

Bandon Recorder

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FRIDAYOctober 21, 1910

Julia Ward Howe.

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea.
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free.

The greatest woman of the time lies dead in Boston. One never hears or speaks her name without an involuntary recognition of the truth and inspiring music of the foregoing verse.

The more appreciable are the truth and challenge of this verse from the fact that in its sentiment it characterizes the life of the woman who wrote it. It is the poetic expression of a great heart that beat in constant sympathy for those who were the victims of wrong or evil conditions in this world. It is the rare expression of that which is divine within us, knowing but one ideal in life, and that the betterment of other lives.

For more than fifty years the name Julia Ward Howe, has been a synonym for the enlightened courage of American womanhood. In the early days of the "Boston Commonwealth" New England knew that name well; and as the anti-slavery fight grew fiercer, and terminated in the death throes of rebellion, the entire Nation knew it better. The value of the fame attaching to the woman who bore that name became a National, instead of a sectional possession. The reverent honor that will be paid the lifeless tenement of clay, and more especially the memory of its high-spirited, noble occupant, will be tendered by American patriotism from every corner of this broad land.—Portland Telegram.

Trade Loyalty.

No word appeals more strongly to the average person than loyalty. We all love to be spoken of as loyal to family, friends, country, and to our ideals. We should also include our home-city.

There is no doubt of our sincerity in this and we would feel very much offended were it questioned, but is this loyalty always of the right sort? is it intelligent and active or is it sometimes a sentimental and pleasing fancy with which we delude ourselves?

The happiness of the people of a city depends largely on the prosperity of the community as a whole, and this prosperity depends in part upon the amount of money circulating there. The more money the people send away for things they can buy from their own merchants, the poorer the community will become, and, conversely, the more they spend at home, the more the place will thrive.

Do those who patronize distant mail order houses ever think of the harm done. If all the good people in Boston, for instance, should ignore the local merchants and for one year buy all their supplies in Chicago, Buffalo and New York, there would be "For Sale" signs on the city hall, Young's, the public library and the old North church. The same principle applies to all communities.

Patronage of home merchants is the life of a city. These mail order houses by offering attractive (?) pre-

miums with indifferent goods, have drawn from us large amounts of money, which, if spent at home, would have helped to pay for paving, schools, lighting and general civic improvement. Outside business houses do not pay any part of our city taxes.

But, "Business is Business," some say. Yes, but business is more than that, it is reciprocity, and it should be apparent to everyone that business dealings with those who are working for the same local interests as ourselves will be far more productive of good, than trading with people who are far away, who buy nothing from us, and whose only interest in our community is the amount of money they can get out of it.

Do you recall when times have been hard that these mail order houses ever extended you credit to help you over the hard places? Will they? Not in a thousand years—it's money down or no goods. The local merchants are the ones to whom we must then turn for assistance, but how can we do so with good grace or reason unless we support them in prosperous times?

They are alert, intelligent and progressive, and, if given the opportunity, will sell better goods at the same, or lower prices than the mail order houses can or will, and deliver them at once—no express charges, no long delays, no disappointments.

Let us cease, then, enriching a few people in whom we have no sort of interest, at the cost of lasting injury to our own community. Try supporting our own home business for a time.

Surely, loyalty, in this instance, means spend your money at home.

Some Velvet

The railroads are asking the farmers, merchants, manufacturers and working people of the country to submit to higher freight rates, alleging the higher cost of living as the reason.

For the year ending July first the railroads of the country collected two billion eight hundred millions of dollars, which was a gain of about 14 per cent over the year before. After all expenses of operation and up-keep were paid there remained a net profit of nine hundred and fifty millions of dollars or a gain of one hundred and ten millions on the year before.

This sum equals a dividend of 7 1/2 per cent on all the vast ocean of "securities" which have been issued in the form of stocks and bonds in the process of mergers and holding companies and other Wall street juggles since before the days of Jay Gould.

This is net profit and takes into account any increase in wages or in the cost of material and supplies.

The increase in wages to railroad men that has been made the subject of so much noise amounted to an increase of 2 1/3 per cent in operating expenses, while the increase in net profits was 13 1/3 per cent.

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Looking Backward.

A HOT TIME.—The month of May had passed, the weather in those high altitudes was delightful and exhilarating, the snow had melted and filled the creeks with water, antelopes and deer were feeding in sagebrush districts and foot hills of the Rocky mountains; the sage hens by thousands were laying their eggs. All this could not help but arouse the instinct for sport in the strong young man. Meat was not plentiful in the market and prices were high. What did it matter if there was some danger of becoming the hunted instead of the hunter? we wanted an outing and consequently four of us miners concluded to have a good time and bring home a load of meat and sell what we did not need for ourselves. While finishing the preparations for the undertaking, Wahakee and his followers, the Shoshones and Bannacks, more than one thousand and strong, had passed through Atlantic City and South Pass for their summer quarters, and the following day, all being ready, we four, with an able team of horses and light wagon, followed the trail of the Indians.

Coming to the Little Sandy just where its waters tumbled and shot over rapids and boulders, we made the first camp. Fishing lines were used, but the water was still too cold for trout to take readily to the bait, but this did not matter; everywhere were nests full of eggs of sagehens and grouse, so we could easily get all we wanted to eat.

The next morning we left the team feeding on the luxurious bunch grass and two went hunting on the plains while myself and friend Albert climbed up into the mountains.

Not a half mile from camp, elk trail were fresh, so we followed but never could get a sight of them; finally we struck a flat, marshy piece of land, sparingly overgrown with alder and wild plums. In the soft soil we soon found the course of those elk, but could get no sight of them. Here we also saw four distinct tracks of grizzly bear, two old ones and two yearling cubs. It was a rather unexpected discovery, but what could spur us on more than the expectation of some trophy of the most feared and savage animal found in the United States?

True, we looked for a safe position: a good sized tree, a thing the grizzly will not and can not climb, placed us so that we could see all around and do our shooting without being in reach of the game. We became hungry and would have turned back for camp, but every now and then the expected game could be heard splashing and grunting.

The sun, too, was sinking in the west, and thus all return was cut off. A night in the cold mountain air, more than hungry, sitting on limbs of the tree, became finally unpleasant, but had to be endured. The night passed and daylight broke; our companions, fearing that something might have happened to us, followed our trail; we heard them coming, and called, perhaps louder than was necessary, but it was safer for all of us to be together. The bears had left and we were released from our uncomfortable quarters. A good breakfast of eggs and antelope gave us new strength and activity. We hitched up, not needing grizzly at present, and followed the course of the Little Sandy. We had not traveled very far when two antelopes were shot, and before evening came six of those fine animals lay in the wagon.

We began to think of returning home, but matters came differently than we expected. Without claiming merit for forethought, we struck our night's camp next to the water of the stream. All around us a wide bottom, full of the tallest broomgrass, under which young grass had sprouted and gave a fat pasture for the horses.

After a good sound sleep we were awake by daylight, and while the others became busy getting breakfast and preparing for the homeward trip, I was to bring in the horses, which were grazing half way between the camp and the bluff.

I had removed the hobble and had fastened the line to one horse, when one of the companions cried out—"Indians! Lookout! and sure enough, right on the edge of the bluff were a line of Arrapahoes, opening fire upon me. Quick as a flash I slipped under one of the horses, and thus protected by the animal from being shot, managed to come to the second horse, and thus between the horses for protection, camp was reached. To leave a strategic place, such as we were in, would have been the height of foolishness, so we concluded to stay. Yes, we stayed because we could not get away without being greatly outnumbered by the Indians. The first day passed without any happenings; at night sleep was impossible for fear of being attacked; this night, too, passed, and the second day broke, warm and clear. Thousands of flies swarmed around our game, which was fast beginning to spoil.

Another night came and passed; two of us stood guard for an hour while the others slept. Thus we changed about, being unmolested, and excepting the one day no Indians had shown up. There was a game to be played; were we green enough to fall into the trap? Hardly! One of our number was a powerful young man, rather reckless, and perhaps rude, but he did the work well. He committed an act, which, among the Indians, is one of the greatest insults. With it, we raised a war whoop loud enough to be heard a

(Concluded on page 4)

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Sept. 19, 1910
A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Noah M. Davison, contestant against Homestead Entry No. 13645, Serial 03779, made July 1, 1904, for S.W. 1-4 Section 20, Township 29 S., Range 13 W., Willamette Meridian, by Benjamin Perry, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Benjamin Perry has never resided upon or in any way improved said land since making said entry, but has abandoned said land for over five years last past; said parties are hereby notified to appear and respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 1, 1910, before A. D. Morse, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Bandon, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m., on November 15, 1910, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon. The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed September 19, 1910, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication. BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register. 38-15

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon,
September 14, 1910.
Notice is hereby given that Albert N. Treadgold, of Cass City, Michigan, who on September 3, 1909, made Timber and Stone Entry No. 05456, for Lots 2, 3 and 4, Section 2, Township 30, S., Range 14 W. W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Timber and Stone Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. D. Morse, United States Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 29th day of Nov 1910.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Robert Walker, of Bandon, Oregon.
Harry Walker, of Bandon, Oregon.
G. T. Treadgold, of Bandon, Oregon.
Pearl R. Walker, of Bandon, Oregon.
BENJAMIN F. JONES,
Register. 37-10t

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