

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

The cry has been changed to "raise the Maine."

Some people put faith in the groundhog tradition simply because it is so foolish.

A Pennsylvania butcher is "putting on dog" because he manufactured a sausage fifty-seven feet long.

"Club women are talking too much," said a Chicago lecturer. What does he think a woman's club is for?

The children of a wealthy old man always feel outraged when he marries a woman younger than himself.

There is reason to believe that 1909 will show a remarkable falling off in the practice of night riding in Tennessee.

Once there was a great surgeon who felt sure he could get along without his colon. His activities have come to a full stop.

Paderewski, while performing in New York, split the nail on one of his fingers. Our dispatch does not say what happened to the piano.

Little concern is felt over what the spelling reformers will do next. They can't accomplish anything more tragic than the mangling of poor "through."

The girl in Waco, Texas, who hugged a teacher so hard that she fractured three of her ribs will always have plenty of admirers among the opposite sex.

A Nashville editor wants to know if we shall all fly soon. Not on your life. There are tens of thousands who prefer to remain at home and face the music.

Professor Zueblin has discovered that the fire departments in this country are the best, while our building laws are the worst. Seems to be a case of cause and effect.

Carrie Nation has been fined in England for spilling cigarettes. If she would start out to pull down a few hideous signboards even she might be able to secure a measure of public sympathy.

A Baltimore professor has invented a mercury telescope by means of which he expects to make it possible for us to see the people on Mars. What we need is some kind of an instrument that will enable us to see ourselves as the Martians may be seeing us at this moment.

The esteemed Washington Herald arises to claim that ham gravy is the best. The editor of the esteemed Herald doubtless never ate thickened gravy with steak that was fried in a big skillet over a bed of coals in a fireplace. This holds first place among gravies, as apple pie does among pies.

Hereafter the steamship companies bringing immigrants to America must provide about seven cubic yards of air space for each person. The object of this rule, which was lately enacted into law by Congress, is to prevent the overcrowding of the steerage and the consequent danger to the health of those who have to travel in that part of the ship.

Few of the younger generation realize that it was not until after the Civil War that a transcontinental railroad was built, and it became possible to go by rail from New York to San Francisco. Previously the journey was difficult, but not quite so long or so hazardous as that which a German lieutenant is making by automobile from Dar-es-Salaam in German East Africa to Swakopmunde in German Southwest Africa. He started in August, 1907, and in December of last year had reached Johannesburg.

It is said that of those who applied for aid under the British old-age pensions act, which went into effect January 1st, nine-tenths were unable to sign their names. If this is so, it is a striking proof that ignorance and indigence go together. Of similar import was the argument of a recent essay on the conditions of labor in England. The writer, not unsympathetic, spoke of that "multitude of incompetents who call themselves the unemployed." That does not tell the whole story of poverty, for individual good men have hard luck, and bad times overtake the best. But on the whole, the competent man succeeds.

You doubtless remember that Russell Sage, when alive, had a reputation for stinginess, and believe that he didn't have much fun in life. Eating an apple for lunch, wearing a straw hat two seasons, and a suit of clothes until it wore out, doesn't appeal to many people, with or without money, as a part of a good time. But, when you remember how many definitions there are for a good time, it seems possible that Russell Sage's life was one continual round of pleasure. What appeals to you may not suit your friend. The man who admires grand opera may scorn the enthusiasm of the football fan. Russell Sage, perhaps, had no hobby but making money. If this be true, it was, doubtless, because he enjoyed making money and saving it. Life

to him was one long-drawn-out spree of getting rich, and there never was a morning-after headache; he never lost money. This contrast in human nature has a striking example right in the Sage family. The wealth Russell worked so long and hard to accumulate affords pleasure to his wife only as she gives it away, which she is doing with a lavishness never equalled by any other woman, and only surpassed by a few men of greater wealth.

Dr. Clarence W. Wassam in a recent study of the salary loan business in New York City, tells the story of a clerk who, during a period of sickness in his family, borrowed twenty-four dollars. Further borrowing, renewals, interest and collection fees dragged him deeper and deeper, until within two years what he had paid out and what he still owed in return for a hundred and fifty dollars amounted to eight hundred dollars. The loan shark allures his victims by crafty advertisements. His capital is little, his profits are great, and his losses are slight because of the honesty or timidity of the average man in a tight place. The extortion can be stopped. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has lately upheld the State law which makes invalid any assignment of wages without the written consent of the employer and the wife of the employee. But the surest way to oust the loan shark is to make legitimate provision for the need which he fills, the need of the small borrower of personal integrity. In some European countries savings and credit unions have flourished for fifty years. In Italy alone such unions, a species of co-operative bank, have a membership of three hundred and fifty thousand. The thrifty and fortunate profit to reasonable extent by their neighbors' needs. The man temporarily down borrows at low rates, and is helped to his feet, instead of being pushed deeper into the hole. In a Canadian town of seven thousand persons a people's bank, started eight years ago, has driven from the town three loan sharks, who were then doing business there. The laws of several States permit co-operative banks. For various reasons wide advantage has not been taken of these enabling laws. Building and loan associations which advance money on real estate are numerous and successful. But the little borrower is still at the mercy of the unscrupulous loan office.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Detecting Tuberculosis.

In a previous article was noted the difficulty of an early diagnosis of consumption, and it was shown how necessary such a diagnosis is, since upon it depends, in many instances, ability to cure the disease. It was stated also that the old way of detecting consumption, still used commonly in the case of cattle, had been superseded by other and simpler methods. One of these methods is that called the "ophthalmoreaction," because the test is made in the eye. It is also called the Calmette or Wolf-Eisner test, because it was devised about the same time by the one in France and the other in Germany.

It consists in the instillation of a drop of dilute tuberculin into one eye. If the subject of the test is entirely free from tuberculosis, nothing follows; but if he suffers from the disease, even in its very beginnings, the eye will, after a few days, become a little red, and perhaps very slightly inflamed.

Another mode of employing tuberculin is called the "cuti-reaction" or cutaneous test. It was devised by a Viennese physician, and is made as follows: The delicate skin on the inside of the forearm is carefully cleansed with soap and water, and then with ether. Then a drop of tuberculin is placed on the skin, and the arm is scarified as in vaccination, first in a dry part, then in the center of the drop of tuberculin. At the end of one or two days, if the subject has incipient tuberculosis, a small pimple comes at the place vaccinated with the tuberculin, but not at the other point which was scarified at the same time. The skin for a short distance surrounding the pimple may be more or less reddened, and sometimes there are several pimples instead of one.

A simplification of this cutaneous test is what has been called the percutaneous test. This consists in merely rubbing the tuberculin on the skin, either the undiluted substance, or an ointment made of equal parts of tuberculin and lanolin. When the reaction is positive, that is to say, when the subject is in the early stage of tuberculosis, the anointing is followed within two days by an eruption on the arm of a number of small pimples, which itch more or less, and are usually surrounded by an area of reddish or purplish skin. After ten days or two weeks the eruption gradually disappears.

None of these tests is absolutely perfect, for sometimes a reaction occurs when there is no tuberculosis. The two skin tests are about equal as regards reliability. The eye test, although fairly accurate, is beginning to be thought dangerous, and will probably soon be abandoned in favor of one or the other of the absolutely safe skin tests.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PUBLIC OFFICE NEEDS EXPERTS.

By Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell.

The administration of a great city cannot be conducted efficiently and at the same time be kept in touch with public needs without a combination of the expert and the representative of outside opinion, and the relation that ought to exist between these two is plain. The current management and the initiative in the main ought to lie with the expert, but he ought to work under the constant oversight and control of non-professional men.

Such a relation has grown up spontaneously in our great commercial and educational bodies, in the president and directors of a railroad or a bank, in the president and trustees of a university or college, for example, and it could be introduced into almost any form of city government, for it is not inconsistent either with the plan of boards of commissioners or with that of a mayor's cabinet.

In order to set up the proper relation between the expert and the non-professional representative of the public it is not necessary to prescribe their duties by law, but to make the distinction between them perfectly clear, and that distinction must be based upon the essential difference in the functions to be performed.

The expert is expected to make his public work his career. He should devote his whole time to it, receive a liberal salary and be protected from removal except for cause. The non-professional is not to manage his department, but to see that it is properly managed. He ought not to be expected to give a great deal of his time to it, ought to be paid nothing, or a much lower salary than the expert, and ought to give an account of his stewardship by coming up for reappointment or election at fixed intervals.

MEN SLAVES TO THEIR WIVES.

By Lillian Bell.

Slavery has not been entirely abolished in the United States. There are slaves in plenty who cannot be rescued by any federal or State law relative to peonage. We even know these slaves, you and I, yet possibly we do not recognize them as such until we know their home life. Then we know that these slaves, all big, strong men, are the slaves of little, round, soft, pink-and-white women, their wives, who hold their husbands in bondage by an assumed helplessness which causes men who are its victims to wriggle with delight, and women who are compelled to observe it, to go out and hit something.

But before you get too irritated at the spectacle of the abject slavery to which a small, fluffy woman can reduce a 200-pound man, who bullies his clerks and swears at his office boy, stop and think how she does it

and why, and you will soon calm down. She weeps if he crosses her, pretends sickness if he reproves her, plays dead if he scolds her; she can't do a thing for herself; she runs him into debt, flatters him into a way of life beyond his means and keeps him her slave by making him believe he is the whole thing and that she couldn't live without him. So that, far from being an object of universal pity, the husband who is a slave is often the most glib creature in existence with a vanity it is a sin not to savor and a conceit which it becomes a crime not to utilize.

Some men are so supreme in their own estimation that not only their own wives but even the wayfarer woman, hurrying to get home, cannot resist the temptation to pluck him in passing. It is so easy to snatch a perquisite by an inevitable tribute to what he knows is true of himself. In other words, many of the so-called easy marks among men are not merely big-hearted, good-natured brothers. They are often men of such sublime egotism that a 600-pound woman could faint in the arms of one such, and he would half kill himself trying to carry her all alone because she had often told him his touch was so gentle and so different from that of most men.

OUR NATIONAL LOSS FROM FIRE.

By Samuel H. Adams.

We hear much, in this peaceful country, about Germany's burden of militarism. Well, our national burden would pay for the Kaiser's whole army maintenance and leave a surplus annually of twenty millions for a fireworks fund wherewith to appease our pyromaniac appetite. If Germany is oppressed by wars and the rumor of wars, how much more sorely is the United States oppressed by fire and the evil that attend it! And the worst of it is that this loss, in great part, is needless and superfluous; incredibly and idiotically stupid and short-sighted.

Europe proves much. No nation there but would be appalled at such a fire bill as ours. In the forty-five principal cities of Europe there is less than one fire annually (\$6, to be exact) to every thousand inhabitants. In this country we maintain a general average of four and a half fires per thousand persons. The per capita loss by flames in Italy is 12 cents yearly; in Germany, 40 cents; in thirty of the largest European cities, 61 cents; and in 252 American cities the per capita destruction averages \$3.10. Boston, in many respects the most scientifically administered and municipally progressive city in this country, has a yearly bill of a million and a half dollars from loss by burning. The European city of equal size gets along with one-tenth of that sacrifice. Our debit side of the fire ledger sums up a heavier total than the combined losses of any other six civilized nations in the world. Nothing this side of the sun equals us for combustion.—Everybody's.

SEALING IN GREENLAND.

Icebergs Lead Picturesqueness as Hunters Go Forth in Kayaks.

Sealing in Greenland is both arduous and sportive, the latter compensating the hunters for the hardships which they endure year in and year out, for that is their principal industry. Men of several nations, mostly northern and including the Japanese, are regularly in the chase for seals in Greenland and other arctic waters. The Greenland hunters take to the waters

str in a chair like that its legs would creak and groan and it would go down with me on it in a heap.

"Why is this, do you suppose? I am not a restless person. I don't twist and turn and fidget in a chair, and yet no chair seems to stay together if I once begin to use it. I soon sit through a cane seated chair, and I have in time splintered seats of veneer.

"If I use any particular rocking chair for long I start the back away from the arms, and if I sit in an arm-

SPECTACLES SHOW DUST.

Near-Sighted Man Most Aware of Fine Particles in Air.

"No matter where you live and how ever high in the air you always find dust settling on everything everywhere, but," said the nearsighted man, "if you want to realize this fact you should wear spectacles and work at some employment that requires constant bending over.

"Fourteen times a day, or as much oftener as you look, you will find your



FLEET OF KAYAKS IN ARCTIC WATERS.

In kayaks and as a fleet of these odd little canoes strikes out from the barren shores they present a stirring appearance.

Lending to the picturesqueness of the sight are the icebergs of various shapes and sizes, more or less a menace to the hunters.

BREAKS ALL HIS CHAIRS.

Mr. Throggleton Just Can't Help It, Though He Tries.

"Some men are hard on clothes. It is my misfortune," said Mr. Throggleton, "to be hard on chairs."

"And I am not so heavy either. I only weigh about 175, but somehow I always wreck sooner or later all the chairs I sit in. I seem to have some sort of sag or twist or something in the way which I sit in a chair that makes me, even when I think I am sitting nicely and quietly, break or start something.

"Of course, I never think of sitting down at all in a Chippendale or Louis XVI, or any other sort of slender, spider-legged chair, because for me such a chair might as well be mounted on broken splints. Men heavier than I could sit in such chairs and twist the back in them without doing damage; but if I should so much as

chair I work the arms loose; and any sort of a chair that I sit in for any length of time I am sure to start it at all its points so that it gets wavy and wiggly; and I am likely to spread a leg or two so that the rungs may drop out at that end.

"Honest Injun, I don't know why it is, but I certainly do seem to be hard on chairs."

Ancient Art.

The freight-paying end of the matrimonial combine had been trying to read his paper for an hour, but was frequently interrupted by his wife's remarks. Finally he gave it up.

"I wish," he said, "that I possessed the knowledge of the ancient Egyptians." "Why?" queried his better half. "Judging from the mummies I have seen," he replied, "they understood the art of making a woman dry up and stay dried up."

Promoting the Glad Expression.

"Have you done anything to make life more cheerful?" asked the optimist. "Have you helped anybody to smile?" "I should say so, I have helped more people to smile than anybody else in my neighborhood. I'm a dentist."

glasses covered with fine particles of dust. Maybe you don't look, and then maybe some bigger particle, some speck that is by comparison a veritable boulder of dust, settles there, square in your line of vision, where it may not obstruct your sight, but where it cannot fail to arrest your attention. And then when you take them off to remove the boulder you find your glasses covered with dust in finer particles, as you would find them, indeed, however often you might look.

"Over such an area as that of Detroit, for instance, there are tons of dust floating in the air, as perhaps without figuring out its weight, many people, such as housewives and storekeepers, are aware; but perhaps nobody is reminded of this so constantly as the man who wears spectacles and who bends over at his work, and on whose glasses, where it is ever before him, dust is constantly settling."

An Unreliable Dog.

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites." "Sure, boss, ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barking."—Success Magazine.

JONES FROM SPAIN.

Cigarette Habit Which Has Spread Over the United States.

Nothing has been more notable in the social changes of the last few years than the extent to which the cigarette has increased in popular use. The modern cigarette seems to have originated in Spain, where, maize or other suitable vegetable envelopes for the tobacco being unobtainable, a thin sheet of paper was substituted. Thus the cigar and cigarette assumed distinct forms. A Spanish proverb declares that "a papellito (a paper cigar), a glass of clear water and a kiss from a pretty girl will sustain a man for a whole day."

The dainty, unsubstantial, airy cigarette is the natural smoke of the Latin peoples. Its use in this country dates from only some 40 years ago. In 1845 an English writer noted that the cigarette was smoked in England by foreign visitors only. The Crimean war of 1854-6 led many English military and naval officers to adopt this mode of smoking, then common in Malta, the Levant, Turkey and Russia.

English officers, unable to procure cigars, and driven by the hardships of the Crimean campaign to the alleviation of tobacco, took to the cigarette, smoked by their French and Turkish allies. Returning, they brought the mode to England, and the cigarette became fashionable among clubmen and in the higher circles. Eventually it came to America.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS

By Clarence L. Cul'en

Ever notice what a horribly dead-looking thing your wife's hair "rat" is as it lies, inert, bulky and revolting on her—on maybe your—dresser?

What a woman most likes about nursing her husband when he's sick is that she can boss him around and claim that it's the doctor's orders.

Women of a certain temperament complain about their husbands' "lack of imagination," forgetting that most imaginers are perfectly dandy little liars besides.

It doesn't necessarily follow that the woman who calls her husband "Pettie" and "Baby-doll" in front of folks is any crazier over him than less gushy women are of their spouses.

Is there any wife, anywhere, who does not cuttily ridicule her husband after he has, in her presence, exhibited a certain amount of entirely harmless gallantry toward another woman?

When a wife becomes so dogmatic and opinionated her husband is liable to develop such a fondness for the game of billiards that he has to stay out late o' nights to practice new shots.

Some women, when they feel that they are going to be sick abed, are more concerned over the laundering of their lingerie robes de nuit than they are over the consequences of their ailment.

Here they're pulling that "Wives are slaves" thing as new stuff, whereas every married man since the days of the Hyksos kings of Egypt has heard his sobful wife declare that she was n-n-nothing b-b-but a s-s-slave.

While women are singularly credulous of the most improbable things they see on the stage, they flatly rebel and refuse to believe it when, in a play, they see a husband making violent love to the wife he's been married to for ten years.

Ever stop to reflect what these "raging, ramping beauties" would look like if they had to cut their hair short, like men's, and abandon military and embellishments and fluff-wuffs and so on, and wear men's baggy togs and derby hats and such gear?

A husband who is the victim of a humdrum connubiality can't help but wonder and mentally inquire "Why?" when, with attractive male guests at his table, his wife chirks up astonishingly, darts artlessly arch glances, assumes a forgotten vivacity, and takes on generally the charm and grace of the down years.

Almost Concealed.

Phoebe—And you really think he loves you?

Phyllis—I know it. Didn't he propose on his knees?

Phoebe—Oh, that's nothing. Many lovers do the same.

Phyllis—Yes, but he proposed while strapping on my skates, and his knees were on the ice fifteen minutes.—New Orleans Picayune.

Exchanged Favors.

It is a curious coincidence that Canada's greatest railroad man, Sir William Van Horne, is a native of the United States, and that the greatest railroad builder of the United States, James J. Hill, is a native of the Dominion.

The Producer.

"Does your husband poker?" "I don't know," answered young Mrs. Turkina. "From what I hear he simply sits up to the table and enjoys seeing other people contend for what he outs up."—Washington Star.

In the Soup.

Waiter—One order tomato soup. Chef—There's nothing left but consommé.

Waiter—Well, spill some ketchup in it, you dub—the gent's in a hurry.—Cleveland Leader.

We would all have our rights if so many things didn't go wrong.