

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

Money may be a curse, but the lack of it makes one swear.

Misery loves company, but not any more than happiness does.

The man whose sons are all daughters continues to regard football as a grand game.

Radium will not soon become a household necessity. It is quoted at \$9,000,000 a pound.

Uncle Sam owes more than two billion dollars, and yet he can borrow more if he wants it.

Soon aeroplane accidents will be as fashionable as appendicitis operations were a few years ago.

As a matter of fact, your neighbors think just as disagreeable things about you as you think about them.

Japan is learning the ways of the Occident; workers in the paper mills are going on strike for higher wages.

As a rule you can form a fairly accurate opinion of what your neighbors think of you by what they say of others.

It appears that out New York way Charles W. Morse has only to sit in his office, and people come and tuck their money under the door.

They have what they call an "actor famine" in Gotham. Many an actor in financial straits knows what an actor famine really is, and how it hurts.

Queen Wilhelmina's baby cut a tooth the other day, but there was so much other news in the world that the historical event didn't create any excitement.

Conan Doyle has taken up the cudgels for reform in the Congo country. He thus annexes a more difficult job than any that S. Holmes ever 'ackled.

Statistics show that Americans are the best fed people in the world. Considering the cost of living, there can be no further doubt that Americans are also the best paid people in the world.

One of the prima donnas, answering her husband's charge of desertion, says the only foundation for it lies in the fact that she refused to give him any more money. Still, he probably doesn't regard even that as being trivial.

Preparing a young man for the battle of life by paralyzing him from the hips down or by shattering his spine may seem reasonable to some of the college presidents, but it will be impossible to convince the parents of the unfortunate boy that the system is what it should be.

An anxious subscriber writes to the New York Evening Post to suggest with much earnestness that the speeches and writings of Daniel Webster be made a part of the course of study in the public schools. Probably there will be no serious objections to this. But they should not be allowed to crowd out the works of the late Noah Webster.

Farming ought to prosper in Alabama. The Legislature at its last session authorized the Commissioner of Agriculture to offer cash prizes to the farmers in each county for the best mule colt, the best horse colt, the best acre of corn and wheat and oats and hay and Irish or sweet potatoes. The prizes run from five to twenty-five dollars, and will be awarded beginning with the year 1910.

Flies are few in England in comparison with this country, and consequently the English people have no such menace to health as the fly nuisance involves in America. It is not a matter of climate, or that the flies have any aversion to British soil. The reason is found in the prompt removal of garbage and filth, and the general cleanliness of the whole island. As a result, English dwellings have no need of screens, and stories of the disease-carrying fly create no alarm.

When the civilized Senegambian in some distant century visits the ruins of American civilization in Colorado, he will come across the Gunnison Irrigation tunnel, which diverts the Gunnison River to water the Uncompahgre valley, and will wonder at the ingenuity of a race which could have constructed so marvelous a thing. The tunnel is about six miles long, and large enough to carry twelve hundred cubic feet of water a second to the arid lands of the valley. What is left of the water after flowing over the land will return to the channel of the river. It would not have occurred to any one but the daring and enterprising engineers of this age to bore a hole through a lofty mountain to carry water to waterless fields. Less imaginative men would have laughed at the proposition as madness. The President opened the gates of the canal recently and let the waters of the river flow through.

In a lecture which he delivered in New York Hudson Maxim equipped

the military arm of the German government with 100 bomb-carrying aeroplanes and gave them free entry to the atmosphere above London. He kept the fleet operating from Berlin as a base of bomb supplies for one year, and upon what he considered a very liberal allowance figured out the destruction of 36,000 houses. As 60,000 houses are erected in London every year, he concluded that the airship method of reducing the city to ruins was not very promising. Maxim is not an expert aeronaut, but he is exceptionally well informed as to the use of explosives, and should be a good judge as to the probable effect of handling them by the aeroplane route. Theorists on the other side would have some difficulty in combating his views. In fact, their task is not easy even in popular discussion. The requirements affecting the aeroplanes are that it shall be under perfect control at various elevations, that the explosives may be not only safely but effectively handled so that they may perform their deadly work, and that there may be some guaranty of protection for the machines and their occupants. In this experimental period the question of adequate control is by no means settled. Skilled operators have given beautiful exhibitions in their successful flights, and because of what they have done there are the best of reasons for believing that the aeroplane, like the automobile, has come to stay. But there is a tremendous difference between a trip across the English Channel, with elaborate precautions on both shores against accidents, and a much longer journey into or above a hostile country, a journey of many miles and many hours that should make necessary a return trip without landing. Admitting, however, that this may be possible, the effective use of explosives from the moving object in the air would still present a most serious problem, while there can be no doubt that the welcome from all sorts of military devices on the ground below would be much too warm for the aeronaut's comfort. Fortunately, however, the value of the invention does not depend upon its employment in military operations, while the warlike speculations concerning it are helpful in encouraging experiments and improvements.

He Knew His Worth.

Self-confidence is one of the most valuable qualities to one who would rise quickly. No doubt the youngster who figures in this story from the London Daily Mail is already well on the way up.

A gentleman calling on a member of Parliament one day, while waiting in the reception room, was attracted by the manner of the small attendant, and started a random conversation.

"And how much do you earn a week, my boy?" he inquired.

"Ten pounds," said the youngster, with avidity. Being shown into the member's private office just then, the visitor's surprise found vent in words.

"Mighty bright youth you have, to be getting ten pounds a week," he remarked.

"Why," said the member of parliament, "he gets only twenty-two shillings."

"But he told me just now you were giving him ten pounds a week," persisted the gentleman.

"Nonsense!" said the members of Parliament, and he touched the bell.

"Billy," he said, "did you tell this gentleman I was paying you ten pounds a week?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't? Well, what did you say?"

"I said I earned it," was the prompt and stout rejoinder.

The Cheerful View.

The family horse, which rejoiced in the eminently proper name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, adds a writer in the Montreal Herald, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Edna, the family 4-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said:

"Did old Dobbin go in the cars mamma?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother.

A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. "I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must look sitting up on the plush cushions."

Convincing His Chum.

Johnny (in the garden)—Father, father, look out of the window!

Father (putting out his head)—What a nuisance you children are! What do you want now?

Only Lunch.

"Have luncheon to-day?"

"Nope."

"Thought I saw you going out."

"You did, but I had lunch, not luncheon. I only had 15 cents to spend."

When a woman has her photograph enlarged it's a sure sign she considers herself in the good-looking class.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY THE UNIVERSE WILL NEVER DIE

By F. O. Henkel.



On philosophic grounds Herbert Spencer was convinced there must be cycles of growth and decay in the evolution of the universe. Moreover, it may be asked, how is it that the universe is not dead already? If it has existed from eternity there has been an infinite time for this dissipation to take place. On the other hand, we may say that nothing whatever can be postulated, as to an infinite universe at all, except that it be infinite, the dissipation of its energy must take an infinite time, and so the death of the universe will never come off at all.

Though it is true that the suns of the universe are growing colder by radiation, this radiant energy is absorbed and preserved by the dark stars, and the nebulae at low temperature. Of recent years it has been shown that the quantity of dark and faintly luminous matter in the part of the universe which alone we can reach with our telescopes is far greater than was formerly supposed to be the case. Photographs of regions of the sky taken after long exposures have revealed the existence of nebulous matter utterly unknown before.

Under the influence of gravitation matter tends to concentration in vast centers, but this is counteracted by the scattering action of the light pressure. This idea of the balancing of contrary tendencies is ancient, and we well remember being told of the two "forces, attraction and repulsion, by which the world is kept going." The philosophic notion is at least as old as Aristotle. "Solar systems are evolved from nebulae; nebulae in their turn are produced by the collision of suns."

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO SAVE MONEY?

By John A. Howland.



Almost universally the knowledge of how to save enters into the modern formula for success, and the question of method and ways and means to saving is open to discussion. If "keeping" every possible piece of money coming into one's possession may be miserliness, there must be some phase of saving that is reprehensible.

In my experience of men I have seen enough examples of arrested business development brought about by early savings to bring the point strongly home to me. Through hoarding earnings and perhaps making a few early ventures in speculative chances that proved successful, many a young man has acquired a bank account that was beyond his capacity to appreciate. His normal friends, looking on with both envy and admiration, have helped him to lose his head. His precocious pride has been prickled until the thought of chance of losing that which he has accumulated becomes impossible to him. The spirit of the miser is aroused in him. Whatever his business ability may have been, it is arrested in its development.

Everywhere, in every phase of life, the experienced, thoughtful person is confronted with the problem of saving. It isn't wholly the question, "Can I afford to

spend?" Quite as frequently it is the question, "Can I afford to save?" Wisdom is necessary to the answering.

"Wasting at the spigot and saving at the bung" is one of the old, old similes which approximates the meat of the whole question of saving. Each man must ask himself how much and when and where he shall save. But wisdom and experience must dictate the satisfactory answer.

WOMAN NOW COMING INTO HER OWN.

By Ada May Kreeker.



This is woman's age in part because it is an age when the finer forces that woman use and the sweeter ideals that they love are being valued by the world. In a word, the spiritual and the esthetic forces were latent in cruder ages, but now are beginning to operate.

Music has been a costly indulgence, a soft pleasure, with little, if any, hard work to do. Every girl has been expected to play the piano or to sing as a part of her education, which has been ornamental rather than useful. But music has a function of much grandeur and dignity to fulfill. The old Greeks knew this and used music to cure disease, to calm troubled spirits, to purify and uplift the mind. Their ideas are reviving. The therapeutic value of sweet sounds and harmonies is being appreciated. And the power of music to convey subtle and exalted thought is being realized. "Music begins where words leave off."

All the woman nature which lay dormant to a degree, unutilized, unrecognized, misunderstood through the base, brutish ages, is now awakening and beginning to energize in the gentler times when its subtle power and sweetness have a legitimate place.

MYSTERIOUS DISEASE AMONG CHILDREN.

By Dr. Howard L. Martin.



A mysterious new disease designated by the profession as "infantile paralysis" has lately been spreading among the very young children of Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska. The disease, though suggestive in some of its phases of meningitis, must not be confounded with that more malignant malady. Few of the babies that have been affected with paralysis have died, but in meningitis there is always a big percentage of mortality. This new ailment begins with a fever, is succeeded by vomiting and sharp pains of the stomach and completes its evil work by attacking the spinal cord, causing a paralysis of the legs and other muscle groups. The suffering, when death does not ensue, usually lasts for several weeks; then it goes away, but the paralysis continues. So far, it does not appear to be contagious, as frequently only one child in a large family will be attacked. There is hardly any doubt, though, of its being infectious. Up to this time no child has recovered the use of its limbs, and the doctors are at their wits' ends trying to find the cause of the disease and its cure.

DR. MOTHER.



A little wound, a little ache,
A little blistered thumb to take
With touch of love and make it well—
These things require a mother's spell.
Ah, sweet the progress of the skill
That science brings unto the ill!
Vast range of methods new and fine;
But when our little ones repine,
The mother is the very best
Of doctors into service prest!
Sunshine and air and mother's spell
Of helping little lads get well,
And helping little lassies, too—
Here are three remedies that do
So much more, often, than the grave,
Skilled hands that try so hard to save.
For Dr. Mother, don't you know,
Gives something more than skill—
gives so
Much of herself; oh, so much
Of love's sweet alchemy of touch!
Upon a little ward-room bed

A little curl-encircled head,
A little slender hand and pale,
A little lonesome, homesick wall,
Loved nursing best of skill and care
When oh, behold the wonder there
When Dr. Mother, bearing sun
From where the winding roses run,
Leans down with hungering love and
kiss!
There is no medicine like this!
In little child-heart's hour of woe,
Rain, ache or life-wound's throb and
throes
The Dr. Mother knows so well
The weaving of love's wonder-spell—
Just what the little heart requires;
Just how to cool the fever fires;
Just how much tenderness and cheer
Will calm the little doubt, and fear;
How much of tenderness will ease—
Alone she knows such arts as these!
—Baltimore Sun.

A Shocked Scot.

The London Chronicle says that two Englishmen recently touring in Scotland found that Sabbatarianism occasionally extends to the middle of the week. They were forced by the weather to take refuge in a small country hotel and after lunch adjourned to the billiard room to kill time until the rain stopped. The game had hardly started when the landlord entered in a very drunken condition, unbranded his visitors for their unseemly conduct and insisted on their leaving the billiard room. They received profuse apologies from the landlady. Her husband always got drunk on Sundays, she explained, but, mistaking the day, he had got drunk on Thursday in

stead, and from force of habit, believing it was Sunday, had been shocked at the click of the billiard balls.

She Was Willing.

He—Do you know that as long as I have known you I have never seen you dressed in white?
She—Indeed! Are you, then, so partial to the color?
He—Not exactly that, but whenever I see a girl dressed in white I am always tempted to kiss her.
She—Will you excuse me for a quarter of an hour?
Don't bank on the veracity of any woman who tells a man he is handsome.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



When the devil gets a chance to plant a thorn in a good man he puts it where it hurts. You can't get into the second chapter of anything worth while without finding woman there in all the pictures.

The bilious man is never an optimist.

A lost opportunity never finds its way back.

Truth never dodges, no matter how hot the fire is.

The right kind of goodness is always good for something.

A lazy man does his hardest work in looking for an easy place.

Unbelief is the egg out of which all sins are hatched.

The man who fails to look ahead will soon fall back.

It costs more to be proud than it does to be generous.

When God sends His people to the furnace He goes into the fire with them.

The man who sits down to wait for a big streak of good luck will need a good cushion on his chair.

In some places they call a man professor simply because he professes to know things he doesn't know.

Many a noodle is stumbling through the world on crutches because he couldn't learn anything from his mistakes.

"They will be done on earth" will mean nothing in the church on Sunday unless it means something in the shop and the store on Monday.

ACCIDENTAL NONSENSE.

It is not surprising that the gifted inventor of such classic imaginative nonsense as "The Jumbies" and "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" took a keen delight in the real nonsense of real life whenever he chanced to encounter it. During a doleful stay in a dreary little mining village where it rained all the time, and he was not well and could not accomplish the work he had set his heart on doing, the late Edward Lear, although a good and decorous churchgoer, found his source of cheer in the parish clerk.

"O beloved clerk!" he wrote gratefully to a friend. "He reads the Psalms enough to make you go into fits. He said last Sunday 'As white as an old salmon,' instead of 'White as snow in Salmon.' 'A lion for 'alien'—'to my mother's children,' and 'they are not guinea-pigs,' instead of 'guiltless.' Fact: but I grieve to say he's turned out for the same, and will never more please my foolish ears."

Even funnier was the erratic English of a foreigner, which once enlivened for him the prolonged formalities of an official dinner.

"Sitting next to the captain of an Austrian frigate at Sir H. Sterle's on Thursday evening," he recorded, "the German officer said to a subaltern—the conversation was about the good looks of women—I do think the Englishwoman conserve her aperiens galship (girlhood) longer than all the women; even as far as her antics (antiquity, age)."

"The subaltern withered with confusion till I ventured to interpret. The Englishwoman preserves her appearance of youth longer than all women—even if she be old."

One Sited Gambling.

"One need only to try his luck at any of the Riviera gambling palaces to learn how slender are the chances to win at roulette," says a German correspondent writing from Ostend. "But if he would experience the gambler's disadvantage at its best let him come to Ostend and join the baccarat players. The game as it is played gives the man who places his money against the bank no chance whatever, and if it were known how much money is sacrificed in a season in the endeavor to win by luck and by system the public would be horrified. It is nothing unusual for the bank to win twenty-four times before an outsider wins once. The people who play, if they have ever played before, know this, and still they come again, respond to the call until they depart and plant their gold in the baccarat mire in the hope that it will bear fruit. It does. But what is the harvest?"

Polar Ode.

The arctic jokes have the floor,
The bards insult the muse,
When writing odes to polar roads,
And giving men the "blues."

Through all the land we hear the roar,
Of angry men who swear
"That Cook ne'er found the icy mound"
Or "Peary wasn't there."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Didn't Believe It.

The Squire—That's a splendid horse, Giles. I suppose you feed it daily with punctuality?
Giles—Now, zur. None o' yer noo-fangled foods vur me. Just 'ay and oats—oats and 'ay.—London Telegraph.

The hay-fever victim appreciates anything that is not to be sneezed at.

Ten to one it's your own fault if luck is against you.