

Bandon Recorder

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FRIDAY.....December 16, 1910

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I feel more pity for the people who have waited on the bank and caught cold in their hearts and souls through standing still too long than with those who have been bruised and buffeted by the full force of the stream. —Ellen Thomeycroft Fowler.

Old World Is Not So Bad.

After all is said and done, this is not such a bad old world. It is true we have a lot of pessimists, grouches, knockers, etc., who are constantly going around with a chip on their shoulder, but these are the exception rather than the rule.

The idea that some people have, that every man is a demon, that he is constantly watching for an opportunity to get ahead of the other fellow, that he glories in the downfall of his fellows, etc., is only the vision of the pessimist.

There are men of character in the world. Yes, the large majority of the people have character beyond reproach, and the fellow who sees in every man, every competitor, the desire to grind him to the earth, that is the fellow to watch; he is like a snake in the grass, and is watching for his prey, while at the same time he is howling because the other fellow has the advantage, but the probabilities are that the other fellow has the advantage because he uses more common sense and gray matter in conducting his business, and not because he is watching for an opportunity to grind him down.

Most of the men who make failures of undertakings are themselves at fault; they have probably undertaken some foolish proposition that no man with a reasonable amount of brains would think of, then they get into deep water and cry for the public to rally to their support, when they are giving nothing in return.

The public does not owe any man a living; in fact we all have our hands full to look after our own welfare, but at the same time the public is lenient and will do what is right by the man who makes an honest effort, but no one, even though he be the greatest altruist, has any use for the leech who would suck the blood of society and give nothing in return.

Mankind is not so bad, and here in this western country we are glad to say that there is more real humanity practiced than anywhere else in the world.

Of course there are corporations and combines that are trying to freeze out the people, but they are the men in high finance.

We all have a right to fight them, and we should do so, but to say that the majority of men in the common walks of life delight in seeing the downfall of others, is to say the least, a despicable charge and is made only by the leech and the idler.

We have no right to undertake foolhardy propositions and then berate the public because the public does not rush to our assistance every time we get into deep water.

The world is made up of two classes, those who lift and those who lean. If we lift we will not have much occasion to berate our neigh-

bors, but will fall into line for the general advancement of the world and at the same time get our share of the profits. If we lean we must suffer the consequence.

Markets of the World.

Exports of manufactures from the United States in the calendar year 1910 will, for the first time, exceed \$800,000,000 in value. The September export figures seem to fully justify the prediction that the year's exports of manufactures will cross this line and surpass those of any earlier year. For the single month of September the exports of manufactures aggregated \$70,000,000, and for the nine months, ending with September \$613,000,000, an average of \$68,000,000 a month for that portion of the year for which figures are now available.

The group "manufactures ready for consumption" shows for the nine months of the present year a total exportation of \$402,000,000, against \$347,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1909; and the group "manufactures for further use in manufacturing," \$211,000,000, against \$187,000,000 in the same months of last year. For the single month of September manufactures ready for consumption show a total exportation of \$44,000,000, against \$38,000,000 in September of last year, and manufactures for further use in manufacturing, \$25,000,000, against \$20,000,000 in the same month of last year.

Manufactures are the only important class of exports which show a material gain in 1910, compared with 1909. Exports of foodstuffs in a crude condition in the nine months ending with September, 1910, show a total of but \$60,000,000 against \$75,000,000 in the same months of last year; and foodstuffs partly or wholly manufactured \$180,000,000, against \$205,000,000 in the same months of last year; and while crude material for use in manufacturing shows a slight gain, having been \$334,000,000 in the nine months ending with September, against \$322,000,000 in the same months of last year, the growth is by no means as large as that in exports of manufactures.

On the import side, both manufacturers' materials and finished manufactures show marked gains for the nine-month period, but a decline of about \$6,000,000 in crude material in September, 1910, compared with September, 1909. Crude materials for use in manufacturing show a total of \$413,000,000 in the nine months ending with September, 1910, against \$379,000,000 in the same months of last year; manufactures for further use in manufacturing \$214,000,000, against \$182,000,000 in the same months of last year; and manufactures ready for consumption \$277,000,000 in the nine months ending with September, 1910, against \$248,000,000 in the same months of last year.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

Looking Backward.

FORTY-FOURTH PARALLEL

On both sides of the 44th parallel and the eastern boundary of Dakota, there is historical ground well worth the attention of your readers. It is marked on some maps and known as "Pipe Clay Rock."

According to the tradition of the Sioux and Dakota Indians, this very rock was the place upon which Manito, the Great Spirit, rested from his labors after creating the earth. He slept for some time and again awoke and around him was a mellow light so dense that no object was clearly defined; thus by his will the light was brightened and cleared, and thus objects so far unfinished were changed by its wonderful power—animals, flowers and grass bedecked the land and beautified his work, enjoying the magnificence of Manito. Only he was lonesome, sitting on the new, soft rock not fully hardened, yet he picked up some of the clay, moulded and shaped it and behind the figure turned out a most lovely figure of a squaw. Then he breathed life into her mouth and he was lonely no longer.

In due time the squaw gave birth to a pair of twins, the first born became the great chief, War Eagle, the second child a sweet little maiden. This pair of Indians became the parents of all the different tribes of Indians on the continent.

So far it is their legend of the creation and a part of their religious belief, dear and true to those people as other nations proclaim their belief as the only right one leading those Indians to the happy hunting ground as we claim to be transferred to a happier condition which we call "Heaven." In consequence of this it became a sanctified and holy place as Mecca is to the Mohammedan or Jerusalem to Israelites and Christians. By the order of War Eagle this place became a neutral territory upon which no enmity among the different tribes should be allowed, only peace and good will must prevail among those entering this ground.

Every year the red men came from far and near in numbers; friend or foe, here they dwelt in harmony, here they gathered a new supply of clay for their pipes.

Here on this sacred ground all were children of the great Manito and woe to the one who violated this command, there was no hope of gaining the happy hunting grounds, he would become the enemy to all the different tribes and an outcast. Indians annually made the pilgrimage for hundreds of snows; their numbers are decreasing, being debarred from entering there by the laws of the white man who let them forget the greatness of Manito and the happy conditions in their happy hunting ground, their statute loses in its fearless carriage of the noble redmen of former years, their eyes are failing in lustre and keenness, for they see plainly the sunset of their race.

The graves so long sacred have been lost to them, for capital of the white man has bought the right to work this deposit of clay and systematically destroyed the glory where once Manito had been worshipped by acts of brotherly love.

Manito is at sleep and rest, and the white man has no reverence for others than himself. POHL.

Swellings of the flesh caused by inflammation, cold, fractures of the bone, toothache, neuralgia or rheumatism, can be relieved by applying BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It should be well rubbed in over the part affected. Its great healing and penetrating power cures the pain, reduces swelling, and restores natural conditions. Price 25c. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

FOR SALE.—My beautiful residence in West Bandon, consisting of two large lots, modern house, six rooms—bath, closets and wood shed. Also one three room house. All new and well improved. A snap for a short time. Address or call on W. W. Deyoe, Bandon, Oregon, 55-11

Submitted to the Touch.

"I suppose all of us have our little vanities," says James Hamilton Lewis of Chicago. "When I was a member of congress I was called out into the corridor by a stranger who asked, 'Is this Colonel James Hamilton Lewis?'"

"'Plain Mr. Lewis, at your service,' I replied. 'Well, Mr. Lewis,' he replied, 'I was so struck with a speech you made in the house last week that I went to the document room to get a copy for myself and for another friend. They charge five cents for a copy, and I haven't a cent of change. Can you let me have the money to buy two copies?'"

"Now, I had not made any speech, and they do not charge five cents nor any cents at all in the document room; but I gave him the dime he wanted, and reproached myself afterward for my stinginess. Such an artist at flattery ought to have had a quarter, at least."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How Romans Took Their Food.

The Romans reclined at their banquets on couches, all supporting themselves on one elbow and eating with their fingers from dishes placed in the center of the table. Each was supplied with a napkin, and knives were used, though it does not appear that every one was supplied with one. Nothing, it would seem, could be more fatiguing than to partake of a repast in such an awkward posture or less conducive to neatness, it being almost impossible to keep the hands clean even with water supplied by the slaves or to prevent the food and wine from falling on the clothing and the draperies of the couch. This manner of eating disappeared during the dark ages so far as the couch was concerned, but the peculiarity of taking food with the fingers from a common dish continued afterward for more than 1,000 years.

He Wanted to Know.

There was a small crowd at the soda counter when a tall man rushed in and pushed an empty bottle over the drug counter.

"Acid!" he whispered, excitedly. "Ten cents' worth of acid, and quick!" The soda water crowd began to sit up and take notice.

"What's he going to do with that acid?" demanded one.

"It's a secret," answered the drug clerk.

"Nothing unusual, I hope."

"Well, rather."

"What! You mean to say he is going to take that acid?"

"Oh, no! Listen. There is a silver wedding at his house tonight, and he is going to test the presents as fast as his friends bring them in."

And then and there they voted him the meekest man in town.—Chicago News.

The Inspiring Bagpipes.

It was at a seaside resort, and along the board walk came marching a band of highland bagpipers in full costume. They were tremendous fellows, but their music, to my untutored ears, was like the squealings of forty stuck pigs. Yet I have never heard strains to compare with theirs for arousing a desire to die for one's country. I think bagpipe music must have been fashioned back in the old days by some demon of perversity out of the whistle of arrows, the clash of claymores, the neighing of war steeds and the shrieks of the dying. When I hear it I think of the wheel of fortune, the car of Juggernaut, the mills of the gods and the liquidatorial rack and screw. It whirls along with a cyclonic rhythm that sets the feet to tramping and the blood to boiling.—Robert M. Gay in Atlantic.

A Scandal Spoiled.

"Of course he and his wife seem devoted to each other now," said the jealous Miss Gaussip, "but do you think she will always be so true and all that?"

"Well," replied Miss Kidder, "I have reason to know that only last night he had occasion to set a trap for her."

"Ah! Do you know, I suspected something!"

"They more than suspected. They knew there were mice in the house."—Philadelphia Press.

The Lamp of a Man's Life.

Dr. Holmes said the lamp of a man's life has three wicks—brain, blood and breath—and to turn down any one of them makes the other two go out. The wounds a man will survive and even disregard so long as his head, heart and lungs are unhurt have long been one of the wonders of war history.

The Burden of Golf.

Golfer (with a full bag, looking for a caddy)—I say, my friend, do you happen to know of any one who?—Near-sighted Villager (testily)—No, I don't. All the folks round here does their own umbrella repairing.—Puck.

Cutting.

Young Wife—How fortunate I am in possessing a husband who always stays at home in the evening! Bosom Friend—Yes; your husband never was much addicted to pleasure.

Not Impressed.

Bobble—Pa says you're a self made man. Visitor (grudgingly)—Yes, my boy, I am. Bobble—Ain't you sorry now you didn't let somebody else help you?—Boston Transcript.

Suggestive.

Mary (aged six)—Uncle Charlie, I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma said that if you gave me a dollar not to lose it.—Lippincott's.

Oregon Wool Growers' Association.

The 13th Annual Convention of the Oregon Wool Growers' Association will be held at Portland, Oregon, Jan. 3d, 1911, just one day before the opening of the great 47th Annual Convention of the National Association and Mid-Winter Sheep Show.

Portland and her commercial club are making elaborate preparations to give the wool growers bounteous and sumptuous entertainment. These two conventions coming together promise to be a great and significant gathering of sheepmen.

It will be a business session discussing tariff, forest reserves, quarantine and speed limit laws, predatory animals, wool sales, appointment of advisory boards and other subjects especially important and vital to the industry. The most prominent and expert men in America on the subjects have places on the program of the National Convention.

The Mid-Winter Sheep Show promises to be the best ever held in America.

A New Jersey farmer came to the city the other day, and, among other things, he visited a high class res-

taurant, says a Philadelphia paper. His appetite ran to cheese, and inquiring of the waiter what sort of cheese was listed, remarked that he desired "something new." "Why don't you try a bit of Roquefort?" suggested the waiter. "What's that?" asked the farmer. "Hang it," he added, "bring me some. I like the name anyway." He ate of it and liked it. So he thought he would take some home to his wife. Arriving late, he laid the small cheese wrapped in silver paper on the sideboard. He forgot to inquire about it till next night, and then he asked his wife how she liked it. "Oh, I s'pose it's mighty stylish up to the city, but I jes kinder couldn't use it. I couldn't get no loam out of it, and when I washed the children they smelled kinder funny, and I can't say I like it."

Deep seated coughs that resist ordinary remedies require both external and internal treatment. If you buy a dollar bottle of BAL-LARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP you get the two remedies you need for the price of one. There is a HERRICK'S RED PEPPER POROUS PLASTER for the chest, free with each bottle. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

Bazaar in Lorenz Building

ST. MARY'S GUILD, of the Episcopal Church will hold a Bazaar Saturday, December 17th, in the afternoon and evening. All kinds of Fancy Work—pretty things for Christmas. Pennants a specialty.

LUNCH 10 CENTS

A Bake Shop Test



Is made of every milling that Olympic Flour is made of. One of the best bake shops anywhere is run in connection with the mill that makes Olympic Flour. Every batch of flour that goes through the mill is tested. It has to be up to the highest standard—has to make the best bread possible, else it don't go into the Olympic sacks.

This is the reason your bakings of bread, biscuit and pastry are always uniformly good when you use Olympic. Your bakings can't be expected to be the same—always unless the flour is. Therein lies the beauty of using Olympic.

The Portland Flouring Mills Co.

SAM SAYS

Santa Claus wears whiskers I don't. He has a reindeer. I have rain clothes. He shows people how to give away. I show them how to save money, otherwise we look alike

GEO. W. MOORE LUMBER CO.

BANDON WAREHOUSE

CASH SPECIALS THIS WEEK

Finest California Wheat Hay, \$1.85 per bale; \$16.25 per ton of 9 bales. Red Star Alfalfa Meal \$1.15 Sack.

TRADE WHERE YOU CAN SAVE MONEY