

BANDON RECORDER

Sound Each Week

BANDON..... OREGON

Philosophizing is a padding to soft on the world's hard knocks.

An energetic man makes lazy people uncomfortable, which is often the only basis for their criticism.

"Conversation is a lost art," says a New York essayist. Yes, the best we get now is common talk.

What has become of the old-fashioned open faced apple butter pie that used to wear galluses made of dough?

Patten has reached that stage where he shudders every time he sees shredded wheat biscuits on the bill of fare.

New York waiters are thinking of refusing tips. They are perhaps thinking of taking what a man has with him.

Chickens may come home to roost, but their conduct would be despicable, if they should lay eggs during their visit.

A Boston woman is said "to have embraced 23 different religions," but it is not known how many of them she has practiced.

Perhaps it should be explained that the order to remove the figureheads from the battleships does not apply to the merely ornamental officers.

Kidnaper Boyle complains that he is not getting a square deal. He should consider himself mighty lucky to be allowed to sit in the game at all.

There is a man hunt on in Sulu. If they're looking for the Sultan, we would recall the fact that George Ade imported him into this country some years ago.

Mrs. Carrie Nation has purchased a farm and is going to raise "poultry, pigs, pigeons and peas." That will be quite a change from what Aunt Carrie has been raising.

A girl in a New York town, whom a young man of the place jilted, lost her speech too late for the false lover to realize what he had missed in chances for a happy marriage.

It would be annoying if, after we people of the earth had spent \$10,000,000 on apparatus with which to signal Mars, the highly cultured inhabitants of that planet should decline to speak to us without an introduction.

Antoine Henri Bacquerel, the French physicist, reports "that seeds which he dried in a vacuum at a temperature of 253 below zero retained their germinating force." We don't know how you feel about it, but we are glad to know this.

A correspondent (male and married) writes to complain that in all the fuss made made over "Mother's Day" nothing is said about Father's Day. It isn't necessary. Every day is Father's Day, and there is an awful kick in he occasionally wants a night out.

Two Italians, ignorant of what was inside, pasted a target on a dynamite and nitroglycerine magazine at Washington, Pa., and shot at it with their revolvers. Houses a mile and a half away shook. One of the shooters may recover. There are many people, literary and otherwise, who do not know what they are shooting into.

If Diogenes had attended a suit in a New York court recently, he would have gasped with amazement, fainted with delight and then doused the glim of his lantern for all time, for that suit developed an honest man, the kind for whom Diogenes looked in vain and who, Shakespeare declared, was one picked out of 10,000. He was a plumber, who testified that after giving an estimate on work he cut down the bill because he found the work less than the estimate called for.

Ardent reformers sometimes act as if they think the use of all conceivable means to secure their ends is justifiable. When they disregard the rights for which men have fought, the courts usually remind them of their error. This happened the other day, when, in an attempt to enforce a State law, officers invaded the houses and business places of citizens in search of forbidden articles. The court told them that no such invasion could be permitted until reasonable evidence had been obtained to show that the forbidden property was concealed in the house, and until a search-warrant had been issued describing the property with some degree of accuracy. This decision is based on the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and applies to all the States and territories. The amendment is an attempt to embody in the fundamental law the old English theory that every man's house is his castle.

Health officers do well at this season to draw public attention to the importance of protection against flies. The careful housewife was always inimical to flies, but she regarded them as an annoyance rather than a peril, just as we used to think the mosquito unpleasant but not dangerous. We have learned much in recent years of the part played by some mosquitoes in

the presence of disease, so that the war against this pest has become a matter of sanitary concern as well as of comfort and repose. We need to be reminded that the common house fly also is not a mere disturber of the morning rest, but is often the carrier of contagion. It has not been shown that the fly, like the fever bearing mosquitoes, harbors pathogenic parasites. His mode of operation is more simple. He simply picks up disease germs on his busy feet and transfers them to our food. His habits are nasty, and the places he frequents may be infected with we know not what. So when the fly comes buzzing from the nearest stable to wander over the meat and vegetables and fruit spread out in the market, or upon the kitchen table, he is to be looked upon as an enemy. It is established by observation that epidemics of typhoid fever in camps, for example, have been due to the infection of food by flies, and while this particular danger may not be frequently present in town, it is one to be remembered—at least as a reminder that the warfare against flies is a serious matter. The careful screening of windows and doors is probably the most effective means of immediate protection, but the same persistent care against whatever will attract or harbor insect life of any kind is called for by this most persistent visitor. The summer is his season, and this is the time to put up the bars on him.

Life imprisonment for the man, twenty-five years besides a fine for the woman—such penalties will be universally regarded as none too heavy for the kidnapers of Willie Whittla, or, indeed, for any kidnapers who try to gain money in this cruellest of ways. The woman tries to gain sympathy by pointing to the withering of her youth in the grim walls of the prison. No withering of strong life is pleasant to contemplate, but it is better that this woman wither in confinement than that mothers and fathers, deprived of their children, should suffer worse pains, and the children themselves should be exposed to the evils which too often follow such crimes. The man tries to gain sympathy by pointing to an investigator of the crime in the very family of the victim. He only succeeds in making one fact sure, and that is that he himself was a blackmailer before he became a kidnaper. He puts himself in all the worse light. If some other person was accessory or principal in this crime the full penalty for him is also desirable, but that does not affect the justice of the present convictions. The effective work of the police in catching the criminals and the speedy administration of justice by the Pennsylvania courts are both deserving of praise. The police are the more to be praised because they acted not in co-operation with but against the efforts of a father whose love for his boy explains but does not excuse his disregard for the interests of all other children in his haste to compound with crime. The result of the Whittla case should be not an incentive to other crimes of the sort, as appeared probable before the criminals were captured, but a distinct discouragement to would-be emulators. In so far as it has been a social benefit.

Accommodating.
"Some years ago," says a Boston lawyer, "a man in Nantucket was tried for a petty offense and sentenced to four months in jail. A few days after the trial the judge who had imposed sentence, in company with the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man busily engaged in sawing wood.
"The man stopped his work, touched his hat politely and said, 'Good-morning, your honor.'
"The judge, after a careful survey of the man's face, asked:
" 'Isn't that the man I sentenced to jail a few days ago?'
" 'Yes,' replied the sheriff, with some hesitation, 'that's the man. The fact is, judge, we—er—we don't happen to have anybody else in jail just now, so we thought it would be a sort of useless expense to hire some one to keep the jail four months just for this one man. So I gave him the jail key and told him it would be all right if he'd sleep there o' nights.'—Harper's Bazaar.

Scotland's Patron Saint.
Why was St. Andrew chosen as the patron saint of Scotland? This question has been asked many times, but the archdeacon of whom Dean Hole tells may be considered to have discovered the most satisfactory solution of the problem. "Gentlemen," said he (he was speaking at a St. Andrew's day banquet at the time), "I have given this difficult subject my thoughtful consideration, and I have come to the conclusion that St. Andrew was chosen to be the patron saint of Scotland because he discovered the lad who had the loaves and fishes."—Dundee Advertiser.

The Spirit of the Law.
Judge—You are charged with being the leader of an organized band of pickpockets!
Prisoner—Well, yer'll have to impose a fine on de corporation, den, yer know; yer can't punish me personally.—Puck.

Couldn't Whisper.
"I never whispered soft nothings to my wife."
"What, never?"
"No. She was a bit deaf, even when I first met her."—Kansas City Times.
People who try to stand prosperity are foolish. They should sit down and take it easy.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

SCHOOL GARDEN WORK.
THE school garden work of the past few years has not only given the school buildings themselves more attractive surroundings, but it has been the means of developing in the children a sense of proprietorship in the growing things, and of inspiring an embryonic civic spirit that promises well for the Washington of a few years hence. It is impossible to estimate the benefits which the city has gained from this work, modestly started, and for a season or two conducted under discouraging difficulties, but loyally persisted in by the teachers until it has come to be recognized as one of the important branches of school work. The direction of the children's attention on a certain day to the importance of the vine as a means of improvement in the line of wholesome education, and every adult in the district should emulate the example which the youngsters will set day after tomorrow.—Washington Star.

THE ART OF JURY-MAKING.
THE American art of jury-making was a jest and a scandal even before "The Gilded Age" depleted its technique, thirty-six years ago. Not for a day since have men out of court ceased laughing at or bewailing its imbecilities, or men in court been able to restrain their anger over the delays and injustice caused by the search for talesmen "without prejudice." Yet judges are still forced to permit attorneys to toll along in the same old rut, as though it were a sacred way. A week was spent hunting jurors for the Hals trial. Five were chosen, after 177 citizens had been tediously cross-examined, and to secure two more 150 additional talesmen had to be called. As soon as they expressed any knowledge about anything they were forthwith bundled off again. The dreary old procedure should be made to yield to a method that gets a jury together as expeditiously as in Europe—or New Jersey.—New York Evening Post.

THE FAR-SEEING SULTAN.
BDUL HAMID must surely live—after he shall have been hastened upon his final abdications—in the minds of his countrymen as the apotheosis of cunning. He has been the John D. Rockefeller of Turkey, playing not only the bold game for power and wealth, but arranging for a safe and easy cushion upon which to light in case of mishap. The pillagers of the imperial palace at Yildiz have made several interesting discoveries in the late Sultan's private affairs. One of them is that it was Abdul Hamid's custom to keep large sums of money in banks abroad, using a confidential agent to make the deposits. German banks held no less than \$10,000,000. Great Britain and France have been his bankers, and a short time ago the old fox placed his confidence in certain institutions in the East.
The Eastern despot has, in common with Presidents of Latin America, a purely selfish interest in ruling.

GOING OUT TO DINNER.
Mrs. Coburn had decided at the last minute to go to town in the morning with her husband. He fretted while she got ready, and together they rushed for the eight-fifteen, only to find themselves, much to Coburn's unacknowledged discomfiture, in plenty of time. His impatience he expressed in a tirade against the slowness of women in dressing, and the unnecessary fuss they made about their clothes. A writer in the Chicago News tells the story.
"My dress suit comes home from the tailor to-day," he said to his wife as they parted. "I'll get there at five-thirty, so we can start for that dinner in plenty of time. And, Bess, do start to dress before the last minute!"
At twenty-five minutes to six Coburn rang the bell furiously and long. The maid and Mrs. Coburn arrived at the door simultaneously.
"Thought you'd never come," he said, as he flung himself out of his overcoat and dropped it on the stairs. "I must have lost my latch-key. Did the tailor send my suit?—oh, there's the box. Looks all right, but you never can tell. Where on earth are my dress shirts? I haven't one in sight."
He paused as his wife took his hands out of the bureau drawer, which he was frantically pawing from top to bottom.
"Not in there," she said. "That's the drawer your socks and handkerchiefs are kept in. Here they are!"
"Oh!" he exclaimed, slightly mollified. "Aren't you dressed yet, Bess? I wish you'd put in the links and buttons for me. And say, will you hunt up my ties?"
"Ask Mary to see if the patent-leather polish is down-stairs, will you, and telephone Bill not to come out this evening. I forgot to tell him we wouldn't be home!"
Mrs. Coburn, in her kimono, and with her hairpins in her hands, flew one way and Mary flew the other. The roar of running water and mighty splashing came from the bathroom.
"You've got those buttons in wrong!" he cried, presently. "Still in that kimono? You'll be late, sure as fate!"
He emptied the tailor's box and proceeded to don his new clothes. A grocer brought Mrs. Coburn to find him twisting his head round perilously and staring into the mirror with an anguished face.
"Awful!" he moaned. "Give them away—burn them up—they don't fit!"
"Now, Harold," said his wife, re-

He is a patriot only when it is absolutely convenient for political purposes. The power, the luxury, the Oriental love for concentrated and unemployed wealth alone make the throne attractive. The Sultan did no little to improve the state of his country, but travelers insist that he did this reluctantly. He undertook railroad building because it kept the soldiers—who did the build; busy and placed in parts of the empire where they could plot to little advantage. Western ideas entered the country slowly—and it is proof of the Sultan's cunning that he long opposed them, for when European thought did become widespread in Turkey it brought about the fall of Abdul Hamid.—Toledo Blade.

THE SIMPLIFIED SPELLING FAD.
ONE of the silliest things that Andrew Carnegie ever did with a portion of those surplus millions, upon the disbursement of which depends his happy and peaceful deathbed, was to permanently endow a simplified spelling board. Simplified spelling, like many another reform attempted in the United States, was a fad. Certain writers and teachers over the country became for a time greatly interested in the subject, and the matter reached the height of its popularity when President Roosevelt endorsed it, and it was at that time that Andrew Carnegie was moved to invest some excess money in the progress of this much needed reform.
And now the fad has passed. Such newspapers and journals as adopted a portion of the changes advised by the Simplified Spelling Board have dropped the most of them, and were it not for the conscientious efforts of the board to earn salaries and the continual flooding of newspapers and teachers with the literature setting forth the changes which they allege are desirable in the spelling of English words, the whole matter of simplified spelling would be as forgotten as the interest once felt in the age of Ann.—Fort Worth Record.

PARENTAL DUTIES FORGOTTEN.
THE doctors say that most of the babies of the poor are quite as strong and healthy at birth as any, but that the summer mortality among them is due to improper feeding and inadequate care. The babies born in the spring, who thus become frail, succumb to the first weeks of very hot weather, the infant death rate jumps up, and there is a hue and cry to "save the babies." But the babies in greatest need of care have been lost before the summer work is under way. The new plan is to give them proper care from the week of their arrival, so that they may be fortified against the first descent of hot weather.
It is a beautiful and thorough-going scheme and highly to be commended for its practical good sense. But it leaves an old-fashioned man rather gasping to know what has become of the duties of parenthood, and just why they should end with a birth certificate. It is, however, a clear economic waste to allow children to die because the homes into which they come are unable, from ignorance or poverty, to bring them to healthful maturity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WORTH TRYING.
The terrible question, "Where shall we spend the summer?" is again rampant. None the less terrible to the deciding member of the family, perhaps are the numerous "best places in the world" which are freely and sincerely recommended. The man in the following story had a good answer, according to a writer in the Philadelphia Record.
"I see the railroads have been raising rates again," remarked a commuter to his companion as they came into the city on a Reading train.
"Yes," replied his city friend, "but luckily for me, it is not going to affect my holidays any more than last year, so I cannot complain."
"Oh, I heard you speaking about your vacation last year—great place I believe?"
"Yes, it was."
"Good table?"
"Best in the world. Wasn't a thing I wanted I did not have."
"Pleasant people?"
"Delightful, and the best of it was it was so informal. We could do just as we pleased."
"Restful?"
"I should say so. Never was in a place I could rest better."
"Dads good?"
"Great! Private bath, too."
"I'll bet it was expensive, though?"
"On the contrary, it was the cheapest holiday I ever had."
"Goodness me, man, tell me where it is!"
The fortunate man drew a card from his case, wrote the name on it and handed it to his friend, who read "Home."

A Disappointed Jury.
A South Missouri man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The State brought into court as the weapons used a rail, an ax, a pair of tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons a scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been "Resolved. That we the jury, would have given one dollar to have seen the fight."—Bellman.
A Short, Sad Story.
My case went to the faculty. There was some small discussion. So first I waited in suspense. Then waited in suspense. —Yale Record.
People manage to keep all other family gossip private except when they have been married more than once. This little history always leaks out.
Some marriages are eye-openers, and some others are eye-closers.

CHASES SHIP 16,000 MILES.

Mailbox's Long Pursuit of the U. S. Cruiser Milwaukee.

A sack of mail which left here four months ago has just landed in Bremerton, Wash., says the New York Times. Since it left New York it has traveled over 16,000 miles in an effort to overtake the United States armored cruiser Milwaukee, for the officers and men of which it was intended. Before it finally caught up with the big cruiser this sack of mail had been to San Francisco, then to Honolulu, and back to San Francisco; next to Panama, then to Honduras, back to San Francisco again, and finally to Bremerton.
When a ship is at sea and the length of its stay in any one port is uncertain the navy department directs the relatives and friends of the officers and men of that ship to address all letters for the ship in care of the postmaster at New York. In the general run of things the Milwaukee's mail in the New York postoffice accumulated until there was a well-filled sack of letters and parcels waiting for shipment.

One day in last July this sack of mail was placed aboard a fast mail train and hurried to Chicago, where it was transhipped to one of the transcontinental express for San Francisco, where the Milwaukee was in port. But before the mail arrived Commander Rogers of the Milwaukee received a hurry-up order from Washington to sail for Honolulu.
On the day before the Milwaukee was due in Honolulu the sack of mail was started on the same journey in a fast mail steamer, but the Milwaukee was 1,000 miles out, bound for Panama, 5,000 miles away, when the mail steamer was sighted off Honolulu. Two days later the sack was on its way back to San Francisco, where it arrived in due time, and as the Milwaukee was still between 1,500 and 2,000 miles out of Panama then, the San Francisco postmaster hustled the bag on a Panama-bound steamer. The cruiser, however, reached Panama first, only to be ordered to Anapala, Honduras, a thousand miles to the north, and was well on her journey when the mail steamer arrived.

The Panama postmaster found that a vessel was leaving for Anapala within forty-eight hours, and he transhipped the sack of mail to that steamer, but the Milwaukee was steaming full speed back to San Francisco when the sack reached Anapala. The postmaster there forwarded it to San Francisco. Again the sack missed connection, as the Milwaukee had sailed for Bremerton, Wash. Arriving there, the cruiser was put in reserve, and the bag of mail again forwarded from San Francisco, this time by rail—finally reached the boat and was delivered to the men.

CLOTHES AND THE STAGE.

What an Actress Learns About the Art of Individuality in Dress.

The actress soon learns to approach the subject of dress in a way that rarely occurs to the average woman upon whom its necessity is not enforced—though that necessity exists in ordinary life quite as much as on the stage, and overlooking it is the secret of much of the bad dressing we see, says Julia Marlowe in Women's Home Companion. The actress is bound to wear clothes that will keep her in the picture, and such favorable attention as she attracts by her clothes is due to the design, material or style of the gown itself only so far as these all melt into the scene in which they are worn.
How much the average woman could learn in this one particular from the hard school of stage experience! How few women know how to choose even a house gown that is in harmony with the surroundings of their own homes. Of course, dressing for the street is more difficult, but even there ordinary forethought would prevent many of the selections in dress which American women allow themselves. Dressing for the social function is the most difficult of all, on this very account, for there each woman is at the mercy of other women present, most of whom have dressed with no thought of the environment, while on the stage the actress knows that every other costume, like her own, has been calculated for the picture.
And this principle allows plenty of latitude for individual taste and judgment in dress. Even we stage women develop ideas of our own and have our favorite kinds of costumes. I don't know of a part in which I take more comfort than Parthenia in "Ingomar," and I believe in the artistic lines and graceful freedom possible in the loose, flowing style of dress in vogue before the days of stays and princess gowns.

One Thing He Could Not Have.

Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.
"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"
"No, indeed!" said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."
These Dreamy Fellows.
"Rose-leaf fingers and golden hair," sighed the poet, as he thought of his best girl.
If he'd only seen the bills from her manicure and hair specialist!—The Bohemian.
You probably expect more of a friend than you are willing to give.