

BANDON RECORDER.

SMILING AND SELLING.

There Are Times When the Two Do Not Blend Successfully.

If you cannot learn to smile you cannot learn to sell, says an exchange. Now, we are willing to agree that a happy disposition is a very essential quality for a salesman to have. But, taken literally, the statement is not true. Perhaps 85 per cent of successful salesmen sell goods with a smile and find that it pays. But, on the other hand, there are 15 per cent or more who scarcely ever indulge in a smile while waiting on customers.

Take, for example, some of the women who make up the highest class of city trade—the kind that drives up to a shop in a swell turnout, enters like a queen, snubs the floorwalker, seats herself in a comfortable seat and looks around impatiently to be waited on. If you know much about selling this class of trade you know that if you smile benignly and perhaps remark about the beautiful weather you will receive a frigid stare from the customer that will make you shake. In most of the stores where this class of trade is catered to you will find salesmen who are expert at handling it. They sell evening slippers, carriage boots, riding boots, leggings, etc., with a cold politeness that would drive away an ordinary shopper.

There are times and places for everything, and the time and place not to smile are in a shoe store when one of the human icebergs which inhabit the Four Hundred swishes in to buy \$40 or \$50 worth of footwear—that is, if you expect to sell to her.—Shoe Trade Journal.

MUSIC IN COURT.

Occasions When Melody Decided Questions at Law.

On one occasion all who were present in the court of justice at Berlin had the great pleasure of listening to a free performance by Professor Joachim, the famous violinist. It appeared from the evidence that a dealer in musical instruments was charged with cheating a customer by representing that a violin which he offered for sale at \$125 was an instrument that could be played. The great professor was called in as an expert witness, and, taking up the impugned instrument, he proceeded to play upon it. Under his magic fingers it really sounded like a violin, but in a few moments, much to the regret of his listeners, the maestro laid the instrument down with an evident air of contempt. But he had secured the accused's acquittal.

The great tenor Mario once had to give a free exhibition of his magnificent vocal power in court in order to gain freedom for himself. He had been arrested in Madrid in mistake for a mischievous political agitator and in vain proclaimed his identity to the powers that be. Finally he was told that if he really was the famous singer his voice was a certain means of convincing the court of the truth of his claim. For seven or eight minutes Mario held all within hearing spellbound, and he was then allowed to take his departure, with profuse apologies for his arrest and detention.—Chicago Tribune.

Straw For Hats a Century Ago.

In the early part of the last century there were fewer factories in this country than now, and many things were made by hand which today are the work of machinery. This was especially true of the braid for straw hats. Rye straw was commonly used, although wheat was also in demand. But the rye straw had longer stems and was more easily handled.

In driving along the country roads, in Massachusetts particularly, late in the summer one would see great bundles of the straw hanging on the fences to dry. When the sun and wind had done their share of the work, it was placed in casks where sulphur was burning until it was bleached to a pale yellow. Then it was split into narrow widths suitable for braiding.—St. Nicholas.

The Making of Character.

The order of the world is moral in every fiber. Men may do what they please within certain limits, and because they do what they please society seems to be in a state of moral chaos, but every word and deed reacts instantly on the man, and this reaction is so inevitable that since time began not one violation of any law of life has ever escaped the penalty. He has paid the price of his word or his deed on the instant in its reaction upon his character. God does not punish men. They punish themselves in their own nature and in the work of their hands.—Hamilton Wright Mable.

To Keep Roses Fresh.

Fill the vase or pithler with very warm water, and as each rose is inserted cut off the tip of the stem with scissors under the water so that no air reach the freshly cut stem. Do this every morning, leaving the flowers to cool in the same water until the next day, when repeat the process. All hard stemmed flowers can be kept fresh in the same way.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Inventive Genius.

"Women have no originality, no inventive genius." "Nonsense; I have seen my stenographer make a memorandum with a hat-pin on a cake of soap when she had no paper handy."

It is a good thing to remember when accepting favors that the time is liable to come when they will be thrown up to you.—Atchison Globe.

Modesty should be the virtue of those who possess no other.—Lichtenberg.

Source of Discontent.

"Then you don't believe in higher education for women?" "Certainly not. I think it's a shame to even teach 'em how to read. If a woman couldn't read the bargain ad, advertisements she wouldn't be so unhappy over the lots of things she can't afford to buy."—Catholic Standard and Times.

POLLY LARKIN

"Everybody is going to the World's Fair, and in consequence our summer resorts will suffer this year," said a little lady to Polly the other day, as she finished packing her trunk preparatory to starting on her trip across the continent. "Seeing is believing," so I took a trip to the terminus of the California Northwestern Railway. The train—one of the longest I have seen on this road—was simply packed, every seat being occupied. It was a happy, joyous crowd, and at every station, particularly the larger towns, there was an exodus of passengers to the different summer resorts or to rusticate and enjoy life at some country home or to join various camping parties whose tents gleamed whitely among the green trees and undergrowth, but from every town other passengers boarded the train on the same errand—pleasure hunting and a change from the home surroundings. On we sped through the towns and villages, dashing through tunnels and out into the shadow and sunshine of valleys and mountains. Everywhere there was a look of prosperity in this country smiling with abundance. This is the haying season, and on every side were fields of new-mown hay, and harvesting was in evidence in all its different phases. If there is a scarcity in the hay market this season it will not come from this favored section. The only sad note to mar the harmony of the whole trip was the desolation left by the fire flood in the pretty little town of Hopland, the embers still smoking and men standing gloomily around the gray ashes as they discussed the losses to property-owners and the town at large. There is only one redeeming feature about a fire. Sometimes it sweeps out of existence old dilapidated buildings that are a disgrace to a prosperous and otherwise pretty town, and on their ruins rise up-to-date and attractive buildings that are a monument to the thrift and progressive spirit of the people. It is a terrible blow at first, but a blessing in disguise, as time will show. On the ashes of old dilapidated buildings the progressive little town of Willits arose into new life and activity. I said this was the haying season, coming fast on its steps will be the grapes and hops. Already the grapevines are bending low with future promises of luscious bunches of fruit and the wine presses are being made ready for the harvest. On all sides, as you get into the part of the country which produces some of the finest hops in the world, are hop-poles in all directions. Even now some of them are trellaced from pole to pole with the delicate green vines, while some of the plants, late planted, are just showing above the ground, but as they grow like magic a few weeks from now will find the hop fields perfect arbors of thrifty green vines and jeweled with beautiful little cones. From now on until the rainy season drives you home is the time to visit the country on the line of the California Northwestern Railway, for it is simply teeming with attractions. For persons who have never visited the country during the hop season, it is filled with interest to watch the merry pickers engaged in this healthy outdoor occupation. They vie with the birds in melody and snatches of operas and hymns, down to rag-time music, make the welkin ring, and there is a running fire of gay repartee, maybe just a little gossip, peaceful of merry laughter that in this free-from-care outdoor exercise seems contagious. Here groups of Indian helpings keep to themselves and prove to be excellent pickers of the dainty green cones. It is a famous place to study the dusky sons and daughters of this section.

Passing "Squaw" rock, also known as "Lover's Leap," from which as the legend runs a beautiful Indian maiden leaped when thwarted in love by her determined father who would that she should marry another brave more to his liking, I saw an artist sketching this grandly picturesque spot. I was delighted, for it has long been a wonder to Polly that this part of the country was not alive with artists armed with brushes, pencils and other paraphernalia. There is no drawing on the imagination for effects, for it is simply teeming with gems in nature that would cause every artist soul to revel in the beauty and magnificence of the great panorama which opens up before them.

Leaving the pretty city of Ukiah with its wealth of canyons filled with nature's wild and picturesque undergrowth and many charming scenes, we soon commence to ascend the grade. Up, up we go, and in some places the big engine puffs and blows like a tired animal. Glancing from side to side a wonderful picture meets our view, and the thrill of a mountain bird is occasionally heard clear and sweet, sending forth a welcome to the intruders into its own native heath. Then with a whirr it is gone. We pass many new stations, halt for a minute and then are on the wing again. Through a great rock cut we pass that night well termed the gateway to the entrance of Paradise valley, so beautiful, so far-reaching is the grandeur of the view. A long pull and a strong pull brings us to the summit—Ridge-way, it has been called—and here you get a magnificent view of the surrounding country, including a glimpse of the grand old Pacific ocean that roars and dashes against the rock-bound shores miles away. A force of men has been at work at Ridge-way for several months clearing out the undergrowth and dead brush pre-

LIES THE MAPS TELL

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Why the Dead sea? The locality may be as dead as a doornail, but the sea itself is pretty lively. It is the saltiest piece of water on the face of the earth, ten times as salt as the ocean. Of course there is no particular vegetation roundabout, and the sea is free from monsters, but that doesn't make the sea itself dead. It is really "alive."

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THE WHITE HOUSE

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NOT ABOUT LOCATION, BUT IN THE MATTER OF NAMES.

For instance, Greenland isn't green, nor is the Red Sea black—the German Ocean isn't German, and it isn't 22,000 miles.

In few places will you find more healthy, robust lies to the square inch than an average map, and this is the document that is daily placed in the hands of our young. Begin up north and take Greenland. Was there ever a more flagrant imposture than the name of this country? It isn't green and never was green and never will be green. Here is what the geographer says about this "green" country: "It is high and rocky and barren. It is covered with eternal snow and glaciers. July is the only month in which there is no snow." There's a picture of it for you! Now, what is that called green? Well, it's an unscrupulous falsehood on the part of a tenth century reprobate called Eric the Red of Iceland. This ancient shark accidentally ran against the ice pack in question with a few other leechers of his own kidney. He cut back to Iceland and "boomed" it for all he was worth. He called it Greenland and to delude the Iceland investors and general public he said it was the greenest country, which he wished them to visit with their families and take shares in some mines he had discovered. Well, some of the deluded creatures went. They never returned to good old Iceland any more. But there are plenty of equally gross impostures. Take the Black sea, for instance. Why black? It is no more black than it is pink or purple. The ancients called it the "Euxine"—which means "inhospitable"—sea. That was another good fiction. It is not at all an inhospitable sea, for, having no tides, it is one of the easiest to navigate. Now and again there are big storms, just as the sea is a realistic touch, but generally speaking it isn't black, and it isn't inhospitable. The Cape of Good Hope! Good Hope, indeed! Ask anybody who has been round that promontory what they think of it. The only "good hope" they experience is a good hope that they will soon get ashore, for it is one of the roughest and stormiest places known to mariners. What we should call a cyclone on the North sea would be smothered at the Cape as a bit of breeze. The gentleman who called it Cape of Good Hope was a crude sort of humorist. He made his money in the king business, styling himself John II. of Portugal. His faithful subject Diaz discovered it and told his majesty that he had called it the "Stormy cape." But the king would have none of it. He said that he hoped Diaz would find something else round the other side next time he went to the cape, so he called it Cape of Good Hope.

Why the Dead sea? The locality may be as dead as a doornail, but the sea itself is pretty lively. It is the saltiest piece of water on the face of the earth, ten times as salt as the ocean. Of course there is no particular vegetation roundabout, and the sea is free from monsters, but that doesn't make the sea itself dead. It is really "alive."

Why English channel? It's no more English than it's French. The French themselves don't call it English at all, but simply "La Manche."

Then was ever a more absurd name given to that bit of water which separates England from Holland, called the German ocean? Why German? There's nothing German about it and never has been. Dutch, Belgian or British, if you like, but not German. Then why ocean? It is not an ocean at all. There is a piece of water that size between Australia and Tasmania, if anything rather wider, which they call a strait—Bass strait. Just fancy the absurdity of teaching the child mind to think that crossing to Ostend or Antwerp is an ocean trip.

North sea, too, is absurd. Why north? It is not north of anything in particular. It is east of Britain, west of Holland, Belgium and Denmark and south of Norway and Sweden. It is not a north sea at all.

There are some islands in the Pacific—why Pacific, by the way? Where does the peace come in on that