

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

The tornado season is "on," and countless roofs are off, in several Western states.

No doubt there are a lot of men who think a great deal of the theory that laziness is a disease.

Mrs. Hetty Green's face may require beauty treatment, but the face value of her notes needs no pomade.

A clergyman has placed a ban on woman's big hats. Everything else was placed there by the makers.

Let nobody say the cottonwood is a useless tree. It has been tapped and found to contain natural gas.

The man who swallowed a check for \$150 must have some personal knowledge of undigested securities.

Those night riders have been in the saddle long enough by this time to be bow-legged, so that detection should be an easy matter.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt admits that his income has been reduced to \$800,000 a year, but he is keeping a stiff upper lip and hoping for the best.

The man who led a double life on a salary of \$16 a week must seem like a wizard to the men who find it hard to live a single life on double that.

The "Rev." Billy Sunday makes a proper protest against the man who guzzles champagne. Down with the man who guzzles anything, especially soup!

The New York Evening Post quotes an article by Dr. Otto Freiherr von der Pfordten from the Naturwissenschaftliche Wochenschrift. Itisenough-tostaggerhumanity.

There is nothing new in the announcement that war has been declared against the house flies. Our grandmothers used to fight them from morning till night.

After the country's standing timber has been exhausted by a wasteful people the Missouri river will furnish a practically inexhaustible supply of snags for the use of the wood pulp trust.

The story is told of a Texas couple who walked ten miles through rain and mud to get married. Until some couple walks that far, under similar conditions, to get a divorce, we're going to remain optimistic on the subject of marriage.

Between the birth of the famous General John A. Dix, in 1798, and the death of his noted son, the Rev. Mordecai Dix, this spring, every President of the United States has lived. Washington did not die till 1799, when the elder Dix was more than a year old. These two men, father and son, lived in three centuries, and were ornaments of two.

American national songs have been frequently criticized severely. The music has been objected to as having been borrowed, the words as not poetic. On the other hand, Dr. Walsh, the Scottish preacher, who lately visited the United States, remarks that "America" has one noble merit: "It is the least bellicose of national hymns."

America has offended some of its profoundest European critics by its chronic optimism. What an American philosopher calls the religion of healthy-mindedness flourishes in this country more than in any other; our determined good cheer and faith in prosperity make the sad-eyed world shake its wise head. The same critics will no doubt find another example of our incorrigible shallowness in the National Prosperity Association, recently formed in St. Louis, and will think its motto, "Give us a rest and sunshine," hopelessly silly. But underneath this campaign of optimism is some hard American business sense, and boards of trade and other business organizations all over the country have joined in an application of mind-cure to the financial depression.

Poor, blind, foolish creatures that we are, we seek through the whole world for remedies, and seek in vain, forgetting that God in His goodness has placed them right before us. The city is sick, and tired of the noise, the confusion, the dirt, the smoke, the unending bustle and rush and roar and rattle, yearns for surcease and for balm. If he will follow the true dictates of his soul he will cut out the trip to Europe, or to a watering place, and go to the good green country. It will save him much money, and maybe his life. Here may his weary heart find peace complete in miracles of color, in spicy, subtle odors, in sounds, firm, deep, tumultuous. Here may he be waked, fresh and bright, by the Bob White's whistle on the dewy dawn, to dream through days that are long-spun threads of gold linked by starry snuffs of silver. Here may he drink, through every quickened sense, the cup that Nature fills for us—a happy, draught, un-mixed with pain. Solitude, plain food, pure water, fresh air, clear sunshine and the good old earth, all roofed in by the sky—the best sanitarium that

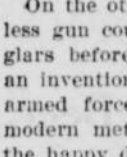
ever was! All the learned specialists, with all their intricate formulas, may fail to help you, and a brief clasp by mother nature, close to her heart, may make a new man of you. All the medicinal baths, even at the furthest end of the earth, cannot equal a plunge at dawn into an ice-cold pool direct from a hillside spring. All the dieticians cannot prescribe a more healthful breakfast than eggs and milk fresh from the farmyard. All the physical directors cannot devise a better exercise than a brisk walk in the bright sunshine along a country road.

What would Dr. Johnson have said if he could have foreseen that within two hundred years of his time those whom he aptly characterized as "wretched unde'd girls" would develop to the point where they could gather in a single city nearly a thousand of their sex, each of whom bore the time-honored degree of bachelor of arts? If the gruff old critic could have been in Boston at the recent assembly of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, he must have amended his savage comparison of a woman's preaching to a dog's walking on its hind legs—not well done, but surprising in that it should be done at all. For these learned ladies spoke well, presided with dignity and fairness, debated with courtesy, and got through a vast deal of business and pleasure in the week of their meeting. The association comprises the women graduates of twenty-five selected colleges. It numbers thirty-six branches and about thirty-five hundred members. It has an interest in every problem of education and sociology, and is full of a warm good-fellowship. The subjects of discussion at this twenty-fifth anniversary of the association were numerous; but two facts in regard to the meetings struck an impartial observer. First, the women were not anxious to do all the talking themselves. They called to their platform a large number of men wise in counsel, who gave of their very best to the large audiences, of whom certainly nine-tenths were alumnae. In the second place, the note of the meeting was in great contrast to the radicalism which marked similar conferences ten years ago. The conservative woman had her say and won her praise. The educated wife and mother was recognized as the finest product of civilization. The teacher—the foster-mother of society—was given the glory too often denied her. In short, there was good cheer in these alumnae meetings for every girl who wants discipline and knowledge just that she may use them to make herself a better daughter, friend, wife and mother, and an uplifting and regenerating social force, in whatever station it has pleased God to call her.

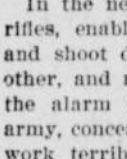
THE NOISELESS MAXIM GUN.



GREAT and terrible responsibility rests upon the shoulders of Hiram Percy Maxim, son of the inventor of the machine guns, according to a recent writer, who says: He has patented a gun which will kill a man with no more noise than the hissing of a snake. Armed with this silent weapon, a murderer could shoot down his victim without attracting the least attention, and only on examination would the cause of death be revealed.



On the other hand, a single policeman using the noiseless gun could disable every member of a gang of burglars before they recovered from their surprise. It is an invention which may lead to the re-equipment of the armed forces of the world and the revolutionizing of modern methods of warfare—will perhaps even hasten the happy day when there will be no war, for the very best safeguard against war is the invention of weapons of such terrible power that armies will never dare to stand against each other. "War," said Bismarck, "is the greatest enemy of war and will eventually be put out of existence."



In the next great war skirmishers may use noiseless rifles, enabling them to creep along an enemy's front and shoot down the unsuspecting pickets one after another, and not until their bodies were discovered would the alarm be given. The extended front of a whole army, concealed in the underbrush or behind rocks, could work terrible havoc among the opposing forces before its position could be located. To the big game hunter the silent firearm will open new horizons.—Utica Globe.

MENACE OF THE RED FLAG.



THE red flag of anarchistic revolution is not native. It is of foreign birth and the propaganda has been imported with our millions of immigrants. We have not only imported the agitators, but we have imported the masses for them to work on. In America the movement is almost entirely confined to the cities, because there are clustered the working people. Each has its alien branch or branches, and aliens coming from portions of Europe where enormous military establishments alone repress revolt against notorious oppression, both political and economic, are ripe for foment. They know but vaguely what their changed conditions are. They are bewildered by the display of wealth, predatory or fairly earned, that they see about them, not realizing that here, as never in Europe, any one of them who has the ability can become a rich man. The local center of each dispersion of the heaven of revolt will thus be found among the aliens or among people who have caught it from the aliens, save as it has begun to permeate our colleges and universities, and even there foreign professors and translations of foreign books have been the cause of inception.



The actual heaven of revolt when first imported into

the United States found lodgment in St. Louis and Milwaukee among the brewery colonies, in Cincinnati and Chicago among the stock yard employes, and in New York among the brewery men and dock laborers. This particular bit of heaven has never ceased to ferment, though many thousands of men whom it then affected, as they got jobs and homes and began to prosper, forgot it and would now be ashamed of the ideas they once held.—Cor. Broadway Magazine.

SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?



IN New York the other day a physician told his patient that death was sure within a few hours, whereupon the patient cut his throat. This unexpected action brought the case to public notice and awakened much discussion as to whether the physician was justified in telling the patient what he thought was the truth.

We should say that he was not. Aside from the question how much truth physicians really know, the power of suggestion, which only of late years has come to be understood, must be taken into account. Its force was shown by the patient's suicide; but, even if he had not violently killed himself, the probability is that he would have died. A fixed idea in the mind of a sick man has enormous strength. If the physician had told the patient that he would get well, the power of suggestion might have enabled him to throw off his disease. Christian Science does such things every day. But, even if this had not been so, the patient's last days would have been made happier.

The physician's duty is not to tell all the truth, as he understands it, but to cheer as well as to heal.—Des Moines News.

FARM STILL OFFERS OPPORTUNITY.



WHAT is needed among our farm boys is a better knowledge of the possibilities that lie at their very door. Raised as the farm boy is, with a chance to become a keen observer in a business that speaks success, if industry is applied and economy followed, there is a wonderful opportunity to become successful in farm work that promises an independent livelihood.

Why leave the farm? Stick to the farm. Never lose sight of the fact that, with brain and brawn back of you, the best investment on earth for you to make is in the earth itself.

The shores of the commercial stream are strewn with wrecks of bright men who sought to get rich quick in the cities and wear a boiled shirt and kid gloves while doing it. If they had remained on the farm and later engaged in farming, saving and living within their means, their life would have been marked with success, with a competency for old age. Again we repeat: Stick to the farm.—The Successful Farmer.

"CHILDREN'S EVANGELIST."

Miss Gamlin, whose work among the young is very successful. The Children's Evangelist is the title bestowed upon Miss Alice Mirlan Gamlin, of New York, the superintendent of the evangelistic department of the State Sunday School Association. She has made a special study of evangelistic work among children and has met with remarkable success. She has simple but direct methods of reaching boys and girls. To even the careless and indifferent child she seems to be able to make the truths of the Christian religion attractive. She brings before the children the beautiful ideals and the wealth of wisdom which are



MISS ALICE M. GAMLIN.

contained in the lessons of the Bible in a manner which always appeals to them.

Miss Gamlin is a native of Worcester, Mass., and went through a course of thorough training to fit her for the work in which she is engaged. Five of her seven years in this branch of religious work have been spent in New York. All during the summer season she conducts meetings in the metropolises in tents, which seat from 300 to 500. She is a woman of great natural ability and of wonderful personal magnetism.



A college youth is rarely as old as he talks.

All the world's a stage, and most of us are in the gallery.

The things we turn up our noses at are the things we can't understand.

A girl may make a sweeping assertion without knowing how to handle a broom.

Strawberries come and go, but in boarding house circles the prune is perennial.

A man has to have a mighty good disposition to be willing to admit he hasn't.

Engaging manners are an asset in other circles besides the matrimonial market.

If a woman can't find any other way to enjoy herself she will do it by having the blues.

The reason women have so few bad habits is they have such queer ideas of what fun is.

There's nothing makes a man so proud of his brains as for somebody else in the family to have them.

A girl always has an idea that if she knew any dukes most of them would want to marry her.—New York Press.

Tennis Rackets.

What most affects the life of the gut in a lawn tennis racket is dampness, says the New York Sun. Nowadays rackets are strung so tight that the strings break with even greater frequency than before. The idea is that tight gut sends the ball with greater force from the very tense surface. The dampness gets right after these very taut strings. A lawn tennis man was explaining recently what precautions have to be taken in sending rackets abroad:

"When first we began to send them to Bermuda, for instance," he said, "we put them merely in waterproof covers. Greatly to our surprise we learned that the entire first shipment had arrived with strings broken. We tried the same packing again, with the same result.

"Then we realized what was the trouble and packed the rackets in tin boxes. Each box was carefully soldered up and that made them airtight and damp proof."

The lawn tennis man explained a new wrinkle of players. At the end of a season some of them have all the gut cut out of a favorite racket. This is done because if the gut were left in a string might break in the winter and put the strain all on the side of the frame, warping it.

"With a favorite racket they think it better to pay for restringing them than to run those chances," said he. "It doesn't hurt a racket to restring it; really it helps and improves it."

Even an empty-headed man is capable of getting full.



BERNIE YOUNG

"I don't say it reproachfully at all, because I know you can't help it and it's something that you are overcoming all the time," said the cashier. "You're not in the least to blame, my boy, but you are very young. You can't deny it."

"I'm not going to," said the bill clerk. "It's far from my intention. What's more, I'm glad that I am very young and I'd like to keep that way if I could. If you think I'm aching for a bald spot and a pair of nose glasses you've got another guess."

"Put, tut!" said the cashier. "Why this heat?"

"Oh, I'm not hot," said the bill clerk. "But I'll tell you, my venerable friend, some of you back numbers need calling down good and hard. Most of you are useful only as horrible examples."

"Precisely," agreed the cashier. "That's our unselfish aim. We wish to warn the rising generation to avoid the errors into which we fell during our own unreflecting age. We point out the pitfalls and the snares that beset your path and wherein we left more or less cuticle. We confess our youthful follies and vices, even."

"You brag of 'em," said the bill clerk. "If you didn't have any you invent 'em. You haven't got the snap to get into any particular trouble now and so you try to make out that it's because you know better. I'm wise to you stiff, all right. I don't have to be a hundred years old to know you, either."

"I'm surprised at you, Johnny," said the cashier.

"You don't need to be," said the bill clerk. "You may have known something one time, but you've forgotten it. You think you're alive, don't you? Well, you ain't. I'm living, myself. I'm right out among 'em with my eyes open, stirring around. You're covered with moss and all you can do is to look back and try to remember. Then you come around and give me good advice. I like your nerve."

"Young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks know young folks are fools," quoted the cashier.

"It's all right about that," said the bill clerk. "If that's so the young folks have got the sense to keep their opinions to themselves. That's what makes me sore. When a man's head begins to push through his hair and he takes a fifty-two inch belt he looks at a young fellow as if it was a shame to allow him to run loose. If he hasn't got anything fresh to say about a chap he looks it. If a fellow's just holding down a salaried job the man with the

whiskers thinks he's a dub that won't never amount to shucks. If he goes up to the house, papa glares at him like he'd just broke out of jail. Why? Because a guy has all his teeth and doesn't have to go to sleep after dinner. It's something fierce the rind I've got, walking around without a cane and reading a paper without putting on two pairs of spectacles to do it, ain't it? Think of my nerve being able to play tennis for a whole afternoon at a stretch! And what do you think of me wearing a red necktie and keeping my shoes polished? Isn't that the gall?"

"I certainly think that a less obtrusive color in a necktie would be preferable," said the cashier.

"Of course you do," said the bill clerk. "And if I made a remark on any subject you'd stare at me as if you didn't know whether to kick me or laugh at me. I haven't got any business to have any opinion about anything when there's anybody around with white whiskers and a big bay window."

"Tell me just one thing," said the cashier.

"Well, what is it?" asked the bill clerk.

"Has he got anything against you besides the fact that you're calling around to see his daughter?"

"Sure," replied the bill clerk. "Ain't I telling you? I'm very young, consequently I haven't got a grain of sense and I ain't worth my salt and never will be. You think you're awful foxy, don't you?"—Chicago Daily News.

THEATER BUILT BY A PIRATE.

Havana's Great Playhouse Founded Seventy Years Ago by Marty.

The history of the Tacon theater of Havana is very interesting. In the year 1835 Francisco Marty, who was then the leader of a band of pirates which infested the island of Cuba, and who had a price of \$10,000 on his head, was captured and ordered to be put to death. Seeing there was no hope for him, he asked leave to see General Tacon, who was then governor general of Havana, and told him if his life was spared he would denounce his entire band and assist him in ridding the island of the number of pirates which infested it at that period. Accordingly General Tacon gave him two weeks' parole and inside of a week Marty had denounced his fellow pirates and turned them over to the government. For this service he was pardoned.

In 1836 Marty asked for the concession to build a national theater on the site of Parque Central. It was granted to him. General Tacon went further and allowed him the privilege of the use of forty convicts who were then confined in Morro castle to assist him in the work, each convict receiving the sum of 20 cents a day. In 1838 the theater was finished and Marty, as a proof of the gratitude he felt toward

General Tacon for sparing his life named it El Teatro Tacon.

During the insurrection in Cuba many exciting incidents took place here. In one instance a regiment of Cuban insurgents barricaded themselves in the theater and held it against the Spaniards for three days. Finally they were starved out, and as they were making their escape all were shot.

The theater is built of white stone with decorations of marble and facing Central Park, being in the center of the fashionable district of Havana. It is one of the largest theaters in the world, seating over 3,000 persons.—Cuban Review.

FIERCE DUELS ON AN ISLAND.

Thirty Thousand Sheep and Goats Fight Daily on San Clemente.

Mile after mile of sheep ready for shearing, not to mention mile after mile of goats for butting, was the sight that greeted Superintendent Zimmer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when he visited San Clemente, from which island he returned recently, says the Los Angeles Times. Next month the sheep and the goats will be separated; not in the old biblical way, but in modern style and after an exciting round-up.

San Clemente Island is twenty-eight miles long, and to Mr. Zimmer it seemed as if he saw twenty-eight miles of sheep. He was not there on business, but as the guest of the owners of the island, Robert and Charles Howland and Mrs. Howland. Where he couldn't see sheep he spied goats. There are nearly 25,000 of the former and 4,000 of the latter. The goats are an unmitigated nuisance, because they kill so many sheep, and are being hunted.

It takes a long time to round up the sheep. Mr. Zimmer says they seem to know when the attempt is to be made. Just now it is easy to get near them, but as soon as they see a number of horseback riders and other indications that they are about to lose their wool, they get down into the gullies and hide, and it takes strenuous efforts to corral them.

Far wilder than the sheep are the goats. They stay in the canyons and usually won't mix with the former, but when the fancy seizes them they charge down on the flocks and butt the lambs to death.

Information the island is very like the rolling country around San Pedro. It is believed to have been the burial ground of giant Indians who inhabited this coast in early times. Mr. Zimmer says that from a place 500 or 600 feet square a number of skulls of the original native sons have been taken. The indications are that the giants were buried in rows.

A grouchy man may not be agreeable, but he is a joy in comparison with the facetious man.