

BANDON RECORDER

Small Town Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Certainly it is easy for the average woman to keep secrets—going.

It would certainly be worth going miles to see a \$500,000,000 Panama canal.

France's increase in population is only 34,000 a year. Germany's is nearly a million a year.

Were he pinned down to it even an anti-kissing advocate might have to admit that he really likes it.

"An Ohio minister says kisses are intoxicating as much as liquor." All in favor of the motion say "aye."

If you listen intently, you can hear the chorales of the goat which did not participate in the Masonic initiation of Mr. Taft.

Andrew Carnegie knows how to get a lot of fun out of a tariff discussion, since he is in a position where a little revision can't hurt him.

One by one, the old rivermen are passing "over the river." If they could only stay to see the new and regenerated Mississippi a few years hence.

Society women are taking up the cause of woman suffrage. If woman suffrage is to take the place of afternoon teas everybody ought to be for it.

If Andrew Carnegie is still fearful of the disgrace of dying rich let him build a "Carnegie boulevard" across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Perhaps you have heard why King Alfonso didn't go up in an airship? His wife told him not to do it. Married kings haven't anything on the average husband.

It is suspected that the anger of the Congressmen who have been robbed of their right to name fourth-class postmasters is designed mainly for home consumption.

The hen that laid 3,650 eggs is dead and buried in a rosewood coffin. She made the goose that laid the golden egg look like a piker that got into poetry under false pretenses.

Bulgaria's tax of \$2 a year on bachelors can make no practical difference. Any man who would marry in order to save that sum is too poor a financier to be worth while as a husband.

China has presented to the Congressional Library the Chinese encyclopedia of 5,000 volumes. Senators and representatives are thus provided with a little light reading to refresh them between periods of arduous labor.

The United States has been and still is very fortunate in her relations with China. We have some advantage over other nations in that we manifested our national friendship before China showed such marked signs of her awakening and promise of rapid modernization. Thus our national friendship is not tainted with glaring self-interest. This good will of the Chinese nation is worth retaining and fortifying. The Boxer uprising and the boycott were hysterical incidents, and are past. They never represented the nationality of China. In taking the lead in prompt recognition of China's forward effort as the forecast of a material greatness, the United States might achieve a sentimental foundation for a very practical foothold in China.

Our grandfathers owed much to the district school, but in many parts of the country the rural school has fallen behind the best standards. Such is the case in Connecticut, according to the report of a special committee, which finds many of the buildings in bad condition and the teaching of poor quality. On the other hand in some parts of the country the union school which takes all the children from a wide radius is a model institution. It will be a great pity if the states do not keep up the standards of education in the thinly settled districts; for if the people find that their children are not getting the best, they will make any sacrifice to move to the city, and the depopulation of the farming sections which has been going on in Eastern states will be hastened in spite of efforts in other directions to "improve the conditions of country life."

Since the higher education of the cow has been taken up and our universities have been turning out a superior quality of lowing kine, one is not surprised to hear that the up-to-date queen of the cattle barn and her college-bred companions should be made the objects of a fastidious solicitude undreamed of in the days of yore. A member of the Covington, Ky., board of health has sprung into fame through a demand that cows have their teeth brushed with regularity. Health experts in other cities have treated the demand lightly, professing not to see how the innovation would tend to purify the milk supply. If the scheme ever does take hold, however, the dairymaid of romance is likely to become confused with the servitor who assists in the preparation of the aristocratic cow's toilet. It will not be difficult to picture the time when every fashionable cow will have a valet in its boomer, and

neatly arranged on the shelf below a toothbrush about the size of the shoe brush of human use; a jar about the size of a half barrel, containing the latest tooth powder advertised in the street; a two-gallon cut glass bottle of eau de cologne, and a five-pound box of violet face powder, together with the creams and other things supplied by the beauty shops. After "Bossy" had had her morning shower, had her teeth brushed, and perhaps been massaged with an electric vibrator, she may then draw up to a neat little glass-covered table for the man: curling of her hoofs. It will next be in order for somebody to interest the cows in a brand of cud flavored as in the chewing gum of commerce.

Of late years a wave of sympathy has swept over the world for those whom we call "shut-ins"—men, women and children who are forced by illness or by accident to lead their lives cut off from the outside world. Societies and warm-hearted philanthropists have vied with one another to bring sunshine into the crippled lives. Meantime thousands of persons deliberately choose employments which, almost as completely as physical disability, separate them from the great influences of nature. The factory and the shop, and even the kitchen, shut in the woman and hide from her the glory of sky and mountain and meadow. The grim law of habit accustoms her to her loss; and at last she makes no effort to enlarge her vision. When occasionally some woman rises in rebellion and throws off the yoke, we regard her as eccentric or foolish. A woman of thirty, who had gained by twelve years of hard toil a responsible and lucrative position in a great paper mill, gave up her place, with its generous salary, and put all her small savings into a little farm by the side of a beautiful lake in Maine. She was reproached by her friends for improvidence and threatened with the tedium of the long winters and the hard work of the short summers. She replied, "You forget what big pay I am going to get." "Big pay?" queried her astonished friend. "Yes, a dollar a day in the pleasure of setting foot on the ground instead of on board floors, two dollars a day in satisfaction by looking at the sky, and my board and clothes out of the farm by way of chickens and pigs and vegetables." The final misery of the "shut-in" comes when she loses the desire to get out. By every possible device let her keep her love for the open. Fed on ten minutes a day of unrestricted vision, it will not die. She who grasps and hoards the picture of sunset or field of daisies or evening star need never be alone. At her call the vision will flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude, and in an instant, spite of four walls, she is free.

He Saw the Ball Game.

The manager of a manufactory was suddenly called away to New York, leaving negotiations for the sale of a large quantity of merchandise uncompleted.

After his departure the office boy, anxious to witness a big baseball game, asked the under manager for a half holiday, but was refused.

In the meantime an offer was received for the merchandise referred to above, which the under manager did not feel justified in accepting without the authority of his chief, to whom he dispatched a telegram, worded:

"Five hundred dollars offered; shall I accept?"

The boy was deputed to take the message to the nearest telegraph office, but before handing it over the counter added a few words to it on his own account, with the result that when it reached New York it read as follows:

"Five hundred dollars offered; shall I accept, and can William have the afternoon off?"

In due time the under manager was much amazed to receive the following reply:

"Accept \$500, and give William afternoon off."

When all the facts were subsequently revealed the boy was reprimanded for his audacity, but the manager could not help but inwardly admire his enterprise.

A Plucky Woman.

The only person who resisted the Yellowstone stage robber at the recent hold-up was a woman and when he asked her to hand over a ring she smilingly answered, "Not on your life." Not a single man had her courage, which goes to prove that women are a little braver than men at such times.

Trying to Prove It.

"Do you know they'll carry hogs on this road cheaper than they will passengers?" said the red-faced man in the smoker.

"Is that so?" replied his neighbor, who was being crowded in his seat; "how much did you pay?"—Yonkers Statesman.

One Thing He Could Do.

Green—I'm looking for a plumber to do some work for me. Do you happen to know of one that does satisfactory work?

Brown—I know of one that I can guarantee to fill the bill; but I won't know how satisfactory his work will be.

The Time and the Offense.

"Oh, ma; teacher whipped Tommy Crow to-day!"

"What for?"

"For five minutes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We suppose there never was a married woman who did not say to someone, at some time, that if it wasn't for the children, she would leave him.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GREAT WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

By Andrew Carnegie.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare. The deplorable family quarrels which so often afflict the rich generally have their rise in sordid differences about money. The most miserable of men as old age approaches are those who have made money-getting their god; like flies on the wheel, these unfortunates fondly believed they were really driving it, only to find when tired and craving rest that it is impossible for them to get off, and they are lost—plenty to retire upon but nothing to retire to, and so they end as they began, striving to add to their useless hoards, passing into nothingness, leaving their money behind for heirs to quarrel over.

Gigantic fortunes, in the nature of things must be fewer and harder to build up in the future than in the past. Most great enterprises are now in the corporate form. The writer knows but one man now in active business who is likely to have an exceptionally large estate, and the foundation of that was laid more than half a century ago by the purchase of timber lands which have increased enormously in value. Meanwhile, our immediate duty is to distribute surplus wealth to the best of our abilities in such forms as we believe best calculated to improve existing conditions. We must all learn the great truth that only competence is desirable, almost necessary, wealth non-essential, and when it does come it is only a sacred trust to be administered only for the general good.

VACCINATION FOR TYPHOID.

By Dr. J. C. Torrey.



Typoid fever is one of these distinctively human infectious diseases for which preventive vaccinations have been attempted. The results are of general interest because of the widespread prevalence of this fever. Pfeiffer and Kollie reported in 1899 the phenomena following the injection into man of the bacillus typhosus killed by heat. Their most important observation was that these injections imparted to the blood of human beings specific bacteria-killing properties, just as they protected guinea pigs against fatal doses of the bacillus.

Taking advantage of the almost certain epidemics of typhoid fever in military camps, Sir E. A. Wright instituted an extensive test of anti-typoid vaccine among the British soldiers in the Boer war. The vaccine consisted of cultures of the typhoid germ grown in broth for several weeks and then sterilized by heat and an

antiseptic. Thousands of soldiers were treated with standardized amounts of this vaccine. As to whether the results justified the trouble and disagreeable effects of the treatment there is great diversity of opinion. The statistics of the British war office were considered unfavorable, and the prophylactic inoculations have been officially discontinued. Wright has claimed that the general results were favorable, and in this opinion he is supported by the majority of the medical men who followed the experiments.

Meitschnikoff has placed the great weight of his judgment in favor of the utility of a continued trial of the prophylactic. According to Wright, the most exact data are those in regard to the army men isolated at the siege of Ladysmith, and here there were only one-eighth as many cases among the vaccinated as among the unvaccinated, with the mortality very much lower in the former. Wright has found that especially good protection is afforded by two successive vaccinations. He now injects subcutaneously in the first dose about 1,000,000 dead typhoid bacilli, and in the second, given approximately a week later, 2,000,000.—Harper's.

GRAVE DANGER OF THE TOO-FOND MOTHER.

By Edith Shackleton.



When a woman declares: "I am completely bound up in my children," or, "I have no interests outside my home," a chorus of commendation of these callous confessions arises. This overdeveloped maternal instinct, with its almost invariable accompaniment of snobishness, is just as dangerous to the nation's welfare as the overdeveloped self-preservative instinct that impels men of the Rockefeller type to seize and hold everything that happens to be knocking around, and there is no place for either of them in the true democracy.

The havoc that can be wrought by a single specimen of the fond mother is instanced in history, and has inspired at least one great novel. All the misery and tragedy in "Tribly" came through a fond mother of the malignant type. This specimen said she was acting for the good of her child. To make this statement is one of the creature's habits, though she really has not the faintest notion of what really is the "good of her child."

The approved methods of dealing with the fond mother nuisance are educational rather than destructive. It is possible that none is past redemption. Even an active one may be led into ways of grace by being set to consider her offspring. Let her carefully note their resemblance to her husband's sisters (whom she possibly loathes) or to her own great-uncle, who disgraced the family a generation ago. Let her consider how much of them resembles no one else at all. Then she will begin to realize how small a share is her own; that her child is a member of the human family; not a gift, but a serious charge. When old English was new, by the way, the word "fond" meant foolish.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Japan has thirty-two time piece factories, which turn out annually goods valued at nearly \$800,000, the latest figures being 290,732 standing clocks, 441,755 hanging clocks and 25,360 watches.

Prof. Louis Agassiz, many years ago, first announced that the ice sheet, or glacial flow, at the northwest of Maine could not have been less than a mile deep; while later geologists have confirmed his statement, adding the more recent conclusion that the ice was of that thickness at least over the larger part of New England.

From calculations made by Prof. H. C. Wilson, which are quoted in Nature, there seems reason to suppose that the conditions under which Halley's comet will return to us in 1910 will be much the same as those under which it appeared in 1066. It was then one of the grandest objects which ever appeared in the heavens, and made a tremendous impression upon the medieval world.

A great deal of attention has recently been given to the cultivation of rubber, on account of the continually increasing demand for it. Prof. Francis E. Lloyd points out that "the inevitable struggle of man with nature" has already manifested itself in this new field. Already a considerable number of parasitic enemies have been discovered, "whose energies appear to be largely concentrated upon cultivated rubber trees." It is another problem for science to deal with.

The growing industry of extracting aluminum has stimulated the search for water power in the British Isles, because the extraction of aluminum is so expensive that only low cost power can be economically employed. In this respect Scotland, with its mountains, is coming to the front. The water power plant at the falls of Forers, in Scotland, has hitherto been the largest in Great Britain; but now a still larger plant, at Kinlochleven, utilizing the rainfall over a tract of 55 square miles, is about to be put into operation for the production of aluminum. Its nine hydraulic turbines, each of 3,200 brake horse power, are the largest water wheels in the British Isles.

Prof. Edward L. Nichols, in his address as retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, used these suggestive sentences: "With the development of the doctrine of energy has come the conviction of an end of the world, inevitable, as the death of the individual is inevitable. In neither case, however, is longevity to be regarded as necessarily beyond human control." Professor Nichols then went on to say that biologists are beginning to intimate the possibility, remote but thinkable, of a considerable extension of the term of

bodily life, and that it is equally conceivable that the human race may so modify and control conditions as greatly to prolong its career. The means to this latter end, he indicated, are the checking of wastefulness affecting animals, the soil, the forests and the streams; the solution of the problem presented by the gradual exhaustion of nature's supplies of coal and petroleum, and the search for ways to utilize, in the form of mechanical energy, the radiation of the sun.

How Heavy is a Pound.

The favorite question with the school committeemen of olden time was, we are told, "What is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?" The first rash answer used almost always to be, "A pound of lead." Then, of course, from the older pupils would come the reply, "Both alike."

If this question were asked to-day the old-time querist might receive a decided surprise, for the pound of feathers could easily be proved to be the heavier. A single experiment is all the evidence needed.

With any accurate scales weigh out a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience. Pour the shot into one of the pans of a balance. For the feathers, a light muslin bag will be needed, and care must be taken that feathers and bag together do not weigh more than a pound. When the bag of feathers is put into the other pan of the balance, the beam will, after a few oscillations, come to rest exactly level.

So far the verdict "Both alike" seems to be proved. But place the balance on the receiver of an air pump, with lead and feathers undisturbed. Cover the whole with the glass bell jar, and exhaust the air. Slowly the feathers sink, and the lead kicks the beam. The pound of feathers is heavier than the pound of lead.

The truth is that what we call a pound was not such in fact; for the atmosphere buoys up everything within it in proportion to the bulk of the object and the feathers, being of greater bulk than the lead, are supported by the air to a considerably greater extent than the lead. Removed from this supporting medium, their true weight is made evident.

FLOATING SLUM OF CANTON.

Where the Poor of a Great Chinese City Live.

Stand beside the Imperial custom house at Canton and let the eye range down the river toward Hong Kong. As far as the sight can reach lie boats, boats and again boats. There are no ordinary craft, mere vessels of transport plying hither and thither, but the countless homes of myriad Chinese, in which millions have been born, have lived and died. They are the dwellings of the very poor, who live in them practically free from rent, taxes and the other burdens of the ordinary citizen.

The tankia (which means boat-dwell-

ers), as the denizens of these floating houses are called, form a sort of caste apart from the rest of the Cantonese. The shore dwellers regard them as belonging to a lower social order, and indeed they have many customs peculiar to themselves which mark them as a separate community. How the swarming masses of them contrive to support existence is a mystery, but their chief mode of employment is in carrying merchandise and passengers from place to place. In some cases the daughters of the family go ashore to work in factories, as do the girls of other countries; but the year's earnings of a Chinese factory girl would scarce suffice to buy a single hat for her Western sister. Of course as against this low rate of pay the standard of living is correspondingly different.

The houses which make up these vast floating slums are of all sizes. Some are but 15 feet long. From these cramped dimensions, however, they range up to a length of 50 or 60 feet. A boat large enough to accommodate a family of moderate size can be obtained for \$20, and since the anchorage is free it is obvious that the Tankia effect many savings impossible to the shore dweller.—Lady's Realm.

Small Boy's Pathetic Wish.

He is a poor little neglected boy whose mamma is so busy with mother's meetings and club conventions and such important matters that she really hasn't time to attend to her children, says the New York Times. This little boy was entertaining a casual caller while his mother was upstairs putting the finishing touches to her toilet. Said the little boy, whose own toilet was sadly in need of attention:

"What does e. t. c. mean?"

"E. t. c.?" asked the caller.

"Yes," said the little boy. "It's a sort of a word. It's in a book I was reading."

"Oh," said the caller. "Etc. is an abbreviation. It is Latin. It stands for et cetera."

The little boy looked puzzled. "I'm not in Latin yet," he said.

"Et cetera," explained the caller, "means—well, it means 'and so on.'"

The little boy was thoughtful for a moment, and then he said:

"I wish my mamma could find time to et cetera the buttons on my pants!"

And taking in his disheveled appearance, the visitor murmured, "Amen."

Policeman (to loiterer)—Now, then, what are you doing here? Loiterer—Well what are you a-doing here? Policeman—Can't you see? I'm doing my duty. Loiterer—An' can't you see I'm a-makin' the duty for you to do?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A girl should be given an allowance every week, if it is not more than 50 cents. It will teach her how to handle the great sums entrusted to her care when she marries.

Don't stay up 'all night because you can't sleep it all in one day.

BY HAD AN ABSENT FART.

Recruit Glad to Start Toward Stage Glory as "Carlos, the Fiddler."

"The son of a wealthy old friend of mine, being stage struck, joined with a 10-20-30 opera company. I met him loading and strutting about a hotel in Duluth, Minn.," said the veteran actor to a representative of the New York Telegraph.

"Come over to the opera house and see the show," said he.

"I went, but I saw no signs of this young man on the stage, nor was his name on the program. Afterward I met him in the lobby of the hotel.

"I did not recognize any of the characters as you," I remarked. "What part are you playing?"

"Why, I am playing the part of Carlos, the Fiddler," said he.

"There was no such part."

"Oh, yes there was. Didn't you notice how they talked about him? In the first act, in order to get the chorus off stage, didn't the soubrette put her hands over her eyes, look off L. 4 E. and say: 'Oh, girls, Carlos the Fiddler is going to have a dance on the green; let us hasten or we will miss it?' Then burst into song and skip off? You bet they did.

"Then again, in the second act, when the bell is tolled without, don't the prima donna say: 'Hark that bell! That bell can stand an awful lot harking, for who is pulling the rope but Carlos the Fiddler?'"

"That is true, young man, but they only talk about you. You do not show yourself on the stage during the whole performance."

"I am aware of that, but you must remember I am as yet a raw recruit, still I feel I am on my way to fame and glory, though the path may be strewn with thorns."

"Oh, if the hope and optimism of youth could be with us in our later years," sighed the veteran actor.

FLASHES OF FUN

Fool—I woke up last night with a start. I dreamed that my watch was gone. Drool—Well, was it? Fool—No, but it was going.

An English lecturer on chemistry said, "One drop of poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man."

"And does your husband still think you the angel?" "Oh, yes! At least he seems to think I don't need any new clothes."—Pick-Me-Up.

Knicker—Wouldn't you like to wake up and find yourself famous? Bocker—I'd rather be so famous I wouldn't have to wake up.—New York Sun.

Tom—What was that sentence the choir repeated so often during the libany? Laura—As near as I could make out it was "We are all miserable sinners."

Clara—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine. Kate—Indeed! What happened between you? Clara—Oh, he flared up one day and went out.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," quoted the pessimist. "Yes," rejoined the optimist, "but it's worth while being a fool to have the money to part with."

Loafer the First—I thought this yet unemployed fund was for charity. Loafer the Second—So it is, isn't it! Loafer the First—It ain't. It means work.—The Sketch.

"I can not tell a lie," declared the eminent magnate. "You don't have to," urged his eminent counsel. "Just say that your mind is a blank on that subject."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What are the names of that young couple next door?" "We won't be able to find out for several weeks. They've just been married, and he calls her Birdie and she calls him Pettie."

Suburbanite (to visitor)—Oh, how are you? Come right in. Don't mind the dog. Visitor—But won't he bite! Suburbanite—That's just what I want to see. I only bought that watch dog this morning.

"So you have named your little girl 'Investigation'?" "Yes." "Isn't that a queer name?" "Well, we read every day of some rich man courting investigation and we shall want our daughters to marry well."

The Artist's Wife (in a whisper)—There's someone knocking, Jack. Shall I open the door? The Artist—No; it's Jabber's knock. It's a special knock I gave him, so I wouldn't let him in by mistake.—Life.

"All writers are not impractical, are they?" "Oh, no. One man will write a joke and sell it for fifty cents. Another will write a comic opera around it and draw \$20,000 in royalties."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

O'Brien—Oh, but me daughter's the smart girl. She set two min fightin' for her hand. Landers—And she married the winner? O'Brien—Begorry, no! She married the one she could lick easiest.—Boston Transcript.

"Give woman the credit she deserves," the suffragette cried, "and where would man be?" "If she got all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse," sneered a coarse person in the rear of the hall.—Stray Stories.

"Pa, will you please tell me what a financial genius is?" "A financial genius, my child, is a man who can spend money that he has never had, and which the people who think they are getting it will never see."—Chicago Record Herald.