

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

You will never be happy if you envy the happiness of others.

A minute of real work beats an hour's talking about it.

No umpire was ever mobbed for letting the home team win.

The coat may not make the man, but it often helps him to make a bluff.

If a man's wife cuts his hair he is entitled to a lot more sympathy than he gets.

One way to forget your financial troubles is to figure the cost of the Panama Canal.

The airship man declines to be called a chauffeur. He claims to be a professor of aviation.

Be particular in examining your \$500 bills. A dangerous counterfeit of that denomination is reported.

Emma Goldman makes it plain that she will not stop talking so long as there are any words in the dictionary.

The north pole, it seems, was located on the shifting ice. Every explorer must watch his own pole. No responsibility for lost poles!

Doubting Thomases who discredit Dr. Cook's story can ask Santa Claus for corroborative testimony when he makes his annual call.

The ex-Shah of Persia hints that he has been bunked out of his throne by Russia. But, alas, he cannot get even by playing the same trick on Nicholas.

Londoners are beginning to drink specially prepared sour milk to prolong life. Have the Londoners ever pondered on what fresh air and sunshine would do for them?

A Pennsylvanian named Kidd has named his youngest baby Orville Udyke. We can see the finish of that youngster when he ages a few years and gets out among the other boys.

Scientists say the north pole doesn't remain at the same place, but wobbles within a radius of thirty feet. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that it has staggered so many explorers.

It is expected that the next census will show a population of about 100,000,000 for the United States. The man who produces an article on which he can make 10 cents profit and which everybody needs knows what a population of 100,000,000 means.

The new McAdoo tunnels, now in operation, carry passengers from New York to the Jersey side in three minutes. The metropolis means to retain all the advantages of its island situation, and conquer, one by one, the long-endured disadvantages.

The Halley comet, after being invisible for seventy-four years, has been sighted by a Heidelberg professor, but people who do not possess telescopes will not be able to see it until next spring. It is said to think of the many famous ones who will have been forgotten before the plain people get a look at the comet.

The first anniversary of the granting of a constitution was observed as a holiday in Turkey on July 23, and in Constantinople the Sultan reviewed fifteen thousand troops before the Hill of Liberty. The anniversary, coming exactly a century and a third after the notable July day of America, may mean as much in Turkish history.

A board of army officers appointed to investigate charges of hazing at West Point, has found that the practice still exists there, in spite of all that Congress and the War Department have done to end it. The investigating board has been asked to make recommendations for the punishment of the cadets found guilty. Nothing but the severest penalties will stamp out the evil.

In order to facilitate the work of employees, the Belgian postal authorities have suggested that correspondents use red envelopes for all letters to Brussels, yellow envelopes for country letters, and green for those addressed to foreign countries. In a country so small territorially as Belgium such a plan has obvious advantages. To make it work in the United States, it would be necessary to call upon so many shades of color that a color-blind post-office clerk would be driven to distraction in sorting the mail.

"Join a readin' club? Not if I know it! I ain't no woman of leisure with nothin' better to do than read books!" Thus spoke the harassed, uneducated wife and mother, whose children were daily forgetting at home what they learned at school. "The most dangerous woman in a community is a woman of leisure. She tries to divert herself by taking up one fad after another, and while she proclaims her usefulness, she is really undermining the foundations of social order and wise charity by her follies, which she calls benevolences." So a trained worker among the poor set forth her irritation with the superfluous helper, who,

having no business of her own, occupied herself with that of other folk. Both critics illustrate the prevalent misconception of the meaning and use of leisure. The woman they describe is the idle woman. She is truly the enemy of society. Whether she reads libraries of cheap fiction, or plays day-long games of cards, or purveys gossip, or champions "reforms" as foolish as they are noisy, the idle woman is a burden and a menace. On the other hand, every woman who orders her life well and wisely is a true woman of leisure. Without some space in every day uncrowded with duties or pleasures, there is no flexibility of plan and no repose of spirit. Without leisure to furnish elasticity and to make possible some ripening thought, a woman's life becomes either a treadmill round or a wandering butterfly's flight. Leisure is the synonym for reserve power. It fosters the sense of responsibility. It illumines dullness with humor. It restrains rashness and banishes pettiness. To be without leisure is to be without wisdom. Leisure sows the rare seed which idleness neglects, and even industry cannot gather the harvest which has not been sown.

Sometimes the newspapers announce in startling headlines that a lone highwayman has "held up" a train and gotten away with a fabulous amount of money. This fires the imagination of the criminally inclined and leads them to think that "easy money" may be had without work. But the fact is that very few criminals ever profit much by their ill-gotten gains. William A. Pinkerton, the veteran detective, declared, in a recent address, that no crime pays; that 95 per cent of criminals die in debt and frequently in want. And speaking of "hold-up" robbers especially, he says few are alive and out of prison to-day. The very limited number that are in comfortable circumstances are those who have abandoned criminal lines and taken to honest work. It sometimes happens that a man who has led a criminal life for a while reforms and after squaring himself with the law builds up a competence in some legitimate pursuit. This is partly due to the fact that a successful robber or burglar must be a man of more than ordinary nerve, ability and quickness. The same amount of energy and smartness and labor that he puts into his criminal enterprises would bring him a greater reward in some honest calling, with the added advantage of being able to keep and use what he makes. The ignorant, petty and clumsy thief usually has a short shrift. He is soon caught and put away. It is getting to be quite a general opinion among detectives and students of criminology that men who attempt daring train robberies and similar crimes are men of unsound mind, probably dangerous lunatics, as no really sane man would take the desperate chances involved in such an attempt. If such is really the case, it is all the more important that what few bank or train robbers happen to be at large should be hunted down and put where they can no longer endanger the lives and property of the public.

Buried Treasures.
For me is buried treasure
By many a misty coast;
But ah! its tale and measure
Long, long ago I lost.
Or if Phoenician mintage,
Or crusted bowls divine
That held Alcibiades' vintage
Or late Falernian wine!
If Egypt's Jewelled scarab;
Or moonlight gleam of jade;
Or magic dirk of Arab,
Or Scythian idol-blade!
Or painted scroll or quiver,
Or Inca's gold-in-cave;
Or pelf from diamond river;
Or grisamber from sea wave;
Or, from Varangian barrow
Some amulet uncouth;
Or but this flinthead arrow
From hilltops roamed in youth;

I count my treasure buried
By many a misty coast;
The vanished lives, as varied,
That long ago I lost!
Whereof a cloudy token
Across my memory drives;
But no spell lifts unbroken
My many sunken lives.
—Edith M. Thomas.

He Knew the Classification.
The vigilant custom house officer was right on his job.
"Who is in your party?" he demanded of the fur-collared theatrical manager.
"The English pony ballet that I am bringing to New York," the manager responded.
"Admitted free as antiques," said the inspector, briskly, as he turned to the next arrival.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Feat of Burglars.
Bill—I see the rolling stock of the Russian railways suffers loss from the hands of thieves. Two years ago 10,000 passenger and freight cars disappeared and were never found again.
Jill—I don't see how a man can put a freight car under his arm and walk away with it without some one seeing it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Expressive.
"Of all the quaint expressions I have heard recently," said the clubwoman, "none has struck me as more delightful than that of an English woman who told me that her daughter 'would never smooth out a room.'"—New York Times.

And the man you hate is usually a better man than you are

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

BOYS AND THE FARM.
THE surest way to interest children in farming is to let them make a little real money out of it, money that they can call their own and spend in any reasonable way. You remember how it was yourself. You couldn't see any fun in farming until you began to find a little profit in the business. You became enthusiastic after a good season which gave you a chance to save money. The boy's first paying garden and the girl's nice flock of profitable chickens will anchor their owners if anything will do it. A little good advice will soon start the extremely important habit of saving money. Can he clear \$50 in a year? Sometimes, fifty dollars placed in a savings bank every year will amount in twenty years at 4 per cent to the very respectable sum of \$1,549.46, enough for a good start in business. But the moral and business training that goes with it should be worth more than the money. A successful boy is pretty sure to become a successful man. The farm boy who saves money every year is not likely to grow into the kind of men who fill the poorhouses or live on their creditors or drift about the country telling hard-luck stories. They will be too busy being good, substantial citizens and a credit to the parents who gave them a right start.—American Cultivator.

DOCTORING BY CONTRACT.
MEDICAL men are getting their profession down to a practical business basis. The latest plan advocated is called "contract practice," and it is believed this will help to solve the problem of securing proper medical attention for people who cannot afford to pay big doctor bills. It has other advantages. Many medical men who are really in love with their profession and serve altruistically rather than for mere profit believe the time will come when the practice of medicine will be divided by specialists, the general practice will be no more and physicians will all be in the employ of the city or State to serve the people of all classes commonly and equally.

Human life, in theory, has a common value, irrespective of individual accomplishments or conditions. If it were not for the altruistic disposition of medical men, together with the natural desire of the scientist to enlarge his scope by experience, causing him to treat many cases without compensation, medical science at its highest development would be controlled and used exclusively in the interest of the life and health of people who have the money to pay, and the poor American would be on a plane with the poor Hindu.

Fortunately the majority of medical men do not feel that their calling is for profit only—they serve to do good. The majority of them recognize the fact that society and the State has conferred upon them a privilege and an honor, that their opportunity to follow this

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

The late Rosa Nouchette Carey, whose death is regretted by many readers, left the finished manuscript of a novel which will be published under the title, "The Key of the Unknown." The total work of this industrious and wholesome writer amounts to some 40 volumes.

Robert Hichens' new novel, "The Knock on the Door," is described as a dramatic portrayal of a contest between materialism and idealism. It opens in London, but almost immediately the scene changes to Africa, to the Nile and the Pyramids, to the desert and the ancient temples on its border. This is a pleasant bit of news for the admirers of Mr. Hichens' previous novel, "The Garden of Allah."

Tennyson is regarded in France as a poet who is "typically English." Rudyard Kipling "does not express English thought," writes a French reviewer. "He has merely interpreted transient and factitious feelings, a temporary aspect of the Anglo-Saxon temperament." This was recognized by Kipling himself, for Tennyson, some time before his death, wrote to the author of "The Jungle Book" to compliment him for his poem, "The English Flag," and Kipling replied: "When the soldier in the ranks receives praise from his general, he does not know how to thank him, but on the morrow he fights better." It is said that Tennyson was delighted with the reply. The sweet singer incarnates to the Frenchman the English character. "His calm life, laborious, regular, had no vicissitudes other than those which might fall to the lot of the busy clerk or the tranquil shopkeeper."

The "Bookman," referring to the new edition of Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," tells us that since its appearance in 1889 the book has been reprinted every year until there has been produced the large number of 200,000 copies, the 5,000 of this present edition bringing the total up to 205,000 copies. During that period there has been only one edition, and, like the present issue, this has been published at 3s 6d—facts which the publisher believes to be unprecedented. In an "Author's Advertisement" to this new edition, Mr. Jerome supplements his publisher's particulars about its sales. "In Chicago," he writes, "I was assured by an enterprising pirate, now retired, that the sales throughout the United States had exceeded a million; and although, in consequence of its having

blessed work springs from the people whom they serve. Only a few abuse the privilege.—Des Moines News.

PRICES AND FARM LABOR.
SECRETARY WILSON returns from a Western trip with the conviction that his previous explanation of the upward trend of food prices is sound. He attributed the troubles of the consumer to the scarcity of farm labor, and he sees no reason to change that view. Thousands of fertile acres, he says, are lying idle in the Far West because their owners cannot get "hands" at any rate of pay. American boys drift to the cities, while immigrants, even if from purely agricultural districts, are either unable or unwilling to do farm and field work, while many of those who try it prove to be incompetent owing to the different methods and the improved machinery employed here.

Those who regard this theory as inadequate and who think that monopoly is not without considerable responsibility for the high prices of foodstuffs must admit that the scarcity of agricultural labor is a fact, and as such it at least partially accounts for the phenomenon in question. Hence, it is highly desirable to continue and extend the work of the Federal information division of the Bureau of Immigration, which has sought to promote the better distribution of immigration and has taken particular pains to direct the aliens to the Western States or localities where the shortage of labor is greatest.—Chicago Record-Herald.

DRY FARMING IN THE WEST.
COLORADO, Wyoming and New Mexico have recently made large appropriations for "dry farming" stations and experimental farms. This marks another step toward the utilization of the semi-arid lands of the west, where irrigation is either impossible or too costly. Dry farming is something of a misnomer. It is not farming land which is dry, but farming land which is comparatively dry. It takes land in regions where the rainfall is far below normal for old-style farming, and by a practical method of cultivation conserves the moisture which falls and converts soils which formerly were considered good for nothing but grazing into great crop-producing sections. Dry farming is not to be recommended for the easy-going agriculturist. It appeals most to the man who has a positive passion for seeing things grow in untoward surroundings. With such farmers at the helm, thousands of acres of heretofore unproductive soil are being redeemed without the intervention of irrigation ditches. In Montana alone it is estimated there are from 15,000,000 to 24,000,000 acres of land which may be dry-farmed, to 6,000,000 which may be irrigated. It is said that dry farming will reach 200,000,000 acres of land which have been considered worthless.—Minneapolis Journal.

erals. It is safe to say, therefore, that the selection of Morley for his present post is proof that England wishes to deal as liberally with India as the real facts about that region make reasonable and safe.

TIME-TELLING DEVICES.

Gnomon, Sand Glass and Clepsydra Used Before Modern Clock.
The art of telling time is as old as the earliest historical records, though the methods employed in dividing up the day into equal periods have varied greatly during the last eras, and only in modern times have watches and clocks as we know them become customary. Many of these are most elaborate, but practically all possess a circular dial or face. However, only as late as the sixteenth century many watches were oval in shape, and an oblong one with six sides kept splendid time after it had been repaired ninety years later.

Probably the earliest form of time-piece, says Harper's Weekly, was the gnomon, or index rod, of a sundial. At first this was merely an upright stick placed in a sunny spot and measuring the passage of the day by its shadow cast upon the bare earth, because the dial was a later invention. The sand glass, still frequently used as an indicator for the boiling of eggs, dates back 2,000 years and was always reliable in marking a fixed space of time, such as the hour. It has not been very many years since the hour glass had its particular place on the pulpits in our churches as an ever-present reminder to the preacher not to overtax the attention of his audience. The first glasses were filled with powdered eggshells thoroughly dried, for this material was not so susceptible to atmospheric moisture.

A still earlier instrument was the clepsydra, which measured time by the efflux of water through a tiny orifice. There were two types of these: In the first the water trickled from a small opening in one vessel and slowly filled a receptacle which was graduated to indicate periods of time, and generally a "float" pointed out the height of the water on the side of the vessel. In the second variety of this clepsydra the graduated vessel, having a small orifice in the bottom, rested upon a surface of water and gradually filled and sunk at the expiration of the fixed interval.

Equivalent Deficiency.
Fond Father—Take good care of yourself, my boy, wherever you go, for I can't afford to lose you; you are my only son, you know.
Son—Yes, but relatively I'm as hard up as you are in that line, for to the best of my knowledge and belief you're my only father.—Boston Courier.

LAND FOR EVERYONE.

The Great Northwest is Welcoming Tens of Thousands of Settlers.

Homes are to be had for practically all who apply and hardships and high prices do not and should not count in the face of independence and future prosperity. T. G. Morehead says in the Delineator. Public lands in the United States, subject to entry and settlement, amount in area to twenty-three times all the acres devoted to all agricultural pursuits in Iowa, the greatest agricultural State in the world. Were all the acres tillable, no less than 4,750,000 families might receive their allowance of 160 acres and independence. Each year the population of Trenton, N. J., or Oakland, Cal., finds homes in the new northwest, and still public lands remain to supply 160-acre homes to every man, woman and child in New York City and Philadelphia combined.

The terms are easy, yet harder than they were. It is now necessary to make one's residence on the homestead four teen months before securing permission to commute, and by paying a small amount receive patent to the land. A short time ago the residence requirements were eight months. The price asked is small, from 50 cents to a few dollars an acre, with time allowed in which to make the payments. Or one may live on the land continuously for five years and cultivate it and so get it free of cost.

Each day of the year a heavily laden train comes to a halt in western Canada and pours forth its cargo of eager-faced homesteaders. Sunny Alberta, prosperous British Columbia and unpronounceable Saskatchewan, to say nothing of unspellable Assinibola, have been in their dreams for months, perhaps for years; at last they have reached.

Poverty is behind these homeseekers, a few more days and, looking over the rolling prairies, they will be monarchs of all they survey. The reversed train disappears over the eastern horizon, but there is no regret. They have come into the promised land. Seventy-three thousand of them made the trip and took up homesteads last year. That means 1,200 coaches filled to capacity, each day of the year a train of four cars filled with hopeful humanity.

A HAPPY HISTORIAN.

The intellectual training of Edward Gibbon, the great historian, is a matter of unusual interest, writes James Ford Rhodes in Scribner's Magazine. "From my early youth," wrote Gibbon in his "Autobiography," "I aspired to the character of a historian."

He had "an early and invincible love of reading," which he said he "would not exchange for all the treasures of India," and which led him to a "vague and multifarious" perusal of books. Before he reached the age of 15 he was matriculated at Magdalen College, giving this account of his preparation: "I arrived at Oxford," he said, "with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." He did not adapt himself to the life or method at Oxford, and from them apparently derived no benefit.

Gibbon passed nearly five years at Lausanne, from the age of 16 to that of 21, and they were fruitful years for his education. It was almost entirely an affair of self-training, as his tutor soon perceived that the student had gone beyond the teacher, and allowed him to pursue his own special bent.

After his history was published and his fame won, he recorded this opinion: "In the life of every man of letters there is an *æra*, from a level, from whence he soars with his own wings to his proper height, and the most important part of his education is that which he bestows on himself." "This was certainly true in Gibbon's case. On his arrival at Lausanne he hardly knew any French, but before he returned to England he thought spontaneously in French, and understood, spoke and wrote it better than he did his mother tongue.

"I have drawn a prize in the lottery of life," wrote Gibbon. "I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow, and that their fame affords a poor compensation for envy, censure and persecution." "My own experience, at least, has taught me a very different lesson. Twenty happy years have been animated by the labor of my history, and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character in the world to which I should not otherwise have been entitled."

Reasons Enough.
Father—You seem to look at things in a very different light since your marriage.

Miss Newly Married Daughter—Well, I ought to after receiving fourteen lamps and nine candelabra for wedding presents.—Tit-Bits.

Hat of the Future.
Bella—How will you have your hat rimmed?

Bella—I haven't decided between the merits of a monoplane and biplane wing effect.—New York Sun.

Two on the Job.
Teacher—You got well tanned this summer, I see.

Johnny—You're right, I did. Between dad and the sun I'm pretty near leather.—Judge.