

## BANDON RECORDER

Second Week

BANDON.....OREGON

If we could see ourselves as others see us, we wouldn't believe quite all we do.

Cuba has held her first lottery, and the winners feel that it was a great success.

And the weary public soon will wish that both Peary and Cook had stayed at the pole.

A female burglar has been caught in Connecticut. When will woman stop breaking into men's jobs?

The theory that it is never too late to mend is very comforting to those who are in no hurry to begin.

The men who are digging the Panama canal consume 129,414 pies a year. It is certainly going to be a great canal.

A Kansas girl has been engaged seven times since June. Evidently she didn't put in much time helping her mother.

Mr. Taft confesses that he can't milk a cow. We have serious doubts also concerning King Edward's ability in that direction.

A Boston physician says it is a crime to remove the vermiform appendix. Unfortunately the operation often precedes a funeral, too.

As practically all of the rest of the records have been broken this year, why not complete the list by smashing the phonograph records?

The senior William K. Vanderbilt is quoted as saying that there have been enough divorces in the Vanderbilt family, and that there will not be any more. He is half right, anyhow.

A Washington judge has decided that chewing gum constitutes contempt of court. This is no indication, however, that this blow will put the chewing gum trust out of business.

The names of some of England's biggest battle ships are Indomitable, Indefatigable and Inflexible. A good many of the English people think the next big one ought to be named the Insupportable.

The Governor of Connecticut protests against the continued use of the term "Wooden Nutmeg State." Although not one in a thousand of those who use it means it as a slur upon the State, or knows the origin of the phrase, it is just as well to drop it. A place or a person acquires a nickname, even one wholly undeserved, much more easily than it rids itself of it.

During the twelve months ending in June there were four hundred and forty-four women in the English bankruptcy courts. Failures among married women showed a marked increase during the year, as against a material decrease in the failures among spinners and widows, and a commentator accounts for it by suggesting that a woman attempts too much when she undertakes to "run" both a business and a family. The explanation seems adequate. Successfully to manage the affairs of a household calls for as much of commercial acuteness as the average human being is able to command.

The American construction party which has been at work building wooden cottages for the earthquake victims at Messina and Reggio has disbanded. Eighteen hundred and seventeen cottages were built, and material for some twelve hundred more was turned over to the Italian carpenters. No more practical and beneficent relief was offered to the stricken people of Sicily and Calabria than that which American money made possible and Lieutenant Commander Belknap's party dispensed. From the King and Queen down to the poorest homeless sufferer at Messina, the Italians have again and again manifested their gratitude for it.

The American Bar Association, in its attempt to offer something in the way of a cure for desertion of family, doesn't go far enough. It proposes to put the deserter in prison for not more than a year and make him pay to the deserted 50 cents a day from his earnings as a convict. This will be well enough, provided that 50 cents represents his entire earnings per diem. The theory that convicts should not be turned loose with nothing is very beautiful as a general proposition based on mercy and humaneness, but there are at least two sorts of brutes whom merciful theories don't reach. We refer to wife-beaters and the contemptible wretches who desert their little children. Lock up either of these sorts, and the chances are ten to one that the innocent wives and children suffer the most, mentally and physically. If anything at all can be got out of the deserter of family, get it all. Certain it is that the convict who deserves to be turned loose to a diet of uncut grass is the fellow who has run away and left his own little children to starve, for all he cares.

A leading British medical organ warns the young men in the secondary schools and colleges to avoid medicine

as a career. In spite of all recent restrictions and efforts to raise the standard of admissions to medical schools, in spite of long courses and additional training in hospitals, the profession is so "congested" that the average practitioner finds it hard to make a decent living. The spread of mental healing and the improved sanitary conditions of our cities and towns are among the causes of the decline of medical incomes. In short, young men are urged to shun medicine unless they are devoted to the science of health, take an intellectual and humanitarian interest in it and expect to practice at a sacrifice. It may be observed in passing that there is scarcely a profession which does not complain of oversupply of practitioners and decreasing demand for their services or falling returns. It would not be a bad thing if thousands of young men "intended" for law, medicine, engineering, teaching were induced to take up farming and gardening and see what brains, education, industry and efficiency can do by way of increasing the yield of land. But, this aspect aside, there is no real ground for pessimism as to the future of the medical profession. The old order changeth, but the new situation creates new opportunities and new sources of usefulness and income. Harvard has just established a department of preventive medicine and hygiene, and here is its prospectus: "It has for its field of work the laws of health in relation to the prevention of the spread of disease; it will consider the laws of the town, the State and the country in their bearing on the health of the community, and the natural history of disease in relation to the individual and the community; it will train men for the investigation of these problems, and men to fill various offices in boards of public health and other public health work; it will meet the growing need for men to direct the people in ways of rational healthy life." It is certain that other colleges will follow this example of Harvard. The health departments and the public school systems will enlist more and more physicians in their services. More and more will be done nationally and locally by public, semi-public and private agencies—like insurance companies—for the promotion of health and the prevention of disease and death. Research will also be extended and stimulated, for such problems as cancer, consumption, pellagra and so on are pressing for solution. The human flesh is heir to are still many and terrible, and there is plenty of work for trained and earnest physicians. The period of transition brings hardships to many, but there is no occasion for anxiety as to the future.

**PAPA'S ADVICE WAS FOLLOWED**

But "Dad" Didn't Know He Had Been Talking About His Daughter.

The late Bishop Thomas Frederick Davies of Detroit, said a Detroit man in the Providence Journal, "once told me an interesting story of an elopement. He figured in this elopement as the officiating clergyman. It was in Philadelphia, during his rectorship of St. Peter's.

"It seems that the proprietor of one of the largest dry-goods houses in Philadelphia had noticed for some months the melancholy attitude of his head clerk, a young man whom he held in high regard.

"The clerk's pallor and increasing leanness, his frequent sighs and absent-mindedness worried the millionaire proprietor. He questioned the young man daily. And finally the clerk admitted that he was in love.

"Well," said the head, "marry her. Your salary is big enough."

"Ah," said the clerk sadly, "you don't understand. She belongs to one of the first families of Philadelphia and her father is a millionaire."

"Well, maybe he wasn't when he married. You have a good position and a good name. You are a fair match for any girl," said the other.

"It's no use," sighed the clerk. "Her parents would not listen to me for one moment."

"Then," said the head, "elope with her."

"Do you advise that?" the clerk asked excitedly.

"Certainly I do. Is she— Do I know her?"

"Yes. She will be at your dance at Devon-to-morrow night."

"Well, see here," said the head. "I'll have my coachman out in front of my gate at 9:30. Rush the girl off in town and marry her. I'll arrange with the clergyman for you."

"By Jove," said the clerk, "I'll do it!"

"And he did. The next night Dr. Davies performed the ceremony, and an hour or two later the millionaire found his daughter missing and was telegraphing in every direction to the young couple to come home and all would be forgiven."

**AN OPPORTUNITY FOR HIM.**

Morse Foreace (ardently)—Tell me, Miss Angle, may I contribute to your future happiness? Miss Angle—Well, Mr. Foreace, as I accepted Abe Ginterbread last evening here is wedding presents to be thought of, to be shuah.—Judge.

**FOOLED HIM.**

"He says he kissed you last night against your will."

"I suppose he believes it, too."—Houston Post.

To be a successful explorer, don't let the other fellow beat you to it.

Sawing Rails Is Not Mustard.

Rails are cut with saws. Not quietly, not at all. There is considerable racket underneath an elevated railroad

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL.

**A** MERICAN social ways and manners are the subject of much and growing foreign comment. It is wholesome for the thoughtful patriot to have a glimpse of the foreign view. Sensible Americans are willing to be judged, since they may thereby better judge themselves. In fact, self-criticism not seldom adds savor to the salt of reflective American wit. But this land has been subjected to the review of a journal from far Bengal, and to see ourselves through the eyes of a Hindu may be interesting, if not profitable. It is the American girl who has attracted the arrows of this pagan critic. His chief indictment is that of deception. He declares that the girl in the United States who is courted does her utmost to make herself agreeable to the suitor. She hides flaws of temperament. She conceals physical ailments. She disguises bad temper. She paints and powders. Worst of all, these arts are so transparent that they must tickle the vanity of the aspirant for her favor.

The ways of the American wife and daughter are the ways of open candor. Their hospitality, to those who win entrance through its portals, is as frank as cordial. But even so, the divine mystery of womanhood persists in lending its elusive charm. It defies the analysis of cold criticism, whether native or foreign. In this, as in other instances of alien observation, the American girl can prove her own and sufficient champion.—Washington Herald.

## MAKING A FARM PAY.

**S**OUTHERN farmers cannot fail to find much of interest and profit in a recent Department of Agriculture publication, "A Profitable Cotton Farm," by C. L. Goodrich, one of the government's experts.

The farm in question is located in South Carolina, and in 1902, when its present owner took possession, it was in a deplorably bad condition, after having been under cultivation for about eighty years. Now it is fertile, well improved with fences and farm buildings, and is producing crops which yield the owner a handsome profit and a large income. All this has been accomplished by a deep and thorough cultivation of the soil, by the use of barnyard manure and some commercial fertilizer, by rotation of crops and by the industry and good judgment of the farmer himself.

The farm is not an especially large one, containing only 132 acres, half of which are planted. The farmer has divided his tilled land into three equal fields, on which he raises corn, oats and cotton in succession. Before he took the farm it was producing only five to eight bushels of corn or about 300 pounds of seed cotton to the acre. The first year he made it produce one and one-half bales of cotton and thirty-seven bushels of corn to the acre. Now his yields per acre are

## SUPPOSING A CASE.

Not Supposable, but Recalls a Good Story About Theodore Hook.

Suppose within a few days a gentleman should arrive at London or Berlin from the far north claiming to be one or the other of the two discoverers of the long-sought pole. Suppose he is received with high acclaim, is the subject of unlimited oratory, is the guest of honor at many banquets, the whole land rings with his praise. Suppose that a few days later another gentleman arrives from the far north with the claim that he, he alone, has discovered the coveted pole, and the man who has received the honors and the banquets has left nothing for him, although the first coming may prove to be a faker and a fraud.

Something very like this did once happen, says the Indianapolis News. The Spanish ambassador was expected to arrive at Southampton, England. A mischievous idea came into the head of Theodore Hook (born 1783, died 1841), novelist and journalist, and above all contriver of that diversion known as the hoax. The English fleet was lying off Southampton. Hook, then a young man, knew many of the younger officers. He former his scheme and one morning a launch set out from the fleet and drew up at the quay.

In this launch was he who purported to be the Spanish ambassador, in almost royal robes, arrived two days before the expected time. The mayor of Southampton, who was to receive the Spanish envoy, was greatly flustered. It was all so sudden. He did the best he could. Several companies of soldiers, some on foot, some mounted, were called out. The bells were rung. The ambassador, accompanied by a number of young officers of the fleet, was escorted with much pomp to the mayor's palace. There was a banquet and speech making, one of the young officers acting as interpreter for the ambassador.

After it was over and the Spanish envoy was supposed to be on his way to London the true ambassador arrived. There was but a sorry reception for him. The other ambassador, who was Theodore Hook, having perpetrated the greatest hoax ever known on a mayor and a cityful, had ex- The scandal was great, the mayor and the people of Southampton had been so outrageously sold, that to make any stir about the affair would only cause them to be laughed at all the more. With the exception of the dismissal of some of the naval officers who had taken part in it little was done and the affair was allowed to blow over.

## HELPING FATHER.

The week after Mabel was graduated her father's middle-aged stenographer succumbed to sickness, and Mabel begged to be allowed to take her place till just the right kind of successor was found. "With real wages," she supplemented. So it came about that she was engaged, went duly to work, and for a week and a half, with the help of all the young men in the office, succeeded in evading her father's wrath and an inglorious discharge.

On the morning of the tenth day her father summoned her to his private office.

"Can you explain this?" he demanded, placing a letter before her.

"Letter ordering six carloads," read Mabel, rapidly. "Have investigated—sure reached your office safely."

"Oh, yes," she explained, with an air of being about to give her father a pleasant surprise. "Butler & Briggs, of course, and I remember their first letter perfectly. It came the morning after I began to work, and I opened it by mistake, and when I saw that it was important, I put it aside with some other memoranda to give to you. But when you came in that afternoon you looked so worried about something that I couldn't bear to trouble you any more. I knew mother always waits when you come home

two and one-fourth bales of cotton, eighty-five bushels of corn and eight bushels of oats. He keeps about twenty-four head of native cattle, mainly for the sake of the manure, although they yield him a small profit besides.—Washington Post.

## WANING OF FEUDS.

**I**N the days when law and order were in the making it was, perhaps, excusable for disputants to settle their controversies with the gun or the sword and for their families to prolong the strife. The survival of the fittest has always been the social religion of a new country and an incomplete civilization, but with the coming of wider education and deeper culture that law of the natural world has been abandoned as a standard of social up-building, and in its place has been founded the more substantial doctrines that impose obligation of the strong to the weak. Consequently, extension of respect and reverence for law has enjoyed coetaneous growth with the acquisition of finer sensibilities and fuller appreciation of the actual and fundamental obligations of society. With the spread of this sentiment comes a popular disposition that condemns and dwarfs the spirit upon which feudal principles feed.

Moreover, feuds, like other evils, must inevitably fall before the publicity of the press. The spectacle of a community disrupted by factional warfare presents never an inviting scene. Its carnage and anarchy, its passion and its resultant woe, depict such gruesome panoramas of crime through the cold revelation of facts as to emphasize the reprehensible nature of the things that caused them.—San Antonio Express.

## RESULT OF SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

**A** FORTHCOMING circular of the Agricultural Department will contradict the prevailing impression that the fertility of the soil of the country is wearing out, but will show that, notwithstanding the abandonment of farming districts in the Northeast, not only is there an increase in the total volume of crops, but an actual growth in the average yield per acre under cultivation. This result is obtained by restoring to the soil those elements and compounds needed and consumed by the different crops.

The well-informed farmer of the present day does not blindly send his parents out to grope for their food, but sees that it is supplied them in proper measure. Recent discoveries in bacteriology have greatly assisted the planter, enabling him to obtain bacteria, with which the growing plant may be inoculated and by which the nitrogen of the air is fixed in form available for plant food and fed to the plant as required. A few cents per acre spent inoculating the plants comes back to the farmer in increased yield of many dollars per acre.—Mobile Register.

with those three deep lines between your eyes. But perhaps that isn't Miss Foster's way?" hazarded Mabel.

"No, it isn't," her father said, dryly.

"I'm not surprised," Mabel said, sagely. "She's a nice woman, of course, but not tactful, like mother."

"Oh, I almost forgot to say that I think that letter must have blown away, for I couldn't find it next morning when I looked. But it is all right now, isn't it, father," Mabel inquired, blithely, "if Butler & Briggs have written again?"

"They have written, canceling their order, as you would have seen if you had finished reading their letter. They have been my best customers for ten years."

Mabel's eyes opened widely, then her lips curled.

"Are men as small-minded as that?" she asked. "Why, the meanest, hate-fullest girl in '09 wouldn't stoop to that. I should think," virtuous wrath in her eyes and voice, "you would be glad to be rid of such people."

That evening, after a little private talk with his wife, Mabel's father said her mother wanted to go to the mountains for a few days, and would like to have Mabel go with her.

"It would be lovely," admitted Mabel, "but it wouldn't be businesslike to leave you in the lurch. Hadn't I better stay on a day or two and break the new stenographer in?"

Her father thought it would not be necessary.

"Well, if you can spare me," said Mabel, happily, "I'll go."—Youth's Companion.

## The New Yorker in the West.

At the recent convention of advertising men in Louisville, one of the delegates who lives in the west told a story of having met a man from New York.

"Where are you from?" inquired the New Yorker.

"Los Angeles," said the man from California.

"Oh, I see," exclaimed the Empire State inhabitant. "So you're from the west. Well, I've been west some myself. Now last year I was out as far as Cleveland and stopped a while at Pittsburg. I was all around the west."

"Is that so?" said the man from Los Angeles with a great show of interest. "Well, I was up east myself not so very long ago. I was in Denver and Salt Lake City and all around. It's strange we didn't meet."

When a woman confesses to a poor memory she says it isn't long enough to reach from the dining room to the kitchen.

One of the amusing things of everyday life is to watch a young doctor trying to look wise.

## CHAIR TREASURED HEIRLOOM.

Relic Used by John Alden's Descendants More than 200 Years.

In his office at 68 Essex street William P. Church has a colonial high chair more than 200 years old that has held several generations of round-faced youngsters, all descendants of John Alden of the Mayflower, a New York Herald's Boston dispatch says.

Mr. Church is a direct descendant of Alden. The chair was given to him by his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Church Stoddard, daughter of Lydia Alden, who married Gamaliel Church. "I am sure that it belonged to your great-grandfather," Mrs. Stoddard told him. "It may have belonged to your great-grandfather."

Mr. Church feels assured that this chair was used in the family of the fifth John Alden, born in 1740, who lived in Middleboro. It may have been handed down to him by his father, John Alden, born in 1718, who also lived in Middleboro.

The chair bears evidence of its age. Well it may, for the Alden children grew up very much as children grow up to-day. On the arms of the chair are countless childish scratches. There are also one or two generous jabs with a knife or some other sharp instrument. The hickory footrest is impressed with the kickings of two and possibly three generations of chubby feet.

Fashioned in the days when household furniture was homemade and "made for keeps," this heirloom is an interesting bit of workmanship. A friend of Mr. Church interested in antiques came into his office to glance at it one day and found that he had spent a half-hour before he had finished turning it over.

There is not a nail in it. The joints, which only show a fine seam, and which have lasted for centuries, were made with pegs. The small pieces of wood at the back of the chair were made from oak barrel staves. A piece of homespun linen duck, substantial and woven on an old-time hand loom by the mother or sister in the family, is stretched across the seat.

About an inch from the floor were originally four cross pieces. Evidently the temptation of placing one's toes on one of these rungs and rocking backward and forward, irrespective of whoever happened to be in the chair, was too much for the small Aldens. Three of the pieces have been rocked away. Despite this the old chair wobbles only slightly.

## QUEER STORIES

The wasp can cut its way through a seashell.

The first motor exhibition was held in England in 1855.

Of the 12,000,000 acres under cultivation in Burma, 8,000,000 are devoted to rice.

The London hansom seems to be on the decline. Other types of conveyance are taking its place.

Prince Edward of Wales, future King of England, until a few weeks ago received 24 cents pocket money each week while in residence at Osborne Naval College.

Germany's top output for 1907 is estimated at \$25,000,000, of which \$19,000,000 was exported, and of the total the United States and Great Britain took more than half.

Compulsory study of the ancient Irish language in the new national university at Dublin is expected to meet some opposition. At Queen's College, in Cork, Irish classes were instituted four years ago. The first year four pupils appeared, only two of whom stayed out the course; the second year there was a class of two, and since then there have been no students of Irish at all in the college.

There are practically no fire engines in Japan, but the Yokohama City Council has made an appropriation to buy two. In the old days of bamboo houses, which the owners could take apart and carry off under the arms, fires caused little concern in the land of the Mikado, but the Yankees of the East have been constructing real buildings in recent years. Some destructive blazes, with heavy losses, started the fire engine movement.

It beats all what odd questions reach some of the departments of government in Washington. Not long ago the treasury received a letter from a Pittsburg man who had made a bet, asking "How many cents are there in a bushel?" The answer was not easy to offer. If the man had asked about pounds he might have received a definite answer. As it was, he got in reply a guess from a clerk, that "roughly there are something like \$320, or 32,000 pennies."

## The Naked Truth.

There is an ancient fable which tells us that on a summer afternoon Truth and Falsehood set out to bathe together. They found a crystal spring. They bathed in the cool, fresh water, and Falsehood, emerging first, clothed herself in the garments of Truth and went her way. But Truth, unwilling to put on the garb of Falsehood, departed naked. And to this day Falsehood wears Truth's fair white robes, so that many persons mistake her for Truth's very self, but poor Truth still goes naked.

Many people who have no time to play are always clamoring for something to play with.