

BANDON RECORDER

Band Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

A raise of salary is the sincerest flattery.

Between China's disastrous floods and Canada's forest fires there is not much to choose.

While the Duma cheered the Czar the other day, it did not attempt to break any records.

If Peary doesn't find the north pole, the next thing anybody knows Roosevelt will be going in search of it.

A Russian grand duke has lost his job. It is probable, however, that his income will suffer no diminution.

A man may return from his vacation pretty "short," but as a rule you can't get him to cut his yarns that way.

"Changeless Change" is the title of a recently published sonnet. It sounds suspiciously like a counterfeit 10-cent piece.

A man in Trenton, N. J. it is said, sheds his skin yearly, after the manner of a snake. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

A New York woman claims that she is haunted by the ghost of her mother-in-law. Another usurpation of the rights of man.

A Connecticut farmer tried to fly with paper wings. The result was just the same as if he had taken a flyer in Wall street—he's broke.

Men who never thought much of King Alfonso may change their minds and regard him as a brother, since he has had a quarrel with his mother-in-law.

Merely because Santo Domingo has sold its navy for \$1,750 it is not to be inferred that the country is hard up. That may have been a big price for the navy.

One of George Gould's boys is going to don overalls and hob-nail shoes and go to work in a Colorado mine. We hope he has the approval of Uncle Helle.

A Pennsylvania man wants a divorce because his wife pulled him out of bed by his whiskers. Some husbands are entirely too sensitive for their own happiness.

A Pittsburg man recently married the young woman with whom he became acquainted when he returned her lost dog. Moral for bachelors: Be kind to lost dogs.

Cuba has a surplus of \$5,000,000. How provoking this must be to a lot of Spanish grandees who are compelled to sit around home and live on restricted incomes.

Congress is expected to follow the precedent established when a pension was granted to the widow of President Garfield by granting a pension to Mrs. Cleveland. It is fitting that those ladies who have presided over the White House when it was occupied by their husbands should be wards of the nation.

The Pope is credited with the remark that if the Roman Catholic Church could be as highly respected in other countries as in the United States he would be in favor of the separation of church and state everywhere. The church is respected here because communities of the United States all began with a policy of religious freedom, and have never tolerated a state church. In the other countries, where the supremacy of one church was established by law, it is not easy to hold respect when the preference is withdrawn.

One of the whimsical characters in a story by Miss Alice Brown conceived the idea of a "patent dog barker," which could be put in the front yard by unprotected women to frighten tramps away by mechanical imitation of a dog. Paris has outdone this comic idea in sober earnest. Some people try to escape the dog tax by concealing their animals. The police have secured the service of professional barkers, who "make a noise like a dog" outside suspected houses. The dog inside replies, and the barker reports to the tax-collector.

Those who are sure that the soil of New England is hopelessly barren may be surprised to learn some facts that are brought out in two recent bulletins of the Department of Agriculture. There were only eight States of the Union in 1906 that had a larger acreage planted to potatoes than Maine. Only four produced a larger crop. Not one even approached Maine in the number of bushels to the acre. The average yield was two hundred and ten bushels to the acre, and no other State raised more than one hundred and seventy-five bushels. The average for the whole country was only one hundred and two. Nor was it an exceptional year, for the average crop of Maine has been the largest in every year since 1903. Buckwheat is not a very important crop, but it is raised in twenty-four of the States. In this too, Maine stands at the head in average crop per acre; New Hampshire is second, Vermont third, and Massachusetts fourth. Since 1900 the lowest average yield of buckwheat in Maine

was twenty-eight bushels to the acre, in 1906. The highest yield in those seven years in any State outside of New England was twenty-two and a half bushels.

"Fret not thy gizzard." There was once a good old grandmother who gave this advice to everybody. She declared, and firmly believed, that it came from the Bible, though she did not know just where it could be found. But she insisted that it was somewhere between the covers of the Good Book. The old woman was right. It is in the Good Book, not only in one place, but in many, and though she did not have the exact language in which the advice is given, she had its sense, which is of vastly greater importance. The world is full of men and women who are constantly fretting their gizzards, and with what result? None, except to increase the income of the doctor and the underwriter and to fill the hospitals for the insane, and the cemeteries. Ask any doctor what causes the majority of the mental breakdowns and the most of the cases of nervous troubles, and he will tell you it is fretting. Some people blame work, but work never hurt anybody. On the contrary, it keeps men and women alive. Overwork, though, claims thousands, but overwork is altogether another thing; and the overworkers are generally fretters. Each leads to the other. The human gizzard was not designed by nature to bear the strain of fretting, and the man who frets it much is sure to break it. The old woman's advice does not mean that man should refuse to take his work or anything else seriously. It does not mean that he should view with unconcern or treat lightly any of his problems. But it does mean that he should not fret over them when he has applied his best efforts to them. It means that if you have something to do, do it; and with your whole energy. When you have done all you can do, don't fret your gizzard over the result. All the fretting in the world will have no effect upon the outcome. Await it without stewing and worrying, and if it is against you, tackle it again. Fret your gizzard and you will lack the strength to renew the fight with the vigor that is necessary to win. It means you are not to fret over things beyond your control. It does not mean that you should not view them in seriousness and with proper regard of importance and consequences. But don't worry over them until you fret your gizzard. We are traveling at a fast pace in this country. The spirit of the day is one that calls for speed. The man who can keep it up must look after his gizzard. Fret it not.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

It is very unfortunate that the retailer, speaking generally, does not appreciate the value of local advertising. It would seem as though ambition should dictate the enlargement of one's business, and to many merchants such a result is easily attained. The way to do it is quite simple.

It is well known that women are the best buyers and, as a rule, the goods they buy are the most profitable. To attract them your store must be magnetic—i. e., clean, neat, stocks well arranged and the goods appealing to them prominently displayed.

Doing this is properly classed as advertising, but it must be backed by intelligent, well-informed and courteous clerks to make the sales. After having accomplished this reform then, by all means, contract for a regular space in your local papers and place your advertisement in advance. Arrange the copy for frequent changes, make the matter and make-up attractive, and be sure to refer to the seasonal goods at the proper time.

If such a simple course is followed the result will be a pleasant surprise to any merchant who has not been a believer in publicity. The good merchant realizes that he does not have to cut prices to make sales. There is an easier way to make business and keep profits in these times. The rule is as simple as can be—advertise and support your announcements with an attractive store and courteous treatment of customers.—Hardware.

THE ORIGINAL SHEATH GOWN.



Had Been "Jawed" Often. Tommy (aged 10)—Say, paw, what's the bone of contention? Mr. Henpeck—The jawbone.

MOONLIT MEADOWS.

On these white nights, when ever hill and wood
The brooding mystery of midnight lies,
Beneath the glad enchantment of the skies
The moonlit meadows spread their quietude.

Drenched in the deluge of effulgent light
Their dew-sweet reaches, sweet with new-mown hay,
Into the hazy distance stretch away,
And lose their brightness in the folds of night.

The far-off hills recede beyond the plain,
And this expanse of moonlight meadow seems
The land we may have visited in dreams,
But may not find when day returns again.

Earth's weary train of days remotes
grows,
The voice of care sounds faint, and dies
away—
And all distress that waits upon the day
Fades from the memory like forgotten woes.

Peace on the troubled earth when day is flown!
Silence that falls across the clash of strife—
And fleeting glimpses of that higher life
That speaks in other language than our own.

Fair moonlit meadows! Nature's open page
Which we with clouded vision vainly trace,
Yet fail to read the meaning of its grace
Whose message is withheld from age to age.
—Youth's Companion.

Marooned

I accepted my Aunt Maltrevor's invitation to her river picnic, for the simple reason that I dared not refuse. A broken leg or a doctor's certificate that you have something infectious are the only excuses Mrs. Maltrevor recognizes, and I could produce neither. Besides, Dulcinea was sure to be there and public opinion would expect me to be in attendance.

I may, perhaps, say a few straightforward words about Mrs. Maltrevor later. Dulcinea you will take for granted. I cannot describe her—she is neither the most beautiful, the most accomplished nor the cleverest of the girls I know; but there is that about her which is beyond the power of adjectives to describe. Most men will understand me—they all know at least one girl of that sort.

I perhaps might mention that I have always known Dulcinea; we grew in beauty, so to speak, on opposite sides of the same road; and when she put up her hair, I started smoking. When she left school, I proposed and she refused me. Unfortunately our friends (and for the moment the definition must include Aunt Maltrevor) don't know this, and they smile on us both in the fatuous way that the world always does reserve for matrimonial folly. And when Dulcinea gets up a promising flirtation (as she did with Jack Guthrie in the spring) people only murmur "Lovers' quarrel," while if I pay ardent if somewhat spasmodic attention to some other girl (Dulcinea declares I flirted outrageously with Daisy Gordon at the Hockey Dance) I only hear a whisper, "Oh, those foolish young people." So you see my position. Now about the picnic.

Mrs. Maltrevor's picnics are pretty important things. The country people are always represented, and as many as three motor cars have been garaged on her tennis lawn at the same time; while the reporter of the local paper always spreads himself on a florid report of the function, which I (acting under my aunt's orders), rigorously sub-edit.

On the present occasion I rather wanted to see Dulcinea; she had just had her twenty-first birthday, and I had sent her some red roses, and a short poem which began:

A poet, miss, would write a sonnet
Felicitating you upon it,
So naturally I wanted to see how she would take it.

Arriving punctually at 1:30, at the lock—whom Mrs. Maltrevor had appointed as rendezvous, I found the lady surrounded by the youth and beauty of Maston (this phrase I deleted regularly from the local reporter's outburst) and simply overflowing with good humor. This, as I discovered later, was partly because my Uncle Maltrevor had got toothache, partly because she had roped in a broken-down baronet for the picnic. Dulcinea I could not see for the moment (she had gone off, I found, to look for forget-me-nots with Jack Guthrie), so, having been presented to Sir Hugo Jones, I retired into private life and made myself agreeable to Daisy Gordon.

A small flotilla of boats lay in the stream ready for us, and as soon as my aunt had introduced the baronet to everyone except Mrs. Neville Ponsoby and the Hon. Ethel Ponsoby (whom she had asked specially to snub), we began to embark.

I watched the process with admiration. My Aunt Maltrevor being my uncle's mistake and not my own. I do not pretend to understand her, but there is little doubt that, excluding her toupee, and her complexion, she is composed mainly of tact. If such a thing had been conceivable, I should have said she winked at me as she despatched Jack Guthrie off with Daisy Gordon on one of the first boats to start, and, conceivable or not, I believe she did wink as she waved her hand to me in parting, having left Dulcinea and me to bring up the rear in a single sailer.

"You cannot fight against Fate when it hits Mrs. M. on its side," I observed as I handed Dulcinea into the Saucy Jane. "You know it's really rather funny—the way people throw us at each other—it ought to amuse you."

"It doesn't—to any extent," said Dulcinea, moodily steering into the bank. "If you don't want to take the overland route, perhaps I'd better row."

"Perhaps I'd better steer, you mean," I retorted. "You've got the ropes crossed. 'Pull your left—quick.' Too late—crash! I had seen, but not soon enough to avert a collision, that we are heading straight for a large moored by the towpath. We did not capsize, but we lost a lot of paint and woke up the barges. At Dulcinea's request I rowed as fast as I could to get out of earshot—indeed, we should soon have overhauled the rest of the party had not Dulcinea suddenly burst out with a slight exclamation:—

"We have sprung a leak," she said tremulously.

I stopped rowing. I knew Dulcinea well enough to be sure that the tremor was on behalf, not of herself, but of her elegant river gown, for she swims a little better than a mermaid; but the leak was a leak for all that, and from behind the steering-seat came a little gushing stream of water, bubbling quite viciously around Dulcinea's shoes. I rowed quickly to the nearest shore—that of a little wooded island, twenty yards across, in the middle of the river. Here we debarked in good order, but even as we did so Fate stepped in again. The boat in some inexplicable way wrenched itself out of my hand and began to drift down the stream.

"I believe you did that on purpose," said Dulcinea, as I leaned over in a vain effort to reach our craft.

"Just like your beastly vanity," I said in a brotherly way (Dulcinea had often offered to be a sister to me). "Why, do you suppose I want to be cooped up on a desert island with you in your present temper? Fortunately I have plenty of cigarettes."

"Oh, very well, then," said Dulcinea, with withering scorn. "So long as you are happy, I don't mind starving for a few hours."

(She had, I know, lunched at 1; it was now 3.)

Shortly afterwards she turned her back upon me and began pensively nibbling at dandelion leaves. I commented this step highly, and told her they were most nourishing, though rather bitter.

I suppose we must have sat in silence for quite half-an-hour after that. I smoked and Dulcinea sulked. At the end of that time she asked me in her



"IT'S REALLY RATHER FUNNY."

brightest way the date of the Tennis Tournament. (This is a desperately important affair and as many as five motor cars have been garaged in the town at one and the same time during its progress.)

I told Dulcinea the date, and slanged the style of all the local ladies in a way that went straight to her heart. We conversed quite amiably.

"Guthrie is almost sure to win the Singles, of course," I remarked carelessly.

"Is he?" said Dulcinea, apparently neither surprised nor interested. "But where do you come in? You used to play some sort of a game?"

"O, I shall enter, no doubt," I admitted. "But Guthrie'll win. I hear he's come on a lot."

"Perhaps you will have a chance in the Mixed Doubles," suggested Dulcinea, innocently. "Who are you playing with?"

"I may not enter at all if I see any really good couples," I countered. "You, for instance, if you have a strong partner. Let's see, it's Guthrie, isn't it?"

"Possibly," agreed Dulcinea.

"I mean, has he asked you to play?" I went on.

He had not, for Dulcinea was almost disconcerted, and wrenched her gloves at a harmless butterfly.

"Never mind," I said, "he will."

"I didn't say he hadn't," said Dulcinea, sharply.

I lit a cigarette.

"And if he does," she declared, in a sudden burst of graciousness, "I'll play with you, if you like."

Dulcinea is never so dangerous as in her gracious mood.

"Dulcinea," I said, kneeling on a wasp by her side (how hard it is to kneel gracefully on a wasp), "Dulcinea—oh, hang it all!"

The splash of oars fell on my ears, and I started to my feet. What had happened was only too clear. Our absence had been noticed, and a relief expedition was on its way, conducted by Mrs. Maltrevor, whose stentorian tones I could already hear.

Rather sheepishly we advanced to the edge of the water, and as we did so I noticed that the Saucy-Jane had wrenched itself across the river, and was resting serenely against the opposite rushes. The leak was evidently not a

serious one, for I could not detect that she was lower in the water.

Mrs. Maltrevor seemed to have brought about twenty people to witness our ridiculous plight.

"We're awfully sorry," I began, as the party bore down upon us.

"Awfully sorry," echoed Dulcinea.

"But we sprang a leak—"

"The water simply rushed in," Dulcinea corroborated.

"And just as I was going to see whether I could stop up the hole, it drifted away," I concluded, with a complete and desperate disregard for the rules of syntax.

Mrs. Maltrevor's smile simply fascinated me. I think she said she quite understood. At any rate, she was in an excellent temper—this, I afterwards learned, was because Matilda, her eldest and most hopeless, had that very afternoon brought to look the senior curate of All Saints'; while the broken-down baronet, fortified with champagne, was at that very moment flirting openly and outrageously with Evelyn, another of Mrs. Maltrevor's former hopes, to the complete discomfiture of Mrs. Neville Ponsoby and the Hon. Ethel Ponsoby.

It is against Dulcinea's principles to let a little thing like Mrs. Maltrevor disconcert her, and it is due to her to say that she never lost grip of the situation. She conversed amiably with the junior curate of All Saints', then with Mrs. Maltrevor herself, and kindly inquired after Mr. Maltrevor's toothache. She was rapidly disarming suspicion when young Perkins, who had been landed on the other bank with a view to the salvage of the Saucy Jane, suddenly called the attention of the party to himself by a loud exclamation.

"What is the matter, Mr. Perkins?" said Mrs. Maltrevor sweetly. "Is the leak a bad one?"

Young Perkins laughed. (I detest him.) "Very serious indeed," he replied, holding up in each hand the half of a lemonade bottle, which he had extracted from a hamper behind the steering seat. "As you see, the bottle not only leaked, but burst. It's quite done for."

"But what about the boat?" Inquired Mrs. Maltrevor, still more sweetly.

"The boat? Oh, the boat's all right," remarked young Perkins, as he boarded her, and with a vigorous shove brought her over to the island.

For a moment there was a silence. Then a roar of laughter in which Dulcinea joined and I tried to. I think Mrs. Maltrevor repeated that she quite understood; at any rate, in her most ostentatiously tactful way she gathered her party on board and announced her intention of departing forthwith in search of tea.

"You can follow at your leisure, dear," she remarked to Dulcinea, with a meaningful look at me. I knew the look. It said, "If you haven't proposed, do it now."

Dulcinea had gone back to her old seat. As I joined her I noticed that my old friend the wasp was still there, but I carefully avoided kneeling on him.

"Dulcinea," I said, "Dulcinea, it's no good my trying to tell you all the nice things I think about you, because you know them already. And you know that I shall be waiting for you to marry me ten years hence—if you won't do it before, Dulcinea."

I felt I was doing it very badly; I was convinced of it by Dulcinea's next remark.

"I've never been so badly proposed to before," she said serenely. "Why, you did it better when you were eighteen. However, this is the last time."

"The last time," I queried. "Why, Dulcinea, you're not angry with me, are you?"

A smile spread from the corners of her mouth, dimpled in her cheeks, and I knew my answer even before she spoke.

"This is the last time," she said slowly, "because the answer this time is 'Yes.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Too Argumentative.

Two are not always company in spite of the proverb to that effect. On the Western plains the sheepman goes out with several thousand head and one human companion. The natural result is that the pair, forced on one another when they least want it, get to hating each other. This, at least, is the theory that a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger formulates. He tells this story, which was narrated by an ex-sheepman:

Let me tell you of a fellow I once rode with. We had finished supper one night, and were rolled up in our blankets. Not a word had passed between us for more than a week.

"Hear that cow beller?" he asked, suddenly.

"Sounds to me like a bull," I said.

No answer, but the next morning I noticed him packing up.

"Going to leave?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"What for?"

"Too much argument."

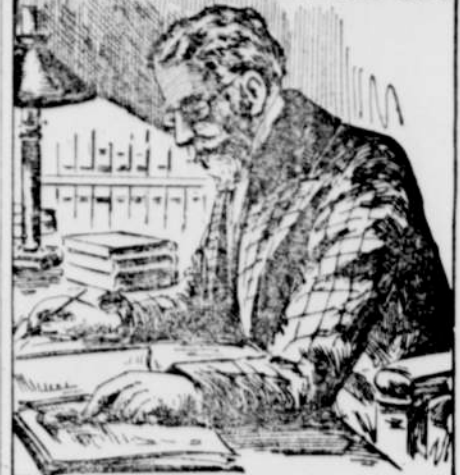
Aunt Mahaly's Expedient.

"These stockings are so full of holes that they are worthless, Aunt Mahaly," said a lady to an old colored woman with a large family, who was a pensioner of her family.

"No'm, dey ain't," replied Aunt Mahaly, calmly appropriating them. "Rastus en Verbena got such black laigs dat de holes won't show, nohow, en' dem chilluns what got yaller meat kin wear two pairs at de same time; en' you knows, Mis' Jo, dat de holes in all dem stockin's ain't gwine hit de same places."

One little mistake in a drug store may cause more trouble than two bulls in a china shop.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1248—Construction of the Cathedral of Cologne begun.
- 1461—Louis XI. of France crowned at Rheims.
- 1645—Peace concluded between Sweden and Denmark.
- 1670—John Dryden created Poet Laureate of England.
- 1741—Behring, the navigator, discovered East Cape.
- 1756—Fort Oswego captured by the French under Montcalm.
- 1765—Pontiac's war for the extermination of the English in America came to an end.
- 1775—Liberty Tree in Boston consecrated.
- 1776—Constitution of Maryland adopted.
- 1780—Americans defeated British and Tories at battle of Musgrove Mills.
- 1802—Bonaparte invested with power to nominate his successor as ruler of France.
- 1804—Work begun on the first public road between Georgia and Tennessee.
- 1807—British army invested Copenhagen.
- 1836—British Parliament passed the Dis-senters' Marriage Act.
- 1838—The first United States exploring expedition sailed under Commander Wilkes.
- 1846—Gen. Kearney took peaceable possession of Santa Fe, Mexico.
- 1860—The Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) arrived at Quebec.
- 1868—Cabal recovered by Shere Ali.
- 1884—Mme. Patti sued for divorce from Marquis de Caux.
- 1888—More than 100 lives lost in collision of the German steamer Thingvall and Geiser off Sable Island.
- 1891—Between 300 and 400 lives lost in earthquake in Martinique.
- 1893—The Behring Sea arbitration award was delivered.
- 1904—Russian and Japanese warships engaged in battle off Vladivostok.



THE RAILROADS

A trial week of dispatching trains by telephone from the stations of the Lackawanna system has resulted in the adoption of the plan.

The line of the Wisconsin Central road from Ladysmith to Superior has been completed as far as the Northern Pacific crossing within the Superior city limits.

Several hundred thousand freight cars may be standing idle, as the railroad managers tearfully protest, but some Kansas grain dealers complain that they are unable to get box cars enough.

In the Circuit Court at Chicago Judge Kohlsaat enjoined the issuance of transportation by the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville railway to the publishers of Munsey's Magazine in exchange for advertising. He held that the contract under which the transportation was issued is in violation of the Hepburn rate law. The railroad company gave notice of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

At Helena, Mont., legal representatives of the government began suit against the Northern Pacific Railway Company, the Rocky Fork Coal Company and the Northwestern Improvement Company to recover title to valuable coal lands which is charged were procured through misrepresentation. The lands in question contain coal mines from which the railway obtains great quantities of coal through its control of the subsidiary companies.

Presumably due to the industrial depression of the past year, the death rate from accidents by rail appears to be on the decrease. The Accident Bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the first quarter of 1908 shows a total of 125 passengers and employes killed, as compared with 220 such deaths in the preceding quarter, and with 346 in the one before that. The latest record is the smallest since these statistics were first collected in 1901. During the first quarter of this year the number of deaths of passengers and employes from all causes was 728, against 1092 in the preceding quarter. In the same period the number of casualties was 15,441, the least within three years.

The right of shippers to combine small quantities of freight of various ownership, either by arrangement among themselves or by forwarding agency, was confirmed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in a decision recently rendered.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has published the final figures of the income of the railroads for the last fiscal year. The total net earnings amounted to \$540,580,944, which is an increase of \$54,990,350. The total number of employes on the pay roll on June 30 was 1,072,074, against 1,021,355 a year ago.