

Bandon Recorder

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FRIDAY January 6, 1911

THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

What nation is as anxious to perform its duties as to assert its rights? What nation lays down the everlasting law of right, casts itself fearlessly on its principles and chooses to be poor, or to perish rather than do wrong.—W. E. Channing.

What's the Matter With Coos County Climate?

As the writer was walking along the street last Monday he saw a man out mowing his lawn with a lawn mower; the grass was fresh and green and reminded one of a morning in May, back in the middle west. The day was fine, the sun was shining brightly, and we even met some barefoot boys running along with smiles on their faces and enjoying the situation. On the same day Associated Press reports from Kansas City said:

"With the thermometer registering three below and the wind blowing 28 miles an hour from the northwest, this city and vicinity are experiencing the severest cold of the season. The mercury is below zero all over Kansas and Missouri. Texas has zero weather all through the Panhandle district. The lowest temperature in Oklahoma was two below at Oklahoma City. In Kansas it ranged from two to eight below. Blizzards swept Nebraska and Iowa last night, the wind attaining a velocity of forty miles at Omaha. The thermometer is eight below at Omaha and sixteen below at North Platte. The lowest temperature in Missouri was four below at St. Joseph."

A still worse report from Chicago is as follows:

"A blizzard today rendered transportation difficult. Business generally is tied up following the New Year, and consequently the number of persons on the streets is greatly diminished. The thermometer is way down and there is much suffering among the people."

And in a dispatch from Denver we read:

"Colorado is experiencing the coldest weather of the winter, the thermometer here registering 17 below zero. A heavy snow is falling and in many districts railroad traffic is considerably affected."

After reading these reports we ask the question—What's the matter with Coos county climate? Comment is unnecessary. Mere comparison answers the question.

How would you like to be back in the middle west?

Density of Population

The State of Rhode Island, with 508.5 to the square mile, leads the list of states in density of population. If Texas were as thickly settled as Rhode Island, it would have a population of 135,000,000, or over 40 per cent more than the whole area of the United States as reported by the eleventh census. Second in the density list is Massachusetts, with 418.8 persons to the square mile.

Our own possibilities in the line of supporting a heavy population are shown by the fact that as yet we have fewer than ten persons to the square mile and are thus in the class

with Montana, New Mexico, Idaho, Utah, North and South Dakota and Colorado. The enormous area thus thinly populated is not all arable or grazing land, hence not all is able to sustain the population per square mile that finds means of livelihood in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Yet Oregon will be able when properly developed to enter the list of states that support in plenty more than 100 persons to the square mile. In this class are Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Delaware and Illinois.

There is no section of our wide National domain whose people or their remote progeny have cause to fear the menace of overpopulation as exploited by Malthus. Certainly our own state, with its wide, unoccupied areas that only await irrigation, transportation facilities and the coming of a strong armed yeomanry to blossom into plenty, can look the centuries in the face without dread of a density of population that will overtax its resources. The same is true of the entire Pacific slope, the vast Rocky Mountain region, the wide expanses of the Middle West, and the practically unguessed resources of the southland.

Convention is Called to Form Fruit Selling Association

President Atwell of the State Horticultural Society has issued a call for a convention of fruit growers and fruit shipping associations of the Pacific Northwest to meet at Portland, January 24th. The convention will consider the organization of a fruit growers' central selling agency, and also decide what attitude shall be taken toward apple box legislation.

It is proposed to model the association on the citrus fruit growers' organizations of California and limit it to the boxed apple trade. It will include Western Montana and Western Colorado, which, with the Pacific Northwest, grow practically all the boxed apples of the country. Better distribution of apples, providing against glut in some markets and scant supply in others, are the prime objects of the association.

The convention, coming as it does the week following the meeting of the Washington Horticultural Association at Prosser on January 17th, will probably attract some attention from that body. President Atwell and others will go to Prosser and speak before the Washington orchardists on the proposed association.

Thousands of pounds of black walnuts and acorns are being shipped by the Government from Arkansas to District Forester Chapman of Portland to be distributed for seed throughout the burned-over forest areas of the Pacific Northwest. Forest rangers will take charge of planting the seed and within the next quarter century it is expected Oregon will have great quantities of hard woods available for furniture making and other uses.

After Lodge

The Oregon Senators blame it all on Senator Lodge. The Massachusetts Senator, it appears, assured the Oregon Senators that the \$20,000,-

000 reclamation bill was all right, and of course they supposed it was their first duty to accept the word of a fellow Senator; so they voted for the bill without the slightest personal scrutiny or examination or investigation. Thus section 9 of the original reclamation bill, so vital and necessary to the interests of Oregon, was repealed. Senatorial courtesy, combined with Senatorial complacency or veridancy or laziness, has cost Oregon many million dollars.

The Oregon Senatorial method at Washington is to find out what some Senatorial boss thinks the Oregon Senators ought to do and then for them to do it blindly and unquestioningly. "Senator Aldrich knows all about the tariff," said Senator Bourne, on another momentous occasion. "I vote with Aldrich." He did. Now he votes with Lodge. So does Chamberlain. They are a confiding and easy going pair.

Thus while Lodge takes charge of legislation for the West, and engineers through the Senate a measure of great and immediate concern to Oregon, Bourne and Chamberlain deem it quite unnecessary even to examine the bill. All they do, according to their own explanation and apology, is to ask Lodge. Lodge tells them to vote for a measure expressly doing away with an invaluable concession or right of the State of Oregon. They obey. It is all very childish.—Oregonian.

Heartburn, indigestion or distress of the stomach is instantly relieved by HERBINE. It forces the badly digested food out of the body and restores tone in the stomach and bowels. Price 50c. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

LOOKING BACKWARD By M. G. POHL INDIAN SUMMER.

It was now the latter part of October, fairer days and brighter nights could not be asked for. I slept that night near a farm house. By and by the children, then grown people came to give me a call and before long I was invited to share their supper; then the fire place in the house was filled with wood. It gave an agreeable light and the room was comfortably heated. Neighbors came, an hour or so was passed in telling of my experiences on this trip and in picturing the beauties of the Coquille valley, my destination, which seemed to greatly interest these good people. Before the neighbors departed we had a good old fashioned prayer meeting and then found rest and repose.

The next morning my newly made friends gave me a full description of the route I had to take to get over the easiest pass to Goose Lake.

"Cedar Pass, you can not miss it. Take the first wagon turning to the left," and we parted. I had not traveled two miles when I came to a wagon road turning to the left. According to advise I turned and followed it. For about a mile it was a plain road and then it branched off and became more and more indistinct and rougher. This too ceased and a trail was left leading upwards into the mountains. A suspicion arose, can you be on the wrong road? However the summit of the mountains were not many miles from me, the bright weather lead me onward, feeling that I would come out somewhere on the other side at the end of my two days travel, I pushed on. It was noon. I stood on an elevated point and the view was grand—over plains in the east and rough peaks in the south. North of me I could see a lower pass than the one I was on at present. There was Cedar Pass. Had I gone a mile further before I turned off, many a hard day would have been saved me.

Return? No. All I had to do was to work my way over there a

mile or so. Just then I entered one of those beautiful mountain glens. Grass in abundance for the mule, tall trees surrounding the edges, their limbs close to the ground, under which were excellent dry spaces for camping purposes. Through the park flowed and wound a spring of the purest water. Several deer stood on the upper edge gazing at me. A moment later and one of the tallest lay on the ground. The others left and I rejoiced at having such fine meat to feast upon.

Fresh and pure was the atmosphere, beautiful mountains spanned by a cloudless azure sky, no trace of care or haste. Although rather early to stop, I made camp, enjoyed a good meal and made everything ready for the night. During my sleep something cold and wet fell on my face. It woke me up and pulling the blankets higher up I rested well the balance of the night. Drawing aside the cover a shower of snow fell on me—a white cover of snow had settled down. Not a breath of air, yet the large white flakes came thick and fast. Too late to reflect. Yes, I was sorry I had stopped so early. I looked for the mule and it was not in sight. Where was the trail—I had come up? Completely covered, the bushes bent by the weight of snow, hemmed and held me here. Soon I consoled myself, what of it? I had provisions for over a week and plenty of meat, but how I hoped for the snow to pass over so I could resume my journey again.

It snowed and kept on doing so. A chilly wind set in and more rapidly the snow settled down.

The second night had come. Still it snowed and blew and the snow began to drift and make my shelter uncomfortable. Near the close of the third day the snow ceased falling, the white cover lay considerable over a foot deep on the level and had drifted into the lower gulches. Escape was cut off and the situation became desperate.

The setting sun brightened the scenery and gave new hope. A few small clouds floated high in the air, stars began to brighten the sky. Then the thought entered my mind, never fear, only make the best of the situation and all will come out right, I fell asleep. Refreshed, I arose. With good cheer I built a brush shanty out of fir and cypress limbs, which I cut from the trees, laying them points downward against a ridge pole in roof fashion. Then with a flattened piece of wood I covered the whole with snow, fixed a layer for a bed, started a fire in front and moved into my primitive home. What a smoke out of a pipe is, and what a comfort can be derived from such a so called bad habit, can only be learned in situations similar to the one I was now in. It helped me wonderfully to drive away discouraging thoughts.

November had set in with fresh snow storms and colder weather. My provisions were at low tide and the deer meat nearly gone. Wood to keep up a good fire was plentiful. It was my principal work. More and more my loneliness and desire for companionship discouraged me. The dismal sound of the wind passing through the tree tops, the squeaking noise of limbs rubbing against one another had a marked effect on me.

For days I was near giving up the fight for life; nothing to eat but an unfortunate owl or crow which came around for crumbs which I had not; thoughts went back to days of childhood and pictured the love and kindness bestowed upon me by parents, brothers and sisters, or memories of honorable toil, study of my profession—it all passed me and made me a weakling for the time.

Hunger and frost became great teachers; I began to hunt; a half-starved wolf was my first reward; in it I found a sign of Providence to exert myself, and energy revived.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. 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 soap for a short time. Address or call on W. W. Lyeoe, Bandon, Oregon. 55-1f

A dry, hacking cough is hard on the lungs, often causing them to bleed. BALKANS MORE HOUND SYRUP is a healing balm that quickly repairs damage in the lungs and air passages. Price 25c 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

Notice of Street Improvement.

Notice is hereby given, that the Common Council of the City of Bandon, Coos County, Oregon, did upon the 7th day of December, 1910, by resolution duly passed, determine to improve his Street, on the south side, by having a sidewalk constructed to commence on east line of the intersection of his street with Columbia avenue, thence running east to connect with the west line of Broadway.

Total number of feet of sidewalk to be constructed is 942.5 feet. Now unless a written remonstrance signed by the owners of two-thirds of the real property adjacent to and abutting upon said his street, on south side, shall be filed with the City Recorder, within Twenty (20) days from the date of the first publication of this notice, the Common Council will pass an ordinance, directing that such improvement as above described shall be constructed and the costs thereof be assessed to the real property abutting on said portion of his Street on the south side as described.

By order of the Common Council. Dated at Bandon, Ore., Dec. 30, 1910. 64-12-F E. B. KAUSRUD, Recorder.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon. November 23d, 1910. Notice is hereby given that Delos W. Gardner, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on May 2d, 1904, made Homestead Entry No. 13519, Serial No. 03728, for S. W. 1-4 N. E. 1-4 and S. E. 1-4 N. W. 1-4, Section 14, Township 30 S., Range 15 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. D. Morse, U. S. Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 16th day of January, 1911. Claimant names as witnesses: L. F. Gardner, of Bandon, Oregon. A. W. Gardner, of Bandon, Oregon. George Logan, of Bandon, Oregon. Fred Miller, of Bandon, Oregon. BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon. November 23d, 1910. Notice is hereby given that Jacob Waldvogel, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on December 15, 1903, made Homestead Entry No. 13289, Serial No. 03629, for S. W. 1-4 S. E. 1-4, S. 1-2 S. W. 1-4 and N. E. 1-4 S. W. 1-4, Section 25, Township 29 S., Range 15 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. D. Morse, U. S. Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 16th day of January, 1911. Claimant names as witnesses: John Lamont, of Bandon, Oregon. J. L. Foster, of Bandon, Oregon. John Luke, of Bandon, Oregon. John Chenoweth, of Langlois, Oregon. BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register.

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