

BANDON RECORDER

Bandoned Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

It is not necessary to tell a woman to look on the bright side of the mirror.

How dull and uninteresting life would be if everybody minded his own business.

"How sweet is the sweet girl graduate?" asks the Baltimore Sun. Um-m-m-m! is our answer.

The good deeds H. H. Rogers performed on the quiet make splendid reading since his death.

The airship is going to be a success, although we do not recall that Mother Shipton predicted that it would be.

It seems pretty hard to find a man who can afford to be ambassador to the court of St. James on a salary of \$17,500 a year.

A comet is said to be flying through space at the rate of a million miles a minute. Let's see, what's the speed limit for comets?

It must be a great comfort to the men operating airships and balloons to feel that the bystanders cannot tell them how to do it.

In the absence of any exciting news from Panama it will be understood that the work on the canal is moving along as usual, if not a little more so.

Some newspaper writers believe it is better to make people laugh than to make them think—and it is a great deal easier; for almost everybody can laugh.

The German emperor has been photographed in an ordinary business suit, but we are glad to say that he absolutely draws the line at rowing trunks.

Most of the Vassar graduates are described as sincere and sensible girls. It is good news to the sensible young men that not all of these sweet graduates are engaged.

A New York woman wants a divorce because her husband kissed a lady to whom he had been formerly engaged. One by one man's privileges are being ruthlessly torn away.

The effect of the last advance in the price of meats in New York has been to cause a marked falling off in the demand. There are other things than meat, which can be eaten in summer, and will sustain life.

Lord Curzon, the Chancellor of Oxford University, proposes the abandonment of compulsory Greek, the conferring of university degrees on women, and the admission of non-conformists to theological degrees. Although the chances are all against the adoption of his recommendations, they indicate that the most conservative of British institutions feels the effect of modern ideas.

The humor of college hazing has failed to appeal to the New York Legislature. That body has lately provided a penalty of from \$10 to \$100 for the ordinary forms of hazing, and has classified as mayhem that form of the "sport" in which the victim is branded with nitrate of silver or other like substance. The penalty for the offense is imprisonment for not less than three years.

On the active list of the United States regular army there are now only fifteen officers who saw service in the Civil War, and all of these will be retired by the age limit, 64 years, within the next six years. The youngest of the fifteen, Colonel John L. Clem, is known in history as "the drummer boy of Shiloh," and he was under 11 years of age when he beat the drum at the head of the Union troops in the famous charge of that battle.

An eminent psychologist asserts that many mothers make a serious mistake in encouraging baby talk by their children for years after they should be articulating in intelligent fashion. He says it often results in permanent lisp and stammering, and is a drawback to the general development of the child. Mothers naturally enough dislike to see their little ones "grow up too soon," but they can ill afford to encourage them in talking and acting in unnatural ways.

Few prouder boys could be found anywhere in the country than those who were recently used by detectives in Omaha, to assist in the arrest of some train robbers. One of the boys pulled a leather string from a pile of rubbish in a vacant lot, and found an automatic pistol at the end of it. He discovered burglars' tools also, and told the police. The police concluded that the robbers would come back to the rubbish pile to get their property, and had the boys play in the neighborhood, and keep watch for strangers. If any appeared one boy was to leave the game and telephone to the police station. The plan worked successfully, and those accused of the robberies were arrested.

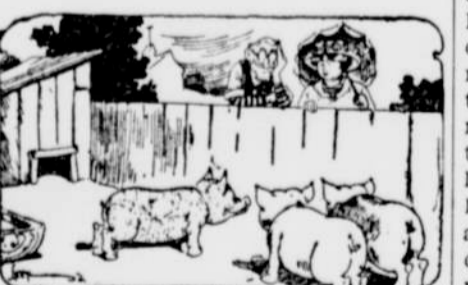
The wing of the White House, built in 1903 for the offices of the President, has proved to be too small, although it contains much more room than was

available when the executive business was done in the main building. Congress has appropriated money for doubling the size of the new wing, and work on it will begin soon. The addition will extend over the ground used by President Roosevelt as a tennis court. The plans provide for a large oval room for the President, overlooking the Potomac, flanked on the right by his secretary's office and on the left by a new Cabinet room. An enlarged waiting room for the public and a special waiting room for members of Congress will occupy part of the space vacated in the original building, and the President, separated from the public by a hall, will be able to do his work in greater privacy.

The essential thing for a young man to cultivate who is desirous of success in the business world are music, a love of poetry, modern languages and a thorough knowledge of the technique of the business he expects to follow. That is what the graduates of the Montclair Academy were told by William B. Dickson, the second vice president of the United States Steel Corporation, at the commencement exercises of that school. Mr. Dickson's talk was a brief one, but it was full of practical suggestions. He advised the young men who were about to enter college not to spread out too much, but to go deep into the subjects they considered. In other words, he would have them eliminate non-essentials and be earnest in their pursuit of essentials. That music and poetry should be placed first in the list of these essentials by a successful man of large business interests will surprise some people, but the fact is that some of the greatest leaders in this era of combinations of all branches are lovers of these arts. They are not men of visions—not visionary, but dreamers of dreams that are prophetic. Much of their inspiration for the gigantic enterprises in which they have engaged has come from their education in music and poetry. They have combined with this education a deep knowledge of the technique of their business, and have thus been enabled to make practical the inspiration they have received from the arts mentioned. The young men who follow Mr. Dickson's advice will acquire a liberal education whether or not they go to college, and will thus be fitted to take high station in the business activities of the world.

Men make sport of the trials of women over the purchase of a spring bonnet. A recent cartoon by Mc Cutcheon, the genial satirist of the Chicago Tribune, suggests that men also have their troubles. The cartoon shows the customer in a shop, demanding the latest style in straw hats. A sailor shape is offered, and he tries it on. The face that looks at him from the mirror is so different from the one to which he has been accustomed all winter that the hat is rejected unhesitatingly. Then an Alpine Panama is tried, followed by others of different shapes. Not one is satisfactory to him, and he departs, still wearing his stiff winter derby. Many a young man has had a similar experience. The older men have usually learned what style of a straw hat they like, and wear one of the same shape year after year. Even they are sometimes almost ready to yield to the desire for variety. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, after trying on all the other shapes, they call for one of the old style. The psychological situation is not the same when one buys a silk hat. No young man ever tried on such a hat without a feeling of gratification that it was so becoming. Behind the gratification, and largely responsible for it, lies the long-cherished desire to have a "stovepipe" hat. If it is two sizes too big for him it makes little difference. The fact that it is a "stovepipe" is enough. He can face an army, or that more trying assembly, a group of his female relatives, without flinching, conscious that he is wearing the proper thing. But there are so many shapes of straw hats, designed for so many tastes, that all the kinds of a man that go to make up every individual have a struggle for the mastery when it comes to deciding which shall have the hat it likes.

LIVE STOCK NOTE.



Miss Citee—Your pigs are quite fat, aren't they?

Farmer Yappe—Yes, marm. Miss Citee—It will be necessary for them to grow a great deal thinner, I suppose, before you can use them for spareribs?

Her Pasts.

They were talking in low tones of the hostess. "She has a very gracious presence," said one. "It's a pity she isn't married to a man with money, so that she could entertain more elegantly. She seems to be used to entertaining." "She is," another explained. "Several of her former husbands were men of brains and some means, they tell me."

The men who are bound for the front, do not wait until New Year to make a start.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HUMANITY APPROACHING DIVINE IDEAL.

By the Rev. R. F. Campbell.



Humanity is progressing towards some great end, an end higher than the perfecting of separate individualities. One generation goes on where another leaves off, and unfolds the divine ideas a little more fully. Some day, we may hope, this idea will be realized in a human society as nearly perfect as the limitations of earth permit. We may reasonably hold that those generations which have passed on have not stood still either, and are still concerned with the work of evolving humanity, a mighty Whole, one with and in the glorified Christ.

"Then cometh the end." All illusions, all sense of separateness, will disappear; the material will make way for the spiritual, the phenomenal for the real, and the universe of universes, visible and invisible, attain to perfect conscious oneness in the eternal life of God. This is the New Testament view of the matter seen in the large perspective of our present-day knowledge of the vastness of the universal order.

When we come to the question of the survival of individual consciousness after death we can say no more than that the evidence which would satisfy the ordinary religious mind might fall with the uninformed by the religious temperament. Nevertheless the lack may be in the latter rather than the former. The plane of spiritual experience is real and is felt by most to be higher than the purely intellectual, and it is in the plane of spiritual experience that certitude regarding the immortality of the soul has hitherto generally been attained.

AMERICAN PRODIGALITY MOSTLY MYTHICAL.

By Guglielmo Ferrero.



In Europe one is fond of speaking of the "barbarian extravagance" of the Americans. Naturally, there are men and women in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, just as there are such men and women in Paris, London and Berlin, who delight in spending their money foolishly. It is perhaps even true that there are more of that class of men and women in America than there are in Europe. But it is equally true that this class of people in America as well as in Europe form only an insignificant minority and their folly could not be taken for a normal phenomenon of American life in general.

One rarely sees real prodigality in America. One of the mansions reputed to be among the largest in New York is that of Mr. Vanderbilt on Fifth avenue. Yet even this house is far from attaining the proportions of a real palace as we understand the word in Europe. The home of Mr. Morgan is much smaller and does not surpass in magnitude or luxury many of the beautiful hotels which embellish the elegant quarters of Paris and

KISS BY CUSTOM AND FAVOR.

Perquisites at Hungerford and Privileges of Newcastle's Mayor.

Though kissing is said to go by custom, yet it sometimes goes by law, and occasionally by law, says Tit-Bits. For instance, there is a custom connected with Hocktide at Hungerford, a festival which takes place every April. A penny tax is collected on that day by two well-known residents of Hungerford, who are termed "tutymen" and who go from door to door, each carrying a staff trimmed with gay ribbons.

It is not recorded whether this honorary post of "tutymen" is put up to open competition, but it certainly ought to be, for there is one very valuable perquisite attached to the office—namely, a kiss from at least one lady in each family visited. It is said, moreover, to be the rule at Hungerford to yield graciously to this custom, especially if the "tutymen" happen to be young and handsome bachelors.

"Beating the bounds" is often associated with other remarkable customs and at Maidenhead kissing is immemorably associated with it. Any lady, old or young, rich or poor, who is encountered on the road must have the fair alternative submitted to her of being either "bumped" or kissed. It speaks volumes for the good sense of Maidenhead maidens that the vast majority of them prefer the latter alternative to the former, although they might prefer it as a private rather than as a public function. Nevertheless, there are cases on record where ladies have chosen to be "bumped," and, as this takes place on the boundary stones, they have probably repented, when too late, of their undue coyness.

Barge day is a festival which appears to be peculiar to Newcastle-on-Tyne. It seems to be akin to the practice of boundary beating, for the mayor and corporation, who doubtless in olden times used to sail in barges, now embark upon four beflagged steamers and, followed by two old state barges, steam up the river to claim the soil of the Tyne. But the piece de resistance is reserved for the landing. A big crowd is always waiting on the landing stage for the arrival of the "grave and reverend seignors," and from the assembled multitude the mayor has the very delightful but extremely invidious privilege of selecting any young lady he pleases and giving her a kiss. For this osculatory performance she receives a golden sovereign.

It is said that there has never been

which are inhabited by people who have much smaller fortunes than the great New York banker. Near his house Mr. Morgan has built a large library, where he amasses various collections of books, manuscripts and relics which ought to cost a great many millions. But this library is not a part of his house; it is a sort of public monument.

Mr. Carnegie has built immense palaces all over America for libraries, museums and schools. Yet for himself he has reserved a house in New York which a European would consider hardly worthy of a man of such great wealth.

European journals tell frequently almost unbelievable tales of American luxury, of fortunes spent on jewels, on dresses, on flowers. They tell of fabulous feasts given, of the caprices of the new Nereos on the other side of the Atlantic. Like everybody else, before going to America I read these reports with implicit faith in them. Now, however, I confess I have become skeptical and I do not consider these journals as reliable sources of information regarding American extravagance.

Briefly, I have not seen any essential difference between American luxury and European luxury. The cry about American extravagance had its origin not in Europe, but in America, and it is rather proof of American democracy. This cry about extravagance has been raised by Americans who have been brought up in the spirit of puritanism and democracy and could not look indifferently upon any growth of luxury which followed the growth of riches in the last century.

WHAT UNIVERSAL PEACE REALLY MEANS.

By Baroness Von Suttner.



The whole object of the peace advocates consists in turning the people and the governments to kindness and mutual love. They strive to show how much pleasanter, more comfortable and healthier it is to live in peace than it is to quarrel and fight. The public imagines the peace advocates to be a sort of a wishy-washy flock of sheepish men upon whom our war lords look down with contempt and whose arguments are now and then refuted by historians and other learned men. This conception of the peace advocate, however, is wrong. The peace advocate as the public thinks of him is only a phantom. He is only a caricature created by those who know nothing whatever about the movement and agitation for universal peace.

War has from time immemorial been and is at the present day the ruling motive and course of human society. Peace is an interruption and an accident. What the advocates of peace want is precisely to turn the thing around. They want to make peace the ruling course and motive of human society, and war, in so far as it ever could arise, to be only an illegal interruption. In our present society, which rests entirely upon a war basis, peace is maintained only through expensive war preparations and through the constructing of fortifications.

The movement for universal peace has in the last few years developed into a science. Sciences never create, plead or force phenomena—they merely observe them and recognize them. The movement toward universal peace accomplishes more and more as the world becomes organized as its separate units begin to unite more closely. This is a process in harmony with the laws of nature. To conclude a universal peace pact between all nations is the next step in human development.

THEN SHE PADDED.



Orme—I suppose you are one of those fellows who likes to paddle their own canoe.

Fred—Well, I would rather see the girl paddle this one.

Orme—And why?

a mayor of Newcastle who has not deemed this privilege cheap at the price. Nor is this all. No sooner has the mayor received his kiss and presented his sovereign than the sheriff, not to be outdone, also chooses a fair lady, duly kisses her, and presents her with a sovereign. But the fair maid whom the mayor has kissed has still another gift to receive, and this time from the mayors, who is bound by custom, whatever her feelings on the matter may be, to present with some useful gift the lady whom her husband has kissed.

Quick Wit Saves.

"The strangest and most thrilling piece of swordsmanship I ever saw," said the fencing master, "was in Vermont."

"I was spending the autumn in a mountainous part of the state, and there was a military encampment near my hotel. One morning an officer's horse started to bolt with the man during parade, and made at breakneck speed toward a precipice. The officer tried to stop the horse, tried to turn its head—no use. On dashed the frantic animal straight for abyss."

"We all held our breath. In another instant we expected to see horse and rider go over the cliff. But the officer, when within fifty feet of the edge, drew his sword, and plunged it twice deep into the horse. The horse staggered, slowed, keeled over, dying."

"The man had sacrificed the animal's life to save his own."

If there is so much enjoyment in flirting, why don't men flirt with their wives?

Unconquerable Souls.

The English soldier who sent his people the tunic he had worn in a battle at the beginning of the South African War, and wrote from hospital, "You will see that there are eleven bullet-holes in it, but I was awfully lucky; only six of them hit me," has a rival in an English schoolboy of 10, whose cheerful acceptance of the "bludgeonings of chance" a writer in St. James' Budget has made public.

"My life has been a very lucky one," wrote the 10-year-old. "When I was 3 years old I fell downstairs and cut my head. When I was 5 years old I was looking at some hens, and a dog bit my leg."

"When I was 8 I went with my brother in the trap, and the horse fell and threw us out of the trap; my brother lit on his feet and I lit on the horse's back."

"Last year I was playing, and ran into a lurry and cut my eyebrow, and it has left a mark."

"One day I went into the slaughterhouse, and a big sheep ran after me and knocked me down, and broke my arm."

"I have had a happy life."

What She Was Doing.

"Didn't you telephone us that you, wife was ready to go with us when we started?"

"Yes, but she's upstairs now changing her mind."

We are never fooled but once on store teeth.

A man without visible means of support just can't keep out of trouble.

WHERE DANCES ORIGINATED.

Waltz First Popular Among Germans.

Of all the wonderful, stately old dances which 200 years ago were in vogue, only the minuet remains, and that nowadays is very rarely attempted. Of course every one admits that of all dances the waltz is queen. It originated among the German peasants in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. As they danced it was the slow waltz, called the landler.

Later the Vienna musicians took it up, quickened the pace, and by their lovely musical settings of this dance rhythm established the reign of the waltz throughout the world. It is noteworthy that the composers of the finest dancing waltzes ever written—Schubert, Weber, Beethoven, Strauss, Lanner, Labitzky and Waldteufel—were all Vienna men. It is properly a three-step dance, whether slow or fast. The two-step waltz is a recent innovation and not an improvement.

Besides the waltz we owe to Germany the gallop, an impetuous, dashing dance dating from about 1800; the polka, a justly popular four-step dance derived from the Bohemian peasantry about 1830, and the redowa, a quick movement in triple time, also Bohemian in origin.

France has given us the minuet, the quadrille or contradance and the farandole, all square dances or dances participated in by several pairs or sets simultaneously.

Poland has furnished some beautiful dances, notably the much-admired mazurka in modern triple time; the stately polonaise, a kind of processional music much used in European courts and at elaborate social functions; the varsoviense, a slow three-step, and the cracovienne, a fast two-step.

Italy's chief contribution is the jig, which is danced under different names in all countries—in Italy as the tarantella and saltarello, in England as the hornpipe, and in Scotland and Ireland as the reel.

The only dances native to his country are sundry jigs, reels, clog dances, break-downs, etc., mostly originating among the Southern plantation hands. While these dances are lively and amusing, they cannot be called artistic, like the national dances of Germany, Poland, Spain, Scotland and France.

A STROKE OF FORTUNE.

It was a murky day in August, and the old sea captains were talking of a schooner which had been struck by lightning a few days before, and adding their contributions to nautical fiction, thinly disguised as fact. "How about the Emma S., Captain Eli?" asked the privileged listener at last. "Wasn't she struck once?"

"She was, sir," and Captain Eli fixed his gaze on a crack in the ceiling of the old wharf office. "She was, indeed, off the Cape; home'ard bound, she was."

"I'd like to hear the particulars," said the young man, and all the captains moved in their seats and fixed their eyes on the crack which held the gaze of Captain Eli.

"Tisn't much to tell, only what might happen to any vessel under similar circumstances," said Captain Eli. "A bolt struck the deck amidships, and bored a hole right down through the bottom of the schooner big as a man's leg."

"The water come rushing in, and o' course the Emma S. would have foundered if a second bolt hadn't come and struck my fore'ard'mast, cut it off near the top, turned it end for end, and drove it right into the hole, plugging it up 'n' making it watertight."

"'Twas a clear case o' what folks call the ravages an' repairs o' nature," said Captain Eli, as he removed his gaze from the crack and let it rest thoughtfully on the ingenuous face of the only landsman in the company.

Busy French Women.

There are 7,000,000 women in France who earn their own living. In Paris women now work as cutters of precious stones, and they have proved as skillful that they may win supremacy from Amsterdam as the center of the stone-cutting industry. The women cutters receive \$1.50 a day, against the 60 cents paid the Paris seamstress. Women are found in almost every line of work in France. For example, a woman is in charge of the railroad station in Froissy, a Paris suburb, while her husband works under her as a porter. The only barber shop in Froissy is run by "Mlle Jeanne," who works only on Tuesdays and Fridays. Mme. Lesobre holds the joint position of telegraph messenger and postman. She averages twenty miles a day, seven days a week, and has not missed a day in fifteen years. A woman pounds the big drum in the Froissy brass band, and a woman holds the street cleaning contract.

The Right Side.

Patience—They say a man's beard is generally heavier on the right side of his face.

Patrice—I don't see, then, why a girl always tries to get on the right side of a man!

After a woman has been married six months the tradesmen don't hear so much about what her husband likes to eat.

Sometimes a man wants a thing so much that he forgets the other fellow doesn't want to give it up.