

Bandon Recorder

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THURSDAY.....March 18, 1909

A NEW banking institution, known as the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, opened for business at Coquille, Wednesday, March 10th. The directors are all men of long residence in this county and are known as business men of integrity. The officers are: R. S. Knowlton, president; Geo. A. Robinson, vice-president; R. H. Mast, cashier. Other directors are: Geo. E. Belloni and E. E. Johnson. The capital stock is \$25,000.

THE open ditch, just west of the city limits may have been put there for a good purpose, but it is certainly a dangerous thing to be left as it is. We have been told that a number of people have fallen into it on dark nights, and that stock has fallen into it at different times, being outside of the city limits, the council can do nothing, but something ought to be done about it at once. There is a proper course of procedure that could be taken up. If the ditch is needed to drain off the water, and it no doubt is, then tiling or sewer pipe should be put in and it should be filled up, but it is certainly dangerous in the present condition.

SPRING is here, and although we may have some rainy weather yet, it will not be anything like what we have passed through during the winter months. With the advent of spring there is every reason for cleaning up around the alleys and yards, and the streets as well. There is nothing that adds more to a city's appearance than to see everything clean and well kept. This always gives a stranger the very best opinion of the enterprise of the citizens, and if newcomers like anything it is just such a city. They can be more easily induced to settle in a well kept town than one that is dirty in appearance. Bandon, with all its flower gardens and wealth of productive qualities, can be made the most beautiful city on earth. Let's get busy and make it so.

SOME of the holders of that mysterious 143,000,000 bushels of wheat which the government discovered in farmers' hands on March 1 might make a very profitable turn in the market at this time. Cash wheat of the variety which must be delivered on May contracts was selling yesterday in Chicago at \$1.22½ per bushel, while the May option was dragging at \$1.15 per bushel and July sold down as low as \$1.02¾ per bushel. Probably it is the inability of Mr. Patten to understand why farmers will hold 143,000,000 bushels of what that will sell for \$1.22½ per bushel, when they can replace it with wheat for May or July delivery at from seven to twenty cents per bushel less, that is responsible for the wheat king's persistent refusal to sell his holdings at less than cash wheat prices, Oregonian.

THERE are several ways in which a railroad might secure an entrance into eastern and central Oregon. From the north there is the route up the Deschutes river. The records show that the Deschutes Railroad company, a Harriman corporation, has filed a line of locations up this river, though the maps have not

yet been approved. Second, there is the route up the John Day river. Here again we find a Harriman corporation, the John Day Valley Railroad company, which filed locations in 1907. From the east the most feasible route is up the Malheur river. Here the Oregon Eastern Railway company, a Harriman corporation has located a line, besides controlling old locations. From the south the Harriman lines are under construction to Klamath and on to Natron. From the west the route up the McKenzie river is held by Harriman, and the Corvallis and Eastern is owned by him. Yet central Oregon is still without a railroad. The puzzle, which is an intensely interesting one, is, how, when and where the road into central Oregon is to be built? says the Oregon Journal and they might have gone on to say that there was ample route, and plenty of inducement to build a road down the coast from Drain, or some other point to Eureka or San Francisco. And the puzzle is, how, when and where this road is to be built. If Mr. Hill could only be induced to look this way then Mr. Harriman would come through in a hurry, but it is hardly fair to ask Hill to start building a road just to make Harriman get busy, so the question is a perplexing one to answer, but the problem will be solved some way and that before many years. Both Hill and Harriman might find this a fruitful field if they would give it a trial.

MR. ROOSEVELT has taken his pen in hand, and the result is his first signed article as contributing editor to the Outlook. In rather a militant tone, Mr. Roosevelt declares for righteousness in journalism, and in that, as a matter of course, no one is surprised. The particular brand of righteousness for which the news editor of the Outlook contends is that which is founded on truth and honest purpose to attain good. The scholarly cynicism of the intellectually capable, and the lower-grade abuse of the poor sensationalist, are necessarily within the condemnation of such righteousness. Dignity and valuable journalistic service to the community are its products. Mr. Roosevelt really said no more in his first article than what has been said scores of times by scores of conscientious newspaper writers at any time during the past ten years; nevertheless, his utterance is clear, candid, forceful and carries weight from the character and reputation of the writer as well as from his former exalted official position. Notwithstanding that just at this time, in certain quarters, there may lie the criticism of personal feeling in the ex-president's denunciation of the newspaper which attacks the conscientious public servant from malignant motives, the abstract value of his offering is not depreciated on that account. The present employment of Mr. Roosevelt, to be continued after his return from Africa, is earnest of his unquestionable faith in the dignity and serviceable calling of the public writer, when that calling is pursued in accordance with the right ideals. To take up the pen in the capacity he has elected, upon retiring from

the most exalted position in the gift of men, is a compliment to the craft properly supplemented by the plea for the development and highest cultivation of the best there is in it. —Telegram.

IN CONVERSATION with a number of the citizens of West Bandon, the writer was informed by some of these gentlemen that they were ready and in fact anxious to come inside the city limits, that is to vote themselves in, while others were adverse to the idea, the contention of those who were opposed to coming in was that the city charter was not what it should be and that there is too much authority given to the city council. While there may be some clauses that would appear to give the council authority, to a greater extent than they should have yet there is always a chance for remonstrance. The bone of contention of those who were opposed to coming, was the theory that the council had too much authority in the matter of laying out streets and establishing of grades, and that each council could change any grade that did not happen to suit their fancy. While this may be true, yet as before stated the citizens always have the power of remonstrance, which amounts to the same thing as getting the consent of the property owners along the street, but if there is anything in the city charter that would mar the progress of the city's growth it should be changed, not merely to suit the whims and fancies of anyone, but for the general good of the public. We think, however that if the charter is thoroughly studied it will prove satisfactory, and if it does not, then the weak points should be pointed out and they can then be corrected. What we need is to work in unison for the upbuilding of Bandon and the surrounding community, and this can best be accomplished by incorporating the outlying districts that are directly in apposition to the city, and all working with the one point in view. There should be steps taken, not only to incorporate West Bandon, but all districts in juxtaposition.

DURING the past winter the bay people have been having loads of trouble over the arrival of mails that the carriers have endeavored to deliver over the Coos Bay wagon road, and protests have gone to the department, while various inspectors have endeavored to ascertain the reason in an attempt to improve the service. In the meantime the Coquille valley has had generally prompt and adequate service. There were several times when the high water, slides or some other circumstance served to delay the mails from a few hours to a day, but for more than a month the service has been regular, the people receiving their mail in the early morning of each day, and there has been bad storms to interfere with the carriers, too. The difference in the service is due to the general character of the roads, as the same company uses both routes. A sum of \$17,000 has been appropriated to fix up the Coos Bay road. If this amount had been placed on the Coos county end of the Myrtle Point road Marshfield people might get their mail as early in the morning as Myrtle Point people now receive their's. The bay people go on the theory that the Myrtle Point line will soon be abandoned; that will never be, furthermore it will always be the best route of the two. It could be made twice as good and the mail service for the entire county doubly better if the appropriations

were made for this line, and the mail carried from here to Marshfield by rail. It is the road of best grades; it has south exposures most of the way while the other road is in the shade most of the year and there fore dries slowly. With a division of appropriations neither road will be in perfect condition for years to come, while with this year's appropriation for the one road it could be placed in almost perfect condition. Because, when the Myrtle Point road was first opened and therefore little more than a trail, the bay people got poor service over it, they have listened to nothing since that concerns the Myrtle Point road, though they are working against their own best interests every time they urge appropriations for the Coos Bay road to the detriment of the Myrtle Point road. Improvements to the Myrtle Point road do not concern the people of the Coquille valley as much as they do those of the bay, because the people here will always get better service over their road than those will over the Coos Bay route, at the same time it would add to the importance of this route, if all mails should come this way, and the short-sighted selfishness of the bay people only serves to hinder the rapid development of the entire county. —Myrtle Point Enterprise.

The Cat and Dog of It.

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By all the laws and the prophets of precedent Kenworthy should have made a stormy exit at the height of the quarrel. In staying on when the final word had been said and grim silence had succeeded the heated accusations and counter accusations he was guilty of an anticlimax. But Kenworthy was no respecter of precedent, and at present it mattered not a rap to him whether he was guilty of an anticlimax or not. He only knew that he was utterly miserable and that the fine view he had of Alicia's back—turned to him with an obviousness not to be gainsaid—was in nowise encouraging.

He sat in the hammock, his face a study of contradicting emotions, gazing abstractedly afield and pulling the silky ears of Rajah, the brindle bull terrier that lolled beside him. Twice he essayed to speak, but each time as he raised his eyes and caught sight of that uncompromising back the words died on his lips.

At length he looked down at the dog. A whimsical smile curved his lips, and he looked grimly toward Alicia, who to all intents was interested in the distant landscape.

"Rajah, old boy," he said, addressing the dog. "It strikes me that women are getting very unfair these days. They accuse a chap of all sorts of things, and when he offers to explain they fly into a fine dudgeon and turn their backs on him. They give him the maximum sentence without a trial."

He glanced at the girl. She was quite unmoved. The landscape was apparently quite as absorbing as ever. The back was certainly no whit less uncompromising.

"I've been ill treated, old man," Kenworthy went on. "I wanted to explain it all to her, but she wouldn't listen."

At that moment a Persian kitten came stalking across the lawn, paused irresolutely beneath the trees and then jumped into Alicia's lap.

"Teddy, you dear," cried the girl, stroking the kitten's white coat, "you knew I wanted to tell you something about men, didn't you?"

Kenworthy pricked up his ears. "Teddy," she went on confidentially, "all men are horrid—selfish and horrid. You can't trust any of them."

Kenworthy smiled at the dog. "Between you and me, Rajah," said he, "I think the sum and substance of the whole matter is jealousy."

"Imagine my being jealous, Teddy," said the girl scornfully. "Who on earth would I be jealous of?"

"I imagine it's the Bronson girl, Rajah," said Kenworthy.

"The Bronson girl goes automobiling quite frequently of late," said the girl to the kitten. "And she's such a horrid little flirt! She boasted when she came here she'd have a spin in every car in town. I did think, Teddy—"

She stopped abruptly.

"By Jove, it is jealousy!" said Kenworthy, forgetting to address his remarks to the dog.

"Didn't I tell you men were horrid, Teddy?" said Alicia, with much conviction.

Kenworthy chuckled softly.

"Do you suppose she really cares if

I did take the Bronson girl for a spin, Rajah?" he asked.

"He was to come here at 4 yesterday afternoon, Teddy," she said. "It was half past 5 before he came. I'm glad he found such congenial company."

"See here, Rajah," said Kenworthy, "the explanation she refused to listen to I shall tell to you."

"Aren't men clever at explaining, Teddy?" asked the girl, with sarcasm.

"You see," Kenworthy went on, patting the dog, "I started out in the car to run over here yesterday afternoon. When I got to the old Basset place there was Jim Culver lying flat on the ground beneath that runabout of his. 'I'm busted,' says Jim to me, and Miss Bronson wants to get that 4:52 from the junction. Think you can get her over? You'll have to make a record. What could a fellow do, Rajah, old chap? He couldn't be cad enough to refuse, now, could he?"

The girl stroked the kitten thoughtfully.

"It's a very clever explanation," she mused.

"The worst of it is, Rajah, she won't believe a word of it," said he gloomily.

"I'm almost tempted to believe it, Teddy," said she.

"And if she does believe it she won't be sorry for the way she treated me," he went on.

"I'm almost tempted to be sorry," she said softly.

"And even if she is sorry she'll never care for me the way I've been trying for the past four years to have her care," he persisted.

The girl held the kitten at arm's length.

"Teddy," she said very softly, "I'm almost tempted to"— She stopped, flushing deeply.

Kenworthy sprang from the hammock with a suddenness that precipitated Rajah to the ground.

"Alicia, Alicia," he cried. "I dare you to finish that sentence!"

The girl dropped the kitten. She turned to Kenworthy, and her eyes met his bravely.

"I dare you to finish that sentence," he repeated.

"I'm—I'm almost tempted—I am tempted and I do—that is—I yield to the temptation," she said slowly.

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