

# 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 UNIVERSAL BLUNDER

By Dr. Frank Crane

"The universal blunder in this world" said Phillips Brooks, "is in thinking that there are certain persons put into the world to govern and certain others to obey."

"Everybody is in this world to govern and everybody to obey. There are no benefactors and beneficiaries in distinct classes. Every man is at once benefactor and beneficiary. Every good deed you do you ought to thank your fellow man for giving you an opportunity and they ought to be thankful to you for doing it."

That is a mighty good sentiment to set down on your tablets. It may gain you a great deal of happiness if you will believe it. It may even save your soul.

Certain people work for me and I pay them wages but the maid who sweeps my room is no more my servant than I am hers. Because I give her money and she gives me work does not make me her superior.

It is the ancient delusion of the centuries that labor in some way lowers a man. The real fact is that it ennobles him.

For instance Mr. Wilson is considered by the American people, and I am sure he considers himself, as their servant. He has no mortgages on his job. He holds it by no divine right. He cannot pass it on to a successor of his own blood or choice. If we don't like what he does we criticize him. There are certain partisans that yelp at him every turn he makes, like a pack of yapping pups. We do not suppress them. It is the constitutional privilege of vulgar people to scold their servants.

And yet he is the chief man of the greatest nation in the world. In former days he would have shouted, "Off with his head!" when any one crossed him, and would have worn a crown, also a robe with a tail ten feet long. It is spirit of service that makes him the decent, conscientious, hard-working man he is.

The curse of wealth is that it destroys this spirit of service. The man who does nothing because he has enough to live on comfortably is no better than the man who does nothing because he can beg or smoke his pipe on the bench of the poorhouse door. Both are leeches. They are not serving. They are being served.

When you lose sight of the duty of serving you invite at once spiritual microbes of the most destructive character to come and breed in you.

There is a luxury in being waited on. But that feeling induces pride, meanness, selfishness, the undisciplined will, the unruly passions, and the whole rakehell crew of traits that that cause excess, perversion, indolence, selfishness, boredom and pessimism.

There is a luxury in being waited is a real pleasure when it becomes a

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habit. It brings on the genuine happiness makers, which are humility, unselfishness, sanity, health, optimism cheer, and a wholesome interest in life.

The greatest of men said of himself: "The Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve."

## AGAIN "INTERESTING IF TRUE"

The people of Bandon seem to be the only people in Coos county who favor the bond issue for trunk roads. The reason apparently lies in the provision of the petition that clips off \$70,000 to be spent from Bandon south while the remainder is to be spent "where the county court may direct." In the Myrtle Point Section there are few who will vote in favor of the bond issue, if it ever comes up for a vote which is hardly probably for various reasons. Chief among these are, that the amount of the proposed bond issue \$370,000 is too small and it is not stretches of trunk line auto boulevards we want, but rather good roads from the beach to the market and these it is believed can best be secured by a diligent co-operation with the County Court and the various district supervisors in a judicious expenditure of the general and special road taxes.

—Myrtle Point Enterprise

Milburn, O.—J. D. Hart exhibited at the county fair a pair of stockings over 100 years old. They were made by his grandmother who picked the cotton, wove it into thread and then knit the stockings. During the storm in Galveston in 1900, they were rescued with difficulty and by the merest accident were saved.

Williston, N. D.—When Kenneth Jordan, an 8-year-old prisoner in the county jail, secured the keys from the sheriff and opened the doors telling the prisoners they could escape, only one of the twelve took advantage of the offer. The one who escaped was rearrested.

Philadelphia, Pa.—It takes fifty cents to commit suicide by the gas route in Philadelphia. When Viola Gray grew tired of life, put a pipe on the gas jet, the other end in her mouth and lay down to die, the quarter in the meter ran out and her life was saved.

London, Eng.—English women who have always looked on the use of rouge as bad taste, are beginning to use it in large quantities. The makers of cosmetics say that worry from the war is making the women pale and they are resorting to paints and powders in desperation.

The Tarheel logging camp will shut down this week for all time the tract belonging to the Simpson Lumber Company, being completely logged off. It is the intention of the company to move the camp to Saunders' Lake where a large body of timber owned by them will be shipped to the bay over the new Willamette Pacific railroad.—Coos Bay Sun.

"Rattlesnake Jim" the celebrated globe trotter, arrived on the bay yesterday from Lakeside coming down the coast and in over the railroad right-of-way. He was barefooted and garbed in his customary clothing of gunny sacks. He will follow the coast on his journey south. He has traveled the world over and is said to speak a number of languages fluently. His idea of this mode of life is to acquire and maintain health and secure and education. Coos Bay Sun

## TO MY MOTHER.

Did ever a youth pass by the spot  
Your fragrance, love, made dear  
Without a heart leap at the lot  
That drew his fancy near?

Was ever a maid of fairy stuff  
Like this in days of old—  
A rose already fine enough  
Without that heart of gold?  
—Arthur Upson.

## THAT SOLDIER SONG

Being Incidentally a Hint to Song-  
Writers that "Soldier" can be  
Rhymed with Something Else  
than "Shoulder"

I've tried to write a material lay,  
With cheers and glad Hosannahs,  
Of troops so gay that march away  
With drums and waving banners.  
But through my head till I'm insane,  
Runs one tune—now I've told you—  
"I didn't raise," goes the refrain,  
"My boy to be a soldier."

I cannot write of guns that roar  
Their challenge to the battle,  
Nor of the Glory that is war,  
Nor of the musket's rattle;  
This tune, until I'm almost dead  
(To peace it seeks to mould you  
"I didn't raise," goes through my head  
"My boy to be a soldier."

I weary of that senseless song,  
Though I cannot forget it;  
It haunts me now the whole day long  
I know I shouldn't let it;  
It's spoiled the one idea I had,  
So this will have to hold you—  
"I didn't raise my darling lad  
To be a blooming soldier."



# Recorder

## Annua-tions

The idea that the lumber market is showing a stronger pulse and an enlivened respiration seems to be gaining ground in Frisco and is reflected by the stories of the boat crews that come up from that city. Interested people are careful not to look too concerned as a show of cordial interest might give the patient a serious setback. It has been a long and hard pull with him and it is hard to tell which has done the worst for him the inaction or the course of diet the doctors prescribed for him. His life has been several times despaired of but the way in which he has rallied under repeated attacks of the malady overproductioribus speaks well for his rugged constitution.

On Friday of this week the post season series of the National and American leagues for the baseball championship of the world will begin. The battle this year will be between the Boston Red Sox and the Philadelphia Nationals. Philadelphia has been a member of the National league since it was instituted thirty years ago. The National League is the oldest of the base ball organizations, the pioneer to institute the plan of a schedule of games between city representatives. In all that time Philadelphia has been a contender for the lead.

It has rarely been in the last division but usually its team has been among the leaders, a contender for the honor of being listed for a year as champion. Its younger rival in the American league has won the flag on several occasions, but we believe the Phillies have never had the honor.

They have had champions on their batting list. Before the days of Wagner and Cobb, Hamilton of the Phillies was known as the champion base stealer and his batting average was highest of them all. Delephanty, yet holds the record for the number of home runs pounded out in a single game.

The managers of the Phillies have never been stingy with the team. They have spared no expense to maintain a high average in the quality of members of the team. But they never seemed to be able to find a manager with the requisite pep and ginger to put over a winner.

Odd that it should have taken lumbering Pat Moran to turn the trick. Moran, like J. Evers was a cog in the old Cub machine, a catcher in which his talents were far outshone by his brilliant associate, Johnnie Kling and later by Archer the man who throws bases with a snap of his wrist without rising from his squatting position.

But the slow going Pat has at last brought a winner to Philadelphia and now his past record is being examined for indications of greatness.

There appears to be qualities in a manager that are different from those that go to make up a brilliant ball player. Sometimes the two kinds of qualities are combined and frequently they are entirely separate. Selee who was one of the best judges of ball player talent that ever lived, was not himself a player.

Others like Comisky, Hanlon and McGraw have been good players in their day.

There is joy in watching an ordinary ball game but to see a genuine interleague championship game is our idea of the superlative of desideratum.

There is nothing more leveling than attendance on a real base ball game. Your elbow neighbor may be a pick-pocket or the distinguished representative in the lower house from Kalamazoo but one is no more eager than the other to see that the strikes are called with justice to the side he favors and it is a toss as to the eagle eye of which will first detect the time when the home pitcher has had enough and in stentorian tones to shout the order that some substitute be trotted out.

Then is when it is a boon to sit next to a man who has a sense of humor. He has to have something pretty bright or else he will be squelched with a withering cross fire, but the right man is worth the price of admission in himself.

When a championship game is on there is pleasure in the mere sense of being there. To sense the power that is concentrated in thirty thousand enthusiasts, where the waves of emotion travel around the high crest is something of a sensation.

Some are seeking encouragement, some decision, all is a tangle in which the participant accumulates memories he will not soon forget.

The crowd overflows the grand stands, high as they are, and an arrangement of planks is quickly run up back of the conching lines. When like sheep the crowd takes possession of these it is discovered that hats interfere with the vision of those behind and woe to him who disobeys the order "hats off". Many a bald head changes color in the frosty air until its owner takes out his pocket handkerchief and tying each corner in a knot dons a temporary night cap.

This makes him comfortable once more and there is nothing to distract him as he gossips with his neighbor or orders the batter to line them out.

Next week will be filled with interest for ball fans the country over.

## News of Earlier Days

### Interesting Items From Recorder Files of Ten and Twenty Years Ago

From the Recorder, October 5, 1905

Wm. Oswill was married to Miss Ethel Oakes of Haywood, Cal.

Married at Portland, Miss Rosa Long of Bandon to Mr. Woods of Montana.

Mrs. Kerney Perkins died at Parkersburg leaving a husband and five children.

J. P. DeGesen was making a fine progress with A. J. Hartman's new concrete store building.

The San Francisco Wasp announced the engagement of Miss Myra Burnett to Joseph Bennett of Marshfield.

The teachers for this year were Prof. E. Worrel, Miss Florence Walstrom, Miss Anna Waldvogel, Bertha Wilkins and Pearl Walker. An advanced tenth grade had been added to the school and the following pupils were in the class: Alice Porter, Ethel Royd, Kate Ross, Winifred McNair, Erma Hunt, Ethel Dyer, Elsie Stephensen, Ray McNair, Albert Kinley.

From the Recorder, October 4, 1895

Elda Wood was arrested in the Copper River mine, forty miles west of Grants Pass and charged with the Roseburg stage hold ups. He had left a notice tacked to a tree daring anyone to follow him and signed with his name. Wood denied implication with the robbery.

Robert Lowe has taken the position of clerk for Adam Persbaker at Prosper.

The Bandon G. A. R. was making preparations for a masquerade ball Christmas eve.

Isham Walker had returned from a trip into Southern Curry where he went for the purpose of buying beef cattle.

A. D. Walcott of Prosper and F. L. Lowe of this place had purchased Price Bros mill at Riverton and would embark in the lumber business.

D. F. Dean had disposed of his interest in the Coquille Herald to Rev. J. S. McCain.

L. L. Simpson was about to embark in the general hardware business.

John P. Wilbur, overseer of the weaving department at the woolen mill started for Curry county with an assortment of goods from the mills and would probably go as far as Crescent city.

Mrs. H. Stowers had returned from San Francisco bringing a fine assortment of millinery goods.

Miss Millie Broulette of Myrtle Point gave a series of three entertainments and lectures at the Presbyterian church during the week.

A complimentary ball given to Prof. W. W. Robinson was well attended and everything passed off smoothly. Prof. Harry Lockwood furnished the music.

Nels Rasmussen was a successful in a civil suit against W. H. Thomas for wages. His attorney was J. M. Upton and W. Sinclair of Coquille city represented the defendant.

## An Early Day Legend of Port Orford

(In Memory of Whiskers, Cutlip and Port Orford Jakey)

By FRANK B. TICHENOR

Away off West in Port Orford, where red men watched the tides  
Till he's gathered to the adipse that lined the natives sides,  
There lived a little red boy with neither kith nor kin,  
Whose only wealth were trousers that were tattooed on his skin.

No multiplication table had ever muddled up his head,  
Incited him to hookey or made him toss in bed;  
No grim and gruesome fables of a frightful bogie man  
E'er scared that little Indian, as only bogies can.

No Children's Aid Society investigated him  
Nor rule of any Orphanage deprived him of a swim  
No farmer's wife or restaurant cook provided him with food,  
No pious missionary scared him into being good.

He played tree-tag with woodrats, pulled the tails of wild hogs,  
Made faces at wild-cats, and skinned the water dogs,  
He stirred up every ant-hill and prodded hornets nests with poles,  
Pursued the little rabbit and stopped up skunk holes.

He gorged himself on mussels, clams cooked upon hot stones,  
With now and then a chance to gnaw some well-picked sailor's bones;  
Sometimes he caught a crab or fish, or gull's nest would rob—  
It mattered not, no choice had he, 'twixt fresh laid eggs and squab.

But still his heart was guileless, and the little soul within  
Had never thought of evil, nor had ever dreamed of sin;  
And, Oh, for some good shepherd who could fold this straying lamb,  
That had never known a master, nor had ever heard a damn.

One day a white man landed from a great big black canoe,  
And prepared a little dwelling, while the chief prepared for stew,  
But he gave the chief a gimlet, and the squaw a cake of yeast,  
And in hopes of future riches they postponed the promised feast.

He told them funny stories of a man who ate a whale,  
Of boats as big as islands that would go without a sail,  
Of a man who walked on water without paddles on his feet,  
And restored a man to freshness who'd been dead too long to eat.

That little red kid left his chipmunks and forgot his laws,  
To hear about a good old man whose name was Santa Claus,  
Who always knew when boys were good and came round once a year  
To give to each deserving one a bow and many spears.

They called his visit Christmas, and they had good things to eat,  
They hung up little stockings (which were quivers from their feet),  
And went to bed and waited for the tantalizing toys,  
That Santa Claus was sure to leave for all who'd been good boys.

Although his soul was spotless and his little heart was pure,  
When asked if he was always good, he couldn't say for sure,  
Then the missionary told him that though a little boy he behaved,  
He couldn't hope for righteousness until he had been saved.

For days that Indian kid worked it over in his head;  
For nights and nights he dreamed again of all that man had said,  
He brandished fancied weapons, shouted murderous commands,  
Or drew pictures of a stocking with his big toe in the sand.

The ant-hills were neglected and the hornets unperturbed,  
The rats lost in wonder and the water dogs undisturbed,  
For hours he sat and listened to the missionary's talk,  
But he yearned not for salvation; what he wanted was a sock.

But dreaming made no arrows, his wishing brought no spear,  
His fancies killed no wood-rats, his sighing slew no deer,  
His little heart grew heavy and he'd forgotten to eat,  
But sat all day with yearning gaze upon the white man's feet.

One day the good man told him that Santa Claus was due,  
And would surely drop around that way within a night or two,  
Oh, all the human troubles that escaped Pandora's box,  
Are absolutely nothing to a Christmas without socks.

His little heart beat wild, a tear strayed down his cheek,  
He tried to murmur thankfulness but not a word could speak,  
His sorrows poured upon him like a wild tumultuous sea,  
For Santa Claus was coming now and not a sock had he.

Then seizing up a shin-bone that was loaded full of rocks,  
He smashed the missionary's skull and searched his feet for socks,  
Oh, blasted hopes! Oh, vain regrets! Alas, ambitious plans!  
As sockless as the red kid, was that missionary man.

Away down in Mussel cove, underneath a pile of rocks,  
Rests the wishbone of the preacher who was murdered for his socks,  
And an old gray headed heathen spirit sits there dreaming yet,  
Of the bows and arrows, and the socks he didn't get.

## WHY EMOTION OFTEN KILLS

By H. Addington Bruce

While everybody ought to make it a point to avoid becoming emotionally excited there are certain people to whom excitement is particularly dangerous. They are people with weak hearts or weak blood vessels. In their case excitement may be, and often is, absolutely fatal.

If they wish to make sure of escaping a sudden and untimely death, they must learn to control their emotions. They must learn to control them so completely that they will remain calm and self-possessed no matter what occurs to excite them. This applies to emotions of a pleasurable as well as a painful sort.

Ordinary pleasurable emotions have a stimulating invigorating effect on the bodily organism. But if the heart or blood vessels are weak, great happiness can kill as surely as great grief, anger, fear or other poignantly distressing emotion.

I know of one case in which a woman 43 years old, fell dead at the return home of her daughter, whom she had supposed killed in a railway accident.

In another case a young man, who had found it hard to earn a living, suddenly received word that a fortune had been left to him by a distant relative. He trembled with excitement when he heard the good news, uttered an exclamation of joy, and almost immediately expired.

The explanation of cases of this sort as of deaths resulting from excessive grief, fear, anger, etc., is extremely simple.

It has been proved by various scientific experiments that emotional excitement of any kind has the effect of instantly increasing the heart-beat and altering the distribution of the blood. Withdrawn from the abdominal region, the blood is sent pulsing in increased quantity to the brain.

No matter how slight the excitement this singular change in blood-distribution always occurs. It occurs even in sleep, if anything happens to disturb the sleeper. This was ingeniously proved by the physiologist Mosso, who built an apparatus by which the body of a man could be in-

lanced in a horizontal position. The least change in the blood-distribution was registered by a change in the balance. Experimenting on a person who was lying asleep on the balance, Mosso informs us:

"Scarcely had some one about to enter touched the handle of the door than the balance inclined toward the head, remaining immovable in this position for five or six or even ten minutes."

"When all was quiet, one of us would intentionally make a slight noise by coughing, scraping a foot on the ground, or moving a chair, and at once the balance inclined toward the head, remaining immovable for four or five minutes, without the subjects noticing anything or awaking."

Mosso adds specifically:

"It was proved by my balance that at the slightest emotion, the blood rushes to the head."

In view of facts like these it is easy to understand why, in a person of weak heart or weak blood vessels, excitement often kills. The weakened heart and the weakened blood vessels in the brain give way under the strain of the suddenly increased blood-flow and death from heart-failure or apoplexy results.

Let the man, then, whose doctor has warned him to avoid excitement, recognize clearly that he has been given no idle warning and that there is ample physical reason for him to practice emotional control.

Gary, Ind.—Gary taxijitneys are waging a war on fat men. The drivers get near sighted when a fat man on the sidewalk waves frantically at them. Eight jitneys recently passed by Mayor Tom Knotts. They should we put in one man who takes up fifteen cents worth of room?" said a driver. A five passenger jitney will carry ten slim steel workers at a nickel each.

Chester, Pa.—When William Downs was entrapped by blue dye in a vat which he was mending, he was overcome by fumes and taken out for dead. After the undertakers had prepared the body for burial and removed it to Dover's home, the corpse arose on his bed and screamed: "I'm not dead, and don't you think I am."