

## BANDON RECORDER

Band and Work

BANDON..... OREGON

Everything will be made of cement by and by.

Perhaps the only sure way to beat a tax on inheritances will be not to die.

Save your old wastebaskets. A little trimming will convert them into fashionable spring hats.

Even classic Boston butts into the municipal corruption procession with a million-dollar graft case.

Mr. Binns, the wireless hero, was fittingly given a ride in a horseless carriage when he reached home.

There is a post office in Nebraska named Tonic, but it is not believed that the postmaster took the office for his health.

English women are in prison for attempting to see Premier Asquith. Judging by his pictures he is not much of a sight, either.

The Treasury Department is to change the pictures on the greenbacks. Most of us will continue to have the same designs on them, however.

Princes George and Alexander of Serbia have traded names, but the people of Serbia are busy hoping each may have retained his own character.

No matter how high prices of bricks may be boosted by a combine of manufacturers, it is not probable that the practice of throwing them will be rendered less popular.

A Missouri judge decides that when a man merely does the chores around the house he is not working. That will hold some men for a while who think they are models of industry.

Prominent citizens who are figuring on taking luncheon with the new President will learn with deep regret that Mr. Taft takes only an apple for lunch, and does not leave any core.

A well-to-do merchant of New Castle, Pa., wrote a scathing letter to his wife and she committed suicide. When he heard of it, he collapsed and was taken to a hospital. How much nicer kindness and forbearance!

What is heroism, after all, but doing in exceptional circumstances what would be plain duty in ordinary circumstances? It is the one who habitually does the second that fills the bill when given a chance at the first.

A young woman in New York eloped with a gentleman and was greatly surprised to find that she had become the stepmother of nine children by that act. Therefore she deserted her new husband. Is there no romance possible for a widower with children?

While he was on his way home from a bull fight recently King Alfonso of Spain stopped for the purpose of laying the corner stone of a free soup kitchen for the poor. He was probably actuated by a desire that there should be a fitting disposition of the remains of the bulls killed in the ring.

Mother Shipton's alleged prophecy, so long regarded as the most wonderful prediction ever uttered until it was proved to have been a "fake," failed to provide for the automobile, although she did foretell the steam locomotive. But the automobilist's case was anticipated many centuries before. See Nahum, chapter 2, verses 4: "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

"Passengers riding on the platforms do so at their own risk," according to the rule of almost all street railways, and the statement is by no means a mere form of words. A Boston lad stepped from a car in order that two women might alight. As he boarded it again the car started suddenly, and he was injured. He sued the company and got a verdict, but the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has set it aside on the ground that "by voluntarily becoming a passenger on a car so crowded that he could not get inside, he took the risks incident to transportation under these circumstances." It seems hard that an act of courtesy should lead to misfortune, and that this in turn should be met with a "served you right," but such warnings are meant to discourage not the practice of courtesy, but the assumption of unnecessary risks.

President Taft, according to the omniscient newspapers, is helping Mrs. Taft to make the White House a home. The idea is that these good Americans are going to try to live in the White House as they would if it were their private property, to relegate business to the executive office buildings, to diminish the ceremonious trappings of high position, and make their friends feel "at home." There are difficulties in the way. A public official, no matter where he lives, must resign himself to having his parlor turned into a conference room. One of the most retiring of distinguished American women recently complained that her house had become a public institution. More-

over, to American, shifting and restless as we are, ever feels quite at home in a house hired, or borrowed, for a limited time. It lacks the extra bay window that we put on ourselves, and the "illum-tree" in the front yard that father planted.

The British chancellor of the exchequer is said to be working sixteen hours a day to contrive ways and means to meet an estimated deficit of sixty-five million dollars in his coming budget. Among the means under consideration are increased license duties, income tax and land tax. Doubtless the new secretary of the American treasury has a fellow feeling with Mr. Lloyd-George, though he has no responsibility for raising revenue to meet the deficiency. That is the business of congress. On both sides of the ocean there seems to be more thought of raising new revenue than of reducing expenditures. Over there they attribute the deficit to old age pensions, which will require nearly forty-five million dollars, though the responsibility might well be shared with increased army and navy requirements. Here we might in the same spirit charge the coming deficit to Civil War pensions, which require more than the largest estimate made of it. We cannot pretend, two generations after the end of the war, that these are anything but a special form of old age pensions. Nevertheless we think that the American people would disband the army and hang up the navy before they would allow the pension list to be touched. Whether we admit it or not, every form of public pensions or other care for the old or poor or helpless is a recognition of the obligation of modern civilization to take charge of the poor. Orphanages and homes for the aged and hospitals as well as almshouses express the sense of this obligation on the part of private founders as well as the state. The industrial civilization by which alone increasing millions can be maintained on the earth's surface produces inevitably extremes of riches and poverty. Privation and suffering intolerant to modern humanity can be prevented only by some form of distribution of the excess among the deficient. They who cry out most loudly against the heresies of Socialism recognize this necessity in other ways.

### BASKET IS PUZZLE TO TRAFFIC MEN.

So Large That a Car Which Will Hold It Has Not Yet Been Found.

The traffic officials of the North western Pacific are much perplexed over a basket they have been requested to receive for shipment from Utah to Brooklyn, N. Y. It is said to be the largest basket in the world, and this must be true, for there is some doubt whether it will pass through the tunnels of the Sierras.

The basket is of Indian manufacture and was designed as a storehouse for grain. It is shaped like the usual bushel measure, is mounted on poles to make it inaccessible to rodents and has a huge basketwork cover. It is wider than the door of an ordinary box car, yet it could not be shipped on a flat car, as it would be liable to destruction from the sparks of a locomotive.

The contrivance was purchased from the Indians by Dr. J. W. Hudson, of Uklah, and by him sold to the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, to be installed in its museum. The doctor paid only \$25 for the basket, but it is likely to be worth a fortune before it reaches the Atlantic coast.

Taking it for granted that the basket can be moved at all by rail, the tariff officials are searching the classification sheets to determine under what rate the shipment would move. Some claim the basket is merely a basket, while others contend that it would move under the classification that includes "parts of grain elevators." Traffic Manager Geary is of the opinion that the thing is a corn crib and should be so billed. In any event, it is too large to get in an ordinary box car and must, therefore, take a minimum weight of 5,000 pounds, although it weighs only 200 pounds. Under this interpretation of the tariff it could cost \$175 to move the granary to Brooklyn—San Francisco Chronicle.

### THE "BELL" OF 1909.



—Louisville Times.

At the Dessert Interval.  
Parson Prater (at dinner)—At this season there is no teaching of the scriptures that is more timely than the sentiment, "The Lord loveth a cheerful given."

The family with a 16-year-old boy in the house has no earthly use for a thirty-six volume encyclopedia.

If you look for pineapples on a pine tree your search will be fruitless.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## THE IDEAL LABOR UNION.

By Chancellor Day of Syracuse University.



There might be a union of great help to its membership and to business. I believe in labor organizations as I believe in corporations. But let it be a union upon principles of mutual benefit and helpfulness both to the laborer and to the manufacturer, both to the workman and to the contractor.

Let it be for the purpose of securing to the employer the greatest proficiency, insisting upon only skilled mechanics for mechanics' pay. Let it consider the interests of the business and how to serve them. Let it compel its wage, not by excluding those who choose to work for less or to work when the union men will not work, but by furnishing the highest type of man and workman, so that business men will say: "If you want the most skilled and reliable mechanic or laborer, you must get them from the union. They will have no one in the union but a first-class man."

Let the union have clubrooms, and discuss thrift and temperance and home sanitation and ways and means of getting the home and furnishing it with books and periodicals for mental improvement, and spend some of the time in amusements and healthy games now spent in the saloons. Let the energy now being put into opposition to capital be used in self-improvement and furnishing a higher class of mechanic.

## TRAINING THE FACULTIES FOR SUCCESS.

By John A. Howland.



Concentration of mind in harmonious relation with bodily activity is the greatest active force in civilization. There are human activities which are effective without concentration in the mind, but somewhere in the harnessing of this force some broad scheme has been evolved without which this aimless force in the individual would be wasted. Concentration of mind is not a faculty; it is an acquired ability to command the faculties of mind and of body, and for the best results this acquirement must insure a harmonious relation between brain and brawn. Advice to a man, "You must concentrate yourself in your work," is about as ineffective as to suggest to him that he grow four inches taller than he is. If he has come to maturity without learning concentration, he is not likely ever to appreciate the need sufficiently to undergo the training necessary to get it.

Concentration of the faculties not only is a safeguard against errors, but it is an assurance that when a move has been considered and determined upon the move will have all effectiveness and accomplish the maximum in results. There is no work in life where this attentiveness does not render assurance to the worker and to everyone interested in that work. This concentration is a visible evidence of dependableness in the man. It is

## THE CRICKET.

Oh, to be a cricket,  
That's the thing!  
To scurry in the grass  
And to have one's fling!  
And it's oh, to be a cricket  
In the warm thistle-thicket  
Where the sun-winds pass,  
Winds a-wing,  
And the bumble-bees hang humming,  
Hum and swing,  
And the honey-drops are coming!  
It's to be a summer rover,  
That can see a sweet and pick it  
With the sting!  
Never mind the sting!  
And it's oh to be a cricket  
In the clover!  
A gay summer rover  
In the warm thistle-thicket,  
Where the honey-drops are coming,  
Where the bumble-bees hang humming—  
That's the thing!

## Meeting the Question

Viola met the postman at the front door. He gave her two letters; one was addressed in Diana Colvert's absurdly angular hand, and was bulky, of a fortnight's accumulated effusion; the other bore her name in the familiar calligraphy of Eustace Vandiver, who had proposed to her quarterly for half a dozen years.

She went out and sat down on the veranda steps and broke the seal of the first one with eager fingers; Diana's letters were interesting, if rather voluminous. She consumed the first eight pages avidly, then suddenly the sheets fell from her hands and fluttered to the ground. The roses, the hollyhocks, the snapdragons, the violets and jessamine, nodding and drooping in the sun-warmed air, melted swiftly into a hideous rainbow of impossible color, the maternal chirping of the birds grew harsh and mocking, the blue of the sky turned black. At last she stooped and gathered the letter into her trembling hands and went on with her reading.

The minister, their minister, going to be married and move to Cloverdale! Billy Colvert, Diana's brother, had had a letter from him, so there could be no mistake about it. And she—what a little simpleton she had been to waste her affections on someone who was going to wed another girl. Surely, in their intimate relations of the last year he must have guessed her mortifying secret; probably he was taking this very step to get clear of her. Burning tears sprang to Viola's eyes and dripped over her throbbing cheeks. But she dashed them away in fierce self-control, and read on to the end, her lips compressed, the blood scorching her temples.

There were his exact words, quoted from Billy's letter: "I am seriously considering making a change in my residence. I hope soon to marry the

evidence of the quality of brain which the worker possesses. It reflects the faculties which education and experience have developed harmoniously. Without this power of concentration every one of these faculties must prove a poor, broken reed instead of a lever that might move a world.

## ENJOY BEAUTY WITHOUT ANALYZING IT.

By G. Santayana.



To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it. To have imagination and taste, to love the best, to be carried by the contemplation of nature to a vivid faith in the ideal, all this is more, a great deal more, than any science can hope to be.

When a man tells you that beauty is the manifestation of God to the senses you wish you might understand him. Yet reflection might have shown you that the word of the Master was but the vague expression of His highly complex emotions. It is one of the attributes of God, one of the perfections which we contemplate in our ideas of him, that there is no opposition in His will and His vision between the impulses of His nature and the events of His life. This is what we commonly designate as omnipotence and creation.

In the contemplation of beauty our faculties of perception have the same perfection; it is, indeed, from the experience of beauty and happiness, from the occasional harmony between our nature and our environment that we draw our conception of the Divine life. There is, then, a real propriety in calling beauty a manifestation of God to the senses, since, in the region of sense, the perception of beauty exemplifies that adequacy and perfection which in general we objectify in an ideal of God.

## PEOPLE, NOT THE BOSSES, RULE.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.



GOV. HUGHES

You may say all you please of the cunning of political maneuvering and of the resources of chicanery. All schemes will prove as child's play if the people set out to deal with a real issue of popular government and the supremacy of the constitution of this State over race track gamblers. It is well that there should be organization to advance party principles. It is well that it should be effective; vigorous and skillful leadership is required. But it is the duty of an elected officer to serve the people and not any particular man, and no party leader has a right to assume the role of dictator, or to violate the manhood of elected officials as to parade them before the people as subject to his domination.

dearest girl in the world and bring her with me to Cloverdale. But, of course, it will rest with her whether I shall accept the call or not—that is a woman's prerogative, isn't it? However, let us see you in Brookwood whenever it suits your convenience to come, etc."

Viola folded up the closely written sheets and returned them to the envelope. Then she opened young Vandiver's letter with mechanical fingers and glanced wearily at his twenty-fifth declaration of love, accompanied by an impassioned plea to marry him and sail for Europe in June, whether he was going to complete his course at Heidelberg. Go abroad—away from it all—show him that she had not given her love unmasked, and that... She flung back her head with a quick accession of pride, and excitement a smile to her lips, a glow to her eyes. She would do it; yes, she would accept Eustace Vandiver and go with him to the ends of the earth if need be—anywhere away from this.

She went to her room and sat down at her desk, but something seemed to dull her brain and numb her hands; she could not write a syllable. In despair she took her portfolio under her arm and returned to the veranda; the shade of the orchard beyond enticed her and she ran down the steps and



HE GAVE HER TWO LETTERS.

past the flower beds to the gate on the other side. Entering, she sought her favorite retreat in the fork of a gnarled old apple tree. A lazy breeze was blowing, stirring the leaves about her with a vague, musical rustle, and cooling the hot blood in her cheeks. She took up her pen and selected a sheet of note paper. A twig cracked sharply, and she sat up alert. The paper slipped from her fingers.

"Did I startle you?" inquired a deep voice under the apple tree.  
"Not the least," said she, disposing herself with studied primness against the knotted limb at her back.  
The minister vaulted the lower limb easily and picked out a comfortable seat opposite, tossing his hat on a network of branches.

Viola regarded him first with coldness, then with assumed indifference, finally with a friendly smile that was

the hardest thing she had ever accomplished in her twenty-one years. But he must never, never guess—unless he had already done so. And if he had she must set to work to prove to him that he was altogether wrong!

"Viola," he began in his straightforward way, "I've come to you with a confession. I hope you are not going to—to disapprove?"  
For a second the girl said nothing. He looked rather young for his age, she thought. He must be at least 38, but his black hair was full of waves, his eyes bright and clear, his face ruddy with health.

"I'm considering a somewhat important step," he went on musingly, his glance sweeping the sky, the ground, and settling at last upon her slightly flushed face, "and I want your—your advice."

"Mine?" she queried, a tiny furrow wrinkling the bridge of her nose. She crossed her hands at the back of her head and stared past him at the rows of apple trees in the distance.

The minister regarded her solemnly for a moment, opening his lips twice to speak, then closing them again uncertainly. A shadow drifted across his good-looking face. "Perhaps," he suggested with a downward inflection, "the affair does not interest you?"

Viola could not suppress a smile at the lugubrious countenance before her, and, steadying her breath, she gazed straight into the minister's eyes. But only for a flash. Something in them that she could not altogether make out caused her to turn her head with a swift heartbeats.

"Of course, it interests me," she said with a rush of enthusiasm, recollecting her role. "I thought you were sure of that—always."

He straightened himself then, and with a gesture of determination broke precipitately into the subject. "It's about some one I love," he said, speaking rapidly, "someone, I want to be my wife."

Viola colored furiously; the leaves all about her quivered gently. But she pulled herself together and said in a very matter-of-fact tone:

"You want my advice about her? Well, then you will have to tell me something about her; her disposition, her hair, her eyes—everything, you know."

The minister contemplated her with a fatuous expression.  
"Why—as to her disposition," he replied earnestly, "that is all that could be desired—perfect. Her eyes," he scrutinized her with surreptitious anxiety, "her eyes are splendidly, wonderfully brown—Her hair is brown, too—and—most beautiful."

A queer silence followed his words. When Viola looked up she was pale, but valiant, and she seemed all at once thousands of miles away.

"She must be very, very lovely—this girl," she said, dreamily. "Do I know her?"

The minister looked somewhat inscrutable as he made reply:

"I am not sure—perhaps you do not." She returned his gaze with absent eyes.

"Well?" he prompted with an enigmistic smile.

"Well, I really don't see what I'm to tell you except that I'm delighted to know you are so—so happy and that—that—" she bit her lips, "to congratulate you and—"

"But it is not time for congratulations," he interposed thoughtfully, "you don't understand."

"No," said she, shaking her head. "No, I'm afraid I do not."

"It's this way," he pursued eagerly, bending near to her, "I've been called to Cloverdale. I don't want to go without first finding out whether she will go with me." He reddened and broke off, keeping his hands locked to the limbs on which they were resting.

"The only thing," remarked Viola with sage eyes and a sinking heart, "is to tell her that truth and get it over quick." She caught her breath. "Maybe you have told her?" she suggested tentatively.

"Not just as I should like to."

"Then you will, at once? Put your fate to the test, as they say in tire-some love stories?"

"Do you consider them tiresome?"

"Other people's."

"Then we'll not waste any more time discussing other people's." He bent farther, till his warm breath fanned the loose gold about her temples.

"Viola," he said, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh," she said, "I don't—"

"You don't love me!" with swiftly clouding eyes.

Viola met his look with a wonderful little smile breaking through the shadows of her face. "But—but my hair isn't brown at all," she said bewilderingly, "and my eyes are unmistakably blue."

"And mine," he laughed, he, with his arms about her, "are color-blind. Shall I go to Cloverdale?"

"We mustn't think of it," she said.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## REFUSES TO GO TO CIRCUS.

Farmer Tells Why Excitement Is Too Costly for Him.

In riding along the highway I noticed that all the barns were covered with circus pictures and by and by, when I came along to where an old farmer was cutting weeds outside his gate, I asked:

"Well, uncle, I suppose you will go to the circus next week?"

"I couldn't do it," he solemnly replied, accompanied by several shakes of his head.

"Are you afraid that the elephants will break loose?"

"No, I'm afraid of myself."

"As to how?"

"Last fall," he said, as he straightened up to lean on the hoe handle. "I went cooning one night in that cornfield over there. The dog routed out a coon and the pesky varmint headed for a tree that stood where you see that stump. I had just finished building a 400 barn where you see that mess of timbers and boards. The dog felled the coon and I followed the dog. It was a big, fat coon and his pelt was worth all of 40 cents."

"I see," said I, as he made a long pause.

"I never knew that I was an excitable man before, but they say they heard me holler two miles away. I meant to have that varmint. When he treed I ran for the ax. The old woman came out and yelled at me, but I chopped and whooped and whooped and chopped, and then the tree came crashing down it smashed the barn as flat as a door nail and the coon got away. Am I going to the circus? Well, I guess not! I'm going to roof up weeds and hoe in the garden and be the quietest man in this hull state for the next year to come!"—Baltimore American.

## Sty Old Commodore.

"When Commodore Vanderbilt was alive," says a New York Central official, "the board of directors of the New York Central used to find their work all cut out for them when they met. All they had to do was to ratify his plans and adjourn. Yet they had their uses. Occasionally a man would come to him with some scheme which he did not care to refuse outright.

"My directors are a difficult body of men to handle," he would say. "I'll submit it to 'em, but I warn you that they are hard to manage."

"The matter would be submitted to the board when it assembled and promptly rejected."

"There," the commodore would say when his visitor came to learn the result. "I did the best I could, but I told you in advance that my directors were an obstinate lot."

## Cool.

"Edith!" the old gentleman bawled from the head of the stairs, "You just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's near bedtime."

"Very well, pa," replied the dear girl in the parlor; then, after a pause, "Jack says yes, if you're sleepy, go on to bed, by all means."—Philadelphia Press.

## An Unenthusiastic Host.

"Did you invite Mr. Bilgins to our house party?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "I'm afraid he considers house parties stupid. He sent his regrets."

"He shows sense. I have a mind to send him my congratulations."—Washington Star.

Very few people reach forty without wishing they had been more careful with their health.