

WOMEN'S CIVIC UNION

Objects of an Illinois Town's Improvement Society.

AWAY WITH CANS AND ASHES

Flowers, Shrubs and Lawns Will Replace Them in Madison County Seat. Fair Sex Leaders in Cleaning Up Movement, and Men Aid.

In the improvement of towns there is much that can be done by women as well as by men. The record established by women in this line of work is very creditable and should act as an incentive to the fair sex of any town to beautify their community. Some idea of the kind of improvement work women can do is shown by the plans of a civic league in an Illinois town.

Edwardsville, the county seat of Madison county, Ill., is fortunate in that its men and women residents cooperate. The men put down brick streets, granitoid sidewalks and sewer systems, extend the transportation facilities and enlarge the business interests, and the women, through the Humane society and the Civic league, see that the poor are fed and clothed, that cruelty to animals is prevented, that the streets and alleys are kept clean and sanitary and that there is an abundance of flowers, shrubs and grass plots.

The combination is a winner, and there is general satisfaction that it exists. Now is the time when the women get busy with spring town cleaning. They have a well organized league, in which men are welcomed. The first gun of the campaign was fired a few nights ago through the medium of a mass meeting.

Mrs. W. F. L. Hadley, president of the Civic league, presided and made an address. Mayor Henry P. Hotz introduced two of the speakers—Professor W. J. Stevens, principal of the Eugene Field school, in St. Louis, and D. M. Hazlett, also of St. Louis. Their talks were illustrated with stereopticon views, showing the evolution of a city under the influence of new sentiment. C. W. Terry, president of the Citizens' State and Trust bank, also made an address.

This was but the first of a series of meetings. In addition, the co-operation of city officials has been secured, the schools have promised assistance, and private citizens are enrolling under the banner of cleanliness. All in all, there seems to be little prospect for the tin can and ash pile in Edwardsville this summer.

The officers of the league are: Mrs. W. F. L. Hadley, president; C. Terry, vice president; T. A. Desmond, second vice president; S. L. Lloyd, secretary; Miss Kate Evans, treasurer; D. E. Burroughs, Mrs. R. S. Barnaback, Mrs. W. R. Crossman and Mrs. N. O. Nelson, executive committee.

The objects of the league, as epitomized by Mrs. Hadley, are:

"To secure improved cleanliness and orderliness in both public and private grounds, especially the entrances to the town.

"To beautify the town through encouraging the planting of trees, vines, shrubbery and flowers.

"To restrict unsightly signs and billboards, to encourage municipal discussion and to secure and maintain a rest room for out of town friends."

TOWN BOOMER.

What Can Be Accomplished by Cultivating Public Spirit.

Spirit is the most substantial thing in the human world. A nation is as great as the collective spirit of its people. Progress, industry, inventions, improvements—all are but manifestations of the spirit of an age, or of a country, or of a city, or of an individual. Take all the people out of New York and put 4,000,000 Zulus in their places and grass would grow in the streets, elevators would stop, subways, elevated roads and surface lines would be abandoned and the city would fall into ruins. But put the present inhabitants of New York in the middle of Zululand and they would build another New York. For the people are the city. It is their spirit that does all things. When San Francisco was shaken down and burned, the real city did not cease to be, but was only put in the way of a new and greater manifestation, for the spirit of the people rose higher to meet the catastrophe. It has been so in every American disaster. Here liberty, popular education, democracy and individual initiative have built up a greater spirit in the people, and this faith has become manifested in works. All this has a very definite and practical application to the building up of a town or city anywhere. The only way this can be done is to build up the spirit of the people of that town or city. Given that and the material progress will follow. Seek ye first the inner kingdom and all these outer things shall be added. Like most of the things taught by the Master, that is a scientific fact. It belongs to that deeper human science which, after all, is the greatest one we know.

Practical Improvement Work.
In several states improvement societies invite the public to become members at \$1 each and offer as a premium seeds and plants. In at least one instance ten plants of each of ten kinds are given to each person becoming a member and paying the sum of \$1. This scheme is said to be one of the most successful thus tried, and towns with such a live society are rapidly becoming noted for their beauty and effectiveness in both private and public improvement.



ORIENTAL PALACE AND MANUFACTURERS BUILDING.

The Palace of Oriental Exhibits and Manufacturers Building have a frontage on Cascade Court and Geyser Basin and look across at Foreign Exhibits and Agricultural Palaces; Yukon Avenue separates these magnificent display buildings, and in the back ground the state buildings of Oregon and California are located.

Construction work on these buildings was completed last year and exhibits are being received and placed in position. The Oriental Palace will house the most valuable collection of Far Eastern art that has ever been sent from the Orient, and will present displays from Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, French Indo China, Borneo, Java and all the eastern countries of Asia.

The Manufacturers building encloses a vast amount of exhibit space and every foot of this has been engaged for display purposes by domestic and foreign manufacturers. The interest manifested in this department of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is world-wide and competitive displays will be general and comprehensive. Exhibits are being daily received and the heavy work of installation is rapidly being accomplished.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It is extremely hard to beat sense into the head of a stupid man if you have none to spare.



When there isn't enough trouble to go around, industrious busybodies are sure to take notice.

A crop of children is often a very perplexing one to harvest.

When a woman loses her purse she immediately thinks of her husband.

A woman usually changes her name because she wants to; a man changes his generally because he has to.

It is hard to get an obstinate man on your side and probably not worth the trouble.

Common Pest.
The scold with no one makes a hit. Although her words the case may fit, and thus her influence is nil. Though as a scold she fills the bill.

A man may writhe beneath her lash and hand her out his weekly cash, but, all the same, he feels as if he'd rather tender her a "biff."

Though for awhile she has her way and man has nothing much to say, sometimes she finds, to her concern, that in the end the worm will turn.

But, even though the worm may rise, when she recovers from surprise that he should say "The things forbid she makes him sorry that he did."

Long Winded.
"How much longer is he going to speak?"
"Not over three hours."

"What makes you so hopeful?"
"I just heard him say 'In conclusion, brethren.'"

Long Distance Scrapper.
"Muggs claims to be something of a fighter."
"He is forever blowing about licking some one."

"Why doesn't somebody call his bluff?"
"He doesn't let them get close"

One Developed.
"How many senses have you got, pa?"
"About six."
"Teacher says you have only got five."

"That is the number we are born with, Johnny, but after awhile we learn not to cash checks for friends."

All He Wanted.
"Why is it that the good things are so scarce, while we fairly riot in the things we don't want?"
"I hadn't noticed it."
"It is a fact, though."
"Well, a man can only have one mother-in-law."

Good Remedy.
"I have the blues."
"Know a remedy."
"Is it easy?"
"Easy to take, but hard to get."
"What is it?"
"The long green."

Which?
"I just love work."
"You do?"
"Yes."
"Well, I'll bet a disappointment in that love wouldn't break your heart."

Answered Specifications.
"What is Jenks in trouble about?"
"He has been fined for disorderly conduct."
"Has he been singing again?"

Called For a Fishing Trip.
"What's the matter with you now?"
"I've got spring fever."
"You always were in luck."

Philosophy is the thing that makes you take other people's distresses with equanimity.

Being pleased with yourself is a condition of mind not intended to be put on dress parade.

The headache that he didn't have is the one man most enjoys.

Being in love is the business of some people and the pleasure of others.

It is as hard to lose some men as it is to win some women.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot? Not unless you owe him \$10.

It is good for one's self esteem to keep still and listen to what people are saying—or not saying—about one.

The best thing about the nonworrying habit is that no one is begging you to break yourself of it.

The only annoying habit some people have is the habit of lying.

Sometimes a soft answer gives you a reputation for mushiness.

Being gregarious, we always want what the other fellow wants for the same reason, although we may be totally ignorant of his reason.

Courage is the ability to mislead people into thinking that you are not the least bit scared.

When a woman gives you a piece of her mind it doesn't add to the peace of yours.

If knowledge is power, why not attach the universities to the electric motors?

If it is necessary for some to weep we would like to pick the weeping list.

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SHE LET HIM GO

A Story of a Father's and Daughter's Obsession.

By SHIELA ESTHER DUNN.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

"Goodby, Nan. I'm tired of loafing around the daughter of a man who has lots of money."

"Dad's money's mine too. I can manage him."

"Not much it isn't. He'll cut you off with a shilling if you marry me. He's a very determined man."

"And I'm a very determined girl."

"What shall I do?"

"Go ask dad."

"I haven't the cheek—not even funds enough for a marriage fee."

"I'll go with you."

We went to the old man together. If I hadn't felt her hand on my own—it was steady as a rock—I should have collapsed. Strange, too, since I got a promotion in the Spanish war. A current of force running through my arm into my body enabled me to say it all.

"No," growled the old man when I had finished.

"I'm going to marry him anyway, dad," said Nan.

"If you do you'll not get a cent of my money."

"You'll think better of it some time."

"You think so? I tell you by all that's holy if you marry that galoot I put my money into a hospital."

He brought his fist down on the table with such force as to upset a pitcher standing on it, the pitcher breaking on the floor.

"And I tell you, dad, you won't do any such thing."

With that she turned and marched me away. I felt like a dummy, and I was one. I'd simply talked like a phonograph wound by Nan. The struggle was between the father and daughter. I had nothing to do with it. I was simply engaged to a girl who had a battle to fight.

They lived together after that, as before, and I could see no evidence of bitterness in either or any disposition of either to yield. I felt very despondent about the matter, because Nan was determined to force her father to consent to our marriage and wouldn't marry me without that consent. I wanted her to give up the money or give up me. She would do neither.

When I spoke of the former she said: "What do you take me for? Dad's got a couple of hundred thousand and nobody to use it but me. I've got too much common sense for that."

"Well, then, I'm going to—"

"Oh, come, now, don't talk like a fool! Be sensible. Leave it to me."

A fellow who had always looked upon girls to be petted and cuddled and managed wasn't likely to be pleased with this way of putting it, and I grumbled. But somehow I didn't have the sand to break with Nan, and away down in my heart I knew that if she was to marry me, who had never laid up a cent, she was right in her position. Of husband and wife the one having the right way will always lead.

Nan and I weren't married, but she was so strong willed and practical that there was no more romance between us than if we had been married ten years.

But I was a man and had been a soldier. The time came when I was ripe for mutiny. One morning I told Nan that I wouldn't stand in such a contemptible position any longer. She wouldn't marry me and live on my small salary, and she wouldn't consent to a breaking of our engagement. I proposed to go to her father and tell him that I was out of the squabble.

"Don't make a fool of yourself," said Nan. "He'll only laugh at you."

Paying no attention to the warning, I hustled off to find the old man.

"Mr. Sprigman," I said, "I have arrived at the conclusion that your daughter is wrong and you are right about this proposed marriage. I have come to tell you that I don't want her with your fortune so long as she won't marry me without it."

"Making a virtue of necessity, eh?" he sneered.

"I don't mean it that way. I mean—" "I told Nan she was trying to marry a fool."

"I may be a fool, but I'll not remain in this position any longer."

"You won't have to."

"Have to! Of course I won't. I'm a free man."

"Oh, don't talk bosh!"

"I don't understand you."

"Young man, since Nan's crazy enough to want you, don't you go through life with her harking her. You won't be able to balk her anyway, though you're trying to do it now. She's the only person I ever met who had a stronger will than mine, and that's saying a good deal, considering the obstinate women in the world. You think you're going to shake her, do you? In that event I want you to understand I'm with her. She's worth twenty such as you, but if she wants you she's got to have you. I consent to the marriage. Now, get away from her if you can."

Nan must have been listening, for she opened the door, came in, went to her father and put her arms around his neck.

"Dear old dad," she said, "I knew you'd stand by me when the time came. And I knew you'd find out in time that Dick is a real manly sort of fellow."

"Rats!" said the father, caressing her. "You've done the business yourself. You sent him to me knowing it would drive me in the opposite direction. Besides, you wanted to give me an excuse to back down."

"I didn't send him, dad, but I let him"

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