

## BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Peary has the usual hard job in trying to be the Cook.

Civilization will last only so long as law and order are bombproof.

If a man is a liar it is useless to tell him so. He knew it all the time.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but there's likely to be a flare-up.

My boy, you will learn that many a so-called orator is merely a human phonograph.

It's all right to hope for the best, but the fellow who spends all his time hoping will never get it.

Will some gentleman kindly volunteer to go to the polar regions and verify the Peary and Cook maps?

Hitch your wagon to a star if you must, young man, but endeavor to make a wise selection of the star.

If Dr. Wu is really after the spirits it will be necessary for them to be very careful about what they admit.

King Edward regards a fleet of battleships a sign of peace, especially when it belongs to the home country.

An Ohio woman opened an old baking powder can and found \$3.20, enough to raise quite a batch of muffins.

It would be a shame if King Alfonso should lose his job just when he is beginning to accumulate an interesting family.

What a lot of fun Mark Twain could have with the name of his son-in-law. At Mark's time of life he will feel like learning how to spell it!

If King Edward has been hunting around for a life job he has probably found it in his proposed effort to establish a friendly feeling between the lords and commons.

The execution of Ferrer will not extinguish the influence of his teaching and it is more than doubtful if it will do much to instill sounder ideas of government into the minds of his followers.

Before getting his divorce J. M. Barrie settled a handsome fortune upon the lady and made the correspondent promise to marry her. Is the age of chivalry dead, as has been alleged?

The "common drinking cup" must no longer be used in railroad trains or stations, in public or private schools or in the State educational institutions, according to a ruling of the Kansas Board of Health. One immediate advantage of this prohibition ought to be a decrease in the prevalence of contagious diseases in the State.

The Chicago & Northwestern comes along to add its name to the list of railroads which have not lost a life among the millions entrusted to their care during the last year. In this case the achievement looks pretty good, because the total of passengers carried amounted to the combined populations of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. When you come to think of it, it's quite a job transporting all those folk without running over one of them or letting them do any fool thing that might result in death.

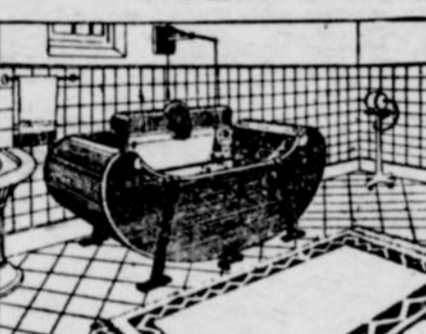
Church membership in the United States is the subject of a bulletin issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor. The statistics show that during the six years following the census of 1900 church membership increased 6.4 per cent. Of this increase 4.4 per cent was in Roman Catholic churches, 1.8 per cent in Protestant churches, and the remainder in churches of other denominations. The total church membership reported is 32,936,445, or 39.1 per cent of the total population. Of this total, Protestant churches are credited with 20,287,742 and the Catholic with 12,079,142. Of the total church membership 56.9 per cent are women. The disproportion between the sexes is most marked in the Protestant churches. In the Catholic church the men constitute 49.3 per cent of the total.

"My boy," writes a white-haired mother to her son, a busy man in a distant State, "write home often. You do not realize what your letters are to me, and how long it is between them." No, he had not realized it, and unhappily there are many absent sons and daughters who need a similar reminder. They would be indignant at the suggestion of wanting filial devotion, but in the stress of business, in the society of new friends, in the happiness of a new home circle, how rarely they spare an hour for a good long letter to the aging mother in the old home—the loving mother whose heartache, as the passing days fall to bring the long-expected letter, is one of the most pathetic tragedies of old age. The decline of the letter-writing habit of an earlier generation has often been deplored, but this feature of the decline can neither be excused nor defended. The post-card substitute for letters is

little less than a mockery when the cards are sent to the mother who wants, and should have, so much more than that. As youth lives in and for the future, so does old age always look back over the slope as it nears the summit. The parent is wrapped up in the son and daughter; but as the son grows to manhood and the daughter to womanhood, they are absorbed in the plans and the processes of building the structure of the coming years. Such is the law of life and the basis of all progress, but it is a pitiful thing when the son and daughter fail to keep in mind their obligation to the loyalty and love of their parents. Blessed are the absent ones who write long and frequent letters to the old home. Soon, they cannot know how soon, the precious privilege will no longer be theirs.

With the country, the world, in fact, busily divided into hostile Peary and Cook camps, the partisans and the middle-of-the-roadsers seem to have given little thought to the role played by Eskimos in the achievement both of the commander and the doctor. Could either Peary or Cook have attained to the Pole without the aid of these husky little brown men, with the unpronounceable names? It is extremely to be doubted. With icy climates and frozen temperatures as their native element, habituated to hardship as the millionaire is to luxury, stomachs apparently molded of indurated iron in ability to digest astounding foods, these aborigines of the far north furnished the indispensable factor of guides and pack-horses and assistants amidst conditions that would speedily put even the hardiest of white men out of commission. In a way, too, the Eskimos, both of the Peary and Cook parties, developed a strange and admirable gallantry, a sort of unconscious fighting spirit, in battling with the heart-breaking conditions which must ever attend explorations of this nature. It could only have been this driving impulse that sustained them through weeks and months of bleak and dreary toil in a struggle toward the "great wall." They were not buoyed up, as were the leaders of their respective expeditions, by the knowledge of the acclaim of history and civilization, waiting to lavish adulation as soon as they return from frozen solitudes. In all fairness, the names of these Eskimos should go down into history side by side with those of Cook and Peary. Theirs was simply the high courage and bright incentive of sheer manhood; no sordid or vainglorious motive did tempt, or could have tempted them upon such a bleak and profitless enterprise.

### MECHANICAL WAVE BATHTUB.



ACTS LIKE A PATENT CHURN.

The mechanical wave bathtub shown in this illustration was originally invented by a French nobleman, but is now being used to some extent in Germany. It resembles in form and in action certain patent churns now sold everywhere, and is intended to produce a wave motion, such action being deemed more or less beneficial from a medical standpoint.—Popular Mechanics.

**Our Taste.**  
"Sculptor MacMonnies hasn't a very high opinion of the public taste in sculpture."

The speaker, a Fifth avenue art dealer, smiled.  
"MacMonnies told me in his Giverny studio last year that the public taste in sculpture was as naive as a child's. Everything must be big and grand, regardless of truth. Then he exemplified the child taste. He said that when Lalajo, the Cordova sculptor, was modeling the King of Spain in the '90's, the little fellow said anxiously: 'Are you going to make me big in this statue?'"

"The statue, your majesty, will make you a little larger than you really are," said Lalajo.  
"Well," said the royal urchin, "I want you to make me very, very big with a long mustache."

**A Suitable Job.**  
Proud Papa—That boy of mine is a wonder. Very smart child for his age.

Disgruntled Neighbor—Haven't a doubt of it. If we were living in old times, I am sure he would be holding an office for which he seems eminently qualified.

Proud Papa (suspiciously)—What office do you mean?  
Disgruntled Neighbor—Town crier.—Baltimore American.

**The Chinese Cow.**  
The Chinese cow has been bred as a work animal rather than for milking purposes, and, beyond feeding her calf, it appears that she has almost lost her claim to being a dairy animal. A cow in China is seldom milked without the assistance of the calf.

Even new things have their faults: we can never keep new shoestrings tied.

It is possible to prove a good many things which are not true.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN A MISTAKE.

By John Temple Graves.



The average man is distinctly growing weary of the noisy and intemperate agitation of a few women for the correction of some imaginary wrongs of the female sex and for the establishment of some purely hypothetical rights.

It is calculated to dissatisfy some wholesome and happy women, and disturb a civilization with which there is nothing materially the matter. The agitation is a half century old and its present expression is notably the incessant complaints against men and a continuous depreciation of the male sex, both in the matter of its morals and its manners.

The present agitation is too fierce. It will react upon itself. Half its energy is expended in abuse of men. The present aggressive movement of the women seems to recognize nothing good in men. Men are failures everywhere—failures as husbands, failures as fathers, failures in all the relations of life, public and private, and "slave wives," fairly blossoming into misery out of comfortable and normal conditions, are supplemented by new-born viragoes openly urging "physical violence in the prosecution of the suffrage cause."

This is dangerous ground for woman. The sharp rivalries of the sexes in the ordinary avocations of life have recently washed away much of the chivalric glamour which enshrined the woman, and street cars and elevators tell the story of the familiarity which has debilitated knight-hood. If now the tongue of the termagant is to speak for the sex in this new evangel, there will surely be found men to tell women some reciprocal things that are not complimentary. There are cold-blooded, thinking fellows who see things as they are, and in merciless analysis, without restraint of courtesy, they will tell women what they think.

## BRIDGING THE CENTURIES.

By Belle Squire.



In the tragic story of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" the author makes the pregnant statement that the girl Tess was 200 years ahead of her mother, and in the statement lies the clue to all the tragedy that followed. But in the probability of such a suggestion being possible lies our greatest hope for an ultimate civilization.

Here in the cities in countless cases are examples of the younger generation crossing easily and naturally the centuries that their parents have not bridged. Medieval ideas transplanted into the worst conditions fostered by our modern civilization in cities do not make ideal homes, but into such abodes are born many of the children who through our streets and schools. Our city is cosmopolitan. Our people are from many nations and many climates. They represent almost every stage of civilization through which our ancestors have lately passed, and, once here, they are

drust, because of their ignorance and poverty, into the worst conditions which our complex civilization produces in the modern city.

The problem which our schools have to face is this—to carry these children from the stage of civilization in which they are born and live up to our own stage if it is possible, and to combat as well the evils which our civilization has produced for them, for we have by no means attained, as yet, an unmixed good.

We are in the midst of a great change in educational methods and ideas. It has been forced upon us that mere mental cramming or the acquisition of knowledge will not necessarily produce good citizens of itself. We have also begun to realize that the very conditions of life itself have changed radically and that to meet the changed conditions we must change our methods.

To a great extent the regular school is still in bondage to the past, but the summer school, a new institution, designed to meet one phase of the new conditions, is free to experiment and to expand, and in such schools are being performed the miracles of getting the children of the most backward ready to march in the vanguard with the children of the more favored. It is in these schools that the rudiments of the art of living are being taught, and it is in the art of living, more than in mere knowledge, that real civilization lies.

## ART WORKS GOOD MUNICIPAL INVESTMENT.

By Sir Wm. H. Bailey.



There are few sights that I admire more than the contemplation of a well-ordered municipality where the freely elected unselfishly serve their fellow citizens by the promotion of the health and prosperity, the education and public happiness and refinements of life, and improve the public taste by the creation of ideals of art and beauty.

I know of no better way of cultivating the imagination than by familiarity with the works of art and beauty by the study of the best poets. Many of our history makers were poor scholars. Their success was founded on their possession of that divine quality, imagination.

The grammar of ornament can be taught by examples only. Harmonies of shape and color become servants of the thoughts of only those whose eyes and fingers have served apprenticeship; and that service may be rendered to the poorest artisans in Paris in these noble institutions. We have an anxious trouble with our un-employed, unskillful most. That is apparent and self-evident. There is another class, of cultured people, educated and refined, who are utterly helpless in times of distress and when overtaken by misfortune. What a great addition to the wealth of the nation it would be if new industries could be created by using our libraries to promote industrial art in the manner that the French libraries of industry are now being used with such apparent success! We import thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of beautiful things which might be made.

## FARMING LAND IN COLORADO.

Acres Costing of \$15 Each a Few Years Ago Now Worth \$2,500.

At the present time Colorado land values are growing at a lively rate, and the end is not yet. It was but a few years ago that fruit land now worth \$2,500 an acre was bought for \$15 an acre. The cause of this phenomenal increase is irrigation and cultivation.

Colorado is but on the threshold of her greatness as an agricultural state, the Pueblo Chieftain says, and the irrigated lands to be opened to settlement will no doubt be filed upon so eagerly that those who secure the allotted portion will be indeed fortunate. The scarcity of irrigated public land and the small amount estimated to be given to the public for homesteads during the current year not only speak volumes for the overwhelming demand as compared to the supply, but clearly indicate the present sound value of their irrigated land, and, above all, the certain high value of all irrigated lands in Colorado in the immediate future.

Fifteen thousand acres of government irrigated land will be available for settlers in the Uncompahgre project and 50,000 acres of fruit land in Grand Valley, Colorado. The immense sums of money to be expended by the government in the development of these projects will be but a pittance compared to the wealth added to the state by the cultivation of the land thus irrigated. Directly and indirectly the benefit will be felt by those sections of the State wherein these projects are located, but no less surely, although indirectly, will the entire State experience the prosperity.

### Why Did He Do It?

One of the guests of a seaside boarding house had picked up a curiously shaped stone on the seashore that looked exactly like a half eaten crust of bread. It was being passed around the room, and the finder was evidently feeling pleased with himself at having found something really unique. Every one who saw it exclaimed how like a crust of bread it really was. It at last reached the quiet man in the corner, and the finder went up to him to get his opinion. "Yes," said the quiet man, "it is a striking resemblance. Didn't you think it was a crust of bread when you saw it on the sand?" "Yes," replied the proud finder. "I was completely taken in with it." "Then what on earth did you pick it up for?"

### The Way a Benedick Looked at It.

Mrs. Benham—I don't believe a word of your excuse. Benham—That's just like a woman. I don't suppose Jonah's wife believed the story he told her after he had spent three nights with the whale. Mrs. Benham—How do you know Jonah had a wife? Benham—He wouldn't have been a Jonah if he had not been married.—Brooklyn Life.

## FISH THAT CAN WALK.

Climbing Perch Travel Over Land from Water to Water.

It may seem absurd to speak of fishes as walking. The flying fish is well known, but its flight looks much like swimming in the air. We naturally think of fishes as living always in the water, as being incapable, in fact, of living anywhere else. Pearson's Weekly says. But nature maintains no hard-and-fast lines of distinction between animal life which belongs to the land and that which belongs to the water. If we can believe the accounts of naturalists, there are fishes that traverse dry land.

It is reported that Dr. Francis Day of India has collected data of several instances of the migration of fishes by land from one piece of water to another.

A party of English officers were upon one occasion encamped in a certain part of India when their attention was attracted by a rustling sound in the grass and leaves. Investigation showed it to be caused by myriads of little fishes that were passing slowly on. There were hundreds of them moving by using their side and small fins as feet, now upright, now falling down, squirming, bending, rolling over, regaining their finny feet and again passing on.

These fishes were the famous climbing perch and they were passing over the country to avoid a drought. When the stream in which they had been spending the season dries up they scale the banks and, directed by some marvelous instinct, crawl to another.

## Book News and Reviews.

Wilson Vance's novel of a Cromwellian soldier in old Virginia entitled "Big John Baldeh" is to be brought out in England by the noted Bristol publisher who introduced Hugh Conway, Jerome K. Jerome, Anthony Hope and other novelists of note. Wilson Vance is the father of Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Brass Bowl."

There will be given to the world this autumn two books about the late Lord Kelvin, one of the really great men of science of the nineteenth century. One is the formal biography by Professor Silvanus Thompson and the other is a volume of personal reminiscences written by his sister, Mrs. King—who has lately followed her brother into the other world.

Mrs. Velma Swanston Howard has returned to New York from a visit to the celebrated Swedish author, Miss Selma Lagerlof. A new edition of Mrs. Howard's translation of Miss Lagerlof's "Christ Legends" has just been issued. The book is having a success as literature aside from its religious significance. Many of the legends it contains are not to be found in the Bible and have a distinct quaintness and charm of their own.

Harry Delacombe, the author of the "Boy's Book of Airships," has been in the British army and became much interested in the subject on which he writes. He is now a specialist in it and has a personal acquaintance with most of the leading inventors. He has withheld his forthcoming book from the press as long as possible in order to get in the very latest information, and it includes accounts of the Zeppelin dirigible and the Wright, Curtiss, Farman, Bleriot, Antoinette and other aeroplanes as they appeared at the international contests at Reims.

To see ourselves as others see us is always an interesting occupation, and nothing can be more interesting to an American than to know why he is unlike the English and the causes that have made him the energetic, enterprising, active man that he is. In A. Maurice Low's forthcoming book, "The American People," these things are explained and the working of the American mind is carefully analyzed. To be told that American character has been influenced by the Indian or that one reason why we are different from Europeans is because of our "cold waves" is interesting.

Cleely Hamilton, the author of "Marriage as a Trade," frankly admits that she speaks as a spinster. Her claim is that woman's one trade or means of livelihood has been to please man, to marry him if possible, and to do the work that he judges too tiresome or uninteresting to do for himself. The result has been not only that her profession of matrimony has been overcrowded but also that the low grade of woman's wages is due to her lack of interest in her work and regard for it on account of her belief that her only respectable career was the marrying of some good man, or in case that failed in becoming the wife of an unworthy man. Miss Hamilton is an English woman and the author of "Diana of Dobson's."

### Breaking a Record.

"What was the matter with that boy (sent you)?"  
"He isn't honest."  
"You must be mistaken!"  
"No, I'm not. He said he was truthful and that he loved work, and a boy that can lie twice with half a dozen words is too swift for our business."—Houston Post.

### Too Much Realism.

"Why are you crying, Johnny?"  
"We was playing train and I was the engine."  
"Yes."  
"And pa comed in and switched me."—Judge.