

Bandon Recorder

Published Every Thursday Evening by the

Recorder Publishing Company.

C. E. KOPF, Managing Editor

Subscription, \$1.50 per Year in Advance. Advertising Rates Made Known on Application. Job Printing a Specialty

Entered at the Bandon Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

THURSDAY, June 11, 1908

Now that the election is over and everything is decided for a year or two, at least, our citizens have gone to work with a zeal, and are determined to work for the best interests of Bandon and Coos county. The great question in which the most interest was shown was local option, and after the votes are counted it is found that there is a small majority against prohibition, and the county will remain in the wet column. Some disappointment has been expressed by men who were strongly opposed to saloons, but there is an era of good feeling just the same among the friends and the opponents and this city and county will continue to grow and prosper. There is one thing about Coos county people and that is they are willing to abide by the majority. If the county had been voted dry, the saloon men would have closed up peacefully and gracefully submitted to the will of the people. As it is, the anti saloon men are resigning themselves to the situation, and all will continue to live in peace and harmony. This is one characteristic of Coos county people; they are citizens first and partisans second. Let the good feeling continue as it is the only way to insure the prosperity of the county.

The natural resources of Bandon and the surrounding community is the source of conversation of every one who visits this locality, and many men from the east and in other parts of the west are seriously considering locating here with the view of engaging in business of various kinds. Our unequalled water power, our coal fields, our forests, and our fields all contribute to the attractiveness of the place, and the future of Bandon as a commercial center is no longer a question, but a settled fact. The only question is as to how great a center it will be, and that, time alone will tell. With the prospects of a railroad, and perhaps two, in the near future, with our already splendid harbor and the assurance that it will be made better, nothing can stop the progress of this locality, as we can produce enough to supply a large portion of the United States.

Under the new national banking law, approved May 30th, Oregon's added quota of currency will be a little over two million dollars. This will help some.

The great Rose Festival, of Portland, is now a matter of history, and Portland newspapers pronounce it the most eventful week in the history of that city. A display of a similar nature, on a smaller scale, would be a fine thing for Bandon. We have the roses and flowers. Why not make use of them?

With the election over and the assurance of a good cherry and berry crop, the people of Oregon ought to "get busy" and advertise more than ever before. We have a great commonwealth here and resources enough for a whole nation.

Teacher Acquitted.

Miss Eva Applegate, a teacher in the public schools at Willowa, indicted by the grand jury for alleged assault and battery inflicted upon Eliza Workman, one of her pupils, aged ten years, was acquitted by a jury in the circuit court. Last November, Miss Applegate had occasion to punish the child and in doing so whipped her with a rubber tube about three inches in circumference. Some of the witnesses testified that at least a dozen welts were made on her lower limbs by the whipping and that the child

was unable to walk from the effects of the whipping next day. About six weeks after receiving the whipping the child died from appendicitis, and it was claimed that the marks of the whipping were still visible at that time. Miss Applegate is a resident of Yoncall. —Ashland Record.

THE TIME TABLE.

Its Part in the Daily Life of the Locomotive Engineer.

The principal anxieties of an express driver have to do with keeping time. His employment depends upon his doing so. He is there in the cab of an express engine just, in fact, because he knows better than other men how to get the best results from a splendid piece of machinery. And they are demanded of him. No railway company in competition with another can afford to be lax about the running of its trains, and an express driver who means to keep his place has to remember this.

If the train is late from any fault of his he must expect to be reprimanded. If it is late at all frequently he may be either fined or in the end reduced. The checks upon him are strict. In every signal box he passes the time of his passing is recorded. He checks the record with his own time sheet, which is checked by the guard of his train in turn. He need not fear injustice, true. So many independent records establish the facts beyond mistake or cavil and enable his superintendent to say at once whether the fault lies between him and the engine or elsewhere. But time is one of his constant preoccupations.

He cannot forget it, as he may forget his perils. It is evidently not a matter to which a driver can become indifferent in the least, and there are times when it is oppressive. Engines differ, like pianos from the same famous workshop or watches made by machinery. They differ so notoriously that there is a railway saying, "A good engine makes a good driver."

Among modern express engines there is probably not a disappointing one in twenty. But every engine has her idiosyncrasies. She may respond to firing less readily than another or need more oiling or be oftener docked for small repairs. For better or worse the driver is married to her until he can show sufficient cause for a divorce. The time table is their moral law, enforced daily under the penalties aforesaid.—Keighley Snowden in Fortnightly Review.

Trifles That Cause Bravery.

On one of the streams in Yorkshire a man and a boy were seated in a boat fishing when suddenly the boy lost his balance and fell overboard.

The man gallantly jumped into the water and rescued the little fellow.

"Bravo!" remarked a farmer standing near. "They ought to give you the Humane society's medal."

"An' what for begos?" asked the old chap.

"For so nobly saving that poor lad's life at the risk of your own," replied the man.

"Now, look here, mister," he rejoined, "I don't want no praise w'ere no praise ain't doo. If you'd been me you'd 'a' done just the same."

"Why?" said the farmer.

"Why? Why, 'cos the young imp had all the bait in his pockets, that's why—an' a good why, too, mister."

—Pearson's Weekly.

Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Ore. April 17, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, James Conley of town of Bandon, county of Coos, State of Oregon has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 577, for the purchase of the NE 1/4 SE 1/4 of Section No. 4, Township 29 South of Range 14 W. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber and stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before G. T. Treadgold, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Bandon, Oregon, on Friday, the 4th day of September, 1908.

He names as witnesses: A. Jones, Charles Brown, C. M. Smith, W. H. Smith, all of Bandon, Coos Co., Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 4th day of September 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Filed for Publication June 11, 1908.

A FRENCH WEDDING.

The Way a Marriage in the Country Districts is Conducted.

Sometimes a country wedding passed, and that was always a pretty sight. A marriage is always an important affair in France in every class of life. There are long discussions with all the members of the two families. The cure, the notary, the patron (if the young man is a workman), are all consulted, and there are as many negotiations and agreements in the most humble families as in the grand monde of the Faubourg St. Germain. Almost all French parents give a dot of some kind to their children, and whatever the sum is, either 500 francs or 2,000 francs, it is always scrupulously paid over to the notary.

The wedding day is a long one. After the religious ceremony in the church all the wedding party—members of the two families and a certain number of friends—adjourn to the hotel of the little town for a breakfast, which is long and most abundant. Then comes the crowning glory of the day—a country walk along the dusty highroad to some wood or meadow, where they can spend the whole afternoon.

It is pretty to see the little procession trudging along, the bride in all her wedding garments, white dress, white shoes, wreath and veil; the groom in a dress coat, top hat, white cravat and waistcoat, with a white ribbon bow on his sleeve. Almost all the girls and young women are dressed in white or light colors; the mothers and grandmothers (the whole family turns out) in black, with flowers in their bonnets.

There is usually a fiddler walking ahead making most remarkable sounds on his old cracked instrument, and the younger members of the party take an occasional gallop along the road. They are generally very gay. There is much laughing and from time to time a burst of song. It is always a mystery to me how the bride keeps her dress and petticoat so clean, but she does, with that extraordinary knack all Frenchwomen seem to have of holding up their skirts.

They pass often under the wall of the chateau, for a favorite resting place was in our woods. At the entrance of the allée verte, where it widens out a little, the moss makes a beautiful soft carpet, and the big trees give perfect shade. We heard sounds of merriment one day when we were passing, and we stopped to look on from behind the bushes, where we couldn't be seen.—Mme. Waddington in Scribner's.

No Hurry.

The American traveler who endeavors to hasten the comfortably gaited orient against its wish soon comes to a halt. That was the experience of "A Woman Alone In the Heart of Japan."

"Make the rickman hurry. I have a date and can't wait here all day," she said to the "boss rickman" at the station. He blazed like a fiery dragon.

"Vell, you get so mad, you no can wait for dis, you go find nodder rickshaw," he said.

She answered very meekly: "Dear friend, you do not know me. I am not the least bit mad. This is only a gentle American hustle. If you want me to be real mad, I will show you the difference."

"Vell, you vas almos' mad," he insisted. "You seem jus' like mad when you say: 'No can wait. Mus' have rickshaw quick. Hurry up!'"

A Geyser Clock.

One of the most curious clocks in the world is said to be that which tells the time to the inhabitants of a little American backwoods town. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser which shoots out an immense column of hot water every thirty-eight seconds. This spouting never varies to the tenth of a second. Every time the water spurts up it strikes the lever and moves the hands forward thirty-eight seconds.—American Home Monthly.

The Game of Chess.

The game of chess is of unknown origin. It can be traced back some 5,000 years or so to India. From India it advanced to Persia, from which country it passed on to the Arabians. The Spaniards got the game from the Arabs and passed it on to France, Germany and England. It is absolutely futile to attempt to determine the origin of the game.—New York American.

The Ethics of Trade.

The Bird Dealer—It's a bloomin' shine, Jim, swindlin' a pore, 'ard-workin' cove like this.

His Friend—Why, wot's wrong?

The Bird Dealer—Why, 'ere I slaved all day Sunday a-paintin' up a sparrer into a red 'eaded Belgian canary, an' I'm blowed if the feller is bought it ain't given me a bad trif crown.—London Sketch.

LONDON RESTAURANTS.

The Way They Compare With Eating Places in New York.

Money for money, London is far ahead of New York (it is out of sight ahead of Paris) as a middle class dining place. With the half guinea ordinaries no parallel can be instituted. Our prices do not go that high. The seven and six ordinaries we can meet on even terms—I think that we can give them odds.

But I know of only one restaurant in New York where for 75 cents (the test is not quite accurate) can be had a dinner fairly comparable in quality with the three and six dinners which may be had at a round score of restaurants in London, and even in our dreams of avarice we never get along here to anything that will class with the dinners to be had at half a dozen queer little cribs in Soho for 18 pence, though I will admit that if you are a lousy eater you may have to eat two of those eighteen penny dinners at one sitting really to get your fill.

Wine is not included in these lower prices—in the higher prices it sometimes is, and you drink it at your peril! But even in Soho, if you are careful, and at pretty much all the three and six ordinaries by exercising no more than a reasonable discretion you can get an unpretentious sound wine for a price in keeping with the price of the food.

It is no wonder that all London crowds nightly into this gay, bright region, where it can eat and drink so pleasantly and so cheaply and where it can have, at least in the case of those who continue the economies of Soho and accept the hard benches of the upper circle, a satisfying 3 or 4 shillings' worth of the play.—Thomas A. Janvier in Harper's Magazine.

In Childish Eyes.

The vagueness of the young with respect to the age of their elders is pleasantly illustrated by the early history of a nobleman who once represented a division of Manchester in the English parliament. His mother had a maid who seemed to childish eyes extremely old. The children of the family longed to know her age, but were much too well bred to ask a question which they felt would be painful, so they sought to attain the desired end by a system of ingenious traps. The boy chanced in a lucky hour to find in his "Book of Useful Knowledge" the tradition that the aloe flowers blossomed only once in 100 years. He instantly saw his opportunity and accosting the maid with winning air and wheedling accent, asked insinuatingly, "Susan, have you often seen the aloe flower?"—London Mail.

Natural.

There is a stalwart negro in a town of Alabama whose naturally fine singing voice is the feature of the local colored church choir.

On one occasion when the singer was suffering from a protracted illness one of the deacons called to ascertain how the patient was "git-tin' on."

"He's got an awful bad cough jest now," explained the singer's wife, with a most mournful sigh.

"Well, dat's too bad; dat's too bad!" exclaimed the deacon, casting about for some means of consolation. Then a happy thought struck him. "Come to think of it," he added, "it ain't no wonder, wif dat strong voice he was pressin' on his lungs. He's shore due to have a cough now an' then, ain't he?"—Harper's Weekly.

No Reply.

A curious person of a certain town who loved to find out everything about the new residents espied the son of a new neighbor one morning in a doctor's office.

"Good morning," he said. "Little boy, what is your name?"

"Same as dad's," was the quick reply.

"Of course, I know, little boy, but what is you dad's name, dear?"

"Same as mine, sir."

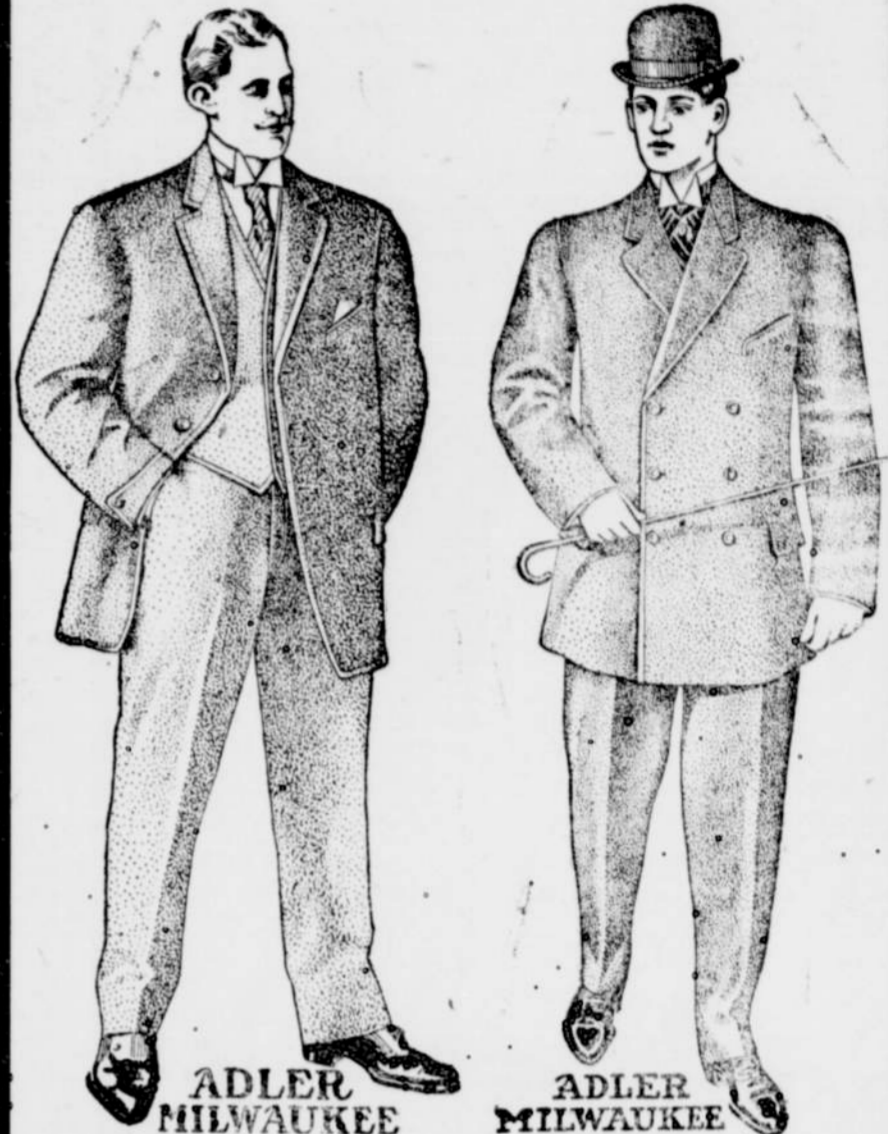
Still he persisted, "I mean what do they say when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me. I allus gets there first. See?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Graveyard of Great Lakes.

The great basin between the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevada is the burial ground of a multitude of dead lakes. Buried with them are the skeletons of creatures that lived upon the earth and in its vanished waters long before man came into the world. Rivers still flow down to the dry edge of these one time great reservoirs and are licked up by evaporation and the chinook winds. Of all the lakes that once lay there only Great Salt Lake, Lake Tahoe and Bear lake are left. The Southern Pacific rolls for 165 miles across the bed of what was once Lake Lahontan.

For CASH we sell,
For CASH we buy,
We sell you Good Goods cheap,
And CASH is why.



We have suits to suit the season,
Suits for office, street, or ball,
We can suit any man in reason,
Whether he be short medium or tall

SMITH BROS. & SIDWELL

Men's and Boys' outfitters.

ON MAIN ST. NEAR NEW K. P. BLD'G. BANDON.

Virginia Ice Cream Parlors

J. H. ANDERSON, Prop.

Fine Lemonade Ice Cream Confectionery, Etc.

Bandon,

Oregon.

Allen & Davidson

Allen & Davidson have moved their store into the new Laird-Lowe Building and are ready to receive their patrons their patrons there with full new line of the best in Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables. Everything for the table. Don't forget the changed location.

Oakes Real Estate Co.

Sole Agents for

Woolen Mill Addition.

Oakes Addition.

Breakwater Addition.

Agents for

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company.

St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Company.

Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.

We have the only lots within the Town Limits of Bandon sold on the instalment plan. If you want results list with us. If you want to buy improved or unimproved property, business lots or business chances, come and see us we have them. The largest list in Bandon to select from, and always changing. Rents collected and interests of non-residents looked after.

General information bureau and Notary Public.

Edward E. Oakes, Manager.

Subscribe for the RECORDER