

# Bandon Recorder

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FRIDAY ..... February 23 1922

## Era of Railroad Radicalism Is Now Over

By Governor EMMETT O'NEAL of Alabama



American Press Association

RECOVERING from the effects of rate wars between themselves, which had impaired their ability to serve the public, and finding in combination by which the general public was rendered helpless a fruitful soil for the growth of wealth and power, the great railroads became OPPRESSIVE in their exactions, generating that PUBLIC HOSTILITY which later flowered into laws that were perhaps in some instances unduly BURDENSOME.

The enforcement of these laws was responsible for the opposition to all the laws and the development of that new doctrine which DENIES THE RIGHT TO THE STATE GOVERNMENT to impose upon the intrastate road any regulation of even its intrastate traffic. This was a right never before questioned, but in fact affirmed by the rulings of all the courts until a recent day.

At no period in the history of Alabama has there been a more cordial feeling between the people and the carriers, a feeling which has been produced by the recognition on the part of both that only by just and equal laws, which permit no discrimination or favoritism, can we secure permanent peace and mutual and friendly co-operation between the state and the carrier.

**BUT THE ERA OF RADICALISM HAS PASSED, AND WE HAVE REACHED THAT PERIOD WHEN A WISER SPIRIT OF CONSERVATISM, BASED UPON THE RECOGNITION OF THE NECESSITY OF FRIENDLY CO-OPERATION AND MUTUAL GOOD WILL, WILL DOMINATE THE LEGISLATION OF STATE AND NATION.**

## The Scrap Book

Won by More Than a Hair.

Curtis Guild, former governor of Massachusetts, was once asked for the funniest story he ever heard. This is the story he told: "An Irishman and a Jew were discussing the great men who had belonged to each race and, as may be expected, got into a heated argument. Finally the Irishman said: 'Ikey, listen. For every great Jew ye can name ye may pull out one of me whiskers, an' for every great Irishman I can name I'll pull one of yours. Is it a go?' Ikey consented, and Pat reached over, got hold of a whisker, said 'Robert Emmet' and pulled one of Pat's whiskers. 'Dan O'Connell,' said Pat and took another. 'Abraham,' said Ikey, helping himself again. 'Patrick Henry,' returned Pat with a vicious yank. 'The twelve apostles,' said Ikey, taking a handful of whiskers. Pat emitted a roar of pain, grasped Ikey's beard with both hands and yelled, 'The Ancient Order of Hibernians!'"

Two Ways.

Wouldst thou be wretched? 'Tis an easy way. Think but of self, and self alone, all day—Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care. All thou hast to do or feel or bear. Think of thy good, thy pleasure or thy gain. Think only of thyself. 'Twill not be vain. Wouldst thou be happy? Take an easy way. Think of those round thee—live for them all day. Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care. All that they have to do or feel or bear. Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain. Think of those round thee. It will not be vain.

Can't Beat the Lawyers.

On the occasion of a football match in England between a number of military officers and a team of lawyers the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for champagne and cigars, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking toward the football ground, however, after lunch the officers espied a remarkably fresh looking lot of giants kicking the ball about and in amazement asked the guests who the strangers were. "Oh," replied one of them, finishing his last glass of champagne, "those are our playing team. We are only the lunching team, you know."

Wanted a Consultation.

So supreme was the leadership of Senator Aldrich over a host of political followers and personal friends that many a vote was cast this way or that or the other for the sole reason that "Nels says so." Some one was recalling this fact in the senate lobby when

another of the title group remarked:

"That's the exact truth. I speak from personal feeling. I trusted Aldrich's judgment implicitly, and I don't know that it ever led me wrong." Then, as he contemptuously flicked the ashes of his cigar, he went on: "Did I ever tell you about a funny dream I had? I thought I was dead, and St. Peter was putting the usual questions at me before adding my name to his heavenly census. At last he figured out I was O. K. and told me to go ahead in, but I hesitated. 'Why, what's wrong?' says he. 'Most folks are in a hurry when I give 'em the word.' 'Well,' says I, 'I dare say it's all right, but I do wish I could have a couple of words with Aldrich before taking so important a step.'" — Los Angeles Times.

A Brilliant Retort.

After dinner speaking is an art, and, like many other arts, its excellence has much to do with the mood of the artist. Some of the best of our after dinner speakers sometimes fall, but it is not often that failure results in the enrichment of the world's store of epigrams, as it did in the case of Lord Erskine many years ago.

When Lord Erskine was made a member of that highly honorable body, the Fishmongers' Company of London, he made an after dinner speech on the occasion of his first appearance among them as a member. Upon his return he said to a friend:

"I spoke ill today and stammered and hesitated in the opening." "You certainly floundered," was the reply, "but I thought you did so in compliment to the fishmongers."

Just Like the Navy.

At Fort Monroe some time ago, where one of the vessels of the navy was temporarily awaiting orders, a delegation of army officers stationed at the fort came aboard. There is a set naval regulation that nothing can be so on board ship until the commanding officer orders it. While the army party were looking over the ship 12 o'clock arrived. A junior officer approached the captain and said, with a salute, "It is 12 o'clock, sir." "Make it so," responded the captain, and eight bells were struck. The army officers suspected that the navy men wanted them to ask some questions and get sold or that this was a bit of footery got up to joke the land warriors. Some time after a party of the army officers invited the officers of the warship to dine with them. The dinner was progressing when a lieutenant entered and, saluting the senior officer present, said gravely, "Colonel, the major's blind horse is dead." "Make it so," responded the colonel, with the greatest gravity, and the dinner proceeded. Nothing was said at the time, but the navy officers tell the story.

Baseball.

Baseball is supposed to be a really modern game, but it isn't. The Greeks played it 4,000 years ago, according to A. G. Spalding.

## AN OLD MAID'S \$10,000

By M. QUAD

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Sarah Johnson had been called an old maid almost ever since any one in the village could remember. Some figured her age at forty-five, and some went five years better. Sarah had always lived alone and on what she could earn at sewing. She did go to church, and there was a legend that once upon a time she attended a Sunday school picnic, but she was by no means a high flier.

Sarah had never complained because the chance to marry had not come to her. She had never complained of her poor earnings and poor living. If any one condescended with her she sighed a sigh or two and let it go at that. She didn't even hope for a change for the better as far as any one knew.

Then, after years and years, Sarah's day dawned. A relative died and left her a cold \$10,000 in cash. It made her the richest person in the village. It brought her hundreds of congratulations and good wishes, but to all inquiries as to what she was going to do with her money she said she must have time to think it over. When she had been given a fortnight she was ready. She announced that she was going to have a good time on her money, and she started right in.

Sarah had always wanted a bottle of ketchup. Now she bought one. She had longed for a rocking chair for twenty years. Now she paid \$3 for one and sat up long after her usual bedtime to rock back and forth. Then came a pair of tan shoes, then a new looking glass, then brown stockings where she had always worn black. She stopped there to count her money, and finding that she had about \$9,980 left, she was encouraged into other extravagances. Then she suddenly developed what the villagers called a "streak." Her minister, who had heard of her reckless expenditures, called to sound a note of warning, but bumped up against a bit of obstinacy totally unlooked for. He had once invested half a year's salary in Wall street on a sure thing, and, though he had lost it, he claimed to be a business man. He was going on to tell Sarah that she must do so and so when she interrupted to say that she felt herself entirely competent to handle her money.

Then a second streak was developed. The old maid announced that she was going to have a good time with her cash. In spite of warnings and arguments and protestations she set off for Boston and took the best rooms at the best hotel. She ate of fried oysters, lobsters and crabs. She drank wine and tipped waiters. She rode in taxis and attended theaters.

She next went to New York city and repeated her performance in Boston, only more so. She became acquainted with a so called count, and he swindled her out of \$1,000. The fact got into the papers, and when she got home she found that a special prayer meeting had been held on her account. "I am sorry you went to the trouble," she said to her minister.

"But you needed it, Sister Johnson." "Well, I don't know. I always wanted to know counts and lords and dukes, and I've got off for \$1,000 where more than 200 American women have paid several millions each. It is plain to be seen, parson, that you are no business man."

Sarah took a flier in corn. She did it without advice and lost it, though she might have lost it just the same had every resident of the village advised. The news stirred up the village again, but Sarah was complacent, even smiling. It all belonged to a good time, she said to all. Then she announced that she was going to Europe. She was a member of a church, and now some of the other members raised the question of "churching" her. The majority weren't quite clear on the matter, however, and nothing was done. Sarah took in Europe for six months. She ate of everything there was to eat, and she saw all there was to see. She had a maid, and she bought her clothes in Paris. She knew that her money was being rapidly exhausted, but she did not pinch on that account. It thus came about that when she once more landed in her native village the sum of \$3.50 represented her original \$10,000.

Did Sarah Johnson collapse at the depot? Did tears blind her as she entered her little weather beaten cottage? Did she sit down on the floor and bewail and wish she hadn't done it? Oh, no! Sarah wasn't that kind of an old maid. She sat down in her rocking chair and thought of the good times she had had and smiled and smacked her lips. Her minister was the first to call. It may be that he had the beathen in mind. If he didn't the woman did. The last of her fortune was in silver. She selected a fifty cent piece and extended it with the observation:

"For the heathen, parson." "But—but—" "It is all I can give, and I give it with a cheerful heart."

"Sister Johnson, do you mean to tell me you have squandered your \$10,000?"

"I have about \$3 left."

"I can't conceive of it! I can't—can't!"

"Oh, it's easy enough. It costs money to have a good time, and I have had it. Please send the money to the heathen, and if your wife has any dresses to alter over I wish she would give me the work. I have got to go back to my job again."

## Blamed A Good Worker.

"I blamed my heart for severe distress in my left side for two years," writes W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know now it was indigestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pills completely cured me." Best for stomach, liver, and kidney trouble, constipation, headache or debility. 25c at all druggists.

## Typewriters Given Away.

The Emerson Typewriter Co. of Woodstock, Ill., have recently given away over 400 of the highest grade, wholly visible Emerson Typewriters made in the world. They have gone into every state and territory in the United States. There may be some in your town. They are giving them away everywhere to men, women, boys and girls, over 18 years of age, on surprisingly liberal conditions.

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If you could possibly make any use of a high grade typewriter, even though it didn't cost you one cent of money, then be sure, on a postal card or in a letter addressed to Frank L. Wilder, President, Woodstock, Ill., say "Mail me your Free Offers." 8-110

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## Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are requested to notify this office on election of officers and on change of meeting night. Cards under this head are 75c per inch per month.

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M. MEETS First and Third Tuesdays of each month at 8th run at the Bandon Wigwam. Sojourning Chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
A. J. Hartman, J. C. Shields, C. of R. Sachem.

W. O. W.

Keep the logs rolling boys! SEASIDE CAMP NO. 212, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD, Meets First and Third Thursdays. Visiting Neighbors welcomed.  
C. M. Gage, C. C. H. E. Boak, Secretary

Masonic.

BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communication second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.  
W. E. Craine, W. M. Phil Pearson, Secretary

Eastern Star

OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.  
Louise M. Boyle, W. M. Merta Mehl, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.  
Wm. Lundquist, N. G. S. A. McAllister, Secretary.

Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.  
C. R. Moore, C. C. B. N. Harrington K. of R. S.

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