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Bandon Recorder

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by the

Recorder Publishing Company

C. E. KOPF L. J. BUTTERFIELD

Subscription, \$1.50 per Year in Advance. Advertising Rates Made  
Known on Application. Job Printing a Specialty.  
Entered at the Bandon Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

FRIDAY...January 25 1912

God Never Intended Human Beings to Live in Flats

By EDWARD R. PRITCHARD, Secretary of the Chicago Health Department

I AM CONVINCED THAT AN ALL WISE GOD NEVER INTENDED HUMAN BEINGS TO LIVE IN FLATS. A parent who places a child in a flat ENDANGERS ITS HEALTH and ROBS it of a real home. Some flats may be better than others, but ALL ARE BAD.

Marooned

Story of an Automobile Escapade

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"How many miles farther?" yelled Austin above the rushing noise of the big machine.

Moore turned his head and shouted back: "Almost twenty. We lost forty minutes over that picture."

"Let's stop, then," vociferated Austin, and his companion obediently brought the motor to a stop.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Am hungry as a bear. I can't possibly wait until we get to Judson, and there's no certainty of getting a decent meal there, and it's ten miles farther on to Lakelands, and luncheon will be over there. Why not eat now?"

"What shall we eat?" demanded Austin.

"Didn't your man strap on a big hamper just as we were leaving?" was Moore's question.

"Bless my soul, I forget all about that! Of course Duffy would look out for a bite by the wayside." Austin jumped from the car and ran around to the rear. "It's a pipe dream, Billy," he mourned when he came back.

"Nothing doing there."

"Why, I saw it myself," cried Billy, darting around to convince his own eyes. "It's been there. See, the straps are dangling. We must have lost it. There were grief and outraged and unsatisfied hunger in his eyes."

"I believe we did," Austin came back to his seat. "Well, it's the doubtful luncheon at Judson, then. Hurry up, Billy."

"Duffy murmured something about a 'ham an' weat pie' inside that basket," went on Billy Moore in a grievous tone as he flung himself into his seat.

"That's Duffy's long suit. Heatways gets in one of those pies. Oh, but I could eat one now!" Jim Austin started the machine once more on its tearing career. All at once there came a deafening report, and they lurched to a standstill as Austin shut off the power



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, LADIES," SAID AUSTIN HUMBLLY, and looked at his companion. "Marooned!" he cried despairingly. "What shall we do?" "I saw a farmhouse a couple of miles back. Let's walk there and see if we can't get something to eat and then get a haul into Judson," was Moore's quick suggestion, and they followed it. They had walked a half mile on the back track when Billy Moore called his friend's attention to a shaded path just inside the woods. "Let's get out of this sun," he sug-

gested, and they turned into the path.

"What's that?" demanded Jim Austin suddenly.

"Looks like a girl."

"Looks more like two girls," whispered Jim, peering around a tree trunk into a mossy dell, where two white clad forms were sitting on either side of a picnic meal.

"Looks like a lunch—oh, my, but I'm hungry!"

"Move on," said Jim sternly. "Don't cast another glance at those peris yonder, for"— His foot slipped on the smooth, dead leaves, and he made a sudden and ignominious descent down the slope into the mossy dell and almost wrecked the picnic party.

There were two girlish screams, a shout of exasperation from the mortified Austin, and then Billy Moore, shaking with silent laughter, joined them.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," said Austin humbly. "I hope nothing is damaged."

"Not a thing is harmed," said the tallest and prettiest girl, with a charming smile.

"Have you hurt yourself?" asked the other solicitously.

"Not a scratch," declared Jim, although a decidedly bloody scratch rambled down his handsome nose. He mopped it away carelessly.

"We were looking for something to eat," he said awkwardly when the tall girl interrupted demurely: "You came to the right place."

"Oh, Evelyn!" breathed the other girl quickly.

The two motorists lifted their caps and turned reluctantly away. "Our machine broke down, and we were on the back track for the farmhouse, hoping to get something to eat. You see, we lost our lunch basket from the car," explained Billy, with a keen glance at the well appointed wicker hamper lying on the ground.

"There is a great deal more here than we can ever eat," said the tall girl calmly, "so you are quite welcome to lunch with us if you please."

"Oh, Evelyn!" cried the younger girl, with dancing eyes.

Evelyn shook her head in disapproval, and the younger girl subsided into a state of dimpling chuckles that Billy Moore found most alluring.

Without further introduction the four sat down to the excellent luncheon prepared by some careful hand.

"I don't know just what kind of pie this is—meat, I believe," said Evelyn, offering it to Jim Austin as carver of the occasion.

Jim looked solemnly into the depths of the pastry and then announced, "It's an 'am and weat pie, I'm sure!"

"That sounds like one of Mr. Pickwick's luncheons," said Evelyn, quite unruffled. "The fat boy was fond of pies, you know."

"You must have found this hamper a heavy load to carry," remarked Billy Moore mischievously.

"We did find it," returned the self possessed Evelyn. "What is that in the bottle, Dora? Tea?"

Dora had opened one of the thermos bottles and now brought out a bottle of iced tea.

"I think there's coffee in the other one," she said. "Which will you have?"

"Tea," said Evelyn.

"And you?" She looked at Billy from deep hazel eyes.

"Is that tea in—er—those other bottles?" asked Billy slyly.

The two girls blushed hotly. "Why, no. It must have been put in by mistake. I believe—it's champagne," said Evelyn after a little pause.

"Oh, Evelyn!" cried Dora.

"It must have been a mistake," challenged Evelyn, looking severely from one to the other of her guests.

"It must have been," assented Jim Austin, bowing with grave courtesy.

"Of course," added Billy Moore. "You better throw them away, Dora," said Evelyn.

"Oh, no—er—of course!" stammered Billy, sinking back into the seat from which he had suddenly arisen.

"Permit me, Miss Dora," said Jim, with heavy politeness, and, taking the two offending bottles from Dora's pretty hands, he tossed them up the incline toward the road. "There!" he ejaculated triumphantly as he returned to his seat.

"But surely somebody will find them," remonstrated Dora. "I was going to throw them into the deep

thicket, away from temptation." "We will remove them from temptation when we go away," assured Billy Moore warmly, and a little smile ripped the faces of the two girls. "This is a mighty, good pie," commented Jim after they had talked awhile of motoring and other kindred topics. "I tell you there's nobody can make a weat and 'am pie like Duffy." A silence followed this hasty remark. "Was that thunder I heard?" asked Billy, with happy adroitness. "A hay wagon," said Evelyn promptly. "A possible tow for the machine," suggested Jim. "We"— "Perhaps it's our car," said Dora suddenly. "Evelyn, I do believe they have come back for us." "No; they would blow the horn," said Evelyn. "Let us finish this repast and go forth to meet them." "I hope you will permit us to carry your hamper as far as the road," said Jim as they concluded the meal. "Certainly," said Evelyn carelessly, and then, after a hurried whispered consultation with Dora, she said with less assurance: "I really don't know what to do with this basket. You see, we found it!" "Found it? Where?" "Out in the road here." "Then it isn't your lunch basket," said Billy Moore. "Never saw it before," said Evelyn. "We were with a party when our machine broke down, and they went back to the farm for repairs and lunch and left us here, where it is cool. We saw the hamper lying beside the road, and as we were tired of waiting and quite hungry we tackled it. Perhaps it is yours," she said, as if suddenly enlightened.

"I wonder!" ejaculated Billy.

"I knew Duffy's pie," asserted Jim Austin.

"And I recognized the tablecloth," said Billy.

"And you knew all along it was yours?"

"Of course."

"Why didn't you say so, then? I did think we were puzzling you," said Evelyn, with chagrin. "Now we must thank you for your hospitality. The luncheon was delicious."

"Yes, indeed," chirruped Dora. "There is our car. We must go." And they fled, followed by the two stranded motorists, who had, after all, partaken of their own luncheon under most delightful circumstances.

"By cricky!" shouted Jim Austin.

"They all looked at the big touring car drawn up near their path, where several curious faces peered forth at them. "Lillie!" cried Jim Austin, making a dive for his sister.

"Of course this is the Lakeland car," explained Lillie Austin to her brother when they were all bowling along, with the injured machine towing behind.

"Those girls? Sisters—now—oh, dear, I do believe that fascinating Billy Moore will teach Dora to say something else besides 'Oh, Evelyn!'"

ROMANCE OF A SHOVEL

An Idea That Won a Fortune For a Railway Laborer.

The simplest labor saving device may quite possibly be worth a fortune. One day a good many years ago a number of men were at work on the roadbed of a line of railway in course of construction between Birmingham and Manchester. They were cutting through a hill and moving the material by loosening it with picks, shovelling it into barrows and wheeling it away. The shovels they were using were known as Irish shovels, with a square cornered blade about fifteen inches long. The work progressed but slowly, and the subcontractor in charge rebuked his workmen for not making quicker progress. One of them replied that if he would grind off the corners of the shovels it would be easier to get them into the earth, and, consequently, they would be able to work more quickly.

The contractor ridiculed the idea, which he considered a piece of insolence on the part of the workman, but the navy was quite in earnest and not easily discouraged. When the work was completed he discussed the matter with a friend of his at Sheffield, who persuaded an ironmonger he knew to make a dozen or so as an experiment. The tools were offered to a large contractor, who promised to let some of his men use the new shovels and report results.

About a week afterward the contractor returned with the information that his men were fairly quarrelling as to who should use the new tools, some arriving to work a quarter of an hour before time in order to be there first when the tool box was opened. The navy's suggestion had proved a good one. A patent was secured and an agreement made between the navy, the manufacturer and the contractor. When the navy died he left a fortune of over £65,000, the proceeds from royalties on the manufacture of shovels under his patent.—Pearson's Weekly.

He Needed a Secretary.

Dugan is one of the best engine drivers on the road; but, like many another "old timer," he is much bothered by the multiplicity of reports which the modern order of administration compels him to write out. Recently he took over, as his seniority in the service entitled him to do, one of the big runs and was very proud. But before long a cloud began to show itself on his usually tranquil brow.

"What's the matter?" a crosby asked him. "Don't the new run suit you?"

"Not very well," answered Dugan gloomily. "I've had it three weeks and I'm six months behind with the correspondence already."—Youth's Companion.

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. Ensign, 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 run at the Bandon Wigwam. Sojourning Chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
A. J. Hartman, J. C. Shields, C. of R. Sachelm.

**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.  
Mertha 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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