

WEEKLY COAST MAIL

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SIZED UP

(Prineville Journal.)

Portland capitalists want their dollars for investment ear-marked, and, like little Bo-Peep's sheep, must return wagging their tails behind them, with about four new dollars for every one invested. That's Portland. If she wants even a slice of Eastern Oregon's trade, she'll have to move. This trade is constantly being diverted to San Francisco, and in the meantime Portland is daily losing prestige. What's the reason? The reason is traceable to one thing, and that's criminal slowness. There's more than enough money laying idle in Portland's coffers to build a direct road from that city across the state, and the reason she does not see it for that purpose is because they are mosebacks. After all, it may be their loss and our gain, who knows?

DON'T BLAME RELIGION

(Oregonian)

When a man who is a professing Christian grossly sins, he, of course, does not fall because of his creed, but in spite of it, and it is only the transient meanness and shallowness of the world that seeks to lay at the door of a man's religious faith the responsibility for his blemishes. There need be no delicacy in holding a man, clerical or lay, to stern account, since he is what he is in despite and contempt of his faith, and not because of the religion he has failed to adorn while only pretending to adore.

GOOD ROAD WANTED

(Coos Bay News)

It is to be hoped that the agitation regarding the improvement of the Coos Bay wagon road, between the bay and Roseburg, will result in the building of a good all-the-year-round road. It means better mail facilities, and also would mean much increased travel, which is now necessarily limited on that route. Even if the long-looked-for and anxiously anticipated railroad should put in an appearance in the near future, a good wagon road would not be amiss notwithstanding. Coos county evidently looks on the matter with favor and if Douglas county will do her part, it is pretty safe to assume that the next year will see the bay and Roseburg connected by a road that will be safe and comfortable to drive over.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."

North Bend Citizen

Disordly—
Unthoughtedly—
Both shippers done all that was possible.
World of proved—
A crowd in witness—
The wood is to be used as cornish—
The Citizen feel expelled—

THE DEMORALIZING FRANCHISE

Under no system, however, can our municipal governments become perfect while we elect police, superior court judges and supreme court judges. The first step in reform should be to appoint all judges for life. Until this is done there can be no large city government conducted in America on a high moral and patriotic plane, for the universal franchise which gives every man the right to vote will always operate to make judges timid and dishonest. A man who expects to be re-elected at the end of a short term is not likely to be as fearless and just to all men as one who holds his position secure by appointment.—S. F. Wasp.

How easy it is to reach a conclusion, when you are not hampered by the necessity of basing your premises on facts! Judges should be appointed for life, because the universal franchise which gives men the right to vote will always operate to make judges timid and dishonest, if they are obliged to depend on the people for re-election.

If that be the case, why stop at appointing the judges for life? If the universal franchise tends to make the judges timid and dishonest, why not all other officers in all branches of the government? Why not have them all appointed for life? Why have universal suffrage, when its effect is so disastrous on the public service? Why not restrict the right to vote to those whose superior courage and honesty have enabled them to accumulate a million or more? Then elected officers need have no fear that the vengeance of a depraved populace would be visited upon them for any display of courage and honesty, and they could serve their masters in every case according to ante-election contract.

In fact, if the Wasp's philosophy be correct, we would better abandon this form of government altogether.

Do away with the franchise altogether; establish a monarchy; let the king appoint not only judges but all other officers for life, so that they may all be fearless and honest.

Then, the whole business, freed from the demoralizing effect of the universal franchise, could be conducted on a high moral and patriotic plane.

A BAD BREAK

The MAIL observes with regret that the North Bend Citizen in its second issue shows an inclination to stir up ill feeling between that town and this one. In its account of the ball game it takes occasion to greatly magnify the disorder which at times prevailed: to pronounce it "a disgrace to all Marshfield;" to accuse "the Marshfield crowd" of mistreating the North Bend player who charged out into the crowd for the purpose of thumping a man who in the excitement of the game had aroused his ire; to magnify the "soreness" of the North Bend boys; to compare the crowd to "a herd of Texas cattle;" and to jump onto "the management."

All this may be Brother Ingles' idea of the sort of journalism required by the situation, but to the MAIL it seems poor policy to try to fan the fires of ill-feeling between the two communities.

That all was not as pleasant as a Summer dream on the Marshfield Recreation Grounds last Sunday is certainly to be regretted, but it wasn't; and "what are you going to do about it?" Shall we try to gather the two communities into hostile camps because in the heat of an unusually exciting ball game things occurred which are not sanctioned by the usages of polite society.

The citizen says that "several fights were at different times under progress." This is a statement which, since it has

been printed, demands correction. Manager Short in his earnest attempt to keep order was obliged to use some force in ejecting a young man from a position where he had no right to be. That was one of the Citizen's "fights". The other and only one, was as the MAIL has stated, when one of the North Bend players left the diamond to administer a physical rebuke to one of the rooters. Whether or not he had sufficient provocation has nothing to do with the case. The man he came after was something of a scrapper himself, and there was a few moments of rough and tumble. In this wild Western country the bystanders always crowd around when there is a scrap, and they did so in this case, but there is no evidence that they mistreated the player. He took his medicine and went back and resumed his playing, apparently in better humor than when he came out. The incident was a disgrace neither to Marshfield nor North Bend, nor to "the management." It was one of those incidents which happen in all places, with this difference: that where what the Citizen calls "rowdiness" really prevails there would have been a free-for-all fight right there. That it did not lead to anything of the kind in this instance is really a credit to both the North Bend and Marshfield partisans present.

The MAIL suggests to the Citizen that it cultivate a different spirit.

COOS COUNTY ROADS

It is most encouraging to note that the "good roads" sentiment is gaining in Coos county, not only on the Bay, but on the Coquille, and in the minds of the county court.

A good part of this section lies so advantageously for water transportation, that the matter of good roads has not heretofore received the attention that it ought. There is no doubt that enough road tax has been collected in Coos Bay to furnish and keep in repair a pretty good system of highways. Some of us can remember when practically all the road tax collected in Marshfield and Empire was (presumably) expended in keeping open the "old trail" between the two towns.

Perhaps the worst feature of Coos county road building has been the way in which many of the roads were originally laid out. Viewers were appointed who knew a little less about laying out a road than about anything else on earth. They were ordered to meet at a certain hour of a certain day at a certain place, and they were expected to lay out more road that day than a competent engineer could lay out in a week. The result was that they made as near a bee line for their destination as the brush and logs would permit. If they came to a gulch they slid down into it and climbed up the other side. If a ridge crossed their path they went over it by the shortest route.

If they crossed a marsh or bottom, they went straight up the hill as soon as they got across.

This is no exaggeration, as anyone can convince himself by driving over the road from Shinglehouse slough to the Isthmus, for instance. There is a piece of road which could have been placed practically on a water level, yet it is so laid out that it is all up hill and down, with numerous steep places, and might as well go over a mountain a couple of thousand feet high: there would be no more climbing.

All this makes it impossible to get a good system of roads without relocating many of them, and abandoning many

miles upon which time and money have been spent. But putting more money upon a piece of road that can never be made good and must eventually be abandoned is throwing it away, and it is to be hoped that in such cases the powers that be will have the nerve to take the bull by the horns and lay a foundation upon which to build something permanent.

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.

AN ALLEGORY

EDITOR COAST MAIL.—

Once there was a town; it wasn't a very large town still it was large enough to have a sufficient number of people to make quite a "muss."

This town bordered on what was once—before the town was built—a nice clean wholesome little bay.

When building the town the people run their sewers into it, which perhaps was a necessity, but it certainly did not add anything to the beauty nor the wholesomeness of the bay. There was no way provided in this place to dispose of any garbage or offal that could not be run through the sewer and hence people were supposed to hire some one to cart off the surplus.

The inhabitants were like most people—in that they wouldn't yield up a cent for anything except for absolute necessities—such as whisky, tobacco, cigarettes and poker and to them the idea of paying out anything for carrying off refuse matter was preposterous.

Under these conditions after a while these people developed some peculiar traits not common to mankind. For instance, for the purpose of disposing of surplus rubbish they grew to prefer darkness rather than light and as the evening shades prevailed a member of each family with well filled vessels sallied forth and dumped its contents into his neighbors back yard or his front yard, or in his cellar, or on his door steps or in his vest pocket if he wasn't looking—or in any place under the sun outside his own domain. Every body did the same thing as a rule. It was a capital offense to disturb any trash after it had been once dumped and finally each house became surrounded with old tin cans, old boxes, old clothes, hay and every sort of unseemly thing under the sun, so that when a resident of that town looked out of his front door with his surroundings he resembled nothing so much as the pictures seen in our childhood days of a dragon on a can on a pile of bones encamped with all sorts of offal. Nor was this all. The inhabitants on the water front and along the docks dumped into the bay all sorts of filth in great quantities. The kindly tides, without fear, favor, or hope of reward distributed this impartially all over, and along the beach so that any one passing could find anything from a cart load of putrefying potatoes to a decomposed cow, without ever missing a link. A few there were more public spirited than others who employed persons to cart away refuse for which they were responsible, but the carriers as a rule like the tide disposed of it where it could be done the easiest, along and in the public highway on vacant lots and in the streets and alleys of the town.

Vile and obnoxious smells arose from all these tons of unsightly and decaying

matter carrying disease and death to its inhabitants. The death rate exceeded the birth rate and immigration combined and the town was becoming fast depopulated. Property was rapidly decreasing in value and it was becoming apparent that something must be done, but just what nobody seemed to know. Finally a town meeting was called and the matter discussed pro and con all agreeing that the town couldn't afford to spend a cent to clean up. In their dilemma the town idiot arose and after addressing the chair said: "I have been a resident of this town nigh unto forty years and I know something must be done but we can't clean up. We are all too poor, we can't afford it." (Loud and prolonged cheers) "Everybody's sick an dyin' but we can't spend so much money—Somethin' got to be done though for I heard the chief of the weather bureau sayin' yesterday, that this town was stinken' the man out of the moon." We must stop interferin' with natur an' disturbin' the planets. That man's been there several thousand years an' its too late to smoke him out now—Somethin' must be done though and it costs too much to brush up so I move we abandon this town and all move out bag an baggage to a clean place an begin all over again. The motion was accordingly adopted and the plan ultimately carried out. J. Y. FELDERMANER, Marshfield, Or. Aug. 21, 1903.

From Saturday's Daily.

Southern Oregon Presbytery

The Presbytery of Southern Oregon convened at the Presbyterian church in this city last Thursday evening and the opening opening sermon was preached by Rev. W. F. Shields, of Medford, Oregon, the retiring—Good music for the evening was furnished by a choir of local musicians under the training of Mrs. Dr. Tower.

At the close of the opening sermon the Presbytery was duly organized by the election of the following: Rev. Adolph Haberly, Moderator; F. G. Strange, Stated Clerk; W. G. Connell, Permanent Clerk; Dr. J. W. Strange, Temporary Clerk.

Rev. J. V. Milliken, a member of Portland Presbytery, Synodical Missionary, and Rev. B. F. Peck of the M. E. Church were invited to act as corresponding members.

After agreeing to meet Friday morning at 9 o'clock a. m. to spend 30 minutes in devotional exercises, after which the business of the day will be taken up. In the evening a popular service will be held, to be devoted to the matter of "Missions".

There are in attendance on the Presbytery the following Ministers.

Reverends F. G. Strange of Marshfield, J. A. Townsend of Roseburg, M. M. Marshall of Oakland, Geo. Gillespie of Curry county, W. F. Shields of Medford, W. G. Connell of Crater Pass, W. S. Smith, S. S. Missionary for Presbytery, J. V. Milliken Synodical S. S. Missionary, Adolph Haberly, D. H. Hare of Myrtle Point and J. R. Landsboro, Geo. Byers and J. R. McComb.

Elders present are J. D. Johnson of Marshall, J. M. Byers of Willowdale, Y. Benedict of Roseburg and J. W. Strange of Myrtle Point and W. F. Disher of Willowdale.

To Bandon via Launch

Capt. E. E. Riggs, Tom Golden, Chas. Brooks, Chas. Magee, Clam Jack, and Emil Peterson were those going to Bandon on the Mayflower last Sunday morning. The party left North Bend at 6 o'clock and reached Bandon three hours and thirty minutes later, returning in five hours. The boys say it was a pleasant trip and the Mayflower behaved excellently. None of the party were afflicted with seasickness, going down but after the return next morning, signs were visible on the deck but none of the valiant seamen would acknowledge that

they were the victims. The return trip was made after dark and it was rough enough so the boys did not go on deck. Captain Riggs proved himself a seaman, with unusual courage. He came in over the bar like an old skipper.

Will Move Camp

Lowery Owen was down from the Daniels creek logging camp yesterday on his regular weekly trip. He reports everything running smoothly. Preparations are being made to move the camp about three miles, as soon as new buildings can be erected. Besides the cook house, there will be two large bunkhouses and about six small ones, and some dwelling houses for the men, making with other necessary buildings, quite a little village at the camp, to house the 70 men employed there.

Mr. Simpson will soon send up the dredger now in operation at North Bend, to dredge out the mouth of Daniels creek, where the logs are now being dumped and where some trouble is experienced from lack of water.

Great Game Tomorrow

The last baseball game of the season between league players, so far as now known will be played on the Marshfield diamond tomorrow, between the Bandon team and a picked nine selected from the Marshfield and North Bend teams.

This ought to be, and undoubtedly will be, one of the best games ever seen in Marshfield.

A free train will run to bring over the Coquillers, leaving Coquille on the arrival of the boat from Bandon, and there will be a large attendance from the other side of the divide.

Bedillions Braves have proved themselves the best team in the league, but with the flower of the North Bend and Marshfield teams opposing them, they are likely to have their hands full.

Birthday Party.

Thursday evening Miss Eva Coke was given a pleasant surprise by a number of her young friends, the occasion being Miss Coke's sixteenth birthday. Games, conversation and other evening amusements served to pass the time, until late in the evening when delicious refreshments were served, the principle feature of which was a magnificent birthday cake.

Soon after, the party adjourned, leaving their fair hostess many beautiful tokens of their regard and voting her an ideal entertainer.

Those present were: Mrs. Milo Sumner, Misses Bessie Brown, Iva Langworthy, Mable Mauzey Jennie Eickworth, Jennie Wickman, Myrtle Pennock, Eva Coke, Messrs Howard Savage, Jasper Mauzey, Chester Wolcott, Clarence Pennock, Milo Sumner Charles Jensen and Andrew Wickmann.

Emerson's Best Request.

The best thing that Emerson has left us is his spirit, fine and high, stern and sweet. He took life in a royal way, and bore himself toward the eternal mysteries with serene courage and dauntless hope. His essays, which are his most characteristic work, have their chief value not as revelations of the moral order of life, but as discoveries of the final meaning of things, but as disclosures of his own spirit. There is in these essays an immense mass of truth, uttered in picturesque and memorable words. There is in them also an immense mass that is not true. The Emersonian hit and miss are upon every page, and side by side with a golden and perfect sentence one finds sonorous eccentricity. The origin of this strange compound of oracle and imposition in Emerson lies in the confessional character of his writing. He speaks from within, and his generalizations hit or miss according as his personal experience embodies a law of humanity or a mere idiosyncrasy. That Emerson speaks so often and so royally for man is his great distinction. That he speaks so frequently for the idiosyncratic, the isolated and vain is his chief fault. We have a right to hold him at his best, and through the richness and majesty of the confession we are brought face to face with the confessor.—Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., in Atlantic.

The Game Laws.
A fishing trip I sought to try.
The constable came round that way,
And presently I found that I
Was the important catch that day.
—Washington Star.