

# WEEKLY COAST MAIL

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

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COOS BAY PUBLISHING CO.,

P. C. LEVAR,  
Editor and Manager.

G. W. WOODWARD, Foreman

TELEPHONE MAIN 451.

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## WEEKLY

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

### ANOTHER ONE NAILED

The Evening Post of Saturday devotes something over a column to the COAST MAIL, its circulation and its editor. All this in answer to our mild suggestion that those acquainted with the circumstances could properly size up the standard of business honor involved in the Post's statement that "the circulation of the Coast Mail is less than 400 copies." For the benefit of those who do not know the circumstances we will explain that the party whose name appears as "business manager" of the Post was connected with the COAST MAIL until April 30, having given on April 26th the first intimation that he intended to sever that connection.

Now the Post is unable to see any breach of business honor in this party making this statement quoted above, whether the statement, quoted be true or false. Well we don't expect the Post to see it. The Post is evidently not a discriminating judge in such matters.

Now as to the actual circulation of the COAST MAIL, it is not necessary for the editor to make any sworn statement. There are plenty of people who can remember the figures given them only a few months since by the present business manager of the Post. No longer ago than February he obtained signatures to quite a number of new contracts. No doubt he told the exact circulation then, and as we have the printed assurance that he "WILL NOT CHEAT ITS (the Post's) ADVERTISING PATRONS by lying about its circulation", of course his word at that time also was good and the COAST MAIL'S circulation must be somewhere from 800 up.

As to the circulation of the Post, we do not care to hazard a guess. When one of the gentlemen who were working it up 450 and the other said 700, on the said same day, we gave up the puzzle. Neither do we care, for obvious reasons, to enter into a contest to see which can swear to the larger circulation. When it comes to actual, paying subscribers the COAST MAIL has more than any other daily in Oregon south of Eugene. The paying subscribers are the only ones of value to advertisers. Papers printed and thrown about the streets or into the bay are not a legitimate basis for advertising rates.

One word of a personal nature. The Post's statement that the books of the corporation, of which the Post does not even seem to know the name, "do not show that this one share (Mr. Levar's) is paid for", is an absolute falsehood without shadow of excuse. On the contrary, the books of the corporation have shown for months that the stock in question is paid for in full, and while the present business

manager of the Post did no book keeping in this office, the books were always open to his inspection, and if he could not understand them it was not the fault of the bookkeeper.

Further, we will say that there is no balance standing against Mr. Levar on the books of the Coos Bay Publishing Company.

### CONSISTENCY

The Hume Post says: "The Post desires to say emphatically that comparison of the general reputation of Mr. Hofer and Mr. Levar would not be very favorable to the latter gentleman." Then it adds: "The Post does not desire to enter into personalities."

On its first page it claims a circulation of 1988, and then adds in its editorial columns that "IT WILL NOT CHEAT ITS ADVERTISING PATRONS by lying about its circulation".

### JOHN S. COKE

If the people of Coos county do not, on Monday next, elect John S. Coke to represent them in the upper house of the Oregon legislature, they will make a grievous mistake. Without wishing to cast any reflections on Mr. Coke's opponent, it may be said that any unbiased comparison of the two men must result in favor of the former. Not only is Mr. Coke justly entitled to the sobriquet of "Honest John", but his ability is of a high order, he is a gentleman by habit and instinct, his public spirit has been demonstrated repeatedly in this community. The only point on which the opposition has harped has been the fact that Mr. Coke was once a Democrat. But so many good men have changed their political allegiance at the dictates of their honest conviction that no one can really find in it any indication of moral or intellectual lack. In fact, it is quite the reverse. Mr. Coke is thoroughly identified with the best interests of Coos county. He is one of our prominent men, and his election as senator will only be one step in a career which is certain to reflect credit on the county in which he grew to manhood, and in which his lot has been cast.

The county and the party will honor themselves by placing John S. Coke in the office to which he honorably aspires.

### A LAST WORD

Monday will decide the question as to whom are to be awarded the offices.

In this last issue before the vote is cast, the MAIL will say that it sincerely hopes for the election of every Republican candidate. This paper is strongly inclined toward independence in politics, to the extent that it would not advise its readers to vote for the proverbial "yellow dog". That many voters are of the same mind has a strong tendency to keep parties clean and to act as a restraining influence on the machine, where a machine exists. But in this case no Republican can have any conscientious scruples against voting for every man on his ticket. No better selection was ever presented for the approval of the people. It is a clean ticket from top to bottom. Vote it without scratching.

### BE CONSISTENT

Be consistent. You can not consistently vote for the local option law and then vote anything but the Prohibition ticket, for so-called "local option" is prohibition, or nothing. And as the present Democratic candidate for representative so forcibly expressed it in the COAST MAIL of April, 10th, 1902, when he was a prohibitionist: "Since it is a fact that this country is governed by the will of the people expressed through party organizations, it becomes necessary for a Prohibition party to enforce its prohibition measure."

(From Friday's Daily.)  
Dr. McCormac is in Coquille City on business today.

Dr. J. S. Cook and wife, of Empire, were visiting in the city today.

J. A. Sawyer, the postmaster at Allegany, is a business visitor in the city today.

W. L. Veatch is a Medford business man who is today registered at the Blanco of this city.

The schooner Mildred finished loading with lumber at the Depot wharf and was towed to sea this morning.

E. Marsh leaves on the north bound Alliance, and will visit Illinois, expecting to be absent about six weeks.

Wm. J. Moore and wife, of Roseburg, are visiting on the bay today and are guests of the Central hotel.

John Snyder and son George, who have been visiting in San Francisco for some time returned on the Breakwater today.

Common sense has struck Coos in a new place, and a lady was seen in town this morning riding on horseback in the rational style.

Wm. Ford, the Pacific Hardware & Steel man, is among the San Francisco commercial men who have headquarters at the Blanco today.

W. J. Butler left the city for Portland last night, going out by way of the Drain stage route. He expects to be gone several days and may visit Lewiston, Idaho while away.

Miss Pearl Walker, of Bandon, arrived in this city by yesterday's train from Coquille, is today a guest of the Central, and will move by tomorrow's north bound Alliance for Portland.

J. S. Coke drove over to Coquille yesterday and returned last night. He was accompanied on his return by H. Lockhart, who went over yesterday morning to be present at the official count of the Coos county ballots.

Rusty Mike's Diary, June 10, 1904—  
When it comes to eating a man don't never wait to see if his neighbor is going to eat his dinner first before he eats his—strike out for yourself and don't tag your neighbor merchant in what he does.

C. F. Martin and wife of Coquille City arrived in Marshfield yesterday until the return trip of the Breakwater when they will sail as passengers for San Francisco. From San Francisco, Mrs. Martin will continue her travels across the continent and on to Europe where she goes to visit her old home in Germany.

U. L. Gray, of Myrtle Point, who has the contract for painting the scenery for the opera house in the new Masonic temple, has begun his work and is progressing nicely. He has already completed the drop curtain, which is a beautiful scene of an old Italian ruin. The outline of a beautiful street scene is now being applied to the first stage curtain and will be finished about Monday. Mr. Gray will have his work done in time for the grand opening of the hall, by the Keane Co, who are expected here on the coming 4th of July.

### A N W Club Meeting

The A. N. W. Club convened in regular session at the home of Mrs. O. J. Seeley yesterday afternoon. After the usual routine of business, and the reports of the several committees, the club was treated to a delicious luncheon by the four ladies of the committee on entertainment.

Up to the hour of luncheon the usual pomp and dignity of the club were maintained, though shortly afterward the cloak of formal reserve was discarded and a very rare feature for such an occasion was introduced in the form of a political discussion in which the entire club, of sixteen

ladies, took an active part at the same time. It is said by one of the members who was present that if some of the Republican arguments of this discussion could have been presented to the public before the election, the minorities would undoubtedly have been much—different.

Alex. Hall will go North on the Alliance, and expects to spend the Summer in Portland working at his trade of carpenter, returning to the bay next fall.

### Travel by Sea

Arrivals: by Breakwater from San Francisco June 10: H. H. McPherson and wife, Miss Esther Lando, J. H. Bernstein, Mrs. W. H. Gregg, Miss Eva Roscoe, A. Mahoney, T. A. Walker, Chas. Adams and wife, Mrs. Chas. Winsor, H. A. Allen, L. Snyder, J. J. McCoe, W. P. Whitely, Jno. Snyder Geo. Snyder, Jas. H. Flanagan and wife.

### Card of Thanks

We desire to take this method of extending our heartfelt thanks to the many dear friends who have so kindly stood near to comfort and assist us during our late bereavement of a loving son and brother.

Very respectfully,  
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lennon and family.

### Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

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**PERT PARAGRAPHS.**  
It is when the corner grocer cuts off credit that the trust question is the most troublesome.

A man may not be as innocent as he looks when his wife asks him to explain just how the races are played.

As between a man and a cigar the cigar often has the best drawing powers.  
Lots of jazy people lose the comfort of their temperament by working hard to find excuses for it.

If vegetables were as industrious as weeds, gardening would cause men to use less words not permissible in polite society.

It is only in theory that the average man knows there is plenty of room at the top.

A woman would rather go shopping than vote, unless she has a new election suit.

When they discover that a microbe causes dreams, what will you do for cheap amusement?

In the spring the modern young man does not have time to take his fancy off money getting.

Uncle Has the Fad.  
Of breakfast foods the list includes Varieties surprising; As friends in need to health, they lead And with a speed surprising. The chopped hay deal, the raw oatmeal Prepared in Scottish highlands; Supplant fried ham, but Uncle Sam Makes his first meal on islands.

He seems to eat digested wheat, His meals and combinations That others take rich blood to make, When they awake, for rations. In stronger stuff for Uncle bluff His money is invested, The islands are with him at par And easily digested.

Cut up as slow or eaten raw, Or fried or boiled or baked, And piping hot, they reach the spot A morsel not untasted, Nor does he prate about his weight And boast to every caller, But he can pass before the glass And watch himself grow taller.

He Needed the Money.  
"Let me sell you a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to my father," said the seedy individual. "It is warranted to be genuine, and I only part with it because I need the money."

"What do you want for it?" asked the prosperous looking citizen. "One hundred dollars; not a cent less; and if I were not hard up money would not buy it."

"Give you fifteen cents," said the man carelessly. "It's yours," said the seedy individual. The man took the letter and handed over the change, and the seedy individual remarked, as a parting shot, "The time I spent writing it was worth really more than that."

**RADIUM.**  
Have you heard of radium? Latest, greatest thing on earth; More than coal the stuff is worth; One ounce brings a sparkling sum.

And the things that it can do Easily would fill a book; Anything but boss the cook If the tales we here are true.

With diseases it has fun; Cures consumption while you wait And in manner up to date Slaughters microbes by the ton.

Wrinkles, patches, freckles, tan, Cannot in the house remain If you have a single grain Of this newest friend of man.

Burglars it will hold at bay, Strange dogs frighten from the yard, Always keep the butter hard, Coax the wayward hens to lay.

Neatly cut the children's hair, Wash the windows, scrub the floor, Stun on errands to the store, Daily scour the silverware.

Firmly, but with grim intent, Fire agents through the gate, Keep the family record straight, Hustle round and pay the rent.

Thirty millions, not a son Less for one grain, C. O. D. But it's worth it, you can see, If the tales we hear are true.

**Heretic Methods.**  
Their course of true love had been rough and stormy. It had run along over bricks and bumps and uncharted rocks until at times the man had despaired of ever reaching the covey haven of matrimony.

Never had there been so contrary a girl since Eve lightly told Adam that there were others when he was inclined to get gay.

She was as hard to please as the guest at a fashionable boarding house. Whatever he did was wrong, and the things that he neglected were just what she was dying for.

Rivals did not see why he fooled around after a girl who treated him so, but the worse she treated him the more he loved her.

But now it was all over, and he had her where he was, theoretically, boss of the job. They were married.

"Darling," she said, "why did you treat me so?"

"I don't know," she replied, "but I will never do it again."

She did know, but the secret was locked in her breast and she had lost the combination. She had treated men kindly before and had discovered that it did not work.

**Not Particular Either.**  
A man eating shark Was out for a lark Where fishermen went for a swim. He sampled a pair, Then turned in despair; Too tough were the subjects for him.

**To Give Him a Chance.**  
"What became of Tough Eddie, who who went west to grow up with the country?"  
"They planted him."

**Didn't Apply to Him.**  
"What do you think of this theory that we eat too much?"  
"It never originated at my boarding house."

**A Waxed View.**  
We eat to live, Not live to eat. But still at times A man you meet Who seems to think We live to drink.

**For Joy!**  
"Mr. Banks, I'll scream if you kiss me."  
"Will you be so delighted as all that?"

**Just a Joint.**  
"At what cafe do you eat?"  
"Not at any. I only have enough money to eat at a restaurant."

**PERT PARAGRAPHS.**  
Be clever, my child, and probably you will be credited with being good.

Some people are so cosmopolitan that they insist on having measles in more than one language.

If time were really money, women would never deny their years.

The iceman begins to cast a menacing shadow.

A baby cries on general principles; it is the only way it has of getting back at the grown-up community that insists on chucking it around and bonning it about.

Seeing is believing, but it does not always prove under which wheel the pea is located.

Even a healthy boy sometimes thinks

that he would as soon be a professional ball player as a train robber.

Your modern prophet is not an example of faith without works. He works the dear people to a finish.

**SHE NEEDED IT.**  
She waits impatient and in fear The lad who on her errand went, Because, alas, the time is near To use the stuff for which she sent.

Her lover comes around tonight, She doesn't like to make him wait, But, oh, without the boy in sight How can she fix to keep the date?

She gave him cash and bade him fly In haste to where paroxide's sold, Her hair's dark roots don't justify Her pompadour of shining gold.

**Changed His Mind.**  
"But you could learn to love me." The speaker was a short, stout man with an earnest purpose gleaming in his eye and a bright bald spot glistening on the top of his head.

Mary Ann McGinnis, the fair, heartless trifter to whom the soulful words were addressed, gave an impatient sigh.

"Well, maybe," she replied carelessly, as though the fate of a life were not hanging on her words. "Perhaps I could. Go out and get a million dollars and come back and talk to me."

Percy Perolard ground his teeth, not with the patient instrument of torture such as the dentist use to embitter the young lives of their victims, but against each other as our ancestors used to do when they were obliged by stern necessity to eat uncooked grain back in the misty twilight days of the race. Without a word he stalked forth into the darkness.

Percy Perolard was a man of action. He looked at his watch. It was 10:30. By midnight he had organized a trust in cabbage plants and had elected himself president. His object had been attained. He was worth a million.

Percy could hardly wait for the gray dawn of the morning to call her up by telephone.

"I have the million," was all that he said.

Mary Ann McGinnis lost her listless air as a bright boy loses his mother in a crowd just after he has borrowed a dollar from her. She began to take an interest in affairs. "Come around at once with the marriage license," she said.

It was now Percy's turn. "May, nay," he replied, and there was a ring of triumph in his steady tone. "I think now that I have the coin I can wait a bit and take my pick of the girls." And he hung up the receiver and rang off.

**Not Qualified.**  
He had been taught from early youth That it was best to tell the truth, Because of that he did not wish To waste his efforts catching fish.

**Not to Be Lonesome.**  
The heathen in their blindness Bow down to stone, we're told, But when their eyes are opened They see how down to gold.

**How Did He Know?**  
"A fool and his money are soon parted."  
"Did you ever have any money?"

**Knew the Kind.**  
"Jinks over there is a coming poet."  
"Glad you warned me. I will be on my guard against a touch."

**PERT PARAGRAPHS.**  
When hope plays the races it is apt to be a costly emotion.

An hour's sleep before midnight is conducive to normal conditions for both head and puzzle in the morning.

It is a wise baby that puts in its spare moments trying to look like its father.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but the diamond dealer has been known to turn the tables on the little fellow.

An old maid is evidence of good judgment on her part and an old bachelor of good judgment on the part of all women.

A little learning may be a dangerous thing, but it comes handy to hang a bluff on.

A homely girl may be a mine of intellectual wealth, but she would better employ a beauty doctor to help her see more her beauty.

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