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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF BANDON

UNDER THE OCEAN

Changes in the Sea Floor From Shore to Shore.

THE BIG MID-ATLANTIC RIDGE.

It Starts at Iceland and Bisepts the Ocean Down Almost to Cape Horn. In Places It Rises Above the Surface, Forming Groups of Islands.

A sketch of the "landscape" of the ocean bed is given by Dr. A. E. Shipley in an article in the Edinburgh Review.

"The passengers and the crew of a liner racing over the surface of the Atlantic are apt to imagine that under them is a vast layer of water of varying depth sparsely inhabited by a few fish. As a matter of fact, the whole of this great ocean is teeming with life.

If instead of taking ship we could take to the water and walk across the bed of the Atlantic to America, starting from the shores of western Europe, we should in effect be traveling through a succession of new countries. Not only would the surrounding physical conditions vary as we advanced, but the animal and plant life would vary in correlation with the altering physical conditions.

"Walking farther and farther toward the depths of the Atlantic, we should soon lose all sight of the algae, and the shallow water fish—the plaice and sole, whiting, skates, dogfish and others and cod—would give way to the mackerel and the hake. The sea floor would gradually change from rock or gravel or stones to sands and ultimately to mud or ooze of various tints, their original colors often modified by the action of the decomposition of organic particles in them and on them. All these finer deposits are derived from the neighboring land and are blown seaward by offshore winds or washed down by rains and streams and carried out to the sea by rivers.

"The distance to which fine matter in suspension may be carried is very great. The Congo is said to carry its characteristic mud as far out to sea as 600 miles, and the Ganges and the Indus as far as 1,000 miles.

"Except in the neighborhood of such great rivers a submarine traveler would soon pass beyond what Sir John Murray has called the 'mud line,' a line that limits the terrigenous deposits everywhere surrounding dry land. Having reached this limit, we must proceed warily, for at the mud line, at an average depth of a hundred fathoms, we shall find ourselves at the edge of the continental shelf, that rim which extends seaward to a varying distance from all land areas, the rim on which Great Britain rests. Beyond lies the continental slope, a precipice more or less abrupt and more or less high, descending by steep declines or terraced cliffs until depths of 2,000 fathoms are reached.

"The Atlantic, compared with the other great oceans, has an unusually large area of comparatively shallow water. Of its total area 27.5 per cent is covered by water less than 1,000 fathoms deep; 18 per cent lies between 1,000 and 2,000 fathoms and 47 per cent between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms; the remaining 7.5 per cent is still deeper.

"At the foot of the continental slope lies an illimitable plain of a uniform dull, grayish buff color, flat and featureless as the desert, and only diversified by an occasional as yet uncovered rock or wreck or the straight line of a recently laid cable. This plain continues with scarcely a change in scenery or in level until we approach the great mid-Atlantic ridge. As Bruce has shown, this ridge, which roughly bisects the Atlantic, extends from Iceland as far south as fifty-three degrees of south latitude, with a slight and quite inappreciable break just under the equator. The ridge runs almost parallel with the eastern contour of North and South America, which, in turn, as the ordinary map will show, roughly corresponds with the western contour of Europe and Africa. From time to time the ridge rises above the surface of the water, as in the Azores group, St. Paul's rocks, Ascension, Tristan da Cunha and Gough Island.

"Having ascended the eastern and descended the western slope of this mid-Atlantic ridge, we should again traverse plains of grayish ooze far more extensive than any level land tract known to geographers, and as we approached the American coast we should gradually pass through, in reverse order, the zones of life traversed when leaving Europe. On the eastern coast of America the slope is much more gradual than on the western coast of southern Europe and Africa."

Told the Truth. A few days after the new farmer had purchased a horse from a thrifty Scot he returned in an angry mood. "You told me this horse had won half a dozen matches against some of the

best horses in the country. He can't trot a mile in six minutes to save himself. You lied to me," he denounced. "I didn't lie. It was in plowin' matches he took six prizes," calmly replied Sandy.

As She Saw It. The Mother—If you grow up to be polite, my dear, and have good taste in dress and marry discreetly I shall be perfectly satisfied. The Daughter (aged twelve)—Then I don't need an education! Isn't that lovely!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tears in mortal miseries are vain.—Homer.

STUTTERING. Treatment by Which the Affliction May Be Overcome.

There is no cure for stuttering. This does not mean that no stutterer can be cured—far from it—but that there is no treatment which is sure to cure. If a stutterer be taken in childhood, when the affliction is first noticed, and carefully treated he can sometimes be cured and generally much improved.

Dr. Frank A. Bryant of New York, writing in the Medical Record, says the first thing to do is to make sure that there are no obstructions in the throat or nose, such as enlarged tonsils or adenoids. The child must be taught to breathe through his nose, deeply and slowly, as a habit. He must not be allowed to speak when excited nor when laughing or crying or in the paroxysms of whooping cough. He must never be tickled. All causes of excitement must be removed. Fresh air, scrupulous cleanliness, plain, nourishing food, moderate exercise and plenty of sleep in a dark room are essential.

Mental treatment is of great importance. Any measures that will increase mental poise are of incomparable value. The stutterer must be impressed with a desire to overcome what is only a bad habit. He must be persuaded to study the great art of speaking correctly. Thus, by careful, patient work on the part of his parents, teachers and physicians, will be gradually cure himself, or at least so improve as to make the affliction cease to be serious.

THE VOICE OF A CHILD. How One of the World's Greatest Song Birds Was Discovered.

Many years ago a maid employed by Miss Lundberg, a famous dancer of the Royal Opera in Stockholm, was given a holiday by her mistress and set out to take a walk. Passing a shabby little house in the poorest section of the city she heard a child's voice, which seemed to her wonderfully fresh and beautiful, and, looking up, she saw a little girl sitting near the window singing to a pet kitten. In great excitement she rushed to her mistress and told her of the exquisite voice she had heard.

Miss Lundberg was somewhat skeptical, but finally went to the house and heard the sweet song. She, too, was convinced of the great natural beauty of the child's voice and reported it to Croellus, the singing master of the opera.

Croellus was also somewhat skeptical at first, but at Miss Lundberg's request he, too, went and, standing on the sidewalk, heard the child sing.

Enraptured in turn, he told Count Buke, manager of the Royal opera, and arrangements were made by which the little girl sang for the count.

She was at once taken as a free pupil in the Royal Opera school and after receiving the best instruction Sweden could give. The child was Jenny Lind, the famous "Swedish Nightingale."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Much Doubt. Several Americans in London recently applied to an agency for an automobile in which to go sightseeing. There was difficulty in getting one on such short notice, but when the hour arrived an luxurious limousine car was placed at their disposal. The chauffeur proved well informed. When they returned they remarked that they had never had such a car or such a driver.

"Well, it is not often that one like this is for hire," was the reply. "Did you notice the coat of arms on the door? That automobile belongs to Lady—," naming one of the wealthiest American heiresses married to an English peer, "but she is out of town." The Americans who had the use of Lady—'s car are wondering whether she or the chauffeur enjoyed the profits.—Detroit Free Press.

Foolish. By six causes a fool may be known: Anger without cause; speech without profit; change without motive; inquiry without an object; putting trust in a stranger; and wanting capacity to distinguish between friend and foe.

First Thing in Order. Teacher—Johnny, if I gave you 5 cents and your brother 10 cents, what would that make? Johnny—Trouble.

BOLIVIA'S SACRED LAKE.

Over a Billion in Treasure Said to Be Sunken in Its Muddy Bed.

Legend has it that for more than 500 years the lake of Guativila, at an elevation of 10,000 feet in Bolivia, has not only been held sacred to the gods of the Indian tribes, but into its waters the natives, with solemn ceremony, used to cast their gold and silver ornaments, gems and other valuables as an offering to propitiate the evil spirits. It has been estimated that in this manner treasure to the amount of \$1,500,000,000 found its way to the bottom of the lake.

Many attempts were made to recover the treasure. The first was by the Spaniards 250 years ago. They tried to drain off the waters of the lake, but their engineering skill was not equal to the task. When they had drawn off all but ten feet of the water they were compelled to give up their project and take to dredging instead. They did succeed in recovering a small part of the treasure in this way.

The most modern attempt was made twenty years ago by a company of Colombians and Englishmen. By digging a tunnel 1,100 feet long down the side of the mountain they succeeded in draining the lake, but then they found to their dismay, instead of a clear bottom, twenty-five feet of mud covering the treasure. In all this company spent \$75,000 and recovered but \$10,000 worth of gold and jewels before they, too, abandoned the search.—Argonaut.

A VERSATILE MONARCH.

Peter the Great of Russia Was a Real Jack of All Trades.

All historians agree that Peter the Great of Russia was a man of various accomplishments. After he became emperor, he worked as a shipbuilder in Amsterdam. His object was to study the construction of ships that the information gained as an ordinary workman might aid him in establishing a first class navy in his own country. He also studied anatomy and seemed to delight in dissecting human bodies. He is said to have acted as executioner on several occasions, one being when, after the siege of Narva, certain soldiers disobeyed orders, whereupon he sentenced them to death and killed them himself. He was also wont to fog criminals with his own hands.

He practiced as a surgeon in his own country, where he was accustomed to perform amputations as well as to bleed persons and draw teeth. In his pockets he usually carried a case of surgical instruments. His versatility is indicated by the relics preserved in Peter's museum, St. Petersburg, where there are ship models, a chandelier and other iron articles and ivory figures, all his own construction. In the same place there is at present on exhibition a wax model of the great emperor wearing a pair of shoes and a wig made by himself.—London Standard.

Willing to Oblige.

Brilliant sunshine made the garden party enjoyable. The garden really was a garden, and, though most of the guests clustered on the lawn, one or two wiser people sauntered around the rose bordered paths.

Two of these were seated in a quiet part of the garden enjoying the scent of the flowers and the solitude. They were engaged. Presently a mutual friend sauntered down the path and noticed them.

"You two seem to be enjoying yourselves over here all alone," said he. "We are," said the girl and, being a girl, managed to look pleased to see him. "Won't you join us?"

"Sorry, I can't," answered the friend, "not being a clergyman. But I'll go and find one if you say so."—New York Mail.

Children's Affairs to Run.

When Jacob M. Dickinson, formerly secretary of war, as a member of the Alaskan boundary tribunal was called upon suddenly to make his argument because Mr. Edward Carson had concluded his remarks one day ahead of time he began by telling a story: "So far from feeling any sense of confidence," he said to the president of the court, "I am in a position very deeply to sympathize with the feeling of the Confederate soldier who, when the battle line was sweeping forward in the last fearful charge at Chickamauga and a rabbit jumped up and ran through to the rear, cried out: 'Gin, cotton!!! If I did not have my mope character at stake than you have I would run too.'"

Remembered It. "What," said a teacher to a boy with a slow memory, who had tried in vain to tell the name of the schoolmaster, "can't you remember your master's name?" "N-no, sir."

"My name is Brown, blackhead!" "Yes, sir."

"Well, now see if you can repeat it. What is my name?" "Brown Blackhead, Mr.—Exchange.

Youth and Age. Boys leave the farm perhaps because they want to see more of the world than 100 acres, though when most men are fifty years old they'd be quite willing to trade the world for 100 acres.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Respectability. Talkative Barber (about to lather)—Do you mind shutting your mouth, sir? Patient One—No; do you?—London Opinion.

Self conquest is the greatest of victories.—Plato.

METHODS OF THE KAISER.

When William Wants Information He Just Simply Gets It.

It is a well known fact that, often becoming interested in some subject, Kaiser William summons the greatest authority on the subject and gets the latest information in the quickest way. The emperor, so the story goes, summoned Professor Harnack, the renowned theologian, and asked him some technical questions—say, the latest news on the antiquity of the book of John. The kaiser is known to be a specialist in refuting higher criticism, so perhaps the question was even more technical.

He and Harnack indulged in a spirited discussion and all too soon the clock brained private secretary interrupted to tell his majesty that he had an appointment for the next half hour with Prince So-and-so. The emperor's face clouded. "Where am I tomorrow night?" he asked. "Your majesty dines with Count So-and-so." Then turning to the theologian the emperor said, "Well, I shall see you again and finish the discussion."

The next day Professor Harnack received an invitation from the count who was entertaining the kaiser, and although he was not acquainted with his host he accepted. At dinner he found himself sitting next to the emperor, who immediately resumed the theological discussion where it had been left off the day before. And this time it was finished.—Chicago News.

TYPE AND TAPE.

These Names Sounded Queer as They Were Heard in London.

Here's one about an American printer whose vicissitudes took him across the ocean last year and landed him in the town of London. The printer is back in Cleveland now and tells the story himself.

This printer bethought him of starting a little paper in the heart of England. So he rented a little building, then went to purchase his type and presses. For the type he stopped at a typefounder's place and explained his needs.

"I want some type," he said. "We don't sell type here," answered the clerk blankly. "You might get it at the draper's shop over the way."

"How should I get type in a draper's shop?" "How should you get it anywhere else, why I ask, think you, sir?"

"Well, in my country type is sold at a typefounder's, not at a dry goods store."

"Aow? Did I wish to type, sir? I thought you wish type such as they have in type measures and typeworms. You didn't wish type to bind on the edges of frocks, then, but type to print a paper with? Stop this way, thank you, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cause of the Roman Empire.

The reason "why the Roman empire succeeded the republic" was that there was felt to be an urgent need of a strong central power. For many years the republic had been desolated, and the cry of the whole people was for peace—peace at almost any price. Now, peace could be secured only by the ascendancy of a single man, ruling with absolute and irresistible sway. So the people acquiesced in the change. They even hailed it with joy. A few patriots like Brutus and Cato gave up in despair, but most men were pleased with the revolution which made Caesar supreme—not that they were monarchistic at heart, but that after the devastating strife they wanted peace; even though it be at the sacrifice of some of their liberties.—St. Louis Times.

Japanese Fashions.

A Japanese woman of fashion is by no means a drain on her husband's finances. The cost of her wearing apparel is very small indeed when compared to her sister of the occident. She wears \$13.80 worth of clothing under her kimono, the latter costing about \$25. The obi costs another \$25. Numerous tying paraphernalia sum up to \$17.25, and a set of footwear amounts to about \$8. Combs and hairpins ornamented with gems cost \$245, a shawl \$7.50, a diamond neck clasp \$150, a total of a little more than \$900 for a season. This is a very modest outlay when compared to the enormous cost of apparel for the woman of fashion in New York and Paris.—New York Sun.

A Lesson in Spelling.

The lawyer was Scotch, and the judge was English. The case in argument concerned certain water rights, and the lawyer had frequently to use the word "water," which he pronounced very broad.

"Mr. So-and-so," at last interrupted the judge, "do you spell water with two e's in your country?" "No, no, my lord," quickly retorted the lawyer, "but we spell manners w' twa e's!"

Mixed Orders.

"My wife was to give a rose tea—everything scented with roses." "A delicate conceit." "Yes; but things went wrong. The people in the next flat took that occasion to have onions and cabbage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Man of His Word.

Wife—You've changed dreadfully. Before we were married you said that you'd lay down your life for me. Hub—Well, I did—my life of single blessedness.—Exchange.

It is vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.—Samuel Johnson.

A Bargain In Reading. Here is an opportunity to secure your year's reading at a very moderate price. This an election year and you will want to keep posted. The Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal will carry to you all the state and national news, and the Semi-Weekly Bandon Recorder will give you all the local news. Or, if you prefer, you can take the Oregon Daily Journal with The Recorder. Here is what they will cost you! Semi-Weekly Ore. Journal \$1.75 Semi-Weekly Recorder . . . The Daily Oregon Journal \$4.50 Semi-Weekly Recorder . . . Our arrangement with the Oregon Journal whereby we are enabled to make this offer, expires Feb. 6, so act quickly. Use The Coupon Below. Bandon Recorder: Enclosed find \$_____ for which send me the Semi-Weekly Recorder and the _____ Oregon Journal (insert whether daily or semi-weekly Journal is wanted) for one year. Name _____ Address _____

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