

BANDON RECORDER

Special Each Week

BANDON.....ORIGON

Maay a man curses his luck who never had any.

It takes a clever oculist to cure an egotist of his I trouble.

It has come at least. There is a new disease called aeroplantitis.

Nat Goodwin found Wall street almost as precarious as matrimony.

Collector Loeb has certainly made himself unpopular with the people who can afford to pay.

The only people who really seem to enjoy living close to nature are those who don't have to.

When a young couple are married they are made one, but it takes some time to find out which one.

The discovery that chemistry can convert sage brush into valuable products is in line with the progress of the age.

History teaches us that the main object of mobs in monarchical revolutions is to dethrone the king and raise the deuce.

"De world," says your Uncle Eben, "is sumplin' like a lookin' glass. You's g'iner get better results if you smiles dan if you makes faces."

Quick marriages have been tabooed in Rhode Island, but it is never any trouble to step into another State from any part of Rhode Island.

Mr. Roosevelt is being mentioned for a third term. But since he has made the acquaintance of the singing topi such talk may not sound like music to him.

A Boston surgeon thinks man can be made a thing of beauty by the use of the knife. But hasn't the barber, with his razor, been doing that for many generations?

There are 64,000 more people in the service of the United States than there were a year ago. This is another of the reasons why a good many people think the world is growing better.

The King of Sweden has recently been working as a stvedore for the purpose of finding out how the laborers of his country feel. He has taken a wise course. The quickest and surest way to find out how a laborer feels is to labor for a while.

Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, recently married a man and woman and purposely left out the word "obey" when he read the service. He explained that he did not wish to help make liars of people. Mr. Johnson is evidently an observer and a philosopher.

Agricultural schools for women are proving their usefulness in France and Belgium. The course is as a rule brief, and the schools are "ambulant" ones, that is, they move from one part of the country to another. There are lectures on agriculture and household economy, but special attention is paid to dairy work, the making of cheese, and putting up foodstuffs and preserves. In France the schools are under the Department of Agriculture.

Are not men in the mass more inveterate gossips than women? Shakespeare's citizens do the real gossiping in his plays, even though he followed tradition in personifying rumor as a female—"If my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word." You will find as much lively and inane chit-chat in any man's clubhouse as in any woman's. The hotel and theater lobbies seethe with the gossiping of men. No village sewing society or mite society can equal the incessant buzz at the grocery store, and when it comes to downright, earnest, unflinching dissection of reputation and pernicious tittle-tattle there is no body of women in the land that can hold a candle to the foolish adult chatterboxes at any political headquarters.

Not long ago it was the fashion to decry the woman's club as a place frequented by careless mothers and uneasy spinsters, who preferred discussing Browning and Ibsen and Meredith to keeping their houses clean and their men-folk happy. The ground has been cut from under that reproach by the practical work done by various clubs for the public good. Playgrounds for children, vacation schools, the promotion of health by improved water supply, by more thorough street cleaning, by more scientific systems of drainage, by better disposition of garbage, by protection against flies and mosquitoes, a vigorous campaign against hideous billboards, high buildings and the smoke nuisance, and the gain for beauty by the preservation of trees and the improvement of parks and lawns—these are but a few of the activities in which the eight hundred thousand club women have been engaged during the last year. Women are wonderfully fitted to take up the task of ameliorating modern conditions—that is, of contriving schemes by which the evils of modern life shall be reduced to a minimum and its blessings multiplied. The woman's club is a most convenient and power-

ful agency for such work. The club women of the country have the force of an army and the adaptability of an individual. Their good service for town and state is well begun, and promises to extend yet further in the solution of social, civic, sanitary and educational questions.

Among the interesting papers read at the convention of the American Civic Association at Cincinnati was one by a woman landscape gardener, Mrs. McCrea, who has devoted herself to the beautifying of railroad stations and their immediate surroundings. "Art and the Railroad" was her topic—a strange one at first sight, but full of significance to those who happen to be conversant with the facts back of it. In a great city the railroad station as a "gateway" presents one set of problems, from which dignity and beauty of design and form are by no means excluded. In the small country town or village the station is apt to be looked upon as something useful rather than ornamental, and in thousands of places any shanty "does" as the railroad "depot." Yet nothing is so pleasing and so sure to command admiration as a pretty, appropriate country station, with clean, well-kept grounds, grass and flowers. They seem to form part of the landscape, to proclaim the loveliness, peace and charm of the country. Such stations and grounds are a good investment for the railroads and the communities. And it is gratifying to know that in the Northwest hundreds of little stations have been transformed and beautified by trained landscape gardeners who are regularly employed for the work by the railroads. Undoubtedly the railroads, in spite of their smoke and dust, can do something for art in the regions far removed from picture galleries and monumental structures. They are undertaking more and more to teach scientific farming, and they can do something for landscape gardening and the cultivation of love of harmony and simple beauty.

TYPICAL FRENCH "ROULETTE."

Source Whence Some of World's Best Comedians Have Been Evolved.

Do you know what a roulette is? In general, it means a gypsy caravan, but its scope has become enlarged and sometimes it means a whole traveling theatrical company. Some of the best comedians in the whole world have been evolved from the roulette, says Molly Seawell in Scribner's. That was Perinot's beginning. His roulette consisted of three long covered wagons. The rear wagon contained such rude and trifling stage accessories as Perinot's plays demanded. But Perinot, like Thespia in his cart, did not require much scenery. In this last wagon rode the Pillion brothers—very good actors, both of them, and handy men besides. Henri was tall and broad, while Gustave was so small, beardless and pretty that he could do women's parts extremely well.

In the next wagon rode, with the bedding and trunks, that excellent woman, Mme. Toutant, with her husband and her son, Auguste. Mme. Toutant was stout and large waisted, but a capable actress. The audiences laughed at her when she waddled on the stage, but before long her comic antics made them forget her stout figure and double chin, and they saw only her fine eyes and heard only her rich voice. Toutant himself was a dull, respectable man, and Auguste, the son, was as near nothing as could be well imagined. He was beautiful beyond expression, perfectly obedient to Mme. Toutant, as, indeed, was Toutant himself, and his beauty was an excellent foil to the fascinating ugliness of Perinot.

In the first wagon rode in state Perinot, the proprietor of the whole outfit. With him rode Columbine. She had another name, but it was generally forgotten by everybody, including herself. Columbine was picked up on the roadside one summer morning when she was 16 years old. She was in rags and her toes were peeping through her shoes, and she was weeping vociferously as she watched a regiment marching away to the next town.

England's Patron Saint.

The story of England's patron saint is surrounded by a mixture of truth and fable which defies definite sifting. He is generally believed to have been born at Lydia, but brought up in Cappadocia, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, A. D. 303. The legend of his conflict with the dragon may have arisen from a symbolical or allegorical representation of his contest with the pagan persecutors. When our crusaders went to the east in 1096 they found St. George elevated to the rank of warrior saint, with the title of the "victorious," and as they believed that they were indebted to him for aid in the siege of Antioch they adopted him as the patron of soldiers. Edward III. was thus led to make him patron of the Order of the Garter, and so gradually St. George became the tutelary saint of England. — London Mail.

After the Mass Play.

"How's yer boy doin' at college, Cy?" "Fust rate. He hopes to be out of the hospital some time after Christmas." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Anything a boy can't eat or make a noise with doesn't interest him at all.

A girl likes an extravagant young man—if she isn't going to marry him.

Mysteries of the Catacombs of Paris



At 6:30 p. m., recently, the corner of the rue Darnemont and the rue de Tourlaque, Paris, sank into the ground. Pedestrians saw a man and woman disappear. The man, twenty feet down, buried to the hips in falling dirt, heard the woman crying: "Mon-sieur, I am the mother of a family, save me!"

The hole enlarged. Tons of debris poured in. Two policemen, let down with ropes, disengaged the man. But the woman had disappeared.

The hole was fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide and thirty feet deep. Police and troops made a cordon; firemen evacuated the adjoining houses. At a depth of 108 feet they found the body of Mme. Chevalier—on the floor of a gallery of the ancient catacombs! They blame the recent heavy rains, undermining the surface; because, the next day, a spot ten feet square in the quadrangle of the old Louvre Palace, sank knee-deep with a crowd of tourists.

Next, two days later, a part of the Place of the Palais Royal went down three feet in the midst of pedestrian traffic. In neither case had the Metropolitan Underground Railway anything to do with the cave-ins. At this hour, the Paris underworld shelters incredible enterprises; storehouses of criminal bands; vast mushroom plantations of honest underground farmers; stored bones of generations of Parisians, and luxurious secret refuges of rich families. It is the whole story of old Paris.

The Paris of the middle ages was quarried underground for the stone built above ground. In the days of Joan of Arc there was already a subterranean labyrinth under half Paris, already a mystery, where Satanlost Hardy de Passavant and the Duke of Burgundy met the heads of the trades unions. Fantastic streets, their smooth stone ceilings forty feet beneath the surface, emptied into vast dark halls, turned, intersected, without plan, according to the quality of the stone. Galleries dating from Gallo-Roman times had become forgotten in Gothic times—as tourists know who have stayed at a certain pension near the Pantheon.

The known extent of this underground world is astonishing. Up to the twelfth century the palaces, churches, public and larger private buildings were constructed from catacombs quarried under 1,500 acres of the present surface in the three well-known groups—under the Gobelins; under the Latin quarter, and, on the other side, the whole Trocadero quarter.

How is it that this underworld does not cave in oftener? The weaker surfaces have already caved in. In particular, around the year 1774, the caves, following prolonged rains and much new building, became so numerous as to alarm the population. At the moment when a commission was examining a house in the Rue de l'Enfer went down—entirely—twenty-eight yards below the surface—into an abyss.

Drayloads of boxed goods enter certain Monmartre courtyards in plain daylight—and disappear. No search could find them. They gave gone down concealed elevators to a primitive little railway that runs through some old quarry gallery, five blocks, ten blocks, to another part of Paris. Some honest commission merchant hoists them up and mingles them with other goods, all ready for shipment.

There is even a persistent Paris rumor of "R. C."—"the King of the Catacombs." In the version used by Gaston Leroux he is chief of a disciplined army of foreigners, counterfeiters, burglars and abductors for ransom, attacking only the very rich and operating without scandal. In the quarter of the Pantheon where superposed galleries exist below the level of the Metro, the King of the Catacombs has a secret chamber. Surrounding it, in a circle, are the headquarters of each of his sections, watched and overheard by "R. C." when he pleases, through a circle of peep-holes.

This vast conspiracy, which utilizes equally young men of good society as indicators, clerks of public services as spies, physicians to give false certificates and bands of Apaches to muddle clews of expert burglary, has experts to work its counterfeiting presses, execute its forgeries and frauds on insurance companies.

The work is done in leisurely impunity 100 feet beneath Paris. Electric lighting, steam heat, scientific ventilating, vast underground kitchens, heavy carpets and hangings, luxurious furniture in sleeping-rooms and clubrooms makes this realm of "R. C." seem like pipe dream romance. But the police know its existence and are powerless. The catacombs are a maze, a labyrinth, tangled with masonry and cave-ins!

Subterranean Paris! It is a wonderful place, concealing mysteries, honest and dishonest, equally enticing to the imagination. It has been long known, long forgotten. It has enjoyed long impunity. But now that the Metropolitan Underground Railway is throwing its branches, literally, under the entire capital, the supporting surfaces that were just strong enough are being weakened. A few streets have caved in. There will be more. You will hear lots more of Subterranean Paris!

BUENOS AYRES.

A City with All the Finish of a Paris or a Berlin.

Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic, is in some respects the most cosmopolitan city in the world. No important European nation but has contributed its capital and its people to the upbuilding of this great metropolis. It also has the distinction of being the second city of Latin population in the world, being larger than the largest cities in Italy and Spain.

There is perhaps no city which exhibits a greater variety of pleasing contemporary styles of domestic architecture. The city council tries to encourage beautiful building by annually offering a gold medal to the architect who is found to have planned the most attractive facade and by freeing from the building tax the building thus favored.

The outward aspect of Buenos Aires is rather that of a European than of an American capital. It has all the finish of a Paris or a Berlin. The absence of the irregular sky line, caused in North American cities by the extreme height of some business buildings as well as the fact that the ground of the city is quite uniformly built upon, even in the more outlying regions, keeps the city from presenting that unfinished appearance which even our largest cities have.—World To-day.

SWISS TRAMPS FEW.

A Poor Place for the Man Who Doesn't Want to Work.

Switzerland is not a place for tramps, because the man out of employment and who makes no effort to find work is not tolerated for a moment in that country. The district authorities will secure him a job at hard labor and little pay, and such an offer can be refused only under the penalty of going to a penal workhouse. These institutions are under military discipline, the work severe, the wages a penny or threepence per day, and release is granted only upon the advice of those in charge. No difficulty is experienced in determining between beggars and unemployed, because all legitimate laborers have papers given them by the district in which they live containing information concerning the position they have held.

In every part of Switzerland are established "relief in kind" stations for the exclusive use of respectable unemployed. Only those are admitted who have had regular work during the previous three months and have been out of employment for at least five days. These men must be on the lookout for work and accept any situation that is offered, because the chronic loafer is soon detected by the police and his papers are marked so that he can never again seek refuge in a "station." —Exchange.

Many a woman who is gentle with other people is rough with her husband.

STURDY BABY IS FUTURE DUTCH RULER.



QUEEN WILHELMINA AND PRINCESS JULIANA.

The Dutch royal baby is one of the most interesting little royalties in the world. Her mother was so long giving the nation an heir that it looked as though there would be no direct successor to the throne, and the Dutch people feared that Germany then would try to gain control of their country. Their interest in little Juliana's health and general welfare, therefore, is more than usually great. Fortunately for the hopes of the nation, Juliana seems unusually sturdy.

WILD HORSE IN NEW YORK.

Roaming the Woods East of City Hall and Frightening Residents.

Driven wild by cold and hunger, a black bobtailed ownerless horse has been running in Burden's woods in the Ravenswood part of Long Island City and residents have asked the police to capture it.

No one knows where the animal came from and its presence was unknown until about two weeks ago, the New York Sun says. Those who know something about horseflesh say the animal is a thoroughbred and when out on a foray it clears a fence with the ease of a born and trained cross-country hunter.

Telling about the horse, one woman informed the police that it chased her around the yard and tore her waist from her back with its teeth. Another woman says it vaulted the fence into her yard, ripped her wash from the line and kicked over the out-buildings. On another occasion it bolted into the stall of a hard-working horse and, kicking the rightful occupant out of the place, proceeded to eat everything in sight. It is further related that it attacked a feed wagon on Vernon avenue and got away with two bags of oats.

Equipped with a wash line Policeman George Morrison, of the Hunter's Point station house, who has punched

cows in the West, accompanied by John Kelly, of the Bergh Society, spent all Wednesday trying to lasso the animal. The woods where the animal roves are about a mile in length and half a mile wide. Morrison and Kelly got back on Wednesday night empty-handed.

It is proposed to get a detail of cow cops together and have a round-up to capture the animal.

Spartan Self-Denial.

When Mr. D., known to be miserly, but not believed to be a miser, was approached delicately for a contribution to the organ fund, he shook his head courteously, but with an air of finality.

"Charity," he said, "is a pleasure one must do without."

His Bald Spot.

Little Margie's father had a bald spot. While kissing him at bedtime one evening she said: "Stoop down, papa. I want to kiss you on the head where the lining shows."

A Great Success.

First Young Wife—Do you find it more economical, dear, to do your own cooking?

Second Young Wife—Oh, certainly! My husband doesn't eat half so much as he did.—London Punch.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Up to Sept. 8, Sydney, Australia, had shipped \$6,561,000 worth of gold to Japan.

At the beginning of the present year there were 163,208 telephones in use in London.

A 2,000,000-ton hill in Cincinnati is being moved three miles to make a railroad fill.

The five great original forests of the United States covered 850,000,000 acres and contained 52,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

Extraordinary traffic on roads in England is only permitted, nominally, after those conducting it have agreed to pay for the injury caused.

All of the food served to a guest at a Japanese banquet and not consumed by him at the time is taken to his home by the servants of his host.

The figures of this country's wheat crop indicate not only a larger home consumption as a result of increased population, but also a larger consumption per capita.

Portrait of George Washington on the first half of the reply postal card. Portrait of Martha Washington on the second half. Thus the lady has the last word.—Boston Transcript.

For hundreds of years the people of Saxony have used stoves made of fire brick covered with glazed tiles, which retain and gradually radiate the heat for hours after the fire has gone out.

One of the greatest civic and economic problems confronting the authorities and public servants in the federal district of Rio Janeiro is that of providing homes for the working classes.

Saying that he was born in 1810, a man named Lacey, who was summoned at Norwich, England, for picking a flower in a public garden, pleaded absent-mindedness and the case was dismissed.

The production of sand and gravel in the United States in 1908 was 37,216,044 short tons, valued at \$13,270,632, a decrease of 4,635,874 tons in quantity and of \$1,222,037 in value over 1907.

North Queensland diocese has an area of 130,000 square miles and a population of 120,000, but only fifteen clergymen, said the bishop of London in a missionary appeal at the church house, Westminster.

One theatrical manager in New York reserves a box in his house for clergymen and their families one night every week. The rents are shaded, but just how much is known only to the manager and his treasurer and to the clergyman.

In the borough of Manhattan approximately 9,000 passenger elevators and 12,000 freight elevators are engaged in the daily transportation of 6,500,000 people. In the six years, 1903-1908, more than 4,000 of these machines were installed.

Dr. Rose Ringgold is the only woman contract surgeon in the United States army. When on duty she wears a divided skirt and a uniform coat. She is especially interested in the hospital problem of an army in the field and has made a study of the work of the Japanese hospital corps in the war with Russia.

English ship owners and Argentine cattle raisers have organized a company to ship regular weekly supplies of chilled meat from the River Plate to London and Manchester. Work has begun on nine new fifteen-knot refrigeration steamers to be added to the vessels already at the disposal of the ship owners.

The pay of officers in active service in the army is: Lieutenant general, \$11,000 a year; major general, \$8,000; brigadier general, \$6,000; colonel, \$4,000; lieutenant colonel, \$3,500; major, \$3,000; captain, \$2,400; first lieutenant, \$2,000, and second lieutenant, \$1,700. From colonel down the payment is increased every five years.

The so-called treasure of St. Peter at St. Peter's in Rome, hitherto not accessible to the general public, will hereafter be exposed to view on the payment of a small fee. It consists of several old church vestments, among them the dalmatic worn by Charlemagne at his coronation. The collection of vestments is the most complete in the world and every kind of embroidery is represented.

Joseph Walton of Darklands, Swadlincoote, Burton, who has just retired to spend the evening of his life in a house next to that in which he was born, has achieved the remarkable record of working full time in a coal pit when close on to 90 years of age. He has worked as a miner for about seventy years. He remembers the time when colliers worked twelve hours a day for half a crown, and he was one of the first to join the Miners' Association. Walton was one of a family of seventeen, and has two octogenarian brothers living.—London Times.

The principal source of the world's clove supply is Zanzibar, and the neighboring island of Pemba, East Africa. A ten-year-old plantation should produce twenty pounds of cloves to the tree. Trees of twenty years frequently produce upward of 100 pounds each. Besides the buds, the stems are gathered and form an article of commerce, commanding one-fifth of the price of cloves and having about the same percentage of strength. To this is due the fact that ground cloves can be bought at a lower price than the whole cloves.—Dundee Advertiser.