

Bandon Recorder

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by the

Recorder Publishing Company

C. E. KOFF L. J. BUTTERFIELD

Subscription, \$1.50 per Year in Advance. Advertising Rates Made Known on Application. Job Printing a Specialty.

FRIDAY, October 11, 1918

How to Raise Hay.

Many people have been telling the farmer how to farm. The agricultural department has been at it for some time. Recently James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, gave some sensible advice as to the increase of crop yields and improvement of land. The latest instruction offered is from a teacher of English language and literature. On its face that does not sound promising, but surface indications are not always trustworthy. In this instance the teacher of English demonstrated his theory by several years' practice. Therefore he is worthy to be heard.

He is a man of some fame, Professor Albert S. Cook of Yale. His specialty is the farming line is raising hay. His demonstration is that he got about seven times as much hay from an acre of ground in the end as in the beginning. His method, put in the briefest possible space, was as follows: About ten years ago he bought four and one-half acres in the grazing section of Vermont. The yield in hay then was two tons for the entire plot, and as the ground was wet and mucky the hay was full of coarse and edgy grass and was not of good quality. His first step was to drain the lowest part of the land. The soil was then plowed and the stones taken out of it. Next it was repeatedly harrowed until it was like an ash heap.

For fertilizer Professor Cook, having no manure on the place, used a mixture of nitrate of soda, muriate of potash and acid phosphate (or ground bone). Six to eight hundred pounds of this mixture were used to the acre, some of it being applied when the grass was sown in the fall and more after it had come up in the spring. The proportions of the different ingredients be determined by the character of the soil, the nitrate of soda being applied sparingly after the grass was up. The seed used was the very best timothy and reedtop, fourteen quarts to the acre, sown first lengthwise and then crosswise, lightly harrowed in and then rolled. The yield from the four and a half acres has been nearly fourteen tons, although the average yield of the township is only one ton to the acre. From all of which it is plain that it pays to take pains.

Sufferers from hay fever should remember not to sneeze at the golden rod, as it is the national flower.

Place your orders now for next year's fruit and vegetables to be delivered by parcels post.

Americans Greatest Telephone Users

According to statistics recently given out by the American Telephone and Telegraph company, the United States has more telephones and miles of telephone wires than all the remainder of the world put together. In fact, it has two-thirds of the telephones of the world. Los Angeles has the largest number of phones to its population of any city on earth, and most American cities have more instruments on the average than European cities, with the single exception of Stockholm.

The telephone, like the public school and the newspaper, is a sign of intelligence and progress, and America leads in all three, as she does also in relative railroad mileage. Free government is bearing its fruits.

It is time for our people to stand up for their own country. Apparently a certain element of the New York press and public think more of the patronizing approval of Europe than of their own land. The example of America is revolutionizing the world in politics, in education, in invention and in industry. By standing together as a people we can hasten this desirable work. It is for us to raise the American standard, not vainly, but modestly and effectively. Since the foundation of this government a new era has come to the world, and America is its leader. This increases our responsibility and makes it all the more necessary that we keep ourselves clean and worthy.

A Paris newspaper is gathering a symposium of answers to the question, "Are women understood?" It requires no symposium to answer that question. Two letters are enough. All women are a mystery, even their ages.

A ship ninety-three years old is to go around the Horn and take part in the Panama exposition. It can act as a sort of marine granddaddy, as it were, or like the oldest inhabitant at the county fair.

A Day's Work

There is a saying in America a boy who worked in a Paris dressmaker's shop is the one around that they are expected to dress and closely resemble. The Paris fashion is created and the American woman is created. Her contribution to the dressmaker is that she buys the dress. When asked recently in Paris what the American styles for the next season would be she replied, "The leftovers that Paris shopkeepers and milliners could not sell last season."

It must be admitted at the outset that similar movements have been started in this country before and that they came to little or nothing. The present crusade may have the same unhappy fate. For all that it is worth making. Some time the American women are going to throw off the slavery of Paris fashions, and this may be the fortunate hour. Even if it is not a vigorous campaign against the demerit may will hurry its death.

As a nation we are fairly in the growing class and ought to be able to do some things for ourselves. Politically and industrially we have shown the ability to walk alone for some years. In certain lines we have even become the pacesetter for other nations. It seems that there should be enough independence among American women and enough ingenuity among American milliners to fix our own fashions and design our own gowns.

Some of the Paris fashions are pretty enough, but others are monstrous. Frenchwomen are not American women, and the gowns that might be fitting for the one are not appropriate for the other. Following the hobble-skirt craze and some of the fearful and wonderful hats with which our womenkind have inflicted themselves, it would seem about time for American common sense to assert itself and to adopt a declaration of independence against Paris fashions.

A Denver woman ninety-nine years old has sued for her share of an estate that she may "spend her declining days in comfort and ease." It would seem about time that she retired from active life.

The American military governor of Mindanao claims that the Moros have many virtues. If this is true concealment must be one of their strong points.

Philadelphia man gave his daughter a 300 pound cake for a wedding present. How about providing the "vats" that precede the dessert?

Is Pie Doomed?

We are told that eating pie is out of style. The demand has been waning for years, and now the really high priced diners scarcely touch it. Time was when Americans had pie for breakfast, pie for dinner, pie for supper. That was before the midday meal had become a "luncheon" and before dinner was moved onward from 12 to 7 o'clock. In the good old days there were fifty-seven varieties of pie, and they were all good. For people in the pie belt who could afford the delicacy no meal was complete without at least one of these varieties.

In vain did the doctors mill against the pastry habit, saying that it was the foundation of American indigestion and the cause of many national ills. Apple pie and cheese, "pauk'n" pie, mince, raisin, custard and peach pie, lemon meringue, cherry, plum, berry and cream pie, these and countless more that make the mouth water even to name, pie with crusts so short they melted on the tongue, all held their popularity in spite of doctors and dyspeptics. So great a favorite was the toothsome pastry that our dearest national pastime—that of off-shouldering—came to be known as pie-biting.

Alas, all this is changed! Shanley, the New York restaurateur, says that pie has gone out of fashion. He knows not why, but the "hong tone" and "ayloet" have ceased ordering it. Other restaurant and hotel keepers and caterers confirm him. That settles it. The smart set and would-be smart set have doomed pie. Yet so perverse is the average man that the other ninety-nine millions of us will probably go right on devouring crusts as of yore. We cannot hope to be fashionable even if we try, so why not be comfortable and eat what we want? Please pass the pie.

It is claimed that \$13,000,000 per year is taken from the banks by forgers—a proof that men who live by their pens are becoming quite prosperous these days; also that the jaws are no longer farmers.

ONE DAY IN PARIS

An Experience During the Riotous Times of the Commune.

DEATH STALKED THE ROADS.

An Unarmed Procession Bearing Banners of Peace and Good Will Was Mowed Down by Cannon Planted in the Streets—A Woman's Adventure.

In Harper's *Memoirs of Hegemann Lindner* tells of her experiences in Paris during the Commune. One day's adventures are typical. On March 20, 1871, she writes:

"Today there was a great demonstration in the streets. A young fellow named Henri de Pene thought if he could collect enough people to follow him he would lead them to the barricades in the Place Vendome in order to beg the communards in the name of the people to restore order and quiet in the city. He sent word beforehand that they would come there unarmed.

"I happened to go at 1 o'clock to Worth's, in the Rue de la Paix, and, finding the street barred, I left my coupe in the Rue des Petit Champs, telling Louis (my coachman) to wait for me in the Rue St. Armand (just behind the Rue de la Paix), and I walked to No. 7.

"I wondered why there were so few people in the street. The Place Vendome was barricaded with paving stones, and cannons were pointing down the Rue de la Paix. I walked quietly along to Worth's, and hardly had I reached his salon than we heard distant, confused sounds, and then the shouting in the street below made us all rush to the windows.

"What a sight met our eyes! This handsome young fellow De Pene, his hat in his outstretched hand, followed by a crowd of men, women and children, looked the picture of life, health and enthusiasm.

"The crowd bore banners on which were written 'Les Amis du Peuple,' 'Amis de l'Ordre,' 'Pour la Paix' and one with 'Nous ne sommes pas armes.' 'One can't imagine the horror we felt when we heard the roar of a cannon and looking down saw the street filled with smoke and frightened screams and terrified groans reached our ears. Some one dragged me inside the window and shut it down to drown the horrible noise outside. De Pene was the first who was killed. The street was filled with dead and wounded.

"I felt terribly agitated and, moreover, deathly sick. My one thought was to reach my carriage and get home as quickly as possible. But how was I to accomplish it? The Rue de la Paix was, of course, impossible. Worth had a courtyard, but no outlet into the Rue St. Armand. He suggested that I should go through his attics, which he had at the top of the house, and reach an adjoining apartment, from which I might descend to the Rue St. Armand, where I would find my carriage. He told one of his women to lead the way, and I followed. We toiled up many flights of wretched steps until we arrived at the above mentioned attics. These communicated with another apartment, of which Worth's woman had the key. On her opening the door we found ourselves in a small bedroom (not in the fittest condition), seeming to have just been occupied. We passed through this room and came out to a staircase, where the demoiselle said, 'You have only to go down here.'

"When at last I came to the portico where I found it closed and locked, and the frightened concierge would not open for me. Fortunately I had a gold piece to make her yield to my demand. She reluctantly unfastened the door, and I went out. The street was filled with a terrified mob, howling and flying in every direction. I caught a glimpse of the carriage away up the street, and I saw a hand gestulating above the heads of the crowd, which I recognized as Louis'. It was the only one with a glove on.

"I pushed my way through the mass of people, saying very politely 'Pardon' as I pushed, and very politely 'Merci' after I had passed. 'My horse had been unharnessed, and a man was trying to lead him away in spite of Louis' remonstrances. 'The man holding the bridle opposite to Louis seemed a most formidable person to me. Still I tried to smile with placid calmness, and though I was shaking all over, said, 'Pardon, monsieur, will you permit me to have my carriage harnessed?' I think he was completely taken off his guard, for, with the intuitive gallantry of a Frenchman, he answered most amiably, throwing back his coat and showing me his badge. 'I am the agent of the government that I take your horse.'

"I made him observe that it would be very difficult for me to walk to my home in the Rue de Courcelles and if his government wanted the horse it could come there and fetch it. He looked doubtfully at me as if weighing the situation, then said, very courteously, 'I understand, madame, and give you back your horse,' and he even helped Louis to re-harness the horse, who seemed happy to return to his shafts.

"When I arrived home I had to go to bed. I was so exhausted. Miss W. administered the infallible camomile tea, her remedy for every ill. She cannot conceive of any disease which is not cured by camomile tea unless it is extreme, when fears d'orange takes its place."

Oh, How I Itched!

What long nerve-racking days of constant torture—what sleepless nights of terrible agony—itch—itch—itch, constant itch, until it seemed that I must tear off my very skin—then—

Instant relief—my skin cooled, soothed and healed!

The very first drops of D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema stopped that awful itch instantly; yes, the very moment D.D.D. touched the burning skin the torture ceased. A 25c bottle proves it. D.D.D. has been known for years as the only absolutely reliable eczema remedy, for it washes away the disease germs and leaves the skin as clear and healthy as that of a child.

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"Never does what she ought to or what you expect, eh?"
"That is just it. Sometimes she does. She is inconsistently inconsistent."

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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. Sacklen.

Rebekah
OCEAN REBEKAH LODGE, No. 126 I. O. O. F., meets Tuesday nights at 1 O. O. F. Hall. Transient members cordially invited.
Ada Still, N. G. L. I. Wheeler, Secretary.

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. Book, 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. Crane, W. M. Phil Pearson, Secretary.

Eastern Star
OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, G. 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.
A. Kaopp, N. G. Harry Armstrong, Sec.

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

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