

AN AERIAL ENTHUSIAST

By LUCY K. WYNKOOP
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Having been left a fortune very much larger than I had any use for—I was a young girl then or I would have known that no fortune is quite large enough—I determined to endow some institution. A member of the board of directors of an insane asylum, a lady, persuaded me to give her project \$100,000.

I drove one afternoon to the asylum with a check for the amount I was to give. The lady I have mentioned went with me and had arranged for her attorney to be there with the necessary legal papers.

When we arrived we found a telegram from the attorney saying that he would be delayed. Learning that the patients were to have a dance the same evening, we decided to remain and have a look at the dancers. No patients were received in the institution except those who were considered harmless. Indeed, most of them were unbalanced on but one subject. We were given tea in the apartments of the medical director, and his wife made us at home till the ball opened, which was very early in the evening, for it must end at 10 o'clock.

I and my gift were known, and nothing would do but that I should take part in the festivities. I danced several times, when a young man of very prepossessing appearance came up to me and asked if I would be his partner. There are occasions when a girl will meet a man to whom she is especially drawn. I had not been in company with this young fellow long before I felt a pang that he should be insane. He charmed me at once.

Naturally I wished to discover his weak point. I tried him on several subjects, but saw nothing abnormal until I struck aviation. Then he began to talk wild. He said that he had some views about flying machines he hoped to work out which would bring aeroplanes nearer to the construction of birds. A bird's wings were not rigid. Why should those of an aeroplane be rigid? He had in mind a plan by which the wings of the machine should flap like those of the bird.

"True," he said, "birds often soar without using their pinions, but since they flap them at all it indicates that flapping is necessary."

"Why do you wish to go up in the air?" I asked. "I am quite content on the earth."

"I only know that I would love to sail up in the clouds, to pass over the tops of high mountains. I would love!"

I shut him off. I was quite satisfied with having discovered his weakness. I had no mind to get him to raving. I excused myself and joined some one else. But later, shortly before the close of the entertainment, he joined me again and asked for a last dance.

I declined. His personality had thrown a spell over me which I thought if yielded to would grow upon me. In other words, I felt that I had met my fate in one of unsound mind and it would be dangerous to my comfort to yield to what might soon become a serious infatuation. He gave me a half reproachful glance—a glance suggesting to me that he had been impressed by him—and left me.

When the evening's amusement was ended my friend the directress told me that we would proceed to the superintendent's room, where the attorney was waiting for us to transact our business, and then go home. I went with her, and, on opening the door of the office, there, sitting at a table looking over some papers, was the young man who had gone daft on aviation. I stopped short, paralyzed with astonishment. He arose and gave me one of those pleasant smiles that had helped to charm me.

"Why," I said, "I—I didn't expect to find you here."

It was his turn to look surprised. "I supposed you knew who I was," he said.

"I did not. I thought"—I stopped. He looked very much amused. "I see," he said. "You mistook me for one of the patients. I'm not sure but some of them might, change places with me to my advantage." Then, turning to the work before him, he read me several legal documents, now and then stopping to explain something, I knowing not half as much of what he was talking as when he had been discussing on aviation. When he had finished he gave me a lot of papers and took my check, which I had made payable to the trustees.

The lawyer or lunatic—I was so confused that I was not yet certain in my mind which he was—rode in the same carriage with us to a railroad station, where we dropped him, he taking a passing train, while we drove on to my home.

I went to bed with my mind in a good deal of a whirl, but above it all was a feeling of thankfulness that the man I had met was not a lunatic, for it was possible his mental condition might make a great deal of difference to me.

It was not long before he expressed through my friend the directress a desire to continue our acquaintance, and I sent him an invitation to call on me. At his first visit I drew him on to aviation, and I learned that he made it his hobby, having an inventive taste, but had never been up in an aeroplane in his life.

I married the supposed lunatic, and, strange to say, though I can give him all the funds he needs to prosecute his aerial tastes, he prefers his uninteresting law cases.

Fourierism.

Fourierism was a social system founded by Charles Fourier, born in France 1772, died 1837. Fourier advocated co-operative industrialism, combined with the idea that society should be organized into "phalanxes." The phalanx was to number about 1,600 persons, who were to live in a common building, with a certain portion of soil for cultivation. The staple industry, was to be agriculture, but the various groups might devote themselves to such as were best suited to their tastes. Several attempts were made to carry out Fourier's theories, but the result in each case was failure. —New York American.

His Motto.

"You go around borrowing money all the time and yet you seem to be prosperous."

"I am."

"How do you manage it?"

"My motto is, 'Always put off till tomorrow those you have done today.'"

—Toledo Blade.

Lots of Practice.

"Junkins, your wife is the most brilliant conversationalist I know of."

"Well, she's had lots of practice. She goes to a theater box party two or three times every week."

—Chicago Tribune.

Calling a Bluff.

Father—I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son? Willie—Not and keep my face as straight as you do, pop!—Puck.

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.—Johnson.

THE SOUND SLEEP OF GOOD HEALTH

Cannot be over estimated and any ailment that prevents it is a menace to health. J. L. Souther, Eau Claire, Wis., says: "I have been unable to sleep nights, because of pains across my back and soreness of my kidneys, and my general condition was much run down. I have been taking Foley's Kidney Pills but a short time and now sleep as sound as a rock. I know that Foley's Kidney Pills have cured me." Bandon Drug Co.

The Notion of Rastus.

Dere never was a man on earth
So wonderful or clever
Dat ever found a way t' live
On dis ole world forever.

Dere never was a man so rich
Dat didn't hav' t' go
When ole man Death came after him
An' crooked his finger so.

An' den dere never was a man
So great when he was gone
But what dis good ole world of ours
Jes' kep' a-waggin' on.

An' since dis ole world never stops
When famous men depart
I've come t' de conclusion dat
We ain't so deef as we smart.

—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted Standard Price.

Two miserable looking hoboes called on the dean of a medical college and proposed that he purchase their bodies for the dissecting room, as they were on the verge of starvation and had not long to live.

"It is an odd proposition," hesitated the dean.

"But it is occasionally done," suggested the spokesman eagerly.

"Well," said the dean, "we might arrange it. What price do you ask?"

"Over in New York," replied the spokesman, "they gave us \$40."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Constipation brings many ailments in its train and is the primary cause of much sickness. Keep your bowels regular madam, and you will escape many of the ailments to which women are subject. Constipation is a very simple thing, but like many simple things, it may lead to serious consequences. Nature often needs a little assistance and when Chamberlain's Tablets are given at the first indication, much distress and suffering may be avoided. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

In Millennium Time.

They cease to wrangle in a row.
At last they overcome it.
The office seeks the man, and now
The man is running from it!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Negative Righteousness.

"Some misguided men," observed the boarding house philosopher, "think they are righteous because they don't devour widows' houses and don't make long prayers."—Chicago Tribune.

Catching.

It seemed to him that all his life
Was just one sleepy spasm,
And then he noticed that he lived
Beside a yawning chasm.

—Houston Post.

The Reason For It.

Teacher—Can any little girl tell me why our heads are covered with hair?
Little Girl—To have something to pin more hair to.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Noticed It?

You'll often find that you have joined
The no meat movement if you buy
In lunch room or in restaurant
The regulation chicken pie.

—Browning's Magazine.

Airy Reply.

"Have you heard that we are to have an aviation club in town?"

"Well, I've got wind of it."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Fireside Hero.

Oh, father's a wonderful man!
When he comes home at night
All the children delight
So mightily a creature to scan.
They believe he is lofty and great,
Quite fit to be king
Or any old thing
That holds a high place in the state.

Of course when he's striving downtown
He may scratch, kick and bite
And avoid a fair fight
Or be but a blustering clown,
And his fellows may scoff his plan,
But nature is kind,
At home he will find
He is always a wonderful man.

—Washington Star.

Electrically Put.

"Mrs. Dumbitt attracted much comment when she appeared in her latest amperage gown," wrote the market reporter, who had been detailed in a pinch to sub for the society editor.

"Don't you mean empire gown?" asked the city editor, glancing over the copy.

"Must have made the mistake because of the way some of those folks give the word 'empire' the real French twist, huh?"

"No, I mean amperage, all right," argued the market reporter. "It was shocking!"—Chicago Evening Post.

Eastern Time.

Somebody told Gus Rodkin that we might have "eastern time."

And Gus replied in careless tones he thought the project prime.

The man explained to Gus that we would gain an hour of light.

And that to even up the scheme we'd lose an hour at night.

"It's New York time," the man went on. "You've been there and you know. You rise at 4, and then to bed at 9 o'clock you go."

But Jimmy Rodkin shook his head and said, "If I recall
My New York trips I quite forgot to go to bed at all."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a medicine must be given to young children it should be pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is made from loaf sugar and the roots used in its preparation give it a flavor similar to maple syrup, making it pleasant to take. It has no superior for colds, croup and whooping cough. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

That For His First Wife's Cooking.

"I wish you could learn to cook as my first wife did," he complained.

"If you had the ability my first husband possessed," she replied, "our income would be sufficient to enable us to hire the best cook in the country."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The New Fashion.

If you go to the ball or the opera you'll find
Of too many girls it is true
As soon as they're out of short dresses
They want
To get out of long dresses too.

—Erie Times.

A Faulty Diagnosis.

"All that you need," said the doctor after he had made a thorough examination, "is a change of diet."

"A change of diet? Good heavens, we've had a new girl every week for the past six months!"—Judge.

As Pronounced In England.

There was a young lady from Wemyss
Who had such horrible dremys
That she had to give up her
Old favorite supper
Of pigs' feet and chocolate creamys.

—Cleveland Leader.

His Guess.

She—They say that in most cases the eyesight of women is better than that of men.

He—That's because the women "pull the wool" over the eyes of the men, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

ONE CONDUCTOR HELPED BACK TO WORK

Mr. Wilford Adams is his name, and he writes: "I was confined to my bed with chronic rheumatism and used two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy with good effect, and the third bottle put me on my feet." It clears the blood of uric acid. Bandon Drug Co.

All through her younger days she used
Whenever she'd a chance
To sit upon his knees and take
The creases from his pants.

They're married now, and every night
She thinks it pray thin
To have to stay at home and put
His trousers creases in.

—Boston Herald.

"I am a candidate for your hand."
"But my parents have endorsed another young man."

"All right. I'll run as an insurgent."

—Houston Chronicle.

"Mother, may I go out to fly?"

"Yes, my darling daughter,
But have a care, as Curties does,
To do it over water."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Before the Venus of Milo:

Smithers (reading sign, "Hands Off")
—The poor idiots! Do they think any one could look at that statue and not know the hands were off?—Christian Register.

Nightingales' tongues in honey about,
Dainties that slipped down the Lucullan throat.

What are ye all but tasteless and dry
Matched by a wedge of a real pumpkin pie?

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Our baby cries for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy" writes Mrs. T. B. Kendrick, Rasaca, Ga. "It is the best cough remedy on the market for coughs, colds and croup." Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

NOTICE!

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Signed, Belgian Horse Breeders Association of Curry County.

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Gives all the local news and happenings and should be in every home in this vicinity. The two papers make a splendid combination and you can save \$1 by sending your subscriptions to The Bandon Recorder. We can also give our subscribers a good clubbing offer for the Daily and Sunday, or Sunday Journal in connection with the Semi-Weekly Bandon Recorder.

Some Choice Buys in Bandon REAL ESTATE

Lots in Smith's Addition from \$25 up. Close in and level land. Lots in the Woolen Mill Addition from \$65 up. You can work in the Mills and go home for dinner from these lots. About 40 to pick from.

Five Room Cottage on Plank Road, five minutes walk from post office, 40x209 feet. Price \$1000.

Fourteen lots in Waterman's Park. All clear, nice and level. \$100. Time if wanted. Come and see them. Two blocks from High School.

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A Three Acre piece of land close to new school house \$3500. This is a snap.

House and large lot in West Bandon—close in, \$1300.

House and lot in Woodland Addition. Good location for \$1200.

176 Acres Coal Land, if taken quick will be sold cheap—on Coquille river.

40 Acres Good Hill Land, 3 miles from Bandon, \$10 per acre. These are all bargains and if interested you had better get busy. Write, call or phone

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