

BANDON RECORDER

Home Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

If you must criticize your boss, do it inwardly.

Time will tell—unless the gossips beat it under the wire.

Too many men try to build a skyscraper on a one-story foundation.

A good story is better than sold facts from a literary point of view.

"Get married," says Senator Dewey. But he doesn't say how often.

An astronomer can advance almost any theory and the average man has nothing to say.

When will automobilists learn that a reckless joy ride generally means death to some one?

Dr. Elliot's list of best books contains none of the kind one would care to read in a hammock.

Five fat years are coming, says J. Ogden Armour. Let 'em come, with nobody yelling for anti-fat.

What would be the outcome if the Black Hand operators could be colonized in Breathitt County, Ky.?

Unfortunately the crop of peach basket hats has not been in the least spoiled by the frosts of criticism.

A man in New York ate ten pounds of beefsteak at a sitting. He omitted potatoes, as the price was too high.

There are women in the country who could maintain a husband and get along nicely on an income of \$36,000 a year.

Fools in glad rags are often permitted to rush in where unlanded hobos would be knocked down and dragged out.

Beware of the people who pat you on the back. They may be looking for an opportunity to kick your feet from under you.

The courts often seem more or less cruel. Mrs. Howard Gould will have to struggle along on \$36,000 a year until further notice.

It is suspected that a heathen that sticks to his idols is more to be trusted than a Chinaman that is converted with an eye to worldly things.

The weather has again upset some of Walter Wellman's plans for reaching the North Pole. The weather has always been a great bother to Arctic explorers.

No two papers seem to agree on the price of radium. One has it quoted at \$9,000,000 a pound and another at \$5,000 an ounce. The market is very bewildering to the poor consumer.

Highwaymen in Brooklyn who robbed a drunken man of 65 cents got a sentence of seven years. No wonder, with all the modern improvements in opportunities, that justice is disgusted when the majesty of the law is defiled for less than a dollar.

A western university professor predicts that the population of the United States will soon overtake the food supply. This fits in nicely with the theory of the other professor who says cannibalism is the proper thing. Food can be supplied and the population kept down by the simple mode advocated, which will kill two birds with one stone. It is not often that the learned experts so neatly dovetail their theories.

A resident of New York, who died the other day, founded in 1854 the Holy Name Society of the Roman Catholic Church, having for its object the discouragement of profanity. Its membership of more than a million indicates a general desire among the young men of that church to be clean of speech. It also illustrates the fact that to call attention to the wickedness and foolishness of profanity is to take a decisive step toward lessening it.

Prof. Osler is to be congratulated on having reached his sixtieth birthday, not only hale and useful, but unconcerned over the weird windings of the Osler legend, from which there is for him no escape wherever he may go. Many a good man who has said a less sensible thing than Professor Osler said, and who has had it distorted in less maddening ways, has gone to pieces under the strain. Wildly trying to convince the world that he never said what he was alleged to have said, and tilting ever at the windmills of a nation's jesting, he has soured or weakened in the end. Not so with Osler. For him there has not even been an effort at denial; he has laughed with the laughers. When the talk is about chloroform at 60 he has appreciated the joke as much as anybody. If anybody wants to believe that this is the Osler advice to the world the professor is willing. Such being the case, this particular sixtieth birthday at any event may safely be said to have been passed in serenity and ease. The example is a good one to many a serious young man who shows less elasticity at 30 or 40 than Osler does at 60.

Secretary Wilson returned from a recent western trip with the conviction that his previous explanation of the upward trend of food prices is sound. He attributed the troubles of the consumer to the scarcity of farm labor, and he sees no reason to change that view. Thousands of fertile acres, he says, are lying idle in the far West because their owners cannot get "hands" at any rate of pay. American boys drift to the cities, while immigrants, even if from purely agricultural districts, are either unable or unwilling to do farm and field work, while many of those who try it prove to be incompetent owing to the different methods and the improved machinery employed here. Those who regard this theory as inadequate and who think that monopoly is not without considerable responsibility for the high prices of foodstuffs must admit that the scarcity of agricultural labor is a fact, and as such it at least partially accounts for the phenomenon in question. Hence it is highly desirable to continue and extend the work of the federal information division of the bureau of immigration, which has sought to promote the better distribution of immigration and has taken particular pains to direct the aliens to the western states or localities where the shortage of labor is greatest. There has been opposition to the activities of this division, and only the other day Secretary Nagel "turned down" a recommendation for its abolition. There is plenty of room for co-operation between the federal agency and state bureaus of labor and immigration. Secretary Wilson's explanation also emphasizes the need of scientific and practical teaching of agriculture in state colleges and special schools. A good deal has been written on the subject of late, and it certainly deserves all the attention it receives. The drift cityward can be checked by making agriculture profitable and attractive as a career. The liberal professions, we are constantly told, are overcrowded, and the average earnings in them too small to compensate for the time and labor spent in preparation and waiting. Agriculture is very far from being overcrowded, and the possibilities of intensive cultivation, of economy and improvement, are infinite in this country.

tion that his previous explanation of the upward trend of food prices is sound. He attributed the troubles of the consumer to the scarcity of farm labor, and he sees no reason to change that view. Thousands of fertile acres, he says, are lying idle in the far West because their owners cannot get "hands" at any rate of pay. American boys drift to the cities, while immigrants, even if from purely agricultural districts, are either unable or unwilling to do farm and field work, while many of those who try it prove to be incompetent owing to the different methods and the improved machinery employed here. Those who regard this theory as inadequate and who think that monopoly is not without considerable responsibility for the high prices of foodstuffs must admit that the scarcity of agricultural labor is a fact, and as such it at least partially accounts for the phenomenon in question. Hence it is highly desirable to continue and extend the work of the federal information division of the bureau of immigration, which has sought to promote the better distribution of immigration and has taken particular pains to direct the aliens to the western states or localities where the shortage of labor is greatest. There has been opposition to the activities of this division, and only the other day Secretary Nagel "turned down" a recommendation for its abolition. There is plenty of room for co-operation between the federal agency and state bureaus of labor and immigration. Secretary Wilson's explanation also emphasizes the need of scientific and practical teaching of agriculture in state colleges and special schools. A good deal has been written on the subject of late, and it certainly deserves all the attention it receives. The drift cityward can be checked by making agriculture profitable and attractive as a career. The liberal professions, we are constantly told, are overcrowded, and the average earnings in them too small to compensate for the time and labor spent in preparation and waiting. Agriculture is very far from being overcrowded, and the possibilities of intensive cultivation, of economy and improvement, are infinite in this country.

REVIVAL OF STENCILING.

Adaptation of Straw Matting to This Style of Decoration.
Never has Japanese matting been in such popular favor for decorating and house furnishing articles as during the present season, the Boston Post says.

Now that stenciling is the favorite fad in decorating, many and beautiful are the various decorative schemes to which the matting lends itself to stenciling. Matting rugs decorated with a stenciled border are very attractive and useful for the porch or summer cottage. Plain white matting is used for the stenciled decorating and the rug ends are finished by raveling out the matting to a depth of four or five inches and knotting the strands in bunches of six or eight, close to the last strand of matting, thus forming a pretty fringe. A conventional border for the rugs is the proper style of decoration.

Porch floor cushions are equally attractive made from matting and bound together with raffa and decorated with a stencil design.

Screens filled with stenciled matting always look cool and inviting. Lamp and candle shades of stenciled matting bound with raffa are also very popular for summer use.

Utility boxes, chair seats and tables covered with matting are also receiving their share of stencil adornment. A screen of green mission filled with white matting, decorated with flights of brilliant-hued butterflies and "darning needles"—the wasp-like insect which our parents often threatened us would sew up our childish lips for acts of naughtiness—was recently the storm center of admiration in an exhibit of arts and crafts.

The work is fascinating, the effect charming and the cost next to nothing. Enough said.

His Important Service.

One of the greatest nuisances of traveling is tipping. A smile from a head waiter is a costly commodity, and no mental service is too small for remuneration. An unusually ingenious plea for a tip is that of a small Hibernian, mentioned by Mr. John Augustus O'Shea in "Roundabout Recollections." The author was traveling in Ireland.

I drove down to the station on the faint chance of catching the train to Dublin. When I got out of the cab at the station a bright-faced boy accosted me.

"Ah, sure, sir, you've just missed the train," he said.

It was true. I booked my luggage and ascertained when the next train would leave. While I was waiting, the lad came up to me and asked me for a tip.

"What for?" I asked.

"Sure, sir, I told you that you were too late," he unblushingly responded.

Capo Cod's Grim Toll.

On the shores of Cape Cod there were, during a period of twenty years following 1881, as many as a thousand wrecks of vessels carrying precious cargoes of human beings and of freight.

Peace Preserved.

"It's hardly worth while to buy a lawn mower for just twenty-five feet. Let's get one together."

"No, thanks, Mr. Noybers. I value your friendship too much."—Kansas City Times.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE BLACK HAND.

A MORE systematic method in crime, a broader organization, have been revealed in the Black Hand than police authorities have ever before been ready to believe. The type of criminal who employs the Black Hand ways, in spite of the terror he is enabled to create, is of a low order. His intelligence is often seemingly more bestial than human. The discipline of a large band of workers, the secrecy necessary, and, above all, the division of spoils—these call for an understanding and a singleness of purpose that the ordinary Sicilian and Calabrian rogue does not possess.

Because of the recent revelations the alarming suggestion has been made that native American criminals, confidence men and cracksmen of superior wit and resourcefulness have entered the field. This would account for the organization discovered. It would explain the apparent subservience to a leading intelligence and it would satisfy questions the police ask as to the existence of a central fund and a working arrangement common to several sections of the country. The American criminals would naturally hide themselves under aliases of Italian names, and, too, they would have all arrangements so that the foreigners and not themselves should suffer in case of discovery.

The Black Hand is probably no worse than other forms of blackmail except in so far that it causes a greater fear among its victims and a more general uneasiness among the police. The methods used in the attempt to break it up have proved of little avail. A penalty as severe as that for kidnaping might tend to crush it. It is worth trying.—Toledo Blade.

MRS. THAW'S BOOK.

MRS. THAW, the mother of Harry Thaw, has written and published a book in which she makes a bitter attack upon those whose duty it is to administer justice in the courts of New York. She makes District Attorney Jerome an especial target, declaring that he has gone outside of his jurisdiction several times to persecute her son. The public will hardly be led to take any different view of the Thaw case by the publication of this book than it already entertains. It will, however, be disposed toward charity and excuse the foolish fulmination upon the ground that it is the case of a mother fighting for her son.

Money was the greatest curse which ever fell upon the Thaw family. If the mother had taken a different course when her son was young; if she had limited the amount of his spending money, and if she had insisted that he be put to work when not in school, the later years of her life might not have been clouded with this great sorrow. Because the Thaw family was rolling in wealth, it was considered ridiculous that Harry should be other than a gentleman of leisure. There was never a more tragic illustration of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. To-day he is a

murderer and deserves life imprisonment, if no greater punishment. He has escaped prison on the flimsy plea of mental unsoundness. He ought to be thankful, as had the members of his family, that he has made so good an escape from the electric chair. However, the family is turning heaven and earth in an effort to have him proven sane. It is hardly conceivable that the courts of New York will permit so great a travesty in the name of justice. Meanwhile Mrs. Thaw's book will take its place among the curiosities of American literature.—Des Moines Capital.

HARD TIMES AND MATRIMONY.

THERE is probably not more than a fraction of 1 per cent of truth in that unpleasant old proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window," but it is not to be denied that when poverty is the first to take possession, poor love has to sit on the doorstep and wait. All through the year 1908 the little god has been shivering outside many homes where he had every expectation of spending a cozy and perfectly delightful twelvemonth. And during the year of hard times marriages fell off 20 per cent.

In Manhattan Borough alone nearly 20,000 persons are going about in single blessedness—or otherwise, as they take it—who ought, from the statistician's point of view, to have been married last year. The statistician takes a cold-blooded view of it, merely marking it down as an interesting fact to be "footed up" with other interesting facts. He hasn't a word to say about love's young dream, and hope deferred, and all the furtive tears for which those 10,000 non-existent marriages are responsible. You can't make averages of such things as a young man's disappointment and a nice girl's heartache.

The results of hard times are always, first of all, fewer diamonds imported and fewer marriages recorded. Jewels and matrimony go hand in hand, as indications of a rising or falling in the barometer of prosperity.—New York Times.

WHY CORRUPT THE CLOCKS?

ALL the advantages derived from the Cincinnati "daylight" ordinance, and similar measures proposed elsewhere, could be obtained without making liars of the town clock and all other public and private timepieces. The principal advantage sought is an increase in the number of daylight hours available for recreation.

In the summer time, when the evenings are long, it is proposed to "knock off" an hour earlier than is now the custom, and so that this should not disorganize industry by reducing the number of working hours in shops and factories it would be necessary to begin work earlier in the morning. But why should the clocks be set an hour ahead? Cannot workmen be made to acquire the habit of early rising (an excellently good habit in the hot season) without making prevaricators of our clocks?—Philadelphia Record.



THE NEW KID.

Chester bustled in with an air of great importance. Taking off his hat he reached up and hung it on its hook instead of giving it the careless twirl by means of which it customarily attained that position.

"Say, Dave," he began, "there's a new kid comin' to-day and we better—"

"Well, don't I know it?" interrupted David. "Think you're tellin' me a secret?"

"Aw, g'wan!" exclaimed Chester. "You never knew a thing about it till I just told you."

"I did, too," retorted David. He added, chuckling: "You kin learn a lot if you git down early enough."

"Well, anyhow," pursued Chester, "it's a good thing for the boss that he made up his mind to get in another helper. I tell you I wasn't goin' to stand for it much longer. It's a fright, the way we had to work and me havin' so much responsibility an' all. Just between me and you I was figurin' on lookin' for another—"

Chester's voice died away as the office manager appeared with a red-haired boy in tow.

"Good morning, boys," said the manager. "I've brought you an assistant. This is—"

"John Fitzgerald, sir," supplied the youth, promptly.

"Well, John, hang up your hat and the boys will tell you about the work." The manager walked away.

"Well, John," began Chester, taking possession of the floor with an imitation of the manager's manner, "I might as well begin to put you wise to the job. There's a lot to learn in this department. We have to copy all the letters and index the letter-books and sort out the mail, and answer the switchboard and run the buzzer calls and chase out on errands. I gently run the switchboard myself becuz Mr. Selden's awful particular 'bout the phone calls, and I guess David better do most of the indexin' and copyin' for awhile and you kin run the errands and answer buzzers at first, till you get kinder used to the work."

A whirring of the switchboard drew Chester's attention aside for a moment. The new kid thereupon winked an impudent green eye at David, who responded by half-closing a round blue orb.

"Well," resumed Chester, turning again to the new kid, "let me see—"

about bein' respectful to the heads of departments 'round here, too, so when you speak to me you'd better just call me 'sir.'"

Chester paused reflectively. The new kid, leaning against a table, crossed his knees, thrust his hands into his pockets and regarded Chester between partly shut eyelids.

"Aw, fade away, kid," he remarked, languidly. "Don't you try to work any of your answer-the-buzzer-till-you-get-on-to-the-job games on me. I indexed more books and copied more letters than you ever seen in your life, and I kin run any old kind of a switchboard that ever was put in."

He drew one hand from his pocket and leveled a forefinger at Chester. "And, look here," he said, "you better not come round me with any of your fresh talk 'bout me callin' you 'sir,' unless you want to get pasted one in the lamp. I ain't lookin' for no scrap, but if they's goin' to be one it ain't me they'll be carryin' out feet first when it's all over. See!"

He straightened up in a leisurely manner, strolled over to the switchboard where Chester sat and gazed calmly down upon the enraged but speechless youth.

"Now," he observed, "if you're through throwin' bokays at yerself, an' one o' you kids'll put me wise to where you keep things in this little old joint and who belongs to the buzzers, I'll get to work."—Chicago Daily News.

TERRAPIN AND FROG FARM.

Scheme to Raise Helicetes on Long Island for New York Market.

There is an industry out on Long Island which is yet in the very earliest stages of infancy and about which its sponsors are exceedingly reticent. It is the rearing and marketing of terrapin and frogs, strictly according to the rules and regulations laid down by the Secretary of Agriculture.

So far the names of only three men interested in the prospective terrapin and frog farm have reached the public, but there is reason to believe that a number of others are considering the why and wherefore of lending something more material than merely their moral backing.

Cuthbert M. Leveridge, of Boston, who is reputed to be an expert in matters appertaining to the domesticating and nurturing of terrapin in the South, has succeeded in enlisting the interest of two Brooklyn dentists. They are Dr. F. C. Royce, of 65 Greene avenue, who is not at all sure that he is willing to be mentioned in connection with this undertaking, and Dr. David S. Skinner, whose home is at 75, on the same street.

Dr. Skinner would have been willing to divulge the details of the

scheme, it seemed, had it not been for two circumstances. The first was that his co-workers were anxious to keep the matter to themselves for the present, as Dr. Skinner indicated by putting an index finger to his lips as a token that silence had been enjoined upon him. The other was a certain backwardness on his own account.—New York Sun.

NEW YORK'S HORSE CARS.

Receiver Reports Big Deficit on 28th and 29th Streets Line.

Joseph B. Mayer, receiver of the 28th and 29th Streets Crosstown Railroad Company, filed yesterday with the Public Service Commission the report of the road for the quarter ended March 31, the New York Tribune says. The report shows a deficit for the three months of \$4,275 and an operating ratio of 230.02 per cent. In other words, it cost two and one-half as much to operate as its earnings were.

The road was divorced from the Metropolitan Street Railway Company's system over a year ago and placed in the hands of a separate receiver. It has in operation three horse cars, which are run at fifteen and thirty minutes' headway alternately. The road is 3.3 miles long, with single track and turnouts.

Gross earnings from operation for the quarter were \$3,174 and operating expenses were \$7,019. Income from other sources was \$108 and rentals were \$538. The balance sheet is amusing, as the only item carried on the assets side is the quarter's deficit of \$4,275. The receiver says that he is unable to present a "general balance sheet." He adds that no other assets exist. The figures as to the cost of the road, he says, are not available.

As a sample of high traction finance the story of the road is interesting. It received its charter in 1886, but was sold at foreclosure in 1896. It was turned over to the Metropolitan with a capital stock of \$1,500,000 and a bonded indebtedness of a like amount. This made its capitalization \$893,388 a mile, which would seem to be close to the record for street car lines. In view of these figures the inability of the road to operate three cars without a large deficit is significant.

Horsemanship in Heaven.

Little Kenneth and his mother were about to go for a drive.

"Who was God's father?" asked the boy.

"He had no father," replied the mother.

"Then," persisted Kenneth, thoughtfully, "who hitched up the horse for God's mother?"—Success Magazine.

What becomes of a man's respectability after death?

WHO MAKES BURGLARS' KITS?

How Shops Where the Jimmy Can Be Bought.

Every little while, said a London detective, recently, the police arrest a man with a set of burglar's tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable person would not be alarmed to be seen purchasing the most wicked looking knife ever made, but who would know where to get a Jimmy or a device for drilling into a safe or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling?

There probably are places in the large cities where these things are made and sold to the user, but such places are exceedingly scarce. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community. When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job, and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping quiet about it. Many detectives can recall cases of this kind that have come to light in London.

One in particular occurred some years ago, when an escaped convict named Williams went to a blacksmith in the East End and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe cracking. He personally superintended the tempering of the steel, but when the job was nearly completed it leaked out, and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put. Most of the tools used by burglars are secured in the same way.

The only regular establishment ever discovered where they were made was in the East End. This was years ago, and the place was soon pounced upon.

Legal Information

The New York Building Code, sections 153-155, provides that, on the refusal of an owner of an unsafe building to make it safe or remove it, a report of the building shall be made to a court, which, if it finds that the building is unsafe, shall command the commissioner of buildings to take it down or make it safe, and that the expense thereof shall constitute a lien on the premises. Section 157 provides that if a building collapses the city may remove the debris, to be paid for out of the fund, under section 158. In the case of In re Jenkins, 115 New York Supplement, 385, such provisions are construed by the New York Supreme Court, and it is held that the city has no lien on property for expenses incurred in removing debris of a collapsed building and the bodies of people buried beneath the ruins, and is directly liable to the contractor employed to do the work.

The Maine Supreme Court's reference in a previous decision to a search warrant as "a sharp and heavy police weapon to be used most carefully lest it wound the security or liberty of the citizen," is fully justified by the conduct of the officers as related in Buckley vs. Beaulieu, 71 Atlantic Reporter, 79. Under the authority of a warrant to search certain premises for intoxicating liquors, and armed with axes, pickaxes and crowbars, they entered the house and made a search from attic to cellar, and even dug into the floor of the cellar. On finding no liquors, and strongly suspecting they were somewhere concealed about the house, they broke into and tore out a strip from the interior walls of the rooms below stairs entirely round each room, and dropped the debris upon the floors and carpets. All this was done in the hope of finding, not the liquors, but some pipe or other clue leading to the liquors. The officers then departed, leaving the occupants to remove the debris, and leaving the plaintiff, the owner, to restore his house and make it again habitable. Such conduct was declared by the court to be unlawful, and such a search entirely unreasonable and in excess of the officers' authority. It was no defense to an action for damages that they acted in good faith, in the full belief that the occupant was keeping liquors in the house in violation of the law.

A Fitting Deduction.

"Do you know what an oath is, little girl?"

"Yes, sir; I must always tell the truth."

"If you always tell the truth, where will you go when you die?"

"Up to heaven."

"And if you tell lies?"

"To the naughty place, sir."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite."

"Let her be sworn. It is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do."—Modern Society.

Going Out.

Mr. B.—There, I've let my cigar go out. Do you know that it spoils a cigar, no matter how good it is, if you allow it to go out?

Mrs. B.—Yes; a cigar is a good deal like a man in that respect.

Luck at Last.

"It's done had de proof dat dar's luck in a rabbit's foot," said Ernestus Pinkly.

"What were de proof?"

"I done sold de one I's been carryin' so long to a superstitious white lady for fo' bits."—Washington Star.