

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON..... OREGON

It is not always safe to gauge prosperity by the number of men one sees carrying fishpoles.

Austria is going to tax bachelors, childless couples and widows. We feel sorry for the widows.

They are all bad enough, but most people would prefer reading about the "distant earthquakes."

Behind nearly every sweet girl graduate is a tired woman who is pleased to respond to the name of mother.

Scientists have decided that the earth is at least 240,000,000 years old. Doesn't seem half that old, does it?

Some women have the happy faculty of getting pretty hats, no matter how homely the styles they have to select from.

The indications are that there will be an unusually large crabapple crop this year. Work up an appetite for crabapples. It may come in handy.

Announcement is made of the fact that George Meredith left no unpublished works. His publishers seem to have been guilty of a serious oversight.

E. H. Harriman thinks we are about to enter upon the most prosperous era in the history of the country. Even his bitterest foes will hope he is a good prophet.

It is announced that cigars may be made of alfalfa. They may be made of cabbage, too, but a majority of the people who use them prefer to have them made of tobacco.

Where once they took wood and vegetables on subscription, Kansas editors are now running their automobiles in to telephone poles and flying to king dom come on the wings of the morning.

One of the coal operators informs us that fire damp is positively not a dangerous thing where the profits of the operator might be interfered with if men were prevented from working in it.

A. Booth of the failed fish firm knew the business, from cleaning a fish up. His son, William Vernon Booth, was a fine polo player, and bright and shining social light. This will explain much.

The annual report of gold in the Adirondacks is again made. This time a deputy sheriff has found a rich lead near Lake Placid. There certainly ought to be gold in the Adirondacks, for there is nothing else of value in the soil.

English is to be taught hereafter in all the public schools of Guatemala. If the spread of a knowledge of English continues, it will not be many years before Americans can travel all over the world and talk with the natives without having to learn any language but their own.

Many wise men have made lists of the "hundred best books," but few of the lists are wise. Dr. S. M. Crothers discourses, in the Atlantic Monthly, on the "hundred worst books." He argues that for the guidance of the reader "the reefs and shoals should be properly marked." Then, like a true humorist, he refrains from giving the list of the "hundred worst." Each reader can make a list for himself.

Between ten and fifteen million dollars a year are required to pay for work on new public buildings erected by the national government, which is one of the largest builders in the world, and is therefore deeply interested in the strength of the materials used in its structures. Plans have been completed for a machine to be used at the Geological Survey station in Pittsburgh for testing steel, concrete, brick and stone columns to discover which are best adapted to use under differing circumstances. The machine, which will be the largest in America, will be capable of exercising a pressure of ten million pounds, or much more than any column is likely to be called upon to bear.

Science makes such quick work of theories nowadays that no wise parent dares dogmatize on anything but the rule of three. Therefore it is that when President Eliot is reported to have protested against the intermarriage of the races and given it as his opinion that Irish should not marry with Americans of English descent, Germans with Italians, the Jews with the French, we must swallow our ejaculation of dissent and wait until Johnny comes home from school with his newest text book. In our own unlearned day we had thought all great races were composites. Our simple midcentury notion was that the Norse mixed with the Gaul and the Norman with the Saxon-Dane of England to make the great English race. We had thought a blend of Teuton and Latin gave us the renaissance; while the mixture of races in the Saxon-Dutch-Swedish-French-Irish-German-American of colonial ancestry has not seemed within our knowledge of individual cases to have made for weakness. Certainly if the distinguished ex-president of Harvard is right we shall have to

pitch overboard one of our most cherished illusions—if it is an illusion. Do we not all believe in the future American chiefly because he will be a blend of all the races under the happy condition of political freedom and social opportunity? Perhaps there are ethical differences not to be composed as between negro, Caucasian, Indian Mongol. But do not ask us to draw the racial line too narrowly. Inter marriage is an important factor in America's scheme.

A speaker at a public meeting in an Eastern city recently made a state ment which fell with a shock of dismay upon many ears. He declared that the time-honored occupation of sawing wood is fast becoming obsolete. The speaker himself, he said, had been brought up at the wood-pile; he had sawed wood all through his boyhood—had, literally, sawed a large part of his way through college; but to-day his own boy could not saw wood if he wished to do so. There is in that city, as in many others, no wood to saw. An experiment made not long ago by a certain other city is an interesting commentary upon the speaker's declaration. The matter of public playgrounds was under debate and it was finally decided, with a strange misapprehension of the significance and value of play, that it would be better to give its boys an opportunity for exercise than for recreation. It was therefore determined to give them the privilege of sawing wood. Whether the boys appreciated their opportunity, the record does not state, but the expense of securing and distributing the wood and supplying the implements wherewith to saw made the experiment too costly to be repeated. Current fiction, that most accurate mirror of any age, has already taken cognizance—although perhaps unconsciously—of the vanishing wood pile. No longer do we find a hero of to-day sawing his way to fame. The comic papers, equally sensitive in many ways, but still dominated by the ghosts of ancient jokes, have not yet divorced the wood pile and the tramp, but doubtless they will in time. It is a trifle bewildering, of course. So long have we associated the wood pile with greatness that we wonder perplexedly what substitute the new days can offer for its salutary discipline; how, without its stern friendliness, our heroes can achieve distinction. Yet somehow, after all, we still seem to have men among us, and every emergency reveals its master, steady-handed, at the helm. What the future will substitute for the wood pile none can yet foretell. It is ours, however, speeding the old with courage, to greet the new with cheerful hearts. The wood pile has gone. Yet somehow "discipline must be maintained," and life will not fail to furnish the means.

THE "CENT SCHOOL."

A "cent school" is not so common now as it once was. It was so called, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, because the children who came to it brought a cent each, tightly clutched in the hand or knotted in a handkerchief corner. This cent paid the tuition for the day. If it was forgotten the child was sent home for it. The school was kept by an old lady.

The smallest children used to go to it. The cent school might be described as a great-aunt of the present kindergarten, although Eunice Swain, who kept this particular one, would have thought a kindergarten foolishness. Her children did not come to be amused, but to work. They were put on benches in the kitchen, because it was warm there, and she herself sat in the dining-room door, and taught them, or punished them, as the spirit bade her.

She taught the three R's, and manners, and truth-telling, and, above all, humility, impressing on these infants daily that they belonged to a generation, not of vipers exactly, but of weaklings.

"Thee will never be what thy grandfather was, Zenas Macy!" cried Miss Swain to a freckled lad with sea-blue eyes. "He owned his ship, and made seven voyages round the world. And what is thee?"

The boy wriggled uneasily on his bench.

"Mary, 'Liza Hussey, say nine times. Thee can't! Say seven times. Thee can't! Thy great-aunt, 'Liza Mary, was at the head of the arithmetic class when I went to school."

The children of the cent school outgrew it in a year or two, and went somewhere else, and other little children took their places. They were always young children there, but Eunice Swain grew older and smaller and more bent than ever.

She sat in the doorway with a handkerchief tied round her head because of drafts. On the table were her pennies and a stinging switch. It is not on record that any of her children loved her, but some of them, let us hope all, looked back on her kindly when they were grown up.

A Test of Faith.

"Flossie!" exclaimed Mrs. De Fashion, "you don't mean to say you're beginning to doubt the Bible?"

"Well," replied Miss De Fashion, examining the fit of her new fall gown with great satisfaction. "It's certainly hard to believe, ma, that Eve was compelled to wear clothes as a punishment."—Philadelphia Press.

There is not much falling in love lately; and those that are in are falling out.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CIVILIZATION MARKS DOOM OF STIMULANTS.

By Ada May Krecker.



There needs no argument to press home the proof of a decline in the use of liquors. It is perfectly evident throughout the country. And in narcotics a similar change of heart is coming about. John J. Hayes, winner of the Marathon race in London, confesses in a magazine article that "No long distance runner can smoke either cigars or cigarettes and run. One thing is essential, abstinence from tobacco in any form. I suggest running as a certain cure for the tobacco habit to anyone who wishes to break himself of it."

Go where we will among the savages and we find drugs powerful and plentiful employed for setting into action men's powers. It is only among the finest types of the most advanced races that we see them discarded in favor of subtler stimuli. Prof. James, the Harvard psychologist, urges the superior claims, as excitants, of morning air and sunlight and fine skies and mountain walks and dewy flowers and great thoughts and sweet aspirations above the frothy hopes of the foaming glass. They are the natural stimulants of refined organisms.

These need no other. No, not even coffee and tea. An Englishman, E. Baron Russell by name, has been making predictions for the year 2000, A. D., and he has it that by that time the human system will have been so refined that tea and coffee will be placed in the same category that alcoholic stimulants occupy nowadays. The prohibitionists of that remote hour will be campaigning against tea and coffee and teetotalers will sign their pledges in favor of coffeeless breakfasts and afternoon teas without "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate."

QUESTION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By Cesare Lombroso.



In spite of prison, deportation and forced labor, I argue that the criminals will go on repeating their crimes for the third or fourth time. There is nothing left, therefore, for society to do but to inflict the extreme but effective punishment of death. Assuredly for barbarous men whom prisons do not inspire with dread the death penalty is the only thing feasible. Still, this cold-blooded execution ordered by judges and not infrequently accompanied by the gaping of crowds, is repulsive to the delicate senses of civilized peoples. It even may frequently be followed by similar crimes inspired by the law of imitation and the executed victim may become the founder of a criminal cult, so to speak.

Of course, if we place upon life and living things the most rigorous and most sacred rights, we who are not God's emissaries have no right or authority over the life of human beings of our kind. But, then,

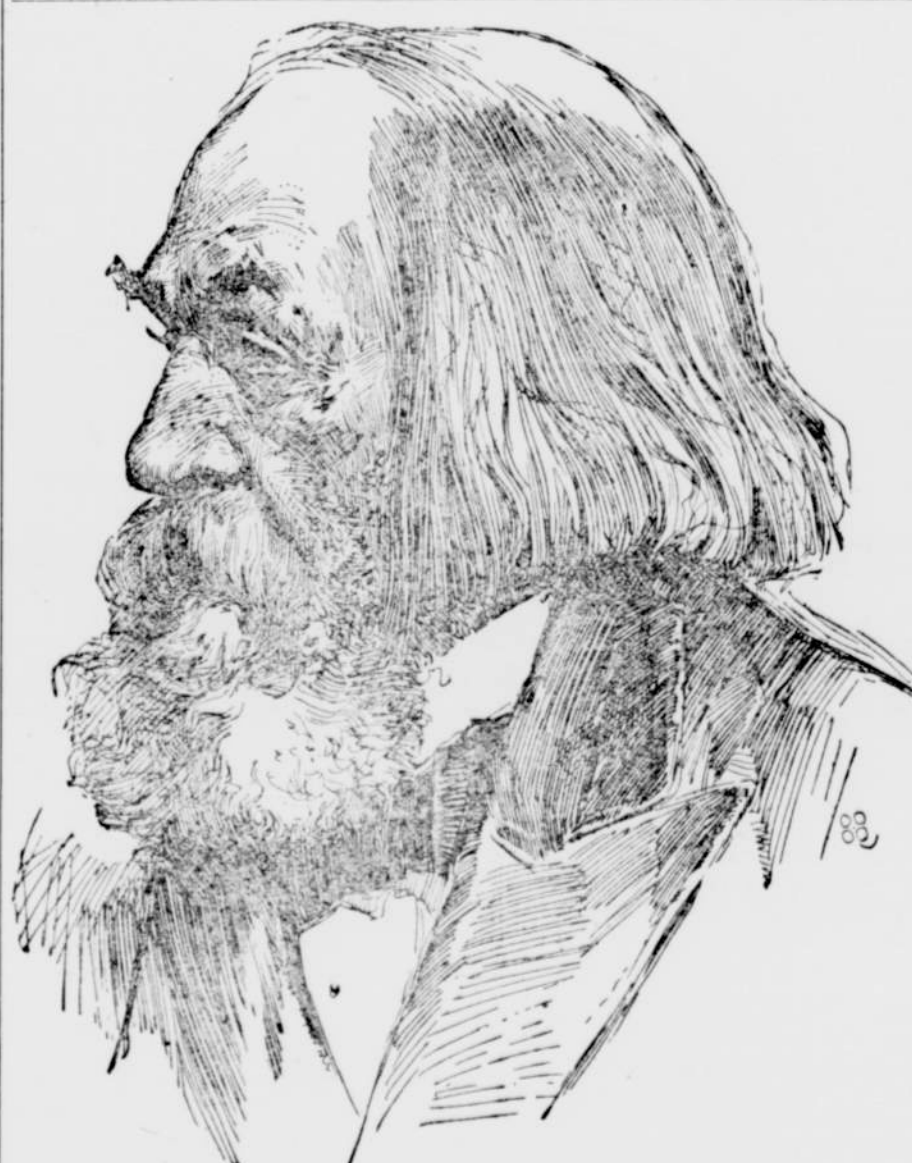
GRAND OLD MAN GONE.

The Venerable Doctor Hale, Distinguished Clergyman and Writer.

One of the "grand old men" of the nation passed away in Roxbury, Mass., in the death of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, one of the leading Congregational ministers of the country and since 1903 chaplain of the United States Senate. Distinguished on two continents as a clergyman, he was also famous as a story writer and philanthropist, and some of his stories, notably, "A Man Without a Country," have been read throughout the world and stand as classic in the English language. His contributions to historical literature have been valuable and

several years in ministering to various congregations, passing the winter of 1844-45 in Washington. His first regular settlement was in 1846 as pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Mass., where he remained until 1856. In that year he was called to the South Unitarian Church in Boston, where he was pastor for 30 years.

Early in life Dr. Hale engaged in journalistic work and before he had attained his majority contributed regularly to the Monthly Chronicle and Boston Miscellany. While connected with the Advertiser he began historical studies. For six years he was the paper's South American editor and was regarded as an authority on Spanish American affairs.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

varied, and his efforts in behalf of international peace and of the abolition of war have been noted. In Washington he was as deeply beloved as in Boston, where practically all of his life had been spent and where he was held in veneration. The world is the richer that he has lived and is much the poorer that death has claimed him, after a useful, upright and honorable life of 87 years.

Dr. Hale was born in Boston in 1822 and graduated from Harvard in 1839. In 1842 he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, after which he spent

Dr. Hale's influence was extensively felt in all philanthropic movements. His book, "Ten Times One Is Ten," published in Boston in 1870, led to the establishment of clubs devoted to charity, which became scattered throughout the United States, with chapters in Europe, Asia, Africa and islands of the Pacific. He also took a great interest in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, of which he was one of the counselors and frequent contributor to the Chautauquan. In later years he edited the Christian Examiner and the Sunday School Gazette. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss

Emily B. Perkins, a granddaughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher; and four children.

PAYING GERMAN RIPER.

Europe's Most Powerful Nation Lives by Grace of Money-Lenders.

The ripper to whose lively tunes the German empire has been dancing merrily for so many years has sent in his bill, and the nation or the nation's representatives, though quite willing to go on with the dancing, are by no means prepared to settle up, the New York Times says. Prince Buelow, who has naturally been held responsible for the entertainment and for the expense thereof, is disgusted and discouraged, and it is now formally announced, as it has been often predicted, that he will insist on his resignation.

There are three essential elements in the German financial situation: (1) a rapidly increasing expenditure far outrunning the actual income; (2) a rapidly growing debt, from which in great part current expenses have been met; (3) a system of taxation wholly unequal to annual requirements and framed largely to benefit the land owners on the one hand, while leaving their property largely unburdened on the other. The chief objects of expenditure have been public works, especially canals, the army and fortifications and the navy and a good deal of money has been spent—much of it wasted—on the various colonial enterprises, which have been very costly, and only recently show any signs of paying for themselves. But, as in every other modern country, there has also been in Germany a strong tendency toward a general increase in the scale of expenditures. Living has become much more costly. The old German thrift and economy are disappearing, all branches of the public service are more expensive and the treasury has for years been unable to make both ends meet. The gap has been filled by borrowing. The most powerful and prosperous nation of Europe has been for a long while in the humiliating position of depending upon the money lenders to pay its day-by-day requirements. Naturally, its credit has suffered and it has to pay more for its loans than many a third-rate country.

Complex Argument.

"Has local option proved a success in your neighborhood?"

"Yes."

"Then you will continue it?"

"I don't know. The fact that it is a success seems to have turned a lot of us voters against it."—Washington Star.

Careless.

"Her hair is always so gracefully careless in appearance; why don't you wear your hair that way?"

"It takes three hours to give it that careless look."—Houston Post.

"Notice your average day's work; how much of it is devoted to actual work, and how much of it to needless worry?"

DISASTERS ON MONT BLANC.

The Worst of Many Occurred in 1870 and Last Fifteen Years.

In the long list of disasters which darken the history of Mont Blanc the worst, according to Edward Whymper, the famous mountain climber, occurred to a party in 1870.

The amateur alpinists were two Americans, Mr. Randall and Mr. McBean, and a Scotch minister, the Rev. G. McCorkindale, of Gourock. They took with them as guides or assistants no fewer than eight persons from Chamonix, a quite sufficient number. As is usual, they passed the night in the inn upon the rocks which are called the Grands Mulets.

On the next day, writes Prof. Whymper in the Strand, a number of persons below watched their progress through telescopes. They were seen to arrive on the summit and to begin the descent. By that time the weather had changed. The wind was something frightful.

Even 12,000 feet below it was seen whirling the snow about so that the members of the party were obliged to throw themselves down to avoid being carried away by it. Then the summit became clouded and was not seen again for eight days.

No one came back and on September 7 fourteen men from Chamonix started out to try to learn something. Bad weather came on again and it was not until the 17th that the fate of the party was ascertained. When the rescue party got up they found Mr. McCorkindale and two of the porters about 750 below the top, with their heads right way up, but with their clothes somewhat torn, as if they had slipped and fallen.

About three hundred feet higher up they came upon Mr. McBean and another porter sitting down, the former with his head leaning on one hand and the elbow on a knapsack, ropes coiled up, batons, axes and knapsacks round about them still containing a little food.

Upon Mr. McBean a note book was found containing several entries in respect to the occasion. All the five corpses were hard frozen. They were put into sacks and dragged down to Chamonix. It took three days to transport them. The bodies of the six others have not yet been recovered, but they will probably come to light in the course of a few years.

One of the earliest avalanche accidents on Mont Blanc occurred in 1820, when Dr. Hamel, a Russian, set out on Aug. 18 to go up Mont Blanc accompanied by two Englishmen and eight guides. They had ascended to a height of more than 14,000 feet, with five guides in front, who were cutting or making steps, when all at once the snow above them gave way and the entire party was carried down a thousand feet over the slopes up which they had toiled.

Snow again broke away above and more or less covered up the whole party. Some of them struggled out, but three of the leading guides were hurled into a crevasse and buried under an immense mass of snow.

Ten years afterward, when conducting another tourist up Mont Blanc by the same route, one of the surviving guides pointed to the crevasse and said to his employer, "They are there."

He was wrong. At that time (1830) the bodies were no doubt a considerable distance from the spot where the accident occurred, for the dismembered remains of the three unfortunate commenced to reappear at the lower end of the Glacier des Bossons in 1861, more than four miles away in a direct line from the place where they perished, and must have traveled down at an average at the rate of 500 feet per annum.

Wit of the Youngsters

Teacher—Why do you persist in saying the trunk is the front instead of the middle of the body, Johnny? Small Johnny—Well, the trunk of the elephant I saw at the circus was in front.

Caller—Harold, when you get to be the head of a family what will you say to your children when they are naughty? Harold—Oh, I'll do like papa. I'll tell them how good I was when I was a kid.

One day when there was fish for dinner little Edna said: "Mamma, I know what a shad is." "What is it, dear?" queried her mother. "It's a porcupine turned outside in," was the triumphant explanation.

"Now, Richard," said the teacher, "can you tell me who Atlas was?" "Yes, ma'am," answered Richard. "He was a notorious footpad." "A what?" queried the teacher. "A footpad," repeated Richard. "He held up the earth, you know."

Misplaced Confidence.

A little girl came in from school one day very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems after the others had been dismissed. "Mamma," she said, "I'll never never speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live."

"Why, dear?" asked her mother. "Because," pouted the little maid, "because I copied all my samples from her, and every one of 'em was wrong." New York World.

When you show some men a favor, instead of appreciating it, they flatter themselves that they have worked you.