

BANDON RECORDER

Second Year Work

BANDON.....OREGON

Prince Miguel of Braganza only owes \$10,000. He isn't much of a prince.

The aviator who can hold a world's record for more than a day breaks a record in that way, too.

It may soon be necessary for magistrates who are ill and wish to have quiet to build armor-plate sickrooms.

French savants have discovered that the mustache harbors deadly germs. Girls, govern yourself accordingly.

It is proposed to stop making \$2 bills. Well, since the price of votes at election time has risen, perhaps it is just as well.

The rumor that Roosevelt may be sent across the border as ambassador makes cold chills chase up and down the Mexican spine.

A New Jersey woman died and left \$10,000 for her dogs and \$2,000 for her husband. Bet he will remember that woman as long as the dogs live.

A Virginia minister has a record of having married three thousand couples. He can't tell how many of them lived happily ever afterward.

While that Washington man who invented a muzzle for crowing roosters was about it why didn't he try to invent a silencer for neighbors' cats?

The next thing will be an official investigation of canned corn, in which it will be established that it contains no pellagra germs, and that if it did they would be harmless.

It has been decided by a Cleveland judge that a husband need not wash the dishes. No judge has the nerve, however, to rule that a husband need not put the cat out at night.

Mr. Roosevelt is said to entertain hopes of securing a specimen of the rare dig-dig antelope during his stay in East Africa. Panama should be the natural place to look for the "dig-dig."

Evelyn says she will not return to the stage because she fears that she would be stared at as a freak if she did. This statement will surprise the people who supposed Evelyn's chief desire was to get herself stared at.

The English language is a healthily growing tongue. Men hardly middle-aged can remember when "blizzard" was a new word, and now we hear the prostrating hot waves of the summer denominated "sizzards." The word is picturesque enough to live.

A shortage of \$82,000 in the accounts of a Pennsylvania penitentiary has been discovered. A convicted banker is bookkeeper in the institution. It may yet become necessary to let our convicted bankers set the mouse traps instead of keeping the penitentiary books.

The Wright brothers have successfully met all the tests to which the government insisted that their air-ship should be put, and the ship became the property of the nation, upon the payment of thirty thousand dollars. This is the first heavier-than-air machine bought by the government. Whether it will be the last depends on the way it behaves when under the direction of signal corps officers, and whether the machines offered by other inventors can meet the demands made upon them.

Divorce in America is the object of much foreign criticism, but our courts have not yet got to the point of permitting a man to divorce his wife because she chooses to reduce her weight by thirty pounds. This was done recently in Prussian Silesia, the husband's argument being that in order to accommodate her figure to the present fashion, his wife had destroyed the beauty she possessed, and had become other than the woman he had married. Like Shylock, he insisted on his pound—or pounds—of flesh, but, unlike the Jew of Venice, he won his case.

The most effective blows against the liquor business have been struck by railroad presidents, bankers and heads of other great corporations, who have issued peremptory orders that only temperate men shall be permitted to continue in their employ. Hundreds of thousands of men have been made to realize that sobriety is essential to their continued prosperity. The class of employes whose pay envelopes depend on their ability to keep sober is increasing each year. No prohibition law ever has been enacted that has stopped the sale of liquor. But an order from headquarters has stopped immoderate drinking in a large proportion of the greatest establishments throughout the country.

Were one to inquire into the relation of nature to study to the increasing number of people who "camp out," it would be hard to say which is cause and which effect, but it is certain that the two have developed simultaneously within comparatively few years. It was not very long ago that camping out was regarded as a mysterious diversion in which the male members

of the family found a quite inexplicable pleasure. Then mother and the girls tried it for a season, and since then they have understood. Today, if one turns the advertising pages of the magazines in spring and early summer, one finds long lists of summer camps for boys and summer camps for girls, and all of them classed under the heading, "educational institutions." Aside from the mere pleasure of a sojourn in camp, there are material benefits which last the whole year through, and are making important contributions to health and national character. Camp life means reducing one's needs to their lowest terms. It conduces to simplicity of dress, food, recreation and social intercourse. Many things commonly regarded as necessities at home are found to be easily dispensable in camp. The value of fresh air, at night as well as by day, is another wholesome thing to learn, and so, too, is the primary and fundamental contact with the raw materials of life. Many a man has realized in camp for the first time how the most familiar vegetables look in their raw state, and how the spools of gun and fish-hook must be treated to prepare them for the pan or the pot. Of all the people who take holiday during the summer, there are none who come back to town more healthy, wholesome and happy than the campers. By this time most of them are planning next year's trip.

Dr. McComb, one of the inventors of the "Emmanuel movement," and Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, an authority on economic and other abstruse problems, have recently given assurances which tend to relegate two of the most formidable foes of our modern civilization to the realm of phantoms. McComb says that in order to avoid sleeplessness all you have got to do is to constrain your mind to roam about among pleasant memories and to forget your insomnia. Then you will fall asleep. Munsterberg says it is a mistake to suppose that our more complex civilization increases the nervous strain. When you are threatened with a case of "nerves" all you have got to do is to reflect how much more conducive to repose are modern conditions as compared to those of the past. While technical mechanism has become more complex, life itself is simpler. The telephones, the elevator, the Pullman and the street cars save us lots of steps and trouble, while the better means of illumination saves our eyes from strain. Asphalt and macadam save our bones from jar. All this and much more is true as to the greater ease of modern life when compared with that of our ancestors. It may be said that they got out more into the open air, but this can hardly be true when we consider the parks and boulevards of our cities and the better country roads. Modern buildings on the whole are certainly better ventilated and more sanitary. Food is more varied, abundant and wholesome. Why, then, shouldn't we treat our "nerves" as illusions and go to sleep when we want to? That there was insomnia several hundred years ago can be proven from Shakespeare. His apostrophe to "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," must have been written by one who had fathomed the agony of sleeplessness. And his account of sleep-walking hysteria in "Macbeth" is quite in line with modern neurological science. When we are nervous and hysterical and wakeful we can make up our minds that it is something personal and faulty in ourselves that has upset equanimity and murdered sleep, not the spirit of the age in which we live. And doubtless the best advice is Dr. McComb's advice, to "forget it."

FISH WITH GOOGOO EYES.

The Same Being About the Size of Locomotive Headlights.

Capt. Ross of the Standard Oil Company's steamer *Dakotah*, which arrived here yesterday from Manila, enjoyed a brief but soul stirring flirtation July 11 with a strange fish. On the *Dakotah's* log the funny flirt is described as being 40 feet long and 10 feet wide, with a cavernous mouth and very large eyes.

Capt. Ross was on the bridge when his mate called attention to what he thought was a whale on the port bow. When within about a hundred feet of the monster they saw that while very like a whale at a distance an intimate view showed no resemblance.

"As we came along," said Capt. Ross, "the creature turned its head toward the ship. It was the fiercest face I ever saw. The mouth was like the entrance to a railroad tunnel and the eyes big as locomotive headlights. For all the ferocity of the face the eyes had a kind look in them."

"We watched the brute intently. Just as we came almost alongside he gave those eyes a regular googoo roll and sank out of sight. A whale would have gone down head first and waved good-by with his tail. We never saw this fellow's tail, and whether he said 'good-by' or 'come along, boys,' with his eyes is more than I can tell. I've been to sea for many years but never saw another fish like that one."

As proof that the fish was all he describes Capt. Ross points to the log, which says the encounter took place in latitude 45 degrees 30 minutes north, longitude 152 degrees west.—San Francisco Call.

No Dispute.

John D. Rockefeller says the best thing he ever did was to join a Sunday school.

"Well, so far as I have learned, it was."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A high roller cuts a queer figure when he gets a skate on.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

A WARNING TO WOMEN.



ENTION has been made of the new and fashionable zoophil-psychosis, or exaggerated affection for animals, which nerve specialists now recognize as a distinct type of malady among women. Two types of women are comprised among the victims of the new disorder—those who find it easier to stuff a lapdog with caramels than to exert energy in housekeeping, and those overburdened with nonsensical theories inculcated by scores of so-called new thought expounders. In each type artificial sympathies are carefully cultivated. But in one case the woman is lazy, unintelligent and merely fond of herself, while in the other she believes herself to be a philosopher, gifted with insight, highly mystical and somewhat above the ordinary mortal. Of the latter type must be the gifted American writer of overivivid verse and platitudinous prose who recently unveiled to the trembling public the pitiful throbs of her heart in the throes of a soul-kiss received from a horse.

Imagine a condition of ecstatic self-hypnotism which mysticizes the kindly caress of a lonesome equine. Imagine, if your imagination can stand such a strain, a feminine philosophy which regards as fit subject for dilution to the suffering public the soul-kiss of a horse. Surely this is zoophil-psychosis in its worst form. Such rapturous thrills as this talented lady might experience from the sentimental advances of a melancholy mule should be too sacred to be rudely exposed to the unsentimental world.—Chicago Journal.

OUR LITTLE ARMY.



FFICERS of the highest rank have been few in the American army. In fact, no officer of the very highest rank—that of field marshal—has ever been commissioned by the United States. Including Washington, there have been but four generals since the establishment of the government, and only twelve officers have held the rank of lieutenant general. With the retirement of Lieutenant General MacArthur, on account of age, on June 2, the rank was discontinued.

It is on account of the smallness of the army that officers of high rank have seldom been appointed to command it. The European armies, with their field marshals and generals, are large enough to warrant the permanent organization with commanders of all grades. At the time of the Mexican war Major General Scott was the only officer of that rank in the whole American army. It was not till 1855 that he received the brevet rank of lieutenant general. Washington was the only other officer who prior to that time had held the rank.

When Grant was made lieutenant general in 1864 he was really the first officer to hold that rank while in actual command of the armies of the nation in time of war. Grant was promoted to the higher rank of general in 1866. His successors were Sherman and Sheridan. When Sheridan died in 1888, two months after he was made general, the rank of general and lieutenant general ceased, and the lower rank was not revived till twelve years later, when Major General Miles was made lieutenant general. The grade has continued for the past

PET AND PLAYMATE.

"The time will come," said Hobbes, "when man will be humane even to the wolf;" and it may be added, to the smaller creatures, with which he persists in waging war. In this light it is interesting to read a story printed by the New York Times. "Let me tell you something that happened early yesterday morning," the private watchman said to a Times reporter. "It's not news:

"Before midnight I noticed an old woman sitting on the steps of the building of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in 26th street. I thought she'd got tired and had stopped to rest. Passing at 12 o'clock, I saw her still there, sitting up straight, as if waiting for some one. At 1 o'clock she was still there. At 2 I investigated her case—not that it was any of my business.

"'Officer,' said she, 'you'll let me stay here, won't you? I'll tell you why. I'm cook and maid an' bottle-washer an' everything except cap'n on the lumber barge *Queenie*—been there for twelve years now.

"'In this shawl is *Napoleon*—my white rat. A scholar I knew gave him that name, because he's so little and fat. He said *Napoleon* was generally that officer?'

"'You wouldn't think much of a rat for a pet? Why, me an' *Napoleon* have had some great times together. On dark winter nights, when the wind an' waves are cutting up outside, me an' *Napoleon* go through our treks by lamplight behind solid timbers.

"'He can stand on his hind legs, an' he'll lie down an' turn over when I say the word. Summer days we chase each other 'round over the lumber, an' the old man says we're a pair of fools.

"'Well, sir, the last trip up *Napoleon* began to all. I noticed that the minute he stood on his hind feet he fell over. '*Napoleon*, there's something wrong with you,' I said.

"'Well, we got into Harlem early to-night. I started out to look for a doctor. I walked in an' waited for two hours, an' then he said he didn't doctor vermin. What do you think of that, officer?'

"'I kept on walking along looking for doctor signs in the windows. Two more places I went the girl said right out flat, when she saw me at the door, that the doctor wasn't in an' wa'n't expected.

"'After a while I went into a saloon, and a man there said the society in this building had all kinds of voi-

nine years, and six officers who reached it are now on the retired list.

The highest rank in the army is now that of major general, and the senior officer of that grade is Leonard Wood. He is in command of the Department of the East. So long as the army continues small, and so long as there is no occasion for its active service in extended operations, Congress is likely to allow the present situation to remain unchanged.—Youth's Companion.

FLY A PUBLIC ENEMY.



IT is true—and there is no reason to doubt the oft-repeated dictum of physicians and sanitarians—that the fly is "the barometer of the filth of the community," the first duty is the cultivation of cleanly habits, both in the community at large and in the domestic domain. Experience has shown that an immediate reduction of the number of flies has followed the cleaning up of rubbish heaps, the removal of manure piles and the adoption of sanitary methods in stables and other places where organic filth is liable to accumulate. The protection of the fly from infection in turn requires the screening of sick-rooms and scrupulous care in the disposal of wastes of every character. Finally, the protection of man against the fly calls for the same strict screening of houses and the rigid enforcement of precautions against the access of flies to food supplies, whether in the house or in the market.

Some or all of these precautions will be neglected or scouted by the careless and the indifferent, but with the wider spread of accurate knowledge of the part which the fly actually plays in the dissemination of disease the public should be willing to enlist with greater unanimity in the campaign planned by health authorities in this and other cities.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A DEPARTMENT OF HYGIENE.



AN interesting announcement comes from Cambridge. Harvard is to add a new department to its medical curriculum. It will give its attention to the subject of public health and preventive medicine. A professor to have charge of the instruction has been chosen and the new work will begin with the opening of the next university year. The statement is made that the department is established in recognition of the growing importance of the subject to be studied.

In the large cities, particularly, the most casual observer has noted the trend of medical thought. The Health Department has become an educator of the people. Its officials have carried the idea into many a household that a large share of the diseases of humanity may be prevented. The value of fresh air has been emphasized. The importance of cleanliness has been urged again and again. The necessity of careful attention to little details of household administration has been kept constantly in view. Sometimes the cynical laugh. But the officials continue their work. Then they point to the mortality records as evidence of the value of their instruction.—Chicago Tribune.

mal doctors, an' would help out any kind of an animal. He told me how to get here.

"'It took me some time, an' when I got here it was shut up. That's what I'm waiting for—for them to open up. I hope they open up early.

"'Officer, I'll give you a peep at *Napoleon*. I'm 'frad he'd catch his death if I let you see all of him in this night air, him being so puny already. The old man says he's just nat'ly dying of old age, same as him an' me will soon, he says; but I told him—Mercy me, officer, *Napoleon's* dead already!

"'I called an ambulance," concluded the private watchman, "because she fainted. But she came round all right, and went back to Harlem. She said she guessed the old man was right about *Napoleon*—and her, too."

DEATHS FROM ANESTHETICS.

They Are Small in Proportion to Cases, but Caution Is Necessary.

The melancholy death under an anesthetic of the Hon. T. A. Pows, the young heir and only son of Lord Lilford, in the course of an operation not generally associated with any idea of danger, is an event which will direct public attention to the dangers attendant upon the use of anesthetics in general and upon the precautions necessary in order to reduce these dangers to a minimum. From the report of the Inquest upon Mr. Pows, the London Times says, it appears that he was suffering from the enlargements at the back of the throat which are commonly known as the adenoid enlargements, which are not attended by any immediate danger to life. A professional anesthetist was employed to conduct the administration and he began his proceedings by a complete examination of the patient, in which condition he discovered nothing to call for more than ordinary caution. The anesthetic used was a mixture of chloroform with ether, and it was not until the operation was nearly completed that a sudden failure of respiration gave warning of imminent danger. A post-mortem examination disclosed the existence of a condition to which attention has recently been called by other cases of like kind, a condition called status lymphaticus, which appears not to be discoverable during life and which involves special danger in the use of anesthetics.

The occasional occurrence of fatal consequences from the administration of chloroform or of ether, however much to be deplored in the individual instances, should not be permitted to divert attention from the enormous number of cases in which these agents are administered without ill effects of

any kind or from the enormous number in which they save life by permitting the performance of operations which it would be impossible to accomplish without their aid.

It may be safely said that, in round numbers, there are 3,000 successful administrations of anesthetics for every death attributable to them, and it is only the immense number of operations which they have rendered possible and successful that explains the comparatively very small number of fatal accidents which have occurred in a given hospital or in a given time. Notwithstanding the vast preponderance of safety, it is impossible to deny the existence of a certain, or rather of an uncertain, amount of real danger, and hence there is a very general feeling that the powerful drugs concerned have been employed in the past with somewhat greater freedom than is entirely justifiable.

MAN'S HAT BLOWN IN CAVE.

Draft Came from Opening and Cavern Is Revealed.

The loss of a hat and a search for it resulted in the discovery of another mammoth cave, which is expected to surpass in extent the famous Wind cave in the southern Black Hills.

The site of the new cave is in Pennington County, South Dakota, in the eastern foothills of the Black Hills, the entrance being on the ranch of Charles Maddock. The new cave was accidentally discovered by Mr. Maddock while walking about his ranch. Near the spot where the entrance to the cave was afterward discovered his hat suddenly blew off his head and disappeared. In following the direction taken by the hat the mouth of the cave was disclosed.

Explorations thus far have been interfered with by the presence across the explored passage of a wall of limestone rock, which has accumulated on the ceiling of one of the chambers.

It is a curious coincidence that the discovery of the new cave and that of the now famous Wind cave were identical in circumstances, Wind cave having been discovered many years ago by a cowboy, whose hat blew off and was drawn by a fierce air current into the entrance of what has since been known as Wind cave, which now belongs to the United States government and has been included in a national park, which is yearly visited by a great number of people.

Nine in ten who telephone take this for granted: "I do not have to tell you I am, for everyone knows My Voice."

"WHO GIVETH HIMSELF."

A Heart-Rending Sacrifice for the Book-Loving Woman.

Celia Framley had dropped in to have a chat—a "next to the last word," she always called it—with her friend, Marcia Leslie. At last, having talked with all her usual eager vivacity, she sat leisurely back, stringing her cup of tea.

"I'll have another lump, Marcia," she said, with mock reproach. "You're always forgetting that I haven't just one sweet tooth, but a whole set of them. Now tell me, what have you been doing?"

"A very useful thing, my dear," answered her friend, slowly. "I've been interesting myself in Myrtle's reading."

Miss Framley gave a little shriek of amusement. "What, 'The Duchess' and 'Laura Jean Libbey'?" "Oh, what a falling off is there!" she quoted, with genial sarcasm, for immediately her mind made a vivid picture of Myrtle, a half-pretty, wholly pathetic little figure, who plodded patiently through her cleaning cares, apparently unfitted for any others.

But Marcia had already broken out in ardent defense of her protegee.

"No, not trash at all, and you'll never believe me, but it's poetry," she said. "I threw away an old Browning text Bob had in college, and Myrtle found it and asked me if she might have it. I gave it to her—and I laughed; and I hate myself whenever I think of it. Do you know, she's read it all, with such intelligent appreciation!"

"Why, the other night she looked at the west, and said, 'Miss Marcia, I suppose that's what Browning means when he says, 'Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles.'" And for her birthday, last week, I gave her Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'—before this I've always given her silly bows and collars—and she's read it all along to her mother, and they loved it. Poor little thing! She has so few books!"

All through Marcia's speech Celia had put in little fluttering "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" of excitement and interest, and when her friend stopped speaking, she was sitting quite on the edge of her chair.

"I'm a beast, and a stupid one, too, to misjudge Myrtle so!" she declared, warmly, for she loved and admired with eager intelligence all good literature. "And as a penance I'm going to give her some of my treasures."

But in the common light of the next day her generous impulse was harder to carry out. She stood before her bookcase, fingering the volumes, and wondering how she could ever bear parting with them. A country doctor's daughter, books were her luxury. The Thackeray she had earned by endless copying of manuscripts for her father; the beautiful edition of Tennyson meant that she had worn shabby gloves for a winter; the set of Jane Austen a willingly renounced party frock.

Her beloved books! Now, half-neatly, she built her sacrificial pile. Then a sudden thought made her throat tighten and ache a little. Books had always seemed very real to her, their authors living friends. Would her idols feel that she loved them less well, cherished them less tenderly, if she gave them away? She picked up her copy of Lowell, and it fell open easily to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," almost her dearest poem. And out of the whole page these two lines seemed to spring:

"Who giveth himself with his alms feeds three, Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me!"

"That settles it!" she said, aloud. "Celia, you're a selfish pig! The best way to love the masters is to share their glory with some one else." She caught up a generous armful and ran, hatless, impetuous, to Marcia's door.

"Give these books to Myrtle—and I want her to keep them—with my love!" she panted, and she thrust out the pile. Then she turned and walked quickly away. She had given herself with her alms.—Youth's Companion.

MUSICIAN A MASTER OF WIT.

Biography of Edward MacDowell Reveals Master's Caustic Humor.

In a biography of Edward MacDowell by Lawrence Gilman, the writer quotes some of the famous musician's witticisms. On one occasion he had been told of a performance of his composition, "To a Wild Rose," played by a high-school girl on a high-school piano at a high-school graduation festival. "Well," MacDowell remarked, "I suppose she pulled it up by the roots!"

Some one sent him, about this time, relates Mr. Humiston, a program of an organ recital at which this same "Wild Rose" was to be played.

"He was not pleased with the idea, thinking doubtless of a style of performance which plays Schumann's 'Traumerl' on the great organ diapasons. He remarked simply that it reminded him of a hippopotamus wearing a clover leaf in his mouth."

A member of one of his classes at Columbia, finding more unoccupied space on the page of his book, after finishing the exercise, filled up the vacancy with rests. When his book was returned the page was covered with corrections—all except these bars of rests, which were enclosed in a red line and marked:

"This is the only correct passage in the exercise."—Youth's Companion.

Wait Until "Out of the Wood."

When thou hast not crossed the river, take care not to insult the crocodile.—Hawaiian Proverb.