

WEEKLY COAST MAIL

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

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WEEKLY

Issued Every Saturday. Terms: In Advance, \$1.50 a Year, \$1.00 Six Months.

WHY NOT?

Why wouldn't it be a good idea for some of our local capitalists to organize one or more companies, for the exploitation of the resources of this section, instead of waiting for outside capital to take the initiative? There are several enterprises which could well be inaugurated here, and if Marshfield capital would make the first move the result would be the location of new manufacturing plants in Marshfield.

WHY WE KICK

The MAIL has been asked what it expected to accomplish by the editorials appearing in its columns Friday and Saturday mornings. Our expectations are not so high that they will be disappointed; but it is a relief sometimes, even for an editor, to express his feelings.

Before a disease can be cured it must be diagnosed. The MAIL has diagnosed Marshfield's complaint in a sketchy manner, only touching the high places. It is up to the citizens to carry the investigation further and apply adequate remedies, or to let the town become the permanent victim of chronic dry rot.

This place has just about reached the parting of the ways. It must choose between waking up and going ahead, keeping abreast of the times and holding the lead over all competitors which its natural advantages have given; or it can sink in the slough of sloth and pessimism and play second fiddle to other localities which have the vim and energy to improve their opportunities—and to make opportunities to improve.

It must be one or the other. Which shall it be?

The MAIL's fight against knocking has been entered at by all the world; by Smart Alecks in Marshfield, and all the encouragement that has come to the paper its effort to cultivate a higher spirit could be more than covered by a grade dollar; but, all the same, Marshfield is our town, and it is a sort of personal satisfaction to kick when such a senseless policy, of self-destruction is persisted in. If we accomplish nothing else, we will at least relieve our feelings.

THE RENT QUESTION

A close observer of conditions in Marshfield has made this argument to the MAIL in defense of some of the merchants who have been putting up a poor face when doing a very prosperous business:

He says that some of the landlords in the business part of town are inclined to follow very closely the principle of charging "all the traffic will bear," in rents, and any acknowledgement on the part of a renter that he is making money is treated as an invitation to raise the rent.

If this be the case, there is certainly

an opening for missionary work among the landlords. Such a policy is shortsighted, for it has a depressing effect on business and reacts directly on the property owners themselves.

This is not an argument for "cheap rents;" rents are always high in a live town and are more easily paid than the cheap rents of a dead town. At the same time, owners of business property should be careful not to kill the goose which lays the golden egg.

As a matter of fact the property holders are more interested in the growth of the town than their renters are, for the latter can pull up stakes and move, while the real estate must stay. Further, every hundred added to the population of Marshfield adds to the value of business property without effort on the part of the owners, while it may not necessarily add to the profits of those engaged in active business.

A liberal, rather a niggardly, policy on the part of local capitalists is as necessary as a boosting, rather than a knocking policy on the part of other people.

It is up to all of us to put our thinking caps on and see what each can do for the up-building of the town. If this part of the peninsula is to remain the business center it must be through the efforts of the people here.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL AGAIN

The people of the county are apparently unanimous in their desire for the location of a Normal School in the county, although most of the people of northern Curry think Port Orford is the proper location for such a school. Of course there is no certainty that such a school can be secured. The last legislature acted rather penurious in that respect, but the next may prove more liberal, and there is nothing like trying any way; and there is nothing wrong in Port Orford competing with Euchre Creek for the position of a such school, though it would seem like trying to rob Euchre Creek of her thunder. One man offers to give five acres of land and a beautiful location in the outskirts of Port Orford, and no doubt by a little effort ample funds could be raised by subscription to erect a large and commodious building.—Port Orford Tribune

It is hard to understand why the newspapers or the people of Curry should waste time crying for the moon. While a normal school at Port Orford or on Euchre Creek would undoubtedly be a nice thing for Curry county, the same may be said of any locality in the state, and there would be no possible hope of inducing the legislature to appropriate money for a school in such a remote and sparsely settled locality.

It is understood that this talk of a normal school in Curry is a little political boncomb of a would-be candidate. The wonder is that any one should take it seriously, as some seem to be doing.

It will be remembered that the proposed normal school at Yaquina, which had much to recommend it, was recently turned down by veto, although supported by the best men of the House and Senate, and though the House passed it over the Governor's head, it failed in the Senate.

For anything within the bounds of reason, Curry could depend on Coos for any possible encouragement and assistance, but what is the use of talking nonsense?

Oblivion.

"The world won't forget him in a hurry."
"No; it will doubtless take plenty of time to do the job thoroughly."—Puck.

JAPS GET IN THEIR WORK

ON TWO RUSSIAN WAR VESSELS

Naval Battle off Chemulpo. Five Russian Warships Already Put Out of Business

Special to the Mail by telephone.

There was a battle off Chumulpo harbor this morning. Two Russian cruisers sunk and disabled. The crews escaped and went aboard a French vessel in the harbor. The Japanese were not injured. This makes five Russian war vessels already out of business.

Russia made a formal declaration of war this morning.

GREATEST COPPER BELT

Country Between Umpqua and Rogue Rivers

"The biggest copper belt in the United States, bar none, lies between the Umpqua and Rogue rivers in Southern Oregon, and the district is so rich in gold that I defy any man to fail in finding a paying placer property who will stirk a pick into any one of the gulches between those streams."

This is the statement made by L. E. King, of Cripple Creek, Colo., one of the foremost mining experts in the country, to an Oregonian representative at the Portland Hotel.

"I came out here for the purpose of experting the Rainbow, and met with an agreeable surprise. It is the only property I ever examined which was within 20 per cent as good as represented. The Rainbow is far and away beyond what I had been told, and what I have seen in that country down there convinces me that this state has the greatest mineral possibilities of any in the Union. If the mineral which is in sight in Southern Oregon was in Colorado there would be a stampede tomorrow which would equal that at Cripple Creek at the beginning of the '90s. You people of this town and state are sound asleep as far as your mineral wealth is concerned. You've gone crazy over timber land and lumbering and are letting the greatest opportunity in

this country today slip away from you. Within five years the people of Portland will stand on the street corners and tell strangers how they might have become millionaires if they had had their wits about them. Inside of five years outsiders will go into Southern Oregon and make 60-day fortunes. The people of Portland are grabbing at two-bit pieces and letting \$20 gold pieces slip through their fingers.

"Most of the prospecting which has been done in the Rogue river country has been misdirected. Men go in there and punch holes all over the country, and after they get down 10 or 12 feet, abandon them.

"I went all over it and didn't find a hole over two feet deep that a thorough mining man would leave.

"I never saw such careless methods in my life, and I never saw better prospects anywhere than there are down there. Outside capital is beginning to look this way, and my advice to the people of this state is to wake up and get into the field before it is too late. Senator Clark the copper king, is going to begin operations on a big scale down there as soon as spring opens. His son Charles, is on his way here now, and will be in Portland inside of a week. Clark has 11 claims now, and will get all he can. Take my word for it, things are going to pop from now on.

"The Rainbow is only an illustration of what can be done down there, what is waiting and crying for development, and, as I said before, the people of Oregon should get in and take their share before it is too late."

GRAFT.

"Graft" in Washington is called m-l-l-e-a-g-e.—New York World.

Graft, like appendicitis, is simply a new name for a very old complaint. The world has always been afflicted with grafters.—Kansas City Journal.

Boston authorities announce that "graft" has ceased to be slang. Slang is usually supposed to possess more or less of a humorous significance, and graft has become very serious indeed.—Washington Star.

A Boston Swell.

She—Fine looking overcoat you have on, Mr. Draper.

He—That's what I thought. But there's one thing about it that bothers me terribly. I can't make up my mind whether it looks better with the pocket flaps out or in.—Boston Transcript.

Not In Herself.

"Has the prima donna any talent?"

"Quite a lot."

"But I thought you said she could neither sing nor act."

"She can't. The talent is in the company she carries with her."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Mrs. Brown-Potter was sued recently in England for an alleged infringement of copyright in reciting "Hawatha's Wedding."

The New Nixon theater, Pittsburg, is the nearest approach to the Grand Opera House, Paris, yet attempted. It seats 2,300.

John Craig has left Mary Mannerling's company, in which he was playing the leading male character in "Julith." The play has been shelved.

Reports from Berlin indicate that Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd" is the greatest success since "Fuhrmann Henschel," which it somewhat resembles.

Henry W. Savage has signed contracts with Oliver Herford and Henry Waller to complete for his use a satirical musical fantasy with the rather odd title "McAdam and Eve."

Drina De Wolfe, who was seen last season with Henry Miller in "The Taming of Helen," is to blossom forth as a leading woman in Augustus Thomas' "The Fug and the Parson."

A suggestion is made by E. S. Willard that in the London theaters the following announcement shall be prominently posted: "Elderly ladies who fear to take cold are requested not to remove their hats."

CURRENT COMMENT.

The helress of the future will be known perhaps as a rare and radium maiden.—Chicago Tribune.

The Russian bear is a conciliatory sort of an animal. When he demands ninety-seven points in a hundred he is almost always willing to compromise on ninety-five or ninety-six.—Indianapolis Journal.

Missionaries propose to break up the habit of allowing women to be yoked with the oxen in Barbary states. Their condition would not be improved by yoking them to some of the men of the Barbary states.—Washington Post.

The inevitable result of the passage of a national pure food law will be to harmonize the state pure food laws and their administration and put an end to the present ridiculous and scandalous condition.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The committee on naval affairs has decided not to recommend Captain Hobson's bill for the investment of \$3,000,000,000 in new ships. The committee has figured that it would be cheaper to buy any country that might want to fight us.—Washington Post.

GLEANINGS.

From 1840 to 1850 but 1,530,000 immigrants entered our country.

The rocks at Niagara falls are being washed away at the rate of almost three feet per year.

More than \$6,000 worth of pure gold has been taken from the sands of the Swift river in Oxford county, Me., during the last five or six years.

The coal from the Glamorganshire field in South Wales is regarded as superior to all other steam coal by the navies of the world. Its rival from the United States is the Pocahontas coal from West Virginia.

A fire which broke out in the coal sheds at Gorham, N. H., last August and has been burning ever since has done large damage. It is estimated that between 10,000 and 12,000 tons of coal have been consumed.

THE WRITERS.

Senor Jose Amaldo Marquez, a distinguished Peruvian writer, is dead.

Dr. Moncreux Conway has written his memoirs and will publish them before long.

Professor James A. Harris, editor of the Virginia edition of Poe, is writing a biography of George Washington.

Miss Marie Corelli's partiality for private theatricals was formerly manifested in the representation of elderly comic characters, which she preferred to any others.

John Bach McMaster, professor of American history at the University of Pennsylvania, is reading the proofs for the sixth volume of his "History of the People of the United States."

TRAIN AND TRACK.

The number of men employed on the railways of the United Kingdom, including boys, is 523,982.

Prussian railway cars have only about three-tenths the carrying capacity of those used in the United States.

The number of trains arriving daily in Chicago is 1,138. They are upon twenty-three railways, carrying an average of 160,000 passengers. Of these trains 338 are for through traffic and 804 for suburban business.

A Yonkers Gallant.

She—Why, my heart was in my boots.

He—Oh, come, now! Your heart isn't as small as that.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Bold Holdup.
Within my time in Texas (and I am not such an old man either) two stage coaches containing about twenty-three passengers were stopped and all the valuables of the passengers taken by one man. The robber made them all stand in a row and "hand over." The route was only traveled by one coach, but on account of the large number of passengers an additional coach was put on that day. The robber stopped the first coach and made the passengers get out. When the passengers in the first coach were lined up the second coach made its appearance. He made them get out and then told them he didn't expect two coaches. That was nerve. A Jew insisted on retaining enough of his money to get his dinner. The robber took all and then gave him back 50 cents, and the Jew got into an argument with him as to the amount being sufficient to get a meal. That was cheek. The robber went off with all the money of the twenty-three passengers, and yet there were many brave men in that caravan, but discretion was the better part of valor. The robber had two pistols out and ready. A shot from one of the twenty-three would have caused the robber to shoot, and several would have been killed. That's the only way they looked at it.—Forest and Stream.

Pulse Beats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 130 beats per minute; at 5 years, 83 beats per minute; between 10-15 years, 78 beats per minute; between 15-20 years, 69.5 beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 66.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, 71 beats per minute; between 30-35 years, 70 beats per minute.

In females the rate is from 1 to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from 10 to 20 beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to an hour.

Eating raises the pulse from 8 to 20 beats; without wine, 13.1; with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is 10 beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises 5 inches the pulse increases 1.3 per minute. If the pulse be 63.6 while lying down it will be 70 when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

Ancient Tribe in Panama.

In Panama reside the Talamanca, a tribe of Indians ruled by a king who have not changed their habits since the days of Columbus. The Talamanca's hut, which is a masterpiece in the art of thatching, is a huge affair and shelters his entire family and all his worldly possessions, including the domestic animals. As he is a past master in the art of domesticating the wild deer, the peccary, the tapir and even the tiger cat, numbers of these animals are present in every village. His bed consists of the trunk of a certain species of palm cut into strips and supported three or four feet from the ground on a frame. A few earthen pots complete the furnishings of his house.

Balsac's Impecuniosity.

Of Balsac it is stated that whenever he was hard at work he went to roost "like the fowls," as he himself put it, at 7 in the evening. He was called at 1 in the morning and wrote till 8; then took another hour and a half of sleep; then after a light meal went to work again until 4 in the afternoon; then he took a bath, saw a few friends, took perhaps a short walk and immediately after dinner went off to bed.

"I shall be compelled," he wrote, "to lead this nigger's life for a few months without stopping in order not to be swamped by those terrible bills that are due." And yet he was always hard up for money.

Cranky Husband at a Reception.

I wish you were as lively as that woman over there.

Wife—Humph! No wonder she's jolly! She's a rich widow.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Provident Mind.

He—I think I'll go and speak to your father at once. He can't do more than kick me out.

She—It seems a pity to risk it, dear in that good suit.—Life.

Studies in Carbon.

The bits of crystal gleaming bright on jeweled hands can never win the prize which on a frosty night we give the coal down in the bin.—Buffalo Express.

Poker Helped Him.

Hewitt—There is no royal road to wealth.

Jewett—Oh, I don't know. I got my start with a royal flush.—New York Times.

The Smart Man.

"De really smart man," said Uncle Eben, "is de one dat has sense enough to know dat he's liable to be fooled de same as anybody else."—Washington Star.