

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

When trouble goes to sleep don't set the alarm clock.

Women and newspapers should never be judged by their wrappers.

When you want to find out which is the shady side of the street the best way is to ask a loafer.

When a young married man gets sick his mother always imagines it is due to his wife's cooking.

Some pessimist has made the discovery that the holes in the doughnuts are much larger than usual.

One man advertises for a wife who has no mother. He must have taken the mother-in-law jokes seriously.

By this time next year very few people will care to take the time to look at an airship that is going by.

Learning to ride an airship is somewhat like it used to be to learn to ride a bicycle—with a longer and harder fall.

Being a driver in an automobile race may be a trifle less exciting than going over Niagara in a barrel, but it is a lot duster.

It was no great sacrifice for Prince Miguel of Braganza to renounce the Portuguese throne, which he had no prospect of attaining.

One of these days the nations of the earth are going to quit building Dreadnoughts and devote their time to the construction of fighting aeroplanes.

One of the experts gives it as his opinion that the late Colonel Snell was crazy over women. We are inclined to regard the opinion as being extremely conservative.

A California young man is going to marry "a very wealthy and an extremely beautiful" East Indian princess. We are willing to believe that she has money.

A dispatch from East Africa says Kermitt Roosevelt has "hugged a cow hippo." After which performance we suppose he slung her over his shoulder and toted her into camp.

Sex plays a great part in the "Christianizing" of the Chinese in this country. Since American girls have stopped teaching in the missions the pupils have deserted them also.

One hundred and fifty Boston girls recently kissed the mayor of that town. We hasten to assure our readers that the young ladies did it in a perfectly prim, proper and prudent manner.

The physical condition of children is in some measure responsible for their wrongdoing, think many doctors. It is one of the advantages of living in a material age that material causes for evils are sought—and removed.

Prince Miguel of Portugal is to marry an American girl and several millions of good American money, a large part of which is to be paid in advance. We wish Mr. Aldrich would devise a tariff scheme to keep these titled ones out of the American market.

Another child shot by a revolver which he and a boy companion found lying about the house and which they began tossing about, ignorant of its death-dealing powers. Is there no way of legally reaching the vacuous-minded owners of firearms who persist in leaving them lying within reach of children, fully loaded and actually inviting death and injury?

Managers of charity bazaars in London have lately been selling "immunity tickets" of admission. The ticket entitles the holder to enjoy the social and spectacular features of the bazaar with immunity from constant request to buy this, that or the other trifle at an extravagant price. The amount charged for the tickets depends on the good nature of the managers. Church fair promoters in America might copy the London invention.

What shall be done to bring men into the church? The question is more easily asked than answered. Much depends, of course, upon the minister. The trouble with too many preachers is that they do not attempt to appeal to men. Indeed, it will be found that where ministers possess manly traits they do not have occasion to worry over the emptiness of pews. If their sermons are virile and attractive, if they deal with the daily problems of life, if they help men in meeting and conquering the temptations which constantly beset even the most moral, they will find plenty of masculine auditors.

In a speech at the opening of the Hudson and Manhattan tunnels William G. McAdoo said: "We believe in the public be pleased" policy as opposed to that of the public be damned; we believe the railroad is best which serves the people best; that decent treatment of the public evokes decent treatment from the public; that recognition by the corporation of the just rights of the people results in recog-

nition by the people of the just rights of the corporation. This is an announcement of a sound policy in corporation management, and it should receive the thoughtful consideration of railroad companies of every description. The public will be fair if it is treated fairly. When it is persistently hostile there are always reasons for its hostility, and it would be idle to contend that either the great transportation lines of the country or the street railways of our cities had lived up to the program that Mr. McAdoo proclaims. They have often ignored just complaints and have introduced improvements only under pressure though they should have experts at work to anticipate the needs of the public. Where there was a proper pride in the business and a proper sense of its obligations we should not have to wait for protests and suggestions from without. As soon as a bad condition began to develop a remedy would be sought for it before the people had been put to an endurance test. As it is there is too great an insistence on rights without much regard for justice or of the ultimate benefits to be derived from a broad, liberal and progressive policy.

Not the least among the legal scandals of the day is the inquiry into the sanity of Harry Thaw, recently in progress in New York. It is a mere commonplace to say that if this young criminal had been a poor man he would now be where the wicked cease from troubling, but surely the fact of his wealth and social position should be no excuse for making him one of the permanent institutions of the country. In these matters of criminal insanity we might do worse than adopt the English system. The murderer who is saved from punishment on the ground of insanity is confined in a criminal lunatic asylum "during his majesty's pleasure," and it is his majesty's pleasure that he shall remain there for the rest of his natural life. He never emerges again and there are no judicial inquiries to provide fat fees for attorneys or sensations for society. The idea that a man who committed a savage murder two or three years ago, and who was then morally innocent on the ground of insanity, may now have recovered his sanity so as no longer to be a terror to his associates is too puerile for consideration. Equally ludicrous is the idea that a judge, or indeed any human being, can determine whether or not he has recovered his moral responsibility. The man who has once committed murder under the stress of insanity may do so again, says the San Francisco Argonaut, and it is hard to resist the popular opinion that the inquiry in New York was merely one of the preliminaries to this young man's release. The attempt may be unsuccessful this time, but one day we shall awake to the unpalatable fact that Harry Thaw is once more at liberty to wreak his vengeance upon whomsoever he will.

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SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Man wants but little here below, and his wife gets most of it.

Man's work is from sun to sun, but he has no regularly specified hours for being worked.

Why is it that the woman who can afford to pay \$28 for her corsets will show 'em to your wife?

Does it ring exactly on the level in your ears when you hear a middle-aged wife "sweetheart" in public?

You have observed that the woman with a mission usually is foxy enough to snag a husband first in order to be there with the missionizing sinews.

The acuteness of feminine intuition is illustrated by the fact that a girl generally ends by marrying the man for whom, at the first meeting, she forms an "intuitive" dislike.

The nearest thing to a boy with his first pair of suspenders is a woman with a new red morocco-bound check-book wherewith to draw upon the \$100 which her husband has put in the bank for her.

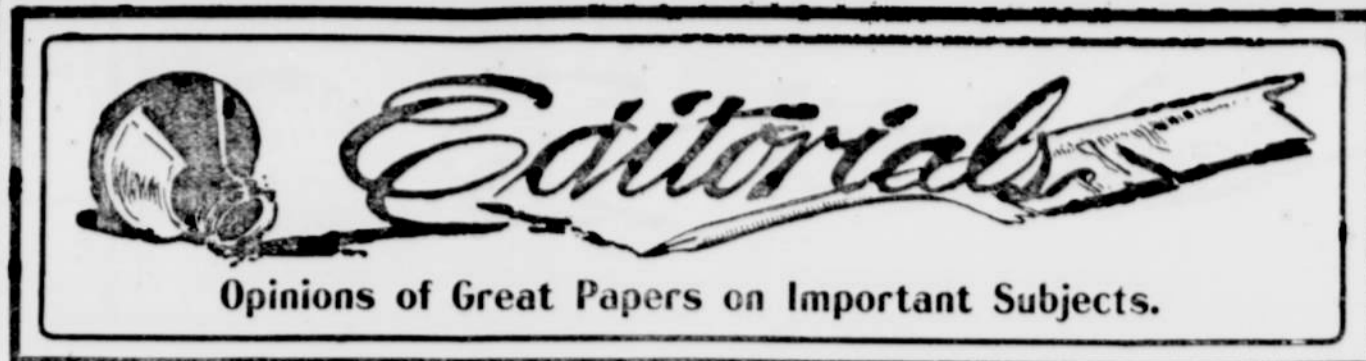
Are you acquainted with the woman who saves up her regular weekly "good cry" until Sunday, the only day on which her husband might otherwise have a chance to enjoy a little home comfort?

May Lose Noted Painter.

A famous painting, "The Last Spike," which pictures the scene of the driving of the last spike that marked the completion of the Central Pacific railroad and its junction with the Union Pacific, may be lost to San Francisco.

John Washburn, son-in-law of the late Thomas Hill, who painted the picture, is negotiating for its sale to an Eastern man for \$10,000. An effort is making to arouse the people of San Francisco to raise \$10,000 in order to save the painting for this city, says a San Francisco correspondent for the New York Herald. Should the effort to preserve the picture to San Francisco fail the descendants of the men who built the first transcontinental road will endeavor to procure the picture for themselves.

Among those who have taken up negotiations with the estate are Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of the American Ambassador to Great Britain; William E. Crocker, D. A. Mills, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and George Crocker, of New York; Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, Princess Hatzfeldt, formerly Miss Clara Huntington; Mrs. Mountenay Jeppson, of London, and Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, N. Y.



Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

HORSES AND AUTOMOBILES.

ALTHOUGH no monarch, however precarious his tenure may be in these uncertain days of kingship, has recently offered his kingdom for a horse, the old reliable animal is still an indispensable adjunct to human welfare. Only a few years ago the machinist who had become enamored of automobiles predicted that the horse was doomed to extinction at an early date. He said the same thing when bicycles came into use. But the horse is still doing business, and the bicycle has gone so completely out of general use as to make people wonder what they ever saw in it.

Our horse population, taken over the fifteen years in which the automobile may be said to have been an effective competitor, has risen almost continuously, and especially in the past seven years. There were 15,893,318 horses in the United States in 1895, with an average value of \$36 a head. There are now, according to the figures of the fiscal year just closed, 20,640,000, with a total value of \$1,974,042,000, or an average of \$95 a head. In the same period the horse's pebbles but useful relative, the mule, has nearly doubled in number, or from 2,333,108 in 1895 to 4,053,000 in 1909, and more than doubled in value, as the average mule which was worth \$47 in 1895 is now worth \$107. If the automobile were going to exterminate the horse, such figures as these would be impossible.—Wall Street Journal.

ABANDONED FARMS IN ENGLAND.

ENGLAND is worried at present over not only a decrease in its farm population, but a shrinkage in the number of acres under cultivation. It has 1,500,000 acres less under cultivation now than ten years ago. A commission which investigated the subject ascribes this situation to the impossibility of ownership by the tenant, leading to slack methods which render farming unprofitable, and recommend giving the tenant a chance to purchase, or at least the benefit of enhanced value due to better care and more scientific tillage.

Land in England has become too valuable to return a profit by farming methods prevailing in the United States, and the commission plans to rejuvenate English agriculture by a multiplicity of small farms well tilled and soil properly nurtured. England must always depend upon outside sources for a large portion of its food supply, but it could be made to produce everything needed except grains and meat, and the amount of these produced at home could be greatly increased if all the arable land were under plow.—Omaha Bee.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

THE approach of the new school year brings out the announcement that several of the leading colleges and universities are adopting the policy of ridding their classrooms of no-account students. The Chicago University alone has dropped one hundred students because of failure to make satisfactory records in scholarship. As we understand it, the student who makes honest effort to make his grades, and makes progress, even though slow in advancement, will be given proper encouragement to continue his work. Any other course would be brutal, but the smart Alec who goes to college just because "pa" is rich and

because "all the other guys go"—this element is no longer wanted by those institutions which make a specialty of scholarship.

The proposed change is one of the most wholesome which has been considered in educational circles in a long time. The age demands men who are prepared for its activities. The dullards and the indifferent ones are rapidly being crowded aside. Their fate may be an unhappy one, but in the race of life it is the fittest who survive. The young boys of to-day should get their eyes open. In this vacation time, if they resolve to throw away that crooked pipe stuck between their teeth, which really adds not one element of respectability, and embrace the opportunities of the next school year with all the vigor which they can command, they will be far happier a twelvemonth hence and be able to surprise themselves and their friends at the extent of the progress made.—Des Moines Capital.

WHY HARD TIMES DON'T LAST.

THE chief reason why this country has emerged so promptly from the slough of financial and industrial depression is found in the latest report of the Department of Agriculture. The value of this year's farm products, as estimated by Secretary Wilson is \$8,000,000,000, an increase of 5 per cent over the great record of 1908. The corn crop will reach 3,161,174,000 bushels, the spring and winter wheat crops will total 663,500,000 bushels, and there will be 692,933,000 bushels of oats, 183,923,000 bushels of barley, 31,928,000 bushels of rye and 11,260,000 bales of cotton, not to mention the immense aggregate of the lesser crops.

These figures are almost too stupendous to permit a proper realization of what they mean. Farm methods are becoming more scientific, and, therefore, more efficient every year; the average acre will soon be producing what the average five acres used to produce, and there seems to be no limit set upon the possibilities of developing and increasing the productivity of the soil. The country's potential agricultural resources are beyond comprehension. Add to them the untold wealth of our mines and our fisheries, and it is easy to see why actual hard times cannot last for long.—Ohio State Journal.

TAXATION OF DEADLY WEAPONS.

CONGRESSMAN SISSON of Mississippi introduced a revenue proposition of merit that might have prevailed had it been advanced earlier in the session. Much can be said in its favor. It proposed a tax upon every deadly weapon and every cartridge manufactured in this country. This is the practical way of securing the revenue, and on the theory that the consumer always pays the tax, the burden would be widely distributed. The schedule calls for a specific tax of \$2 on pistols, dirk knives, sword canes, stilettoes, brass or metallic knuckles, and similar weapons, with the addition of 25 per cent ad valorem. On cartridges of 22-caliber or under it proposes a tax of one-eighth of a cent on each cartridge, and on cartridges over 22-caliber the rate proposed is one-fifth of 1 cent each. Weapons or cartridges sold to the Federal government or to the various State governments for the militia are exempted from the tax.—Manchester Union.

ELECTRIC POWER FROM SUN.

Generator Gathers Solar Electricity and Makes It Do Work.

Innumerable reasons might be given for belief that there is no heat in the sun, but the strongest is based upon the experiences of aeronauts. They always remark that at great altitudes the thermometer ceases to mark any variation of temperature. Certainly a man so high in the air that the earth is barely discernible is nearer to the sun than we are. If the heat in the sun itself, why does he not feel it more strongly than those on the earth's surface?

The tendency of heat is always to ascend into the atmosphere when it is derived from combustion on the surface of the earth, or from radiation within it. The flame of a candle points vertically upward when the air is still. Notice a room in which there is a hot stove. Is not the upper part of the room vastly hotter than near the floor?

The effort of heat is to depart from its source with a rapidity proportionate to the intensity of combustion. This is a repellent force; at the same time, from its being associated with positive electricity, it is attracted to the upper atmosphere by its negative electricity, which is always associated with cold.

The diffusion of heat, laterally or downward, is inconsiderable, as is manifested in a room where there is an open fire, the fire emitting little heat below the grate and parts of the room being imperfectly heated.

From these simple facts I am forced to conclude that the sun, if it had any calorific rays, could not possibly send them to the earth below it through a space of 92,000,000 miles, having, as scientists declare, a temperature of minus 142 degrees centigrade.

Then, too, if the sun possessed heat, and could force it downward to the earth, there could be no clouds, as the particles of atmosphere known as clouds would be so expanded and attenuated by the absorbed heat that they could never attain definite shape.

On the proven hypothesis that the sun is a magnet, it cannot be an incandescent body, since magnetism is destroyed by heat. The moon, we know, is a reflector of light without the emission of any accompanying heat. If we thus get our nocturnal light unaccompanied by heat, why should we insist upon violating the well established laws of heat in its radiations and declare the sun to be an incandescent body, continually in active

combustion, requiring inconceivable masses of fuel of some kind to maintain it, and surrounded on all sides by an immensity of ethereal space of so low a temperature that any radiation of heat from the sun must necessarily be absorbed and neutralized as soon as it should leave the body of the sun?

Why, if heat comes from the sun, is it as cold on the top of a mountain in the tropics as in the frigid zone?

Now I have come to the point where I must explain where the seeming heat in the sun's rays comes from, if not from the sun itself.

It comes from electricity. Light is the omnipotent force. What is light? Who is there that knows?

We understand that the Creator, in directing that light first of all should



LOW POWER GENERATOR.

be made, intended to constitute a force superior to all other forces.

Light, then, is the great source of terrestrial electricity, magnetism and heat.

Whatever moves is matter. The human mind can conceive of nothing else. Neither can it conceive of motion without associating it with the idea of an object to be moved. Hence, light, which moves, is matter.

Light thrown upon the sun is reflected to the earth with a velocity of 186,000 miles per second and requires about 8 1/3 minutes to reach the earth. Whatever may be the composition of the space intervening between the earth and the sun, it must be matter, as nature abhors a vacuum. Give it its most attenuated form and call it ether, it is still matter.

Light passing through this with marvelous speed must produce every cause of enormous friction, and with it electricity and magnetism. Electricity, by the junction of its opposite polarities, evolves heat, and also imparts magnetism to all substances that are capable of being invested with it. It is electricity, then, that causes heat, and not, as has been thought for ages, direct radiation from the sun.

Although my theory, when finally worked out, satisfied me admirably, it was not until I had completed my generator and proved it that I felt justified in speaking of what seemed to be a ruthless uprooting of all preconceived ideas. Believing that the sun's rays produced electricity, I evolved a simple apparatus for utilizing it, and I did this so successfully that it is possible to store in a battery the electricity from the rays of light.—New York World.

A Wild Animal Farm.

M. F. Kendrick, of Denver, Colo., has a farm equipped for the rearing and sale of wild beasts. The enterprise bears the title of the Kendrick Pheasantry and Wild Game Association. It grew out of the novel exhibit at the City Park in Denver, which Mr. Kendrick maintained entirely at his own expense, because of his love for wild game. Many thousands of dollars yearly went to the development of Mr. Kendrick's hobby. What was a fancy has become a substantial business institution.

For the first few years only animals native to North America will be reared but eventually lions, tigers, and even elephants will be bred. The farm is now stocked with deer, elk, antelope, bears, mountain goats, etc., and 16 acres of ground are utilized in the venture.

Mr. Kendrick says that it does not cost any more to produce a pound of buffalo or elk than it does of cattle or sheep. Buffalo meat sells at from 50 cents to \$1 a pound, elk meat bringing nearly as much. The association will not lack a market as these prices of zoological parks and game preserves do not take the entire output.

The United States government is taking great interest in Mr. Kendrick's farm. It will co-operate with him by telling him how to cure or prevent any disease with which he is not familiar.—Success Magazine.

Worms are becoming larger every day; finally they may become as large as dragons and carry off people.

PASSING OF THE EVENING LAMP

This Blessing of Other Days Certainly Had Some Drawbacks.

Mrs. Holland was a young person with progressive ideas, but her husband was at times a great, although affectionately endured, hindrance to her wishes. "I wish you could hear him talk about the old kerosene-lamps they used to have when he was a boy," she remarked to her sister-in-law one day. "Did you like them so much?"

"Couldn't abide them, my dear," was the prompt and gratifying reply, "but men always like a lamp. I can remember the way ours used to smell when it was on full blast, of a winter evening, and how father would wriggle in his chair and look over his shoulder, then slap his paper down and attack the lamp. 'Isn't there any oil in this thing,' he'd ask, 'or does the wick need trimming?' Of course James has forgotten all that."

"Yes, indeed," and in spite of herself a smile began to creep round the corners of Mrs. Holland's mouth. "He used to particularly remember the atmosphere of that old sitting-room, and peacefully it always was, and last night, when I handed him a copy of the Happy Home Magazine, he turned away from the front page, where there were two highly tinted young people with heads close together and shoulders overlapping, to gaze at an advertisement on the last page.

"See that!" he said to me. "Father, mother, grandmother and four children all gathered round that table, reading something. That's a good old kerosene-lamp! Do you suppose they go tramping out nights—twitche a button or two and go, leaving a pitch-dark house? No, ma'am. That lamp's filled and trimmed for a long home evening. You see there are still some families who've held out and kept their old lamps. Suppose they were sitting round under electric bulbs—would they look like that—or feel like that? No, they wouldn't!"

"Poor James!" said the sister-in-law, smiling.

"But the thing I didn't dare tell him," whispered Mrs. Holland, as if her James might be close at hand, "was that the group round the table was looking at an advertisement of the Light-All Electric Company! He hadn't his reading-glasses on, so he didn't see the fine print. Poor James!"—Youth's Companion.

WHALE STRANGLED SELF.

From Seattle Comes a remarkable story, brought into port by the cable repair ship Burnside. The Burnside had been sent north along the coast of Alaska to repair the cable, because during the last winter difficulty had been experienced in sending and receiving messages.

The vessel picked up the cable connecting Valdez and Sitka a few miles off Cook Inlet not far from Sitka. The crew never had such a time hauling a cable on board as they did that day on the Alaska coast. Finally the cause of the great weight was found.

Some time during the winter a whale, feeding on the bottom of the ocean, with wide-open mouth, collided with the wire rope.

Unable to shake the big wire from the mass of whalebone in its jaws, the big fish "turned turtle," rolled over once, turned round, rolled again and died.

In these few movements the fish proved himself his own hangman, for the cable was twisted tighter about the head of the whale than any mortal could have twisted it with the most powerful machinery.

The whale drowned and the carcass was devoured on the bottom of the ocean by other fish. The crew of the Burnside hauled up an immense load of whalebone, and found a great twist in the government cable that had been the cause of the unusual difficulty to and from either end of the rope.

The Joys to Come.

Now in the grove beside the stream, where Nature seems at rest, The Thousand-Legged Worms prepare a greeting for the guest;

For peek-a-boo and open-work the gay mosquitoes train, And thoughtfully the caterpillars plan for their campaign,

Longing to gladly mix it with the butter and at least Give a fair imitation of the death's head at the feast;

The tired river's yawning for the fool who rocks the boat, While in a nearby meadow, where the sun most cruelly shines,

The bull who'll break the party up is practicing his lines; The great elm tree is waving its foliage overhead—

The one where they'll "seek shelter" just before they are "struck dead."

Thus Nature, who seems so quiet, is toiling the whole day long That the hilarious picnic party may be sure to get in wrong.—Boston Traveler.

When Romance Flees.

When a woman can meet one of her husband's former sweethearts and treat her courteously or kindly, it is a sign that the former sweetheart has either grown very stout or has faded terribly.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Chickensology.

The chickens that bloom in the spring, tra la, Are supposed to be tender pickin', But many a boarder has found, alas, There is also the steel spring chicken.—Kansas City Times