

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

A sheath stocking? Shocking!

Love at first sight often proves a slight case after the second meeting.

The only thing wrong with money is that there isn't enough of it to go round.

An expert in drawing need not necessarily be an artist—he may be a dentist instead.

You can't judge the brutality of some people by the horsepower of their automobiles.

A Grand Army veteran has married. We hope it will not prove a case of re-enlistment.

Twenty thousand dollars was paid yesterday for a collection of butterflies. Verily riches have wings.

There are few chances of becoming a hero nowadays unless you get into the fire department, or marry a chorus lady.

The four Slinger children of Pittsburg divided \$16,000,000 among them the other day. For this quartet life is a song.

A New Jersey court decides that it is not unlawful for a man to swear at his wife. Perhaps not, but many find it dangerous.

The man who prides himself on always saying what he thinks, seldom succeeds in saying anything any one else wants to hear.

Some day, perhaps, science will evolve the perfected automobile tire. Up to date it still lacks several thousand miles of having done so.

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

A discharged laborer caused some German contractors to lose \$875,000. As this does not get him another job, it is hard to figure where his joy comes in.

Necessity being the mother of invention, it is likely that the woman who invented the "hookless waist" has a husband who rebelled and "jumped his job."

That's a wise doctor who says that it's the comfortable old shoes, not the tight, new ones, which hurt women's feet. He ought to do a rushing business.

"Asthma and society" drove an old man West to begin life over again among strangers. Of course asthma sometimes demands heroic treatment, but he could have escaped from society by merely disposing of his automobile.

It is said that there is enough coal in Alaska to put off the fuel famine from the exhaustion of coal which had been predicted at the end of the present century. This news will be a great relief to present coal consumers who have been alarmed over what they had to expect in about ninety years.

It was from New York that Horace Greeley advised the young man to "Go West!" The advice now comes from three thousand miles farther eastward, and is addressed by Israel Zangwill to an audience of Jews in London. He told his fellow religionists the other day that they ought to migrate to the Western States of America, where there is room for them.

German interests in Argentina and Brazil are so great that German capitalists have decided it is worth while investing six and a half million dollars in a new telegraph cable connecting the fatherland with South America. The imperial government will protect the investors from loss. This is one of the ways by which the ties between the Germans abroad and those at home are preserved, as well as one of the methods adopted for fostering the expansion of German commerce.

During the current fiscal year, which began with July, the Department of Agriculture will expend fifteen million dollars. When one compares this sum with four million dollars which was spent in 1902, one gets an idea of the rate at which this department is growing. With the possible exception of the Postoffice Department, no other department comes so near to the people, and none touches the ordinary citizen on so many sides. The forestry service, the bureau of animal industry, the testing of foods, the study and prediction of the weather, the development of new plants, the building of roads, the crop reports—these are only a few of the many ways in which this department is helping the people of the whole country. One item of ten thousand dollars to be spent this year may result in the saving of millions. It will be used for testing plants believed to be suitable for paper-making.

The Wall street evils of which the public complains are not in morals, but in economics. If the stock exchange were simply a place where 1,100 brokers matched dollars among themselves the community at large would not be

affected. But what the stock exchange does is to gamble with the capital and resources of the United States, to fix as at present, rates of interest artificially low in order to boom stock prices and at other times to bid interest rates to absurd heights, to the injury of commerce and industry. Its demoralizing effects come from the fluid capital of the United States being used for gambling purposes and taken from legitimate industry. The morals of Wall street, whether by day or night are matters of little more public interest than the personal habits of book makers.

Bishop Frank M. Bristol declares at the Rock River Methodist conference in Chicago that the superannuated fund is the easiest one to get money for. Undoubtedly this is true, as a gathering of preachers. It is to be hoped that Bishop Bristol's assertion is becoming generally true of the Methodist laity. There are signs that it is. There are reasons for the indifference toward the claims of the worn-out preachers which has been largely complained of, and for the awakening from that indifference which is now becoming manifest. Many laymen have not realized that, while there are in this country as wide opportunities as there ever were for young men, and wider there is not the chance there once was for men past middle life to attain material success in a new calling. This change comes inevitably when the wilderness is conquered and the land readily populated. Then, again, many laymen have had their interest, not in religion, but in the church and its condition, cooled by the attitude of some conspicuous preachers, and their numerous imitators, toward themselves and their business. When the preacher becomes a lecturer, apparently striving to preach everything but the gospel, denying the authority of his office, and asking to be taken simply as a man in his profession, others cannot be blamed for judging him on his individual merits, just as they do men in other professions, and losing respect for the divine calling which the preacher has virtually repudiated. There is an increasing public consciousness of the change in material conditions which makes it almost impossible for a man past middle life who has not achieved reasonable success in his calling to change it for a new one. And there is a growing public awakening to the truth that the Christian ministry, to be worth while, must be not merely a profession chosen like the lawyer's or the engineer's, but a response to a divine call to deliver a message which its bearer cannot know and be silent about. With the purging of the ministry that is slowly but surely going on—with its increasing restriction to men who know they have the message, as evidenced by that very decline of candidates for it so much lamented—there should come a new birth of respect for the real preacher of the gospel—for the man who must and does preach the gospel because he cannot be silent without feeling himself a traitor to himself and to God. And so the claims of the worn-out preacher, whose devotion to his mission and his message has led him to live for his faith, and that alone, through all the years until old age comes and he can do no more, are pressing home to the hearts and souls of men as they never did before.

Reluctant English Courtesy.
That gifted publicity man, A. Toxin Worm, made the preposterous claim in London last winter that he would see to it that there was no "booming" of the actors at the opening performance by E. H. Sothern. This popular English diversion consists of bellying through the hands and no "first night" is supposed to be complete without vocal interruptions.

On the night of Mr. Sothern's first performance some forty-five evil-looking men, bearing blackjacks in their sleeves were distributed throughout the gallery and pit. There was no interruption from the audience that night, but only the occasional dull thud of blackjacks upon knuckles. Every hand that was raised as a preliminary to the "booming" process received a quick blow. Mr. Worm says that he never saw so many limp hands and so many bewildered faces assembled in any one place as he saw that first night among the crowd that left the theater.

At the close of the week that dignified journal, the Times, commented gravely upon the growing courtesy of English audiences toward American actors, and witnessed the case of six productions by Mr. Sothern without a single "boo."—Success Magazine.

Self-Evident.
Once when Chauncey Olcott was in Ireland he visited the wishing well at Killarney with two plain, elderly spinsters. Beside the well sat an old Irish woman, who looked up into Mr. Olcott's handsome face and asked: "That are you wishing for?" "What do you think I wish for?" he good naturedly inquired. "Och, thin, for a beautiful young swateheart, of course," she said. He pointed to the two spinsters, who stood at a little distance, and said: "Don't you see that I have two with me?" "Ah, thin it's the grace o' God you're wishin' for," replied the sympathetic old woman.—New York Times.

It is as bad to give a compliment with a "but" attachment, as it is to give a present and grumble about the cost of it.
No doubt economy is a great virtue, but some people have a lot of money they never have any use for.

MRS. FISH ON WOMEN.

Noted Society Leader Says a Good Husband is Better Than a Vote.
One of the leaders in American society is Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, whose husband, a prominent financier, is the son of Hamilton Fish, President Grant's secretary of state. She was before her marriage Miss Marian G. Anthon and has been for many years prominent in the society of New York and Newport. Recently Mrs. Fish returned home after a long motor tour in Europe and at once submitted to an interview, which is of particular interest to women, or, at least, to that portion of the sex which is striving for woman suffrage. Mrs. Fish does not believe in woman suffrage.



MRS. STUYVESANT FISH.

In England or in Paris. No, I am not thinking of enrolling in the suffragette ranks. Why should I? A woman's rights? "I believe that a good husband is the best right of any woman. Of course, I make the proviso that she can get a good one, and she can if she isn't foolish. "Woman's power in the world is tremendous, especially if she exercises that power for good. What more could she do, even if 'rights' were given her? Through her husband and her children she has always a great and a constant increasing power for good. She influences her husband; the two minds work together, and through the man she sends out her power to influence for good or evil. Isn't hers a greater power than the vote? "I don't believe that women as voters would be as easily bribed as the men. They might be influenced by jewelry or through clothes or even the heart, but by money—never. But I do not believe in suffrage or that women would be any better if they had the power to vote."

New Maine Industries.
Though the Maine farmer has food and clothing enough for immediate wants of himself and family, though he pays no rent and never knows the tight pinch of poverty that is often felt in the tenement districts of the big cities, he frequently lacks for ready money and in order to relieve this condition he resorts to various expedients, says the Philadelphia Record.

In the last dozen years a score or more of new industries have been undertaken in rural Maine. There are five times as many hems kept in Maine today as there were ten years ago. Three large firms are canning rabbits for shipment. Ten years ago a man couldn't sell rabbits for ten cents a carload. There are three condensed milk factories, more than eighty creameries and over 100 corn and apple canning establishments in active operation where there was not one twenty years ago.

Popcorn in the ear is shipped from Maine now by the carload. Ten years ago more than half of the corn that was popped in Maine was raised in New York and Massachusetts. One county in Maine has increased its yield of potatoes by over 5,000,000 bushels within the decade. Last blocks, handles for axes, hammers, brushes and brooms, veneers of hardwood, excelsior, starch by the trainload, canned blueberries by the shipload, canned clams and bottled clam juice, sealed jars of sweet sardines by the million are also among the new articles which Maine produces and sends away for sale.

THE BABY WENT TO BOYLAND.

He sat on my knee at evening,
The boy who is "half-past three,"
And the clear blue eyes from his sun-browned face
Smiled happily up to me.
I held him close as the twilight fell,
And called him "my dear little son."
Then I said: "I have wondered for many days
Where it is that my baby's gone!"
"Whom I rocked just as I do you,
I'd a baby once, in a long white gown,
His hair was soft as yellow silk,
And his eyes were like violets blue.
And his little hands were like pink-tipped flowers—
See, yours are so strong and brown.
He has slipped away and is lost, I fear,
Do you know where my baby's gone?"
Did my voice half break as the thoughts would come
Of the sweet and sacred days
When motherhood's first joys were mine?
Was a shade of regret on my face?
For close round my neck creeps a sturdy arm,
And the boy who is "half-past three"
Said: "The baby—he went to Boyland,
And—didn't you know?—he's me!"
—North American.

THE LOCKED DOOR

"Milly, my pet," announced Frank Charters, as his wife met him in the hall for the homecoming kiss which is indispensable when one is only six months married, "I've just accomplished an act of pure Christian charity."
"That's just like my dear, big-hearted boy," responded the lady, linking a dainty arm affectionately in his, and pulling him into the dining room. "But what was it?"
"I've invited Dick Meldrum to stay with us for the holiday week-end," he said. "Poor chap! he would have had such a beastly depressing time of it. Good heavens, Milly! Aren't you well?"
The little woman was indeed very white, and gasping badly, as if for breath.
"You've invited Dick Meldrum—here?" she cried, as soon as she could articulate. "O Frank, how could you? He mustn't come—he can't, really!"
"Mustn't—can't!" exclaimed Mr. Charters, in some irritation. "But I tell you I've asked him! What's the meaning of all this fuss, Milly? What have you got against him?"
"Nothing—nothing—only—O, Frank, I have asked Ethel Cherton. I thought she would be so sad and lonely, and—"
"Well, of all the confounded, unheard-of—"
"O Frank, please don't swear." "I wasn't swearing!" snapped the man who had so recently sworn to love and cherish an angel in human guise. "I hope—with biting emphasis—that I am equal to expressing my feelings in the presence of a lady without the aid of bad language. But, hang it all! Milly, what's to be done now? Why, those two haven't spoken to one another for nearly three months? How could you be so foolish?"
"Me, indeed!" retorted Milly, hotly. "I like your style! Why, I asked Ethel nearly a week ago. It is you who have been idiotic enough to ruin the whole thing."
"That's just like a woman!" returned Charters, witheringly. "Shifting all the blame on to somebody else! But the question is, what the deuce are we to do?"
"Do!" echoed Milly. "Why, you must put him off somehow. Say we've got whooping cough or measles or something in the house—anything, so long as he doesn't come."
"No, I am hanged if I do!" said her husband, indignantly. "You must make some excuse to Ethel, so that she postpones her visit."
"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind!" answered the lady warmly.
"Well, it is equally certain I shall not tell Dick to say away."
"Very good! Then I foresee a most enjoyable week-end for all of us. Ethel won't speak a word to him, I'm sure. He was entirely too blame in the matter; and, from all I can gather, he behaved disgracefully to that poor girl."
"Nothing of the sort! Dick told me all about it, and Ethel was in fault from first to last."
The dinner parrot of the nature of a nightmare feast than a social gathering of friends. Charters and his wife studiously avoided speaking to each other, while their two guests seemed to be utterly unaware of each other's existence. When Charters spoke to Ethel, she answered him in monosyllables; and when Meldrum ventured to address his hostess, that lady was polite to a disagreeable degree. The end of the dinner was marked by absolute silence.

In the drawing room afterward it was, if possible, worse still; and Charters was scarcely surprised when his wife, under a pretext of giving some orders to the servants, escaped from the room. Her disappearance gave him what he thought was an inspiration, and, watching his opportunity—when Ethel was poring over a postcard album, and Dick was assiduously examining some ancient china on the sideboard—he slipped by noiselessly and softly turned the key in the lock.
The two occupants of the drawing room were considerably embarrassed when they suddenly found themselves alone. Each, however, pretended to be oblivious of the fact. After a few moments Ethel closed the postcard album

and, having made sure that Meldrum's back was turned, crossed softly to the door. After turning the handle noiselessly once or twice, she returned to her perusal of the album, with startled eyes and a face of furious red.
A moment or two later, Dick Meldrum looked around cautiously and, seeing Ethel with her back toward him, still apparently absorbed in her book, thought it was a good opportunity for escape. He moved toward the door with great caution and his look of anger and astonishment on finding it locked changed to one of embarrassment at the thought of his unfortunate position. Instinctively, as he dropped into the nearest armchair, his eyes wandered to the dignified little figure at the farther side of the room. After a short contemplation of the bent golden head, a strange feeling of tenderness swept over him. That the fastening of the door was some trick of Charters to bring them together again, he could not doubt; but what would Ethel say if she knew? She would feel angry, hurt and embarrassed even as he was; and he could not bear to see her any of those things just now. No; at all costs he must keep from her the knowledge of that locked door.

Now, it is a characteristic of the majority that to be forced into doing a thing is intolerable, even if it is something one wants to do; and Dick Meldrum made up his mind there and then that the base instigators of the scheme should be thwarted of their purpose.
Of course, after what might be deemed a suitable interval, the door would be surreptitiously unlocked, and, in the meantime, he must use every endeavor to prevent Ethel from finding out that she was a prisoner.
That was his thought, and the only way to accomplish it, he judged, would be to endeavor to engage her in a formal conversation, so as to cover the suggestive absence of the Charterses. Accordingly, he launched himself without further delay on this doubtful enterprise.

"Our host and hostess seem to have deserted you," he remarked, in the most casual tone he could assume. "It takes some men a long time to find a box of matches. Perhaps I ought to go and hunt him up."
The last remark was introduced as a blind, to lull her, if need be, into a false sense of security. He had scarcely expected an answer from her at once, and was somewhat astonished, therefore, when, in a quick, strained voice, she spoke.

"I don't think you need trouble," she said, turning her face toward him. "They will be back in a moment, I expect. Mrs. Charters has gone to give some orders to the servants, I believe."
Miss Cherton's blood ran cold at the thought of his discovering that locked door, and, rather than he should attempt to leave the room, she would even make a temporary pretense of relenting in her attitude toward him.
"By the bye," she went on, smiling slightly, "now that I have the opportunity, might I remind you that you have never returned my copy of the song 'Hearts at One,' which you carried home by mistake some time ago?"
Dick Meldrum gave a slight but unmistakable start.
"I do not need your reminder," he answered, after a moment, "because I had not forgotten. The fact is—I meant to keep it."
"To keep it? Why?"
"I am going to keep your song," he said, tensely, "because—well, to make sure that no other fellow sings from that copy with you, as I have done in the past. I—I want something, too, to carry with me through the remainder of my dreary existence, even if it is only a memory. I—"
His voice had grown suspiciously thick toward the end, and now it ceased altogether. Miss Cherton sprang from her chair and faced him, breathing hard.

"It was all your fault!" she cried hysterically. "You were ridiculous, and high-handed, and unfair! I could—I mean, I might have forgiven you, only—Oh, where is my handkerchief?"
In her haste and confusion she could not find it; but—there are other methods. Perhaps he employed these. At any rate, so engrossed were they in each other during the next few moments that, had not the key turned in the lock with extreme clumsiness, neither of them would have heard it. As it was, the suggestion that they should hunt up their truant host and hostess emanated from both simultaneously.

Having turned the key in the lock, Frank Charters fled noiselessly up the stairs to await developments. On the landing he came face to face with his wife.
"What are you doing? Have you gone mad?" she said sharply.
"S-sh!" was all he said, pointing downward into the hall.
The drawing room door had suddenly opened, and Meldrum and Miss Cherton issued forth, arm-in-arm. Their looks were conscious, and, as they turned in the direction of the



POLITE TO A DISAGREEABLE DEGREE.

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