

# BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON..... OREGON

Marconi has shaved his mustache off, having now a prejudice against anything wiry.

A man who married said good-by to a gay life. He may find matrimony exciting, if not gay.

The man who wants but little here below is usually willing to compromise on a political office.

Theodore, Jr., has already been promoted to a more responsible job. We hope he is rising strictly on his merits.

One of the prominent authors says: "The devil cannot write poetry." Is this to be considered as another reflection on Alfred Austin?

If Explorer Peary has a motion picture machine the public may be able some day to obtain a new view of the aurora borealis in action.

Emperor William has invented a new brake. We are assured, however, that he has not done it with any sinister motive against England.

The Czar could shoot down the revolting peasants, but the cholera is a foe which can be subdued only by skill, honesty and cleanliness.

Prussia is reducing the income tax on married men who have children. Prussia certainly understands how to hand something to the bachelors.

Nat Goodwin announces that he will not get married again. Considering the ease with which Nat gets unmarried, it is difficult to understand his position.

The announcement that five Harvard men "cheated death" should arouse President Elliot, who is a stickler for honest college sport, to make a searching investigation.

One of the professors, having investigated the matter, finds that few bachelors amount to much as diplomats. This shows that practice at home has its advantages.

King Edward, though a gracious sovereign, is a busy man, and probably never will find time to make a lord out of our distinguished ex-countryman, William Waldorf Astor.

Mrs. Howard Gould alleges that her husband tried to starve her by cutting down her allowance to \$60,000 a year. She must be a person who cannot live unless she has meat three times a day.

A Theosophist lecturer says: "Some of us may have marched with Caesar or suffered with the martyrs of Rome." But what good will it do us if we can prove that we marched with Caesar? That wouldn't entitle us to pensions, would it?

Mrs. Annie Cobden Sanderson, the English suffragette who has recently been in this country, has written an article in which she says American women are too timid. She evidently did not see American women at a bargain rush.

Just as the florists do wonderful things in developing flowers, so do the French manufacturers, who are now turning out artificial roses and dahlias that measure from eight to ten inches in diameter, a single "bloom" covering the crown of the latest Paris hat. To imitate a flower on that scale is a task for an artist; but it is said that the new creations look very natural, especially in the milliner's bill.

The American Humane Education Society has offered a prize of a thousand dollars for a play on the subject of "The Christ of the Andes." It is an inspiring subject, the shrine on the boundary between Chile and Argentina signaling peace between the nations, but no play offered was judged worthy of the prize. The choice of the dramatic form in this contest is significant at a time when the elevation of the drama as a vehicle of serious ideas is urged.

Some Monday in the autumn always finds a ministers' meeting discussing the death of young men studying for the ministry. But none of the clergymen who spoke on this lack seemed aware how many new fields attract the young men who once became ministers. Thirty years ago the young man with a call and a vocation to the service of religion and the aid of his fellow-men had little to the pulpit before him. To-day there are 2,500 secretaries in the Young Men's Christian Association who would once have been pastors. There are thousands of religious young men holding places in charitable societies and in college settlement work. Of the 366 men who took the degree of Ph.D. or Sc.D. last June, with a view to the higher teaching, many would once have been ordained and by that path become college professors. The number of young men in the work of religion, the church and humanity, is larger than ever it was.

It seems incredible that in so civilized a country as Italy a man can have remained in prison untried for thirty-eight years. Yet the government is about to dispose of a case which

been pending since 1870. On Sept. 18 of that year two boys, aged 11 and 8 years, started for a gunsmith's with their father's pistol to be repaired. On the way they quarreled, and the elder shot the younger, probably by accident. The elder was arrested by the papal authorities, then the rulers of Rome; but before he could be brought to trial the temporal power of the Pope was taken away. In 1882 the new power in Rome had reached the case and was ready to try it; but the death penalty was abolished about this time, and this caused fresh delay. Now, if he is so fortunate, the boy, now a middle-aged man, will either be discharged from custody or formally punished.

Bright's disease and organic heart trouble in New York and other large cities of wealth have reached alarming proportions. These are aristocratic ailments coming from rich feeding, late hours and wines. In New York the deaths from these troubles were, in 1871, at the rate of 17.68 persons in every 1,000 of population; in 1883 the rate was increased to 21.91; in 1903 it was 27.20; in 1907 it was 30.14. Here, in cold figures of death and disease, is the lesson which tells us, who, though poor, love life and health, that riches are not an unmitigated blessing. Of course, we all think that if we were rich we would be more sensible than those who are now wealthy, but this cannot be proved, for prosperity is a much harder test of character than is adversity, and is warranted to show up the dross in the saintliest. Better by far, for our health at least, is the stern master, necessity, which forces us to go sedately along the same workaday pathway, than the wild gay cry of money, which would allow us—yes, encourage us—to run impetuously to a premature grave. The universal cry and desire and plaint of the age is for riches. Let's stop for a minute and realize that riches could mean but a slight variation from the program upon which our lives are already ordered. Food, clothes, home, occupation, recreation, friends—these we have. Wealth could put more spices in your food, more style in your coat, more gimeracks in your house, more anxiety in your occupation, more pretense in your recreation and more falsity in your friends. With money these things could be varied and you could travel and see the world. But it is safe to predict that after five years' wild indulgence in all the things you have wanted so long, you would find yourself back to the same stale, flat plain where you now imagine yourself so forlorn. And with worse health at that; for riches, as usually indulged, mean high living, little exercise and less thinking, a shrinking of the unpleasant wherever possible, and consequently a softening of all fiber, mental, moral and physical. Read over again the statistics at the beginning of this article and train your wishes toward something that means more health, more life, and not less.

Good Lord, save my friends from me! The good of all creeds of all countries is comprehended in the one word, "kindness."

Why should we fear Death, the kind old night nurse who will one day put us to sleep?

The fellow who doesn't expect to pay until judgment day is apt to go into debt beyond his means.

When a woman is learning to smoke she makes herself sick; afterwards she makes the rest of us sick.

The only time it doesn't pay to return good for evil is when you change a counterfeit bill for some one.

Every man would like to be young again, but no woman would care about it unless she were also pretty.

The First Hello Girl.

They were seated around a table in a well known cafe, and the conversation had turned upon the development of the flying machine and other fruits of the inventive genius of the day.

"Tut, tut," exclaimed a solemn faced, lantern jawed member of the party. "What of it?" The old folks were not so slow. Look at the telephone, claimed as a modern invention. Why, say, it's the oldest on record."

"You better see your doctor. What's the matter with you?" asked another.

"Oh, I mean it," said the solemn-faced man. "Telephone service dates back to the garden of Eden—that's where it originated. The garden's call was 2-8-1 Apple."

Then he dodged the remnant of a sandwich, reached for his hat and was gone.—New York Globe.

Hindoo Confectionery.

Like the American girls, Hindoo girls are passionately fond of sweet things. One of their candies, sadu, is very much like our plain sugar candy. It is made of sugar and milk and flavored with attar of roses. Buddhikabal, or hair of Buddha, is one of their most popular sweets. It is so called because it is in fine, long strings like vermicelli. This is made of sugar and cream from buffalo's milk, which is exceedingly rich.

Wasted time to-day means extra work to-morrow

# Old Favorites

Flynn of Virginia.

Didn't know Flynn—  
Flynn of Virginia—  
Long as he's been 'yar?  
Look 'ee here, stranger,  
Whar hev you been?

Here in this tunnel  
He was my partner,  
That same Tom Flynn—  
Working together,  
In wind and weather,  
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!  
Well, that is queer.  
Why, it's a sin,  
To think of Tom Flynn—  
Tom, with his cheer;  
Tom, without fear—  
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,  
Back to the wall,  
He held the timbers  
Ready to fall;  
Then in the darkness  
I heard him call:  
"Run for your life, Jake!  
Run for your wife's sake!  
Don't wait for me."  
And that was all  
Heard in the din,  
Heard of Tom Flynn—  
Flynn of Virginia.

That lets me out  
Here in the damp—  
Out of the sun—  
That 'ar derved lamp  
Makes my eyes run.  
Well, there—I'm done.  
But, sir, when you'll  
Hear the next fool  
Asking for Flynn—  
Flynn of Virginia—  
Just you chip in,  
Say you knew Flynn;  
Say that you've been 'yar.  
—Bret Harte.

AWNING FOR CHAIR.  
Canopy to Shield User Can Be Attached to Back.

Sunshine has been robbed of its terrors for the fair sex by the ingenuity of a Scotchman. This man has devised a chair canopy or awning frame, that can be attached to the back of any ordinary chair and put up or down at will. The canopy, which is like an awning frame, is pivoted to the uprights of the chair back. At the top is a roller, on which the awning folds, and the arms of the frame can also be folded together and let down over the back of the chair when not needed. The roller on which the canvas folds works

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to get out—were looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't a-goin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name if it was. There was one bank there; the president was a rich old luffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run of errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was a old watchman that walked up and down the streets nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two floors; the outside one was chilled iron, and a three wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fireproof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we did it.

This was our plan: After the key was fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I donsed the gim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide lantern, a breast drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green balze bag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of our readers are not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this; but if you don't you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you can put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door and pick out those wheels by running a wire through those holes,

by a spring. The convenience of such a canopy can be readily seen. Persons who are not so fortunate as to have porches will be able to sit in the sun, with no fear of its effects and collapsible chairs, equipped with these awnings, will add to the comfort of outings. For use at the seashore alone this contrivance should have a big demand. Among its other merits is that of being easy to adjust in place.

The Treasury Vaults.

The first question the average visitor to the United States treasury building asks is: "Couldn't burglars tunnel under the vaults and rob the government?" Well, that is not likely. An armed guard sits beside the vaults. Every twenty minutes he is required to ring an alarm just to show that he is awake. An armed patrol makes the rounds hourly. Secret service men in plain clothes, with concealed weapons, keep watch and ward outside and inside the building. As to tunneling, the officials hold that if a man by any possibility should manage to bore underneath a vault the heavy metal would crush him to a jelly, thus administering a lasting gold cure. Even if the tunnel burglar should get away with his life he could not get away with much gold. Ten thousand dollars in double eagles weighs thirty-eight pounds. Forty million dollars in gold certificates of the \$10,000 denomination weighs eleven and a half pounds. Even burglars prefer the gold certificates to the real thing.—Buffalo Times.

The Wedding Day.

"So she was led to the altar at last?" remarked the girl in blue.

"Led!" repeated the bride's dearest friend—"led! I fancy you didn't see her. She didn't have to be led. When she started down the aisle you couldn't have driven her off with a regiment of cavalry!"—Tit-Bits.

Just before breakfast every morning Saint Peter works hard and fast charging those with falsehoods who complain that they "never slept a wink all night."

When a man begins to tell a story, and introduces it by asking if we have heard it, we can get away.

# THE WAR CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST AS THE LONDON PAPERS PICTURED IT.



A MONTENEGRIN COLUMN ON THE MARCH.

When the Montenegrins are advancing against an enemy they not only look after the pack mules and transport arrangements generally, but themselves do the work of pack mules. In addition to this they form the Red Cross branch of the army, bringing the wounded in from the front and nursing them. Their strength is greater than that of many men—Illustrated London News.

# A SONG OF FAR TRAVEL.

Many a time some drowsy oar  
From the nearer bank invited,  
Crossed a narrow stream, and bore  
In among the reeds moon-lighted,  
There to leave me on a shore  
No ferryman hath sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile,  
Dark and bright with sudden wetting,  
Lured my vagrant foot the while  
"Twixt uplifting and down-setting—  
Whither? Thousand mile on mile  
Beyond the last forgetting.

Still by hidden ways I wend,  
(Past occasion grown a ranger);  
Still enchantment, like a friend,  
Takes from death the tang of danger;  
Hardly river or rod can end!  
Whither? I need step a stranger!  
—Atlantic.

# Rather a Neat Job

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to get out—were looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't a-goin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name if it was. There was one bank there; the president was a rich old luffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run of errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was a old watchman that walked up and down the streets nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two floors; the outside one was chilled iron, and a three wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fireproof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we did it.

This was our plan: After the key was fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I donsed the gim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide lantern, a breast drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green balze bag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of our readers are not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this; but if you don't you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you can put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door and pick out those wheels by running a wire through those holes,

and he couldn't get in and I'm come on to open it for him.

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I, "and I didn't want to fish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable of you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't be too particular about avoid the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like. "What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little worn on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says: "How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-trying to crack this bank, for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly. "Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these let-

ters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got those letters to put up a job on me."

"You're a very honest man," says he; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Now, here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of ten thousand dollars in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry these around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and I may add that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he.

I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my lantern again, and gave him the lantern to hold so that I could see the door. I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can look up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night?"

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as he quietly swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock, and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here and wait until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night again," says he, and we shook hands, and he leisurely went up the street.

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools, and get ready to go."

I went into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around, and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past twelve. There was an express train went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on top of the bonds, and walked out of the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you this key."

"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good-night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the twelve-thirty express, and the best part of that job was we never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.—Pennsylvania Grit.

A Change.

Mrs. Larkin—I want a little money to-day, Fred.

Mr. L.—I'm very glad of that.

Mrs. L. (surprised)—Why are you glad? Mr. L.—Because generally you want a good deal.

When a man asks your advice, he always tells you just how he expects you to decide.