

Bandon Recorder

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TUESDAY.....January 10, 1911

Oregon Agricultural Experiment Station Receives Aid from Government

Word has been received by President W. J. Kerr, of the Oregon Agricultural College, from the authorities at Washington that the support of the Federal Government is assured for the extension of the agricultural experimental work in the state of Oregon.

Letters and telegrams from Samuel Fortier, chief of the Bureau of Irrigation Investigation at Washington, and from Dr. Carlton, state that the appropriations for the work in Oregon will, in all probability, be passed by Congress.

The plans for the extension of this work have been presented to the Board of Regents of the College and have been approved by them. The assurances from the Federal Government that they will be in a position to co-operate with the state in this work leaves the matter ready for presentation to the state legislature. The state will be asked to provide only one half of the cost of maintenance. The various localities in which the work will be carried on have offered to furnish the land, fences and other equipment.

The work will be carried on in co-operation with the Agricultural College. Experiment stations are to be established in central Oregon, southern Oregon and extensive irrigation experiments will be carried out in the Willamette Valley. The Central Oregon station will be concerned principally with experimental work in dry farming. The Southern Oregon station will take up investigations in horticulture, dairying, vegetable raising and other branches of agricultural work. The irrigation experiments will be carried on throughout the Willamette Valley for the purpose of determining what can be done to increase the productivity of this section of the state.

Importance of Coal in the Northwest. Growing Need of Trained Mining Men

"Among all the valuable gifts the Creator has bestowed upon man, coal is the most essential to his well being and progress. It is true that man could exist under the sun's warmth and the fuel from the vegetation of the field and forest, but it is clearly evident that to attain the best conditions of civilization and power he must have the fuel supply, the stored-up and crystallized sunlight of the old-time coal-making periods."

In the great Northwest particular attention has for many years, been paid to the progress and development of the metal mining industry, while very little attention has been given to the prospecting and development of the large coal resources of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, British Columbia and Alaska.

The coal mined in Washington and British Columbia in the year 1909 was valued at approximately \$15,000,000 and at the present increase of population and manufactories, the amount of coal mined will have to increase many times what it

is at the present day.

All over the world great interest and enormous sums of money are being spent to decrease the loss of life in the coal mining industry, so the successful coal mining man of today must necessarily be better trained to understand and operate the up to date machinery and life-saving devices now in use, than the man of many years ago.

In most of the coal mining states of this country a man is required to pass an examination before he can become a mine foreman or a mine superintendent, so it necessarily follows that any mining man who hopes to raise himself above a trapper, driver, coal miner, fire boss or mine foreman, and most men do, should not lose any opportunity to take advantage of a practical, theoretical education whenever it is possible to obtain such.

Some of the agricultural colleges of the Northwest are giving special courses in coal mining in connection with the Mining Department of the colleges and these are beneficial to the man who wants to become an expert in mining business. This work is of especial interest to Coos county miners at present as this is destined to become one of the greatest mining sections of the Northwest as we have coal here in abundance.

Nature Will Supply Men's Needs

Some college professors contribute to the world's weariness by predicting the exhaustion of life's necessities—coal or wheat, for instance. But they are wiser ones who teach that nature will always supply mankind's needs, through intelligent industry, though mankind continues to multiply.

So it is agreeable to read the opinion of the professor of geology of Columbia university, James F. Kemp, in opposition to that of pessimists who have predicted that the world's supply of iron would soon be exhausted. Even Andrew Carnegie has expressed a fear in this regard, but Professor Kemp in a recent address said that the world is not likely to run short of iron and steel for 1500 years. And when these 1500 years have elapsed, there will remain no doubt plenty of iron, coal, gas, and all other essential things for the millions who will have no memory of us who live today.

Nature has inexhaustible stores of metals, minerals, gases, electrical force and soil fertility, for all the billions of people who are to come. And they will probably have more and better things than we have. So let us not worry.—Oregon Journal.

Why Oregon Fares Badly.

The Army board appointed by the President to investigate the Government reclamation projects and recommend a proper distribution of available funds (including the \$20,000,000 loan) approved the Umatilla project, which it regarded as "feasible," but it recommended that the proposed west extension should be postponed at present on account of the large amount of money needed for the completion of other projects

to which the Government is committed." Therefore Umatilla is shoved aside without further consideration or favor, beyond a comparative pittance for the east extension.

What pressure or influence persuaded the Army board to ignore Umatilla in favor of other projects, no more meritorious, possibly less so, to which "the Government stands committed"? It was the insistent and determined appeal and representations of Senators like Borah and Carter who got for Idaho and Montana \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 respectively, while Oregon is obliged to content itself with a \$925,000 crumb from the \$45,000,000 reclamation table. Oregon an object of such contemptuous charity, with its record of \$9,000,000 given from the sale of its lands to the reclamation fund! Poor Oregon!

Even now Oregon's indolent and inefficient Senators ask, "What's the use?" They do nothing. It appears impossible for them to realize that Oregon is vastly stirred up over this business. As they failed to utter a word in the Senate when protest would have doubtless availed to defeat repeal of section nine of the original act, so they also have permitted other Senators, alert and watchful in the interest of their constituencies, to outgeneral them ignominiously and defeat them completely with the Army board. Poor old Oregon! —Oregonian

LOOKING BACKWARD

By M. G. POHL

WISHING A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Again another spell of delightful weather had set in. Gradually the snow began to melt on the most southerly exposed points of the mountains. In such locations green grass and a pleasant warm temperature attracted deer, mountain sheep and occasionally a grizzly bear found its way there to hunt mice and squirrels. Otherwise the melting of the snow caused it to become more compact, forming a crust to keep up the weight of a man with snow shoes of home manufacture.

Thus one day I attempted to reach the valley. It was a failure. The canyon I had come up was filled with snow from twenty to forty feet deep. To break in here was sure the end of any living thing. After my return I became more lonesome than before. To hear the sound of a human voice, I began to talk to myself. To pass the time I gathered willow twigs peeling the outside bark, used the inner white bark for tobacco. For me it became a luxury and a means to assist me in collecting my thoughts which were straying off and would have led me to insanity.

One stormy day I had a good fire before the entrance of my snow hut and some sparks were blown inside, setting the dried brush on fire. However, not a great deal of damage was done. The smoke had but one way to escape, and I closed that up and soon the fire was smothered. Nevertheless I had to build a new and better one.

Another day on endeavoring to enter the valley, I selected a new direction. The ridge between my snow hut and Cedar Pass had been swept of snow by the fierce winds; only here and there it had formed into long combs overhanging the almost perpendicular bluffs. Frost had hardened it and no one could see how far it extended beyond the incline. To see where I had to go, I stepped too far out, the comb broke, and down I went at a break-neck speed and when I struck I fell on my back, feet foremost. On I slid and how far I went this way I could not say, the motion was too rapid. On my way I ran foul of the top of a tree which pierced a few feet above the surface; the next motion was a number of somersaults. At last the ride ended. I stuck

up to my breast in snow with perhaps a hundred or two of snow below me.

I was somewhat bleeding and knocked a trifle senseless. Just then a herd of Rocky Mountain sheep which had been lying on the opposite side scented me; across the snow they went, one jumping into the track of the foremost one and thereby packing the snow. To reach their trail was the next move. However, how to get out where I stuck was the problem; with each move of my feet I felt that I was sinking.

In this fix a cold sweat began to flow from my forehead. Keep cool and calm were the thoughts coming next; then I bent the upper part of my body over the edge of the snow, then with one foot, then with the other, I began to pack the snow under me; with the hands I secured a grip in the crust of snow; it was a slow process, but inch by inch my body rose, then, taking a chance, I turned over on my back and succeeded in getting free; thus, lying on my body I slid until I knew I was out of danger, then I arose.

The day was near its end, shadows of night creeping over the side hill.

I noticed that there was no sense of feeling in my feet; I had woven boots on and the snow had filled them and had frozen to my feet. With the aid of the knife I cut them open and finally freed my feet and then plunged into the snow where I kept them for a long time until I had to overcome the chill of the night air stifling my whole body and limbs; with difficulty I started a fire, and what a night I experienced there the reader may imagine. In a roundabout way the next daylight found me struggling towards my hut, and when reached I was ready to fall down and sleep.

For days I suffered much; one afternoon trying to shoot something to keep me alive I came to an open hillside. Here under a juniper tree I found a good place to watch the surroundings; nothing moving could well escape my sight. There—not far away, something was coming—a still hidden by some bushes—a man, wading through the snow—coming my way. I began to call and jump, and by my antics no doubt the man thought I was a wild man, and he stopped. I called again and asked him to come and help me if he could. At last he came; he carried a flour sack well filled. My first question was, have you got something to eat? he invited me to get some biscuits out of the sack; how I pitched in! oh, what a treat to me.

Meantime he had started a fire, and we exchanged why we were here.

Then I learned from him that this day was the last day of the year 1868. We had much to talk about—he was on his way to cross to Surprise Valley; accepting my experiences he concluded to return the next morning; at 12 o'clock we still were enjoying each others' society; then we wished one another a Happy New Year, piled a number of large chunks of wood on the fire, and laid down to sleep.

The next morning he returned whence he had come from, inviting me to go with him, but the condition my feet were in I could not undertake a walk of twenty miles or more, so we parted—never to meet again.

Any little wound or abrasion of the flesh occurring in cold weather that is not promptly treated becomes a bad sore and is difficult to heal. Apply BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT at once when such accidents happen. The wound heals promptly and soon does away with the annoyance of a bandage. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

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Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office,
Astoria, Oregon,
December 16, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that John W. Koon, of Bandon, Oregon, who on Feb. 2, 1909, made Homestead application No. 14842, Serial No. 04475, for S. E. 1-4 S. E. 1-4 Sec. 9, and W. 1-2 S. W. 1-4, and S. W. 1-4 S. W. 1-4, Section 10, Township 30 S., Range 14, W. W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. D. Motte, United States Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 4th day of February, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:
James A. Cape, of Bandon, Oregon.
Herman DeLong, of Bandon, Oregon.

Hayden D. Jackson, of Bandon, Oregon.
Elbert Dyer, of Bandon, Oregon.
63-46-T BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register.

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Bandon

Oregon

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