

Bandon Recorder

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THURSDAY.....March 11, 1909

How keen the Statement No. 1 men were to vote for Chamberlain and save their honor! Honor is a fine, sonorous word! It sounds so large and pleasing, coming from a republican when casting a vote for a democrat! But how about the passing of the bill placing two more judges on the bench of the supreme court, when the people, the same people who would be up in arms if Statement No. 1 was not carried out to the last jot and tittle how about the voice of the people when they said last June by a majority of over 20,000 that such a law was not to be passed? And yet how simple it is; the strict carrying out of Statement No. 1 placed a democrat in the United States Senate, and the defeat of the will of the people in the case of the supreme court judges placed two democrats on the supreme bench.--The Dalles Optomist.

ONE of the best things the city council has done in a long time was to pass an ordinance at the last session, allowing property owners to plant trees in the street along their property, providing the trees were planted within eight feet of the property. Some of the council objected to the measure on the ground that it would not allow the ground to dry up and would cause mud holes all summer. While there may be some argument on that score, yet the mud is much preferable to the wind and dust that would be constantly terrorizing the people if it were not for the trees. People in a fine timbered country like this do not appreciate the value of trees until they are all gone and then they begin to look around and see how foolish they were for destroying all of the grand works of nature. The greatest mistake the early settlers of Bandon made was the destruction of so many of the beautiful shade trees, and it is hoped that the new settlers will not make the same mistake. All cities of any size are lining the streets in the residence district with trees, and it does more toward beautifying a city than anything else that can be done. Trees were given by the Supreme Being for a purpose and one of those purposes was the beautifying of a city. Let us have trees and plenty of them. It is a great adjunct to the wealth of any city.

AS ONE meanders around the city and sees the beautiful flower gardens of some of the enterprising Bandon citizens, it makes him stop and think what a beautiful paradise of flowers this could be made, if everyone who owns a home or has the care of a piece of property would just take the pains to plant and cultivate a few of the choice flowers that grow so prolifically anywhere in the city. That Oregon can be the flower garden of the world goes without saying and Bandon is right in the very best location for the most beautiful of all. Some time ago a botanist of note came here to get the different varieties of wild flowers that grow here, and he was successful in finding fifty-two varieties. There would probably have been more if he had made a more thorough search, but even supposing that there were no more, we

certainly have enough in fifty-two. Then there are the many cultivated flowers, and no one has ever been able to enumerate the different varieties of these. Roses and carnations the two choicest flowers in all the world bloom out doors the year around. Calla lilies, Christmas Cacti and dozens of other plants which they cultivate in greenhouses and sell for enormous prices in other parts of the country, will grow almost as easily here as blue grass in Iowa, which is saying a great deal. We have the natural resources here to make the most beautiful and picturesque city on the face of the globe, so why not take advantage of the opportunity?

ANY person or firm from the outside that comes into Bandon for the purpose of selling goods should pay a license, whether they purport to be doing a mail order business, or what not, so long as they are selling in competition with our local merchants who pay taxes and help to keep up the public institutions of the city. It is not fair to the local merchant to force him to pay taxes on his goods and then allow some other parties to come in and sell goods in direct opposition and pay no license. The RECORDER is not informed whether the North Bend firm that was here last week paid license or not, but if they did not they should have done so. This is a good reliable firm and their goods are all right, but out of justice to the Bandon merchants no outside firm should be allowed to sell here without paying license, because as before stated the home merchants are compelled to pay taxes here, and it is through their taxes, together with that of other property owners that our public institutions are kept up. This paper is for Bandon, first, last, and all the time and believes in patronizing and protecting home industry. We have schools and other public utilities that must be kept up, and every man who gets benefit in trade or otherwise here should pay taxes in some form to keep them up. If their property is not directly taxable here, they should pay license for selling goods.

A NEW publication in New York is devoted to opposition to mail order houses and their business. It seems to have a reasonable mission. Everybody must be permitted to buy goods where and of whom they choose, of course, but it is not only permissible but commendable to show people throughout the country the reasons why it is in the long run advantageous to buy goods, as a rule from home merchants. These reasons are in fact obvious to most people on a little consideration. A great mail order house in a distant city may supply some things cheaper on some occasions than they can be purchased of merchants nearest home, but such goods are oftener of inferior quality and what is gained in one purchase is likely to be lost in another. Many people who have the mail order habit often actually pay more for goods than they would have to pay to a local dealer. But even if the cost of home bought goods is a little more there is a resultant benefit in helping to

make one's neighbor prosperous. Becoming so, doing a thriving business, he in turn, directly, or indirectly, patronizes those who buy of him; and they are mutually helpful to one another. The well patronized local merchant helps, or can and should help, make a better market for his neighbor's products. There is something worth consideration in that old yard or illustration about the dollar that is sent away and never comes back into the community, while if spent near home it remains there and goes its rounds, paying a dollar debt continually. Local merchants on the other hand are under an obligation to their home people, in the matter of furnishing them a local market for home products, as far as is practicable, and this in small places remote from large towns can usually be made profitable for the merchant as well as the producer. And the merchant should not overlook the local newspaper, which may not contain a great quantity of the world's news. It is a more or less influential factor in the community, and when it stands up for the merchant year in and year out, by protesting against mail order houses and solicitors for concerns in cities far away, they should cheerfully reciprocate by helping the local editor to enjoy a modest amount of prosperity also.--Journal.

IT IS President Taft now, and the president has told us clearly and comprehensively what he would like to do and what he hopes to do during the ensuing four years. The program is necessarily a lengthy one, and in a large measure it covers the unfinished business of the Administration just brought to a close. The most important departure from traditional party doctrine is embraced in that portion of the inaugural address which treats on tariff. This is practically new business, business that the retiring Administration left severely alone. The new policy of a tariff for taxation is one that is destined to meet with strenuous opposition; therefore, we may conclude that the first great fight of the Taft administration, if not the chief struggle during its entire course, will be that over tariff adjustment. We may conclude also that the fight will be all the more bitter between the President and his following and the ultra high-protection advocates because of the fact that the persistence of high tariff is so fundamentally involved in the solution of the trust problem. With President Taft's temperament and good judgment; with what we have reason to believe will be his insistence on intelligent tariff revision, whether directly by Congressional action, by the establishment of a permanent commission, or by both, we should look for much that is practical in trust regulation that hitherto has been impossible of attainment. But beyond revenue raising by tariff, President Taft comes to the front with a declaration for a graduated inheritance tax; a proposition for taxation that will rest primarily upon those best able to pay it. This is not new, but Mr. Taft may be more successful in urging it than was Mr. Roosevelt. It is certainly a clear proposition that deficit must be cured. It cannot, like Tennyson, brook go on forever, and this that President Taft proposes makes for correction and for an altogether different Treasury story than what we have heard during the past few years. In the main, President Taft is committed to all the important governmental activities that have

been initiated during the Roosevelt administration. The present naval policy; liberal, dignified and conciliatory diplomacy; the conservation of National resources; the completion of the canal; the continued restriction of Oriental immigration in accordance with the best interests of the country--all these, and other matters of lesser importance, make up the Taft programme. It is a programme that will call for Herculean labor, for most excellent judgment, for the highest order of patriotic service. The country believes that President Taft will be equal to the task.--Telegram.

An Exchange of Heads.

A Story of the Future.

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It was fifty years ago, in 1908, that the first experiments in transplanting organs of the lower animals were made and made successfully. It was then announced by one vivisectionist that he had transplanted dogs' heads with preservation of cerebral and bulbar function.

During the decade that followed this discovery the technique involved in transplanting the head of one dog to the body of another was very much improved, and surgical scientists began to covet an opportunity to try the experiment upon men. But it was not until 1915 that Dr. Therapeutic Scalpel succeeded in obtaining the requisite human subjects. The courts that had sentenced two murderers to be electrocuted consented that they should instead be decapitated by Dr. Scalpel with a view to an exchange of heads. The prisoners gladly consented because they would have a chance to live again, though under a swapped identity.

Patrick Flanagan and Gottlieb Shuman were the subjects. Dr. Scalpel before making the experiment spent three months in educating an eminent vivisectionist and four young physicians to assist him. Just before the heads were severed the last rights of the church were administered to the convicts, after which they were placed on operating tables side by side.

The period of occlusion (shutting off the circulation) was but twenty minutes. This brought it within the limit of time necessary to prevent coagulation. During this period each head was removed from the body, transplanted, the arteries, muscles and nerves saturated, the point of cutting of the spinal chord being especially carefully adjusted.

Suspended animation returned as soon as the anesthetic began to lose its effect, and within a few hours Dr. Scalpel began to feel that the experiment had been successful. But it was ten weeks before the patients were discharged.

Up to this time it had been supposed that the individuality of a person was solely in the brain. The case of Flanagan and Shuman demonstrated that, though this is partially correct, it is not entirely so. Flanagan on the day of his discharge headed straight for a saloon and shouted to the barkeeper, "Ye spalpeen, gimme"--he hesitated and instead of calling for a glass of whisky finished--"ein glass beer." Shuman, who followed him into the place, succeeded in correctly giving an order for whisky, but the barkeeper, being inattentive or thinking he said beer, handed him a glass of that beverage, whereupon he berated the Teuton.

"What d'ye mane, ye heathen? Fou glass visky, I said, und a sweitzer case sandvich."

Here Flanagan--that is, Flanagan's body with Shuman's head on it--took a hand. Turning to Shuman's body with his own (Flanagan's) head, he growled:

"And it is the likes of ye's that's pokin' fun at the Irish race by talkin' wid its illigant talk yer beastly Dutch sprekken? Gott in himmel! Vas y' mean?"

Shuman's Dutch body (Irish head) retorted:

"Mein friend, I kilt dat man mit a hammer. If you say another wort, ye murtherin' Irishman, O'll mash yer Dutch head wid dot beer glass!"

Flanagan's Irish body (Dutch head) looked at his companion's Hibernian features contemptuously.

"So y' killed him wid a hammer, did ye? I spoilt my man's skull wid a stick lacken a shillalah. Git out mit yourself!"

Reaching over the bar, he seized a stone pitcher, his enemy meanwhile raising a beer glass. Then the two drew apart, each poisoning his weapon and glancing at the other.

Dr. Scalpel on discharging his patients (so to speak) had directed one of his assistants to follow them to watch their movements, notice their idiosyncrasies and report to him. At this juncture the shadower rushed into the doctor's vivisection room and excitedly informed him that the men were quarrelling in a mixture of Hibernian and German and he feared they would do each other bodily harm. Dr. Scalpel, feeling that some of the reunited parts might not yet have sufficiently healed to warrant a scrimmage, seized his hat and rushed out with the informer to the saloon. He found the Irish body dancing around with the true motions of an angered Hibernian, its serious German face scowling, the lips occasionally muttering in the German language. The German body was standing stolidly in one place, its Irish face lighted with

enmity, the lips pouring forth a torrent of abuse in its native parlance. "Hi, you two! Stop this!" cried the doctor. "If you throw those weapons I'll not be responsible for the consequences. The severed parts haven't yet had time to strengthen." It was too late. The stone pitcher and the beer mug exchanged positions, each striking a head. The Hibernian cranium rolled on the floor, the German head toppled and hung suspended by such muscles as had firmly knit. Doctor Scalpel surveyed this finale of his work with disappointment. He had proved that the transplanting could be successfully accomplished in the case of human beings, but only a tittle of the effect upon the individuality had been determined. However, it had been demonstrated that the brain is not all of the individual. At any rate, it is influenced by the rest of the body, which is not only a mechanical contrivance, but a living thing. OSCAR COX.

Colored Preacher's Text.

A colored man in Atlanta, Ga., is a preacher on Sundays and a barber on week-days. One of his customers makes it a rule to be first in the chair on Monday morning, when he is sure of being entertained by a resume of "Uncle Rastus'" Sunday dissertation. At night the family always looked for the latest from the colored brother. This was one of his recent effusions:

"Yesterday I took for my text 'Cleanliness am next to godliness,' and I dun reach my climax wid dis argument: 'Now, what day follows Sunday? Why, Monday. Monday is wash day in all well regulated families. Monday comes nex' to Sunday; so, my breddren, that settles it that the words of my text am true, 'Cleanliness am nex' to godliness.'" --Chicago Record-Herald.

The Grate.

"Yes, this grate is dead, damp and positively unwholesome. It is a good thing for your wife's mother if she has one."

"She has. I'll take the grate for my Traveler."

Coquille River Transportation Co.'s Schedule

Coquille leaves Bandon, 6:30 a m; arrives at Coquille 8:30 a m; Dispatch leaves Bandon 7:00 a m; arrives at Coquille, 10:00 a m; Favorite leaves Coquille 7:30 a m; arrives at Bandon 10:30 a m; Coquille leaves Coquille 9:30 a m, arrives at Bandon 11:30 a m; Dispatch leaves Coquille 1:00 p m; arrives in Bandon 5:00 p m; Favorite leaves Bandon 1:00 p m; arrives at Coquille 4:00 p m.

The Coquille connects with the trains at Coquille for Marshfield and Myrtle Point.

The up river passengers can come to Bandon on the Favorite and have three hours here in which to do their trading and other business.

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