

BANDON RECORDER

Second Week

BANDON.....OREGON

A large cobweb has gathered on Oyster Bay.

The world is preparing to fly off, says a Harvard professor. Good gracious! What's it to light on?

Or, to state it differently, the Missouri 2 cent railway rate law died of a dose of knockout drops.

A good way of treating kidnapers is current in New Mexico. When they are caught up with, they are shot.

It seems harder to get home after the balloon has busted than it did in the old days when the auto was to blame.

The new President of Cuba wants an army of 10,000 men. He must be one of the people who are looking for trouble.

Hetty Green recently acknowledged that she was the loneliest woman in the world. Isn't her son-in-law going to take the hint?

The restaurant waiter who pulled President Fallieres' whiskers got four years. Lucky he didn't pull the Kaiser's mustache.

We fail to see how Andrew Carnegie's peace plans need give any worry to the holders of bonds or stock in plants that manufacture armor plate.

A report from Africa states that thirteen hunters were mauled by lions last year. The lions that did this should not be too cheery about it just at this time.

England suggests that her colonies furnish dry docks instead of battle ships, thereby neatly taking out of the movement the romance which was its sole inspiration.

Missouri's superintendent of the State Labor Bureau advises people to treat servants as members of the family. In many cases servants would resent this as a hardship.

"The new hats," remarks the New York Evening Mail, "are what you might call flarebacks." And the comments of various husbands and fathers are what you might call swearbacks.

The leather manufacturers state that with a certain chemical on the free list in the new tariff bill, shoes, harnesses and other similar articles will be much cheaper. This chemical is oxide of beef.

Fashionable tailors announce that the men will have their hips padded this spring. We take pleasure in announcing, however, that there is no probability that even the most stylish men will be required to wear rats.

Mr. Roosevelt will have two rooms, a stenographer and a private telephone in the office of the Outlook. It is probable that he will also have a rug on his floor. Nevertheless he will find it necessary to be exceedingly respectful to the foreman of the composing room.

Many householders will read with interest and envy the report from an archeologist that he has found records in ancient Babylon which indicate that for a sum equivalent to three dollars a year a man could rent an eight-room house with a courtyard, a garden, and access to the river.

Forty years more. That is the limit of life for consumption, according to an English physician. He declares that the individual who dies of that disease forty years from now will be an exception. Lest any one call him visionary, he cites cholera and smallpox. He might have added yellow fever. The man of 40 years recalls the panic caused by the last named disease, as it swept away large numbers of people in the Southern States when he was a boy. His father, perhaps, told him of the dreadful scenes that accompanied the cholera epidemic that demanded such heavy toll of life in the United States about sixty years ago. Everybody knows how the terrors of smallpox have almost entirely vanished under modern methods of control.

Dr. William T. Bull of New York, who died of cancer recently, was one of the most famous surgeons in America. He had probably operated upon hundreds of persons for cancer at their request, in the belief that the only hope of prolonging their life lay in the use of the knife. Many of them died after he had been operated upon. Such knowledge as the world has was used in the attempt to save his life. That it failed shows how little is known of the subject. Malignant growths called cancers have been removed successfully soon after they showed themselves, but in many cases similar growths have appeared later in different parts of the body. This has led the physicians to conclude, after investigation, that the cancer is the result of some peculiar abnormal condition of the system, and is not merely a local growth. They do not know exactly what that condition is, but they have theories about it. Investigators are at work in all parts of the world, testing the old theories and forming new ones. They experiment on animals afflicted with cancer, and announce the results every little while; but progress toward definite knowledge

is slow. Up to the present, as far as known, no advanced case of cancer has been cured, although the ravages of the disease have been temporarily checked either by the knife, or by the use of radium, the Roentgen rays or the Finzen light. Those who advertise sure and permanent cures for cancer are quacks, not to be trusted. The real cure, when it comes, as it will some time, will be made the free possession of all physicians, not the exclusive possession of any one. The world looks hopefully forward to the day when that great and beneficent discovery shall be made.

A certain Dr. Schlapp of New York has been giving the National League for the Civic Education of Women a highly scientific view of the present female exodus from the home into the office, shop and factory. He does not take a despondent view of this movement, believing it to be temporary and largely sympathetic, though he does not conceal the conviction that it would be fatal to the race, if complete and permanent. Dr. Schlapp can imagine no greater calamity than that the anabolic women of the United States should become katabolic. These adjectives, he explained to the ladies, are used to define the diverging characters and qualities of male and female in the gradual ascent from woman to man. As the most elementary students of biology know, the lower forms of life are without sex, higher forms combine two sexes in one individual, while still higher separate the sexes in different individuals. The higher the type rises the more pronounced the divergence and difference of qualities and characteristics. In any arrest of this upward progress, male and female individuals tend to lose the distinctive characters of their own sex and acquire those of the other. This is plainly reversion to a lower plane of human progress. Anabolic women are the natural women of the home and family. Katabolic women are those who are born with some of the qualities of men and have cultivated these qualities at the expense of others by use. Dr. Schlapp considers them accidents or artificial products. Like white black birds or blue roses, perhaps not really more numerous in this than in other periods. What he defines as the exceptional present condition is the exercise by these katabolic women of some strange hypnotic influence over the anabolics, by which many of the latter are led in a mad race over the boundaries of sex against their natural tendencies. That is to say, Dr. Schlapp philosophically considers the present movement as a sort of hysterical delusion, like the Greek worship of Bacchus or the mediaeval frenzy of witchcraft.

Lesson in Good Manners.

A well-known lawyer is telling a good story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning not long ago the young man tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. Blank, there's a ball game down at the park to-day, and I'm going." Now, the attorney is not a hard-hearted man, and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a little lesson in good manners. "Jimmie," he said, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now, you come over here and sit down, and I'll show you how to do it."

The boy took the office chair and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly, and, holding the cap in his hand, said quietly to the small boy in the big chair: "Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day; if you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon."

In a flash the boy responded: "Why, certainly, Jimmie; and here is 50 cents to pay your way in."—Short Stories.

A Purse for the Bride. Some brides may be inclined to regret that the old marriage custom of the down purse has fallen into disuse. It was the custom of the bridegroom to fill a purse with a goodly sum of money and present it to the bride on the wedding day as the price of the purchase of her person. It sounds like slavery, like the buying of goods and chattels, yet the bride had a nice little sum of money for her own use. Some of the oldest inhabitants of Cumberland may remember a similar custom in that country. The bridegroom provided himself with a number of gold and silver pieces, and at the words "with all my worldly goods I thee endow" he handed the clergyman his fee and poured the other coins into a handkerchief held out for that purpose by the bride. In other places, again, the bride had the right to ask her husband for a gift of money or property on the day after the wedding, and he was bound in honor to grant the request.—London Answers.

Bad Fix. The lieutenant rushed to the bridge and saluted: "Captain," he shouted—for the roar of the artillery was deafening—"the enemy has got our range."

The captain frowned. "Curse the luck!" he growled. "Now how can the cook get dinner?"—Cleveland Leader.

Unkind. "My face my fortune is," she said, in manner mild; He muttered, as he turned his head, "Poor child."

Trying to Explain. Howell—What did you mean by saying that I would never set the world on fire? Powell—I meant that you were too much of a gentleman to do it.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FUTURE.

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.



The industrial conditions of the modern home are such as to delay and often prevent marriage. Since the "home" is supposed to arise only from marriage, it looks as though the situation were frankly suicidal. So far, not seeing these things, we have merely followed our world-old habits of blaming the woman. She used to be content with these conditions, we say; she ought to be now. Back to nature. The woman refuses to go back, the home refuses to go forward, and marriage waits. The initial condition of ownership, even without servitude, reacts unfavorably upon the kind of marriage most desired.

A woman slave is not a wife. The more absolutely a woman is her own mistress, in accepting her husband and her life with him, the higher is the grade of love and companionship open to them. Again, the economic dependence of the woman militates against a true marriage, in that the element of the economic profit degrades and commercializes love and so injures the family. The higher marriage toward which we are tending requires a full-grown woman, no one's property or servant, self-supporting and proudly independent. Such marriage will find expression in a very different home.—Leslie's.

SCHOOL ETHICS UNRECOGNIZED IN BUSINESS.

By J. A. Howland.



I am familiar with an unpleasant tangle in a great business organization where in the beginning just one man was to blame for a slight indiscretion. His intent was of the best in the matter, but his judgment was bad. He exceeded his authority in a certain circumstance and became responsible for involving a large portion of a department in a piece of unauthorized work. The result is that a dozen men in the establishment are under the fire of unpleasant questioning. Recognizing that the real heart of the mistake lies with a man, who in doing his best merely failed in his best judgment, this man has been shielded from his share in the middle. But as the situation rests, the whole smooth running machinery of a perfected organization has been thrown out of balance and harmony.

The distinctly practical thing which the young man may do is to forget the logic of his school days in subterfuge and covering up of his fellows' misdeeds. Let him refuse to have his own errors covered by anyone. Let him prepare to take the consequences of his own acts without fear or favor. Let him determine to leave an open record behind him. When he shall have proved to his fellows that he has no interest in having his own mistakes kept covered—that he is willing to assume all responsibility for his own acts, clearing him of any obligation as to sharing the mistakes of

others—he cannot be criticised if he takes the stand that his own shortcomings are quite numerous enough for him to carry on one pair of shoulders. Organization and results in business are synonymous. Organization is crippled in its purpose if that organization becomes a secondary machine bent to the covering up of its own organic inefficiency.

SICKNESS HAS A FUNNY SIDE.

By Elbert Hubbard.



Sickness is a selfish thing. If you are well, you are expected to work, and give your time and talent to helping other people. If you are sick, you are supposed to be immune from many unpleasant tasks and duties.

Mark Twain says he was never wholly happy excepting on two occasions. One was when he was given that Oxford degree and wore a marvelous red cloak and mortarboard hat; and the other was when he had the measles and expected to die, writes Elbert Hubbard in Lippincott's Magazine.

The joy of holding the center of the stage and having the whole family in tears just on his account was worth all the pangs.

Mark is a humorist, and a humorist is a man who has the sense of values, and to have the sense of values is wisdom. Mark is a great philosopher as well as a humorist. Not only has he testified that pangs and pains are the attributes of life, not death, and that there is no pain in death, but he also gives testimony that sickness is an acute form of selfishness. The sick man disarranges the entire scheme of housekeeping wherever he is, unless he is in a hospital. To have his means served to him in bed he regards as natural and right. For once he holds the center of the stage—all dance attendance. Doctors come, nurses run for this or that, neighbors call and inquire. He is it.

HOW THE POWER OF MAN GROWS.

By Edward Everett Hale.



The first living statistical authority said to me not long ago that every man who is living in any such center of life as you and I live in, controls on the average 1,000 times as much power as his ancestor did in the year 1800. To speak of such a trifle as steam power, in the year 1800 all the steam engines of the United States represented thirty horse power. The last trolley car that passed this church represented more horse power. There is a little illustration of the increase of human power which the wit of a few men like James Watt and Robert Hare and Joseph Henry have made possible in only one of the incidents of human life.

Try to carry out a little illustration like that, and you get some idea of what follows on a much larger scale where man, the child, takes for use the physical power intrusted to him by God, his Father.

NOW.

I want no pledge of joys to be—
No false, uncertain vow;
That friend, alone, is kind to me
Who proves his friendship now.

Life's changing year is brief, so brief,
And I shall slumber long,
When autumn blinds the yellow sheaf,
And winter ends the song.

Then, sweetheart, come to-day and bring
Love's flower in perfect bloom;
I shall not care what wreaths you fling
To-morrow on my tomb.
—Andrew Downing.

A Surprise Visit

"Oh, dear!" said a voice with a suggestion of tears in it.
The young man paused—and let it be recorded to his credit that he did not see her face.

She was a charming, though obviously distressed, little lady, as she stood at the half-open gate. She seemed for a moment taken aback as the light of the lamp fell on the young man's face. He had been walking deep in thought, and thought is a sign of age, and sits, perhaps, awkwardly upon the unaccustomed shoulders of youth. Observing her confusion, he sought to reassure her with a bow—a bow suggestive of white hair, even whiskers, unfortunately mislaid on this particular night.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he murmured.

"I don't know what to do," she declared piteously.

The young man endeavored to smile intelligently. It was the least, and for the moment the most, he could do.

"I've been ringing for nearly twenty minutes," she complained, "and they won't answer." Her tone created the impression that the inmates were sitting within, wondering what spiritual phenomenon was affecting the bell.

"You are sure it's the right house?" "Of course—53." This is '53, isn't it?"

Investigation proved that it was. "I don't often make mistakes," said the young lady; she did not say it conceitedly—she merely mentioned it as a fact.

"You are not, perhaps, expected," suggested the young man, resting his hand on the gate.

The young man received her bow of dismissal with dismay.

"But I can't leave you," he protested. "You mustn't dismiss me like that."

"I—I was releasing you," she said. "I refuse to be released," he declared stubbornly.

Her smile now partook less of the nature of an effort.

"Thank you," she said. "I was so afraid you would go."

"What we have to do," he said briskly, concealing his gratification under a great show of energy, "is to get into the house." He eyed it as Agamemnon might have regarded Troy. "You can't wait here in the cold—the atmosphere was almost suggestive of a thunder storm, but the dramatic instinct reels little of such—'until your sister or the servants—I suppose they must be out, too—choose to come home."

"No," she agreed, placing her fate in his hands with simple confidence, "of course not."

"The point is, how to get in."

"Yes," she assented, "I've been trying for ever so long."

"We—that is to say, I—must break in."

"It's not as if it were a stranger's

gave way to curiosity, and by the aid of a small Gladstone, which she dragged from the doorstep, she, in her turn, mounted the balcony.

"It's all right," gasped the voice of her deliverer, as she peered in at the window, "don't be"—his voice broke off suddenly, and a subdued struggle appeared to be taking place—"alarm!" he resumed presently, somewhat more breathlessly, "I've got him all right."

"Got whom?" she asked in bewilderment.

"If you could manage to climb in and light a match we could see."

"Climb in? Oh, I couldn't. Yes; all right, if you . . . all right."

A moment later she was by his side, and saw that he was kneeling on a prostrate and gasping man.

"It's a burglar," explained the young man; "we must tie him up. Have you a piece of rope?"

Her lack of the necessary article made the girl realize yet more vividly her helplessness in the crisis.

"Wait a moment." She darted out of the room, and the sound of a minor maelstrom in the next room gave promise of speedy assistance.

"Here you are," she said, running back; "it's a tablecloth. I'm afraid I've upset a lot of things, but it was so dark."

By the aid of this they partly bound, partly swathed, their captive into a condition of helplessness.

He lit the gas, and gazed at the floor with puckered brows.

"I say, you have made a mess here, I suppose it was their supper."

The girl turned to him with a despairing smile.

"I didn't know there was anything on the table," she said, "until I pulled the cloth off. It is awful, isn't it? One thing, Ethel is very good-tempered."

"Well, that's a good—What's the matter?"

The girl was staring around the room with bewilderment and alarm on her face.

"I—I," she began, and then paused. She took a candlestick from the sideboard and lit the candle at the gas. "Do you mind just coming to the foot of the stairs," she asked in trembling tones, "in case—"

When she came downstairs again she was very white, with two red patches on her cheeks.

"There's a workroom up there," she said, sinking into a chair. "That man was probably working there; that's why he didn't hear the bell."

"Working?" queried her companion. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. You saw the number was '53, didn't you?"

"It's not the wrong house?" She nodded dismally.

"53, Claremont road, I'm sure was the address, though," she added in self-accusation.

"Claremont?" He gazed round the room, and his eye fell on an envelope on the sideboard. "I thought so—"

wasn't sure. This is Bonares road. Claremont is the next turning.

The girl stared at him helplessly. "Whatever shall I do?" she said in a frightened whisper. "That idiot of a cabman!" she added viciously.

"Under the circumstances," mused the young man, "to explain would be well, an unthankful task."

Her fellow housebreaker looked at her from the corner of his eye.

"But we must."

"Do you mean 'must' morally? Because, if not—the man in the next room is not likely to know us again."

The girl looked at him, gnawing the knuckle of her forefinger hesitatingly; then she rose stealthily to her feet.

"I hope," murmured the young man, as they let themselves out by the front door, "for the sake of our—host, the others won't be late getting home."

—London Sketch.

PATHOS OF THE INDIAN.

Trayed and Glorified in Marble by the White Man, He Disappears.

We are accustomed to shed a few eminently proper crocodile tears over the fate of the Indian, but the Indian has never pitied himself. No record holds his plea for mercy for his race. The negro continually expects quarter. The Indian has not asked quarter. He has taken his medicine like a man. No concert of powers ever guarded his territorial rights. We call Leopold to account in the Congo. We district Africa into spheres of influence, one jealous nation watching another, but here in America we have the work of extermination all in our own hands. The gladiators of Rome did not ask for mercy; neither has that stark fighting man who, if he has not given us a holiday, has at least given us an occasional bad quarter of an hour, says Emerson Hough in a striking contribution to Hampton's Magazine.

The fighting chance is the only one which the red man has valued. He has never set up any red republic in imitation of the white man's ways of government. Sacred and classic literature tells us of beaten generals who reel upon their swords. There have been scores of warriors of the plains, brave as Winkielried, but hopeless, who have gone against the machine guns, knowing what their end must be. Beaten at last by the upsetting of their environment, they have gone to the reservations, still aloof and still distinct. Here will be their last stand. We fight tuberculosis for the white race with one hand, while with the other we spread it apparently deliberately among the red race. The reservation cabin is a death trap for the Indian. The old tepees had an air space all around the bottom, an air space high as the head between the lodge lining and the lodge skin. Good air came in from below and bad air went out with the smoke at the lodge top. Of late we are taking up tent life for consumptive patients, but very often in this our doctors do not know as much as the Indians, and have not learned that the wall tent is the worst ventilated dwelling in the world, although the Indian lodge was the best. There is an idea for some physician who really will stop to think in his science. I have passed some happy winter days and nights in a tepee in the Blackfoot country, but out there the cabin is supplanting the lodge, and as at intervals I see some of my red friends in that country, more and more I see the finger nails of this or that one beginning to thicken, the sign of the white plague with them. The red race cannot adjust, cannot assimilate. It is doing, none the less, all that is asked or expected of it. It is dying. Yet it raised men who could ride, walk, shoot, hunt, eat, drink, speak, as well as most of us. The red man could not adjust; he could only fight.

Eating the Pie.

"I remember one man from my home town," a Western Senator said recently, "in the good old days before civil service examinations, whose dream of earthly attainment was a government place. When his party was finally successful he immediately set out for Washington and was 'on the job' long before the fourth of March, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. All through the spring he was about town. Wherever I went I would see him, striving for or just after an audience with some department official. By June he was seedy and broken looking, but still appeared to be 'game.' Finally I found him in the gallery of the Senate chamber apparently endeavoring to kill time.

"Well, have you given it up? I asked, trying to be sympathetic.

"Oh, I got the job, all right," he replied with a satisfied smile. "I'm working now."—Success Magazine.

Obedy Directions.

Jones—Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?
Johnny—No, sir. His office was locked.

Jones—Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?
Johnny—There was a note on the door saying, "Return at once," so I came back.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Surgical Operation.

The customer raised his hand, and the barber, pausing in the operation of shaving him, inclined his head. "Sir?" "Give me gas," said the customer.—London Globe.

It is a question who is first to know there is a new moon: A lover, or the manager of an electric light company.

Father—Well? Tommy—Why isn't there ever a penny of the unemployed?