

# WOMAN

The Next Social Secretary of the White House—American Champion Typist's London Record.

The next social secretary at the White House will be Mrs. Eleanor Relyea. She is an expert at bridge and has made pocket money by giving lessons in the game to fashionable Washington. One of her pupils was Mrs. John R. McLean, and rumor has it that it was through the good offices of Mrs. McLean that Mrs. Relyea secured the appointment referred to. Mrs. Relyea was appointed to a place in the war department in 1907. She is the widow of Albert Relyea, formerly a chief of a division in the treasury department.

Miss Rose Fritz, the American champion typist, who accepted the challenge to type 100 words in a minute in a London newspaper office, went through the ordeal triumphantly. She accomplished the remarkable record of typing 202 words from an article in the newspaper before her in two minutes twenty-six seconds, or at the rate of 107.6 words a minute. The typewriter used had been operated for two years. Time was taken by an expert timekeeper on a chronograph.

The head maid of Queen Margherita makes about \$6,000 a year from the sales of the old gowns of her mistress. This is one of the maid's perquisites. The sales are held twice a year. American women are the best customers. To quote an English journal, American women are willing to pay the highest prices for the souvenirs of a queen.

As most women in the United States know, Mrs. George Cornwallis West was the widow of Lord Randolph Churchill when she met her present husband. When Churchill first saw the piquante Miss Jennie Jerome he resolved that he would win her for his wife. The same evening, so it is said, Miss Jerome told her sister that Lord Randolph was the man she was destined to marry. It was some years after Lord Randolph Churchill's death that she became Mrs. George Cornwallis West.

The bottom scale of prices is reached by the poor seamstresses of Paris. They toil from dawn to dark in the making of children's clothes. One cent an hour is the estimated stipend, but if the work is exceptionally clever they can earn 35 cents for twelve hours' work. Female house servants receive about \$8 a month. Saleswomen in the largest department stores earn about \$60 a month.

More than 6,000 patents have been issued by the United States office to women. Some of them are for car couplers, night signalling, life rafts, car wheels, machines for manufacturing ozone, and one is for a typewriter for the blind. Nearly all the patents are for something practical.

A visiting card on which appears a silhouette of the person who offers it and which may have a design appropriate to the owner's station in life is a fad in Germany. It has been introduced here by Miss Gadsby. Her card has a laurel border, and a harp at the bottom of the card is her design.

An ancient bed valued at \$5,000 is the property of a well known French actress. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and its adornments carry out to the full all the lavish beauty of the bed itself. Draped at the back from a ring in the ceiling are beautiful curtains of antique brocade, plumes of ostrich feathers looping them up at the corners. The bedspread is of richest satin, velvety with valuable lace in exquisite design. Several old English homes own antique beds which are the envy of connoisseurs.

The only woman jailer in the world, it is believed, lives in Switzerland. Her name is Jenny Porchet. She is governor of the prison of Aigle, in the Rhone valley. Thirty years ago she married the chief warden of the prison and soon proved to be a valuable helpmeet. Of strong physique and with proper ideas of discipline, she soon made herself valuable, often taking her husband's place when he was absent or when he was ill. When he died the authorities offered her the place and she accepted. All the year around the prison contains from ten to twelve prisoners, sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from three months to three years, and, although she has no assistant, she has never had any trouble with her prisoners, except on one occasion, many years ago, when a burly ruffian attacked her. She taught him a lesson in good behavior that confined him in the hospital several weeks. Many a prisoner has been set on the right path again by her wise and kindly advice.

The mother of the queen of Spain, Princess Henry of Battenberg, has just finished a history of the Isle of Wight. The proceeds of the sales are to go to the benefits of the Isle. The princess is the governor of the historic little town. Quite a long time ago she published a translation of several fairy tales. The princess is also a musical composer and once set a lyric by Disraeli, then Lord Beaconsfield, to music.

MARY DALE.

## THE MOTHER BOY AND GIRL

After Makes an Ideal Wife, Formerly Usually a Moody Husband.

In a household where there are several boys or where there are boys and girls some one in the circle is the one altogether lovely. The confession does not come from the father or mother, but observing visiting friends to the household realize the fact before many calls have been made.

It is a common impression that the only child, whether boy or girl, soon becomes aware of his or her importance at home. To adapt a common expression, the only child is always spoiled, and it is not always the only's fault.

To return to the first statement, does the favorite boy in a household of boys make a better husband than his brothers, and does the favorite girl make the sort of wife that has been predicted before she quits home? To put it another way, does she make a better wife than the favorite brother makes a better husband?

In a home of boys the favorite is mother's boy. The other brothers are not envious of his classification. Unless the favorite is an exception to the rule he has, in the estimation of his brothers, an effeminate composition. The opinion may not always be just, but the favorite carries the handicap all his life, or at least as long as he is under the paternal roof and under the maternal influence. Generally the favorite brother is the first to have a sweetheart. The other brothers charge this up to the mother. If the sweetheart has been picked by the mother, all the greater a favorite he with his mother. One of the inconsistencies of the situation is that this favorite is not always the youngest boy of the family. If the last born reflects any of his father's traits you may be sure that he is not the favorite.

When comes the time for the favorite to stand before the altar he is the recipient of every attention which the family can bestow. This is not strange, for the first marriage in a family is the event of events, especially where the affair meets with family approbation. When the wedding is over, when the rainbow season has passed and the twin enter upon that period where better and worse meet on the common level, when the friends of the family watch and wait to ascertain whether the match was well mated, the test comes apace.

There seems to be an unwritten law which warrants a newly married couple to eliminate their former friends.



MOTHER'S FAVORITE SON.

Aside from the custom, it nearly always happens, as you may know, that the favorite boy who has become a husband grows rather more exclusive than is always agreeable to his old chums. The more charitable attribute it to the fact that the wife is so charming that the husband does not care to have her good qualities shared by the outside world. Of course there are always people who look at the other side of the new relationship. Maybe the wife has evinced traits which the new husband does not care to have placed on exhibition.

Nevertheless there stands out the frigid fact that the home favorite is not what he was. If the wife is what she ought to be the world never knows why. One of a wife's rights is to carefully mask the shortcomings of her legs. People who have the gift of looking through a stone wall and telling what is on the other side of it will tell you in confidence that the boy was spoiled at home and that when he got a home of his own the spoiling was accentuated. In fine, the fellow has grown more selfish. He is not like his father, whose hospitality had become a proverb. Have you ever noticed that the husband being treated of is backed up in his manner of living by his blessed mother? If the other brothers of the family every marry they are improvements as husbands.

What about the girl who was a favorite at home before marriage? It has never been explained and probably never will be to the exacting that when a girl marries she acts as if she knew more about being a wife than her adored mother ever thought of. Students of these peculiar conditions will tell you that if a new wife immerses herself after her marriage it is the fault of her husband. It may not always be fair to the husband, but the verdict is formed, and it stands until death or divorce ends the tie that made one of two.

SHIRLEY BRESE.

## The Man Who Weakened

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We all realize how hard it is to be good, but are not often reminded of how hard it is to be bad. The truth is that our lives are like the gyroscope, that paradoxical toy which, once set revolving in a certain place, resists being turned into any other plane.

Michael Tiernan had been sent to school when a boy, had been brought up religiously, and his associates were respectable people of the working class. Mike was a good workman, but when the commercial panic of 1907 came on, with thousands of others, he dropped out of employment. Having a wife and several children, his heartstrings were strained by a terrific tension. To see his little ones hungry, palling every day for the want of necessary sustenance, to be driven with his family from one lodging to another, each successive roof being more rotten and shabby than its predecessor, was crucifying to the poor man's sensibilities.

Mike's boy, Little Mike, four years old, was the apple of his father's eye. Little Mike became ill, and temptation came to his father at the same time. Little Mike's calling for food that was not to be had, needing medical attendance that was only for the prosperous, was too much for Mike. He was approached by two men who were entering houses and appropriating the contents. They wanted a third to assist them and made him a proposition. The question "What should he do?" is one that has puzzled the best intellects. In the eye of society there is but one answer.

A few days later the three men, Pat Dolan, Jim Murphy and Mike, broke into a dwelling in the center of large grounds, far enough from other houses to enable them to work without being heard by the neighbors. One of the women of the family, awakened by a bright light being flashed in her face, began to scream. Dolan ordered her to keep quiet, meanwhile feeling for the electric switch, and when he found it he lighted up the whole floor. The master of the house jumped out of bed to see what was the matter and ran into Murphy's arms. Dolan knocked the screaming woman senseless, then, placing Mike on guard over every one on the floor, went downstairs to collect the valuables there, while Murphy ransacked the bedrooms.

Mike found himself in a position that he had not counted on. He had prepared himself to be brave and had partially satisfied his conscience that he was doing no wrong in taking what another did not especially need to keep life in his darling boy. But he had not prepared himself to pose as a burglar. The situation to the inmates of the house was appalling. The woman who had been stifled had fainted, and the master of the house was trying to revive her. He turned to Mike and said:

"You are not even respectable burglars. None but the most contemptible will injure a woman."

"We're driven to it, sir," said Mike. "We can't get work, and our families are starving."

At that moment a door opened and a little boy in a white nightgown, tumbled curls falling over his forehead, under which his eyes blinked in the sudden light, came out into the hall.

"Papa," he said, "what has this man a false face on for?"

This was too much for Mike. He snatched the boy in his arms, crying at the same time:

"I've got one like him at home."

At the same moment Murphy came out of one of the bedrooms with a bag full of jewels. Seeing Mike caressing a child, he called to Dolan below:

"Mike's weakening!"

Without a word Dolan rushed upstairs. Mike heard him coming and put down the child. Dolan ran up to Mike and hammered him with the butt of his revolver. Then, having quieted, as he supposed, the better nature of his assistant, he resumed his pillaging. An hour after entering the premises the burglars left with the usual threat to kill any one giving an alarm within a certain time.

THESE C. HOLT.

## A HARD TASKMASTER.

Agassiz Forced His Pupils to Find Out For Themselves.

When I sat me down before my tin pan Agassiz brought me a small fish, placing it before me with the rather stern requirement that I should study it, but should on no account talk to any one concerning it or read anything concerning fishes until I had his permission so to do. To my inquiry, "What shall I do?" he said in effect: "Find out what you can without damaging the specimen. When I think that you have done the work I will question you." In the course of an hour I thought I had compassed that fish. But Agassiz, though always within call, concerned himself no further with me that day nor the next nor for a week. At first this neglect was distressing. But I saw that it was a game, for he was, as I discerned rather than saw, covertly watching me. So I set my wits to work upon the thing and in the course of a hundred hours or so thought I had done much, a hundred times as much as seemed possible at the start. I felt full of the subject and probably expressed it in my bearing. As for words about it then, there were none from my master, except his cheery "Good morning." At length on the seventh day came the question, "Well?" and my discharge of learning to him as he sat on the edge of my table, puffing his cigar. At the end of the hour's telling he swung off and away, saying, "That is not right."

I went at the task anew, discarded my first notes, and in another week of ten hours a day labor I had results which astonished myself and satisfied him. Still there was no trace of praise in words or manner. He signified that it would do by placing before me about a half a peck of bones, telling me to see what I could make of them, with no further directions to guide me. Two months or more went to this task, with no other help than an occasional looking over my grouping with the stereotyped remark, "That is not right." Finally the task was done, and I was again set upon alcoholic specimens. — "Autobiography of Professor Shaler" in Atlantic.

## HE FED THE STAFF.

Fine Dinner For a Hungry Crowd on a Small Capital.

Years ago the late Senator E. W. Carmack was editor of the Nashville Democrat, a paper that had a precarious life and flickered out on Thanksgiving day.

When the staff came around on Thanksgiving afternoon Carmack met them with the announcement that the paper was dead and that they were all without jobs. This was sadder than it seems now, for the paper had not been paying salaries for some time.

"Boys," said Carmack, "it's all over. The sheet is dead. But we shall not want for a Thanksgiving day dinner. How much money have we?" A search of all pockets showed \$4.70.

"Twenty," said Carmack. "Come with me."

They went to the best restaurant and sat down, and Carmack ordered a sumptuous dinner, with turkey and everything complete. After the dinner was over and the diners were smoking the best cigars the house had Carmack called the waiter in his grandest manner and said: "Boy, you have served us admirably. We are more than pleased. Here is a small sum to compensate you for your trouble and as a slight token of our gratification."

"Thank you, boss," grinned the waiter, "thank you." But how about this yere check of \$19.70 for that dinner you all just had?"

"Boy," exclaimed Carmack, "what is your status here? Are you a waiter or are you the financial manager of this concern?"

"Deed, boss, I's only a waiter."

"Well, then," said Carmack, "don't trouble yourself about the financial affairs of the place. Leave that to the manager." And he stalked out, followed by the feasted staff.

But he paid when fortune smiled again.—Cleveland Leader.

## Pet Animal Cemetery.

Paris has a pet animal cemetery where thousands of dogs, cats, parrots and other animals are buried. Many of the inscriptions on the monuments are affecting in the extreme. "O Sappho!" is recorded above the grave of a toy terrier. "If my soul cannot join yours, dear and noble friend, I do not wish for salvation without thee! I shall wish, like thee, to slumber forever in the sleep that knows no awaking."

Over the resting place of a King Charles spaniel one reads: "I shall regret thee eternally, dear little one. How empty henceforth shall my life be without thee, dear little bowwow!"

## An Expert.

She—How can you be so sure that you are in love with me and with no one else? Even I wonder at times whether there is a possibility of absolute certainty in such matters. He—You lack experience and the confidence it begets. I've been in love forty times and know every symptom.—Detroit Free Press.

## Politeness.

"Politeness costs nothing," said the proverbialist.

"Which may explain," answered Miss Cayenne, "why some people of ostentatious wealth have so little use for it."—Washington Star.

## Lacks Tact.

Bates—That nephew of yours called me blackguard. Yates—Just like Ben; no tact about the boy. I've always told him that the truth was not to be spoken on all occasions.—Boston Transcript.

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