

BANDON RECORDER

Based on the Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Galveston has King Canute beat several city blocks.

The cigarette is the dead mouse in the wall of the tobacco shop.

Good morning. Have you made an investment by brightening somebody's life this morning?

As King Alfonso would say: "You cannot make a Spanish omelet without breaking a few eggs."

No, Anxious Inquirer, Mr. Littauer was not party to the fatal glove contest on the battleship Vermont.

The woman who thrashed her husband for getting drunk regarded it doubtless merely as a case of tight lacing.

Owing to the advent of the aeroplane some one from Kansas might make a fortune by introducing the cyclone cellar in England.

Orville Wright earned a \$5,000 bonus in 14 minutes and 42 seconds. It had taken him some time, however, to get ready to do the earning.

Philosophers, LL.D.'s, and others of that character greet one another as follows: "Good evening; have you made up a new religion yet?"

Edward Payson Weston, who has walked across the continent in his seventy-first year, is a living refutation of the chloroform theory.

Speaking of midsummer bargains, did you notice that the \$1,000,000 Rockefeller building was sold by the elder to the younger John D. for \$1?

In other words, according to the accommodating alienist, Thaw was insane just long enough to furnish the excuse which was going to be necessary.

Five feet of books will make some men real scholars. And then, again, there are other men upon whose native ignorance five cords of books wouldn't make an impression.

Evelyn Thaw emphatically denies that she is an angel child, and it is probable that a large percentage of the population will be inclined to take her word for it without any further protestations.

A New York correspondent objects that men's clothes have too many pockets. An evident attempt to keep up the general average in compensation for the complete absence of pockets in women's clothing.

The Standard Oil Company, it is announced, will manufacture butter as a by-product. The Standard a long time ago manufactured axle grease, and from axle grease to some kinds of butter is only a step.

A California man has invented a flying machine which he calls an ornithopter and by means of which he expects to be able to fly like an eagle. In case his expectations are realized we suppose it will be permissible to speak of his performance as "ornithoping."

Courts for children, like those of higher jurisdiction, are sad reminders of neglect, depravity and crime in mankind. They exist not from choice or through pride in the machinery of law, but as a result of dire necessity in some cases. The bar at which incorrigibles are arraigned should not be a judgment seat for nurslings accused of trifling misdemeanors. Officialdom guilty of wholesale arrests and prosecutions of this description is itself in need of discipline.

Interest in the project of damming Niagara River has been renewed by the approaching report of the International Deep Waterways Commission. The members of the commission are said to be individually in favor of the dam. Shipping men favor it also, as the decline in level of Lake Erie every autumn seriously interferes with their business. It is estimated that a dam which would maintain the lake at a permanent and satisfactory level could be built for \$5,000,000.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a warning to the public concerning the growing use of phenacetin, acetanilid and antipyrin. These drugs are declared to be true poisons. The danger lies in the powerfully depressing effect upon the heart, and in the ease with which a habit of use is formed. Of a large number of physicians who gave testimony to the department, a great majority stated that they were prescribing these drugs less frequently than was their former habit. In spite of this, the sales are increasing. The explanation is that the drugs are used in headache powders and other preparations which are taken at soda fountains or bought at drug stores for use at home.

With as little unseemly boastfulness as possible to permit us to attract the attention of critical and sometimes captious Europe to the fact that this Government of the free and equal in its latest money making experiments has sacrificed utility to esthetics. The new gold pieces would not stack and the new pennies will not fit the slot

machines. The Government is not to be commended for these failures in utility, but certainly it is noteworthy that this practical nation so far forgot itself in admiration of metallic art that it never inquired whether the coins could be used or not. The plain people naturally are more concerned about the pennies than they were about the gold pieces, the habit of stacking double eagles not being prevalent outside of banks, subtreasuries and cashiers' offices. The slot machine has become a favorite means by which the people come into communication with chewing gum, chocolate drops and other luxuries and diversions. It was a serious matter when it was discovered that the new Lincoln penny would not work in this capacity. The fact that V. D. Brenner, the medalist, had his initials tucked away microscopically on the penny, although objected to, was unimportant. The slot machine defect was serious, and furthermore it was discovered that the bank coin machines could not be worked with the new coins. The Government is getting too artistic. It must have a care for the practical things in life.

Already American and Canadian papers are beginning to talk about celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the war of 1812. Except on the principle that every event important enough to be remembered must be celebrated after one hundred years, we see no great call to make a fuss over the war of 1812. Neither nation has any reason to be proud of its beginning, end of intervening history. We were nagged into the quarrel by restrictions put upon neutral commerce by the contending forces in the Napoleonic wars. The policy represented by the British orders on council was no more oppressive than that represented by Napoleon's Milan decrees. But we seem to suffer more from British restrictions because that power had a navy to enforce them. In our juvenile irritation and bumptiousness we rushed without preparation into a war that would have been ruinous had not England been exhausted in a larger struggle. The trivial land battles of that war were neither honorable to us nor very creditable to the unvarying victors. We have always boasted of our naval prowess in a number of frigate duels, but these had little effect on the course of hostilities. After all the naval victories of Perry and McDonough on the interior lakes, trifling as they were, did more than anything else to bring the war to an end. The treaty of peace is no great cause of pride either. Though it contained a number of sensible provisions forced upon both nations by pressure of circumstances, it left open roads of dispute that vexed us for generations, some of which are yet unsettled. On the whole the war of 1812 was an indiscreet adventure of our youth, provoked by insolent British contempt of our feebleness, which both nations may well agree to ignore. The most practical suggestion in connection with this is that the United States and Canada join in celebrating, not the war of 1812, but the century of peace between the two countries that followed it. First made at the last Harvard commencement, this suggestion has been officially approved in Canada. It would naturally postpone the celebration until 1914.

"Professional Fathers."

A curious industry has sprung up in France owing to the law which permits any man to declare himself the legal father of a child, the Paris correspondent of the London Express says. A number of men of good family and small means have adopted paternity as a profession and are willing for a small sum to declare themselves fathers of boys or girls who have no names of their own. As long as these honest men alone profited by the law there was no particular reason to interfere, but the authorities are taking steps to abrogate it now owing to curious circumstances which have come under their notice.

Some time ago a woman proceeded against a man for theft and blackmail. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The woman had a son who had been registered as "of parentage unknown." When the blackmailer came out of prison he in due form declared himself the young man's father, and he is his father still. Recently in a lawsuit in which an inheritance was at stake the evidence proved that the legal father of one of the parties was two years younger than his daughter, and this state of affairs is too Gilbertian to remain possible much longer.

She Wasn't Sure.

A famous baseball player has a younger sister who is intensely proud of him, although not very familiar with the national game. Mentioning his name one day to a visitor, the latter asked her what position her brother played.

"Why," she stammered, "I—I'm not sure, but I think he's a batter!"—Lippincott's.

Tabbed and Filled.

Mrs. Crawford—You must love your husband very dearly if you save all the letters he sends you while you're in the country.

Mrs. Crabshaw—I'm keeping them for comparison, my dear. I'm sure to catch him in a lie.—Judge.

The modern mother does so much to spare her children it is so wonder she doesn't think up some plan of taking their pills for them.

Don't wear diamonds unless you have a bank balance to match.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

NATURES LAWS CONSTRUCTED BY MAN.

By Charles R. Gibson.



One sometimes finds people who consider theory to be a useless sort of thing, a sort of wild guess, without which we should be none the poorer. It must be clear that a theory is more than a mere speculation. If I suggest that the moon is made of green cheese my speculation is not entitled to be called a theory. I cannot bring forward any observed facts to support my suggestion.

There is a good story told of a well known professor examining three raw students. He asked the first, "Does the earth go round the sun or the sun go round the earth?"

"The earth goes round the sun, sir."

"You," said the professor, quickly turning to the second student.

"O, the sun goes round the earth."

"You," demanded the professor of the third student.

"O, it's sometimes the one way and sometimes the other."

Our position then is this: We gather a number of carefully observed facts and we then try to explain them. We then look out for new facts and see if our theory can explain these also. If it cannot we must be willing to alter our theory.

When we are quite satisfied that a theory is correct we then raise the theory to a higher platform and call it a law of nature. It is well to remember that with all other knowledge these laws of nature are of man's own making. It is amusing how some people think that certain things happen because of these "laws of nature." As if the universe were controlled by these laws which man has constructed! The laws of nature are only theories which seem to be correct. They are not facts, but merely our views or ideas of facts.

FEMININE BEAUTY AS NOW INTERPRETED.

By Marcel Prevost.



Mrs. Howard Gould testified recently to the effect that a truly elegant woman ought not to wear the same gown twice, no matter how beautiful or expensive a gown it may be. The tendency towards almost inconceivable extravagance in dress is not surprising in view of the fact that society lays so much stress upon appearance rather than upon accomplishments. One of our first ultra-modern principles is that woman's attraction resides not so much in her spiritual and intellectual qualities, not in her beauty, but in her elegance. And by elegance is not meant the politeness and the harmony of her bearing and manners, but simply the way in which she "appears," the manner in which she is dressed.

To be beautiful in our day and age no longer means to possess beautiful features. Modern language and modern logic have changed the meaning and notion of this. Beauty to our modern notions is a thing not internal, inherent, God given, but an external thing, dependent upon the purse, the tailor, and the milliner.

The artists who devote their lives to making new fashions and styles for the beautiful sex are racking their brains now to make up gowns for which they are to charge \$500, or hats for \$300. They do not plan such high priced gowns because of their own great cupidity, but because of their patrons' extravagance. Their best patrons demand such high priced gowns and hats.

PROPER TIME TO LAUGH.

Some Vaudeville Jokesters Which Age Cannot Withstand.

Vaudeville is known as the "laugh trust," but not for the reason one might think. It gets the phrase because there are a certain definite number of devices in its category of acts that control the laughs of its audiences. The same old things are always good for a laugh in vaudeville. According to the Bohemian, a new device, a new bit of "business," a new joke are all regarded as dangerous by the performers. The following table details some of the times at which a vaudeville audience regularly laughs:

When a comedian walks with a mincing step and speaks in a falsetto voice.

When a German comedian opens his coat and discloses a green waistcoat.

When a comedy acrobat falls down repeatedly.

When a performer asks the orchestra leader if he is a married man.

When a black-face comedian says something about chicken.

When a performer starts to rise from a chair and the drummer pulls a resined piece of cord so that the performer thinks his clothes have ripped.

When the drummer suddenly beats the drum during a comedian's song and the latter stops and looks in his direction.

When a tramp comedian turns around and discloses a purple patch or several pearl buttons or a target sewed on the seat of his trousers.

When the funny member of the troupe of instrumentalists interrupts the progress of a melody by sounding a discordant note on his trombone.

When a clown of a team of acrobats poses himself to do a presumably difficult feat and suddenly changes his mind and walks away without doing it.

Mosquitoes Kill Cattle.
B. M. Foster and T. A. Dees returned home from Cheniere au Tigre, an island south of Abbeville, a Houston Post's Lake Charles (La.) correspondent says. Great myriads of large mosquitoes caused the party to return home at once. Mr. Foster is authority for the statement that many head of cattle are being killed by the pests, and that the people of the island would suffer a like fate if they ventured out. Day and night the inhabitants are compelled to fight constantly against the little pests, and what small farm work is done on the island has been sadly neglected.

Mr. Foster says that the cattle on the island can usually be found in herds of about 100 each, but the mosquitoes have caused the animals to

They demand it because of the competition with which they meet from their sisters who are not as rich as themselves. They don't want these to equal them in splendor and in elegance.

Those who will hold out longest in this mad chase will some day awaken to the fact that in spite of all their resplendent gowns they are not really elegant women, but imitations and no more. And then they will take their money, which they now waste on almost inconceivable luxuries to adorn themselves outwardly, and will spend it in travel and in other things which will enrich their intellect, and will make them more attractive as women and not mere lay figures.

TRAMPS AND BUMS ARE DISTINCT CLASSES.

By Terence V. Powderly.



There is a big difference between the man who is out of a job and cannot find one and the man who never had a job and would not take one if he could get it. A tramp is a man willing to work, but forced to go from place to place in search of it. A bum is a loafer and a drone who goes into hysteria at the mention of the word work. A hobo is an individual who goes on the theory that the world owes him a living and he is going to get it by hook or crook. The honest workman need take no offense at the criticism of the tramp class. The hobo or bum never worked and never will. He is the fellow whose motto is, "The world owes me a living." The honest workman knows that the world doesn't owe him a living unless he earns it.

The solution of the unemployed problem in the big cities is in the transportation of men who want to work to places where men are wanted for work. There is a crying demand for labor in this country. In the fields of the west and along the roads of the west there is a constant cry for more men. In Chicago, New York and the other large cities there are thousands of good, hard-working men who could fill this need if they had the chance. The trouble is they haven't the money to get to the field of employment.

EAST MUST NOT DOMINATE THE WEST.

By Gov. John A. Johnson.



It is time that the West threw off the shackles of the East. We as an integral part of the American people should cast our influence and our votes not only to advance the material interests of our own particular section, but we should be broad enough and big enough to labor for the common good of our common country.

We have in the States west of the Mississippi the undoubted balance of power, no matter what name the national administration at Washington exists. In the years that have passed our population and our material wealth have not enjoyed that representation to which they are entitled, and furthermore, our leaders have been content to follow in no small measure the leadership of men who represent relatively small constituencies and smaller commonwealths. It is time that the great northwest should come into its own and by the force of its energy, the ability of its sons and the co-operation of its various constituent parts exert an influence for good not only as to its own particular prosperity, but to that of the country at large, to which every element invites it.

HELPING MOTHER PUT UP THE JAM.



stock together for protection, and he saw one big herd with fully 10,000 animals bunched and bellowing with pain. The cattle, he says, keep moving to the windward to keep the pests off as much as possible. Occasionally one will become exhausted and fall behind, or a cow will stop to help its calf, only to meet a hasty death. Some animals Mr. Foster saw have actually been smothered to death by the great swarms of mosquitoes.

"No one who has not witnessed conditions on the island is able to form any idea of what the people and stock have suffered," concluded Mr. Foster.

A Premium on Folly.

Uncle Hiram, who wears whiskers and lives in comic weeklies, will be delighted with the latest news from New York. A man in the metropolis has invented a device which enables one to blow out the gas without fear of the consequences. By a mechanism too complicated to describe, the gas, when blown out, automatically shuts itself off. So perfect is the contrivance, according to the inventor, that even the gas bill ceases to run.

Hiram, the comics tells us, has never been able to understand why mediocre people should interfere with his simple, homely diversions. Blowing out the gas, he has always maintained, is one of those personal privileges

guaranteed us under the Constitution. A machine which will enable him to blow out all the gas within reach, without need for subsequent hospital treatment, will do much to restore Hiram's faith in popular government.

So much for the blowing out of gas; but why can not this beneficent genius turn his attention to other needed inventions? Where is the machine that will make banana peels on the sidewalk a delight to pedestrians? Isn't there some device that will make the humorist who rocks boats and pulls chairs from under folks a public benefactor? Can't we have an antidote for the revolver which no one supposed was loaded?—Success Magazine.

So Careless.

"Yes, I have a cousin in Barcelona. Aren't you worried?"

"I'm awfully worried—they're having such dreadful times there killing people. And I'm as mad at Arthur as I can be."

"Why?"

"Because he hasn't sent me any picture post cards about it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Every man thinks that while others may be stingy or profligate, he is just a happy medium.

So many people seem to look discouraged all the time.

NEW BURGLAR ALARM.

German Invention Utilizes Window and Doorway Curtains.

Deputy Consul General Ulysses J. Bywater reports, according to Daily Consular Reports, on a simple appliance for giving warning of attempted burglary or forcible entry into premises, which is thus described by the consular officer:

This appliance has been thoroughly tested by the police authorities of Dresden and Berlin, and the most experienced experts were unable to find flaws in the apparatus, or to enter into the protected premises without starting the alarm. The appliance itself is very simple, consisting of a curtain or portiere, wired with fine conductors. At certain places on the curtain are affixed small metal knobs, which are connected with the wire conductors. The curtain is then drawn across the window or door, or around the safe, and the slightest disturbance of this position breaks the circuit, as the metal knobs are thrown out of contact with each other.

Should the burglar notice the wires and cut one or several thereof the breaking of the circuit would also start the alarm. Any other attempt to destroy the protecting curtain would also be noticed. Any curtain, unless made of fireproof material, would also act as a fire alarm. The alarm itself may consist of a series of bells, lights or other electrical appliances. This invention can be used to protect doors, windows, safes, etc., and naturally the curtains, forming the most conspicuous part of the device, can be designed and arranged to suit individual taste. The inventor recently gave the writer an exhibition of the working of the apparatus, and the impression was that this invention is unique in simplicity and relevance.

THE HINDU SCHOOLBOY.

The pupils in schools in India are much more amenable to discipline than English or American boys. Dr. T. L. Pennell, the author of "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," says that the Indian schoolboy has not yet lost the ancient traditional respect and love of the pupil for the master, and therefore wins the sympathy and interest of his instructors.

His chief failing is his incorrigible propensity to what is known in English schools as "sneaking;" schoolboy honor and esprit de corps are being developed in mission schools, but have very little basis on which to build.

"Please, sir, Mahtab Din has been pinching me."

"Shuja'at Ali has stolen my book."

"Ram Chand has split ink on my copy-book."

If the master is willing to listen to tales of this kind, he will get a continuous supply of them all day long.

There is much greater diversity in the social status of the boys in an Indian school than in English schools. In the Bannu Mission School every class of the community is represented, from the son of the rich landowner to that of the laborer, from the Brahman to the outcast, and not only do they get on well together without the poor boy having to feel by taunt or treatment that he is unwelcome or despised, but I have often come across genuine acts of charity which have been done quite naturally and without any ostentation; in fact, such deeds are kept secret in the majority of cases.

Thus a poor boy, unable to buy his books, has had them supplied to him by the richer boys of his class. In one case a poor boy was left quite destitute by the death of his father, and some of the boys arranged a small subscription month by month to enable him to remain at school.

Philadelphia's Hoast.

Chicago and New York doubtless have their uses. We must have pork and beef, and we must have a commercial metropolis, but it is hard to believe that any one would willingly live in New York unless possessed of an income of a million or so a year.

In this city we live with comfort and a due sense of proportion. There are a few flats in the city, and there are enough people who don't need homes to fill them, but the average Philadelphian is wedded to his hearthstone. He owns his house and lives in it with pride and comfort, without ostentation.

Our advice to people in Chicago and New York is to come to Philadelphia to live, where babies may be born without the fear of the landlord, and where they may be nurtured in comfortable homes and brought up to be respected citizens. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ham with Jelly.

Melt in a saucepan a large tablespoonful of butter and half a glass of currant or other acid jelly. Shake in a little pepper, and when hot lay in four or five small thin slices of boiled, cold ham. Let it boil up once and serve quickly on toast.—Boston Post.

Not for Him.

"I don't think lions ought to be caged."

"It is the only way to keep them from becoming extinct."

"Oh, surely there is another way."

"If you mean cagin' Roosevelt, count me out."—Houston Post.

Agreeable.

Palmet—Shall I tell your fortune, sir?

Brokely—Yes. Tell it to h---y up.—Puck.