

# BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

"Both lose in divorce," says the headline. It's often that way.

President-elect Taft weighs more than both King Edward and the new Emperor of China.

The Knapp roller boat has been sold for about \$900. This seems like a Knapping sacrifice.

Mr. Rockefeller says he would like to be young again. Perhaps he sees where he could have made more money.

Now Emperor William is in a position to agree with those pessimists who say that conversation is becoming a lost art.

The Chicago professor's defense of the dog as an article of diet looks suspiciously as if he had been retained by the sausage trust.

After success in having the courts declare bleached flour unlawful, will Dr. Wiley kindly turn his attention to the peroxide chorus girl?

The statement is made that Mrs. William Howard Taft is a splendid cook. Her distinguished husband certainly makes a convincing after-tasting picture.

Chancellor Euelow says Germany favors reform in Turkey. England will, therefore, begin to regard Turkish reform as a distinctive blow to civilization.

A Kansas City woman has asked for a divorce because her husband does not talk to her. It will be the duty of the court to find out if she gave him a chance.

While some babies have nothing more serious than an old maid aunt to get along with, the new Emperor of China will have thirty nurses to look after him.

An Italian historian claims to have unearthed evidence which shows that Mark Antony married Cleopatra for her money. We feel sure, however, that she didn't marry him for his title.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California said recently to a Boston audience, "The old New England characteristic of gumption is dying out. If you don't know what gumption is you are no New Englander." But New Englanders, East and West, still know what it is, for they still have it.

Simplified spelling has its advocates in France, for the minister of public instruction has lately ordered that the public schools shall teach the spelling of a number of words in the reform recommended by the French Academy. The reforms include the suppression of the "h" in words like "rhinoceros" and the substitution of "i" for "y" in such words as "analyze," and of "f" for "ph" in "phenomenon," and similar terms.

It is important that the water ways should be utilized everywhere in the interests of cheaper freight rates. The railroads are moving for an increased rate, and with the full tide of prosperity in us shall again experience that congestion which some time ago taxed the railroads beyond their powers and tied up transportation. We have got to guard against that, and the only way to do it is to open up the rivers and canals.

The question of race suicide does not trouble Germany, though there is a steady drain upon her population through emigration. Last year nearly 400,000 left her, and there are now about 3,000,000 Germans in the United States; between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 in Russia, and a large Teutonic representation in Australia and Brazil. Notwithstanding this, the population has almost doubled in fifty years. In the last eighteen it has increased from 49,400,000 to over 61,177,000, and the surplus of births over deaths has risen from 11.7 per cent in 1890 to 14.5 per cent in 1904. The deposits of these people in the savings banks guaranteed by their various municipalities amount to nearly \$2,250,000,000. No wonder Europe takes notice when the German Emperor speaks.

Figures and statistics, generally speaking, make dull reading. But such is not the case with the report of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, in which he tells of the fabulous gains in the wealth produced by the American farmer during his twelve years of service as a cabinet official. As a record of the past and a prophecy of the future the report has almost the fascination of a national novel. But it is all fact, and the optimism that predicts a more wonderful development year by year is entirely warranted. The figures are of such magnitude that the mind scarcely can grasp them—\$7,778,000,000 as the value of farm products for 1908—"the most extraordinary amount in the history of the world," as Secretary Wilson declares, or, again, "an unthinkable amount of real, tangible wealth as it exists at the time it leaves the hand of the producer." The figures, not alone for the aggregate of farm products, but as to King Corn and King Cotton, wheat, dairy products and the products of the American henneries are actually thrilling in connection with the paren-

thetical comment and word painting of the Secretary of Agriculture. It is a pardonable pride that Secretary Wilson takes in looking back to the time of his entering the cabinet in 1897 and viewing the mighty increase in farm wealth that has occurred during his administration of the Department of Agriculture. Prices have doubled and tripled during the twelve-year period, and if he were to retire now the Secretary would have the satisfaction of feeling that his work has contributed in some measure to the progress that has been made. Credit must be given, of course, to nature and general national progress, but the experiment stations, the close touch between the department and the individual farmer, the dissemination of expert knowledge, have contributed to make the farmer get better results from his land. Farm life has improved, and there is a movement to make it still better. The country rejoices with Secretary Wilson.

In November came the report of the death of Kuang-hsu, Emperor of China; a day later the news was published that the Empress Dowager, Tzu-hsi was dead, too. In death, as in the important part of his life, the Emperor was overshadowed by his aunt, the mysterious old woman whose will has for many years dominated his own. Sixty years ago this queen, who ruled over a quarter of the human race, was a slave. Her father, a man of noble blood, fallen into poverty, had sold her to General Ti-Du. He loved her, and gave her a good education. When, as the custom is, the Manchu girls were summoned by proclamation to the palace that wives might be chosen for the Emperor, she insisted on entering the competition. The general adopted her and fitted her for the trial. She became one of the Emperor's secondary wives, won power first over his mother, then over him, bore him an heir, and came gradually to dominate the court. At the Emperor's death, which occurred just when the European powers, by the war of 1890, had forced open the door of China, she made herself coregent with her sister-in-law, the first Empress. When her son came of age she defeated his will, and at his death she set aside the rightful heir and put in his place the prince who has just died. This prince, Kuang-hsu, adopted modern ideas, and attempted to reform the government. When, therefore, the Empress usurped his power, the conservatives at the court supported her. There is no doubt that she was in sympathy with the Boxer movement. But when that movement failed, the Empress fixed the responsibility on others and took the part of a moderate liberal. In a nation where women have little authority—although the women of the royal palace have always been powerful—Tzu-hsi became one of the great women of history, a politician equal to any from Cleopatra to Catherine the Great. In a nation where the laws of royal succession are ancient and rigid, she usurped the power of the throne and took her place among the Tamerlanes and Napoleons.

**Our Language Is So Explicit!**  
The tradesman had rendered his bill, waited a month and then wrote: "Please, sir, I want my bill."  
Back came the bill with these words: "Certainly; here it is."  
The bill was returned, and in a month the tradesman again wrote: "Kindly send me the amount of my bill."  
And the answer came promptly and politely: "Certainly; it is \$104.26."  
The third month the tradesman again wrote: "Will you send me a check for the amount of my bill?"  
The answer came, with a blank, unsigned check: "Certainly; here is the check. I have kept the amount of your bill."  
The fourth month the tradesman wrote: "I want my bill paid."  
And the answer came back, "So do I."  
Then the tradesman gave it up.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**A Monster of Learning.**  
The famous Cardinal Mezzofanti knew an amazing number of languages and dialects. Perhaps he is best known to the modern English reader from the eulogy to be found in one of Byron's memoranda, published by Moore.  
"Your literary everyday man and I," says Byron, "never want well in company, especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide. I don't remember a man among them whom I ever wished to see twice, except perhaps Mezzofanti, who is a monster of learning, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot and, more, who ought to have existed at the time of the tower of Babel as universal interpreter. He is indeed a marvel—unassuming also. I tried him in all the tongues of which I knew a single oath (or adjuration) to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel drivers, vetturini, postmasters, post-horses, post houses, post everything), and, egad, he astounded me, even to my English."

**The Pharisee.**  
"He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"  
"Apparently it usually tells him what awful sinners his neighbors are."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Every man considers a promise mighty sacred when it is made by someone else.  
A poor appetite is a good thing—for the boarding-house keeper.

## AUNT DEBBY'S PRAYER.

I've never wasted any time  
A-chasing after riches—  
As if I didn't know the voice  
That maddens and bewitches.  
It ain't that I must answer for  
The sin of money-getting,  
And yet it's something just as bad—  
O Lord, I'm always fretting!  
Expensive clothes I never yet  
Was guilty of possessing—  
I always had to do the work,  
While others did the dressing.  
But common clothes are good enough—  
For that I ain't regretting—  
It's only this I'm asking for:  
Deliver me from fretting.  
I do the work that comes to me—  
They never called me lazy;  
My thoughts concerning right an' wrong  
Are far from being hazy;  
I try to do my level best—  
A good example setting—  
But somehow, Lord, I always fall,  
And yield myself to fretting.

Of course that ain't my only fault—  
I make no vain pretensions,  
For all my other failings are  
Of one too small dimensions,  
But that, of all my worldly sins,  
Is much the most besetting,  
And so, O Lord, I humbly pray  
That I may keep from fretting.  
—Youth's Companion.

## Cowards All

The small, weary-looking man with the patient eyes climbed the stairs of the tenement as the clock struck 6. His work for the day was ended, but he showed no sign of pleasure at his homecoming. On the contrary, he seemed a little terrified.

He knocked timidly at the door. It was flung open by a very slatternly woman with small red eyes, and an aggressively pointed chin.

"Well, I'm sure," she began angrily, "so you're late again. Don't know what you mean by it. I've had the kettle on the hob since 5. And this is all the thanks as I get."

"I'm sorry," said Huxtable slowly, "but it couldn't be helped, my dear. The foreman put me on a special job, and it meant stoppin' a bit later than usual or spoilin' the whole thing."

"Yes, your work is all you think about," said his wife, spitefully, "not a thought for your home and two children, not to mention me."

"I don't think that quite true," he said meekly.

It certainly was not. He was good and devoted, but Mrs. Huxtable would never admit anything in his favor. She was one of those women who seem to regard their husbands as schoolmasters of the old regime would regard their unhappy pupils—as something to be bullied, maltreated and altogether subdued. Huxtable had put up with the treatment for fifteen years. Sometimes, when he looked back on the past, he wondered how he had been able to endure his torments with such patience.

"Where's Jack and Archie?" he asked, as he went to the sink to wash his hands.

"Ah, you may well ask. Where, indeed! Playin' in the court, I expect and gettin' into bad company. But that comes because their father don't trouble himself about 'em. They'll go to rack and ruin, you mark my words, if you don't keep a tight 'and on 'em."

"I should have thought that was your job, so to speak," suggested Huxtable. "No, it's a father's place to look after his boys. Besides, you know as how they don't think nothin' of me when you're about. It's dad's sick and dad that, till I'm fairly sick of hearin' them say it."

"Yes, I think they're fond of me," said poor Huxtable, with a little break in his voice.

"Not that they've got much reason to be," snapped the woman. "But, then, children allers takes to them as does the least for 'em. That's what's so unfair."

She poured out the tea, and gave the unhappy Huxtable his meal in silence. He looked round the room and sighed. The week's laundry was suspended from string overhead, and the room was filled with a warm dampness. Not a vestige of comfort was in sight. A bleak, wretched home was this—he reflected—cursed by an ill-tempered wife who had not even the virtues of her vices. For the average nagging woman was generally tidy and clean, but Mrs. Huxtable was neither one nor the other. Equally, tyrannical women frequently made good mothers and brought up their offspring in the way they should go, but Mrs. Huxtable's complete equipment for the training of Archie and Jack consisted of a broken broom handle. She taught them nothing which could help them to grow up into good and useful men. She had, indeed, spoken the truth when she said that unless the father looked after them their futures would be in peril.

After tea Huxtable took out his pipe. This action was always the signal for unkind comment on the woman's part. She did not really dislike the smell of tobacco, but she disliked the idea of her husband enjoying himself. So she sniffed, groaned and criticised until at length he knocked out the ashes and replaced the pipe in his pocket.

"I wish you was a bit more even tempered," he said gently; "it 'ud make things pleasanter."

When the children came home, Mrs. Huxtable delivered a short lecture to them on the brutality of their father. The youngsters, however, did not take

much notice, but climbed on the little man's knees and begged for pennies, which he gave them with smiling good nature. But when the boys had gone to bed, and he was alone in the little sitting room, he sat with his head in his hands, asking himself what it all meant.

Why were some men singled out for such homes as this, he wondered, whilst others had love, happiness, and all that made life worth living? There was Tom Harris, for example, who worked in his shop. Harris was anything but a saint, and drank a large part of his wages, but he had a wife who worshiped him, and his home was always comfortable and cozy. There was Barclay, that long, ugly fellow, who frequently blacked his wife's eyes, but who, nevertheless, led a pleasant life enough when he was not under the influence of drink, whilst he, Huxtable, was bullied and badgered from morning to night, until his existence was rendered almost unbearable.

As he sat and pondered things, he remembered how another acquaintance of his own had cut the Gordian knot abruptly by clearing out and leaving his unkind wife to her own resources. He had gone off suddenly, and no news had been heard of him afterward. Some said he had gone to Canada, the place where a man who knew a decent trade could always get good work and good wages.

Of late, Huxtable had thought a good deal about this man. Secretly, he had envied him his luck, and had wished that he, too, could do likewise. O, for a glorious spell of freedom—freedom from that harsh voice—from that most gloomy face. If only he dared.

An evening newspaper lay on the table. He took it up, and strangely enough the first thing which he noticed was the advertisement of a steamship company that announced reduced rates to Canadian ports. Huxtable began to tremble.

"I've got money enough," he murmured, "money to take me over, and to keep me goin' till I get a job. And when once I was settled, and earnin'



SNIFFED, GROANED AND CRITICISED.

decent money, I could send Carrie a bit every month."

With silent feet he went toward the door and opened it. The chill morning air seemed to rob him of courage. Seated by the fire in the pleasant warmth, flight had seemed an easy matter. The future had appeared equally simple. But the inhospitable air of the dawn seemed to bid him go back rather than forward.

He mastered the impulse, and went down the stone stairs that led to the street. Then he walked rapidly along Gray's Inn road toward King's Cross. At a coffee stand he bought some food. It revived him, and he felt inclined to smile as he pictured his wife's wonderment and rage when he failed to come home.

At Euston he was told that there would not be a train for an hour. He sat down in the great booking-hall. How strange it seemed to be there. At that hour he was usually on his way to work. Already a sense of freedom was beginning to hold his being. He felt elated and surprised at the same time.

A bookstall boy entered the booking-hall on his way to the platform. Something in the youngster's face recalled the face of Archie. A slight pang took hold of Huxtable's heart. He wondered why he had not thought about the children before. At least he might have contrived to take a last look at them previous to his leaving the house. He felt very annoyed at his neglect.

It would be hard on them, losing their father, he reflected, very hard. Their mother meant little to them, but for him they had always love and tenderness. He remembered how he had promised to take both boys to Battersea park that afternoon, it being the Saturday half-holiday. And now—how now? Well, he knew just what he was doing. He was running away from them and from his responsibilities, like a thief in the night, fleeing from justice. Gradually his memory would slip from their childish brains. The way would come when the word father would convey nothing to them save a shadowy recollection.

What would be their future, now that he was gone? Surely the streets would claim them, and the foul influences of the slum would bear them down into the depths. Had not his wife said that he alone could keep them from "rack and ruin"?

He rose and paced the gloomy hall, in a fever of doubt. Already his new freedom was beginning to seem a thing of mixed good. It certainly had its evil side. His wife could manage well enough without him, but the children—ah, they were different.

He was a coward now, and he was

afraid of the future. The future seemed dark and terrible. Within its awful grasp there lay the destiny of those two little ones whom he loved. Conscience awoke in him, and stirred at the fear that dogged in his blood.

A man in uniform touched him on the shoulder.

"The booking office is open now, mate," he said kindly. "The train goes in fifteen minutes."

Huxtable looked up with a start.

"Thanks, ole man," he said absently, but he did not go toward the window where one booked for the north. He sought the street instead, and climbed on a bus going eastward. It deposited him at the gates of the factory where he worked, and he was just in time to slip through the door and save himself being shut out till dinner time.

In the afternoon he went home with his wages, and with a boat which he had bought for the children to sail on the pond in the park. Mrs. Huxtable greeted him in her usual acid manner.

"You never came to bed last night," she said. "Pon my word, I think you must be goin' off your head. What was you doin'?"

"I was just thinkin', that's all," he replied nervously.

"Thinkin'. Much good that did you. I expect, thinkin' of how you could uppose me, I dare say."

Huxtable shook his head and smiled. The two boys were standing close by, eagerly discussing the question of navigation as they handled the little boat.

"If we was in the boat, and fell out, dad would save us, wouldn't you, dad?" murmured Jackie, aged 6, "for you're awful brave, I know."

Huxtable laughed gently.

"Your father 'ud be too much of a coward for that," snarled the mother. But he only laughed again.

"It's good to be a coward sometimes," he said huskily. "It's better for them as we love." \* \* \*—Manchester Chronicle.

## MAKING OF FRUIT SUGAR.

**Use for Dahlia Root—Valuable Properties of the Product.**

Levulose, or fruit sugar, is little known to the general public, according to the Unschau. It is sold only by druggists, and the cost of manufacturing it by the methods now in use is so great that the price of levulose is nearly a dollar a pound. This variety of sugar possesses properties which would bring it into extensive use if its cost were not prohibitive.

The only process by which chemically pure levulose can be produced cheaply in large quantities is based on the employment of inulin as the raw material. Inulin is a variety of starch which is found in proportions of 8 to 11 per cent in the roots of chicory and the tubers of the dahlia. The dahlia is a native of America and was introduced into England in 1789 and into Germany in 1812. It was supposed that the tubers would be a valuable food for cattle, but the cattle refused to eat them, and therefore the dahlia has been cultivated for its flowers alone. Yet dahlias could be raised as easily and almost as cheaply as potatoes. They are propagated by division of the tubers, which with special culture may attain a weight of more than a pound. Chicory root is well known and is raised in immense quantities in Germany, Austria, France and Belgium for the purpose of mixing with coffee.

The manufacture of pure levulose from chicory or dahlia tubers is simple. In the first place the inulin is extracted from the tubers by boiling them with lime water. The inulin is then converted into levulose by the action of diluted acids.

The field of application of levulose is extensive. Levulose is sweeter than ordinary sugar and it possesses other advantages over the latter. In particular, it can be eaten with impunity and completely assimilated by the majority of diabetic patients. It is also recommended in acidity of the stomach, and in recent years several eminent physicians have advocated its use as a food for consumptives. It may also be substituted for milk sugar in the preparations of infants' foods. In the manufacture of bon bons, jellies, marmalades and fruit preserves it possesses the advantage of neither crystallizing nor becoming turbid, and from it can be made an imitative honey which does not solidify and which is almost identical with natural honey, of which levulose is the principal ingredient. From inulin an excellent bread for diabetics can be made.

## No Place for Robbers.

"A dangerous neighborhood you're living in, Colonel," said a newspaper man to Charles Edwards, of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, a few nights ago, in Washington. "Been four highway robberies there in the past month. Aren't you afraid that somebody will hold you up and go through you some night?"

"Should say not," said the big Texan. "Why, ah've got so few means on my person at the present time that the robber who goes through me will get himself in debt."—Success Magazine.

## Hopeless Case.

Dill—I lost my silk umbrella yesterday at the club.

Pickles—Too bad! But you'll get it back, won't you? Aren't your initials on it?

Dill—Well, come to think of it, there are some initials on it, but they aren't mine.—Yale Record

What a splendid thing it would be if people who lose their tempers were unable to find them again!

One cuff on the wrist is worth a dozen on the ear

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1492—Columbus cast anchor in the bay of St. Thomas.
- 1773—Destruction of cargo of taxed tea in Boston harbor by citizens disguised as Indians, known as the "Boston Tea Party."
- 1775—British under Lord Dunmore defeated by the Americans at Norfolk, Va.
- 1776—The seat of the United States government was removed to Baltimore.
- 1777—North Carolina adopted constitution.
- 1778—Four hundred persons perished in the burning of a theater in Saragossa, Spain.
- 1787—New Jersey ratified the Federal constitution.
- 1789—The first circulating library was established in Salem, Mass.
- 1790—The Russians took the fortress Ismael from the Turks.
- 1792—First provincial Parliament of lower Canada met at Quebec.
- 1799—Burial of Gen. Washington.
- 1804—Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton were unanimously chosen President and Vice President of the United States.
- 1807—First Roman Catholic orphan asylum in America incorporated in Philadelphia.
- 1812—Town of Derby, Vt., attacked by the British.
- 1825—Great fire in New York; \$20,000,000 property loss.
- 1845—Sir Hugh Gough defeated the Sikhs in battle of Moodkee.
- 1846—The first regiment to fight against Mexico was organized in Pittsburg.
- 1852—Sacramento, Cal., was flooded by the breaking of a levee.
- 1855—Joel Abbott, commanding the American squadron in the East Indies, died at Hongkong.
- 1860—South Carolina seceded from the Union.... Gov. Hicks of Maryland refused to receive the Mississippi commissioners.
- 1862—The Confederates recaptured Holly Springs, Miss.
- 1864—President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers.... Gen. Dix issued an order for reprisals on Canadians because of the St. Albans raid; order annulled later by President Lincoln.
- 1876—Destructive fire at Little Rock, Ark.
- 1880—Paul Kruger elected president of the South African republic.
- 1891—Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry dedicated in Philadelphia.... Sir Oliver Mowat, Liberal prime minister of Ontario, issued an address declaring vigorously against American assimilation.
- 1893—A provincial plebiscite in Prince Edward Island supported prohibition of the liquor traffic by an overwhelming majority.
- 1894—E. V. Debs sentenced to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court during the great railroad strike in Chicago.
- 1899—The Broadway National Bank of Boston closed its doors.... Lord Roberts appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa.
- 1902—George Moorman, adjutant general of the United Confederate Veterans, died at New Orleans.
- 1905—Gov. La Follette of Wisconsin resigned and was succeeded by Lieut. Gov. Davidson.... Abraham H. Hummel, New York lawyer, was convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to imprisonment for one year.
- 1907—The American battleship fleet departed from Hampton Roads for the Pacific coast.

## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A rabbit hunt, in which twenty men and boys participated, and which resulted in the slaughter of 278 rabbits, ushered in the first heavy fall of snow in the vicinity of Albion, Iowa. Metcalf and Fraley, two members of one team, killed eighty-eight cotton tails in one slough.

Paper is to be manufactured from cotton stalks, according to a report of the bureau of manufactures. A company capitalized at \$500,000 has been organized at Atlanta, Ga., for the purpose. It is claimed that paper can be made from cotton stalks at a cost of about \$15 a ton.

The Minnesota Co-operative Dairies' Association, which began in May to hold Minnesota dairy products independently of eastern commission houses, has handled 2,000,000 pounds of butter since that time. The creameries are satisfied with the results, and the business of the concern is growing. The business this month is considerably larger than it was last month.

North Dakotans have been holding a good roads conference at Grand Forks, and a number of changes in the present road system will be recommended.

Special orders have been issued by the British board of agriculture, giving the proper official full power to deal with the cargoes of three steamers that left New York, and four others that cleared from Philadelphia after the board issued its order prohibiting the landing in Great Britain of cattle or fodder from the States of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, because of the outbreak of the foot and mouth disease.