

Bandon Recorder

Published weekly on Tuesdays
by The Recorder Publishing Co., Inc.

Entered at the Post Office at Bandon, Oregon, as mail matter of the second class.

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Make all checks payable and address all communications to the company.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year in advance.

THE SUNSHINE MAN

Did ye'ver hear about th' funny, sunny Sunshine Man? He's got a heart that's bigger than yer gran'ma's warmin' pan, a head that's like it's all on fire, 'n feet that's made of gold, 'n a grin jes' like a watermill cut in two, I'm told; 'n he sprinkles out the sunshine from a great big waterin' can, 'n ye jes' can't help a-laffin' at the Sunshine Man.

'N when yer heart is heavy, 'n ye feel ye'd like to cry, 'n ye ain't got frien's er mony, 'n the whole world's gone away, 'n when life doesn't seem worth while, er when yer down an' out, 'n lost yer faith in ever' thing, er when yer mind's in doubt—then ye cheer up of a sudden, 'n a brighter sky you scan do ye want to know what's happened? It's the Sunshine Man.

TAKE CARE OF THE BABY

Summer weather is hard on the baby. Proper feed will prevent many deaths. Mother's milk is the only perfect food for a baby. Clean, fresh, cow's milk, properly modified and pasteurized is the best substitute. Topasteurize milk, place the bottles containing the milk in a double boiler, put in a thermometer and heat until the water is 150 degrees. Then push the boiler to the back of the stove and keep the temperature between 140 and 150 degrees for thirty minutes. This kills all the germs. If you have no thermometer, heat until the water around the bottles comes to a boil, then let stand for thirty minutes. Bottle milk should be diluted with boiled water, and cooled boiled water given freely between feedings. Clothing in summer should be light, and the baby kept out of doors as much as possible, except when it is very hot. He should be bathed morning and evening, and on hot days, in the middle of the day. If diarrhoea appears, the baby's food should be diluted with boiled water, and the amount much decreased. If there is vomiting and fever, stop all food, giving boiled water, and call a physician.

INFORM THE EDITOR

One of the most difficult of the editor's jobs is to get facts about births, marriages and deaths. People seem to think he ought to know these things by intuition. If not that, the birth, marriage or death is of such importance in the immediate family that it is presumed the editor will be informed by some wireless or just grow into the information. Then, when the paper comes out, and no mention is made of the event, the editor is blamed for not running a good newspaper or not getting all the news. Remember there are a good many people in this county. If the editor knew each of them by name, besides their family history and the chief events in the lives of every individual, he wouldn't be an editor. He'd be a demi-god, resting his feet on a cloud sipping ambrosia instead of inhabiting a broken-down office chair and wondering where the money for the next white paper bill is coming from. The life of the average newspaper man is a gay one. Gathering news is second nature to him, like picking his teeth with the office pen and cussing the office towel. Just the same, there's a limit to his omniscience. Last week, we thought of a million, eight hundred and forty nine thousand three hundred and sixty four things of importance, besides a couple of hundred thousand small items unworthy of mention. And it was a slow week. We're anxious for news for the paper, and it won't put you out much to drop by the office or telephone us what's happening at your house. Then if the item doesn't get in the paper, you have a right to come down and kick the stuffing out of the cat. Otherwise, don't blame us.

I AM THE NEWSPAPER

(Joe Flon in Chicago Tribune)
Born of the deep, daily need of the nation—I am the Voice of now—the incarnate spirit of the times—monarch of things that are. My "cold type" burns with the fire-blood of human action. I am fed by arteries of wire that girdle the earth. I drink

from the cup of every living joy and sorrow. I sleep not—rest not. I know not night, nor day, nor season. I know no death, yet I am born again with every morn—with every noon—with every twilight. I leap into fresh being with every new world's event. Those who created me cease to be—the brains and heart's blood that nourish me go the way of human dissolution. Yet I live on—and on. I am Majestic in my Strength—sublime in my power—terrible in my potentialities—yet as democratic as the ragged boy who sells me for a penny. I am the consort of Kings—the partner of capital—the brother of toil. The inspiration of the hopeless—the right arm of the needy—the champion of the oppressed—the conscience of the criminal. I am the epitome of the world's Comedy and Tragedy. My responsibility is infinite. I speak, and the world stops to listen. I say the word, and the battle flames the horizon. I counsel peace, and the war for a day. I am greater than any individual—more powerful than any group. I am the dynamic force of public opinion. Rightly directed, I am a creature of confidence. A builder of happiness in living. I am the backbone of commerce. The trail blazer of prosperity. I am the teacher of patriotism. I am the hands of the clock of time—the clarion voice of civilization. I am the Newspaper.

ELAINE OF ASTOLAT.

ELAINE, the fair and lovable; Elaine of Astolat—The gentle, rare and beautiful, Who died for Lancelot. A half forgotten chapter left, Her native downs among, As sad as any heartbreak song, The poets yet have sung.

For when the dumb old servant Steered forth to Camelot, To bear the death cold bly maid In search of Lancelot, There paced the moaning river's bank A sorrow burdened youth, Who long and patient years had seen Her squire of proved truth.

Elaine had died a wasting death For him that loved her not, Young Jared lived a living death For her that scorned his lot, He lived to muse despairingly On slights to manhood rare, While all the world was paying court To pomp and trumpet blare.

A thousand loves like theirs have been, Ten thousand more will be, The hungry heart too often seeks An empty granary, Appear your head to guide your heart, Sweet present day Elaine, Invest young Jared with romance, And thus your knight obtain.—Emma Ghent Curtis

Library Report

For quarter ending June 30, 1915	
Books purchased	149
Books donated	22
Books worn out	2
Books repaired	56
New readers registered	71
Books and Magazines issued	3343
Number of days open	57
Average daily circulation	43
Largest daily circulation	50
Smallest daily circulation	9
No visitors to reading and rest room	2037
Damaged or lost books	2
Pct. adult fiction circulated	75

News Notes & Gossip from the Nation's Capital

The man who shot J. P. Morgan has acknowledged that it was he who set the bomb in the Senate reception room of the United States Capital and much of the mystery of the crime is cleared. Apparently there is little reason to believe that this outrage by this man Holt, believed to be a Cornell professor is other than the work of a fanatic who has brooded over the European war until his mind has become disordered and he has conceived a plan to arouse a national protest against American contribution to the war supplies of Germany's enemies. The would-be slayer of Morgan was a visitor in Washington shortly before his desperate deed and planned the outrage at the Senate reception room in a rented room only a few doors away from the national capital where he made the bomb in the course of a few hours. The bomb consisted of a bored hole in three jointed sticks of dynamite, the placing of a match therein and a bottle of sulfuric acid. When Holt reached the Senate wing he tipped the bottle of sulfuric acid and the fluid began eating its way through the cork to the match heads and dynamite. Later he strolled to the barber shop in the Union Station, two blocks away, where he got a shave and hair cut. After returning to his room he took the train for N. Y.

Administration officials regard as of vital consequence a conference of influential officials of the Villa party in Mexico which is being held here, as on the result of the conference the ultimate action of the President with reference to Mexico may be based. Reassuring reports on conditions in Mexico City taken to Vera Cruz by refugees who left that capital recently have reached the State Department by cable.

The United States government is determined that Huerta, the former Mexican dictator, shall not re-enter Mexico from American territory. Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, has declined to pay any attention to the telegram sent to him by Gen. Huerta asking the interference of the court in his case. The clerk of the court, however, took the telegram, which was in Spanish, to the State Department for translation.

A preliminary exchange of views is now proceeding informally between the United States and Germany regarding the nature of the German reply to the American note respecting submarine warfare and Lusitania incident. This is responsible for the delay in the delivery of the German reply, which is regarded by some as a hopeful sign that the efforts of the diplomats on both sides will result in a note which would be acceptable to both Germany and the United States. There is little tension now over the incident that resulted in destruction of American lives on the Armenian, it having become known that she had sought to evade capture.

Independence day, which had a peculiar significance this year, with nearly all the countries at war, was appropriately celebrated throughout the City of Washington. President's Wilson's plan for "Americanization

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News of Earlier Days

Interesting Items From Recorder Files of Ten and Twenty Years Ago

(From Recorder, July 19, 1895)
The tug Triumph was put upon the ways at Parkersburg and given a thorough overhauling.

Frank Holman had one foot badly injured while working on the jett. A heavy timber dropped on it. The woolen mill purchased a 200 light dynamo in Portland which was expected down on the Bandorille.

The cannery under process of construction added much improvement to the appearance of the water front. It was 60 x 120 ft. S. Danielson was the builder.

Elbert Dyer was clearing off rubbish and brush from the woolen mill addition when the fire came near to burning down a house near the race track where John Swindle lived. It was necessary to call out the fire engine to save the house. The life savers attended to the engine.

The Bandorille took out 80 hogs for the San Francisco market.

Bandon defeated Empire at baseball, 13 to 7.

Supervisor Schetter reported the South Slough bridge in a dangerous condition. It would be necessary to drive new piles because of the terrors. It was estimated that it cost the county a thousand dollars a year to feed the terrors.

Enterprising citizens of the Coquille were about to band together for the purpose of building a steamer, the estimated cost of which was to be \$25,000.

The event of the week was the explosion destroying Tupper rock which took place Thursday, July 17th and preparations for it had been in progress since May 4th. The main tunnel was run into the rock for a distance of forty feet and then an ell, nine feet long was run to the north of the tunnel. Into this ell was placed 4400 lbs of Judson and 200 lbs of giant powder. The powder was carefully tamped and to make sure that the explosion would occur, four different strings of fuse were connected with the blast.

At eight o'clock, Wednesday evening the work was completed. Signals that the blast was about to take place were signal—1 from the rock and from the life line station. Through the courtesy of Elbert Dyer a crowd was taken on the steamer Dispatch to Parker's wharf to witness the sight. Great preparations were made for the shock by the citizens of the town. Windows were raised and lowered and perishable articles were protected from the shock that was to follow.

The explosion did not occur for some time and it was after nine when two jets of dark smoke arose from the rock. There was a slight tremor of the earth and a dull roar but many were disappointed that the result was not more spectacular. No damage was done except to a blacksmith shop that stood next to the rock. Although the disturbance of the explosion was not great, it was effective. Thousands of tons of rock were opened up and thrown and much more looked as if

ready to fall with its own weight. The shock was not nearly as great as some blasts where only a few pounds of powder are used.

(From Recorder, July 20, 1905)
The pupils of the Presbyterian church presented Miss Blanche Stitt, their teacher, with a gold watch as a mark of appreciation of her work.

E. A. Philpot was preparing to put up a shingle and excelsior mill.

Franz Thompson of northern Curry shipped 60 head of hogs on the Elizabeth to San Francisco.

George Cox sold his ranch on Johnson Creek to P. H. DeGesen.

Born to Mrs. J. M. Conrad on Floras creek, a ten pound boy.

R. E. Gardner who had planned to go to Klamath, concluded to stay in Bandon instead and with Geo. P. Laird took up the management of the Tupper house. Mrs. Alice Hite was engaged as matron.

C. Timmons had arrived from Astoria and was installing some machinery in the cannery.

A benefit base ball game was to be played to assist Jack Hayter who had lost several fingers by accident in one of the steamers.

The base ball game was forfeited to Bandon by Marshfield which team failed to show up for a contest.

Oddities in the News

Chicago, Ill.—The Northwestern railroad has put a lunch counter car on the "golf special." Chicago's sweetest suburban train. Out-bound golfers now dine at a white enamelled counter running the entire length of the car, with a row of high seats in front of it, and white garbed waiters assemble a half-minute meal on order.

Chester, W. Va.—Lightning struck a tree near a small farmhouse three miles from here, knocking it through the roof of the house and killing two sisters, Miss Nancy Logan, 71, and Mrs. Margaret Wychoff, 74.

Huntington, W. Va.—Because his wife chewed tobacco in bed, Francis Edgell was granted a divorce and the custody of their four children.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A Christmas greeting mailed in New York more than seven years ago, reached its destination less than 100 miles away last Sunday. The letter was sent by H. C. Pearson, an employee of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to his wife who, at that time, resided in Allentown, Pa.

Connellsville, Pa.—Frances Cudero, 20 years of age, manages a 76-acre farm near here, including the care of six horses and several cows. She has been in charge of the farm for three years, and has discarded skirts for trousers to work in the field and barn.

Philadelphia, Pa.—When the coaster brake on Joe Ritter's bicycle went wrong and the rider was in danger of drowning, he guided his bicycle into a tree. At the impact, the boy was thrown over the handlebars and into the tree, where he rebounded and fell into a catch and was weighed there. Several men hastened him and sent him to a hospital.

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