

A Woman Hater.

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A crusty old bachelor told me this. He ought to be ashamed of himself:

"Dear," said young Mrs. Herkimer, "what did you mean by saying to Tom Fowler that you are a woman hater? He'll tell his wife, and it will get all over town."

"Well, sweetheart, it doesn't matter to you, so long as I don't hate you."

"Yes, it does. Every woman wishes her husband to be liked by other women. Of course your saying such a thing will make you dreadfully unpopular."

"It can't be helped now. The deed is done. Fowler, I know, is a dreadful gossip. I suppose I'll soon get cut right and left."

"Indeed you will. And what will people think of me? They will naturally infer that you have derived your bad opinion of our sex from me."

"I shall continue to show them by my treatment of you that you are the only one of the lot I love."

The next evening Mr. and Mrs. Bob Herkimer went to Mrs. Ellis's reception. When they returned and were preparing for rest Mrs. Herkimer, doing her hair, said:

"Bob, I was standing among a group tonight when you passed with Gertrude Lee. A woman near me, not knowing I was your wife, said:

"There goes that horrid Herkimer. He avows himself a woman hater. He should be read out of society."

"The lady's age?" asked Herkimer imperturbably.

"About fifty."

"Married or single?"

"Single."

"Name, please."

"Miss Susan Jones."

"Miss Jones doesn't count with me. She is aggressive, ambitious and, above all, very smart."

"That's the worst of it. She will say lots of bright things against you."

"Well, dear, I'll have to endure it. Good night. I'm tired and sleepy."

The Herkimers were "out" a good deal, and Mrs. Herkimer was much troubled about an evident change in her husband's position. Several women whom he had known gave him the cut direct, while others spoke to him when they met him very coolly.

"You see," said his wife, "the folly of your indiscretion."

"I have not yet been cut by any woman whose opinion I value. Most of them are old maids, and none of them is of an especially feminine type. Mrs. Montague is the mother of a family, but she is more interested in the extension of the vote to women than the interests of her children. Mrs. Tweed is engaged in fighting her brothers and sisters over her late father's will. Mrs. Arbuckle is using Mrs. Tweed to help her into society. I'm waiting for a woman to cut me who is a real good, lovely woman."

"You'll find plenty of them in time."

"Very well, sweetheart; since you are so distressed about it I'll see what I can do to get myself liked again."

"Will you attempt to placate the women you have mentioned?"

"By no means. I shall attempt to overbalance their opinion by making friends with the most attractive."

Mrs. Herkimer maintained a profound silence for several minutes. Then she said:

"Perhaps you had better let the matter drop. They will find a new subject to talk about soon."

"You are the one to decide that matter, sweetheart. It is you who are sensitive over my disgrace, not I. Since you wish it I will take no action."

A few months later Mrs. Herkimer said in an impressive, measured tone to her husband at the breakfast table, "Bob, I have concluded to 'regret' all invitations for the balance of the year."

"Why so, sweetheart?" looking up surprised, from his paper.

"For some time past I have noticed that certain women of our set are endeavoring to attract your attention."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do, and I don't like it."

"Do you blame me?"

"Not at all. They are making a dead set for you."

"You must be mistaken. That gossiping Fowler gave me a social black eye by spreading my talk about being a woman hater."

"U-m."

"Well?"

"It didn't work just the way I thought it would. It's true certain women were very bitter against you, but they were mostly of our higher grade of women, intellectually considered. I've been surprised to find that the women who court attention have been swarming about you like so many disgusting bees."

"Oho!"

"The way Lucy Turnie palavered over you at the Ashtons' last night was simply ludicrous. Her simpering, the way she rolled her eyes and, heaven knows, what flattery she gave you with that disagreeable tongue of hers were enough to make one ill. She's the sixth woman I've noticed making herself ridiculous about you, and, I confess, it annoys me."

"You surprise me. I hadn't noticed anything. How do you account for it? What's their game?"

"It all came of that ridiculous speech of yours about being a woman hater. In the first place, any woman likes to get where no other woman can get. These crazy things wish to be the only exception among a class you hate. First, to satisfy their own conceit, and second, they think it gives them eclat."

He burst into a laugh and took her in his arms. ESTELLE MARSH.

DIFFERENT STYLES.

Now Meredith and Browning Might Describe the Same Incident.

If Browning and George Meredith were describing the same act, they might both be obscure, but their obscurities would be entirely different. Suppose, for instance, they were describing even so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. Meredith's description would refer to something which an ordinary observer would not see or at least could not describe. It might be a sudden sense of anarchy in the brain of the assaulter or a stupefaction and stunned serenity in that of the object of the assault.

He might write: "Wainwood's 'men vary in veracity' brought the baronet's arm up. He felt the doors of his brain burst and Wainwood a swift rushing of himself through air, accompanied with a clarity as of the annihilated."

Meredith, in other words, would speak queerly because he was describing queer mental experiences. But Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run:

What then? "You lie" and doormat below stairs
Takes bump from back.
This is not subtlety, but merely a kind of insane swiftness.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

BEARDED LADIES.

A Parisian Showman Says They Are Quite Numerous.

An Englishwoman who confesses to a mild mania for attending the street fairs common in and around Paris says that she is always impressed by the extraordinary number of bearded ladies among the attractions.

"I was inclined to think that they were fakes," she says in the London Gentlewoman, "but when I discovered that they were quite genuine my surprise at this wonderful supply of phenomena grew stronger. And when a few days ago I saw at the fair in the Avenue d'Orleans a lady exhibited with a long flowing beard I could no longer withhold my curiosity."

"I applied for information to a gentleman well known in the showman world as I who acts as a kind of agent to the people owning shows, supplying them with the necessary goods, human and otherwise. This gentleman appeared surprised at my question.

"'Bearded ladies!' he exclaimed. 'I can find as many as I like. You have no idea how many women, if they liked, could rival men as regards whiskers and mustaches. But they are not anxious to enter into that kind of competition.'"

Winged Burglars.
Buchner in his "Psychic Life of Animals" speaks of thieving bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effect upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire for work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

One Reason.
There may be two reasons for a thing, both equally true, and it may be the height of folly to attribute the effect to both. A gentleman to whom art was a strange thing asked a friend to whom the ways of its votaries were more familiar:

"Why does Conneray stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it too."

"That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to, with your eyes wide open? Well, don't. You can't stand it."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Wait For It.
A couple of Scotch ministers were taking dinner together one summer day in a little manse in the highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said:

"Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?"

"Na, na," said the other. "I never feel tempted. I just gang."

Plenty of Him.
"What sort of man is Jinks?"
"The impression you get of Jinks depends on the circumstances under which you meet him. If you're there to collect money you won't like him. But if you're there to pay money he seems a lovely character."

His Way Out of It.
"He don't give nuthin' to the church now?"
"No. Somebody told him the Bible says salvation is 'free,' an' he says fur be it from him to dispute the Scriptures!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Liberty exists in proportion to whole-some restraint.—Webster.

Humor and Philosophy

By MURKIN N. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.



When people don't take the trouble to flatter you, you at least have the consolation that they have no immediate nor prospective use for you.

A good guess is quite as efficient and as sufficient as accurate knowledge as long as it keeps its identity hidden.

It makes a woman just as mad to have her new hat act up and get unbecoming as it does her husband to have it cost real money.

Avoid entrance to a quarrel. Many there be who are crowding to it, and it is much more entertaining to sit on the fence and see discomfited contestants and participants come flying back through the door.

You never can tell by the dimension of a woman's sleeve how big a thing she may have up it.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they can generally see the flush of their enemies.



It is almost impossible to endure the disapproval of a community unless a very high fee is attached.

The woman who marries a man to reform him may be depended upon to see to it that he gets his anyway.



It really seems that the world has to be amused, whether it is fed and clothed or not.

Don't blame your relations-in-law if they don't like you. They are not responsible for you.

Her Daughter Anyway.

How old is Ann?
I faint would know.
Tell if you can.
It pains me so.

How old, you say,
Is Ann? Dear me,
And she so gay
And fair to see!

The question is,
How old is Ann?
The glory's his
Who solve it can.

How old is Ann?
Can you conceive?
You bet I can—
As old as Eve.

Buying Him Off.

"He wanted to borrow a quarter from me."

"Did you fall?"

"Yes; I made it a dollar."

"Why this generosity?"

"He might pay the quarter back, but by making it a dollar I lose him forever, and it is a cheap lose."

Supplying the Need.

"You say he can work best under pressure."

"Yes; that is the only way."

"He ought to work well now."

"Why?"

"An ice wagon dropped on him."

Wisdom With Age.

"They say man is going to live to be 150 years old."

"Then perhaps there is some hope for him that he will know enough not to put on cotton whiskers and play Santa Claus."

Too Verdant.

"She's married."

"Where is her husband?"

"Nobody ever sees him."

"Why?"

"I understand he is a sort of invisible green."

Tentative.

"Are you engaged, Miss Nancy?"

"Well, not so that you could notice it if"

"If what?"

"A more desirable man should propose."

Reason For His Faith.

"Do you believe in signs?"

"Of course I do. I am a signpainter."

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Department of the Interior

United States Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.

Jan. 5th, 1909

Notice is hereby given that Absaham Jones, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on October 6th 1908, made Timber Application, No. 01675, for N. E. 1-4 of N. E. 1-4 Section 19 Township 29 S. R. 13 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof to establish claim to the land above described before the Register and Receiver, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 20th day of March 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Edward L. Ohman, of Bandon, Oregon
Amos E. Hadsall, of Bandon, Oregon
A. C. Adams of Bandon, Oregon
J. M. Adams, of Bandon, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Readvertisement.

First publication Jan. 21.

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