

Bandon Recorder

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FRIDAY.....December 23, 1910

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood.—Emerson.

Poisonous Vipers

We notice that the poisonous viper and scandal sheet of Marshfield hurls the lie at the RECORDER for saying we refused to pollute our exchange table by sending them a copy of the RECORDER in exchange for the vile sheet which is generally recognized as the most infamous publication ever tried to be passed off on the people of Coos county. We are not at all surprised that the lie was hurled at us for this is always the weapon of a villainous coward when he is cornered and knows the truth is being spoken. Of course the publisher of the slander sheet is sore because the decent papers of the county refuse to recognize his vile, viperous publication in any other way than as a venomous serpent trying to ruin respectable men and women by thrusts of its poisonous fangs. We notice that the Coos Bay Times is keeping up the fight against the disgraceful scoundrel, and we hope that the decent citizens of Marshfield will rally to their support. The RECORDER will have nothing more to say on the subject, for, as Elbert Hubbard says: "He who fights with men of little worth wins nothing," and we wash our hands of the filth and slime of such a contemptible menace to society as the disgraceful monstrosity in question.

Bugs Working For Profit

Did you ever hear of Bugs working for profit? Did you ever hire any Bugs to work for you? Doesn't the question sound like an absurdity? Do you realize that sane, thoughtful and scientific men are carefully breeding and rearing many families of beneficial insects to work for the horticulturist?

If you do not think these things are true, possible or practical, you take your calendar and mark the 13th of February, 1911, as a Bug Day, and go to the Northern California Citrus Fair to be held in Sacramento, Cal., Feb. 13th to 18th, and look at the display that the Commissioner of the State Horticulture will show from the State Insectary. Here you will find many varieties of beneficial bugs actively working upon the trees that they love to frequent, eating the scale that is infesting the tree and doing a great amount of good to mankind. These trees will be exhibited in tubs. The bugs will be very much alive and taking care of themselves, and you need not fear of any of them lighting on your soft spots, as they will be encaged in glass. "Truly the World do Move." Who would ever think that a sane man would condescend to hire a lady bug to work for him? But truth is stronger than fiction and if you are from Missouri or one of the members of the Western Fruit Jobbers Association, California, will endeavor to show you something that will enlighten and instruct.

Land Tax of New Zealand

In 1890 over 80 per cent of the people of New Zealand owned no land, and many more were leaving than coming. At first rather blindly, but finally with their eyes opened, a system of taxation was extended which encouraged men to go back to the land.

The graduated land tax of New Zealand has accomplished very little. It is given the credit for bringing about the change by outside writers, and it no doubt has helped some. It is not levied on property but on land values, exclusive of improvements. It was this principle applied to local taxation that restored the people of New Zealand to their lands and the lands to the people. Not the graduated part of it, but the exemption of improvements part.

The New Zealand government levies what Americans would call a state tax on land values of any owner when they exceed \$25,000. Very few farmers are affected by it to any extent. The tax is only a half mill to the dollar of value, and when over a million dollars in value runs gradually up to 16 mills.

About 15 years ago the cities and towns were given power to exempt improvements, personal property and livestock from taxation. The main taxing bodies are these cities and towns, and not the shires or counties. Road and school districts also were given the same powers.

Naturally one would think there would have been many different systems of taxation, but there are only two—the old system of taxing everything in sight, and the new one of taxing land values exclusively. The people of these subdivisions can exempt land values entirely, if they wish; but not one of them ever has. Now have any ever returned to the old system after trying the new.

This latter fact is what frightens the land monopolists of Oregon in contemplating the possibilities of the new provisions of the constitution which allows the counties of Oregon to do as they see fit in the same way that the people of the great townships of New Zealand tax themselves.

In New Zealand the township that did not tax the farmer's cows, improvements, fences, orchards, etc., attracted farmers. New settlers and old residents of the country came there. The state condemned vast tracts of land, sold them in small homesteads and employed idle men to build roads to them. A man is not only not taxed on his improvements and livestock but he is loaned money by the state and guaranteed employment.

The break in the cloud of land monopoly came when improvements were exempt from local taxation. All land values are taxed. There are no exemptions and no graduated tax. We hear much about the graduated land tax of New Zealand, and quite well informed men hark back to it as if it was the main thing in this democratic commonwealth. In fact, the main thing is the local taxation levies placed on land values exclusive of everything else, and the average farmer has nowhere near

\$25,000 in land values, and never hears of the graduated tax.—Portland Labor Press.

Merry Christmas To All

This is the last issue of the RECORDER before Christmas, 1910. We are not going to preach any sermon here nor applaud our own works during the past year, neither are we going to tell of any great things we will do in the future. We are well satisfied with the friendly spirit shown to this paper by all the people of Bandon and vicinity, and will make but one promise to them, and that is we will continue to do our part toward making a bigger, better and more prosperous Bandon and Coos county. We also wish you all a Merry Christmas and a most happy and prosperous New Year.

Direct Election of Senators

Senator Borah, a Republican, and Senator Rayner, a Democrat, outnumber Senator Dillingham, a Republican, as members of a subcommittee of the Senate committee on judiciary, and they will offer to the full committee a recommendation for a constitutional amendment for the direct election by the people of all United States Senators. It is interesting to recall that Senator Borah was the popular choice of his party, expressed through a state convention, and got the unanimous vote of the Republicans in the Idaho Legislature. Senator Rayner has just been endorsed by the Democratic primary of Maryland for reelection. Senator Dillingham doesn't have to worry about reelection till 1915, and he stands pat. He always has stood pat. He may in time find, however, that his state doesn't stand pat. Other old-time Senators have been rudely awakened from their peaceful slumbers in Washington to find that the procession had moved along.

Senator Borah wants no expedients or makeshifts or roundabout methods in the direct election of Senators. Senator Rayner agrees. Senator Dillingham doesn't want anything but to be let alone.

Yet the Senate will be forced to act favorably on the measure—if it gets the chance. The Senate knows that the people want, and long have wanted, their Senators elected by direct vote. They want the real thing in direct elections. The Senate judiciary committee would appear to be up against it this time. It will take adroit sidestepping or a fine assortment of grand and lofty parliamentary tumbling, to avoid a vote on the question at this session.—Oregonian.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. C. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

FOR SALE.—My beautiful residence in West Bandon, consisting of two large lots, modern house, six rooms—pantry, 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. 55-1f

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

By M. G. POHL

TROUBLE ON HAND

The moon had not risen, but by groping about with my hand I found myself surrounded by sagebrushes. Nothing was left for me to do out to await moonlight. I took off the park and saddle from the animal, fastened the rope to its neck and the other end to my ankle in order to feel the attempt of its getting away, lay down on the hot soil and was asleep in the next minute.

How long I had lain I do not know, the moon had just risen in the eastern skies when the howling of coyotes brought me to my feet. Without thinking, I fired a shot to drive them away. It scared the mule which to my great astonishment, started to run, those villains had cut the rope. Hoping to get a hold of the end of the rope I followed the animal. Hour after hour passed morning began to dawn and still I had not accomplished my purpose. By this time I had recrossed the desert, the mule struck out on the run and was soon out of sight.

I was more than sixty miles from the nearest house, my feet were blistered, eatables I had none. To find relief I bathed my feet in the hot mineral water and in a half hour all pain had left me. Feeling refreshed I again took up the trail of the mule, I passed Rabbit Springs and close to Antelope Springs I caught up, there stood the mule resting. If ever I sneaked up on any game, I did so here. Inch by inch I neared the rope, the mule did not notice me; at last! what a leap of my heart; I held the rope; no kicking or trying to get away—I hung on as grim death; as soon as the mule found there was no getting away it gave up. You may expect that I was near given out, fatigued, and weak from fasting, I needed rest.

Fastening the animal securely and extra hobbling it, the next moment I fell sound asleep, and only the next morning's sun awoke me; then I mounted the old fellow and made him come up to time double quick.

Perspiration rolled off of us but there was no more delay. Twenty-four hours later I had crossed the desert again and found that not hing had disturbed my belongings.

Without stopping, the mule was saddled and loaded, and in less than an hour I arrived at Deep Hole; here we found the best of water and plenty of grass, thus making an ideal camp, for both of us needed nourishment and rest. In the evening a flock of brants, a kind of wild goose, had settled to feed and ere long two of them were shot. Not far from Deep Hole there was a fork of the road; so far I had followed the wagon tracks made by my friends; here, however, a large flock of sheep had crossed and entirely eliminated every sign of which way they had gone. To the right? To the left? I selected the right hand road; not far had I traveled when I entered a beautiful valley; its name was "Squaw Valley." For several miles I advanced then the road turned across a clear creek and from there I entered the Granite Mountain.

Up, up I went, warmer and warmer became the temperature, less and less vegetation, until the last scrap, the last spear of grass lay behind us. Onward we traveled, crossing canyons and ravines, nothing but granite rocks, but not a drop of water. At night I had reached a high plateau, dead of anything living but a few lizards.

Have you ever traveled in a more than torrid heat without refreshing water to drink? If not, you cannot understand the suffering myself and mule underwent; pain in all the limbs, pain in the head more than the severest headache, parched and dry are lips and mouth, the least spittle in the mouth acts as glue and fastens the lips, the tongue begins to swell, filling the cavity of the mouth, it becomes maddening to suffer thirst in such conditions.

(Continued on Page 3)

It Takes More Than Good Flour



To make first class bread, biscuit and pastry all the time. The flour has to be the best of course, but it has to be uniform in every sack too. That's why Snow Drift is so popular. You will find the flour in one sack identically the same in every sack. It is tested at the mill's bake shop to make sure. Every batch of wheat that goes through the mill is washed clean. It isn't touched by human hands from that time till it reaches you. Only the finest selected Northwest-grown Blue Stem goes into Snow Drift Flour. Try just one sack and learn how good your bread, biscuit and pastry can be.

The Portland Flouring Mills Co.

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