

WEEKLY COAST MAIL

TELEPHONE MAIN 451.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

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COOS BAY PUBLISHING CO.,

P. C. LEVAR,
Editor and Manager.

G. W. WOODWARD, Foreman

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WEEKLY

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BUSINESS SUICIDE

Elsewhere in this edition The Post has asked a number of questions of the Coast Mail. In future it will have nothing more to say along those lines until after the Coast Mail satisfactorily answers every single interrogation. It would be business suicide for the Coast Mail to attempt to answer any one of them. Therefore readers of the Post may expect these columns to be free from any semblance of a newspaper controversy hereafter.

Well, here goes for business suicide, though it does seem almost too bad to take that route out of the world, just as the gaiety of existence has been enhanced by the ground and lofty tumbling of our esteemed evening contemporary. We reproduce below the Post's article entire with our comments:

The Coast Mail is more than a quarter of a century old. It has been in the daily field for more than two years. It might well be expected to have a circulation of at least 2,000. But what are the facts?

The weekly circulation of the Coast Mail is 149 copies.

That statement is unqualifiedly false, as the Post should be well aware.

The daily circulation of the Coast Mail is 350 copies.

That statement also is an utter falsehood.

And again we will call attention to the standard of business honor involved in the making of that statement by the Post. It is of course expected to carry weight because the "business manager" of the Post was until recently employed in the Coast Mail office, but it is readily seen that a person whose moral fibre would permit him to use information obtained in that way could hardly be depended on to tell the truth about so that the Post's assertion bears on its face the evidence of unreliability.

The Post is 23 days old today. ITS BONA FIDE CIRCULATION IS EIGHT TIMES THAT OF THE WEEKLY COAST MAIL AND THREE TIMES THAT OF THE DAILY COAST MAIL.

As to the Post's "circulation," of course the paper is run off on a power press, and is sent to Marshfield to be thrown into every opening that presents itself. It may be "circulated" in other parts of the county in the same way. Nevertheless, the Mail is pretty well informed as to the actual number of copies printed by the Post, and today will simply ask, where are those affidavits of circulation which the Post promised to make every week? Talk is cheap, but there is a penalty attached to false swearing. Does the editor or the "business manager" of the Post dare to make and publish affidavit that any one issue of the Post has exceeded 1500 copies? Does either dare to make and publish an affidavit that the average number printed daily has exceeded 600 copies? Why do people thus prefer the Post? They don't. The paper is thrown

around gratis and many look it over as they would examine a five-legged calf or any other freak.

Why do people every day come into the business office of the Post and order that paper sent to them?

Give it up; ask us something easier. Why do people order the Coast Mail stopped?

Because they live in North Bend, and must be expected to patronize their home paper, as Marshfield people continue to do. The Mail expects to lose a share of its circulation in North Bend. Its Marshfield circulation has actually increased since the Post started. If the Post will publish tomorrow the names of six men in Marshfield who have during the month of June stopped the Coast Mail and subscribed to the Post, we will credit \$15 to the account of the editor of the Post, and an equal amount to the account of the business manager of the Post. This is a bona fide offer.

Why do advertisers tell the advertising man on the Post that they are going to discontinue their advertising patronage to the latter paper as soon as the time expires for which they contracted last February?

If that were true, it would be either that they were jollying the Post's advertising man, or that they were crazy as bedbugs. Personally we have great faith in their sanity.

—When the Coast Mail first secured a press report?

The Coast Mail has had a press report from its inception, as every one knows.

Why is it that the advertising patronage of the Post is increasing more rapidly than that of any other newspaper in the state of Oregon?

We have no proof that it is; but of course an increase from zero to something can not be figured in percentage; only an increase from something to infinity could equal it. Probably no paper in Oregon has an infinite amount of advertising, though by "swelling" and doubling as the Post does, some of them could make a pretty good stagger at it.

Why is it that the Post circulates in hundreds of homes in the Coquille valley?

If true, which is doubtful, that must be because the Post is circulated gratuitously, as in Marshfield.

Why is it that the people of the twin town prefer The Post to the Coast Mail? Why do more than twice the people in Marshfield read the Post than read the Coast Mail?

Supposing "twin town" to refer to Marshfield, the answer to both is easy, and is the same as the answer to the query, "why do oil and water mix readily?" viz: "They don't."

Why?

That is a little indefinite, but we wish to insure the success of this suicide by answering each query; so, like Mark Twain, will answer promptly. "We don't know."

And now having, presumably, kept open the way for more newspaper controversy, we will ask the Post a question or two: What percentage of the matter published as press dispatches in Saturday's Post came by wire, and what percentage came by mail from New York?

Is it not a fact that 151 lines were of the latter class, while only 137 lines came by wire and 48 lines of this came on Friday; leaving only 89 lines of genuine Saturday's telegraphic dispatches?

Is it not a fact that the Coast Mail of the same date published 151 lines of genuine press dispatches coming by wire Saturday? Is it not a fact that the Coast Mail published dispatches not appearing in the Post and covering the following items of the world's news: Fatal Railroad accident on the Big Four—Arrival of St. Paul at Nome—Plot for jail delivery at Folsom prison—Destruction of art treasures by fire at Geneva, Italy—Fire at Cleveland, Ohio—Death of Clement

Scott, the dramatist, also of Wilhelm Jordan, the poet.—Arrival of Dowd at New York—Winning of \$50,000 World's Fair handicap—Street car accident in Chicago—Recovery of 60 bodies from wrecked ferry boat at St. Petersburg—Official confirmation of the release of Perdicaris and Varley—Winning of Russian Derby by American horse?

Further, is it not a fact that not one line of Friday's dispatches appeared in Friday's Post, although the Mail had quite a bunch?

Is it not a fact that all the telegraphic items published in Friday's Post came the day before? We challenge the Post to publish these queries with truthful answers yest or no.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The MAIL wishes to express its appreciation of the many kindly expressions of commendation, and the encouraging assurances of continued support which have come to it voluntarily in the last few weeks.

As can be readily understood, it is no picnic to get out a daily paper, with a full fledged service of press dispatches, in a community no larger than this, depending solely on legitimate subscribers and advertising patronage, with no side lines of grafting or leg-pulling to fall back on.

The public can rest assured that every one connected with the production of the paper is earning every dollar that he or she gets out of it, and right here the editor wishes to make acknowledgement of his indebtedness to his assistants for their loyal and intelligent help, without which it would be impossible to make so good a showing with such a small force. A more earnest and interested little body of employees no man need to wish for; and if this may be considered a bouquet, it is richly deserved and is tendered in all sincerity.

It may be said, also, that with one exception they have all shown their loyalty to Marshfield and its paper by declining flattering offers to leave the COAST MAIL for employment on another paper, one having been called out of bed late in the evening to listen to a strenuous plea to come to the other paper the next morning, being offered \$15 per (haps), "and he wouldn't have to take half of it out in stock, either."

These things are all very encouraging, and patrons of the MAIL can depend on receiving the best service that this printing establishment can give them.

THAT FRANCHISE

The Post devotes some space to the short item appearing in Saturday's COAST MAIL to the effect that a "strong impression" prevailed that Mayor Simpson would not affix his signature to the ordinance recently passed by the North Bend city council, granting an exclusive franchise for 50 YEARS to the North Bend Publishing Co. for telegraphic and telephone lines in North Bend.

The item is made the text for a vile attack on L. R. Robertson, manager for the Pacific States Tel. and Tel. Co. Now Mr. Robertson is probably amply able to take care of himself, and the COAST MAIL has no intention of fighting his battles for him. In fact, we would ourselves like to punch his head for not changing our phones to another line as we have been urging him to do for the last month.

However, we have a great deal of faith in the "sound business judgment," not only of Mayor Simpson, but of the other leading citizens of North Bend, so when we were informed, by a citizen of North Bend, that the quoted "impression" prevailed, we believed it.

And now since the matter has been put at us so forcibly, we will make a suggestion to the good people of North Bend. There is little doubt that North Bend is destined to be a city. An EXCLUSIVE franchise for 50 years for TELEGRAPH and telephone lines in North Bend is probably worth—how much? Would any one place its value at less than \$10,000? Would \$100,000 be an excessive estimate? What use has the North Bend Publishing Co. for an EXCLUSIVE franchise of that kind, except as a speculation?

Is it not a fact that this matter of giving away valuable franchises has come to be looked upon by the most advanced publicists as a mistake?

The municipality of North Bend is in a position to handle these matters on the lines of the most advanced thought. Water, light, streetcar lines and other public facilities can be handled in such a way as to yield revenue to the city, furnishing ample funds for all expenses of the city government, and placing North Bend in a position which many older cities, that have given away all these things, would like much to attain.

The MAIL has no desire to dictate to North Bend as to how it shall handle its own business, but will claim the right to express an individual opinion.

Why should L. J. Simpson, who is one of the heaviest stock holders in the company to which the ordinance grants a franchise, refuse to approve that franchise?

Why should the "impression" prevail that the mayor of this city is other than a good business man, ever on the lookout for his own best interests?

Could any more cold blooded exposition of the principles of the grafter and hoodler be given than is contained in those lines? Let us at once and most forcibly repudiate any suggestion that Mayor Simpson is, directly or indirectly, responsible for such an utterance. The "impression" certainly "prevails" in Marshfield, if not in the office of the Post, that L. J. Simpson is not only a good business man, but a high-minded public spirited and honorable gentleman. While, of course, it would be impossible for an unprincipled grafter to understand such a proposition, it is not to be doubted that the very fact that Mayor Simpson "is one of the heaviest stockholders in the company to which the ordinance grants a franchise," would have the effect of deterring him through motives of delicacy, from signing the ordinance, instead of being, as the Post supposes, an unanswerable argument for his signing it.

Mr. Simpson will certainly not thank the Post for its endeavor to place him on a par with the fellows who are now being sent to jail in St. Louis.

If Mayor Simpson do approve the ordinance the COAST MAIL will decline to attribute it to any such unworthy motive as those suggested by the Post.

Today's Grapevine

Today's "special" grapevine telegraph service, which comes by mail from New York, contains the "dispatches" indicated in the following synopsis of the headings and first lines. Any one interested in that kind of telegraphic news can often get it 48 hours before the events really happens by calling at this office.

ASKS HARVARD TO HIS WEDDING Boston, Mass. June 30—Score of Harvard students and—

ADDRESS BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON St. Louis, June 30.—Though the convention of the National Educational association is nearing a close,—

FOR GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA St. Paul, June 30.—The Republican state convention—

BIG INCREASE IN POSTAL RECEIPTS

Washington, D. C. June 30—The official figures regarding—

VERMONT REPUBLICANS Montpelier, Vt. June 30—The Republicans of Vermont assembled in—

MICHIGAN REPUBLICANS Detroit, Mich., June 30—To an unbiased observer it looks as though—

HANNIS TAYLOR AN LL. D. Dublin, June 30—Hannis Taylor, Ex-United States Minister to Spain,—

GEORGIA LAWYERS MEET Warm Springs, Ga., June 30—Many eminent lawyers and jurists are assembled—

GOLFERS AT GRAND RAPIDS Grand Rapids, June 30—Golf enthusiasts from many points—

IOWA POPULISTS Des Moines, Ia., June 30—Pursuant to the call of Chairman J.—

FLORIDA DELEGATES TO ST. LOUIS Jacksonville Fla. June 30—Arrangements have been completed for the—

PORTO RICO'S NEW GOVERNOR San Juan June 30—Arrangements on an elaborate scale are being—

'BELLE OF KENTUCKY' AT NORTH BEND

Jas. Keane Company Makes Big Hit Opening the Season on the Bay

The Jas. Keane Co. opened their season on the Bay with "The Belle of Kentucky" in the old town pavilion at North Bend last night. The house was packed to its fullest capacity and the young actor, though handicapped by lack of stage room and scenery, easily renewed his old popularity among the pleasure lovers of the Bay. The company met with universal satisfaction and are deserving of great credit for the manner in which they put this play on in the face of so many disadvantages.

They left for Coquille this morning where they will fill a three night's engagement before returning to this place for the grand opening at the Masonic temple on next Saturday evening.

Chase and Sanborn offer you a coffee that has no superior, has no equal. Telephone for a free sample and permit it to speak for itself. E. K. SHELDON Exclusive selling agent. 6 28 5th 4w

For sale, one of the finest and best improved dairy and stock ranches in Coos county; well located and cheap. Porter addition to North Bend now on the market.

Real estate bargains everywhere. I. S. Kaufman & Co. 6 28 1w.

A patriot is one who bleeds for his country; not one who bleeds his country.

Time is money, but when a man goes out for a time it is money out.

A careful search of the patent office would disclose the fact that house cleaning was not invented by man.

When it is desired that a funeral should be particularly solemn, the funeral pallbearers should be professional humorists.

The woman with a trim ankle does not mind a muddy crossing.

The man who buys a girl a five cent dish of ice cream is not apt to get a second chance to treat her.

The man who has but one suit of clothes is always dressed in his best.

Knowledge that you inherit may be all right, but that which you get by hard knocks is what makes you wise.

An office boy without a grandmother can easily invent one in the baseball season.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

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THE ANNUAL VISION.

She comes, the sweet girl graduate, Arrayed in robes of white, To grapple with affairs of state And keep things running right; To show what's what and like as not On several points shed light.

Her mind with useful learning stored to the very brim, Her sweet soul grandly yearning In sons of light to swim; A perfect dream, her final theme, Tied with a ribbon trim.

No problem for her solving is ever found too deep; But they, like mites dissolving, Evidently, with a sweep Conclusive, grand, of her soft hand, She puts them all to sleep.

Oh, sweet and soulful creature, Adorned girl graduate, You are indeed a feature With which to part we'd hate! To you we bow, your final theme, To keep things running straight.

His Ambition.

The soft, tender rays of the morning sun stretched their long, graceful arms over field and wood, kissing the hill-tops and shedding lustre on the humble onion patch where Felix McQuarrier was engaged in useful toil.

Well aware are we, dear romantic reader, that Felix is no name for a hired man, so you will at once guess that he was a nobleman in disguise. Guess again. You are wrong.

Felix was only one of nature's noblemen, and as there is no salary attached to that job he had to work at what came to hand.

"Ah, me," he sighed, "would I were rich!"

Just then a fairy stepped up. "Here is a million dollars," she said. "Take it and blow yourself."

"How can I ever repay you?" said Felix.

"Don't mention it," said the fairy.

Felix tucked the money in his pocket and started for town.

"What are you going to buy?" called the fairy.

"The best nickel cigar in the hub village," he replied as he strode gracefully away.

The Afterclap.

This truth a fellow faces, When brought up with a jerk: It's play to play the races; The walking home is work.

Not Like Him.

"I saw you last night in a questionable joint."

"It must have been my double."

"I thought there was some mistake from the way the man was spending money."

Question of Innocence.

"Guiltily or not?" asked the judge. "That all depends," replied the prisoner. "If I can raise \$100 for my lawyer I am innocent; if not, I suppose I am guilty."

His Pride.

A little bunch of whiskers, Like twisted prairie hay, Untrained and thin, adorned his chin And straggled every way. But still he thought they made him look quite debonaire and gay.

The Amateur Farmer.

"Have you got the lay of the land yet at your new home?"

"Yes, and we are now waiting for the lay of the hen."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Marriage is apt to be a failure when two try to live in exactly the way that one did before marriage.

A pessimist is a man who, when he finds out that he can have a thing, finds he does not want it.

One touch of summer makes us forget all of the nice things we said about it in winter.

Some men only keep a stenographer so that they can charge her up with their poor spelling.

It is small comfort to the man who cannot afford an automobile to know that walking is such healthful exercise.

Perhaps it is in the hope that he will grow that a small man generally wears clothes one size too large for him.

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