

The Scrap Book

Unintentional Frankness.
The bishop of London recently told a story of a visit he paid to Buckingham palace to see King Edward.

As he was going in he passed the late Lord Salisbury coming out, but the statesman did not seem to know him.

In the course of conversation he mentioned the meeting to King Edward.

"Oh, Lord Salisbury never recognizes anybody," replied the king, "going to a bureau he took out a new photograph of himself and handed it to the bishop. 'What do you think of that?' he asked.

"A very excellent likeness, sir!" replied the bishop.

"Well," said the king, "when I showed it to Salisbury he looked hard at it for a minute and then said:

'Poor Butler! I wonder if he is really as stupid as he looks!'"

By Counsel.
An old gentleman, now deceased, never seemed to be satisfied unless he had several cases pending in court. The old gentleman had just won a case in the justice court, when the loser, in a combative frame of mind, exclaimed: "I'll law you to the circuit court!"
Old Gent—'I'll be thar.
Loser—And I'll law you to the su preme court!
Old Gent—'I'll be thar.
Loser—'I'll law you to 'em!
Old Gent—My attorney 'll be thar.—
West's Docket.

Hard Work.
"It is a good rule to endeavor hour by hour and week after week to learn to work hard. It is not well to take four minutes to do what we can accomplish in three."—Charles W. Elliot.

Good Idea.
When they have their pictures taken people try to look pleasant. Why not wear that look all the time? It will shorten no man's life!—Knoxville Tribune.

Shadowed

By RUTH GRAHAM

During that period when the late Russian revolution was brewing Sonia Katrovich, a young wife of twenty, lived in St. Petersburg at her home with her husband. They were both members of a secret propaganda embracing many persons whose object it was to scatter printed matter intended to awaken the people to their wrongs and incite them to rebellion. There were a number of depositories for this literature, and the home of the Katrovichs was one of them.

The police learned of the whereabouts of one of these depositories and, as was their custom, instead of raiding it at once, set a spy upon it with a view to learning what persons went there, assuming that all visitors were members of the propaganda. One morning Mme. Katrovich went to this depository that the police were watching to take some revolutionary literature there. The place was a single room on the third floor of a building occupied for various purposes. Having finished her visit, Sonia opened the door suddenly and just in time to see a man dart up the stairs leading to the next story above. She did not see his face nor his clothes sufficiently to mark him, but she knew instinctively what had happened. The depository had been discovered by the police and she would be shadowed to her home. Retaining her presence of mind, she continued on her way, knocking at different doors as though looking for some one. Receiving a negative answer to her question, she passed down and out of the building.

Either she must outwit the spy or both she and her husband must spend the rest of their lives in Siberia. She must not go home, and she must contrive to make her husband aware of what had happened. To gain time she visited certain shops. The first shop she entered a man followed her inside and looked over articles with the pretense of buying. Sonia suspected him, but was not sure that he was her shadower till he followed her into another store.

After Sonia had visited several stores she felt at liberty to enter one kept by one Petrof, a member of the propaganda, without necessarily betraying him. Calling on him for some gloves, she while trying them on informed him of the situation that he might at once get word of the danger to her husband and he might remove the literature.

When she left the store the man who watched her approached her.
"Conduct me to your home," he said.
"What means this?" she asked, affecting surprise.

After awhile he admitted the truth, and she told him that she had gone to the building for the purpose of finding a former servant of hers, but had been misinformed as to the address.

"I have no objection to taking you to my home," she said, "and I will easily prove to you that I am loyal to the government. But I warn you that I have some very good friends who are influential with the government, and I will not be put to any inconvenience."
At this the man assumed a more respectful manner and lifted his hat politely.

"I am looking for a certain kind of goods," continued Sonia, "that I need and shall be obliged to visit one or two stores, then I will take you home with pleasure."

Sonia, being of the better class, was enabled to assume an importance that affected the official. She went into several more shops and kept clerks hunting for the goods she wished. At last she feigned to find exactly what she wanted and on paying for it gave the address of her home, to which it was to be sent. The police official noted the location, pricking up his ears as she gave it.

It would not suit Sonia's game to keep the man too long. She must take some risk. It was nearly two hours after she had left the menage with Petrof that she told her captor that she was ready to go to her home, and she led him there in a perfectly straight course. But it was all she could do to bear up under the suspense. If her husband had not received her message there was that in store for them far worse than death. As she went up the steps of her house she almost fainted, but with an effort she opened the front door. No one was to be seen. She opened a door leading into another room where her husband sat at a desk writing.

"Well, dear," he said without looking up from his work, "you have been gone quite awhile." Then, raising his eyes and seeing his wife's attendant, he appeared surprised. Sonia knew that had he not been warned he would have doubtless turned pale.

"Yes," she said, "I have been delayed in finding the goods I need for my gown."

She then explained her having an attendant who needed to be satisfied that they were loyal to the czar.

"That is very easy," said her husband. "I am at this moment writing a paper on the necessity of the Russian people remaining loyal to the government."
He handed the unfinished paper to the official and bade him search the house, from which everything incriminating had been removed. But so well had the game been played that the officer was satisfied and went away without taking any further notice.

The Scrap Book

A Timid Bul Fighter.

Giuseppe Campanari, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera company in Grau and Courted days, now spends his summers at Siasconset having been inveigled there by his friend, former Justice Flammer of New York. Of all the baritone's parts his favorite is that of Escamillo, the toreador in "Carmen." Judge Flammer, who is an enthusiastic golfer, persuaded Signor Campanari to undertake to learn the game on the Siasconset links. The baritone drove off. His ball executed a parabolic left hand curve and landed gracefully between two cows grazing on the outskirts of the links. The baritone gazed wistfully at the ball, but did not move. "Your ball!" said the former magistrate. "There it is between those two cows. Go and get it." Signor Campanari took a few steps forward and then a step back. "They look dangerous," he said doubtfully. Mr. Flammer looked at him for a moment in a pained silence. "Campanari," he said at length, "excuse me, but you're a — of a toreador!"

"Yesterday."
Something spoke in hallowed hush,
Dirge-like, gray and cold,
No one listening to its wail—
Yesterday grown old.

Something spoke in iron voice:
"Do you mind my will?
Look ye not at me askance,
Today may bring ye ill!"

Something drifted down the stream
Of memory grown bright,
Fell with tears of long ago,
Not knowing this day's light.

Something hidden, something sad,
Of human love and strife,
Laugh ye not at yesterday,
For yesterday was life.
—Julia Cook Watson.

Painful Experience.
"After I had written 'The Wake of the Sun' I sold it for \$50," writes Mr. Morley Roberts in "The Private Life of Henry Maitland." "When this bargain was finally struck Mr. Jones Brown said to me, 'Now, Mr. R., as the business is all done, would you mind telling me quite frankly to what extent this book of yours is true?' I replied, 'It is as true in every detail as it can possibly be.' Then you mean to say," he asked, "that you actually did starve as you relate?" I said, "Certainly I did, and I might have made it a deal blacker if I had chosen." He fell into a momentary reverie and, shaking his head, murmured, 'Ah, hunger is a dreadful thing—I once went without dinner myself!'"

Very Modest.
The following paragraph appeared in an advertisement sent out by a manu-
facturer of patent medicine in Calcutta:

"My humble self is the grandson and pupil of that greatly renowned hakim, late Galeb Ali Sahib, whose wonderful treatments created wonders and astonishments all over India. Therefore my humble self can take pride in all that great Unani system can teach us. My humble self can boldly say that medicines prepared by me are all genuine and infallible. My humble self has been practicing in Calcutta since the end of the last century and holds testimonials of the best men of the country certifying innumerable wonderful cures performed by me in absolutely hopeless cases. One should not speak much about oneself.—
Everybody's.

They Called Him Vanus.
It is curious how inconsistent are the prejudices of people in regard to the use of heathen names. Mr. Payn, in his "Gleams of Memory," tells an amusing story of Dean Burgon, who objected to the name of the goddess of beauty, but found no fault with that of the god of the woods.

An infant was brought to the church for christening, and the name proposed for it was Vanus. "Vanus?" repeated the dean. "I suppose you mean Venus. Do you imagine I am going to call a Christian child by that name, and least of all a male child?"

The father of the infant urged that he only wished to name it after his grandfather. "Your grandfather?" cried the dean. "I don't believe it. Where is your grandfather?" He was produced—a poor old soul of eighty or so bent double and certainly not looking in the least like the goddess in question. "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that any clergyman ever christened you 'Vanus,' as you call it?"
"Well, no, sir. I was christened Sylvanus, but they always call me 'Vanus.'"

Mark Twain's Feat.
Mark Twain about the time that he was working hard upon one of the earlier books that brought him fame sailed for a tour of Europe with his family.

He kept up his writing on shipboard and only left it at intervals for brief recreation.

One day an approaching storm drove him inside the cabin, and he went back to work, leaving word with his daughter, then a very little girl, to explain his absence.

"If they ask for me," he said to her, "say that I won't be long. I am only going to write an anecdote."

A little later the child was accosted by a passenger.
"Where has your father gone?" was the inquiry.
"He won't be long," replied the child. "He said he is only going to write a paragraph."

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Legitimate.



Customer—Look, here, tailor! This suit you made for me is too short.
Tailor—Well, mister, I told you that I was givin' you 10 per cent discount.—
Kansas City Star.

Inconsiderate.



Speaker—His wife has applied for a divorce.
Punge—Well, of all the nerve! Doesn't she know the price of tires?—
Chicago News.

Notice of Administrator's Sale

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of an order of the Honorable John F. Hall, judge of the court of the state of Oregon, in and for Coos county, and by virtue of a supplemental order made by his successor in office, namely the Honorable James Watson, judge of said court, I the undersigned Chris Rasmussen, administrator of the estate of Hans Krap, deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the premises which are hereafter described, and which are located in the city of Bandon, Coos county, state of Oregon, on Wednesday, the fifth day of May, 1915, at the hour of 11 o'clock of the forenoon of said day, on the terms following, to-wit: ten per cent at the date of sale, forty per cent on the confirmation of the sale, remainder one year after confirmation with interest at 8 percent per annum, from the date

of confirmation of sale, said sum to be secured by a mortgage on the premises, and that from and after said date, if not then sold at public auction I shall, as such administrator proceed to sell the said real estate described in this notice at private sale, which said property and all of it is described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point of the south boundary of the Extension of First Street, (now Wall Street) in the town (now City) of Bandon, County of Coos and State of Oregon, South thirty six (36) degrees and fifteen (15) minutes East, two hundred and ninety and five tenths (290 - 5-10) feet distant from the intersection of the South boundary of the Extension of First Street and the Eastern boundary of Wharf Street (now Bandon Ave.), in the said Town of Bandon; Running thence south sixteen (16) degrees and fifteen (15) minutes west twenty-six (26) feet to the Northeast corner of Second street, thence north seventy-three (73) degrees and forty-five (45) minutes west thirty-two and five tenths (32 5-10) feet along said Second street; thence north fifty-three (53) degrees ten (10) minutes east forty five and five tenths (45 - 5-10) feet to the south boundary of said extension of First street; thence south thirty six (36) degrees and fifty (50) minutes East twenty six (26) feet along the South boundary of the Extension of First Street to the place of beginning.
Dated at Bandon, Coos county, Oregon, this 5th day of April, 1915.
CHRIS RASMUSSEN,
Apr 6 5t Administrator

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