

# WEEKLY COAST MAIL

TELEPHONE MAIN 451.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

Owned in the Possession of Marshfield as Second Class Matter.

COAST BAY PUBLISHING CO.,

P. C. LEVAR,  
Editor and Manager.

G. W. WOODWARD, Foreman.

DAILY: By mail, for advance payment only, 30 cents a month; 4 months for \$1.20. When not paid in advance the price is 50 cents per month, straight. Issued every morning except Monday.

WEEKLY

Issued every Saturday. Rates: In Ad-  
vance, for one Year, \$7.00; Six Months

## EDITORIAL

It has been some little time since the COAST MAIL felt impelled to take a sly at the crockers. It has seemed as if their jumpy activity had somewhat abated, but several instances have been called to the attention of this paper lately that would seem to indicate that they are not all dead yet.

To the hardened and incorrigible crocker, of course, it is no use to talk; that is the thing for him. But there are those who knock thoughtlessly, or as the result of the imitative propensity; these should be warned with by any good citizen who catches them at it.

Why should any resident of Marshfield have a word to say against the town, especially to a stranger? How can any one deliberately discourage any one who comes here from the outside with a view to casting his lot here on Coos Bay?

Every desirable citizen added to the population of Coos Bay helps Marshfield, while he has every reason to thank his lucky stars that he came here. What more can either party ask?

Marshfield is the best town on the Oregon coast. It always will be if its citizens remain wide awake and grasp the opportunities that present themselves.

Marshfield's prosperity rests on a solid foundation. Her growth has been steady and continuous for nearly half a century, and that very conservatism which sometimes, perhaps, prevents her from grasping a golden opportunity at other times restrains her from—to use a homely expression—biting off more than she can chew.

While she does not go up like a rocket, neither does she come down like a rock, and the man who makes his all on Marshfield's solidity and continuous prosperity will never lose.

In another column will be found a communication from one of the COAST MAIL'S admiring friends. While we are somewhat diffident about publishing this, as we would rather drop all controversy with our esteemed contemporary down the bay, we have concluded to give it space, and will say that we are glad to receive such expressions of appreciation.

Backed by Authority.

A certain railroad, according to the Boston Transcript, has set its face against the free pass evil and has resorted to Scripture to make plain its position. It has posted in the two or three passenger cars that comprise its equipment the following notice:

This means you!  
Thou shalt not pass.—Numbers xx, 15.  
None shall ever pass.—Isaiah xlvii, 10.  
Suffer not a man to pass.—Judges iii, 23.  
The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum i, 11.  
This generation shall not pass.—Mark xiii, 30.  
Though they roar, yet they cannot pass.—Jeremiah v, 22.  
Behold the fare and went.—Jonah i, 5

## The College Man In American Life

By DAVID STARR JORDAN,  
President Leland Stanford, Jr.,  
University.....



I HAD occasion not long ago to say that the future of our country lies in the hands of three classes of men— young men, strenuous men and college men. These constitute our first, our second and our third estate, as they used to say in France, but with this difference, which is all the difference in the world, that ALL THREE FORM BUT ONE CLASS. The future of America lies in the hands of her young, strong college men. It lies in the hands of her young men because they are men of the future, because they can do things, because the light of the new century is in their eyes, because the aspirations of the new century fill their hearts, because THE WINDS OF FREEDOM were blowing where they were born and reared.

He is the leader who can forecast the future and is not afraid to trust it, who understands men and can bring out the best they have in them, who can make his country respected because he can help to hold her just and true and thus worthy of respect, who can stand with the party if need be, but who can in equal need FORCE THE PARTY TO STAND WITH HIM. It is one hope of democracy that a man's influence is not shown by the office he holds, but by the service he renders. If the service be moral and intellectual, so much more does it count.

Because men are young and strong they will be wanted for the life of action. Because they have been trained in mind and in morals, because they have the scholar's horizon, because above all they have a sense of solidarity, because, in short, they are college men, they will find themselves devoted to the noblest of missionary work—THE SERVICE OF A FREE PEOPLE.

In considering the future of our country, her power to weather storms or to solve problems, her ability to cut the Gordian knots of tangling tyrannies, we cannot lay too much stress on the part the college man shall take. HE IS EVERYWHERE. He is self confident, resolute, kindly, joyous, tremendous and irresistible. When need arises, he and his kind will stand together. There is a freemasonry among them beyond any grip or sign or magic password. They know how to help each other out, and they will do it. In face of the careless, jesting earnestness, the terrible, jovial conscientiousness of the college man, tyranny and superstition cannot stand. THESE HAVE THEIR FOUNDATIONS IN IGNORANCE AND DULLNESS. The man who knows and is not afraid to do, with the free help of hundreds of his own kind, will prevail against disorganized stupidity.

The college is no longer an ascetic resort, a dim cell where men play with their higher feelings because there are no other toys within their reach.

IT IS A LITTLE WORLD IN ITSELF, A WORLD OF OPEN AIR, WITH A LITTLE OF ALL THE GREAT WORLD HAS TO OFFER— THE SAME REWARDS, THE SAME PUNISHMENTS, WITH A FEELING OF BROTHERHOOD, OF LOYALTY, OF TEAM SERVICE WHICH SHALL BE AS POWERFUL IN THE GREAT WORLD AS IN THE SMALL.

## The World Is Growing Better

By Rev. Dr. R. S.  
MAC ARTHUR  
Of New York



I N thirty-four years the changes in church work have been marked. Much more prominence is now given to the HUMANITARIAN side of church life. We today are showing our love for God by showing our love for our fellow man as never before in Christian history.

The pulpit did not touch great living questions when I came to New York; perhaps before the war, when slavery was the burning question, it may have done so, but in the first years of my pastorate if a minister of the city touched upon or discussed any absorbing topic HE WAS CHARACTERIZED AS A SENSATIONALIST, A FANATIC. We now see that the pulpit cannot be loyal to God except it lifts up its voice in opposition to municipal crime and in favor of rightful living. We now see that patriotism and religion CANNOT BE SEPARATED. A man in the pulpit must not forget his duties to the state. The ballot box is as sacred in its place as is the communion table in its place. True religion and genuine patriotism cannot be divorced.

I do not find occasion for the pessimism regarding churches in which some men indulge. To me the outlook WAS NEVER BRIGHTER than it is at this moment. Vastly more money is given for all benevolent, educational and philanthropic objects than thirty-four years ago. It is not true that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer in the sense that the increasing wealth of the rich produces increasing poverty among the poor. I do not find that there is an estrangement between workingmen and the church, as

some affirm.

I do not find the disregard of Sunday in New York now any greater than it was thirty-four years ago. When I take into account the cosmopolitan population of the city I AM ASTOUNDED THAT SUNDAY IS GENERALLY OBSERVED. I do not find any decadence in the churches, taking a broad view of their work into account. Some men who were mighty in the pulpit a generation ago have not been succeeded by their peers as preachers, but the churches have adopted new methods of activity and are doing more PRACTICAL religious work than they did when these mighty men were in the pulpit.

I DO NOT FIND THAT THE PROPORTION OF MEN IN CHURCH CONGREGATIONS IS SMALLER THAN WHEN I BEGAN MY MINISTRY. IN MANY OF MY OWN CONGREGATIONS THE NUMBER OF MEN IS GREATER THAN WOMEN.

I will not deny that in thirty-four years I have seen great changes in theological thought, but all these changes are in the interest of a nobler conception of God and of A NOBLER AND DIVINER HUMANITY. I go out into my thirty-fifth year with unquestioning faith in God, in the Bible rightly interpreted and in the church as God's best representative in the world. I expect to see greater victories for truth and God in the near future than in the past. THE WHOLE WORLD WAS NEVER SO GOOD. Out of the war between Russia and Japan, however it may end, will come a new Russia, its despotism largely overthrown and a fuller liberty assured. There will come a still more energetic and superb Japan.

## Japanese Successes Furnish No Argument For Torpedo Boats

By Admiral Sir CYPRIAN BRIDGE, British Navy

I SEE no new lesson from torpedo boats in the present war in the east. My view is there is only one way to defend yourself effectively against torpedo attack and that is to ASSUME A VIGOROUS OFFENSIVE.

If you go hunting a squadron of torpedo boats, they will have quite enough to occupy them in looking out for themselves. The essence of a torpedo boat is attack by surprise, to get in unobserved, launch a torpedo and get away. If you simply remain quiet and trust in an obstruction which you put around you, an active, vigorous assailant is bound to find a soft place in it.

I do not regard the submarine as progress. In my mind it is a somewhat HANDICAPPED TORPEDO BOAT. As I said, a torpedo boat depends on suddenness, and it also depends on invisibility, by which suddenness of attack is aided. If it can leave its base, reach its objective, deliver its attack and get nearly back to its base before daylight it has a very great prospect of escaping with impunity. To do this it is obvious that IT MUST HAVE HIGH SPEED. The submarine becomes invisible only when near the object of attack. It is then more completely invisible than the ordinary torpedo boat, but it has to pay what I regard as the very high price of relatively extreme slowness in movement. I don't think a submarine has been constructed, or is likely to be, that can cover more than nine or ten knots per hour. Therefore the apparent advantage of TEMPORARY INVISIBILITY is neutralized by lack of speed.

BATTLESHIPS, WHEN VERY LARGE, ARE INEFFECTIVE. THE MODERN BATTLESHIP IS A FORTRESS AFLOAT, AND THE LAND IS THE PLACE FOR A FORTRESS. TO MY MIND IT IS INADVISABLE TO BUILD BATTLESHIPS LARGER THAN THE KEARSARGE AND KENTUCKY, AND EVEN THEY ARE A BIT LARGE.

I do not hesitate to say that the sanitary arrangements in the latest type of British battleships are disgusting. On the Kentucky it is as if one were in a private house. On the Glory, which is a fairly new vessel, there isn't a single bath, except one placed way down in a dark hold, where the middies bathe. I should say, in respect to her inside fittings, the Kentucky is A HUNDRED YEARS IN ADVANCE OF ANY OF OUR WARSHIPS.

## Women Make the Newspapers "Yellow"

By MELVILLE E. STONE, General Manager Associated Press

THE two greatest powers of civilization are the press and women. This is not an idle compliment, as, having something to do with newspapers of the country, I feel the deep sense of responsibility resting upon me.

DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT NOT ONE LINE OF SCANDAL WOULD APPEAR IN AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IF NOT READ AND DEMANDED BY WOMEN?

Let me tell you that the scandal papers of the country are supported by women. No large metropolitan newspaper can live UNLESS IT MEETS THE DEMANDS OF WOMEN. If you give it fair thought you will agree with me. The things we inveigh against most are written for women and not men.

IF THE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS WILL SET ITS FACE AS ONE AGAINST THE SCANDAL NEWSPAPERS, THE YELLOW JOURNALS, IT CAN END THAT CURSE TO AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

Cats in a Bombardment.  
A lady who was in Port Arthur during the bombardments by Admiral Togo's fleet thus describes the curious effect produced on cats by the cannonade: "I was at my window during each bombardment by the Japs, but only through the day, because at night I did not dare stir out of bed. In front of me there was a little roof, on which five or six cats of the neighborhood collected. Each time there was a bombardment the cats duly arrived, and, having observed them, I on the second occasion proceeded to watch them. With my family we passed the hours looking at them. At each gunshot the cats arched their backs and stiffened their legs and seemed both terrified and furious. Then when a hissing shell arrived it gave the signal for a frightful battle. They jumped at each other, raging like tigers, and seemed to hold each other responsible for what was taking place. The effect was so comical that we could not help laughing, although the occasion did not inspire gaiety. After having fought, the cats retired for awhile, as though bewildered, but as soon as the bombardment began again they went through the same business. Each time

it was always the same."

Left on the Cobbler's Hands.

Pointing to a row of dusty shoes on a shelf, the customer asked the cobbler: "How in the world do you collect all those shoes? Do you mean to say that people leave their shoes for repairs and then never come after them?" "Just that," replied the cobbler. "Sometimes after they have left their shoes they come to the conclusion that they'd rather spend a little more money and get a new pair outright. Then again if they have a lot of shoes they don't miss the pair they've left in here, and they forget all about them. It's generally men who do that sort of thing, though. A woman seems to be more provident."

"No; the work on them is not a dead loss to me, for after keeping them a year I generally offer them for sale at a price in advance of the value of my work on them. Sometimes I reap quite a little money from my sale of deserted shoes, and many a poor person gets a slick shoe for about a third less than its worth."—New York Press.

A Good Samaritan.

A southern writer tells this story of a negro preacher's version of the parable of the good Samaritan: There was a traveler on a lonely road, said the preacher, who was set upon by thieves, robbed and left wounded and helpless by the roadside. As he lay there various persons passed him, but none offered to assist him. Presently, however, a poor Samaritan came by and, taking pity on the wounded man's plight, helped him on his mule and took him to an inn, where he ordered food and drink and raiment for the man, directing the innkeeper to send the bill to him. "And this is a true story, brethren," concluded the preacher. "For de inn am standin' dere yet, and in de do-way am standin' de shet-ten ob de innkeeper, waitin' fer de good Samaritan to come back an' pay de bill."—Harper's Weekly.

Love Among the Soldiers.

"A spider's love for her children is pretty strong," said a biologist. "Take her children away from her and she will remember them for twenty-four hours."

"How do you know?"  
"I have often made the experiment. Always, at the end of ten, twelve, twenty hours, a spider mother welcomes back the young that you have removed from her. After a full day has passed, though, she forgets. Keep her little ones away from her a full day and they are strangers to her on their return. She is liable to eat them."  
"Her marital is stronger than her maternal love. Take her husband from her and she will mourn him faithfully for a day and a half."

Certified Checks.

When one wishes to use a personal check to pay a note due at some other bank, it may be necessary to get the check certified. This is done by an officer of the bank, who stamps across the face of the check the words "Certified" or "Good when properly indorsed" under his name. Banks will usually certify any check drawn upon them if the depositor has the amount in the bank, as the check is immediately charged against the account when certified. A check certified and not used should be deposited, but one's account be overdrawn.—New Idea Magazine.

The Korean.

The Korean is omnivorous. Birds of the air, beasts of the field and fish from the sea—nothing comes unpalatable to his palate. Dog meat is in great request at certain seasons, pork and beef with the blood undrained from the carcass, fowls and game, birds cooked with the lights, ziblets, head and claws intact, fish sun dried and highly malodorous—all are acceptable to him.

Myrrh.

When the myrrh first exudes from the tree it is of a yellowish, whitish, buttery consistency that gradually hardens and assumes a reddish, semi-transparent color. It is used principally as one of the components of incense, and the best quality of it comes from the Somali country and lower Abyssinia, near Harrar.

Patience.

Patience is the most important factor in making a success of life. No great work was ever accomplished without a wholesome amount of this attribute practiced by the achiever.

An Eastern Tale.

"In many cases," says Sir John Lubbock, "religious differences are mainly verbal. There is an eastern tale of four men—an Arab, a Persian, a Turk and a Greek—who agreed to club together for an evening meal, but when they had done so they quarreled as to what it should be. The Turk proposed mutton, the Arab mutton, the Persian mutton, while the Greek insisted on staphylin. While they were disputing—

"Before their eyes did pass,  
Laden with grapes, a gardener's ass,  
Sprang to his feet each man and showed,  
With eager hand, that purple load."  
"See assum," said that Turk. "And see Angur," the Persian. "What should be better?" "Nay, aneb, aneb 'tis," the Arab cried. The Greek said, "This is my staphylin." Then they bought their grapes in peace.  
Hence, be ye taught."