

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

If a fat girl is an heiress, you may be sure she's only called "nice and plump."

A pet camel recently attacked two policemen, who immediately got a hump on themselves.

The demand for chorus girls will always be met so long as young women have an aversion to housework.

We suspect the man who calls on the average farmer with an uplift movement will have to look out for the dog.

The famous "Angel Child" picture of Evelyn has been sold for \$18. This can hardly be regarded as much of a boost for art.

When a 15-year-old boy kills himself for love of a girl two years younger the country seems not to be drifting somewhere, but to have arrived.

The meanest man in town gave his boy a ten-cent piece to get him to go to bed early, and then borrowed it back before the child woke up.

Harry Fowler, twirler for the St. Louis Browns, is going to sing in grand opera. Harry ought to have no trouble with keeping the pitch.

A Denver man on his deathbed selected another husband for his widow, but no one seems to know which one of the two he had the grudge against.

According to the cable, England and Brazil both have just launched "the largest battle ships." Is the whole world determined to disturb Hobson?

The life of the late Li Hung Chang has been published in Shanghai. As it is in one hundred volumes, and also in Chinese, few Americans will read it all.

Prof. Hugo Muensterberg's latest contribution to the literature of the day is headed, "Can You Tell the Whole Truth?" Certainly not, professor. We don't want to lose all the friends we have.

Mary Garden, the actress, has a chance to marry Prince Marcovordato, who is a Russian and worth \$5,000,000. Mary's press agent has not decided, as yet, whether he will permit her to have him or not.

Mrs. Corey, formerly Miss Gilman, says New York and Newport society is so stupid that she cannot be satisfied with it and must return to that dear Paris. This will no doubt come as a severe blow to Mrs. Astor and H. Lehr.

The world's worst pessimist lives in Kansas. He has openly declared that if a directorate gown were worn in the town where he lives his oculist would be sure to have just put drops in his eyes for the purpose of testing them for glasses.

Senator Nabuco, the Brazilian minister to the United States, said recently, "You with your high civilization can do no wrong to any nation. Intimate contact with you will, under any condition, bring only good to you and the other party." It is well for the nation if this is so. Certainly it is true that if the civilization of a country is high, the country will not deliberately do wrong to others.

A deputy supervisor of spanking has lately been appointed in a New England city to see that the sentences of a police magistrate are carried out when the judge sends small boys home to be punished for stealing apples. The supervisor of spanking prefers to remain in his office, in command of his forces, while the deputy does the supervising, an arrangement common in other public offices.

Every new invention has its blemish of blood. But this will not deter the enthusiast from the pursuit of aviation, or whatever the air-crafting process may be that time be termed. There must always be a few hide-bound conservatives to prefer terra firma and unbroken bones to the ecstasies of flight; but despite catastrophes, fatalities even, there will always be plenty of the adventurous not only to furnish victims, but to push experiment and invention to the limit.

Representative Clark of Missouri, who is expected to succeed Mr. Williams as the leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, said, after returning from the convention in Denver, that the number of delegates to such conventions ought to be cut down one-half, and that they should meet in a hall which will seat not more than twenty-five hundred persons. The idea is not a new one, it is true, but it is a good idea. Nevertheless, so long as the spectacular and picturesque features of a nominating convention appeal so strongly to the public as at present, there is no prospect of a change.

The slang phrase, "a good mixer," has a peculiar meaning when applied to a man. It seems never to have been used as descriptive of women. But why not? Some women might wear the title with distinction, although in a little

different sense. For generations women have been engaged in "mixing" rebellious elements. Flour and butter in their hands have combined into flaky biscuits; and uncongenial cousins have made up an agreeable family party. A woman at the head of a large household has need to be a good mixer. She may have three generations under her roof and dependent upon her care. With the children she must be as a child; with the grandmother she must see the wisdom of age, even beneath its feebleness; for the wilful son she must mingle ready sympathy and firm control. Woman's service in village or church is often that of welding together obstinate and diverse elements. For her there must be no Democrats or Republicans, no Methodists or Catholics, when she has in hand some measure for the common good. The shade trees in a certain village are a growing memorial to a woman who got the Second Adventists and the Congregationalists together, and set them in pairs to digging the same holes, instead of working on opposite sides of the street. She was a good mixer herself, and like all of that brotherhood, she was the cause that good mixing should be in others. In this world of strifes and misunderstandings and petty frictions, the rarest and dearest of her sex is the woman who goes on her way—a smile on her lips and a gently persuasive spoon in hand—measuring and mingling contrary tastes and dispositions and ambitions, and adding to the combination that subtle one-knows-not-what of personality which is the crowning grace of a good mixer.

It is announced from Washington, that President Roosevelt's commission on country or farm life is fully organized and about to take up its work. Prof. Bailey, of New York, who has studied agricultural questions deeply and written luminously and interestingly about them, has accepted the chairmanship of the commission, and we may be sure that the rather short time which he and his associates have at their disposal will be husbanded in accordance with the best principles of "intensive cultivation." It appears from informal reports that the problem before the commission has already been subdivided into the following subjects: Land supply, labor supply, communication, education and organization. Each of these subjects admits of subdivision, and presumably under communication the question of social life and amusement on the farm, not only for the adult but also for the younger people, will claim a share of attention. The possibilities of co-operation in the use of improved machinery and in marketing products will doubtless fall under the heading of "organization." The flippancy of those who profess to see something offensive in the alleged effort to "uplift" the American farmer cannot have made much impression on anyone who is familiar, first, with the amount of scientific and practical aid given to farmers, and gladly received by them, in the shape of publications, data from agricultural stations, State and Federal authorities, and so on, and, secondly, with the number and variety of questions relating to rural life and labor that have barely been considered in the United States. There is plenty of room for improvement in the technical side of agriculture, for example, and the distribution of farm help certainly leaves much to be desired. In order to arrest the cityward drift on the part of boys and girls and to induce more and more of the educated youth to take up farming as a career, the matter of social intercourse, play and entertainment in rural communities must be accorded more recognition than it has so far received. The commission's report will be preliminary in nature, but a basis for constructive discussion is exactly what the situation demands.

Congressional Bell Signals.
On the floor of the house the door-keeper has his desk, and it is here that the bells are struck that give notice of the needs of Congress. One bell calls for tellers when the house is in committee of the whole; two bells indicate a call for yeas and nays; three declare a recess; with four bells the red light over the door goes out; five bells mean a "call of the house," under which the sergeant at arms is supposed to summarily arrest any member on sight and bring him in, whether on foot or horseback. Any member who is not present at a call of the house is subjected to a severe reprimand. Looking down the corridor, the going out of the red light gives the curious suggestion of the tail end of a passenger train dashing through a tunnel. While the red light burns bright and clear it means that Congress is under way, but when the light winks and goes out then the visitors understand that the wheels of legislation have ceased to revolve.—National Magazine.

Why?
"You must keep your mouth shut when you're in the water," said the nurse, as she gave little Tommy a bath. "If you don't, you'll swallow some of it."
"Well, what of it," demanded Tommy.
"There's plenty more in the pipes, ain't there?"—Detroit News-Tribune.

A Cheerful Soul.
Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir.
Debtor (in the blindest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship.—London Tit-Bits.

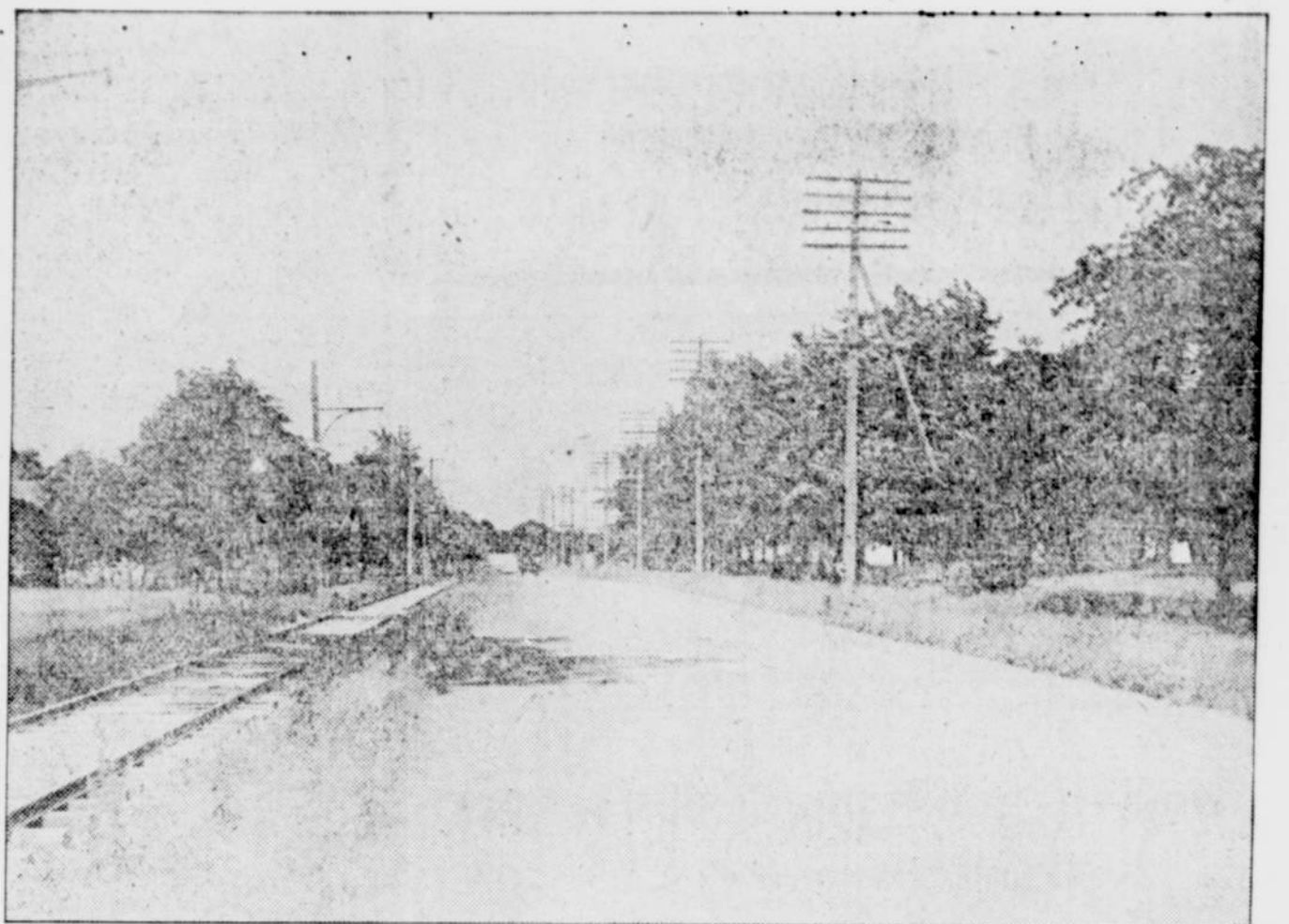
When a woman has her picture taken, she wants to show as much as possible of her arms and neck, but a man wants to show his new overcoat.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1535—Cartier left his ship and proceeded up the St. Lawrence in boats.
 - 1671—Mediators between the colonists and the Indians met at Plymouth.
 - 1710—An expedition of British and Provincials appeared before Port Royal in Canada.
 - 1733—Zenger's Weekly Journal, the second paper in New York, first appeared.
 - 1758—First legislative assembly ever held in Canada met at Halifax.
 - 1768—Hurricane in Havana caused great destruction of life and property.
 - 1776—The new constitution of Pennsylvania was formally proclaimed.
 - 1777—Congress assembled in York, Pa., and continued in session there until the following summer. The British, under Sir Henry Clinton, captured Forts Clinton and Montgomery.
 - 1780—Major Andre, British army officer, hanged as a spy at Tappan.
 - 1783—Treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States proclaimed.
 - 1787—Ship Columbia sailed from Boston, Mass., and returned three years later, having completed the first trip around the world.
 - 1790—Force of regulars and militia under Gen. Harmer defeated the Indians at Miami village, in Ohio.
 - 1800—United States and France concluded a treaty settling long standing difficulties between the two countries.
 - 1803—First Catholic church in Boston, Mass., dedicated.
 - 1813—Moravian Town, on the River Thames, destroyed by the Americans under Gen. Harrison. Jenny Lind, famous singer, born. Died Nov. 2, 1887.
 - 1820—First Sunday school in Texas established at San Felipe.
 - 1831—A free trade convention met in Philadelphia.
 - 1838—The Indian chief Blackhawk died at his camp on the Des Moines river.
 - 1839—Business portion of Aiken, S. C., destroyed by fire.
 - 1841—Santa Anna entered the City of Mexico.
 - 1851—Great damage was done by a storm which swept over Prince Edward island.
 - 1854—Abraham Lincoln challenged Stephen A. Douglas to a joint debate.
 - 1860—The Prince of Wales visited Washington, D. C.
 - 1862—Gen. Nelson shot by Gen. Jeff C. Davis at Louisville.
 - 1863—The Union troops threw Greek fire into Charleston.
 - 1867—Negro riots in Savannah.
 - 1868—Gen. McClellan welcomes in New York upon his return from Europe.
 - 1870—President Grant paid a visit to Boston.
 - 1874—Engagement of Col. Frederick Dent Grant and Ida Marie Honore announced in Chicago.
 - 1878—Failure of the City of Glasgow bank. Marquis of Lorne appointed governor general of Canada.
 - 1882—Steamboat R. E. Lee, which made the fastest time on record between New Orleans and St. Louis, burned below Vicksburg.
 - 1889—Clark university, at Worcester, Mass., formally opened.
 - 1890—The Count of Paris arrived in America.
 - 1893—Dr. William Lawrence consecrated bishop of Massachusetts.
 - 1894—David B. Hill, for the third time, accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.
 - 1898—David J. Hill was appointed Assistant Secretary of State.
 - 1899—Naval parade in New York harbor in honor of Admiral Dewey.
 - 1901—Duke and Duchess of Cornwall visited Vancouver, B. C.
 - 1902—Canadian-Australian cable completed from Vancouver to Fanning Island, a distance of 3,455 miles.
 - 1903—The British-Canadian case closed before the Alaska boundary tribunal.
 - 1906—Kentucky racing commission law declared unconstitutional.
- Not So Many Jewish Criminals.**
Police Commissioner Bingham of New York, upon complaints as to the incorrectness of his statement in an article for the North American Review that half the criminals of New York City were of the Hebrew race (mostly Russian), has formally admitted the unreliability of the figures on which his statement was based. This correction has satisfied the leading Hebrews who protested against Bingham's article.
- Asked and Answered.**
"What kind of a table do you set?" wrote the city chap to an old farmer who had advertised for boarders.
"Quarter-oak extension," came the reply by return mail.
- An Improvement.**
Hubby—This pie isn't anything like my mother used to make.
Wife—I'm sorry, dear.
Hubby—I'm not. 'T was her pastry that put me in the dyspeptic class.

THE MOVEMENT FOR GOOD ROADS.



Williamsville Road, Erie County, New York, Just Out of Williamsville. This Road Was Treated with Tarvia in the Fall of 1907.

THE SILENT RULER.

We only know he walks with noiseless tread,
Unresting ever—voiceless as the dead.
We only know he brings us loss or gain,
The rose of pleasure, or the rue of pain—
All changes manifold of life or death,
From a leaf's promise to a dying breath.
We only know when this old earth and sky
Pass into nothingness, he cannot die—
The silent ruler with his scythe and glass,
Our Father Time, who sees the nations pass—
Yet gives no token over land or sea
Of his new reign—the veiled eternity.
—William Hamilton Hayne.

Jimmy Was Pleased

One day a new boy came to the school, a rather chubby, round-faced, good-natured looking boy, who wore very coarse and clumsy shoes and carried his lunch wrapped in a newspaper and stuffed into the side pocket of his skimpy and threadbare jacket. He said his name was Jimmy Stagg.
Percy Heffner, whose mother fitted him out with a clean waist every day of his life and wouldn't let him wear faded stockings, took notice of Jimmy for some reason and strolled up to him as he was eating his bread. It was bread and butter. Just plain bread and butter.
Percy looked rather disgusted. "Ain't you got no pie, even?" he asked.
"Got er napple," said Jimmy, with his mouth full. "Want a bite?"
Percy shook his head. "I just threw away a big piece of apple pie," he said, "and some fried chicken."
Jimmy did not seem to be at all impressed. "Pie ain't good for the stum-mick," he remarked. "My father says so, an' it ain't good to eat meat more'n once a day. I like bread an' butter. My mother made the bread an' we churned the butter ourselves. It's lickin' good."
"Why don't you carry it in a lunch box?" asked Percy.
"I'd sooner have it in paper," replied Jimmy. "I'd have to pack the lunchbox back. When I get through I can just roll the paper in a wad an' throw it away."
Percy seemed to think there might be something in that argument, but he departed, leaving the new boy contentedly munching his bread and butter, while he polished the rosy apple on the leg of his trousers.

The next day one of the other boys spoke in derogatory terms of Jimmy's shoes.
"Them shoes!" cried Jimmy, opening his eyes in amazement. "Them shoes is made of real cowhide. See here!" He went to the wall and rubbed the toes of the shoes vigorously against the brick and then directed the attention of the spectators to the small effect the friction had on the leather. "Them shoes won't never wear out," he declared, proudly. "Come an' feel 'em."
Which they did, admiringly, involuntarily. Percy went to the wall and rubbed his toes against it and came back to the group with holes in the thin caps. One or two others tried the experiment, with like results. Percy went home and asked if he couldn't have some awfully thick shoes made of real cowhide.
Jimmy's parents were not well-to-do, but according to their son they had more delightful possessions than anybody else in town. There was the cow. There was the tremendous mangle in the shed that Jimmy was allowed to operate when his mother was rushed with work. There was the model ship that Jimmy's uncle, who had been a sailor, had carved with his own hands

and no other tool than a jack-knife. No end of things. Jimmy had a dog. "He's just a cur," said Percy.
"He suits me," said Jimmy. "I bet you he's smarter than any dog you know. You ought to see him go after a rabbit. He can do tricks, too. I'll show you."
"Anything that you've got is all right," said Percy, with intended sarcasm.
"I'm lucky, that's all," said Jimmy, simply. "It just seems to come that way."
"My father says folks that are always satisfied with everything don't never get anywhere," said Percy.
That saying, by the way, made a great impression on Percy. He thought of it often in after years as he shifted about from one place to another, moved by a divine discontent.

It occurred to him when he, a clerk in a bank, met Jimmy and found that Jimmy felt not at all abused by fate in the lowly occupation of office boy in a railroad office. He appeared to be even proud of it. "A fellow has to be pretty smart and hustle mighty lively to do my work—and do it right," said Jimmy. "It's good wages, too, and I've got a dandy boss. I tell you the railroad business is the business to be in."
The next time Percy saw him Jimmy was a full-fledged clerk in the auditing department of the road and seemed to have nothing left to ask for. He was engaged to the loveliest and sweetest girl that ever happened. Percy wasn't feeling in a happy frame of mind at the time, having been treated very shabbily by the manager of the hardware house he had been working for.



ALWAYS DID THINK HE WAS EASILY PLEASED.

He was rather glad to get away from Jimmy, that round-faced embodiment of satisfaction.
"He's found his level," thought Percy when they had parted. "He'll save his money and he'll have the best wife and the neatest little house and the finest bunch of children and the prize vegetable garden and he'll jog along on his little salary to the end of his days and be happy. Well, we aren't all made alike!"
It was only a part of his prophecy that came true.

A long, long time after that Percy Heffner was waiting at a certain railroad junction for a train to take him to his home city and chafing because a special had delayed it. He was in the insurance business then and the trip he had taken had not been successful. Presently the special drew up to the platform and a chubby, round-faced man of prosperous appearance got out and walked briskly into the telegraph office. In a few minutes he came out again and was about to re-enter the car when his quick glance encountered Percy's stare and he stopped.
"Heffner!" he exclaimed. "Why, what in the world! What are you doing here?"
"Is it Jimmy Stagg?" asked Percy, limply accepting the proffered hand and shrinking a little under the slap on his back. "I'm going to Chicago as soon as I can get a train."
"Here's your train," said Jimmy. "Jump aboard and we'll talk. This 'ere your baggage? Yes? Hey, George!"
A porter leaped for Percy's suitcase and Jimmy hoisted his boyhood friend into the car. In another minute the train was sliding out of the junction and Percy was gasping at his luxurious surroundings from the depths of a leather upholstered chair.

"Whose car is this, anyway?" asked Percy, as soon as he got his breath.
"It's mine," replied Jimmy. "All right, isn't it? I think it's about the best that ever ran on rails myself. Suits me."
"You're still with the road, then?" said Percy, feebly.
"I own the road," smiled Jimmy. "Pretty good little road, too. It isn't a trunk, but you show me a better managed one or a better paying one. I'm satisfied with it. Say, we'll eat now. Lunch is just ready. Don't you tell me that you've eaten, because I've got the best cook in this country. You always did think I was easily pleased, though."
"That's right," assented Percy. "I did think so, but I know now that it was nothing but a bluff."—Chicago Daily News.

SODA FOUNTAIN QUICK LUNCH.

People Are Giving Up the Old-Fashioned "Straight" Drinks.
"Double sundae—peaches!" said the tall young man.
The man behind the soda-water fountain dropped two ladlefuls of ice cream into a tall glass and poured a plentiful supply of fruit juice over it, says the New York Post.
"Egg and malted milk and ice cream, and shake 'em all up good," quoth the next customer. The order sounded oddly, but the creamy product that was poured into the glass looked both refreshing and palatable.
"Are these recently invented drinks?" an interested observer asked.
"Not specially," was the reply. "We fill any order they give us here—no matter what the combination is. People are getting so they invent their own drinks more'n they used to. The number that takes an old-fashioned straight soda is growing smaller every day. We have to do some mighty queer mixings here."
"I think," he continued as he dropped a spoonful of ice cream into a lemonade, "it comes partly because a whole lot of folks get their luncheons here during the summer time. A straight soda's mostly gas, and it ain't filling for very long. But when you add malted milk or eggs or ice cream or all three it makes a pretty substantial meal."

"It ain't only those who patronize the dairy lunces that come here. Any man who makes himself think he's dieting during hot weather can get here just the sort of a sustaining drink he's looking for. There's one man who has come here every day for a month, and never drinks the same combination twice. He's ordered some wonderful mixed drinks, and they always foot up to 15 or 20 cents at least. One healthy looking woman lunces on three 'sundaes' every noon. She takes them in a single order in a high glass, so's not to attract attention.
"Not more than half of the orders include soda in any shape," he added as he pushed a plate of crackers toward a man who was sipping from a glass into which coffee, an egg and malted milk had been poured, "and milk drinks are all the go just now. That's proof that the customer is taking his lunch here. He wouldn't order a milk drink on top of chicken croquettes or before it. No, sir; we serve the cheapest sort of quick lunch at double-quick time you can get anywhere in the city. That's why we're so busy."

Gertie Knew.

They had just quit work in a department store and were waiting for a car at 12th and Main. One of the girls drew apart from the group a little way and beckoned to another.
"Come here, Gertie," she said. "I want to whisper somethin' to you."
But Gertie shook her head.
"Can't see you," she replied. "I've only got a dime."—Kansas City Times.
When two members of the same family meet in the street, they always seem to have something disagreeable to talk about.
The jullest person in the world becomes wonderfully sharp when he becomes suspicious.