

## BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Plenty of land in this country yet. No woman ever expects glad tidings to come by telegraph.

We observe that President Diaz will "virtually retire." The emphasis is on the "virtually."

Indeed, my boy, the man who won't get up in the morning can't expect to get up in the world.

Collector Loeb says people are becoming more honest. Mr. Loeb has done what he could to show them how.

Is there a Santa Claus, or isn't there? If you leave it to us, we say "yes," and a reckless old boy he is getting to be, too.

A University of Wisconsin professor believes schools should be kept open all year. He doesn't seem to care what the boys think of him.

Professor Hyslop wants \$50,000 to carry on the work of psychical research. This must be an appeal to a philanthropist with the right spirit.

Hereupon arises the necessity of reconstructing the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, or of taking it down. Gee-bernard Shaw does not like it.

The dukes are not at all afraid that the English people will decide to abolish the House of Lords. No house of lords has ever been abolished in England.

The \$5,000 paid by a New York yachtman to a sailor for saving his life represents the average value of a life as estimated for American jury awards.

In the sugar scandal they are after "the men higher up." When last seen the said men were climbing hastily over the ridgepole and dropping off into the alley.

A Philadelphia preacher has arranged matters so that half a dozen of the prettiest young women in his congregation act as ushers. A largely increased attendance of men is reported.

A New York widow who possessed many millions and might have married some foreigner with a title has become the wife of an American who isn't even a colonel on any governor's staff. Aren't some women strange creatures?

It is one of the most scandalous facts in our national life that it is not the ignorant and degraded elements of society that are the most serious menace to our institutions and our common life, but representatives of the intelligent and educated classes.

Canada talks about an army of 50,000 men for her prairie provinces. Such an army would be too little to be a menace to the United States and too big for any other purpose. In either case it will be too expensive for a country that needs all its money to develop its resources.

The race has outlived all its threatened dooms. Physicians tell us that we waste a billion dollars annually because potential laborers are needlessly sick with fevers and tuberculosis, which can be prevented. We are threatened with lumber famines, pulp famines, food famines and coal famines. And still we survive. Whole races have been wiped out through the ignorance of the past, by disease, and by the failure to husband natural resources. But the race thrives again, and nature still proves inexhaustible. We "rise on the stepping stones of our dead selves" to better things.

To a degree that men of the early nineteenth century never dared to hope, society is being internationalized, and all the serious aspects of human endeavor and speculation are more and more being faced by men as men, and not as members of races or as citizens of nations. They agree in intellectual aims, social desires, human feelings; but they differ radically in the speech with which they define their aims, their hopes and their desires. Are they to be forever debarred from complete interchange of their ideas and ideals by lack of a common speech? Are the records of their united action always to be written in diverse tongues? Is the language of science to be shaped by Babel?

The demonstration made this year of the agricultural possibilities of Alaska may serve to quiet the alarm of a failing food supply. Vegetables raised in the Tanana valley, within two degrees of the Arctic circle, have been placed on exhibition in the Eastern States surpassing the products of some of the famous market gardening regions, both in quality and yield. There are potatoes weighing three pounds each, which would take the premium for quality at most any county fair. The yield is said to be as high as 540 bushels to an acre. There are cabbages, turnips, beets, mangels, carrots and parsnips, all larger and finer than the average. There are also fine specimens of wheat, oats, barley, timothy and red-top hay. Although the growing season up in that latitude is short, the

crops can be raised in much shorter time, owing to the prolonged sunshine of the summer day. It may be said that the products of Alaska will never make much impression upon the world's food supply, but Alaska is not the whole story. There are immense northern areas in Canada and across the straits in Siberia that will, with proper cultivation, produce food in great abundance. The distribution of this food will be a question of transportation, which is in the way of being solved by the projection and construction of railroads, through regions which were formerly supposed to be regions of eternal snow and ice. A large percentage of the arable surface of the earth is as yet unworked by the plow. The time when the population will outrun the means of subsistence is many generations ahead of us, and may perhaps never come, as by the time the land is all occupied intensive cultivation may indefinitely increase the yield of the soil.

The discussion of the lists of "best sellers" that are published monthly has been renewed owing to some interesting "confessions" of a popular novelist, who admits that he manufactures harmless but "thrilling" fiction for this great market. It is intimated that many authors and publishers would like to see the lists discontinued, for in many instances they represent wishes rather than facts, and in some cases they create false impressions. However, the honest lists of best sellers have never given any support to the assertion of some hasty critics that only ephemeral and worthless novels figure in these lists. The fact is, as the anonymous writer who has confessed his sins points out, that "the best novels by the best English and American writers have generally been included in these lists." Even so "old-fashioned" a novelist as De Morgan, who makes no concessions to the fads and fancies of the day, has "shared the ignominy of popular success," to say nothing of Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Ward, Churchill, Owen Wister, Hewlett, Wells and others. Undoubtedly many of the best sellers are not literature at all, but the qualities which please in them—romance, plot, adventure, humor—are generally wholesome and natural. "There are not enough novels of the first order," to quote the "confessions" further, "to satisfy the popular demand, and while the people wait they take inferior books, which have no aim but to amuse." And there is this difference—the really good novels are steady sellers after they disappear from the lists of best sellers, while the made-to-order variety is short-lived and has no hope of resurrection. And this latter fact suggests an adjunct to the system of ascertaining and publishing lists of best sellers. These lists, apart from the element of dishonesty that has been charged against some of them, merely indicate the state of the market. What publishers and lovers of letters might do to encourage good work and artistic education is to prepare and furnish semi-annual lists of steady sellers, of novels and volumes of essays, biography and history that have survived and that stand out as works of merit and value—works that the great public should not forget. How many books deserve praise and commendation in a retrospective survey of literature? These are interesting questions, and the proposed lists of steady sellers, books "crowned" by the consensus of critics and thoughtful readers, would answer them to some extent.

**GOD HAD HELPED HIM.**  
**Case Adopted by Rabbi to Cure Moral and Physical Sufferer.**  
A story is told of Rabbi Wilderwitz, who is well known on the east side, the New York Press says. A recently arrived skeptic and cynic came to see him once with a "case" intended to put the reverend gentleman "up a tree." He called and begged to be healed and consoled.  
"I suffer," said the skeptic, "from two maladies. I have a great weakness—I cannot tell the truth, and that hurts my soul terribly. And I have lost the sense of taste in my mouth; something is wrong with my tongue."  
Mr. Wilderwitz studied the man a moment, seemed to be perplexed, and said: "Come again to-morrow. It is a difficult case. I shall have to reflect upon it. If God wills, I shall be able to help you."  
When the patient returned next day the rabbi brought forth a pill he had prepared, told the doubly afflicted man to open his mouth and showed it in. The pill was of considerable size. Scarcely had the patient allowed it to dissolve in his mouth when he began to spit, with an expression of the greatest disgust, and exclaimed:  
"What do you mean? That's tar and sulphur and kerosene you gave me. Do you want to poison me? Phui!"  
"Well, what are you making so much noise about?" laughed the rabbi, with great heartiness. Hasn't God performed a miracle? You have told the truth; it is really tar and sulphur and kerosene. And you have actually recovered the sense of taste in your mouth!"

**A Doubter.**  
"I have just had an idea—"  
"Excuse me, you'll have to produce your Eskimos and submit your data to Copenhagen before I can credit your assertion."—Houston Post.

When the coal supply is low, one member of the family stays in bed longer in the morning to keep warm, and refuses to worry about it. That member is an Optimist.

## REMINDED.

**After She Had Heard the Story Miss Cordelia Wanted to Telephone.**  
"We're all upset here this morning," said the young woman who was showing ready-made suits to Miss Cordelia Grant. "One of the girls in our department lost her mother very suddenly. I've been trying to get together some black things for her to wear."  
Miss Cordelia looked disturbed. She had suddenly remembered a hurt expression on her own mother's face. It had been just before she left the house that morning. Then, with a murmur of sympathy, she gave her attention once more to deciding between the gray stripe and the small brown check.  
Half an hour later, when she had chosen her suit and was waiting for the fitter in a small mirror-lined room, the saleswoman, who was waiting, too, spoke again of the matter that was filling her heart.

"One of our girls lost her mother last night," she said, quite forgetting that she had told it. "I had just finished getting together some black things for her when you came in."  
"Yes; you were telling me," Miss Cordelia answered, with the same troubled look that had come before.  
"Was I? Well, I can't think of much else. It was so terribly sudden. Her mother had supper all ready, just as usual,—they two lived together,—and then she dropped dead, a few minutes before the girl got home."  
"Oh!"

"Wasn't it terrible? Heart failure, I suppose. And Frances was telling me only yesterday she didn't know how she could ever live without her mother—they were so wrapped up in each other. Wasn't it strange that should happen on the very day? One good thing, though. She told me that if either one of 'em should be taken, there'd be nothing but sweetness for the other to remember—no hard words, ever. I'm glad of that." She wiped her eyes. "What is it, madam? Something missing?"

"No," said Miss Cordelia, who had been searching through her bag. "Only I must get a nickel somewhere and send a telephone message."  
"I have one right here. Yes, and welcome. I tell you, as soon as I heard of Frances' trouble, I couldn't do a thing till I got a dime changed and called up my mother, just to make sure she was safe. All I could think was that if a certain remark I made before I left the house should be the last word I'd ever have a chance to speak to her. When I got to the telephone, there I found two other girls waiting to do the same thing."  
A gleam of sisterhood lighted Miss Cordelia's face. "It's exactly what I want of this nickel," she confided, as she took it.—Youth's Companion.

## SQUIRREL AND THE PLAGUE.

**Rodent Is Shown to Be an Incubator of the Black Death.**

One hot day in the summer of 1903 a German blacksmith in the country town of Pacheco, Cal., wanted a mess of ground squirrel for his dinner. He banished his forge, hung up his leather apron, took the old shotgun from its pegs on the wall and had an excellent afternoon's sport in a nearby field. That evening he feasted on fat, tender broiled squirrels. Three days later he was taken violently ill—so ill, in fact, that the physician who was called sent him to the German hospital in San Francisco. The doctor, a man of keen intelligence and acute observation, realized that he was dealing with a disease which he had never met before and the exact identity of which he was unable to determine.

At this time bubonic plague existed in Chinatown, San Francisco, and the task of eradicating it had been assigned to a young officer of the public health and marine hospital service who was afterward to take foremost rank among the world's authorities on that disease. His ability was already recognized by the medical profession, and he was called to diagnose the strange disease which had attacked the country blacksmith. He saw at once that the patient was suffering from bubonic plague—the black death—and was able to prove this bacteriologically after the death of the man.

Passed Assistant Surgeon George W. McCoy of the federal laboratory in San Francisco, whose bacteriological work on the ground squirrel marks an advance in plague investigation, finds that many of the ground squirrels sent in for examination have the disease in light form or are recovering from a severe attack. William Colby Rucker says in Harper's Weekly. Usually when the germs from such a case are injected into rats or guinea pigs they die quite as rapidly as if they had been given a dose of the most virulent plague bacteria known. In other words, although the disease does not seem to kill off all of the squirrels after it has traveled through several generations, it retains its virulence when injected into another species. The squirrel, then, is the animal in which the disease is kept alive, a sort of natural living incubator, as it were, and when plague leaves the squirrels for another species widespread death and suffering follow in its train. Dr. Blue's officers and men have scoured the city of San Francisco and ridden it of plague. The present movement looks to the eradication of this outside focus, the extermination of the disease from California.

It keeps the State legislatures busy making new laws as fast as the old ones are broken.

The man who makes a specialty of looking wise usually isn't.

## FARM AND GARDEN

**Stick to the Farm!**  
"Stick to the farm," says the President To the wide-eyed farmer boy. Then he hies him back to the White House home, With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king To the lad who looks afar. Then hies him back on the double quick To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman To the youth on the worm fence perch. Then he lays his ear to the ground to hear A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise, To those who would break the rut. Then hies him where the appendix grows In bountiful crops to cut. —McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

## Why Boys Leave the Farm.

An official connected with an eastern agricultural college has made a summary of the reasons given by 155 sons of farmers for abandoning the pursuit of their fathers. Sixty-two of this number said that farming does not pay. A strong argument can be made on the idea that it pays better than other forms of business. The secretary of agriculture has stated that the products of the soil in this country in 1905 reached a value of \$6,000,000,000, which is a good deal of wealth to divide up as a reward in one industry. Seventeen of the young men said the hours of labor on the farm are too long. No doubt they meant at certain seasons, but this is a detail open to adjustment. Twenty-six thought social advantages on the farms are not equal to those in cities, which is also a matter of opinion. Sixteen said they had a natural bent for something else, which is a point that deserves consideration always. Others objected to farm monotony, and fifteen said they would return to farming as soon as they made a pile of money at something else.

Many of these young men are the victims of illusion, and, unfortunately, of a kind curable only by experience. Probably they are not aware that 90 per cent of those who branch out into general business fail to accumulate any considerable wealth, while the positive wreckage in means, health and comfort is large. A farm is never monotonous to a good farmer. It is rather a book of fresh interest each succeeding day. A surplus at the end of a year is the rule on the farm; in the city a surplus is the exception, and the style of family living, on the whole, is in favor of the country. But statistics show that plenty of boys remain on the farms. The farming population of the United States in 1900 was four times as large as in 1850, and the value of their property increased five fold, or from \$4,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

## Do Farmers Read Bulletins?

I have noticed one thing in particular while traveling in some of our best agricultural states, and that is, when I see a number of well dressed farmers discussing beef and milk rations, feeding young animals for a healthy development, nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus and their functions in plant growth and protein and carbohydrates and their functions in animal growth, I am invariably in a prosperous and up-to-date community. Now, the question is, do the best and most intelligent farmers read their bulletins and keep in touch with their station workers and read the agricultural press, or does the reading of these bulletins and agricultural papers make more intelligent farmers? It is one or the other considered from either standpoint, for these bulletins and agricultural papers are not read by the poor and uneducated class of farmers, neither do they circulate as freely among the poorer farmers as they do among the farmers in the better agricultural communities. —Agricultural Epitomist.

## No Use for the Horns.

When cattle were raised on the range a good set of horns was necessary for protection. An all-wise creator put them there for that purpose. On the farm a cow or a steer is not in need of horns. Breeders are breeding them off very rapidly. Even the long-horned Hereford has a polled strain now, and it is predicted by many that within twenty-five years a horned animal of the bovine race will be a curiosity. On the other hand, advocates of horns say the hornless strain of every horned breed is undersized, and until it can come up to those that have horns in size and weight people will want the horned cattle of both shorthorn and Hereford breeds. However, there is no reason for leaving the horns on after they are there. The time to take them off is when the animal is young, and the way to do it is with any of the prepared horn killers. But take them off with the saw rather than let them go. It is more humane to do it than not to do it. —Farmers' Mail and Breeze.

## Brush for Soil Wash.

There is nothing quite so good as fine brush to catch and hold soil wash. Where small trees are used to fill a gully the top of the tree should be placed toward the head of the gully, so that all soil and trash coming down will be caught in the forks of the branches. If the tree is placed in the opposite direction the descending trash will slip more easily by and over it. For the same reason, in filling a gully with brush and branches, the tops of the brush should be placed upstream.

Where gullies have been formed during the summer by soil washing it is well to fill them as early as possible in the fall while the leaves are still on the brush with which they are filled. When they are filled early and before the leaves of the trees have fallen, many leaves, as well as grass and weeds that may be blown about the fields by fall and winter winds will be caught in the brush to decay, will help fill and will form good soil. The brush itself will decay in a year or two, so that when the gully is filled it cannot only be plowed over, but will become the best soil. Never fill a gully with soil, unless some brush or similar material is put in the bottom to hold the soil.

In mending a steep place in the roadside, briars, brush and all fence row mowings make good material to lay down to place the dirt upon. If rocks are available it is best to first lay brush in the place to be filled, then place the rocks upon the brush, and last the dirt upon the rocks and brush. These will hold and bind the dirt until it becomes settled and firm, and it will be less subject to washing and being cut up by travel in wet weather. Never burn a bit of brush on the place, but put it to some good use.

## Breeding Swine.

In breeding swine or live stock of any kind the breeder should have a well defined object in view, a point toward which to work, a type, an ideal, if you will, well fixed in his mind. All hogs of the same breed are not alike, and it is this fact that makes improvement of any breed possible. There are different types of the same breed for the breeder to select from, and the intelligence and judgment used in the selection of the animals reserved for breeders will sooner or later demonstrate the success or failure of the breeder. Of course, methods of feeding and care cut an important figure. Many men who are good feeders of swine are very poor breeders, but few good breeders are poor feeders. The tendency of all our improved animals is to revert backward toward the original type, and in the case of swine it should be borne in mind that while there is no stock that can be so rapidly improved by judicious selection, care and feed, there is none that will degenerate so quickly under neglect.—Kansas Farmer.

## Vitality of Seeds.

The period for which the seeds of different plants maintains their vitality varies a good deal. The seeds of some vegetables are worthless after they are two years old, while the seeds of other plants improve with age until a certain period. For instance: the seeds of artichokes are good until they are three years old; asparagus, four years; beans, two years; kidney beans, one year; beets, ten years; broccoli, four years; cabbage, four years; carrot, one year; cauliflower, four years; celery, ten years; corn, three years; cucumber, ten years; egg plant, three years; endive, four years; kale, four years; leek, two years; lettuce, three years; melon, ten years; pea, two years; okra, two years; onion, two years; pumpkin, ten years; radish, four years; salsify, two years; spinach, four years; squash, four years; tomato, two years, and turnips, four years.

## Scab in Sheep.

The disease commonly called sheep scab is one of the oldest known, most prevalent and most injurious maladies which affect sheep. It is a contagious skin disease caused by a parasitic mite. Investigation has shown that the disease is not hereditary, as the parasites which cause it live on the external surface of the body. It is possible, however, for a lamb to become infected from a scabby mother at the moment of birth or immediately thereafter. The treatment must consist of external cures to "purify the blood." Proper hygienic conditions alone, though of importance in connection with the subject of treatment, cannot be relied upon to cure scab. The only rational treatment consists in using some external application which will kill the parasites. By far the most rational and satisfactory and the cheapest method of curing scab is by dipping the sheep in some liquid which will kill the parasites.

## Silo Feeding.

Not only must the silo be erected, shelter must be provided for the cattle during winter. Then if corn is fed in the form of silage there will be successful results. A great many farms buy stock cattle in the fall of the year, turn them into stalk fields and resell them toward spring as feeders. If the market is normal there will usually be a profit, but it, nevertheless, is a wasteful practice. A much greater profit would be secured from silo feeding as mentioned.

## The Cost of Keeping a Cow.

According to careful experiments, the cost of keeping a cow a year with the best of feed and shelter, labor and interest on the investment included, all told, amounts to \$55. If, then, the cow can not be made to produce more than \$55, she is not worth keeping. A good cow ought to produce at least \$110, or double the cost of her keep.

## HINTS FOR BERLIN FRAU.

**Clapjacks and Pumpkin Pies to Be Made at Exposition Next Year.**  
The American woman in all her glory is to be shown at Berlin's American exposition in 1910. Preliminary arrangements for such an exhibit have just been made by Mrs. Norma Knupfel-Lutge, who, despite her Teutonic name, is a native-born American, having just left New York to take up her residence in Berlin, the New York Times correspondent says. She is well known in a managerial capacity in the United States through her connection with important musical enterprises. The celebrated Leipzig Philharmonic orchestra, under the conductorship of Hans Winterstein, toured the country in 1900 under Mrs. Knupfel-Lutge's direction, and Daniel Knupfel, her husband, was the first tour of America to her hands a few years later.

Mrs. Knupfel-Lutge's plan is to exhibit feminine America to Germany from all sides, but particularly in the home, in order to show that the hausfrau flourishes in the United States, too. She has proposed to transplant interiors of model dwellings representing every stratum of Yankee womanhood, from the working woman to the society queen. Characteristic American kitchens will be seen in the act of turning out such world-famous specialties as flapjacks, corned-beef hash, pumpkin pies and other things no other used to make.

Special attention will also be bestowed on American feminine togger, which is so admired by German and other European women.

The department in short is to be a composite of things which make American women, in the estimation of their husbands, the best housekeepers and the best dressers and, all around, the best women in the world.

The promoters of the exposition welcome Mrs. Knupfel-Lutge's project enthusiastically and promise to devote to the department enough space to make it one of the prime attractions of the show. If the management carries out its purpose of having a bevy of typical Gibson girls recruited from various sections of this country to preside over the department, the success of the enterprise is assured beyond the question of a doubt. Maj. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures of the United States department of commerce and labor, sends word that the department is doing its utmost to interest American merchants and manufacturers in the Berlin show.



## Pellagra.

The dreaded disease called pellagra is common in Northern Italy, in the south of France, in Spain and in countries further east in Southern Europe. It begins with an eruption on the skin, which breaks out in spring, continues till autumn and disappears in winter. It affects those parts of the surface which are always exposed to the sun and the air. The disease is accompanied or preceded by remarkable lassitude, melancholy, moroseness, hypochondriasis and not seldom by suicidal mania. With its progress and duration the disorder becomes more aggravated, with shorter and shorter intervals in winter. At length the surface ceases to clear itself, and becomes permanently enveloped in a thick, livid, leprous crust, somewhat resembling the dried and black skin of a fish. By this time the vital powers are reduced to a very low ebb, and not seldom the intellectual functions as well. The victim loses the use of his limbs, especially of the palms and soles, tormenting the victim day and night. To these severe afflictions are often added strange hallucinations. The disease, when advanced, takes the form of many other maladies, such as tetanus, convulsions, epilepsy, dropsy, mania and marasmus, the patient being at last reduced to the appearance of a mummy. It is mainly confined to the poor residing in the country districts, and is seldom seen in very young children. The cause of the disease is traced to the eating of altered maize, in which putrefaction occurs during the warm season.

## Eve and the Apple.

Princess Duleep Singh at a dinner in New York said that she found the American woman a marvel of beauty and the American man a model of good looks and kindness.  
"The American man," said the charming princess, "is rightly held up to the world as the pattern husband. In Europe they have a saying about Eve and the apple which shows how wretched a failure the European husband is. This saying is unknown in America, I am sure. It would have no point, no application, here in the land of pattern husbands. The saying is this: 'The evil one didn't give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because the evil one knew well that the man would eat it all himself, but the woman would go halves.'"

## A Legal Difference.

The Client—How much will your opinion be worth in this case? The Lawyer—I'm too modest to say. But I can tell you what I'm going to charge you for it.—Cleveland Leader.