

## Hill Says "Use Common Sense"

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 26.—James J. Hill, the "Empire Builder," the "Father of the Northwest," cannot see why the business men of the country should at present fear to engage in new enterprises, nor can he see any reason whatever for the semi-paralysis which is gradually creeping over the United States.

"It's only a senseless lack of confidence," said Mr. Hill, in an interview just given out.

"And why this lack of confidence? Some man, somewhere, has grown timid over something or other, and has cried 'boo' at his neighbor. His neighbor probably jumped and the next fellow took fright without knowing why he was frightened. And so on.

"It's just like a flock of sheep. If one starts to run, every sheep in the flock will follow, even if they die for it.

"During this big National conservation congress we have talked about conserving water and conserving land, conserving coal and conserving iron; it's too bad somebody didn't say a word about conserving common sense.

"That's what this country needs right now—to conserve common sense. There's an article by Col. George Harvey in the September North American Review dealing with the Conservation of Common Sense that will illustrate the business condition of this country right now and gives as the panacea for the business paralysis, the suggestion that our business men use a little common sense—just ordinary sound common sense. I wish business men everywhere would take that advice.

"I can see no reason for the fears which seem to possess our business men. I have preached a 'return to the farm' policy for years and expect to continue to do so; but that's no reason for fear on the part of business.

"Money and business are, of course, very careful and it is right that they should be, but not to the extent of cutting off their noses to spite their faces. Especially when it is so unnecessary and they need the noses, too.

"Here's a little excerpt which, to my mind, bears down hard and strikes at the core of our present ills:

"In the disestablishment of credit we find the most obvious cause of the prevailing depression. The link that connects labor with capital is not broken, but we may not deny that it is less cohesive than it should be or than conditions warrant. Financially, the country is stronger than ever before in its history. Recovery from a panic so severe as that of three years ago was never before so prompt and comparatively complete. The masses are practically free from debt. Money is held by the banks in abundance and rates are low.

"Why then does Capital pause upon the threshold of investment? The answer we believe to be plain. It awaits adjustment of the relations of government to business. Such, at any rate, is the plea, and pressure is constantly brought to bear upon executives and courts to make haste—haste which, in our judgment, would result in less speed. Great complications growing out of mightily changed conditions call for the most serious consideration. To settle a grave question offhand is only to invite disaster. Better not settle it at all until a reasonable certainty can be felt that it can be settled right. Stability is ever Capital's primary requirement. But the adjustment which it now demands cannot be effected in a month or a year and never can or should be complete. Elasticity is the prime requisite of changes essential to development.

"But capital is notoriously timid. In the present instance, too, it is absolutely foolish. No decision of any court can permanently impair any so-called vested interest. Confiscation is undreamed of, as compared with only a few years ago. The disintegration of properties does not involve their destruction. Moreover, the sharp revolt against all

combinations—those that achieve great good no less than those that work injury—is clearly yielding to study and reason. No sane person now maintains that business—especially manufacturing—can or should be done as it was done half a century ago. In a broad sense, the day of the individual competitor is past, but the opportunity of the individual remains even wider within the corporation. The sole problem consists of determining how government can maintain an even balance between aggregations of interest on the one hand, and the whole people on the other, protecting the latter against extortion and saving the former from assaults.

"The solution is not easy to find for the simple reason that the situation is without precedent. But is not progress being made along sane and cautious lines? Surely no menace to property or to human rights lies in the striving for such a solution. Both will be safe guarded by its certain finding."

## On the Warpath.

At the time these occurrences happened, Wyoming was still a territory, its inhabitants were a mixture of all kinds of humanity, character and color. Life was an uncertainty, much more so than now. Indian riots were a common occurrence, bad men, desperadoes, took a pride in flourishing their revolvers at the least opportunity. The man who could use his weapon the quickest and with the most accuracy was the best man.

The only law in existence was the miner's law. There was not much disputing about such orders, given by a number of miners in their district. Red tape was an unknown affair—the miners having ordered a thing it was obeyed or the consequence followed at once.

Young Irwin, whose sad death I spoke about in my last, was buried. Five more bodies were laid out to be brought to their last resting place. The town resembled a hive of bees, just ready to swarm, each of the men carrying a rifle and a revolver, all centering toward the building from where the burial should start.

At this moment, as if Providence had arranged it, the United States pay-master came through Atlantic City on his way to Fort Brown, on the Wind River, to pay the soldiers. He carried a good sum of money in the carriage pulled by four large mules, and guarded by eight picked cavalrymen. By whom, we do not know, the order was given to stop there to examine the bodies and report to the War Department.

In a moment the coach was surrounded and stopped by hundreds of men, all armed and in a bad humor. At first the officer ordered to clear the road or he would force it, but one of the miners politely told him not to be rash and assured him that no harm should be done to anyone. All we asked was for him to see the murdered men and get protection for American citizens.

Against his will, the officer left the money in charge of his men and a picked citizen guard, taken from the mountaineers, made some remarks, and was finally conducted to his coach and with best wishes was allowed to pass on.

The officer was a man of his word. He reported and an army of twelve men under Lieutenant Stambaugh, a nephew of General Sheridan, was sent to check the redmen.

Like all such youngsters, swelled with bravado and foolish ideas, he wanted to impress the miners with his ability, but lo! the Arrapahoes, one fine morning, made him travel the same road as the unfortunate miners had gone before him. His mutilated body was sent to Washington, D. C. This last murder had a wholesome effect, and not long afterward, Major Gordon was sent with several companies of soldiers. He was the Indian fighter of the hour. More of him later.

We return to our dead friends—the funeral over, 150 men, all volunteers, well armed and equipped, two wagons with necessary supplies and two fat steers presented by the butcher of the town, made camp

outside the town. Next morning everything was ready to start and we were on our way very early.

Wells, Fargo & Co. express, which more than once had received help from the miners, furnished a number of horses, so that more than 60 of our number were on horseback—the balance were as the red men call the infantry of the army, "the walk heaps."

Up and down through long rough canyons we moved all day. It was exceptionally hot in such places, but when evening came the temperature changed. Our day's march was over, fires were kindled in the different camps and hungry, well worn men prepared their long needed meal, after which many had to lie down so as to get rest for the following day. Guards had been stationed, when to our surprise, two Indians on their ponies, in full war dress, or rather undress rode into camp.

One of them was well known to us, Bannock Jim, the U. S. interpreter. Only shortly before Wah-tu-nah had killed Jim's wife and the latter found our coming a good chance to revenge her death. His proposition to guide us to a place where we could trap a number of Sioux was readily accepted—then a short rest and sleep refreshed us for the next day.

At 2:00 next morning we were aroused. No time to cook breakfast, a few morsels from the last night's supper were placed into the pockets to eat while we were on the move. For hours we wound our march through a rough country, when a wider space crossed our road, signs of herds of buffalo, showed these animals had been there but a short time before, on the other side deep bluffs with plateau arose. There we halted and allowed our horses to graze on the bunch grass which grew in abundance. Our scouts, the Indians, left us, leaving their mounts with our horses. After a while they returned and we divided into two sections, each led by one of the scouts.

Again traveling between high walls of great hills, but gradually leaving the sage brush land until we reached the plateau. Here we were presented with an exciting spectacle. A large number of Indians were slaughtering a band of buffalo—right and left the huge bison fell to the ground. All stopped at once when the hunters saw us enter the level ground which they had passed but a short time before, not thinking of pale faces, but of the great feast they were to have when the last buffalo was killed. Wah-tu-nah, himself was there. He singled out from among his followers, and alone came straight toward the approaching white men. Bannock Jim also rode ahead to meet his enemy and before anything was expected Jim raised his pistol, a flash, a report, and the other fell from his horse. The same moment Jim jumped from his horse and with a knife in his hand, made a few quick cuts and bloody scalp of Wah-tu-nah waved over his head. A war whoop was sounded by him and answered by the Sioux and the fight was on. Hundreds of arrows fell short of their aim, while volley after volley of gun shots reduced the number of the redmen.

At last all Sioux seemed to be out of sight, their horses flying in all directions. Only an old squaw escaped the shots of the avengers—straight for the steep bluff she made her way, and with a yell, over the precipice she and her horse disappeared.

As soon as the fight began, Wah-tu-nah's squaw had thrown her baby boy to the ground and with her own body over it, protected the child; thus she was found by the Bannocks, who claimed her as a prize. Our leaders knowing that only the cruelist of torture would end the life of both the prisoners, refused to let such happen. She was fastened to one of the many ponies captured and taken along with us. Twenty-eight dead Indians was the result of the fight.

Now began the chase after the old squaw, who was far ahead of us to

carry the news to her tribe. Perhaps an hour or perhaps less, we had followed her, when we in the distance we saw an Indian village, beyond it the inhabitants drove their horses in, and as fast as possible mounted and rode off, scattering in different directions. When we arrived at the village, all had gone—then the tepees were broken down, hundreds of buffalo robes, some finished and some partly finished, and a large quantity of jerked meat, bundles of arrows, blankets and tools were thrown together and fire was set to them. This done, we returned to meet the "walk heaps." It was late at night when we found them close to the banks of Wind river. They only had arrived there long enough before to start fires and cook a hasty meal, but were so exhausted that many had fallen asleep.

Again it was our Indian scouts which saved us—this time from destruction. The still burning campfires had directed the hostile to our camp. Perhaps it was midnight when they attacked us. Awakened an exhausted man out of his first sleep by yelling, war whoops, shooting rifles and screaming, and you may have a picture of the consternation that ruled us for a moment. Then the cool headed command of "fires out" at once brought us back to action. The night being dark, there was grave danger lest one white man should shoot another, so four or five of my friends, including myself, slipped through the tall grass towards the river bank. By this time all was quiet again and we took our second sleep until day break awoke us.

—Pohl.

Not satisfied with working off on unsuspecting patrons trees that are not true to name, some fruit tree representatives will even go so far as to substitute seedlings for the variety ordered. The seedling tree, the shoot from a root which has not been root grafted, budded or top worked, is usually distinguished by its finer leaf with rougher edge, its tendency to send out frequent shoots at right angles to the main stem or branches and its disposition to revert to the original thorny crab stage. Such seedlings in an orchard plot are absolutely worthless and should be top grafted with some known and valuable variety.

Experiments which have been conducted by a number of state experiment stations in the matter of smudging fruit trees to prevent frost damage would seem to indicate that it is not the heat generated by the smudge or fire that keeps the fruit from freezing, but that the smoke generated forms a blanket which keeps cold air from penetrating the smoke zone and holds down the heat radiating from the earth. The smudge, according to this view, is a means of heat conservation rather than heat production. It also further serves the purpose of obscuring the light of the sun in the early morning hours, thus preventing a rapid thawing of blossoms that may have been frostbitten.

As a result of experiments which were conducted at the Colorado horticultural station last season by Professor Weidon, field entomologist, it was found that flowers of sulphur, one pound to three gallons of water, with enough soap so that the sulphur would mix with the water, was a very effective insecticide when used as a summer spray for the brown aphid. Apple, peach, plum, cherry, pear and almond trees were found more or less affected by the pest. Tobacco preparations were found effective in killing the mites, but not the eggs, several treatments being required to dispose of the mites. Oil sprays penetrated and killed many of the eggs, but were found unsafe to use with waters strongly impregnated with alkali.

While the mistletoe occupies a sort of poetic place in people's estimation and is the cause of interesting transactions at the holiday season and on sundry social occasions, it is produced at a fearful cost in tree life, particularly of a few varieties of oaks, on which it sponges for its existence. White oaks three feet and more in diameter and solid to the core are done to death by this parasitic pest. While the seeds of the mistletoe are deposited by birds on fences, buildings and even on the trunk and limbs of fruit trees, they seem to take root only on rough surfaces; the limbs of the oak being especially favorable in this particular. Once the root of the little plant gets a foothold it grows vigorously, its tissue becoming closely united with that of the limb on which it grows. In sections where it is found it is often gathered at holiday time and shipped to the larger markets, where from \$8 to \$10 per ton is paid for it.

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