

BANDON RECORDER

Band One Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Are you ready to enlist for the invasion of Manchuria?

The trouble with this airship business is that it has too many ups and downs.

Let us be just to Geronimo. He was the worst old Indian that ever happened.

A London heiress, it is said, is to marry a poor young American. Which sounds better.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to run away from home to fight Indians?

Your opinions are like a good many other things you possess: Of no value to anyone but the owner.

So now Hetty Green's son wants to take a trip in an aeroplane and become a rising young man.

A fashion recipe tells "how to prevent high collars distorting the neck." One way is not to wear them.

If the next war is to be fought in the skies, as Hiram Maxim says, how are they going to save the pieces?

Mrs. Leslie Carter states that she would darn her husband's socks were it a case of life and death. Noble woman!

The chronic loafer likes hard times because it gives him an excuse to stand around and watch other people work.

Booker T. Washington says that the United States should do for Liberia what it has done for Cuba. And as many times?

There must be some explanation of the size of the harpins. It may be that they are to be used as slingshots as well as penknives.

Taft was made a Mason without being compelled to ride the goat. It may not be out of place to extend congratulations to the goat.

Wilbur Wright says that airships are hardly more dangerous than automobiles. Wait until they begin to run over us; then we'll know.

Army officers are to be inoculated with experimental anti-typhoid serum first. The private doesn't always have to occupy the point of greatest danger.

Perhaps the late William H. Seward had not the slightest idea, when he negotiated the purchase of Alaska, that he was also buying a lot of earthquakes for future delivery.

Harvard students have taken up the fad of growing beards and mustaches. Any man has a right to start whiskers on his fiftieth birthday. Before that, the act is something of a misdemeanor.

Mrs. Mabelle Gilman Corey has written a magazine article in which she says New York society is ignorant and stupid. Mrs. Corey has evidently come to the conclusion that she is not going to get into New York society.

The people who were saying when our warship fleet started on its trip around the world that it would either be destroyed by the Japanese or be demolished in a storm or get itself lost in some unknown sea can have the consolation of knowing that it burned a lot of coal, anyhow.

A student in a New England high school, whose picture appeared in the papers in a sweater ornamented with the school initial, has been ordered by a judge to leave school and go to work to support his 17-year-old wife and their baby. The boy is a prominent athlete, as the initial indicates. He met his wife a year ago at a high school dance in a neighboring town, and they were married without the knowledge of the bride's parents. There are some suggestions here for discussions at teachers' conventions, mothers' meetings and women's clubs.

The fixing of passenger rates by direct action of the State Legislatures of a number of Western and a few Eastern States two years ago was recognized at the time as not the wisest course of procedure. Careful investigations by competent commissions ought always to precede action of that character in order that the facts might be fully ascertained and no injustice done, and it may be added, also in order that the action when taken might not be subject to overthrow by the courts as unreasonable. Nevertheless, it has been a matter of great interest to discover after the event what should have been more accurately determined in advance—whether, namely, the 2-cent passenger fare actually means a loss to the roads forced to accept it. In the case of Missouri figures are now published by the State Railroad Commission which show that as a whole passenger earnings increased in that State in 1908 over 1907. The Santa Fe road, for instance, showed a gain of \$687,74 per mile on Missouri passenger business, or about 19 per cent. The Missouri Pacific showed a gain of \$1,002,27 per mile, or 20 per cent. Two other roads showed slight gains and three showed losses. The interpretation of these figures by the railroad companies

will, of course, be necessary before any decisive inferences can be drawn. If, however, the Missouri lines make a good showing under a 2-cent fare law one can hardly avoid the inference that in Pennsylvania, a State of much thicker population and much heavier traffic, the roads could get along excellently on such a rate. Yet the Pennsylvania Supreme Court held a year ago, by a vote of four to three, that a 2-cent fare law was bound to be unreasonable and confiscatory, and so refused to allow it to be put into force. Whatever "facts" the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania had before it at the time can hardly fail to look trivial and valueless in the light of this Western experience.

Mr. Taft was the guest of Mr. Roosevelt in the White House for the twenty-four hours preceding his inauguration as President Thursday, March 4. It would be rash to say that the social friendliness thus betokened between an outgoing and incoming President is unique, yet it certainly is unusual. Thomas Jefferson, for example, who was promoted to the presidency from the vice presidency, did not even go from the White House to the Capitol, but walked from his boarding house accompanied by a company of Virginia artillery. President Adams not only was not present at the simple ceremonies of inauguration, but was not in Washington. He had left the city early in the morning on his way back to his Massachusetts home. The unfriendliness of Adams and Jefferson was as notable as the friendliness of Roosevelt and Taft. For an example of closeness of relation similar to that which now exists between the retiring and incoming Presidents, one must go back to the time of Jackson and Van Buren. General Jackson and his successor rode from the White House together in a phaeton drawn by four gray horses and attended by a military escort. Jackson sat uncovered on the platform while Van Buren delivered his inaugural address and took the oath of office. The recent custom, whether the two men are friendly or not, has been for the new President to go to the White House at eleven o'clock on March 4, and drive to the Capitol with the outgoing President, escorted by military companies and political clubs. The obligation of official courtesy is respected, even though the men may not have been previously acquainted, or though they may belong to different parties. Mr. Cleveland acted as the personal escort to his successor, Mr. Harrison, in 1889; and in 1893 Mr. Harrison appeared in the same capacity with Mr. Cleveland.

THE LATEST SPASM OF SPELLING.

THE self-appointed simplified spelling board goes on reforming the spelling of English words by platoon, regardless of the fate of previous detachments. The plan of these reformers is to change the spelling of a certain number of words every year till they eat their way gradually through the whole dictionary. They would have deformed several hundred words by this time if any but a few freak newspapers paid the least attention to them.

The so-called third list of deformities has just been printed. It contains an indefinitely large number of words, since it lays down a general rule instead of selecting particular words for mutilation. Moreover, it makes the boldest application yet of the phonetic principle, spelling exactly like a lazy schoolboy who has learned his letters and doesn't propose to take any more trouble.

The combination ea is to be abolished wherever it is pronounced like the short e or like broad a. When health falls us we are to fear death and hope for heaven, saying farewell to the family hearth with as stout a heart as we can command. There is something familiar about the next class of deformities, which drop the e in past tenses and participles. He who has kild is to be fild with the dred of being hangd.

Probably it recalls dimly a former injunction to put

What every woman (thinks she) knows: That she looks well in pajamas.

A woman can look extremely attractive when she is taking down her hair—if she has some.

A woman must be mighty independent or mighty careless to wear black stockings with tan shoes on a muddy day.

What every man expects: That before the close of 1909 women will be wearing corsets that reach below their knees.

Ever notice how unruly those wisps of hair around a woman's neck are when she has a handsome assortment of finger rings?

When you hear a married woman sniffily remark that "Handsome is as handsome does," you may accept it as a cliché that her husband bears a striking resemblance to a stranded dogfish.

When the relationship between husband and wife reaches such a matter-of-fact stage that she will pencil her eyebrows and dab on the rouge right before him, there isn't enough glamor left of the conjugalty to blind anybody with its glare.

A Key to the Mystery.

The visitor took up a small canvas smeared over with invisible gray, sprinkled here and there with yellow "blobs." "What have we here?" he said to the artist.

"A chromatic in sad color, with golden accents," replied the young painter. "Lynn night lights from the sea."

"Oh, quite so!" murmured the visitor. "I wonder—have I got it right side up?"

The painter regarded the canvas doubtfully, then pointed to a remarkable signature in the corner.

"It's all right," he said. "You'll never make a mistake if you keep that in the right-hand corner. It is put there for that purpose."

New Yorkers Fond of Theater.

Theater managers estimate there are about 11,000 theater attendants in New York City who attend at least one performance each week throughout the season.

Appropriate.

"Onk? That's a queer name for a dog."

"Not when you consider his rough, strong bark."—Kansas City Times.

Better a fool friend than a wise enemy.

The Dutch throne has forty-one possible claimants.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

DOES OUR FORESTRY PAY?

UNTIL discovery of some other material suited to production of paper, spruce sufficient to supply the annual demand for pulp must be grown, but many rational economists are wondering whether there is any real justification for reserving from settlement an area of land in the United States that already totals more than the entire German empire.

The rapid advance of concrete "lumber" for everything from railroad ties and fence posts to reservoirs, huge factories and office buildings operates to reduce consumption of wood. And it is a moot question whether land devoted to forestry might not more profitably be devoted to fruit and vegetables.

This is the only country in which the doctrine that the forests insure a water supply is generally accepted, and even here many expert engineers who differ very radically from the Pinchot dictum maintain that water causes forests and not the forests water. The recent exhibition in Chicago demonstrated conclusively that perfection of steel reinforced concrete eliminates the necessity of wood for building purposes. Steel furniture is lighter, stronger and more sanitary than wooden. Except as fuel scarcely a purpose served by wood cannot be better served by steel and stone. Trees are always beautiful. A denuded landscape is unpleasant. But when the advancement of knowledge eliminates wood as a necessity the question will naturally arise, "Does our forestry pay?"—Chicago Journal.

MURDER AND THE DEATH PENALTY.

WHAT is to be done with those who commit murder? The laws of most countries reply that they should be put to death. On the other hand, there is a strong and widespread sentiment that, no matter how heinous a man's crime, the State is never justified in deliberately taking his life.

This sentiment has found expression in the laws of several American States and of two or three European countries, where murder is punished by life imprisonment.

In some States where the death penalty was abolished, so great an increase in murder followed that capital punishment was restored.

France has passed through a similar experience. Although the law was not repealed, the President always commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment. A little more than two years ago a parliamentary commission recommended the repeal of the capital punishment law. But the number of murders was growing so rapidly that the national sentiment changed, and the proposed law was not passed. President Fallieres has recognized the present public opinion, and, in conformity with it, signed four death warrants early in January. For the first time in years the guillotine was used.

Death was once the ordinary penalty for felonies. Blackstone cites 109 offenses thus punished, ranging from the unauthorized felling of a tree to high treason. Now only four crimes are so punished in Great Britain, including, besides murder, violent piracy, treason, and destruction of public arsenals and dockyards. In the United States the list of capital crimes is practically the same.

But he who sheds man's blood has his own blood demanded of him less frequently in the United States than in any other civilized country. There are no trustworthy statistics, to be sure, but it is a well-known and lamentable fact that in a great number of cases the murderer is not detected; in some parts of the country, although the perpetrator of the crime is known, he is not arrested; in States where the laws are better enforced the prosecution fails to convict; and finally, the convict frequently evades the gallows or the electric chair.—Youth's Companion.

THE ONLY VICTIMS.

West Africa is known to all navigators for its few harbors and its heavy surf, which at certain seasons rages like a battle, defying the white man who would approach its shores.

The author of "The Jungle Folk of Africa," R. H. Milligan, tells of a successful, and to the observers an amusing, effort to reach shore at a point where the surf did not seem to be impassable.

One day, when the beach seemed much better than usual, the captain and the ship's surgeon ventured ashore. The captain afterward narrated the adventure of their landing to a small but enthusiastic audience. He said that after waiting outside the surf half an hour the head man suddenly gave the order, and in a moment they were in the breakers, riding on the top of one of them, and speeding toward the shore at the rate of "seventy miles an hour."

The captain was in the bow of the boat, well braced and cushioned. But when the boat struck the beach with the force of a railway collision, the doctor was thrown violently over two thwarts into the captain's bosom, whom he clasped about the neck with a steel-like grip.

The next moment another breaker poked the boat up and hurled it upon the beach, throwing both captain and doctor to a perfectly safe distance, where they sprawled upon the sand. The doctor, still hugging the captain's neck, and very much frightened, exclaimed:

"O captain, dear captain, is there anybody killed but you and me?"

A Queen's Will.

Queen Adelaide, the wife of William IV, was a woman of great piety and exceptional humility, which was shown in the directions for her funeral.

"I die in all humility," she wrote, "knowing well we are all alike before the throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or ceremony. They are to be moved to St. George's chapel, Windsor, where I request to have a quiet funeral."

"I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight; no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel. I die in peace and wish to be entried to the tomb in peace and free from the vanities and pomp of this world."—London Home News.

Years ago boys thought they were rugged, and ran away from home, but here of late life is made so much harder for the parents we wonder they don't run.

It is easier to marry for money than it is to get it that way.



"What objection do your sisters make?" asked the intimate friend.

"Henrietta says she hasn't any ideals—high ideals. She doesn't think Annabel's at all intellectual. Annabel says she thinks six foot one and a half is high ideal enough for any girl. I thought that was pretty good—what? Maud takes mother's view. Aunt Seraphine thinks Annabel's giddy."

"She may get over it."

"Annabel or Aunt Seraphine?" asked the lucky dog. "I hope Annabel won't. If she does she won't be Annabel, and I think that would be a real misfortune. But wouldn't all that jar you? Here's me! Look at me. You know Willie. What would I do with a domestic, idealistic, metaphysical, economical, pensive pasty paragon? What would she want with me? No, sir, I've got a mighty odd good-looking girl who knows how to put clothes on herself and flirt and play tennis and golf. She can pick a banjo and dance and sing and almost anything is a good enough joke to laugh at with her. She's a level-headed little woman, too, when you get down to cases and don't you lose sight of that. If she isn't good enough for me what would you recommend?"

"It certainly is funny how they are," remarked the intimate friend, ambiguously.—Chicago Daily News.

The Pedigree of the Shirt.

Why does the being we call a "gentleman" wear around his neck a band of spotless whiteness and unbearable stiffness, at his wrists similar instruments of torture and before his chest a rigidly starched linen plate? No one outside of a madhouse would call these articles of apparel agreeable. There is for the custom no reason at all drawn from comfort, hygiene or usefulness. There is, however, the ghost of a dead reason. Once upon a time a "gentleman" was presumed to do no work, and he dressed to show this by putting on these visible signs that he never soiled his hands, sweated his neck or bent his noble back. It matters not that we no longer believe in this definition of a gentleman. We did believe once. Its ghost rules on. No man is bold enough to appear in society without this impossible harness. Only a professional humorist like Mark Twain or some one who wishes to pose as a mild lunatic dares rebel. Addison said that the man who would clothe himself according to common sense would find himself in jail within a week.—Frank Crane in Atlantic.

Laying Up Treasure.

No man lays up treasure in heaven, until he quits dodging taxes on earth.—Dallas News.

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