

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.

TUESDAY July 9, 1912

Decadence Observed Before



Fall of Roman Empire Again In Evidence

By the Rev. Dr.
NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS of
Plymouth Congregational
Church, Brooklyn

IT sometimes seems as if New York were PASSING THROUGH SOME OF THE PHASES OF DECADENCE THAT WERE OBSERVED IN ROME JUST BEFORE THE FALL OF THE EMPIRE. The test of a city and its civilization is the attitude of its women toward life.

WHEN WOMEN BECOME THOUGHTLESS TOWARD THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE TENEMENT HOUSES AND GIVE DANQUETS IN HOTELS WITH DOGS AS THEIR GUESTS IT WOULD SEEM AS IF VICES THAT ONCE CRAWLED LIKE SERPENTS OVER THE THRESHOLD OF NERO'S PALACE ARE NOW LEAVING A LITTLE SLIME ON THE MARBLE STEPS OF THE AMERICAN HOME.

Intelligent optimism for the republic is based upon the conviction that truth is stronger than error, wisdom stronger than ignorance, liberty stronger than oppression and God stronger than evil.

In one of his recent articles Professor Sumner of Yale gave the republic forty years before going over a Niagara falls in an awful social catastrophe, while another distinguished educator is so pessimistic that he recently said that ALL CONDITIONS THAT WERE FOUND IN ROME BEFORE ITS DECLINE AND FALL ARE NOW FOUND IN OUR ONCE PURE AND COMMANDING SOCIETY.

But despite these gloomy views we NEED NOT BE DISCOURAGED BY THE OCCASIONAL OUTBREAKS OF FOLLY AND SIGNS OF FRIVOLITY. The leaves on the bough of a tree may turn a sickly red in June, but that little dying twig does not mean that the great tree is struck with death.

BOGGED THE TRAP.

The Way Dr. Wayland Was Not Cornered by His Son.

Dr. James B. Angell tells in his reminiscences the following enjoyable story of his college days at Brown university under the presidency of Dr. Wayland.

The doctor's son, Herman Lincoln Wayland, one of my classmates, inherited from his father a very keen wit. The passages between father and son were often entertaining to the class. One day, when we were considering a chapter in the father's textbook on moral philosophy, Lincoln rose with an expression of great solemnity and respect and said:

"Sir, I would like to propound a question."

"Well, sir, what is it?" was the reply.

"Well, sir," said the son, "in the learned author's work which we are now perusing I observe the following remark," and then he quoted.

"The class saw that fun was at hand and began to laugh."

"Well, what of it?" asked the father, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Why," continued the son, "in another work of the same learned author, entitled 'On the Limitation of Human Responsibility,' I find the following passage."

He quoted again. Clearly the two passages were irreconcilable. The boys were delighted to see that the doctor was in a trap and broke into loud laughter.

"Well, what of it?" asked the doctor, and his eyes twinkled still more merrily.

"Why," said the son, with the utmost gravity, "it has occurred to me that I should like to know how the learned author reconciles the two statements."

"Oh," said the father, "that is simple enough. It only shows that since he wrote the first book the learned author has learned something."

BOUGHT HOUSES ON FIRE.

Queer Trade That Enriched Cato and Crassus in Ancient Rome.

One of the strangest businesses in and at Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his "Satires," and we hear of it also from historians. It consisted of buying houses on fire.

The speculator hurried to the scene attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools.

judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owners, who were glad to accept anything as a rule. The bargain struck in all haste this earliest of fire insurers set his slaves to work and secured what he could. Sometimes even he put out the flames and so made a coup.

It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances.

Thus Cato the elder and, above all, Crassus laid the foundations of their wealth. The latter had a passion for such gambling. He gradually collected a force of carpenters, masons and such artificers—slaves, of course—which reached 500 men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but also, enlarging upon the common practice, he made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals were commonly welcome, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. By this means Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.

Rudest Man of His Age.

John Hunter, the famous British surgeon, anatomist, physiologist and medical writer, who died in 1793, was one of the rudest men of his age. He returned home late one evening from his round of professional calls and found his wife entertaining a few friends. Grudgingly he walked into the center of the room, stopped and looked around. "I knew nothing of this kick up," he said, "and I ought to have been informed. As I have returned home for the purpose of studying, I hope the present company will retire at once." They retired.

Scotch Rivalry.

Glasgow and Edinburgh are, in the "popular" mind, regarded as rivals eternally criticising each other—Glasgow's sneering at Edinburgh's "gentle pride" and Edinburgh's sneering at Glasgow's "commercial taint" and her snobbish, snooty atmosphere. Princes street is regarded by many traveled people as the finest street in the world, but it was a Glasgow man who called it "only half a street," because the buildings are all on one side.—London Athenaeum.

WANTED—Work at cleaning windows, offices, stores or buildings of any kind, also calcimining and painting. Albert Rose. Popular Hotel.

The Schemers

A Case Where the Little God Cupid Takes a Hand

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The piazza of the summer hotel was secked with white and colored gowns relieved here and there by the more somber hues of men's garments. At Seahurst there was a proportion of one male guest to every seventeen of the opposite sex. Polly Skinner had figured it out on the back of a picture postcard she had just received from Dick Westford who should have been there if he had not loved the Maine woods better.

"Think of his impudence!" complained Polly to a group of her friends in a corner of the piazza. "I wrote to him that it was lovely down here on Mizzen island, and he merely sends this kodak postal showing himself sitting around a camp fire with half a dozen perfectly stunning looking men, all wearing flannel shirts and looking contented and happy, without a single girl in sight!" She passed the card around for inspection.

"I suppose everything is very messy there," remarked Bell Sears after a casual glance at the pictured group.

Ella Frond balanced her slender form on the piazza railing and looked pettishly over toward a group of married women, whose husbands sat in tanned submission near by reading the morning papers.

Polly was figuring rapidly on the postal card Dick Westford had sent, and it was then that she announced her statistical figures.

"Just fancy, girls; there's just one man to every seventeen women in this hotel!"

"Did you count in Billy Pinckney?"

"Of course I did," laughed Polly. "Well, he hardly counts, he is so girly," complained Lily Deane. "He actually asked me to show him how to embroider, said he'd always wanted to try it, it looked so fascinating."

"What did you say?"

"I promised to give him a lesson this morning. And here he comes now, the bore!"

Lily looked up and smiled in sweet contradiction as Billy Pinckney drew near.

He was a soft looking youth with pale hair, a long nose and kittenish manners. His clothes were remarkable for their color harmonies and their variety. Now he was wearing a suit of pale blue flannel with shirt to match and a ring on one white hand with a turquoise sunk deep in the gold.

He was a dream in blue. "Ah, Miss Lily," he murmured gently, with a significant glance around the group of maidens, "we have an engagement to sit on the beach, I believe?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pinckney. Excuse me, girls." And Lily dropped her embroidery in her sliken bag, slung the ribbons over her arm and departed toward the sandy beach.

The five remaining girls watched the couple out of sight, and then they exchanged glances.

"We have come to this pass," said Polly solemnly, "when even the attentions of Billy Pinckney are looked on with envy. Nay, don't expostulate, girls, I feel that way myself. I'd rather go walking with Billy and listen to his inanities and shudder at his lavender and pale blue flannels than to sit here and gossip with you! There, don't you all feel the same way? All in favor say aye."

"Aye!" they shrieked in chorus. "We are desperate. Some fine day Billy Pinckney will propose to one of us, as is his habit, and through sheer enmity one of us will accept him."

"Light!" shuddered Bell, with a glance over her shoulder at a talkative group of elderly women. "Imagine having Mrs. Pinckney for a mother-in-law!"

"Don't worry," laughed Amy Wrenn from the hammock. "Mrs. Pinckney would never permit it to go as far as that."

"How could she stop it?" asked Bell. "Trust her cleverness. She wouldn't make a big fuss and bother over the engagement—oh, no! She'd be perfectly sweet and lovely and all that, but she would invite a whole lot of men down here to cut Billy out. She knows he wouldn't stand a chance beside any other man," declared Amy contemptuously.

"Why not do it?" asked Polly coolly. "Do what?"

"One of us become engaged to Billy, or, at least, all of us pay him so much attention that Mrs. Pinckney will become alarmed and send for help of some sort. I wonder what she would really do?" Polly's cheeks were pink with mischievous excitement.

"She would communicate with Billy's nearest under-attendant—mercy! Amy Wrenn suddenly sat up straight and beckoned her four companions to a secret conference. When the heads were close together she whispered, "Did you know that Dick Westford was Billy's own cousin and the nearest male relative as well as the fiancé and confidential adviser of the Widow Pinckney and her fair son?"

"No," cried Bell, smothering a desire to laugh.

"Yes," asserted Amy, with a glance at Polly's flaming cheeks. "If Mrs. Pinckney sends for Dick he may come

and bring all of his friends to put us to rout."

"Oh, joy!" murmured Ella Frond, and the other girls echoed her words. Only Polly Skinner was quite silent. She didn't object to the scheme, for she knew that Billy Pinckney was immune from real sentiment, for he was the son of his mother, and Mrs. Pinckney was as cold and unsympathetic as a block of marble.

And Polly did want Dick Westford to come, only somehow she'd rather he came because he wanted to be there with her and not because Mrs. Pinckney sent for him.

Still, it was taking a long chance on Mrs. Pinckney sending for Dick Westford, but the plan was worth trying, for Seahurst was deadly dull without any men around.

For a week there was plenty of excitement at the Seahurst hotel. To begin with, our five girls completely monopolized Billy Pinckney and showered so much undivided attention upon the pale youth that his head was quite turned.

"I'm the whole cheese here," he grinned to his adoring mother one evening, and that horrified lady put up her forefinger and stared at him.

"William, my son," she gasped, "never use such language in my presence again. As for receiving attention from the girls in this house, you mustn't take it seriously, for remember you are the only man here at present."

Billy was silent. His mother's insinuation stung him to the quick. He would prove to her that it was himself and not his sex that attracted. He would pick out one girl, and that girl would be the prettiest and the wildest and the one he liked best. It would be Polly Skinner.

Thereafter the group of schemers found their plans taken out of their hands by no less a person than Billy himself. He would have none of them except Polly, and Polly was sacrificed upon the altar for their general good.

"I heard Mrs. Pinckney say last night that there was safety in numbers," remarked Belle Sears. "Somebody had spoken of Billy's sudden popularity boom."

"So I'm to be the burnt offering?" demanded Polly indignantly. "Why, I like him less than any of you do."

"You're a sun burnt offering, and you look like a deer. Run along, honey; there's your Billy waiting for you. All he needs is a pink parasol to become a pink dream!" laughed Ella, giving Polly a push toward the waiting cavalier.

Polly went. The next day Billy Pinckney shocked his mother by announcing that he wanted to marry Polly Skinner and it he couldn't he would just as soon die as not.

"Have you asked her, dear?" faltered Mrs. Pinckney.

"Not yet, mother, but I'm going to tonight," he declared, thankful that she had not objected more strenuously.

"Promise me one thing, William," she said solemnly. "Wait just one week before you ask Polly Skinner to marry you."

"Why?" he demanded impatiently. "Because I ask it of you."

"All right, I promise, but I shan't change my mind," he threatened as he left the room.

Mrs. Pinckney smiled, because she had lived with Billy for many years and knew him to be impressionable. Almost any other of the girls would have done for Billy, and she might have reluctantly submitted, for all were well to do save Polly Skinner. Billy must have a rich wife.

She drew a sheet of note paper before her and wrote to Dick Westford. She mentioned Polly Skinner's name. She marked the envelope "Please forward," and she attached a special delivery stamp. She mailed it immediately and sat down to wait for Dick's coming. There was a whole week before Billy's promise would become null and void.

Three days afterward the five conspirators were sitting in their accustomed corner of the hotel piazza.

"Where has Billy been today?" asked Ella Frond, stifling a yawn. "I haven't seen him tagging after you, Polly. Have you sent him away?"

"Not I," declared Polly, watching the approaching hotel bus with wistful eyes. "I went for a solitary walk this morning and surprised him walking with the pretty chambermaid from my floor. He was helping her carry a basket of linen to the hand laundry across the field."

"Billy Pinckney?" shrieked her companions in chorus.

Polly nodded. "After all our time and trouble," she sighed.

The hotel bus was loaded with passengers from the 6 o'clock train. The married women buzzed forward to greet their husbands; the unmarried women looked wistfully at the mass of blue serge and gray tweed elbows that projected from the crowded vehicle.

The men streamed out from the bus. There were many—more than usual. The girls grew interested. Polly Skinner's eyes widened and looked like stars. The biggest and tallest of the invading army was Dick Westford.

The other girls recognized him at the same moment.

"Our scheme has worked," whispered Ella Frond.

"He has brought all the campers," squealed Amy Wrenn.

"Oh, joy!" murmured Bell Sears. "Ah," breathed Lily Deane, "one apiece!"

Just before dinner Dick Westford came to Polly and caught her in a dim corner of the piazza. He took both her hands in his and looked into her eyes.

"I love you, Polly," he said simply and truthfully.

"I'm glad, Dick," said Polly softly. And they never gave a thought to Billy Pinckney, who at that very moment was sipping with the pretty chambermaid.

The A. D. S.

Is an association of nearly 10,000 Retail Druggists in the United States. The preparations they make are Purest and Best and

Perfectly Reliable

When you buy the A. D. S. preparations you are only paying for the actual goods and not for expensive advertising in the big magazines, etc. A complete line of A. D. S. Medicines at

Bandon Drug Co.'s Store

where you will find all the leading drugs and medicines

A Great Clubbing Offer

Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal, one year \$1.50
Semi-Weekly Bandon Recorder one year 1.50
Total \$3.00

Both Papers One Year \$2.00

The Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal

Publishes the latest and most complete telegraphic news of the world; gives reliable market reports, as it is published at Portland where the market news can be and is corrected to date for each issue. It also has a page of special matter for the farm and home, an interesting story page and a page or more of comic each week, and it goes to the subscriber twice each week—104 times a year.

The Semi-Weekly Bandon Recorder

Gives all the local news and happenings and should be in every home in this vicinity. The two papers make a splendid combination and you can save \$1 by sending your subscriptions to The Bandon Recorder. We can also give our subscribers a good clubbing offer for the Daily and Sunday, or Sunday Journal in connection with the Semi-weekly Bandon Recorder.

Brown & Gibson

The Leading Contractors and Builders

We furnish plans and specifications and if you are going to build anything, no matter how large or how small, we can save you money. Let us figure on your building.

DR. R. V. LEEP

Physician and Surgeon
Office Rasmussen Bldg. Phone 72
Bandon, Oregon

WILSON & WALRATH

Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers

Wagons of all kinds made to order. All kinds of Blacksmith Work, both heavy and light, will receive prompt attention. Horse Shoeing a specialty. Shop on Columbia Avenue

RICE'S TRANSFER LINE

R. H. RICE, Prop.
All kinds of light and heavy draying. Also sells and delivers mill wood, coal, etc. Office at Schumate's Store. Phone orders promptly attended.

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 6:30 p.m. at the Bandon Wigwam. Sponsoring Chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
A. J. Hartman, J. C. Shields, C. of R. Sachem.

W. O. W.

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

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.
C. R. Moore, C. C. B. N. Harrington, K. of R. S.

Saturdays at Hotel Gallier M. G. POHL, Optometrist

Well Recommended by Patrons

C. R. WADE Attorney at Law

Agent Pacific Surety Company. Office Bank of Bandon Bldg. Phone 102, Bandon, Oregon

DR. SMITH J. MANN

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OFFICE IN FANTER BUILDING
Office Hours 9 to 12—1 to 5
BANDON, OREGON

Dr. H. L. Houston

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Office over Drug Store. Hours, 9 to 12 a.m. 1:30 to 4 p.m. 7 to 8 in the evening. Night calls answered from office.

BANDON, OREGON

Dr. L. P. Sorensen

DENTIST
Office Over Vienna Cafe
Telephone at Office and Home.

BANDON, OREGON

G. T. TREADGOLD

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC

Bandon, Oregon
Office With Bandon Investment Co.

Dr. H. M. Brown.

Resident Dentist.
Office in Pantar Building
Office Hours: 9 to 12 M., 1 to 5 P. M.
Phone, Bandon, OREGON

C. R. BARROW

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
COQUILLE, - ORE

Office over Skeels' Store
Office Phone, Main 335; residence, Ntain 346

CLARK & WRIGHT

Lawyers
Washington, D. C.

Public Land Matters, Final Proof, Desert Lands, Contests and Mining Cases, Script

Associate Work for Attorneys

PURE DRUGS

Do you want pure drugs and drug sundries, fine perfumes, hair brushes and toilet articles? If so, call on

C. Y. LOWE,

Bandon, Oregon