

BANDON RECORDER

Week End Edition

BANDON, OREGON

Does anybody know whether the motto has been put back on the coins?

The worst things about being bald are the hair restorers of one's friends.

The Czar is said to have a dozen crowns. His head lies uneasy enough with one.

Turkey imported 6,000,000 pounds of soap last year. Turkey is getting there, all right.

"All in favor of apple dumplings please rise," says the Baltimore Sun. The ayes have it.

One of the Western colleges has given the degree of "B. S." to a woman. Does this mean "Bachelor of Silence"?

Teddy, Jr., earned 83 cents on his first day's work. This will enable him to live the simple life with a vengeance.

One could hardly tell whether that youth who had to pay \$1.89 for kissing a girl got a bargain until one saw the girl.

A Denver man has been sued for \$1,400 for hats worn by his wife and daughter. We warrant he is madder than the latter.

A \$20,000,000 department store has been opened in Berlin. What enterprising American has gone over there to start a branch?

The forest preservation society ought to do something to make it harder than it is at present for reckless persons to get possession of matches.

We should think, in view of the lack of troubles that come to Switzerland, a lot of other small European States would try their luck as republics.

The Ohio State Journal notes the misprints look much funnier to the editor when they're in some other paper. Yes, but they look about ten times as big in his own paper.

The Crown Princess of Germany has been made a colonel in the imperial army, where her husband is a major. Looks as if the net result is to reduce him to a minor.

A Chicago man is accused of filing six petitions in bankruptcy in nine years. He seems to have been guilty of gross carelessness in not filing some of them somewhere else.

Turkey imported 6,000,000 pounds of soap last year. Young Turkey's apparent determination to wash the grime of centuries from its face will commend itself to the considerate judgment of mankind.

A Berlin doctor says that most men might with advantage study the manner of eating by the giraffe, which masticates every mouthful 117 times before swallowing it. But look at the long neck he has!

A bright woman has established a ship-shape shop in New York where bachelors can get their clothes mended at small cost and just as mother used to mend them. If the girls work it right, every one of them ought to mend well enough to land a husband in no time.

An automobile ran over and killed a dog. It was an unavoidable accident; but instead of hurrying away, or even making a careless offer of a bank note, the owner stopped the car, had inquiries made, mingled her tears with those of the children who had lost their pet, and when she returned home sent them a sympathetic letter, together with a valuable dog of the same breed as theirs. The incident happened in England, and the woman who gave to motorists this lesson in courtesy and good feeling is the Princess of Wales.

It is the universal testimony of American street car men that a large portion of the women passengers get off the car facing backward, and many accidents are due to the practice. No amount of warning or rebuke having cured the habit, a car-barn superintendent in Chicago has equipped forty cars with a new form of door handle, so placed that it is difficult for any one to alight in the wrong way who uses the handle as a support; and all other supports are removed. Some of the women who have used the new cars are said to regard them as very inconvenient, and to be indignant at the loss of a time-honored privilege.

Paper can be made from cornstalks. Such is the declaration of the government chemists who have been at work on the problem of finding a satisfactory substitute for wood pulp in this important manufacture. If the results of the experimentation at Washington are shown to be practical ones the whole world may profit from the discovery. The ancients went to the river bank for their papyrus. The moderns may go to the fields for their paper supply. There has been a good deal of well grounded anxiety over the rapidly decreasing areas of forest lands containing trees from which wood pulp can be made. The paper trust has been accused of cutting and despoiling the spruce trees until its de-

structive work has alarmed whole sections of the east. The scarcity of the supply of raw material has been its plea in justification for high prices charged for its product. If every corn stalk in thousands of fields is shown to have value for paper making purposes there will be no need of congressional action on wood pulp and no vote getting effectiveness in party platform utterances on the subject. The problem will settle itself. The giving to the farmer of an opportunity to make money out of a by-product will mean much to him. The oppression of a trust will be curbed through the bounty of nature. The fears for the forests will be lessened. The constant search for methods of using more effectively earth's products will be encouraged. The importance of chemistry in its relation to daily life will be heightened. The discovery of a new source of supply for paper making is the prime thing, of course. But the attendant results of such a discovery must not be overlooked.

It is not easy for Americans who have grown up in an atmosphere of religious freedom to understand, much less to sympathize with, the feeling of intolerance which still survives in Europe. Religious liberty prevails in England, and freedom of worship is allowed to believers in all creeds. But there still remains unrepented a section of the Catholic emancipation act of 1829, which imposes a fine of £50 for every Roman Catholic convicted of exercising any of the rites of his religion or of wearing the habits of his order save within a church or a private house. The law has for years been disregarded, and it has recently been common to have open-air processions in the country on Sunday afternoons in honor of what is called the Blessed Sacrament. The host, the consecrated wafer of the communion service, is carried in the procession. According to the Catholic faith, the wafer has, by the sacrifice of the mass, been transformed, and has become the real body of Christ. Such a procession was arranged to close the recent Eucharistic Congress in London, but so vigorous a protest was made against displaying the holy wafer in the streets that the premier advised that the ancient law be respected. The advice was followed under protest, for although the procession was held, the consecrated wafer was not taken from the cathedral and the ecclesiastics did not wear their ceremonial dress. The streets were thronged, but there was no disorder. The incident has led to an agitation for a repeal of the old law and a guarantee of freedom of worship to persons of all creeds. Of the Catholic countries of Europe, the restriction on Protestant worship prevails only in Spain, where worship must be in private, and no symbols of the faith may be exhibited in public. Although there is nominal religious liberty in Russia, all but adherents of the Greek church find it difficult to worship undisturbed or to enjoy the political freedom secured to the members of the State church. Intolerance there, as in many other parts of the world, is due more to the temper of the people than to the laws.

In St. Petersburg.

The Grand Duke—What's the latest report from the plague? Speak, man.
The Aid—I regret to announce that the disease is spreading.
The Grand Duke—Send for the leading sanitary engineer of the empire.
The Aid—He was driven out of Russia last month, your highness.
The Grand Duke—Call up the city's best plumber.
The Aid—He was sent to Siberia, your highness.
The Grand Duke—Summon the chief authority on epidemics.
The Aid—He is a fugitive, your highness. The secret police have lost all trace of him.
The Grand Duke (after a pause)—Well, go out and order the seizure of three newspaper offices and the arrest of forty suspected revolutionists.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Discrimination.

Wilden Woolly—How much to Shy-cengo?
Ticket Agent—Eight dollars.
Wilden Woolly—And how long does it take?
Ticket Agent—Nine hours.
Wilden Woolly—Nine hours! Why, out in Nebraska we've got roads you kin ride on a whole day for \$8.—Baltimore American.

Happy Immunity.

"There's one advantage in being color blind, anyhow," said one marked by this visual peculiarity.
"What's that?"
"Why, all I know of the red necktie is based on hearsay."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pumps.

"Women," declared she, "have bigger intellects than men."
"I won't dispute it," responded he. "A man can't wear footgear that has to be kept on by mental power alone."—Kansas City Journal.

Where His Treasure Was.

"When they take women away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?"
"I will," cried a voice from the audience.—Success Magazine.

Considering the number of hair doings a woman takes off at night, and the number of pastes and lotions she puts on, firemen who are expected to rescue her in case of fire, should be paid larger salaries.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Tea is a germicide according to a Boston physician, who claims it is an especially rank enemy of the typhoid bacillus.

Missouri led in the production of lead in the United States in 1907, pushing Idaho, the leader in 1906, back to second place.

Although the house fly lays eggs, the flesh fly, better known as the "blue bottle," produces living larvae, about fifty at a time.

A \$10,000 plant for the production of ozone by electrolysis, the largest in the world, has been completed at a Pittsburgh hospital.

A Norwegian factory receives power for six turbines from water that falls 3,287 feet through a tunnel from a lake seven miles away.

Peru has officially adopted as its standard time that of the seventy-fifth meridian, the same as "eastern" time in the United States.

The electrical equipment of the Cunard liner Mauretania includes over 250 miles of cables, and more than 6,000 16-candle-power lamps.

Three parts by weight of boracic acid to one of powdered borax makes a good compound for brazing steel. It should be applied as a paste with water.

On the west coast of India is found a species of oyster, *Pinctada placentata*, whose shell consists of a pair of roughly circular plates about six inches in diameter, thin and white. At present these oysters are collected for the pearls which they often contain, although few are fit for the use of the jeweler. But in the early days of English rule in India the shells were employed for window-panes. Cut into little squares, they produced a very pretty effect, admitting light like frosted glass. When the Bombay cathedral was built, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, its windows were paneled with these oyster shells. In Goa they are still thus employed.

Prof. Arthur O. Lovejoy, as the result of an inquiry into the origin and meaning of "fire cults," so common among ancient nations and among modern savage and barbarous tribes suggests that many races conceived the "sacred fire," not as a practical convenience or an ancient custom, but as a means of frightening demons, but as a vehicle of life, or magical energy, the prosperity of the household or tribe depending in part on the perpetuity, vitality and purity of the fire. It was thought of as subject to a tendency to grow old and weak, like all natural forces—hence the custom of periodically renewing it. This conclusion is based partly upon the statements made by the Iroquois Indians and the Maoris.

Dr. Robert E. Coker, writing to Science from Lima, advocates the protection of the guano-producing birds—the "guanaco," a species of cormorant, and the "alcatraz," a species of pelican—in order that the Peruvian deposits of this valuable manure may be in part, renewed. The great ancient deposits, he says, are now almost non-existent. Only the lower grades of guano are left. But the birds annually make fresh deposits on their nesting grounds, and if they were properly protected, he believes that the annual supply of fresh deposits would be largely increased. The birds, he says, should no longer be treated as wild animals. They should be regarded as valuable domestic animals. At present they are decreasing in number, but this decrease could be checked. They are also driven from their haunts during the season when they should be allowed to remain there. When driven away by the presence of man during the nesting season, they spend a large part of their time upon the water, or on small islets and cliffs, where the deposits are either lost entirely or are rendered less available.

Gathering Roses.

I've gathered roses and the like in many glad and golden June, but now, as down the world I hike my weary hands are filled with prunes I've gathered roses o'er and o'er, and some were white and some were red, but when I took them to the store the grocer wanted eggs instead. I gathered roses long ago, in other days, in other scenes, and people said, "You ought to go and dig the weeds out of your beans." A million roses bloomed and died; a million more will die to-day. That man is wise who lets them slide and gathers up the bales of hay.—Emporia Gazette.

Snooping Up the Wreckage.

The owner of the racing automobile was a novice at the sport. Naturally, he felt rather mystified when the expert driver handed him the following bill on the morning after the race: Gasoline, \$60; repairs to car, \$70; cutting expenses, \$1,000.
"What the deuce," said the amateur owner, "is the meaning of this item, 'Cutting expenses'?"
"Oh, that," observed the chauffeur carelessly "represents the surgeon's fee for renovating my mechanic."—Judge.

Setting It Right.

"In your paper this morning, sir, you called me a 'bum actor.' I want an explanation."
"I shall be happy to explain, young man. That word 'actor' was inserted by the proofreader, who thought I had omitted it accidentally. I shall take care that it doesn't happen again."—Chicago Tribune.

A turkey is never tough because he is so good he is never allowed to become old.

PROVIDING HOT MEALS IN TIME OF WAR.



MOVABLE KITCHEN OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

The statement that an army marches on its stomach is recognized by the German military authorities as containing much truth, and thus have come into being the portable field kitchens of the type illustrated. Meals can be cooked in these kitchens while the kitchens themselves are being driven from place to place at full speed and each kitchen can provide three hot meals a day for 300 men. The contrivance was tested during the recent maneuvers with much success, and was inspected by the Kaiser, who tasted some of the food cooked in it and pronounced it excellent.—London Illustrated News.

OCTOBER.

Beneath the tender autumn sky
Silent the hills and woodways lie,
Half folded in their robes of mist;
And o'er the mass of turning green,
Beyond the hyaline, serene
The clouds in tint of amethyst.

The crickets sing about our feet,
And there's a gleam of winter wheat
Far down the hill, in mellow beams;
In fields, and dells, and sleepy woods
A very heaven of stillness broods—
Till life seems on a sea of dreams.
—Woman's Home Companion.

The One and Only

"Are you quite sure?" asked Adela.
"Absolutely sure!" answered Dick.
He leaned over the back of the chair in which he sat, and let his long thin hands frame her face, with the fingers locked beneath her chin.
"Absolutely sure!" he repeated.
His tone convinced himself, but left Adela a little doubtful still. The careless, almost furtive, kiss with which he had brushed her lips a moment ago, was not the kiss of which she had dreamed—had dreamed through times of tens and twenties up to and beyond her last, her thirtieth birthday. For he was, and always had been the only man for her; though she, for him, had remained just one of the many women to whom, under various disguises, discreet, restrained, but always artistic, love could, at pleasant intervals, be made.

"And are you happy, dear?" she wondered.
"Of course!" he fervently told her, without pausing to analyze his emotions.
And his hands caressed the brown smoothness of her hair.

Then, in the quiet half-light of the February evening, his thoughts ran away with him and gave the silent lie to his words. They carried him back to the dance at the concert hall three months ago, when he had quarreled, irrevocably quarreled, with Kathleen Steele. He had not seen her since—dear, fluffy little person that she was, with big blue eyes which he used to think foolish before they learned to sparkle for him. She, conquered as all his captives were more by the intense sympathy which he exhaled than by any physical or facial charm, had promised to marry him as soon as he could save enough to furnish the little house and studio somewhere near Regent's Park. And now he was here in this big, proper, many-hand-maidened suburban villa, engaged to Adela—Adela Wint, to whom he had come for consolation in that trouble, just as he had come to her for consolation ever since he put on his first dress-coat.

And he realized that he wasn't happy at all—and half a hundred other things besides.
"Tell me," said Adela, "tell me you love me, Dick!"
"You know I love you, dear!" he said, knowing that he lied.

"Why do you ask?" he went on.
"I wondered," she explained. "I just wondered whether it wasn't the need for sympathy that made you ask me to marry you! And that you thought you were in love with me because we were beautifully in tune together and because I was able to console you!"
She was right; as always, so wonderfully right. They had been, as she put it, so beautifully in tune together, and he had got carried away by his confounded temperament and the necessity for putting an artistic finish to the episode.

For the moment he paused in conflict with himself. Honor and honesty warded with indecision and weakness. Then honor and honesty lost the day, betrayed by the too-noticeable absence of chin white spot on his face.
"There's no one quite like you, Adela!" he truthfully assured her. "No

one who understands as you understand!"

"Ah!" she happily smiled. "But I, you see, have made a life-long study of you! And if I didn't understand, who in the world should?"

The picture of Kathleen flashed across his mind; Kathleen in a blue frock which matched her eyes, Kathleen with the blush rose cheeks and laughing lips that challenged and provoked his frequent kiss. Not even Kathleen understood as Adela did, but then—well, Kathleen was just everything that Adela could never be!

But he put the picture out of sight, turned its face, as it were, to the wall. "Have you, then, made an exhaustive study of your servant?" he questioned, searching her heart with feigned humility.

"Always! Always!" she answered. The sincerity, the look, the self-abandon that underlay every word which she spoke killed the last germ of compunction in him. To-day was to-day; to-day with its great moments, such as he loved. They should live the present hour, at any rate. To-morrow he would write what he could not bring himself to speak.

So for the next half-hour he made love to her out of the ripe fullness of his own experience. And his philosophy was as the Spaniard's. To-morrow, to-morrow, always to-morrow—which means the completest plucking of to-day.

Then he met Kathleen Steele at a dinner party.

Kathleen was there, not fortuitously, but by design. For she had found out



IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?"

how much she cared for him, and, incapable of hiding her emotions, had worn her heart quite openly upon her sleeve. So people were trying to bring them together again, and the dinner party was a balloon d'essai.

As he went into the drawing room she was the first person who caught his eye. His heart hammered at his ribs and a swift desire to take her, then and there, in his arms came upon him. He shook hands with his hostess in a dream, looking over her shoulder to where Kathleen sat with half-averted head; and, the barest civilities exchanged, he walked straight across to where she sat. She was talking to another man—but that didn't matter to him.

"Kathleen!" he said.
She put out her hand. He took it with a new surprise at its comparative limpness, which he never remembered having noticed before.

"How d'ye do, Dick!" she began with ill-acted coldness. "It's ages since I've seen you!"

Somehow her voice jarred upon him. There was a curious quality in it—but what that quality was he couldn't quite detect.

He took an oblong piece of cardboard from his pocket and showed it to her.

"I'm to take you in to dinner!" he told her.

"Really?" she asked with brows delightfully arched. "Really?"
Her surprise was so obviously spurious that it gave him the key to the whole situation. And a certain dull resentment against his hostess—and

even against Kathleen herself—came into his heart.

So it was all a put-up job, was it, he thought. A reconciliation over the soup and declaration of eternal affection after dessert. He would see himself somewhere first. If they came together again they should come together in his own way and not at the time and place dictated by well-meaning friends!

Then they went down to dinner. And, though she was as beautiful as ever, she failed, in some intangible, elusive, indefinable way, wholly to please his critical eye. But how she failed he was utterly at a loss to discover.

Then, hating Kathleen's voice, he tried to lose himself in the contemplation of her beauty, to watch the pleasant flights in her blue eyes, eyes which were, it seemed, always gay. They were too gay, he thought. Adela's eyes could be gay; but then he loved their sadness best. But, of course, though in a way he was very fond of Adela, he could never love her as he had loved—and could still love Kathleen.

Still at 10 o'clock next day he went to see Adela.

She saw him come up the short drive as she sat writing letters at the study window, and she, herself, opened the door to him.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked a little anxiously.

How soft her voice sounded—and how different from Kathleen's!

"Quite a lot!" he answered. But he smiled.

She turned towards the study with a gesture. As he followed her the quiet neatness of her dress and hair gave him a sense of perfect taste. Everything about her was, he felt, just right, impossible to better.

Inside the study she shut the door.

"Now," she said, courageously but with fear cold at her heart, "tell me all about it!"

For answer he walked up to her and took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately upon the lips.

"You never kissed me like that before!" she gasped, as he held her away from him to look into her eyes.

"Perhaps not, dear!" he admitted. "But now!"

And he caught her in his arms again.

"What is it that you have to ask?" she presently ventured.

Then, since the crowning wisdom was come to him he answered gravely:

"I want you to marry me immediately!"

And for once, perhaps for the first time in his life, he knew his own mind.

A Lemon Instead.

"Do you know," a pretty bride of three months said to a friend the other day, "I think all these jokes about young wives having so much trouble with butchers and grocers and being cheated and all that is just too foolish."

"Then I presume you are getting on all right with yours, dear?" her friend inquired.

"Why, of course I am! Anybody would if they would just deal at a reliable place." the young wife declared. "Now there is my grocer," she continued. "he is just as obliging and thoughtful as can be. The other day I ordered a dozen oranges, and when they came I found there were but eleven in the bag, so I went to the store again and told him so."

"Why, yes, ma'am," he said. "I know there were. I had put in a dozen, but I noticed that one of them was spoiled, and, of course, I wouldn't send you any but the best goods, so I took it out."

"Now, don't you think that was nice in him to be so thoughtful and honest?" she concluded.—Harper's Weekly.

Otherwise Impossible.

Calvert Jr.—Tolsoy must use white ink.
Balty Moore—How so?
Calvert, Jr.—He is said to have been "writing on the Russian government," and dark ink wouldn't show on a black surface.—Baltimore American.

A woman gets more enjoyment out of a good cry than a man does out of a hearty laugh.