

Woman's World

Princess Cantacuzene and Her Handsome Sons Visit America.



PRINCESS CANTACUZENE.

Princess Cantacuzene, who before she married a Russian prince some years ago was Julia Dent Grant, daughter of General and Mrs. Fred D. Grant and niece of Mrs. Potter Palmer, is visiting in this country. With her two handsome boys she arrived from Russia recently, and it is her intention to show her boys the famous battlegrounds where their great-grandfather, General Ulysses S. Grant, won his victories during the civil war.

The little chaps are keenly interested in American history, and there is no doubt that with their soldier grandfather for a guide they will learn more of the history of the rebellion than they ever could from books.

The princess, as may be gleaned from her picture, is just as charming and girlish looking as a matron as she was as the pretty Miss Julia Grant.

Business Opening.

Girls who want to begin sewing as a business can always find demand for well made shirt waists.

The fancy blouse and the plain shirt are an excellent entering wedge into the professional world of dressmaking. Most young women who have made their own shirt waists successfully have at any rate more originality in the matter of varying the plaits and of nice little touches of trimming than the overbusy dressmaker, who "doesn't bother with shirts," except to keep a customer.

There are girls' clubs in almost every village and city, and a card or a dozen cards left there will usually bring all the customers a novice will care to contend with.

Nobody shall say to what height the beginner may aspire, but certain it is that she who is willing to commence in a modest way on inexpensive materials and with little outstanding money will the sooner reach a height. She will never regret the early days when she was, by a less ostentatious beginning, enabled to study the customer and business detail in general.

It Can Be Made of Odds and Ends.

If you want to be in the swirl of fashion make yourself a turban and muff set like the one illustrated. You can easily accomplish the task with pieces of velvet and fur from your milliner's scrap box. For the muff, which is of puffed velvet shirred vertically, quite a large piece of velvet



turban and muff set of silk and fur will be necessary, as the muff is of a generous size. The puffed crown of the turban is of the same velvet, and both turban and muff are edged with fur. The set pictured is of berry toned velvet and smoked fox fur, but a combination of silk and velvet would be almost as effective.

There is a fad this season for these fabric and fur muff and turban sets.

Athletics Versus Learning

Story of a Twirler and Tackler
By HUDSON C. EASTON

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"Johnny," said Peter Weatherbee to his son when his boy left him in the mountains of Colorado to go east to college, "I want you to study your latin hard and don't give too much of your time to those games the boys play at college. Out here when an educated young man onet gets a start he can top those who haven't the education. Now study hard and let the other things go."

When Johnny returned four years later his father was very much disappointed in his record. He had taken no honors, stood near the foot of his class, but was the athletic hero of the season. As a twirler he could send a ball that few could hit; as a tackler no man could get past him. Johnny's father was owner and editor of the Rocky Mountain Globe. But the paper during Johnny's sojourn at college had been running down. A rough element had come into the town, which had started with fine prospects, and so disturbed the condition of things that the better people were leaving, while no new respectable settlers were coming in.

"Father," said Johnny, "it seems to me that it's the duty of an editor to make it hot for evil wherever his paper is located."

"And get shot for doing it," "Better be shot than let the other fellow take the bread and butter away from you. If the town dies our paper dies."

Peter Weatherbee consented that his son should write articles against the evil disposed, thus awakening the better class of citizens against them. Johnny began by inveighing against the indiscriminate carrying of weapons. Then he attacked certain men who ran gambling houses, with others who made offices of the said resorts.

"Johnny," said his father, "seems to me you've weakened yourself. You can't carry a revolver since you've come down on the practice, and these men you've been larrupin' 'll shoot you down like a dog."

"They won't go for me, father. I'm only an understrapper. They'll go for you, at least till they find out that I'm the man that's after them."

The next morning Johnny put his desk in a room through which all must go to his father's office. He had hardly got settled when one of the parties attacked in that day's issue of the paper came up the stairs.

"Where's old Weatherbee?" he asked. "I'm going to kill him!"

"In there," interrupted Johnny. The man was opening the door when Johnny tackled him from behind, pulled him to the landing and threw him down to the first floor, two flights below. He was not killed outright, but died in a hospital the next day.

"So much for my football training, father," said Johnny. "By and by I'll try some other athletic features I learned at college."

Johnny sat down to write some more articles attacking other rascals. Over his desk was a rosewood baseball inlaid with gold which Johnny had won in college as a trophy. When he was rallied on his defenselessness he said he could use that far better than a revolver. During the morning he heard a quick footstep at the other end of the hall. There's lots in a step, Johnny knew at once what this one meant. Seizing his wooden ball, he went to the door. Some fifty feet away a man he recognized as a pal of the one he had thrown downstairs was coming with blood in his eyes as well as his step. Johnny twirled his trophy ball, landing it in the right eye of the comer and relieving it of all the blood there was in it.

The man didn't come any farther. Indeed, he was taken to his home, where a doctor pronounced his case a fracture of the frontal bone. He died in a few days.

These two novel encounters encouraged the good citizens and somewhat shamed the bad ones. An athletic gambler vowed he would take Johnny on his own ground. Meeting Johnny on the street, he suddenly tackled him with his right arm and began to rain blows on his face with his left fist. But Johnny had been thus held often before. He wriggled out like an eel and landed a blow on his opponent's mug that capsize him. The man started to run. Johnny followed him, every now and then getting in a kick. At last, after having several times served as Johnny's football, the man gave out and could go no farther.

Those who saw the last kick the gambler received differed as to the distance Johnny sent him. Some said it was ten feet, some fifteen, and one man, who claimed to have measured the distance with a tape line, declared that it was just nineteen feet and four inches.

The man suffered from a broken coccyx, which is the end of the backbone. This being the third man that Johnny had put "out of the fight," a number of citizens called on him and told him that they would see him through what else might be in store for him. Johnny said to them:

"While at college I prepared myself for my beginning here. But I reckon that, having got rid of the three worst men in the town, the others will be cowed."

And so it proved. Johnny, having paved the way for his usefulness, rose rapidly in the esteem of his fellow citizens and is now one of the prominent men of the state.

ATE A WHOLE SHEEP.

One of the Feats of Nicholas Wood, a Famous Glutton.

The following account of a man named Nicholas Wood, famed for his gluttony, was written by John Taylor, the "water poet" of the seventeenth century:

Nicholas Wood was a Kentish yeoman. "Be it known to all men to whom these presents shall come," writes John Taylor, "that I, John Taylor, waterman of St. Saviour's in Southwark, will, with plain truth, bare and threadbare, treat of the remarkable actions of Nicholas Wood.

"He hath eaten a whole sheep at one meal; pardon me! I think he left the skin, the wool and bones; and presently after he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons. Two loins of mutton and one loin of veal are but three sprats to him. Once at Sir William St. Ledger's house, so valiant and staunch of teeth he showed himself, that he ate as much as would suffice thirty men, and afterwards he slept eight hours.

"One morning I sent for him to the inn to eat breakfast. He had already eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of portage, and bread, butter, and cheese. He gave me thanks and said that if he had known any gentleman would have invited him to breakfast he would have spared his meal at home. Nevertheless he would do me the courtesy to show me some small cast of his office. Whereupon I summoned the hostess and commanded that all the victuals in the house be laid before my guest.

"The inn was slenderly provided, but six-penny loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampart, three six-penny veal pies, one pound of sweet butter, and a number of other dishes were set out, all of which were quickly brought to nothing."

RUBBER OYSTERS.

They Brought Trade and Saved Their Inventor From Failure.

"Rubber oysters laid the foundation of my success," said a millionaire hotel man.

"I had a small saloon in them days, and things looked very black. They looked, in fact, like bankruptcy. So in desperation I cut an old rubber doornail into oyster shaped pieces on April 1 and fried them in egg and breadcrumbs to a tasty brown.

"There was only one man in the bar when I fetched in that dish of smoking rubber oysters. His eyes glittered, and he grabbed a fork, jabbed it into a big fellow and took a hungry bite.

"Seeing the surprised look that spread over his face, I turned away to hide a smile. He gave an awkward laugh and said:

"Them's fine oysters. I'll bring a couple of the boys in to sample them."

"Sure enough, he brought two friends a half hour later. The friends no sooner saw the appetizing rubber oysters than, setting down their beer, they each sunk their teeth in one.

"They, too, sent in friends for oysters. I fried up no less than three old doornails and two overshoes that April fool day. The whole town laughed, and the papers printed funny stories about my joke. My joint got real popular.

"In short, I was saved—saved from bankruptcy by rubber oysters."—Washington Post.

A Light on Mothers.

The late William James, Harvard's famous psychologist, would often illuminate a misty subject with an appropriate anecdote. Discussing motherhood in a lecture on psychology, Professor James once said:

"A teacher asked a boy this question in fractions:

"Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie and there were seven of you—the parents and five children. What part of the pie would you get for your portion?"

"A sixth, ma'am," the boy answered. "But there are seven of you," said the teacher. "Don't you know anything about fractions?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. "I know all about fractions, but I know all about mother too. Mother 'd say she didn't want no pie."

The Misguided Friend.

De Chapple—If there's any one nuisance I hate more than another it's a fellow who is always going around introducing people. There's Goodheart, for instance.

Bouttown—What's he been doing?

De Chapple—The idiot! The other day he introduced me to a man I owed money to, and I'd been owing it so long he'd forgotten all about me. Now I'll have to pay up or be sued.—London Telegraph.

Catching On.

Young Mr. Struckett-Ritch was eating his first meal at a real restaurant. "What are those?" he asked, pointing at the finger bowls the waiter had just brought to the table.

"Those are to wash your fingers in, sir," said the waiter.

"Oh, I know that," rejoined young Struckett-Ritch, with remarkable possession. "I mean are they cut glass?"—Chicago Tribune.

Betty and the Kitten.

Betty is only four and often in her excitement she makes very odd remarks. The other day she cried out: "Oh, mother, there's a dear maitine kitten all curled up in the corner!"

A Feat For Willie.

Teacher—Willie, if you had five eggs in the basket and laid three on the table, how many would you then have? Willie—Eight.—Life.

It is better to hold back a truth than to speak it ungraciously.—De Sales.

Commercial Club Boosting.

Oregon City already feels in larger school population the result of her Commercial Club publicity work begun a year ago. And this is not the end. Newcomers are a most effective agency for getting more newcomers. Good publicity work by commercial organizations is almost automatically cumulative, says the Oregonian.

Why not the Bandon Commercial Club get busy and do a little boosting along these lines. Here is an example of actual results obtained.

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Definition FIFIELD—"Superior to all others."—Why not patronize the best and "ONLY WAY?" 54th

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon,
December 16, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that John W. Koen, of Bandon, Oregon, who on Feb. 2, 1909, made Homestead application No. 14842, Serial No. 04475, for S. E. 1-4 S. E. 1-4 Sec. 9, and W. 1-2 S. W. 1-4, and S. W. 1-4 S. W. 1-4, Section 10, Township 30 S., Range 14, W. W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. D. Morse, United States Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 4th day of February, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:
James A. Cope, of Bandon, Oregon.
Hermen DeLong, of Bandon, Oregon.
Hayden D. Jackson, of Bandon, Oregon.
Elbert Dyer, of Bandon, Oregon.
63-16-T BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register.

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