

Bandon Recorder

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NOTHING TO DO

The paper had just been "put to bed" and the editor leaned back in his chair and stretched. "Nothing to do now," he thought, "until next week." Pretty soft! Wonder if the fish are biting down on Yaller creek? He settled back, put his feet on his desk and wiggled down comfortably. This thing of being an editor was just about right. All he had to do was loaf around all week poking his nose into other folks business, then, when the publication day came, a couple of hours at the office did the trick. Funny how hard some fellows had to work to make a living. Well, it showed, after all, that brains counted. The man with merely muscle to take him through life had to strain and sweat and labor for a paltry pittance, but life was good to the man with brains. People struggled to help him get along. He was recognized as the motive power of the community. He was respected. People gladly allowed him to lead in thought, and were willing to contribute to his support even if he didn't work for it. For instance there was the long line of persons waiting to subscribe, their money in their hands and anxiety in their faces for fear the circulation limit would be reached before their turn came. Then there was the information line. These men came in every week with all the news of the community, with names and dates and initials correct—ready to put right in the paper without editing. That other line over to the left was waiting to contract for advertising space, while others were pushing their way to the cashier's window to pay their bills before the discount period expired. Oh yes, it was pretty soft for the old man, pretty soft! Then suddenly, the editor sat up and rubbed his eyes. The office devil, grinning, was standing in the doorway. "Boss, there's a man outside says the press won't run 'till he gets the money for the last order of white paper. 'Nother feller says the plate can't get here this week, cause there's been a wreck on the railroad. It don't make no difference 'specially, 'cause the pressman threw a gimmick in the phylax and the doofiddle's strained so the press can't run nohow. Circulation man's quit 'cause he says folks ain't readin' newspapers no more, an' the advertiser's fell off this week forty per cent. That ain't all—' But the editor would hear no more. He fired an ink bottle at the devil and kicked the cat. He had not worked but ten hours that day, so he was full of pep. Then he scratched his head and wondered how the dickens he'd fallen asleep during office hours. With that he put on the ball and chain for eight hours more

and then went home and slept the fitful sleep of the lazy man. Pretty soft!

STUNG IN A NEW PLACE

A man and a woman dropped into a small town and put up at the best hotel in town. Next morning they secured a rig each, and started over the country asking the farmer folks for a chicken for an orphan's home in St. Louis. After two days begging they sold the chickens to a local produce man for \$30 and left town. Their loot included several cash donations.

A variation of the scheme is for a man, wearing some sort of badge, to call on the farmers under the name of the Department of Health and demand to see his poultry. After examination he condemns twenty or thirty hens and tells the farmer they will have to be killed because they are diseased. He very kindly offers to take the chickens and do the killing himself. If the farmer consents, the man takes the chickens to the nearest commission merchant and sells them. The scheme is being worked all over the country. If a man or woman calls on you with a demand that looks suspicious, call up your local authorities and ask by what right they are asking to inspect your stock or poultry. When you get the answer, turn them over to the police.

STOCKTON AND SHASTA DIVISIONS AND THE SACRAMENTO SHOPS WIN BANNERS.

The Stockton Division, the Shasta Division and the Sacramento Shops are winners of the 115 safety banners awarded annually by the Southern Pacific Company for the greatest progress shown during the fiscal year in the furtherance of safety work on the Pacific System. Thus, the Stockton Division wins the honors of the Southern District, the Shasta ranks highest on the Northern, and the Sacramento Shops top the list in the general shops competition.

This makes the second banner won by both the Stockton and Shasta divisions and the third by the Sacramento General shops. In 1913 the Coast Division won the Central District banner and the San Joaquin the Southern District banner. In 1914 the Salt Lake Division won the Northern District emblem.

What are described as remarkable cures of wounded French soldiers have been effected by the new polyvalent serum, discovery of which was announced last March. Complete recovery is announced of men who were terribly outlited and for whom all hope had been given up.

Drs. La Clinche and Vallee, the discoverers of the serum, have been unable up to the present to make more than 2000 flasks of it daily, most of which goes where the worst cases are to be found. When it can be made in sufficient quantities to supply the firing line, where it could be used preventatively as anti-tetanus serum is now used, it is believed that thousands of lives can be saved.

The new serum, which may be roughly described as a combination of a number of serums against different varieties of bacteria, has been put to practical use only recently.

The city of Coquille is experiencing some difficulty in securing the \$30,000 bond issue recently disposed of to a Denver firm. Another firm of Denver brokers, Wright and Co. have attached the bonds to secure the sum of \$1431 which they allege is due them.



Recorder Ruminations

Sooner or later the violent death of Leo Frank will be forgotten in this commercial age and then ex-Governor Slayton of Georgia will have to hunt up some new qualifications if he holds the front page in our big newspapers.

The man looking for a simile with which to compare the myriads of stars, the sands of the seaside or the duration of eternity can find a pretty fair figure in the quantity of huckleberries growing on this section of the Oregon coast.

The foreign situation seems to jump from one ticklish situation to another and the moves upon the diplomatic checker board are accompanied by mental agony and sleepless nights. Being president these days is not what it is cracked up to be.

A reader may have filled his brain with sea stories from his earliest acquaintance with Marryat and Cooper but if he will stand on the far end of the Bandon south jetty some time when the breakers are coming in right he will get a better idea in one minute of the force of the ruffled waters than he could obtain in a whole life time of reading.

Perhaps the best thing in the comedy "It's no Laughing Matter" at the Grand last Thursday night, was the attempt of his wife and daughter to make Maelyn Arbuckle, the village postmaster put on style at dinner time. He took to the napkin with enthusiasm but did not seem to have the proper knowledge of how to use it and when his daughter had taken his spoon from his coffee two times in succession and placed it by his cup he got the idea that she wanted it herself and handed it over, picking up a table spoon to use as a substitute.

Elder W. K. Greek has been delving into ancient history with instructive results. Meeting the Recorder reporter Saturday he said that exactly 3890 years ago in the year 975, B. C. King Rehoboam, son of King Solomon, set aside the 15th of August for the worship of the golden calf. Bandon, said Mr. Greek, went Rehoboam one betch this year 1915. It set apart Sunday and Monday, August 15th and 16, for the worship of the Moose.

An absence of two years and a little better from the green hills that flank a certain small river in Southeastern Wisconsin has not lessened our regard for it nor dimmed its memory although we have learned to extract considerable solace in the versatility of the west. Therefore when we received a copy of the Waterford, Wis., Post marked "Please X" we hasten to comply and even a wave of homesickness, like a wave of gooseflesh travels up and down the managerial spine at this recognition that he is still remembered in the home country.

It is odd that a man like Joaquin Miller should have been so fond of the poses of his life that he thought the people who read his works would not be interested in his common, every day existence. His autobiography as he gives it in his published works is a series of flash lights on certain spots in his career which he considers in harmony with the peculiar poses which he maintained in later years. How many people know that the author of "Walker in Nicaragua" was once a resident of Bandon in the days before he knew fame and was seeking in vain for a publisher for his works. He married his wife here, a sister of the late Judge Dyer, and Mrs. Dyer in this city cherishes as a memento of the daughter of the poet, several paintings from her hand.

Sometimes in fiction the author resorts to the expedient of saving the hero who has been mourned as dead by substituting a brother whose slaughter has been duly mistaken for that of the hero. This is always classed as a rather questionable expedient and something that would not ever occur in real life. But here is an instance. A few weeks ago a stalwart resident of Curry county answering to the name of Wittmann was a caller at the Recorder office and finding a responsible ear sat down to spin a few yarns of Lakeport, its history and attractions, its romantic rise and fall and sundry side shots on other topics. Such was his personality that he left a vivid impression in the Recorder office and when the news came that a young man of the same name had been shot from ambush at Lakeport, the victim was promptly invested with the personality of our late visitor. Now it turns out that the dead man was a brother and we are confronted with the agreeable task of bringing our

tall friend back to life again. While we regret very much that any Wittmann had to be killed still we are glad that if such had to be in the program of the Great Architect of human destiny that the victim was not our friend of pleasant memory. And across the chasm of fraternal grief we extend the right hand of congratulations.

Coquille Clippings

From the Coquille Sentinel.

When Coos Bay residents get away from the sea breezes at the bay they appear to suffer greatly from the heat. On Sunday, a portly gentleman, dripping with perspiration stepped into John Leneve's here and ordered a cooling drink. Mr. Leneve remarked that the weather was a little warm. "Warm h—," was the retort, "It's hot." And when he arose the chair looked as if some one had taken a bath in it.

Much to the regret of County Agriculturist Smith and the farmers who were on hand the representatives of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, who were to demonstrate the clearing of logged-off lands, failed to show up at the meetings that were arranged for them, nor was any word received as to the reason for their non-appearance.

Besides ruining Coquille's beautiful setting, when the fir timber was cut on the hill east of town, it has had a great detrimental effect on the city water supply. Heretofore the water has been cold, even during July and August, but with the shade removed from the reservoir a difference of several degrees in the temperature of the water is noticeable.

John B. Fox was born in the state of New York in 1823. While still a boy he moved with his parents to Illinois. At the age of 19 he went to Missouri and was there married to Margaret Smith who died five years later leaving two girls who are still living Mrs. Sadie Whipple of Portland, and Mrs. Lizzie Lathrop, of Walla Walla valley Wash.

He crossed the plains from Missouri to Oregon in 1853 and was six months crossing with an ox team. He landed at Ranier Ore., where his brother, Chas., was living. He and his brother bought a pile driver and went to driving piles for the Government which he followed for five years. He drove the first piling that was driven at Portland and also at Vancouver, Wash.

He went from Portland to Frisco and took the steamer Golden Gate for New York, taking three months to make the trip. From New York he went to Nebraska City, where he started an auction and commission house which he ran for seven years. He auctioned off the lots in Lincoln, Nebraska, before there was a building on the town site. From Nebraska City he went to Cedar County, Missouri and bought a farm and was there married to Mary Ann Odly. To them was born one boy John Fox Jr. of Coquille. While living in Missouri his second wife died. A year and a half later he was married to Violet Meeker March 5, 1869 and one week later they started for California where he bought a team and started overland for Oregon. He came to Coos County over the old trail to Marshfield and landed there July 3, 1869. He lived in Marshfield a year and then traded a pistol and \$2.50 in money for a ranch in the north fork of the Coquille river. With his wife and one baby he moved on the place and began to clear a home. They camped under a log for three weeks until he got a house built. He lived on this place 18 years. While living there nine children were born all of whom are still living, as follows:

Mrs. Maggie Wilson, of Prosper, Ore., Mrs. Ida Davis of Puyallup, Wash., Mrs. Myrtle Jenkins, of Parkersburg, Chas. Fox of Bandon, Claud C. Fox of Hoquim, Wash.; Mrs. Dell Schuyler, of Portland; Roy E. Fox, of Bandon; Mrs. Laura Myers of Bridge and David M. Fox, of Bandon.

According to officials of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads, very little, if any, wheat from the Pacific Northwest will go to Europe this year over the big transcontinental railroads. The reason for this is said to be the cost of reloading on the Atlantic seaboard and the fact that trans Atlantic freight rates are excessive. They are so high these officials say, that to try shipping via the railroads would make the price little short of exorbitant. It is pointed out that by boat from Portland, Puget Sound or San Francisco, through the Panama canal, the rates are lower, which makes this the only feasible route and the one which will be used extensively.

Up to the present time 45 grain carriers, a little over one-third of the number necessary, have been engaged to take wheat out of Portland to various world points. The owners are sensible to secure the balance as exporters here will be obliged to contend with South American interests as well

as with others. With a strong demand charter rates will be high on all available bottoms. It is pointed out by some that no trouble will be experienced in securing the balance of the ships needed both steamers and wind jammers, white others are saying nothing but smile broadly, when the subject is broached. Last season 116 vessels of all kinds were required to move the Northwest grain crops.

A reception and farewell party was tendered Comrade A. B. Tyler and wife by the members of Bandon G. A. R. and W. R. C. at their hall on Edison Ave. Friday. The social features of the occasion included a bountiful spread which was served by the W. R. C. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, who have lived in Bandon for two years are now returning to their former home in Iowa. During their residence here they have made many warm friends, especially among Grand Army and Women Relief Corps people. Their daughter Mrs. H. G. Ramsay, has been spending the summer with them and accompanied them on their trip back to Iowa. They left Saturday by auto to Roseburg from whence they go to Portland, Seattle and east by the Canadian Pacific. They will make their home at Marble Rock, Iowa, from which town Mrs. Ramsay came.

News of Earlier Days

Interesting Items From Recorder Files of Ten and Twenty Years Ago

From the Recorder August 24th, 1905

Isaac Storm and Miss Nancy E. Harvey were married August 17th by Rev. Adolph Haberly.

Rev. Geo. A. Roach, new Presbyterian minister, arrived during the week.

Dr. Jas. Withycombe, then with the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis was scheduled to hold three meetings in the county. He was accompanied by three others from the agricultural college.

Dr. S. L. Perkins who had been absent for seven weeks visiting his parents in North Carolina, returned to Bandon and resumed his practice.

J. W. Felter and W. H. Logan tried their hands as caulkers during the week finishing up the scows for the government.

Gallier Bros. were making considerable improvements on the Tupper house.

That trouble among the fishermen of Rogue river is no new thing is evidenced from an item in this week's Recorder. Robert Burns had sued R. B. Hume for \$110,000 alleging persecution in various ways, the incidents being staged at Gold Beach.

Congressman Hermann returned during the week from the Harriman banquet at Portland and stated that he had been assured the railroad from Drain would be built as soon as the permanent survey was made.

From the Recorder, August 23, 1905

The Bandonville took out 90 heads of hogs, and a lot of broomhandles on its trip down to San Francisco this week.

Bandon Lodge A. F. & A. M. was instituted this week. The following officers were installed R. H. Rosa, W. M., Robert Walker, S. W. G. Boak, J. W. T. J. Thrift, S. D. W. W. Hammerberg J. D.; F. E. Palmer, tres.; J. A. Laughhead, secy.; Wm. Bingham, tyler; A. D. Walcott and D. K. Perkins, stewards.

Joseph E. Johnston, a camper from Kitchen creek was drowned among the rocks south of town during the week. He had gone with a companion to the ocean side of one of the rocks gathering muscles when an unusually large wave overwhelmed them and killed Johnston by dashing him among the rocks. His body was recovered 35 hours later.

Investigates Mysteries

M. G. Pohl Takes a Stroll in the Dark at San Diego and Sees Strange Sights

San Diego, August 15th, 1915

Editor Recorder: With this letter I will keep my promise to tell you of my visit to the Temple of Mysteries.

After paying 10 cts, I was shown a door to open, which I did. After I had made a step or two forward the door closed and could not be opened from the inside. Around me was darkness as black as could be. I felt sorry that I had not brought a flash light. But it was too late now and nothing was left for me to do but to forge onward. A step. Clap: there were traps similar flashed up before me. I wondered if this was the Star of Hopes. Another step forward and the star had disappeared. There was no help for me but to advance. The passage turned sharply to the right and then to the left a way to pass them. I examined way and for a change the floor began to roll first one way and then the other way.

I had my cane with me and carefully sounded before I made the next step. Clap: There were claps, similar to mouse traps; then the floor would fly up, hollowing in the middle and down it went on the other side, not a ray of light, but I wanted to see the mysteries and so I moved on. Right in front of me appeared daylight. There were three iron machines in full operation and neither to the right or the left a way to pass them. I examined the things closely and found, somewhat hidden on the right side, an iron fence.

The machines, I could not stop, over the fence I went. The first step, a stiff incline began to move and down I went. It seemed to speed me in different directions. I looked for some mysterious sight but it dumped me to the outer world in good shape.

The joke was too good. Should you visit the exposition, don't forget to call there but bring a flash light along and perhaps you will find something more than I did.

When on my feet again I told the nice young lady in attendance that she owed me a dollar and she seemed to find something funny in the assertion.

Today I visited the oldest Catholic mission in this section, the "Romano" It was erected in 1768. Many old pieces of workmanship and paintings were there as well as the old chapel with its seats and chair of confession. I wondered how many poor sinners have confessed their evildoings, paid their pennies and had their sins forgiven. Happy is the person who believes.

Not far from this is a large palm which is said to be the first palm tree planted in California. Next to it, a little elevated, is a tall cross; before it the grave of an old padre. An old lady told me whoever prayed before it and believes will be cured of certain diseases. Unfortunately I did not have those diseases so I went on.

The great olive cannery was closed and I could not go in. Next week more.

M. G. POHL

At the Exposition

When you visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition, look for the Exhibit of New Perfection Oil Stoves and Heaters in the Palace of Manufactures. Let the Demonstrator show you how efficient a good oil stove really is.

New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove

For Best Results Use Pearl Oil

It has abundant heat—always ready—like gas. It bakes, broils, roasts and toasts like a regular wood or coal range—but without dirt or ashes. No odor. Does not taint the food. Does not overheat the kitchen. Especially good for hot summer cooking. Made in several styles and sizes. Ask your dealer.

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D. W. CARPENTER, General Manager