

# Woman's World

MISS MAY MORRIS.

Daughter of William Morris to Lecture on Art Subjects.

Among the interesting people who will lecture in this country in the fall is Miss May Morris. Miss Morris is the daughter of the poet and artist William Morris. She is a keen student of historic design and embroidery, and a practical craftswoman. She learned in the old way—namely, by working from the very beginning in her father's workshop, supplementing this invaluable training by a few years of study in the art schools and museum at Kensington. As William Morris had no other pupil working in this way, her knowledge of his method is unique. For many years until his death Miss Morris had charge of the designing and most of the work in the embroidery department at Morris & Co's. Some of her most important pieces were designed for America, notably a pair of silk curtains called the "Fruit Garden." During the past few years Miss Morris has produced considerable jewelry. She has followed the fortunes of the Arts and Crafts society from its foundation by her father and his friends until the present day and is deeply interested in the movement, which has developed so remarkably in England of late years. She has given lectures on design and embroidery at the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, at Manchester, at the Society of Arts in London and other centers.

While here she will lecture on "Medieval Embroidery," "Pageantry and the Masque," "Historic Costumes" and "Design in Dress."

## The Simpler Life.

One hears so much talk about the extravagance and luxury indulged in by the people of this country that it is decidedly refreshing once in awhile to find something that points in the opposite direction.

A striking illustration of the fact that in some respects Americans are learning something about the simpler life, if not the simple life, may be had from a comparison of the dinners served at the White House now and in past generations. And in making this comparison it must be borne in mind that just as the customs of the royal households in England and European countries set the fashions for those countries so, to a certain extent at least, do the usages of the White House influence the customs of this country.

A writer who compares the president's dinners of the present day with those of former times points out the fact that, while the dinners nowadays are more frequent, they are less elaborate. They are over in one hour and a half at the latest, and the courses are fewer and more simple. Formerly no dinner was thought complete if four unless the table groaned with supplies. The courses were freighted with rich dishes, and the liquors were abundant. The dinners lasted till midnight. It was no small labor to sit them through. Nowadays before going home the ladies have time to chat in the parlor after the dinner and the gentlemen to have a good smoke in the library of the president. The change is surely one to be looked upon with favor and is not without its parallel in the private homes of the country. Ten or fifteen years ago a smart dinner served to a company of guests might have consisted of twelve or fourteen courses. Today a dinner of that length would be considered to be in poor taste, the modern hostess contenting herself with seven or eight courses at most and in many cases with five or six perfectly served courses.

If the woman of today could also copy the practice of the first lady of the land in making her entertainments more frequent and less elaborate another victory would be gained for the right sort of hospitality.

## Girl You'd Hate to Trust.

She who is sugary sweet until she thinks she is alone. Far better be like an alligator pear with the roughness on the outside than resemble the tempting wild plum with bitterness within.

The girl who is careless to return small loans. This habit may spring from heedlessness, but it bears watching.

She who flatters you while she never has a good word for any one else.

The girl who openly boasts of the married men who are in love with her.

The girl who gushes over her love for her parents while she lets her over-worked mother mend and launder for her and spends more than her father can afford.

She who dresses lavishly on a small income. There is a distinction between looking well on little and cutting a spurge on nothing a year.

The girl who says she "dotes on children," but whose small brothers and sisters shun her.

She who is prinked out for show views—and a slight when caught unawares. The man who contemplates matrimony should make it a point to see his Angelina off guard.

The girl who is horrified at calling a spade by its "right name," but whose taste in literature is lurid.

She who has great tales of her prowess as a worker, but who never sees any work to be done. The real workers of the world rarely discuss what they do and never need jogs for its doing.

## A LAKE THAT DROVE AWAY.

It Changed the Face of a Part of Northern Vermont.

One hundred years ago the sites of Glover and Barton, in the northern part of Vermont, were mostly swamp land. A mill was located by a brook which was fed from one of the large ponds three or four miles from what is now the village of Glover. These mountain ponds or lakes, two or three miles square, are high up in the Green mountains and are among the most attractive spots in New England.

On June 6, 1810, three men went up the brook to see if a little more water could be let down to the mill. They removed some earth, when suddenly the quicksands gave way, and they saw that the whole lake was liable to be upon them.

Frantically they questioned, "Who will save the miller and his wife?"

Spencer Chamberlain, the fleetest of foot, ran as fast as possible through the tangle of thick woods to give warning, while the other men escaped to higher ground. He found the miller away and the miller's wife grinding at the mill. She became helpless with horror; but, breathless as her rescuer was from his flight, he succeeded in dragging and carrying her up the hill out of reach of the rushing water. The miller's horse was drowned and all of his hard earned property swept away in a twinkling.

The water rushed along, carrying everything before it, digging out ravines, filling up hollows and making a new surface to the land generally, some of it reaching Lake Memphremagog, more than a dozen miles away. It brought down so much sand that it filled the swamps and made them fit for habitation.

The site of the lake is now called Runaway pond or Dry pond and the road leading to it Runaway road. The ground which was once the bed of the lake is spongy and shakes when walked upon. Hay is grown there, but has to be cut by hand and carried off on pitchforks, as a horse would sink into the soggy mass.—Boston Globe.

## TIDES OF PUGET SOUND.

The Swift and Turbulent Waters of the Narrows.

The waters of the narrows are treacherous. It is a place of terrible tides. Viewed from the precipitous shores, the surging waters are magnificent. The scene has been compared with the Hudson above New York city. The waters of that part of Puget sound which extends to Olympia, Mud bay, Shelton and Henderson bay, a vast inland sea within itself, all flow in and out of the narrows.

In the upper reaches of the sound some twenty-five or thirty miles from the narrows the tides attain a height of more than twenty feet. When the tides begin to fall all the accumulated water rushes out through the narrows like a great river at flood. In like manner when the tide sets in the direction of Olympia the narrows become a swift and turbulent stream. Frightful whirlpools are numerous. Streams running powerfully in contrary directions strike and the water boils.

Large steamboats struck by the contrary currents groan and creak and sway under the strain. This being so, it is no wonder that small craft often overturn in the narrows. A whirlpool has been known to seize a rowboat and twist it round and round until the rowers almost despaired of coming out alive. It is a marvellously beautiful water with all its terrors, and hundreds and thousands will continue to find pleasure there, notwithstanding its occasional tragedies. The rumble of the tides when running at full is like the distant rumble of the ocean. The terrors of the sea are an element of its charm, and so it is with the terrors of the narrows.—Tacoma Ledger.

## Two Apologies For a Hat.

A Kansas City man who had lost his hat at a public function in that metropolis caused the following unique advertisement to be published in the local papers:

The undersigned will deem it a great favor if the gentleman who inadvertently took the undersigned's new silk hat on the occasion of the reception of the Lotus club, leaving an inferior headpiece instead, will have the goodness to return said silk hat. Not only will the gentleman receive the undersigned's warmest thanks for his kindness, but the apologies of the undersigned—the apology for the trouble the undersigned may have caused him and "the apology for a hat" which he has conferred upon the undersigned.

—St. Louis' Republic.

## All Affected.

Spring went to a noted physician to ask advice as to his health. In pompous tones he addressed the doctor:

"I—ah—have come to—ah—ask you—ah—what—what is—ah—the doosid mattaw with me—ah?"

"I find your heart is affected," said the physician gravely.

"Oh—ah—anything else—ah?"

"Yes; your lungs are affected too."

"Anything—ah—else—ah?"

"Yes; your manners are also affected."—London Answers.

## Hypothetical Questions.

"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" said one boy.

"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.

"What are they?"

"Questions that she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk!"—Washington Star.

## Archness.

Sally Gay—What a cunning little fellow Mr. Callipers is! Dolly Swift—Cunning? Why, he's dreadfully bow-legged. Sally Gay—Yes, but that gives him such an arch look, you know.—Truth.

## SINS OF THE FATHERS

By GEORGE A. PARKER.

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From an old manuscript:

I was born and reared on the coast of Norway. Until I was twenty years old I had never been in a town, and then only in a small village. My associates were untutored people, and I received but the elements of education. Nevertheless they seemed to look upon me as superior to themselves. Whether that was because I bore the marks of having been born of superior stock or that my name was English I did not know. My father died when I was ten years old, and I remembered him as always with a sad look on his face, which was reflected in my mother's. When I grew older I asked her why my father and she had always appeared sad. She could not bring herself to tell me the reason, and I remained in ignorance.

When I was twenty my mother died, and I resolved to leave the desolate place where I had been born and seek a more active field. Before going I made inquiries of a neighbor concerning my parents' sojourn in those parts and was told that they had come there several years before my birth and had for a time lived as gentle folk, but subsequently they dwelt as did their neighbors. My father had from his coming appeared to have a cloud on his mind. My mother had told me before her death that a sum of money had been put in a bank for me at the nearest town, and going there, I claimed it and took passage for England.

On my arrival in London I went about looking for work. Going into the office of a merchant for the purpose, he asked me my name. When I told him he looked up at me in surprise.

"Where were you born?" he asked. I told him all I knew about myself. He regarded me with compassion and gave me employment.

At intervals when introduced to a person I was regarded with a certain interest or curiosity—I could not tell which. I noticed that such persons were always of superior education. No illiterate person even manifested any special interest in me. Sometimes these people who did would turn away from me with apparent disgust, while others regarded me compassionately. One day I asked my employer for an explanation of the mystery that hung over me. After thinking some time he told me that it would be better for me not to know it. He advised me to change my name.

I tried to be contented to remain in ignorance, but the secret weighed upon me, and I longed, yet dreaded, to know it. Finally I decided to try another country, thinking that whatever it was hung over me would not be known there. America seemed the most inviting ground, and I went to New York, reaching there shortly before the breaking out of the second war with England. Registering at a hotel, the clerk looked up from my name to me in astonishment.

"Well," I exclaimed, irritated, "what is it?"

"What is it? Why, nothing. Will you go to your room, sir?"

I found in America that more people showed that dreaded interest in my name than in England, and a different interest. On being introduced to me most persons showed a repulsion, though many strove to conceal it. I burned with a desire to know what it all meant; but, remembering the advice of my London employer, I refrained from asking, and no one offered to enlighten me. To occupy my mind I went to a library to read. There I stumbled on the secret.

The wisdom of the advice given me by my former employer was now apparent. Under an assumed name I enlisted in the American army to fight against England. I knew now that, though I had been born abroad, America was my native land. I burned to do some important work for her, to die for her on the field of battle.

There were no important engagements except that at New Orleans, which was fought after peace was declared. As I had entered the army, a private, I came out a private. Under my assumed name I went into business and prospered.

Then I fell in love. I had vowed that I would never bring a child into the world to suffer the blight under which I suffered, and I strove to crush the natural longing that had taken possession of me. My sufferings were tenfold what they had been before. Meanwhile it was evident that I had won the heart of the girl I loved. It was essential that I should explain my conduct toward her. I told her my secret.

She loved me all the more, from pity, that I suffered from another's fault. She reminded me that each successive decade would carry me and mine further from the original transgression and that my successors would feel it less than those of my own generation. Persuaded by this view, I asked her to marry me. I continued to live for a time under my assumed name, but when I joined the tide of emigration settling westward I resumed my own.

This is my secret. In the Revolutionary war an officer of great merit and prominence on the patriot side turned traitor, attempted to deliver to the British an important strategic position and fled to the enemy. Living in England, where he was despised, he brought up a family. My father, one of his descendants, shrinking from the stain, went where he would be unknown. He must have been an especially sensitive man, and I doubtless have inherited his disposition.

## TOWN PARKS.

Best Methods of Securing and Laying Out the Land.

In towns and small cities the most important park matter is acquisition of land. Park development may come later, in nearly all places land values increase rapidly, and it is necessary to apply all available funds to the purchase of land. Even if a town has but a stretch of wild land for a few years it is vastly to be desired over an improved "public square" or small area covered with closely clipped lawns. One hundred dollars per acre will plant all the fundamentals to make in the future the very best of parks. The only proper methods are, first, get all the land you can; second, use the next available funds in securing a plan from some competent landscape designer; third, plant out the trees provided for in the plan and then the shrubs. Let all lawns and small plants be unknown until the public can well afford them.

Trees and shrubs will give them shade and shelter for recreation and picnic grounds. A place to rest in comfort, away from the glaring artificialities of city life, is, after all, the chief end to be desired. To have this it is not necessary to build statues, or ornamental fountains, bright colored flower beds or any of the artificial features of the ordinary city park. All these can be seen in city gardens, and none should be seen in public parks except they are leaders in this class of work. A "touch of nature" should be the key to all park planning and planting.

## BEAUTIFYING OF TOWNS.

Necessity of Insuring Future Growth Along More Symmetrical Lines.

The "city beautiful" is receiving attention in a number of American municipalities. In the large majority of them little heed has been given to beautification. While there are many beautiful towns and cities in the United States, this is due mostly to natural location and individual effort and not to any systematic scheme of improvement. Park commissioners have done much for the appearance of many cities, but they cannot do everything that is desirable.

In New York and Chicago there are well defined movements with a view to relieving future congestion of population and making additions to the cities more attractive and harmonious. It costs a large amount of money to make a "city beautiful," as in the cases of Paris and Berlin and Washington. In all these cities untold millions have been expended for beautification. While it is not possible for many municipalities to spend such enormous amounts, all towns can and should do something to insure future growth along more symmetrical lines.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## USING A VACANT LOT.

Good Example Set by a Church in an Ohio City.

The Second church of Springfield, O., has a vacant lot in the central part of the city which it is reserving to build on a little later. But the trustees determined that it was not right to let the lot lie until it could be used for building, and so they provided that it should be fitted up as a playground for children of the neighborhood through the present summer. Flower beds were laid out and some lawn sown, but the most of the lot was given up to swings, slides and other suitable temptations to childish play.

Moreover, observing that there was no public drinking place in the neighborhood, the trustees provided a coil of water pipe running through a box to be filled with ice and thus improvised a public ice water fountain. The public has shown great appreciation of both provisions on the part of the trustees. The example may certainly be commended to other churches which are holding vacant property.

## Railroad Gardening.

Nearly all of the big eastern railroads have abandoned the gaudy but meaningless and unsatisfying carpet bedding so common in the past and are substituting hardy shrubs for permanent effect and in some cases are extending this work beyond the station ground along the right of way. Such changes are very gratifying to all who make a study of and take an interest in the embellishment of our steel highways, for it is a move in the right direction and better for all, both owners and travelers.

## The Builder.

This is the song of the builder:  
My hammer swings and rings  
In harmony with the vital key  
Of the song at the heart of things.  
The chord of the Master Builder  
That sounds when the worlds have birth  
Is the music sweet I seek to repeat  
As I rear the homes of earth.

From rock, from mine and from forest  
I shape the cities of man.  
The ships that flee down the ways of the sea

I fashion, improve and plan.  
The jungle I make a garden.  
The distance I dwarf with steel  
Till a continent wide is a few hours' ride  
When spanned by the spinning wheel.

So busy am I with helping,  
Constructing the good of earth.  
That I cannot halt for finding fault.  
But have plenty of time for mirth.  
If there's a joy or cheer or laughter,  
I am there with all my heart.  
For a right success spells happiness,  
And that is the nobler part.

There is room for work and joy and gladness  
And making the good prevail.  
But there is no place for the carping race.  
For the spite and the weakling's wall  
There is space for the life constructive  
And for helping the world along.  
To create is the sign of the power divine.  
This is the builder's song.  
JAMES A. ELDERTON.

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