

## THE NEW MACADAM.

How Road Builders Have Improved on Scotchman's Idea.

### IDEAL HIGHWAY NECESSITIES

Careful Grading, Good Drainage, Substantial Foundation and a Wearing Surface Necessary For the Up to Date Macadamized Road.

In a recent speech on the construction and maintenance of macadam roads Austin K. Fletcher, secretary of the Massachusetts highway commission, said:

Macadam's road is a thing of the past. In fact, the road of the kind built by the Scotchman John Loudon Macadam and named in his honor has been obsolete in this country for some time.

Macadam knew nothing of machine broken stone, and he did not dream that a broken stone roadway could be made as smooth as a billiard table by the use of steam road rollers.

In these days when we speak of a macadam road we mean a road with the following characteristics:

A road with easy gradients, usually not exceeding a five foot rise in 100 feet of length.

A road with drainage appliances so perfect that substantially no water reaches the broken stone from below.

A road with a foundation consisting of either the natural soil, if suitable otherwise of artificially placed gravel or unbroken stone, so that the foundation with the superimposed broken stone will have sufficient strength to distribute over the underlying soil any load to which the road is likely to be subjected.

A road with a wearing surface of two or more layers of broken stone, small in size, those at the bottom usually not more than two and one-half inches in diameter and those at the top generally varying from one and one-quarter inches to one-half inch.



BEAUTIFUL STRETCH OF MACADAMIZED ROADWAY.

[From Good Roads Magazine, New York.]

In diameter, each course or layer carefully spread, uniform in depth and rolled thoroughly with a steam road roller before the next course is placed. By this process, the rolling being done on thin layers, the stones become thoroughly compacted and the void spaces or interstices between the stones are largely eliminated. The final process consists in spreading over the surface of the upper layer of broken stone a thin covering of the screenings which result from the machine breaking of the stones and which contain a considerable proportion of the dust, then flushing or grouting the screenings into such voids as remain between the broken stone and rolling the road with the steam roller.

So far as the treatment of macadam roads is concerned, the remedy seems to be in the application of protective coats or coverings of a bituminous nature.

Before any of the bituminous materials are applied it is essential that the road surface be evened up and patched where necessary, rolled and swept clean of all dust. The bituminous materials are then applied hot to the road surface by means of spraying machines or gravity distributors or by hand in quantities varying from one-quarter to three-quarters of a gallon to the square yard and immediately covered evenly with sand, fine gravel or broken stone screenings.

The annual maintenance will be merely the cost of renewing the covering, probably from 4 cents to 5 cents per square yard per annum. By this method no wear whatever will take place on the broken stone, and in a sense that portion of the ordinary macadam road which takes the wear will thereafter be only a foundation for the bituminous wearing coat.

The protective coat referred to would probably be inadequate for traffic, and the introduction of bituminous binders into the voids between the broken stones would be necessary.

A good deal of work of this sort is being done now in an experimental way by mixing the bituminous material with the broken stone before it is placed on the roadway or by grouting the bituminous material into the spaces between and around the broken stone after it has been placed and partially rolled.

The cost of the ordinary macadam road is probably from 20 to 50 cents per square yard, and the roadway will require a protective covering at least as often as once in two years. It would be economical to rely upon the protective covering and to omit the bituminous material from the voids between the stone while the traffic remains as at present.

## IN PLAIN ATTIRE.

By BERTHA STONE.  
[Copyright, 1925, by American Press Association.]

The train rolled out of the station, rattled on the rails through the environs of the city and was steaming out over hill and dale when a slam of the door warned the passengers that the conductor was coming. Every man instinctively felt for his ticket.

A little man rather shabbily dressed went through all his pockets successively without finding what he wanted. He continued his search till the conductor reached him, when he said:

"Conductor, I have either been relieved of or have lost my pocketbook with all my money and my ticket in it. If you will pass me I'll see to it at the end of the journey that you receive the fare."

The conductor looked coldly at the shabby man and replied:  
"I must have your fare."  
"But I haven't got it."

"Then you'll have to get off."

He pulled the bell cord. The passenger arose from his seat and was moving slowly to the door when the conductor gave him a succession of pushes to hurry him. The ejected passenger alighted in mud and stood looking after the train as it pulled away from him. The day was bleak, with mingled snow and rain. The ejected passenger walked on the track till he came to a road crossing it, which he followed, at last reaching a farmhouse wet to the skin. There he was kindly received, given hot drinks and put to bed. In the night he awoke with a chill, followed by a fever, and in the morning had developed a serious case of pneumonia. For several weeks he was nursed by the farmer's family, under whose tender care he recovered. Before leaving, having received funds, he offered them compensation, which they declined.

A few days after his departure he called on the general offices of the A. D. & P. railway and asked to see the president. He was required to state his business. He wrote on a slip of paper his message, stating that he had been put off a train on the road on account of having lost his money and ticket. The president wrote on the slip "Referred to general passenger agent." The visitor saw the general passenger agent, who told him that the conductor had only done his duty.

"You mean," said the applicant for redress, "that a railroad is a mechanical contrivance, those who run it are bits of mechanism, and there is no heart in it."

"You've stated the proposition about right," replied the passenger agent. "In other words, might makes right."

"We couldn't run the road to a profit if we passed people over it without pay."

"I'm glad to have the matter explained," said the visitor. "Good morning."

The incident was forgotten by the railroad officials, and the system went on working with the precision of a steam engine.

The A. D. and P. railway received freight and passengers from one main line and delivered them to another, repeating the process vice versa. It was consequently independent and thriving, for it was essential to both its feeders. Suddenly the stock began to act like the float of a fish line, indicating that something was going on below the surface. Then the price commenced to fluctuate. Now it would sink gradually, then suddenly jump up several points. These fluctuations continued for several months, then A. D. and P. stock ceased to attract any attention whatever.

On the first Wednesday in January occurred the annual meeting of the directors. The officers were waiting for the formalities to be disposed of before settling down to their work and their salaries for another term. Suddenly word was flashed through the building as if by telegraph that a block of stock amounting to fifty-five hundredths of the whole had been voted, changing a majority of the directors. Every man rushed to the room where the meeting was in session. The door stood open, and in the excitement of the moment all crowded in. A little man shuffled past them and, standing beside the long table around which the directors were seated, thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, I hold a majority of the stock of this road and therefore am in control."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the general passenger agent. "It's the man who was put off the train."

The speaker continued: "I am a stranger to your city and your ways, having resided all my life in the far west. When coming here I found myself on the A. D. and P. road. Having neither money nor ticket, I was put off the train on a cold day, contracted disease and came near dying. I was informed by the officers of the road that it was a mechanical system set to run in a certain way and without any heart. Having some means and influential connections in the west and noting the value of the A. D. and P. road as a connecting link, I have bought the control for myself and my friends. I do not intend to run it on principles of justice. I don't intend to run it at all. It will be turned over to its feeders—for a profit. It was admitted to me by an officer of the road that might makes right. I have the might. I would be pleased to receive the resignation of every officer from the president down, the same to take effect at once."

A block of the stock bought—on a tip—by the farmer who had sheltered the speculator netted the purchaser a small fortune, which was afterward increased to a big one.

## Humor and Philosophy

By BURCAN M. SMITH

### THE NEW HERO.

THE conquering hero of today is not the man of battle Who wins his fame where chargers foam And muskets loudly rattle. No; 'tis the man who finds a germ And has a weapon handy To neutralize the pesky thing Who now is all the candy.

The hero does not seize a gun And thus fare forth to pillage. He monkeys with the microscope Around the little village, And when he finds a bunch of germs In one small water bubble He feeds them raw formaldehyde And puts them out of trouble.

The hero is the gentleman Who searches distant spaces Ten thousand million miles away And on the stars keeps cases. He looks the comet in the eye In all its glowing splendor And tells it should wear through space A modern street car fender.

'Tis science makes the heroes who Are fit today for framing. The fellows who the elements Of earth and air are taming. Those who in gaudy uniform Stand bravely at attention Will be forgotten when the men Of germs get all the mention.

### Something Lacking.

"Pretty bum joint," said the visitor from the mining camp, looking over the big marble front of the hotel at which he was stopping.

"Costs enough to stay there, doesn't it?" asked his friend.

"No kick on that score."

"Ain't the beds clean and the grub all right?"

"Yes, maybe."

"Then what are you kicking on?"

"Kicking on! Look at all of this pretense, and they ain't a single toothbrush in the rooms!"

### Impartial.

"I didn't know Blinks was so deceitful."

"I didn't know it either."

"Tell you what I saw him doing. Yesterday afternoon he was drinking a Peary cocktail in a saloon, and he went right across the street and accepted an invitation to drink a Cook cocktail."

### Not Timely.

"Canals on Mars are said to be drying up."

"Well, why not?"

"No objection at all, only it seems strange that Mars should dry up just at a time we were expecting it to talk to us."

### The Melancholy.

The melancholy days are come, As some one said before, And every man must hustle some To fill the bin once more.

The hammock's all forsaken now; The fan no longer jerks. We don't care a nickel how The soda fountain works.

For frozen, iced and cooling things We've lost our appetite And broadly grin when mother brings The soup that's seasoned right.

The brisk mosquito's solo shrill Has lost its fearsome sound. The merry laugh we'll give him till Another year comes round.

### Possible Aid.

"So Charley has proposed to you."

"Yes."

"Was it much of an effort for him?"

"Why, of course not."

"I was just wondering if he did it naturally or if you had to chloroform him."

### Double Fall.

"I fell in love with him at first sight."

"How romantic!"

"But I fell out again."

"How is that?"

"Used a little second sight."

### Some Comfort.

"I hear he is a race track fiend."

"He plays the races in his sleep."

"That must be very annoying."

"No; it is the only time he wins."

### No Cheap Aviator.

Come, pretty maiden, fly with me To regions of delight.

"Go chase yourself," she calmly said, "You're not a Wilbur Wright."

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

In the game of life honesty and truth are often found in the discard.

Too many men have faith in the other fellow's money.

Many a man likes to play the fool who hates to get caught at it.

People who can't make anything else are sometimes master hands at making failures.

With dollars and sense a man can get anywhere.

There may be good in everything, but if so it sticks close in some instances so that you never would guess it.

Wisdom has its price and always exacts it.

Gossip has survived the centuries and been sanctioned by custom. What more does it lack to make it respectable?

## Woman's World

RUTH ST. DENIS.

### The American Girl Who Has Charmed Europe With Her Indian Dances.

After an absence of two years Ruth St. Denis is again in this country bewitching her audiences with her wonderful Indian dances. A few years ago begging for work in New York city, today the most courted and talked of performer before kings and queens on the western hemisphere—that, in brief, is the story of Ruth St. Denis, once of New Jersey, now Rhada, a dancer in extraordinary to the court circles of Vienna. This remarkable young woman believes that she is a reincarnated East Indian princess, and she has made the artistic and theological circles of continental Europe believe with her.

Less than thirty years ago in the town of Passaic, N. J., a little daughter was born to the house of Dennis. The mother came of stern New England stock; the father was an Englishman fond of travel, with a touch of wanderlust, a strong imagination, but little practical energy. From the time Ruth Dennis could read she pored over fairy tales, folklore and books of travel. When other girls were curling their hair and going to sociables in the village Ruth was dipping into theosophy and occult science. With the full sympathy of her mother this talented girl went to New York city, and, changing her name to St. Denis—pronouncing it in the French fashion—she drifted into the Belasco fold, where she remained five years.

David Belasco did not mark her as one having special talent. Night after night she played with Mrs. Carter, and



MISS ST. DENIS AS THE NAUTCH GIRL, during the morning when there were no rehearsals or matinees Ruth St. Denis sat in the libraries reading or explored the dim corners of old New York until she reached the heart of its East Indian settlement. And every penny which could be wrested from keeping up the appearance of the Denis apartment went to pay for dancing lessons, but no one could give her an insight into the dancing of India. One day while walking along the street she saw in the window of a cigar store a huge poster of an East Indian dancer. She rushed into the store and begged the picture. Like a flash the key to the dance she was working upon spread out before her mental vision in that one glimpse of the peculiar pose of the dancing girl. Now began the great struggle in which Ruth St. Denis sought all who might serve her purpose, from the fortune hunters at Coney Island to an apostate Buddhist priest hiding in the eastern colony. She posed for artists, and Edmund Russell, the artist and authority on East Indian lore, when success came to her planned her scenery, her costumes and her jewels. When funds were low she even entered a bicycle race and won a hundred dollar prize for riding.

When her dances had taken definite form a new problem faced her—there was no one sufficiently versed in Indian lore to make her costumes. So she set to work herself. She also learned to hammer the metal and set the gems she was obliged to use in her dancing costumes.

When her makeup was complete she trafficked from manager to manager until at last she encountered one who was giving a series of trial matinees of various sorts. He told her to bring down her stuff and go through her turn on the stage. When she left the stage door it was as Rhada, and the manager sent her abroad, where she began her phenomenal success in a series of dances presented by the names of "The Perda," "The Street," "The Palace," "The Forest" and "The Temple" respectively.

In "The Perda," an Indian word meaning a curtain, the dance is called the spirit of incense, and the curling of the smoke suggested to Miss St. Denis the peculiar rippling movements of the arms which are characteristic of this dance. In "The Street" scene Miss St. Denis gives a marvelous exhibition of the movements of the cobras that are being charmed. Her interpretation of the nautch girl dancing in the dancing hall of a rajah is a graceful and beautiful performance. "The Forest" introduces the dance of the Yogi, the Indian ascetic, who seeks the solitude of the jungle in order to meditate and practice his devotional exercises. The last dance on the program, "The Temple," is the one through which Miss St. Denis is widely known as the Indian temple dancer.

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