

# BANDON RECORDER

Published Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

A good many distinguished people are becoming parents this year.

We don't hear much about appendicitis any more. Have the appendices all been removed?

Three people are walking across this continent. Most of us prefer to stay at home and work.

The Detroit Evening News accuses the ex-president of shooting "rhinoceri." This is worse than nature faking.

King Edward is now 67 years of age and should be allowed whatever creases in his trousers he is pleased to wear.

A \$5,000,000 judgment against a Cincinnati man has been sold for \$150. Such a transaction must make a man feel terribly unimportant.

The American men unanimously confirm Mrs. Elinor Glyn's statement that they didn't try to flirt with her while she was in this country.

When shooting a giraffe always aim at the heart of the beast. If it is shot in the head it may not find out for a day or two that it is dead.

"There is nothing like babies," says Mme. Schumann-Heink, "to improve the voice." Yea, and there is nothing like babies to increase the number of voices.

Whiskers may well be dispensed with, but as long as most men's mouths are what nature made them, it is as well to hang on to the mustache in some instances.

The canned beef of Chicago is to displace the roast beef of old England in feeding the British soldiers. A Chicago beef packer has lately secured a contract to supply the army for three years.

The deaths of Algernon Charles Swinburne and George Meredith within a month have deprived England of her greatest modern poet and novelist, but Alfred Austin and Hall Caine will hardly be willing to believe it.

A girl who arrived at New York from Europe a few days ago refused to land until she could be assured that she would not become a white slave. A fine reputation our police forces are establishing for us abroad!

A New York man has recovered \$650 for the loss of a little toe. He proved to the satisfaction of the jury that it was the only little toe he had on his right foot and that the loss of it imposed too much work on the other toes.

A question which has puzzled a good many persons has at last been settled. A prominent woman's rights advocate says that a suffragist is one who tries to convert women, and a suffragette one who tries to convert men. Evidently it is not, as some had thought, a national or racial matter.

The national House of Representatives has decided to remodel the chamber in which it sits. The hall will be reduced in size and chairs will be substituted for the desks. The hall is so large that members have difficulty in making themselves heard, and the speaker finds it hard to keep his scattered flock in order.

American missionaries have been accused of encouraging the Koreans to rebel against the Japanese government. Prince Ito, in answer to a letter of the American ambassador, Mr. O'Brien, says that there is no truth in the charge, and that the missionaries are co-operating with the government in its work of educating the people. Missionaries have no motive for meddling in politics in countries where the government does not hinder but assists their efforts.

It is said that one of the depositors in an American savings bank will accept no interest, for he is a Mohammedan, and his religion forbids it. It is a part of other ancient religions, the Jewish among the rest, that interest is not right. "Usury" has come down to us with a bad name, not because it originally meant excessive interest, as it does now, but because our ancestors disapproved all payment of premium for money lent. Antonio, in "The Merchant of Venice," was not an exceptionally generous man in lending money without interest, but merely followed the custom of his time; Shylock, on the other hand, even if he had exacted only a low rate for his loans, would have been regarded from the point of view of an Elizabethan as a social outcast. The business of banking was chiefly in the hands of the Jews in the olden times, until the whole Western world came to what we regard as a more businesslike and rational view.

On the sixteenth day of the eleventh month—which was January by "old style"—of the year 1636 there was presented to the town of Salem, Mass., a petition by Debora Holmes that she might have a piece of land allotted to her in that town. The record of what answer was made to her request runs as follows: "Debora Holmes refused land (being a maid) but hath

four bushels of Corn granted her, one by Mr. Endecot, one by Mr. Stilleman, one by John Woodbury, and one by Mr. Verrin, and would be a bad precedent to keep house alone." The precedent has fared hardly at the hands of posterity. What large, empty places would be left to-day in the life of village and town if the maids—old and young—who keep house alone were "warned out" after the fashion of our stern forefathers! The saint of the town is almost sure to be a spinster. She is the dispenser of cookies and maple-sugar to her youthful admirers. She does up the hurt fingers and wipes away the tears of disappointment from childish eyes. She is the first to be told of the lovers' happiness, and is the most desired confidante in the house of mourning. We cannot know exactly what Debora Holmes did with her four bushels of corn, which must have been a poor substitute for a home of her own. But one might guess that she planted it on some sunny New England hillside, and that it sprang up in a rich crop of kind deeds and wise words and loving thoughts, which Debora passed on to all her maiden sisters for the cheer and comfort of mankind.

A living death is a life without incentive. The man or woman who is purposeless, has no responsibility, is producing nothing, is merely feeding the physical senses, is missing the meaning of existence and forfeiting the real joy of living. The quickest and surest way of tiring of the world is to concentrate thought on self. Those who have nothing to think of but self carry a wearisome burden. In the news columns daily we read of the disasters that befall purposeless people. Every city every day has its quota of suicides from this cause. The burden of mere self becomes so heavy men and women take their lives to escape it. To temporarily free their minds of the stress of irresponsibility others drink themselves into the gutter. There is a deal of wretchedness from this cause. "The world is full of such a number of things that I am sure we should all be happy as kings," the poet sang, and very truly. For one has only to look about with seeing eyes to find things to do that are worth while doing. Evasion of responsibility is rank cowardice, and makes for an empty life. If time weighs heavily upon you, get busy! Adopt a baby. Go conservatively into debt. Interest yourself in the struggle of some fellow worse off than you are. Get married. Devise some means of affecting an equitable tariff. Discover a new star. Find a cure for cancer. Scheme a plan by which the graft danger may be eliminated from municipal ownership of public utilities. Discover a substance which will prevent teeth from decaying. Write something which will make men think less of selfish gain and more of brotherly love. These are suggestions—and "the world is full of such a number of things" that one need not think long before discovering an agreeable hobby. Do something and be happy.

## BAD PARROT A PRISONER.

Profane Bird Hauled Out of a Tree by a Policeman and Arrested.

Charged with resisting an officer using profane language, being a disorderly person, causing a crowd to collect, trespassing on park lands prohibited by law, and being disrespectful to a policeman without cause, a parrot is a prisoner in the offices of the Essex County Park Commission in Newark waiting for its owner to square things with the authorities, according to the New York Times.

When Sergeant Wilson passed a tree in Branch Brook Park he noticed a crowd gathered around the foot of it. He hastened to the spot and was informed by a boy that some one was up in the branches "swearing awful."

"Here, you come down out of that," yelled Wilson. "You're violating the law."

"Oh, you bonehead! You hamfat!" came the answer from the new and thick foliage.

"I'll give you a minute to come down. Then I'll pull you down," said the angry sergeant.

"Robber! Help! Take him out! Bonehead! Strike one!" said the voice from the tree.

"He thinks he's at a baseball game," said one of the crowd.

"I'll go up and bring him down," said Sergeant Wilson, who was convinced by that time that he was dealing with a crazy baseball crank. The crowd admiringly watched him climb the tree, and looked at the commotion in the branches, there being sounds of deep breathing, imprecations, and struggles. In a few minutes the policeman reached earth somewhat rumpled, but triumphant, with an angry, profane parrot in his hands. The park commission is waiting for a man with an extensive baseball vernacular to lay claim to the bird.

## Professional Pride.

"I should regret very much to hear that anybody has ever offered money for political influence."

"Yes," answered Mr. Graftwell, "your hearing of it would indicate very crude work on somebody's part."—Washington Star.

## The Law of Gravity.

"Silence in the court!" thundered the judge, and the laughter died away. "Mr. Balliff," continued the instructions from the bench, "eject the next man who defies the law of gravity."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Occasionally a dressmaker gives her husband fits.

# Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## WHERE LAWLESSNESS BEGINS.

**A**T the last session of the Ohio Legislature an act was passed making illegal the organization and maintenance of secret societies in the public schools of that State. The law was the result of a general and growing belief that secret societies—Greek-letter fraternities, or sororities, as they are commonly called—are a menace to the wholesomeness and democracy of public school life. This opinion is held by the more intelligent and better informed people of all the States. But now the pupils of the public schools who are members of secret societies, or desire to be, have revolted. They are reported as determined to fight the new law, and as having raised a fund to pay counsel. In other States, notably in Massachusetts, there have been similar revolts against authority. In these cases the authority of the school committee rather than the Legislature, and discipline has not always been maintained.

In all these cases something is at stake which is far more important than secret societies. It is the whole question of respect for and obedience to the law. The parents who do not see this are blind to their duty. Children in this country are too often permitted to disregard municipal laws and police regulations, and are not even rebuked for their lawlessness. But pupils in the public schools can do nothing in defiance of the laws of State, city or school committee unless they are aided and supported by their parents. It is time there was right thinking and plain speaking on this matter, and that responsibility be placed where it belongs.—Youth's Companion.

## THE USEFULNESS OF OLD MEN.

**P**RESIDENT ELIOT surrendered his duties as the head of Harvard University the other day at the age of 75, but Levi P. Morton, aged 85, rode in the ordinary smoker from his country home to his New York office, and made his share of the smoke en route. The fact that Mr. Morton has a decade the start of President Eliot does not seem in the least to disturb him. Another incident to add to these is that James P. Hyde, at the age of 95, has just been re-elected treasurer of the city of Lincoln, Neb. The young men are not running everything in this age. The youth of 62, known as Edward H. Harriman, is quite active in business life. James J. Hill is "getting around" at 72. Those fledglings, Rockefeller, Morgan and Carnegie, while not so active as either Harriman or Hill, do not admit that they are out of the game.

There seems never to have been an age of the world when men, who have wisely digested their experiences and observations were more in demand than now. The aged treasurer of Lincoln not long ago published a pamphlet on the science of accounts that is full of suggestion for the youth who already knows it all. At 75 years President Eliot, out of the fullness of his experience with books, has set himself the task of selecting a three-foot library whose study will give any man a liberal education. If there is an irreverence about the time, it should be corrected by observing the character and attainments of these and other old men, mighty in

## GERMAN AND BRITISH CANARIES

Characteristics of Cage Bird Which Is More Numerous than Cat.

The canary is nowadays the cage bird. He is first, and all the rest nowhere. He is, perhaps, more numerous among us than even his natural foe, the cat. He is equally popular on the Continent, where Germany produces singers famed the world over; and when in India I found that the Chinese were breeding and exporting thither a cheap and serviceable brand of canary for the delectation of our subjects and their rulers; for the Hindoo, although the records show that he was a skilled bird fancier when the inhabitants of Britain were savages, has never risen to the higher flights of agriculture in breeding his cage birds for himself, a writer in a London exchange says.

The German breeders have concentrated their attention on the bird's song, as might have been expected from their national love of music; hence the song of a good "German" is a revelation of long-drawn sweetness to those who are used to the rather ear-piercing efforts of the English bird.

It is a sad fact of avian depravity that it is easier to corrupt a good canary by letting him hear bad notes than to teach an inferior performer good ones; for though they unconsciously produce musical sounds for the admiration of mankind, singing birds have a poor idea of music themselves.

Yet they are impressed by each other's songs, for it is a common thing for the matrimonial schemes of a canary breeder to be frustrated by a sentimental hen falling in love with the voice of an unseen singer, with the result that she leads the mate arbitrarily chosen for her a sad life until the owner of the "witching voice" is removed out of hearing. The personal equation counts for a great deal in canary breeding.

While the Germans have been thus developing the canary's voice, they have neglected his appearance, and, consequently, their birds are little larger than the wild Canary Island ancestor, and though usually yellow, are of that pale primrose shade which our fanciers call "buff," not the full, brilliant tint which we usually understand by canary color. This, in its perfection, is only found in English-bred birds, which are also, in many breeds, much larger than the wild canary, some being almost as large as larks.

The Norwich birds are most in demand, and are even being exported to Germany, in rivalry with the native

the affairs of the world. Old age is not in itself a badge of honor, but old age attended by wisdom, charity and usefulness is such a precious possession to a world, which tends now to run too fast, that its results ought to be conserved and used.—Minneapolis Tribune.

## COST OF WAR PREPARATIONS.

**T**HE cost of a great battleship complete is about \$10,000,000, and the effective life of one of these floating fortresses is about fifteen years. Figures of this sort acquire their greatest significance by comparison. It is somewhat startling to be told that the cost of a great battleship equals the valuation of all the land and the 100 buildings which Harvard University has accumulated in 250 years, plus all the land and buildings of Hampton and Tuskegee institutes.

According to Bloch, the writer on war, the cost of one shot by a big cannon, including the deterioration of the weapon, is \$1,700. This amount would send through college a boy who could get along on \$425 a year, as many do. It would pay for an ordinary workingman's house. Taking the average figures as given in the statistical reports, this sum is equal to a workingman's wages for three and two-thirds years. It is as much as the salary of the average school teacher in this country for five and one-third years.

Our governments, national, State and local, are continually importuned to do more for social betterment in one way and another, especially for education. Refusal is based on the lack of funds. When it is remembered that one battleship represents an outlay sufficient for the establishment of a university, the possibilities from the reduction of expenditures for military purposes loom large. Think what could be done for education, for irrigation, for reforestation, in providing better housing conditions for the people, and in many other ways of like significance with the expenditures made necessary by the fear of war!—Chicago News.

## WIRELESS ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

**T**HE marvelous lighting of 4,000 incandescent lights at Omaha by current sent through the air from a generating wireless plant five miles distant marks another new era in electricity. The first telegraph line in America was opened between Washington and Baltimore May 24, 1844. Today the United States has more than 200,000 miles of line, comprising more than 1,250,000 miles of wire, in the operation of which 30,000 persons are employed at an annual salary of more than \$14,000,000. The first telephone line went into commission in Boston in 1877. Today the United States is talking over 3,400,000 telephones, or one for every twenty-three inhabitants. There are 40,000 telephone operators, and their annual total wage income is \$11,000,000.

With what amazing rapidity will every available water power be harnessed, since the Omaha expert has found a way to send electric power by the same air route? The wonderful accomplishments of the last half century may read like fiction, but the greater possibilities of the near future actually smack of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.—Chicago Journal.

## GRAND STAND TURNED INTO APARTMENT HOUSE.



With new and stringent laws against gambling and bookmaking, the sport of kings—as the sporting writers call horse racing—is no longer a profitable business in many places. It remained for Cincinnati, however, to turn a grand stand into an apartment house and a race track into a picnic grounds. Oakley Park track—famous old Oakley Park, where the feeblest race horses in the world thundered into the stretch, smashing world's records to the wild applause of thousands of spectators—is to become a housing place for babies and canaries and janitors and phonographs.

The grand stand, with the seats torn out, and walls and stairways and partitions put in, will become one of the largest apartment houses in the country. It is 320 feet long by 60 feet deep, and will contain 125 rooms. It will be fitted up after the Spanish style of architecture. The three-acre grounds will be parked off. Nothing in the general structure of the building will be changed. The turrets and judges' stand and the cupolas will all remain. Even the steps which led into the stand will become marble stairs leading to suites 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and the janitor.

product, while some even reach India to compete with Chinese experts.

## Another World.

I live in two worlds—one in which I must consider the weather and clothes and meals and bills coming due and a host of duties and obligations, some of which weary me. It isn't really a bad world, and I haven't much ground to complain of. It is comparatively a poor world, however, when set against that other world into which I retire with every opportunity—the glorious, free and perfect world of my imagination. The common world, the world of meals and clothes and weather, I share with everybody. No preference or special consideration is given to me. I often get a kick or a cuff that I despise, even though I know that I earned it. But the other world is all my own. I am its creator, king and master. Nothing happens in it that does not please me; nothing exists without my consent. It revolves around me. I am its sun and center; all else is subordinate. There is no order, system or law in it that gives me the slightest

trouble, for I alter, change or abolish these at my pleasure. Of course I escape whenever I can from the common everyday world in which I am so insignificant into the world which is wholly my own.—Orlando Jay Smith.

## Be Sure You are Right.

"Bill had charge of the animal tent," said Mr. Ringling, "and among his pets was a leopard. This leopard gave Bill more trouble than all the rest of the menagerie put together."

"One day when I had left the show on some advance business, a telegram was handed to me. It was from Bill and read: 'The leopard has escaped. What shall I do?'"

"That was just like Bill. He did not want to make a mistake."

"I immediately wired back to Bill: 'Shoot him on the spot.' Two hours later I received another telegram from conscientious, careful Bill: 'Which spot?'"—Success Magazine.

After a woman has been married long enough to secure a two-seated surrey, she is usually large enough to fill the back seat.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

Ham's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



To do as Christ did we must love as He did.

Once get a man right in his heart and his feet will not go far wrong.

Above the blackest cloud there is plenty of light.

God never changes His mind. What men often call excuses God calls lies.

Faith without works is like a watch without hands.

Truth never stops chasing a lie around the world.

Give the Lord a chance and He will give you a chance.

Our needs can never be greater than God's promises for their supply.

The man who delays to do the right thing is not likely to ever do it.

The preacher should not forget that the devil always goes to church.

Not what we can do but what we can bear is the real test of character.

If there is a time when God is especially close to us it is when we are in trouble.

Following Christ ought to consist in something more than wearing a red button and going to church in pleasant weather.

The man who looks toward the well-watered plains of Sodom with a longing eye will soon be wearing out shoe leather in trying to get to them.

## A MISTAKEN PURPOSE.

"Yes, dogs may be all right," reluctantly admitted the nervous man, "but somehow I always was scared of 'em, and they all seem to realize the fact. This business of conquering a dog by looking him straight in the eye doesn't always work out the right way. I never cared to test the matter myself, but I knew one fellow who did. He lost part of his coat tail. And there is a foolish saying that barking dogs won't bite. Another fallacy. I once knew an old shepherd-dog that would bark and bite at the same time. I still carry a scar on my shin as a proof."

"I was farming at the time, out in Kansas, and the dog belonged on the next farm. The old fellow who owned him said he wouldn't bite. We had just moved down from the city, you know, and it was necessary for me to call at the old farmer's house for milk."

"At first Shep wouldn't allow me to enter the gate. Shep was the dog's name. I tried all sorts of inducements—called him by name in the friendliest tone at my command, or threatened him with imaginary stones. Finally the old farmer would relieve the situation by escorting me into the yard, with Shep sneaking along about two inches in the rear of my legs. Very comfortable."

"But as time went on I became better acquainted with the shepherd dog, and as long as I wore overalls and toted my milk pail, he permitted me to enter the front gate without challenge. On these occasions he assumed a benevolent air, as if he was really granting me a large favor. It was a favor."

"But one time I called on the old farmer on a matter of business, and had discarded the overalls and milk pail. As I entered the gate I saw a book agent marching boldly up the yard. The poor fool didn't know about Shep, and he failed to see the dog as he came tearing up the lane."

"'Hey, there!' I shouted, in a warning voice. 'Climb that tree quick or that dog will chew you up!'"

"But the poor chap didn't have time to budge, for Shep was traveling like a Kansas tornado. I shut my eyes for a moment, from sheer pity, and then opened them again to view the tragedy. That dog had passed the book agent entirely, and was still coming. He was after me."

## His Postscript.

It was Saturday, and Mrs. Cushman, having arrayed Bobby in his Sunday best, was endeavoring to keep him occupied while she dressed hurriedly, pending a visit to the photographer.

"Write mother a letter on your celluloid tablets," she coaxed.

Bobby looked out of the window and across the street for inspiration—and found it. His fingers moved briskly, and in less than three minutes he was displaying his letter and pressing it upon his mother's attention.

"Dear mother," she read. "The boys across the street in the Lothrop's yard are playing a new game. I should like to see it. May I go?"

"Your affectionate son, Bob."

"That is rather short, Bobby," she said, still coaxing him, with a glance at the clock. "You go back to your room and write mother a little postscript."

Bobby departed joyously, but when the last refractory hook had yielded and his mother, drawing on her gloves, hurried to his room, it was empty.

On Bobby's desk lay the letter, with the desired addition: "P. S. I have went. Bob."

Men have their troubles the same as women, but they have less to say 'bout them.

There are as many ideas to a story as there are people who tell it.