

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Come let us worry together about the ice crop!

If bachelors are to be taxed how can they be expected to save enough money to get married?

Mr. Gompers says just as good men as he have been in jail. Sure enough! John Bunyan, not to speak of others.

Queen Lil thinks her claim against the government will be paid. Anyway, it won't hurt her to feel optimistic about it.

European courts hold that the man who owns land also owns the air over it. This looks like trouble for the aeronauts.

It is reported that a German professor has concussion of the brain. Probably caused by a collision between two trains of thought.

An Oklahoma woman has 301 ways to cook corn. But mother will go on soaking them in hot water and applying father's best razor.

There is no good and sufficient reason why you should mind your own business if other people will pay you more for minding theirs.

More school children are made sick by improper eating than by anything else. The cooks' union should inspect the food of all school children.

Mrs. William E. Annis asks: "Is there no unwritten law for broken-hearted widows or fatherless children?" A very pertinent question.

Had a woman's club been in existence in Mark Antony's time we should not have had to wait till now to learn that he married Cleopatra for her money.

China now owns its telegraph system—which makes us wonder if it isn't quicker to send the Chinese language by freight than try to strain the wires with it.

An Eskimo, with a scientific education and the proper outfit, is going after the north pole in deadly earnest. The Eskimos believe that the pole should be kept at home.

"All children are liars," said a Wisconsin professor. A well-known biblical personage who made the same statement concerning all men admitted afterward that he spoke in haste.

One of the preachers says Adam was a loafer. This decision has probably been arrived at because we have no proof that Adam ever got up in the morning and put on the coffee pot for Eve.

Mr. Rockefeller has given another million to the University of Chicago. At the rate of a million a year it will take him twenty-eight years more to give away the \$29,000,000 saved by not having to pay the fine assessed by Judge Landis.

Massachusetts has a law to prevent recklessness and speeding in automobiles, which law may be rendered ridiculous by its wrong punctuation, as it forbids driving over roads "laid out under the authority of the law recklessly or while under the influence of liquor." Boston, in consequence, is in rhetorical spasms.

An extraordinary demand has arisen in the eastern counties of England for second-hand Bibles—the older and dirtier the better. Copies which formerly realized four pence are now readily bought for half a crown. They are being used to manufacture evidence of age in the case of old-age pensions. A woman who produced a Bible to prove her age as 76 from an entry on the flyleaf had, unfortunately, omitted to tear out the title page, which showed that the Bible was printed in 1836.

In the advertising columns of the newspapers are found the business cards of countless seers and clairvoyants, who promise for a small sum to read the veil of the future and tell their patrons what is going to happen to them. That palmists, card readers and clairvoyants are able to pay for the advertisements which appear in the same place day after day is evidence that they find enough credulous persons to keep the prediction business on a paying basis. Their victims are beyond reason, or they would reflect that the forecaster of future events, such as the condition of the stock market six months ahead, would make more money by using his knowledge for his own benefit than by selling it for two dollars. Besides the prophets who are in it, the world is blessed with generous philanthropic seers, who publish free of charge predictions, always of some disaster, as great storms, earthquakes, wars, and the end of the world. Sometimes an event obligingly falls out on somebody's prediction, and a reputation is made. If seers in all parts of the world keep on forecasting earthquakes every day or two, an earthquake, when it comes, will be likely to find a prophecy awaiting it. The seer is so taken up with predictions that an event must alight on one of them. A prophet destroys the world

every day or so. But the world obstinately refuses to be destroyed, and when it comes to an end, only one prophet will be entitled to gasp, "I told you so!" A year ago Mme. de Thabes of France predicted war between Japan and America in November, 1908. Instead, a little later, there was the exchange of peaceful notes. Nothing daunted, madame predicts terrible wars between next August and February, 1910. So look out for a "red year."

An interesting study of "College Entrance Requirements in Theory and Practice" which appeared in *The Independent* presented a long list of universities and colleges at which a very large percentage of the students were admitted with conditions. One of these institutions, which took in more than 50 per cent on these terms, formerly insisted that all conditions should be worked off before the student could enter the freshman class. The applicants had to pass examinations, no matter what school they came from. If they took the examinations early in the summer and failed in certain studies they worked on those studies through the summer vacation and tried again at the opening of the college in the fall. If they failed this time in whole or in part they were kept out until they could make good. With the system changed, entering with conditions has become the rule, and such a history emphasizes, we think, some of the points that are made by John G. Bowman, the writer of the article in *The Independent*. If the purpose of the colleges is to increase the student roll it is no doubt successful, but the question naturally arises: "What significance have the requirements?" They are, as Mr. Bowman says, not a real minimum, "they are at best an ostensible minimum, any part of which is liable in most colleges to temporary suspension and occasionally to complete abrogation." There is no standard worthy of the name, but merely a pretense at a standard. The requirements look big in the catalogue, but the discretion that is used takes all the fervor out of them and reduces them to an absurdity. There is no real co-operation between the secondary school and the college, but an excellent opportunity is offered for passing along the unfit. If numbers alone is the object Mr. Bowman is right in saying that "the college has embarked upon a dangerous course which threatens its sincerity and its efficiency." On the other hand, if the printed requirements are unreasonable, "it is time not to make exceptions that confuse all standards and demoralize students, but seriously to face the problem of organizing preparatory education on a basis that is really vital and indispensable, and of devising machinery capable of enforcing it."

Government Makes Good for Chooselates Lost in Custom House. By sending to a woman who lives in West Fifteenth street a large box of chocolate bonbons to take the place of candy she had lost when it was passing through the custom house on its way to her from Germany, Uncle Sam relieved himself of the suspicion of petty thievery, the *New York Press* says. The woman did not demand restitution. When she discovered that half the candy which her friends in Germany had sent her in a huge Christmas egg had disappeared in transit she solemnly sat down and wrote a letter to Collector of the Port Fowler.

"Your men have eaten of the candy which was made abroad specially for me," she said. "The occurrence must not happen again."

Her complaint was so straightforward that it impressed the collector. Usually peremptory demand is made for restitution when small loss is experienced on imported goods. There was nothing of that kind in the woman's letter. She simply desired that the collector should know that her candy had been eaten and that it should not occur again.

"That letter sounds straight," the collector said. "I am unwilling that a lady who has paid duty on candy sent from abroad should be deprived of any of it."

He summoned the men who had handled the candy package, which was valued at \$10. There was no chocolate in the corners of any of their mouths. The collector exonerated them all. Finally some one suggested that, rather than be regarded as petty thieves, the men who handled the package make up a fund and buy a box of candy to replace that which had disappeared. They did it, and the collector sent it to the woman with the compliments and best wishes of the men.

The Distinction.
School Teacher—Johnny, what is a patriot?
Johnny—A man that tries to benefit his country.
School Teacher—And what is a politician?
Johnny—A man that tries to have his country benefit him.—Judge.

Don't Wear 'Em Straight Any More.
They were ready to go out.
"Is my hat on crooked?" she asked.
Thus, owing to the new style of headgear, a traditional phrase used by the feminine sex ever since woman was created, received a stunning blow.—Judge.

By and by a man gets tired of asking for his daily bread and insists on having pie and cake.
Life's a gamble and every man has a chance—unless he's a Wall street lamb.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CHILD LIFE SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.

By Sir Oliver Lodge.



The ultimate object of religious training must be to encourage such ideas and habits as shall result in a happy childhood and a sound and useful life.

The first real gods of a child are his parents, however ungodlike they may be. And hence arises that feeling of security and nearness of protection and law which is one of the luxuries of childhood, and, I may add, one of the responsibilities of parenthood. That nation or colony which could insure that its children should spend their short and vital early years among healthy, happy surroundings suited to their time of life and state of development, and leading to a good, robust, serviceable manhood and womanhood—that nation would in a few generations stand out from amongst the rest of the world as something almost superhuman.

From my experience of the innate goodness of unspoiled humanity I have an idea that if children could be planted amidst favorable surroundings they would nearly all flourish and grow beautiful as plants do under right conditions.

No fraction of the world or of the individual can be thoroughly healthy and happy while any member of it is degraded and wretched.

BLUFF AND NOISE MODERN WEAPONS.

By G. K. Chesterton.



On most political platforms, in most newspapers and magazines, I observe that there are at present only two ideas, either to avoid controversy or to conduct it by mere bluff and noise. Evasion and violence are the only expedients. A man must be deaf to his opponents' arguments; he may be deaf and silent, and this is called dignity; or he may be deaf and noisy, and this is called "slashing journalism." But both these things are equally remote from the fighting spirit, which involves an interest in the enemy's movements in order to parry or to pierce them.

It is part of that unchivalrous and even unutilitarian idea of bullying, of using bombastic terrors in order to avoid a conflict which is at this moment the highest turret of the tall hypocrites of Europe. Europe is full of the idea of bluff, the idea of cowering the human spirit with a painted panorama of physical force. We see it in the huge armaments which we dare to accumulate, but should hardly dare to use.

I do not like hovering and lingering threats of armaments nor do I like hovering and lingering threats of riot. If people want to have a revolution let them have it and let it have the advantage of a revolution, that of being drastic and decisive. But a mere parade of pos-

SONG OF THE BY-AND-BY.

It seems so far to the happy day
When the clouds will leave the sky,
But 'tis sweet to hear, when the world
Is gray,
The song of the By-and-By!

The hills and rills—they are shining
Bright,
And our cares like phantoms fly;
An echo sweet in the lonesome night
Is the song of the By-and-By!

It seems so far to the happy day,
But its rest they'll not deny;
We hear what the angels sing and say
In the song of the By-and-By!
—Frank L. Stanton.

Clarence and the Code

Clarence had looked forward to the two weeks of holiday time through all the school months. But when Christmas had come, his brother, who was the messenger for the firm of Walwick & Waldon, suddenly became ill. "He'll be on his feet in a week," the doctor said, but in the meantime the poor lad was worrying about his place in the office.

"Can't I take your place?" asked Clarence.

Thus it was arranged and for the two days before New Year's Clarence ran errands and did everything that was asked of him. Just as the office was being closed the night before New Year's, Mr. Walwick called him and said that he expected to come down town the next morning although the office would be closed, and he wished Clarence to be sure and get the mail and place it on his desk and wait for him.

It was quite early when Clarence found his way inside the silent building. He had brought his skates with him, as there was to be a hockey game later, and there was to be the family dinner and the usual good time on New Year's afternoon. He carefully put the mail on Mr. Walwick's desk and sat down to wait. The janitor came and swept, but Mr. Walwick did not come. There was still plenty of time before the game, but the clock hands were slowly turning. Finally he picked up a magazine and turned over the pages. The hour when he should be playing came.

The game was on now, he knew. The office was getting chilly and he walked around from room to room. He looked at the clock. The game must have been over for some time and they would be expecting him for dinner.

He was getting cold and hungry. Strange as it was, when he began to give up hope the time seemed to go faster. Finally he curled up on a couch and went to sleep.

Dream, after dream tumbled over each other, and in the midst of a won-

derful hockey game, where everybody skated about eating hot goose and cranberries, he heard a bell. He wondered what it could be and before he could ask he awoke with a start. Almost at his ear the telephone bell was ringing.

He jumped and took down the receiver. "Hello!" he shouted.

"Is this Walwick & Waldon?"
"Yes, this is Walwick & Waldon's office."

"Well, I hardly hoped to catch any one. Take down this cablegram and rush it through to Mr. Walwick."

"Calcutta, India, Jan. 2.
"Spike sugar Hardly new candle.
"Spiegel, Hocker & Sons."

"There, have you got that? All right. Repeat it. All right. Good-by."

Clarence rubbed his eyes. There was the message written out, but what a message! It did not mean anything and it was dated a day ahead. He remembered hearing that Mr. Walwick lived in some hotel. Oh, yes, it was on the magazines. There it was, *The Albero*. Like a flash he ran downstairs and jumped on a street car.

In about twenty minutes he reached the hotel, and as he stepped in the door he saw Mr. Walwick just entering the dining room. He rushed up to him and

deal of money, and now I think that I would better take you home in my automobile just as fast as I can. Your mother will be worrying about you."

When they were seated in the big machine and were wrapped in the heavy robes, Mr. Walwick suddenly asked what the boy had thought by the peculiar message.

"I thought it was very funny, but how could it be dated January 2, when this is New Year's?"

"You will have to ask your school teacher to explain why, but you see the earth turns round the sun and it is the day after New Year's in India now. Each of the queer words in the message means a whole sentence when you look them up in a little book I carry. We call it a code."

When they came to Clarence's house, Mr. Walwick went into the warm parlor and told the story to his mother. Then he took a piece of paper and wrote something on it. "What do you think that means?" he said.

"Waw heart wire Clarence Young desk apple."
"I might tell you, sir, if I had the code," said Clarence.

"Well, here is the code book. You and your mother can look it up."
And this was what they read by looking up the words:

"Walwick & Waldon hereby promise to give Clarence Young the best education possible at their expense."—The Housekeeper.

Beats Fond of Tobacco.
We have all heard of how to tame a lion or tiger by steadily keeping the eye fixed on him. According to an expert animal trainer a more effective method is a cigar or cigarette, says the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

"Nearly every wild beast that I have ever come across," said this man, "is fond of tobacco in some shape or form. I made this discovery quite accidentally. One of the visitors who was smoking a cigar puffed some of the smoke into the lion's face as he lay asleep in the cage."

"I expected to see a real riot, but instead of that the lion, after giving a couple of sneezes, moved quietly up to the bars and raised his nose sniffingly, as if asking for a second dose. I have tried the experiment on all sorts of wild animals since and I have found that most of them enjoy thoroughly a big sniff of tobacco."

"We used to spJadhaktyu. Iking ao
"We had a bear here once that used to rub his nose and back against the bars of his cage just like a cat asking to be stroked whenever any one smoking a cigar came near him. Antelopes and wild goats aren't satisfied with the mere whiff. If you give them a cigar or a cigarette they will swallow it eagerly and, what is more, seem to suffer no bad effects from their meal."

When the girls rave about a man when he first comes to town, in three months they want to set the dog on him.

A matchless cigar may be lighted in some other manner.

Tramp—Lady, I'm near perishing from exposure! Lady—Are you a Congressman or a Senator?—Town Topics.

"Doesn't she ever stop talking?" "Oh, yes, when she is breaking in a fresh piece of gum."—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

"Is that woman rich?" "Rich? I should say so! Why, she can even afford to be a kleptomaniac."—Baltimore American.

"She's not handsome, is she?" "Lord, no! Say, if there was a tax on beauty, she'd be entitled to a pension."—Cleveland Leader.

"The first time he went out in his new auto he ran across a few friends, and —" "Did they leave families?"—Baltimore American.

"Now, then, look pleasant, please." "Not at all; this is to send to my wife at the seashore. She would come home at once!"—Fillegende Blatter.

"Was your father college bred?" "Yes, but we never mentioned it. The college he went to had a rotten football team."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She—Are you good at guessing women's ages? He—You are not over 25. She—How do you know? He—No woman over 25 ever asks that question.

John—I've just lost a thousand dollars. Julia—Well, it is better that it should have happened to you than to some poor beggar on the street.—The Club Fellow.

"It takes a heap o' determination, son," said Uncle Eben, "to have yoh own way in dis life, an' a heap o' brains to know what to do wif it after you gits it."—Washington Star.

Harlemite—If you wrote yesterday morning, I don't see why I only got your note this evening. Downtowndite—I do. I affixed a special delivery stamp to the letter.—New York Times.

"Ponsonby is the inziest man I ever saw." "What's the matter now?" "He wants a safety razor that can be operated by a storage battery concealed in the handle."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mrs. Subbuts (engaging cook)—Have you any male friends? I can't have any men hanging around the place. Mandy Snowball—None, 'cept mah husband, an' he don't come aroun' 'cept on pay day.—Philadelphia Record.

Terrible Child—Will you please play something for me on the violin, Mr. Jones? Jones—But I don't know how, Bobby. T. C.—Oh, yes, you do, Mr. Jones, I heard mamma say you played second fiddle to Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. O'Toole—Shure, 'tis bad manners yer gaut has, Mrs. O'Flinn. O' found him in me cabbage patch this mornin'. Mrs. O'Flinn—Shure, thin, 'tis not bad manners that do bother the darlin'. O' call it blame poor taste!

Fluffy Young Thing—I'd like to prepay the express on this package. Express Company's Agent—What's the value? Fluffy Young Thing—Nothing, sir. It's a bundle of letters. I'm sending them, back to him.—Chicago Tribune.

Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come. Manager of Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.—Stray Stories.

THE GOLD INDUSTRY.

An Illustration Which Gives Some Idea of Its Immensity in America.

An eagle, a \$10 gold piece, is just about one inch in diameter. Imagine a glittering yellow ribbon of 10 gold pieces, lying edge to edge, beginning at San Francisco and extending eastward through the Sacramento Valley of California, across the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains, spanning the Great American Desert in Nevada and Utah, over the prairies of Wyoming and Nebraska, across the green fields of Iowa and Illinois, over Indiana and Ohio and Massachusetts, half way to the British Isles—imagine this continuous string of golden eagles edge to edge, without break or interruption, over this vast stretch of land and sea—a distance which consumes at least eight days in the swift express train and ocean steamers—and you will be able to form some conception of the amount of gold that has been produced in the United States.

It requires some such illustration as this to grasp the immensity of the gold industry, to form some definite idea of the importance and magnitude of the gold production of the North American continent.

The profits from the gold industry are magnificent. They are greater than in any other department of commercial activity. The figures of the world's production are enormous. In 1907 the output of the gold mines of the earth amounted to nearly \$500,000,000. Of this vast sum about one-half, or more than \$200,000,000, was net profit. No other industry can make such a showing as this. This gold was found in America, in Mexico, in South Africa, in Australia and elsewhere.

This huge sum of profits, more than \$200,000,000, was distributed to scores of thousands of people.



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