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FRIDAY.....March 1 1912

Results From Panama Canal to Astonish Business World

By
G. W.
LUCE.

WE know that the canal is going to hit the railroads pretty hard in a way. We will lose freight. It means that New York manufacturers will be able

Western
Railroad
Official

to quote practically New York prices to San Francisco consumers.

Just as soon as the canal is opened the big employers of labor in the west will be able to solve the labor problem of many years' standing and by importation of unprejudiced men handle the labor market in such a way as to clear the whole atmosphere. This is not a fight, but simply an adjustment, and will be ALONG NATURAL LINES.

Another thing that is not known is that oriental goods will go DIRECT TO NEW YORK instead of transshipping to rail at San Francisco and Seattle. This will greatly increase New York's trade. The popular idea that the ships will all go one way is wrong. They will GO BACK AGAIN WITH AMERICAN GOODS.

SO VAST IS THE TRADE MOVEMENT ALREADY STARTED NOW IN THE SHAPE OF TANGIBLE NEGOTIATIONS, SUCH AS MANUFACTURERS' AGENCIES, THAT HONGKONG, SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK WILL FORM A CHAIN OF INTERDEPENDENT MARKETS, SO LINKED TOGETHER THAT THEY WILL FORM A DOMINANT FACTOR IN WORLD TRADE.

Under an apparently quiet surface this gigantic movement has made such headway that when its actual operation sets in motion the BUSINESS WORLD WILL BE ASTONISHED.

DEADLY OIL TANKS

Ships That Are a Constant Menace to All on Board.

DEATH LURKS IN THE CARGO.

Besides the Constant Danger of the Oil Hertz and Exploding and Instantly Destroying the Vessel There is Also the Peril of "Fuming."

The most dangerous sort of ship afloat is that particular kind of vessel known as the oil tank, and there isn't a sailor man who will sign on for a voyage in one if he can get a job on board any other class of vessel.

The oil tank is a vessel whose cargo consists of oil, which is carried in great tanks. Two dangers are ever present to all on board—namely, that the oil may heat and explode, which means the instant destruction of the ship, or that it may burst from the tanks, in which case the ship is almost certain to be destroyed by fire.

There is also the remote danger of the oil "fuming." When the oil "fumes" the working of the ship becomes almost impossible. On a "fuming" oil tank no one can remain below deck for more than ten minutes without becoming overcome by the oil fumes, which are a hundred times more deadly to human life than coal gas.

The most terrible tragedies of the ocean have occurred on board these death traps.

A few years ago a Russian oil tank, the Omar, which sailed from Batum bound for Bombay with 40,000 gallons of oil on board, was sighted in the Pacific by a German tramp steamer named the Velter Fend. The Omar was flying signals of distress and when sighted was apparently completely disabled, for she was making no headway.

The sea was quite calm, and the captain of the Velter Fend approached within hailing distance of the disabled ship, but no reply came from her in response to his hail.

Then the captain of the German tramp sent a boat to the silent ship. When the boat's crew reached her decks they saw five men lying on the deck, three of whom were dead. The other two were in a state of collapse, but alive.

The mate of the German tramp, who was in charge of the boat, at once guessed that the oil had "fumed" on board the oil tank, probably at night, and that the two men in a state of collapse were probably the only survivors of the disaster. This subsequently turned out to be the case.

Below the decks, which the crew of the German tramp penetrated with great difficulty and danger to themselves, for the oil was still fuming, six of the oil tank's crew were found dead in their bunks, where they had been suffocated by the fumes in their sleep. Three of the crew had succeeded in reaching the deck, but had died subsequently.

The two survivors were the only two on deck when the fumes burst from the tanks and in their efforts to save the others had very nearly perished themselves.

The crew of a Norwegian oil tank named the Hellos had a terrible experience a few years ago in mid-Atlantic. During a heavy gale, in which the Hellos suffered very rough handling in the mountainous seas, her oil tanks, containing 60,000 gallons of crude oil, burst and flowed into the bunkers, threatening to penetrate in a few minutes into the fire-room.

The crew hung themselves at the pumps like madmen. The oil soon began to fume, and no man could keep at the pumps for more than a few minutes without becoming overpowered. The captain of the Hellos ordered all the crew on deck, and four in their turn went below every five minutes to work at the pumps.

The fight they made for their lives was one of the most desperate that has ever been waged on the ocean. Directly the tank had burst the firemen had been ordered out of the fire-room. There was no time to quench the fires, for the firemen would certainly have been suffocated by the fumes of the oil had they remained below to do so.

For eleven hours the officers and crew of the Hellos worked like demons at the pumps, making the most desperate efforts to keep the oil from reaching the fire room. By the end of that time eight of the crew lay unconscious on the deck, overcome partly by exhaustion and partly by the fumes.

It was now only possible to work two of the pumps, and it became certain that unless help arrived in another hour, the ship, with every living soul on board, would perish. It should be mentioned that every lifeboat on the Hellos had been damaged during the storm.

Half an hour passed, and by then only the captain and the mate were working at the pumps. The destruction of the vessel was now only a matter of minutes. It was at this critical juncture that the oil tank was sighted by the Majesty of the White Star line, and twenty minutes later the crew of the doomed ship were safely on board the liner.

As the last man scrambled on board the Majesty from the boat which had been sent to the help of the Hellos a mountain of flame sprang from the decks of the oil tank, and a few minutes later the blazing vessel sank below the water.

A Russian oil tank named the Vladimir some years ago exploded in mid-ocean, when every one of her crew perished. This disaster took place in the southern Pacific.—London Answers.

Hot Winds of Egypt.
"Khamsin" is the hot wind from the desert which blows out of the Sahara upon Egypt. The word means fifty, from the idea that it lasts for fifty days. The khamsin is terribly hot and dry and sometimes brings pestilence with it.

Japan's Army Rations.
The rations for a day provided by Japan for each of her soldiers in the field are three little bags of rice and a bunch of dried vegetables.

Dietary Fads.
The late Samuel Wilks, Queen Victoria's physician, was opposed to dietary fads. He once said, "If a fadist tells you to take an ounce of albumen, an ounce of starch and so much water, and all that sort of thing, just you go and get a nice chop."

A CONDUCTOR'S STORY

By BISSELL T. RAND

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We railroad conductors have to stand a great deal of abuse, to which we are expected to give a courteous reply. I make it a rule when a passenger takes me to task for something that occurs in the line of my duty not to stop for a talk, but to push on to another part of the train. In this way I avoid an unpleasant discussion, probably having to listen to a catalogue of the railroad management's sins against the public and being tortured into breaking the rules by using severe words.

The most disagreeable duty of a conductor is putting persons off the train who either cannot or will not pay their fare. We must be careful to keep within the law, and we can't always be certain about it. The company don't wish to be sued for damages in such cases, and where they are it prefers that the law be on their side.

I was going through my train one day when a seedy looking man handed me a ticket on another road. I refused to take it, of course. Whereupon he said that it had been sold to him for a ticket on my road and I had got to take it. I insisted that if he didn't pay his fare I would put him off, whereupon he paid to a station called Arlington, saying that was all I would get for the whole distance. I replied that he could ride to Arlington, and if he didn't pay further he would be put off at Harkerville two miles beyond Arlington.

The man was evidently playing some game. I disliked interfering with him for fear he was intending to get put off that he might serve some purpose by doing so. The fellow looked too respectable for his clothes. However, the rules were imperative, and when he refused to pay at Arlington I determined to put him off at Harkerville. When the train stopped I put my arms under his and lifting him out of his seat hustled him to the door of the car. I got him through, but when I endeavored to dislodge him from the platform he put up an effective resistance. Getting his grip on the guard rail, he hung on till a crowd, attracted by the noise, collected, and my man, though struggling, found breath to curse the railroad, its management and all its employees.

Finally I pushed him off and signaled the engineer to pull ahead. I left the man shaking his fist at me and vowing vengeance. Looking back from a distance, I saw him haranguing those who had witnessed his ejection. The matter troubled me. I expected that he had some right to ride that I knew not of—that he would sue the company and I would be discharged for not having passed him. Ordinarily, this would not have troubled me, but in this case the man, though shabbily dressed, did not look like a tramp or a man accustomed to force himself as a deadhead.

There had been an attempt to wreck one of the trains on the road which had nearly succeeded. The train referred to carried a large sum of money for an express company, and it was supposed that it was to rob this car that the attempt had been made. Running a local train myself, I did not take much interest in the matter, for my train was not liable to be wrecked for purposes of robbery.

One morning I was told that the gang who had attempted to wreck the train had been tracked by detectives employed by the company, and an arrest had been made. But where they had been captured I did not hear. I was just starting out on my daily trip and had no time to indulge my curiosity by making inquiries about the matter.

When I reached Arlington I was handed a telegram from the superintendent to stop my train just across a bridge about a mile before I reached Harkerville and take on a party that would be waiting there for me. I made the stop as ordered and found several plain clothes police officers, armed with rifles as well as revolvers, guarding a number of handcuffed prisoners. The officers put their captives aboard the train, and after starting I went into the car where they were to collect their fares. One of the officers, clapping a hand on my shoulder, said:

"See here, conductor, a few weeks ago you put me off this train for not paying my fare. I was obliged to submit, but now I propose to carry this whole gang through without tickets or money. We're quite prepared for anything that may happen."

The man spoke banteringly. I looked at his face and it seemed familiar. Then it dawned upon me that he was the seedy passenger with whom I had had the scuffle.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked, smiling.

"I think I do."

"You should. You helped me get in with these gentlemen with bracelets on their wrists. They are the men who tried to wreck the express some time ago. They were tracked to Harkerville, and the company sent me there to gain their confidence. I saw no better way for an introduction than to get put off the train. I stayed awhile in Harkerville, cursing you and the road, until one of these men was emboldened to propose to me another attempt at wrecking."

He had had a pass in his pocket at the time I put him off, and had another now for himself and party. But I didn't ask to see it.

R. G. Collins, Postmaster, Barnegat, N. J., was troubled with a severe a gripe cough. He says: "I would be completely exhausted after each fit of violent coughing. I bought a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and before I had taken it all the coughing spells had entirely ceased. It can't be beat." Sold by Bandon Drug Co.

Typewriters Given Away.

The Emerson Typewriter Co. of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible Emerson Typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away everywhere to men, women, boys and girls, over 18 years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

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If you could possibly make any use of a high grade typewriter, even though it didn't cost you one cent of money, then be sure, on a postal card or in a letter addressed to "Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill.," say "Mail me your Free Offers."

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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.
C. M. Gage, 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.
Louise M. Boyle, 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.
Wm. Lundquist, N. G.
S. A. McAllister, Secretary.

Knights of Pythias

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

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