

# Bandon Recorder

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FRIDAY.....May 31 1912

## SHIP CARVING.

An Art That Went Out With the Old Wooden Warships.

An almost forgotten profession is that of ship carving. For many centuries, down to the beginning of the nineteenth, the ornamentation of vessels, especially men of war, was profuse, intricate and florid. The carving on the United States line of battle ship America, launched in 1782 and presented to France, will give some idea of the extent to which this was carried.

The figurehead was a female figure crowned with laurel representing America. The right arm was raised, pointing to heaven. On the left arm was a bucker with a blue ground carrying thirteen stars. On the stern of the ship under the cabin windows appeared two large figures in bas-relief representing "Tyranny" and "Oppression" bound and bleeding on the ground. On the back of the starboard quarter was a large figure of "Mars." On the highest part of the stern appeared "Wisdom" and above her head an owl.

Philadelphia furnished not only the greatest ship designer in the United States, but also the best ship carver in the world, William Rush. In this field he was without a rival, and to a wonderful technical skill he added an artistic sense of beauty and genius for composition.

He was the first carver to give an idea of life and motion to a ship's figurehead. Each of his figureheads was either the folklike representation of a person or some symbolic conception expressed in exquisite carving. His most noted productions were "Nature" for the Constellation, the "Genius of the United States" for the frigate of that name and "The River God" for the East India ship Ganges. These figureheads were nine feet high and could be removed for repair or in action.—Harper's Weekly.

## A SARTORIAL TRAGEDY.

The Lady Accepted a Flower and Lost Her Beautiful Figure.

In London Truth of March 8, 1877, Henry Labouchere told this story of a toilet calamity due to the feminine fashion of those days:

At a dinner party given lately in Paris one lady was remarked above all others for the elegance of her figure and the perfection of her toilet. During the *repas* quart d'heure before dinner she was surrounded by a host of admirers, and one less bashful than the rest ventured to offer her the flower from his buttonhole. It was accepted, but as the "princess robe" worn by the graceful creature was laced behind it was necessary to fasten the flower to the front of her dress with a pin. The operation was successfully performed, and the fair lady was led in to dinner by the donor of the flower. They were hardly seated when he heard a curious sound like the gentle sighing of the wind, and on turning toward his partner he saw with horror that the lovely figure was getting "small by degrees and beautifully less." The rounded form had disappeared before the soup was over, and long before the first entrée the once creaseless garment hung in great folds about a scraggy framework. It seems that the newest dresses for "slight" ladies are made with air tight linings and inflated until the required degree of embonpoint is attained. The unfortunate lady mentioned above had forgotten this detail when she fastened the fatal flower to her bosom with a pin; hence the collapse.

## A City of the Dead.

Bath, from which city Dickens carried away the immortal names of Pickwick and Snodgrass, holds relics of the master. His tobacco jar and beer jug are still piously preserved at the Saracen's Head. But, though Dickens wrote gloriously of Bath, he never really liked the place.

"Lander's ghost goes along the silent streets here before me," he writes in *ISIS*. "The place looks to me like a cemetery which the dead have succeeded in rising and taking. Having built streets of their old grave-stones, they wander about, scarcely trying to 'look alive.' A dead failure."

## Read Only Women Authors.

Misandry occasionally has its uses. A Russian lady, Mme. Kalissovoff, who died in 1901 in St. Petersburg, would not allow any book written by a man to enter her house. She was, however, a voracious reader and wealthy enough to satisfy her cravings in this direction. On her death her library was found to contain nearly 18,000 volumes, all written by women. This was said at the time to be the most extensive collection of this kind ever formed.

## Banzai.

The word "banzai" is the Japanese cry of joy, victory or applause. It is the equivalent of the English "hurrah," the French "vive" and the German "hoch." The word received its first marked prominence in our part of the

world during the Russo-Japanese war, throughout which historic struggle it was heard on many triumphant deeds.

## Great Expectations.

"Your son appears to be a young man of great expectations."

"Yes. He puts in his spare time writing speeches which he will have to deliver at the laying of cornerstones when he becomes president."—Chicago Record-Herald

## Mean.

"He tried to kiss me. I can't understand it."

"Neither can I, dear."

"You call!"—Pearson's Weekly.

## SPOTS ON THE SUN

They Indicate the Aging of Our Orb of Life and Light.

## THE GREAT SOLAR TRAGEDY.

A Grim Play In Which the "Star" is Fighting For Existence, Has Absolutely No Chance to Win and Whose Death Means the End of the World.

Life is a tragedy, the earth a stage, men and women the actors, the "gods" the audience. Some pessimists believe that this great play of life is more comic than tragic in the opinion of the spectators.

However this may be, there is another, vastly greater, tragedy of life at which man himself is an onlooker, although, unfortunately, his own ultimate fate is bound up with the denouement of the play.

It is the life drama of the solar system. Its chief actor is the sun, and men are beginning to rub their eyes and wipe the specks from their glasses as they perceive more and more plainly indications that the "star" of the play is aging.

The fact is becoming only too clear that for him this is no sport, but real, deadly tragedy. He is not acting a part, but fighting for life. He cannot win; he can only prolong the struggle, and when he falls exhausted the stage, the theater, actors, spectators, pit and galleries will go with him in one universal ruin.

Until recently we were only troubled a little in mind by the sun spots. It was evident that they must cut off some radiation, but the amount appeared to be trifling, and their maxima are far apart, ten or eleven years. But now we are confronted by a much more disquieting phenomenon. The sun appears to "fluctuate at irregular intervals of several days and sometimes of several months."

Here is the crux of the whole matter. What does the recognition of the fact that the sun is a veritable star mean? What may it mean to the earth and its inhabitants? These questions can best be answered by considering other variable stars.

Let us take an extreme example. There is in the constellation of the Whale a famous variable star known as Mira the Wonderful. In a period of about ten months on the average it changes from the third—sometimes the second—magnitude to about the ninth and then back again.

That means, in the extreme, a probable difference of between two and three hundred times in the amount of light and heat which it radiates around it at maximum and at minimum.

When it is faintest it cannot be seen with the naked eye; when it is brightest it is a conspicuous object. As it fades it turns reddish in color, and when it brightens it blazes with brilliant spectroscopic lines.

It is probably a sun at least as great as our sun, and it has recently been found that its spectrum resembles in some striking peculiarities the spectra of sun spots.

Did it ever have any worlds to light and nourish? If so think of the condition of those worlds now.

A sun is like a living organism—it wears out. As it ages it becomes more and more variable. It maintains itself and its planets while its radiant power lasts, but it cannot do so forever. It contracts, flickers, struggles, fades and goes out. Its lifetime is millions of years, but it has an end.

"Let us account as a mere nothing," cried Rosset, "everything that endures, though we should multiply years beyond the reach of numbers, yet all would be nothing when the fatal term is reached."—Garrett P. Serviss in *New York American*.

## Ham Experts.

In certain watering places of Europe men make fortunes in ham shops. There is said to be such a shop in Christiania, where a man in white garments slices the lean Prague ham or the fatter Westphalian for the people who are at the springs. It is said that none there are really judges of ham; until they can argue every morning outside the shop for a quarter of an hour as to what breed of pig gives the

most appetizing slice. At Marienbad the representatives of the most exclusive circles of society in the world lunch on lean ham.—Argonaut.

## The Sign of Equality.

Robert Recorde introduced the sign of equality into algebra. Recorde was the first English author who wrote on the subject of algebra. In his treatise called "Whetstone of Witte," published about 1557, he says: "To avoide the tedious repetition of these words, is equalle to, I will sette, as I doe often in worke use, a paire of parallel lines of one lengthe, thus: =, because no 2 thynges can be more equalle."

## Just the Other Way.

"I suppose," observed the envious person, "that when you go to Europe the whole continent tips up."

"Not at all," said the experienced traveler. "When I go to Europe I usually have to tip the whole continent."—Chicago Tribune.

## An Offset.

"Did you lend that forgetful friend of ours the book he asked for?"

"Yes. But I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."—Washington Star.

Debt has a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength.—Beaconsfield.

## STORIES OF O. HENRY.

A Promised Visit and the Droll Way It Was Evaded.

Wherever one goes one hears a story of the late O. Henry, the writer. Every one in magazine circles hereabouts knew him, and most had had a personal experience or two. Somehow every story illuminates the man. They are not merely humorous tales, but through them one catches a glimpse of his characteristics, his broad humanity or his generosity or his love of the city. Robert H. Davis, the magazine man, related that on one occasion he went a-visiting with O. Henry down on Long Island.

"It was a very hot day," said Davis. "We had climbed an everlasting hill. Another greater hill stretched before us. The sun was a disk of brass, and dust and heat and clicking insects rose from the ground. We sat on a fence to rest."

"Is there anything else I can show you?" I asked him.

"Yes," said Henry, wiping his forehead. "Show me a return ticket to New York."

"On one occasion he had promised to spend the week end with Gilman Hall at his country place in Jersey. Mr. Hall had invited him several times. When Henry finally accepted Hall gave him the most precise directions.

"Take a 3 o'clock train on Friday afternoon," said Mr. Hall, "and I will meet you with the carryall at the station."

"At 11 o'clock on Friday morning Mr. Hall was called to the telephone in his country home. The boy at the railroad station droningly informed him that there was a telegram for him, signed 'O. Henry.'

"'Read it,' commanded Mr. Hall, and the boy's sleepy voice buzzed over the wire.

"'New York,' he read. 'Twenty-third street station, Western Union Telegraph company, 10:30 a. m. Addressed, Gilman Hall, Far Out, N. J. Dear Hall—I have missed the 3 o'clock train. Signed, O. Henry.'

"Neither Henry nor Hall ever referred to the telegram or the evaded visit in subsequent talks."—New York Letter to Cincinnati Times-Star.

## His Rare Old Painting.

Speaking of fake antiques and forged paintings an art amateur said: "There is an American who bought a Raphael in Rome some years ago. The Italian law prohibits the exportation of masterpieces, and the American had the happy idea of getting the Raphael painted over. This was accordingly done. The rare old painting reached New York in the guise of a modern snow scene.

"Then the restorer, under the watchful owner's eye, set to work on it. With a sponge dipped in turpentine he proceeded to rub the snow scene off. He sponged it off readily, but he sponged a bit of the Raphael off, too—and, behold, underneath the Raphael a portrait of Marconi was revealed."—Washington Star.

## The Dutch at Church.

Men still wear their hats in church in many parts of Holland. Moreover, smoking in church is not considered irreverent by the Dutch when service is not in progress, and the ministers themselves indulge in this practice. Altogether, according to a recent visitor, "the Dutchman has a very comfortable form of religion. You keep your hat on in church and that saves you many a chill; you talk freely and in your natural voice, not in a whisper; you have a neat housemaid in a white cap and apron (and nothing is more cleanly and charming than a Dutch servant maid) to show you to your seat or to offer you a chair; you have nice dark pews of painted deal all around you and a cheerful two decker pulpit above."

## Slow Development in the Child.

Remembering that Balzac, Walter Scott, Daniel Webster and the great educator, Froebel, were counted as duffers in their youth, the importance of allowing certain minds a slow development is manifest. A child who at fourteen is learning numbers may at forty compose a great epic or discover a new element. Through kindergarten methods, manual training, physical and industrial exercise, dancing and military drill, the attention is arrested, the slumbering mind is roused, the

wandering will be recalled.—Rheta Childs Dorr in the Century.

## Some Are So by Nature.

A certain young man, who prided himself on a brusqueness that he mistook for wit, met an eminent but touchy, sculptor at a studio supper.

"So you're the chap," he said, on being introduced, "that makes mud heads?"

"Not all of them," the sculptor replied, quietly.—Youth's Companion.

## Speculating and Gambling.

"Congratulations, old man, I hear you have been speculating successfully."

"No; I lost money."

"That so? Well, you ought to know better than to gamble."—Kansas City Journal.

## A Preference.

Footlights—So you've seen my Hamlet. Well, what do you think of it? Critical Friend—I prefer Shakespeare's. Boston Transcript.

## Still in the Future.

Cashier (toughing)—Pardon me, I did not catch your last name. Etch (blushing)—I haven't caught it yet myself.—Cleveland Leader.

Repentance is second innocence.—De Bough.

## AN OPTIMIST'S APHORISMS.

Men are beginning to see the value of living in the moment.

That is a poor human soul that can only be beaten into comely shape.

We have to be trained by fate or life—or God, if you will let me say so—to put higher and higher quality into our joys.

This is a fearsome and awesome world, and out of its dangers and difficulties a man makes character and courage.

As one looks around at life one sometimes feels that the first virtue and the last, the one indispensable quality for living this human life, is just courage.

Courage is the virtue of the strong, fortitude the virtue of the miserable. Courage is strength in action; fortitude is strength in endurance. Courage is the masculine, fortitude the feminine virtue.

The brave soul has three chances to one.

More men have suffered through ignoble fear than through all the maladies of earth.

Joy never leans on what happens, but on what is.

It would seem that only spiritual gifts can be equal.—Louise Collier Wilcox in "The Road to Joy."

## UNKINDNESS.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.—Hossea Ballou.

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.—Bentham.

Unkindness may do much, And his unkindness may defeat my life. But never taint my love.

—Shakespeare.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind. None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.

—Shakespeare.

## THE BIRD OF SPRING.

They'll come again to the apple tree— Robin and all the rest— When the orchard branches are fair to see In the snow of the blossoms dressed, And the prettiest thing in the world will be The building of the nest.

—Margaret Sangster.

Each morning, when my waking eyes first see Through the wreathed lattice golden day appear, There sits a robin on the old elm tree, And with such stirring music fills my ear I might forget that life had pain or fear And feel again as I was wont to do When hope was young and life itself was new.

—Anna Maria Wells.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Never desire to appear clever and make a show of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally if you have it, and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud, but the applause of fools is to be shunned.—Professor Blackie.

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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. Sachem.

## W. O. W.

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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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