

Wit and Humor

Bob Burdette, at that time the "funny man" of the Burlington Hawkeye, a few years ago wrote the following about a meeting he had with Mr. Hendricks:

"Do you know, I have a very, very pleasant recollection of Mr. Hendricks. The only Mr. Hendricks in the world just now, of course. I never met him but once, and then I had the honor of dining with him.

"I do not mention this fact in order to create the impression that I am on easy, familiar terms with all the candidates in this presidential campaign. I fear I am not. If I wanted \$500 to-morrow—and I probably will, at least I want it to-day, and I am not the man to change my convictions on financial matters in twenty-four hours—I do not know a single candidate for president or vice president whom I could, so to speak, strike for that amount.

"Well, Mr. Hendricks had the honor of dining with me—that is, we dined with each other. It was this way: I had been lecturing, after the 'count' of 1876, out in the vast, free, glorious west. I was hastening home to Burlington over the Chicago Burlington & Quincy. On that same day Mr. Hendricks was on his way to California. Both trains on the Quincy road dined at Wormley's, at Chariton, Iowa. Mr. Wormley met me at the door of the dining room with even more than usual cordiality. He said to me:

"Good. I have company for you to-day. Come right over to this table."

"I followed him, and found a gentleman so much better looking than the campaign portraits that I did not recognize Mr. Hendricks until we were introduced. His face was very attractive; his manner no less charming. I was pleased that fate had cast me in his way. That is, I was at first. He was so pleasant. I liked him. Early in the course of a brilliant conversation about the weather he said:

"You are the young gentleman who writes the poetry on the Hawkeye, I believe. And you never saw a more bewitching smile on a man's face.

"Now, that was the very thing I didn't want to talk about. I had been writing whole pages of cam-

paign 'poetry' they call it, in the Hawkeye, but you understand, that excellent family paper wasn't exactly a democratic paper. At least, it was no more democratic than the most rantankerous, rally 'round the flag-boys third-term Hayes-and-the-whole-ticket republican Iowa could be expected to be. It was just about as democratic as The Eagle is republican. And I knew what kind of 'poetry' I had been writing. I fidgeted a little, poured a spoonful of sugar in my soup, and owned up that I was the man. Then I asked him how long he intended to remain in California. He told me and then said: 'There was one little poem—now see how kind he was; he called it a poem. There was one little poem you wrote, beginning: "There was an old Hoosier, as I've heard tell." Now, how did the rest of that go?'

"Go! It went for him tooth, claw and toe-nail, and I knew it. I teebly said, 'I don't remember,' emptied the salt into my coffee, and hoped he would find rest and returning health in California.' I also hoped that I would die in a few minutes, but I didn't say so. He thanked me in his courteous manner for the wish I expressed, and then went on:

"There was another, a good one; I can recollect only the second stanza. How did the first one run?'

"And therewith he quoted a few lines of one of the meanest things I ever wrote about any man. While he quoted my prize poem, pretending to forget the stanza that referred to himself, I was confused, but I seemed abstracted, as I spread five very thick layers of potatoes on my folded napkin, under the impression that I was spreading a piece of bread and butter. I said I wasn't very well when I wrote that one, and had quite forgotten it. Then I attempted to wipe the cold-beaded perspiration from my brow with that napkin, and added to my embarrassment, I must have appeared embarrassed or eccentric, I am sure.

"Well, the long and short of it is, Mr. Hendricks remembered every mean poem I had written about Mr. Tilden and himself during that bitter campaign, and he could quote just enough of the innocent, good-natured lines of each one to show me that he had read it. I never saw a man with such a memory. I hope he enjoyed his dinner. I think he did. He ate heartily and smiled

good naturedly all the time, and I he bade me good-bye very pleasantly. I am confident I showed it to good advantage. If I did I dissembled. I didn't feel that way at all. But I didn't run. I sat there and took my punishment like a man."

Will Take More Care

Seattle, Wash., August 30.—The frightful experiences of the northwestern States in the last two weeks at the hands of the forest fires, which have wiped out scores of lives and many millions in property, utterly destroying whole towns, have had only one heartening circumstance, the wonderful bravery of the fire fighters, settlers battling for their homes, soldiers risking their lives against the flames with the same courage that they would display in the face of a human enemy.

The disasters of the present season may result in much more care toward the prevention of fires in future years, especially in dry seasons. Governor Hay of Washington has recommended the suspension of all logging operations during the balance of the present drought and the law against burning slashings without permission will be more strictly enforced in the future. The Washington Forest Fire Association, which has spent \$500,000 in forest fire fighting this year, has been trying for years to impress upon the loggers, settlers, and all who go into the woods, the need of caution, but it seems to have required the bitter experiences of the present summer to drive home the lesson. As it is, thanks to the hard work of the association, Washington has probably suffered less than any other northwestern State.

From Oregon comes a report by a government forester that some of the forest fires were of incendiary origin. This seems too fiendish and inhuman to be credited. No enemy of mankind could stoop to the setting of forest fires either to avenge a private grudge or a sense of public wrong.

San Francisco Has Matchless Claim.

"Four million dollars subscribed to the Panama Pacific fund in two hours!"

"Seven and a half million dollars already subscribed!"

"Ten million more to be secured at the special session of the legislature called by the Governor for that purpose!"

These are but a few of the memoranda that San Francisco and California ask the nation to put down in its book when considering the awarding of the Panama Pacific Exposition at the opening of the canal in 1915. In presenting their claims for the honor the city and state not only point with pride to the ideal climate and natural facilities and site for a world's fair, but call attention to the character of their people and their record for achievement.

It is argued that the Exposition must be awarded to the people who will make of it a triumphant success for the nation, a success worthy of the achievement which it is to commemorate. The calibre of Californians and San Franciscans is of the bigness of the West—and the solid West is behind San Francisco's claim.

The calibre of San Franciscans was proven to the world in the rebuilding of their city, totally destroyed by fire, in less than three years. The temper of the mettle was shown when they raised four million dollars in two hours to the Exposition fund, and have added three and a half millions since. Their determination to secure the Exposition will be shown when ten million dollars more is obtained at the special session of the legislature.

"A fifty million dollar show—the greatest in the history of the world." This is the promise of San Francisco to the world—a promise backed by the Golden State and fortified by the Great West. The largeness and generosity which is characteristic of the pioneers of the West is

equaled by their capacity for enjoyment. It is the best worker who plays best. Your Westerner is an ideal host. And he accomplishes what he sets out to do. He promises a fifty million dollar show and he is a man of his word.

There has been no failures among the expositions and fairs in the West and none will be tolerated. The argument that it requires a large surrounding population to support an Exposition is met by San Francisco with a request to consider the glaring failure of the Jamestown Exposition with millions of people within a short radius. California argues that it is not the quantity but the quality of the population that counts. Besides this San Francisco boasts of a million people within a fifty mile radius.

San Francisco believes in herself sincerely—in her matchless climate, her sunshine, fruit and flowers, her bracing, health-giving, feverless atmosphere. And her belief is shared by hundreds of thousands who have visited her. At a recent conference held in Salt Lake City, the governors of ten states unanimously endorsed San Francisco's claim for the Panama Pacific Exposition.

San Francisco claims the site, the money, the climate and the people with the energy, courage and ability to hold an exposition that will be a credit to the nation and to the great achievement which the nation wishes to celebrate.

San Francisco, California, the great West, asks just consideration of her claim and awaits with confidence the reply of the nation.

A Master Tactician.

"Why," expostulated the lady in the brown dress when the artist who had painted a portrait of her little daughter said the price of the picture was \$100, "you charged Mrs. Crawford only \$08 for the picture you painted of her Lucy."

"I am aware of that fact, my dear madam," the suave and politic artist hastened to explain, "but you must consider the great difference in the costs of the paints used for the hair of the two children. The scant, drab colored hair of the Crawford child required just a touch of the cheapest kind of pigment, but the wonderfully beautiful and luxuriant curls of your lovely daughter required a large quantity of the best paints on the market." Then the lady in the brown dress smiled, took out her purse and begged the artist's pardon for having spoken rudely to him.—Chicago News.

The Art of the Cartoonist.

One thing is certain—in order to obtain a successful result very careful observation is necessary, whether drawing from nature or memory. In studying a subject weakness or strength of character should be grasped first, but almost equally important is to note every detail of dress—the shape and pitch of a hat, for instance, for these are essential to the caricature. Self-consciousness and sometimes nervousness show themselves in various ways. The fact is few men know what they appear to be to others. I have known a peer express an objection to being drawn with spats because he did not consider they looked well in a picture, although he always wore them. Another, who had been splendidly caricatured by Pellegrini, said to me: "I get the shivers when I am in the room with that man ever since he so grossly libeled me. If there is one thing upon which I pride myself it is my physique, and he has made me bent and stooping." And yet his lordship's stoop was the first thing one noticed about him.—Spy in London Strand Magazine.

People who lead busy lives never find time to have hysterics.—J. M. Studley.

Summons

IN THE JUSTICE COURT, SIXTH DISTRICT, COOS COUNTY, OREGON.
A. E. White, Plaintiff,
vs.
T. W. Meeks, Defendant.

To T. W. Meeks, defendant above named: In The Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear before the undersigned Justice of the Peace, for said District, County, and State, to answer Plaintiff's Complaint filed herein within six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, to-wit, on or before the 23rd day of September, 1910.

You will take notice that if you fail so to appear and answer, Plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$54.50, plus costs and disbursements.

Plaintiff has made affidavit for publication of this summons, and through his attorney, C. R. Wade, moved for order of court directing same, Said motion granted.

Dated, Bandon, Oregon Aug. 1st, 1910
Geo. P. Topping,
Justice of the Peace.

31-64
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Bandon Recorder

THURSDAY SEPT. 8, 1910

Lodge and Professional Directory

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J. A. Morrison, W. M. G. T. Treadgold, Secretary

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