

Bandon Recorder

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Fun With the Editor.

H. L. Rann, of the Manchester Press, last year before the Upper Iowa Editorial Association, established his reputation as a humorist thus:

"I am here to say that the man who owns eighty acres of Iowa land who has brains enough to till it, makes the lot of country newspaper men look like the last sad remnants of a Dutch lynch. The farmer has the best of it all around. He is as independent as the American Express Company. He doesn't have to write a soulful obituary over the remains of some peak-headed bloke who caved his wife's ribs in with a grub stake and kept on display an exhibit of cut plug prolixity that would make the efforts of a steamboat mate sound like a meeting of the Epworth league. He doesn't have to go into raptures over the beauty of an open-faced bride with a cast of countenance that would blow out the gas, and he can say what he dum pleases about a candidate for congress, something no newspaper man ever dared to do unless he had just lost the postoffice. The farmer isn't required to lie until his back teeth fall out, about the sterling manhood of a groom with ears like a cauliflower plant, and the brain of a goat. He doesn't have to run a piano contest for the most beautiful young lady in the community, make everybody sore about the winner, and then print a seventy-five cent half tone of the beauty that looks like a tintype of grandma at the age thirteen. There is nothing in the farmer's curriculum that obliges him to paint the local soprano as a heaven sent songster, when in fact she has a voice that would make a guinea hen weep. He isn't called upon to paint the virtues of a prominent citizen who earned his money by collecting notes with a draw shave and who would have an attack of heart failure if suddenly separated from two bits of real money.

"The farmer can stand on the street corner and roar about small pox in town until his whiskers curl up like a lean man with the wind colic, and if the newspaper man runs a three-line item to the same effect his advertisers will land on him and make him resemble a crushed fruit salad. If the printer opens his head about the presence of slot machines, penny ante and holes in-the-wall, every candidate he supports at the primary election will have about as much show of nomination as a one-legged man in a hurdle race. The farmer can sit on his porch and lambast the board of supervisors from supper to breakfast, and if the newspaper man jars a board off the fence in that direction his appeal for the county printing will be about as effective as a live broil with tabasco sauce.

"The farmer can express his opinion of the new Methodist preacher in a firm and loud voice, on the four corners, and if the printer ventures to express the view that the preacher ought to be chasing a currycomb over a milk cow instead of filling a large room with thin ozone and misinformation, he will lose subscribers so fast that he won't have the circulation of a cold-storage egg. The farmer does not have to impress a chaste kiss on the moist nose of his foreman in order to keep him from getting drunk on press day, neither does he have to get somebody to go on his note when the 'devil' carelessly feeds a pair of pipe tongs through the cylinder press or the rats chew the lining of a new set of rollers. There is no law which compels him to fill four columns of space with a clogged think-tank and a stickful of brain-

food.

"If the editor takes two successive days off in fishing, his patrons call him a loafer and take their job work to the other office. If he works until he is bowed over like a fat man with cramps people say he is too stingy to hire extra help. If he contributes \$2.00 to the W. C. T. U. and wears a boiled shirt on Sunday, the banks call in his notes with a noise like a wooden-legged man falling on a tin roof, and if he refuses to dig up for the Woman's Relief Corps supper he is branded as a miser and avoided as if he had the bives. The farmer can look every man in the face and tell him to go where there is no pretium on coal slack, and if the printer informs a man who tries to beat him out of four year's subscription that he is so crooked that he couldn't go to sleep in a round-house he is liable to be reduced to the consistency of a cornstarch pudding.

"In view of these facts, why is the profession overcrowded? There are several reasons. One is that man is a vain man and is never happier than when he is yapping in linotype slugs. Many a man would rather dispense fourteen columns of crooked rhetoric and reformed spelling once a week and live on ossified liver and iced tea, than shave the warts off a calf's head and hold a pail for a sucking calf, even though he can fill up on green corn and side pork until he wheezes like an accordion with the asthma. There are others, including a fair sprinkling of jack-leg lawyers and ham-strung school teachers, who have imbibed the notion that the editor's life is softer than the head of a two-ply sport These rush in with a \$50 outfit and a wind pressure that would blister the lining out of a steel range and fill a long felt want with the grace and abandon of a hare-lipped girl at a beauty show. Nothing ever drives these startlings out of the profession except sudden death or the sheriff. Then there are those misguided ambitious politicians who believe that the easiest way to clasp a fat office to your bosom is to become the editor of a newspaper. These usually fade away like a goat on a string bean diet, carrying through life a look of hopeless sorrow and remorse that would wring the tears from a porcelain egg.

"If the newspaper man knew the joys and independence of the farmer's life, he would kick himself up to a peak until he looked like a rattailed file for continuing to make himself the door mat of the stiff-necked and ungodly community. Gentle communion with the kine is far better than animated converse with an irate subscriber with fists like a premium ham and the disposition of a hyena. Let us reform, brethren, and get close to nature's heart with a three-tined pitchfork and a self-feeding manure spreader. We will live longer, or at any rate it will seem longer, as the married man said, and if the worst comes to worst, we can live on rutabagas and rock salt, which, we have no doubt, is an improvement over our customary diet. Then Back to the Soil will be the pass-word and 'Soh Boss' the grand hailing sign of distress."

"Best On Earth"

This is the verdict of R. J. Howell, Tracey, O., who bought Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for his wife. "Her case was the worst I have ever seen, and looked like a sure case of consumption. Her lungs were sore and she coughed almost incessantly and her voice was hoarse and weak. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound brought relief at once and less than three bottles effected a complete cure." For sale by Bandon Drug Co.

Poultry Raising a Success.

Fred Hollister is making quite a success of the poultry business, and as a result of lots of patience and study is marketing a crate of eggs every third or fourth day. At present he supplies the Hotel Chandler with eggs and is getting the high price of 70c per dozen.

Fred stated Monday that he had shipped the second case since the first of the month, which reminded us of the old time tactics the farmers back home employed to swell crop yields. The farmer who raised the most bushels of wheat to the acre was distinguished as such and of course an attempt was made to see who could raise the most. One of the schemes resorted to was to move all the grain cut from a field and place it in shocks on one acre. When this was gathered and threshed the acre containing these shocks was measured and the result announced through the local papers that farmer Jones reported a yield of 50 bushels of wheat, while the next report from his nearby but more honest neighbor would be 25 to 35 per acre. So with Fred; he announces on the fourth of the month that he has marketed the second crate of eggs this month, when very likely he has been saving eggs since the middle of last month just to make a showing. —Coos Bay Harbor.

Where the Locality Does Not Count

Wherever there are people suffering from kidney and bladder ailments, from backache, rheumatism and urinary irregularities, Foley Kidney Pills will help them. "Belvidere, Ill., A. E. Kelley, an engineer, says: "Three years ago my kidneys became so bad that I was compelled to give up my engine and quit. There was a severe aching pain over the hips, followed by an inflammation of the bladder, and always a thick sediment. Foley Kidney Pills made me a sound and well man. I cannot say too much in their praise." For sale by Bandon Drug Co.

It's good to have money and things that money can buy; but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy. —George Horace Lorimer.

Ends Winter's Troubles

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost-bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold-sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25c at All Druggists.

California has attained second place among the states in the development of water power, ranking next to New York.

Lightning Kills Few.

In 1906 lightning killed only 169 people in this whole country. One's chances of death by lightning are less than two in a million. The chance of death from liver, kidney or stomach trouble is vastly greater, but not if Electric Bitters be used, as Robert Madsen, of West Burlington, Ia., proved. Four doctors gave him up after eight months of suffering from virulent liver trouble and yellow jaundice. He was then completely cured by Electric Bitters. They're the best stomach, liver, nerve and kidney remedy and blood purifier on earth. Only 50c at All Druggists.

While 22,546 American patents expired in the fiscal year that ended last June, 24,428 were granted.

A Terrible Blunder

to neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness or inactive bowels and prevent virulent indigestion, jaundice or gall stones. They regulate liver, stomach and bowels and build up your health. Only 25c at All Druggists.

W. E. Steinhoff The Harness Man

I am prepared to wash and oil you harness with Neat-foot oil and make it look as good as new.

BREAD SERVED ON NEW YEAR



Should be the best. Don't bother with home baking. You can come here and be absolutely sure of good bread, cakes and pies. Bread that cuts up fine for sandwiches, cakes that melt in the mouth, pies that make a dyspeptic forget his diet rules. Better order what you want now. That will settle your New Year baking worries.

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INVITED

Every citizen of Oregon is cordially invited to attend the short courses of the Oregon Agricultural College, beginning Jan. 3d. Eleven distinctive courses will be offered in Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Forestry and Music. Every course is designed to HELP the student in his daily work. Make this a pleasant and profitable winter outing. No tuition. Reasonable accommodations. For beautiful illustrated bulletin, address H. M. TENNANT, Registrar, Corvallis, Ore. Farms and Business Courses by Correspondence

Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are requested to notify this office on election of officers and on change of meeting night. Cards under this head are 75c per inch per month.

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M.
MEETS First and Third Tuesdays of each month at 8th run at the Bandon Wigwam. Sojourning Chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
A. J. Hartman, J. C. Shields,
C. of R. Sachem.

W. O. W.

Keep the logs rolling boys!
SEASIDE CAMP NO. 212,
WOODMEN OF THE WORLD,
Meets First and Third Thursdays. Visiting
Neighbors welcomed.
Wm. N. McKay, C. C.
H. E. Boak, Secretary

Masonic.

BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M., Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.
W. E. Craine, W. M.
Phil Pearson, Secretary

Eastern Star

OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.
Anna L. Craine, W. M.
Merta Mehl, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
Chas. P. Sull, N. G.
A. J. Hartman, Secretary

Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.
J. C. Shields, C. C.
B. N. Harrington K. of R. S.

Saturdays at Hotel Gallier
M. G. POHL, Optometrist
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Patrons

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Attorney at Law

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