

Yellow Peril Nil

China cannot effect a harmful boycott against the United States. There is little probability of a "yellow peril."

China is becoming a cigarette-smoking nation.

These are three important bits of news W. H. Wickham, who has spent the last 22 years in Hongkong, told at the Portland Hotel yesterday. Mr. Wickham has now retired from business in the Far East and is touring the United States on his way to London, where he will make his future home.

"The United States need not be apprehensive over the boycott declared against American manufactured goods and products because of a little difficulty the Chinese have at the immigration station at Angel Island in San Francisco," said Mr. Wickham. "The principal products the Chinese get from the United States are flour and kerosene. They cannot place a boycott on flour for they cannot get it in any other country. The same is true regarding kerosene. They might be obtained in other countries, but they are of such inferior quality or in such small quantity that the American market could not be discriminated against. The Chinese must have flour and the United States is the best place to get it."

"China is awakening, but will never make such rapid strides as Japan. There are over 400,000,000 people in China, and, naturally, the progressive movement will be slow. It will be a conservative movement, not attended by the aggressiveness of the Japanese, so there is little danger of it becoming a world power that will mean a 'yellow peril.' Of course, if they should take on the aggressiveness of Japan, there is no telling what might happen."

"One feature about China that is not generally known, is, that it is becoming a cigarette-smoking nation. The government is putting a ban on smoking opium, and cigarettes are being substituted. Most of the tobacco is shipped from the United States and manufactured in China. Cigarettes are transported up the streams of China as far as navigation will permit, and then packed on men's backs and taken far into the interior, where they are distributed. The price is high, com-

pared to prices in this country, but the Chinese pay it."

"It will be 22 years next month since I went to Hongkong, and I am glad to get out of it, although I suppose I shall miss the East. I am going to London to stay, but before doing so have decided to take my time about seeing the western part of America. Hongkong would not be such a bad place to live were it not for the climate. The moisture makes the heat very oppressive. I would sooner be in this country with the thermometer over 100 than in Hongkong at 90."

"Few people go to China with the expectation of staying. They go there to make money. There are good business opportunities there, but I would not advise a young man to go unless he had a position before starting. It is hard to get in, but if a man has a position or a business there is no reason why he should not do well. But I am through with China and do not expect to ever see it again."

Claims He Gave Notice

The second officer of the steamer Newport, who was charged by the captain with having left the boat without due notice, denies the charge. The Portland Journal says:

"H. Vahlbusch, formerly second officer of the steamer Newport, has sent a communication to Local Inspectors Edwards and Fuller, in which he denies that he left the Newport to become first officer of the Golden Gate without due notice, as set forth in the charges preferred against him by Captain Parsons. He says that the Newport was on the drydock at the time, and that she was not to sail until Thursday of last week, so he spoke to Mr. Frye, the first officer of the vessel, and as A. Dunham, the owner of the steamer was aboard, he told him that he wished to leave in order to take a better position. He says in the communication that Mr. Dunham told him that it would be all right, as he could get either one of two other officers, and he states that Dock Agent Bancroft told him the Newport was not delayed a minute by his leaving. The inspectors will investigate the charges."—Coos Bay Times.

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Harvey W. Scott, Journalist

Life is change. In his time, every man is called hence. Mr. Scott was human, and, at 72 years he has passed on. He has wrapped the drapery of his couch about him. The pen that he wielded so long and so powerfully, has dropped from the nerveless grasp. Those militant words, The End, have been written.

It is the going of a conspicuous figure. In intellect, journalism has known few men of equal mould. His mentality, rather than his sympathy, was his commanding trait. It placed him in that great group of journalistic writers from which Greeley and Dana have passed, and of which Pulitzer and Watterson are the sole survivors. His mind was a huge storehouse in which knowledge of men, events, literature, philosophy, theology and history was piled up and labelled for ready use. His powers of expressing thought in written language have been rarely equalled. To him, words and sentences were the keen-edged tools with which the expert works and fashions with unerring directness. They were the leaden missile with which the skilled rifleman cleaves the target. They were the thunderbolt or the lightning flash with which electricity proves its resistless powers. Splendid in their strength, overwhelming in their incisiveness and captivating in their grace, his phrasings in conveying the thought that surged in his dominant mind were the essence and means that brought him high place in his great profession.

No man had a greater courage. His career was warfare. He scarcely knew pacification. His convictions were so deep that they were intolerant of the beliefs of others. It brought him enemies, but it made him friends. Whatever he believed he defended. Whatever he did not believe he attacked. His onslaught on the free silver movement when Oregon was a hot bed of that doctrine and when the Republican party was as deeply impregnated with it as was the Democratic party, was symbolic of his whole career. His fulminations against the doctrine and its leaders in whatever party were a succession of powerful Philippics. It was perhaps the most conspicuous victory in his career in journalism, and one that gave him comfort to the last. His opposition to high tariffs while his party was committed to that theory, and his constant war against them to the great distress of his party leaders is another view of the splendid courage of the man. Whether wrong or right, his colors were always at his masthead, and he never hauled them down. Even when disease was wasting away his strength, when the physical life was swiftly ebbing, he was still at his guns thundering at those who differed with him in economic thought.

Mr. Scott left an impress on Oregon. For 30 years his writings were carried by the newspaper conducted by him and Mr. Pitcock, into thousands of Oregon homes. It was opportunity and means for making impress! For long years there was no other general medium for disputing his views. In such a field his splendid pen had its powers and they were unsparingly used. It was a formative period in state history, and that lasting impressions were left by Mr. Scott is unquestioned. As to their value, men will differ. Mr. Scott was old school in many of his views. He was an extremist in conservatism, a trait valuable in some respects in state building, but disadvantageous in others. The staidness of Oregon citizenship is one of its virtues. Its intelligence is another. Its broad conception of human rights and democratic government is still another. It is perhaps just to say that it drank deeply of Mr. Scott's intelligence, but was driven into opposition to him by his ultra reactionary views on government. That there was impress as a result of his long career is undoubtedly, but justice would doubtless aver that it was both positive and negative in influence.

The Journal often differed widely from Mr. Scott. It often fell under

proscription by his trenchant pen. It has been his critic, and essays now to be a generous chronicler. Men are only human. George Washington, held now in revered memory by 90,000,000 people, had glaring faults. Perfection is impossible in mortals. The grave is generous with the faults and foibles of men. We shall all bow low at the bier of Mr. Scott. Oregon will give him a high place among her commanding men. He will be held in grateful memory for his conspicuous genius, and be given an enduring place in her history by that splendid Oregon of which he was so long a part:—Oregon Journal.

Tragedy at Ogrammargau

(August McClure's)

Louise Parks Richards tells a touching anecdote of one of the Ogrammargau players who had lost his part because he had grown too old to fill it adequately:

"Sad as was the duty of the committee, it was plain—and they so explained it to Mayr—that he was no longer young enough for the part; that the beard streaked with gray was no longer suited to the youthful Jesus; that the face which had hitherto borne the lofty, almost superhuman expression of the Divine had now become too seamed with the furrows of years to show the sacredness of sorrow without its scars in one whose earthly life measured only a span of 30 years.

"Mayr broke down and wept like a child.

"I know," he said, "that I am too old for the part; but I had so hoped that you might still have left me my Christus."

"As some compensation he was given the role of Prologist, created expressly for him that year, and a little later he was made Burgermeister of the village; but he never recovered from the loss of his Christus. Three years later, when ordered to Munich for a surgical operation, he spent his last hours before leaving home out at the theatre building, alone. He never returned from the Munich hospital. Into the beyond he carried the wound in his heart still unhealed."

Confession of a Country Editor

An editorial confession from the Winfield Free Press: "The head to this office is gone. The real boss has laid down on us and fled. Proofs are unread; copy unedited; papers unopened, and the editorial column flat and in lipid. We suspected it Saturday; we feared it Sunday, and Monday the realization took place. Saturday she was discovered exchanging a jelly recipe with the society reporter. Sunday she carefully read the household departments in the Sunday papers; Monday she said peaches were selling at a good price, and the weather didn't look as if it were going to cool off, and tomatoes were coming on, also corn, to say nothing of grapes. Monday morning she visited the grocery store before the office.

When she finally came in at nine o'clock, the far-away look of Saturday which had developed into a haunted stare Sunday, had plainly become a wild glare Monday. She fussed around the papers for a minute; picked up some proofs and laid them down, wandered aimlessly to the desk and glanced over the receipts and expenditures, restlessly hammered nothing out of the type writer, and finally said she must go home. It was out. No, she didn't care if Stubbs or Wagstaff were elected; elections were of no importance; telephone, nonsense; what was calling her home had called thousands of women before the telephone was ever invented. Yes, it was important, it was vital. She went.

"As we expected, on the kitchen table when we reached home were 63 jars of peach preserves, 25 glasses of peach marmalade, 37 jars of peach pickles, 30 glasses of peach jam, also peach vinegar, peach butter, peach jelly, to say nothing of peach pie, peach cobbler and sliced peaches for supper.—Kansas City Star.

Bandon Recorder

THURSDAY AUG. 18, 1910

Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are Requested to Notify this Office on Election of Officers and on Change of Meeting Night. Cards under this Head are 50c per in., month

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BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited. L. J. Radley, N. G. A. Knopp, Secretary

Rebekah Lodge No. 126.

MEETS in I. O. O. F. hall every second and fourth Tuesdays. Practice nights 1st Tuesday of the month; Social evening the 3d Tuesday of the month. A cordial invitation extended to all members in good standing. Clara Goetz, N. G. Belle A. Kolp, Secretary.

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