

BANDON RECORDER

Band Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

The man who can make love and go fishing at the same time isn't much in love.

It isn't polite for even an artist to hit his soul mate with the potato masher.

There is a valuable hint to parents in the similarity of the words "prank" and "spank."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is advocating perfect children—for other people. Mrs. Wilcox is wholly unselfish in the matter.

Fewer men would be struggling for a "principle" in politics if they had no interest in a job with salary attachment.

An observer who thinks he has counted 40,000 varieties of the common fly probably enumerated the same fly several times.

The largest and heaviest battleship ever planned has just been launched for Great Britain. It must be about Germany's turn next.

It's all right for Peary to want to find the south pole, but everybody would be entirely satisfied with him if he only found the north.

What has become of that new bookless waist that fastens itself up the back when a chain is pulled? We'd like to see how it works.

A man claims that a girl hypnotized him by telephone. It appears to be impossible to have a situation in which the man cannot blame it on the woman.

Russell Sage's estate amounts to \$64,000,000. Had he been permitted to live another year or two he would have rounded it out to \$70,000,000 without much effort.

Architects and engineers say there is no reason why buildings 200 stories in height are impossible. What insurance company will be the first to beautify the sky line with a 200-story building?

The President wants Congress to increase the standing army to 100,000. There is certainly standing room in the country for a larger army, just as there is water enough to accommodate a larger navy.

Anarchist Berkman doesn't have to work for a living. All he has to do is to go out and start a revolution in some room over a beer saloon, and the authorities at once furnish him free board and lodgings.

Orville Wright announces that it is possible to construct an aeroplane which will carry seven people. It will not be long before our aeroplanes will be equipped with straps for the accommodation of people who cannot obtain seats.

An incidental phase of the situation in eastern Europe which interests America is illustrated by the report that Armenian leaders are seeking to check emigration to the United States and that already 1,000 men arrived at Batoum ready to sail have abandoned that purpose.

The old idea that a minister should occupy a place apart from his charge has in large measure given way to the sentiment of a "practical age" and the so-called institutional church of the cities is but one manifestation of this idea. In the city the method by which a minister may come most closely to his people is a complicated matter, for the people under his spiritual guidance are of many occupations and many activities. In the country the question is a more direct one. Here the congregation is of one mind, of one line of thought.

There is great hope and great safety in the campaign methods of to-day. It is the intelligence of the citizen that is appealed to. It is a campaign of education and discipline, not one of torchlight parades and a big noise. The newspaper which educates and informs the masses is the great factor in politics as it is in other measures educational, intellectual and social. The old war horses and the former school of politics have had their day. They may have been indispensable for primitive methods, but their occupation is gone. We welcome an intelligence which insures a good government and an honest citizenship.

There is no issue in the political campaign to compare in gravity with the issue of law enforcement in the United States and the rigid and uncompromising march of justice. The right spirit cannot be thrust upon the people suddenly by force of arms. They must be born and bred to a respect for the law; they must be trained and educated to a regard for their country and its institutions; they must be taught by every known agency in the republic to adopt as a part of their active, everyday working patriotism the high resolve to stand for the law individually and collectively; to oppose all who oppose it; to sustain it even when they do not like it, and to make "this country a country of the law" because they are convinced that the republic's bulwark is the law; that

society's happiness depends upon it; that "freedom is its child, peace is its companion and safety walks in its steps." The best patriot is the man who stands for the law.

The complaints of business men with reference to the ignorance and superficiality of public school graduates, even as regards such fundamental studies as arithmetic, spelling and writing, are strikingly re-enforced by an indictment against the school system of the country drawn by Colonel Larned of the Military Academy. An article is contributed by the colonel to the North American Review, which is bluntly entitled "The Inefficiency of the Public Schools," and which is based on the year's entrance examination papers at West Point. Even now, after legislation and much effort to raise the standards of admission, the examinations at the academy are by no means difficult, according to Colonel Larned. The subjects are: Elementary algebra, plane geometry, English grammar, elementary composition, common school geography and high school history, general and United States. The minimum passing mark in any subject is 66. It seems that 314 candidates took the examination this year, and 265 failed in one or more subjects, 209 failed in two or more subjects, and 26 in every subject. Examining the failure by subjects, the colonel shows that 154 failed in algebra, 237 in geometry, 129 in grammar, 144 in composition and literature, 73 in geography, 54 in history. Yet the average attendance of these 314 youths in our common and high schools was but little less than ten years, and in the case of considerably more than half of the number the study in these schools was supplemented by private tutoring or even some college training. The inefficiency complained of is "universal," the Eastern and Middle Western States disclosing quite as much weakness as the remoter and sparsely settled regions. The state of affairs, says Colonel Larned, is such as to make the judicious grieve and to demand that the educators sit up and take notice. There are wide differences of opinion as to the causes of the admitted lack of school efficiency. Some insist on reversion to "the three R's policy," others ask for more men teachers and stricter discipline, still others believe that the children are overworked and overtaxed in the first grades, with results physically and mentally pernicious. But there is a growing demand for greater efficiency and for an overhauling of the educational system.

President Roosevelt's Good Time.

When President Roosevelt was leaving Washington this summer for his Oyster Bay vacation, some friends expressed their sympathy for him on the great burden of his arduous tasks and tremendous responsibilities. "Oh, do not waste any sympathy on me," he said, "I have enjoyed every minute of my stay in Washington. I have had a perfectly corking time." Most men would take the Presidency so seriously, they would be so weighted down with its tremendous responsibility and so anxious all the time lest things should not go right, lest they should make some terrible mistake, that they would not really enjoy themselves very much. Sensitiveness, timidity, would keep many Presidents from real enjoyment because of an embarrassing self-consciousness as to how they were deporting themselves, how others were regarding them. They would dread the cartoon, caricature and criticism of the press so much that they would get very little pleasure or comfort out of their office. But Mr. Roosevelt always gives the impression that he is really having a good time. He says he gets lots of fun, as he goes along, from the humorous and ludicrous things that are constantly happening, and that there are plenty of them in his home life. When your husband or father comes home again with a thundercloud on his face, looking as though he thought he were Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders, just laugh him out of his seriousness; tell him how President Roosevelt manages to carry the welfare of a nation, and still keeps him self fresh, sunny and happy.—Success Magazine.

A Study in Red.

Artists can tell odd stories of the difficulties experienced in painting "fair women." A French countess, whose features were literally covered with rouge, said to an artist, who was trying to give a faithful portrait of her "Monsieur, your colors are not brilliant enough for my complexion. Where did you buy them?" "Madame," retorted the artist, "I got them from the same shop where you buy your own."—Tid-Bits.

Not a Mind Reader.

"John, do you love me?" "Yes." "Do you adore me?" "I s'pose." "Will you always love me?" "Ye—here, woman, what have you been and gone and ordered to be sent home now?"—Sketch.

Amply Qualified.

Farmer Honk—Hear ye are goin' to send your son to college, Eben? Farmer Bornkicker—Don't see any reason why I shouldn't—he's too dumb lazy to work, has too much hair, and can yell so's you can hear him 'most a mile.—Puck.

A man is always willing to lend a helping hand, but he does hate to lend money.

DRUMMING UP LABORERS IN AFRICA.



A NIGERIAN CHIEF'S METHOD OF SUMMONING HARVEST HANDS BY BEATING OF DRUMS.

In the primitive parts of Africa labor is not regularly employed, and when one of the petty chiefs needs workers he collects them in a peculiar manner. In Nigeria, when a chief is ready to begin his harvesting, he sets his tribesmen drumming. They beat huge kettle-

drums made of skin stretched on calabashes, and some small side drums beside. The sound of the drumming carries for great distances, and soon the laborers begin to respond. In a short time a small army of workers is gathered and the work of harvesting is rushed to completion.

THE DAY BEYOND.

When youth is with us, all things seem But lightly to be wished and won; We snare to-morrow in a dream.

And take our toil for work undone; For life is long, and time a stream That sleeps and sparkles in the sun. What need of any haste? we say; "To-morrow's longer than to-day."

And when to-morrow shall destroy The heaven of our dreams, in vain Our hurrying manhood we employ To build the vanished bliss again; We have no leisure to enjoy.

"So few the years that yet remain; So much to do, and ah!" we say; "To-morrow's longer than to-day."

But when our hands are worn and weak, And still our labors seem unmet, And time goes past us like a bleak Last twilight waning to the west, "It is not here—the bliss we seek; Too brief is life for happy rest. And yet what need of grief? we say; "To-morrow's longer than to-day."

—Waverley Magazine.

Find the Moral

Before Stribling got married Mrs. Sanaper told him she had no idea of interfering with his domestic affairs.

"I hope I always have realized that young people must find out for themselves what is best for them, and settle their own differences without the help of any third person," she said. "When you marry Bessie I can't help being your mother-in-law, but I'm not going to be the kind of mother-in-law that you read about in the funny papers."

"It isn't necessary for you to tell me that," said Stribling, smiling.

"I'm coming to see you now and then," continued Mrs. Sanaper, "but I'm not going to make any six months' visits."

"I wish that you'd make up your mind to live with us," said Stribling, with perfect sincerity.

"I won't," said Mrs. Sanaper. "I think too much of you both. And another thing is that Bessie needn't come to me with any of her troubles, thinking I'm going to take her part, for I'm not. I think you're a dear, good boy, but I do not think you are an angel, and I know Bessie isn't, so you'll have your troubles."

"I don't think they'll be very serious ones," said Stribling, confidently.

"Well, that's all," said Mrs. Sanaper. "Now you know what you've got to expect. I've declared myself, and that's what I wanted to do. Bessie will be down in a few minutes."

Stribling married Bessie about a month after that interview and he was not long in discovering that Mrs. Sanaper was living up to the letter and spirit of her declaration. She came to see the young people, but not half often enough to please Stribling. When she did come her cheerfulness, her warm appreciation of everything done or planned in the little home, her approval of everything they had acquired, made her a household joy. When the first baby arrived her helpfulness was beyond words and Stribling was almost tearful in his gratitude. But even the baby was unable to keep her a day longer than she was absolutely needed.

"No, John," she said, when Stribling entreated her, even reproached her, "I don't live so far off that I can't be here the minute I'm wanted, and I'll be over to see the little precious often enough. But I'll never forget what I went through with my own dear mother when Bessie was a baby. Mother was with us all the time and she wouldn't let me do a single thing that I wanted to do with my own child. No, I'll call you up every day that I don't come, but I've got to go now."

If any one wanted to stir Stribling up he had only to speak slightly of mother-in-law even in general terms.

"It makes me weary to hear a man

who pretends to rudimentary sense and decency talking that way," Stribling would say. "I tell you that no man can have a greater blessing than a mother-in-law of the right kind, and they're generally of the right kind, let me tell you. I don't know how I'd ever get along without mine."

"Perhaps yours is an exception," one of the afflicted ones would suggest.

"You bet she's an exception," Stribling would say, carried a little into inconsistency by his enthusiasm. And then he would begin to brag of Mrs. Sanaper.

Perhaps the fact that Mrs. Sanaper actually had sided with him in one or two little domestic difficulties helped on his enthusiasm. Mrs. Stribling on one occasion was disposed to regard her husband's staying out late rather too seriously and her mother gently defended the man. "It will probably happen again, my dear," she said, "but the worst thing in the world to do is to make a fuss about it. He's a man and men don't like to feel that they are not allowed a little liberty. Besides, why shouldn't he have a little change once in a while? You give him a cheerful welcome when he does get home and tell him you hope he enjoyed himself, even if the fact's only too apparent. He won't want to stay half as long the next time as he will if he anticipates tears and reproaches."

She apologized for other delinquencies of Stribling's from time to time, as when he wasn't nice about a hat, complained of the dinner or brought guests home unexpectedly in the course of the next fifteen or sixteen years.

So everything went along very happily indeed, upon the whole, until one fatal evening Stribling came home and found his mother-in-law in the sitting room with her embroidery.

"Why, hello, mother!" said Stribling, a little surprised. "I thought we had lost you."

"My rheumatism was troubling me so this afternoon that Bessie wouldn't let me go," explained Mrs. Sanaper.

"I'm sorry," said Stribling. "I can sympathize with you, too. I've been bothered with neuralgia all day. Where is Bessie?"

"She went downtown to do a little shopping," replied Mrs. Sanaper. "I thought surely that you would come home on the same train."

Stribling frowned as a sharp pain shot through his temples. "It's a dickens of a time for her to stay," he said, irritably.

Mrs. Sanaper put her hand suddenly to her back and dropped her work. "Drat it!" she exclaimed.

"I should think she'd manage to buy what she wanted and be back in time for dinner," growled Stribling.

"I don't think you ought to be cross about it," said Mrs. Sanaper. "She isn't away when you come home very often, poor girl!"

"I suppose you think she ought to be," said Stribling. "She's an abused, trampled-on, domestic drudge, isn't she? And I'm a brute. Is that what you mean?"

Mrs. Sanaper groaned a little and then said with some energy: "I certainly think you are not in a very amiable mood this evening, John."

Stribling turned on his heel and left the room.

That night Mrs. Stribling said: "What have you been saying to mother, John? She's been crying about something and she won't tell me what it is."

"I'll tell you," said Stribling. "I wish she'd go. She's been here two days now. Because she happens to be my mother-in-law I don't see why I'm to be criticised by her. She's been trying to make out that I'm mean to you—or she thinks so, that's all. It's the natural hostility of a woman to the man who marries her daughter, I suppose, and I suppose I'll have to put up with it; but I don't like it. Just plain mother-in-law."

The moral is that eternal vigilance is the price of toleration.—Chicago Daily News.

HOW FLOWERS HIDE HONEY.

Pits Where Sweets Are Stored in the Lily.

"Before the bee sucks," as Ariel put it, he must find the wonderful places where the flowers hide away their honey, to be found like the priests' hiding holes in ancient mansions, by the right sort of visitor, and to keep away all intruders.

In the recesses of the crown imperial lily at the center can be seen six large honey pits, one on every floral leaf, and each is brimming over with a big drop of honey and glistening like a teardrop. Shake the flower and it "weeps" as the big drops fall from it, soon to be replaced by other tears in the rapidly secreting flower. The simple folk call the flower "Job's tears."

The snowdrop is literally flowing with honey, for in swollen veins traversing its fragile whiteness are rivers of nectar. The petals of the columbine are ingeniously and elaborately designed with a view to providing good places of hiding for the honey. Each is circular, hollow, shaped like a horn. In each the honey is secreted in a round knob at what would be the mouthpiece end of the horn, and the five are arranged in a ring, side by side, with the honey knobs aloft. Though the honey store is obvious from without, yet the insects who would sip it must creep into the flower and penetrate with a long nose up the curving horn to the knob.

Sometimes the petals are all joined together into a tube and the sweet nectar simply exudes from the inner side of the wall and collects at the bottom. This is the case in the dead nettle, the tube of which forms so toothsome a morsel that some children call it suckles. The honeysuckle is singularly planned, and its sweetness is so striking as to have furnished its name.

The monkshood has quaint nectaries. If the hood be drawn back there suddenly spring into sight two objects on long stalks, which are sometimes like a French horn, sometimes like a cow, or, looked at sideways, not unlike a pair of doves. Their presence within the hood has provided the nicknames "Adam and Eve" and "Noah's Ark." Thus the honey bags are carefully tucked away and protected.—Chicago Tribune.

Peary Must Prove Discovery.

Over their lunch the fishermen, a case in the bobbing boat, talked about Peary.

"Why doesn't he just lie about it—come back and say he's reached the north pole, and let it go at that? It would save a lot of money."

"Yes, it would save a lot of money, but Peary must bring back proof."

"How can he bring back proof?"

"With his camera. It is like this. Only at the north pole would the shadow of a bullet, suspended from a string, describe in a day's time a perfect circle. Everywhere else the shadow would be elliptical. Well, Peary, if he ever gets to the pole, will hang up his bullet and photograph an arc of his circle—he won't photograph the whole thing because at the north pole a full day is six months long. This arc, though, will tell the whole story to scientists. It will be the proof that no fake has been worked."

Not Troubled with Intellect.

A physiologist came upon a hard-working Irishman toiling, bareheaded, in the street.

"Don't you know," said the physiologist, "that to work in the hot sun without a hat is bad for your brains?"

"D'ye think," asked the Irishman, "that Oi be on this job if Oi had enny brains?"—Success Magazine.

A Last Wish.

He (trembling)—I have one last wish to ask you be-before we part in an-anger forever.

She (sobbing)—Wha-what is it, George?

He—Wi-will you—meet me next Th-Thursday as u-usual?

She—I wi-will, George.—Judy.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1519—Cortez entered the Indian city of Tlascala.

1535—Cartier left his ship and proceeded up the St. Lawrence in boats.

1638—De Vries sailed from Holland on his third expedition to America.

1671—Mediators between the colonists and the Indians met at Plymouth.

1689—Count Frontenac arrived in Canada to reassume the government of the province.

1693—The British army adopted the ring-bayonet.

1737—The Hebrews disfranchised by a vote of the New York Legislature.

1776—Congress appointed Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane and Thomas Jefferson commissioners to the court of France. The new constitution of Pennsylvania was formally proclaimed.

1779—Paul Jones with the Bon Homme Richard captured the British frigate Serapis.

1780—Americans under Gen. Marion attacked a party of Tories at Black Mingo.

1789—Samuel Osgood of Massachusetts became Postmaster General of the United States.

1803—First Catholic church in Boston, Mass., dedicated.

1813—Americans defeated the British in battle of Lake Ontario.

1815—First daily paper printed at Albany, N. Y.

1828—A monument was unveiled in Charlestown, Mass., to the memory of John Harvard.

1839—Treaty between France and Texas signed at Paris.

1850—A Boston merchant paid \$626 for the choice of seats for the first performance of Jenny Lind in that city.

1854—A reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada signed by the governor general. United States sloop Albany sailed from Aspinwall and was never more heard of.

1855—The corner stone of the Masonic Temple was laid in Philadelphia.

1862—Gen. Nelson shot by Gen. Jeff C. Davis at Louisville.

1863—Confederate troops attacked Gen. Burnside at Knoxville.

1864—Union troops victorious in a conflict with the Confederate forces at Athens, Ala.

1865—The Bank of Concord, Mass., robbed of \$200,000.

1868—Gov. Warmouth's veto of the negro equity bill was sustained in the Louisiana House. Gen. McClellan welcomed in New York upon his return from Europe.

1870—President Grant paid a visit to Boston.

1880—The judicial system of the United States established by act of Congress.

1896—A strike began on the Canadian Pacific railway.

1890—Naval parade in New York harbor in honor of Admiral Dewey.

1902—A \$600,000 fire in Stockton, Cal.

1904—Earl Grey was appointed governor general of Canada.

1905—Robert Bacon resigned as director of the steel trust to become first Assistant Secretary of State. Disastrous fire in the business section of Butte, Mont. Highest court in Canada denied the appeal of Greene and Gaynor against extradition.

1906—Race riots continued in Atlanta; two negroes lynched. Mayor McClellan of New York, announced that he would support William R. Hearst for Governor.

1907—Cuban agitators were arrested near Havana.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

In Norman county, Minn., wheat has been threshing out 20 bushels to the acre. Barley and flax are exceptionally good.

The State land department of South Dakota has made the first offering of State lands in the old Fort Sully military reservation, which was practically all taken by the State at the time it was thrown open to settlement.

While the South Dakota State veterinarian and the government authorities are watching the anthrax situation in the counties of the southeastern part of the State, the Governor's office is yet receiving complaints in regard to the situation, and demanding something more in the way of stamping the disease out. All such complaints are turned over to the officials who have the situation in charge for investigation. From reports the indications are that the situation in that part of the State is of a serious nature, and will require careful handling to get the disease stamped out.

The Red river valley is being invaded by representatives of seed houses in the Southwest who are after the potatoes grown in this section to use for seed potatoes through Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas.

Following out his declaration of immunity to any one defending lives or property against night riders, Gov. Wilson of Kentucky granted pardons to Walter Duncanson, who was convicted of shooting and killing Newt Hazlett at Jacksonville, Shelby county, in June, and Riley Harrold, who was indicted as an accessory to the murders.