

Up and Down In Gotham Town

Fifth Avenue Fascinating, but Not to Be Explored Without Caution—A Friendly Interchange—Pie and Finance. A New Kind of Man.

[From Our New York Correspondent.]



THE Fifth avenue has a wide reputation both at home and abroad as a general observation ground. Those who visit Gotham do not delay long in getting there, and those who have never been outside the city limits are equally conscious of the thoroughfare's irresistible charm. It is a region in which something is continually going on. Those who

go there to see things are disappointed rarely.

Now, the seeing of those things involves some risk. In these degenerate, Lombrosian days one may traverse the Bowers from Chatham square to Cooper institute, even at midnight or after, in the most prosaic and uninteresting security. There was a time when Chinatown was an uncertain region to explore late at night, but it has lost its excellent reputation as a possible thriller, and the present rectitude of its ways and byways is positively disgusting to him or her who is in search of the otherwise. The ancient glory of the Five Points neighborhood has departed forever. It has been captured and stripped of its old time naughtiness by the most peaceable and law abiding colony of Sicilians that ever preferred poisons to starvation. One might remain in the section for a week without molestation, and during all that period he would probably witness nothing more exciting than an occasional verbal and gesticulatory conflict between rival dealers in domestic and imported macaroni.

Not so with the Fifth avenue. He, she or it—not to show sex discrimination—who would see it as it should be seen must do it at the risk of bodily injury, maybe worse. Within the past few years there has been a genuine wild western holdup by daylight in the vicinity of the Waldorf-Astoria. Only a few short months ago pedestrians on the gilded highway were



compelled to dispute the right of way with a huge boa constrictor, and only last month an elephant in search of adventures emerged from the Hippodrome jungle and gravitated jubilantly to the Fifth avenue.

But all these possibilities—the hold-up, the serpent and the frisky elephant—are as nothing compared with a new danger which confronts the frequenters of the gay avenue. Recently a bright red wagon on which the legend "Dynamite" is displayed in large letters has made its appearance. From its dashboard flutters nonchalantly a little red flag on which is inscribed the suggestive caution, "Danger!" This sensational vehicle threads its way gingerly down the long thoroughfare, winding in and out among the other traffic and meeting no obstacle of any kind. Nobody has even stopped the driver to ask whether or no it really bears a consignment of explosives. I viewed it the other morning from the top of a motor bus, and I confess that I descended from my perch and took to a side street.



The plan now in vogue in the United States of exchanging university professors with those of foreign schools is turning out to be a great success. The movement was started last April, when Chancellor MacCracken of the University of New York gave a series of free lectures at the University of Copenhagen. The genial chancellor speaks no Danish and the blond and intelligent student body of the Danish school speaks no English, but that didn't seem to stand in the way of the general hilarity of the occasion. As an entertainer Chancellor MacCracken was a ten strike. The Danish youth had never before seen anything of the kind, and it sort of prepared the way for an even more novel sensation, two lectures by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia. Now, at home—that is, on the Columbia campus—the president had never been suspected of being a humorist, and his success in Denmark came as a surprise. President Butler invited Professor Otto Jer-

persen of the Danish university to come over next fall and amuse the Columbia boys, and he has promised to do so.

According to Mark Twain, who, in spite of his lack of humor, is believed to be a trustworthy authority on geography, the three streets in the world most famous are the Applan way, Broadway and the board walk at Atlantic City. Jacobus Damm is not at one with him in this opinion.

"Where is the Applan way?" he demanded when I quoted the author of "Innocents Abroad."

For reasons neither here nor there I did not enlighten him. Nor was it necessary, for he proceeded without pause to sing the praises of his favorite thoroughfare.

"The board walk!" he sniffed contemptuously. "Even Coney Island's Surf avenue has the board walk stung to a whispser. I wonder if Mark Twain knows that in 1692 one of my forefathers was offered lots as far north as Fulton street for \$20 apiece and wouldn't buy, the old nincompoop! In those days the name of the street was not Broadway; it was called Main road. Then it was known as Hoog Weg, or Highway, and afterward as Heeren street, which meant street of the masters. The board walk, indeed!"

Perhaps the most human thing about J. Pierpont Morgan is his affection for apple pie. It may not answer to the description of a grand passion, but certain it is that the great financier cherishes a tenderness for apple pie that is as genuine in its way as was the preference of Abelard for the society of Heloise. At precisely 12:30 every working day, which means all days except



Sunday, the Morgan office boy proceeds to a nearby lunch room and invests a dime of the big promoter's fortune in a mammoth piece of apple pie, which constitutes the great man's midday meal.

One evening, at his New York home on Madison avenue, Mr. Morgan and a few literary and artistic friends were discussing epigrams. Finally each member of the company produced in turn to quote the most striking and appropriate tombstone inscription he could remember. When it came Mr. Morgan's turn he declared that the most pathetic and expressive thing of the kind that had ever been brought to his attention was the following tribute of a disconsolate husband to his wife, who lies buried in the neglected little cemetery of a Maine village:

"She was good and true, and she was the best pie-maker in Somerset county."

Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, the eminent Italian historian now on a visit to America, has been making a remarkable character study of President Roosevelt. The professor is very enthusiastic over his researches in this direction and believes that he has discovered a new species of man. "He has some distinctive features which I have never before observed in man," the learned young Italian told the students who flocked to his lecture at Columbia university. "For one thing, his frankness is amazing. He confessed that he was a barbarian, although he was born in New York. This seemed

incredible, but Mr. Roosevelt soon made it clear to me. Almost before he had spoken a word I realized that I was in the presence of a man who was of a type which I had never believed could exist. Here was a union of two opposite and antagonistic temperaments—a rough primordial energy and the highest intellectual development possible to mankind."

The Columbia boys have methods peculiar to the student body whereby they signify their acceptance or rejection of a statement. It may have been only a remarkable coincidence, but at this point a little more than half of the professor's audience groaned audibly.

"If all men were like this man," continued the fluent historian, "we should succeed in creating an eternal civilization exposed no more to the decay that destroys all other civilization."

The student body cleared its throat and did the Columbia yell. It was the professor's first experience with this time honored institution, but a man who is writing a history of fifty volumes, five of which are already completed, does not lack courage, and he did not lose consciousness. "If I am saying anything out of the way," he said appealingly, "you must ascribe it to my difficulty with the English language." The student body can be generous on occasion, and it composed itself and behaved like a perfect gentleman until the end.

STUYVESANT BROWN

"Pilgrim's Progress."

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One day soon after the close of the civil war, while in Savannah, Ga., I drifted into a secondhand bookstore in search of something with which to while away the time during an enforced sojourn in that city. While there the proprietor told me this story:

"One day during the summer of 1863 Tom Clark, a man whom we knew to be opposed to secession, but who had always lived here and proposed to stay, he said, at least till the Union was restored, came into this store and began nosing among my books. He said he wanted something for an old aunt of his who took no interest in anything except religion. I had Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' Headley's 'Sacred Mountains,' 'Pilgrim's Progress' and several others the names of which I have forgotten. He told me that he would like to take the lot to his aunt, let her pick out those she fancied and he would bring back the rest, paying for those he kept. I let him take all he wanted, and he went away with them. In a few days he came in and paid for all except 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which he returned, saying that his aunt had a copy and had read it through many times. 'Besides,' he added, 'the book is too heavy for an old woman to hold anyway. The covers alone must weigh a pound.'

"Soon after this a mulatto came into the shop, handed me a scrap of paper with the words 'Pilgrim's Progress' written on it and asked if I had the book, saying that his mistress, who lived on a plantation between here and Augusta, had sent him for it. I showed him the book, but he said he couldn't read and asked if there were any pictures in it. I showed him pictures of the giant Despair, Apollyon, the Celestial City and other illustrations, which satisfied him, for his mistress, it seemed, had told him that in this way he might identify the book. He paid me \$10 for it in Confederate money—less than a dollar in greenbacks—and took it away with him.

Somehow or another the darky excited my distrust. While I had been at the other end of the store I had caught sight of him turning the pages of "Pilgrim's Progress" as though he was reading it. When I joined him I asked him if he wasn't deceiving me about not being able to read, but he denied doing so with all the volubility "Fo de Lords!" and "On ma w'od of bonanis!" for which the colored race are noted. However, I didn't care whether he could or couldn't read, and five minutes after he had gone I forgot all about him.

There were a few Yankee prisoners of war in this town at the time who had been captured the autumn before at a big fight that had occurred on the railroad between here and Charleston. They were confined in the jail that had always been used for criminals. Captain Dan Mobery, a popinjay, had charge of them, and he boasted that if any Yank could break jail when he was in command he was welcome to do so. He had a theory that most escapes of prisoners are effected by some one smuggling in to them articles to assist them in getting away, so he wouldn't let any one get near them without being first searched.

Despite Captain Dan's precautions one fine morning when the guard went to feed the prisoners he found every mother's son of them had gone during the night. All the bars necessary to their escape had been sawed through. When Captain Dan came to the jail and saw what had been done he liked to have had a fit. He summoned every one who had had access to the prisoners—there were only two or three persons in all—and questioned them closely, but gained no clue. Never was a man more puzzled. He cursed and swore, and if any of the Yanks had remained I think he would have tortured them to make them tell how the tools had been smuggled into the jail. What bothered him most was that he was satisfied that no person who had visited the prisoners had done the smuggling. A few eatables had been sent in, but they had all been so carefully examined that by no possibility could they have contained tools. From something I heard during the talk about the escape I got on to a clue.

What I heard was this: Only one article except food had been sent to the prisoners. A pious old lady living up the river had sent them a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." But the book had been well shaken and care exercised that nothing should be concealed between the leaves. It was not suspected that the book had contained saws or files. The only singular part of this matter was that the prisoners had taken the "Pilgrim's Progress" with them.

After the close of the war I learned the secret. It seems that after the escape one of the Yankees was concealed for a time on the plantation of Tom Clark. Clark's daughter Helen fell in love with the fellow and he with her. Six months after the loss of our cause this Yankee came down and married Helen Clark. While here he told the story of how he and his comrades got their tools. Clark, who was rank Union, took home the "Pilgrim's Progress" on purpose to put saws into the thick covers. He didn't dare send the book direct to the prisoners, expecting that such an act would implicate him. He brought it back to me and induced an old lady to buy it and send it to the prisoners. When she consented Clark, not willing to rely on an ordinary messenger, got one of his sons to make up for a darky, buy the book and carry it to the jail.

NOEL WESLEY BATES.

Roaring Muscles.

"If a writer wrote of roaring muscles, you would laugh at him. Joints crack, the stomach thunders, but muscles, you would say, don't roar. That is your mistake. They do."

The speaker, a physician, put his finger in his ear.

"I hear a muscle roaring now," said he. "Try it, and you, too, will hear the sound. And to prove that it is the sound of a muscle, put a plug of wood in your ear instead, and you will hear nothing."

"Contracted muscles give out a roaring sound. Relaxed muscles are silent. This fact is of use in diagnosing certain diseases. The stethoscope makes the muscular roars audible, and those strange voices proclaim the presence of such diseases as tetanus, meningitis or strychnine poisoning, while silence on the muscles' part is, so to speak, a sullen admission of the presence in their midst of atrophy, degeneration, paralysis."—Buffalo Express.

It Is Well.

It is well to carefully cultivate tastes. Ruskin says, "Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are."

It is well to study human character. Bodenstedt says: "In the face of every human being his history stands plainly written; his innermost nature steps forth to the light. Yet they are the fewest who can read and understand."

It is well to "brush up against the world." Goethe says: "Talent forms itself in secret. Character is the great current of the world."

It is well to be never cast down. Elizabeth Barrett Browning says:

Let no one till his death Be called unhappy. Measure not the work Until the day's up and the labor done.

Who the Mound Builders Were.

Who were the mound builders of North America? The Rev. Dr. Bryce of Winnipeg has examined a large number of these interesting structures and is of the opinion that they were built by the Toltec and mark the course of the Toltec immigration from the south along the Mississippi and Ohio to the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, along the Missouri and along the Red and Mississippi rivers. This would make the earliest mound date from about 1100 A. D.—Boston Herald.

His Strong Point.

"It is true," said a friend, "that you have amassed a great fortune. But your grammar!"

"Never mind the grammar," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "This is an era of specializations. I may be weak in some branches, but I'm an authority on the possessive case."—Washington Star.

Writing For Money.

Green—I hear your wife is an authoress. Does she write for money? Brown—I never receive a letter from her that she writes for anything else.—Town Topics.

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