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THE FATAL ADMISSION

"He's a failure!" said his neighbor.
But he wasn't one, you bet!
For he started out to labor
As he'd never labored yet;
And he did his duty with a grim, de-
termined smile—
For a fellow's not a failure who
keeps busy all the while.

"He's a failure!" said his fellows.
But he wasn't—not just yet—
Though he had a leaky hollow
And a staggering load of debt.
"He's a failure!" said his father.
"He's an ornery, yellow pup!"
But a fellow's not a failure if he
hasn't given up!

"He's a failure!" sighed his mother.
"He's a failure!" sobbed his wife;
There was never friend or brother
Who could help him back to life.
Then he murmured "I'm a failure!"
But he wasn't—not a bit.
Till that fatal moment came when
he himself acknowledged it!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHY COTTAGES ARE NOT BUILT

If Bandon beach is to become one
of the popular summer resorts of
the Oregon coast, the people here
must encourage the erection of more
beach cottages. But before we do this
we must make it safe to own a beach
cottage without having it constantly
guarded to see that it isn't demol-
ished or robbed.

Conditions in this community in-
sofar as respect for others' property
is concerned, are abominable. There
is more vandalism, demolition of
property, sneak thievery and real
downright house robbery going on
around here than one would expect
to find in a community of semi-civil-
ized savages. And no one is ever
caught and punished, that is why the
devilry keeps up.

Every cottage along the beach, not
continually occupied, has been broken
into and robbed at one time or an-
other. For this reason some half
dozen different parties contemplating
the erection of such cottages in the
recent past, have given up the idea.

And, this lawlessness has not been
confined to beach cottages. It is
traced from the killing of farmers'
cattle and sheep, poisoning horses
and dogs, stealing chickens, robbing
clothes lines and family larders,
down to the breaking of windows in
vacant houses in the center of town.

There seems to be a general dis-
regard for property rights and the
only way to keep anything safe is to
put it under lock and key. Even
then it has not been sufficiently pro-
tected in several cases; one where
the thief stole the lock itself, an-
other where a window was knocked
out with an axe to gain entrance.

If the authorities cannot conduct
a respect for the rights and property
of others, guaranteeing better pro-
tection, it is up to the citizens indi-
vidually to consider the problem and
probably organize vigilance com-
mittees. One example made of a
guilty party would have a salutary
effect.

DELINQUENT TAX PUBLICATION

(From Portland Oregonian)

A repeated charge that the news-
papers of Oregon are the patrons and
beneficiaries of graft in the publica-
tion of delinquent tax lists has been
made by a Portland paper, the Jour-
nal, which has set out to secure re-
peal of the present law authorizing
publication, and the substitution of
notice to delinquents by postal cards.
Why not by the town crier?

The present law requires publica-
tion in Multnomah county in news-
papers of 10,000 or more circula-
tion, and the district attorney has in-
terpreted the statute to mean all
papers able to qualify. Undoubtedly
it is wasteful and unnecessary to
print the list in four newspapers.
But it is sound policy and true econ-
omy to give public notice that taxes
on certain properties are delinquent
and not to follow a plan of mere pri-
vate notice to the owners.

It cannot reasonably be contended
that the only duty the county has
when the delinquent property is to
be offered for sale is to drop a note
in the mails to the man or woman

who has failed to make their pay-
ments. Publication of the delin-
quent list is a most important step
in the process leading to sale of the
property. It would appear to be de-
sirable, for obvious reasons, to have
that fact well known. Moreover,
knowledge that one's property will
be advertised for non-payment of tax-
es is a direct incentive to prompt
payment. We believe any experi-
enced tax collector will give his testi-
mony to that effect.

Assertion by a newspaper that ad-
vertisement, or publication, in a
public journal is without value is a
strange thing, and may be set down
to sheer aberration of mind, or a
jealous and spiteful purpose to with-
hold such publications from other
newspapers, at any cost to itself.

For the public and for newspapers
in general, The Oregonian insists
that publication on their pages is far
more effective and profitable than
any uncertain process of notification
privately through the mails or other-
wise. No newspaper is justified
in charging the state or county more
than its customary commercial rates
for public business; and insofar as
such charges have been made by any
paper, they are excessive and dis-
honorable, and may appropriately be
denounced as graft.

But we do not think that it is
dishonorable or unworthy for jour-
nals as a class to seek the public
business on the same terms as pri-
vate business; and we do not think
that publishers or editors who regard
their pages as sound media for pub-
lication of public notices of any kind
are grafters. We think rather more
of such a newspaper than of the other
kind which discredits its own pro-
fession and discounts its own service
to its readers and to the public by
preferring postal card publicity to
newspaper publicity.

The Legislature ought not to be
dragged into hasty or costly ac-
tion in this business. Let there be
due consideration of the question on
its broad merits. There ought to be
publicity of delinquent tax lists, on
fair terms, and it ought to be uniform
in method and reasonable in cost.

If you are interested in any par-
ticular bill in the Legislature and
want to read the context call around
at the World office, we might have
it. Through the courtesy of Senator
I. S. Smith and Representative F. R.
Tichenor we have been receiving
copies of bills and calendars from
day to day. If we haven't got what
you want we can probably get it for
you.

If our honorable Legislature will
kindly let the beach sands alone for
a few years, perhaps something will
develop that will make them worth
talking about. It is just such per-
nicious legislation as the Bishop bill
that discourages Eastern capital from
making any investments in Oregon.
There is a promising industry in
sight here if the gentlemen at Salem
will only give it a chance.

Now that the last legal point in
connection with the Oregon avenue
case has been decided, why not both
sides of the controversy get together
and make the best of a bad mess.
Surely the general public would like
to see that street completed in some
form or other.

The New Era Club is getting down
to business, avowed that the com-
munity's interests shall no longer be
left to the individual to guard. Co-
operation is the keynote, and here's
hoping the boys make it stick.

The recent large spruce timber
deals indicate that there is a lively
scramble for that class of wood. The
largest bodies of spruce along the
coast are tributary to the Umpqua
and Coquille rivers.

Lack of adequate shipping facili-
ties again handicap the local port.
All spruce lumber along the Coquille
should be shipped via the port of
Bandon. Instead it is going out via
rail.

Why not pass a law placing all
mineral lands in the state under the
control of the State Land Board.
Such a law would be equally as just
as the one proposed by the Bishop
bill.

If Curry county folks could agree
among themselves as to what kind of
fishing legislation they want, perhaps
their friends on the outside could be
of some assistance to them.

The Coquille valley has started
something in connection with this
railroad mail service question. Now
let's stay with it until we get what
we deserve.

If the aims of the local rural cred-
its association are accomplished Ban-
don and community should be quite
noticeably benefitted during the next
few years.

We have always known that Ban-
don has smart children, but to con-
fer the honors for 21 states—that's go-
ing some. Thank you, Miss Hall.

Despite the activity of prepared
food manufacturers there is still de-
mand for the cow and the hen. Thus
there is glory enough for all.

The present day girl has no more
use for the man who is fresh, than
for the one who is stale.

Salem needs a fool killer.

THE PURE WHITE SNOW

(By Prof. S. C. SHERRILL)

The snow! the snow! the pure white
snow!

It's making all things white below,
On earth, and in the sky above.
It is the Father's smile of love,
While He does show us forth His
skill.

By beautifying vale and hill.

The snow! the snow! the pure white
snow!

It's making all things white below.
Oh, yes! It is the winter time—
O don't you hear the sleigh bells'
chime.

And don't you hear the school boy's
shout.

As he does other school boys rout?

The snow! the snow! the pure white
snow!

It's making all things white below;
The highways, lanes, and fences,
trees.

In cloaks of purity one sees;
And towering up into the sky,
Are mantled mountains, great and
high.

The snow! the snow! the pure white
snow!

It's making all things white below.
No artist could such pictures paint—
Nor could an angel, nor a saint—
Of landscapes, beautiful and grand.

As God with His artistic Hand.

The snow! the snow! the pure white
snow!

It's making all things white below.
May Jesus' precious crimson blood,
That flowed from Calvary's brow,
A flood.

From stain, and spot, and sin set free
And make our lives so pure like
Thee.

LIBRARY NEWS

Fourteen books have just arrived
from the state library. Of this num-
ber the following: Silver Sand, by
Crocket; Joseph Vance, by DeMorgan;
Belthame the Smith, by Farnol;
Beyond the Frontier, by Parrish;
Under the Red Robe, by Weyman,
are adult fiction.

For the juveniles are: Phaeton
Rogers, by Johnson; Toby Tyler, by
Kaler; Little Jarvis, by Seawell;
Heidi, by Spyr; Cudjo's Cave, by
Frowbridge; Story of Patsy, by Wig-
gin; and Timothy's Quest, by Wig-
gin.

For use in the Library story-tell-
ing are The Story Hour, by Wiggin
and Smith; and Blackfeet Indian
Stories by Grinnell.

The 49 volumes returned this
week to the state library were cir-
culated 328 times. This makes the
cost a trifle less than one cent for
each reading. We should have many
more of these books but all the small
libraries are learning to appreciate
this privilege and only a few books
are available at this time.

The gifts have been very generous
this month. Besides those published
January 4, are two books on Social-
ism; The Call of the Carpenter by
Louck White; and The Truth About
Socialism by Allen Benson.

Five books of the Motor Series
were a Christmas gift from a boy
friend.

The Captain of the Kansas, by
Fracy, and Treasure of Heaven by
Corelli, were donated. Also Some-
where in Red Gap, by Wilson. As
we had just purchased this last for
the rent shelf we decided to put them
both on the pay shelf until they have
earned the price of one. We have
The Wonderful Year, by Locke, on
the rent shelf, and have ordered
Wildfire by Zane Grey.

The Library Board and the Li-
brarian wish to publicly express their
appreciation of the courtesy extend-
ed by the telephone company in in-
stalling a desk phone. This will cer-
tainly increase our efficiency, besides
making the day's work easier.

Ensilage Worth \$4 a Ton

Practical dairymen who are silo
users say that the silo on the farm
means a saving of 8 to 10 cents a
pound in the cost of producing but-
ter fat; beef feeders say it saves
from \$1 to \$1.50 per hundred pounds
in producing beef, and feeding ex-
periments at experiment stations
bear out these statements. On this
basis ensilage under normal condi-
tions is worth \$4 a ton. With an in-
crease of 50 per cent in feed prices
it is worth \$6 a ton.

Economy is a hard road to travel
but it leads to the land of wealth.

The Hay bill can lead the guard-
men to the border, but it can't make
them take the double oath.

Few men would trouble themselves
to look for work, if they didn't need
the money.

The dove of peace will have to coo
a little louder to be heard above the
roar of the heavy artillery.

Highly resolve, and half the bat-
tle's won, says a wise one; so let's
resolve it twice and get all the work
done that way.

When Chicago health authorities
broke up her corner, the "egg king"
was sure that the crime smelled to
heaven.

The optimism that benefits the
world is not the kind that denies the
existence of evil, but admits its ex-
istence and then shows how it may
be eliminated.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT

By M. QUAD

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Just at what hour and minute Dea-
con Bradley fell in love with the
Widow Ludden has been preserved on
the records. It was twenty minutes
after 2 o'clock on a summer's day.

The deacon was a farmer and a wid-
ower, living about two miles from the
village of Strongville. He had been a
widower for three years and had no
idea of falling in love and marrying
again. His daughter, Martha, kept
house for him.

The deacon was out mowing grass
from the fence corner when his scythe
blade struck a stone and the pole
was broken off about six inches. When
it was discovered what had taken
place the deacon shouted out:

"Gosh all hemlock! But I went and
broke my scythe, and I'll have to pay
a dollar for a new one. I've got to go
even with somebody to pay for this."

His daughter sat on the back steps
in the shade, and she laughed at his
words. When he returned to the house
he was asked:

"Goin' to town to get a new blade,
pap?"

"No, I ain't," he replied. "I'm goin'
to town to ask the Widder Ludden to
marry me."

"Awful sudden, isn't it?"

"Yes, pretty sudden."

The Widow Ludden was not wealthy,
but she had enough to get along with.
She was peeling potatoes at the kit-
chen door when she saw him drive up.
She noticed that he looked rather
spruce and wondered what business
could have brought him there. She
soon found out. The deacon came
around the house, and after a few re-
marks about the dry weather and the
tater bugs he blurted out:

"Widder, I hit a stone with the p'int
of my scythe this afternoon and broke
the darned old tool beyond repair. At
the minute I hit the stone I thought
of you. Rather curious, don't you
think?"

"Yes, it was rather odd," replied the
widow.

"I kinder took it that it was the hand
of Providence. You see, widder, you
are alone in the world, and so am I."

"Yes," sighed the widow.

"How much better it would be if we
were together instead of apart?"

"Deacon Bradley, that sounds to me
like an offer of marriage, but surely
you don't mean it so?"

"Darned if I don't!" was the excla-
mation. She dropped a potato.

"Well," said the widow as she re-
gained the potato. "You might as well
get into your buggy and drive back
home and forget all about the hand of
Providence. I don't believe that Pro-
vidence works that way."

"Waal, maybe she don't," muttered
the deacon, and he walked out to the
street and climbed into his vehicle and
drove off home.

When the deacon had called five or
six times more the Widow Ludden
spoke to the constable about it and
complained that the deacon was an
annoying her. The constable warned the
deacon to haul off the chase, but re-
ceived the reply:

"I am doin' nothin' agin the law. I
want to marry the widder, and I am
doin' my best to win her."

At length he took to calling nights—
that is, he walked up and down in
front of the house and even in the
garden. Of course, all this provoked
gossip, and the widow got so angry
about it that she had him brought be-
fore the justice of the peace for mak-
ing a nuisance of himself. When the
justice had heard both sides of the
story he said:

"My friends, I don't like to make a
court case out of this. Deacon Brad-
ley, do you think it is fair to annoy
Mrs. Ludden in this way?"

"Land o' love Jedge, but I wouldn't
annoy her for the world!" was the re-
ply. "Why, I'd have my right hand
cut off afore I'd do any such thing. She
don't seem to understand how much I
love her."

"Widow," said the judge as he turned
to her, "Did the deacon ever court
you?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "He came
in slambang and said he ought to
marry."

"He did, eh? That's no way to win
a woman. If he had come courting in
the regular way, as I and most men
had to court, would you have looked
upon him with more favor?"

The widow mused for a moment and
then replied:

"He never even squire my hand!"

"But I wanted to bad enough!" half
shouted the deacon. "I wanted to
squeeze and squeeze and squeeze, but
I didn't have the spunk. If the widder
will let me begin over agin?"

"Deacon Bradley," said the judge.
"You are an honest, upright man. You
are well off. You are lonely. The
only trouble with you is that you don't
know how to court a woman."

And then he turned to the widow and
said:

"Widow Ludden, it seems that the
deacon is a little slow, but I am satis-
fied that he loves you and will make
you a good husband. Why don't you
two try it all over agin and see if you
can't come out all right?"

The two left the judge's office in
company, and that very night they be-
gan all over agin and in less than six
weeks there was a wedding and the
nuptials were held.

"The law may be a mighty good
thing, but common sense is a brup bet-
ter."

Felt Like 90, Now Like 21
Like a weak link in a chain, a
weak organ enfeebles the whole body.
Weak kidneys lower vitality. A. W.
Morgan, Angola, La., writes: "I suf-
fered with pains in the back. I am
43 years old, but I felt like a man of
90. Since I took Foley Kidney pills
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in time.

Dr. F. A. Voge

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