

Bandon Recorder

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HE LIKES THE LIME LIGHT

W. J. Bryan, for 18 years the idol of six millions of American voters, and a Master Politician, seeks again to court popular applause and favor rather than to wear the yoke of responsibility when his country calls his service. He will continue for the remainder of his life one of the greatest men of his party, always in the lime-light, with a mighty following, honest, conscientious and generally right but never bearing the burden of responsibility where that duty requires him to play "second fiddle."

This is one of a multitude of minor and hardly discernible traits found in a politician but not in a statesman and one of the characteristics differentiating them.

NEW ADVERTISING LAW

Merchants and others will now have to seek other ways of advertising than by decorating the highways and by-ways with various shades of paint, in fanciful or other designs, on account of the following new law:

"It shall be unlawful to paste, paint, brand or in any manner whatsoever place or attach to any building, fence, gate, bridge, tree, rock structure or anything whatsoever, within the limits of any state highway or the property of another within the view of such state highway without such owner's consent, any written, printed, painted or other advertisement, bill, notice sign, picture, card or poster, except within the limits of any city, excepting notices required to be posted by law and excepting the placing of signs giving directions and distances for the information of the traveling public. Any one violating the provisions of this act is liable to a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$50 or imprisonment for not less than five nor more than twenty days."

It is made a lawful act to destroy, or remove any sign or other advertisement as mentioned which is in violation of this act, and without resort to legal procedure.

MORE REVENUE NEEDED

One of the surprising results of the last election of the city was the lack of interest shown in municipal affairs as demonstrated by the fact that there were only about 250 votes cast out of 600 voters in the city and the questions involved the insurance of bonds of about \$130,000 and the increase in the rate of taxation.

And now, how are we going to finance the city? The last revenue from the liquor licenses will be received July 1st, in the sum of about \$2,500 which added to the annual tax levy is not sufficient to pay the present current expenses. We have now vot-

To insure in a company you do not know is like loaning money to a stranger
FIRE

insurance is simply a promise to pay if you have a fire. Get the strongest company back of that promise.

For over 104 years the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, promptly paying every honest loss, has stood impregnable through war, panic and conflagration.

May we show you a Hartford policy?

E. E. OAKES

AGENT

Bandon, Oregon

od bonds to take up the outstanding warrants but that does not pay our future bills. Moreover with only a majority of 22 in favor of the bonds how much eagerness will the bonding companies display to purchase the funding warrants?

THE MEXICAN MUDDLE

Self styled leaders in Mexico, who seek to capture and personify the government of that country and who are in addition to governing their native land and endeavoring to suppress their rebellious rivals, also with a sense of sacred patriotism to repel any landing or invasion of U. S. followed by a half starved heterogeneous mob, deem it their sacred duty, troops, notwithstanding that their coming is previously announced by President Wilson as for the purpose of restoring law and order and accompanied by assurances that we want nothing in Mexico. For more than two years of chaotic confusion they have utterly failed to progress and the conscience of the American government, actuated solely by humanity is about to interfere.

And yet, poor, starving Mexico, foolishly, yet to the utmost of her strength will doubtless strike the helping hand.

FAIR WARNING

And now they say, they are going to prohibit pink lemonade. The bacteriologists, or whoever it is that are particularly dear to our hearts is deadly and dangerous, the bacteriologists say that it has more germs than ketchup has pickles. So it must go. W-e-l-l, all right. But by the great Central Pole of the universe; we want to warn you scientific ginks, right now; and now; don't go snooping around and discovering that it is unnecessary to feed peanuts to the elephant! For if you do, and you try to have any laws passed prohibiting that pinnacle of pastime, the great American public will rise up on its hind legs and hurl the whole horde of you, with hideous ruin and combustion down to bottomless perdition!

WHEN WAR CAME

When war came the nations of Europe seized every railroad and practically every big private enterprise and began to operate them for the national welfare. The governments ignored private interests and musty traditions and trampled over beliefs that have ever governed the commercial world, the government of Germany, gave waste and prevent speculation, assumed charge of the distribution of all food stuffs,—not only to the soldiers but to the general public. They claim, and undoubtedly the claim is true, that in such a national crisis private enterprise could not be depended on. What nations can do and must do, to insure successful war, nations can do, and ought to do, to insure peace, to prevent monopoly, to destroy abnormal profits in the distribution of the necessities of life. If a nation finds it necessary to direct the business of feeding and clothing men, so they may easier kill other men, why can it not direct the business of feeding and clothing men so they themselves may live?

If national co-operation is good in times of war, why is it not good in times of peace? If a nation can keep its soldiers nourished so they may be able to perform their duties in times of war, why not see to it that all citizens are nourished so they can perform their duties in times of peace? Is it any worse to let an army of soldiers starve than to let an army of civilians starve? The dirty alleys of London and Paris have been swarming with human derelicts for years; they pick garbage out of the gutters, the little children grow up to be thieves and idiots—and this is true in our own American cities—and yet Society insists that the government can do nothing.

The government could do nothing against this tragedy that was destroying millions of its people, yet the very day that war struck Great Britain seized every railroad and some thirty of the great factories in London—not factories of arms and ammunition but factories producing food, clothing and shelter, for the lack of which the people of the slums are dying.

And no one objects; no one raises the cry that private vested rights are being disturbed. Why? Because an army of armed men must be fed and clothed and the government must know, second, that exorbitant prices are not charged.

The army or unarmed men, women and children constituting every human being in the government must be fed and clothed at all times. The governments of earth have quietly watched a few individuals govern the output of life's necessities and fix their prices.

The horrors of the battlefield are less than the horrors of drug-addiction; less than the horrors of tuberculosis. The fatalities of all battlefields are less than the fatalities of cities of these scenes of murder. It is better for a girl to be killed by a

man or a British bullet than to be a street walker in Berlin or London. The slums are deadlier than the trenches.

If a single European nation, now at war, would abolish drunkenness or tuberculosis or the social evil or the slums it would gain a greater victory than will come if it is victorious in the present struggle.

And yet all nations submit, and by inaction consent to these daily horrors. Millions for war against man, but not one cent for war against disease and poverty! Millions to desecrate the homes of Germany and England and France, but not one cent to clean up the slums of these cities.—Yeoman Shield.

Wm. Kardell, oldest conductor on the Coos Bay railroad has taken his old run from Marshfield to Myrtle Point.

It is hoped to have the through auto stage between Myrtle Point and Roseburg started in a few days.

Prof. Mitchell of Eugene and G. W. Butler of Carvallis are scheduled to pass through this country this week on their way to Curry county to investigate mineral prospects.

All the material possible is being taken for the railroad from Eugene to Coos bay from the old road which seven years ago was partly built from Drain. The ties are classed as second hand and are only used on spurs and sidings but the rails are all good and are going down on the new track. Many of the old bridge timbers are also being used.

NEW COUNTY

The Bandon commercial club some time ago, for the purpose of creating a little interest in its meetings, and increasing attendance, held a debate, the subject being the creation of a new county to be formed from a part of Coos and a part of Curry. It seems that the people of northern Curry have taken the matter seriously and, according to the Langlois Leader, have made some investigation of the attitude of the voters of that vicinity, with the result that all are found to favor it. Such a plan would save the northern Curry people about fifty miles of pilgrimage each year to the county seat to attend court, tax paying and other county business.

THE SECRETARY'S CIGARETTES

The legislature of several states have been wrestling with anti-smoking laws. Mississippi already has such a law, which is more honored in the breach than in the observance, very much as are the anti-cigarette laws of most states which attempt to regulate personal habits by law. Nebraska has an anti-cigarette law, "but" says a writer in the Omaha Bee, "I never heard of any serious effort anywhere to enforce it. When Secretary of War Garrison was here about a year ago I was on the reception committee and as we were coming out of one of the big office buildings—not the Bee building—to us who were serving as his escort he seemed suddenly to disappear. I went back and found the secretary in front of a cigar stand. "We feared we had lost you, Mr. Secretary."

"Oh," said he, "I just wanted a package of cigarettes and, seeing this place, just dropped back to buy them."

"Well, then," I remarked, jokingly "you have helped break one of Nebraska's most solemn laws."

"How's that?" quizzically.

"Why," I answered, "our lawmakers have strictly prohibited the sale of cigarettes to man, woman or child in the state of Nebraska."

"That explains it," was his retort; "I thought the girl looked at me rather critically when I called for cigarettes, but she reached out the package without asking any questions."

That is just one shining example of the results of freak legislation. In wondering whether our law-makers will this time screw up courage and decency enough to repeal a farce anti-cigarette law that only breeds law defiance.

NOTICE KEEP OUT!

In a town in Alabama a boy, unable to swim, was struggling in the water. On the bank, rushing around telling each other what to do, were thirty (30) big husky men, several of whom could swim. While they were piddling and pottering the boy sank. Not even then did one of the "men" plunge in the water and try to rescue the little fellow. He drowned before their very eyes. Later, when questioned by other astonished citizens the brave fellows explained that they had on their Sunday clothes, did not wish to get them soiled and that there was not time for any of them to undress and pull the drowning lad out of the pond. A wave of righteous indignation has swept over the town and these Sunday suit fellows boycotted and cut dead socially, are preparing to leave the place. This article is written for the purpose of suggesting should it meet the eye of one of the thirty, that we do not want any of his kind in our community.

Railroading in Coos Twenty Years Ago

Story of an Adventurous Journey From Marshfield to Beaver Junction, as told in Recorder File

(From the Recorder for June 2, 1895)

A writer in the Recorder told of his adventures on the Coos Bay railroad which demonstrated that railroad on that road twenty years ago was a matter of experience to be remembered. He "purchased a ticket to Beaver Hill junction which was as far as the cars were to go that day."

"The ticket was first class; that is, the full limit of the law was charged on it and perhaps everything else was first class, but the style was different from most other roads."

"The cars were huge boxes, seven or eight feet deep. The sides of the car were lined with sheets of iron the walls being inclined from the bottom to the top at an angle of forty-five degrees, making it impossible for a person to stand upright. The cars were entered by climbing in from the top, a feat a lady could not hope to accomplish unless she wore bloomers. Many of the old bridge timbers are also being used."

The cars were constructed in this peculiar manner for the purpose of carrying coal when not used for carrying passengers, a combination which reflected great credit on the management for economy and utility. As the cars were not provided with seats, the passengers in view had provided several rolls of barbed wire. Some may not think that a roll of barbed wire does not make a very comfortable set but a trial will convince one that it has many good points.

The points readily insert themselves in the posterior portion of the body and hold it firmly, preventing the vibratory motion that would otherwise occur. The seat is a little uncomfortable until one gets used to it. Some can not accustom themselves to it however but prefer perching on the top edge of the car which is about two and a half inches thick and where they could enjoy all the pleasant sensations of "riding on the rail" besides being exposed to the imminent danger of being thrown off and falling in or out of the car.

But the most amusing feature of the trip was a ducky who was going to the mine. He was very drunk and as he could not sit on the edge of the car he tried the very difficult feat of lying on it and it was comical to watch him in his efforts to balance himself. Every few minutes he would fall asleep and then he would incline in or out of the car until just as he was in the act of falling he would rouse himself and recover his equilibrium.

It was an even bet among the passengers whether he would fall in or out of the car but finally with the luck of drunken men, he fell in and came

Don't Give Yourself Cause To Regret It



because you regretted placing your valuables in a safety deposit vault. Many have regretted their tardiness in acting fires and burglars have cost them dear. Anything valuable is worth taking care of. Our vaults are fire and burglar proof. We invite your inspection.

THE BANK OF BANDON

sliding down among the rolls of barbed wire which held him in position for the rest of the trip."

Tupper rock was to be blasted as the special feature of a fourth of July celebration. This large rock, which has stood for ages keeping guard over the entrance to our harbor is being tunneled for the purpose of obtaining rock for the jetty system. The tunnel was thirty five feet long and five tons of powder were to be used.

Alonso Winton came from Smith River for a visit and took home with him a wagon load of clams intending to plant them in Smith River.

An entertainment, "Si Klegg and his Pard" was scheduled for Armory hall for the benefit of the circulating library.

Supervisor Schetter of the Empire road district improved the road leading from Empire to Bandon during the week.

The tug Liberty was sold to parties at San Francisco and was taken to that place.

Grandma Callahan died at Two Mile, aged 74.

(From the Recorder, June 22nd, 1905)

A. J. Hartman and son Walter left for the Portland exposition.

Kenneth Perkins and sister Edna who have been in eastern Oregon for nearly a year returned home on the Alliance from Portland.

The force of men working on the docks for the government work had finished one and started on the other.

Marshfield was benten at base ball with Hughes and Oswill as the battery for Bandon. By the victory Bandon was tied for leadership in the league.

Mrs. Edna McDonald-Walls has been gun suit against the Smith-Powers Logging Company for \$35,000 damages. This because of an accident when she was run over by a logging train last October. She will have a leg amputated below the knee as the result of the accident. Mrs. Walls was married since the accident and her husband is a young newspaper man.

WOMAN.
WHO rules the world, what'er betides,
And ever in true worth abides?
A woman.

WOMAN.
WHO, ever constant, ever true,
And ever fond, through love, to do
A kindly duty—just for you?
A woman.

WOMAN.
WHO during all of wifehood's reign
Will ever keep an honor'd name,
Like hallowed gold, without a stain,
And striving away for your gain?
A woman.

WOMAN.
WHO bears the brunt of worldly care?
Where duty lies, is ever there,
And every pain her heart to share
Should anguish fail? An angel fair,
In kindly aid, her love deserves—
A woman.

AND when life's work is laid aside,
When bulks of time are in the tide
That sweeps to seaward, ruthless, wide—
Who stays? And in her heart sob cried,
And breathes the prayer that's not denied
At God's white throne where saints abide—
A woman.

Oh, woman, mother, sister, wife,
Thy blessing binds the sweeter life,
And through the battles, cares and strife
Thy sweet devotion, ever true,
Denotes a crown of love's device
For whom
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

ROBERT REESE.
O NE there was a little boy
Whose name was Robert Reese,
And every Friday afternoon
He had to speak a piece.

So many poems thus he learned
That soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head
And still kept learning more.

Now this is what happened:
He was called upon one week
And totally forgot the piece
He was about to speak.

His brain he endeavored,
But not a word remained within his
head,
And so he spoke at random,
And this is what he said:

My beautiful, my beautiful,
Who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus,
The breaking waves dashed high.

Why is the forum crowded?
What means this stir in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree
There's no place like home.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Cried "Think, awake, little star!"
Shout, if you must, this old gray beard,
King Henry of Navarre.

If you're waiting, call me early,
To be or not to be,
Careless must not ring tonight,
Oh, woodman, spare that tree!

Charge, Chester, charge! On Stanley, on!
And let who will be clever,
The boy stood on the burning deck,
But I go on forever.

MARSHFIELD

Celebrates July 3rd and 5th

Two Full Days of Fun

ARRANGEMENTS are now fully perfected for a good, old-fashioned Fourth of July Celebration, which will start at sunrise Saturday morning and close at midnight the Monday following. Two full days of innocent fun and amusement.

There will be Athletic Contests of various kinds such as Log Rolling, Tag of War, Base Ball, Foot Races, etc. Besides these there will be an elaborate Parade in which business houses, Fraternal and Civic Organizations will compete for prizes.

The well known Marshfield Band will furnish music for the occasion and besides that there will be dancing with excellent orchestra music.

The Citizens of Marshfield extend a cordial invitation to all to become their guests on either or both of these days of merriment and assure all who come they will have a good time and be treated right.

—By order of Celebration Committee

Two Big Days of Fun

Saturday --- Monday