

Bandon Recorder

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PASS A LAW.

ARE your neighbors very bad? Pass a law!
Do they smoke? Do they chew? Pass a law!
Are they bothering you? Don't they do as you would do? Pass a law!
Are your wages awful low? Pass a law!
Are the prices much too high? Do the wife and babies cry? Cause the turkeys all roost high? Pass a law!
When M. D. finds new diseases. Pass a law!
Got the mumps or encephalitis, Measles, crup or "epertisis"? Least we all fly to pieces. Pass a law!
Are the lights a-burning red? Pass a law!
Paint 'em green or paint 'em white? Close up all them places tight! My, our town is such a sight! Pass a law!
No matter what the trouble is. Pass a law!
Goodness sakes, but ain't it awful! My! What are we going to do? Almost anything ain't lawful. And the judge is human, too! Pass a law!
—Public.

WHAT SHALL OUR LAND BE?

Amid the flood of government documents the recent report of Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the interior is a real landmark. Here we have again the American sense of creative power and creative purpose, the mission of our country to build a great free state in a new land. As recited in this glowing report, the bare facts of our national resources are as thrilling as any romance. On this continent we have the basis for a civilization that if necessary, can be made independent of all others; for we produce practically every mineral needed in industry, and all the grains, fruits, vegetables, and fibers of the temperate zone. We can build up our soils and keep them fertile with our own chemicals, while the running waters of this country can be made to yield some sixty million horsepower. To meet the puzzles set us by this abounding nature we have the restless skill of our inventors, to whom over two hundred patents are issued every day and for the future citizenship of the Republic there are more than twenty million boys and girls in the public schools. What are we determined that this glorious land shall be? The answer must be worked out by a wise leadership relying on the spirit and self-confidence of the people, and working toward a closer and stronger coordination of our industrial and social life. For the immediate future Secretary Lane urges, first a general development bill to open up our national domain's resources of coal, gas, oil, phosphates, and potash, but with due safeguards against monopoly and nonuse. His second measure in Ferris Bill, to promote the use of water

power on national lands for the generation of electricity. Both these passed the House of the Representatives at the last session but failed in the Senate. Both embody true conservation principles and are essential to the solid growth of this country. In addition, Mr. Lane proposes a rural school campaign education in its service to the farming communities. These measures are among the most important business Congress has to consider, for they are concerned with the permanent living strength of our country, and their fate will show what sort of statesmanship Congress has.—Colliers.

Railroading and Letter Writing

The trial of the former directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad dragged its slow length along without any nerve-racking thrills. And yet wherever Mellen figured, there was bound to be interest. Mellen's evident zest in the game was brought out by the reading of an old letter written by him to one of his underlings in regard to refusing credit to the New England Railroad, then one of the New Haven's chief competitors. Here is a part of it:

"Write just as nice a letter as you know how, expressing all manner of regret that you are obliged to take this action, and that it embarrasses them, but ask them to give some consideration to the railroad situation and try to put up with the situation as not being an unreasonable one, but rather one necessary for the proper protection of our property.

"You can fix up a good letter I have no doubt one that will draw tears to the eyes of the people to whom it is addressed and convince them that you are only driven to this course by dire necessity."

That the recipient of this thoroughly understood the Mellen method is indicated by his reply:

"Instead of writing them I have decided to send a man down to Taunton to interview these parties verbally. I have selected young Palmer and I think he will reflect our grief at the cruel situation. Palmer was to have been married the first of January, but the Pennsylvania cut down their force in Boston, whereby he lost his position. When he came here his pay was less and the poor fellow has been waiting waiting, waiting, ever since. I think his mournful appearance will enable him to do ample justice to the sad side of this unfortunate situation."

The paper reporting this added that at the reading "Mellen laughed delightedly." All of which helps to explain why Mellen has never achieved the position of a household god in New England.—Colliers.

NONE OF HIS BUSINESS

By Dr. Frank Crane.

A man has learned a lot when he has learned to mind his own business says Bill Dugan.

In the above sentence the words "woman" and "her" may be substituted and the statement will lose nothing of its veracity.

There is a great deal to be done toward reforming folks, but the field that cries most loudly for your attention is your own.

Particularly in the realm of morals. Sin and iniquity lie in chunks all over the area of humanity. But if each of us will clean up his own yard the work of renovation will move forward with less friction. So says Bill Dugan.

They do say that Widow Smith is emerging most too rapidly from her decorous gloom, wears a red ribbon or two, has had the dentists go all over her teeth, and is making the high sign to gentlemen signaling that

she is ready once more for the attack upon her state of single blessedness to begin. The thought that occurs to Bill is that it is none of his business.

The community is considerably agitated concerning the Thompson family. They have a new piano-player, have fixed up the front porch, have a new carpet in the parlor and yet no one has heard of the head of the family getting a raise in wages. Careful inquiry has been made at the furniture store. Did the Thompsons get the goods on credit, on partial payments, or for cash? If cash where did they get the money? Did they draw out from their savings bank account? The furniture man and the banker have refused to say. Looks like Frank Peter's wife asked Bill Dugan what he thought and Bill said he didn't think, as it was none of his darn business. Mrs. Peters reported, "I don't mind his insultin' me, but he hadn't ought to said durn to a lady."

Bill is plague of the town. He wont discuss the preacher, and when it is suggested that the parson does not call enough and that he ought to be more sociable like, all Bill says is that it's none of his business.

He doesn't seem to care whether the stenographer in Cunningham's law office goes out to lunch with men or not; nor whether Annabel Metcalf is neglecting her children to go to bridge parties, nor whether Tom Williams is speculating on the board of trade, nor whether Ike Garner is taking Adeline Singer out automobile riding too much, unless he's going to marry her, nor why Eb Hopkins goes to St. Louis every week or so, nor who that strange woman was that visited at Slocum's house last Sunday (they didn't introduce her to a soul—acted right queer about it) nor whether old Aunt Sarah Judkins is going to leave her money to her nephew or to a cat hospital, nor whether the Germans or the allies will whip, nor whether China is going to be a monarchy, nor whether foreign missionaries spend too much money.

Bill is a mighty curious citizen. He just goes on tending his forty acres and resting between times, and says mostly, when anything downright, interesting comes up:

"Well, I dunno as it's any of my business."

The barn yard flock of chickens of Henry W. Fisher, dairyman who operated the Lewis Strong ranch on the South Fork, has among its number one hen that lays exceptionally large eggs—the single yolked ones are large and then there are occasional ones that have two yolks, while one day recently when one of the Misses Fisher was baking a cake she discovered an egg that had three yolks in the one shell. The hen does not lay an egg every day; and the fact that she performs is so very much out of the ordinary and not to any advantage to the small poultry business, that Mrs. Fisher has contended that she will not follow the advice often given against killing the goose that lays the golden egg, but if she can single out this chicken the frank will get the ax and H. W. and family will have a chicken pie for dinner.—Myrtle Point Enterprise.

John R. Miller who for some time past has been living at Bandon, was a Port Orford visitor since our last issue. "John R." has been traveling considerable in Oregon and California during the past year and a half, but is still loyal to Port Orford, and says that he has yet to find the place where he would sooner invest money than at Port Orford.—Port Orford Tribune.

Wireless time will be phoned in from the Cape Friday. Just at noon the mill whistle will blow for five minutes. Will every one please set their cocks and watches at twelve when the whistle blows and see if we can't have two clocks in Port Orford that register the same time.—Port Orford Tribune.

Will Return to Australia

Elder and Mrs. A. C. Barmore departed last week via Bandon, for San Francisco, from where Mrs. Barmore expects to sail, about February 9th for Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. Elder Barmore will return to Myrtle Point in time to be in attendance at the Latter Day Saints conference that will be held here about February 12th. Following the conference a series of religious services will be held at the Latter Day Saint's church in which Elder John W. Rushton and possibly other speakers from the outside will take part. During the absence of Mr. Barmore, Elder A. A. Baker of Bridge and Priest Frank Dygart of this city will conduct the preaching services at the Saints Church.—Myrtle Point Enterprise.

New York, N. Y.—Henry Trolter a chauffeur, was arrested on charge of forgery. In order to make good the amount he obtained, he went to a hospital and sold a pint of his blood for \$15. The blood saved the life of Miss Sarah Wilson.

The Dignity of Labor

A Story Showing Its Change In Half a Century

By JOHN Y. LARNED

During the past half century a great change has come over what we call the dignity of labor—not that labor is a more honorable calling than formerly, but it is so regarded. In America we took originally our ideas concerning trade and labor from England, where neither was then regarded as a fit occupation for a gentleman. Fifty years ago one might not in America sell goods at retail and maintain a first class social position. The daughters of gentlemen and ladies could not earn money without being taboo by persons of their own set.

Today our merchants and social princes are retailers. The daughters of well to do persons prefer to work rather than wait for husbands, and many a young man with a taste for mechanics prefers to make his start in the machine shop rather than in the counting room.

Nevertheless snobbery has not died out. It will never die, filling its ranks mostly from the get-rich-quick element. Modern high social life is a combination of refined persons and snobs. For the snobs nothing is quite good enough. Refined men think little of taking off their coats and doing a bit of carpenter work about their homes. Their wives are every day coming more and more to dispense with hired help.

One August day a young man knocked at the door of Mrs. Bradbury, who lived in a small town called Glendale, situated in a beautiful valley, and said to her:

"I am looking for a place to spend a month in which to regain health impaired from overwork. I have been told that if I can get you to take me in I will be very pleasantly situated."

The lady looked the young man over and consented to take him to board and treat him, if he so wished, as a member of her family. He gave his name as Charles Treat, but concerning his antecedents or his occupation said nothing. The accepting of Mr. Treat as a member of the family meant more to him than would at first appear. Glendale society was more than usually pleasant, and Mrs. Bradbury, whose ancestors had been its leaders in former times, though she was now poor, retained her membership. Many good men and women had of late years been admitted to social companionship, but the snob had not been kept out. Nevertheless Glendale social life was sufficiently progressive to take persons for their intrinsic worth.

For the first week of his sojourn in Glendale Charles Treat divided his day between sitting on Mrs. Bradbury's porch and taking walks in the country round about. Then Mrs. Bradbury, finding that he was growing impatient to get back to work, suggested that he would be better satisfied to remain if he had some companionship and offered to introduce him to the young men and young women of the place. Treat consented and became a member of the younger social circle of Glendale.

There were tennis courts there, in which those devoted to outdoor sports gathered, and Treat found the game both attractive and of advantage to his health. He was well liked, though not what is called popular. Popular young men and women in society are usually ephemeral. Unless they have sterling qualities they are liable to drop out of the esteem in which they are held, taking a back seat. Among the more refined young men and women Treat was considered an equal; among those whose parents had recently got rich he found little favor. They required some information as to what was his occupation, and he did not seem inclined to gratify their curiosity.

Treat took more especially to tennis than to the other methods of recreation. He played a good game, though at the time, his health having been impaired by overwork, he did not play a strong one. It was noticed that he was dreamy—that is, he was liable to be thinking of something else than what he was doing. On several occasions while at tennis, struck by a sudden thought while a ball was to be sent back, he would let it go by without seeing it. This was not acceptable to his partner when he had one and gained him the name of "woodgatherer." One of the young men who noticed this idiosyncrasy declared that Treat was either mad or a genius, adding that geniuses were part lunatic and, after all, there was not much difference between the two. But the others would not agree to this.

In these days wealth counts for so much those possessing it naturally become social leaders. Among the young ladies of Glendale was Miss Martha Broadnax, whose father had made a great deal of money in manufacturing bones into fertilizing material. Miss Broadnax, being able to entertain more lavishly than any of the young women in Glendale, naturally fell into the position of leader of the younger set. About the time that Mrs. Bradbury introduced Charles Treat this young woman had begun to assume the right to pass upon any person who was received within the circle. Not having been consulted as to Treat's rank

she was not especially gracious to him. When asked for a reason for not approving of him she said that no one knew anything about him. He might be a plumber; he might be a "counter jumper;" he might be a carpenter. Since Miss Broadnax's father had made his money out of the bones of rotting animals the strictures involved in her denunciation of these occupations did not come with good grace.

A certain Miss MacKnight, whose father had been a judge on the bench, on hearing of Miss Broadnax's remarks said that the world had improved in its estimate of persons in separating those of refinement from their occupations; that it was possible for a plumber, a "counter jumper" or a carpenter to be a gentleman and to engage in the manufacture of fertilizing material.

This bit of repartee was appreciated by those of the old school who were not especially pleased with Miss Broadnax's assumption of the right to turn down persons on account of their occupations. However, Miss Broadnax from her own standpoint won a signal victory.

One day an automobile drew up in haste in front of Mrs. Bradbury's house. Mr. Treat got out, hustled into the car and was carried away. It so happened that Miss Broadnax was passing Mrs. Bradbury's at the time in her limousine and, seeing the departure of Mr. Treat, took it into her head that he had been carried away by a plain clothes policeman. Resolving to make sure of the matter, she ordered her chauffeur to follow.

Twenty miles from Glendale the auto containing Treat drew up at a large factory. The young man alighted and entered one of the buildings. Miss Broadnax drove up to the office and, introducing herself as a daughter of Peter Broadnax, the great manufacturer of fertilizing material, asked to be shown through the works. Her application was granted with alacrity, and during her inspection she caught sight of Charles Treat in a pair of overalls bending over a machine.

"Greasy mechanic!" she exclaimed to herself. "I knew there was something the matter with him. If he isn't a criminal he's a common laborer, and that's not much better." So Miss Broadnax was driven back to Glendale and the next day gave out that whatever the others of the social circle did in the premises she would no longer countenance Mr. Treat.

There was a time when her statement that she had discovered that a member of the social circle of Glendale worked in overalls in a factory would have been sufficient to eject him. In the twentieth century there is a broader view of such matters. Mr. Treat was not turned down by his associates, but was treated by different ones in different ways. He returned to them in a few days without mentioning where he had been and soon noticed that something had happened. Some of his former associates scarcely noticed him, some treated him as usual, and he noticed that Miss MacKnight was unusually cordial.

No one felt obliged to tell Mr. Treat he had been tracked to a factory and had been seen in overalls, and since he was ignorant of this fact some time was required for him to realize that he was among certain persons persona non grata. Naturally Miss MacKnight's cordial treatment of him drew him to her, he supposing that he was attractive to her. The young lady, unwilling that he should mistake the cause of the favor she showed him, finally told him the story of Miss Broadnax following him to the factory, which explained the coolness shown him by certain members of the social circle.

Treat held his ground in Glendale till the last of August, when he departed, and a few days later every one of his associates there received an invitation to inspect a new cannon he had invented at the Duckworth Arms company on an early day in September, the day after Labor day. It was the Duckworth Arms company's factory where Mr. Treat had been seen in overalls.

Naturally the announcement that Treat was an inventor and had perfected—as he had done his own workmanship—a new cannon created quite a stir in the Glendale social circle. There were girls in that circle who were looking out to marry an establishment and would be only too glad to marry a man in overalls if he were a successful inventor made rich by his inventions. As to the young men, they had long passed beyond the narrow ideas of their forefathers, and there was not one of them who would not gladly have stepped into the shoes of a man who was capable of even trying to invent a gun.

The invitation was generally accepted, the only girl declining being Miss Broadnax, she not having the face to put in an appearance. They were received by Treat in a private room in which he had worked out his gun scheme, and before taking them to view his gun he made them a little address, in which he gave a brief account of his struggles as an inventor, assuring them that had he not been educated as a mechanic he could not have succeeded, since a practical knowledge of mechanics was involved in his work.

He then led them into a foundry building in which the gun was set up. There he explained to them that at the breaking out of the European war he had been engaged in inventing a new cannon and had been endeavoring to interest the United States government in it, but had failed. Since then he had induced the war department to furnish the means to construct the gun, which they saw before them. He then gave them a demonstration of its workings.

Treat's gun has lately been proved successful and a large order given for its manufacture. It is said that he is engaged to marry Miss MacKnight.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

C. R. WADE
Lawyer
BANDON, OREGON

DR. H. L. HOUSTON
Physician & Surgeon
Office in First National Bank building. Hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 1:30 to 7:30 p. m.; 7 to 8 in the evening.
BANDON, OREGON

DR. SMITH J. MANN
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Office in Ellingson Building. Hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.
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DR. L. P. SORENSEN
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LODGE DIRECTORY

Masonic.
Bandon Lodge, No. 130, A. F. & M. Stated communications first Friday after the full moon each month. Special communication Master Masons cordially invited.
W. A. LeGORE, W. M.
C. E. BOWMAN, Sec.

Eastern Star.
Occidental Chapter, No. 46, O. E. S. meets Friday evenings before and after stated communications at Masonic lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.
JULIA PAPE, W. M.
MARY GALLIER, Secretary

I. O. O. F.
Bandon Lodge, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
GEO. H. SMITH, Secretary.
L. I. WHEELER, W. M.

Rebekah
Queen Rebekah Lodge, No. 126, I. O. O. F. meets second and fourth Tuesdays at I. O. O. F. hall. Visiting members cordially invited.
MARY C. BARROWS, Secretary
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Hotel Bandon

AMERICAN PLAN \$1.00 and \$1.50 per day.
European Plan, rooms 50c, 75c & \$1 per day
Eaton & Rease, Props.

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\$1.50 a year

Did You Know?

That the dealer or agent who advertises but not in the Recorder thus indicates that he is indifferent to your trade.

That you can not expect to deal to advantage with one who does not care for your patronage.