

Bandon Recorder

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WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

The Recorder has always been of the opinion that South Western Oregon's principal asset is her undeveloped mineral. We have always kept a weather eye, and ear too, toward indications along that line, and frequently heard of new tidings. We have recently been told about deposits of potash, borax and asbestos, and in addition to this there are many reasons to believe that lime, coking coal, iron, gold, silver, galena, lead zinc, copper, platinum, and other lesser metals exist in considerable quantities, some of them in proven quantities. As yet un-discovered, but with all geological reports strongly indicating it, together with general favorable conditions, we have every reason to believe that petroleum and natural gas are here. If so, the tests being made will prove the fact in the very near future.

THE MEXICAN AFFAIR

President Wilson has turned the Mexican matters over to his new Secretary of State Lansing, and all inquiries on that matter are in a general way dismissed by the President and referred to the Secretary. The Secretary has devised a general plan of a Pan-American coalition to request peace in Mexico and if not complied with to enforce it. The Secretary seems to be handling the situation with a master hand, and to have the hearty endorsement and co-operation of the Latin-American States.

COURAGE VS DECENCY

The other day an excited individual rushed into a newspaper office with a choice bit of scandal burning his tongue. It made no difference to this person that the scandal affected the daughter of his neighbor—that the mother of the girl was seriously sick—that the brother was just entering what promised to be a successful professional career. The scandal was rich in flavor and he wanted to see it in the paper. He told the editor about it with every relish of the keen scandal connoisseur but impressed upon the newspaper man that his information must be kept inviolably secret. When the paper came out the man returned to demand why the story hadn't been printed. Short, sharp words followed and the visitor called the editor a coward and left, vowing that a man who was afraid to print the news had no right to be an editor. To our mind, that editor was a brave man. The informer who demanded that his name be kept secret, was the coward. The editor ran a paper in a small town. So closely related were the lives of the inhabitants, that the editor knew every detail of the story before his visi-

tor called on him. But he could see no profit for himself nor glory for his paper in printing an item that would bring sorrow to the gray hairs of a father, disgrace to a brother and probably serious consequences to a sick mother. If the news appetites of his readers were so voracious, he thought, as to demand this costly food, he would refuse to pay the price. The editor was right. Many things he has to print which he would rather leave unsaid, but the scandal which has only its "spice" to recommend it should have no place in the columns of a self-respecting paper. We would rather build than tear down. We would rather print the things that help and encourage and uplift than to hold up the mistakes of some unfortunate to the scorn and contempt of his neighbors. Decency is not lack of courage. If it were, we would rather be decent than courageous.

We have often wondered why the citizens of Bandon could not remove about 50 miles of useless, unsightly unpainted, unkept fences, board fences, rail fences, post and pole fences, wire fences, broken down fences, patched up fences,—fences of all conditions of repair, kinds, quantity, quality length size, age, color, and of every conceivable description,—99 per cent of which serves no purpose—and thereby furnish the town people with wood and fuel for 60 days, and also increase the appearance of the town about 60 per cent. Who will second our suggestion? Why not a town-fence day?

THAT RECALL

The air is full of recall talk directed toward all three members of the County Court. The Recorder does not believe such a move expedient at this time and unless the election is actually called, the Recorder will make no effort to bring it about. We are thorough believers in the principal of a recall, but it should be invoked with care and caution. It is like a safety valve—a gauge against danger, but seldom used. The principal of recall is one of those necessary functions of good government. There are some actions of the Court as a whole which were perhaps ill-advised, for instance, the reduction of wages, yet economy was no doubt the purpose, and if so the object, if not the means is commendable. There are many local complaints against the Court, and in some instances directed largely toward different individual members of the Court. But the personnel of the court is not very much different from what we have had for years, and the character of their judicial proceedings not greatly different from proceedings of other years. If the recall is actually ordered, we may have something further to say.

Senator Ben Tilman of South Carolina after visiting the fair, his daughter at Portland, the navy yard at Bremerton, then made a flying visit and pleasure trip to Alaska, and after extolling the climatic conditions in Alaska explained that at Skagway there were dalias growing, which were ten inches across. Of course we have often heard of and even heard Senator Tilman, and regard him a reliable and responsible man. And of course we have also heard of Alaska's "twenty hours of sun" and then too there might be other "brands" up there which we do not know of.

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

The other day a merchant said he couldn't afford to advertise in his

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

In a pretty spot in Norway, The land of the midnight sun: There lives a charming maiden Queen of both Lord and nun She's the sweetest girl in Norway.

My thoughts to her do run: There's not a fairer maiden In the land of the midnight sun.

CHORUS.

I'm going back to Norway, Nevermore to roam; To settle down with Theima, To be at home, sweet home. My heart is filled with true love, For that lovely one, Who's dwelling on the seashore, In the land of the midnight sun.

No, I shall not mail this letter That I have written here, For sailing is much better And landing over there. I know she will forgive me For the wrong that I have done— For leaving pretty Theima In the land of the midnight sun. —H. I. Layton.

home newspaper. If the man's view were not distorted, he would see that he couldn't afford not to advertise. Refusing to advertise is his most expensive extravagance. That same merchant will spend hours telling of the "unfair" competition of the mail-order houses who are his most aggressive and dangerous competitors, yet the methods employed by the mail-order houses which succeed are the very ones which the merchant refuses to use. The mail-order house first of all is an advertiser. Advertising is the life of its business. Every magazine that enters the small town and rural home carries the ad of the mail-order. Expensive catalogs are printed showing the illustrations of the actual articles. Occasionally sheets are scattered broadcast over the country as a special "come-on" for the bargain hunter. Instead of doing these things in a smaller way through the columns of his local paper, the merchant who can't afford to advertise sits down and "cusses" his tough luck and wonders why he can't get the business. He never thinks he has a better opportunity to reach the people in his neighborhood than the mail-order house has. It doesn't cost him as much as it does the outsider; he can draw the people to his store and show them the actual article he is advertising, and when they can take their purchase home with them instead of having to wait for several weeks for it. Advertising is an investment. It should be charged to your selling cost. Figure what percentage you have to pay to advertise, then base a fifty-two weeks campaign on the computation. You can't lose. You can't afford not to advertise.

EDISON, BURBANKS, WILSON

In time to come, the present generation will be most conspicuous for the life of three men now living; Thomas Edison, Luther Burbank and Woodrow Wilson, and in the order named. The change in travel from state coach, or even steam to electric power, the conquering of distance by the telephone, the conservation of energy and its distribution at night as light, the recording of sound by the phonograph, and the many other invention represented by the many thousands of Edison patents are of far more benefit and importance to the American people than all of her presidents put together. The botanical research of Burbank enriching and building up the useful plants of the earth, for the betterment of mankind, will have more far reaching effect in a multitude of homes than political ups or downs of contending parties. Many men of broad statesman qualifications, are made by some political fortune, while others of equal strength of character, like some "mute inglorious Milton", are not known beyond their immediate neighborhood. Wilson, the man equal to the occasion, will by accident of world war become our greatest president. He preserves our government from war and disaster and with honor preserves our peace and prosperity, he will be remembered in the future as the man who held in his hand and preserved the moral balance and equilibrium of humanity and of the world. It is the efforts of such men that makes a people great, may the destinies of our nation long be in the hands of such men as Edison, Burbanks and Wilson.

CONTENTMENT

In the great town of Lifepolis Where both the rich and poor Rub elbows; where the great & small Converge, caught by the lure There stands a monumental shrine Known as the Hall of Fame, And those who dare its portals fair May win an honored name. Upon the heights the temple stands; The stairway to this hall Is built of Excellence and Worth And yet, how many fall! Many of humble birth arrive While some of noble caste Make for the prize no sacrifice, And Failure meet at last. Some reach the gateway unannounced, Unrecognized, unknown, And wait until Posterity Their tardy honors only



Recorder Ruminations

An interesting feature of M. G. Pohl's letter in another column is his expression of wonder at the order and cleanliness of San Diego and the contrast is startling to any one who goes abruptly from these coast cities to the towns of Southern California. Attractiveness is one of the necessities of that section. They depend very largely on making things attractive to catch the eye of Eastern tourists, that they may want to stay and spend the rest of their lives among them. Their streets are kept clean, shade trees are cultivated and trimmed, lawns are well kept, vacant lots are kept trimmed and presentable, flowers, shrubs and ornamental trees are everywhere to be seen. Their schools are kept in the forefront, their public buildings are everything that civic pride can suggest, their churches are modern. It must be borne in mind that these things are their stock in trade and appearances must be kept up to impress the visitor with a bank account it is a sort of bunco game and each new comer, as he takes the bait and becomes a resident soon becomes as enthusiastic in the work of singing the siren song as the rest. It's a great game. It makes a paradise out of a country that normally would not be self sustaining.

If modern invention keeps up the pace the song will soon be "Nobody works, Not Even Father. This is the thought that suggests itself when the bystander looks on at the way the concrete is being poured into the forms that are to compose the walls of the B. B. building. It is something of a jump in the way of building construction from the time that a Hibernian used to carry brick and mortar to the top of a six story building to enable the man above to do all the work. On the B. B. building the only things that work are the men who shovel the sand and gravel into the car in street and the donkey engine. The other workmen stand around and draw their time, look wise poke at the mixture with a stick as it goes rattling past them, or pull a lever now and then or direct the mouth of the tin chute to the proper place of deposit. The car is loaded with gravel on the outside, pulled to the center of the building where it empties itself into the mixer, receives its proper proportion of cement and hydrated lime and water. The mixture runs of itself into an elevator bucket, which is lifted by the engine to the top of the tower in the center of the building. Here it dumps itself into a hopper and slides down a sheet iron chute to the place where it is to form an ornamental pillar, an archway or a plain wall. Ten tons of steel reinforcement go into this building and where it enters into the construction of an arch over a doorway or a display window, its laying is a work of art.

These are the days when the Bandonian delights to have company for the climate here during the past week would challenge the world. But two to one the Bandonian is not here to enjoy it. He is off toiling through the dust and heat in some inland valley chasing new sensations while the man who stays at home has all the advantages.

The sportsman whose motto is safety first is hunting up a red shirt preparing to take to the trail of the festive deer when the season opens next Sunday.

After all there is something attractive in physical perfection. The man with a well developed body is always an object of admiration. The strong man is the one thing you remember in your first circus. You have a hazy idea of rope walkers, and tumblers and the man who dangled by his toes from the lofty trapeze. But the man who rolled cannon balls around on his chest and up and down his brawny biceps, you remember all about him. You can shut your eyes and still see him as he lifted a hoghead of water with his teeth. Yep, everybody admires the strong man.

But others seek a humors manse Where written on the door You read in gold these letters bold—CONTENTMENT—and no more.

Out of a population of approximately 675,000 people in Oregon, 84,000 or one-sixth of the total number is directly dependent upon the lumber industry. Of a population of 1,112,000 people in Washington, sixteen per cent or approximately 173,920 are dependent upon the lumber industry. The Willamette Pacific Railroad has finally selected the site for its railroad shops, the place chosen being South of Marshfield, where the old Wood's shops were situated.

Don't Give Yourself Cause To Regret It



because you neglected placing your valuables in a safety deposit vault. Many have regretted their tardiness in acting fires and burglars have cost them dear. Anything valuable is worth taking care of. Our vaults are fire and burglar proof. We invite your inspection.

THE BANK OF BANDON

HOTEL GALLIER

Bandon Oregon

RATES \$1.00 TO \$2.00 PER DAY
SPECIAL RATES BY WEEK OR MONTH
SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION

News of Earlier Days

Interesting Items From Recorder Files of Ten and Twenty Years Ago

From Recorder, August 10, 1905
Born: At Coquille city, August 5th 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Walstrom of Bandon, a son.
At a special meeting of the Bandon school district, a special tax of five mills was levied to extend the school term to 8 months.
A. J. Hartman planned to erect a concrete building on First street, the same to be used as a department store by E. E. Warne of California who had been looking the field over for a location.
Chas. George accompanied the Knights of Pythias to North Bend. He did not return to Marshfield with the rest of the company and later his body was found floating in the water north of Marshfield. It was supposed that he fell from the wharf by accident.

Governor Geo. E. Chamberlain was a visitor in the county during the week making an address at the Woodmen log rolling at Dairyville, August 5th. He came to Bandon in the afternoon. The lifesaving crew gave an exhibition for his benefit and in the evening he addressed an assemblage of people in the hall over the Bandon Bank. Bandon Masons had invited the Masons of Coquille and Myrtle Point to be their guests and with the governor as the guest of honor they put on the master mason degree. About seventy five masons were present. The governor made an address on Masonry and was later dined on clams, clam tea, crabs and a few other et ceteras of natural and local production.
The Southern Pacific announced its intention to build from Drain to Coos bay at a cost of approximately \$3,000,000.

From Recorder, August 9, 1895
The rainfall for July was 1.09 inches days clear 17, cloudy, 11, partly cloudy 3.

The Myrtle Point West Oregonian suspended publication.
The races during the week were well attended.
The assessor found 667 legal voters—1128 males and 788 females in Curry county.
Queen's Carnival of Wonders was scheduled for the coming week.
A grand ball was to be given by the Bandon Brass Band at the armory.
Wednesday of this week was one of the breeziest days of the season.
Peter Loggie contracted to build a house for Wm. Bingaman near the life saving station.
The Roseburg stage was held up between Camas valley and Roseburg, it being the second hold up of the summer. This time the robber took all the letters.
A. L. Harrington was building a small house on his lot in the Woolen Mill Addition.

Gems In Verse

A PREDICTION.
When the sword and the helmet are cast aside,
And their trappings are coated with dust;
When the mighty forever is silenced,
And the cannon is centered with rust;
When the sword and the helmet lie tarnished,
Mid the rubbish of pomp and display—
We shall wake to the glorious dawning
Of the promised millennial day.
And that day shall bring joy to the nations;
And the glow of its generous light
Shall invade the morasses of darkness
And dispel the miasmas of night.
And the empire of right shall be founded
And the sway of its scepter increased
Till mankind shall stand shoulder to shoulder
In the ranks, not of war, but of peace.
And the throne of oppression shall crumble,
And the heart of the tyrant shall quake,
And the haughty shall learn to be humble,
And the mighty their mockings forsake.
And the spirit of truth shall reign o'er us
And humanity's banner float free
Till Immanuel's message be wafted
To the uttermost isles of the sea.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.



Gas Stove Convenience with Kerosene

Hot in Your Kitchen?

No need of it if you cook with a good oil stove. The heat is concentrated on the cooking—not radiated throughout the room.

New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove

For Best Results Use Pearl Oil

Abundant heat—always ready at the touch of a match—like gas. Can be turned out the minute you finish cooking. Cooks anything your wood or coal range does—and there's no heavy hods to lug—no dirt or ashes. No odor. Does not taint the food. Ask your dealer. See Exhibit, Palace of Manufactures, Panama-Pacific Exposition.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)