

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

RANDON.....OREGON

They that go up into the air in airships, lo, they have their troubles likewise.

Poor, weak man! The story is told of a Boston woman who won a husband by her mince pies.

The movement for preservation of the forests has made some progress, but it is not out of the woods yet.

A fairy tale for young and old: Once upon a time there was a bright, intelligent young man who rocked a boat.

Some men live to be over 70 without learning that it is extremely imprudent to write any letter that needs a "Burn this" postscript.

An Indianapolis paper says: "The woods are full of men who wish to marry." That being the case, why have they taken to the woods?

If it were the "man who rocks the boat" who pointed the unloaded revolver at himself the "Glorious Fourth" would have its redeeming feature.

We trust that King Edward, who is now a Russian admiral, will be able to avoid awkward complications in case Russia has any future trouble with his Japanese allies.

For some reason it seems it is a most difficult thing for a runaway automobile to pass between two telephone poles, notwithstanding they are a considerable distance apart.

If boys would only learn algebra, history and the rest as easily as they learn batting averages and the standing of the baseball clubs, how much easier the lot of the school teacher would be!

The American theory of keeping our doors open to the oppressed of other nations is a beautiful one, or would be if the oppressed when they arrive would be content to grow up with the country and not blow it up.

A fairy tale for old and young: Once upon a time there was a sweet girl who baked the bread and pies for a large family, swept the house, washed the dishes and wrote her graduating essay, all in one day.

At last Homer has met his only real rival. The "seven cities" which claimed the blind bard are outnumbered by the municipalities which claim the author of "Casey at the Bat." The love for really great poetry has not declined.

The bar should not only have its code of ethics, but it should set its face determinedly against violations of that code. If the men who discredit the profession are visited with professional ostracism, and those who bring it into reproach are upon its initiative promptly disbarred, a wholesome improvement in the character of the bar will result. But positive and persistent action is needed even more than codes of ethics.

While a New York man was washing a sick dog, not long ago, the dog licked his hand. The animal died of rabies, and the man in due time developed the disease. The physicians at the Pasteur Institute told him that he came too late for them to help him. So he put his affairs in order and went home to wait for death, which soon arrived. The fine thing about the story was the unhesitating bravery with which the man prepared to die. A disagreeable element was a rather morbid revival of interest in hydrophobia. The disease is not common, and most "mad dogs" are not infected with hydrophobia. It is always a wise thing to wash with antiseptics a wound caused by the bite of any animal, or caused in any other way. A sick dog should be isolated, and, if possible, examined by a competent veterinary surgeon. It is unfair to man and beast not to feed a dog intelligently, keep him clean, and keep him out of bad company.

Automobiles have ruined so many macadamized roads that an international congress has been called to meet in Paris on October 11 to consider plans for saving the roads. The macadam road, as every one knows, is composed of layers of crushed stones held together by a binding material rolled into the surface. This method of paving was devised for the use of iron-tired vehicles. As the iron-bound wheels roll over the road they crush the small stones, and the dust sifts into the crevices between the larger stones and binds them more tightly together. With judicious use, such a road improves with age. The automobile, however, runs on an air-filled rubber tire. This tire, instead of crushing the small stones, sucks the dust out from between the large stones, and the wind blows it away, leaving the roadbed rough and uneven. Road experts on both sides of the ocean have been seeking for some surface dressing that will seal the road when once made so tightly that the rubber tire cannot draw out the binder by suction. Oils with asphaltic bases, coal tar preparations and calcium chloride have been used, with some success in allaying the dust and preventing the wear of the roads,

but they are not wholly satisfactory either here or in Europe.

After forty-five years of service, marked by unwavering fidelity, Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector general of the Imperial Chinese maritime customs, has sailed for Europe on a leave of absence. If at the end of the year he does not return to China, his successor will be appointed. In any case, owing to a reconstruction of the customs service, Sir Robert Hart's official career is regarded as virtually ended. The work he has done is remarkable. Under him, for the first time, a Chinese government department became not only efficient but absolutely free from corruption. During his term of office the imports rose from twenty million pounds to sixty-seven million pounds. The career of Sir Robert Hart is only one item in the great debt which the East owes to the West, and especially to England. One could not estimate in dollars and cents the value of the work in Egypt of Lord Cromer, or of Sir Andrew Clarke and Sir Frank Swettenham in the Straits Settlements and the Malay Peninsula, or the long line of governors-general of India, from Clive and Warren Hastings down to Lord Curzon. Almost always their work has been carried on against native opposition and intrigue, in the face of active enmity or surrounded by cold hostility; and it is always thankless. When Sir Robert Hart sailed from Peking, the largest international gathering ever seen there was assembled to bid him farewell; but among the crowd there was hardly a representative of the nation which he had served so long. Something of this great work and this fine spirit of service marks the career of Mr. Taft, the real creator of government in the Philippines, and that work has been hampered not only by the native opposition, which was to be expected, but by distrust and aspersion at home. Clearing the ground for the establishment of civilized government is work that involves suffering, frequently if not always works some injustices, and is sometimes accompanied by cruelty; but the Anglo-Saxon race may well be proud of its constructive work throughout the world. Wherever it has gone, democracy, too, has marched; and a greater degree of freedom for the common people has resulted.



Recurrent Vomiting.

This is a curious and often most distressing condition from which children sometimes suffer—often repeatedly. The term, recurrent or cyclic vomiting, refers to the chief, or at least the most striking, symptom. The attacks recur at irregular intervals—often after working hard over some more than usually difficult lesson, or after being kept in at school writing "lines" or making up for some neglected lesson. The symptoms preceding the attack are rather indefinite and uncertain. The child feels dull and disinclined to play. He may be pale or sallow; there are dark rings under the eyes, and often the lids look sore and red. Then suddenly, and perhaps without preceding nausea, vomiting occurs. This is profuse, violent and persistent, the effort continuing long after the stomach is empty. After whatever food there may be in the stomach has been expelled, mucus is thrown up, and often bile. The attack may last, with occasional intermissions, for a few hours or even several days. There is little or no fever, and the pulse is weak but not rapid. If the attack continues any great length of time the child becomes very weak, and seems ill out of all proportion to the exhaustion to be expected from the continued vomiting and consequent fasting. It is, indeed, poisoned with certain acids formed in the body, and not decomposed into harmless substances, as is the case with the normal child. These acid poisons are the same as those found in cases of diabetes, and hence the disease is believed to be one due to imperfect chemical action in the process of nutrition—of metabolism, as these internal processes are called. As the child grows up these attacks cease, but are often succeeded by sick-headache. The cause is unknown, but from the resemblance of the attacks to those of sick-headache, and from the fact that they are often succeeded by sick-headaches, it is believed that the two affections are essentially the same, and are due to defective chemical action in the body, caused or aggravated by some other fault, such as eye-strain. It is probable, indeed, that eye-strain is the most common cause. The child subject to these periodical attacks of vomiting should, therefore, be examined by an oculist as a preliminary to treatment.

The Good Things.

"He seems to be making quite a lot of money now. Is his system of physical culture a good thing?" "Well—er—everyone who pays for it is."—Philadelphia Press.

A woman, when packing up furniture, doesn't know of anything that can't be made perfectly safe by being packed in bed quilts.

THE BEST OF LIFE.

Not till life's heat is cooled,
The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every purblind passion that has ruled
Our noisier years, at last
Spurs us in vain, and weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah; not till all the best of life seems past
The best of life begins.

To toll for only fame,
Handclappings and the fickle gusts of praise,
For place or power or gold to gild a name
Above the grave where
All paths will bring us, were to lose our days,
We, on whose ears youth's passing bell
Has tolled,
In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us
Is less
Broken among our childhood's toys, for then
We win to self-control!
And mail ourselves in manhood, and there
Upon us from the vast and windless height
Those clearer thoughts that are unto the soul
What stars are to the night.
—Spectator.

His Long Way Round

"What's the matter with you?" Philippa asked suspiciously.

Her cousin had greeted her with a sort of ecstatic remoteness that called for explanation.

At her question he made an ostentatious effort to return to earth. "Phil," he said dreamily, "I'm going to get married."

If he had hoped to surprise her the hope was futile. A touch of alertness, betraying itself in his eyes, put her on her guard.

"My dear Rupert!" she cried contentedly. "Really! How exciting! Do tell me who she is!"

He sighed rather disappointedly. "I don't know," he said. "I'm just considering."

Philippa's eyebrows rose slightly as she glanced at the sheets of paper surrounding him. "In typewriting?" she inquired. "Oh, no; I see. You're drawing up the proposal."

She shuddered indignantly. "Certainly not! How could I when I don't know yet who it's to be?"

"One can leave a space," murmured Philippa, "and fill in the name afterwards, you know."

He looked at her with dignified reproach. "These are not proposals," he informed her. "They are their characters."

Philippa stared. "Theirs? Whose?"

"The girls to whom it would be possible for me to propose."

"Oh!" breathed Philippa, and hung over the table with interest. "What do you mean?"

"Graphology," he said. "You see, I feel a bit nervous about choosing—"

"Choosing?" rippled Philippa.

"Oh, well," he said, "of course I know she may refuse me, but I've got to decide which to ask, anyway, haven't I?"

"Oh, of course," agreed Philippa. "And you could make certain, couldn't you, by keeping a second in reserve? You know—the sort of thing drapers put on their patterns. In making a choice we respectfully beg customers to select two or three designs, to avoid 'disapp—'"

"Oh, if you find it so funny," he said disgustedly, and swept the papers into a heap.

"I was trying to help," said she with indignation.

He was with difficulty induced to proceed. "Well, I sent my handwriting to a graphologist, and—and some girls' letters—"

"How mean!" flashed Philippa.

"Portions of letters," he corrected with dignity. "And yesterday I got these from the man." He indicated the typewritten sheets.

Philippa sparkled. "You'll let me see them?" she entreated, and ran her fingers through the pages. "How many? Five? Oh, but that's none of your business. Well, four girls ought to be plenty. Let's see Geraldine first. 'Somewhat fickle in your attachments—'"

"You will admit," he interrupted coldly, "that Geraldine is out of the question."

Philippa laid hers on the table, not without hesitation. "The other may be worse," she mused. "Who's this? Oh, Bertha Unwin. 'Of a somewhat cold and calculating nature.' Yes; she always lets me pay for everything when we go out together. 'Not much love for children or animals—'" Philippa looked up in some dismay. "But this is dreadful! She—she appears to be perfectly odious. Let's see what she says about Olivia. 'Very ambitious; none but the highest position would—'" Philippa unhesitatingly abandoned Olivia—a depressing comment on the numerical strength of her cousin's weaknesses.

"But there's only Miss Betterton left now," she said anxiously. "'Gift for'—what's the word? 'Nursing?' Oh, I'm sure that's not true."

"And if it were," Rupert demurred. "I don't want always to be ill, you know. And I've got to choose one."

They reflected. "Well," said Philippa at last, desperately, "you've paid your penny, and you'd better—"

"It wasn't a penny," he interrupted



When President Roosevelt retires from office he says he will go to Africa to make his strenuous personality felt among the big game of that continent. He announces that it is his ambition to secure with his own rifle a specimen of each species of Africa's big fauna. This is an ambitious project and will be difficult to carry out.

Famous hunters have gone to the small territory where the okapi browses in the swamps in the darkness and hides in dense thickets in the hours of daylight, but very few have been so fortunate as to bag one of these elusive animals.

Is the President sanguine that he will bring home the skin of a white rhinoceros? The fact that one was killed recently was thought worth telegraphing all over the world. Less than a century ago the white rhinoceros was living in large numbers from South Africa to the Sahara, but decades now elapse without one being killed.

There is not a specimen of white rhinoceros in many of the largest museums. If Mr. Roosevelt can bring his specimen home alive it will be worth a small fortune to him.

We have much to learn yet about many of the important animals of Africa. Doubtless there are not a few of which we have never heard.

A sensation was caused in recent years by the discovery of the okapi, a beautiful animal with some of the physical characteristics both of the horse and giraffe. When Boyd Alexander crossed Nigeria and the Sudan between the Niger and the Nile, three years ago, he discovered eighteen specimens of mammalia that were new to science. Schillings, in the overhunted regions of British and German East Africa, has found several species unknown till he brought them to light. There will be more such discoveries.

Mr. Roosevelt proposes to hunt in the remarkable game country of the British East Africa protectorate, from Mombasa to Uganda. In spite of the frightful slaughter in this region before the game laws went into force, it is still one of the most wonderful fields of great game in the world.

gloomily. "He's a very exceptional graphologist and he charges five shillings each."

"But these four optional wives," objected Philippa, "are all so hateful—at least, when they're graphologized. I really think another five shillings would be a justifiable outlay." She spoke a little absently; she was glancing through the typewritten character of Rupert himself and he watched her with a hint of complacency. A subdued light in her eyes as she looked up troubled him.

"I'm afraid there are a good many mistakes in it," he said modestly.

Philippa reflected. "Did you have to pay extra for yours?" she demanded.

"What for?" he asked uneasily.

"The whitewash," said Philippa, with dancing eyes.

He looked at her with gentle reproach.

"I thought yours perfect," he said. "Mine?"

"Yes." He searched in his pocket-book. "I wanted to know yours, but



"WHAT A PITY YOU SPELL SO BADLY."

of course, I didn't put it with the others, as you are not—available."

"Ru, dear, what a lot of trouble you took. Do you really think all those nice things of me?"

"I just wrote down what I thought of you," he confessed. "But how on earth did you guess! Typewriting tells no tales."

Her lips quivered. "You said I was sincere in my attachments, Ru."

"So you are."

"And that you were attached to a country life."

"So I am."

She laughed suddenly. "What a pity you spell so badly, Ru!"

He was puzzled. "All great men spell badly," he assured her. "What's that got to do with it?"

She leaned toward him. "I recognized your touch, Ru. You always did spell 'attach' with three 't's'—London Sketch.

His Mouth Full.

A certain town council after a protracted sitting was desirous of adjourning for luncheon. The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow councillors felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated.

At last an illiterate member got up and exclaimed:

"I am astonished, I am surprised, I am amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch!"

"I'm surprised," exclaimed one of his colleagues, "that a gentleman who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth wants any lunch at all!"—London Scraps.

Anger is a composite picture of all the baser passions.

WIRE FENCES FOR TELEPHONES.

Used by the Signal Corps in Directing Military Maneuvers.

"In the West and Southwest, where there are long stretches of unbroken wire fences, these wires are frequently used to convey telephone messages from one point to another," said Capt. John G. Souder, of San Antonio, Tex., here on business before the departments, according to the Washington Post.

"In some localities the fence wires are converted into regular telephone lines, with permanent equipment for practical use. These lines are often from ten to thirty miles long, and are a great convenience to people of the ranches."

"The United States signal corps is well trained in the use of wire fences for telephone purposes. In the military maneuvers that take place in the ranch region the signal corps plays an important part in directing the movement of the troops by improvised telephones."

"In some localities where the country is rough or heavily wooded it is impossible to convey the signals from one point to another by the usual methods of flags or other visual signals. It is then the telephone is brought into play."

"Each detachment of signal corps men is equipped with a field telephone attachment. It requires the work of but a minute or two to connect this attachment with a fence wire and to get into direct communication with headquarters."

"The use of the fence wire for telephone communication obviates the necessity of constructing temporary field telephone lines by the signal corps. It sometimes happens that a little difficulty is encountered in using the wires on account of some poor connection or break, but it usually does not take long to discover and remove the cause of the trouble."

"On some of the big ranches straight lines of wire fence fifty to seventy-five miles long are frequently found. These afford excellent opportunity for military field service."

"As a matter of necessity all ranch fences must be kept in good repair. To do this fence riders are constantly employed."

Making It Plain.

Henri was paying his first visit to London and was already wishing himself home in gay Paris, for he knew not a word of English. He had been very unfortunate and had lost all his luggage, a toothbrush. So he determined to buy another. But how was he to make his needs understood?

At last his neck turned, however, and he espied a chemist's shop with a notice outside, "Ici on Parle Français." In he went and told the assistant in French what he wanted. But that assistant knew no language except English, and another who came to help him was just as far as sea.

But the proprietor was an intelligent man, and he knew at once from the cut of the customer's clothes that he was speaking French.

"Leave him to me," he said, with a superior smile.

Then, forming a megaphone with his hands, he shouted in the Frenchman's ear:

"Our assistant who speaks French is out at lunch. You'll have to wait!"—London Scraps.

Filled the Bill.

Belle—Jack said I looked so sweet in my new gown he couldn't help kissing me.

Maud—Well, the modiste guaranteed the dress would give you satisfaction.

The man who has a kind word for everybody is generally suspected of having an ax to grind.

Legal Information

The United States Circuit Court for Ohio in *Wall Paper Company v. Louis Voight & Sons Company*, 148 Federal Reporter, 839, denies the right of the wall paper trust to recover from a wall paper dealer for goods bought by the dealer from various members of the wall paper combine.

Connecticut has a law giving any railroad company which, acting under authority of the laws of the State, shall have acquired more than three-fourths of the capital stock of any other railroad, and which cannot agree with the holders of the outstanding stock for the purchase of the same, the right to have such stock appraised and surrendered to it on payment of the appraised value. The validity of this statute is upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States in *Oldfield v. New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company*, 27 Supreme Court Reporter, 72. As sustaining authority is cited the case of *Long Island Water Supply Co. v. Brooklyn*, 116 U. S. 885, 17 Supreme Court Reporter, 718.

The distinction between the rights of a parent and a stranger to induce a wife to leave her husband is pointed out by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in *Mutter v. Knibbs*, 79 Northeastern Reporter, 762. A stranger may disprove any intent on his part to cause a separation in advising a wife to leave her husband, and show that his advice was honestly given. But the rights of a parent are much greater. He may give his daughter such advice and bring such motives of persuasion to bear on her as he fairly and honestly considers to be called for by her best interests, and is not liable to the daughter's husband in damages for her desertion resulting therefrom unless he has been actuated by malice or ill will.

An ingenious marriage contract not to be performed until the death of the young lady's mother, presumably to avoid any disagreeable interference by the mother-in-law with the conjugal bliss of the wedded pair, is revealed in the case of *Halley v. Brown*, 88 Pacific Reporter, 518. Judge McLaughlin, of the California Court of Appeals, who filed a concurring opinion in the case, intimates that a breach of such contract did not constitute a cause of action. He asked the question, "How could a contract to marry exist when the promiser might never be under an obligation to marry the promisee, and vice versa?" and continued: "If this good mother should live to a very ripe old age, as mothers sometimes do, no human could tell what might happen. Either of the parties might be waiting for the other, harp in hand, beyond this vale of tears, or both might pine away and die before this promise of future conjugal bliss could ripen into a cause of action enforceable in earthly courts."

WOMEN IN OFFICIAL LIFE.

Results of Elections in Bohemia and Norway—Swedish Policewomen.

The progress of women in official life in Europe is slow, but it cannot be doubted that progress is being made.

Within the last few weeks women appeared for the first time as candidates for election to the Bohemian Diet. It had been demonstrated as a logical proposition that if they fulfilled the other requirements their sex was no bar to their election.

So far their candidacy stands merely as a demonstration. Two women received votes of some importance. One, Marie Junore, who ran in the district of Hopenmouth, had 144 votes, while the man who won had 532. In Prague the social democrats made a woman, Miss Macheva, their candidate. She polled about 20 per cent of the total vote.

The woman suffragists of Norway were disappointed at the outcome of the local election in Christiania. In all the other parts of the country they elected important delegations to the commercial councils. In the capital only five women were chosen in a total of eighty-four city councillors. There is an active agitation going on all over the country to bring the women—and men—voters of Christiania to a different frame of mind.

Of advances made where the suffrage was not involved, the appointment of three women policemen in Stockholm is an instance. The authorities have determined to experiment with them. They are to have salaries of 1,500 kronen, or about \$390 a year, to begin with.

England also has just named her first woman school physician. She is Miss Sophy B. Jackson, M. D., and she has been appointed in the borough of Craydon.

Where Total Eclipses are Rare.

It is a fact well known to astronomers that the average number of total and partial eclipses in any one year is four; that the maximum is seven and the minimum two. Where only two occur they are always both of the sun. There are a great many more eclipses of the sun in the course of a year or a hundred years than there are of the moon. This fact, notwithstanding, however, London, the metropolis of the world, seems to be a place where such obstructions to the sun's light seldom occur.

The most natural man in a play is the villain.

A man usually deserves as much as he will stand.