently along in the shallows the marksman stands ready with his arrow on the string of the bow. As soon as a large fish is seen, if the approach can be made within range, the arrow is let fly and rarely fails to strike the prey.

Women in Boys' Shoes.

"You would hardly believe it," said a fashionable shoe clerk yesterday, "but the sweetest of our women customers are now invariably asking us for boys' shoes. The masculine styles of women's shoes no longer satisfy them. They must have a shoe made exactly like a man's, and so we sell twice as many boys' shoes as formerly and proportionately less of women's. What is the reason? Well, really, I cannot say, excepting that it is a fad. As a matter of fact, I know that the boys' shoes are not really as comfortable, for they cannot be got to fit as perfectly as those designed for women's feet, and more than one of my fair customers complain of blisters and calloused feet, but still they want the boys' shoes and insist upon the strap being left on in the back."—Philadelphia Record.

After the smoke clears away and the financial disputes are settled Germany might do well to engage a few Venezuelan gunners to instruct its navy.

No Incentive For Dash.

"I dunno what to do about Josh," said Farmer Cornfussel. "He don't seem to have much enterprise." "You've been complainin' 'bout the boy ever since we went to that theater," replied his wife reprovingly. "You've gone ahead an' cleared all the debts off the place, an' of there ain't any incentive for Josh to go out in the wide world an' hustle, so's he can come back an' lift the mortgage jes' as the landlord is about to foreclose, it's your own fault."—Washington Star.

Water Lacked Brick.

An ordinary brick will absorb a pint of water; consequently a cottage whose outer walls contain 12,000 bricks can absorb as much as six and one-half tons of water.

A Modern Ananias.

Mrs. Mateland—Henry, I wonder if you love me as much as you used to love me before we were married. You never say the pretty things to me that you did in those days.

Mr. Mateland—That's because I love you more than I did then, dear. I love you too much now to lie to you, you know.—Boston Transcript.