

## BANDON RECORDER

Some men are born diplomats; others talk too much.

### BANDON..... OREGON

The D. F. S. (Daughters of Football Survivors) will be meeting in 1925.

It is also a wise hypnotist who knows whether his subject is dead or not.

Railroads seem to be learning how to divide and subtract, as well as add and multiply.

Kansas reports 2,000 babies short this year. All other crops were up to the average, however.

Next to fighting for his life a normal man will make his hardest struggle to keep out of jail.

Having unquestioned supremacy on land, sea and in the air, Uncle Sam is perplexed to know what next to tackle.

Scientists say the male hair turns gray eight years sooner than the feminine. Possibly forgotten birthdays vitiate the figures.

It would be unfair to blame the hookworm for all the laziness in the world. Much of it is shiftlessness for which there is no cure.

A Texas man has named his twins Cook and Peary. When they get older they can have interesting arguments as to which one discovered the world first.

The day will soon come when the aeroplane and the dirigible balloon will have a commercial value in time of peace as well as a strategic value in time of war.

Americans find themselves irresistibly drawn toward games of chance whether it be a land drawing, a turkey raffle or a bridge whist tournament where the prize is a nut cracker or a souvenir spoon.

Astronomers are quarreling about the craters on the moon, and two of the poets are threatening to fight a duel because one of them said a certain unnamed woman had a serpent's tongue. Isn't it awful, Mabel?

It is a popular impression—among men and boys—that a woman cannot throw a stone, but in a recent contest held under the patronage of a Western newspaper, the winner, a girl of 18, threw a base ball more than 209 feet.

A Texas town under the local option law voted for license, but the wide-awake prohibitionists applied for and obtained all the licenses allowed by law—and then refused to open any saloons. The Scripture which commends the wisdom of the serpent has evidently been read to some purpose in Texas.

A new consultant dressmaker advises that a woman have a dress for every mood. When she is feeling depressed, she should wear her gayest gown. The difficulty seems to be that when she got into her glad rag she would be so ungovernably exultant that it would be necessary immediately to change to something quiet, and thus the victim of moods would be forever changing. The male idea of trimming the coat-cuffs with the shears and letting it go at that, has its advantages.

Boston has just raised, by popular subscription, a half million dollars for a new Young Men's Christian Association building. Among all the contributions none is more interesting than that of a woman too poor to give anything in money. She supports herself by making little twine boxes, which she sells from door to door. To help the fund she sent seven of the boxes, with a letter apologizing for the smallness of the gift, but expressing the hope that it might bring in a dollar or two. The story of the humble gift was told at a public meeting, and the boxes were put up at auction. They sold for one hundred and thirty-two dollars—a sum greater than that contributed by many well-to-do givers.

For the fiscal year on which the adjutant general of the army has recently made report the number of desertions is placed at the astonishing figure of 4,993, or 4.97 per cent of the entire enlisted force. This is an increase of 38 per cent over the desertions of the year before. As to the causes of this remarkable defection from the ranks, Adjutant General Ainsworth assigns the abolition of the canteen, the monotony of garrison life, the increased amount of work and study demanded of the soldier, and the ease with which remunerative employment can be obtained in civil life at the present time. All of these causes have been attributed before to army desertions, and undoubtedly each contributes to the dissatisfaction of the enlisted private. The restoration of the canteen would meet with strong opposition, and it is doubtful if efforts in that direction would succeed at the present time. One would think that the additional work and study complained of would destroy the monotony of garrison life. With the rewards which certainly await efficiency and intelligence even in the ranks, garrison

monotony should be appreciably diminished. Dull times in trade and business increase enlistments, and when prosperous seasons return to the country the enlisted men naturally long for the freedom and opportunities of civil life. Monotony, we should say, is the worst enemy of the soldier in times of peace, but it would seem as though the War Department might easily devise means to overcome this and make the enlisted man more contented with his condition.

It is now a banker who takes his fling at the colleges, charging them with inefficiency in preparing young men for business life. In an address before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, J. G. Cannon deplored the "surprising lack" of business training available for college students to enable them to meet the conditions of "what is essentially a business nation." and declared that in this particular "American colleges are one hundred years behind the times." Is there any side on which the colleges have been left unassailed? Their morals, the encouragement they give to extravagance; football, fraternity life, the endeavor of institutions with old-fashioned ideals to cling to a classical curriculum, have been attacked. College presidents themselves have denounced the failure of colleges to conform to "modern demands." But the muck-raking of the higher education takes a curious form in the indictment of its shortcomings in preparing young men for banks and brokers' offices. Is this the function of colleges? If it is, the sooner campuses are established in Wall street and in the great industrial centers the better for the quality of instruction. The necessity will then be indicated of including corporation presidents and chairmen of boards in the faculty. But in a larger sense the opinion that American colleges do not prepare for business careers is controverted by the testimony of competent foreign observers who have noted that business life in America, on account of the large element of college men represented in it, is now on a higher plane than in any other country. The colleges may not equip students for positions in offices or mills, but they do provide that broader foundation for future prominence in commercial affairs the evidences of which are on every hand. It is not without significance that industry in America has attained its highest development at the very time when the participation of college-educated men in business is greatest.

### EMBARRASSING POPULARITY

An amusing result of the popularity of Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate, is recorded in a recent book by Edward Gilliat, M. A., entitled "Heroes of Modern Crusades." Father Mathew had arrived in the dusk of the evening at the house of a parish priest in a remote part of Galway. His host conducted him to a room on the ground floor, in which was a large bay window without blind or curtain. No sooner was Father Mathew in bed than he turned his face to the wall and fell into a deep slumber. Awakening, as usual, at an early hour in the morning, he opened his eyes, repeated a prayer, and turned toward the window. What was his dismay to see a crowd of people of both sexes and all ages standing tiptoe in front of the big bay window, some even flattening their noses against the glass, all eager to get a peep at his reverence.

A more modest man than he did not exist, and great was his embarrassment. He looked round furtively for a bell rope, but such a luxury was not to be thought of in a priest's house in Galway! He dare not even put a leg out to stamp on the floor; he was fairly in prison between the blankets. The crowd was growing larger and the talk louder. He could hear bits, such as: "Do ye see him, Mary, asthore?" "Danny, agra, lave me take a look an' God bless ye, child!" "Oh, wisha, there's the blessed priest abed!" "Mammy, there he lies, a-snoozin'! I can see his poll!" Three mortal hours did the prisoner wish for deliverance. Then his host came tapping, afraid to disturb his guest too early, saw the boys at gaze, and sent Pat to clear them off the house front.

### A Popular Fallacy.

The generally accepted belief that a person is useful in proportion as he is busy is converted by a writer, who says: "I have a dog that is loaded up with fleas. In the summer time, when the fleas are plenty, that is the busiest dog I ever saw; when he isn't biting at the fleas he's snapping at the flies. He never has a minute to spare, but when he is the busiest he is the least account for practical purposes. And there is a young fellow in my neighborhood who has a Waterbury watch, and he smokes cigarettes. When he isn't winding his watch he is lighting a cigarette. He is a mighty busy young man, but he isn't worth two hoops in a water barrel."—Rule (Texas) Review.

### Poor Girl.

"I am so sorry for Mabel, poor girl." "What's the matter?" "I heard her telling George that her face is her fortune."—Detroit Free Press.

The greatest aid to digestion is to eat less, and the remedy doesn't cost twenty-five cents a bottle.

# Is Your Ideal Husband the Man Who Helps or the Good Provider?



The Ideal Husband—What is he? The man who helps as well as provides? In the opinion of the Denver News it's not enough for Mr. Husband to dig out a living at his office all day long and then come home cheerful and smiling. It is also up to him to come home and be glad to go into the kitchen

after dinner, take a towel and help with the dishes. The really Ideal Husband, if there is such a thing beneath the moon, is the man who willingly dips into the household cares after his own have been pigeon holed in his office, and not the selfish, velvet-slipped, smoking-jacketed den dweller who rushes from his dinner to his cigar and forgets that wifery is splashing about in a dish pan.

Another woman, who's got wind of the idea of Maggie Shand, Barrie's most winsome and illuminating heroine, says she will find the ideal husband when she can find a man who is willing and will laugh at himself. "The man who will laugh at himself," asserts Barrie through Maggie's lips, "claims relation to the woman who was made, not out of man's rib but out of his funny bone—and therefore may be counted on to keep the world and his home a sweet and wholesome place." What woman wouldn't go miles to find such a partner? For as sure as the sun does shine he would be a real soul mate. Therefore it is the duty of husbands, if they would be counted among the ideals of a woman, to be helpful; to be laughers, and to share—not to dominate.

The ideal husband would never for a moment imagine or demand that his ideal wife should not aim higher than mere success in the culinary depart-



ment, for if a man truly loves a woman, a weight in his digestive apparatus will not affect the lightness of his cardinal region, according to the word of a masculine troubling over the ideal Wife-Husband controversy. One lady advertises most frankly for a gentleman "who looks like a sport," which would seem to be doing away with the domestic idea.

### AGE AND YOUTH.

Youth takes its joy from hopeful dreams. Of future prizes to be won. Of voyages on unknown streams In realms beyond the rising sun.

But Age, reflective Age, delights 'E'en in the twilight's dying rays In turning to the joyous sights Of unremembered Yesterdays.

I know not which more joy imparts, Which hath the sweeter taste, the page That tells of Hope in youthful hearts, Or tender memories of age. —John Kendrick Bangs in Success Magazine.

## The Author's Wife

The spacious drawing room presented an animated appearance. "Who's that speaking to our hosts?" asked one of the guests of a friend. "My dear fellow, moderate your curiosity. She's only an ordinary woman, though she may seem rather attractive to you. I've known other people the same way about her."

The two men approached as the woman moved in the direction of a window recess. She had not quite reached it, however, when hearing her name, "Elsie," she turned to be confronted by the men.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Ward," said one. "You'll find him very interesting on anything and everything connected with numismatics. He could tell a Caesar ha'penny from a Victoria one with his eyes shut." And with the slight grin that accompanied this attempt at wit the speaker bowed himself off.

"Madam, I beg you won't think it too ridiculous, but it's scarcely my fault. Mr. Molloy certainly introduced us in a sort of way, but he unfortunately neglected your name."

"How stupid of him. I thought you knew, I'm Mrs. Molloy."

This was the unexpected with a vengeance, and it was some time before Ward got the better of it.

"I really must beg your pardon. I ought to have known better."

"Not at all."

When she caught sight of Ward, who took a couple of steps forward. "How d'you do?" and Ward, turning to Mrs. Molloy, said: "Ladies, I don't know whether introduction is necessary between you, but if it is a case of repetition I shall throw myself on your generosity and beg to be excused. Mrs. Molloy—Miss Lascelles."

There was a brief silence and then the American girl remarked, "I think Mr. Molloy is very clever."

"You've known Edgar almost ever since you came over?"

"Yes, for six months."

"I seem to know you so well. I fancy it's largely owing to the book."

"Yes; everyone's talking about it."

The author's wife looked at the fine picture of young womanhood beside her, and said thoughtfully, "And you inspired it. What a great deal Edgar owes to you."

"On the contrary, I have always thought it is I who owe him a great deal."

"Is that because he made you the original of his heroine?"

"Well, perhaps."

"You think a great deal of Edgar?"

Beatrice Lascelles replied slowly, "Yes, I do."

"A great many women do that. He is very attractive. I want to speak very frankly to you, dear, and I do so hope you will not think me unkind or too interfering for doing it." After a

### SCOTCH TEACHER LAUDS WEST

Miss Bremner Says Women Are Capable and Climate Is Ideal.

Kate F. Bremner, "infants' mistress," Albion road school, Edinburgh, Scotland, was one of the teachers from Great Britain sent to the United States by Alfred Mosley a couple of years ago. She was in Omaha, among other cities, and has sent to Superintendent Davidson's office a little pamphlet containing her impression of "the states," the Omaha Bee says.

"Rumors of the open-hearted kindness and hospitality of the American in his own country had reached me before I crossed the Atlantic. Rumor in this case fell far short of reality. The courtesy and consideration which met me wherever I went, in Canada or in America, made my visit an experience of such pleasure and profit as is a joy and inspiration even in remembrance."

Of her observations in this section, which speaks of as "out West," the Scotch teacher says:

"I found many most capable women principals and came to the conclusion that pioneer life, where men and women were comrades and colleagues, had engendered a certain type of colonial woman of broad outlook, large-heartedness and sound judgment, ready to fill any position of power with a capacity for rule which is not so generally characteristic of the women at home, because here, until comparatively lately, she never had an opportunity to map out her own career and take her chance alongside of her more fortunate brother. What she will become in a generation or two at the present rate of enfranchisement remains to be seen."

The grand climate of the West also made a distinct hit with Miss Bremner, for she grows eloquent over it in several places, at one point writing:

"The effect of the climate is felt in the irrepressible optimism of the American people, who carry to their work the enthusiasm and strenuousness with which we also feel endowed when rejoicing in the glory of a day of sunshine and clear air."

### In the Feminine Epoch.

Senior Partner—Great Scott! What's the trouble? Has a cyclone hit our plant?

Junior Partner—No. The forewoman, Miss Sylph, put the machine-shop out of shape this morning by trying to use a twenty-four-foot belt, where we have always used a thirty-six.—Puck.

Enlarged pictures is not a habit but a disease, just the same as itch, mumps and measles. It always "takes" worse where the families are very poor.

## Old Favorites

Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still; November days are clear and bright; Each noon burns up the morning chill; The morning's snow is gone by night; Each day my steps grow slow, grow light; As through the woods I reverent creep, Watching all things lie down to sleep.

I never knew before what beds, Fragrant to swell, and soft to touch, The forest sifts and shapes and spreads; I never knew before how much Of human sound there is in such Low tones as through the forest weep, When all wild things lie down to sleep.

Each day I find new coverlids Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight; Sometimes the viewless mother bids Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight; I hear their chorus of "good-night;" And half I smile, and half I weep, Listening while they lie down to sleep.

November woods are bare and still; November days are bright and good; Life's noon burns up life's morning chill; Life's night rests feet which long have stood; Some warm soft bed, in field or wood, The mother will not fail to keep, Where we can lay us down to sleep. —Helen Hunt Jackson.

### Fame.

(From Lycidas.)

Alas! what boots it with incessant care To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, And strictly meditate the thankless Muse? Were it not better done, as others use, To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair? Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise— That last infirmity of noble mind— To scorn delights and live laborious days; But the fair guerdon when we hope to find, And think to burst out into sudden blaze, Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, And silts the thin-spun life. "But not the praise," Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears; "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil, Nor in the glittering foil Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes And perfect witness of all-judging Jove; As he pronounces lastly on each deed, Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed." —John Milton.

### MEMORIAL FOR JOHN FITCH.

Thinks Honors in Steam Navigation Should go to Philadelphia.

The case of John Fitch is a sad one. He was the pioneer and was successful. He ran his boat on the Delaware river for months, but he was received with derision. There was then no man in this city—probably not in the whole country—with the prophetic vision of Chancellor Livingston at a later day who possessed the wealth and influence to impress the fact of Fitch's success on the public, the Philadelphia Inquirer says. It argues ill for the state of enlightenment at that time that there was no one who could foresee the possibilities of steam navigation. If some Philadelphian had arisen at that moment to do what Livingston did subsequently in New York, much of our history might have been changed. We should have had steamboats on the western waters nearly twenty years earlier than we did, the events of the War of 1812 might have been more decided, and Napoleon might have had his steamers to cross the channel from Boulogne.

It is idle to speculate on what might have been, but it is certain that this city owes something to the memory of Fitch, the prophet whom it rejected. The least that can be done is to rear a monument to his memory and to place a headstone over his grave. In the library of the Historical Society to-day reposes the combined diary and autobiography of this man. It is one of the most pathetic of human documents. It shows the mighty soul of a man struggling against the stupidity and conservatism of his age. We think the Historical Society should take the initiative in the matter, and we believe that a reasonable sum can be secured for a suitable memorial to a man who was born out of due season, who deserved so much and got the worst.

### The Place for It.

An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye pu' the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

### The Shake.

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?" "I shook my head."

"Sideways or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

We have quit worshipping great heroes who live a long way off; instead, in future we shall worship the good citizens around home.

So far as is known, no widow ever doped.