

Bandon Recorder

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OLD SONGS, OLD FLOWERS AND MOTHER

By Dr. Frank Crane.

Simeon Ford said the Sentimental Man, when he used to run the old Grand Union hotel, now demolished by the beam of progress, was wont to say that he didn't care how many New hotels his competitors built, so long as none of them put up an Old hotel.

There are other things beside hostilities, castles, institutions, habits, and wines where old age is an asset.

And the greatest of these is song. The clearest musical genius in the world might compose a song of such surpassing originality and charm that all experts and critics would be beside themselves with admiration. Yet most of us common mortals would pass it by it would leave us cold, while some little, old, dinky melody, without genius or art, just because it is old, would sweep all our heart-strings with a wild gust of passion, unstop our tear fountains and send thru us the keenest sweetness of love and tenderness.

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother!" That is a poem that used to be in the Fourth Reader when I went to school.

Whether it is good poetry or not I haven't the slightest idea. Probably not. It bears the same relation to "great poems" that marygold, hollyhock, and princess's feather bear to the Rose Duchess de Brabant or the Gladiolus Brechtlyensis.

But it was down in the garden among the petunias and cosmos, the purple asters and fire-bush, that I used to walk with my baby hard tightly clutching mother's finger, while she talked to me precious nonsense and laughed at my swarming fancies and somehow big boxes of American Beauties and \$12 bunches of violets do not connect that sort of thing. Simple old things have their niche.

I don't remember much about her views of voting nor her social prestige and what her ideas on child-training diet, and engines were I cannot recall. The main thing that sifts back to me now thru the thick undergrowth of years is that SHE LOVED ME. I don't think she knew how to bring up children; she was too much of a child herself, and seemed to like to lie on the grass with me and tell stories, or to run and hide and scream and laugh with us children, than to homilize us along up the straight and narrow path.

She was always hugging me. She would wake me up to play with me. She would kiss me inordinately. She loved me in rather a fierce way. And I liked it. She had a sunny face. To me it was like God, and all the beatitudes saints tell of Him.

And sing! Of all the sensations pleasurable to my life nothing can compare with the rapture of crawling up into her lap and going to sleep, while she swung to and fro in her rocking chair and sang.

Thinking of this, I wonder if the woman of today, with all her tremendous notions and plans, realizes what an almighty factor she is in the shaping of her child for weal or woe?

I wonder if she realizes how much sheer love and attention count for in a child's life?

I wonder if she knows what it means to create memories that are going to stay green when life's hotter impressions have gone?

Thus mused the Sentimental Man.

NEW YORKERS ARE TICKLED

The report comes to the west that business men and manufacturers of New York are so happy that they can scarcely contain themselves.

"Business has revived. The New York idea of 'business' is not the same as we have it out here.

In New York 'business consists of betting on results; in other words, speculation.

The European war loan set the speculators going. There is just enough novelty about the European war securities to set every Wall street imagination to work. For a few days the war loan passed as a legitimate investment. When these securities were well settled on the list the rambling began. Now the war loan goes up and down with the regularity of the battles, just like gold went up and down during the civil war, following the victories of one side or the other at the front.

The next gamble has been in the stocks of war munitions factories. So much money has been made in the sale of munitions that great factories have been erected and vast volumes of stocks and bonds have been sold. The value of stocks and bonds in munition factories is determined or at least affected by the energy manifested by the German spies in blowing up the factories. Scarcely a day passes that some munition factory is not mysteriously blown up. But every one that is blown up is promptly rebuilt. For that reason we judge there is an immense profit in the manufacture of ammunition.

Wall Street, however, is happy. Brokers who have been without new clothes, are now riding down in the elevated trains in brand new garments. They are smoking a better brand of cigarettes or cigars and doubtless drinking champagne between times. The New York broker is a queer character. He has no use for legitimate business, but is swelled up with the idea that his "business" is legitimate. He is not content to buy bonds and hold them; he must put up money and bet on them.

As we remember it, our new reserve bank act was to put Wall street out of business; was to stop speculation; was to relieve the west of the manibus of the stock exchange. No doubt the reserve bank act has done some good, but it is evident that the business world in the United States will never believe that business is really good until the proclamation comes from Wall street to that effect.

We must admit, however, that it is nice to have western men coming home from the east smiling. This hasn't happened in a long time. If we are to have the curse of Wall street we ought occasionally to have the blessing of Wall street.

It is not necessary here to remark that the war loan and investments in munition factories are uncertain.

—Des Moines, Iowa, Capital Birmingham, Ala.—The three children of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCown celebrated their birthdays recently. Pauline is eight; Josephine is six; Lillian Mae is two years. Each was born on November 9th.

News of Earlier Days

Interesting Items From Recorder Files of Ten and Twenty Years Ago

(From Recorder, Nov. 30, 1905)

Miss Ali Wilson, one of the high school pupils was married to Mr. Crowley of Marshfield and the editor of the school notes extended congratulations.

Frank Langlois imported a Cotswold buck and ewe from England.

A. B. Sabin determined to move his harness shop from Langlois to Bandon.

J. Hicking of Prosper and Miss Amy Lamont of Bandon were united in marriage at the home of Rev. Roach in this city.

The new Recorder editor, A. W. Felter had made the startling discovery that rusty gold by the million was to be found in the black sand of Coos and Curry and took a column space to tell about it.

The surf on the beach was described as rough as it ever gets during the winter, or rougher.

A blizzard was raging in East Oregon with four inches of snow at Pendleton.

Vessels were bar bound in all the ports of West Oregon.

Isaac Storms and W. H. Harvey were building new residences in Wood land addition.

Geo. Hite sold his barber shop last week to H. F. Morrison who had had charge of the shop for three months past.

(From Recorder Nov. 29, 1895)

Public school started Monday with a large attendance.

James Hughes of Cape Blanco light house was in town Saturday.

Five schooners were in port waiting for the bar to calm down so they could get out.

Born, Nov. 23rd, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Chas Craddock.

The proverbial turkey was scarce Thanksgiving day.

Protracted meetings were still in progress and were attended with considerable interest.

The steamer Dispatch was being overhauled and given a fresh coat of paint and made ready for winter.

We have had some rain this week and the rain swept by on Wednesday night like a race horse, yet it clears up so quickly after the squalls strike that we conclude winter is tarrying somewhere else.

The Woodmen of the World were sparing no pains to make their masquerade ball on December 7th a howling success.

The woolen mills company put an are light in front of their building that works like a charm. A few more such lights, scattered around town would prove a great convenience.

A small blaze took place during the week in Rev. McLean's house in South Bandon, occupied by Thos. Lockwood, Keeper Scott and crew and neighbors put out the fire but the roof was destroyed.

Company K gave its annual ball last Saturday. W. P. Kinsman has been promoted to first and Wm. A. Langenfell to 2nd Lieutenant.

A communication was received from Fish Trap saying that it was an error that the people of that locality wished to change from Fish Trap to Willowdale. Fish Trap they were and Fish Trap they would remain.

Speaking of the wreck of the Banderilla referred to last week a biography was given of the captain, J. J. Wynant who was drowned in the wreck.

Captain Wynant was born in New York in 1838 went to sea at an early age and when quite a young man, came to the west coast.

He made a number of voyages to the north, going as far as the icy Cape and was familiar with the coast of Alaska as well as of the Aleutian Islands and Siberia.

He spent several years hunting walrus and whales. He was master of a number of vessels on the Pacific coast. His most memorable voyage was on the schooner Caroline Medeau down the Mexican coast in quest of the treasure of the lost steamer, City of San Francisco. The later went ashore about 120 miles north of Acapulco, while bound from Panama to San Francisco. She was commanded at the time by Captain Waddell who during the time of the rebellion, commanded a privateer and conducted a relentless war on the whalers of the northern seas.

The Caroline Medeau was chartered by Wrightman Bros. of San Francisco. Many days were spent in a fruitless search for this treasure and the expedition was about to be abandoned when a singular thing happened.

Captain Wynant was something of a Spiritualist and one morning he called all hands aft and told them that he had received a message from his brother-in-law, Captain Foster, in spirit land. The message commanded him to drop the schooner astern of the steamer and from there send the divers down. Wynant followed the instructions given him by the shade of the brother of his wife and that day the treasure was discovered.

There was brought up from the ocean depths, seven silver bars each weighing 200 lbs., \$4,000 in gold, \$15,000.00 in American silver half dollars and \$750 in dollar pieces.

The treasure was packed in boxes which went to pieces as soon as they were brought to the surface of the water.

The wrecking party returned to San Francisco and a question was raised as their right to the money.

The case was tried in the United States district court and Judge Hoffman gave decision in favor of Wrightman Bros. for 94 per cent of their find and saying they could have the other 6 percent if no claimant appeared in time to claim it.

The underwriters of Valporaiso attempted to appeal the case but their papers arrived in San Francisco just two days too late.

The Caroline Wynant was entered at Acapulco before the search was begun but after the find Captain Wynant shape the course of the schooner for San Francisco. Three days out she was overhauled by a Mexican man-of-war who made a search for the treasure. The Mexicans had their labor for their pains for Captain Wynant had taken the precaution to hide the treasure in the top of the center-board casing where the men-of-war's men never thought of looking for it; and after a few hours' delay the schooner was allowed to go on her way.

RAILROAD MAN OBSERVES BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Business conditions throughout the country are improving, according to Passenger Traffic Manager Chas. S. Fee of the Southern Pacific Company who returned to San Francisco this morning (November 12) after an extended trip throughout the East and Middle West. Mr. Fee said:

"I have visited many of the principal cities in thirty-two states since I left California 19th September last. My route east was over the Sunset

line to El Paso and through the South with a detour via Phoenix and the "Apache Trail" to Roosevelt Dam and the copper cities of Miami and Globe. This auto trip of 120 miles, embracing the Salt River and Gila Valleys, as well as Roosevelt Lake and Dam, is absolutely unique and without a parallel in the United States. Two thousand travelers have availed themselves during the past summer of the opportunity of taking this soon-to-be famous auto trip. The United States Fish Commission are making further distribution of bass in Roosevelt Lake. Now a body of water averaging a mile in width and thirty miles in length, where the fishing is already excellent and the necessary facilities provided. Raymond and Whitcomb, the Boston tourist agents, told me that all their rans-continental parties coming west this winter will be routed via the "Apache Trail" where the traveler can see Indians to his heart's content as well as the deserted homes of the ancient cliff-dwellers.

"Conditions in the South appear to be steadily improving. Cotton prices are gradually growing better but the most hopeful sign is in the evidence that the one crop plan will soon be thrown into the discard. The severe lesson of the past year or two has not been in vain as evidenced in many sections of the South. Cotton may remain King for years to come but his subjects will be far more cosmopolitan than ever known before south of the Mason and Dixon line, all of which will spell a steadier and more rapid growing prosperity.

"Business conditions in the Central and Eastern States are certainly far better than when I was in the East last May. At that time here did no seem to be a silver lining to any of the clouds that shut out the view in all directions. There is no boom present or in sight so far as I could judge, although in certain directions it has this appearance, but even in these lines the fact in being brought home that European conditions may not and it is hoped will not continue another twelve months. Back of all this, however, there is a far better feeling and while in certain lines and in certain sections business, railroad and otherwise is picking up slowly the general opinion seems to be that the worst is over and an upward turn fairly on the way.

"The great bulk of Exposition travel has come and gone but with it our vi-

Grand Clean Up Sale

of the
AVERILL STOCK

at the
Golden Rule

begins

Saturday, Morning Dec. 4th

We are going to close out all broken lines, odd lots and remnants of merchandise at greatly reduced prices.

A fine assortment of Toys and Holiday Goods to close out at

1/2 Price

Make your Christmas Money, go twice as far by attending the sale at

Begins Sat. **The Golden Rule** Begins Sat. December 4 December 4

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

The
Oliver Morosco Photo Play Company

presents
Lois Meridith and Owen Moore

"Help Wanted"

"Help Wanted" handles in a striking manner the startling fact that many employers, who would probably be on their best behavior in a girl's home, for some reason regard her as fair prey when she enters an office as an employe. "Help Wanted" is a drama of the humiliations that lie in wait for anybody's sister.

"Help Wanted" as a stage play was Morosco's last season sensation and had record breaking runs in New York and Chicago. Shown at the

GRAND THEATER
Thursday, December 2nd

ADMISSION 15c AND 5c

Don't fail to see Nance O'Neil in "Princess Romanoff Friday, December 3rd.

Christmas Is Coming!

SANTA CLAUS SAYS

"I've tried the windy places that make the folks believe they're all there is in Bandon. Without them none can live. But they are gone with all their cant. And still one place remains. To buy your toys and notions, in sunshine as in rains. They make no fuss nor feathers and don't fly very high. But there my goods you'll always find. And they're never very high. The old reliable Racket store, My depot of supplies. And that is but a gentle hint. To all the good and wise, To buy your Christmas fixings, Your mince meat and your dolls, A roaster for your turkey, your toys and rubber balls, Of this my faithful servant, Who's always on the job, With prices right and cheerful face, But patient yet as Job. Your Patronage Solicited, Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. C. Cash Store

D. W. CARPENTER, Mgr.