

School Report

Report of the Bandon public schools for the fourth school month ending Friday, Jan. 29, 1909:

Grade 1, Miss Wilkins, teacher—Enrollment for year, 63; enrollment for month, 53; daily attendance, 37; days attendance 738 5; days absence, 192.5; times late 10; roll of honor 3

Grade 2—Miss Marsh, teacher—Enrollment for year, 37; enrollment for month, 34; daily attendance, 30; days attendance, 614.5; days absence, 58.5; times late, 21; roll of honor, 8.

Grade 3—Miss Radley, teacher—Enrollment for year, 40. enrollment for month 37; daily attendance, 32; days attendance 638; days absence, 142; times late, 16; roll of honor, 6.

Grade 4—Miss Hamlin, teacher—Enrollment for year, 49; enrollment for month, 46; daily attendance 41; days attendance, 815.5; days absence 76; times late, 1; roll of honor 16.

Grade 5—Mrs. Myers, teacher—Enrollment for year, 42; enrollment for month, 36, daily attendance 32; days attendance 638; days absence, 65; times late, 1; roll of honor 15.

Grade 6—Miss Murphy, teacher—Enrollment for year, 45; enrollment for month 40; daily attendance, 37; days attendance, 736; days absence, 52; times late, 10; roll of honor, 19.

Grade 7—Miss Walker, teacher—Enrollment for year, 37; enrollment for month 32; daily attendance, 29; days attendance 571.5; days absence, 57.5; times late, 8; roll of honor 9.

Grade 8—Miss Cole, teacher—Enrollment for year, 33; enrollment for month 29; daily attendance, 16; days attendance, 466; days absence, 69; times late, 5; roll of honor, 6.

High school—H. C. Ostien, principal; Mrs. Ostien, a sistant—enrollment for year, 33; enrollment month 33; daily attendance, 30 days attendance, 605; days absence, 50; times late, 2; roll of honor, 13.

Summary—Enrollment for year, 379; enrollment for month, 340; daily attendance, 284; days attendance, 5,823; days absence, 762.5; times late, 74; roll of honor, 95.

Roll of honor includes pupils neither absent nor late during the month. The following students of the high school have made a standing A for the month in the subjects named. A equals 95 to 100 per cent:

- Dorothy Gibson, American history, English, geometry.
- Beulah Hesse, English.
- Hazel Stephenson, general history.
- Rittie McNair, physical geography.
- Erma Craine, algebra, American history, general history.
- Ebba Wren, general history.
- Elisha Wilson, algebra.
- Maud Lowe, algebra, physical geography.
- Nora Gibson, algebra.
- Lena Langlois, algebra, physical geography.
- Sylvia Rackleff, general history.
- Ella Felter, book-keeping.
- Guy Frederick, book-keeping, general history, English, algebra.
- Ruby Snyder, book-keeping, English.
- Pearl Synder, book-keeping.
- Amelia Chaney, algebra, general history.
- Grace Disher, algebra, English, general history.
- Elsie Kinley, algebra, English, general history, book-keeping.
- Zettie Gibson, algebra, English, general history, book-keeping.
- Lenther Gallier, algebra, general history.
- Marguerite Haberly, algebra, English, general history, book-keeping.
- Tom Ostien, algebra, English, general history.
- Ernest Wilkins, English, general history.
- Thos. Laird, algebra, English, general history.
- Robt. Blackerby, general history.
- Carl Bowman, algebra.

Respectfully submitted,
H. C. OSTIEN, Supt.

Woodruff & Turner the house-furnishers are showing over 100 designs of wall paper, new and complete line. Prices from 2½ cents per roll up.

DYNAMITE IN THE MAKING.

Workmen Who Are Encircled by Death In Gallons and Tons.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerin, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons.

It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagaras into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powderward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draft ale and piped on to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerin expert into one of those big caldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

Around you are other houses at uniform distances apart and connected by a series of narrow gauge tracks wherein workmen are railroading nitroglycerin from here and pulp cotton from there to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatin. Greatest care is taken in rolling the product from house to house. As soon as a loaded cart is ready to pass out of the nitroglycerin house, for instance, a semaphore signals from an adjoining station, to which the consignment is carefully hurried.

Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonite, red cross, hercules, judson and giant powder, forcite or what you order, it develops the quasi virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatin in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, curbed and sleeping, encircles you in gallons and tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable.—Leslie's Weekly.

LIBRARY SLOW POKES.

Time Killing Methods of Officials in Continental Europe.

"Americans who grumble about having to wait a long time for books when applying to a public library," said a Boston literary woman, "should try to work or study in a foreign library, particularly in Germany.

"The typical continental librarian takes no account of time. The reader, worker or student must turn in his or her application for books at least a day in advance. The men who search for the books applied for are aged, tottering creatures who have been shuffling around the dusty piles of books for years, and the word hurry is not in their vocabulary.

"The most priceless books and manuscripts are kept in places which are perfect fire traps, and disorder predominates in every department. When you speak about the impossible methods employed the librarians tell you that they are too poor to introduce any modern indexes or catalogues. This is to some extent so, but as a matter of fact they would not change if they had all the money in the world at their disposal.

"They do not wish to encourage the common people to use books. The learned are among the aristocracy, and the spread of the knowledge which is hidden in those wonderful literary museums is far from the purpose of the men at the head of Europe's libraries.

"There may be some delay in our libraries, but our people in the lower walks of life are certainly ahead of the common people of the old world in the matter of getting books when they want them, and generally free of charge."—New York Telegram.

The Town to Be Born In.

In the German town of Klingenberg, near Aschaffenberg, Bavaria, in addition to having no rates to pay for the upkeep of the town, those actually born in the parish receive from the municipality a sum of £12 15s. a year. This sum, if invested regularly at, say, 3 per cent, would entitle the owner to receive about £1,500 at the age of sixty—a very handsome old age pension. Were it not necessary that the inhabitants should prove birth in the parish before becoming entitled to this payment the popularity of Klingenberg as a place of residence would doubtless be enormous.—Westminster Gazette.

For Bargain Day.

"She's no lady!"

"Why, I always thought her most refined."

"On the surface, yes. But what do you think of a woman who wears her little boy's football shoes to the bargain sales and spikes every one who gets in her way?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After Him.

"It's hard to lose your friends," remarked the man who was down and out.

"Hard?" snorted the man who was on the high tide of prosperity. "It's impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

The Prompter.

"I suppose that inspiration prompts many of your jokes."

"A few," admitted the press promoter. "Desperation, however, prompts the most."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A MORNING SURGICAL OPERATION.

(Original)

A young American, Walter Tisdale, with two ladies, was dining in Paris at a cafe in the Champs d'Elcier. There is an adage that two is company and three is a crowd, and Tisdale wished for another man to be a companion for one of the girls. A gentleman sat at a table near by smoking his cigarette, drinking his absinth and twirling his mustache. He cast an occasional glance at Tisdale and his party and seemed interested in them. When the waiter presented the bill Tisdale was chagrined to find that he had left his portemanteau at his hotel. There was nothing remaining in his vest pocket but a five franc piece, quite insufficient to meet the indebtedness. He was at a loss to know what to do. The ladies had no money with them, and the position was embarrassing. All this was evident to the gentleman sitting near. He rose, approached Tisdale and, lifting his hat, politely said:

"Pardon, m'sieu. If you will permit me I will relieve your embarrassment. What is the amount of the bill?"

After some discussion Tisdale accepted the stranger's offer and asked him to take his place at the table while he drove to his hotel to get his money. The stranger consented. Tisdale was absent less than half an hour and when he returned found the girls quite at home with their protector. He was a man of perhaps forty. His manners were affable, and he possessed the faculty of being an attentive listener. Tisdale was very grateful for the favor he had done him and thanking him, said:

"M'sieu, we would be happy to have you join our party for the evening. We shall visit those places of amusement with which this delightful city abounds and when we have exhausted them will sup at one of the cafes in the amusement center."

Tisdale took out a card and handed it to the stranger, who looked at it musingly.

"M'sieu will pardon me," said the latter, "for not returning my card. I never carry one. My name has disagreeable associations. You probably know that the implement used in the revolution for getting rid of the nobility took its name from a physician, Dr. Guillotin."

"I see," said Tisdale; "you are a descendant of his."

"The name is not uncommon," said one of the ladies, Mlle. de Four.

"I rather like it," said the other, Louise Micheau. "There is a keen edge to it."

All laughed at the sally. The ladies gathered their wraps, the men put on their overcoats, all left the cafe and, getting into a carriage, drove away. During the evening the party gave themselves up to pleasure. The stranger once or twice demurred at not being permitted to pay any bills, but, seeing that Tisdale was determined on this point, gave way. He was not a communicative man—rather silent, in fact—but this did not prevent him from being companionable. He asked to be excused from drinking, giving as a reason that he would be obliged to perform a delicate operation in the morning and would need a steady hand.

"So you are like your celebrated ancestor, a doctor?" remarked Tisdale.

"I follow his footsteps," replied Guillotin.

The doctor seemed to prefer Mlle. Micheau and became her escort for the evening.

It was 1 o'clock before the party bought up in a cafe on one of the boulevards for supper.

"I shall have to leave you very soon," said the stranger. "Having accepted your hospitality thus far, I grant that you will drink a bottle with me?"

"Certainly. But why leave us?"

"The operation I spoke of."

"An operation! So early in the morning!" exclaimed Mlle. de Four.

"You'll kill the patient," said Mlle. Micheau. "Better wait for daylight."

"I do not expect the patient will survive," said the doctor.

There was a certain chill in his voice that communicated itself to the others. There was something uncanny in the fact of a man's leaving a gay supper party to perform an operation on a person the result of which he expected would be fatal. Tisdale, to banish the disagreeable feeling, seized a glass of wine and, clinking it with the others, drank success to the doctor's operation.

"It will be successful," said the surgeon. "It is an operation I have performed often, and I never fail."

"But I thought you said the patient would not survive it," said Mlle. Micheau.

"He will not, but his death has nothing to do with my skill in operating. That is another matter."

As he spoke a waiter uncorked a bottle of champagne, the wine spouting and deluging the glasses. The doctor took up his glass, bowed affably to the three, touched his lips to it, set it down and offered his hand to each. There was a coldness in it that added to the chill. Then he was gone.

"M. de Paris is looking very well this morning," said a gentleman sitting near. "He goes to attend to the case of Gavitz, the wife murderer."

The girls with Tisdale turned pale.

"Who is M. de Paris?" asked Tisdale.

"Our companion for the evening the public executioner!" gasped Mlle. Micheau.

The next morning's paper in speaking of the passing of the wife murderer incidentally mentioned that M. de Paris was not his usual self. Perhaps a remembrance of Mlle. Micheau and something to do with the change.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
United States Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.
Jan. 5th, 1909

Notice is hereby given that Abraham Jones, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on October 6th 1908, for made Timber Application, No. 01675, for N. E. 1-4 of N. E. 1-4 Section 19 Township 29 S. R. 13 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof to establish claim to the land above described before the Register and Receiver, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 20th day of March 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Edward L. Ohman, of Bandon, Oregon
Amos E. Haddall, of Bandon, Oregon
A. C. Adams of Bandon, Oregon
J. M. Adams, of Bandon, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Readvertisement.
First publication Jan. 21.

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