BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON..............OREGON

Mrs. Taft is said to be a good cook. Her husband looks it.

They say Horace was a wine agent. That shouldn't dim his splendor. Think of Harry Lehr.

Ex-Banker Morse's respect for the banking laws, if not his love for them, has visibly increased.

They are trying to undermine our faith in Paul Revere. Nevertheless, we shall continue to revere.

Prof. Metchnicoff, who says it is easy to live 150 years, does not, of course, take into consideration the price in dollars and cents.

On examination the surgeons probably will find that the bumptious president of Venezuela is suffering from some Castro-nomical ailment.

Assurances by an aeroplane inventor that his machine will fly like a bird fail to specify whether he refers to birds of the eagle or the ostrich type.

The latest estimate of Andrew Carnegie's income puts it at $1,000,000 a month. If this is correct dying poor is going to be a terrific job for Andrew.

"Yim" Hill pays $500,000 to prevent an adjoining building from shutting the sunlight out of his home. Maybe his industrial prophecies will not be so dark hereafter.

Mr. Archbold sadly says that he once disposed of a lot of his Standard Oil certificates at 75 cents on the dollar. He should have had the sagacity to pawn his watch.

If John D. Rockefeller is to supersede the other John D. as the active head of Standard Oil it may be on the theory that a poor memory is preferable to a letter file.

The Gatun dam on the Panama Canal has been damaged by floods. As the years drag along it becomes more and more apparent that it was not a child's job which the French abandoned.

One of the lecturers alleges that woman in prehistoric times was man's intellectual superior. Perhaps he bases his claim upon the supposition that woman did not in those days wear a "rat" in her hair.

Query: If England undertakes to maintain a navy 10 per cent stronger than the combined fleets of any two other nations, how long will she stay in the free trade column? And how long out of bankruptcy?

An Italian historian asserts that Horace's odes were written as advertisements for some wine company. If Horace were living now he would probably be writing such poems as one reads on the cards that are fastened upon the walls of trolley cars.

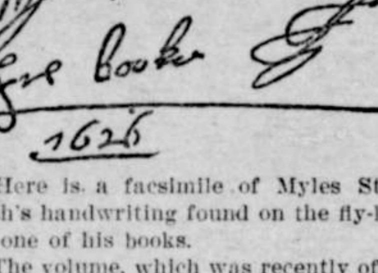
A western paper refers to William Ellis Corey as a "plute," that being its abbreviation for plutocrat, and the New York Evening Post speaks of a "Cleveland multi," meaning, presumably, a Cleveland multimillionaire. If the rich must suffer such indignities, why be rich?

In all the arrangements planned for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lincoln next February, the committees include the reading of the famous Gettysburg address. The older people already appreciate the greatness of that wonderfully brief and significant speech, and the younger generation will learn to understand why their elders prize it so highly.

Franz Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, is declared by the Vienna correspondent of a London paper to be largely responsible for the recent annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is explained that he is an intimate friend of the imperial minister of foreign affairs. It is also believed that the emperor-king consults with his heir upon matters of policy. For the emperor is seventy-eight years old, and infirm, and is aware that he has not long to live. The prince is supposed to look upon himself as a man of destiny, and the course of events gives him some justification for entertaining the idea. When he was born, in 1863, several lives stood between him and the throne. There was a son of the emperor; the next heir was Maxmilian, brother of the emperor; and after him Franz Ferdinand's own father, another brother of Franz Josef. But Maxmilian was put to death in 1867, on the failure of the attempt to establish an empire in Mexico, of which he was proclaimed emperor; the Crown Prince Rudolf met a tragic death in 1889; and thereupon the Archduke Carl Ludwig, father of Franz Ferdinand, who became the heir presumptive, renounced his right to the throne in favor of his son.

In the simultaneous publication of striking extracts from the essays of Messrs. Carnegie and Rockefeller there are "openings" for all sorts and conditions of critics. But, whatever the cynical or the ultra-radical opponents of the existing social system might say, the fact is that the "oil king" and the "iron master" speak as doubly qualified experts on the questions treated by them. They are among the richest men of our time and among the most liberal givers. Their views on surplus wealth, its duties and burdens, and on the science or art of "dying poor" when you have fabulous means and a fabulous income cannot fail to be suggestive and stimulating. Mr. Carnegie's gospel of wealth as a mere trust is familiar to the world. His advocacy of progressive income and inheritance taxation and of the abrogation of laws that interfere with the natural distribution of wealth has also long been familiar. But there are novel admissions and fresh observations in the quoted essays, and their discussion of idealistic versus immediately feasible remedies will provoke considerable comment. Like Mr. Carnegie, the oil king has little faith in ordinary philanthropy. He would have the rich cultivate a taste for giving where help leads to self-help and to permanent benefit, but the indiscriminate forms of giving he regards as demoralizing in every way. And it is certainly true, as he says, that to build up great industrial systems, to multiply opportunities, to insure good working conditions, to promote the welfare of laborers and consumers, to introduce equity into business, may be regarded as the most beneficent kind of "giving." Mr. Rockefeller believes that, on the whole, great fortunes are the rewards of great public services, while Mr. Carnegie is convinced that the contrasts in wealth are far greater than those in human ability and merit. He accepts the doctrine of "unearned increment" and agrees that in many instances a millionaire's wealth is the product of the community, of the labor and improvements of his neighbors and fellow men. Both insist on individual ownership of wealth, though Mr. Rockefeller goes so far as to say that if a body of men arose and proved capacity to administer wealth for the general good more efficiently and more fruitfully than individual owners the latter might be expected to turn over their titles to the abler captains or trustees. Meantime it is reassuring to contemplate the progress of the movement for equal opportunity and justice as well as the progress made in the art of giving. Employers can establish pension systems, insurance funds, co-operative management and profit sharing. Retired millionaires can endow research, fight disease, foster the fine arts and provide congested districts with parks and playgrounds. The rich can work for humanity and happier future conditions while greatly ameliorating the lot of the victims of existing maladjustments.

Myles Standish, His Booke.



Here is a facsimile of Myles Standish's handwriting found on the fly-leaf of one of his books.

The volume, which was recently offered for sale for $1,000, is entitled "The Passions of the Minde in Generall," by Thomas Wright, published in 1621.

Capt. Myles Standish, human sword blade, whose valor saved the Pilgrims at Plymouth from utter destruction at the hands of hostile Indians, went back to England in 1625 on business for the colony. Before his return, in 1626, he bought this book and carried it back to America with him.

The title itself shows the sort of literature our stern New England ancestors reveled in. Had Standish brought home a novel or a book of poetry it would doubtless have scandalized the whole Puritan settlement.

The Story of a Song.

The story of "Ninety and Nine," the well-known hymn the music for which Ira D. Sankey improvised in a burst of deep feeling, was told by the Rev. C. E. Locke, at the funeral of Mr. Sankey. The evangelist had found a little poem, "The Lost Sheep," in a Scotch newspaper, so runs Dr. Locke's account in the Brooklyn Eagle, and had clipped it. One night in Edinburgh Mr. Moody asked him to sing. Mr. Moody had just finished his sermon, "The Good Shepherd." Mr. Sankey had no thought of composing a new song, but as he used to tell the story:

"As I sat at the organ my fingers fell on A flat and my eyes fell on that little poem. I began to sing, and I sang the words of that poem."

When he had finished Mr. Moody rushed down from the platform and asked him where he had found that song. He said it was the most wonderful song he had ever heard. Mr. Moody was weeping, Mr. Sankey was weeping and the audience was in tears, so great was the impression produced by the song.

"I sang it as God gave it to me," Mr. Sankey replied. He never changed a note of the song from the time it fell from his lips.

And Succeeded.

"He used to be a happy, light-hearted fellow without a care in the world and now he looks worried to death."

"Yes, his wife married him to reform him."—Houston Post.

A Keen Business Man.

Noah landed on Ararat.

"Fine," he cried—"a mountain and seashore resort in one!"

Herewith he started to build a summer hotel.—New York Sun.

The better you behave the better you'll get along. Try it.

MONEY FACTS.

Little Known Points About World's Medium of Exchange.

While the first actual coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, King of Argos, in 895 B. C., it must not be supposed that there had not existed a keen appreciation of the value and uses of money for centuries previous to the introduction of coinage. The ancient Egyptians had a gold and silver standard of currency, and their money was in the form of gold and silver ornaments, rings and nuggets, the purchasing power of which depended on the weight.

The Greeks improved somewhat on this system by first marking the weight on gold and silver nuggets so that it would no longer be necessary to reweigh them every time they were to be used for purposes of exchange or trade. Then came the introduction of gold, silver and copper nuggets of graded uniform sizes and value. The next step was the moulding and stamping of discs made from the precious metals.

Some of these first coins were enormous, the idea apparently being to discourage the greedy from attempting to accumulate and carry around too many of them. There were copper coins as large as dinner plates. While the idea was based on excellent motives, it had to give way before the demand for smaller and more convenient forms of currency and the giant pennies soon dwindled in size to meet the popular demand.

The earliest trace of the use of gold as money is to be found in the pictures of the ancient Egyptians weighing in scales heaps of rings of gold and silver. There is no actual record, however, that these rings were what may be termed coins with a fixed value.

Iron, judging from the statement of Aristotle, was once extensively employed as currency. Lead has also served as money. In fact it still does so in Burmah.

Copper has been more widely employed as money than either of the two last mentioned metals. The early Hebrew coins were chiefly composed of it, while down to 268 B. C. the sole Roman coinage was an alloy of copper.

Tin money was once used in England, probably on account of the rich tin mines of Cornwall. Early English coinages contained much of this tin money, principally in the form of farthings and halfpence.

Silver formed the basis for the early Greek coins and was introduced in Rome in 269 B. C. Mediaeval money was principally composed of silver.

The only other metals for money are platinum and nickel. The former was coined for a short time by the Russian government, and then given up as unsuitable. The latter is used as an alloy and in this country for the 5-cent piece familiarly referred to as a nickel.

Coined money was first used on the continent of Europe 25 years before the Christian era. It was in copper and silver. Gold was not coined there till the eleventh century, and money did not receive the round form to which we are accustomed until the lapse of another hundred years or so.

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

God-Making Is One of India's Most Immense Industries.

Few of us realize that into the vast triangle of Hindustan is packed one-fifth of the entire human race—more than 200,000,000 Hindus, 60,000,000 Mohammedans, 10,000,000 aborigines and well over 35,000,000 of other miscellaneous peoples, making up a population of over 300,000,000, speaking scores of different tongues and divided into hundreds of separate states.

The most important industry of India is agriculture, for the people are a race of farmers, and nearly two-thirds of the masses cultivate the soil, eking out a living so scanty that the slightest failure of the monsoon brings acute distress, if not positive famine.

It is perhaps for this reason that India is the most god-ridden region on earth. Her deities are numbered in millions, for quite apart from the greater gods, every little hamlet between the tremendous Himalayas and Cape Comorin has its own set of deities, dreadful and beneficent. Thus it will not be hard to believe that god-making in India is an immense business. Just now there is a feeling of deep wrath among the native artificers over this holy and most profitable industry being cut into by foreign merchants and traders. Only recently an enormous five-tiered Juggernaut car of gaily painted wood and steel was made in Calcutta, and of late years Birmingham and Philadelphia have both secured big slices of the traffic in gods.

Every village, especially in South India, is supposed to be surrounded by evil spirits, always on the watch to inflict disease and misfortune on the people. At the same time every little hamlet has also its guardian spirits.

Force of Storm Waves.

The average storm wave is thirty feet in height. The highest storm waves ever measured were between forty-four and forty-eight feet high. The gigantic force of storm waves is shown by the fact that at Skerryvore lighthouse, off the west coast of Scotland, a mass of rock weighing five and a half tons was once hurled to a height of seventy-two feet above the sea level, while a mass weighing thirteen and a half tons was torn from a cliff seventy-four feet high.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Don't kick too easy. Many kicks are foolish, and give the kickers a reputation for being foolish and unfair.

THE WIND BEGUILETH ALL.

The wind beguileth all;
Elusive piper,
Hear him whisper, whisper, whisper,
Mellow in rise and eloquent in fall
He plays the lover,
With birdlike poise and dart and hover,
Lisping forevermore a madrigal,
White Junivere or sapphire June,
Autumnal days or hours Aprilian,
A golden tune
He breathes as from the ancient pipes of Pan.

Oh, wandering troubadour,
Ever evasive,
Still penetrant, persistent and persuasive,
I love to lie and listen to your lure!
For now I know the lotused marges
Of the mysterious Nile,
Where, in the time long dead, the deep oared barges
Moored 'neath the shadow of some kingly pile;
And now I am aware of some fair garden
(Ah, radiant span!)
That hath for warden
The rose of Ispahan;
And now I am transported
By fluctuant melodies
To where the drowsing coral isles are courted
By the warm arms of Australasian seas.

Dawn flush, noon languor, eve's purpureal
Pallor behind the hill crests, if it fall
Upon attuned ears—the earth old call—
The wind, the minstrel wind, beguileth all!

—New York Sun.

Thompson's Narrow Shave

"Hasn't Thompson turned up?"

"No. His wife won't let him come."

Blank despair settled on the face of the first speaker. "How are we to play Bridge," he lamented, "with the fourth player absent?"

His two companions had already digested their disappointment, having had previous information of the contretemps. Charlie Trevor, the host of the evening and the instigator of this "quiet little party," kicked over the table and flung the cards into a corner. A moment later, however, he was inclined to be jocular. "Thompson's wife has got him tied up with that little bit o' string—making him hold a worsted skein, maybe, or read aloud to her from Shakspeare."

"But we must have him! We can't play without him. Trevor, are you game for a raid on his drawing room?"

"What, fetch Thompson away from his domestic hearth—by violent methods? Is that what you're suggesting, Teddy Manners?"

"Not by violence," explained Teddy Manners, seating himself jauntily on the big center table; "but by strategy. There are three of us; surely we have wit enough among us to fetch Thompson out?"

Charlie Trevor shook his head gloomily. "I have no wits,' he said, "where thwarting a woman is concerned."

Teddy Manners leapt off the table. "I'll fetch him myself," he exclaimed. "Pick up the table and sort out the cards. Supper for four, mind, and I'll be back in twenty minutes."

He went out hastily, and in the street hailed a hansom. He drove straight to Thompson's door, descended, and rang the bell. Presently he was ushered into Thompson's drawing room. Thompson was, indeed, reading a book, although it might not have been Shakspeare.

"Mrs. Thompson," he began, coming forward to greet the lady of the house, "your husband is indeed a gem. How blissful it must be to have a partner whose continual presence lends luster to the domestic fireside. Nevertheless, I fear he will have to leave you for awhile——"

Mrs. Thompson gasped, staring hard at her visitor. "Leave me?" she said, testily.

"Something has gone wrong at the bank. Your husband can set it right in a few minutes; at least I hope he can."

Thompson dropped his volume on the floor with an exclamation that surprised Manners. "I shall have to go," he said hoarsely, turning to his wife.

He rose reluctantly and went out into the hall. Manners made a pretty speech or two, and then followed him. Out in the street he thrust his friend into the waiting carriage and the pair drove off. The rattle of the vehicle on a stony street prevented conversation for the time being, but presently Thompson looked out of the windows and half shouted:

"We've passed the bank, Manners!"

His friend nodded carelessly. "By the way," he said, "they're working overtime, evidently. I saw lights as we passed."

Thompson sank back limply against the cushioned upholstery behind him. "Yes, the clerks are hard at it. It'll take 'em till midnight and then—— But I don't understand, Manners. You said you were taking me to the bank."

"My dear old Tommy, don't you understand the nature of a ruse when you find yourself the hero—or the victim of one? Course we're not going to the bank. That was my trick to get you away. We're going to a little place where there's supper for four, old heap."

"I feel relieved," said Thompson tragically.

"The bank's getting on your nerves, Tommy."

"Perhaps it is."

"D'you mean to say you'd forgotten Charlie Trevor's little Bridge party for to-night?"

"'Pon my soul, I had. There's been a lot of worry at the bank, you know. Here we are, then, at Charlie Trevor's."

* * * * * * *

About an hour after Thompson had thus been carried off by Manners, leaving his wife to finish her chapter by herself, the door bell rang again, and a detective presented himself at the drawing room door. Other helpers in blue drew up in line in the hall. The detective hastily read out his warrant for the apprehension of Thomas Thompson, Esq., on a charge of embezzling £800 from the Fenymore branch of Pond's Bank, of which he was the manager. Theer came a cry from Mrs. Thompson. A minute later another cry, equally desponding, broke from the detective.

"Absconded! The man's gone! He's not in the house. Left an hour ago in a cab. Scatter, you blockheads, and pick up the clue."

A passing journalist, hieing home from his day's scribbling, crossed the road at this juncture. There was no crowd, there had been no time for any, and when the police melted away, which they did quickly, the journalist found himself in possession of a startling bit of news, as yet his own exclusive property, omitting, of course, the police.

He paused on the curb as Thompson's door slammed behind the last disappearing policeman. He grunted. He saw visions of big headlines in to-morrow's paper. Then he moved away and broke into a run. At home he would write out half a column and have it in the printers' hands before midnight.

His way lay through devious thoroughfares. He took a short cut, then emerged in a wide suburban street, where gaily lighted windows fringed the road. Laughter and the clinking of convivial glasses stole to his ears. He paused for breath, and became conscious that the owner of an opposite villa was leaning over his front gate.

"Evening, Mr. Trevor,' he said, crossing the street.

"Hallo, old scribbler! What are you after? Is copy so hard to get that it necessitates some measure of street prowling, you vagabond?"

"Bad news, Mr. Trevor. Your friend' Mr. Thompson—mind, I'm telling you this as a dead secret——'

INTO THE WAITING CARRIAGE.

"Tommy Thompson!" interrupted Mr. Trevor, jerking his thumb towards the lighted window "Yes; I've got him in there."

"The dickens you have, sir; the dickens you have!"

"What's the 'dead secret,' pray?"

"The police are on his track, sir.'

"Oh; Now I understand." Charlie Trevor had come out for a stroll on his front lawn, ostensibly for a breath of fresh air, but, in actual fact to ponder over the problem of Thompson's curious mood and behavior; the man had been reticent and uncompanionable in a most incomprehensible manner. But now he understood.

"Look here, old scribbler, who knows about this? You—and who beside?"

The journalist laughed. "I've got the monopoly," he said; "that's why I'm running. I thought of getting in the copy by midnight——"

"Don't!" said Charlie Trevor, with determination. "Don't! How much is this job worth to you, eh?"

"Oh! I'm not to be 'squared,' sir, if that's your object. Look here, Mr. Trevor, if I don't get it in to-night, the other papers'll have it by to-morrow evening."

"No, they won't. Oh! dear me, no, they won't. It's all a mistake. Don't go and make an ass of yourself. I'm willing to part with five pounds now—"

"Not a penny, sir. Do I understand you wish me to keep silence?"

"I do most certainly. Won't you take the money?"

"No, sir. I'll go home and get to bed."

"That's right; some day I'll give you a lift up for this. Good night."

Before Charlie Trevor went back to his guests he slipped upstairs and took a bundle of banknotes from his safe. It was a lucky thing he had them in possession, he thought, one of those curious coincidences that sometimes help things to work together for good; he was to part with them on the morrow to a client who preferred notes to a check. When presently he entered the cardroom the notes were in his hand.

He felt strangely shy for a minute. His guests were sitting in silence—a silence provoked by Thompson's mysterious mood. Then he coughed and said:

"Thompson, what have you been up to, old chap?"

He had stepped over to the fireplace, where he stood with his back to the mantel, his eyes resting in pity on the startled bank manager in front of him. Thompson looked up gasping.

"Thompson is a thoughtless fellow," laughed Charlie, turning to his two other guests. "Here he's gone and slipped nearly $1,000 in notes into his pockets and forgotten that he had them. And, meanwhile, the detectives have been after him; the authorities fancied he'd cribbed the lot and absconded. Did you ever hear of such a joke? Old scribbler was passing just now, and he told me about it."

"No?" cried Manners in bewilderment.

"Thompson is a thoughtless fellow," upright, gaping in vacant wonder into his host's face.

"You've got 'em in your pocket, man," shouted Charlie Trevor. He had slipped the notes into Thompson's pocket as he brushed by him on his way to the fireplace.

The bank manager made an incredulous dive into his left-hand pocket. It was empty; but from the right side pocket he drew out a bulky envelope.

"Thompson, you've nearly let yourself in for something by this crass carelessness of yours——"

"By Jove!' broke in Manners. "D'you mean to say the 'tecs have been after Thompson, and all the while the notes were in his pocket? Thompson, I hope you'll sit on them warmly for this insult."

"He carried them there for safety, I'll bet," explained Charlie.

"Thompson's methods are those of his wife—she likes to have her precious things about her, eh, Thompson? Better come with me now to the bank, old chap. Manners says it's still lighted up."

Thompson got up stiffly, wondering whether the age of miracles had not yet passed. Through the thick paper of the envelope he felt the crisp yielding of the notes, and—he guessed the rest. He followed his host out into the hall.

"Make yourselves happy, Manners and Caruthers," Charlie called in departing. "Well be back in a short time. Now, Thompson, I want to ask you a brutal question. Why ever didn't you say you were hard up? What do you mean by sitting on the edge of catastrophe and forgetting that you had friends?"

"Trevor,' said Thompson, choking, "I'm not fit to walk alongside you——"

"Oh! yes, you are. I'm proud to have you with me this minute, Tommy. Providence has put the reins of opportunity in the right hands this time. If I were to confess it, I've been in a similar fix myself once. Wild oats, you know, though sown late in your case. Now you've got to step in the bank and—laugh at 'em! laugh at 'em, mind. Can you do it?"

"I'll try."

"Trying won't do. Brace yourself up, march inside, say, 'What's all this bother about, you idiots?' Fling the notes on the counter, and apologize for carrying them off for safer keeping and forgetting that you had them. Talk as though £800 were a mere fleabite—see?"

Charlie waited outside the bank until his friend reappeared. He saw many lights, there was a police official inside, and when Thompson entered there was some loud talking. Yet Thompson was carrying it off well, he thought.

Presently the bank manager staggered down the steps.

"Well?" said Charlie impatiently as he joined him.

"I did it," Thompson murmured, as he drew his friend away; but only just in time to avoid breaking down. "I am thinking of Esau just now—I want a place wherein to weep. For heaven's sake come down this side street with me. . . ."

He was crying now like a child, and Charlie drowned his sobs with loud and prolonged guffaws of forced laughter.

Two passers-by halted for a moment, attracted by the diverse sounds. "That must have been a rare joke those fellows were telling,' said one. "One of the chaps is laughing like a cow, and the other's actually in fits of tears!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Reasonable Doubt.

Officials have a right to ask questions in the performance of their duty, but there are occasions when it seems as if they might curtail or forego the privilege. Not long ago an Irishman whose hand had been badly mangled in an accident entered the Boston City Hospital Relief Station in a great hurry. He stepped up to the man in charge and inquired:

"Is this the relief station, sor?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Patrick O'Connor, sor."

"Are you married?" questioned the officer.

"Yis, sor, but is this the relief station?" He was nursing his hand in agony.

"Of course it is. How many children have you?"

"Eight, sor. But sure, this is the relief station?"

"Yes, it is," replied the official, growing a little angry at the man's persistence.

"Well," said Patrick, "sure, an' I was beginning to think that it might be the pumping station!"

His Strenuous Job.

"I lately passed through Nutwood, N. J. Say, but that station agent has a lot to do! When the train comes in he's got to sell tickets, attend to the baggage, fix the signal lights, put the danger lantern at the street crossing, post the trains on the bulletin board, operate the telegraph instruments and carry messages."

"Heaven! was he doing all that?"

"No; he was asleep."—Judge.

And the world would be just as well off if some stage-struck people were hit by automobiles.

Every trusting wife is easily fooled.