

BANDON RECORDER

Bandon Recorder
BANDON, OREGON

Busybodies are really never busy.

Keep your own counsel and you'll need no lawyer.

Money is the golden net in which suckers are caught.

The hopeful man usually has the least cause for encouragement.

One actress has done her part in elevating the stage by going up in a balloon.

This country should have better roads, with fewer jumping-off places for automobiles.

It takes two to make a bargain, and usually one of these has his suspicions about its being one.

A Pennsylvania man is going to quit smoking at ninety-six. He desires to live to a ripe old age.

Two years' savings has enabled a couple to return to Hungary and settle down for the rest of their lives. Serve them right.

Chauncey Depew says over-eating has killed more persons than drinking too much. But even if true, isn't over-eating a slower process?

Lovers will never admit that poverty justifies desertion, firmly believing that two can live on the same income that supports one in single blessedness.

A Los Angeles widow has, by marrying again, given up her chance to inherit \$500,000. Think not of her courage but of that which her new husband must possess.

Dr. Wiley, the government chemist, believes better bread would reduce the number of divorces. If this is the case better bread will not be welcomed in theatrical circles.

New Jersey has an official dog catcher who has been bitten 3,000 times by dogs of different breeds. Nobody seems to have taken the trouble to find out what the effect on the dogs may have been.

During the past year a \$7,000,000 increase of money order business has been noted in Boston. Evidently the Boston folks who started out to see the world have been writing home for more money.

An Indiana judge thinks the people of this country have no right to be shocked by the director's gown as long as women continue to lift their skirts when it rains. Another Daniel has come to judgment.

Americans are creating the real sensation in the airship line in Europe just now, and everybody is recognizing it. There are something intensely practical about an American inventor when he gets busy, which makes all the world attentive.

The fashionable wedding journey for British Columbia couples is a tour of the coast. The Canadian Pacific railway has just added to its steamship service a "honeymoon boat" which has three hundred "honeymoon staterooms." There are only thirty second-class berths on the steamer, since, of course, no bridegroom would accept inferior accommodations. Bachelors will use the cheaper quarters.

President G. Stanley Hall, in an article in the American Magazine, gives American fathers something to think about. Writing of "the awkward age" of the boy, he says that in the period between twelve and sixteen the boy grows away from his mother, and needs the wise, guiding hand of the father. The father then has great opportunity to mold the boy's flexible, undeveloped character. Doctor Hall thinks the American father is not doing this, but shifts the responsibility to school teachers and others. The proper bringing-up of the boy is the finest work a man can do for himself and the state, and President Hall's comments probe the underplannings of home and nation.

Because some boys in bathing on the Atlantic coast had appealed for help and then laughed at those who came to the rescue, another boy at the same bathing beach, taken with cramps a little while later, called vainly for assistance until he went down the third time. Then some spectators saw that he was not joking, and with great difficulty got him out of the water unconscious and saved his life. Other boys in other parts of the country have not been so fortunate, and the newspapers have several times this summer reported that the bather was drowned, as those who heard the calls for help thought they were only in fun. It is the old story of the boy who called, "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. How long will it take the boys, and the men, for that matter, to learn the lesson?

A great portion of the public domain is poor land, worthless for farming purposes; but, on the other hand, there are large deposits of coal, oil and other minerals of immense value and vast forests that will furnish timber for generations to come. Naturally, such states as Montana, Idaho and Nevada

look upon the public lands in their borders as the possession of their citizens. They are anxious to have the tracts divided and given to settlers, so that the population may be increased and the resources of the states developed. But the public lands are peculiarly the possession of the nation and must be safeguarded as an important national asset. The time is past when they may be given to settlers by the thousand acres, fenced in by cattle kings and appropriated by railroads. Stricter land laws and strict re-enforcement of them are evidences of the government's intention to protect its lands and hold them in the interest of all the people.

Do you develop your strength, increase your reasoning power, your will power, your power of initiative? Do you not only elevate yourself and hold yourself up, but also have strength to help others? Are you a lifter? Or do you, like the senseless lobster, remain high and dry on the sand or among the rocks, waiting for someone to carry you to the sea, or for the sea to come to you, when by your own native energy you should boldly plunge in and ride the waves triumphantly? Do you, in considering every undertaking, look hesitatingly to the right or left for some advice, some support, some prop to lean on? It has been said that for every self-made man there are ten self-ruined ones. It is a safe guess that nine of the ten are leanners. The ranks of mediocrity—of the half-successful—are crowded with people of fine natural abilities who never rise above inferior stations because they never act independently. They are afraid to take the initiative in anything—depend upon their own judgment and resources—and so let opportunity after opportunity pass them by. They make fine plans, but leave them to be carried out by others; and then their only consolation is in saying: "I thought of it first." Half a hundred claim to have been the first to invent the railway airbrake. Only one had the nerve to demonstrate its practicability. Thousands talked about an Atlantic cable, until one came forward and laid it. He lost a big fortune by failing at first, but made a bigger one by succeeding at last. In every walk of life are earnest, conscientious people who are disappointed that they do not get on better and who wax eloquent over the injustice that confines them to inferior grades, while others with no more natural ability are constantly advanced over their heads. Analyze these people and you find their real trouble lies in their lack of independent action. They dare not make the slightest move without help or advice from some outside source. They lack confidence in themselves. They do not trust their own powers. They have never learned to stand squarely on their own feet, think their own thoughts and make their own decisions. The price that must be paid for this shifting of responsibility is a heavy one—the loss of a kingdom. We voluntarily abdicate the throne of personality, resign the priceless privilege conferred upon every human being in this civilized land—the right to think and speak and decide and act for himself.

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown.
"The proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Samuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees."
"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Said the Rev. Dr. Wise,
"Is standing straight, with outstretched arms,
And rapt and upturned eyes."
"Oh, no! no, no," said Elder Slow,
"Such posture is too proud;
A man should pray with eyes fast closed,
And head contritely bowed."
"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerly clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground."
Said the Rev. Dr. Blunt.
"Last year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-pintin' down."
"An' I prayed a prayer right then and there—
Best prayer I ever said,
The praisiest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standin' on my head!"
—Quebec Chronicle.

Financial Poetry.
An unusual album was presented to Willis Clark, brother of Lewis Gaylord Clark, a poet, on one occasion, with a request for "some rhymes."
Mr. Clark was at the house of a farmer, and the man's daughter had turned an old account book into an autograph album in which were inscribed the names of her various friends and relatives below appropriate sentiments.
Mr. Clark saw his opportunity, and after turning over the leaves for a moment or two he took a pen and wrote the following verse:
f s d
This world's a scene as dark as Styx,
Where hope is scarce worth 2 8
Our joys are born so fleeting
hence
That they are dear at 18
And yet to stay here many are
willing,
Although they may not have 1
—London Graphic.

Think Soft
We know what Sherman said of war.
I know a clerk
Who claims that saying is by far
More true of work.
—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Hardly any man is clever enough to know how important he isn't.

WOMEN ARE GROWING TALLER.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. TO-DAY. A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Investigations conducted by a number of English physicians go to show that women as a class are growing taller, and the statement is seriously made that a hundred years from now, at the present rate of increase, women will be not only taller than their sisters of today, but they will be able literally to look down upon

Mere Man. Similarly, according to statisticians who deal with Europeans, man has fallen by at least three-fourths of an inch within the past 100 years; nor are there any signs that there is an upward tendency among the males. On the contrary, the average man of the future will appear squat, if not stunted, beside his Junonian sister.

AUTUMN.
'Tis now that spiders in the casement weave,
Or launch their silken airships on the breeze;
'Tis now that honey ripeness feeds the bees
Where vine-born amber sweets their prison cleave,
And golden spheres their leafy heavens leave.
The same wind whispers through the orchard trees
That blew our swallows over southern seas.
And stole the robin's vesper from our eve.
The spirit of the year, like bacchant crowned,
With lighted torch goes careless on his way;
And soon bursts into flame the maple's spray,
And vines are running fire along the ground.
But softly on October's blazing bound
How laugh the violet eyes of tender May!
—Edith M. Thomas.

Presence of Mind

The curtain had fallen upon the first act, and Thomas Nash, whose attention had been divided between the stage and the girl who sat next to him, was able to devote all his attention to the latter. That, be it understood, as far as he dared; for she was a complete stranger to him. He could not speak to her, but was forced to content himself with little surreptitious glances aside, each of which gave him some further detail of her profile; her blue eyes, her slightly retroused nose, her arched lips, and the whiteness of her neck and shoulders. There was a man with her, a man with a brown mustache, which Mr. Nash characterized unjustly as scrubby. But for the girl herself, he had nothing but appreciation.
The orchestra was about to commence the entr'acte, when a man in an evening dress stepped before the footlights and spoke to the audience in a voice which cracked a little in his effort to suppress anxiety.
"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I should feel much obliged if you would all leave the theater at once and quietly. There is no danger, but you must leave at once." He motioned to the leader of the orchestra to play.
Everywhere men and women stood up, quick anxiety in their faces, vague questionings in their eyes. In that moment Mr. Nash looked at his neighbor, and she did not hesitate to speak to him.
"What is it?" she said under her breath. "Fire?"
"I suppose so," he answered nonchalantly, with the wish to pose as a hero in her eyes. "But don't be afraid. There is nothing to fear. I will help you if necessary. I have been in a theater fire before," he continued, flinging truth to the winds. "The great thing is to keep one's presence of mind."
And then the curtain bulged forward, a vast sheet of flame swept from its under edge, and the man before the footlights threw up his arms and fell writhing before that scorching blast. Mr. Nash forgot his heroism, forgot the girl, forgot everything save the necessity of reaching the doors as soon as possible and at any cost. He turned and fought his way through the crowd, striking men in the face, flinging women on one side, his mind a panic fear. He felt two hands gripping his shoulders, but they scarcely retarded him, and he had more formidable obstacles to contend with. Cursing and thrusting, trampling upon the bodies of those who had fallen, he forced his way through, until at length he met the cool rush of air that was streaming in from the night outside, and found himself safe in the crowd on the opposite side of the street, panting and shaken, amazed and horrified at himself.
A sobbing voice near him called him to his senses. He looked round and saw the girl to whom he had spoken,

her eyes sparkled with happiness as she accepted. Mr. Pearson made no difficulty.
"I'm not looking for money with my girl," he said heartily. "She has enough for two. I'll see that you are comfortable; and I daresay even a solicitor can find a use for a little extra capital. I'm glad to know that my daughter is passing into the hands of a brave man. That is enough for me."
Mrs. Pearson said the same, and kissed him.
At the wedding breakfast, Mr. Nash made the customary speech.
"This is an occasion for presence of mind," he remarked humorously. "Of all qualities, it is the most to be desired. I cannot forget that it is to presence of mind that I owe my present happy position." The guests applauded. Lucy understood and looked at him with shining eyes.
Surely Mr. Nash should be a happy man. He and his young wife are very fond of one another, and he knows that her love is based on respect for his heroic qualities. But there is a fly in the ointment. Deep within him, a still, small voice tells him at times of the panic in which he fled from that theater, and he knows, though he tries to fight the knowledge, that should similar circumstances occur and should his wife wish to take advantage of his presence of mind, she will have to do so by keeping a tight hand on his shoulders.—J. Sackville Martin in the Sketch.

BETTER THAN BERRIES.

Harriet Hosmer's Delight When She First Finds Modeling Clay.
An old school friend of the late Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, has recently related some interesting anecdotes of her childhood. Her first modeling, it appears, came about through a blue-berrying expedition. "Hattie," as she was always called, had gone to the berry pastures with her foster brother Alfred.
"They had tramped farther than usual, when all of a sudden Hattie stumbled upon a big clay bank. It was just as if she'd been looking for it all her life. Out went all the berries from her nearly full pail, and into the pail went big double handfuls of the soft clay.
"Then she fairly rushed home, sat down on the back doorstep, and there modeled her first figure, a representation of the little, shaggy yellow dog who was at that time her chiefest treasure. After that she never forgot the clay bank.
"Why, when she was at boarding school with the rest of us she made casts of all our hands, and they were beautiful. She did one of Mrs. Sedgwick's, I know—she was our head mistress—and I remember that Mrs. Sedgwick said it was 'truly exquisite,' and would it all over with the soft, smooth silver paper she used for her finest faces."
In a day when the athletic, outdoor girl was yet unknown, Harriet Hosmer, against all convention, at the imperative call of a free nature, rode, swam, paddled, hunted, fished, climbed, tramped, and studied nature—to the horror and dismay of the excellent housewives of her town.
"You should have seen her collections," said her old friend. "She had bugs and beetles, squirrels, rabbits and birds, and even an old fat woodchuck that she had shot and wounded herself. We girls could never see how she could do it—the things are so—so smelly—and unpleasant."
Even when her study of her art had taken her to Rome, among fellow artists and great folk who praised her and made much of her, she yet kept one relic of those happy days, oddly tucked in amid the clay and tools and glistening marbles of her studio. It was an old, dilapidated crow's nest, the prize of a daring climb, reduced to decorous service as a darning basket.

A Literal Youth.

"Why, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins, "what are you doing here? Is Willie's party over?"
"None," blubbered Johnny. "But the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."

Different Viewpoints.

Mabel—There goes that young doctor in his automobile. Isn't he just too killing for anything?
Stella—Oh, I don't know. They say he hasn't any practice to speak of.



THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

- 1522—Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, printed the first work on arithmetic in England.
- 1535—Jacques Cartier discovered the Saguenay.
- 1620—The English Pilgrims sailed from Plymouth in the Mayflower.
- 1631—Cromwell defeated Charles II. at Worcester.
- 1675—The Indians under King Philip attacked the town of Deerfield, Mass.
- 1682—Delaware was granted by William Penn by the Duke of York.
- 1706—The French defeated by Prince Eugene at Turin.
- 1724—Sir Guy Carleton, who was commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, born in Ireland. Died in England, Nov. 10, 1808.
- 1726—Bouharnois appointed governor of Canada.
- 1752—First play performed in America by a regular company of players, at Williamsburgh, Va.
- 1755—British defeated the French and Indians in battle of Lake George. . . . Sir Charles Hardy arrived at New York to succeed De Lancey as governor of the province. . . . Public announcement was made of the exile of the Acadians from Nova Scotia.
- 1763—Indian battle at Bloody Ridge, Mich.
- 1765—The subject of medicine first taught in America at the College of Philadelphia.
- 1767—Charles Townsend, the British statesman whose bill taxing tea and other commodities brought about the American Revolution, died in England.
- 1774—First Continental Congress assembled in Carpenter's hall, Philadelphia.
- 1777—Washington completed the defenses of his army at Wilmington, Del.
- 1781—Washington and Rochambeau received in Philadelphia. . . . Americans victorious in battle of Eutaw Springs.
- 1783—Peace made between Great Britain and the United States by the treaty of Versailles.
- 1792—French republicans slaughtered 100 persons in the military prison of Abaye, near Paris.
- 1804—Nineteen Dominican missions established along the California coast from San Francisco to San Diego. . . . American squadron under Commodore Preble made its sixth attack on Tripoli. . . . The American ship Intrepid blown up in the harbor of Tripoli.
- 1812—United States troops repulsed the Indians in battle at Fort Harrison.
- 1814—The British sloop of war Avon sunk by the American sloop Wasp.
- 1829—A grand fete given in Lyons, France, in honor of Gen. Lafayette.
- 1837—An extra session of the United States Congress convened to devise measures to relieve the financial embarrassments of the country.
- 1854—Grand opera first produced in Castle Garden, New York.
- 1855—The first Hebrew temple in the Mississippi valley consecrated in St. Louis.
- 1863—Forts Wagner and Gregg, near Charleston, bombarded by Gen. Gillmore.
- 1864—President Lincoln issued a proclamation of thanksgiving because of the successes of Farragut at Mobile and Sherman at Atlanta.
- 1868—"No Popery" riots in Manchester, England. . . . Steamer Hippocampus founded in Lake Michigan, with loss of thirty-eight lives.
- 1885—Last spike driven in the Northern Pacific railroad, near Gold Creek, Mont.
- 1894—One hundred and thirty-four unidentified dead, victims of the forest fires, buried at Hinckley, Minn.
- 1894—Labor day observed for the first time as a legal holiday throughout the United States.
- 1904—Telegraphic signals sent around the world in honor of the opening of the International Geographical Congress in Washington.
- 1906—President Roosevelt ordered reformed spelling to be given a thorough test by the public printer. . . . Senator Heyburn attacked the forestry policy of President Roosevelt in the irrigation congress at Boise, Idaho.
- 1907—Anti-Japanese riots occurred in Vancouver, B. C. . . . Seven persons killed and many injured in a Canadian Pacific railway accident, near Caledon, Ontario.

Adds Zest.
"Honest, now, do you really enjoy competition?"
"Yes, indeed. You see, I advertise, and I'm getting about all the biz."—Washington Herald.