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TUESDAY, January 16, 1912

Anti-trust Cry Is Mockery. The Real Remedy Ignored. Nation to Be Indigent

By JAMES J. HILL, the Railroad King of the Northwest

GREAT BUSINESS, PARTICULARLY IN RAILROAD OPERATION, IS AT A STANDSTILL BECAUSE SO MANY IMPORTANT BUSINESS INTERESTS ARE EITHER UNDER FIRE OR APPREHENSIVE OF ASSAULT.

Nearly all the outcry against corporate wealth is for political effect rather than MORAL REFORM. The proof is the simplicity and effectiveness of the real remedy, which is NOT APPLIED.

The trusts will vanish when they are compelled to show that every dollar of their capital stock has been paid for in CASH or PROPERTY and LABOR at a FAIR VALUATION.

Examine the political nostrums now most talked of as saviors of society, humane in intent though many of them be, and it will be found that they all involve the continued expenditure of large sums of money to be collected by taxation. The men who pay these taxes are the holders of property. The men who vote these expenditures are the taxpayers plus that considerably more numerous body of electors who either pay no taxes or a share so inconsiderable that its increase or decrease is not felt; hence a CONSTANTLY INCREASING DISPOSITION in the nation and the states to change the distribution of wealth by legislation.

The end of such a system may be delayed, but it is NOT DOUBTFUL. Capital is exhausted and is not renewed. The motive vanishes. The public is educated to REFUSE WORK, to SPEND EXCESSIVELY, to look to the state as the cow that can keep everybody supplied with all the milk he may want indefinitely. NATIONAL

APPROACHES.

How They Gained Time

Two Lovers Managed Their Affair Diplomatically

By JANET LITTLETON

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Elmer Worthington, a banker of both financial and social prominence, called his daughter Mabel into his private waiting room and said to her:

"My dear, I am very much troubled at having seen you walking with this actor, who seems to have thrust himself upon you."

"You are mistaken, papa, in assuming that Mr. Deane has thrust himself upon me."

"Well, he is an actor, and I wish you to understand that no actor is welcome in my house."

"The profession of the stage is an artistic calling, and I consider it above buying and selling merchandise or lending money. But you are not right in assuming that Mr. Deane is an actor. He was an actor, but is now a playwright, which means that he is a member of the literary profession. He is the son of a gentleman, has received

showed him the affair had gone further than he had supposed. Mr. Worthington was not a man to give an order without taking pains to insure its being carried out. He did not sit down calmly, relying upon his daughter, on reflection, obeying him, nor did he assume that if she persisted in her infatuation he could prevent her. He hired a detective to watch Mr. Deane and report to him if the actor were ever again seen in Mabel's company, after which drastic measures would be taken.

It was not long before the detective reported that Deane and Miss Worthington were seen sitting side by side at a matinee. The meeting was reported to the banker, who told his daughter that he had heard of her disobedience to his order and if she defied him again he would send her away where she would have no opportunity to see the actor. A clandestine meeting took place soon after this, in which Mabel told her lover of her father's threat, which she knew he would make good.

The same evening she had an interview with her father, in which she told him that he must look to Mr. Deane to fulfill his orders. If the playwright joined her he did it on his own responsibility, and her father must call him and not her to account for such action. This was something of a relief to the parent, who would rather deal with a man than a woman, even if that woman were his own daughter. He did not doubt that Mabel would assist her lover rather than her father in any contest that might arise between the two, but he considered himself a match for both.

Within a fortnight his detective reported that the lovers had been seen together. Mr. Worthington spoke to his daughter about the matter and asked her if it were true. She replied that, as she had informed him, he must settle all such questions with Mr. Deane and she had nothing to say.

"Very well," replied her father. "I shall write Mr. Deane that if he again thrusts himself upon you I shall take such means as I think proper in the premises."

Mabel left him without a word, and he knew that the fight with the playwright was on. He sent the note, as he informed his daughter he would, and received a courteous reply, as follows:

My Dear Sir—If your informant on the day and hour of this alleged meeting had passed my house in A., the suburb in which I live when at home, and looked up at my study window he would have seen me diligently engaged at my work, which was on that occasion putting in the dialogue of a play the scenario of "No." I stammered. "I never did."

"Then you don't know the terror there is in waves. We know, don't we?"

He looked down at the girl of whom he asked the question, and she replied with a look of dread and by clinging closer to him.

"We were bathing," the man continued. "The waves were running high, and we had been advised not to go in. The beach was shelving and the undertow strong. Both good swimmers, we delighted in buffeting the huge rollers, and when women and children were dancing in the shallow

foam or a few clinging to the rope, squatting to let an expended breaker sprinkle their shoulders, we walked hand in hand out to meet the advancing monsters, at first turning sideways to let them pass us, then jumping above them and at last diving under them. In this way we got beyond their white manes and swam, now buoyed up toward the sky and now lowered toward the bottom of sand.

"Oh, the exhilaration of sporting on the monster's backs! They were our playfellows, tossing us like friendly giants, whose laugh is a roar. We swam side by side on our chests, on our sides, on our backs, under the surface. Why should we fear our enormous comrades? When they threw us up we knew that they would break our fall when we came down, as a strong man will catch a child.

"But, when I looked and saw that we were drifting, suddenly I became conscious that the billows would not help us back. It was then that their merciless nature first struck me. We stopped our play and struck out for the shore. But we gained nothing against the current setting seaward. Then you, darling, became frightened. I strove to encourage you. I assisted you with one arm, while I swam with the other. When we rose upon a wave we could see that our danger was known to those on the beach. The bathing master had plunged in and was coming for us, while others were trying to launch a boat. But the bathing master could not reach us. Now and again, despite my support, you sank beneath the surface; then all grew black."

He ceased, while the two clung to each other as if they were again sinking under their playfellows, whose merciless nature they had not understood till their own welfare came in conflict with their inorganic force.

"But you were saved at last?" I gasped, shuddering. "The boat reached you and took you in?"

There was no reply. The couple passed on, moving in that same undulating motion with which they had approached. I watched them till they turned to ascend the cemetery hill. Then the moon seemed to go under a black cloud and—

It was near dawn when I felt a shake and something hot pouring down my throat. Then I knew that I was being chafed. I was lifted up, rugs were put about me, and I was placed in some sort of conveyance, for I heard the sound of wheels and felt a jolting. Now and again liquor was poured down my throat till the vehicle stopped and I was carried into a warm room, and hot water bags were placed beside me. Then I opened my eyes and saw that I was at home.

As soon as I was able to talk I was asked how and why I had collapsed on the road. Had I been struck, had I felt illness coming on?

It is difficult for me to explain that, shrinking from giving the true cause of my breakdown. Was it a dread of being considered insane? Did I fear insanity myself? Was it the result of nervous weakness? Was it a dislike to talk about my frightful experience? All these causes were mingled. The only reason I gave was that I had been walking on the road and supposed I must have received a stroke.

But a physician declared he could not find that any portion of my physical makeup had given way. The only danger I had incurred was that of freezing. My dog had gone home without me and barked at the door. My brother, hearing him, had got up to let me in, supposing that I had left my night key at home. When he opened the door the dog ran away, barking, now and again running back to the house, then starting on. My brother, realizing that the dog was trying to persuade him to follow, put on his coat and hat and was conducted to me, lying on the road. I was nearly frozen.

Within a few hours after my arrival at home I was as well as ever—that is, bodily. Mentally I had received a shock. Those about me, seeing that I did not wish to be questioned about the cause of my trouble, refrained.

One day I heard that the bodies of a young man and a young woman who had been drowned during the previous season had been recovered. They had been thrown in a sort of cove during a storm and were found so tightly locked in each other's arms that they were separated with difficulty. They were taken to the cemetery on the hill and buried there.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight. The discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this communication unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new science may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

Doria, the Sea Rover.

Doria palace, in Genoa, where Verdi lived at one time, is little associated in these days with the sea rover who gave the palace his name. Andrea Doria, supposed to have been a native of Genoa, fought against his country in the service of Francis I. of France. Subsequently he deserted the French and went over to the Spanish-Austrian party, thereby checking the progress of French arms in Italy. He drove the French out of Genoa in 1528 and was made doge, or chief magistrate.

Death in Roaring Fire
may not result from the work of fire bugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest, surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It subdues inflammation. It kills pain. It heals and soothes. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at all druggists.

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Notice For Publication.
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
January 3, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that John N. Luke of Bandon, Oregon, who, on February 2, 1909, made Homestead entry Serial, No. 04214, for Lot 1, Section 1, Township 30, S. R. 15 W., and lots 3 and 4, Section 6, Township 30, S. Range 14 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. R. Wade, United States Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 23 day of February, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses: H. P. Clausen, R. W. Engler, R. Hemple, and James Adams, all of Bandon, Oregon.

1-12 BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register.

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Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are requested to notify this office on election of officers and on change of meeting night. Cards under this head are 75c per inch per month.

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M.
MEETS First and Third Tuesdays of each month at 8th street at the Bandon Wigwam. Sojourning Chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
A. J. Hartman, J. C. Shields, C. of R. Schem.

W. O. W.
Keep the logs rolling boys!
SEASIDE CAMP NO. 212, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.
Meets First and Third Thursdays. Visiting Neighbors welcomed.
C. M. Gage, C. C.
H. E. Boak, Secretary

Masonic.
BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.
W. E. Craine, W. M.
Phil Pearson, Secretary

Eastern Star
OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S. meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.
Louise M. Boyle, W. M.
Merta Mehl, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.
BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
Wm. Lundquist, N. G.
S. A. McAllister, Secretary.

Knights of Pythias
DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.
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B. N. Harrington K. of R. S.

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C. Y. LOWE,
Bandon, Oregon.



SAW IN HIM HIS WOULD BE SON-IN-LAW, had a college education and went on the stage for a short time in order to prepare himself for the work of writing plays.

"Playwright or actor, his associations are not our associations, and I'll have none of him. Don't let me hear of your ever being seen in his company again."

There was a rebellious fire in the girl's eyes as she left her father that