

Kill a Friend--He Saves Your Life

Editor RECORDER--By request of some of your readers, I will give a description of how I got my first white hairs. Nowhere have I found hospitality more freely extended than right here in Coos county. In the early days, however, this virtue existed to a greater extent than it does today, and the traveler was always given a welcome. The latch string was always on the outside whether there was anybody at home or not, and you were invited to help yourself. Visitors were many after the Baltimore colony had settled down.

One of the homes where I often paid a visit and stopped over night was Daniel Pulasky's. Mrs. Pulasky was a very strong medium and we often passed an hour after supper with what we called "spirit rapping." Daniel and myself had just returned from an unsuccessful elk hunt, the Middle Fork was high and from the side of the mountain back of Hoffman's, we could see a great many elk on the opposite side, but could not get near them. Naturally I staid over night with the intention of calling on Abe Hoffman the next morning, and we three would then go out and kill something.

That night we wanted to get information by the aid of Betsy's power what luck we would have, so, after supper the old chest was pulled in the middle of the floor, we knelt around, placed our hands in proper position and the spirit showed that he was ready to answer; so I asked, "What luck will I have tomorrow?" By counting the number of raps we calculated the letters in the alphabet and thus found the sentence. The answer was: "You kill a friend, he saves your life." At the time we could not understand the meaning, but the story will explain it.

Daylight found us ready; after crossing the South Fork, Hoffman was called and soon he was ready to go with us. About one mile above the Middle Fork, we quite unexpectedly met a sentinel, a large buck elk, and the next moment he was gone. I, as the youngest and swiftest, was told to catch up with the band, and if they should take to the hills, to try and turn them toward Sugar Loaf mountain. Before I left Abe asked me for some caps which I carried in a small pouch on my belt. I gave him some, but in doing so I neglected to fasten the top and then was swift after the game. They had gone about one-half mile up stream and stopped to see whether they were pursued or not. Not more than seeing me they took to a gulch leading upwards to the ridge I cut them off from going down the other side, and they turned into a heavy thicket of greasewood. When I came to where their trail had crossed the ridge, everything was quiet; not a step could be heard.

A large tree which had fallen leaned with its top across the ridge and projected many feet above the greasewood bushes. I jumped on it and walked toward the point. Thus elevated above the greasewood I could see what was hidden among it. There a fat cow, just mooing, noticed me, but before she made another step, I had sent a bullet. Just then from some cause I lost my balance, and down I went among the bushes, twenty feet or more. Gathering myself up I found I was not much hurt, so reloaded my rifle, but in falling the caps had been lost, and I could not find one. I made my way slowly up to where the elk had stood; yes, there she lay dead. I was at work cutting off a hind quarter to take home when the report of several shots seemed to come from the opposite direction. After loading myself with the heavy hind quarter I began my trip, as I thought, towards Hoffman's, but soon found out that I was lost. Coming to a very steep bluff, undaunted I descended; steeper and steeper became the incline, and only with the greatest effort I reached the Middle Fork below where the school house now stands.

Meantime the sun had reappeared and thus I found my directions, and slowly following down stream I had just passed a large rock when something snapping behind me prompted me to turn around to see what was the cause of the sound. There, not more than ten steps from me lay a panther with a bone between his paws. His pulling some meat from the bone caused the noise. I looked steadily into his eyes, while he did the same thing to me. He dropped the bone and rose to his feet, his tail striking first one side then the other. He was ready to jump and only my fixed eyes held him back. In a moment I had the straps cut and with a thud the meat fell to the ground; slowly I stepped backward, facing the panther, ready to use the knife should he spring. I well remember it forced the thought into my mind: Great God help me just this time. Still going backwards, each step I made the beast came one step toward me, he had reached the meat and stopped to smell it. The thought then struck me: you walk into the paws of another one behind you; around I turned to see. With this move all else was forgotten. I broke and ran and nothing stopped me.

Just where the Middle Fork makes that sharp turn was a small myrtle bottom, now cultivated, but then in its virgin state. Here a band of elk stood, and I ran right among them. So fast did I pass that not one had moved.

Rain and sleet had set in again. The trail became slippery, and the deerskin moccasins which we wore then would stretch and slip thus increasing the exertion of the flight. A big log lay in my path; I wanted to mount it, but over exertion and the chilling rain gave me cramps and down I fell unable to rise again for a long time.

When I reached Hoffman's it was dark and they had already eaten supper. They hardly knew me, covered with mud, and my hair had turned white. Abe and Daniel had also killed an elk, and soon a good piece of meat refreshed me. The next morning we started out and found and killed the panther who had made a meal on the friend I had killed. Thus the friend saved my life. POHLL.

WHY?

Young Mr. Knox, son of the secretary of state, against the wishes of his parents ran away with and married a poor girl. He was practically disowned.

Afterward there was a reconciliation, and young Mrs. Knox repeated a statement attributed to her at the time of the elopement--namely, that she had never worked for a living.

Which was a poor boast. Certainly she was poor, and if she did not work who worked for her? In place of being ashamed of herself she is ashamed of her poverty and considers it something less than an insult that it should be said she ever was employed in a shop or department store.

That is one way in which class distinctions arise in this country. When an honest laborer is ashamed of his work, how can it be otherwise than that other persons should take the cue and look down upon him and his work?

The dignity of labor is easily lost when the laborer no longer dignifies it. Being ashamed of honest toil is totally opposed to the spirit of American teaching, which says the man who heaves clay out of a ditch for wages is just as good as the congressman who is hired by the people.

He or she who does not work at something is a drone in the social hive. After watching the procession of well dressed people on the streets of one of our cities and being told that the people were all workers an Englishman asked, "But where are your leisure classes?"

"Oh," was the reply, "we call them tramps in our country."

Do you remember the experience of that rich woman in New York who dressed one of her maids in an expensive gown, hung jewels around her neck and introduced the young girl at a social function as a visiting friend?

The maid, who was handsome and well educated, was much admired both for her looks and her evident refinement, and at least one young hopeful of the smart set nearly lost his heart to her on that evening.

There is many a maid or shopgirl who would grace any man's drawing room as mistress and queen of his home.

But here is a strange thing which I wish you might explain.

Most wealthy men who have gone up the ladder to wealth and position by means of hard struggling take great pride in the fact that they are self made men, while most of the women who go up from poverty desire to conceal their early history.

The RECORDER \$1.50 per year.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

A MODERN ST. FRANCIS.

Some of the newspapers take occasion to gibe at James Eads Howe and his "hobo convention."

Howe is one of the remarkable men of this generation. He is the grandson of James Eads, the great engineer who devised and built the Eads bridge at St. Louis and the Mississippi river jetties.

James Eads Howe inherited the fortune his famous grandfather won, a fortune of several millions.

He gave away every cent of it. Though he was comparatively poor at the time of his inheritance, he refused to touch any part of the money, assigning it over to trustees for the benefit of humanity.

That was several years ago. Meantime he works as a common laborer, carrying his dinner bucket to and fro, associating constantly with workmen and seeking to aid them in every way.

Once a year he calls a convention. Some who attend are "hoboes," attracted by the free banquet which is a part of Howe's program. But many others are self respecting men out of employment.

Howe's motto is, "The manless job for the jobless man."

He is trying to induce the government to establish employment agencies in the large cities, after the manner of Germany and France; also, in so far as possible, to colonize poor families on cheap lands.

Who can deny the worthiness of such aims?

Like Tolstoy, who labored at the peasant's task in peasant garb that he might teach and guide, so James Eads Howe lives the workman's life, does the daily task of the common laborer, that he may be in touch with those he yearns to help.

He is a man of culture, is modest, and there is about him no mark of the crank.

No one will deny his sincerity. For years Mr. Eads has lived up to his ideals.

It may not be your way of doing things or mine, but it is Christlike. St. Francis threw his wealth on the altar of St. Peter's and took upon himself the vow of poverty. James Eads Howe has laid his fortune on the altar of humanity and lives a life of poverty that he may help his toiling brethren.

If all of us lived up to our ideals as sincerely as this man, heaven would come down to earth in a day.

OPEN YOUR WINDOWS!

Some very interesting experiments are being made at the State Agricultural college of Missouri.

For instance: There are in the whole world at present just seventeen cows that give 700 pounds of butter or more per year. Five of these seventeen are at this college.

How those cows must be pampered, you say. And you have visions of warm, sanitary stalls in a beautiful barn.

That is where you are mistaken. All the winter long, except during very severe storms, they spend the day in the open fields.

Another experiment: This one was made in fattening beef cattle. One bunch was put into a shed entirely open at one end; one bunch was put into the open; a third bunch was kept in a fine, warm barn. The cattle in the open fields, staying there day and night, thrived best. Of course they ate more food to combat the cold, but they gave more beef per pound of feed than the others.

What I want to emphasize is this: If the healthiest, thriftiest cattle are brought up in the open fields, how can human beings, who need oxygen just as much as cows do, hope to thrive by cooping themselves up and keeping the fresh air out?

The point of the observation is in the answer.

The other morning, in order to catch an early train, I walked downtown. In traversing the streets for nearly two miles I kept a lookout for open windows.

How many? Just two! Most of these people not only kept their windows tightly closed during the night, but worked all day in closed offices or shops.

And lest they should get a breath of pure oxygen they rode to their work in street cars containing foul air superheated by a hot stove.

They knew better, most of them. One could almost wish that persons who so deliberately violate the requirement of well being might be taken by civilization and forced into the open air as the Missouri college controls its cattle.

Some wait until they get tuberculosis and then woo the pure air for a cure. And Nature is kind enough, even when her free offerings of oxygen have been spurned, to come with healing in her wings.

Is there a lesson in all this for you, misguided one?

Think of the experiments with the Missouri prize cattle, and--

Open your windows!

THE WEIGHT OF THE ROPE.

A large man and a small man wanted to get at the bottom of a canyon to look for gold.

The walls were precipitous, and the only way down was by means of a

rope. It was decided the larger man should lower the smaller one.

As a precaution the rope was put about the lighter man, and he was lowered a little way to a slight shelf and each time was easily drawn up by the man at the top.

So far so good. Finally the full descent was made in the manner agreed upon. But when the small man wanted to get up again--horrors!--the man at the top could not pull him.

They had failed to reckon on the weight of several hundred feet of rope. In the story is a touch of human nature.

A business man, fairly prosperous, grows discontented with his slow but sure progress toward independence. He decides upon a coup. He buys far beyond his ordinary ability to pay, depending upon a phenomenal trade which he confidently expects. The custom does not come to his counters as anticipated. Unable to meet his bills, the first thing he knows he is down in the canyon of Debt. He cannot get up save as the referee in bankruptcy pulls him out.

Too much rope.

Another man speculates on the board of trade. He has made a little money in the bucket shop and decides that the old humdrum methods of business are too slow for him. He wants easy money. One day he is at the bottom of the canyon of Speculation. It was a sudden descent. He can't get out because of--

Too much rope.

Still another man forms the habit of drink. When he gets the habit he is in danger, but does not realize it. Can't he quit when he wants to? The rope will pull him out. But the coils grow heavy, and when he gets to the bottom there is--

Too much rope.

A married woman indulges in flirtation. There is no danger. It is only a harmless diversion. She does not mean to be untrue to her husband. It is so complimentary to find that "some soul is twin to yours." But there is no stopping place--

Too much rope.

It may be stated further that the small man who went down in the canyon almost starved before they got him out.

Some who go down that way never get out. There is too much rope.

A SILLY WOMAN.

A Chicago wife is trying to get a divorce on these grounds:

Her husband, she says in her complaint, "does not measure up to the standard of heroism so evident in the leading male figures of novels in size, grace or daring."

Eh!eiu!

If this woman should succeed on these allegations, where would the rest of married mankind appear?

Very few average husbands are able to measure up to the heroes in the pages of Meredith, Nicholson and McCutcheon either as to "size, grace or daring."

Of course the Chicago wife has merely read herself into rapid imbecility, but she is nevertheless a pronounced type of other women who compare their everyday husbands with the armored knights who, with caparisoned horses and nodding plumes, amble through the pages of Booth Tarkington and Walter Scott.

Pitiful!

It is pitiful not only from the side of the honest, striving husband, but pitiful because the woman who pines for a hero in jingling harness is not able to recognize the real husband hero at her side.

There is a heroism in doing one's plain duty that is worth more than a library of book gallantry.

Looking for heroes? You will not find them in the velvet doublet and silken hose of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but in the ready made garments advertised on special sale in the newspapers.

Many an undersized, round shouldered, hardworking husband is living in daily martyrdom for the sake of his family. And the pathetic part of it is nobody, least of all his family, is able to see the sacrifice.

And scarcely does the victim himself realize. He does not complain and would laugh at being called a hero.

Heroism?

How is the rescue of a fair maiden from some high castle tower to be compared with the daily grind of a devoted man toiling like the slave of a galley to give his wife position or comforts or working himself into his grave to give his children such an education as was denied him when a boy?

Romance?

It is the romance of reality! Stupid and blind, the woman who sighs for "grace and daring" in her husband and who cannot see in his daily self abnegation and heroic striving the beauty and the grace of true chivalry.

HIS BEST FRIEND.

"I am going to lose all the friends I ever had, but Pittsburg will be clean when I get through."

These words, uttered by District Attorney William A. Blakely, ought to be appropriately framed and hung in the office of every public prosecutor in the land.

"I shall do my duty if my best friend deserts me." That's the stuff of which strong men are made.

It hurts to lose one's friends. It hurts to the core to find out that your friends do not measure up to their high calling of loyalty.

And it takes a brave soul to go on alone.

But what if the cowards of the community are wrong and you are right?

Bandon Recorder

Published Every Thursday by the Recorder Publishing Company.

C. E. KOPF, Editor T. H. KREAMER, Business Manager

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 16, 1910

Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are Requested to Notify this Office on Election of Officers and on Change of Meeting Night. Cards under this Head are 50c per in. month

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M. MEETS every Thursday evening at 8 run at the Bandon Wigman. Sojourning chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend. G. E. Wilson, C. S. Hubbard, C. of R. Sachem.

Masonic. BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. All Master Masons cordially invited. J. A. Morrison, W. M. G. T. Treadgold, Secretary

I. O. O. F. BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited. L. J. Radley, N. G. A. Knopp, Secretary

Rebekah Lodge No. 126. MEETS in I. O. O. F. hall every second and fourth Tuesdays. Practice nights 1st Tuesday of the month; Social evening the 3rd Tuesday of the month. A cordial invitation extended to all members in good standing. Clara Goetz, N. G. Belle A. Kolp, Secretary.

Knights of Pythias DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend. Wm. N. McKay, G. C. B. N. Harrington, K. of R. S.

Woodmen of the World Seaside Camp No. 212 meets every first and third Thursdays of each month. Visiting neighbors cordially invited. R. W. Bullard, C. C. J. N. Hosking, Clerk.

G. W. REA Attorney and Counselor-at-Law Notary Public U. S. Land Contests a Specialty. Practice in all Courts Office in Room No. 11, Laird-Lowe Building Bandon - Oregon

Dr. H. L. Houston PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Office over Drug Store. Hours, 9 to 12, a.m. 1:20 to 4, p.m.; 7 to 8 in the evening. Night calls answered from office. BANDON, OREGON

Dr. L. P. Sorenson DENTIST Office Over Vienna Cafe Telephone at Office and Home. BANDON - OREGON

G. T. TREADGOLD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC Bandon, Oregon. Office With Bandon Investment Co.

Dr. H. M. Brown, Resident Dentist. Office in Panter Building Office Hours: 9 to 12 M. 1 to 5 P. M. Phone, BANDON, OREGON

C. R. BARROW Attorney and Counselor-at-Law COQUILLE, ORE Office over Skeels' Store

DR. E. W. ROSSITER PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON BANDON OREGON Office and residence in Panter residence property next door to Bijou Theatre

DR. J. D. KELLEY Physician and Surgeon Office in Donald Charleston home, opposite Presbyterian church, Bandon, Oregon

BANK OF BANDON

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