

# Bandon Recorder

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## INCONSISTENT GLORY

When the war first opened up, Russia among other things was determined to establish the independence of the ancient kingdom of Poland. Now that Germany has possession, she is according to latest reports bent upon the same thing. The independence of Poland is apparently one of the objects of the contending nations, but the contention seems to be, who shall have the glory. This question to an American seems an absurdity, and all other points at issue between the respective governments are on a par with the one cited. When the "glory-seekers" are eliminated in the respective European governments, and the rule of sense and reason prevails, the only battles fought will be in diplomatic fields to the glory of which none others are in any degree comparable.

We have all heard big fish stories in our time, but the English military department takes the plum. They have gone a'fishing, and instead of using gil nets or seines as the Coos county fishermen do, they use steel nets, and claim to have caught within the last sixty days, over fifty German sub-marines. Some catch, and the season appears to be always open too.

If some botanist, biologist or bugologist would only discover a bacteria that acts as a blight on dandelion and thistles, alone and turn the species loose in Bandon and vicinity, he would earn the lasting favor and esteem of the Bandon people.

President Wilson, has never been accused of wielding the big stick, but he has without any grandstand flights quietly and forcibly called a halt on Kaiser Wilhelm and the whole German empire, which was acquiesced in by that government; made King George and his British cabinet sit up and take notice of the unjustness of their recent order-in-council with a view to revising the same, has put the lobbyists to flight from the halls, galleries, ante-chambers, ways and by ways of the national capital, restored order in Haiti, knocked the props out from under the brigand Huerta, and landed him in jail in Texas, and best and most remarkable of all last but not least has recently squelched the irrepressible Roosevelt.

## THE LOST JOKE

Seated one day in my office, I was hot on the trail of a wheeze, and my fingers wandered idly over the typewriter keys. I know not of what I was thinking; perhaps of the bills that I owed, when a joke from my cerebellum like turbulent honey flowed. I rolled on the floor in my laughter; my face turned as blue as a plum; the tears down my cheeks came a-coursing, and still they continued to come. I laughed till I had apoplexy a physician was rushed to my side for far on a barge of hysterics I should

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go drifting out on the tide. I have sought—but I seek it vainly—that one lost joke, only to find it eludes me entirely, and I fear I shall soon lose my mind. Perhaps in some dust-covered volume that long on the bookshelves has lain, of Puck or of Judge or Joe Miller, I shall find that joke again.

## THE OREGON LAND GRANTS

The people of Coos county should watch with great interest the progress of events in the matter of the disposition of the Oregon land grants, as they will assume new phases rapidly in the near future. The summary of the matter to date is:

Congress many years ago granted vast tracts of land to private corporations under the restriction that these should be sold, not more than 160 acres to any one person, and not to exceed two dollars and a half per acre. There appears to have been no limitation on the time for making the sale.

Recently suits have been instituted to cancel these grants, on the ground that the companies have failed to dispose of them, and that an unreasonable length of time for doing so has passed. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld the grants, on the ground that there was no time limit, and that the Companies must still comply with conditions, that is; they must still sell the land and receive for it only the two and a half dollars per acre, but in as much as the land is now vastly more valuable, Congress should enact further legislation regulating the sale and enjoined the companies from making any disposition thereof unless Congress so acted.

The question then arises, will the land be sold only for the \$2.50 per acre or its true value. If for its true value will the overplus, after paying \$2.50 to the present holders go to the United States government or to the state of Oregon. If to the State of Oregon, will it be to the State at large, or to the school fund or road fund or both, or will it go to the building of roads in those counties wherein the land lies. If so, there would be enough money derived from that source to build hard surface roads all over Coos Co. but its dollars to dough-nuts we don't get it. After the decision of the Supreme Court. Ex-Governor West was the first person to make a public suggestion. He suggested that the State memorialize Congress. He addressed a letter to the present Governor on the subject. The papers of the State immediately took it up. The present Governor could not choose but act. He appointed a committee of nine, a large per centage of whom are big corporation lawyers to draft the memorial. The members of the State legislature are invited to meet informally, and pay their own personal expenses to attend a meeting to be held at Salem on September 16th to adopt the memorial. Two important questions are presented. First who gets the land when sold? Will it go to the highest bidder, which in all probability would be the present holders, who naturally could bid \$2.50 per acre higher than any one else, or will it be determined by lot?

The second question is, if the land is sold for more than \$2.50 per acre, where will proceeds go?

Any one who will watch the doings of the meeting of September 16th, will note the presence of the big interests there, and the mightiest effort they have ever made to predominate and control. It is natural that suggestions have been made that the Oregon Senators be present and offer suggestions. It is unnatural, but nevertheless surely to have been expected that some one would suggest that R. A. Booth of Eugene should also be invited to present his ideas. Why Booth? Why not as well Bill Hanley, cattle king of Eastern Oregon, or the Salmon king of the Columbia? They all have interest in the welfare of Oregon? Why should not some of the little tax payers, who pay more in proportion to their ability or in proportion to their supply of ready cash? Why should not the assessors of the state be included or the chambers of commerce, composed essentially of plain business men? Coos County is third in area and valuation of any Oregon County of lands concerned. Why was no Coos County man a member of the committee of 9, or else invited to express a view? We believe that the plunderbund is at work with a mighty hand.

## THE DREAMER.

THE eyes peered her little gaze— She stopped her wheel to see A brown faced pair who walked the road Free as the wind is free; And suddenly her tiny room A prison seemed to be.

HER shining plates against the walls, Her empty padded foot, The brass bound wedding chest that held Her linen's snowy store, The very wheel whose running died, Bound only station she bore.

SHE watched the feet of a young man, Who never knew of guano, The window frame that drew from above The lightning in each breeze, To gaze her long a home like bird, Myself their hearts could light—  
—Elizabeth Barrett



## Recorder Ruminations

We notice the Coos-Curry Rostrum is once more the Curry County Leader with C. N. Smith at the helm.

This is the sort of a day which makes one wonder if that classic work of art "September Morn" might not have been painted when the general public was not looking, in Bandon-by-the-sea.

Any one who has ever had any experience with gravel roads must be convinced that they are the most practical and economical road that can be made. With a well drained foundation and regravled at intervals they will yield satisfactory service in a wet country at cheaper cost than any other road material that can be found.

Some people are inclined to scoff at the idea of John L. Sullivan taking to the platform as the advocate of temperance. They forget that John L. is the type of a man who is not ordinary in any of his actions. It has been a number of years since John L. went down before Pompadour J. J. Corbett down at Bayou St. Louis on the lower Mississippi but no other distinguished brawler has been able to retain the limelight to the same extent as has John L. It would be presumptuous to compare his autobiography with that of Benjamin Franklin yet it is immensely interesting and if he tells his alcoholic experiences in the same way he is bound to be a most convincing human document.

Although still in the neighborhood of thirty the career of Hans Rolf, better known as Smiling Dutch of the Bandon Athletic club, has been of the kind read of in stories. Because he did not want to go to school any longer, he ran away from his home in Germany at the age of thirteen and became a butcher's apprentice in Belgium. He learned that trade and passed into Holland where for the lack of other excitement he stowed away on a Hamburg-American liner bound for New York. His story of lost parents elicited the sympathy of the charitable and he was made peanut and lemonade boy with headquarters with the ship's steward.

In New York the boat officials felt in duty bound to send him back to his parents but Dutch eluded them and after a short fling in New York he shipped on a boat for London. In London he began to learn some English. He mingled with the boat men and after one or two more trips across the Atlantic sailed before the mast for Australia. Seized with the gold fever he left the boat and went to the Australian mines. These were yielding high at the time and gold nuggets were both large and plentiful.

Among the Australian miners and sheep herders Dutch first branched out as an athlete. In a fistic carnival one of the contestants failed to appear and his friends persuaded Dutch to appear as a principal in a boxing match. He received a terrible mauling but he made a start and soon was appearing as a wrestler taking on any one of his weight as he could find them.

Dutch made three trips to Australia working as kitchen helper, fireman or before the mast as a sailor. As a sailor he went around Cape Horn twice which is one of the most trying experiences a sailor is called on to make. He also went back to Germany and served out his military probation, or rather naval, for he served his time on the warships of the Kaiser.

Dutch is still young and expects to see a few more sights before he sits down to write his autobiography.

## TREES.

I THINK that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree.

A TREE whose hungry mouth is pressed Against the earth's sweet flowering breast;

A TREE that may in summer wear A nest of robins in her hair;

UPON whose bosom snow has lain, Who intimately lives with rain.

POEMS are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree.  
—Joyce Kilmer.

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## A CHARLES E. VAN LOAN STORY

It is Hobart Bosworth veteran screen actor at his best, we see in "Buckshot John," the first of the Charles E. Van Loan dramas to be produced by Bosworth, Inc. In this five-part subject adapted by Mr. Van Loan from one of his own magazine stories, Mr. Bosworth finds a splendid medium for the display of his skill as a director and his power as an actor. For skill and power he has as we have seen in the last half dozen years—as Edmond Dantes in "Monte Cristo," one of the early multiple films; as Wolf Larsen in "The Sea Wolf," his first production under his own name; and in many other subjects. In the "Buckshot John" the long time Selig player and director has the role of an outlaw—fearless and reckless, too; a bad man in the common acceptance of the term but a good leader of men, one who can administer punishment and take it as well.

Buckshot John Moran is a convincing type. Superbly mounted on his big black horse, armed with his sawed-off double-barreled shotgun, he looks the hard citizen. His appearance on the screen, as we see him stationed by the side of the halted locomotive and its helpless crew, brings illusion with it, and so far as Mr. Bosworth's division of the story is concerned it remains to the end. There is a subsidiary action which somehow in its earlier stages fails to excite any particular amount of interest. We fathom the drift of it as the story proceeds, but it is only as it immediately affects the Courtenay Foote as the Great Gilmore, the fake clairvoyant and later leader of his own home-made Purified Thought cult, is at the head of the supporting cast. Mr. Foote gives a fine performance and is one of the factors in the picture. It is Gilmore who by means of his knowledge of John's history and the art of the ventriloquist learns the hiding place of the plunder. Oscar Linkenhelt as the sheriff is ideal. We note the man who works without fuss and feathers, one of the few who can do exciting things in unexcited manner.

"Buckshot John," is an singular combination of western drama and straight or legitimate drama. The beginning of the story, with its hold-up of the train and its subsequent shooting-up of the town is remarkably well done. There is realism in the scenes connected with the latter, possibly you may think there is a bit too much for some in the lynching. The writer will admit that while this was nearer to what must be the truth than anything he recalls at the same time there was an absence of the repugnance he has experienced at the portrayal of many interrupted lynchings. Here the horses are drawn out from under the suspended outlaws as the sheriff rides madly over the roads only to be too late. His denunciation of his fellow-townsmen for destroying the possibility of learning the location of the cache is characteristic; apparently he is otherwise undisturbed by their anticipation of due process of law.

It is in the last half of the story that it digs in deeply—as we watch the working out of the regeneration of the outlaw. In over twenty years no effort of the warden can "reach" him. Religion is the last resort. The convict spurs the suggestion; but he reads the Book that is left in his cell. The lines in the face soften. The light streams through iron bars—into the mind as into the cell. It is a fine picture.

There are situations, too, that stir the blood. There is the interview between Gilmore and the trusty in the old shed where the charlatan leads the trusty to reveal the hiding place of the booty, there are the escape from the guard, the boarding of the fast-moving freight train by Buckshot John, the encounter between John and Gilmore and the recovery of the booty the surrender to the authorities and the return of the money and the final pardon.

The story is well staged. The file-room of the newspaper office is especially well done. The employees of many newspapers will look upon it with envy. It is in the exteriors that the picture is at the best, however. Mountains and valleys there are in abundance and variety. "Buckshot John" is a worth-while picture.

See this story at the Grand Theatre Thursday, September, 9.

THE MUCKRAKER. GREW once a rose within my room Of perfect hue, of perfect health; Of such perfection and perfume It filled my poor house with its wealth. Then came the pestilence who knew Not good or grace, but overthrew My rose, and in the broken pot Nuzzed fast for slugs within the rot. He found, found with exulting pride Deep in the loam, a worm, a slug; The while my rose free died.  
—From Joaquin Miller's "Adios"

VANISHING FORTUNE. WE are weak and stray, We are cold and grey, Four battered bulks and spars, On the indignant sea, We shall strike it up in the stars.  
—From Joaquin Miller's "Party mine"

## News of Earlier Days

Interesting Items From Recorder Files of Ten and Twenty Years Ago

From the Recorder, Sept. 7, 1895

C. Ledgerwood was improving his property on Atwater street with a new sidewalk.

J. C. Smith of Curry county was given two years in the penitentiary for his shooting scrape on Rogue river

The steamer Echo belonging to the James boys sunk in the waters above Coquille on Monday. All freight was got off and the boys telephoned to Bandon for scows to assist in raising the boat.

Sam Nass arrived from Astoria prepared to look after his canery business at Prosper. The Newport on which he came also had aboard nine tons of supplies for the Timmons canery.

S. L. Shumate of Roseburg, who had been summering in Bandon for the benefit of his health, found the climate very beneficial and had made all expenses by hauling matchwood. He was returning to Roseburg but expected to return to Bandon in the following spring.

From the Recorder, September 6, 1895

The construction of the light house was fast nearing completion.

The gross value of property listed in Coos county by the assessor was \$9,913,190 and the tax levy was less than 12 mills.

Frank Sumner of Harshfield, formerly of Bandon was to preach in the M. E. church the coming Sunday.

The daughter of David Mathers of Riverton, aged 13, was buried in the Bandon cemetery.

John Bear of Marshfield and Miss Jensen of Bandon were married at Empire.

The life saving crew were still engaged in talking goods off from the wrecked steamer Bawnmore. The coal in the hold of the wreck was on fire.

Fires in the surrounding neighborhood were put out by a drenching rain during the week and the air was much clearer as a result.

During the month the waterfall at Bandon was 4 hundredths of an inch. At Langlois it was five tenths of an inch.

W. Boyd was offering his livery business for sale.

D. H. Prewett of Bear Creek was quite sick.

Captain Snyder and crew had been overhauling the tug Triumph.

Elijah Smith was over from Empire to look after his fishing interests on the Coquille.

C. S. Goodenough and Chas. Chandler of Dairyville had business in town Monday.

There was one more building to be moved across the river from Gold Beach to the new town of Wedderburn.

The contractors dumped 289 tons of rock at the jetty one day this week which was the largest days work so far.

So many people left town to see the wreck at Floras lake Sunday that the town seemed deserted.

The tug Triumph took a party of people down to the scene of the wreck.

ed steamer Bawnmore Sunday. They brought back a few sacks of flour and a couple seats from a street car which they fished out of the ocean.

T. J. Codfrey and Miss Lizzie Buzan were married at Empire.

"Some one has been inclined lately to share our wood pile with us and their conscience doesn't seem to smite them when they get the larger half. Now an editor can stand almost anything and won't even wince when his paper comes back from a subscriber in arrears with the words "refused" written upon it, but we draw the line when it comes to furnishing wood to a lazy lout who is too worthless to sit by an honest fire, and if he doesn't let our woodpile alone he will head something tumble. We are onto him."

A donation party was given during the week to Rev. and Mrs. J. S. McCain.

## FOREST FIRES THREATEN IN WEST OREGON WOODS

Portland, Sept. 1.—The forest fire situation is now at a critical point throughout the entire Pacific Northwest. By great effort and better equipment than ever before employed, private, state and federal forces have so far practically kept control of the increasing number of fires due to the protracted hot weather and prevented disaster that would have been inevitable under similar conditions in past years. But except in a few localities where there have been slight local showers the protective system is now taxed to the limit and conditions are extremely dangerous especially if wind shall arise.

A few fires are already breaking bounds, men can not easily be spared to fight new ones and the dense smoke renders the detection of new ones difficult. The disastrous fires of 1902 followed just such conditions. Appeals are being made to all persons in the woods not only to be extremely careful about campfires and matches but also to work on any fires they may find without depending on the over taxed patrol forces. Settlers are asked to risk no burning of slashings.

Up to within 24 hours the fire situation was well in hand. Over 450 fires had been extinguished with practically no loss of merchantable timber. Yesterday, however, the bad fires near Mt. Hood, near Butte Falls in Southern Oregon and in Union county are said to have escaped control and many new ones are. The governor has been asked to prohibit hunting until it rains

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- Pure Lard, 10 lb pail, \$1.35
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- Good Bacon Strips, smoked, per lb, 19c
- Bacon Backs, Smoked, per lb, 19c
- Bacon Backs, sugar cured, lb, 22c
- Fancy Breakfast Bacon, lb 28 to 30c
- Best Hams, per lb, 22c
- Picnic Hams, per lb, 15c
- Salt, Best Dairy, 10 lb, 20c
- Salt, Best Dairy, 20 lb, 35c
- Salt, Best Dairy, 50 lb, 60c
- Salt, Half Ground, 50 lb, 30c
- Splendid Coffee, Spark's Blue Label, per lb, 25c
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- Tea, Uncolored Japan, per lb, 40c
- Beans, all kinds, per lb, 7c

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