

# Bandon Recorder

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THURSDAY, June 17, 1909

GARDENING as well as fruit growing and dairying is proving to be a paying proposition in this section of Oregon and as years move on this great industry will develop to a large extent.

THERE are many excellent varieties of apples raised in the west such as the Spitzenberg, the Yellow Newton, the Winesap etc, but in all of these there are none better than the juicy Cravenstien which grows so prolifically in Coos county. Most any apple country can raise Spitzenbergs, Newtons and Winesaps, but they cannot raise Cravenstiens. The salt air of the Pacific coast and especially that of Coos county seems to have a particular attraction for the Cravenstien and as it is not excelled in flavor by any apple it promises to be a great factor in the future development of this county. The Cravenstien is a prolific bearer, is uniform in size and color and makes your mouth water for more every time you take a bite from one of them.

FRIDAY, April 18th is the day set apart for dedicating Bandon's new \$30,000 school building. This is a building of which every Bandonian, who believes in progress is justly proud. The structure is modern in architectural design and presents an appearance that will attract anyone who has an idea for the beautiful. Much credit is due the school board for their untiring effort to get such a building and the contractors are also to be commended for their honest work in every detail. A close inspection will show that everything is of the best material and properly and substantially placed. The exterior is beautiful and imposing, but when one has simply viewed the outside he still has no conception of the real value and convenience of the building, for as you enter you begin to see the superb finishings of the interior, the modern equipment for school work and in fact everything shows system and design. The citizens of Bandon should turn out en masse to the dedication tomorrow afternoon and thus show their loyalty and good will toward the cause of education.

A CHICAGO dispatch says: "Edward H. Harriman, who is absolute master of over 54,000 miles of rail and water transportation, has decided to keep in constant touch with public opinion regarding himself, his railroads and railroads generally, provided it is possible to do so through things which are printed about them. Twice each month each general manager telegraphs Mr. Kruttschnitt a brief synopsis of public sentiment as reflected by the press. His report also shows the number of publications which were examined, the percentage favorable, the percentage unfavorable and the percentage which is neutral. He quotes also from criticisms, complaints, expressions of opinion and from special articles as well as giving the trend of opinion as voiced in political and commercial centers. Mr. Harriman regards the reports as valuable bids in detecting causes of friction between his railroads and the public and in applying corrective meas-

ures." Now if Mr. Harriman cares to know the pulse of the people, let him build railroads where they are needed and will serve the greatest number instead of bottling up some particular section as he is trying to do Oregon. If he will be fair with the people the people will be fair with him.

SENATOR Johnathan Bourne, Jr of Oregon, is likely to pass into history as the friend of Presidents. He likes Presidents so well that he cannot bear to see one leave the White House. It was Bourne, it will be remembered, who most persistently kept the Roosevelt boom alive after Colonel Roosevelt had given the country to understand that he would not be a candidate. Bourne was the original "second elective term" man and he carried his flag right to the doors of the Chicago convention, waiting for the sensation that was to sweep the delegates off their feet and start the Roosevelt stampede. One day prior to the convention Senator Bourne was at the White House. He was there every day, for that matter, but "one day" is an effective beginning for a story. Well on this one day a group of newspaper men happened to be there also, talking shop, and one of them was telling, apropos of rate regulation, how difficult it was to get the word "intrastate" over the wires; and into print, because it was so much like "interstate." "I wish," said the Senator sadly, butting into the conversation, "that the newspapers had the same difficulty with the word 'Taft.'" But now the second elective term is the golf companion of President Taft, and it is said would not be averse to being the Taft mouthpiece in the upper branch of Congress if the President desires such a functionary. He's a popular fellow, is Bourne, an energetic friend and the champion in loyalty to the "President what am.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A PORTLAND paper of recent date published some indications concerning the railroad survey now under way between this place and Roseburg that had been more than guessed at by the people here, but it is supposed that outsiders were not informed. The Oregonian says that Mr. Haines the chief engineer is or has been a Northwestern engineer and that he has located most of the Northwestern lines in Nebraska, South Dakota and Wyoming. Furthermore, it is said that a number of the men here were with him in the Northwestern territory work. All of which suggests that it is the Northwestern with a terminal at Thermoplis, Wyoming, which is now seeking a coast opening. Such a result would be the best possible thing that could happen to this county. The Northwestern, above all others, is the road that would mean the most to this section, and the road needs the Pacific terminal. The Northwestern has always been the leading road between Chicago and the Missouri valley. It passes through the zone of greatest activity in the country, and if it gets a terminal at Coos Bay will have the shortest and straightest route between the coast and Chicago. The

financial viewpoint; while from every other viewpoint what would have been the gain is clear enough. The money they have had has fled from them and the sad part of it to think upon is what they bartered for that money.—Telegram.

ALDEN'S NAPLES STORY.

A Glass of Capri Wine and a Statue That Nodded.

The late W. L. Alden, the humorist, was one of the most abstemious of men—in fact, he was pretty near being a teetotaler. I don't know that I ever saw him take wine or spirits in all the years I knew him except a glass of claret at the midday and evening meals during his last illness.

During the later years of his life he spent the winter abroad, sometimes in Genoa, sometimes in Naples and once, I think, in Cairo, and usually his four or five months' residence on the shores of the Mediterranean would not cost him more than \$50.

Once on his return from Naples I remember his telling me this story:

"L, a brother novelist, was in Naples also and asked me one night to dine with him at one of the big hotels on the water front just outside Naples—one of those hotels along that massive stone embankment against which the waves of the sea often break in showers of spray thirty or forty feet high.

"After dinner we went for a walk along the embankment, and we got pretty well drenched with the spray. Soon we reached a statue, and, lo, it nodded gravely toward us!

"'Did you see that statue nod?' said L to me.

"'I certainly did,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, 'I'm going back to the hotel and to bed before I get run in. It's that confounded Capri wine.'

"So, ashamed of ourselves, back we went and sneaked up to bed. But at breakfast table next morning both of us seemed to be amazingly fresh considering our dissipation of the night before, and we could not understand why we had such good appetites until the waiter said:

"'Did the gentlemen feel last night's slight earthquake?'—Pearson's Weekly.

It is announced in the columns of a paper that makes a specialty of sporting events and of the careers of noted prize-fighters and gamblers, that two of the best known sports in this country are now "to the bad." One of these is Ed Corrigan, a famous American turfman and plunger; and the other is Pat Sheedy, who, in a long and varied career in which he is said to have won and lost millions across the green cloth, gained the sobriquet of the "square gambler." Corrigan is poverty-stricken in Lexington, Ky. with less than \$2,000 in his possession, attending upon his dying wife. Sheedy is at Chicago, dying of fatty degeneration of the heart practically a pauper. Men of this type are often good men. That is to say they are honorable as to their engagements and obligations; generous in their instincts; kindly and sympathetic in their treatment of the unfortunate and companionable among their fellows. They are men possessing, without a doubt, more admirable characteristics than can be claimed by many others who would denounce them as moral outcasts, and whose lines are cast in perfectly proper and respectable channels. Furthermore, the best men of this type, especially the successful ones are men of nerve, which is but another name for shrewdness. In their judgment of men and affairs they are aided by a sort of insight and readiness of decision, which win high honors in legitimate business. But, after all, the chances for their ultimate success are altogether against them, and for fundamental reasons. The professional gambler who makes betting the business of his lifetime loses his grip on all that goes to build healthy morals and sound meritability. The spiritual part of him becomes extinct. The moral part of him is choked with greed. The mental part of him eventually atrophies in all other lines except the consideration of chances, and the exercise of those faculties which enable him to decide whether his opponent will be an "easy mark" or not. That the physical part of him is more than apt to suffer is obvious from the nature of his occupation and the habits of life incident thereto. It is impossible for men to get away from the philosophy of work; for the demand which Nature makes upon men for service. Consider the two men in question, either of them has undoubted ability to have engaged in some legitimate line of business, and with success. There might not have been the choice for the acquirement of so much money as they have spent, and which they never earned; but there is every reasonable assurance that they could have attained reasonable competence; and, above all, honor, and a resolute, healthful, robust self-respect, which they have never known as gamblers. It was long odds that the end would have been quite different, even from the

A Medal of Blood.

Garibaldi was once presented with a medal made of his own blood. The giver was Dr. Maulin, of Naples, who was well known as a petrifier and preserver of the human body. Dr. Maulin in offering his gift to Garibaldi said that whenever the general looked at it it would brace him up for the last fight, and across the medal were engraved the words, "The Blood of Garibaldi is Forever Red." The strange medal is preserved by the general's descendants.

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