

BANDON RECORDER

Band on Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

There isn't much more to be said about the new spring millinery.

It is with kidnaping as with other things, a man can't drink and make a success of it.

A cow in Minnesota ate into a bag of concrete. That may explain some of the steak we get.

Human nature is the same in village and city. Father takes Willy to the circus in New York and Thompson's Corners.

Mr. Roosevelt is indeed a lucky journalist. He gets a good long vacation in less than a month after he starts to work.

It may be only a rumor, but a report comes from Spain to the effect that King Alfonso is trying to raise a mustache.

Scientists say that camels originated in America, which serves to explain how they happened to get a hump on themselves.

Child stealing is had enough, but what must be thought of the conscienceless scoundrel who takes a dozen good hens?

The first thing Germany knows the English parliament will pass a law making the building of battle ships by Germany a misdemeanor.

Fashionable tailors announce that men will have their hips padded this spring. Anything except the revival of spring bottom "pants."

Colorado train robbers recently robbed a Pullman porter of nearly \$15. This porter evidently didn't belong to the Fraternal Order of Train Robbers.

It is proposed in Cleveland to pay commissioners \$40,000 a year for overseeing the street car service there. We predict that Cleveland will find it easy to get commissioners.

The bee sting as a remedy for rheumatism is being revived. But if the bee sting is good, why wouldn't the sting of a yellow jacket, which is several horsepower stronger, be still better?

One of the German scientists announces that whales' milk possesses great merits as a food for man. This being the case, we may expect counterfeit whales' milk to appear in the market oftentimes.

Some New York farmers asked the state commission of agriculture in New York city to undertake to persuade families to go from the city into the country for the summer, and work on the land. Even if they had to work for their board and car fare, life in the open would be worth while to many growing boys who ordinarily have to spend the hot months cooped up in the crowded town.

The agents sent here by the little nations on the outskirts of the civilized world and their lots rich in heartaches. They are alone among a people to them alien in speech, customs and ideals. That is the acme of loneliness. Their power is negligible, their standing noticed only by the official happening to be in the State Department when they call. And their labor is, as a rule, to beg their countries out of trouble with the offended United States or to beseech the American republic's aid in escaping the wrath of some other big power. Worse than that, there is usually trouble at home, in the treasury or on the throne itself, acute and keeping the ministers' nerves on edge.

When it comes to any danger of German invasion of England, it is not worth considering. It is true that Great Britain has in her history been overrun and conquered by the Romans, the Norsemen and the Normans, but under very different circumstances from any that now exist. Such an attempt on the part of Germany could only be made after having waged a successful war on the sea, disabling the British navy, and then it would be impossible to land a force large enough to be a peril before it would be confronted by many times its number and driven into the sea. Englishmen can be trusted to defend their homes if need be, but it is almost impossible to imagine conditions under which any invasion of Great Britain would be attempted. There is everywhere a profound and growing desire among nations for deep peace, and a realization that the best use to put another country to is not to fight it, but to trade with it.

President Gomez seems to appreciate fully the spirit of his people which is the source of greatest danger to the national life of Cuba. He furthermore has the courage to speak plainly regarding it in his message to the Cuban congress, hoping that the new republic, through self-discipline, may curb the characteristics for which southern races in general are unfortunately noted. The Cuban president links the tendency to form and maintain third parties with the individual tendency toward rebellion against everything wearing the badge of discipline of authority. Perhaps the manifestation of

the rebellious tendency is not due so much to antagonism to all authority as it is to authority directed by another person. The great trouble with many of the Cuban people, those fitted only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, is that they want to be generals or governors. There are others of more or less capacity who are natural marplots. It may seem unbecoming to hurl stones at leaders who place personal ambition above stability of government as long as we have some glass houses in our own country, but it is a fact that the personal equation finds its most grotesque manifestations among our southern neighbors. Thus far the government of the new Cuba has dealt admirably with the evil that is recognized to be the great national peril. The summary treatment of an incident of insurrection, which tended to inflame the spirit of which Gomez complains set a good example. If there is firm dealing with the chronic malcontents and at the same time the masses are educated up to sound ideas of the object of government, the Cuban ship of state, it is to be hoped, will find its course lying in calm waters. The country's finances are in good condition and all that appears necessary to the republic's success is a willingness to work for the prosperity of all and the cultivation of the true national spirit.

All true labor is sacred, and "blessed" is he who has found his work," says Carlyle. An American poet extolled labor as life, worship, glory, honor and other beautiful things. While the poet and moralists and makers of saws and maxims unite in the praise of industry there are but few who have any good words for idleness. One of the first rhymes taught children is that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." The example of the ant and the busy bee are held up as worthy of human imitation, and we are gravely informed that "though slaves may indulge in sloth, it is a most royal thing to labor." The importance of being up and doing betimes is illustrated by such familiar proverbs as "the early bird catches the worm." But all the while the fact is ignored that if the worm were not up and stirring when he might just as well be in bed, he wouldn't be caught by the early bird, and we know perfectly well that slaves never can or do indulge in sloth, and are well aware that the ant and busy bee only work the first half of their lives, in order to lay up a store which will enable them to pass the other half in eating and sleeping. While agreeing with Carlyle that to have found one's true work is blessedness, we need not believe it is a blessed thing to work all the time. While most people are overwhelmed with work, the few who are overwhelmed with leisure do not begin to derive the enjoyment from it that the busy man obtains from his little snatches of idleness. To stand idle in the market place and cry, "No man has hired me," is not pleasant to the starving man. For him the "doce far niente" has no delights, but when it comes as the reward of work well done, it is sweet. Dr. Johnson, himself a great worker, said that "all hope some day to be idle." They are willing to toil up the hill of life in their early years in the hope of descending its downward slope in idleness. Wouldn't it be better to throw little episodes of idleness into one's early life, and not work so hard as to bring decrepitude into one's later years? Between labor and idleness there should be a golden mean.

WOMEN ACCOUNTANTS.

There Are Said to Be Twenty-Five in the United States.

One line of work which women have recently taken up is accounting. There are said to be about twenty-five women engaged in this work in the United States. They have come into this field within the last two or three years and have met with unexpected success.

It is hard work, but it is far more remunerative, according to a writer in the Bookkeeper, than any other of the professions in which women have heretofore engaged. A director in a leading commercial school of New York says:

"I know of two women in well known concerns who have mapped out and put into operation a complete new system of financial methods for their employers and who have ever been entrusted with big funds for profitable investment and whose advice has been followed in many other important business undertakings. The number of such women who have proved their ability and liking for this responsible and remunerative work is steadily growing. It offers a splendid field for the woman who is not loath to accept responsibilities and who has a liking for the hard work it entails and who is ambitious."

Nearly all the commercial schools show a steady increase in the number of woman students over previous years. One of them reports that four-fifths of its students in the regular business course this year, which includes stenography, commercial law, banking, English and kindred subjects, are women.

In the bookkeeping classes there are about as many women as men. A very large proportion of these women, who appear to have marked out a business career, are college bred and many others are high school graduates. One reason given for this tendency is the overcrowding of such professions as teaching.

A woman never knows what a man thinks of her, although she thinks she does.

The mean thing done by those we dislike never surprises us.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

MEN WIN BY DIRECTING THEIR YOUTH.

By John A. Howland.



Ask most men of ripened worldly experience the one thing in their lives which they regret. Somewhere you will discover that most of them are nursing consciousness that they did not "find themselves" soon enough as young men. They let too many young years run away from them.

Youth is disposed to have its fling. It would need another estate wholly to escape the promptings which come to the young head on the young shoulders. But in these later years especially, when so much of the world's work is in the hands of the young man, it is more than ever devolving upon him to get a line on himself. So many of the world's ways and means are new—so many of the world's arts are to be learned in the scientific and technological schools—that the young man must be both student and worker.

The young man cannot be too alert to the significance of all that he comes in touch with in the life of the outside world. There is no phase of life which may not yield to him under observation, something by which his after course may be directed and shaped. He cannot too soon learn the face of Opportunity. He cannot too quickly cast off the non-essentials which would clog his progress.

MODERN MOTHER MERELY A HOUSEWIFE.

By Lady Mac Laren.



A Greek philosopher has advised that "if any man has two loaves, let him sell one and buy lilies, for the soul has its needs as well as the body." This is the kind of catering for the housewives of the future, to collect the flowers of heart, and mind, and soul to deck the board, so that the breadwinner, worn with the toils of the day, will find more refreshment than in the present monotony of mutton. It is in such an atmosphere that patriots are raised and noble qualities find favorable soil.

What elements in the home as it exists to-day can be dispensed with? The departments sentenced to disappear are many.

The basement would be gone, with its scullery, its coal cellar and its dust bin. The pantry would be gone, with its redundant knives and forks, napery and plate. The servants' hall would disappear, and, greatest change of all, the troops of servants would be gone. Upstairs the dining room would be gone, and the drawing room also. All the spare bedrooms would be gone, and most of the servants' bedrooms. What, then, would remain?

Father's sitting room would be left. Mother's sitting room would be left. And, best of all, the children would remain, taking their right place in the house, the first place, each with a private room always well warmed and lighted, and designed for rest, meditation or private work, places where young minds would have that space, leisure and solitude which induce true growth.

Women must move the public mind. They must sit

WHERE THE COWBOY SLEEPS.

A dark, wet gash in the greening plain
The cowboy's grave must be—
Unmarked, alone, 'neath sun and rain,
Afar from waving fields of grain,
Where restless winds blow free—
Away, away, o'er leagues of sod
Cloud-shadows play and wind-flowers nod.

Not sweeter doth the sailor sleep
On oceans' farthest sands
Than the cowboy 'neath the level sweep
Of the sea-like reach of grasses deep.

On the prairie's virgin lands—
In the dark, wet gash in the greening plain,
Afar from the fields of waving grain,
—Leslie's Weekly.

The Goal

The studio was in darkness. By the window one spot of red light shined itself in the intense gloom; it was the lighted end of Ralph Paterson's cigar.

It was a cheap cigar, and its rank flavor struck unpleasantly upon his palate; but Ralph Paterson continued to smoke it. "For my sins," he said to himself, "and they are many—against art and against my fellow-artists if I am to believe what the world says of me."

Ralph Paterson was engaged in that dreariest of all dreary tasks; he was marshaling to an undesired goal an unwilling conscience; he was explaining elaborately to himself why it was that the fates had been unkind when they had thrown him into the world minus an artistic love-of-or-patience under-misfortune, plus the artistic delight in painting pictures for his fellow-beings, which the great public would have none of, despite his persistency.

There was upon the easel by the window a canvas. Ralph in the darkness could not see it; but he was intensely conscious of its presence with him in the room. It was an old canvas, ten, fifteen years old; one of the last of those earlier paintings of his which had won him in his youth a certain fame with picture dealers of a fifth-rate taste—they were the expression of the Ralph Paterson of fifteen years ago, who had never dreamed any, but the most unexciting dreams of comfortable, homely fame. They had been the product of an artist who had seen no life outside the narrowing artistic conventions of an unambitious art school in a little manufacturing town in the Midlands.

This one of these was a terrible thing, or so it seemed to Ralph Paterson as he sat there in the black darkness and called it to mind—but its kind had brought him in a livelihood! There was merit in it, merit because it gave promise of better things; it was that merit that twisted Ralph Paterson's lips as he thought upon it. "What is merit, promise?" he said aloud.

He rose and began to pace to and fro in the darkness. A simple enough feat; for the room was bare of light but for the necessities; a bed, an easel, a cheap washstand thrust into a corner, a row of pegs behind the door.

And he had begun differently! He laughed at the thought of the first few years of comparative affluence, following the sale of several canvases, when he had, returning from a strenuous apprenticeship to a new ideal in the Latin quarter, lived upon his small capital and high hopes. Those days were far enough away now!

He tossed the end of his cigar away with an exclamation. He crossed to the window, and stood there looking down upon the hurrying crowd below. The night was wet, and a sea of dripping umbrellas moved past in an endless stream, their owners unseen by the watcher above.

on public governing boards. They must lay their hands on the governing machinery of the country, which is the true way, the legitimate way, indeed, the only effective way of getting anything properly done, even for the home.

PAST AGES NOT WITHOUT VIRTUES.

By Walter Bagehot.



Nation making is the occupation of men in the early ages. And it is, war that makes nations. Nation changing comes afterward, and is mostly effected by peaceful revolution, though even then war, too, plays its part. The idea of an indestructible nation is a modern idea; in early ages all nations were destructible, and the further we go back the more incessant was the work of destruction. Many sorts of primitive improvement are pernicious to war; an exquisite sense of beauty, a love of meditation, a tendency to cultivate the force of the mind at the expense of the force of the body, help in their respective degrees to make men less warlike than they would otherwise be. But these are the virtues of other ages. The first work of the first ages is to bind men together in the strong bond of a rough, coarse, harsh custom. And the incessant conflict of nations effects this in the best way.

Long ages of dreary monotony are the first facts in the history of human communities, but those ages were not lost to mankind, for it was then that was formed the comparatively gentle and gildable thing which we now call human nature.

CHARACTER MAIN FACTOR IN SUCCESS.

By William E. H. Lecky.



One of the most important lessons that experience teaches is that on the whole and in the great majority of cases success in life depends more on character than on either intellect or fortune. Temperance, industry, integrity, frugality, self-reliance and self-restraint are the means by which the great masses of men rise from penury to comfort, and it is the nations in which these qualities are most diffused that in the long run are the most prosperous.

Cardinal Newman has painted the character of the perfect gentleman:

He is one who never inflicts pain. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled. He has no ears for slander or gossip. He has too much good sense to be affronted by an insult. He is too clear-headed to be unjust. He is as simple as he is forcible and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence.

for this year. This was his vow, after years of contemptuous ignoring of the expert judgment that had in the past thrown his out again, and yet again, from among those whose work they approved, and he condemned.

He was giving himself his last chance! And, meantime! He dropped the blind and walked to the door. He took down from it his cap. He went out into the wet night.

"It is really remarkably like Selena—Selena ten, or fifteen years ago. What did you say was the name of the artist? . . . Ralph Paterson! . . . Ralph Paterson—why I remember him quite well. He painted very nicely when he was a young man, before he went to Paris or somewhere to gain technique, or color, or something or another he hadn't got. But whatever he gained it was less than what he lost—and he couldn't find a public for the wretched things he called portraits, and his sitters called libels—when he came back. I have heard that he went under, starved in a garret. We all thought he had died—Selena, too, for she had a kind of liking for him. Selena was always like that, always looking after the lame dogs. . . ."

The lame dogs! Ralph Paterson turned and looked at the speaker, and she, surprised by his sudden unconscious movement, stared back at him a moment with some interest. She said to herself: "I wonder if he is the author of some of the atrocities I have been criticising freely for the last half hour? He looks decidedly wolfish."

She watched him with undisguised amusement as he moved away, then she turned to her companion: "I wish you would find Selena; she would like to see this, I'm sure. I believe she is still in the first room."

"This lame dog has done well for himself, at any rate," she thought. "He has got a good show for his work." Her restless eyes still raked the room for the man who had looked at her so keenly. "His face is familiar," she said to herself. "I dare say he knew me." She began to move enterprisingly towards the doorway, where Ralph Paterson had come to a pause, his dark face standing high above the sea of men and women who drifted past him. "He is a head above any of them," she told herself with satisfaction. "It simplifies matters when you are looking for a person in a crowd-like this. In that way both he and Selena are very obliging people indeed. He would make a very good pair with Selena, too; I wonder who he is. He has an air, though he is shabby; but then an artist can afford to do as he likes in the matter of dress, and he certainly can't be an ordinary, everyday individual with that head." Her incoherent thoughts ran on, and when she reached Ralph Paterson she had decided that she must have met him at some time or another, and have for-

other, and another! A sea of women, and every one her own distinctive self. Ah, how slight was the difference dividing them from one another, and yet—to him, how great!

He was thinking of one woman. . . . He wondered. . . . But no, it was inconceivable she could have waited for him! Waited, too, for what?

He said aloud. "But there is one, this last chance, to sink or swim. Tomorrow!"

Yes, he had come to this that he had staked his all on one last throw; his future as an artist, the wooer of fortune, fame, applause, rested upon a question of to-morrow's ruling.

And the contingency was so remote; the possibility that the picture he had sent in might be hung in the academy

gotten. "I though he is not the kind of man one forgets," she added to herself.

She said now, at once holding out a hand: "I can't remember for the moment where I have met you, but I feel sure that we have seen each other before." And then, as he looked at her with dawning comprehension, and a certain amusement: "I am Marlon Sefton, of Sefton Park; perhaps we have met in Hampshire."

But that was improbable, as they were both aware. None the less, Ralph Paterson's smile came, and with it a certain reserve of manner. "We have met—yes. I am Ralph Paterson."

His smile, she told herself, was charming, much more charming than in the days before he had gone away to Paris to lose more than he had gained. She said at once, with ready appreciation of the situation: "Then you heard me call you a lame dog?"

"I was that—until today," he said. She looked at him a moment keenly. Then she said softly: "Here comes Selena. Need I introduce you to her—it is fifteen years since she last saw you. . . ."

He had turned as she spoke, and his eyes followed the direction of hers; they rested upon Selena Scarsdale with a certain fierce self-restraint in them. "No, I think I should need no help to remembrance," he said.

She glanced at him. "They are all very cross with Selena; she is thirty-three and unmarried still! The Scarsdale women always marry in their teens; it is an unwritten law," she added quickly. "Your picture . . . It is Selena—in her teens."

Her eyes asked him a question. He said in answer to it: "She has always been the one woman in the world to me."

"And you with her the one man, believe that—and do not keep her waiting."

The pair were close upon them, Selena and the other. He said abruptly: "Thank you."

When he turned Selena was holding out her hands to him with a little exclamation of astonishment and delight; before the expression in her eyes the other woman looked away. Marlon Sefton's voice was sharp as she said quickly: "He's quite gray, and he has had a bad time that'll mark him forever; but I'm glad he has got Selena."

And Ralph Paterson was saying to Selena: "It was an inspiration—stalking all—on you!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

TIGERS CHARM WOMEN IN ZOO.

A Veteran Keeper's Observation of a Feminine Peculiarity.

"One of the most interesting things to me in connection with this job," said the veteran keeper in the Bronx Park Zoo to a New York Sun man, "is the peculiar fascination women have for certain animals and their utter lack of interest in others. Of course, as a rule, men are more interested than women, generally speaking, in wild beasts. But the masculine interest lies in an admiration of physical qualities or a curiosity to find out at close range how the creature lives.

"The woman's fixating, on the other hand, nine times out of ten, is one of rapt fascination, impossible to overcome when she is close to certain creatures of the woods. This emotion never manifests itself for the eaters of grass. For the elephant or the deer the average woman feels no real interest whatever. It is toward the devourers of flesh, particularly the felines, that your wife or sister or cousin feels drawn in that inexplicable way. You must spend days in the lion house in order to appreciate fully the way in which women stand spellbound before those cages. But greatest of all is the fascination of the reptiles. I have seen women become absolutely unconscious of the outer world in their contemplation of motionless snakes. A few days ago a woman stood for more than two hours before the king cobras. She looked like the wife of a workman who made fair pay. I'll bet if you gave her a book on snakes she wouldn't read 100 words of it."

Unmade History.

The emancipation of woman having at length worked out to a logical and symmetrical finish, the bride and her best woman waited at the altar, while the groom came up the aisle on the arm of his mother, who gave him away.

The groomsmen wore crepe de chine and carried groom roses.

Three clergymen assisted at the ceremony.

The groom's father sat in the family pew. He was dressed in wine-colored silk, with ropes of pearls.

The streets in the vicinity of the church were packed with a mob of onlookers, mostly men and children, prompted thither by curiosity.—Puck.

Stung.

"I told the man in the theater ticket office that I would pay him 50 cents extra if he would give me a seat where he could guarantee there would be no woman with a high hat directly in front of me."

"And did you get such a seat?"

"I certainly did. The seat he gave me was directly behind a post."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Early Riser.

"Are you an early riser, Pat?"

"Am I? Sure, I'm such an early riser, so, that I'm afeared some time I'll catch medd' gittin' up when I'm goin' to bed."—Yonkers Statesman.

Many a man imagined he's done something for the church when he says a cushion for his pew.