

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

TIRED OF THE GAME.

"The game is not worth the candle."

That was the conclusion of Mrs. Ada Tilt Otis, daughter of a Chicago millionaire merchant, divorced wife of Millionaire Thomas Otis of Los Angeles, respecting this human life of ours.

Eight months after she had secured a divorce from her husband Mrs. Otis committed suicide.

She left a note addressed to a young man, also a millionaire, containing the seven words quoted above.

According to the Los Angeles dispatches, Mrs. Otis made the following statement to a friend four days before she took her life:

"When I got my decree of divorce I resolved I would not marry again. I tried society, but its vagaries disgusted me. I feel that the whole game of life is not worth the candle that it takes."

Poor woman! Aye, poor—despite her wealth, wretchedly poor, poor in riches of recollections, poor in satisfaction of social service, poor in worthy works, poor in gratitude earned, poor in spirit, poor in heart's ease, poor in love, poor in hope—poorer perhaps than her washerwoman.

Life held only the dregs of vanity and vexation of spirit left in the bottom of the cup.

Why? Why do so many having every chance miss the way of life?

This woman looked upon existence, as do many, as a "game"—a game to be played to while away the tedious hours or for selfish entertainment. Knowing only the social side and being an intellectual woman, when the game grew tiresome she was ready to snuff the candle.

Disillusioned, defeated, despairing, she risked the game of futurity.

The woman had ample wealth, culture, opportunity and immeasurable opportunities to make herself worthy of living. She failed because—

She had not learned or heeded the teaching of all human experience, to say nothing of divine dictum, that happiness comes through SERVICE and not in SELFISHNESS, in SACRIFICE, not in SATIETY.

Life is not a mere game to be frittered away.

Sad soul of a woman! What supreme happiness she might have won, what possibilities of doing good in the world!

But—When the diversion became a mere dawdling, when the pastime of the play palled upon her, she did not even wait for the candle to go out!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

One of the biggest things in this big country of big dollars and big enterprises—and one of the best of the big things—is the institution known as the Sunday school.

How many officers and teachers, mostly adults, do you suppose are engaged in the Sunday school enterprise in this country?

According to the census, an army of 1,459,535 persons teach and officiate. And the pupils? When the figures are quoted they are so large as almost to stagger belief. These figures are—12,272,657!

Spell out the enumeration—twelve million two hundred and seventy-two thousand six hundred and fifty-seven!

That is to say, one of every six of our entire population, and comprising those of plastic minds and future possibilities, is engaged one day in every seven in studying the Scriptures and the tenets of the Christian faith.

Besides, there is the literature of the Sunday schools.

What is known as the International Sunday School Series, consisting of the lesson leaflet and lesson comment, has a weekly circulation of more than half a billion!

This same lesson is printed also in thousands of newspapers throughout the country and is esteemed a popular feature. The aggregate circulation of the Sunday school literature is beyond computation.

Measured in dollars? Well, here is one institution that puts the human above the dollar. Yet the yearly receipts in money will run up into the millions. If each pupil were to contribute only a penny at each session the receipts would exceed \$6,000,000. While the figures are not at hand, it is believed that the schools in the United States alone collect and pay out a hundred million dollars a year.

But citizenship is more than dollars. And these schools are exclusively engaged in making good citizens.

A million and a half consecrated men and women teach more than 12,000,000 children every Sunday the great ethical doctrines of Christianity.

Thousands of future citizens get all their moral teaching from this source. It is a big thing, one of the biggest of all modern enterprises.

Do not regard the Sunday school as an inconsequential factor or neglect it because you may think it of minor consequence.

It is big and good—and good only.

SAVE THE PIECES.

"Rags! Old iron!" You have often heard the cry of the street. It is usually pitched in a high keyed monotone and in broken English, penetrating, insistent.

The owner of the noise and of the

horse and wagon which constitute its escort comes to your back door that he may dicker for the rags and iron and bones and brass and rubber and other castoff remnants which make up his miscellaneous treasures.

And—You do well to keep one eye on your junk pile while he sorts it over and inventories the same lost something of value within the reach of the grimy fingers may get into the collection. It is best to have the stuff weighed and paid for and the trader well on his way from the premises ere you relax vigilance.

The junkman knows values. Some of these peripatetics pick up in the course of a year \$3,000 to \$5,000 in profits. They well understand the significance of an eighth of a cent a pound as related to the market.

What becomes of the stuff? Why, your rags come back in the delicate note paper on which you write a party invitation. And your new range may contain some of the old iron you sold for a song, so closely is the old related to the new. And the bones you thought to be worthless have gone to the refinery to treat the sugar in your morning coffee cup. And so on.

In the economy of the junk dealer nothing is lost. These "snappers up of inconsidered trifles"—usually foreign folk—justify the statement that foreigners get rich on what Americans throw away.

Heed a lesson therefrom. Americans are wasteful to the point of prodigality. Because of the abundance of things they have not needed to practice the rigid economy that is the thrift of Europe.

But the day is coming in this country when every inch of the farm must produce, every piece of timber have a value, every machine operate to the full capacity and every byproduct of the industry be utilized.

Nature does that. In her realm no infinitesimal atom is ever lost. Man may change the form, but he cannot destroy a single particle of matter.

Nature is resourceful. If she had been wanton as man often is, the universe would have gone back to chaos ages ago.

And the master of nature specifically taught the virtue of economy. He said to his disciples:

"Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost."

We Americans, of all peoples, need to give heed to the many maxims of our own Benjamin Franklin respecting frugality and thrift.

SOIL RICHES.

Wheat, 700,000,000 bushels. Corn, 3,000,000,000 bushels. That is the estimate for this year's crop of the two leading cereals of this country.

Think of it—3,000,000,000 bushels of corn, 400,000,000 more than last year! Local drought may cut the estimate a little, but not much.

Add to this enormous output of the fields the cotton crop, the oats crop, the hay crop, the potato crop, the vegetable crop—here is enormous wealth.

Moreover, it is stated authoritatively that the crop of beef and pork and eggs alone exceeds in value the bumper corn crop.

Surely this is the land flowing with milk and honey. And when your big column of figures is footed up you must add to soil production another enormous item of wealth, the mineral crop of America and Alaska. The showing is calculated to provoke speculation concerning the future.

What will be the annual output of our soil when all our soil resources are fully developed?

Intensive farming alone would double the product. Smaller farms and better cultivation would produce wonders.

Besides—Millions of acres of desert land are being reclaimed by national and state irrigation improvements. Other millions of acres of semiarid lands will raise good crops by the scientific methods of "dry farming," or moisture conservation.

The time is coming soon when every acre of land capable of cultivation may be utilized by scientific methods, seeds adapted to soil and proper culture.

Already lands once pictured on the map as "the great American desert" now blossom as the rose.

What will be the full story of production when the great water powers and the tides themselves will deliver electric power over waves at a trifle of cost?

Today in the west the owner of a power ploy can turn over virgin soil by gasoline—kerosene power—at a fuel cost of only 10 cents per acre.

But why prophesy? The story of present production is great enough.

However—In such a rich country should any child go hungry to bed? In such a country should there be so much surplus wealth of the few?

As a people we have solved the problem of production, thanks to our favored situation. We have yet to solve the problem of equitable distribution.

FATHER AND SON.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty.

The man who wrote the lines that have inspired millions is dead. His son also is dead.

The son died last month a pardoned convict on his way back to his old home in the east.

A life of startling contrast was that of Samuel F. Smith, son of Samuel Francis Smith, author of the song "America."

Born in the east, given every advantage of education, he married a daughter of one of the leading families of

Massachusetts. He selected Davenport, Ia., as his future home.

Smith became one of the leading lawyers of Iowa and served a term as mayor of Davenport. He had a beautiful home, a fine private library, entertained handsomely, and his family was prominent socially in the western city.

Personally Smith was a suave, courtly gentleman of native refinement and was counted one of the successful men of his state. He was also honored as the son of the writer of our national hymn.

However—A few years ago whispers began to be heard respecting his financial difficulties. It was some time before an accounting was demanded. Investigation showed that he was short more than \$100,000. He had squandered trust funds.

On trial Smith was found guilty of forgery and embezzlement and was sentenced to eleven years in Fort Madison prison.

That was five years ago. A few months ago a movement was started for his pardon. Sentiment respecting the father's sacred memory pleaded for the son, and the pardon board granted the release.

Last month Samuel F. Smith, aged seventy-three, but still courtly, started back to the old home in Massachusetts, where his wife and daughter awaited him.

He died on the way. Let us be glad that the son of the author of "sweet freedom's song" did not die in a prison cell.

It was pathetic enough that the honored name of Samuel F. Smith should have been smirched by the crimes of a graceless son.

Query: If the sins of the fathers be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation, why should not the virtues of the fathers last for a like tenure? Is vice stronger than virtue?

No, but—The influences of environment added to free moral agency are stronger than the influence of heredity. Do the best you can for your boy. He must work out his own salvation.

PUSH—AND KEEP PUSHING!

Did you ever try to get through a dense throng of people to the "speakers' stand," where you had an engagement to speak or sing or officiate?

In the beginning it may have seemed a near impossibility to get to your place, but—

You began to push gently on the outskirts of the crowd. You were good humored, but persistent. Little by little you outbraved yourself wedgelike into the mass. Little by little the people gave way.

Some might glare at you for your apparent rudeness and give way grudgingly, even complainingly. Others were pleasant and accommodating.

It was not sufficient to indicate your desire to reach the platform. You needed to accompany explanations with a push—not a discourteous push, but a persistent one.

Well—So is getting on in the world. If you would reach the place selected by you as your place you must pass through and push aside a lot of people.

They are in your way. And they are a multitude.

If you do not push they will not budge. If you merely explain without pushing you will get nowhere. It is a case where mere politeness and soft words will accomplish nothing.

Know this—that, however close and compact the mass may seem, if you will insist and persist and keep on gently pushing toward the goal the crowd will let you through. The crowd is built that way. It is pervious to the human wedge driven by the powerful will of the human will.

Do you want to stay on the outside and take things easy? The crowd will let you.

But if you are bound to get on and up neither humans nor devils can prevent you.

Success requires that you get to the platform. Thousands about you in life do not particularly care to get up there, but they will not voluntarily help you up.

If you want elbow room and a vantage point up at the speakers' stand, push for it!

Be nice about it as you can be, but—push!

There is a comfortable place awaiting you up on the platform of life. There is better air up there—and wider vision.

Besides, once there you need no longer push the people.

Why go through life crowding your way and perpetually sticking your elbows into your neighbor's side? There are vacant places on the platform.

Push—and keep pushing!

A Little Knowledge.

Two men made a wager of \$5 that one could hold a wasp in his hand longer than the other. The man who rubbed chloroform on his hand expected to win, but the other one happened to know that male wasps do not sting and got one of that sex. They sat and smiled at each other while the crowd wondered until the chloroform had evaporated, and then the man who had used it suddenly let go of his wasp. The other got the money.

SOUND TO WORRY.

We note that our apprehensive friend is evidently greatly wrought up over some trouble and ask him what occasions his distress of mind.

"All these auto accidents," he answers. "I am so worried over the danger of riding in one of the machines."

"But you don't own one," we reassure him.

"I know. I am worrying over how much I would be worried if I did own one."—Chicago Post.

SERVED SEVEN DAYS.

Possibly she felt my gaze, for she turned. And her face was worthy of her figure. Two bright blue eyes met mine for an instant before their owner walked on.

I gazed after her till she was out of sight. Then I gazed at the sacred spot on the pavement where she had stood, and, behold, there lay a little purse. I picked it up reverently and hastened after her, but she was lost in the throng of Regent street.

I reached Oxford circus and turned and retraced my steps, and presently I saw the girl again. She was gazing into another shop window. I picked my way delicately through the feminine crowd. My arm brushed hers, and the blood rushed from my heart to my ears. She turned. Our eyes met, and, by all the salutes in heaven, her eyes were brown! It was not she, but another girl dressed exactly like her.

My hand fell from my hat, and I gasped an apology. I was wriggling away when a hand grasped my wrist and tried to wrest the purse from me. I turned and beheld a large man.

"Ah, would you?" he said. "Quiet!" He dug his knuckles into the back of my hand. I restrained a fierce desire to inflict similar treatment on his countenance and said: "Let go, you ass! Can't you see I'm not a pickpocket? I picked up this purse five minutes ago, and—"

"Yes, I've heard all that before several times. Have you lost your purse, miss?"

The girl with the brown eyes searched in her pocket.

"Yes, I have!" she exclaimed. I broke out into a cold perspiration. Wrenching my wrist free, I held out the purse. "But this is not your purse!"

"But it is. Oh, you bad, wicked man! I felt you take it!"

This settled the matter. I was marched off to Vine street between two policemen.

The magistrate was sitting. Having been searched, I was placed in the dock and the girl in the witness box. She made a pretense of being dissolved in tears and pathetically besought the authorities to release me. But the magistrate soothingly explained to her how necessary it was for the protection of honest people that rogues should be punished. At length this wretched woman, committing perjury for the sake of a paltry purse, suffered the oath to be administered and swore the purse was hers.

I was taken away to the cells and a little later to Pentonville.

In this impolite retirement I spent the seven most hideous days and nights of my life. But on the eighth day came release. A warden entered my cell and, with more respect than I had yet received in the prison, told me that my innocence had been discovered.

My good name and my clothes having been restored to me, I was requested—a refreshing change from being ordered—to step into a private room. Here I found three ladies—a majestic matron, the girl with the brown eyes who had procured me a week's living free of expense and, marvelous to relate, the girl with the blue eyes, with whom I was still in love. Both girls were, except for their eyes, exactly alike. Twins, I began to see.

The girl with the brown eyes had tears in them. The girl with the blue eyes also had her handkerchief to her face.

The matron said gravely: "Sir, an awful wrong has been done to you, for which I question whether we can make adequate amends. I can, however, express my most deep and sincere regret. But before I endeavor to explain permit me to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Geoffrey Featherstone, and these are my daughters, Mabel and Alice."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Featherstone," I said. "I have already had the honor of an introduction to Miss Alice Featherstone, and the result of the introduction was such that, having no natural taste for penal servitude, I would rather not pursue the acquaintance."

"Your anger is just, Mr. Felix. But you will at least permit me to explain. On the day on which this awful thing happened my daughters wore new dresses exactly alike."

Mrs. Featherstone then proceeded: "The dressmaker had made the pockets of these dresses ridiculously shallow. Mabel declared that she would never dare to put anything in her pocket for fear of having it taken, but Alice laughed at the idea and declared that she was competent to guard her pocket if Mabel was not. They went shopping, and Alice insisted on putting her purse in her pocket. It had not been there for five minutes before Mabel, from pure love of mischief, took it out unperceived by Alice and put it in her own pocket. The girls became separated in Regent street, and the purse must have fallen out of Mabel's pocket when you saw her. Alice did not miss it till she saw it in your hand, and then—what could she think?"

"Oh, Mr. Felix," exclaimed Alice, "please forgive me! Oh, please say you will try to forgive me! Mabel and I had a tiff over those wretched pockets, and we did not speak for a whole week till this morning, when she came to make it up. To my horror, she presented me with another purse in place of the one she had lost, and then I saw what a fearful thing I had done."

There was a short silence, and then I laughed heartily and long. I dined with the Featherstones that evening, and—er—well, to put the matter in a nutshell, my wife has blue eyes, clear and bright, like glimpses of heaven.

Real Estate Snaps

Are not always floating around, but, I have a few that will surprise you, both in city and farm property

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