

BANDON RECORDER

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Polished language is often used in telling the unvarnished truth.

Dr. William Osler is 60 years old and admits that he has repudiated the doctrine which made him famous.

Ten dollars a week may not be a living wage for brokers' clerks, but the account is not squared by embezzlement.

Abdul Hamid is credited with having several million dollars on deposit in United States banks. If he has, it is perfectly safe.

Down in Mexico a millionaire who murdered his brother-in-law is to be hanged. The Mexican laws cannot be rich in technicalities.

King Edward is disposed to listen sympathetically to the suffragettes, notwithstanding the fact that he is never likely to need their votes.

The law of Titipus as exemplified in the "Mikado" evidently obtains in Camden, N. J., where a man has been sentenced to a month in jail for flirting.

One of the discouraging signs of the times is contained in the fact that people still gather in large crowds to see parachute performers kill themselves.

An English nobleman recently lost his life while pursuing beetles in southern Arizona. It is possible to imagine a more heroic death for a nobleman.

Among other defects of the mechanical piano player in hot weather is that it never excuses itself on the ground that it forgot to bring its music along.

Somebody remarks that "the world is full of people who are experimenting with union suits for the first time." The same may be said with reference to divorce suits.

J. Pierpont Morgan and King Edward are reported to be very chummy. Perhaps the King thinks of getting Mr. Morgan to secure a controlling interest in Germany, and thus stop all danger of an invasion.

People who thought the recipients of big incomes were to be required to begin immediately to pay taxes on them will have time to indulge in several more thoughts before the income tax paying begins.

The German Chancellor is going to quit. Kaiser Wilhelm, being a versatile man, might take the job himself, doing the chancelloring, so to speak, at certain hours in the day, and wearing his mustache combed down while at it.

The biography of Dean Hook recalls a certain minor canon, who used to preach at the cathedral when Hook was a boy at the Winchester school. In one of his sermons there occurred the striking reflection that "what is impossible can never be and very seldom comes to pass."

Usually when science makes a marked advance there is a pathological penalty paid by those most actively engaged in the work. Medical experts now tell of mysterious affections suffered by wireless telegraph workers in consequence of the action of the Hertzian waves. In some cases the eyes are affected, and in others the heart or the nerves.

New Yorkers who sought to get railway accommodation from Chicago to the Pacific coast in June were told they would have to give three or four weeks' notice before room could be found for them. All trains running to the West were crowded, and space in them was reserved for that length of time ahead. Three reasons for this unusual condition were given by the railway managers: That many national conventions are to be held in the West this summer, that the Seattle fair is open, and that the people are beginning to realize that the future expansion of America is to be toward the West, and are anxious to understand the problems to be met there.

There is much profitless talk just now about age as a bar to employment. In mere manual labor when a man is really physically enfeebled by age, it is a bar that cannot be overcome. In other lines that call for intellectual activity chiefly, it should not be. The old are needed to "teach the young idea how to shoot." There is a place for Nestor, even in an army, as well as for Hector. Youth has its advantages, and age has its own, and the old head on young shoulders is too great a rarity to depend on for the running of the business of the world. But it is noticeable that the cry for "young blood," once more prevalent than now, comes mostly from lips that are old. "It is a crime to be old," said an old man caustically to another who refused him employment on that account—"unless one is an employer."

The recent mutiny in a company of Philippine constabulary, stationed at Davao, in the extreme southern part of the archipelago, appears to have

been wholly due to local causes and without political significance. Cameron Forbes, the acting Governor-General, declares that the affair has not shaken his faith in the general excellence and loyalty of the force. Certainly these native troops have repeatedly shown their efficiency in policing the islands, and there has been only one other notable instance of insubordination since they were organized in 1898. Nevertheless, many observers of Philippine affairs insist that the loyalty of the Philippine troops is more a loyalty to their immediate officers than to the cause in which they are engaged or to the flag which they follow. It is urged that at heart they are antagonistic to American rule, and not to be relied upon in a serious crisis. Other nations have had varying experiences with native soldiers in distant lands which have come under their control. Ancient Rome used them, and in modern times Great Britain has had to depend on their assistance. The Sepoy mutiny in 1857 is one of the most memorable instances of the rebellion of such troops. It is probable that this country has numerous problems in the Philippines more difficult of solution than that of maintaining the efficiency of the native constabulary.

"Who is to be the new professor of Christian theology in the divinity school?" was asked recently in a group of graduates of a New York university. "It is not easy to find the right man," was the reply. "The young ministers nowadays are interested in sociology and not in theology." A clerical reviewer of a recent book by the retiring professor in question wrote that the book was deficient because too little attention was paid in it to the social side of Christianity. Thus was emphasis again laid on sociology in distinction from theology. Neither John Calvin nor Jonathan Edwards would be pleased with this manifestation of modern religious interest. In the days of Jonathan Edwards, and for many years afterward, the doctrinal sermon was regarded as of the highest importance, and even now there are many clergymen and laymen who deplore the present tendency away from doctrine. They say that modern Christians do not know what they believe, and are ready to accept any new fad, ignorant of its theological significance. These persons regret the breaking down of the barriers between the Protestant denominations indicated by the advice of a New York clergyman that those of his parishioners who live too far away from the church to attend its services should join a church—of some other denomination, if necessary—nearer their homes. This lowering of the bars between the sects is one of the results of the decreasing emphasis on doctrine. And the little regard in which doctrine is held is still further indicated by the decision of a committee of one of the most conservative Calvinistic churches to recommend for ordination to the ministry three young men who are unable to accept as literal some of the statements in the Bible which all Trinitarian Christians used to consider fundamental.

The Feminine Prerogative.



"What do you want, little girl?"
"Who, me?"
"Yes."
"Nuffin. I'm just shoppin'."

The Flow of Solids.

The idea of flow is generally associated with the movement of liquids and gases, and indeed the term fluid is usually restricted to these two states of matter. Nevertheless it is beginning to be understood that nearly every substance is capable of a movement corresponding to the idea of flow, and that such a thing as absolute rigidity does not exist. The flow of solids occurs in such mechanical operations as the drawing of wire, the manufacture of drawn tubing, the production of various shapes in the forming press and in the spinning lathe, and all these are well known to the engineer. To the general observer it is apparent that we have in the mountain glacier an example of continuous flow of an apparently solid mass, and that, too, without rupture or disintegration.—Cassier's Magazine.

Wet Cloth in Sickness.

When a very hot cloth is wanted for use in sickness, do not wet the whole cloth. Take hold of the ends, one in each hand, then drop the center in boiling water, twist the cloth quickly, and the result will be a very hot cloth and the hands not wet.

Recognized Work of Women.

After the Franco-Prussian war, "The Service Cross for Women and Girls" was established in recognition of their aid during the war. The decoration consists of an iron cross encased in silver.

When a man goes into an office to sell a book, he usually shakes hands with the proprietor with so much cordiality as to attract suspicion.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

CONCERNING "GRAFTER."

ACCORDING to a court decision that has just been handed down, calling a man a grafter does not constitute slander. This will probably lead to fresh attempts at a definition of the term which has filled a long-felt want while awaiting a place in the dictionaries. The people accepted it quickly and applied it liberally without any effort at nice distinctions. They called men who were guilty of criminal offenses grafters. They found the word useful in connection with boodler aldermen and dishonest politicians. But they employ it also in referring to small cheating and a disposition to ask something for nothing. The offenses vary from grave to trivial ones, and yet the same quality is recognizable in them all. The grafter figures on rewards without service, on holdup games, on taking what does not belong to him. The same moral qualities are suggested by the term whether the action complained of is criminal or not, and they are qualities that make for thievery. They were recognized recently in the Senate in a smoking room of a sleeping car which was discussing an incident that had happened shortly before. A man had secured two railroad tickets for the price of one, owing to the error of a clerk, had refused to pay the full price on demand, and had decided to let the unfortunate clerk take the consequences. The Senate voted unanimously that he would be a star grafter if he had the opportunity, and its members emphasized their opinion of him by snubbing him and making unpleasant remarks within his hearing. The legal problem is beyond us, but we are positive that if "grafter" is not slander it will never be mistaken for a compliment.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TRICKS FOR THE JURY.

IN spite of its many good qualities, the jury system has always presented to the mind concerned with pure justice the basis for a multitude of doubts. For example, when eight men on a jury are convinced that a verdict for murder should be rendered and four are equally honest in their vote for acquittal, what justice can there be in a verdict which condemns their subject to a compromise verdict of manslaughter and a term of twenty years? Either the law has been robbed of a life rightly forfeited to it, or an innocent man has been made to pay the penalty for a crime he did not commit. And this brings us to the methods by which the opinions of juries are swayed. It is the view of the law that a jury is moved to its duty by some telling bit of melodrama, a piece of sentimental clap-trap, or the clever introduction of irrelevant nonsense into the serious proceedings of the case by some slick lawyer. One does not wish to be severe on a man on trial for his liberty. Nor is it right to deprive him of any legal privilege granted to him by the law. But it must be seen that since the jury before which he is being

tried can only honestly concern itself with the testimony as to his guilt or innocence, nothing else but the facts bearing on these points should be allowed to plead for him before that jury. And there is nothing either in the ethics of the profession of law or in the unwritten licenses permitted by custom in the influencing of juries which justifies counsel for the defendant in resorting to such tricks.—Washington Post.

AN IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.

THE decree of the Iowa Supreme Court that lake beds and the beds of non-navigable rivers belong to the State constitutes a decision destined to have a far-reaching effect on drainage projects. While the decision is binding in no State except Iowa, the precedent set is likely to be followed in other States where drainage projects are undertaken. Northern Iowa, particularly, contains a large number of shallow lakes which can be drained and converted into agricultural land at comparatively small outlay, and the tendency to do so has led to much litigation to preserve lakes which the common good demands should be retained. Whatever other effects the law has, it will tend to stop the drainage of real lakes, since the direct financial benefit is not so likely to tempt the State as it would a private individual. In rendering this decision the Iowa Supreme Court has also undoubtedly cut out for itself much litigation in the future determining titles to lake beds already drained and defining what constitutes a lake within the meaning of the law. The Iowa court is used to that, however, as the cases will be legitimate successors to the prolonged swamp land disputes.—Omaha Bee.

DIVERSION OF IMMIGRANTS.

THE country districts have a perpetual hunger for men to do common labor; particularly in this chronic shortage acute in the South and Middle West. On the other hand, it is too often true that the labor market in the large centers of population is oversupplied with men. It is the mission of the Bureau of Immigration, under the order just issued by Secretary Nagel, to equalize this condition—to send the laborer away from the overstocked market to the other market where his services are in demand. Though the government doubtless concerns itself largely with the economic aspects of the case, there is also a moral and physical question involved. The more generally immigrants are kept away from cities, the better will be the health and morals not only of themselves, but of their children; the more probably will the second generation grow into worthy, law-abiding Americans. The better, too, will be the conditions in the cities themselves if they are relieved somewhat of this constant influx. It would be almost a solution of the problem of congestion and its train of evils.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THEIR TALK

As the sour old married couple were walking in the park Mr. and Mrs. Spoonmore rode by in their new automobile, chatting merrily. "Look at them!" said the experienced married woman, bitterly. "See them actually carrying on a conversation and not quarreling! How do they do it?"

QUAINT SACRED EDIFICES.

Chinese Ancestral Halls Where Deported Spirits Are Honored. The most important edifice in Chinese villages is the ancestral hall, says the Rev. Charles Bone in the Independent. As ancestral worship is the oldest and most sacred cult of the Chinese, it may be assumed that these sacred edifices are very ancient. The ancestral hall is the recognized rendezvous of the spirits of the departed, who are supposed to revisit their old haunts, and especially to gather therein on anniversary days, when the living offer them homage and sacrifices. The inner room of these halls is indeed regarded as a veritable holy of holies. A Chinese with a sympathetic imagination, who gazes thoughtfully upon the hundreds of gilded wooden tablets standing in rows, tier above tier, until in the center top row, stands the tablets of the original ancestor of the clan, feels like an Anglo-Saxon who is privileged to linger in the aisle of Westminster Abbey. Every village of importance has its Westminster Abbey. But the village ancestral hall is more than this. It is the recognized rendezvous of the clan life of the village. The village school is held therein, for it is said that the presence of the spirits of the departed will both assist the youths in their acquirement of knowledge and inspire a reverence in them for the honor of the clan. Alas, however, "familiarity breeds contempt." In the ancestral hall, moreover, the several head men of the village gather to discuss municipal affairs and arrange internal quarrels. Chinese family life is, to a foreigner, a tangled mystery, and he invariably loses himself in its confused mazes. The delicate degrees of mutual responsibility to which each member stands to the other, quite unknown in western lands, offer many opportunities for disagreement and quarrels; moreover, the way in which certain funds and the income of certain clan lands is divided at specified times presents colossal stumbling blocks to internal harmony. Further, these "sacred edifices" are

you when you got home to-night. It's certainly fierce the way people let their kids play in the streets, out in front of autos, and everything. Some day one of these tads will be killed, and the fond parent will say the Lord took them because they were too good for this earth.

"Well, I'm gladder every minute that she didn't get me to take that pongee with the embroidery. There must have been a prize offered to whoever could sell that thing, the way she coaxed at me to let her send it out."—Chicago Daily News.

OUR FOOLISH AMBASSADORIAL RANK.

The carefully trained diplomats sent abroad for foreign countries—where diplomacy is a regular profession—are letter perfect as to the gymnastic and sartorial details of their jobs. Born with the mildew of caste in their veins, they glory in the triplicated kow-tow and gloat over the backward glide.

Diplomacy, the French say, is the art of tying one's own necktie, and, under that definition, foreign diplomats are its masters. But in handling men, in adjusting really important affairs, in promoting international amity and understanding, in dealing with those quick crises which are the true test of diplomacy, the wider training, the broader outlook, and the more diversified experience of the American ministers made them unequalled.

Meanwhile the stupidity or cowardice of Congress—statesmen are welcome to the choice—which was responsible for the creation of the ambassadorial rank without providing funds for its support, will stand in the way of applying either possible remedy to the impossible situation. And so the American people must continue to sponge on the private fortunes of ambitious millionaires who are anxious to buy for themselves and their families some temporary glitter and glory abroad, until the National Legislature either makes suitable provision for ambassadorial support or—quickened and inspired by the living memory of Abraham Lincoln—returns to the old ideas of republican simplicity.—Success Magazine.

Marshal and the Emperor's Orders.

Appropos of the centenary of the death of Marshal Lannes a Paris contemporary tells the following story: The marshal had a horror of etiquette and appeared very little at court. One day when he was amusing himself by shooting larks on his estate of Maisons Laftite a message arrived to invite him to the Tuilleries, where his absence had been much commented upon. The marshal, not the least perturbed, replied to the invitation in his blunt, soldierly and characteristic manner: "Tell the emperor," he said, "I am at his orders to rejoin the army, but if he wants me for anything else I am shooting larks."—London Globe.

Why is it that a fat woman seldom has a disagreeable temper?

Old Favorites

Since I've been in the Army,
I'm Paddy Whack of Ballyhack,
Not long ago turn'd soldier;
In grand attack, in storm or sack,
None will than I be bolder.
With sprits gay I march away,
I please each fair beholder,
And now they sing "He's quite the thing."
Och! faith! ye girls, I charn ye,
And there ye come, at beat of drum,
To see me in the army.

Rub a dub dub, and pilli il loo,
Whack! fwal de lal la and trilli il loo;
I laugh and sing like anything
Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls
Would form a pleasant party;
There's Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,
And Suke and Peg McCarthy;
Miss Judy Bages and Sally Maggs,
And Martha Scraggs all storm me,
And Molly Macee is after me,
Since I've been in the army.
The Sallies and Podies and Kitties and Dollies
In numbers would alarm ye,
E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,
Admires me in the army.

The roaring boys who make a noise
And thwack'd me like the mischief
Are now become before me dumb,
Or else are very civil.
There's Murphy Roake, who often broke
My head, now daresn't dare me,
But bows and quakes and off he sneaks.
Since I've been in the army,
And if one neglect to pay me respect,
Och! another tips the barney,
With "Whist! my friend, and don't offend
A gentleman of the army."

My arms are bright, my heart is light
Good humor seems to warm me;
I've now become with every chum
A favorite in the army.
If I go on as I've begun
My comrades all inform me,
They soon shall see that I will be
A general in the army.
Delightful notion, to get promotion,
Then, ladies, how I'll charm ye,
For it's my belief commander-in-chief
I shall be in the army.

A GASTRONOMIC IDYL.

Empires May Fall, but the Genius of Cookery Remains Triumphant. You will find a small restaurant just inside the street entrance. It is presided over by a waiter who has apparently been 40 years of age for the last two decades, says a writer in the Bookman. He has a friendly, alert air, and anything in the world that you want he will promptly provide, for the honor of the Hotel de Normandie. You will naturally order some sort of potage or something that your fancy suggests; but whatever else you do, be sure to call for mussels. I can see you turning up your nose at this. In America, who eats mussels except perhaps at rare times some pickled mussels? They are with us in the same category as tripe. But behold the genius of the French! When the waiter brings in a enormous silver bowl with a domelike silver cover, and when he removes the cover—then you forget everything in the world except the delicious savory smell of the steam which arises from the myriad shells that open lovingly for you to extract from them the dainty sea-flavored mussel that lurks within. Mussel, did I say? No, these are not the ordinary mussels that Americans know. French gastronomic genius has transformed them into moules mariniere. In some deftly magical way the French chef has imparted a delicious suggestion to the moules, just that indefinable, evanescent memory of garlic—garlic which in the hands of the ordinary cook is an offensive and deadly weapon, but which in the hands of a cook of high degree—an artist in fact—is a means for achieving some of the supreme triumphs of his art. After the moules you will have anything you care for—dainty slices of gameline or sliced capon nestling amid watercresses, and then perhaps some peaches in a little basket where the fruit is enfolded in leaves from its own tree and ripened to precisely the right turn on some ancient wall in the sunshine of an old French garden. Then, perhaps, some pulled bread and a bit of Camembert and a cafe Mazagan in a long glass. No one remembers now the battle that gave its name to this particular preparation of coffee—which shows that men may come and empires may fall and armies may be dashed into fragments upon the battlefield, but the genius of cookery remains triumphant and its achievements are never lost.

Tempus Fugit.

Two darkies were engaged in a lively dispute about the purchase of a mule. "Look hea, Mistah Jackson," exclaimed one, "you done tole me, t'ree weeks ago, dat mule was a young animal. He haint got a toof in his head, he's so old."
Mr. Jackson thoughtfully scratched his head and then replied: "Time shua does fly in dis hea country."—Success Magazine.

Tell-Tale Aroma.

Josh—It's too bad.
Bosh—What's too bad?
Josh—That our neighbors always know when we have fried onions for supper, but never get next when we have strawberries and ice cream.—Yonkers Statesman.

When a woman has nothing else to do, she remembers a lot of sewing she has long neglected.