

WEEKLY COAST MAIL

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THE MAIL ROUTE

If there is the slightest danger of the mail route being changed from the Coos Bay wagon road to the Middle Fork route, via Myrtle Point, the people of the Bay should make themselves heard in a way that will leave no doubt as to whether they will stand it.

It is practically as far from Roseburg to Myrtle Point as it is from Roseburg to Marshfield, and when the mail is sent that way it makes an unnecessary delay of just the time required to carry the mail between Myrtle Point and Marshfield, a distance of nearly 30 miles and taking at least half a day at the best.

There would be no possible excuse for making this change again. The disastrous experiment was tried once before and the people of the Bay haven't got the taste out of their mouths yet.

The business interests of the bay section are not to be trifled with in any such manner for the convenience or profit of any individual or outside locality, and the powers that be should be given to understand this clearly.

It is true, that the condition of a short portion of the Coos Bay wagon road at this time is such as to furnish a leverage for those who, for their own purposes, may wish to advocate a change. Whose fault is this? Primarily the fault of the county authorities; and secondarily the fault of the people of the Bay, for not insisting on proper attention being given to this very important thoroughfare. By cutting the timber away from the road for a few miles it can be made a better year-round road than the Middle Fork road ever was or ever can be, and the members of the county court doubtless have enough consideration for the business interests of the Bay to see that the necessary work is performed, if they are shown that the people of this section take any interest in the matter.

As for a change of the mail route, it is a thing the people of the Bay want stand for.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT GROWING

To any one who has the best interests of Coos Bay at heart it is gratifying to note that there is a constantly growing percentage of the people here who are waking up to the fact that this country is sleeping on its opportunities.

They are coming to see that this is really one of the most favored spots on the footstool, and that all that is needed to bring it to the front is the proper spirit among its inhabitants.

The little leaven of progressiveness that has always existed here, aided by the same element among the new arrivals, is leavening a good part of the lump. It can never leaven the whole lump, and that isn't necessary. There exists in every community a certain

proportion of the spirit which would block the wheels of all progress and would apply the thumbcrew and the rack to any who would work for better conditions. But in some places those who have no better sense than to knock their own communities have a little sense beat into them and are taught by hardy raps to at least keep their bazooks closed in public.

Coos Bay is growing toward that enlarged view of her own interests which will cause her not only to welcome the desirable newcomer but to make it hot for the individual or newspaper who would try to prevent his coming; which will cause her to organize a vigilance committee to exterminate the street loafers who lay for the new arrival with the express purpose of driving him away. Scores of men who would have made desirable acquisitions to our community, and thousands of dollars of capital which would have found investment here, have been driven away within the last year by senseless knocking of street bums.

Many, however, have had clearness of vision sufficient to see through this surface skum, and have cast their lots with us. These people mostly have the progressive spirit, and with the awakening of the same spirit among our own people, the mossback and the reactionary will gradually be snowed under so deep that they can not do much harm.

Editorials of the People

Under this head the MAIL will be pleased to publish communications on subjects of public interest, assuming no responsibility for the sentiments expressed. Contributions are invited.

EDITOR COAST MAIL.

Touching the discussion as to Sabbath observance to which you recently gave space, permit me a few words.

Your last correspondent made some very interesting suggestions for the future happiness of the American people, and some kindly and generous remarks as regards the matter of clerical dogmas. It is a matter that has not been carefully considered by many of your residents, but there is hope that your columns will lead to the thoughtful consideration of what is meant by the 7th part of time. How many are there who care to spend the day set apart by our state and laws in the manner they designate? There is a principle in the declaration of the "independence" that has preserved forever to the American people the privilege of enjoying the time in the manner they choose, for their happiness. Reading from the well considered remarks of your late correspondent, I should like to make some kindly mention of the world outside of any church. In the days of my early youth for weeks and months I never saw a leaf of grass or a growing tree, and it was my privilege only once a week to see the pasture and the fields. How many a lesson for the thoughtful can be found in the quiet woodland stroll; how much of a sermon may be heard in the songsters of our woods? Do not let us forget the words of the immortal poet Shakespeare "Sermons in stones, songs in the running brook and good in everything."

Only last Sunday in one of my wanderings I came across what is known to most people as "the Wandering Sailor." If you had seen it, and known my thoughts at that time, I am sure you will say, Let us by all means endeavor to devote the day (the Sabbath) to the purpose it was intended. This flower wanders and crawls over boxes, planking and all kinds of rubbish. If it had been in the hands of a kindly tutor how pretty it would have looked! So with human nature. Take the young life, train it; but do not at any sacrifice rob it of its individuality or independence. Encourage the growth of initial thought, and do not force into the young life the ancient teachings that are forever discarded by the more aged.

Again, 100 feet from the above I saw what is well known to every Oregonian as the Wild Hop. This energetic grower was supported by strong trees. What a lesson! How many of the more weak and easily influenced portion of our society could be secured and protected, if only the hand of kindness and good teaching was extended!

To me it is a wonder that so many of the so-called teachers are provided with means to live, for the services they render. We have one public school; why not have one public church. One well filled church will be much better than six partly filled.

State and General News

Grass hoppers are doing great damage to clover crops around Albany,

New steel rails are being laid on the Lebanon branch of the S. P. R. R.

Farmers in Eastern Oregon are holding their wheat for 70 cents a bushel.

Salem and Roseburg baseball players will have to settle for the Willamette pennant.

The Danish colony at Junction City are building a hall on their church property.

Price Triplet a citizen of McMinnville was found dead in his house, Sunday. He had been dead for two weeks.

The Willamette Valley Prune Growers Association have met and made their price for the coming crop.

A. Bush, the Salem pioneer banker met with a serious accident last Saturday of dislocating his ankle.

The Oregonian of Monday, July 31st contains a very readable article on North Bend by the special correspondent of that paper.

J. B. Mason languishes in jail in Roseburg for establishing fake offices and obtaining money under false pretense on account of the Standard Pattern Company.

The legal profession in Marion county are struggling with a bull calf case which bids well at becoming as notorious as the celebrated calf case in Iowa, wherein the litigants lost large fortunes each, and all over a scrawny, hidebound calf worth three dollars. The Marion county calf has already cost the parties to the case several hundred dollars and the case is yet in the justice courts.

MR. BEAR HEARD FROM

More News and Comments From Huckleberry Hill

EDITOR OF THE MAIL.—

I just wonder now, if any body thinks I am going to be made the subject of remark by a female. I, the pater familias of a large and lucrative family, and champion growler of the North West? No; I will not remain in obscurity while Mrs. Bear assumes to thrill the waiting millions and chisel her name on the eternal tablets of fame with stories of her wild and woolly adventures. I will rise above the horizon of Huckleberry Hill, and crack the blue-cream of Heaven wide open with my awful growls and pull every huckleberry bush up by the roots that grows on our homestead in my terrible proxyisms of wild and uncontrollable anger, before I will be outdone by a female beaver. I will come forth with some of my hair breadth escapes.

Mrs. Bear may be a born diplomat, but when real danger threatens I have noticed that she seems to have a strong yearning for home and papa, though she really imagines she could do a little side stroke with Frank Rogers, but even if she could, that wouldn't prove any particular talent for boxing, for since that man has had to be the sole director of Quinn College, and assume the role of the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance" among various institutions of learning he is so absent minded that he would trip his hat and address her as "dear teacher" and would enter at once into a touching discourse on the advisability of trying to win the young love of the youthful American so that she may more easily stuff their little craniums with the various "isms" and "obligies," those fool human beings call an education. He wouldn't discover his mistake until he found himself stretched full length on the bosom of mother earth by a rap from Mrs. Bear's paw. For he's got it bad, and that's why I say it wouldn't mean such a wonderful feat of bravery or speak very well for the history of pugilism in these parts to knock out a man who has attended the teachers institute and been the only "It" among a lot of old maid school mams, until he really don't know where he is at. And though he may attract a great deal of attention as a sport around home, he is still considered very gullible and simple among the upper crust of Huckleberry Hill.

For there is a little black eyed girl a cousin to that msp that lives with that old yellow bonded they call Snyder, that can shoot all around him, when it comes to handing a gun; though she never takes a shot at any thing until it has been through the taxidermists hand. Then, when it is nicely mounted and put in to some body's den, she shuts the doors and windows and takes down her little rifle, takes careful aim and nearly every time she can knock out a glass eye, clear across the room, and if a stray window light or the panel of door or the wall gets in her way, she doesn't stop for that, though it does make little holes some times. But our people all like her, in fact she is the only person whose mental attainments entitle her to a free pass into the select atmosphere of Huckleberry Hill, the mysterious and invisible retreat of the great and noble Bruin, mentor of his race (thats me) where the slim and peaked spire of our hollow tree points heavenward and whose dazzling super-structure is a constant reminder of the heights to which an aspiring and ambitious bear may hope to climb.

Where people can just sprawl around in the glorious sunshine of the Hills, careless of gain and forgetful of the harsh and jangling sound of the telephone bell, and the daily newspaper which ushers in the new born cubs, beams North Bend and the Margarita Fisher Co., to say nothing of Oysters at the Broiler, and employs as head journalist an obscure unknown party who comes forth modestly and ungrammatically and tries to be funny over things that gives one the impression of apparent impossibility and exhales a lingering odor of the mossy past.

I am sure I could do all that journalism does without great mental strain, but I could not endure to see a bear thought of mine in print. My ideas are my own, and I wish to keep them sacred from the prying eyes of those who in an erring and unguarded moment subscribe for the COAST MAIL, though I do write a confidential letter to the Editor some times, which is most always factually brief, so that the rhetorical beauty is sacrificed to cold hard facts, such as: Little Johnny Bear got a salmonberry thorn in his foot the other day. Dr. Straw was called in and said, Johnny imagined it. Patient is now convalescent.

Mr Seaman came up last Wednesday to collect a bill for damages from the Bear family due Rogers and Coffelt for goods obtained under false pretenses. He didn't collect it any more than he did Landis' wash bill; for I gave one of my awful growls, and Mrs Bear went out and worked a beautiful little monogram on his features with her claws and left one of her toenails in him for a souvenir.

Otis Rogers came up here in his vaseline launch and paid us a pleasant call he was accompanied by black and tan hound, Dewy, and his common black and white dog, Fosse. When I saw him coming I ran clear to the far corner of our hollow leg and sent Mrs Bear out to receive him. She gave him a little chase and he didn't stay long. Ther seemed to be something on his mind for as he sauntered down the hill in an aimless kind of way, about six jumps at a time, he kept muttering some thing about the rush of emigration from California, and that he hoped they would spoil.

Mr. Warren Quick came over the Hill from the Coquille on Saturday and Mrs Bear happening to be over that way at the same time, and being in a sociable mood had a strange inclination to join him, but he must have been practicing for a foot race, or it must have occurred to him that it was the only calling he knew of just then that was open to a young man of his ability, for he made a good run. He just seemed to emerge from where he was and arrive at his destination. He carries a gun now when he goes over the hill.

From my look-out a few days since, I viewed an object I have long wished to mould in one long lingering embrace. 'Twas Mr. Murphy, the great promoter of those thunder and fire spitters made for perforating the anatomy of the bear.

He had emerged from his arsenal of death to all of my kin, and was trespassing on the grounds staked out by my granddad for landing the frisky Chinook. Oh! Murphy! thou who provides the youth and the gray beard with thunder and lightning to follow on my trail! You escaped me once, but one day your toothsome profile will appease my internal anxiety.

I presume I could write an entire library of reminiscences relative to the eminent people who have tried to gain admission on various pretexts to the privacy of our hollow leg; but I feel bound to respect the confidence of a prominent bald headed man just as much as though he had never found it necessary to resort to all the raggedies advertised in the Almanac, that are given away free of charge at the Red Cross drug store, (say Mr. Editor—why does Mr. Preuss keep his hat on when he is trying to sell a garranteed remedy for baldness?)

There is a little fun a head of any one who has the temerity to stray into this part of the country I've seen now and next November, and you may expect a slice of somebody's familiar features mos any time. For nothing irritates me more than the vulgar curiosity of those who meander up here for the purpose of peering idly into the privacy of my little den I have not courted this interest on the part of the people for I prefer to live less in the eyes of the public, and if Mrs. Bear so far forgets herself and what is due me as to try to win ever lasting renown by writing any more of her thrilling adventures to the Coast Mail, making the Bear family a cynosure for all eyes, you will receive a little Mrs in me soon after entitled, "We have had a high old time in the Bear family," with a list of the dead and wounded.

MR. BEAR.

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Rural Delivery Notes

Applicants for the position of rural carriers are subjected to an examination in respect to their qualifications for the service and the esteem in which they are held by the inhabitants along the routes. Seventeen to fifty-five is the age limit except in the case of war veterans who are physically competent to do the work.

A member of congress, speaking of the rural free delivery not long ago, said that were the service a dead loss financially to the post office department he would be in favor of meeting the loss out of the public treasury because of the educational benefits already shown.

Rural free delivery is becoming a potent factor in the construction of good roads and their proper maintenance. A good rural service means good roads, and as the people insist upon the former they must eventually obtain the latter.

Anarchistic Algebra.
A young peasant in a village in Russia who was trying to educate himself was arrested for being in possession of a book on algebra. The justice of the peace before whom he was brought acquitted him of the charge of conspiracy made against him by the police, but warned him not to buy books which tended to make an anarchist of him.

The Russians.
Thirteen in every 1,000 Russians are nobles, nine are clergy and fifty-three soldiers.

Nasty Mosquitoes.
Mosquitoes are known to live through the winter, awakening with the first warmth. Many larvae survive repeated freezing and thawing.

Holland's Dikes.
The dikes which protect Holland from the inroads of the sea are from ten feet to forty feet in height.

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