

## The Anti-Fly Crusade.

Among the many "anti" crusades, one against the fly merits approbation. Unless the doctors and germ scientists are all wrong, the fly is not only an annoying but a dangerous little beast. Physicians, scientists, entomologists, hygienists, boards of health, pure food societies, anti-tuberculosis societies, and even civic improvement leagues and business men's associations, all denounce the fly and urge people to make war upon it.

The reasons have been stated repeatedly in this paper. Flies are bred in filth, and they carry multitudinous disease germs on their feet, with which, if given opportunity, they settle on all sorts of food. It has been proven that they carry the bacilli of typhoid, tuberculosis, intestinal diseases and dysentery. It is a disseminator of disease, and therefore an enemy of human life. It is an insidious, lurking yet audacious pest. It cannot be exterminated, but it can be kept out of most houses, with vigilant care.

One man has computed that the descendants of one fly during a single season, if they should all live, might number over 8,000,000,000. Perhaps he got to multiplying and forgot to stop, but flies do multiply so rapidly that every possible effort should be made to leave exposed no offal or filth which can become a breeding place for them.

Much of the impure milk is made so by the fly. It is liable to leave disease germs in any food with which it comes in contact. It is some trouble and a little expense to keep flies out of a house, but drugs, doctors and undertakers are more expensive and troublesome.

The Merchants' Association of New York has issued the following directions for protection against the fly: "Keep flies away from the sick. Allow no decaying material to accumulate on your premises. Destroy all refuse or cover it with lime or kerosene. Screen all food, both in houses and stores. Keep all garbage receptacles covered and the vessels sprinkled with lime or oil. Keep all stable manure in a vault or pit, and sprinkled with kerosene, lime or other preparations. See that your sewerage is tight. Pour kerosene in the drains. Screen all windows and doors.

The less the number of flies, the greater will be mankind's peace, health and happiness. Hence the anti fly crusade is worth while. It is everybody's duty, to himself and others, to do what he can to get rid of flies.—Portland Journal.

Up at Coquille there has been considerable excitement over the condition of the city water, owing to the appearance of germs that did not seem to be the most pure, but the Sentinel stated last week that the impurities would probably soon be removed and the water again entirely pure. The water supply of a city is something that demands the most careful attention, and every indication of impurities should be immediately eradicated.

If you know an item of news call us up and tell us about it. If any of your friends come to see you, we want to know it, or if you are going away on a visit, we want to know that. Just phone to us, drop us a line in the post office, or call at this office personally and tell us and we will do the rest. The Recorder wants to get all the local news at all times.

Capt. Olsen of the Steamer Elizabeth has moved his family to Bandon and they will now be regular residents of this city. Bandon people will gladly welcome them to our social circles.

### Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Emma N. Jones, deceased, by an order of the County Court of Coos County, State of Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are required to present them within six months from the date of this notice with the proper vouchers to the undersigned administrator at the office of G. T. Treadgold in Bandon, Coos County, Oregon.

Dated this 19th day of May, 1910.

G. T. Treadgold  
Administrator of said Estate

## MR. MUDGE'S WOOING

A Very Homely Man Who Was a Very Persistent Lover.

By ADELAIDE RUTH HILL.  
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Jabez Chute Mudge was his name. Considering that he was the homeliest man in his state it would seem that his parents might have helped him to a more millifolious pair of surnames.

Mr. Mudge, however, came of good enough stock, was fairly well educated and was the possessor of a couple of thousand dollars a year. He lived on his own place, where he grew grapes, his only occupation. If he had had anything else to do this story would never have been written, for nine-tenths of his time was devoted to incidents recounted therein.

On a neighboring hill lived Leonidas Meredith, a gentleman whose name was as euphonious as Mr. Mudge's was discordant. Mr. Meredith possessed a daughter, Leita, who was as comely as Mr. Mudge was homely. This story recounts the wooing of Leita Meredith by Chute Mudge.

When Mudge first saw Miss Meredith and how he happened to fall in love with her doesn't matter. His first move in the direction of possessing her was made one morning when her father was getting into his carriage to drive to a train on his daily journey to the city. Mudge stepped up to him and astonished him by asking for the hand of his daughter.

"My daughter!" exclaimed the gentleman, opening his eyes very wide.

"Yes, Mr. Meredith; I have loved her



"I SHALL LOVE YOU FROM A DISTANCE."

a long while and shall always love her. I can take fairly good care of her."

"You get out of this mighty quick or I'll find a way to hurry you."

"I shall stay here, Mr. Meredith, till I get your consent."

"Tom," yelled the wrathful father to the gardener, "come here!"

Tom dropped a spade and came running toward his employer.

"Just help me a bit with this fellow."

Mr. Meredith took the sutor by one arm, Tom took him by the other, and, walking him down to the pond, lifted him and with a "One, two, three," they threw him in.

Mudge came up spluttering. Mr. Meredith hurried to his carriage and was driven away, his word being son-in-law crying after him: "I'm not discouraged, sir. I'll try again."

When Miss Leita Meredith heard the story of her wooer's ducking she gave a little laugh, then said, "Poor fellow!" If Mudge had heard the remark possibly he might have gathered a ray of hope. The young lady's mother asked her if she had ever had any communication with Mudge, to which she replied that she had not known that there was such a person in existence.

This was the first episode in Mr. Mudge's courtship. The second was very different. Jabez kept an eye on the Meredith place and noticed a young man who called rather more frequently than the red headed lover thought might be well for his own suit. One afternoon when this gentleman was leaving the Merediths, Jabez waylaid him and asked him if he could tell him the way to B. The man replied that he could not. Jabez told him that he believed he was lying. The man promptly slapped Jabez's face, and Jabez as promptly knocked him down. The young man's jaw was pretty nearly broken, and when he got up he was in no condition to renew the fight. He went back to the Merediths for assistance, told of his encounter and spoke of his assailant as a "red headed, monkey shaped devil."

Miss Meredith, who was bathing his jaw, at once recognized her persistent lover. What woman can fail to feel some interest in a man who for her sake will first consent to be ducked by her father and then will permit no other man to pay her attention? She expressed to the gentleman under her care her abhorrence of Jabez Mudge and his act, but for her life she could not but consider him in the light of a victor. When her visitor showed a shrinking from meeting the "red headed, monkey shaped devil" again, and asked to be driven to his home Jabez had got rid of his only rival. Miss Meredith had more admiration for the

monkey shaped man than his opponent.

Not long after this Miss Meredith concluded to walk to the village. Her mother told her she had better go in her pony cart since she might meet Mr. Mudge, and it would be easier for her to drive away from him than to walk away. To this the girl replied that she was not afraid of Mr. Mudge and would not permit him to restrict her movements in the least. Down in the bottom of her heart she had a curiosity to talk with this singular being who was suffering and daring for her and hoped that he might join her. Jabez, constantly on the lookout for such an opportunity, saw her leave the place on the hill and sallied forth to meet her. As she approached he stood still with his hat in his hand and his head bowed.

"May I have a few words with you?" he said in a sad voice.

"No."

Nevertheless he walked on beside her.

"Do you want another ducking?" she asked.

"A thousand if they will bring me nearer to you."

"What in the world put it into your head to want me?" she asked.

"First, you are the most beautiful woman in the world," he replied.

"Second?"

"Second is all the rest of it. I must have you, and I will have you."

"And I will not have you."

"Then I shall love you from a distance as long as I live."

"And I wish you to understand that in case any man pays me attention in future you are to let him alone."

"Won't you at least give me the satisfaction of dying by his hand? I would rather do that than live to see him possess you."

"You're too silly for anything."

By this time they had reached a fork in the road, and she signified that he must leave her. Jabez did so and walked away to his home, feeling that he had gained one point, but it was a very small point, and there was a whole picket fence of points bristling ahead of him.

Not long after this Mr. Meredith introduced a young man named Long to his daughter and intimated that he would be pleased if she and Long would make a match. The young man fell in readily with the plan and after devoting himself to the girl for some time proposed to her.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I can't marry any one."

"Why not?" he asked, surprised.

"There is a man living down there who has taken it into his silly head that he wants me so much that I'm afraid he'll kill any one who marries me."

"He will, eh? Then it is time some one kills him."

"You had better not try it."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, he loves me so well that he permitted papa and Tom, the gardener, to throw him into the pond, all on my account, but he waylaid a gentleman who was calling on me and nearly broke his jaw."

"I'll see him and find out whether he's going to put another of your admirers out of the race."

"Don't."

When Miss Meredith said "don't" she meant "do." She wished to know what her red headed lover would do in the matter, though she did not intend that anything serious should happen. Long went straight to Mudge and said: "I have asked Miss Meredith to marry me. She says that if she does you will kill me."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Meredith didn't say any such thing."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"With Miss Meredith's permission I'll fight you any way you please—fists, swords, pistols or rifles."

"But Miss Meredith considers you as standing between her and marriage. Of course she doesn't wish me to fight for her with you."

"Then let her say so."

Somewhat surprised at this turn of the affair, Long went back to Miss Meredith and told her what had passed between him and "the red headed monkey," supposing she would at once give him something that would indicate to Mudge that she wished him to let any suitor of hers alone. Instead of that she said:

"I'll see what I can do with him."

Long bowed himself away with a bearing that denoted disappointment and displeasure.

The next morning Mudge had a feeling that he should receive some communication from Miss Meredith and believed she would talk with him rather than write. He was not mistaken. During the day he saw her leave her home on foot. He went to meet her.

"Why do you persist in thrusting yourself between me and any one who wishes to marry me?" she asked.

"Do you wish to marry this man who came to see me yesterday?"

"There was no reply to this."

"Because if you do I will do nothing to prevent you."

"I am glad that this insane freak of yours has become thirtured at last with a little common sense. Doubtless your love is not so fierce as it was."

"There is no change in my love except that it has grown greater. When it began it was selfish. Now I love you so well that I am ready to sacrifice myself for your happiness."

She led the way on a path not much trodden, and it was two hours before she left him. When she returned to her home there was evidently something on her mind.

The next morning a maid left hot water in her mistress' room and found it empty. Miss Meredith had fled to become Mrs. Mudge.

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