

## BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

If we didn't have to work there would be no fun in loafing.

In endeavoring to live up to its name Zephyr, Texas, seems to have sadly overdone it.

Some of these days the American people will wake up and take hold of the Black Hand without gloves.

"Free lumber," avers the Omaha Bee, "seems to have gone by the board." Yea, its bark was wrecked.

The famous hunter shot the gnu, then drew his snickersnee, and with one swift and lusty stroke cut off the creature's g.

But with the silent gun, the man who "didn't know it was loaded" will be more surprised than ever when his victim falls.

Birmingham, Ala., is to have a fifteen-story jail. Evidently the people of Birmingham do not approve of underground dungeons.

If Jimmie Hyde cannot live in that dear Paris he will be more emphatically a man without a country than is the wandering Castro.

Seaweed is to be converted into an article of food; considering what some people can do with dandelion leaves, we can believe anything.

The man who kills another through reckless auto-driving has committed as serious a crime as though his weapon were a knife or gun.

Emma Boldman refers to Anthony Comstock as "an old mummy." Anthony might get a horrible revenge by calling Emma "an old woman."

Perhaps if Elinor Glyn will try a beauty specialist before she comes over again the men of this country may be willing to do a little judicious flitting with her.

A Chicago ice dealer loses a ring, advertises for it, and the finder sends it back by mail, without claiming a reward. And truth scores heavily on fiction again.

A Detroit woman says she got a civil service appointment by praying for it. Opponents of reform will now come forward with a protest against the religious test.

Wireless telephony was tested with success at Paris, the other day, when conversation from the Eiffel tower was carried on over a distance of thirty miles. Looks as if it was coming.

Former President Elliot, of Harvard, is compiling a set of "best books" for Collier's. The New York publishers are evidently determined that we shall not be seriously bothered by the problem of disposing of our ex-Presidents.

Secretary Dickinson says he has received instructions from President Taft to save \$20,000,000 in the War Department during the fiscal year 1911. How would you like to have the job of saving \$20,000,000 in a year?

Each succeeding generation is better than the last. That is why we do not burn witches nor own slaves. And we do many things which our children's children will think criminal and silly. Our youngsters have every indication of living in a better time than we have seen.

At the suggestion of the Peruvian minister at Panama, the President has ordered that the Pacific mouth of the canal shall be named for Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific. The Atlantic entrance is already named for Columbus. The suggestion was made on the ground that Peru profited more than any other country by Balboa's discovery.

The "prairie-schooner" has long been only a memory in this country, where it played so prominent a part in the days of the Western pioneers, but now we hear of it across the water as a vacation vehicle in which families go about the country in comfort and leisure. The Caravan Club, whose three hundred members all own canvas-covered wagons, recently met in London to plan summer trips. In these days of express trains, automobiles and airships, there is something alluringly restful in the idea of spending a week or two of the summer in a prairie-schooner voyage among green hills and beside shaded brooks.

There are signs that a most useful adjunct of the home and school life of the past in America is in danger of disappearing. Not so long ago but that men and women of middle age will remember it, every public schoolhouse had a yard, and so, too, had every village, and suburban home. In the schoolyard, before the sessions opened and at recess, a howling mob played tag and "prisoner's base" and "Pompey" and baseball and "I spy."

In the home yard Tom and Billy and Ed and Joe gathered frequently in the afternoon to play "stick knife" on the grass and under the apple trees, or make a fireproof of ice cream, or which each one contributed something.

No one denies, of course, that there are still "yards" of this old-fashioned sort, especially in the smaller villages and the country; but the increase in population and the consequent advance in the price of land has created near all the large cities suburbs in which there is no space for yards. The same is true of the schoolhouses. The space round them has grown smaller and smaller, and decorative shrubbery and restrictive rules have combined to render almost impossible the hearty, wholesome, boisterous play in which all participated. There has, of course, been a great and wholly admirable increase in the number of public playgrounds, but it is difficult to make them quite take the place of the old-fashioned yard, where play could be indulged in without leaving home, and in the case of the schoolyard, was enjoyed by those who had neither ability nor inclination to "make the school team." The homes and the schoolhouses which still possess good yards have something not lightly to be given up or decorated too finely with plants and flowers.

The passion of Americans for education is illustrated—to the amazement of many foreign observers—among other things by the extraordinary activity of the so-called Chautauquas. There is, of course, only one Chautauqua, but scores of summer schools and assemblies have come to be known by that name, and all are engaged, broadly speaking, in educational work. Teachers, professional men and women, clerks and other employes go to these summer assemblies. Many go for recreation and rest primarily, but instruction, though secondary, is increasingly growing in importance even to these. It is not too much to say that several "seasons" at these assemblies result in a liberal education. The program for Chautauqua, for example, announces eighty-two lecturers, twelve readers and sixteen musicians. The lectures cover religious topics, social service, health, efficiency, political science, history and literature and art. Recitals, concerts, athletics, games are provided in addition to the didactic courses. It is well known that some of the most famous and popular statesmen in the country appear at these assemblies as speakers or lecturers. The reactionary politicians, who prefer silence and ignorance to wide discussion, sneer at these things, but while considerable summer "talk" is necessarily superficial and half-baked, as it were, on the whole the assemblies make for intelligence and culture. They reach tens of thousands of men and women and give them either ideas or the stimulation and intellectual curiosity which lead to quiet study at home. To teachers the summer schools are a great boon; to busy men they afford delightful vacations, with a variety of entertainment and agreeable means of "enlarging the mind" and keeping in touch with the world's thought.

### Blind Girl's Tribute to Rogers.

There is no more touching or sincere personal tribute than that paid by Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind young woman, on the memory of Henry H. Rogers, who had taken a great interest in and largely paid for her education. Miss Keller writes in part:

In the death of H. H. Rogers I have lost a dear friend. The protest of my heart against the thought of losing him makes me realize how much I loved him. I shall not try now to express my gratitude, for I think that Mr. Rogers shrank from expressions of gratitude. Mr. Rogers was always responsive, always sympathetic. He was always doing little kindnesses quietly and unnoticed. If I needed books, he ordered them. If I admired a flower or a plant, he sent it to me. He had the imagination, the vision and the heart of a great man, and I count it one of the most precious privileges of my life to have had him for my friend. The memory of his friendship will grow sweeter and brighter each year until he takes my hand again and we gather roses together in the gardens of paradise.

### The Brute.

A certain Chicago married man who boasts to the boys that his wife never sets up for him, slipped out for a cigar the other evening after supper, and failed to notice that his wife had her party gown on. When he softly tiptoed into the house at 2 a. m., says the Record-Herald, he was slightly surprised to see a dewey-eyed lady trip down the stairway, turn her back to him and tearfully say:

"There are two hooks I just couldn't reach, won't you unfasten them so I can go to bed?"

Fortunately he could and did.

### Should Take His Medicine.

"A teller shouldn't stand in the middle of the street to talk pessimism," declared the Plunkville philosopher.

"Why not?"

"Fust he says life ain't worth living, and then jumps when he hears an automobile honk."—Washington Times.

### Essentials of Oratory.

"I have my speech nearly completed."

"I suppose you have marshaled your arguments in serrated ranks?"

"No; I haven't taken up that part of it. But I have selected my anecdotes."—Washington Star.

How many times a day do you commend? How many times during a day do you find fault?

He isn't a progressive magician who is always up to his old tricks.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## IS GOVERNMENT NECESSARY TO MAN?

By Count Leo Tolstol.



The governmental order of things is a temporary and certainly not a perpetual form of life. And just as the life of an individual is not stationary but continually changes, moves on and perfects itself, so the life of all mankind is unceasingly changing, moving on and perfecting itself. As each individual once played with toys, learned the lessons, worked, got married, brought up children, gained wisdom with age, so the life of nations also changes and perfects itself, only not like an individual, in a few years, but in the course of centuries and ages. And as for man the chief changes occur in the invisible, spiritual sphere of his religious consciousness.

People who, owing to the existence of government organizations, have advantageous positions, picture to themselves the life of people deprived of governmental authority as a wild disorder, a struggle of all against all, just as if we were speaking, not of the life of animals, for animals live peacefully, without governmental violence, but of some terrible creatures prompted in their activity solely by hatred and madness. But they imagine men to be such merely because they attribute to them qualities contrary to human nature, but which have been perverted by that same government organization under which they themselves have grown up, and which in spite of the fact that it is evidently unnecessary and merely harmful they continue to uphold.

And, therefore, to the question, What would life be without government? there would be but one answer—namely: that there would certainly not be all the evil which is created by government. There would not be property in land, there would be no taxes spent on things unnecessary for the people; there would not be the separation of the nations, the enslavement of some by others; there would not be the waste of the people's best powers in preparations for wars; there would not be the fear of bombs on the one side and of gallows on the other; there would not be the insane luxury of some and the still more insane destitution of others.

## WHAT IS THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS?

By Sidney Dark.



The wise man discovers exactly what he needs to be happy and endeavors persistently to acquire the essentials.

The unhappy man is a dull man, and the dull man is the man without a soul. That is the truth, and the whole truth. The dull man eats and drinks and works and sleeps and grumbles and sniggers and is just a ratepayer. Most of us have to do all these things. We have to be ratepayers. The horror comes when we are just ratepayers—and nothing more.

The dull man never laughs at himself, never plays the fool, never loses his head—never dreams. A street is a street to him, not the scene of daily and innumerable dramas. A child is a child, not a bewildering conundrum. He believes the evidence of his eyes (he actually boasts of it), and fancies that things really are as he sees them. There is no conceivable error so utterly false, no heresy so mischievous.

Dullness means a lack of imagination, and without imagination life and happiness are both impossible. Religion and art, from one point of view, share the same mission. They bring to man the sense of amazement. They teach us that the world is a wonderful

## SONG.

Give me back my heart, fair child;  
To you as yet 'twere worth but little;  
Half beguiled, half beguiled,  
Be you warned, your own is brittle.  
I know it by your redd'ning cheeks,  
I know it by those two black streaks  
Arching up your pearly brows  
In a momentary laughter,  
Stretched in long and dark repose  
With a sigh the moment after.

"Hid it! dropt it on the moors!  
Lost it, and you can not find it!"  
My own heart I want, not yours;  
You have bound and must unbind it.  
Set it free, then, from your net,  
We will love, sweet—but not yet!  
Fling it from you;—we are strong;  
Love is trouble, love is folly;  
Love, that makes an old heart young,  
Makes a young heart melancholy.  
—Aubrey De Vere.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS

On the morning after her niece's wedding Miss Kitteredge put on her rubbers and walked over to add a few finishing touches to the daintily furnished apartment in Indiana avenue, which was awaiting the return of the happy pair from their bridal trip.

She was surprised, on entering, to find the groom's Uncle Horace surveying the place with evident satisfaction. There was, however, nothing strange about this, for it was well understood, in both families, that it was due to Uncle Horace's liberality that Robert and Dorothy were beginning life with two sets of draperies at every window and real Ciresasian walnut furniture in the reception room.

"Pretty complete outfit, eh?" he observed.

"Oh, it's perfectly beautiful," replied Miss Kitteredge. "None of the others have had anything so fine. You see," she explained, "Dorothy is the fourth one of my nieces to be married and I've helped each one of 'em to fix up her home."

"I've noticed that you were doing your full share toward fixing up this one," said Robert's Uncle Horace. "Did they turn all the hard jobs over to you?"

"Old-maid aunts come in handy at weddings," said Miss Kitteredge. "But I've enjoyed it, even though I did get tired."

"Better sit down and rest a while," suggested Robert's Uncle Horace.

fairly palace, the palace of hourly miracles. Then we discover that we ourselves are most amazing creatures. The dull man is not interested in himself, has no self-love. I am certain that no man can love his neighbor unless he has learned to love himself. From ourselves we discover humanity.

I know a nun who is happy dreaming of the glories of a wonderful gray wonder-world. I know a Salvationist who is happy because he is a son of God. I know a cheerful, roystering, often penniless, writer who is happy because to him all men are good fellows and all women adorable. The happy Socialist dreams of the brotherhood of men; the cantankerous Socialist yearns to interfere with his fellows.

It often happens that the men who stimulate imagination and encourage our dreams themselves fail to attain happiness. They stand on the mountain and point out the way, but they themselves never reach the land of delight. They are, however, the great men, and you and I are the common wayfarers. Their way is not our way, and it may be that their sorrow is more precious than our joy.

## ENGLAND DESTINED TO LOSS OF INDIA.

By Saint Nihal Singh.



It is not hard to understand the reason why the Britisher is destined to lose India, no matter what concessions he may make to the Indian. The minute the Englishman introduced the Indian to the literature of the Occident a grave began to be automatically dug for him. This grave digging has been going on for at least fifty years. Each succeeding year has given a new impetus to the educated Indians, accelerating the process.

The day has arrived in the history of Hindoostan when the aspirations of the most intelligent of its natives have reached a point where they are utterly intolerant of foreign dependence and guidance. To use a phrase of the times, the Indian wants to be "the whole show." This attitude is fast becoming volcanic in tendency, and this bodes no good to the Englishman in India.

The example and the inspiration of America has been of the greatest help to the Hindoo. On account of its old-time isolation India, notwithstanding its size and undoubted strength, was practically helpless. But to the knowledge of Occidental literature has been added the knowledge of Occidental literature has been added the Occident. There are many Hindoos in the United States at present, and they have learned something of Western resourcefulness, not only in education but in politics. They have taken or sent some of this knowledge home. When the awakening is complete England's grasp will be loosened.

Two hundred thousand Englishmen domineer over 321,000,000 natives, and the day will not dawn to-morrow when England lets the Indians have complete charge of their foreign and military affairs. Recently Lord Ripon, a former Viceroy of India, said: "It is impossible to place the military affairs of India under the control of the people of India. We, and we alone, must decide how many troops it is necessary to maintain there and what money is needed to keep that force in efficiency."

England's interests in India clash with those of the natives of the land. When the teeming millions of India awake to realize what is best for them the Englishman will become absolutely incapable of holding India.

"These things," indicating by a gesture the furniture of the reception room, "don't look as though they were made to sit on. I suppose, though, that they're the proper caper."

"Yes," she replied. "Dorothy says they're excellent examples of the style of Louis—something—I can't pronounce it—and that the lines are extremely good. If you know what that means?"

"I don't," he said. "But I think I'd prefer the lines of these big leather chairs in the den."

He settled his portly frame in one of them and Miss Kitteredge perched herself flutteringly on the edge of the couch.

"I mustn't sit but a minute," she said. "I promised Dorothy that I'd arrange the things in her kitchen cupboards. It's funny," she continued, "remindingly, 'what different ideas people have about fixing up houses. Now, when Emma, my oldest niece, was married, she was crazy to have everything oriental. There was a big Japanese umbrella hung from the ceiling and things embroidered with scratchy gold thread and big vases with dragons on 'em and little bamboo



"WHAT WOULD BE YOUR IDEA?"

tables scattered around till you couldn't walk through the rooms.

"Margery was the next one and she was wild over mission furniture and fuzzy Navajo rugs and Indian pottery with queer black figures on it.

"But Clarice, her sister, always declared that mission furniture was positively brutal and when she set up

housekeeping she went in for the colonial style—mahogany bedsteads with pineapple posts and an old spinning wheel in the parlor, you know.

"And now Dorothy's trying to make her parlor look like the palace of some wicked old French king!"

Robert's Uncle Horace laughed—a big, noisy, hearty laugh. "You've had considerable experience fixing up houses according to other people's ideas," he said.

Miss Kitteredge sighed gently. "Of course," she said. "I don't have any time for housekeeping. I make dresses—gowns, I mean—when I'm at home and I just board; but sometimes, just to pass the time, I picture to myself the kind of a house I'd fix up if I was doing it."

"What would be your idea?" he asked, regarding her with interest.

"Well, in the first place," she declared, "I wouldn't bother so much about having things match and harmonize, because I think it makes a better variety if they don't. And the things in this place," she continued, "are kind of dull and fady, don't you think? I'd have brighter colors and more varnish. I'd have a carpet with big red roses in it and a fancy mantle with lots of little places to set knick-knacks on and a cuckoo clock. I'm afraid," she admitted, "that it wouldn't be a bit artistic, but I'm sure it would be cozy."

"That sounds good to me," remarked Uncle Horace, as she paused for breath. "I've boarded a good deal, too. It's fourteen years since my wife died."

Miss Kitteredge jumped up. Even in her youth she had never been the kind of woman who regards every single man she meets as a possible husband; and for many years she had felt only a second-hand interest in matrimony. She had quite forgotten that Dorothy's new uncle was a widower! What must he think of her, chattering to him like this? Positively confidential with a man she had never seen until three weeks ago!

"I must get at those kitchen cupboards," she declared.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Uncle Horace. "Let Bob and Dorothy fix their own cupboards! I want to talk to you. That house you were describing is exactly what I've been wanting all these years, only I didn't know it! And you are exactly the kind of a woman I want—"

But Miss Kitteredge had fled to hide her old-maidenly blushes in the kitchen. She wasn't ready to listen to any more—not just yet!—Chicago News.

The weather man doesn't seem to care anything for popularity.

## A POSSIBLE PRESIDENT.

Those on whose early life fortune has not smiled may find encouragement in a story which the New York Sun prints. With one dollar and twenty cents in his pocket and a black dog as his companion, a 14-year-old boy was found wandering about the streets of a Connecticut town not long ago, seeking a home and a living. Although his supply of worldly goods was limited, the lad, whose name is Frank, had plenty of character, and has found the home.

He was born in New York City. When 8 years old his father died. His mother moved to a Connecticut town, where she bought a small farm, and secured stock, tools and furniture on mortgage to start with.

The boy helped on the farm. As the result of hard work and considerable privation, they accumulated enough money to pay the mortgage on six cows and the farming tools, leaving another on the horses and furniture.

A few months ago the mother died. After the funeral Frank was told that a man had been appointed to settle his mother's affairs. A little later he received two dollars and fifty cents, and was told to take his dog and make his own way in the world.

An official of a nearby town offered him the choice of going to the county home or being bound apprentice to a man who, although called "doctor," did no doctoring. The boy declined both offers, for good reasons, he says, and started from one farm to another looking for work.

The only condition he set on being taken to work was that his dog be allowed to live with him. The dog was old, and a mongrel at that. "But," said Frank, "he is all I have in the world to love, and I'm going to stand by a dog that has been my playmate for years."

He drifted to a small city, and there the police gathered him in. When they fed boy and dog, the boy did not begin to eat until he had selected the best piece of meat on the plate and given it to the dog. He slept with his dog beside him in the hospital room of the police station.

Dog and boy were up early the next morning and went to the railroad station, where the farmers congregate to ship milk to Boston. He asked for a chance to work, but none of them needed him. He was sent to a farmer on the outskirts of the city, but this man was in no need of help. Frank and his dog returned to the police station and spent another night there.

But the story of his search for work had spread about, and had got to a well-to-do farmer, who came to the city the next morning and had a talk with the boy. He was attracted by Frank's intelligence and grit, and engaged him.

"Now," said the farmer, "I'm going to fit you out with new clothes." But Frank demurred to this until he was told that he would have a chance to earn the clothes. "All right," said he. "I'll take them, then."

Now the farmer reports that Frank is capable and always at work. He is happy, his employer is satisfied, and the black dog is happiest of all. In this there is nothing fanciful. Frank stuck to his dog, and he stuck to his purpose to seek work till he got it. It is one example, of many, no doubt, that shows what a boy can achieve by his native strength, with no advantages of birth or environment.

## BEAVERS' HOMES.

How the Ingenious Little Builders Construct Their Houses.

When the beavers' dams are completed, the animals separate into small companies to build cabins or houses for themselves. These are constructed upon piles along the borders of the pond. They are of an oval shape, resembling a beehive, and they vary from five feet to ten feet in diameter, according to the number of families they are to accommodate.

These dwellings are never less than two stories high, generally three, and sometimes they contain four apartments. The walls of these are from two feet to three feet thick, formed of the same materials as the dams. On the inside they are made smooth, but left rough without, being rendered impenetrable to rain.

The lower story is about two feet high, the second is formed by a floor of sticks covered with mud, and the upper part terminates with an arched roof. Through each floor there is a passage, and the uppermost floor is always above the level of the water. Each of these huts has two doors, one on the land side to admit of their going out and seeking provisions that way, another under the water and below where it freezes to preserve their communication with the pond.—English Magazine.

## The Sycamore.

The sycamore has been called the Egyptian fig tree. The date of its being planted in England is not known, but it was very early. Mary Queen of Scots brought over from France a young sycamore, which she planted in the gardens of Holyrood, and from this have sprung all the beautiful groves of sycamores now to be seen in Scotland.—St. James' Gazette.

## A Previous Specimen.

He—if I'd known how sarcastic you were I never she have married you. She—You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say, "This is so sudden," when you proposed to me after four years' courtship?—Boston Transcript.