

BANDON RECORDER

Small Talk With

BANDON.....OREGON

If there was less of the unwritten law there would be more unbroken laws.

Now Italy is beginning to make faces at Austria. More millions for Dreadnoughts.

Atlanta recently had a musical festival and cleared \$11,000. It was a notable festival in this regard.

There is positively no truth in the rumor that the eagle on our \$20 gold piece is to be displaced by the possum.

A boy tried to burn up a beehive. Immediately there was a general distribution of the latest remedy for rheumatism.

The intended bride of a man named Beefsteak wishes him to take her name of Lamb. Why don't they compromise on Hash?

Dr. Charles William Elliot is one man whom the public will not permit to be Oslertized. It keeps handing him jobs which he will not have.

In the case of that little Texas town named Zephyr, which was destroyed by a tornado, let us refrain from making the obvious comment.

A home for habitual drunkards is to be built in Maine. The wives and children of habitual drunkards will be compelled to go on shifting for themselves.

Judge Landis recently imposed a fine of \$1,000 on a firm for rebating. Mr. Rockefeller will probably not consider it necessary to offer the firm any sympathy.

There is a question in the Senate who "the consumer" is. The consumer is the producer. He has to produce the necessary in order to get the stuff to consume.

E. H. Harriman was unable to get a special train to take him from Cherbourg to Paris. That's what a man gets for going into a country where the railroads are not his.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well." "Truth is golden." It follows that the California man who has discovered a rich mine down his well has completed a perfectly logical sequence.

If the sleeping sickness microbes tries to prey on our only living President, it will find that the weather in British East Africa is pretty hot for the brand of exercise it has invoked.

A Kansas legislator proposes to tax all bachelors over 45 \$25 a year, despite the fact that any man who has had the sand to resist the wiles of women for that length of time is entitled to a pension.

A New York girl took what she thought was a love potion and immediately developed a desire to commit burglary. Really something ought to be done to stop carelessness on the part of druggists.

Katherine Clemmons Gould complains that since her husband has accustomed her to a life of luxury she is unable to get along on less alimony than \$120,000 a year. Her case should serve as a warning to all gentlemen who are keeping their wives in luxury now and thinking of getting divorces later.

One of the most noted cancer specialists of New York died a few weeks ago of cancer, and last month one of the best-known New York experts on appendicitis died from the disease of which he knew so much. In Illinois a specialist in insanity has lately been confined in the hospital where he was engaged, suffering from a derangement of the mind. The frequency with which physicians fall victims to the ailment to which they devote most of their attention is one of the curious phenomena of medicine.

When the battleship Mississippi steamed up the river of the same name to Natchez recently, it was the first time that a warship of that size had ever entered the river. A monitor went much farther up the stream a few years ago, but the monitor is a small boat. The Mississippi is a thirteen-thousand-ton vessel and draws twenty-seven feet of water. As the channel pilots have taken vessels of twenty-nine feet draft over the bar at the mouth, they had no difficulty in getting the battleship into the main channel of the stream. This channel averages fifty feet deep for more than three hundred miles from its mouth, providing water enough to float the biggest ships yet built. The reason for the cruise of the battleship was to permit the people of Mississippi to see the warship named after their State.

It is natural that a young business man, after serving his employer faithfully for years, should finally "branch out for himself," and utilize the knowledge he has acquired in his schooling for his own advancement and benefit. And in this laudable undertaking it would seem as though his late employers should deem it a pleasure, not to say duty, to help him, if

not with substantial financial aid. With good wishes and the influence of kind words and commendations. While there are many instances of this kind, there are also many where the reverse of this is practiced, and the honest, capable, faithful employee, when he takes the responsibilities of business upon himself, is the subject of ungenerous and unjust criticism, because he comes into honorable competition with his late employer. No one man, or set of men, can possibly have a mortgage upon any branch of business, or monopolize all the chances for conducting an honorable calling, be it in publishing a newspaper or selling peanuts. What do we acquire a knowledge of business for? Why are some of the best years of our lives passed in the employ of others, except to educate us so that we may be capable, some day, of assuming charge ourselves, and fitting us to take the place of those whose active life must sooner or later be brought to a close? "Live and let live," and when, by the aid of those who have labored long and earnestly for you, a competency has been secured, and you have a full share of this world's goods, do not be so sordid, mean and unmanly as to throw obstacles in the way of the success of the young man who was once in your employ.

"Back to nature" is a popular slogan at present, and it needs to be clearly understood before it is accepted. It has been raised many times by persons who meant by it a return to something like savagery, and who, finding vice in civilization, and especially in the cities, blamed cities and organized civilization for all vice. In our time the phrase expresses part of an effort to lead people to an outdoor life, to encourage the settlement of farm regions and to raise the standards of country living. There is some danger that in our enthusiasm we come to regard cities as in themselves evil institutions, necessarily favorable to vice and ill health. We need to remember that the city is only a form of human association for purposes of trade and exchange of ideas, and that some of the most important contributions to civilized thought have been made, not in rural isolation, but in the friction of highly complex gatherings of men. A writer in the London Times recently pointed out that the ancient Greeks and both ancient and modern Latins are urban in their genius, and he might have added that the Germans, with their talent for system, are successful administrators of city units. Americans and Englishmen, although forced by necessity to make large cities, are by nature villagers, lovers of the country, happiest with some acres of open land round their houses. Because we do not, as a race, like cities, we do not know how to make them. London and New York are in appearance and in social conditions giganticly ugly. While we may count on American country life taking care of itself, at it would in England if the nature of the people were not thwarted by economic stress, we have still to learn to make great, handsome, intelligently governed cities. Americans who are crying, "Back to nature!" may cry also, "Forward to the truly great city!"

When Her Turn Came.

The Journal had taken on a "woman editor," whose duty it was to look after the "Woman's Page." Space being scarce in the "local room," a desk was given her in the managing editor's room, directly adjoining. For a week or two no fault was found with her work, but one morning the managing editor said to her:

"Miss Penfield, your style of writing is a little too terse and epigrammatic for the needs of your department. You must study expansion."

"Very well, Mr. Ringgold," she answered. "I will try."

Thereafter her work appeared to give entire satisfaction, for there was no further criticism. About six months later, however, the managing editor, after a morning spent in working at his desk, suddenly wheeled in his chair and said:

"Miss Penfield, I want a wife. I want you. Will you marry me?"

"Mr. Ringgold," she responded, with a mocking smile, "that is rather terse and epigrammatic. Don't you think you ought to study expansion a little?"

A Family Name.

A new boy had made his appearance in the schoolroom, and Miss Adair, the teacher, summoned him to her desk. "Do you expect to come to school here regularly?" she asked him.

"Yes'm."

"Where do you live? Are you in this district?"

"I guess so. I live down this street 'bout four blocks."

"What is your name?"

"Martin Luther Hicks."

"Martin Luther?" said the teacher. "I presume, Martin, you know for whom you were named?"

"Yes'm," answered the boy, brightening up. "I was named after my uncle on me mother's side. He keeps a liv'ry stable."

Cheering News.

Bobby—Make a noise like a frog, uncle.

Uncle—Why?

Bobby—"Cause when I ask daddy for anything he says: 'Wait till your uncle croaks.'"—The Tatler.

When a farmer loses a cow and it is the best milch cow he had, he is genuinely discouraged.

A spinster who keeps her birthdays keeps them quiet.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY THE VIOLIN IS MUSIC'S KING.

By James Huneker.



Restricted as to its range of dynamics, the violin has had for its votaries men of such widely different temperaments as Paganini and Spohr, Wilhelmj and Sarasate, Joachim and Ysaye.

Its literature does not compare with that of the piano, for which Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Brahms have written their choicest music; yet the intimate nature of the violin, its capacity for passionate emotion, crowns it—and not the organ, with its mechanical tonal effects—as the king of instruments.

Nor does the voice make the peculiarly poignant appeal of the violin. Its lowest note is the G below the treble clef, and its top note a mere squeak; but it seems in a few octaves to have imprisoned within its wooden walls a miniature world of feeling; even in the hands of a clumsy amateur it has the formidable power of giving pain; while in the grasp of a master it is capable of rousing the soul.—Everybody's.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW MOST MALIGNED OF ALL.

By Helen Oldfield.



Probably no class of persons are so much and so persistently misrepresented and maligned as are mothers-in-law.

As a rule, women are pleased to have their daughters marry well; the matchmaking mother is as common a subject for a joke as is the objectionable mother-in-law. If after marriage it turns out that the match is not all that the wife's mother wished for and expected, she usually is anxious that in the eyes of the world it should appear satisfactory, and to this end earnestly and steadfastly she endeavors to show her son-in-law in the most favorable light to outsiders.

Therefore, if the mother-in-law have even ordinary common sense she will, for the love which she bears her daughter, encourage her to do her best to please her husband and to retain his affection.

It sometimes is pitiful to see a woman's efforts to placate a cantankerous son-in-law, and although when there

is an irremediable breach she naturally takes her daughter's side of the difference, she is apt to do her best to help and to comfort as the wife's mother?

The prejudice against mothers-in-law is a modern one, for which Thackeray is largely responsible. The mothers-in-law whom he portrays are drawn with lampblack and acid, and it is difficult to see how any man, though endowed with the patience of Job, could dwell in peace and harmony with such women as those whom he inflicted upon Clive, Newcome and Philip. But Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Baynes are as unusual, let us hope as improbable, as any of the villains of fiction, and it is grossly unfair to accept them as normal types. Just why Thackeray, whose written cynicism in the main was kindly, and who in social intercourse was among the most genial of men, should have shown such rancor towards mothers-in-law is hard to guess. Certainly it was not from personal experience, since his wife had long been an orphan when he married her.

NEW PROBLEMS FOR THE LAWMAKERS.

By Maj. Baden-Powell.



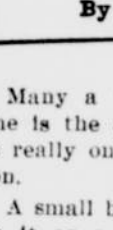
In four years' time we may be able to say that flying is common.

It is then that new laws and regulations will have to be adopted. The "rule of the road" in the air must be settled, as also the question as to whether international frontiers are to be respected, and if not, whether universal free trade must result. Then comes the subject of the ownership of the air above private property. Finally we must consider the means by which laws may be enforced and the registration and identification of aerial machines carried out.

It is no good making laws without the ability to carry them into effect. Even supposing a regular service was inaugurated of police patrolling the air in extra swift flyers, they could seldom follow and catch up transgressors, since it would not often be possible to convey the information to them in time. There can be no doubt that an intricate problem is now confronting us regarding the amending and making of laws to regulate that traffic which some of us believe will soon be darkening the air above our heads.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.



Many a woman who imagines that she is the apple of her husband's eye is really only the crabapple of his vision.

A small boy with his first drum isn't in it as a nuisance with the woman that develops what she thinks is a talent for sarcasm.

You don't know what being in bad means until your wife becomes acquainted with a bunch of women who can easily afford to pay \$90 a piece for their hats.

When you hear a hatchet-faced, vinegar-mouthed woman exclaim "All men are devils," don't you wonder what facilities she ever possessed for finding all that out?

After a baby comes, a woman realizes that the lesson in patience she had to learn to get along with her husband was only the a b c of what she had to learn later.

When a man is a nagger he generally knows it and has his moments of self-contempt. But when a woman is a termagant she goes to her grave without ever finding it out.

We know a male jellyfish who is humble enough to permit his wife to make him eat onions, although he despises them and they like him not, just because she herself wants to eat a mess of them.

Why is it that a woman will begin, at the breakfast table, to tell her husband an interminable, intricate, and meaningless dream that she has had when she knows that he is already twenty minutes behind his office-reaching schedule?

The soured old harples who buzz around young women and advise them to "take the reins from the start" never by any chance go through with it and elucidate how they themselves made out at that personally conducted reins-handling job.

Why is it that when a woman in the public eye, whose reputation always has been considered unimpeachable—a certain noted female singer, say—gets her name dragged into a divorce case the women who read about it generally appear to be oh-so-gladly-glad?

When two or three over-indulged women who pretend to believe that their husbands mistreat them get together at a shopping luncheon, the ensuing rataplan makes a blank cartridge skrimish drill sound by comparison like the rustling of autumnal zephyrs among dead leaves.

The self-same woman, whose husband always takes off her shoes when she returns from a wholly unnecessary day of shop-gadding, generally is the one who says to her woman cronies, "Deed I've got a picture of myself pressing my husband's trousers—hub!"

"I'd rather die or work in somebody's kitchen than take a cent of your detestable money!" is what they all say while the details of the mutual agreement divorce are being arranged. But when the decree is handed down they line up greedily at the alimony counter all the same.

We met a man to-day who is hard to please; he doesn't like cold weather and he doesn't like warm weather.

As a man grows leaner because of age, his wife becomes fatter.

RAILWAY UNITS OF DANGER.



HE very gratifying announcement is made that American railroads killed a much smaller percentage of people than usual last year. It is found that the total number of passengers and employes who lost their lives in this way in 1908 was 2,827, while in 1907 the number was 4,759, and in 1906 it was just 6,000. The Bureau of Railway News and Statistics traces the reduction to lessened traffic on account of business depression, apparently with reason, since there seems to have been very little advance during the year in safety appliances on the roads.

The most interesting part of the announcement lies in the opportunity it affords to make the usual comparison with the English figures for the same period. There is a general impression that the American railroads are much more careless in their methods than those across the ocean and that a vastly greater number are killed here. The impression recently was given some basis by the cable statement that the British railroads had not killed one passenger during the last year.

This statement appears to have been true, but misleading. No passengers were killed in Great Britain in 1908, so far as accidents to trains went, but 107 lost their lives on the roads by accidents due to "other causes." More than this, the English railroads had a death list of employes, due to accident, of the very respectable figure of 432.

All told, the number killed, passengers and employes, in America, was 2,827, while in Britain it was 539. But the comparison would be unfair if the relative traffic were overlooked.

The United States has almost exactly ten times as much railroad mileage as Britain has. Our freight ton mileage, in which traffic 70 per cent of the accidents occur, is seventeen times greater. Our locomotives are twice as powerful, our freight cars three times as large and our freight trains at least five times as heavy. According to the bureau's estimate, the units of danger to be overcome in the United States exceeds those in the United Kingdom by at least 10 to 1.

On a calculation of this sort we should have had 5,390 fatalities on this side last year, to be on the same basis of slaughter as our British cousins. As a matter of fact, we had little more than half the number.

The American railroad record for death-dealing does not seem to be so bad after all.—Detroit Free Press.

FRIGID REMEMBRANCES.

The contrast between the life of the young in the twentieth and in the early part of the nineteenth century is most striking, and one wonders how the Scotch children of former times survived their early training. Lady Ritchie gives in "Blackstick Papers" a description of home life in Scotland in 1806, which she took from the "Memoirs of a Highland Lady."

"Although seldom ailing, we inherited a delicacy of constitution, demanding great care during our infancy. In those days it was the fashion to take no care of it. All children alike were plunged into the coldest water, sent abroad in the worst weather, fed on the same food; our life was one long misery.

"In town a large, long tub stood in the kitchen court, the ice on the top of which had often to be broken before our horrid plunge into it. We were brought down from the very top of the house, four pairs of stairs, with only a cotton cloak over our night-gowns, just to chill us completely before the dreadful shock. How I screamed, begged, prayed, entreated to be saved! All no use!

"Nearly senseless, I have been taken to the housekeeper's room, which

was always warm, to be dried. Revived by the fire, we were enabled to endure the next bit of martyrdom, an hour upon the low sofa, our books in our hands, while our cold breakfast was preparing. My stomach rejecting milk, bread and tears generally did for me."

Six years later in the Highland home austerities seem still part of the education.

"In winter we rose without candle or fire or warm water; and really in the Highland winters, when the breath froze on the sheets and the water in the jugs became cakes of ice, washing was a very cruel necessity.

"As we could play our scales in the dark, the two pianofortes and the harp began the day's work. How very near crying was the one whose turn set her at the harp! The strings cut the poor, cold fingers. Martyr the first sat in the dining-room at the harp; martyr the second put her blue fingers on the keys of the grand piano-forte in the drawing-room."

"Knew Her 'Missis.'"

"Hadn't you better wash the dishes before we go?" said a man, who was taking a hired girl out for a walk; "your missis will be sure to see them and scold you." "No, she'll not," replied the girl; "as soon as she learns I am going out for the evening, she'll spend all the time looking through my trunk."—Puck.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Undereamed.



The best fitting for future work is fidelity in present duty.

To-morrow's shadow is always heavier than today's burden.

Love overcomes all mountains because it sees through them.

It is an unhealthy thing for a boy to be able to digest a man's religion. Heaven is bound to be a very far country to the man who can hate his brother.

There can be no friendship with the Savior without fellowship with His sorrows.

It is the religion you wear as a cloak that is soon worn out and threadbare.

The depression of many a meeting is due to people who want to make an impression.

A peculiar look of wisdom belongs to the man who discovers the hole in a dough-nut.

The church pessimist takes a bite at the oven before speaking on the bread of life.

Crooked paths come from trying to walk to heaven while looking on the other country.

The church that has no place for the child-life will have no place in the life of the man.

Some men think they are called to the ministry because they have a liking for fried chicken.

The best proof that you have had a glimpse of Heaven is that you are trying to make earth like it.

You can never get the temperature of a church to go up when the folks are talking one another down.

Lots of people believe in walking with God on the rest day and working for themselves the rest of the days.

THE BENTLEY BABY.

In the summer of 1887 Holman Bentley, accompanied by his wife and child, made a steamer journey on the Upper Congo, in Africa. Sir Harry Johnston, in his book entitled "George Grenfell and the Congo," recounts the result of the journey and the important part played by the Bentley baby.

The party went through the Bolobo district, which at that time had become excessively hostile to Europeans.

The temporary station of the Congo State had been burned to the ground, the chief, Ifaka, was dead, and when the steamer Peace, bearing the Bentleys, arrived in August, it was roughly ordered away. Before sheering off, however, an idea occurred to Bentley. Taking advantage of the steamer's halt, his wife and nurse were giving a bath to the Bentley baby.

As if by accident, the little white child was held up in view of the angry and excited people. Suddenly a hush fell on the assembled throng, gradually giving way to a shout of delighted surprise.

A few minutes afterward, in response to urgent invitations to come on shore, the Bentley baby, in a dainty white dress, was being paraded through the town, nursed and dandled by warrior after warrior, till his snowy frock was reddened with camwood dye or stained with greasy black marks from those who had stained their bodies with oil and soot.

Mrs. Bentley was equally an object of interest and admiration, as she was the first white woman who had appeared in those regions. Up to that time the white man had been looked upon as a sort of unnatural creature, who was not bred and born like ordinary human beings, a semi-supernatural being without a mate. The Bentley baby practically created the mission station of Bolobo, which has endured ever since.

The Wall-Paper Man.

Oh, I'd sing you a song of the wall-paper man,
Who's with us once again,
Who comes with the flies and who everywhere lies

With his ladders and buckets ten;
I'd sing of the ease with which bric-a-brac breaks

At the soft, gentle touch of his hand,
I'd sing of the joy which it seems that he takes

In upsetting a jardiniere stand;
I'd sing how he figures the cost of a job

To a dot (except extras worth ten),
Of his tracks in the hall and paste buckets that fall.

And the way the new rug appears then;
Oh, I'd sing of the wonderful litter he leaves

And the household he puts in a fuss—
Yes, I'd sing of him now if I didn't somehow,
Have to pass up all singing to cuss.

His Colors.

"What are your college colors?"
"Well," answered Farmer Cornotzel, "Josh has figured so strong in hazel an' football, I should say they must be black and blue."—Washington Star.

It's simply impossible to love thy neighbor as thyself if he is an amateur cornet player.

Even a college education can't deprive some young men of their good sense.