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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF BANDON

Scrap Book

Wanted Particulars.
Not many years ago two men were working on the highway in a small town in Maine. As they worked they discussed various people and affairs of national importance. One morning one of them referred to the secretary of war, and the other asked:
"Joe, who is the present secretary of war?"
"Why, I don't believe I know his name," replied Joe, "but here comes old Uncle David Blake. We'll ask him."
As the old man drove up the laborers called out, "Uncle David, can you tell us who the secretary of war is?"
Uncle David thought deeply for some moments. "Well, I ought to know; but, bless me, I can't seem to remember just now." And he drove on, thinking deeply. Soon the two men saw Uncle David coming back and when he came within hailing distance he called out:
"Say, you fellows, what war did you mean, anyway?"—Everybody's.

Better Things.

Better to feel a love within
Than to be lonely to the sight;
Better a homely tenderness
Than beauty's wild delight.
Better to love than to be loved,
Though lonely all the day;
Better the fountain in the heart
Than the fountain by the way.
Better to be a little wise
Than learned overmuch;
Better than high are lowly thoughts,
For truthful thoughts are such.
Better to have a quiet grief,
Than a tumultuous joy;
Better than manhood age's face
If the heart be of a boy.
Better a death when work is done
Than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house
Than the king of all the earth.
—George Macdonald

Hurt His Feelings.

Counsel for one of the railroads in the recent arbitration proceedings in New York said at a luncheon:
"Well, the poor railroads, at any rate, have got rid of the pass evil. Cornelius Vanderbilt used to tell a story about that.
"Mr. Vanderbilt said that a man once called and asked him for a pass over the New York Central to Albany.
"Why do you ask for a pass?" said Mr. Vanderbilt.
"Because I'm so sensitive," the man answered.
"So sensitive? What's that got to do with the matter?"
"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Vanderbilt," the applicant explained. "I went up to Albany on your line last week, and I was the only man on the whole train that paid his fare. The other passengers gazed at me about it like the dickens, and as I'm so very sensitive, I don't want to go through such an unpleasant experience again."

The Order of the Bath.

A very youthful British tourist, arriving at an old fashioned German hostelry, had the imprudence to order a bath in his room for the next morning. Very early he was awakened by sounds of hammering somewhere overhead. Then followed much bumping on the stairs; evidently a large and cumbersome weight was being brought down. The noise ceased outside his own door, which flew open, and in staggered two strong men bearing the big bath from the public bathroom, disappointed for his morning ablutions—London Standard.

An Unsought Pardon.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as Sam Houston is more than one amusing tale.
There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the new governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.
The governor sent for him and said gravely, "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."
"I have," was the reply.
"And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way to the best of your ability?"
"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising.
"Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out."
More Blessed to Give.
There was to be a wedding in a certain Richmond family, and in the bustle preceding the day Uncle Luke, the

YOUR MISTAKES.

Study Them, Then Profit From Them, and Go Ahead.

Study your mistakes. There are two kinds of mistakes. Those that happen from ordinary human miscalculating and those that come from carelessness and petty unthinking.

Study your mistakes. No one ever gets too big to make mistakes. The secret is that the big man is greater than his mistakes, because he rises right out of them and passes beyond them.

After one of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, a young man came up to him and said, "Mr. Beecher, did you know that you made a grammatical error in your sermon this morning?"

"A grammatical error?" answered Beecher. "I'll bet my hat that I made forty of them!"

Half of the power of the forceful man springs out of his mistakes of one sort or another. They help to keep him human.

Study your mistakes. But the mistakes that tear away the power of a man, weaken him and make him fabby are the stupid, the reckless mistakes. The clerk who forgets, the stenographer that doesn't care, the worker who neglects—these are the ones whose life blood and vitality are sapped and sucked away into failure.

Study your mistakes. One of the great things of each day for you is to do your best, unmindful of mistakes. But after your work is done and you realize your blunders, don't shirk, don't whine, don't despond, but—
Study your mistakes. Then profit from them, and go ahead!—From "You Can," by George Matthew Adams.

CRITICS AND GENIUS.

Carlyle Denounced Spencer, and Ruskin Ridiculed Whistler.

The good critic must in some way begin by accepting literature as it is, just as the good lyric poet must begin by accepting life as it is. He may be as full of revolutionary and reforming theories as he likes, but he must not allow any of these to come like a cloud between him and the sun, moon, and stars of literature. The man who disparages the beauty of flowers and birds and love and laughter and courage will never be counted among the lyric poets, and the man who questions the beauty of the inhabited world—the imaginative writers have made—a world as unreasonable in its loveliness as the world of nature—is not in the way of becoming a critic of literature.

Another argument which tells in favor of the theory that the best criticism is praise is the fact that almost all the memorable examples of critical folly have been denunciations. One remembers that Carlyle dismissed Herbert Spencer as a "never ending ass." One remembers that Byron thought nothing of Keats—Jack Ketch, as he called him. One remembers that the critics damned Wagner's operas as a new form of sin. One remembers that Ruskin denounced one of Whistler's nocturnes as a pot of paint flung in the face of the British public. In the world of science we have a thousand similar examples of new genius being hailed by the critics as folly and charity.—Robert Lynd in British Review.

Thought He Was in India.

When Rudyard Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers street. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Kipling's sitting room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace "smashed to smithereens."

"Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face. "I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening, and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. 'Snake!' flashed across my sleepy brain. I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London and not in India."

Splendid, but Ladylike Golf.

I know now when a young lady begins to play "really splendid" golf, says a writer in the Glasgow News. Two young ladies entered our compartment at Whitecraig, and, having placed a bag of shining clubs on the rack, one of them said to her companion, "Do you know, you played really splendid golf today." "Oh, how could you say that?" exclaimed the other in pleased tones. "You know I haven't played today." "Oh, that's nothing," explained the critic in tones that clearly left no doubt in the mind of the criticized one. "Didn't you only miss the ball three times in eighteen holes?"

Musical Test.

Mrs. Newrich (who has advertised for a pianist)—So you are the music teacher that answered my advertisement? Pianist—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Newrich—Well, sit down and play a couple of duets, so that I can see what you can do.—Yonkers Statesman.

Modest.

Muggins—Do you ever lie to your wife?
Buggins—Only when I tell her I got not worthy of her.—Philadelphia Record.

A man whose only motive for action is wages does a bad piece of work.—Charles Wagner.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Masonic.
BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.
W. E. Craine, W. M.
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Eastern Star
OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.
Alice C. Galier, W. M.
Rosa Bingham, Secretary.

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BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
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D. C. Kay, Sec.

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Minute "Movies" of the News Right Off the Reel

A bullet fired at a mink in Bangor, Me., hit the water, ricocheted and mortally wounded a man on the river bank.

A newspaper man of Paterson, N. J., went to a haunted house for a "beat," and a policeman arrested him as the ghost.

Methodist ministers in North Carolina are not forbidden to smoke, but new ones hereafter ordained must promise not to.

Paul Montville, 106 years old, died recently at Plattsburg, N. Y. Mr. Montville went skating on his one hundred and first birthday.

A film recording the smiles of President Wilson has been locked in an airtight box in the New York public library, to be opened 100 years from now.

Mrs. John E. McDowell of Winsted, Conn., told for a joke by her husband that three envelopes were "valuable," stored them seventeen years, paying \$85, and found them empty.