

Fruit Growing Talk

"Hello Central, give me C. E. Kopf the editor of the RECORD-ER."

"Alright, what do you want?"

"Is this Mr. Kopf?"

"Yes who is this?"

"This is M. G. Pohl." A few days ago you spoke to me about fruit and the conditions of orchards, we were interrupted, and as it is so stormy that you can not pick up much news on the streets I thought we might as well have a little chat.

"I learned this morning that the Chamber of Commerce will have a big Bow wow in the Marshfield Wigwam, too late for me to go there. I wonder if the Bandon people and farmers of this community would not be interested in a movement which means wealth and prosperity to all owners of land. Why those Mount Hood people they forge ahead and profit in money and notriety while we here remain like a bump on a log, no energy, and with the exception of a few land owners enterprise seems to be a word not in their dictionary."

"Could we not stir them up and have a meeting wherein we could discuss the possibilities and the ways and means to join the current of advancement and bring out the wealth this country is full of, if we are only able to find it."

"Only this year the Hood River people advanced the prices of their fruit; for instance the Spitzenburg apples formerly brought 75 cents a box this year they sold for \$3.50. This is not because the people there are sharper and shrewder than we are, they can not make a ten for a five, but they have learned to do things right, thus they are enabled to grow higher grades of fruit than we do. In addition they learned to select and pack such fruit in a way which proves to the buyer the goods before him are not of the shady kind and this is where the advantages come in for both producer and seller."

"Now let me tell you right here that many of the farmers complain of last year's poor crop, they find fault with the prices, why? The knowledge, the experience is missing. Do they expect from poor and lean live stock high prices for meat? Do they think that fruit trees can thrive and produce on soil where the food elements are exhausted and unbalanced? Do they know that of all growths and products the apple must have a higher percentage of available potash than wheat, corn, potatoes or grass?"

And when such nourishment is found sufficient what about the culture of the soil and the pruning and spraying to keep under control the different fungus diseases and the ever increasing insect pests. Let our farmer friends not be deceived by words; some men calling themselves experts in the business preach to them; they are false prophets and speak so to them for personal gain. The work must be done right and in proper time or else your work is not of benefit to you and may be even detrimental, this later effort is the consequence of none or improper pruning and spraying. Of this I should like to talk to you another rainy day if you so desire but this is sufficient for this time.

If the meeting already suggested could be called, no matter how small the attendance at first, some very good results, might be obtained and its growth would be very apparent.

Let us hear from the people on this subject.

Owing to ill health I am compelled to leave Bandon. Monday January 18 will positively be my last day in the gallery. Everything including a fine show counter for sale at a bargain. Will sell all or any part of gallery outfit. View negatives for sale. Portrait negatives for sale to owners. Good row boat also for sale. J. W. Lint. 52 12

A big line of dry batteries at the Standard Electric Co's Store, of Atwater Street.

THE STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

It Sheds Some Side Lights Upon Life and Morals.

For a few dazzling side lights upon life and morals apply to the storage warehouse. You can find almost anything there from baby alligators to blocks of ice cream and from Teddy bears to sauerkraut. So you won't be amazed at what the institution has most recently divulged. Here you have the story:

Mrs. Q. repaired to the storage warehouse to extract her soup spoons, though it may have been aunts or uncles or popcorn or guinea pigs. At any rate, her property declined to come out. It had been tucked in by Mr. Q. Only Mr. Q. might tempt it forth. Mrs. Q. protested. She wanted her catnip or theology or safety razor, or whatever it was, and made representations with great emphasis. She moved upon the management. She stormed and wept. After long wrangling the warehouse decided it would yield up the college ice—or was it the piano?—if Mrs. Q. would swear she was still married to Mr. Q. and would send him a written statement (he was in Quebec, and I lost track of him owing to bewilderment produced by merely thinking of a storage warehouse) and make him return the statement, countersigned, to the management. This, then, is how Mrs. Q. regained possession of her golf links or prayer book or sugar tongs. Well, say it was sugar tongs, though golf links would be likelier.

Pressed for an explanation, the warehouse remarked: "Have to be careful, you know—divorces, separations, affidavits, you know. Minute such things start up there's a race to the storage place. Game is for each to snatch out everything first. Becomes embarrassing"—Boston Transcript.

MIXED THE SIGNS.

Sarasate and the Sandwich Men in Edinburgh.

To advertise Sarasate's performances in Edinburgh eight sandwich men were sent out, each of whom bore in front and behind him one letter of the great musician's name. They started all right, but after a time removed the boards from their shoulders to have a rest.

On resuming their labors each man shouldered the board nearest him and fell in behind the man who had formerly marched before him.

When the leader, who bore the initial "S," turned around to see if his men were ready, what he saw was "Sarasate." He knew enough to realize that something was wrong, but how to right it was more than he could tell. After changing a man here and there he got it "Sarasate." But still it didn't seem correct.

By this time the poor fellow was in a terrible state. If any of their employers' people were on the outlook and could see them, their day's wage would be stopped! He tried again and yet again, but it was no use.

And a moment later a man bearing the letter "S" before and behind was seen running toward the music hall to copy down the name from one of the posters there. And along the right side of Princeton street there walked toward the appointed rendezvous at the Mound three men who bore the strange device "A A E," while opposite them there paced along the left side gutter four others, who, if to advertise means to attract attention, succeeded well, for every one who passed looked around in wondering amazement as to what "Rats" meant.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

Too Much For the Ferret.

An old buck rabbit is not to be lightly tackled by weasel, stoat or even ferret. On the sanded floor of a small public house a ferret of long experience was matched with an old lop eared buck, the property of the landlord. The ferret made straight for the rabbit's throat, but the latter was in the air before master ferret could reach him and, leaping clean over the ferret's head, let out with those powerful hind legs of his a kick which hurled the ferret bodily against the wainscot. Twice the ferret returned to the attack, and twice he missed his grip and went hurtling through the air. The third repulse was enough for him. He knew he was beaten and could not be persuaded to stand up for a fourth round.—Pearson's Weekly.

Brilliant Fish Hues.

Like birds, many fishes assume their brightest hue when they wish to attract the opposite sex of their species. The colors of the male common pike become exceedingly intense, brilliant and iridescent in the breeding season. The eel also puts on an intense silvery hue at the breeding time which is very noticeable and at one time caused naturalists to distinguish it as a distinct species. The males of the tench, roach and perch also show a marked increase in brilliancy in the breeding season.

Mental Arithmetic.

"Two years ago I asked Aunt Jane to visit us for a fortnight, and she has not gone home yet."
"It's a blessing."
"What's a blessing?"
"That you didn't invite her for a month."—Harper's Weekly.

Uncovered.

Horace—I can't understand you girls. Now, you hate Mabel, and yet you just kissed her. Hetty—I know, but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off.—London Tatler.

Domestic Politics.

"Whom did you support during the last campaign?"
"A wife, two children and a mother-in-law and kept up my life insurance at the same time."—Puck.

A MORNING SURGICAL OPERATION.

Original.

A young American, Walter Tisdale, with two ladies, was dining in Paris at a cafe in the Champs d'Elisee. There is an adage that two is company and three is a crowd, and Tisdale wished for another man to be a companion for one of the girls. A gentleman sat at a table near by smoking his cigarette, drinking his absinth and twirling his mustache. He cast an occasional glance at Tisdale and his party and seemed interested in them. When the waiter presented the bill Tisdale was chagrined to find that he had left his portemanteau at his hotel. There was nothing remaining in his vest pocket but a five franc piece, quite insufficient to meet the indebtedness. He was at a loss to know what to do. The ladies had no money with them, and the position was embarrassing. All this was evident to the gentleman sitting near. He rose, approached Tisdale and, lifting his hat, politely said:

"Pardon, m'sieu. If you will permit me I will relieve your embarrassment. What is the amount of the bill?"

After some discussion Tisdale accepted the stranger's offer and asked him to take his place at the table while he drove to his hotel to get his money. The stranger consented. Tisdale was absent less than half an hour and when he returned found the girls quite at home with their protector. He was a man of perhaps forty. His manners were affable, and he possessed the faculty of being an attentive listener. Tisdale was very grateful for the favor he had done him and, thanking him, said:

"M'sieu, we would be happy to have you join our party for the evening. We shall visit those places of amusement with which this delightful city abounds and when we have exhausted them will sup at one of the cafes in the amusement center."

Tisdale took out a card and handed it to the stranger, who looked at it musingly.

"M'sieu will pardon me," said the latter, "for not returning my card. I never carry one. My name has disagreeable associations. You probably know that the implement used in the revolution for getting rid of the nobility took its name from a physician, Dr. Guillotin."

"I see," said Tisdale; "you are a descendant of his."

"The name is not uncommon," said one of the ladies, Mlle. de Four.

"I rather like it," said the other, Louise Micheau. "There is a keen edge to it."

All laughed at the sally. The ladies gathered their wraps, the men put on their overcoats, all left the cafe and, getting into a carriage, drove away. During the evening the party gave themselves up to pleasure. The stranger once or twice demurred at not being permitted to pay any bills, but, seeing that Tisdale was determined on this point, gave way. He was not a communicative man—rather silent, in fact—but this did not prevent him from being companionable. He asked to be excused from drinking, giving as a reason that he would be obliged to perform a delicate operation in the morning and would need a steady hand.

"So you are like your celebrated ancestor, a doctor?" remarked Tisdale.

"I follow his footsteps," replied Guillotin.

The doctor seemed to prefer Mlle. Micheau and became her escort for the evening.

It was 1 o'clock before the party brought up in a cafe on one of the boulevards for supper.

"I shall have to leave you very soon," said the stranger. "Having accepted your hospitality thus far, I grant that you will drink a bottle with me?"

"Certainly. But why leave us?"

"The operation I spoke of."

"An operation! So early in the morning!" exclaimed Mlle. de Four.

"You'll kill the patient," said Mlle. Micheau. "Better wait for daylight."

"I do not expect the patient will survive," said the doctor.

"There was a certain chill in his voice that communicated itself to the others. There was something uncanny in the fact of a man's leaving a gay supper party to perform an operation on a person the result of which he expected would be fatal. Tisdale, to banish the disagreeable feeling, seized a glass of wine and, clucking it with the others, drank success to the doctor's operation."

"It will be successful," said the surgeon. "It is an operation I have performed often, and I never fail."

"But I thought you said the patient would not survive it," said Mlle. Micheau.

"He will not, but his death has nothing to do with my skill in operating. That is another matter."

As he spoke a waiter uncorked a bottle of champagne, the wine spouting and deluging the glasses. The doctor took up his glass, bowed affably to the three, touched his lips to it, set it down and offered his hand to each. There was a coldness in it that added to the chill. Then he was gone.

"M. de Paris is looking very well this morning," said a gentleman sitting near. "He goes to attend to the case of Gavitz, the wife murderer."

The girls with Tisdale turned pale.

"Who is M. de Paris?" asked Tisdale.

"Our companion for the evening the public executioner!" gasped Mlle. Micheau.

The next morning's paper in speaking of the passing of the wife murderer incidentally mentioned that M. de Paris was not his usual self. Perhaps a remembrance of Mlle. Micheau had something to do with the change.

NORMAN D. WHITE.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior United States Land Office at Roseburg, Ore. Jan. 5th, 1909

Notice is hereby given that Abraham Jones, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on October 6th 1908, made Timber Application, No. 01675, for N. E. 1-4 of N. E. 1-4 Section 19 Township 29 S. R. 13 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof to establish claim to the land above described before the Register and Receiver, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 20th day of March 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Edward L. Ohman, of Bandon, Oregon Amos E. Hadhall, of Bandon, Oregon A. C. Adams of Bandon, Oregon J. M. Adams, of Bandon, Oregon. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Readvertisement. First publication Jan. 21.

Notice for Publication Department of the Interior. Land Office at Roseburg, Or. November, 19, 1908

Notice is hereby given that Jessie M. Perkins, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on Nov. 19, 1908, made Timber Application, No. 02366, for NE 1-4 SW 1-4, Section 22, Township 29 South, Range 14 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Proof to establish claim to the land above described before G. T. Treadgold, United States Commissioner for Oregon, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 9th day of February, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Swift, Kenneth Perkins, Fred N. Perkins and Robert Walker, Jr., all of Bandon, Coos County, Oregon. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

First publication Dec. 3

Notice for Publication—Isolated Tract

PUBLIC LAND SALE Department of the Interior, General Land Office

Roseburg, Oregon, January 2-1908

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), he will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 20 day of February next, at this office, the following tract of land:—the NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 29, T. 30 S., R. 14 W., W. M. Any persons claiming adversely the above described land are advised to file their claims or objections on or before the time designated for sale.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register. J. M. LAWRENCE, Receiver

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