

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

It sometimes takes a man down when a woman sizes him up.

If canary birds couldn't sing, they'd have to hustle their own hemp seed.

When a small boy cries because he can't go to school he ought to be investigated.

The office sometimes seeks the man, but how he does hustle after he gets the nomination.

Having laid down his arms, Admiral Robley D. Evans no longer has any use for his sea-legs.

When the ascendants form a trust we will know that the navigation of the air is a success.

"Smile once a day," is the motto of a New Jersey optimist league. Smiling only on paydays will not do.

About the worst thing the new apple trust can do will be to hand us a Ben Davis when we ask for a pippin.

No man is perfect, yet almost every girl fools herself into believing that at least one young man of her acquaintance is.

You may have observed that an office-seeker is a man who shakes the voter's hand before election and shakes the voter afterward.

Mr. Roosevelt, when he goes to Africa, will take a camera with him, but it will bother some of the jungle animals to look pleasant.

A man wants a divorce because his wife won't sew buttons on his trousers. The case will appear in the court records as a disunion suit.

The Standard Oil Company doesn't have to pay that \$29,240,000 fine, not yet. Now would seem to be a good time to ask the Standard for the loan of two bits.

The Kaiser says the peace of Europe is not in danger. This persistent ignoring of Mr. Castro's belligerent attitude may yet spell disaster to some continental powers.

The ambitions of Aguinado seem to be rising. A few years ago he desired to be merely a second George Washington. Now he aspires to become a Manila alderman.

Commander Peary is laying plans for capturing the south pole after he has the north pole laid away on ice. Ambitious man, that Peary! And impartial, strictly impartial!

In Austria a married man cannot go up in a balloon unless he has the written consent of his wife. Over there they must regard ballooning as more dangerous than remaining late at the club.

Heretofore elections in Cuba have been the signal for disorder and revolutionary outbreaks. The recent elections were as peaceful as a contest for selectman in a New England town. The new electoral law which provides for non-partisan electoral boards was tried for the first time, and it proved to be a good political device. But the real reason for the unprecedented good order of the elections is to be found in the temper of the Cuban people. They are learning, if not to govern themselves, at least not to make a riot of government, especially when American troops are ready to suppress disorder.

Grant that "dad" was as a rule a child's name for father; where is the disrespect in the use of it by any son, however old he may be? We have often heard the word used when the relations between father and son were unusually tender, when the two were close companions, when there was complete understanding and the strongest love. There was a time in New England when a son addressed his father in writing, "Respected Sir." The father was then of the Roman order. There was little thought of any possible intimacy. The son stood in awe of the sire. Hence, too often domestic tragedies. When you hear a lad speak to-day of his father as "the old man" you may reasonably infer that there is no sweet companionship. If a boy mentions his "dad" there is a world of affection in the word. There is a touch of hardness, a suspicion of fear in the term "governor." "Pop" is a cheap term, if it be not vile.

President Roosevelt has appointed a commission of five men to report on methods of improving the social conditions of farm life. Next to the conservation of national resources, he regards the well-being of the farmer as the chief problem before the nation. On the man who gives us the materials for clothes and food the entire nation depends. Through him society is rooted in the land. Many of the great economic improvements in late years have been directed to the betterment of farming. The Department of Agriculture has been working to increase the productivity of the land, to instruct farmers in the best methods of cultivation. All the development of irrigation, the establishment of rural postal delivery, the improvement of roads and railroads over which

the product of the land is sent to the cities, the good roads movement, the creation of State agricultural colleges, the regeneration of the district school system, have tended to make farming more prosperous and the farmer healthier and better instructed. But most of this work has dealt in land and crops and tools and roads; it has in large measure missed the human being. The President's most inspiring idea, his most statesmanlike move, is the belief that it is the man that counts. We must help and improve human beings. We must make farm life so attractive that the best strength of the nation will live it. At present the brilliant prizes of life seem to lie in the city, and too many capable boys are tempted away from the soil. To bring to the farm the essential comforts and intellectual interests of the cities, to give farm boy and farm girl every chance for self-improvement, to secure to the farmer his proper share of the profit of his labor, to make life in the country most worth living—this is the problem the solution of which will strengthen the foundations of national prosperity. Measures to be considered by the commission are the establishment of postal savings banks, the creation of rural parcel post, by which the farmer may more easily get the products of manufacture, the increase of "co-operation between farmers for buying, selling and borrowing," and the "better adaptation of rural schools to the training of children for life on the farm."

College athletics in America, the drift toward professionalism and the progressively fewer members of the student body who interest themselves, except as spectators, in athletics, have occupied the attention of educationists in this country for over a decade. Lately there has been a wholesome tendency manifested to eradicate this evil, though the stigma is by no means removed. It is interesting to note in this connection what a British scholar, resident for a year in America, finds objectionable in the American system. In a long letter to the London Times he has conveyed his impressions of student life and ideals here. He believes that the demoralization resulting from "professionalism" is attributable to three things: First, that while the interest in general few students actually take part in the athletic contests; second, that the members of the athletic team are often unequipped to benefit by college work and achieve only athletic distinction; and, third, that the corruption in athletic sports fosters a general low standard of honor. These are not new criticisms, of course, but they are developed with more sharpness than is ordinarily found in American discussion. The writer thinks that the system of hiring professional coaches whose business it is to win for their several colleges and thus increase their prestige and attract students is largely responsible for this condition. On that point he says: "I have almost persuaded some American students to believe, but I do not believe that I have succeeded in convincing one, that there is no organized and systematic coaching of athletic teams in English universities such as is practiced in American colleges, where professional trainers ordinarily receive, for a few weeks' work, more than the best professors get for a year's academic service." He objects that with the spirit of professionalism entrenched the real purpose of athletics is overlooked and that the training it is meant to give to the whole student body is lost. The English observer, who is inclined to think that athletics and outdoor sports are one and the same, probably overlooks the gymnasium exercise that is required in our colleges. Still there can be no doubt but that the spirit of the amateur which characterizes English sport is the true spirit, and America is making progress toward the substitution of this ideal. It will come with time.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



There is no tomorrow in God's calendar.

The worst of all failures is to succeed in doing wrong.

In killing snakes it is better to cut off an inch of head than a foot of tail.

Covetousness is the mother of many sins.

Even the devil will behave himself when chained.

God honors the man who is not afraid of a hard place.

Putting ball bearings on the church doors is a poor way to fill the pews.

Denouncing sin with a club in the hand is not the way Jesus did it.

The man God calls has to make a move of some kind. He can't stand still.

A boy generally gets his best from his mother and his worst from his father.

The book of Jonah was written to show that God is in favor of foreign missions.

The man who leads a prayer-meeting should neither exhaust his subject nor his congregation.

The preacher who does not get much out of the Bible for himself will get less for his people.

There is something about a real man that makes him shun a way that is carpeted with velvet.

HOW ABOUT YOUR DOG?

Some facts which every lover of dogs should know are printed in Our Four-footed Friends.

The writer of the article believes that nine dogs out of ten which their owners have to get rid of are simply the victims of careless or unkind treatment.

Overfeeding and lack of exercise are the cause of ill in the canine race as well as among human beings.

Nothing is so certain to make a dog sullen or cross as chaining him up. He suffers so much from confinement that it inevitably changes his disposition.

It is not only a wrong and a cruel way to treat a dog, but it is foolish, for a chained dog can be of no service to his owner excepting to bark.

A tramp or burglar knows the dog cannot reach him to harm him.

A chained dog is likely to bark at a friend as well as at a foe, or at a dog running by or a passing team.

The family gets used to his barking, and no one is likely to get up in the night and investigate every time the chained dog barks.

A dog that is well treated and has his freedom stays about the place and guards it. Of course there are exceptions—"tramp dogs," we call them; but the family wanting a watch dog can find one that will discriminate between friend and foe, and strike terror to the heart of evil-doers by the very fact that he is loose.

I have heard it said, and I believe it to be true, that burglars dread a little house dog inside the house more than a dog outside the house, as they have ways of quieting the latter. A dog that sleeps inside the barn is a greater safeguard to the barn than one outside and chained up.

If a dog is kept outside to guard a place he should not be chained, but should have a good-sized, comfortable dog house, facing south, raised at least six inches from the ground, as otherwise the floor will be cold and damp, and cause rheumatism. There should be a bed of loose straw or excelsior, changed frequently enough to keep it clean and dry, and always a dish full of fresh, clean water.

A dog is a living, sensitive creature, not a machine, yet he frequently gets less careful attention than the machinery men use. It is seldom a boy or even a man will take as good care of his dog as he does of his bicycle or his automobile.

A chained dog is wretched, and no one has a right to cause any creature constant suffering, even to serve what one may call a useful purpose.

Beginning Early.

"Papa," said little Rollo, whose father was shaving himself, "didn't you tell me once that a man was a benefactor who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then a man who makes safety razors is a benefactor, isn't he?"

"Why so?" asked his father.

"Because he makes ten blades grow where there wasn't any before," answered little Rollo.

"Alvira," groaned the sad father, "that boy is going to be a humorist."

Bitterly Disappointed.

Inquisitive—If, as you say, you knew this man to be a rake, why did you invite him to your house?"

Henpeck—Heavens, man, I never dreamed he would elope with my daughter; I thought he would carry off my wife.—La Rire.

No, Indeed.

"Jinx is going to Honduras to enlist in the army of that government."

"He's a soldier of fortune, eh?"

"No, he's a soldier of no fortune; if he had a fortune he would stay here."—Houston Post.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

At Haroun's court it chanced, upon a time, An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme:

"The new moon is a horse-shoe, wrought of God, Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be shod."

On hearing this, his highness smiled, and gave The man a gold piece. Sing again, O slave!

Above his lute the happy singer bent, And turned another gracious compliment.

And, as before, the smiling Sultan gave The man a sekkah. Sing again, O slave!

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

The Sultan, listening, nodded as before, Still gave the gold, and still demanded more.

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high Grew weary with its climbing by and by;

Strange discords rose; the sense went quite amiss; The singer's rhymes refused to meet and kiss;

Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung, And twice he sang the song already sung.

The Sultan, furious, called a mute, and said, O Musta, straightway whip me off his head!

Poets! not in Arabia alone You get beheaded when your skill is gone.

—T. B. Aldrich.

When Debby Paid

Debby was serving the chocolate in Mrs. Gibson's dining-room.

"Yes," that lady was saying, "I was at the parsonage the other day, and I really felt sorry for the minister's wife. It was the first day she had been up since her illness, and the children were noisy. How very small, too, the rooms are at the parsonage! I declare, I don't see how she manages at all in such a little place. I noticed how pale she was and weak, still. Her hands quite trembled. And do you know, things down there are beginning to look quite shabby. Oh, by the way, had you not heard that we were behind again on the salary? I certainly would never be a minister's wife."

"Neither would I," replied Mrs. Clayton, carelessly, as she sipped her chocolate. "So we are really behind again, are we? How many eggs are there in this cake? It's delicious."

"Four," replied Mrs. Gibson, a trifle absently.

"And she's subscribed four dollars to missions," she added, slowly.

"Who?" demanded her friend.

"The minister's wife," answered Mrs. Gibson.

"Debby, pass Mrs. Browning the sugar. You see," went on that lady, "she pledged it before she had that illness. I've been wondering if it won't be hard for her to pay it. All our pledges must be in by the last of next week. She really can't afford to give to missions, and yet how she loves them! She'd give to them if she hadn't any shoes."

Mrs. Clayton laughed. "If I have a weakness, it's for pretty, well-fitting shoes."

"Well, as soon as I can find time, I'll try to run down there and see her, but, dear me, we are all so busy." And Mrs. Clayton, whose husband was on a large salary and who kept a cook and a second girl, actually sighed.

Then Debby took the cups and washed them and put them away.

Debby was small and dark-eyed, with thick braids of black hair. For the services she rendered Mrs. Gibson, that lady paid her three dollars a week.

Debby had always been poor. There was a large family at home, and it came her turn early in life to earn her own living. She had never had any pretty clothes, and she was trying hard now to buy a new dress. Upstairs in her dresser drawer was a little tin box containing all the money she had in the world—four dollars. She gave her mother two dollars every week, and that left her one; but lately she had not been able to save even that.

First Jimmy, her little brother, had fallen down and cut his head, and the doctor had to sew that up; then the baby took the whooping-cough, and her mother lost her best place for working out in consequence; so Debby had given it all to her without a word. But now, if nothing more turned up, she would soon have enough to buy the coveted dress.

She wanted a blue one, dark blue, with velvet on the collar and cuffs. She had never had in all her life such a dress as that was going to be. But as she went up-stairs to her little room that night she kept thinking of the minister's wife. She had heard them talk, too, about the salary not being paid. "And she's promised four dollars to missions," thought little Debby. "Oh, some one ought to pay it for her when she's been so sick! They all have so much more, but they won't think any more about it." And then a sudden thought struck Debby: "Why not pay it myself?"

To be sure, she would have to wait longer for the new dress, and her old

one was getting shabby; but then, she was young and strong, and now that things were moving smoothly it came she could save more. She knew the minister's sweet-faced wife well. Then Debby cheerfully made the sacrifice.

It was her afternoon out the next day, and Debby, when she had left everything in spotless order, went her way. It was only a few minutes' walk to the parsonage.

One of the little boys let her in. The minister's pale little wife was trying to hush the baby. She was holding it in her arms.

"I'm Mrs. Gibson's girl," said Debby, coming forward; "that is, I work for her, and you're not to pay that pledge to missions. I've brought you the money."

A beautiful flush rose on the face of the minister's wife.

"Mrs. Gibson?" she cried. "How very, very kind of her!" She looked at Debby in her sweet, interested way. "It was going to be hard for me to pay it, terribly hard," she added, "with the expenses of my sickness and everything. How good the Lord is!"

"Yes," answered Debby, softly, as she put the four dollars in her hand. "He is always good."

The girl saw she did not understand. Debby would never tell her. She reached out her arms for the baby.

"Let me take it," she pleaded. "Most children like me." And the baby was no exception. As he felt the pressure of the young, strong arms, he suddenly ceased his wailing, pulling at Debby's red ribbons.

"The sweetest thing happened today," said the minister's wife to her husband, as soon as he came in. "I have thought that the ladies of the church did not always appreciate how hard it is for minister's wives to do their part when salaries get behind and people fall sick, but I'll take it all back. Mrs. Gibson paid my subscription to missions—and the time was getting so near. I quite trembled for all the children need stockings, and Hobby must have some shoes; but now this eases me. Wasn't it good of her?"

"It was, indeed," agreed the minister. "And Mrs. Gibson, too! Somehow one would hardly attribute such thoughtfulness to her. She impresses me as being rather cold and distant. Another case of 'never judging, my dear.'"

The very first day she was able to be out she went up to the Gibson home. She was very pale still. It had been

a hard illness and she had recovered from it slowly.

She took Mrs. Gibson's extended hand and kissed her.

"I wanted to come sooner," she began. "I was afraid you might think me ungrateful, but indeed you will never know just the good your money did me. The thought that you understood and cared helped me quite as much as the four dollars."

Mrs. Gibson looked perplexed.

"The four dollars!" she repeated. "I am afraid I do not quite understand."

"Why, the money you sent me to pay up my subscription to missions," explained the minister's wife. "Your little maid brought it down—Debby, I believe you call her."

"Oh—Debby—" A light broke over Mrs. Gibson's puzzled understanding. "Excuse me just a moment."

Mrs. Gibson went straight to the kitchen. Debby was ironing napkins. Her cheeks were rosy red.

"Debby," she began, "the minister's wife is here, thanking me for some money I sent her. I never sent her any. Do you know anything about it?"

Debby blushed.

"Yes'm. The afternoon I served the chocolate I heard you talking about it, and I felt sorry for her. I know what it is to be poor, and sick, besides, so I took my four dollars down to her. She understood that you sent it, and I didn't like to tell her. It really didn't make any difference, just so she got it. I hope you don't mind, ma'am."

Mrs. Gibson looked at Debby—at the small, toil-hardened, rough hands, her honest, cheerful face. And then suddenly it came home to her heart that the small, underpaid servant in her kitchen knew better than she what it meant to follow "In His Steps."

What sacrifice had she ever made? Whom had she rendered happier on account of it? What a poor make-believe of a sham she had been, after all! No wonder they fell behind with the salary, if all the members were as selfish as she!

"Debby," she said, suddenly, "come with me," and taking Debby's hand, she drew her into the parlor.

The minister's wife sat there.

"My dear," Mrs. Gibson said, huskily, "you must thank Debby, not me. She paid your pledge to missions. It's all quite right. Debby, you're a good, unselfish girl. Oh, I am ashamed! I've

learned a lesson in giving I shall never forget."

But the minister's wife had taken Debby's rough, red little hand and was crying quietly—and so was Debby—and so was Mrs. Gibson.—Youth's Companion.

AFRICAN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Fixing Social Status of the Bride—Dowry and Divorce.

The marriage customs of west and southwest Africa are in many cases peculiar, says the London Standard. They differ, of course, in different tribes, but have broad lines in common.

A coastal tribe always considers itself superior to an inland tribe and even its meanest member claims to rank higher than the most powerful man of an up-country tribe. A man may marry any woman he likes of any tribe, it being held that he gives her his own status, whatever that may be, but it is almost unheard of for a woman to marry "beneath" her. As a result, some of the women of the most superior coast tribes, like the Mpougwe, look to marriage with white men and frequently attain to it.

The parents of both sides rule absolutely in the matter of marriage between natives. First, the would-be bridegroom goes empty-handed to obtain the consent of the bride's father. Then he goes again with gifts and the father calls in other members of the family to view the gifts. On the third visit he carries trade gold, a sufficiently poisonous compound, generally from Harburg. In the old days it was palm toddy or wine.

On this occasion he pays over an installment of the dowry. On the fourth visit he takes his parents with him and is permitted to see the girl herself. When next he calls his prospective mother-in-law provides a feast for himself and his relatives, the host and hostess eating nothing but taking a hand in the drinking. Finally the man goes with gifts and the balance of the dowry and takes the woman away. On arrival at his village she is welcomed with singing and a strenuous dance called "nkunja."

For three months the bride is not required to do any hard work, but after that she buckles to with his other wives at gardening and carrying burdens. Polygamy is general and the number of a man's wives limited only by his resources in the matter of paying dowries. The man may divorce his wife whenever he chooses and for almost any reason. But it is rare for a woman to be able to obtain divorce at her own wish. Divorce entails the return of the dowry.

HATED TO SPEND THIS 50 CENTS.

Which the Canadian Pacific Collected Above the Price of Dinner.

"The 50 cents I hated most to spend," said the traveling man to a New York Sun writer, "went to the Canadian Pacific Railroad. I don't mind paying for things I get, but this particular expenditure could not be indorsed for value received."

"A number of us got into St. John, N. B., one night just in time to catch the night train for Boston. We got aboard, only to learn that the train didn't carry a diner. Now a long night ride without dinner isn't a pleasant prospect, so we besieged the conductor."

"Why don't you start on the Montreal, which pulls out just ahead of us?" he said. "It carries a diner and we can pick you up at Fredericton Junction."

"No danger of your passing us?" we asked, and he assured us that he couldn't very well, as there was only one track. So we all piled out, after leaving our baggage in our Pullman berth.

"It was sure a fine scheme, we thought, as we dined at our leisure in the Montreal train. After dinner we sought the nearest smoking compartment in a sleeping car and prepared to wait in comfort for Fredericton Junction."

"Then along comes a much-uniformed official and demands 50 cents each for the privilege of eating a meal and having a smoke aboard his train. We explained carefully that we belonged on the other train, had given up the price for Pullman berths, and furthermore that we had been sent aboard this train for the sole purpose of getting our dinner. Didn't the Canadian Pacific run both trains, we asked."

"But it was no use. We had to pay."

Connecticut Bird Preserve.

Despite the fact that reports have been circulated of late that the commissioners of fisheries and game had secured 2,000 quail from Oklahoma and would place them on Terry Island, near Suffield, Commissioner George T. Mathewson said that nothing has been done about buying any quail as yet. It is true, however, that the use of the island, which contains about 135 acres, has been obtained by the commission, and it is very likely that a preserve will be established there. Until fifteen or sixteen years ago the island was inhabited by Clinton Terry, and the house is still standing, and it was from this place years ago that a band of Second Adventists put on their ascension robes and waited in vain for the end of the world.—Hartford Courant.

Contempt of Court.

Counsel (for defendant)—Would it be contempt of court to say that your honor has presided over this case in a manner which is a disgrace to the bench?

Judge—Certainly it would. I should commit you at once.

Counsel—Then I shall not say it.—Puck.



"I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, MA'AM."

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