

BANDON RECORDER

Sound Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Pay as you go, but try to save enough to get back on.

Somehow, the majority of our good habits never get found out.

Can you name the seven candidates for Vice President without going to the newspaper files?

Nine thousand tallors go on strike in New York, thereby adding 1,000 men to the army of the unemployed.

When a girl is not sure whether she loves a fellow or not it means that there is another one hovering near.

Nothing has been heard lately concerning Mrs. Hetty Green. The probability is that she has gone to saving her money again.

Few sea serpents have been seen this year. This may be due to the prohibition movement which has been spreading across the land.

Caruso says he is glad his wife has eloped, as she was not "up to expectations." He is evidently a convert to the trial marriage idea.

Add highly technical details to technical statistics, and the way of the transgressor becomes a path of pleasantness and comfort.

It is idle talk of coming trouble between England and Germany. Don't King Edward and the Kaiser kiss each other whenever they meet?

Castro regrets that there are not more nations to quarrel with. That day is dull which does not bring him a new complication with the powers.

The rule forbidding tourists in the Yellowstone Park the right to carry weapons ought to be broadened and extended so that it shall apply to bandits.

Mrs. Jack Gardner surely is old enough to know that the makers of rare old tapestries in this country should be protected from the ruinous competition of old world artisans.

Richard Harding Davis has started a campaign to keep waste paper from littering up the streets. Which shows that some authors, at least, have a proper sense of their responsibility to the public.

A London shop girl crossed the Atlantic, remained in New York thirty minutes and then hurried back to London. Probably she did not like to keep the customer waiting any longer for the change.

A New York waiter has refused a liberal tip on the ground that he did not need the money. His fellow waiters threaten to expel him from his local for unethical conduct. He might have given the money to charity or started a fund for an old waiter's home.

"Vodka" bottles in Russia carry the imperial eagle on the labels—the "vodka" trade is a government monopoly—but a commission of the Duma, appointed to consider the drink evil, has lately recommended that the eagle be removed from the label, and a skull and crossbones be put in its place, with appropriate warnings against the use of the poison.

Israel Zangwill, the British novelist, has added a novel problem to the woman suffrage question. Mrs. Humphrey Ward opposes votes for women. Mr. Zangwill finds that the reason for this is that as a novelist she has discovered and analyzed the weakness of her sex, and he replies that as a male novelist he has learned the "boundless vanity, selfishness, and hysterical emotionalism" of men. He concludes that his sex is utterly unfitted to be trusted with power. A question is raised here which readers of novels may answer for themselves. Do male writers idealize women, and do women fictionists idealize men? Did not Thackeray expound the vanity of woman as well as worship his saints in music? And did not George Eliot make Maggie Tulliver more of a hero than Tom?

From the days of Herodotus and Marco Polo, travel has been recognized as an educative and civilizing experience. A year on the Continent of Europe is considered the best possible "finishing" course for English and American youth whose parents can afford it; but it is not so commonly perceived that a great and valuable advance is steadily going on in this country by virtue of the interchange of visitors between North and South and East and West. It is a commonplace that the United States presents great diversity of climate, and that it has been peopled from many different nations, of widely varying habits of life and thought. Such a diversity of elements united in one national entity would be a great source of weakness were it not for the constant travel for which Americans are noted. Much of this is due to the annual conventions of national organizations. The Christian Endeavor Society, the National Educational Association, the Grand Army, and many other bodies meet once a year, each time in a new place; and special railroad rates induce large num-

bers to visit cities which they might otherwise never see. The local pride of those who act as hosts insures a full appreciation of whatever is of interest in the surroundings; and the interchange of hospitality draws people from the different sections more closely together, and gives them an opportunity to broaden their outlook and get new points of view. In a smaller way, hundreds of trade associations and fraternal orders are doing the same thing for their members. The influence of it is probably greater than any one can see. It has demonstrated the fact that hospitality is not the exclusive possession of any one section; that communities which differ widely in their views on many matters may each have good reasons for the faith that is in them; and in the end it will greatly help to form and foster a feeling of national solidarity. Even the gain in mere geographical knowledge is something. "I have seen wonderful crops of corn and wheat in my country," said a recent Western visitor to the New England coast, "but this is the first time I have ever seen rocks growing out of the water."

According to a New York literary journal, a leading American publisher who has always had a fair number of first-rate and successful novels on his lists of new books has this year decided to exclude fiction altogether from his plans for the coming season. He holds that as an art fiction is nearing exhaustion and death, and that not only the discriminating public but the novelists themselves are conscious of this remarkable fact. The publisher is quoted as saying that the trouble is not, as some have thought, with the material available. Life is rich and full of possible plots, and, as a matter of fact, novelists never had as much to say as they have just now. Only, "they have never said it so dully" and inartificially, and, therefore, readers will weary of sociological treatises in the form of novels, of psychological analysis, of clinical realism and minute description, and give up the modern novel entirely. In other words, fiction as an "art form" is in a decadent state and doomed to extinction. This agrees with an equally gloomy and semi-philosophical, "evolutionary" view which a French critic put forward some time ago. No art form, he said, was permanent. The essay is practically dead, although futile attempts are occasionally made to revive it; the sonnet is dead; the poetic drama is dead. What reason is there, then, for assuming that fiction is eternal? For his own part, he did not hesitate to predict its early disappearance. He contends that method, restraint, form, beauty, respect for tradition have been discarded by the novelists, and that their work, with few exceptions, is chaotic and nondescript, containing a little of everything but hardly anything that can be called art. In such pessimistic and sweeping talk much depends on the definition of "art" or "form." We have heard that modern music is not art, and it is not strange to hear that political, social, psychological, analytical novels are not "art." But is not the conception of fiction, of art in fiction, undergoing a change? Was not Shakespeare called a barbarian by the strict artists of his day? Was not Ibsen told that his poetry was not really poetry? If novelists claim greater freedom, are they not justified by the world's interest in their treatment of the questions that earlier novelists considered alien to art? As to the alleged dullness of modern fiction, what will the admirers of Mrs. Ward, of Mrs. Wharton, of James, of Howells, of Conrad, of Hewlett, of Miss Sinclair, of a score of others, say of the change? The general reader finds plenty of charm, of interest, of stimulation in the higher branches of contemporary fiction, and is not he the court of last resort? It is a safe guess that a generation hence fiction will be as vital and popular as it now is—which is saying a good deal.

The Beam and the Mote.
Little Dick, the village "bad boy," was wading through a shallow swamp catching frogs with a small landing net. It was slow work, for the frogs were nimble and exceedingly shy, but whenever he succeeded in capturing one he made sure that it did not get away by putting it in a tin bucket that had a perforated lid. He had just caught a fine specimen and transferred it to his bucket, when a young lady, who was out for a walk, happened along.
"Little boy," she said, "don't you know it's cruel to catch those poor little froggies?"
Dick straightened up and looked at her. She wore a gorgeous "creation" on her head, and something in its trimmings attracted his attention.
"I want 'em to wear on my hat," he said.

Just Like the Rich Folks.
"Marshall Field, Jay Gould and Potter Palmer habitually carried only small amounts in their pockets," said the man who has a taste for the odd.
"Well," responded his friend, "when I am gone you can truthfully say the same about me."—Washington Herald.

The Lesser Evil.
"Of course," the tragedian was saying, "in the theatrical business a short run is bad."
"But," interrupted the critic, "a good long walk is worse, isn't it?"—Exchange.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.
"He is a most persistent wooer; he turns up at her house every evening."
"Yes, and as often as he turns up she turns him down."—Houston Post.

When a man walks along the street between two women, he has every appearance of being under arrest.

RECORD-BREAKING CLIMB

Woman Scales Highest Mountain to a Height of 25,000 Feet.

Annie S. Peck is the most persistent mountain climber of her sex and no one who knows the history of her struggles against ill-fortune and realizes her indomitable pluck will fail to feel a sense of personal satisfaction at the success of her latest venture. It is reported from Lima, Peru, that Miss Peck has ascended Huascarán to the height of 25,000 feet, the highest point ever attained by man or woman.



ANNIE S. PECK.

Miss Peck had previously gone to South America twice to climb this mountain. On an earlier trial she was compelled to give up the attempt after reaching a height of 17,500 feet, owing to the cowardice of her guides. By reaching an altitude of 25,000 feet Miss Peck has ascended higher than any other person, man or woman, in the world. The previous record was held by W. W. Graham, who reached a height of 23,800 feet in the Himalayas.

Miss Peck began her mountain climbing in 1895, when she scaled the Matterhorn. She ascended Mount Sorata, in Bolivia, reaching a height of 20,500 feet. Huascarán, or Huascaran, towers above a notable group of volcanic summits in the south of Peru to the westward of the great plateau in which Lake Titicaca lies.

Miss Peck has surmounted almost impossible obstacles, chief among them the lack of means. Miss Peck was at one time professor in a Western college, but for many years she has been occupied as a lecturer and has climbed many mountains for the purpose of obtaining material for her lectures. It has been her ambition to climb Huascarán, reputed the highest mountain in the world, which all the climbers of the world had failed to ascend. She has had the greatest difficulty in raising funds for her trips, but she has persisted in the face of constant discouragement and has started on her mission each time with barely enough money to take her through her schedule, with no allowance for accident and with but scanty equipment. Scientifically her equipment has always been of the best and no doubt she will bring back some valuable observations. Her past two trips have been made with native guides who proved almost worse than useless. This time she had with her two Swiss guides and it is doubtless to their experience and hardiness that she owes her success.—Utica Globe.

MAY FIRES.

Ancient Scotch Custom Which Involved Human Sacrifice.

Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland" contains notices of many old customs, which still continued to be observed in the Highlands, though they were even then fast dying out. From the eleventh volume of that great work, which was published in 1791 and the succeeding years, we learn, on the authority of the minister of Callender, Perthshire, that the boys of the township assembled in a body upon the moors on May day and proceeded to dig a circular trench, leaving the soil in the center undisturbed, so as to form a low table of green turf sufficient in size to accommodate the whole party.

They lighted a fire and prepared a custard of milk and eggs and a large oatmeal cake, which they baked upon a stone placed in the embers. When they had eaten the custard, they divided the cake into as many equal portions as there were persons in the assembly and daubed one of those pieces with charcoal until it was perfectly black. They placed all the pieces of the cake together in a bonnet, and each in turn drew one blindfolded, the holder of the bonnet being entitled to the last piece. The boy who drew the blackened portion was destined to be sacrificed and was compelled to leap three times through the flames.

Although the ceremony had degenerated into a mere pastime for boys, it is evident that it must once upon a time have involved the actual sacrifice of a human being in order to render the coming summer fruitful.—Gentleman's Magazine.

She Hated Garrick.
Mrs. Clive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and as his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance she never forgave him and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude and violent in her temper and spared nobody.

One night as Garrick was performing "King Lear" she stood behind the scenes to observe him and, in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected that she sobbed one minute and abused him the next, and at length, overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurried from the place with the following extraordinary tribute to the universality of his powers: "Hang him! I believe he could act a gridiron."—T. P.'s Weekly.

Same Thing.
"Miss Bloomer seems to keep her youth still," remarked Miss Goode.
"Well," replied Miss Chellus, "she keeps her age quiet."—Philadelphia Press.

Introduce wisdom into a love affair, and you will break it up.



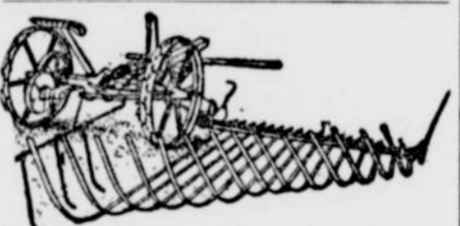
Nitrogen from the Air.

A detailed account of the progress of the works now in course of erection on the falls of the Svalgeis at Nordodden, in Norway, for the separation of atmospheric nitrogen, on the system of Messrs. Birkeland and Eyde, is given in La Nature. These works are the property of a French company, and the available power is stated at 34,000 horse-power. A second undertaking on a far larger scale is now in course of construction to make use of the falls of Rjukan, where not less than 250,000 horse power will be utilized. Photographs show that the buildings are now completed, and that much of the machinery is in place. The factory is contained in two separate divisions, the hydro-electric generating station and the chemical works. Details of the revolving furnaces, with the internal electrodes and the flame arcs, are given.

Let Women Run Incubators.

Please do not get the idea that the incubator is so everlastingly automatic that you do not need to give it any attention. The result with the use of an incubator is a great deal like the results with the use of other things. They will be in proportion to the effort you make to a great extent. Of course I am not personally acquainted with you, but as a long distance proposition I would a heap slight rather you would turn your machine over to your wife. The women folks have more natural good sense in raising poultry, and you can bet your boots they look after the pennies and dimes in whatever they undertake. While a man that is accustomed to dealing in big money often overlooks seemingly immaterial things that go to make the use of incubators and brooders a success.—M. M. Johnson, Nebraska.

A Clover Buncher.
Clover that is pastured until the middle of June and then permitted to make a second growth will escape in-



jury from the midge and usually give a better yield of seed. When 95 per cent of the heads are a dead brown color the mower may be set to work. The illustration shows a finger-like mowing machine attachment for bunching and laying the clover out of the way of the horses.

To Prevent Tomato Rot.

The disease often attacks plants that are not sprayed. It is first noticeable as small black or brown spots on the leaves and stems of the plants, occurring first on the lower and older leaves, but with favorable weather it spreads rapidly till the plant is defoliated and the spots on the stems have coalesced into irregular blackish patches. If a piece of bark with these spots be examined under a high power microscope innumerable small, crescent-shaped bodies may be seen. These are the fruiting spores of the fungus. Spray with Bordeaux mixture.

Get a Disk Harrow.

The disk harrow is a tool that is almost indispensable on an up-to-date farm. For working land that is infested with weeds that spread through their root systems the disk harrow is the only harrow that should be used. It cuts the roots where they lie and does not drag them from one part of the field and transplant them in another. With plenty of horsepower it will do the work of a plow on some kinds of soil, especially in fruit orchards, where a plow is liable to tear up large roots and start suckers to growing up where the root is cut.

Ration for Cows.

Experiments conducted last year at the West Virginia Agricultural Station go to show that, while a ration of grain given to cows that are on pasture may keep them in somewhat better physical condition and keep up their flow of milk, the increase in butter fat is not sufficient to pay for the cost of the grain ration. This would seem to be on the assumption of a lush pasture and that the cows would eat additional grass to take the place of the higher-priced grain ration.

Leguminous Crops.

Nature has provided a leguminous crop for every part of the earth where it was intended that man should farm. Cow peas, soy beans and Japan clover in the South, crimson clover in the Eastern slope, red clover in the Central states, alfalfa in the West, and Canada peas in the North show how thoroughly the distribution has been effected.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

The right kind of sermon keeps on preaching after the benediction is pronounced.

Unless we do something for the future the future will not do much for us.

Too much care has kept many a house plant from becoming a tree.

The Lord employs no hired help. It is a waste of soap to wash a pig. Only the worshiper can ask as God wants to give.

There are days when "Hold the Fort" is the right song to sing.

Characters are not built by accident any more than houses are.

Better be blind than see nothing but the shortcomings of others.

Fill the mind with good thoughts and bad ones will be crowded out.

Faithfulness in the day of small things is what makes the true man.

The man who goes into God's business goes into a business that never fails.

The religion that makes no change in a man's life has made none in his heart.

A man may never utter an oath, and yet swear like a pirate with his face or his fist.

The real size of the man always depends upon whether he is growing or shrinking.

You can not always tell how hard a man has been digging by what he brings home in his basket.

You have to explain a coal oil lamp, but no breath need be wasted in telling about the power of the sun. The springtime will do that.

LIFE IN THE MINING TOWNS.

Though Minus a Good Many Comforts It Has Its Attractions.

Dr. W. K. Robinson, formerly a prominent and popular Baltimorean, but for the past three years a resident of Goldfield, Nev., is a guest at the Bennett, says the Baltimore American. Dr. Robinson, who has prospered greatly through his ownership of paying mines, told some interesting facts about his adopted home.

"Compared with Baltimore," said he, "the mining towns of Nevada are very shy of the comforts and pleasures of existence, but they have an attraction of their own, and I really enjoy living out there. Goldfield is a place of at least 15,000 people. It is a wide-open town. Gambling goes on day and night and the saloons are never closed. This does not mean that it is given up to disorder and violence. On the contrary, serious crime is rare, and what racket is kicked up is the work of young eastern chaps, who think they must cavort and raise Cain to make the native regard them with respect.

"While the cost of living is pretty high, there has been a great decline since the earliest days of the camp. One can now rent a very comfortable house for \$75 to \$100 a month. No Chinamen or Japs are allowed in Goldfield, and a strong Irishwoman who can do all the cooking and other family work can often get \$100 a month. We sigh for the soft-shell crabs of the Chesapeake and the other glorious sea food, but our beef and vegetables brought in from California are just as good as you can get in Baltimore.

"Goldfield is today in better shape than it ever was. Everything is on a solid basis. Speculation in wildcat property has ceased. Labor, like smelter charges and railroad rates, has dropped to a figure where the mine owners can pay and get their profits. Some of the biggest mines are not in operation, but that is only a temporary condition. The treasury shipments of ore out of Goldfield are not less than \$750,000 a month. Inside of two years I believe the camp will show an annual output of not less than \$25,000,000."

The Lion and the Child.

The strange spectacle of a lion playing with a child is reported to have been witnessed at Vryheid. A Dutch farmer, accompanied by his wife and little boy, was out shooting game. Suddenly the attention of the parents was drawn to the child, who had toddled a short distance away to gather wild flowers. Crawling with delight, the little fellow was pulling the hair of a full grown lion, and the animal appeared to be enjoying the operation. Spell-bound, the farmer and his wife stood gazing at the scene. The farmer, even if his gun had contained a shot, could not have fired because of the child. The lion skipped sportively round the boy until, startled by loud shouts from the parents, it walked quietly away, followed by a lioness, which up to then had lain concealed in the long grass. A hunt was afterward organized, but the lions had disappeared into the thick bush.—East Rand Express.

What It Means.

"I'd like a reference, ma'am," said the cook, who had been requested to resign. "You mean," replied Mrs. Hiram Offen, "you'd like a letter in which there would be no reference to anything."—Philadelphia Press.

A manly man likes to acknowledge his faults to a womanly woman who tries to convince him that he has none.

Many a man has a kick coming that never reaches him.