

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

In the midst of life we are in debt.

The more a man doesn't know the less he doubts.

Many a wise-looking man is unable to deliver the goods.

A pretty woman's smile often wrinkles a man's purse.

The experience a man buys is always delivered a little too late.

When a sailor falls overboard he feels as if he were all in.

Go to a tailor for a wedding suit and to a lawyer for a divorce suit.

Some men get out of practice because they spend all their time preaching.

A woman never asks a man if he loves her unless she is sure of the answer.

Did you ever meet a successful man who told you what he was going to do next?

Almost every day the average man wonders why he did such a foolish thing.

This is undoubtedly a dirty-looking old world to the man who is too lazy to clean his spectacles.

Rev. Billy Sunday says hell is full of fudge-eating mollycoddlers. What a sticky place it must be.

If you would have a peaceful home, all you have to do is to pay the freight and let your wife run it.

Once in a great while a woman actually believes that her husband knows as much as he thinks he knows.

Ellnor Glyn thinks Mark Twain is our greatest man. Mark gallantly refrains from saying what he thinks of Ellnor.

A bitter contest over the will of William B. Leeds is predicted. Fifteen million dollars ought to keep the lawyers going a long time.

A Michigan farmer has cured a snake bite with coal oil. We hope he is properly grateful to Mr. Rockefeller for the fact that he could buy the necessary oil.

A Paterson (N. J.) woman who predicted that she would die on June 14 is still alive and in good health. Her husband is said to have become one of Paterson's worst pessimists.

"Why shouldn't Prof. Bell succeed in making monkeys talk intelligently?" asks the Atlanta Constitution. Don't know, unless it is because that is more than he or any one else can do with a good many men.

A magazine has offered President Roosevelt \$1 a word for his literary efforts, but no farmer has tried to hire him to work in the hayfield for \$1.75 a day. There are times when even a President's versatility is not appreciated.

It is probable that in 1912 an entire day will be set apart for the cheering, and in 1916 it may be necessary for each convention to devote a week at least to the purpose of beating all previous records. We are a great people and we do some wonderful things.

Contracts for furnishing single and double teams to the city of Boston were recently awarded to a woman. Her bids, tendered in open competition with men, were by far the lowest submitted, and she demonstrated her ability to fulfill the obligations. The award was popular, for the uniformity of the figures submitted by the men gave color to the charge that an agreement had been made among them to maintain a certain price. The woman made her own figures independently, and won.

It is the title that appeals to certain women. To be called a princess or a countess, or even a baroness, they will cast their all into a foreign venture. The prince may be a miserable rake, the count not half so high as a Kentucky colonel and the baron of absolutely no importance, and yet the glamour catches the title-seeking female and she turns over her money to a person who could not make \$10 a week in honest work if his life depended upon it. But why bother? There will always be such women, and there will always be such men so long as there is money to be won in the game of international marriage.

The conference of Governors to consider the preservation of the national resources has already brought forth fruit. The Governors suggested that the President appoint a national conservation committee to advise him and to co-operate with similar bodies in the States. Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Roosevelt has reappointed his commission on inland waterways, with some new members to fill vacancies. He has also constituted commissions on forests, on lands and on minerals, and an executive committee to harmonize the work of all four bodies. Now we may expect to see the growth of the sentiment that the minerals, lands, forests and waters of the country are national wealth, in the conservation of

which the whole nation has an interest, whether they belong to private citizens or not. It is that sort of sentiment which will be a guarantee against want and barrenness in the distant future.

Leading physicians have declared at international congresses on consumption that really effective warfare on the great white plague involves compulsory notification and registration laws or ordinances. Much can be done, not a little has been done in the last two or three years, by education and "moral suasion," but, after all, contend these experts, the world must come to the use of the same degree of compulsion in its fight on tuberculosis that has been found necessary in the handling of other dreaded infectious and communicable diseases. In other words, the health authorities and the medical profession must have the courage of their opinion and work for the adoption of drastic measures of prevention. It is significant that the New York Legislature has passed a bill—which Governor Hughes has signed—embodying at least the principle of compulsion. The new act marks a step forward. It provides that every physician in the State shall report to the local authorities the name, age, occupation, place of employment and address of every person known by him to have consumption. The report must be made within twenty-four hours, and the record is to be kept secret. In case of the vacation of any premises by a person suffering from consumption, or of the death of such a patient, the physician in charge or the owner or occupant of the premises must notify the health board of the fact, and the premises are not to be occupied again until they have been disinfected and cleansed. In case the orders of the health board are disobeyed that body may post a placard on the premises containing the following notice: "Tuberculosis is a communicable disease. These apartments have been occupied by a consumptive and may be infected. They must not be occupied until the order of the health officer directing their disinfection or renovation has been complied with. This notice must not be removed under the penalty of the law except by the health officer or others duly authorized." There are other provisions in the act for the prevention of infection through careless habits, notification of the recovery of persons, etc. A certain amount of discretion is lodged in the health officers, but none in those whose duty it is made to report cases of tuberculosis in any stage. Considerable difficulty is apprehended in the enforcement of the act, and there are those who fear that some sufferers will hesitate to consult a physician and be "reported," lest the secrecy of the records be violated in some way. Experience should throw light on such questions as these. Meantime an educational campaign will doubtless be necessary to remove opposition to the compulsory notification feature among the more ignorant elements of the population.

The Sorrowful Tree.

There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given, perhaps because its blossoms only in the evening. When the first star appears in the heavens the first bud of the sorrowful tree opens, and as the shades of night advance and the stars thickly stud the sky the buds continue gradually opening until the whole tree looks like an immense white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree closes its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower dust as white as snow covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is like that of the evening primrose.

If the tree is cut down close to the roots a new plant shoots up and attains maturity in an incredibly short time.

In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another which is almost an exact counterpart of the sorrowful tree, but less beautiful, and, strange to say, it blooms only in the daytime.

Not Natural.

To the studio of an artist who had just finished a portrait of a distinguished resident of a neighboring city a friend of the sitter came to look at the newly painted canvas.

The visitor was nearsighted and not particularly well acquainted with studios. He wanted to see how good a likeness had been made of his friend. He kept walking nearer and nearer to the painting and finally put out his finger as if to touch it.

The artist was getting nervous at the approach of the finger to the paint and he asked the visitor not to touch the portrait, as it was not dry. The near-sighted man put down his hand and walked to the door, turning only to say: "If it isn't dry it isn't my friend." And he walked out.

More Contracted.

Towne—I hear Marryat and his bride are no longer living at that boarding house of yours.

Browne—No; they've gone to house-keeping.

Towne—Ah! their home life now will bring them much closer together, and—

Browne—You bet it will; they've taken a flat.—Philadelphia Press.

The something you get for nothing is seldom worth any more than that.

Most people wouldn't believe a candidate for office under oath.



Three hundred years ago Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer, founded the settlement of Quebec. In commemoration of its tercentenary the city of Quebec recently had the greatest celebration in its history, and one of the greatest ever held in the New World. The city gave itself up to festivities for ten days, and Canadians of both British and French ancestry joined in making the event one to be remembered. The celebration was attended by the Prince of Wales, by representatives from all the principal governments and by the greatest collection of warships, comprising English, French and American vessels that ever gathered in the St. Lawrence river. The United States was represented by Vice President Fairbanks and Rear Admiral W. S. Cowles, brother-in-law of the President.

Civil, religious, military and naval authorities participated in the various ceremonies and festivities. There were huge and costly pageants, fetes, military parades and naval reviews to charm both eye and ear. The celebration was attended by nearly all Canada, and thousands of expatriated Canadians gathered from the va-

rious foreign countries in which they have made their homes. The landing of Champlain on the shore of the St. Lawrence and his selection of the spot on which Quebec, the oldest French settlement in Canada, is built, were reproduced. A great historical pageant was given, illuminated floats representing different events in the history of Quebec. There were parades in which the various crack Canadian regiments took part. Premier Laurier and other noted speakers made addresses. There was a review of the English, French and United States vessels in the St. Lawrence river. Thanksgiving mass was held on the Plains of Abraham by the Catholics of the city, headed by the Canadian primate, and thanksgiving services were held in the Episcopal cathedral. There was a great shore parade and a scene enacted representing the landing of Wolfe's force, the ascent up the heights and the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Then farewells were exchanged and the British squadron took its departure. The next day the French vessels followed suit, and finally the New Hampshire heaved anchor and bade farewell to Quebec.

Evolution of the Street Car

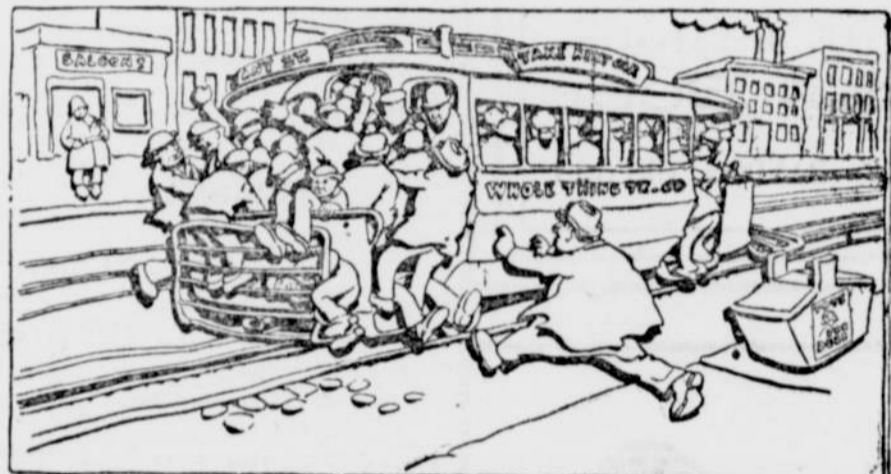
Three hundred years ago an English coal miner laid some wooden beams in the muddy road leading from his colliery, for the wheels of his coal carts to run on; the other day a coal mine owner from the same country boarded an electric car in New York and made a tour of the subway. The boards in the muddy road were the ancestors of that street car, writes B. R. Wilson.

The little expedient of the English miner, which made heavy hauling light, marked the beginning of the "tramway," the great-grandfather of the railway, the thing which made street cars possible. These wooden beams served their purpose very well until they began to wear out. Inventive genius was equal to the occasion; the wooden beams were plated with iron. Thin iron bands were fastened to the top of the beam to take the wear of the cart wheels. This was all right as far as the top was concerned, but the wooden beams rotted on the bottom; so they made them out of iron entirely and laid them on short pieces of wood which could be cheaply replaced when they rotted. To keep the wheels of the coal carts from running off the rails was the next problem, and they solved it by putting flanges on the outer sides of the rail. In 1789 William Jessop, the father of the street railway, took the flanges off the rails and put them on the cart wheels and the real evolution of the street car began.

A clumsy omnibus car drawn by



IN THE OLD DAYS THE PASSENGER WAS IN DANGER OF FALLING OFF.



BUT NOW HE CAN HARDLY GET OFF WHEN HE WANTS TO.

The most popular of these improvements were the "dummies," steam engines mounted on wheels and boxed up to make them attractive. Their popularity was short-lived in the cities, however, but suburbanites consented to ride behind them long after they had disappeared from the city streets. But,

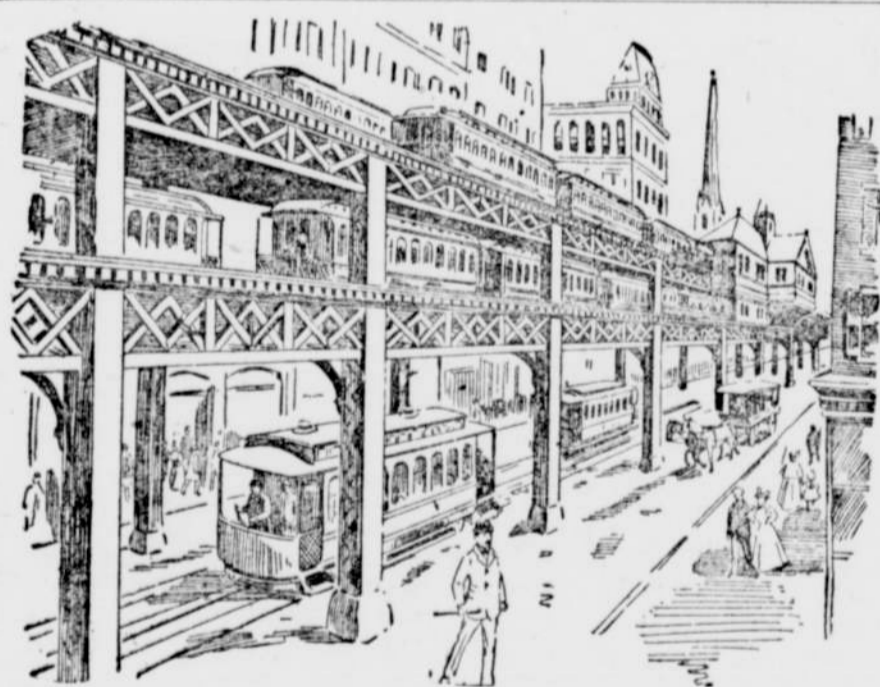
Sprague's electric railway, however, was about twenty years wide, and it was filled with numerous attempts to help the eager passengers to hurry. The first cable road was laid in San Francisco in 1873 by Andrew S. Halliday, Henry Root, Asa E. Hoey and William Eppelsheimer. The originator of the idea, however, was E. S. Gardner, of Philadelphia, who suggested the plan some time prior to the actual building.

The cable served its useful purpose for eighteen years, when it was electrified by the motor car promoters; that is, electric conductor rails were strung in the cable conduit and the wire rope hauled out. The dynamo had been perfected and electricity was a commercial motive power; therefore, the electric street railway of 1888 was a success. Before that, attempts had been made to operate street cars by various kinds of magnetic engines. In 1835 Thomas Davenport, a blacksmith, built a railway in Springfield, Mass., over which he operated a car driven by an electric magnet motor, and twelve years later Prof. Moses Farmer brought out another electro-magnetic motor, but they never passed beyond the experimental stage.

The real beginning of the American electric street railway system was the Union Passenger Railway of Richmond, Va., equipped by Lieut. Sprague and opened for service on the first day of February, 1888. It was a "trolley" line—"trolley" is the word in use now. City officials soon saw the danger of overhead wires in the crowded city, and their precautions led to the underground system, a system that is familiar to all.

The Cable System.

The gap between the "dummies" and

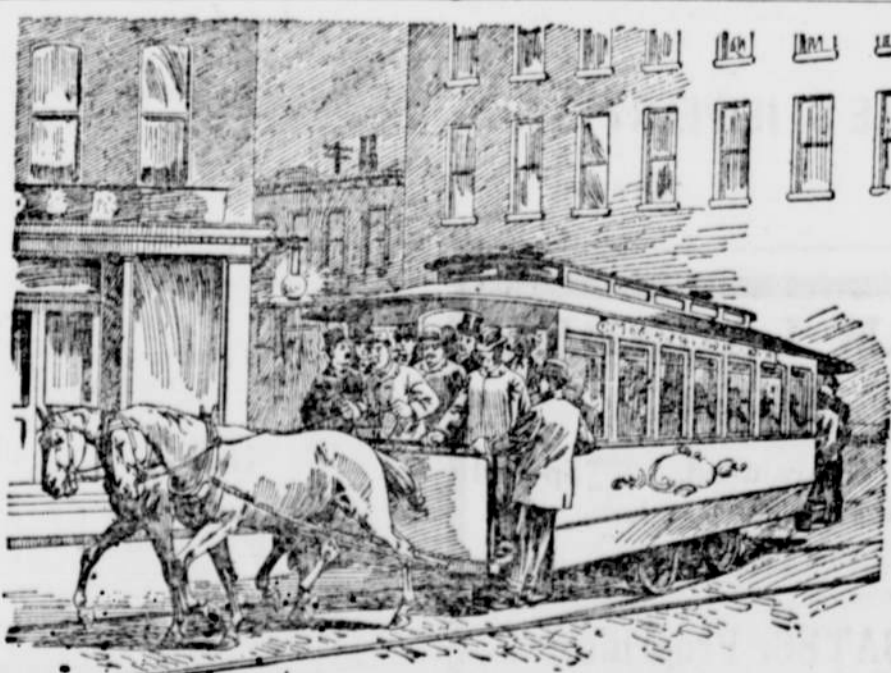


PROPOSED NEW DOUBLE-DECKED "L" ROAD IN NEW YORK CITY.

horses made trips over this railway, carrying passengers. The car was a big stage coach, or rather three stage coaches in one, for there were three compartments, each of which resembled a small stage coach, and it had the name "John Mason" painted above the center door.

About twenty years later the Sixth avenue street railway was built and the street car craze began. It really amounted to a craze, for thirty street car companies began business during the next five years. During the ten years from 1890 to 1870 eighty-five street railways were built. The census twenty years later showed 709 street railways in operation. In two years this number increased to 987.

The street railway was a success, therefore it was the object of various attempts at improvement, for in America, whatever is a success must be improved. People wanted to go faster than the one poor horse could pull the car, and so many were satisfied to go slow that the little car the one horse pulled would not hold them all. They made larger cars and hitched two horses to them, but two horses could not go any faster than one horse since they had doubled the size of the car; so inventive genius kept the patent office up nights examining their claims for improvements in street railways.



A RELIC OF BYGONE DAYS IN CHICAGO

DRESSED DOG AS BABY.

How a Woman Outwitted Stoney-Hearted Street Car Conductor.

This is a real, true dog story. He is a pug and a great pet of his mistress, who is very fond of his fine pedigree. One day she discovered that Teddy could not see as well as usual. She felt as sad as if he were a brother or sister and a famous oculist was consulted, who told her to bring her pet dog to him.

They started, but a great obstacle presented itself. Conductor after conductor insisted that the dog should not ride on his car, says the Portland Oregonian; so that it was only after getting on and off about a dozen times that the doctor's office was reached.

Teddy was as quiet as he could be while having his eyes examined, and his mistress was told she must bring him every day for a month, and all would be done for him that was possible. So Teddy's mistress went to a neighbor who had a small baby and borrowed an outfit that was not too dainty. Teddy kept very quiet while being dressed in the long white dress, then a cloak and muslin cap, and over he faced a long white veil.

Thus they started. Immediately upon entering a car, if it was filled, up would jump a man to give the woman carrying a little baby a good seat. Teddy never wagged his little curled-up tail once, neither did he bark.

Each day the trip was taken with the same result—a good seat and a very quiet baby.

One day the doctor's office was filled with people waiting their turn, when a woman turned politely to Teddy's mistress and said: "My turn comes next and I will wait for you on account of your baby. It is so very tiresome to wait with a baby."

The doctor opened his door at that moment and called them both in his private office. He said, "I will show you the very best patient I have," and took Teddy carefully in his arms. He threw back the white veil and disclosed the dog's little pug nose and a pert little face looking out cutely from under the frills of the cap.

Teddy can see pretty well out of one eye now. His mistress expected a huge bill for the expert's service, but instead she received a receipted bill from the good doctor with a note saying that, as Teddy was the first patient he had ever treated of royal dog blood, he esteemed it a great honor to have been the means of helping him.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Advertising, says Lily Herald Frost in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is the lance with which the modern crusader, known as the business agent, invades the world of commerce. And an extraordinarily effective weapon it is, as the breakfast food people and the patent medicine houses well know. The man who doesn't advertise is soon a derelict, as idle and useless as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. When the advertiser ceases his labor it is then that the receiver gets busy.

It is when advertising dominates literature that one feels like protesting. The commercial spirit rules the reading world and thrusts its volumes upon it with a wealth of encomiums and a persistence that usually wins. By such judicious exploitation books are sold by the thousands. Their names are seen everywhere, in shop windows, on billboards, placarded along with brands of cigars or some superior make of whisky. And they are accorded such high sounding phrases of merit, of cleverness, of dramatic possibilities, that, backed by the author's name and the illustrator's art, they present such visions of delight that even curious mortals must buy them just to satisfy their curiosity.

On a New Footing.

Absalon Foote, an eccentric old gentleman who had grown tired of life in the city, decided to move to some smaller town, free from the road of traffic, the bustle and confusion of the thronging multitude, where he could end his days tranquilly, as became a man of his age. In casting about for a location, his eye chanced to light upon the advertisement in a village paper of one Thomas R. Foote, who wanted to dispose of his boot and shoe store at a bargain, having made up his mind to remove to the city.

"That's the very thing," he said. "Selling shoes is a nice, easy occupation. It will give me just enough to do to keep me from stagnating, and it won't wear me out with overwork. I'll investigate it. It's queer, though, that his name is Foote, my name is Foote, he wants to come to the city and I want to go to the country."

A visit to the little town decided him. He liked its appearance and location. He was pleased, moreover, with "Foote's Shoe Store" and bought it, good will and all, at a bargain.

"Well," said the other Mr. Foote, "you won't have to change the sign."

"No," he answered, slowly. "I'll just add a little to it."

The next day he added this, just below the sign: "This place has changed feet."

When a man moves into a western town, the thing that surprises him most is the great number of men who do nothing all day but stand on street corners and exchange foot opinions.