

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

In politics, for every foregone conclusion the odds are a dozen for the underdog.

A preacher says that playing cards for prizes is a gamble. Not if you play badly enough.

It becomes increasingly evident that the only adequate way to deal with the Black Hand is to amputate it.

The difference between a doctor and an enemy is that the doctor charges for telling you to go to a warmer climate.

An observing newspaper has noticed that since his marriage Senator Beveridge has given very little advice to young men.

Some men never learn how to suffer in silence. A Denver man has made public complaint that his wife speaks him.

If the grip germ would only make a warning noise, something like a rattlesnake, everybody would be less afraid of it.

No politician who declares that it is impossible to make \$1,000,000 honestly is going to make friends among those who have a million.

When all liars are prohibited from voting, as suggested by a Boston man, we won't have to sit up very late awaiting for election returns.

A typesetter committed suicide the other day because his work was full of errors. You never hear of a baseball player taking his own life for a similar reason.

A woman arrested for forging checks says she committed the crimes because she was lonely. Still, some people prefer being lonely to getting into bad company.

The English we use in this country is practically the same that is used in England. It is the slang prevailing in the two countries that is, unfortunately, so different.

With the muzzle of a loaded gun against his chest, a man attempted to show his friends that it could not be made to go off at half cock. He was buried in the family plot.

An examination of the brain of a German scientist who spoke fifty languages discloses the fact that it was of ordinary size, shape and texture. It should be explained, however, that the scientist never mastered slang.

United States authorities have deported a boy to Russia seven times. The next time he comes they ought to let him stay. A youngster of his perseverance and determination has the making of a good citizen in him.

Although in foreign countries and in some parts of our own land a birth is announced in the newspapers as a matter of course, a New York man who advertised the arrival of his first boy now doubts the wisdom of pursuing this practice in large cities. Within a fortnight he had had calls from thirteen salesmen, and received thirty-six letters and circulars, and fifty-eight samples, all aiming to promote the infant's health or happiness by the sale of some article of merchandise.

"What is a titled aristocrat?" shouts a gentleman upon the floor of Congress, and every good American answers that he is nothing whatever, and cheers right lustily as the orator belabors the American girl who goes title hunting in Europe, or who is captured by a hunter of helmsmen in America. And yet a mob of 5,000 persons, in the largest city in America, disputes ground with an army of policemen with clubs in an effort to see a real live nobleman. The crowd is not composed of the plainest of the common people. Greater interest is not displayed in a prince of the blood in any European capital than the populace of New York manifests in the obscure possessor of an unimportant title in a fourth-rate European country.

The folly of the king system of government is illustrated in the case of Portugal. Because an 18-year-old boy happens to be the son of his father he becomes the head of the nation. Without experience, with immature faculties, without proof of aptitude, without evidence of the proper sort of character he is lunched into a seat on the throne. It is all very well to say that he is but a figurehead; that the real responsibilities of the government will be borne by older men; that he is the ruler of Portugal in name only, but that does not vindicate the soundness of the monarchical idea. If he is to be the actual head of the government, the plan of giving him such a position merely because he is who he is becomes for that reason peculiarly absurd. If he is not to be the actual chief of the government, but an ornament only, the absurdity of the thing is just as clear, for what is the use of having a king if somebody else is to do the work? A king under such circumstances becomes a ridiculous superfluity and a sort of relic of the old days of popular servility to a fictitious "divine right."

The decision of the United States Supreme court in an Oregon case affecting

the labor of women will establish a principle of far reaching influence. The state passed a law forbidding employers from forcing women to work more than ten hours a day. A Portland laundryman questioned the constitutionality of this law. He declared that it put a limitation upon the power of contract. From the Supreme Court of Oregon the case reached the highest national tribunal. That body has decided in favor of the state legislation. The opinion of the court, as stated by Justice Brewer, calls attention to the fact that the rights of women can no more be infringed than those of men. But on many accounts women are entitled to greater protection than men. Whatever theories may be advanced in connection with women's rights, the facts remain that the sexes differ in structure of body, in physical strength, in the capacity for long continued labor, particularly that done standing. The difference is marked when there is consideration of the influence of vigorous health upon the future well being of the race, the self-reliance which enables one to assert full rights and the capacity to maintain the struggle for subsistence. Because of these reasons the court declares that legislation in behalf of women may be sustained even if similar legislation is not required for men and could not be sustained. The difference in laws for men and women is justified by the inherent differences of sex. If some of the burdens which rest upon women are peculiarly heavy they ought to have compensation in other directions. There has long been recognition of the principle that child labor should have its own laws and should not be put upon the same plane as that of adults. This decision places the labor of women in a distinct category also. It does not deprive a state of the right to refuse to enact laws regulating women labor, but it makes it certain that state laws regulating the labor of adult women which differ from those affecting adult males, will not be set aside by the federal Supreme Court. A state legislature may enact such a law, however, and the state Supreme Court hold it unconstitutional. That was the case in Illinois. Its Supreme Court made short work of a law regulating the hours women should work on the ground that it was an unlawful interference with the right of an adult to dispose of her labor. Some state Supreme Courts have taken the Illinois view of the case, while others have been of a contrary opinion. Probably in time there will be a general acceptance of the principles enunciated by the Supreme Court of the United States. The reasons asserted by the court will be recognized everywhere as having great force. They will make their appeal to the better judgment of all. Whatever the theories advanced in favor of substantial equality of women and men in political, personal, and contractual rights, the fundamental differences of sex will continue to exist and will be considered as important in shaping laws.

IS THE BLACK MAN DISAPPEARING?
By Prof. Giddings of Columbia.
The real negro question in the South is that the white people do not believe that it would be advantageous for civilization and American institutions to permit the general amalgamation of the white and negro blood, and they cherish this view with intense bitterness and prejudice on account of past traditions, and exclude the negro from social equality with white men. It is not merely political tradition; it is not merely economic conditions. It is a race instinct, and is especially held by the women of the South, that if the negro were admitted to join in everything socially and equally with the white man, nothing could prevent the amalgamation of the blood of the two races. That amalgamation they do not believe to be for the highest interest of the South and the civilization of the white American nation.

However, notwithstanding this attempt of the white people of the South to exclude the negro from social equality with white men and to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites, the negro is fast disappearing. As years go by the population of the full-blooded negro of the American population is rapidly and surely

POSSUM.
Preferably possum should be cooked over a wood fire in a log cabin and seasoned with the odorous blue smoke of hickory and ash as the lid of the oven is lifted now and again to give a glimpse of the promised viand to those who wait with whetted appetites for the coming feast. With the possum and taters there should be served either the ordinary Kentucky corn pone— if such an adjective may be not improperly applied to anything so rare—or the Olympian cracklin' bread of the hog killing season. In justice to the possum it must be said that neither corn pone nor crackling bread is necessary, but it serves well not only to mop up the gravy, but also to prevent the possum and the yams from melting in the mouth too rapidly for the flavor to be enjoyed in the fullest. The finest possums on earth are found in the woodlands of the Pennyrile district of Kentucky, and they reach perfection about the time the perfumed pawpaw becomes so ripe that it falls from the parent stem and reposes in all of its golden beauty in the orange tinted leaves that the earth has first claimed as tribute from the trees for her enrichment.—Louisville Courier-Journal

American Temperament and Art.
The majority of the men and women who gave American life its form and direction were not the children of an artistic race, though they were the heirs of a great literature. They descended from a people who have never pursued art as an end and whose first instinctive expression in meeting great experiences has never been artistic, but who have never divorced action from vision nor failed in the long run to match power in action with some kind of beauty in speech. From its English ancestry the country has inherited an ingrained and ineffaceable idealism of nature, which enormous tasks and hitherto incredible prosperity have at times smothered and blighted, but never destroyed. From other races have come richer temperaments, quicker sensibilities, craving for joy and love of beauty for its own sake, which have already immensely enriched American life.—Hamilton Made in Atlantic

Old Faithful, or Something.
Gentleman—Who is that talkative man spouting away over there on the corner?
Newsboy—That's only a plain, ordinary guy, sir.—Harvard Lampoon.
What has become of the old-fashioned woman who gave her sons medicine when they fell in love, and their appetites fell off?

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE CHURCH AND LABOR.

By Bishop H. C. Potter.



BISHOP POTTER.

It is not the giving of money or the creation of charitable institutions that builds up the feeling of brotherhood among men. The poor man resents our condescension. He does not want that or your gold; he wants recognition of his manhood. The shop girl wants you to honor her womanhood; to respect her in the task in which she is toiling and suffering. You can do much to make that task easier and create an atmosphere in which she and you can move alike as members of the same divine society and fellow soldiers under Christ. This brings into view the relation of the church to great social problems. You and I somehow or other must bring the man who works with his hands to recognize his place, his right, his office, his calling in the church of God. The first business of the church is to place her houses of worship at the service of the people who work with their hands and then in the life of the church to encourage that spirit which will help us to understand and to serve it. There is but one way to do that. Instead of turning to any "ism" of the hour or theory of social reconstruction, or any new philosophy which undertakes to recreate society upon theories which are essentially barbaric in their nature, you and I must go back and look into the face of the Master and find in Him the secret of our service and our triumph.

disappearing, and in his place we have the substitute, the quadroon and octroon. This means, of course, that notwithstanding the legal attempt to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites, and the reproduction of a race of blacks and whites, the reproduction goes steadily on.

AMERICAN WOMEN ARE THE BEST.

By William Jennings Bryan.



W. J. BRYAN.

The American woman is undoubtedly the finest in the world, and I want to add that the American man far surpasses the men—generally speaking, of course—of any nation of men the world over. Of course, my hurried visits to the various countries did not permit me to make a studied observation of the people, but I saw enough to convince me of this. The women of this country are far ahead of those of any other country. They have more liberty. I think this accounts, in part, for their superiority. They are more intelligent. They possess more energy and more influence than any other women of the world. The attitude of our women, shown in the various fields of study of problems that present themselves for solution in this country, surpasses the work or interest of women engaged in similar work anywhere. One noticeable feature of progression in this country is that men and women work as copartners. The result of such co-operation speaks for itself, where conditions have been made better and progress is shown in work of vital benefit to the community and the country at large.

THE PLUCKY SHAH



SHAH OF PERSIA.

He was driving through the streets of Teheran. Ahead of him was his automobile, which, for some reason or other, he was not occupying, perhaps being for the moment tired of his new plaything. Suddenly from across the street some ungrateful fellow hurled a bomb at the automobile. The machine was torn into kindling wood, but even the chauffeur was not injured. Nobody could tell just who slung the deadly missile, so in the hope of hitting the right man the Shah ordered his bodyguard to fire. The result was that two of his personal attendants, his royal executioner and two innocent citizens were killed while a policeman, a grocer, an officer of gendarmes and two private soldiers were badly injured.

The Shah was pretty mad. He turned on his heel and walked home, refusing to ride in spite of the entreaties of his frightened escort. The next day his majesty came down town and with a stick he beat the governor of the town soundly. Then he called the chief of police before him and told him if he permitted any more such nonsense as bomb hurling he would have him blown from the mouth of a cannon. Since then corner loafers with bundles under their arms have been invited to move on without any hesitation.

Mohammed Ali Mirza isn't the kind of man the anarchists can scare. They may succeed in killing him, but they cannot frighten him. He is 36 years old, powerful of build, widely traveled, a firm believer in his divine right to rule and has occupied the throne but little more than a year. Persia has a population of about 9,000,000, of whom 2,000,000 are members of nomadic tribes. A very large part of the country is desert. The army has a nominal strength of 100,000, but a large proportion of the soldiers are

undrilled. In religion the people are Mohammedans.

A CUP OF TEA.

The Agent Did Not Wish to Spoil Her Unexpected Reception. "Miss Helen Foster." Mrs. Armes read the card perplexedly. "But I don't know any Miss Helen Foster. Are you sure that it isn't an agent, Mary?" "She said you would know—that you were expecting her," Mary replied. "Very well, I will be down at once," Mrs. Armes answered. She put the last touches to her pretty afternoon gown and went slowly downstairs, trying to recall any possible forgotten Miss Foster. At the parlor door she stopped. It was an agent—the showy dress, the exaggerated appearance of ease, the sharp, searching glance all betrayed it; an agent, moreover, of the type she most disliked, and who had lied to her. Involuntarily her face grew stern, but before she could speak the woman answered her thought. "Yes, I lied. It was the only way to get at you. I don't suppose I'll make anything by it, but at least I could get in out of the cold a minute. Maybe you'd have lied, too, if you had tramped five hours and made fifteen cents."

For a moment the two women, the gentle, delicately cared for one and the bitter daughter of toil, looked at each other; then Mrs. Armes stepped to her tea table, arranged for her afternoon's callers, and lighted her alcohol lamp. "I am afraid I shall not care for what you have to show," she said, "but at least I want to give you a cup of tea before you go out in the cold again."

A PADLOCK FOR MUCK-RAKERS.

By United States Senator Foraker of Ohio.



J. B. FORAKER.

It would be most fortunate if a padlock could be provided for the muck-rakers—all of them, high and low, big and little, well-intentioned and evil-intentioned—for it is high time to quit slandering the American people. They never less deserved it. They never were more worthy of praise and commendation. There were never higher ideals and moral standards among the business men of the nation, and there were never better methods employed by them for the control and transaction of business. In this we should not only find hope and inspiration, but also a command to administer our public affairs on the theory not that all men are dishonest, but that, with the exception of the few, all men are upright, and that as even the few who may not be upright, they are entitled to the presumption that they are, and to have a right to be heard before they are condemned.

KILLED RARE ANIMALS IN TIBET

Mason Mitchell Sends Specimens to the National History Museum. Mason Mitchell, actor, rough rider and friend of President Roosevelt, has added to his achievements by exploring Tibet and killing animals which few white men have slain, says the New York Herald. Those who doubt that there are tigers, gorals, serows and blue bears will absolve Mr. Mitchell from even a suspicion of nature faking by going to the American Museum of Natural History and looking at the skins, skulls and horns which have just been received from Mr. Mitchell. As a consul in the Chinese city of Chungking he was not far from the Tibetan border.

Mr. Mitchell accompanied his gifts with scientific data and is sending photographs showing what the animals looked like in life. Takins resemble antelopes, but are much larger, a full-grown specimen weighing 1,000 pounds. The goral is a Himalayan goat of hermit proclivities. The blue bear is rare. It is something like a goat. The skins of the Tibetan blue bear and clouded leopard sent by Mr. Mitchell are excellent specimens.

The consul also killed several birds above the clouds, and he writes from Tachung that when he gets a chance to consult a natural history he will try to identify them. If they are slightly known to naturalists he will add them to the collections in the museum.

Mr. Mitchell has also given to the museum scrolls once owned by a band of Tibetan priests, who lost them in fighting a punitive expedition sent against them by the French. The scrolls are covered with allegorical figures and are written in Sanscrit. They are apparently centuries old.

Many lands have known Mason Mitchell since he left his native town, Onondaga, N. Y. He was a scout in the Riel rebellion in Canada, where he obtained a liking for military life. Later he brought natives from Samoa to the Chicago World's Fair and took them back in a 200-ton schooner. His offices were also called into play by the San Francisco fair, for which he brought many natives of the Fiji Islands. He enlisted with the rough riders and was wounded at San Juan Hill. On his return from the Spanish-American war he stumped the State when Mr. Roosevelt was candidate for Governor. He also was an actor, playwright and lecturer. Before he went to China he was United States consul at Zanzibar, where he found recreation in killing elephants.

That's Why.
"The honest man has nothing to fear."
"That's because the honest man is always poor and has nothing to lose."
—Houston Post.

A few days later the average man begins to boast of the good deed he did by mistake.

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