

BANDON RECORDER

Band on Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

A burnt child may dread the fire, but one's old flames are always fascinating.

The woman who weds to acquire a bank book soon becomes dissatisfied with her taste in literature.

Nowadays no man is a face card in the political deck till he gets his portrait on the souvenir postals.

The world may be getting better in every other way, but it certainly shows a disposition to be aeronautically this year.

In Madrid the police have cleared the streets of all beggars and the blind ones, who probably see no other way to make a living.

"Beware of the cracked mug!" advises the Beaumont (Tex.) Enterprise. Also beware of the line of conversation that leads to a cracked mug.

The deed of that man who shot his wife because she didn't talk enough was shocking, of course; but fortunately such cases are extremely rare.

Count Okuma, who has so much to say concerning the probability of a war with this country, appears to be the Richmond Pearson Hobson of Japan.

It is claimed that a circus elephant at Marion, Ohio, is 212 years old. Possibly Minister Wu would be glad to know something of the pachyderm's diet.

Every little while somebody swims out as far as he can and is supposed to be "fooling" when he calls for help. This is one of the most foolish ways of ending one's life.

When Emperor William and King Edward had their pleasant little tete-a-tete were the big sticks checked in the cloak-room? Court etiquette would seem to have dictated such a procedure.

Our very best aristocrats need not be shocked that one of the German princes has gone to work. As the object is merely the elimination of superfluous fat, there is no real dishonor attached.

"The Niagara Falls are 36,000 years old," says the Chicago Journal. This is probably true, but every time you go there you find that the villagers have a few new ways of separating you from your money.

It is reported that many chop suey emporiums throughout the country have recently been closed owing to a lack of business. This ought to bring a measure of relief to people who have been dreading the yellow peril.

What chance has a young man to rise in the employment of a large corporation? Is a question frequently asked. Of course it depends largely on the young man; but according to a statement recently sent out by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, sixty-seven of the eighty-five principal officers of the company started at the bottom and worked up. A fact like this is worth many volumes of theorizing on the subject.

It is quite true that "cleanness is next to godliness," but in this day of fads and scientific frills the question is whether we are not getting altogether too afraid of a little dirt. Dirt has been defined as matter in the wrong place, and hygiene is the science of keeping it in the right place. But we are inclined to think that we are all a little bit too much up in the air on the matter of cleanness; a little too afraid of coming in contact with the clean-smelling, kindly earth, and are in danger of becoming nasty-nice.

Widnes, a manufacturing town of about thirty thousand inhabitants, situated on the Mersey, a few miles from Liverpool, is put forward by English papers as enjoying "the world's cheapest gas." Since the latest reduction, made in June, the price to ordinary consumers is twenty-eight cents per thousand cubic feet; to consumers of more than three million feet a year, twenty-four cents; to all users of gas for motive power purposes, twenty cents. In addition to supplying light, heat and power at these low prices, the gas department contributes ten thousand dollars a year to the borough rates—this sum representing profits.

Dental of the probability of war between Japan and the United States would be gratuitous if there were not so much persistent talk about the dreadful possibility. It may be worth while to collect three recent utterances on the subject by persons who know. A French officer who has been in Japan making a dispassionate study of military matters says, in effect, that Japan is physically incapable of war with the United States. The American ambassador to Japan, Mr. O'Brien, says that war talk is absurd. Marquis Katsura, the new head of the Japanese cabinet, supports his assertion that Japan is bent on peace by pointing out that the financial problem of Japan is sufficient to engross her for some time to come. War between this country and Japan is possible; but it is war between any two nations. But it is war-

verse jingoism which tries to frighten folk with so nebulous a possibility.

The totals of fire loss in this country may signify little to the average mind, but the comparative figures should mean much. The figures issued by the national board of fire underwriters show that the average fire loss per capita in the United States for the last five years was \$3.62, against 33 cents for six European countries, including France, Germany and Austria. It may be objected perhaps that it is unfair to select this particular period for purposes of comparison, since both the Baltimore fire of 1904 and the San Francisco fire of 1906 are included in it. And yet if these two fires, representing about \$350,000,000, were deducted from the total fire loss of the country for the five years—which is estimated at \$1,257,716,955—the total would be reduced by but little over a fourth. And the American per capita loss would remain about six and one-half times larger than the European. What is to blame for this great disparity? Are we so much more careless than Europeans? Are European building codes, fire departments and water supplies from six and a half to ten times better than those found in the United States?

Despite the steadily improving industrial conditions, we still occasionally read of the suicide of some man who has searched in vain for work and despairs of finding it before his last cent is spent. Such suicides are often due in reality to other than industrial causes, but when they are the result of inability to find employment they are among the most pitiable facts of our national life. Helpless to put an end entirely to the conditions that bring them about, society must for the great part watch them as one of the symbolic indications of good or bad times. Fortunately the number of genuine cases of this kind has this year been very small. Of late factories that were closed have been reopening their doors, and others that were working part time have increased their forces. It is true that the applicants for work under such circumstances are still almost certain to be more numerous than the places to be filled, but the disproportion is steadily decreasing. The statistician of the state bureau of labor statistics for New York has recently given out figures of the extent of lack of employment during the first quarter of the year. Whereas in some previous years industry has been so active that the weather conditions have been chiefly responsible for the idleness of such men as had no work at that season, this year the closing of factories and reduction of forces have been responsible for many times as much idleness as all other causes combined. That, however, was for the first quarter of the year. For the second quarter the compilation of figures has not gone far enough to permit results in percentages to be announced, but the returns already show a very great improvement. The middle of May was the time when the marked improvement began, and now the improvement is evident in all leading lines of industry. The indications all are that the industrial backlog was only of a temporary nature, and that it will pass away without leaving serious scars.

EXPLOSIVES.

Dangerous Substances that Are in Almost Constant Use.

Among the many things in almost constant use are some that are more or less dangerous from their explosive properties, properties often entirely unknown to their users.

For examples, chloride of potash lozenges if accidentally brought in contact with an unlighted phosphorus match are dangerous. Bicarbonate of potash if mixed with subnitrate of bismuth, the latter a remedy for indigestion, will explode.

Iodide of nitrogen is highly explosive and is often combined with other drugs. Its use by those ignorant of its danger is a menace.

Sul volatile and chloral hydrate are under certain conditions, as dangerous as dynamite.

Tincture of iron and dilute aqua regia when mixed, as they often are in medicine, throw off a highly explosive gas which has frequently shattered the bottle in which the mixture was kept.

One often finds bottles of medicine in which the cork has not been tightly pushed minus the latter or has had a cork pop out of a bottle while held in one's hands without any attempt to remove it on the part of the holder. This always shows that gas is forcing the cork out.

Danger in combs. Every now and then one reads of celluloid articles, from fancy hair coiffure combs down, catching fire and serious burns or accidents resulting.

It would seem that every one should by this time know that celluloid contains in its composition gun cotton and also camphor, both highly inflammable. No woman wearing celluloid combs or hair ornaments should place her head near an uncovered gas jet or other unprotected light, as celluloid catches fire so quickly and burns so rapidly that it would hardly be possible to avoid serious burns.—St. Louis Republic.

Watch the Professor.

Lecture upon the rhinoceros; Professor—I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"There is a nest of thrushes in the glen; When we come back, we'll see the glad young things."

He said. We came not by the way again; And time and thrushes fare on eager wings!

"You rose"—she smiled—"but no; when we return, I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a summer day.

The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn Lie hidden well. We came not back that way.

We do not pass the self-same way again, Or, passing by that way, no thing we find As it before had been; but death or stain Hath come upon it, or the wasteful wind.

The very earth is envious, and her arms Reach for the beauty that detained our eyes; Yes, it is lost beyond the aid of charms, If, once within our grasp, we leave the prize!

Thou traveler to the unknown ocean's brink, Through life's fair field, say not, "Another day This joy I'll prove;" for never, as I think, Never shall we come back this self-same way!

—Waverley Magazine.

THE REVERSE SIDE OF A VACATION



The August outing was decided on in May.

"Think of it, Anne!" cried Rebecca, the day the question was settled. "I have never been inside a big hotel! Think of staying in one a whole month!"

Rebecca's father puckered his brows. "Yes," returned he, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "and to think of the bills a big hotel is capable of sending in! You girls must get enough enjoyment out of it to pay costs."

"Indeed we shall! We shall!" responded Rebecca, enthusiastically. Anne's eyes shone, but she said nothing.

"And be sure," added Rebecca's father, "not to bother sister or make Tom too much trouble."

The girls were to accompany Rebecca's aunt, whose son Tom, a Cornell senior, had promised them his aid in a "jolly good time."

"You see," Rebecca had explained to Anne, "some of the Cornell sophomores are at the hotel, and Tom will introduce them all. Oh, what fun we'll have! But I dread getting ready to go—all the sewing—don't you?"

At that Anne's eyes lost their sparkle, for into the prospective fun her father had reluctantly interjected a certain if to her mother.

"We can afford to let Anne go if there are no extra demands for clothes. Business is dull this year."

"No," returned Anne's mother, "just a substantial walking suit and a few shirt-waists, which I shall make myself. And for Anne the matter was settled."

Across the street she reported to the Browns on the dress question, and Mr. Brown smiled his relief. "That's good! Neither can I afford to tog Becky here out to any extent; anyway, you're nothing but girls. You don't need many dresses."

Rebecca and her mother exchanged glances; for Rebecca the matter was not settled.

"I can manage, I think," Mrs. Brown said, with a worried air, after the head of the house had gone. "Of course you must go well dressed. We will do the sewing ourselves and begin right away. Your father will not notice what is going on if I ask him for a little money now and then."

Anne giggled uneasily and coughed loudly, that she might not hear, but Rebecca clapped her hands joyfully. "Summer clothes are not expensive," she cried, eagerly, "and we can make them look beautiful by putting lots of work on them!" Then she looked miserably at the uncomfortable Anne. "You know there are all Tom's friends. Couldn't you get a little money at a time out of your father?" Rebecca was as honest and sensible as her training would allow her to be.

Anne rose. There was an indignant ring in her tone, but all she said was, "It's lovely of father to give me the month's outing without the new clothes!" Then she turned to Rebecca, impulsively frank. "Anyway, Becky, I'm not so becoming to pretty dresses as you are, so it's easier to go without."

"O Anne!" protested Rebecca, weakly. Rebecca was undeniably handsome, and knew it, while Anne labored under the impression that she was "almost sallow." At least, Hilda always spoke of her younger sister's complexion in that dubious way, and Anne, having great faith in Hilda's judgment, accepted the verdict.

A few days later Anne met Rebecca

hurrying home with her hands full of thread and insertion.

"O Anne," she cried, "mother and I are making me the sweetest dainty for August! Not expensive, you know, but we are going to make it look lovely by putting lots of work on it."

They did, and it proved as lovely as Rebecca represented it. Anne ran across the street to view it a week later. She tried the front door, but it was locked. She rang the bell, but only a distant and curious rumble answered her. The back door yielded to her push, and the rumble became more distinct.

"They've taken the sewing machine upstairs," thought Anne, "where callers can't disturb them."

Tucking her tennis racket under her arm, she climbed the stairs, and came on two workers putting the last bit of lace on the dainty.

"It's a beauty," declared Anne. "Isn't it?" Rebecca's tone was rapturous. She whirled Anne round, facing the big mirror, and held the dainty waist up in front of her.

"Why," ejaculated Anne, in surprise, "it's becoming to me!" Owing to her being "almost sallow," Anne was always surprised to find that dainty clothes looked well on her. "How I wish—" she cried, and then paused abruptly.

"Can't you?" asked Rebecca, understandingly. "I know your father would—"

Anne turned from the glass, interrupting gayly. "Yes, to the extent of a walking suit and shirt waists."

Rebecca drew a long breath of satisfaction as she looked about the room.

"This," she explained, indicating a white fabric on the bed, "is organdy that we're going to put over that old blue taffeta of mine. Yes, it's got to be all made over, but won't the combination be sweet? And this is linen for a suit. And this is dotted mull for a little afternoon gown. We can't have too many thin things, you know."

"Yes," said Anne, soberly. She sighed as she crossed the street; but ten minutes later she recrossed it excitedly, the cause of the sigh forgotten, and burst into the sewing room.

"Becky," she cried, "Will Dummore says we're going to have two boat clubs and races, and the girls can belong. He wants us on his side!"

"A boat club!" returned Rebecca, promptly. "O dear no, Anne! With all this sewing I can't waste any time boating! Mother has just decided that I must have a cream-colored mohair for mornings, in addition to the other things."

Anne twisted the knob of the door and hesitated. "But, Becky, what about tennis? We play the first game this afternoon—"

Rebecca interrupted with a firm shake of the head. "You know, Anne, we'll get all that at the lakes, rowing and tennis and golf. Now I can't spend the time; I must sew."

As the weeks passed that expression, "I must sew," became the only reply Rebecca gave, because the cream-colored mohair proved but the first of a number of additions to her pretty wardrobe. Tennis, croquet, boating, afternoon walks, evenings with her friends were all given up.

"I must sew," said Rebecca; and one by one the dainty, filmy garments were hung away fresh and unworn for August and the big hotel.

"I must sew," said Rebecca; and her cheeks grew hollow, while dark circles came under her eyes, for summer was also overworking that year, July heat prevailing in June and August sultriness in July.

It was one hot afternoon in the middle of July that Rebecca threw open the wardrobe in the sewing room for Anne's inspection, saying, in a tone weary but full of satisfaction. "Only see, Anne, all the pretty things I have to wear!"

"Indeed, they are pretty," assented Anne, heartily.

Then her eyes traveled thoughtfully from the contents of the wardrobe to Rebecca's cheeks and on to Mrs. Brown, bending over a shirt waist, on which she was laying insertion. Mrs. Brown's hands trembled nervously as she worked, and occasionally she paused to press her hand over her eyes.

During one of these pauses she asked listlessly, "Have you begun to get your new things, Anne?"

Anne still looked thoughtful. "You know all I'm to have is a walking suit and shirt waists. Mother is working on a shirt waist."

Mrs. Brown bent a compassionate gaze on her, while Rebecca murmured, "I supposed, Anne, that when you came to think hard about going you'd have—"

She paused. Rebecca had a habit of implying the end of a sentence by a glance or a tone.

"No," replied Anne, simply. She walked across the street slowly, and came on her mother also putting insertion in the front of a shirt waist, and her mother looked warm and tired.

"Mother," said Anne, decidedly, "there's enough trimming on that waist now!" Abruptly she took the insertion out of her mother's hands, adding anxiously, "It's nice now out on the porch."

Then, irrelevantly, "you just ought to see Mrs. Brown."

Mrs. Tupper looked up inquiringly. "Mrs. Brown? Why, really, I've scarcely caught a glimpse of her all summer. But I suppose she will let her friends see her again after you and Becky go."

They started the first of August. Mrs. Tupper went down to the station with Anne. They were preceded by an express wagon in which a little flat-topped one-story trunk rattled round inconspicuously behind its heavy, three-story, iron-bound neighbor.

Just as the train drew into the sta-

tion Rebecca entered alone, bearing an umbrella and two hat boxes.

"Mother has a headache," she explained, adding listlessly, "and so have I."

During the journey to the northward the owner of the three-story trunk lay back in her seat, a wet handkerchief across her eyes, while Anne, her fresh, eager face in the open window, kept her informed of the varied outside attractions.

Several days later a mail from the Twin Lakes arrived by mail. It was directed to Mrs. Brown, but Mrs. Brown was in no condition to read it. She lay in a darkened room, suffering with inflamed nerves and inflamed eyes. Mrs. Tupper was caring for her, and it was Mrs. Tupper who raised the curtain a trifle and read the mail aloud.

"I haven't written much before," wrote Rebecca, "because I'm so tired I can't write or do anything else except watch the others have a good time—especially Anne. She has the best muscle of any girl here, and Tom's friends all want her on their side in tennis matches and boating and that sort of thing. She looks so well and happy and active that I hear people say they like to see her around. O dear! I'm so tired I can write just this one thing more! If I go away next summer I won't kill myself getting ready! I'm glad, though, that you are well. I was afraid when I came away that you were going to be sick."

There was a restless movement in the darkest corner of the room. "I didn't write Becky that I am sick because I didn't want to spoil her good time!" sighed Rebecca's mother.—Youth's Companion.

MISLEADING NAMES.

Terms in Science that Belle the Products to Which They Apply.

There are terms in certain departments of science that positively misname the products to which they are applied.

The word "oil" in its more comprehensive and indiscriminate uses, is made to include hydrocarbons, like petroleum, and also many other substances that have an oily appearance, like "oil of vitriol," which is not oil at all, but sulphuric acid.

Strictly speaking, the mineral oils, including all petroleum products, are not oil, although we speak of "coal oil" and "kerosene oil."

The best classifications of oils do not include mineral hydrocarbons, like naphtha, paraffin and petroleum, but treat only the two well defined groups—fixed oils and fats and the essential or volatile oils.

"Copperas" is not copper, but sulphate of iron. "Salt of lemon" has nothing to do with the fruit of the lemon tree, but is potassium bitartrate or potash treated with oxalic acid.

"Carbolic acid" is not an acid, but a phenol. In structure it is allied to the alcohols and has only slight acid properties. "Soda water" has no trace of soda. "Sulphuric acid" contains no sulphur. "Sugar of lead" is innocent of sugar.

"Cream of tartar" has nothing to do with cream nor "milk of lime" with milk. "German silver" is a stranger to silver, and "black lead" is not lead at all, but graphite. "Mosaic gold" is a sulphide of tin.

These misleading names have come down from the vocabulary of an early and ineffectual chemistry. As popular science extends the old terms are yielding to the more scientific nomenclature.

SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

The Simple Secret of Blowing the Big Glass Globes.

Emperor Nicholas wished to illuminate the Alexander column in a grand style. The size of the round lamps to be used for the purpose was indicated and the glasses ordered at the manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired size.

The commission must be executed—that was self evident—but how?

A great premium was offered to the one who could solve the problem. Again the human bellows tolled and puffed. Their object seemed unattainable, when at last a long bearded Russian stepped forward and declared that he could do it; he had strong lungs; he would only rise his mouth first with a little water to refresh them.

He applied his mouth to the pipe and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and puffed nearly to the required dimensions, up to them, beyond them.

"Hold! Hold!" cried the lookers on. "You are doing too much. And how did you do it at all?"

"The matter is simple enough," answered the long beard, "but, first, where is my premium?"

And when he clutched the promised bounty he explained.

He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball and then, becoming steam, had rendered him this good service.

Cautious.

Mr. Uglumug—This portrait doesn't look a bit like me.

Artist—I know it. I was afraid to make it exactly like you for fear you wouldn't take it.

Some women break into the gossip class because they are unable to attract attention in any other way.

A girl may refuse a man because she feels sure that he will propose again, but a widow never takes any chances.

Every time you get your own way you make an enemy.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1765—Riot in Boston on account of the stamp act.

1775—Continental army under Gen. Montgomery arrived at Ticconderoga.

1776—British defeated the Americans in battle of Long Island.

1785—Lord George Germain, the irremediable foe of America in the cabinet of Lord North, during the Revolution, died. Born Jan. 26, 1716.

1795—French directory established.

1808—British under Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French and Spanish forces at Vimeira, in Portugal.

1814—British evacuated the city of Washington. The city of Washington burned by the British.

1818—The Savannah, the first steam vessel to cross the ocean, launched at New York.

1819—The Duke of Richmond, governor general of Canada, died of hydrophobia.

1829—Copper discovered at Galena, Ill. ... Warfare between Colombia and Peru ended. ... First temperance society formed in Ireland.

1835—Sir John Gosford, Earl of Colborne, sworn in as governor of Canada.

1836—Opening of the Buffalo and Niagara railroad.

1846—Annexation of New Mexico to the United States.

1847—Republic of Liberia inaugurated.

1848—Trials of the Chartists began in London.

1851—The yacht America won the new famous cup at the international regatta at Cowes, England.

1857—Port Huron, Mich., incorporated a city. ... Beginning of a financial panic in the United States, which culminated in an almost entire suspension of the banks.

1858—First treaty signed between Great Britain and Japan.

1860—Victoria railway bridge at Montreal opened by the Prince of Wales.

1865—Thomas Chandler Haliburton, noted Canadian writer, died. Born 1796.

1869—First Confederate soldiers' monument unveiled at Griffin, Ga.

1878—The independence of Serbia, proclaimed at Belgrade.

1886—William J. Kendall, clothed in a cork vest, swam through the Niagara whirlpool rapids.

1890—Maj. Gen. Sir F. D. Middleton retired from the command of the Canadian militia.

1891—Decennial census placed the population of Canada at 4,823,344.

1894—A tornado swept the shores of the Sea of Azof and caused the loss of 1,000 lives.

1897—President Borda of Uruguay assassinated at Montevideo. ... Congress of Salvador adopted the gold standard. ... Gen. J. P. S. Gobi of Pennsylvania elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

1904—Battleship Louisiana launched at Newport News.

1907—British House of Lords passed the bill legalizing marriages with a deceased wife's sister, thus settling a long pending question.



Owing to the failure to secure advantageous railroad rates between Salt Lake, Utah, and Ely, Nev., the proposed bout between Battling Nelson and Joe Gans, scheduled for Labor Day at Ely, has been called off.

Forty-three strikeouts is the record which was established in a remarkable game at Buffalo Lake between the home team and the fast Olivia team. The contest was prolonged for twenty innings, during which Olivia used one twirler, while Buffalo Lake used two. Olivia won.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Central States Rowing Association it was decided to present the grand prize for the highest merit to the South Side Rowing Club of Quincy, Ill., and the association will have a duplicate prize made to present to the Mound City Club of St. Louis. The original prize is a handsome bronze plaque presented by the Burlington Boating association. The Mound City and the South Side clubs tied for first honors.

At the close of the Olympic games in London, the American athletes were covered with medals. Queen Alexandra handed out fifteen gold medals to the Yankees at the stadium. These with a tray full of silver and bronze emblems of victory, made by far the most imposing array of "jewelry" awarded to any nation. America's victory, 114 1-3 to England's 66 1-3 was by the biggest margin on record. At Athens two years ago the count was 75 1-16 to 41 in favor of America. The Americans came within ten points of scoring as much as all the other nations combined.