

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

The tongue of a gossip never grows weary.

Most of the things we do for fun are anything but funny.

What a lot of lying we all do when our guests start away.

And it's sometimes easier to earn a living than it is to get it.

It's easier to be a college graduate than it is to earn a living.

Be careful when it comes to lending money or borrowing trouble.

Lots of men are unable to reform because they haven't the necessary material.

"Chew your steak longer," says one doctor, who has a friend who is a dentist.

No, Alonzo, a girl isn't necessarily a manicurist just because she likes to hold hands.

No poverty-stricken aristocrat ever considered a plutocratic heiress too rich for his blood.

Somehow the average girl just can't help loving a young man whom her mother doesn't like.

Commander Peary has started on another of his justly celebrated trips almost to the north pole.

There is something wrong with the girl who would rather read about love-making in a novel than try it herself.

Every time a young man sees a pretty girl purse her lips he wonders if there is anything in the purse for him.

A new book, advocating starvation as a cure for all human ailments, is out. We assume that it was written by the author of prunes.

"I Take This Man" is the title of a new play. The author is probably anxiously waiting to learn whether it is to be for better or for worse.

The Mayor of Timpson, Tex., receives a salary of \$1 a year. Even with the most rigid economy no public man can lay up much money on that.

Possibly Minister Wu has determined to live 200 years in order to read that Chinese history about to be issued in 432 volumes. Or is it 642 volumes?

"Have you figured out why a man wears suspenders with a belt?" asks the Pittsburg Press. No; but we can imagine why he wears them with his trousers.

The New York Tribune is disturbed because of the discovery of a flying variety of clemlectularius. Let us go on bravely hoping. Perhaps we can have screened-in beds.

"Mother Eve at any rate never wore a sheath gown," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. No; nor a Mother Hubbard, nor a bustle, nor hoopskirts, nor a long list of other things peevish man has been finding fault with.

The Czar is learning how to get along with his parliament. He told the president of the Duma the other day that he approved its action in rejecting the naval program of the ministry, and sympathized with its championship of the cause of the university students. Not only does the Czar seem to understand the Duma, but the Duma itself is doing the business for which it was established with remarkable success for a body composed of men without previous legislative experience.

"Blind Tom," noted a generation ago as a musical prodigy, died recently in the home of the daughter-in-law of his old master, for he was born a slave near Columbus, Ga. When a boy he amused the household by imitating the cries of birds and the sound of the wind and rain. He had a marvelous memory, and could play any musical composition which he heard. It is said that he could play one melody with his right hand, another with his left, and whistle a third at the same time. Yet with all his musical gifts, he was intellectually a child, and lived in the care of guardians.

Although men as they run are perhaps muscularly stronger than women, their inability to withstand the elements and their reliance upon clothes places them considerably below the so-called weaker sex in the matter of unclothed toughness. Women wear clothes for ornament; men use them as a protective covering. A group of men marooned clothesless on an island in the temperate zone might be expected to die off in a month from draughts and colds and rheumatism. The health of women similarly placed would suffer little from the enforced exposure. The fact appears to be, therefore, that in everything but muscle—in vitality, ruggedness, character, disposition, brain power, etc.—woman is the tougher, not the weaker, sex.

When railroad trains first smoked across the plains, the Indians used to shoot at them. More recently a farmer here and there has taken the old shot-

gun down from the hook to welcome the inconsiderate motor-car. There was a little excuse for the Indian and for the farmer whose chickens lay dead in the road; but it is hard to see what led a man to shoot at a balloon, and narrowly miss sending the balloonist to death. The Judge made an example of the offender, on the ground that aerial navigation is becoming more common, and that news of the sentence will spread abroad and protect aeronauts, who do no one any harm, and run risks enough without additional danger from rifle-shots.

Commander Peary is off for the North Pole again. He may not reach it, but he is more likely to do so than ever before. Each failure has had its useful lesson for him. If he were to retain his physical vigor for a few decades there would be little question of his ultimate success, but if he does not get to the goal this trip it is not likely that he ever will make another. Some other man, profiting by his experience, and probably following in his footsteps, will gain eternal fame as the discoverer of the North Pole. There are many who do not care whether it is discovered or not, who can see nothing practical in these journeys to the frozen North, and who think it folly for men to risk their lives there, but who at the same time would like to see Peary win. They admire his pluck and pertinacity and think them deserving of the reward he covets. So, indeed, they are. Even if Peary shall not achieve success, he is entitled to it. Other men have gone out on the same errand, but none of them has stuck to his work as Peary has. If he does reach the pole, it will not be owing to luck, but will be the result of intelligent persistence. If there be any possible route to the pole the one he has selected probably is it. In a few weeks Peary will be lost to the world for a long time. If no news shall come from him within three years there will be no alarm. He has learned how to live in reasonable comfort on the shores of the Arctic ocean. That knowledge eliminates much of the suffering which was the lot of the early explorers. The only real danger to which he will be exposed will be in traversing the drifting ice fields between his point of departure and his destination. If he can escape those dangers he and his companions should be able to get back home in safety, to be welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm if they shall have succeeded. Even the Americans who look on the search for the North Pole as a waste of effort would be delighted to have one of their countrymen get there first.

Marshal Your Forces.
No mind, no intellect, is powerful or great enough to attract wealth while the mental attitude is turned away from it—facing in the other direction. One of the greatest problems of modern science is to discover means by which the great energies or forces which are going to waste all about us may be utilized. It is a well-known fact that the finest locomotive yet made has succeeded in utilizing only about 15 per cent of the energy of its fuel. Eighty-five per cent of the sun's force stored up in the coal is lost. Great forces of nature are everywhere going to waste because man does not know how to control them, to marshal them, to harness them to his uses. On every hand we see great human ability doing the work of mediocrity or running to waste; splendid possibilities in rags and hovels; men of quality and talent living shiftlessly in narrowness and squalor; thousands of men and women, who have reached their gray-hair period, having still seventy-five, eighty, or ninety per cent of their ability undeveloped, untouched. They are small, mean, and pinched, when, had they discovered themselves and demanded the best of themselves, they might have been large, broad, full, and complete.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

Origin of "America."
"I suppose I am the only person here who heard 'America' sung the first time in this country," said the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., in an address at the Old West Roxbury meeting house. "It was on a Fourth of July when I was a boy. I had spent all my celebration money and on my way home had to pass Park Street church. I decided to go into the church, where there was a celebration of the nation's holiday. "There was a chorus of boys and girls who sang 'America' on that day for the first time. I don't remember whether I tried to sing it. Later in life Dr. Smith told me how he came to write the verses to the tune of 'God Save the King.'"

"The minister of Park Street church told him that there was to be a celebration of the Fourth of July at the church and that he wanted Dr. Smith to write some verses of a song for it, and handed to Dr. Smith a number of English and German music books and told him to find some tune in them and fit his verses to the music. "Dr. Smith looked through the books and selected the tune, which he had never heard, and which has been sung as 'America' in this country ever since."—Boston Transcript.

What It Was.
"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, "now that you've seen my new bonnet, you simply can't regret that I got it. Isn't it just a poem?"
"Well, if it is," replied John, "I guess a proper title for it would be 'Owed to a milliner.'"—Philadelphia Press.

When a man begins to make a fool of himself he is apt to work overtime.

SONGS UNSUNG

Let no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song;
For songs cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long.
Not because we woo it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
Was before it took a voice,
Waiting since the world was young,
For the poet of its choice.
O, if any, waiting be,
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat
Whatever they impart;
Sorrow sent by them are sweet,
They know how to heal the heart;
Ay, and in the slightest strain
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth,
Try me, merry Muses, now!
I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young,
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
O, my son that is to be,
Sing my songs and think of me!
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

Evelina's Pupil

Evelina paused on the bridge and resting her slim little hands on the rough railing, looked down into the tumbling water of the brook.

Jim was looking at her. He had just plucked up courage to ask her to marry him, but she had as yet given him no answer.

Evelina was thinking. She meant to say no, of course, but it was somehow very hard to say—much harder than she would have thought possible.

She depended on Jim. She had depended on him ever since the first year she came to Boxberry and began to teach the district school. Jim had come to her a few months that first winter. She was 17 then, and he had been a year older. He was such a help to her in managing the other big boys, she remembered. Indeed, she doubted if she shouldn't have given up, discouraged, and gone somewhere else to teach, if it had not been for Jim.

He did not come to school after that one winter, for his sister's husband died, and Jim had to take care of her and her two children.

But though he left school, he kept up his friendship with the teacher. Hardly a Sunday passed that he didn't bring her something rare or curious or beautiful from woods or fields—for Sunday was his only leisure day. It was Jim who took her to singing schools and sociables in winter, and at moonlight skating and coasting parties it was he who put on her skates for her, and insisted on drawing her up the hills on his double runner. He wasn't obtrusive, like some of the others, either, but seemed to divine her moods, to talk when she was inclined to talk, to keep silent when silence pleased her, to go away when he was not wanted. Evelina sighed deeply as she turned from the brook and continued her walk, Jim by her side.

It was a lovely spring afternoon, and Evelina for the moment forgot her perplexities in rapturous enjoyment of the freshness and greenness and sweetness all about her, for she was a passionate lover of nature. Then the thought of Jim came, like a cloud. Evelina was very timid, and she reflected that it was to him she owed the delight of these peaceful Sunday walks in woodland roads. She felt so safe with Jim. "May I come in too?" he asked, when they had entered the village and reached the house where Evelina boarded.

"Yes," The word came reluctantly, and there was a note of sadness in it. Why couldn't Jim understand her silence. Why, oh, why must he go and spoil their pleasant friendship?

They went into the stuffy little parlor and Evelina seated herself on the hair-cloth sofa.

Jim hesitated an instant, then came and sat beside her, but not very near. He did not dare.

"I wouldn't say a word long's I couldn't support a wife," he said, going on from where he had left off when they stopped at the bridge, "but now I've got that contract—and with all the buildings being put up here and in the towns round here, I'm likely to be doing better right along. I know I ain't good enough for you, but there ain't nobody in God's world would try harder to make you happy. There couldn't nobody want you as I do. The children need you, too, the worst kind."

Evelina sat silent, her face averted. "Seems as if you was there, I could go ahead and be somebody—get to be more fit for you. I"—he choked a little—"ever since the first day I saw you, it's been in my mind that—that some time, perhaps, you'd—I'd come home and you would be there—my wife—waiting—"

He glanced at her. There was a drawn look about her mouth, and he re-proached Evelina.

"If you can't—if it ain't to be," he said bravely, "I won't hector you any more. I'll take myself away—out West, maybe—"

There was a startled expression in Evelina's eyes as she turned them full upon him. It occurred to her that Boxberry would be a very lonely place without Jim, though she didn't stop to dwell

on that; she thought how bad it would be for a young man to go away so far—how many pitfalls there were likely to be. Perhaps it was her duty—
But he was so different from the man she had dreamed of marrying. His clothes were shabby, his hands were large and red. He had a good face—a face to be trusted—but Evelina saw only the youthful beard that straggled over it, and the hair that needed cutting.

Evelina herself was the picture of trimness, from the top of her head to the soles of her feet—a pretty, dainty little creature.

She thought with shrinking of Jim's house and Jim's housekeeping, and of the two unkempt children, Jim's niece and nephew, whom he had adopted when his sister died.

Most of all she thought of Jim's ignorance and of his sins against his mother tongue; to the prim little schoolmarm these were almost worse than drinking or gambling. If he went West he would grow still more ignorant and illiterate.

At last Jim broke the long silence. "Will you marry me, Evelina?"

There was another pause and then suddenly Evelina raised her serious gray eyes to his.

"Yes, James, I will."

It was more than he had dared to hope. The tears sprang to his eyes, and he could not speak. He leaned nearer and kissed her reverently, then rising hastily, walked to the window, where he stood, pretending to look out, till he could master his emotion.

So, in due time, Evelina became Mrs. Jim Foster, gave up her school, and took up her abode in Jim's untidy house. She was a small person of great executive ability, and the disorderly rooms soon began to reflect her own exquisite neatness; the soiled curtains became snowy white, the glass in the windows shone, the grimy paint was cleaned, musty odors ceased to linger and order succeeded chaos.

The two children shared in the general regeneration, and came out of it really pretty and attractive. At first they were a little shy of "teacher," but their timidity quickly vanished, and they hung about her, seeming to like her all the more that she exacted obe-



"YES, JAMES, I WILL," EVELINA SAID.

dience from them. If she was firm, she was yet kind and gentle, and if lessons were hard they knew that stories would be forthcoming afterward.

Jim came home half an hour early one afternoon. He had been married several months now. His eyes grew eager as he approached the house, and sparkled when he caught sight of Evelina in the yard.

When he came nearer he saw that she was raking up the twigs and old leaves that lay scattered about in the young grass.

Jim's face flushed. "This is too hard work for you, little woman," he said, taking the rake from her gently. "Go sit on the steps and see me do the job. Where are the kids?"

"They are sitting in the opposite corners of the kitchen with their faces to the wall," Evelina replied tranquilly. "Been cutting up?"

"Oh, no; I'm merely trying to strengthen their memories and cure them of the bad habit of using singular verbs with plural pronouns, and the past participle in place of the past tense."

"Oh!"

"They are coming out at half past five," she explained further.

"'Tis that now," Jim said, looking at his watch, and at that moment there was a joyous whoop and the two young persons came rushing out like small cyclones. Seeing Evelina so handy, they made a dash for her, and let off some of their accumulated energy in nearly smothering her with embraces. She smiled, but offered no caress in return. Then they rushed upon Jim, with a demand for pennies, which they got, together with permission to go to the nearest store and spend them.

Jim raked the yard till not a twig or leaf marred its green surface, and then he came and sat on the step by Evelina.

"It does look better, doesn't it?" he said. "But don't try to do such work yourself again, little woman. You've only got to say the word, you know—just touch the button, and let me do the rest."

"Sometimes, James, I think it would be nice to have the house painted," suggested Evelina.

"So 'twould, and we'll have it done right away, too."

Jim looked a different person. His hair was short, his face clean shaven. He was in his shirt sleeves, but the shirt was immaculate, and his boots shone.

Evelina gazed dreamily off into the distance. Jim looked at her wistfully. He wished he knew what she was thinking, but he never told him her thoughts, and he felt a delicate about asking.

Somehow, though she was his wife and

so near, it yet seemed as if a long distance separated them. He was happy—yes, certainly—but not as happy as he had expected to be.

He looked at the few houses up and down the street, and seeing no one in sight he took Evelina's hand, which lay in her lap, and put it to his lips.

Evelina gave his hand a slight answering pressure, and smiled at him. "I must go in and get ready the tea," she said.

Jim sat for awhile after she left him, and decided that he was very happy, after all. A man must not expect to have the whole earth.

Summer and autumn passed. Jim was a carpenter, and in winter there were days when he could not work at his trade. This spare time he spent in making many little conveniences for Evelina, and in repairs about the house. He had already painted the outside. In the long evenings he and Evelina studied and read together.

When spring came, Evelina was always standing at the door or at the window when Jim came home at night, and smiled when he waved his hand. When he came in he would draw her to him very gently, and kiss her once, on the cheek. He was very careful of her. She still seemed a person set apart, to be treated reverently.

Jim loved her more than ever, but it made him sorrowful to think how far above him she was. Sometimes he questioned whether he had not done her a great wrong in persuading her to marry him.

Summer came again. Jim had been married nearly a year and a half, and a dull sense of misery had taken possession of him. He was convinced that Evelina had never really cared for him. She seemed to dwell serene in a land of dreams where he was not allowed to enter, and he was very lonely.

Brooding over his troubles one day, Jim made a misstep and fell from a high scaffolding.

Evelina sat by Jim's bedside. It was evening now. Kindly disposed neighbors and friends had gone, and the two children were sleeping.

Evelina had no inclination to sleep. The clock slowly ticked away the hours. Twice she gave Jim the oplate, as she had been directed, then resumed her seat.

When at last Jim awoke the sun had long since risen, and Evelina was standing over him. There were tears in her eyes and her lips trembled.

Jim thought he understood. "Don't feel bad, Evelina," he said weakly. "It is all right. I wasn't the one for you. You will be better off without me, and happier."

"You are not going to die, Jim. You will be out in a few days, the doctor says."

"Then why—"

But Evelina, falling to her knees, threw her arm about his neck, and pressing her face hard against his, began to sob bitterly.

Jim, with much pain, lifted his free hand and laid it caressingly on her hair.

"Don't, little wife!" he pleaded. "I've been so blind," she said at last, controlling her sobs and lifting her head so that she could see his face—"so blind and foolish and heartless. I'm going to confess everything, Jim. I married you to save your soul and to improve you—or at least I deceived myself into thinking that was the reason. I—I looked down on you—you, who have always been so good and true and thoughtful and unselfish, and who were miles and miles above me! And I thought I didn't care very much for you, but—oh, Jim, if you had died I should never, never have been happy again!"

Jim looked at her, and the words he could not say said themselves through his shining eyes.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Seeing Ourselves.

"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him with an unnatural expression sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude.

"The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance as to how he really looks; or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is the one that makes him look thin, a thin man the one that makes him look stout, the solemn man selects the jolliest picture, the jovial man the most candid. President Roosevelt is about the only man whose favorite picture is the one most photographers would pronounce the best, but then exceptional judgment on his part is expected all along the line."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Emergency.

"I'm in an awful hurry, Judge," said the fair applicant for divorce. "These affairs must take a regular course," responded the referee. "Well," she went on, "be as quick as you can, anyway. You see, my husband has picked out his No. 2 and I have picked out my No. 2 and in case of delay we're afraid they'll marry each other."—Philadelphia Press.

A word to the wise is sufficient—if he is paying for it at the end of the long distance to—

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1388—Earl of Douglas killed and "Hotspur" taken prisoner at battle of Otterburn.

1521—Cortez retook the City of Mexico.

1588—The Spanish armada becalmed before Dunkirk.

1687—Prince Charles of Lorraine defeated the Turks at Mohacz, Lower Hungary.

1758—The New London Summary was published at New London, Conn.

1778—Fort Mifflin, Pa., was captured by the British.

1782—British evacuated Savannah.

1787—First bishop appointed in Nova Scotia.

1794—Poles defeated the Prussians at battle of Wilna. . . . Battle of Bellegarde, between the French and Spanish.

1803—Agra taken by the British.

1806—Miranda abandoned his conquests on the Spanish Main and sailed to Aruba.

1807—Trial trip of Fulton's steamboat "Clermont" was made.

1811—The British took possession of Batavia and a part of Java.

1812—The United States troops under Gen. Hull evacuated Canada and entered Detroit. . . . United States frigate Essex captured the Alert, the first vessel taken from the British in the War of 1812. . . . Gen. Brock arrived at Amherstburg to oppose the invasion of Gen. Hull.

1814—First meeting of the British and the American commissioners at Ghent, to treat for peace.

1820—Elisa Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, died.

1822—An earthquake devastated a large part of Syria.

1829—The Centennial of Baltimore celebrated. . . . Royalists came into power in France.

1831—Barbadoes swept by a violent hurricane.

1846—The Smithsonian Institution founded at Washington, D. C.

1851—Litchfield, Conn., celebrated its 200th anniversary.

1860—The Prince of Wales visited Charlottetown, P. E. I.

1861—Gen. Lyon killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.

1864—Twelve persons killed by an explosion on the steamer "Racine" in Lake Erie. . . . Fort Gaines at Mobile bay, surrendered to Farragut and Granger.

1868—Body of Thaddeus Stevens lay in state in the capitol at Washington.

1870—Marshal Bazaine appointed commander-in-chief of the French army in the war with Prussia.

1887—Hawaii adopted a new constitution.

1888—William C. Van Horne succeeded Sir George Stephens as president of the Canadian Pacific railway.

1893—Charles F. Crisp of Georgia elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.

1894—Congress passed the Brice-Gorman tariff bill.

1897—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian premier, received the order of the Legion of Honor from the President of France.

1898—Spanish surrendered Manila to the Americans. . . . Protocol signed ending hostilities between the United States and Spain.

1899—Second court martial of Maj. Dreyfus began at Rennes.

1907—Opening of the International Esperanto Congress at Cambridge, England. . . . Several persons killed by an explosion of nitro-glycerine in the town of Essex Center, Ontario.

Commodity Prices Still High.
The Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor has issued a report covering the price movements for the past two decades, or from 1880 to 1907. From this it appears that, in spite of the financial depression of the last six months, prices were higher in most lines at the close of the year than at the beginning. The average price for all commodities decreased only a little over one point for the period. The wholesale price average reached a higher point in 1907 than at any time during the period. The increase in the farm group of products was the greatest—namely, 10.9 per cent. It was 4.6 per cent increase for food, 5.6 for clothing, 2.4 for fuel, 6.1 for metals, 4.9 for building material, 8.3 for drugs, 6.8 for house-furnishing goods and 5 for the miscellaneous group.

A Powderless Gun for War.
The latest sensation in the realm of mechanical invention is a working model of a powderless gun with a possible discharge of 50,000 shots a minute. This gun, which is also noiseless, is the invention of William Fatten of New York. It is fired by centrifugal force. All there is to it is a big wheel with a crank to it, the inventor getting his idea from seeing a big fly wheel burst. The bullets are poured into the gun and then as the wheel attains a certain velocity they begin to pour out in a solid stream of lead