

# WEEKLY COAST MAIL

TELEPHONE, MAIN 45.

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## EARLY CLOSING

The new movement engineered by the Clerks' Protective Association to close all the stores excepting drugstores at 6 p. m. every day except Saturday is a decided innovation in Marshfield business circles. While the agreement has been made and the time set for the inauguration of the new rule, it is not likely that the success of the movement is yet entirely assured.

It will take a little while for the public to become accustomed to the new order and there are likely to be determined attempts to break it down. It will require some firmness on the part of the merchants, and also some patience and toleration and mutual confidence. There is no reason to suppose that any of the merchants have signed the agreement except with the intention of keeping it in good faith, and if each will give the others credit for intentions as good as his own, and lay aside distrust and suspicion for a few weeks there is little doubt but everything will soon get to running smoothly under the new order. The public will be as well served, and the merchants, as well as their clerks will have a better chance to enjoy life.

## THE MAIL ROUTE

The project to change our mail to the Myrtle Point route is looked upon with considerable suspicion by many of the residents on the Bay, and the fact is pointed out that this was tried a number of years ago, with very unsatisfactory results. The MAIL does not wish to be understood as advocating the change. At the same time, it is a case of "show me," and if it can be demonstrated that the change would really result in our getting the outside mail 12 hours earlier, that would seem to settle the matter.

The importance of our business interests demands the quickest service available, and a matter of 12 hours is important.

The figures of the Chamber of Commerce show a saving of 12 hours in reaching Portland and 24 hours in reaching San Francisco. Considering that the mail is taken over the old route from Marshfield to Roseburg in 18 or 20 hours in the summer time and has been run through the Winter on a 24 hour schedule, this would seem to indicate that San Francisco letters can be taken over the Middle Fork route in a little less than 48 hours, and certainly no more could be asked of any route.

This saving seems still more phenomenal when it is seen that by the proposed schedule our mail will leave Marshfield at 5 p. m., and will have undisturbed 7 p. m. of the next day to reach Roseburg, or 24 hours, while the present

Winter schedule is only 4 hours longer and the Summer schedule is 2 hours shorter.

The incoming mail will arrive at 8:40 and if the post office force gets it distributed that night it will be after most of the population have gone to bed. We would get our mail in the morning, as we do now.

It is on the assumption that a 13 hour schedule can be maintained between Myrtle Point and Roseburg the year round. To the MAIL, that seems like a proposition that requires demonstration. If it be true, then there can be no good reason why the contractor should be given 30 hours to get the mail in over the old road, which is only one mile longer, and steps should be taken at once to have the time reduced to 24 hours before the time comes when the contractor will take advantage of the extra 6 hours, which he is not doing now.

The change, if made, will probably not be made for some time, and in the mean time it will be well for the Bay people to look carefully before they leap.

We want improved service if possible, and if we can really get better service by the Middle Fork route then we should be willing to help the Coquille brethren by helping them pull for the improvement of that road; but we do not want to repeat the experience of several years ago.

From Friday's Daily.

## "The Unjust Chief"

EDITOR COAST MAIL:—

We are always willing to meet a man half way. In regard to Chief going all right from one end of the hose to the other all night, he must have tried the Scotchman's road, long way round is nearest way home as we understand he was in Marshfield part of the night and we did not see him at the end we were at till near morning when he came to see when the hose could be taken away.

Chief also states this is the first time he ever received a donation in 14 years. If Chief remembers there were a donation from Dr. Smith of \$100 the time his building on Front street was burnt. Mr. Murphy certainly was not chief at the time for if he was he would be sure to look out for No. 1. Mr. Murphy seems to wish a share of a sweater some out sider got. He does not seem to be satisfied. Now he did not state how many of the Fire Department got sweaters and gum boots. If some of the out siders got a sweater they was not afraid of soiling their Sunday clothes as the chief was for some of us both soiled and destroyed them.

PETER SCOTT,  
A BRIDGES,  
L. PACKWOOD.

## A Complete Surprise

On Wednesday night a very pleasant surprise was sprung on the ladies of Western Star Rebekah lodge by the members of Sunset Lodge, I. O. O. F. The Rebekahs assembled at their hall as usual, it being regular meeting night and nomination of officers for the ensuing year, consequently a large turnout. After business was over with and at the adjournment the brothers began to drop in in goodly numbers. Whist was indulged in and a grand good time enjoyed by all. When the playing was over with, it was announced that a banquet awaited the sisters in the banquet hall. The Rebekahs were completely taken by surprise when facing three well loaded tables and all done by the Odd Fellows themselves while the Rebekahs were immersed in their lodge work in the main hall, not one of them even dreaming what the deft feet and loving hands were conjuring up. It was indeed a surprise to the sisters and a glorious delight to be served by so princely a feast, waited on by their brothers. The Rebekahs, one and all avow they will get even in due time. There were about 150 in attendance.

## BETTER STEAMBOAT SERVICE

### Navarro Placed Regularly on Portland Run

From Thursday's Daily.

The California and Oregon Coast Steamship Co. has sent the steam schooner Navarro from San Francisco to run regularly between Coos Bay and Portland. She left the city Tuesday and will probably arrive here by the time this paper reaches its readers. The Navarro is a steam schooner smaller than the Alliance and has accommodations for 25 or 30 passengers. She will be kept on the route between here and Portland as long as business is in sight to justify it.

The steam schooner Dispatch, of the same line, will also make a trip at once and is due from Portland in a few days. The reason for this sudden activity seems to be that the Alliance is snowed under at Portland with freight for Coos Bay, and was obliged to leave a large amount on the dock, this trip, stated to be well up to a thousand tons.

In putting on the other two boats promptly the C. & O. C. S. E. Co. are making an effort to accommodate shippers that will be appreciated. There are reasons why much Eastern freight that now comes by way of San Francisco would be ordered via Portland if quick connections were assured, and if the Navarro is to be kept permanently on the route, this one item will soon begin to add to her patronage.

A. E. Abbott, late purser of the Alliance who was on his way to San Francisco to attend to the wharf end of the Company's business has been ordered to stay at this end of the route to inaugurate the new run of the Navarro.

From Friday's Daily.

## THREE OF OREGON'S CITIZENS In Uncle Sam's Stern Clutches

Special to the Mail.

Washington, Oct. 29.—Secretary Hitchcock has received a telegram from Portland, Oregon, that Elma Watson has been indicted for conspiracy in the Ware case, Guy Huff for forgery in the New case, and Norman Williams for forgery in the Nesbitt case.

Hitchcock said this makes seven this week, and it is but the beginning. He can only say that none of those indicted were connected with the government in an official capacity.

**The Crushed Statesman.**  
He used to be ambitious,  
But now his hopes are done;  
He never rode on horseback  
Nor fished nor fired a gun.  
—Washington Star.

**The Lucky One.**  
A.—That's Jones' daughter with him.  
She's just about to be married.  
B.—Who's the lucky man?  
A.—Jones.—Punch.

**What Next?**  
This radium's contradictory stuff;  
In fact, it's very human;  
But then that's not surprising. 'Twas  
Discovered by a woman.  
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**The Kicker.**  
The Kicker usually does not make much progress, notwithstanding that he puts his best foot forward.—Boston Transcript.

**Advertiser the Town.**  
A druggist in a New Hampshire town prints on the folders he distributes a mass of information concerning the town, and this advertiser not only himself, but his locality as well.

**Special Guardian For the Trees.**  
In Paris the trees in the streets are looked after by a public official appointed just for that purpose, and therefore the streets always look beautiful.

## THE NORTH BEND WOOLEN MILL

### To Commence Operation in a Week

or so

From Friday's Daily.

T. A. Clark informs the MAIL that the North Bend Woollen Mill will be started up as soon as a few minor matters about the mill are completed. Chief among these are a number of vats and tanks, which will be built as soon as possible. It has been the intention to bring these from Bandon, but it has now been decided to build new ones here and not bring over the ones which have been in use ten years at Bandon. A 3-inch pipe must also be laid to bring the water into the mill.

It is expected that everything can be put in readiness in about 10 days. One crew will then be brought over from the Bandon mill, which is now running night and day, and the three sets in the North Bend mill will be started running full blast.

One crew will be left at Bandon and that mill will be kept in operation until some rush orders now on hand there have been finished. Then the machinery and operators will be brought over here. It is expected that the move will be made by the first of the year.

## FLAMES DESTROYING STEAMERS On Ocean Going and River Craft

Special to the Mail.

Berlin, Oct. 29.—Tageblatt reports the German steamship August with a cargo of Naphtha, destroyed by fire in mid-Atlantic. Twenty persons perished miserably in the flames.

St. Louis, Oct. 29.—The steamer Lotus Sims, one of the finest and fastest boats on the Mississippi, was burned to the water's edge at her moorings this morning, the crew having a narrow escape. The cause of the fire is unknown. She belonged to the Diamond Joe line, and was valued at seventy-five thousand dollars.

**One of Bill Nye's Jokes.**  
When Bill Nye one day happened on the modest sign of Major Pond, the lecturer manager, in a window of the Everett House, in New York, he said to a friend who accompanied him: "Here's the man that incites the lecturers. Let's go in and see if we can't induce him to lead a better life." Entering, Nye removed his hat and ran his hand over the hairless expanse of his head and after staring about for a moment said, "This is Major Pond, I believe." "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" answered the major. "I want to get a job on the platform," returned Nye. "Ah, yes," said the major slowly. "Have you had experience?" "Well, I've been before the public for a couple of years." "Yes? May I ask in what capacity?" "I've been with Barnum. Sat concealed in the bottom of a cabinet and exhibited my head as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."

**The Boyhood Friend.**  
Before he was elected to be the chief executive of the Old Dominion Governor Montague of Virginia met an old classmate on the train. They had not met for years. Mr. Montague was a candidate for governor and the other a plain country lawyer with a small income. "What can I do for you when I'm governor?" said the candidate as he put his arm around his friend. "What can I do for you, old boy?" "Just what you have done now," quietly replied the lawyer. "Why, what's that?" said the other. "Simply put your arm around me and call me 'old boy.' That's all I want," was the reply of the true friend of boyhood days.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## NEW INTERPRETATION

BY U. S. LAND OFFICE

### Intent to Sell Timber Land at a Profit After Purchase not Unlawful

From Thursday's Daily.

A Horabrook, Cal., dispatch to the Oregonian says:—When the publication of an alleged new interpretation by the United States Land Office of portions of the timber and stone act was first made by the newspapers there was considerable excitement and no little consternation among the large number of people in this section who are awaiting patents to timber claims as well as those who have made entries and not yet provided up.

In the latter class was Chas. W. Strother, a young attorney of Yreka, who, in accordance with his usual prudent custom, concluded to ascertain beyond question his status before making final proof, and to this end he communicated with the authorities direct. He stated plainly that he had no intention of living on the land or individually making any personal use of the timber thereon, but that the entry was made by him for his own use and benefit, in the sense that he intended to hold the same until he could sell to advantage in the future.

He stated that he desired to know whether there was a prospect of his patent being held up by the department and his money forfeited in case he should proceed to prove up. The following reply should effectually dispel all doubts concerning the rights of individuals in the premises:—

"Washington, D. C.—Mr. Charles W. Strother, Lawyer, Yreka—Dear Sir:—Referring to your letter of 29th ult. relative to the suspension of your timber and stone entry, you are advised that if you made a satisfactory showing that your entry was made for your own use and benefit and there is nothing more to impeach your good faith than the mere fact that you made the entry for investment with intent to sell the land at some future indefinite time and in this manner realize a profit on the money invested, this office holds that such an entry is not made in violation of law and should be passed to patent.

"J. H. FEMPLE,  
Acting Commissioner."  
The above letter is important because it is neither vague nor evasive, but absolutely clear and conclusive. It looks very much as if there has been a complete backdown on the part of the department.

## A COLLEGE CHIT

(Original.)  
"Doctor, I'm used up. Have palpitation of the heart, no appetite, bad digestion."  
"In short, you are a healthy man who has been running in one groove so long that the mind is tired and works on the body. Go into the country, where you will see no rows of brick houses, no people on business, no city society. These you are used to; seek the reverse."  
The season of strangers in the country had passed and Pendleton found no difficulty in finding a farmhouse where he was the only boarder. For a few days he took great pleasure strolling about alone through the woods, over the meadows, by the streams, breathing the fresh country air. Starting out on one of his walks he met a young girl whose condition of life he could not quite make out. It she did not appear to be city bred she was certainly different from the ordinary farmer's daughter. Returning he met the same girl. She had evidently been to the post office, for she was reading a letter. Pendleton looked at his watch.  
Why he did so should need no explanation to one who has ever been similarly situated. If his reasoning were analyzed it would be thus: "She goes for the mail at this hour. What hour is it? Four o'clock. Tomorrow at 4 o'clock I will pass over the same ground."  
And he did. Before setting out he had framed a question to put to the girl, and when he met her, raising his hat, he asked deferentially:  
"Beg your pardon, but can you direct me to the post office?"

"Certainly. It is half a mile down this road."

"And the mail—the eastern mail—it comes in—"

"At 4:15."  
"Ah, thank you very much." And, pulling out his watch, he took a glance at its face. "It's just 4," he added.

"I'm going to the post office. I'll show you where it is. You have to turn into a bypath just before reaching it and might not find it."  
"How kind of you, and how fortunate that I met you!"

Three weeks later Pendleton and the girl were sitting on a log beside a stream. They had sat on the same log nearly every day about 4 o'clock in the afternoon since he had come to the place, and their letters had remained in the post office till the next morning. Pendleton heaved a deep sigh.

"What is it?" she said.  
"My stay here ends tomorrow. I came for a change, a two weeks' rest, and I have taken an extra week." He sighed again.  
Now, there are different kinds of sighs—at any rate sighs that express different things. Pendleton's sighs appeared to indicate his unwillingness to leave his companion. Really they were sighs of repentance. He was burdened with the thought that he had yielded to temptation and had won a heart that it would never do for him to possess. He cast a side glance at the girl. She was stirring up the dead leaves with the end of her parasol.

"I suppose we must say goodbye here," he said. "My train goes in the morning, and since you have never permitted me to call upon you (for the want of an introduction I can't go to your house this evening.)"

They were not to part immediately, for they had just met, but Pendleton put his arm around her waist and seemed inclined to begin the usual. She drew away.

Pendleton did not ask her why she refused the kiss she had so often granted. Useless question. Had he not made love to her and had she not a right to expect that he would make good his advances and ask her to be his wife? He felt like a whipped cur.  
"I've something to say to you before you go," said the girl. "I hope you will not be angry with me. You have certainly been very sweet to me, and I shall never forgive myself if you blame me. Of course that first kiss was not my fault; it was yours, but it was no excuse for my letting you kiss me again."

"Yes," said Pendleton gloomily, "the first was my fault, but the first step is always the fatal step. Besides, for you had a right to what my heart prompted me to say and what—"

She stopped him with a gesture. "Say no more," she said, "or you will be adding to my sin. I cannot let you go on or go away in ignorance of— Well, to confess, the afternoon you first met me I was going for a letter from— She paused, then blurted, "my lover."

"Your lover?"  
"Yes. Think of me as you will. Despite me. I have a lover, and till you came I never missed going for his letter as soon as it arrived. Since then—well, I've sent a boy for it and got it on my return from my walks with you. Don't be angry with me. I know I have done wrong, but you must remember I'm only a girl, a mere college chit. And now I'll explain further that I go back to college tomorrow. I've been rusticated here, having to pass a condition. But next June I'll be through with the horrid studies, and Frank and I are to be married the day after commencement." You'll come to our wedding, won't you?"

Her conscience was sufficiently seared for one parting kiss and they separated. Pendleton heaved a sigh, but whether of relief or regret he could scarcely himself tell.

"A mere college chit," he repeated to himself, "and I—I supposed I was a man of the world. Well, she has cleared my conscience, and as for her own—after all, as she says, she's only a girl!"  
WESTCOTT ATWELL.

**Rich Men Cleaned Streets.**  
In overalls and jumpers well to do members of the Twentieth Ward Improvement association of Chicago worked like day laborers on the streets in their district recently. Shovels, brooms and brooms were wielded as they have never been wielded before in the ward. Bonfires blazed in every alley and on every vacant lot. Eighteen garbage wagons assisted in the removal of the accumulations of rubbish, and at night-fall both streets and alleys were as clean as a floor. Now that the streets are really clean the residents of the ward propose to keep them so. The children will be asked to lend their cooperation, teachers having been requested to ask their pupils to aid in cleaning the vacant lots in their respective neighborhoods. Even the churches and clubs have been appealed to for assistance.

**What Your Child Should Weigh.**  
A normal child at two years of age should weigh twenty-six and a half pounds. A greater weight is not evidence of health, but the reverse, and the amount of fats and sugars given it should be lessened. Its height should be twenty-two and a half inches, and the circumference of both its head and its chest should be nineteen inches.