

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

Throughout all the turmoil of the north pole remains cool.

Every woman, before she is allowed to vote, should be able to make a cherry pie.

Home is a place where a man can do as he pleases—if he is married to the right woman.

Why should a girl approve of being called a duck and object to being described as a goose?

To those whom it may concern: A Philadelphia scientist declares a man need not die unless he wants to.

What a man can't understand about a woman is how she never realizes how smart he has to be to shave himself.

Yes, Mr. Rockefeller, "it is a blessed thing to struggle," even if you can't make the old stovepipe fit. It brings the higher moral qualities into play.

Says Dean Breckinridge of the University of Chicago: "The hired girl is queen in the American household." True, undeniably, but why rub it in?

Few girls of 20 are as considerate as one described by a Western newspaper, who wears her hair braided down her back to help her mother to retain an appearance of youth.

Why not extend the voting privilege to our American women, with a gentle God bless 'em? It would save lots of trouble, and they are bound to get what they want, anyway?

King Edward has bestowed knighthood on Lieutenant Shackleton for getting farthest south. The lieutenant was lucky in that his performance did not interfere with the regular business of any other south pole hunter.

Knud Rasmussen, a Danish navigator, who has lived amongst the Eskimos and is married to an Eskimo woman, says Cook went to the pole all right. Peary says Rasmussen knows about as much about it as a yellow dog.

W. T. Stead claims to have had an interview with the spirit of Gladstone, who is reported to have said that he was not interested in worldly affairs. Nevertheless we can't keep from believing this to be a pretty interesting world.

In cases of collisions and accidents at sea, salvage will be paid on human life as well as on property. Life, by this provision, is made as valuable as property, though, on the other hand, some might argue that life is above all price and that its salvage is merely a plain duty, incumbent on all, to humanity.

If the Indians continue to increase and prosper, the time will soon come when the government will cease to treat them as wards. The present Indian population is in excess of three hundred thousand, or nearly forty thousand more than when the last census was taken. The number of taxed Indians in 1900 was almost double the number in 1890. "Playing Indian," if the sport keeps up with the times, may become a game of managing a successful farm instead of scalping white settlers.

Who owns the north pole may some day become a live question, but today, in spite of the speculation on the subject, it is of little greater practical moment than the question about the age of Ann. If it is frozen sea nobody owns it, and nobody cares for it. But in the distant future, when flying machines are so perfected that they can beat against the fierce arctic winds, and fast enough to go to the pole and back from Chicago in twenty-four hours or thereabouts, the polar ice may be valuable for cooling summer drinks—if, indeed, some one in the meantime has not invented a way of bringing the arctic cold to the temperate climate by a pipeline.

It used to be an accepted theory that the business world has nothing to do with the private life of business people. As long as a man attended honestly to his business occupation, was true to his obligations and paid his debts, that was considered sufficient. It is no longer considered sufficient. The business world, before it will accord to any man the highest rate of credit, must be shown that the man is not only faithful and reliable, but is not addicted to habits and occupations which may impair his standing. The business world has a right to know of any business man "not only where he spends his days, but where he spends his nights." It has a right not only to know his financial standing, but also his status in the scale of social decency. The man who is faithful to the duties of his office and false to the standards of domestic decency must have his financial credit marked down and the business confidence of his fellow men lowered to the class of extra-hazardous risks.

A learned doctor lays the blame for the increasing baldness that is becoming apparent among women, to the

men. Men get bald from wearing silk or other stiff hats, and the disease becomes hereditary and spreads to both sexes. If they would save their hair, the doctor says, the human race must establish the fashion by going about their various vocations bareheaded. The reason why the stiff hat is particularly provocative of baldness is because it presses close about the temples and cuts off the blood supply to the head. It might seem that the monstrous contraptions with which women surmount their craniums would be more injurious than the light silk or derby male head coverings; but not so. The feminine headgear is fastened on to the hair with hatpins, does not press upon the tresses at any point, and permits the free circulation of air through the hair and all around the scalp. In fact, the feminine hat, outlandish as it often appears, illustrates in all its forms the superior genius of women in solving the problems of clothes. The women demonstrate it also by dressing in such a manner as to appear cooler and more comfortable in summer and warmer, in winter, to say nothing of the degree to which their garments excel those of the male sex in beauty of detail and general effect. It is difficult to imagine what the poor male of the human species is covering. The ladies can go baregoing to do about this matter of head headed, if they choose, without much inconvenience or lack of ornamentation, because they can dress their abundant hair in becoming ways, and its mass furnishes an adequate protection against the weather, even in the cold season. But there are comparatively few men past the first flush of youth who have enough hair to keep their scalps warm or protect it from the rays of the sun. And if they adopt a light, soft hat that will not press upon the temples, how are they going to keep it upon their heads on a windy day? The matter might be arranged for the coming generation. Boys could be taught to go bareheaded and thus save their hirsute heritage; but the case of the mature or middle-aged man who is already inclined to baldness is rather a sad one.

FEET OF SEA BEASTS.

Their Appearance When the Skin Is Stripped Off.

Of all the feet that I have looked at I know only one more utterly ridiculous than the twisted flipper on which the sea lion props his great bulk in front, and that is the forked flipper which extends from the hinder part of the same. How can it be worth any beast's while to carry such an absurd apparatus with it just for the sake of getting out into the air sometimes and pushing oneself about on the ice and being eaten by polar bears? The porpoise has discarded one pair, turned the other into decent fins and recovered a grace and power of motion in water which is not equaled by the greyhound on land. Why have the seals hung back? I believe I know the secret. It is the baby! No one knows where the porpoise and the whale cradle their newborn infants—it is so difficult to pry into the domestic ways of these sea people—but evidently the seals cannot manage it, so they are forced to return to the land when the cares of maternity are on them.

I have called the feet of these sea beasts ridiculous things, and so they are as we see them. But strip off the skin, and, lo, there appears a plain foot, with its five digits, each of several joints, tipped with claws, nowise essentially different, in short, from that with which the toad or frog first set out in a past too distant for our infirm imagination. Admiration itself is paralyzed by a contrivance so simple, so transmutable and so sufficient for every need that time and change could bring.—Strand Magazine.

A Fireless Cooker.

A workman's ingenious application of the laws of chemistry to his own purposes is reported by a writer in Tit-Bits. A few minutes before noon the other day a big laborer on one of the buildings now being constructed in Chelsea said, "Well, I think I'll heat my coffee for dinner." He proceeded to do so without the aid of a fire or even the use of a match.

He took his bottle from his hand-bag, and with it went over to the wooden contrivance in which mortar was mixed. He put about half a shovelful of sand in a corner of the mortar-bed, having previously scraped that part of the bed dry and clean.

Then he took a piece of lime about as large as his two fists. He pushed the lump of lime down into the yielding sand, put his bottle upright on the lime, banked up the bottle with sand to hold it in position, and was ready for the important part of the work.

Dipping about a pint of water from a cask near by, he poured it on the molded sand easily, allowing it to percolate through the coarse grains. Putting on a little more sand to hold the bottle in position, he went back to his work.

In ten minutes the noon whistle blew, and the laborer went to his fireless heater, took from it his coffee, boiling hot, in a bottle that had at no time been in danger of breaking in the heat, and proceeded to enjoy his homely but hearty meal.

Just before a girl gets married, she is treated with the same consideration that is shown a turkey before Christmas.

Nitrogen iodide is so sensitive that the touch of a fly's foot would explode it.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DIVORCE OFTEN A BLESSING.

By Justice Henry B. Brown.



There is no question connected with the administration of the law so fertile of litigation and so exacting of public attention as divorce. That separation of church and state which is a cardinal principle of American jurisprudence is nowhere more applicable than in that which concerns the marriage relation.

It is not perceived why the partnership created by marriage should so far differ from a commercial partnership, that one may be dissolved at pleasure, while the other is absolutely indissoluble. A proper regard for the interests of the state as well as the preservation of domestic happiness would seem to require that when the whole object of matrimonial compact had been defeated by the habitual, persistent and uncontrollable conduct of either party and that relation which should represent the acme of human happiness is made to stand for all that is most repugnant to our desires and anticipations a severance of the ties should be permitted.

The clergy have generally been outspoken in denunciation of the acknowledged evils of divorces and discreetly silent in respect to their utility, ignoring the distinction between the causes for which they may be granted and the procedure by which they are obtained. I cannot recall a divorce fairly obtained, without fraud and upon due and personal notice to the other side that did not apparently redound to the welfare of the parties and prove a real blessing.

HOUSEWORK AS EXERCISE.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayr.



There are all sorts of ways for a woman to exercise in the house and accomplish work at the same time. And she is doing more than accomplishing housework. She is accomplishing a good figure, which should make housework worth while if nothing else did.

Women who live in hotels and boarding houses usually get too fat, because they have nothing to do, and religiously taking a walk every day is not enough. If a woman does her own housework and goes at it with the idea in view of making it do for physical culture, she will be surprised at how many different things there are in connection with her work that will answer for gymnastic exercises.

Sweeping is an excellent exercise for developing shoulder and chest muscles, but better still is the carpet sweeper, which is as good as any gymnastic apparatus. Dusting and rubbing both may be used for physical development, and there is a kind of foot polisher for waxing floors that might have been invented purposely for

fat women. If there is a force pump in the house, like the ones used in summer cottages for filling tanks in the attic, the house worker will find the best sort of exercise ready-made for her benefit, which will probably please the men of the family whose reluctant duty it usually is to keep the tank full.

Corsets should be worn when working the force pump. The body should be free to follow the movement of the handle. Work for five minutes, then rest a bit and start in again, resting and working alternately for twenty minutes or half an hour.

If housework is done intelligently and quickly, without any dawdling, the worker gets all the benefit of the exercise without being worn out. That is why so many women are exhausted over housecleaning, because they don't know how to do the work, and scatter their forces by not being thorough.

ARE RICHES A BLESSING?

By E. S. Martin.



Imperfectly as wealth still performs its proper functions, is it not better geared to them than it has been in times past? Of course a lot of it is wastefully used; but not, even now, so great a proportion of the total wealth as appears, because the wasteful use of it is apt to be far more conspicuous than the fruitful use. Besides the very large share of the total wealth that goes to maintain life in no more than reasonable comfort, and to enlarge the opportunities and better the lives of those who have it, there is a constant expenditure of slices and shares of the incomes of the greater fortunes in works of studied and tested benevolence, and, above all, in promoting education and the discovery of truth. So common is this use of superfluous money by individuals as fairly to give ground for the suspicion that the limitations of the profitable use of money for personal advantage are being better appreciated. Those of us that have learned a little, really want, not money, but life—the "more abundant life" that is worth having. We want money in so far as it promises increased life; but, looking about at the various people who have money abundantly and superabundantly, it is easy to see that, beyond a certain point which many attain, the mere command of money does not give the coveted increase of life. Excessive fortunes seem as apt to blight life as to expand it; and when they do blight it—breeding selfishness and laziness, narrowing association, relaxing fidelity, and paralyzing effort—they bring, not envy, but contempt on their possessors. There seems to be nothing profitable to do with the more enormous fortunes, the rolling up of which has made so many observers anxious, but by hook or crook to devote the bulk of them to securing the welfare of the people from whom they were derived.—Harper's Magazine.

TO KILL RED AND BLACK ANTS.

Carbon Bisulphide Has Official Recommendation as an Exterminator.

W. W. Skinner, of the Arizona agricultural experiment station, some time ago sent out this information on a most troublesome pest:

Ants, the large red and black varieties which burrow into the ground, may be killed comparatively easily by the use of carbon bisulphide, a liquid chemical of a peculiar, disagreeable odor.

To be entirely successful, however, the habits of the ants must be taken into consideration. Immediately after a rain is the accepted time to attempt their destruction, for it is then that the ants are very active, bringing out into the sun to be dried any of their stored-up food supply which may have become damp.

A half teacupful—more if the nest is a very large one—of the carbon bisulphide poured into the nest at this time will accomplish the result. The ground being damp and cool is another decided advantage in that it prevents the too rapid absorption or volatilization of the carbon bisulphide; consequently a less quantity of the chemical is required.

A word of caution in the use of the carbon bisulphide is deemed necessary. It must at all times be borne in mind that the substance is highly inflammable and under certain conditions explosive. Matches, pipes, etc., are to be left at home when this chemical is to be used. The carbon bisulphide can be procured from any druggist, and costs 50 cents per pound, but can be bought for much less wholesale.

It is probable that the remedy is not practicable on a very large scale, owing to the cost of material, but it frequently happens that these ants select for their home, from our point of view, most undesirable places, such as public walks, or near one's door. In such cases a sure means of eradicating the pest is well worth knowing.—Kansas City Star.

HOLDS MARRIAGE RECORD.

Bloomington, Ill., Justice Has United 5,000 Couples.

Bloomington, Ill., is becoming world famous as a Gretna Green, due to the popularity of its clergymen and justices of the peace in tying matrimonial knots. The great magnet for those seeking the altar of love, however, is the marriage parlor of Justice William B. Hendryx, a veritable Cupid's bow, where blushing brides and gallant grooms from all over the United States come to plight their vows. Justice Hendryx now holds the world's record, having married 5,000 couples, far more, it is said, than any other, be he bishop or judge, parson or justice. He is now marrying the grandchildren of couples whom he united in wedlock forty years ago and will shortly attend a reunion in Chicago of a family where he performed the ceremony for each member.

Justice Hendryx's "marriage parlors" are in a class by themselves. Tourists are always advised to visit these parlors, whether matrimonially

inclined or otherwise. Mottos calculated to promote matrimony, such as "Perfect union," "Wedded for life," "Cupid's headquarters," etc., adorn the walls. A monster mirror, ten feet square, which cost the justice \$500, covers one wall, allowing couples to have a full-length view of themselves while the binding words are being uttered. Fresh flowers are provided every day and are placed in cut glass vases, to be presented to the brides. An organ for the rendition of a wedding march is an important adjunct and an obliging stenographer in an adjoining office is ready to respond to a call for the strains of Mendelssohn or Lohengrin if the accompaniment of music is desired. The justice is also prepared to supply forgetful grooms with full dress suits or brides with veils and orange blossoms if request is made. A barrel of rice and a box of old shoes are also kept on hand. It is not uncommon for him to marry five couples in a single day.

Hendryx enlisted in the Union army as a boy and fought gallantly for five years. After the war he became dep-

uty sheriff. Forty years ago he was elected justice of the peace and has been re-elected every four years since.

STAMBOUL'S SHADOW THEATERS.

Marionettes Contribute Largely to the Amusement of the People.

Dancing in the coffee houses of the people in Stamboul is only a less common form of entertainment during Ramadan than music, a writer in Scribner's says. It is performed by the gypsy girls, bare-faced, dressed in vivid cotton prints and jingling with sequins, who alone are immodest enough to enter a coffee house.

A more elaborate form of entertainment is provided by cafes fortunate enough to possess a court or some large back room. This is the marionette theater. The Turkish marionettes, known by the name of their star performer, Karaghieuz, are a national institution. In fact, their repertory includes almost all there is of a national theater. In common with other Asiatic marionettes, they do not appear in person. The proscenium arch of their miniature stage is filled with a sheet of lighted paper. The tiny actors, cleverly jointed together of transparent materials, move between the light and the paper, so that their colored shadows are all the public sees. It is enough, however, to offer an amusement worth seeing. The theater of Karaghieuz would make an interesting study in itself, reflecting as it does the manners of the country. Sometimes, indeed, it has reflected them so faithfully as to require the intervention of the censor. But Karaghieuz himself, or Black-Eye, is always amusing, whatever may be his lapses from propriety. This truculent individual reminds one of Punch, although he is said to be a caricature of a veritable person, one of Saladin's viziers. He is a humpback with a black beard and raucous voice, to whom no enterprise is too difficult or too absurd. He is accompanied by a righthand man, who points his repertoire and is alternately his dupe and his deceiver. Their adventures and those of the crackvoiced ladies, the brilliantly costumed gentlemen, the wonderful dogs, cats, mice and other creatures that make up the company, create a scene that the spectator of simple tastes willingly revisits. Among the elements of his pleasure must be counted the ill-lighted barrack or tent in which the representations take place, the gayly dressed children composing the better part of the audience—here, for once, ladies are allowed—the loquacious vendors of sweets and drinks, and the music of pipe and drum to the accompaniment of which the little colored shadows play on their lighted paper.

Plan of Procedure.

Stella—What would you do with five feet of books?

Bella—I'd read the last foot first.—Puck.

No man who has ever attempted to prevent a woman from having her own way, has much to say about "the weaker sex."



W.B. HENDRYX

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REAL OLD CROFTER'S HOME.

Exact Reproduction of Irish Cabin Built for Children's Playhouse.

One of the show places of Far Rockaway is the handsome residence of James Caffrey, the Brooklyn Eagle says. Visitors during the summer months rarely fail to stroll up Greenwood avenue from the beach so as to get a glimpse of this fine piece of colonial architecture, with its massive stone columns towering thirty or more feet in the air.

But while the villa is interesting, there is still a more interesting object on the grounds that draws forth exclamations of pleasure and admiration. It is the play-house of the Caffrey children. This play-house occupies a prominent site on the great lawn to the west of the Caffrey residence. It is an exact reproduction of an Irish crofter's cabin, and is believed to be the only one of its kind in this country.

The play-house is about 15 by 12 feet in size and one story high. The walls are of hewn stone and white-washed on the exterior. It has a thatched roof, straw tightly bound together to a thickness of about one foot. There are three windows in the front and three in the back walls.

Near the center of the front wall is the entrance. Visitors notice a sign, painted in real Celtic characters, "Don Na Stoegas," which in English means, "Fort of the Fairies." There is just the faintest idea of a porch over the entrance, the roof being supported by two heavy trunks of trees. The door to this "Fort of the Fairies" is made of white birch limbs, set together lattice fashion, and swung on heavy crude iron hinges. An old chain and latch fastens the door when the children are not in the house.

While the exterior of the cabin is interesting, the interior is equally so. Inside the walls are covered with twigs and straw intertwined and cemented over, while the children's playthings, tables, chairs, rockers, dressers, sideboard, etc., together with toys and dolls galore are found there. It is an ideal place for the children to preside over and play in.

The Sentimental Sense.

My sentimental sense is such That Realism's ruthless touch Can not displace The fond embrace

With which Romance I cling to. Now pigs are hardly thought to be A theme for loving eulogy. Or lyrical apostrophe; Pigs are poetical to me.

And so a pig I sing to, Oh, pig, thy blue and beaming eye Smiles on me from thy rose-decked sty.

Oh, pensive pig, Romantic pig, Hear my adoring sigh!

A cabbage, by the common herd Is generally deemed absurd;

Both coarse and plain, Of common grain,

A vegetable yokel, And yet to me a cabbage seems Fit subject for an artist's dreams;

For fond effusions, tender themes; A cabbage, in the moon's pale beams Inspires my praises vocal.

Oh, cabbage, of the pale-green hue, Washed by the pearly morning dew,

Oh, cabbage fair, Oh, cabbage fair,

I bring thee homage true!

And some there be of whom I wot, Who holds that kitchen soap is not

A proper thing Of which to sing

In sentimental measure. But kitchen soap, by one of taste, Upon a pinnacle is placed;

And any scene by it is graded. So smooth and bright, so pure and chaste,

It gives exquisite pleasure. Oh, kitchen soap, of graceful form, I bring to thee my worship warm.

Oh, kitchen soap, Oh, yellow soap,

You take my heart by storm! —Harper's Weekly.

Flag Display Accounted For.

On a visit to St. Petersburg a visitor noticed that on the occasion of the birthday of the Czarina there were only one or two flags visible, these being displayed on official buildings. On a later visit, a week or two later, he observed that flags were everywhere, the very streets obscured by waving bunting. "Why," he asked a friend, "do you show a flag now while you did not then?" "Well," was the reply, "a police agent came round and said that if I did not display one I should be fined 200 rubles. So I hoisted three, to be on the right side, and the others are doing the same."

Cent Fine by Judge Landis.

Judge K. M. Landis, who fined the Standard Oil Company \$29,240,000, has fined John Bower, of Rockford, Ill., 1 cent. Bower had sent a threatening letter to his brother-in-law, who is alleged to have misused members of his family. The judge apparently sympathized with Bower and told him that if he had said to the relative what he had written to him it would have been all right.

Ice Box Repartee.

"Huh!" sneers the plate of ice cream to the piece of limburger cheese. "You needn't give yourself such airs. Didn't you see in the papers where there are a million microbes to each drop of ice cream?"

"I did," retorts the limburger. "That's nothing. Compared to me you are a sparsely settled territory."

When you die, will people say of you: "It's too bad he didn't die ten years ago!"

The world's estimated steam power in use to-day is 12,000,000 horse-power.