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### Bandon Investment Corporation

Incorporated May 6, 1907

Real Estate, Townsites, Promotions BANDON

### A. McNair, The Hardware Man

BRIDGE & BEACH Stoves, Ranges and Heaters have in them so many excellencies that they are now acknowledged the greatest sellers on the coast, and they are growing in favor every year. We have the exclusive agency in Bandon for these household and office necessities, and prices range exceedingly modest in either case.

**TINNING AND PLUMBING A SPECIALTY**

Our Assortment of Hardware, Tinware and Edged Tools is Most Complete

Chas. S. McCulloch  
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR  
High Classes of Work Solicited  
Bandon Oregon

### HOTEL GALLIER

Rates \$1 to \$2 per Day. Special Rates by the Week or Month. Sample Room in Connection

Bandon Oregon

SHIELDS & KENNEDY, Blacksmiths and Wagon Makers  
Wagons of All Kinds Made to Order Horseshoeing a Specialty  
Job Work attended to promptly and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Shop on Atwater Street, Bandon, Oregon.

### Bank of Bandon

BANDON, OREGON  
Capital, \$25,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. L. Kronenberg, President; J. Denholm, Vice President; F. J. Fahy, Cashier; Frank Flam, T. P. Hanley

A general banking business transacted and customers given every accommodation consistent with safe and conservative banking.

CORRESPONDENTS: The American National Bank, of San Francisco, Cal.; Merchants National Bank, Portland, Oregon; The Chase National Bank, of New York.

Bank is open from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.

The New, Elegantly Fitted and Speedy Steamer  
**ELIZABETH**  
CAPT. J. OLSEN, Master

This steamer is new, is strongly built and fitted with the latest improvements and will give a regular 3 day service, for passengers and freight, between the Coquille river, Oregon, and San Francisco. E. T. KRUSE, managing agent, 22 Market St., San Francisco.

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California and Oregon Coast Steamship Co.  
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Now plying between Portland and Coos Bay only  
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### Port Orford and Red Cedar Shingles

For Sale at the Shingle Mill

All orders filled promptly. Office in mill. We pay highest price for red cedar logs and bolts

**J. E. YOUNG & CO.**

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Successor to HOOVER & MONDAY  
**BANDON MEAT MARKET**  
Dealer in All Kinds of  
Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, Lard, Etc.  
Farm Produce Bought and Sold

Having purchased this old and well established business, and moved the same to the Marshall building, east side Main street, we solicit a continuance of past generous patronage guaranteeing honest goods, fair prices and courteous treatment to all.

### VARNEY & TUTTLE

A full line of Confectionery, Fruit, Cigars, Tobacco, Soft Drinks, Etc. News Stand in Connection

Next to Vienna Cafe BANDON



"He looks at me as if I was suttin' jest about half-way curious," said the man with the dinner bucket. "Not anythin' wunnerful, you understand, but eruff' out o' the ordinary to justify him to take a second look. Then he turns around an' walks off. Don't say aye, yes ner no, but jest walks off. Say, I had a notion to pick up a brick an' let drive at him. Who's he, anyway? I ain't never heard o' Mike Brannigan bel'n' in the four hundred."

"Nor me," said the man with the hod. "Believe I'd let him have the brick if I'd 'a' been you. That's Mike Brannigan all over. He's jest got the idea that he's a little better'n most anybody else."

"It gits on me to see him stickin' his thumbs in the armbolts of his vest an' swaggerin' around like he owned the earth," said the man with the dinner bucket. "Some o' these days I'm goin' to call him down."

"He won't come if you do," said the man with the hod. "He likes it up there where he is."

"I'll climb up an' kick him down then," said the man with the dinner bucket. "I won't have so far to climb neither, an' I bet when that yeller-faced, monkey-jawed nuck hits the ground he'll feel the jar of it."

"He's a first-class son o' a gun, there ain't no two ways about that," said the man with the hod. "Other day I'd jest got up to the top o' the first story with the mortar when he hollers at me from down below an' commenced givin' me slack. He had his fannel mouth stretched wide open an' I come within one o' droppin' a gob o' mud into it."

"A gob!" echoed the man with the dinner bucket. "A gob wouldn't 'a' done no good. If you'd dumped the whole hodful in he wouldn't hardly noticed it."

"I look to see him swell up an' bust some day," said the man with the hod. "Looks like his skin wouldn't stand the pressure all the time. It's eighty pound to the square inch common, an' when he thinks anybody's takin' notice of him the conceit that's in him 'ud send the gauge up to a hundred an' fifty easy, with pounds to spare."

The man with the hoe, who had been a silent listener, removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Brannigan ain't like Nels Engstrom," he observed. "You never seen Nels actin' 'sif he'd got the swell head. Jest as common as mud, Nels was. If anybody'd got anything to say to him they'd say it an' he wouldn't stare at 'em like he wondered at their nerve. I'd go up to him an' talk to him as free as I would to Bill here. I'd make any kind of a holler I wanted to an' so'd any man on the job. He didn't mind. He'd pass the time o' day with you or take a drink out o' your coffee flask or eat a piece o' your pie for that matter. Never heard him bullyraggin' the men or seen him liftin' his feet high when he walked. When you spoke to Nels you got a civil answer every time."

"What Nels was that?" asked the man with the dinner bucket. "You don't mean Nels Engstrom that was on the job with you an' me at Sixth street last April, or was it May?"

"That's the feller," replied the man with the hoe.

"He wasn't never a boss, was he?" asked the man with the dinner bucket. "Not Big Nels? Why, he was carryin' plank and wheelin' a barrier then."

"That's what he's doin', now, I guess," said the man with the hoe, calmly. "Course he wasn't never a boss. That's what made Big Nels so mighty different to Mike Brannigan."

—Chicago Daily News.

### GOOD Short Stories

Citizens of prohibition Kansas had presented a silver service to a battleship. "But how do you reconcile yourself to the punch bowl?" was asked of one of the delegation. "Punch bowl!" ejaculated the Kansan. "Goodness! We thought that big thing was for oatmeal mush."

The judge looked down at the prisoner compassionately. The man had been charged with stealing a pie. "No doubt," his honor said, "it was the pinch of poverty that brought you here?" "No, judge," he replied, "the pie-eater man dat pinched me is de richest cop on de force."

A colored preacher who had only a small share of this world's goods, and whose salary was not forthcoming on several occasions, became exasperated. At his morning service he spoke to his church members in this way: "Brethren and sisters, things is not as they should be. You must not spect I can preach on th to you an' bo'rd in Helen."

He said: "I'm the meanest man in the world; I know I am. I went home the other evening and I was feeling pretty good, you know. My wife didn't say a word, but about 2:41 a. m. I woke up and observed a ghostly figure going through my clothes. I started gently. In a minute or two the figure drew something from a vest-pocket, looked at it in the faint moonlight, appeared to ponder for a short time, went to a bureau, secured something, put it in the vest and came back to bed. I was still snoring. The next morning I found a dollar bill and 40 cents in change in my vest. You see, she thought I would suspect something if there wasn't anything at all in my pockets, and when she took the ten-dollar note she put in the \$1.40, I would like to see her expression when some clerk hands her back that \$10 Confederate note today."

An Englishman and an Irishman went to the captain of a ship bound for America and asked permission to work their passage over. The captain consented, but asked the Irishman for references and let the Englishman go on without them. This made the Irishman angry, and he planned to get even. One day when they were washing off the deck the Englishman leaned far over the rail, dropped the bucket, and was just about to haul it up when a huge wave came and pulled him overboard. The Irishman stopped scrubbing, went over to the rail, and seeing the Englishman had disappeared, went to the captain and said: "Perhaps yez remember when I shipped aboard this vessel yez asked me for references and let the Englishman come on without them?" The captain said: "Yes, I remember." "Well, yez've been deceivin'," said the Irishman; "he's gone off wid' yer pall!"

**Where to Begin and Stop.**  
Jean Paul advised mothers to give their child a stick of candy to suck, nicking it at a certain place and saying: "When you come to the mark lay it down and don't touch it again." This is a severer discipline than we are inclined to apply to infancy today, but it is easy to see, observes Harper's Weekly, what a sturdy and capable citizen might result. To decide at what point one should stop short and at what hour and place one should begin, and having decided what to do, to do it or die, is the way to form a character.

There is such a thing as overthinking of thinking so long about an action that the action evaporates into thin air before it is born. We forgive Hamlet his inability to act, because he was a genius and a king of wonderful words, but his tendencies were deplorable. If every one chose to think over all conceivable aspects of every case, and having thought it over, to begin again and think it over more curiously still, the wheels of life would be so clogged with thinking that the machine would stand still. The condition of life is perpetual motion, and everybody must be doing something without hurry and without anxiety, each must hold up his end of the world's work for better or for worse.

**Bumped His Pride.**  
There is a young man in Boston who can actually trace his family back two generations. His one failing is a desire to be thought a descendant of one of the old families, and his studio—he says he is an artist—contains a number of heirlooms. One thing in which he takes particular pride is a Continental uniform complete in every detail, with flintlock and powder horn. He was showing this to a young lady the other day. "My great-grandfather wore this suit when he gave his life to his country during the brave days of the Revolution," he said. The young lady inspected the uniform carefully, but could find neither bullet hole nor saber cut. She turned to him with a charming smile. "Oh, was the poor old gentleman drowned?" she asked.

—Argonaut.

**Force of Habit.**  
Mr. Easy—Cheer up, Mr. Peck. If we must go down, let's go cheerfully, like men.  
Mr. Peck—But, hang it all, Mr. Easy, if I don't get home my wife will never let me go fishing again. —Harper's Weekly.

**Seeking an Easy Education.**  
"Most men learn only in the school of experience."  
"Yes, and some of them want to take that course by mail." —Smart Set.

Who's become of the old-fashioned bride who would not appear in public for two weeks prior to her wedding day? Also what has become of the fellow who went to see his girl every other Tuesday night until they were engaged, and then he went regularly every Tuesday night?

Many a family tree has a bad branch and a shady reputation.

ART OF LISTENING.  
It is a Very Important Part of the Actor's Stage Business.  
The reason why listening plays a part of such paramount value on the stage is that if an actor is not deeply interested in what is going on in the little world in which he has been cast, he cannot look for any real interest on the part of his audience; and the only way in which he can denote that interest to everything that has any bearing whatever on his life and actions, and the skill with which he expresses the feelings bred of what he hears, says James L. Ford, in Scribner's.

Listening is an art that is not properly taught in the schools in which modern actors are trained, for which voice culture has the place of high honor that it deserves in the curriculum of every academy on Broadway. If you ask either teacher or pupil about the still more important business of listening, the chances are that you will receive no reply save a wondering shake of the head.

So much has been said about "temperament," "mentality," "facial expression," and "personality" that it is a very easy matter for a schoolgirl to persuade herself that she has in her the makings of a great actress. All she needs is what she calls "a few lessons."

One young woman, indeed, told me that she had been studying the art of expressing emotions by means of a series of contortions of visage, all more or less hideous to behold, but that she had not been taught anything about listening. In short, although she had learned how to make her various emotional grimaces, it had never occurred to her that unless she could show cause for these curious expressions of joy or grief or rage or whatever they were called in her "Complete Handbook of Acting," her audience would not understand what she was driving at. But if she had been taught to listen with a natural interest and attention, the emotions called forth by what she heard would be certain to betray themselves convincingly on her face. Like many another, unfortunately, this deluded young woman had begun to learn at the wrong end and had been taught the effect, not the cause of emotion.

### Coquille Steam Laundry

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Of every kind done on short notice and at reasonable prices.

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COQUILLE, OREGON.

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You can't expect to get \$2 worth for \$1, but you can get your moneys worth at

### M. BREUER'S

Dealer in Boots and Shoes

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done at Lowest Living Prices.

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All Kinds of  
**Meats & Provisions**

Furnished at living prices. A share of the public patronage solicited

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Nice clean rooms 25c and 50c a night; \$1.25 a week; \$5 a month

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Meets all boats. All orders handled with care

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Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
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