

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

A New York clergyman says old age begins at 45. This hurts like sixty.

A disease called ascending paralysis has broken out in New York. Thus are the dangers of aviation increased.

Even Santa Claus after this will have to submit his observations and records to a committee of experts.

Have a good look at Mars. It is now only 35,000,000 miles away, and won't be so close again for several years.

When the uplift of the farmer gets through he will probably be growing a Van Dyke beard instead of crops.

Halley's comet will pass within 13,000,000 miles of the earth, but it is not expected to stop even to take water.

Better snare a careful note of this: If you are unexpectedly attacked by a polar bear, hit him with a sled runner.

The American people, weary of arctic controversy, will please rise and sing with one accord James Montgomery's lines:

It is said that \$1,000,000 is paid out in alimony every year in Chicago. This powerful lot of money constitutes the grass widows' might.

One hundred and fifty-one people have been killed while trying to climb the Alps this year. We desire to enter a plea for safe and sane Alp climbing.

Mark Twain's daughter was lately married to Ossip Gabrilowitch. While Mr. Gabrilowitch is a Russian and not a Finn, he is said to be all to the Huckleberry as a pianist.

A Boston pastor who recently became the father of quadruplets has been asked to resign his charge. But he will still be permitted to sing "A Charge to Keep I Have."

May we ask, in an unobtrusive way, if the settlement of these rival claims to the discovery of the pole does not hinge entirely upon the answer to the question, which of the two explorers was the first rival there?

The young Shah of Persia is unhappy and has tried several times to run away for the purpose of joining his exiled father. His case furnishes another proof of the fact that nobody likes a job which is thrust upon him.

An average of eight new churches built every day in this country, as statistics show to have been the case for the past twenty years, indicates that there is little reason to be pessimistic regarding the religious future of America. Moreover, church-membership is growing faster than the population.

Between 1864, when the coinage of the two-cent piece was authorized, and 1873, when it was discontinued, over forty-eight million coins of that denomination were issued, and only seventeen million have been returned to the United States Treasury. What has become of the remaining thirty million and more—for very rarely is a two-cent piece now seen in circulation? The problem of where the pins go is not the only one of its kind.

Much interest is felt in the report of the Biblical Commission which the Pope appointed some years ago to formulate the position of the Roman Church on the question of the historical character of the early chapters of Genesis, and the general subject of Scriptural criticism. The necessity of adhering to the established doctrines of the church is of course insisted upon, but there are some apparent concessions to modern interpretations of Biblical language. For instance, it is held that the account of the creation given in Genesis was intended to be suited to the popular comprehension, and it is not by its very nature accurate in the scientific sense of the word. It is therefore quite permissible to think of the "days" of Genesis as a longer and indefinite period of time. On points not directly settled by the judgment of the church or the interpretation of the fathers, the defense of individual opinion is lawful.

The satirist has had a pleasant time mocking this age wherein men affect a leaning for clothes of dull grays and browns and blacks and yet delight to parade periodically in uniform cloth and gold lace. They joke of the staid and unassuming citizen of daylight hours who is thrilled by night to be addressed as "high worshipful master" or "exalted potentate of the universe." The color sense is merely held in taut. The weakness for title is pandered in secret. After all there is no need for the shamedness over a taste for things that are bright and beautiful in this world. Life to the one who has lived rightly and healthfully and with joy in his heart is a pageant. To him everything is illumined and interesting and he can but grieve that any one should deny the need of color and form. How much more picturesque our streets might be if at least some small part of the gorgeousness in which the city or villages

indulges in in times of festivity could be a part of the daily parade. We know that, living as we do in a cleaner and more comfortable period, the clothes of the ancients were copy and admire could make a braver show now. For history tells us that though the last king of the house of Valois wore violet velvet he powdered and rouged. The lace of Louis XIV. was stained. The husband whom La Grande Mademoiselle took, somewhat against his will, was described as "well-dressed and dowdy." Men may shortly become a little more frank in the matter of their attire, admitting that the gay and airy and bizarre is not necessarily to be condemned, but rather to be presented as the public confession of a cheerful spirit.

From the earliest days the lure of the unknown has been something mankind could not resist. To travel in new lands and sail uncharted seas, to go where no one had gone before, to find what others had sought in vain—this has always stirred the blood of the race, and has led its bolder spirits into the perils and the achievements of great adventures. Such things as the search for the Golden Fleece and the quest of the Holy Grail gave expression to this before the great era of discovery and exploration, and in more modern times there has been the splendid struggle to wrest the final secret from the frozen north. Now that this last goal has been attained, there is little left, geographically speaking, to stir the imagination of men; but this is far from meaning that the realm of the unknown is all explored, or that the lure of its mysteries is calling with a less potent appeal. The field of scientific activity is constantly broadening, and in the many new worlds which it offers for conquest the fascination of seeking out the unknown is only equalled by the blessings and benefits which follow for humanity when the victory is won. Medical science has gone far, but the road is still long before it. The glow-worm reminds man that he has yet to produce light without heat, and the electric eel hints at the unsolved problem of electric power without waste in the transformation of energy. The fish mocks the efforts of the submarine navigator, and the bird those of the aviator. Thus nature points the way to the experimenter and the explorer. Then in the sphere of psychic phenomena how little is known, how much remains to be discovered! Even if the mastery of the earth's surface be practically complete, the realm of the unknown looms vaster and beckons more alluringly than ever as mankind advances.

CHILD WANTED TO KNOW.

If Conductor Called Town for Fun of It, What Was the Fun?

It was refreshing, too, when a young child traveling eastward from the far West held a conversation close beside me with an utterly pallid and exhausted mother, which perhaps deserves narrating more fully. I never saw a woman more utterly exhausted, while the child seemed as fresh at sunset as at dawn. It was when the through trains on the Boston and Albany still stopped at West Newton, and the conductor had just called with vigorous confidence the name of that station. After a pause, the child exclaimed as vigorously, "Mother," to which the mother responded, perhaps for the two hundredth time that day, in a feeble voice, "What, dear?" when the following conversation ensued: "What did that man say, mother?" "He said West Newton." A pause for reflection, then again, "Mother." "What?" "What did that man say West Newton for, mother?" To this the mother, with an evasiveness dictated by despair, could only murmur, "I don't know." This was too well tried an evasion, and the unflinching answer came, "Don't you know what he said West Newton for, mother?" Thus demanded, came the vague answer, "Said it for the fun of it, I guess." By this time all the occupants of the car were listening breathlessly to the cross-examination. Then came the inevitable "Mother," and the more and more hopeless "What?" "Did the man say West Newton for the fun of it, mother?" "Yes," said the poor sufferer, with an ever-increasing audience listening to her vain evasion. The child paused an atom longer, and then continued, still inexhaustible, but as if she had forced her victim into the very last corner, as she had, "What was the fun of it, mother?"—Atlantic Monthly.

First Love.

It is a popular fallacy that the first love is the true one, unique in its excellence, says an exchange. As well say that the first picture of a painter is the best of all he will paint in the course of his life; that the first speech, the first book, the first statue, the first composition, will be the best of the statesman, novelist, sculptor or musician, as the case may be. First works have all the imperfections of uncertainty, of inexperience and ignorance. And it is rather by chance than by anything inherent in the nature of Cupid's ways that the first love turns out to be the great one.

It Was His Business.

"I see that you are a great gum chewer, sir. It's a fine habit."
"May I ask if it is any of your business?"
"Of course it is; I'm the man that makes it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

After a man weighs a hundred and ninety pounds, he finds out at breakfast what he is to have for dinner.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHEN SHOULD GIRLS MARRY?

A GRANDMOTHER has undertaken to answer the question in the headline in a magazine article. Having had experience, she thinks she knows what she is talking about. It is her opinion that no girl should marry before she is 25 years old. There never has been and never can be any fixed rule for the mating of human beings. Ages ago parents were the sole arbiters of the marital destinies of their daughters. They gave in wedlock when and where and to whom they pleased, and the daughters had nothing to do with the bargain. The matter is one in which there is pretty nearly independence of thought and action on the part of American girls. Parents may try as they will to shape their daughters' love affairs to conform to their own ideas, but it is a rare case in which they succeed—and even then success on the part of the parents is not a guarantee of the girl's happiness. It has been estimated that a woman's chances of marriage begin to diminish at the twenty-fourth year and decline rapidly to the thirtieth year, when they have almost disappeared. The period of greatest expectation is from 19 to 23. It is between these periods that the majority of women must make up their minds, and they do it from the dictates of the heart oftener than from any other consideration.—Savannah News.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

THE Department of Commerce and Labor has just issued a comprehensive compilation of marriage and divorce statistics from all over the world, which furnishes much information of interest. Hungary alone of civilized countries leads the United States in number of annual marriages in proportion to marriageable population, with 339 weddings to every 10,000 unmarried adults. Saxony follows closely with 350, while Ireland, laid waste and pitifully poor from British oppression, is at the foot of the list with but 126. The United States average is 357. New England and California rank about 250. Therefore, it appears that the coast States, as usual, are leaving their burden of good citizenship to the Mississippi valley. The increase of divorce is shown by the fact that in 1870 but one decree was granted for every 1,233 married persons, while in 1900 there was one divorce to every 250 married couples. Illinois has been undervalued in this respect, since the figures show the States of Washington and Delaware away in the lead, while Illinois is only twenty-fourth in respect of the number of divorces granted, and South Dakota is but twenty-second. Big cities lead the country districts by a comparatively small percentage. The divorce habit in other countries is also on the increase, although religious beliefs and the great expense

VERY EXACTING BUSINESS.

It Takes Lots of Time and Trouble to Fight Bacteria.

If we are to sterilize the mouthpieces of telephones every day, to kill the bacteria and prevent infection, and must scrub the doorknobs every day for the same reason, why not be consistent and go on scrubbing and scrubbing every thing with which we come in contact? the Memphis News-Scimitar asks.

If these bacteria must be cleaned out once a day, why not once an hour, or once a minute? The pestiferous things are apt to get in any second. Of course everybody knows that drinking water must be not only boiled but distilled. We have all often enough been warned that handshaking is dangerous and kissing deadly. All of which warnings we have all duly observed of course!

Now, after having long and virtuously refrained from water as God made it and from the other entertainments, it is hard to be informed by the bacteriologists that we still are in momentary danger from microbes unless we scrub, scrub, scrub. And when we get used to scrubbing and learn to look upon it as a matter of course instead of a hardship, may not the microbes steal another march upon us through the scrub brush? Maybe we shall have to sterilize the soap and then sterilize the sterilizer. Bacteriologists are insatiable. They never know where to stop.

But their demands, if fully acceded to, would leave us no time to make a living. It would be scrub, scrub with us all the time. The farmer, instead of plowing, would have to put in all the time killing the microbes in his plow handles; the butcher, instead of killing beef, would never cease to scour his knife and cleaver. There would be nothing produced to eat, and while saving ourselves from death from microbes we would all die of starvation.

This sort of thing may very easily be carried too far. The bacteriologists must learn to draw the line somewhere.

We may soon become as ridiculous as were the Salemites in the days of witchcraft.

Stopped in Time.

"When you do tell a lie," remarked Hamlet Pate, "tell an elaborate lie."
"I don't know about that," said York-ford Hamm. "Following that policy would have lost me the job I just got."
"How so?"
"A manager wanted to know if I had ever played Richelle. I never have, but I said yes. I was about to say that I originated the part."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We are sorry things do not run your way oftener.

of divorce actions keep the ratio behind that in this country. There is no immediate danger of the great American divorce record being exceeded or even equaled.—Chicago Journal.

REASON FOR HIGH PRICES.

WHEN the Chicago packers raised the price of No. 1 beef loins from 19 to 21 cents a pound they gave the shortage of cattle receipts as a reason, and showed that there had been a falling off of about 200,000 head of cattle in the stock yard receipts during the last year. An investigation of the market records showed that the price of the grade of cattle used for such cuts was from 25 to 35 cents a hundred pounds higher than it was on the same day a year ago, while No. 1 loins were 2½ cents lower a year ago than the new price fixed by the packers. Thus it will be seen that, while the price of such cattle increased from 25 to 35 cents a hundred during the year, the price of No. 1 loins increased \$2.50 a hundred in the same interval, so it doesn't seem that the packers' theory that their increased prices are due to a decrease in the cattle receipts is fully substantiated.

About all the investigations made into the subject tend to the conclusion that in these days prices are high because they are high. This merely means that we are living in an era of high prices, and while it is doubtless true that some of these prices are the effect of demand and supply, a good many of them are high purely as a result of sympathetic influences. Holders—i. e., controllers of commodities—have found that by judiciously but persistently raising their prices and holding them firm they can get just about what they want to ask.—Indianapolis News.

WOMEN POLICE.

WOMEN police is the latest panacea for the attainment of ideal civic conditions. The idea emanates, of course, from the facile, not to say erratic, brain of a woman reformer, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, who informed the students of the University of Minnesota the other day that all Minneapolis needs to become a model city is 100 women on its police force. "One hundred women specialists put on the police force of a city would make for improvement in civic conditions."

It will doubtless strike the ordinary observer that what the average criminal needs most is fathering—administered with a strong hand. The criminal has been mothered already ad nauseam. States and municipalities vie with each other in coddling him. Large sums are spent to make his cell a boudoir and to save the poor convict from feeling the shame of his condition.—Kansas City Journal.

THE TIPPING EVIL IN AMERICA.



W. D. Howells, who recently returned from England, has given some fresh information about London's new "no tip" hotel. Mr. Howells found tipping in England "pretty near as bad as it is here." He was interested in the new hotel and went there to lunch. The place was so crowded that it was almost impossible to get in. A single daily charge is made for a bedroom, with lights, attendance and breakfast. Tipping is prohibited.

This experiment, in the heart of London, is certainly interesting. The house is run by two of London's great cheap restaurant syndicates, which is controlled, by the way, by the British tobacco trust. So there is plenty of money behind it. Its success as a "no tip" hotel depends largely, if not entirely, on the disposition of the public to discountenance the habit of tipping. We have been led to believe that the frequent and vociferous denunciation of this practice by Englishmen is more or less insincere. An Englishman wants comfort, and he is willing to pay an extra sixpence or so to get it, but he objects, naturally, to others doing the same thing. The supply of comfort is always limited.

Tipping in this country is worse than in England only because the tips are larger, says the New York Times. The English sixpence tip becomes a quarter here; the threepenny tip is a dime, and is generally received without thanks. We do not have to tip so many persons. Shopmen and policemen get tips in London. But undoubtedly the habit of tip giving and tip taking is growing in this land of republican institutions, strangely and inexcusably. It is a deplorable habit for both the giver and the recipient.

Patron Saint of Aviators.

It has been stated that the Vatican had been approached with the view of selecting a patron saint for aviators and that it had been suggested that Elijah would be an appropriate person. The originator of the story seems to have not taken into account that Elijah was an Old Testament character, and as such would be ineligible. No doubt, going to heaven in a chariot of fire would have made Elijah an appropriate patron. A Paris contemporary suggests that Sainte Colombe should be chosen. Her name alone has much to recommend her. She suffered martyrdom at Sens under Marcus Aurelius.—London Globe.

Probably it isn't necessary for a musician to be born, but it is necessary for him to have more practice than the average member of a country band gets.

A SOLDIER'S LONG RIDE.

He Carried Report 832 Miles on Horseback for Gen. Kearney.

Gen. Kearney was ordered from Santa Fe across to California with the dragoons and wanted to get his report back to Washington as soon as it could be done," relates Thomas Tobin in Outing, "and asked me if I would carry it to Fort Leavenworth. I agreed to do it and started with only a day's notice.

"I carried on a blanket, a lariat, knife, Hawkins rifle, with about a hundred rounds, a dragoon pistol and about two spoonfuls of salt. I depended on my rifle for meat and on finding Indian herds for fresh horses. I weighed about 140 pounds and was tough as leather. I got my first remount from St. Vrain at Mora, about eighty miles from Santa Fe and rode it two days, till I found a camp of Utes hunting buffalo and got a fresh horse from their herd in the night. I had to be very careful about falling in with any Indians, for they would have killed a lone man for his outfit, and half a dozen times or more I hid in some draw on the prairie till night or rode miles off the trail to keep away from their hunting parties or camps. It was very risky, too, riding into their herds, and roping a fresh horse and I always led him away some distance before I tried to change my saddle, so that if he made any noise, it wouldn't stampede the herd and wake the camp.

"I didn't dare to make a fire in the daytime but at night could cook a little meat on the coals and the little I slept was while lying on my lariat, so that my horse couldn't get away with it out of my reach. I followed the Arkansas as far as Big Bend and then bore off across the country to Council Grove and from there northeast, following the plain trail to Fort Leavenworth; in all, 832 miles, as measured later. I rode it in little less than eleven days and used nine horses; the last two I got from government trains which I overtook after leaving Arkansas."

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

For the traveler crossing the Atlantic to fancy that his passage is to be a time of rest is a mistake, declares Alan Dale, in "The Great Wet Way." He says that as soon as one establishes oneself comfortably, determined to get the good of the trip, this is what happens:

An excited passenger rushes up, and begins:

"Come to the other side of the ship! Quick! For goodness' sake, don't miss it! Everybody's there. Come on!"

He helps me up, and drags me with him to the other side of the ship, where it is blowing a gale, and it is hateful. All the passengers are there, in agitated groups. Emotion is in the air, wind-tossed. Men and women are talking in all kinds of voices; they are armed with opera glasses, field glasses and telescopes. It is a busy moment.

"Look!" cries my chaperon. "Look! See where I'm pointing? Follow my finger. There! You've got it. You must see it!"

But I don't. I see nothing. There is plenty of water, and there is plenty of sky, but not more than usual of either. There are also many clouds. I see all that, and nothing more, and I say so.

"Nonsense!" he exclaims testily. "Here, take my glasses and look straight ahead of you. Now do you see?"

I see a black speck on the horizon. I hate black specks. A year ago I saw so many of them that I went to a doctor, who told me that it was indigestion. I had to take pepsin after meals for three months. Now this idiot appears to be intensely rejoiced because he has forced me to perceive a black speck on the horizon.

"It is a boat!" he cries, joyously. "There is no doubt about it at all. If you look carefully, take your time, old chap, you'll see the smoke. Yes, it's a boat, a boat, a boat!"

If he could see a Brooklyn trolley car, a Strand omnibus, or a touring automobile, I should be able to understand his excitement. But a boat! One would think that a boat was the most extraordinary and dramatic thing that had ever happened. One expects to see boats, for ours is not the only vessel on the Atlantic Ocean.

Paste Jewels.

A ton of coal is worth a churchful of charity.

A secret that you can't tell is as bad as money you can't spend.

Cast your bread upon the waters—it may save your whole family from dyspepsia.

There are men who would be reconciled to death if they thought that could get their pictures in the newspaper.

No man can be secretly religious.

There are plenty of men who think when they put a penny in the collection plate that they ought to hear a 100-pound sermon.

Ah, was he not truly brave! He walked out without a single tremor to discharge the cook. But, being a kind-hearted man, before he reached the kitchen door he reconsidered the matter and decided to give her another trial!—New Orleans Picayune.

Disabled teachers in Munich receive pensions of 75 per cent of their salaries, and a schoolmaster's wife who loses her husband gets three-fifths of his salary, with an allowance for every child under twenty.