

BANDON RECORDER

Board Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

King Edward's income is \$5,000,000 a year. A royal flush.

Do the wives of the night riders sit up and wait for them?

People in Germany should carry umbrellas. It seems to be raining balloons over there.

A man while trying new boots on in a store fell and broke his leg. Must have been a pretty slippery customer.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, including the medical expert who advises women to learn to smoke.

How in the world could we ever return the compliment in proper form if Japan were to send her fleet over here?

There is one advantage in looking for the north pole. In the face of the gravest danger one can always keep cool.

The Kaiser declares the British are ungrateful. Does the Kaiser know any nation whose besetting sin is gratitude?

The French premier says that the Duke of the Abruzzi will honor himself by taking an American bride. That's the way to talk.

"We should move according to curves," states a Los Angeles physician. When avoiding an automobile, however, it is well to flee in a straight line.

The autumn bonfire smells better than the spring bonfire, but nobody likes it better. The spring bonfire carries with it a suggestion of resurrection and hope.

John D. Rockefeller says he despises the man whose only desire is to get money, money, money and more money. John D. has been fighting for years to keep the people from paying him so much for his oil.

Mr. Rockefeller says that he was first attracted to Mr. Archbold by seeing his name on a hotel register written thus: "John D. Archbold, \$1 a Bbl." Mr. Archbold's barrel is worth a dollar or two more than that to-day.

A Philadelphia heiress alleges that she went through a mock marriage with an American for the purpose of keeping her parents from purchasing a foreigner with a title for her. We can hardly believe her story is true, because it is reported that her mother has forgiven her.

President Garfield's son has succeeded Mark Hopkins' son as president of Williams College. It was Garfield who said that "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other is a college." Dr. Harry Garfield began at the right end of the log and is now worthy to hold his seat on the wise end of it.

The special commission which the president appointed to investigate the conditions of farm life has adopted the simple and straightforward plan of asking the farmers themselves what the matter is. Three hundred thousand farmers will receive a list of questions which will enable them to state all their grievances. That in itself is something, for human nature loves to "kick."

What chance has a young man to rise in the employment of a large corporation? Is a question frequently asked. Of course it depends largely on the young man; but according to a statement recently sent out by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 67 of the 85 principal officers of the company started at the bottom and worked up. A fact like this is worthy many volumes of theorizing on the subject.

The present newspaper policy of keeping the public posted on the acts of evil doers has come about because it has been in the interest of society. There are a lot of persons who think that the world is much worse than it used to be, because there is so much more criminal news reported, forgetting that they did not formerly know what was going on and were sublimely blissful in their ignorance. The publication of crime is not only a deterrent to law-breaking, but it is a constant warning to citizens to be on the outlook. Burglars and thieves do not like to have their business advertised.

Julia Fletcher Carney, author of the poem, "Little Drops of Water," is dead. How many men and women of the present generation who know the verses by heart could have named the author? The popularity of the poem probably outran every dream of the New England school-teacher when she wrote it. "Little Drops of Water" has or certainly had a place in every first reader, and in most of the Sunday school song books. It is known all over the English-speaking world, and it has been translated into many foreign tongues. It is hard to analyze it and to discover just what it is that gave it its amazing popularity. Its simplicity won a recognition for it denied to thousands of more ambitious poems. Mrs. Carney, then Miss Fletcher, wrote "Little Drops of Water" sixty-three years ago. It has had a long lease of life and it will live for years to come. It has a place

with Phoebe Cary's "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and with other hymns that have struck a sympathetic note in the hearts of the people.

A prominent lumberman who has expressed his views to members of a congressional committee appears to think that there is an unnecessary scare over the destruction of timber. He speaks of prophecies of annihilation that were made years ago and that have not been fulfilled, says that the greatest danger is not from cutting but from forest fires, and gives assurances as to the future by declaring that there is an immense stock of timber in the far West. Against his feeling of confidence and unconcern we may set the estimates and opinions recorded in a recent publication issued by the government. It says that we are now cutting timber at the rate of 500 feet board measure a year for every man, woman and child in the country, whereas in Europe they use only 60 board feet. "At this rate in less than thirty years all our remaining virgin timber will be cut. Meantime the forests which have been cut over are generally in a bad way for want of care; they will produce only inferior second growth. We are clearly over the verge of a timber famine." The opinion does not settle the question, and the estimates vary greatly, but there are convincing signs of the need of conservation. The public has conclusive evidence of a depletion of the supply in the very marked advance of prices. Within a short period builders' estimates on frame buildings increased by 50 per cent, and the cost of materials was an important factor in the only cause. In that inexhaustible West to which the lumberman refers there are thousands of denuded acres where there were once splendid forests. Part of the timber, it is true, has been wisely used, but there has been much waste and no conservation. The land is deserted and shunned and held of no value. Fire, of course, is an awful scourge, but while we are on the subject of waste let us turn again to the brief for the government: "Present wastes in lumber production are enormous. Take the case of yellow pine, which now heads the list in the volume of annual cut. In 1907 it is estimated that only one-half of all the yellow pine cut during the season was used, and that the other half, amounting to 8,000,000 cords, was wasted. Such waste is typical." The waste can be prevented where intelligent care is used, and the experience of other countries proves that forest land which is practically abandoned can be made to produce.

ANTI-HORSE THIEF CLUBS.

Now Social Organization in Kansas with Protective Feature Retained.

The thief who in the early days in Kansas stole a horse took away the farmer's most valuable possession, says the Kansas City Star. Horse stealing came to be an offense punished by hanging. Farmers throughout the State organized themselves for protection. That was the beginning of the Anti-Horse Thief Association.

In late years the A. H. T. A. has become almost a social lodge, but the protective feature has not disappeared. Last year two bank robbers broke open a safe in Osawatomie. The alarm was spread after they were a few miles out of town and the A. H. T. A. made telephone wires warm in every direction. Farmers with shotguns patrolled all the roads. The thieves were captured before they had gone five miles.

Two weeks ago Osawatomie, Kan., which has a population of about 3,500, held an anti-horse thief picnic. More than 6,000 persons attended. A parade of horsemen in double file on the way to the picnic grounds was ten blocks long. First came the band, then a squadron of young women in cowboy hats followed.

A small boy led a horse on which was a dummy with a noose around its neck. Except for that the event was as social as Kansas spirit could make it. Lodges from Miami, Franklin and Linn counties took part.

Other Cities Spoil Waiters.

"It really is surprising how careless a waiter becomes when he leaves New York," said a leading hotel man in the Belmont to a New York Herald reporter. "I had occasion to visit one or two important western cities this month and there saw several head waiters whom I had known as excellent men in New York. They had come from Paris thoroughly trained and understood the niceties of perfect service, perfect dining-room discipline and the correct appearance and bearing a waiter should have."

"In the leading hotel of a large city in the middle west, not best to name, I found the head waiter seated in the corner, scribbling when I entered the dining-room. He did not move, but attracted the attention of a waiter and jerked his thumb over in my direction. I then noticed that the waiters were lounging about some of them with shoes untied, others with trousers turned up and some with hands in their coat pockets."

"For personal amusement I sent my card to the head waiter and there was instant change in the whole room. He explained that the city was very democratic. No wonder that hotel men from Chicago, Boston, Pittsburg, and elsewhere call New York hotel men 'cranks' and overbearing. If we were not this would not be the leading hotel center of America."

There are a good many things a man would like to buy a dime's worth of, but can't get without taking the whole box.

FUN AT A BAGGAGE AUCTION.

Gambling Spirit Caused Some Unprofitable Purchases.

Patrons of a Grand avenue auction house indulged in a mild propensity to gamble this morning in bidding on a quantity of uncalled for baggage sold for the Kansas City Southern Railway Company, says the Kansas City Star. There were more than 200 pieces disposed of, including paper parcels, pasteboard and wooden boxes, handbags, suit cases and trunks.

All of the pieces were more or less dilapidated. The nature of their contents was kept secret, so that purchasers experienced the risk and fascination of buying "a pig in a poke." Bidders were guided largely by "hunches" as to the value of a package, and they would frequently compete in a spirited fashion for a small parcel, when hardly an offer could be secured for a larger one of similar appearance. "Good goods come in small packages" was the old saw that seemed to be in the minds of a majority of the speculators.

"Oh-h! Here is a valuable-looking bundle," cried the auctioneer, holding up the smallest of a pile of parcels and peering carefully into a small hole in the enveloping paper wrapper. "It's red, too."

This bit of information so inflamed the imagination of a stout colored woman that she bid 40 cents as an initial offer and was awarded the prize before she had a chance to change her mind. The package contained a soiled red "bandanna" handkerchief.

Well-trained employees passed up the various objects to the platform on which the auctioneer held forth. Handbags, "telescopes" and trunks were laboriously hoisted up, the helpers straining and groaning in an affection of bone wrenching effort. The instant a sale was concluded the object was unceremoniously slapped off the platform, usually giving out a hollow echo as it lightly struck the floor. A grunting employee tugged desperately at a large cloth "telescope" and slammed it down with a crash on the platform.

"There you are!" exclaimed the auctioneer, triumphantly. "There is a valise full of gold nuggets lost by a miner returning from the Klondike. How much am I offered?"

Eighty cents was bid and accepted. Pushed from the platform, and "telescope" fell with a sound that unmistakably proved it empty. The crowd roared with laughter.

A large crowd attended the sale and the bidding was spirited, though the advances in offers seldom exceeded 5 cents at a time.

Wit of the Youngsters

Tommy—Where have you been, Willie? Willie—Been fishin' Tommy—Catch anything? Willie—Not yet; but I will when I get home.

Teacher—What is an engineer, Tommy? Tommy—A man that works an engine. Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, what is a pioneer? Johnny—A woman that works a piano.

"Now, Mabel," said the Sunday school teacher, "what can you tell me about Adam and Eve?" "Nothing," answered the little miss. "Mamma says I mustn't talk about people behind their backs."

After asking a blessing on various members of the household the small boy concluded his prayer as follows: "And, Lord, don't forget to bless Brother Charlie and make him as good a boy as I am."

"The Bible says there will be no marrying in heaven," said small Harry. "I wonder if that is true?" "Of course it is," replied his little sister. "How could the women marry when there are no men in the place?"

Small Harold had attempted to draw a picture of a horse on his slate. "Mamma," he queried, "can God see everything?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Well," continued Harold, "I'll bet He will laugh when He sees this horse."

A Magnifying Pinhole.

Obtain a piece of blackened card and make a hole in it with a needle; then place a very small object—say, for instance, a tiny insect—on the end of a pin or gum to a strip of glass and view this object through the needle hole in the card at about an inch from it. The insect will appear quite distinct and about ten times larger than its natural size. If, however, you suddenly withdraw the card without disturbing the object, the latter will be invisible. The reason is that the naked eye cannot see at so short a distance as an inch, but the card with the hole enables the eye to approach within an inch and to see not only well, but, as it were, ten times better than with the naked vision.

The Right Answer.

"I assure you," said the persistent suitor, "that I will not take 'no' for an answer."

"You needn't," replied Miss Bright. "I'll say 'yes' upon one condition."

"And that is?"

"Just ask me if I am determined not to marry you under any circumstances."

—Philadelphia Press.

Cheering.

Aspirant—You have heard my voice, professor. Now please tell me candidly what branch of vocalism it is best adapted for. Professor—Well—cheering!

The only time some husbands take their wives' arms is when they assist them into a carriage at a funeral.

THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

I long have had a quarrel set with Time. Because he robbed me. Every day of life was wrested from me after bitter strife; I never yet could see the sun go down. But I was angry in my heart, nor hear the leaves fall in the wind without a tear over the dying summer. I have known no truce with Time nor Time's accomplice, Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime Repeated every hour. For life and breath Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly The voices of these robbers of the health Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by. What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time? What have we done to Death, that we must die?

Humble Beginnings

Not long ago a grizzled millionaire miner from the far West dropped into town. He occupied a superb suite in one of Washington's most luxurious hotels during his stay here. Among his callers was a young man from his own state. This young man married, not long ago, a young woman "out home."

They got along all right, tidily on his \$1,000 a year, earned as a government clerk. The old miner had not only known the young man from his boyhood, but he had ridden the young man's wife on his knee all the way to Ranbury Cross, when she was a little girl in pigtails.

"Son," said the grizzled miner to the young man from his home state, when the latter was making his call at the fine hotel suite, "you and Aggie are keeping house here, aren't you?"

"Well, we're living in a little flat, if that's keeping house," the young man replied.

"Well," said the wealthy old miner, "I sure do take it powerful hard that you and Aggie don't invite me to your place and give me something to eat—I sure do."

The young man started to make some reply, but the old man wasn't through. "I'm getting mighty tired of hotel and restaurant grub," he went on. "I can't get any taste or good out of it—it all tastes alike."

If you and Aggie only knew how I've been sort o' hankering for a good, big fillin' layout of shoulder and greens, I'll bet a box of matches that you'd have taken pity on me and asked me to your place to have some. Ever have shoulder and greens? Nothing on earth like shoulder and greens, after all, is there?"

The young man looked a bit embarrassed.

"Well," he said, "Aggie and I have talked time and again about asking you to take dinner with us since you came on here this time. But you know what these dinky little three-rooms-and-a-bath flats are—or do you? And Aggie and I had sort of an idea that maybe—well, to be frank, that after all the splendoredness that you're used to, why, it might make you feel sort of uncomfortable—oh, ours is just a plain little dump, you know, and we thought maybe it would—er—"

"Look a-here, boy," interrupted the old miner, "will you and Aggie give me some shoulder and greens to-morrow evening, say at 6 o'clock?"

"You know very well that we'll be delighted to have you," replied the young man.

"All right," said the old man. "Write me down the address. I'll be there."

"And, Joe," he added, as the young man prepared to take his leave, "you'd better warn Aggie about the low-down, ornery, simmering habits of greens. It takes a lot of greens to make a proper mess of 'em. A pretty whopping basket o' greens—well, I've seen a bushel o' greens, almost, boll down to 'most nothing," and then the two laughed and the young man went away.

On the following evening the bluff, ruddy, fine-looking old mining man arrived at the little flat on the minute. It was a neat and tastefully furnished flat, but small, of course.

"Sure you've got plenty of greens?" the old gentleman inquired, with mock anxiety, when he was greeted by the pretty young matron, whom he had known as a child. "I've been worrying a good deal over that to-day."

"Oh, stacks and stacks of greens," she replied, adding, "but if there shouldn't be enough I could eke out by boiling down the rubber plant, you know," and so the little dinner began merrily enough.

The shoulder was a sweet piece of roasted meat from Virginia, and after the old miner had tucked his napkin under his chin in the old-fashioned

BORROWING and LENDING



Quoth Poor Richard: "He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," but really, isn't it usually the lender who does the sorrowing?

Some people seem to have the borrowing habit. They're always "just out of" something, and instead of doing without, or supplying their own need, they ask a loan. It's a postage stamp or a little change for the laundry boy, car fare or a quarter for the contribution box, and a treacherous memory is a convenient excuse for forgetting the small obligation.

There is a saying, "The way to lose a friend is to lend him money." This is certainly true if the friend doesn't or cannot repay, because he has a sense of guilt or discomfort over an undischarged obligation, and the lender has a sense of injury over being kept out of what belongs to him. He who is refused a loan feels hurt and affronted, and he who refuses feels uncomfortable in denying. Moreover, if borrowed capital is the beginning of a business success, no matter how scrupulously the loan has been repaid, the one who furnished the capital regards himself as in a way the source of his friend's prosperity.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is a good working rule. But if occasion comes when a temporary accommodation seems necessary, make it a point to repay promptly. And the smaller or more trivial the sum or the article borrowed, the more carefully should we charge memory with it. It is little things we are apt to overlook, but it is not safe to predicate on the forgetfulness of those who have obliged us. One of the most awkward of situations is reminding a friend of a forgotten obligation of this kind, and the curious thing is that the neglectful one always feels a little affronted at having been reminded. "Couldn't she have waited a little? I was just going to return it!"

way and gone at it, he came pretty close to looking like a thoroughly satisfied elderly man.

"Dye children know," he said, as he passed his plate over for the third helping, "that I've been in training for this ever since yesterday? Fact, I've hardly eaten a mouthful since you invited me—or, better, since I invited myself. And it's worth the fasting."

After the dinner the old boy fixed himself in a big rattan chair in the tiny cozy corner near a window and got a well-seasoned briar pipe belonging to his young host going.

"A cigar after shoulder and greens!" he exclaimed, approvingly, when the young man offered him a cigar. "Mighty tidy place you've got here," he said, after a pause, waving his pipe around. "Slack as a crick ell, I'd call it. Plumb luxurious, in fact," and a sort of misty light of recollection appeared in the gray old eyes of the man.

"I suppose Mary and I wouldn't have looked upon this as a sort of heaven away back yonder in the tangle of years when we were struggling along the best way we knew how."

The young matron had been picking out soft little chords on the piano, but she crossed over and sat down by her husband.

"Didn't have any such things as cozy corners when Mary and I made our start at housekeeping," the old boy went on, crossing his legs and leaning back and puffing away at his pipe. "Not many scrumptious fixins' of any kind, for the matter of that."

"Fact is, it was a shack. And, on top of that, a one-room shack. Built it myself after working hours. Cut the scrub spruce and fir to build it, too."

"I was a timberman then in a new silver mine sixty miles from a railroad. Got \$25 a week, which wasn't much, counting how costly it was to live."

"Well, after I got the shack built I went down to Boise and asked Mary—she was teaching school there. Mary was agreeable about it—we'd been beanus since we'd met a year before, although after I went to work in the new mine I didn't have much chance to see her."

"But Mary was ready, and we got married in Boise City, and I took her to the shack I'd built. Marvelous days, those—both of us young, you see, and not bothering much about anything nor minding any sort of inconvenience, so long as we were close enough to each other so's I could holler across the gulch on my way to work and on my way home. And it was a home, plumb and proper—never had any such home since."

"I made the stove myself, too, out of an old rusty two-horse-power boiler that I cribbed from the engine house. Made most of the furniture, too, including the bed, spare times. Wagon freightage was costly, and beds and gear like that ready made, cost a heap of money out there those days—anyhow, they were beyond me."

"Had a rag carpet on the floor of the shack that Mary'd been making herself, after school hours, for a year. Dishes were mostly wooden—I was pretty handy with a jackknife those days. Had calico curtains in the one window—Mary had an artistic eye, and the way she draped those curtains sure was something dainty."

"I got the water from the crick, about 400 yards back of the shack. Used to fill up the three big barrels once a week, and let the water settle."

"Didn't have any fresh meat, unless I shot it o' Sundays—freighters used to fletch in the salt meat once a week, over the trail. Canned vegetables, too, and scandalously high they were."

"I'd started a truck patch, but the soil wasn't adapted to truck raising. All right for flowers, though. Mary got hold of some flower seeds—sub-

scribed to a dollar-a-year weekly, I believe, and got the seeds as a subscription prize—and she had the prettiest little garden of flowers in front of the shack you ever saw; sweet William and pansies and bachelors' buttons and china asters and marigolds and old things like those."

"She used to sit in that teeny flower garden of summer evenings and play on the little old ten-stringed zither, fixed out with numbers for each string, that I got for her down at Boise. Mighty fetching and sweet the music from the zither sounded, too, out there in the open air, with the wind stirring through the branches, overhead, and Mary with her pretty head, and a flower in her dark hair, tilted back against a tree, humming the tunes she played."

"Our first born arrived in that shack. The medical man who officiated on that occasion was a fellow who'd been arrested and locked up for horse stealing. They allowed him to come to our shack in company with a deputy marshal, and then they took him back to the lockup again."

"Well, Mary and I—and, later, the first one—kept house in that little, old hand-made shack, squatting at the base of the mountain, for three years. Speaking for myself—and if Mary was on earth she'd join me in saying it—those were far and away the happiest years of our lives, they sure were."

After some music the old man took his leave, with cheery prayers for the young wife's dinner of shoulder and greens. The two young people sat pensive and silent, for quite a while after the old gentleman had gone.

"I guess our little flat isn't so dinky, after all, eh, little woman?" said the young husband then, pinching his wife's cheek.—Washington Star.

A Conqueror of Circumstance.

Matthew H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, who entered the Senate in 1863, was a hard student, but never indulged in desultory reading. When investigating a subject, writes H. G. Howard in "Civil War Echoes," he would never abandon the work until it was thoroughly mastered. It was this habit that gave him such fluency of speech. His skill in grouping facts before a jury, before a court or in the Senate, he always maintained, was due to his study of the style of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

A friend who knew him intimately and who finished the study of law with him, says:

"He was a wild, rollicking boy, full of good humor and practical jokes, but of the kind which are harmless. He was appointed a cadet at West Point, but after a year or two he could stand the discipline and restraint no longer. He obtained a furlough, and never returned."

"He had a most determined character concealed under a very jovial, free, and easy exterior. After he began the study of law he became totally blind, and for two years and a half did not see the light of day."

"Although it was believed that he was hopelessly blind, he never faltered in his determination to master the great principles of the law. He had a supreme contempt for a mere case lawyer, and would never read a second time any case that was not decided upon principle."

—Showed the Effects.

"Where were ye last night, Casey?"

"Shure, Oi plinged into the soshal swim at McCarthy's."

"Oi know the wather is niver very dape there, an' judgin' frim yur face ye must have hit bottom!"—Puck.

If you have a secret to keep, lock it up and throw away the key.

You may be as good as pie—but lots of people don't like pie.