

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Castro finds himself reduced to the grade of international nuisance.

Now the price of liberty is quoted at the market rate of a sufficient supply of Dreadnoughts.

Emperor William has had himself photographed in an ordinary business suit, which cost only \$300.

This would be a beautiful, great and glorious world if college professors could only be made to think so.

In navigating the air, as in navigating the water, there is a whole lot in the sort of landing that you make.

Russia has the cholera, which is a little worse than having the grand dukes with which that country has been afflicted.

Women may not be savages, as Professor Starr insists, but did you ever tell one of them that her baby didn't know anything?

The Persian shah says he has zealously worked for constitutional government all the time. How he has dissembled his love, then!

The man who invented wireless telegraphy accomplished a great deal more than had he put in his time playing checkers at the country store.

An English official in India has killed 130 tigers, but don't be sorry for the big cats. They kill several times that number of human victims every year.

Baseball follows the American flag. One of the most recent instances of this curious phenomenon is the report that Yankee sailors have introduced their national sport into Liberian Monrovia.

Travelers who never have seen the Salton sea will be interested in knowing that it is scheduled to disappear by evaporation in 1925, and they should not put off visiting it until it is too late.

A young Brooklyn bride on her home-coming invited to the celebration six young men to whom she had previously been engaged. They got even with the bride by coming and celebrating their narrow escape.

The abandoned farms of the East will not remain abandoned. Many of them can now be bought at \$10 per acre. Some of them have good houses and barns. When the wild West is all bought up land buyers will start eastward.

It is stated that the War Department can find no warrant for dropping Captain Peter Hains from the rolls. If present regulations compel the carrying of a felon serving sentence for manslaughter on the military list of "officers and gentlemen," Congress should be appealed to provide a remedy.

European art collections cannot escape the Americans. The British newspapers have lately been excited over the danger of Holbein's portrait of the Duchess of Milan might be bought by an American and brought to this country. It has been saved for England by the generosity of the American wife of an English duke. So American gold gets the painting, but England keeps it, and is satisfied.

There were more young women this year among the graduates of our universities, colleges, training schools and high schools than ever before. Each year the number, as compared with that of male students in the institutions of advanced education, has grown larger and larger, until now it is said they constitute fully one-fourth. It is not at all unlikely that before many years have passed they will make up one-half, although such a possibility was little dreamed of a generation ago.

While the Dutch prince consort was looking out of the window at his little daughter, who was having an airing in the palace garden at The Hague, he saw the sentinel at the garden gate hesitate a moment as the sleeping princess was wheeled toward him in her carriage, then come to attention and present arms in salute. It was the first military salute the baby had ever received in her own presence. The father was delighted, and sent for the soldier, and gave him a bank note with which to buy a souvenir of the occasion. They are telling this in Holland with full appreciation of the father's pride and of the mother's delight when she heard of it.

The biggest thing about an airship is the quantity of superheated air that inflates it, and much of the talk of the day about airships is of the same stuff. The mighty dirigible, invulnerable, lightning-proof and wind-defiant, loaded with its mortars and paraphernalia for raining down death-dealing bombs, is still a rainbow which all the world can see, but may never reach. Perhaps it will some day become a practical means of transportation; without doubt it may be used as a spy, a lookout to give notice of the approach of an enemy; doubtless, as well, it may be used as a messenger to carry a few men from camp to camp

er from ship to shore. But it is not going to accomplish all the horrors now being claimed for it.

The wonder of the hen grows with contemplation. Here is a creature, not a native of the country, but an immigrant at that, who is producing more wealth than all the mines of the country, and as much as all but the first three or four of the great agricultural staples. Yet how little she is known and how little appreciated! We laugh at her awkward walk and her still more awkward run; at her persistent habit of crossing the road in front of a carriage, and then crossing back again; and her serious-mindedness over what seem to us small concerns has given a new descriptive term to the language. But the United States government does appreciate the hen. It has produced many books about her, the latest of which, just issued, concerns the egg trade of the country. There is much in the little monograph that will prove useful both to those who keep hens and to those who eat eggs. In spite of the great increase in the poultry industry during the last quarter-century, the supply has not kept pace with the demand, as is shown by the fact that the price of eggs has been rising for the past ten or twelve years. Freshness, the quality most desired in eggs, is, as the Department of Agriculture points out, not a definite term. Its only real meaning must apply to the condition of the contents, and this may be better in one egg than in another that is only forty-eight hours old and not properly kept. The methods of marketing eggs now in use are severely criticised as wasteful and inefficient, entailing unnecessary losses to the producer and needlessly high prices to the consumer. The elimination of the "country general store" as the first market, the encouragement of quality-buying, instead of the present case-count method, more prompt collections by the farmer, better storage by the farmer's wife, and co-operation among the egg-raisers of a community are some of the changes recommended.

THE AGE OF ANNIE.

She Was a Patient Girl Who Put in Many Stitches.

"It must be one of their chief citizens," said Elinor Weeks, as she stood with her mother in the prow of the steamer anchored at the dock, and watched a long funeral procession file slowly down the one business street of the island resort. "Every one in the village seems to be going."

"There's that young fellow we had to drive us about when we stopped here last summer," Mrs. Weeks answered. "I'm going to ask him."

The young man on the dock below heard the signal, and lifted a pair of eyes red with weeping. Then, touching his cap respectfully, he left his work and came on board.

"It's Annie Burdan," he told them, solemnly. "And we won't know how to get along without Annie. She was a dressmaker, you know, but that don't tell it. If anybody was sick and needed a nurse—Annie was there. If there was a dance—it wasn't worth having without Annie could come. She was the life of everything—just the life!" He wiped his eyes.

"She must have been a sweet girl," said Mrs. Weeks, kindly.

"Annie was more than that, ma'am. I can't express what she was. A little mite of a body, and yet every house on this island is empty to-day. Why, Annie—ever since I can remember, Annie's been going from house to house, helping make the baby clothes, and the wedding dresses—and the shrouds. My mother was showing me this morning the white dress I was christened in—and all the little tucks and trimmings that Annie would put in. She made it." His voice choked, and again his eyes filled with tears.

"Your christening dress? She was older than I thought, then. She wasn't a girl?"

He met the question in blank surprise. "I never gave it a thought," he said, simply. "No; Annie couldn't rightly be called a girl, I suppose. But old—I can't say, ma'am. All is, no matter what happened, Annie was always just the right age."—Youth's Companion.

The Man Shopper.

The man who goes a-shopping hasn't any chance at all—He gets slammed against the counters and gets smashed against the walls.

In their element fair shoppers give him jolts and elbow pecks.

And in other ways apprise him they are of the gentler sex:

The floorwalker's directions make his head begin to swim

And the clerks are patronizing and superior to him—

Oh, their glances, how they quell him,

Oh, the fairy tales they tell him—

Oh, the kind of junk they sell him—

Yes, indeed, his chance is slim.

—Kansas City Times.

Strange.

"We men down at the factory can't understand it at all."

"What?"

"The old man put his son in charge of one of the departments to-day, and the young fellow really acts as though he knows something."—Detroit Free Press.

In Chicago.

"I want to get a collar suitable for a dinner party."

"This one is the correct thing, sir."

"It's too tight. I'd never be able to tuck a napkin in that!"—Yonkers Statesman.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PAINTING'S APPEAL TO THE DILETTANT.

By Marcel Prevost.



Painting, I believe, is getting to be the most tempting art for the dilettant, more tempting even than music. There are more painters than there are musicians, writers, than everything else, almost. There are infinite numbers of them. The most modest banquet of painters reunites hundreds of guests. At every exposition modern paintings cover a large area of space. And what does honor to these volunteers of art is the fact that no financial bait induces the greater part of these painters to follow this vocation.

In justice to these dilettanti of the brush it must be said that many of them do not pretend that they will gain either glory or fortune by their paintings. Less presumptuous than poets, less chimerical than musicians, many men of talent who hang up their pictures in salons from time to time admit that they paint for the pleasure of painting only.

The pleasure of painting is complex. While giving an occupation for the painter's fingers, painting is not exactly a thing to stir the soul of the amateur. The amateur is not required to undertake a number of compositions and to pick out the most difficult. A faithful reproduction of a house at the edge of a stream, and the amateur has gained the name of an artist. Painting within the limits in which the dilettant exercises it is one of those arts where invention and originality have been greatly reduced. A successful copy of a picture of a great master with them passes for a work of art. The most mediocre painting has a thousand times more of a chance to be seen than a literary masterpiece has the chance to be read. It is for these reasons that canvas and brush stand in no danger of remaining idle. But will art gain by it? That is another question.

"OLD MAN" PROBLEM FOR YOUNG MAN.

By John A. Howland.



Young men, middle-aged men and old men have been interested alike in the problem of the "old man" in business. That specific complaint of the old man is that he is not wanted. Modern business admits the fact. But young men and men in the prime of their lives must grow old. What are the young men and the men of middle age going to do about it? It is not likely that in any near future the methods of modern business will so change that the old man, per se, will be more in demand than he is now. Economic philosophies are to the effect that in general the man who has grown old ought to have a competence upon which to retire. Cold, hard facts that are indisputable show how impossible this is.

Probably in the vast majority of cases where earnest, honest men have worked at a chosen work that old age problem is met, if, until the end, the worker is privileged to work. To die in the harness is by thousands considered an ideal ending of an ideal life. Accumulated money and idle ease have shortened thousands of lives at the expense of contentment. For this

type of man it is a certainty that ability and opportunity to work until the end must satisfy. What, then, shall the young man choose—if he can—promising him that longest independent usefulness?

Every day in the great cities no keen observer is needed to see thousands of young men risking their whole future in actions that can be only ruinous to them. Not all these actions are positive. The negative stand may be as menacing in a hundred ways. This working capital is working capital, not idling, careless, time-serving routine, with dissipation sandwiched between in the off hours from duty. But even work itself may be blind work. It may be honest work, with only the next pay day in the mind of the worker. Or it may be clear-eyed, conscientious work that involves a future more than it contemplates the results of yesterday or of last year.

"Am I a better worker than I was last year?" is the specific question. "Why am I not better?" is the further question which may need following up and forcing a definite answer. Your working capital has been impaired if you are forced to answer this second query. What has done the mischief? Your employer, making such a discovery as to his working capital, probably would employ an expert accountant firm to show him the source of such damage. What are you going to do about your own case?

MAN'S MIND PART OF UNIVERSAL MIND.

By E. E. Fournier d'Albe.



We are gradually and inevitably drawn to the conclusion that mind is everything and matter but an expression of the universal mind. A table, a house or a machine is the embodiment of some human mind. A stone is the embodiment of some mind at present inaccessible to us, of some will at present inscrutable.

Of one thing we may be certain—no universe exists which is entirely unconnected with this of ours. We know that the fruit of our slightest act goes thundering down the ages, that nothing is ever effaced, that everything is of infinite and eternal consequence. And if it leaves a permanent mark on the material universe it will affect also all invisible universes. This reflection may give a new zest to our present form of existence. To pierce into the innermost recesses of nature, to mold natural forces to our will, to make life happy and glorious for ourselves and our kind, to assert our supremacy over disease and death, to conquer and rule this universe in virtue of the infinite power within us, such is our task here and now.

The individual is withdrawn towards that center of sentient life where all souls are one with the great over-soul. What this future fate may be we need not now inquire. Should it ever become necessary to enter upon and pursue such inquiry we may be sure that a full acquaintance with the laws of our present visible universe will form the best preparation for it. And these laws we shall apply with the greater confidence when we know that they suffice to interpret not only our own universe, but the other worlds just discernible on the horizon of our present faculties.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

What is true of the fever of a germ disease is false altogether in the fever of sunstroke. In this case the fever is the disease. It is not a regiment of infantry, but a conflagration, and it must be put out as quickly as possible, and by all the means at one's disposal—cold baths, ice-packs, ice-water, anything that will beat it down.

The character of a fever is a great assistance to diagnosis in many cases, and this is why a physician should always be asked to sit in judgment on it.

Some years ago the water in Philadelphia used to become unfit to bathe in, let alone to drink, after even the mildest kind of storm. Everybody complained, says a writer in the Washington Star. One gentleman complained to Peter Burness, an incorrigible optimist. But he received little encouragement.

"Actually," I said to Peter one morning after a storm, "I couldn't take a bath to-day on account of the muddy water. It was like brown paste."

"Oh, I took a good long bath," said Peter. "When the Schuylkill water is like that it is the best thing in the world to bathe in. So medicinal, you know. Better than Homburg or Marienbad or any of those places."

"But it's so muddy," says I.

"That's just the point," said Peter. "It's medicinal mud, full of all sorts of phosphates and things. To-night when you get home fill your bath, jump in and splash about; but afterward don't use any towels."

"No towels?" I objected.

"There's a much better way than towels," said Peter. "Stand before the radiator and let the water dry on your body. Then brush it off with a whisk-broom."

His clothes said he was a tramp, but his brow was high and his manner grand. "Madam, may I request the favor of a pair of your husband's cast-off trousers? These are somewhat passe." This, with a sweep of a tattered hat, brought results in the shape of a pair of hubby's oldest, which were just about two degrees better than those the tramp was wearing. After a critical survey of his acquisition, instead of the polite words of thanks the good woman was waiting for, the tramp volunteered, with a deep, long-drawn sigh of regret: "Madam, I see your husband discards from weakness."—Puck.

Desiccated Water.

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The Cause of the Feud.

First Fair One—Let me see. Who is the oldest person in the Bible?

Second Fair One—You're down in your family Bible, aren't you?—Brooklyn Citizen.

After all, is there any one in the world more stupid than the man who comes in at the wrong time?

BULL CHARGES AN AUTO.



An automobile running along the turnpike near Mill City, Pa., was charged and damaged by a plucky Guernsey bull which had broken from his pasture and was browsing by the roadside. In the machine were District Attorney O. Smith Kinner of Wyoming County, James Dershelmer of Tunkhannock, William Skinner of Washington, N. J., and Leon D. Decker of Binghamton, N. Y. They saw the bull, but never suspected its beligerent intentions. It watched the motor car curiously as it approached, and when it was thirty or forty feet away the bull bellowed, lowered its head and charged. The driver put on the brakes, but the bull and the machine met with a shock. The bull was sent sprawling backward. He picked himself up with a surprised air, limped to one side and gave the car undisturbed right of way. The front of the radiator was somewhat damaged, but the machine was not put out of commission.

Monkey and Goat.

Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. M. Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation. The monkey had a friend in a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burs and thorns, sometimes to the number of 2,000 or 3,000, from that goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace. On coming in from the pasture the goat regularly went in search of his light-handed friend and submitted himself to the operation. Strange to say, the tricky instincts of the monkey reasserted themselves after the pricks were removed. He would tease the poor goat unmercifully, plucking his beard, poking him in the eyes and pulling out his hairs. The goat bore it all with patience, perhaps regarding it as only a fair price to be paid for the removal of the thorns.—London Standard.

No man ever fell in love with a suffragist; when you find a man married to a suffragist, he fell in love with her before she became one.

Old Favorites

The Fatal Wedding.

The wedding bells were ringing on a moonlight winter's night. The church was decorated, all within was gay and bright; A mother with her baby came and saw the lights aglow, She thought of how those same bells chimed for her three years ago. "I'd like to be admitted, sir," she told the sexton old.

"Just for the sake of baby, to protect him from the cold!" He told her that the wedding there was for the rich and grand, And with the eager, watching crowd, outside she must stand.

Chorus— While the wedding bells were ringing, while the bride and groom were there, Marching down the aisle together, as the organ pealed an air— Telling tales of fond affection, vowing never more to part, Just another fatal wedding, just another broken heart.

She begged the sexton once again to let her pass inside, "For baby's sake you may step in," the gray-haired man replied. "If any one knows reason why this couple should not wed, Speak now or hold your peace forevermore," the preacher said. "I must object," the woman said, with voice so meek and mild. "The bridegroom is my husband, and this is our little child." "What proof have you?" the preacher asked. "My infant," she replied. She raised her babe, then knelt to pray, the little one had died.

Chorus—

The parents of the bride then took the outcast by the arm, "We'll care for you through life," they said, "you've saved our child from harm." The outcast wife, the bride and parents quickly drove away, The husband died by his own hand before the break of day. No wedding feast was spread that night, two graves were made next day— One for the little baby, and in one the father lay. The story has been often told, by firesides warm and bright, Of bride and groom, of outcast, and the fatal wedding night.

RECORDS OF OLD KASKASKIA

Oldest and Most Authentic Documents Now at St. Louis University.

The members of the Mississippi Valley Historical Society visited the St. Louis University en masse recently and inspected the old historic trove, of which the university has lately become the custodian—a set of documents concerning the history of this vicinity which are among the oldest and most authentic records of the past in America, the St. Louis Republic says. They are the Kaskaskia records in which the first entry is dated 1695. They continue, with but a few gaps, down to the present time. Few records in the east antedate these and none in the west. They were begun in Illinois, near Peoria, before some of the thirteen original colonies were planned.

The records have been a gold mine to historians for years, but their riches will never be exhausted. John Gilmary Shea came west to see them thirty years ago; Edward G. Mason wrote a minute description of them, which is one of the publications of the Chicago Historical Society.

Prof. C. W. Alvord, president of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, wrote of them in a work which has just been published by the United States government. At the time he wrote he could not locate them. They were then at Fort Gage; but the bishop of Belleville, in order to better preserve them, has placed them in the archives of the St. Louis University. They are kept in a great iron, fire-proof, combination safe.

The records are those of the baptisms, marriages and burials of the people of old Kaskaskia, near Peoria; and of the later Kaskaskia, sixty miles down the river from St. Louis.

Bridge Builder's Career.

Anybody standing on the Brooklyn bridge and looking northward up the East River will see three striking examples of the genius and ability of Gustavus Lindenthal, who, a matter of thirty years ago, was a mason and carpenter doing journeyman's work in Philadelphia, the Bookkeeper says. The three examples of his later development are the Manhattan bridge, which is nearing completion and is about 1,500 feet north of the Brooklyn bridge; the Williamsburg bridge, and, finally, the enormous Queensborough bridge, that was opened to traffic recently. But this is not all. Far to the north of these three huge spans between Manhattan and Long Island there is another creation of Mr. Lindenthal's brain—the Hell Gate bridge, designed to carry the heaviest loads of any bridge in the world, connecting the mainland lines of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad with the Long Island Railroad, and thus, by way of the tubes under the North River, bringing about a direct rail route from New England into the west.

Breaking It Gently.

Jack—Perhaps you don't like my style of dancing.

Orme (in distress)—Well, there is rather too much sameness about it.

Jack—Er—how may I vary it?

Orme—Suppose you tread on my left foot once in a while.