

## Local Lore

The "FIFIELD" entertains its passengers. 11

Scissors for school children, at Bandon Hardware Co. 11

Try those Home Grown Onions at Rosa Co's. 11

Paint. Bandon Hardware Co. The price is up, but the quality is way up. 11

Rosa Co. guarantees its new line of Pocket Knives and Scissors. See them. 11

The PALACE Boat of Bandon—"FIFIELD" sails for San Francisco, Sept. 25th, 4 p. m. 11

B. L. Tracy is burning a kiln of brick at his yard in the old race track. He has 75,000 in the kiln. 11

S. H. Goff, the second-hand man on the hill, pays more for goods and sells for less. Give him a call and get the reason. Phone 211 33 11

All kinds of second hand goods including school books, etc., bought and sold. W. L. Beach, in Blackberry building, across from RECORDER office. 11

FOR SALE—Two horses, 1000 and 1100, also second hand 3 inch Bain wagon with bolt rack, good chain harness; for \$160. 36-4t W. F. KENNEDY.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lusk of the North Fork came down last week for a visit with their daughter, Miss Inez Lusk, who is one of the teachers in the Bandon public school. 11

Fred Mehl, who had the misfortune to get his arm broken while working in his planing mill last Thursday, is getting along nicely at present. 11

Mrs. Elbert Dyer and daughter Ethel left on the last Breakwater for Portland. Miss Dyer intends to enter a business college. 11

Miss Vivian Hutchins, the new seventh grade teacher arrived from her home in Ottawa, Kansas, Tuesday. Her sister, Miss Rose Hutchins, of the high school, arrived about a week earlier. 11

I have for sale, on easy monthly payments, a number of the largest and finest residence lots in Bandon. Address E. M. Furman, Coquille, Ore., or E. J. Hutchinson, Bandon, Oregon. 37-12

The ladies of the Presbyterian church assembled Tuesday afternoon and gave the church a thorough cleaning which now gives it a much more inviting appearance. Mrs. A. S. Elliott, who lives across the street, kindly invited the ladies over to her house and served dainty refreshments, a feature that added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. 11

Schramm jar lids at Bandon Hardware Company. Lots of them but they are going fast. 11

E. E. Oakes, agent, received a check for \$250.00 last week in payment of the insurance policy of the Insurance Co. of North America, on the A. Martin house which burned a short time ago; he also received a check for \$1,000 in payment of the same company's policy of the Barview Hotel, which was consumed by fire this summer. 11

Capt. A. C. Barnum and Nello Johnson of Astoria passed through Bandon last week on their return from a hunting trip in Curry county, and stopped off a few days to visit Mr. Johnson's cousin, S. D. Barrows and family. Capt. Barnum is an old resident of Bandon and was much impressed with the improvement the city is making. 11

Barb wire and fence wire. Very low figures on big quantities. Bandon Hardware Co. 11

Mrs. A. Haberly returned Saturday from her visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Werren, of Lake Forest, Ill., and also visited at other points in the east. Mrs. Haberly found her mother enjoying good health and left her about six weeks ago in the best of health. After visiting in Missouri for a while, Mrs. Haberly returned home, and in about three hours after her arrival here she received a letter bearing the sad news of her mother's death. 11

Stmr "FIFIELD" the "ONLY WAY." 36 11  
Buster Brown School Shoes are without a peer. Get them at Rosa Co's. 11

Archdeacon Horsfall will hold services in St. John's Episcopal Church Sunday morning and evening. 11

When traveling on the Fifield you are not treated merely as a paying passenger, but rather as a guest. 11

FOR SALE.—Furniture, organ, bedstead, lawn mower, rockers, tables, mattress and other articles. Inquire at the Horsfall place. 372X

Mrs. R. Wilmot Getty and little daughter of San Francisco, but formerly of Empire, has been visiting friends in this vicinity the past week. 11

Mrs. Ohman, mother of Mrs. Tom White, of this city, returned last Friday from Portland where she had been visiting friends for the past four months. 11

Mr. Childer and wife, late of Grand Ronde valley, eastern Oregon, arrived from Portland last Friday and are looking at Bandon property with a view to locating if conditions are favorable. 11

Miss Leila Buckingham, of Junction, Oregon, arrived in this city last Friday and will make her home with her cousin, Mrs. L. P. Sorenson. Miss Buckingham will attend the Bandon High School. 11

"FIFIELD"  
Cleanliness  
Comfort  
Courtesy. 11

Ira Tucker and W. H. Dibble returned on the last Elizabeth from San Francisco where they had been spending a few days. 11

Mason fruit jar lids and rubbers, and Economy jars at Bandon Hardware Co. 11

Mrs. C. E. Holloper and baby expect to go to Portland, Saturday, where they will visit for three or four weeks, after which they will go to Finlay, Ohio, to visit the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dwiggin, before returning to Bandon. 11

The Elizabeth will probably arrive in port, Saturday, and will sail for San Francisco again about Tuesday. 11

Mr. Cahill and Mr. Bez, of the E. and E. T. Kruse Co. of San Francisco, were up on the last trip of the Elizabeth for a little vacation. They went hunting and succeeded in bagging a fine deer. 11

The largest line of Outing Flannel ever brought to Bandon at Rosa Co's. 11

Receipts for the week at the Portland Union Stock Yards have been as follows: Cattle 2003, sheep 2950, hogs 2391, horses and mules four. The prices for hogs range from \$10.25 to \$10.75, sheep from \$5.50 to \$7.00, cattle from \$3.00 to \$1.75. 11

J. L. Kronenberg and family, of Parkersburg, moved to Bandon last Friday and are living in the Barrows cottage in the east end of the city until their fine new residence on Bandon Heights is completed. 11

WANTED.—Gentle driving horse with buggy and harness. Apply at this office. 37 11

A. Sprague and wife, and C. F. Phipps, of San Francisco, who have been spending the past three months at different points on the Coquille river, left for their home on the last Elizabeth. 11

SALT, for packing purposes, for sale at the Bandon Warehouse Co. 37-2t

Miss Myrtle Davison and sister, who have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Davison, of Two Mile, for the past two months, returned to Portland on the last trip of the Breakwater. 11

Big supply of good timothy and rye hay at T. W. Robinson's at very low prices. 36-13

M. J. Harden, of Milwaukie, Wis., arrived in this city about two weeks ago on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Mrs. P. Hanrahan, and family. He left for his home last Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Hanrahan and little son, who will visit in the East for a month or six weeks. They go by the way of Tacoma where they will stop for a few days visiting Mrs. Moran, formerly of this city. 11

## Does Bandon Know Which Side Her Bread is Buttered On?

Bandon—Geographically an Oregon town. Commercially a California town.

Leading industries—Lumber, coal, dairy products.  
Where Marketed?—San Francisco and California in general.

INVESTMENTS OF OUTSIDE MONEY.

Which is it? Is it the money of the metropolis of Oregon, or that of the metropolis of California that has been and is making this section of the country what it is today?

Is it California or Oregon that is advertising your county, advancing it; whose interests are giving a value to your individual investments?

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

Which city was it that established for Bandon, a freight and passenger service that is unequalled by any port of its size on the coast? You are receiving fair treatment on freight—unexcelled passenger accommodations.

HOME INDUSTRY.

Bandon merchants are here in business for the purpose of securing your business. Patronize them every time—they would do as much for you. Do all your purchasing directly with or through them. They are entitled to your support. Their success and prosperity is your success and prosperity. Bandon merchants keep in stock, or can obtain for you, any commodity that you can purchase through the mail order, or any other system and can give you better satisfaction. Every dollar you spend, spend in Bandon.

Give each dollar a chance to circulate through the hands of the many in Bandon. Do not rush the money out of the country—it gets out soon enough at best. Again we urge, spend your money in Bandon and it will eventually work its way back to you again. Who profits by it? You do.

SUPPORT YOUR SUPPORTERS.

"Supporter—One who supports."—Webster.

First—Then support your home industries, whether groceries, clothing, furniture, hardware or grain.

Second—Demand that your home industries support the real sustainers of Bandon's prosperity. Call for and see that you get from your merchants commodities that are from San Francisco or the south. Business today does not call for favors to be shown, but it does demand reciprocity.

Third—Throw your support to your sound and durable investors, firms or corporations that maintain dependable institutions.

Bandon money is San Francisco money—use it accordingly.

BOOST FOR THE 1915 FAIR AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The establishment of the fair in San Francisco will mean thousands of dollars directly to the coffers of Bandon. Do your best, no matter how small, to forward the interests of that fair. It will be appreciated and all will be benefitted. Yours for the increased prosperity of Bandon. Get together. She's a good town and worth the effort. Watch Bandon grow.

WANTED.—Cosmopolitan Magazine requires the services of a representative in Bandon to look after subscription renewals and to extend circulation by special methods which have proven unusually successful. Salary and commission. Previous experience desirable but not essential. Whole time or spare time. Address with references, H. C. Campbell, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1789 Broadway, New York City. 35-14

Twenty acres land one mile from Bandon for sale. Lies smooth, easy to clear. Good Road. Price \$32 an acre for half or all of it. See R. S. Swengel at the Bandon Hardware Co. 11

FOR SALE.—Eighty acres choice bottom land on Sixes river, 5 miles from Port Orford, 1/2 mile from county road. Address Alex Turner, Langlois, Ore. 35-51X

## Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

VICTIMS OF SELF.

If I kill another man the law—human and divine law—will hold me responsible to the limit of penalty.

Which is right?  
If I kill myself human law will not, cannot, touch me. But there is no doubt that divine law will reach me somehow, somewhere.

Which is also right.  
If in this life I violate the laws of nature and injure myself the laws of nature will punish me.

And this again is right, because nature is just and impartial.

These truths, simple and self evident, are often forgotten or neglected by people who bring troubles upon themselves.

If, being in full control of my own mind and body, I use them in such a way as to injure them, who is responsible for the injury? Am I not the victim of myself? And is not the punishment which follows the injury self inflicted?

There are persons who when they retire at night go about to shut down the windows, closing every possible aperture through which the air might have access to them. And then when consumption attacks their lungs they raise pious eyes to say, "It is the will of the Lord."

Which is not true.  
There are persons who will neglect proper sanitation and water supply, giving no heed to what they eat or drink. And then when typhoid fever lays them on their backs they will pray, "His will, not mine, be done."

Which is almost impious.  
There are persons who will neglect their diet and gobble down their food like pigs. And then when indigestion makes them miserably they will lay the responsibility on their ancestors, saying, "Stomach trouble runs in our family."

Which is nonsense.  
These persons are not being punished; they are punishing themselves. It is not the Lord's fault or the fault of their parents; they are victims of self.

And so of mental punishment. If I fill my mind with images of impurity my actions sooner or later will proclaim me impure. If I fill my mind with bitterness and hatred sooner or later my features will tell the story of a mean and vicious spirit.

I am a victim of self.

It is the plainest sort of proposition. If I take the risk of injury and my body is hurt I must not blame Divine Providence, and if I fill my soul with unwholesomeness my spiritual illness is not caused by Divine power, but by myself.

Is it not so?

THE SILVER LINING.

The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining.  
I therefore turn my clouds about  
And always wear them inside out  
To show the lining.

—E. T. Fowler.

However the world may seem to you, however miserable you may be, smile.

When the slow tears force themselves under your lids because of self pity laugh aloud.

You say you can't do that—you must be honest with yourself and you must act as you feel.

Of course you cannot put your best foot forward, your best side out, except by practice. And in the practice of forced optimism the world is finding some wonderful cures of mind and body.

We are strange creatures. None of us quite understands himself. But we all admit the wonderful influence of mind attitude over the body.

Do you know there is such a thing as a "laughing cure"? Every day the patient sits for twenty minutes before a mirror and laughs. The mere act suggests humor and before long the person is laughing in all reality. Persons who have tried this for certain ailments—melancholia, etc.—say it really cures.

Most of us take ourselves too seriously.

You can literally coax yourself into a melancholy. You can magnify your ills and form the brooding habit. If by this habit of mind you can make your self miserable, why cannot you by mental coaxing and habit minimize your ills and put yourself in a cheerful frame of mind?

Wear your clouds inside out.  
Live on the sunny side of your existence. You cannot improve a bad condition by living in the shadow.

And if you go about with a long face and a story of bad luck your best friends by and by will turn a corner in order to keep from meeting you.

Smile!  
Hold up your chin and smile.  
Do your best and look for the best and all the day long act as if you were a son or a daughter of God's royal family, which you are. And remember the slangy but philosophic stanza:

The difference between the optimist  
And pessimist is that—  
The optimist sees the doughnut.  
The pessimist sees the hole.

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

The other day the dispatches told an interesting story about the aeroplanes circling around the sphinx and the pyramids in Egypt.

Whereupon the editor of a New York newspaper wrote a two column editorial about the advance of civilization.

Since the days of the building of the pyramids.

Certainly it is a long cry from the sphinx to the flying machine.

We do not know what purpose that inscrutable face of stone half buried in the sands was meant to serve.

Nor do we know how the pyramids were built at a time when there was no steam or electricity, no derricks to lift the vast stones and no dynamite to blast them out of the quarry.

We only know that great swarms of slaves lived and died at the task.

We have made great progress since the day when some master imagination saw in his vision the contour of that great stone face that for centuries has looked out over the desert sands.

But how?  
True, we have taken great leaps in the matter of transportation and locomotion.

But what boots it that we can boast of our flying machines or of an express train that goes from Chicago to New York in eighteen hours? Is that civilization?

What is civilization?  
Our books on economics say that civilization consists in the organization of industry, the accumulation of wealth, dispensation of thrift, invention, etc.—what the New York editor says.

But a great Frenchman told us a hundred years ago that these things were but the civilization of the ant hill and the beehive.

The ants and the bees organize industry, accumulate wealth, dispense thrift, and, what is more, they organize governments and maintain law and order.

Nor; these things of which we boast are only the indices of civilization—sort of byproducts.

Civilization is more than these. It is the near realization of the ideals of the best men and women of our day. It is more than the development of mind. It is the development of the HEART.

Civilization is that state of society where men and women FEEL as well as think.

Civilization—the real thing—is progress along the line of human brotherhood. It is ORGANIZED KINDLINESS. True civilization consists in the spirit of HELPFULNESS.

If the editor wanted to compare something that really showed our progress he should have compared the pyramids with a great modern hospital or asylum or home for the friendless.

CROSS EYED PEOPLE.

Strabismus is the technical name given by oculists to "cross eyes." And do you know there is such a thing as mental strabismus?

Just as the vision of the natural eye is impaired by the defect, so the vision of the mind, "the mind's eye," is affected by a like malady.

Like the cross eyed person, the victim of this mental disease sees a distorted object.

I know a farmer who has mental strabismus. When it rains he is sure the crops will be ruined by the wet season, and when it doesn't rain he is certain there will be a long and disastrous drought.

I know a merchant who suffers in the same way. It is never cold enough to sell winter goods, and it is always too chilly for the sale of summer fabrics.

I know a lawyer who thinks nearly every member of the bar is crooked and that the community never has given him credit for his ability.

Cross eyes.  
I know a preacher who is forever deploring the decline of religion and the state of the church and because people do not come to hear him preach.

I know a doctor who takes up your time to explain how his brother physicians violate "professional ethics" and who leaves the impression that he thinks himself immaculate.

I know an editor who continually finds fault with his town and the people and who seldom prints a "boost" for his community.

Cross eyes.  
I know a man who sees nothing good in his fellows, who finds fault with his neighbor's children and who is busy the whole summer through in a controversy with other people's dogs and chickens.

I know a woman who scents a scandal whenever she sees two persons of opposite sex talking together alone, who is sure the grocer cheats her on every purchase and is always ready to suggest that so-and-so is not as good as she appears to be.

Cross eyed people.  
You know them. They are in every place, and their distorted vision makes them obnoxious to all.

The cure?  
Natural cross eyes may be straightened and cured by a surgical operation that has become common with oculists. But there is no way that I know of by which mental strabismus may be cured.

A SLUR ON WOMAN.

Every once in awhile some college professor makes himself ridiculous by ill considered twaddle.

An instance is that of a Northwestern university professor of economics who told an Evanston woman's club that women did not earn their living and were unproductive and expensive to society.

Which is but a silly slur.  
There may be a few—a very few—women who do not pay their way and earn the right to live in the world, but they are the exception and prove the rule that women even more than men earn their living.

Unproductive and expensive!  
Women the world over work longer hours than men, especially women of the household, who form a large part of the sex.

Let a man try to perform the monotonous and exacting work of the average housekeeper. His nerves will be on edge before a day is over, and he longer he continues the nearer he will be to the insane hospital.

Who are the loafers in every community—men or women? Who are the "yags"? Do you see many tramps who are women?

Or—  
Go to the penitentiaries and compare the number of men with the women. Do you find many women in the saloons or in the gambling houses?

Do you find many women engaged in occupations that are not only unproductive, but also ruinous to humanity?

The tenuous theory of the sapient professor does not fit the fact.  
Merely because in most cases the women are not the wage earners of the family are they to be classed as unproductive and expensive?

Even considered economically (and that seems to be the professor's viewpoint) she who saves a dollar or expends it so as to get the most out of it is as useful to the family and to society as he who earns a dollar.

Is not the woman who makes the home for the husband and nurtures and trains the children, to say nothing of her labors as housewife, bearing her fair share of the burdens of the home?

And besides—  
When a wife and mother goes down into the valley of the shadow for the sake of the unborn child is she not paying her way in the world—aye, in the next world also?

Let us be personal. Does this absurd professor believe that when his mother bore him and nursed him in infancy and watched over him in sickness and health that she was unproductive?

Maybe she was. Some sons turn out to be both witless and ungrateful.

THE ART OF BEING KIND.

It is the history of kindness which alone makes the world tolerable. If it were not for that, for the effect of kind words multiplying, spreading, making one happy through another and bringing forth benefits, some thirty, some sixty, some a thousand fold, I should be tempted to think our life a practical jest in the worst possible spirit.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Your neighbor or friend has failed in some enterprise or slipped a cog somewhere or lost his job. He is miserable over the situation and hungry for a little sympathy, though he is too proud to show it.

Your disappointment will only add salt to his wounds.  
Or an acquaintance has committed an error. He is heartily ashamed of it. It was wrong, to be sure. But humanity is not angelic. We all make mistakes. Are you going to be big and help him along or little and turn him down?

Be big! Help him.  
If you turn a deaf ear and an unsympathetic heart toward your wayward or mistaken brother or sister you show yourself a weakling.

God radiates and uplifts. Great souls and good souls are godlike.  
Can you imagine a pitiful God who sneers at the one who falls or fails? No more can you fancy a great human soul in such an attitude—

When all this sad world needs is just the art of being kind.

And that is where most of us fail—in the minor ministries of everyday kindness. Thoughtfulness, gentleness, encouragement, the kindness of little things, are forgotten in our selfish heedlessness.

This is a good habit—never let a day go by without making some one happier.

It may be a cheering word to help some struggler through the day or a smile to a child or an inquiry at the door of a sickroom or a few flowers on a birthday anniversary.

Trifles?  
No. They are expressions of love, and love is the greatest thing in the world.

You have troubles of your own? Surely. But will it not help yourself to lay a kindly hand on the weary shoulder of another? A touch of kindness is like the rubber ball you throw—it bounces back.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough without your woes. No path is woefully rough.

Look for the places that are smooth and clear.  
And speak of these to rest the weary ear Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Whose Petticoat?

After the teacher had trained her class to habits of comparative neatness she instructed them to keep a watchful eye on each other. If hands were soiled, shoes rusty or unevenly laced each embryonic Sherlock who noted anything amiss was requested to write on the blackboard, "Somebody's shoes are unlaced" or a similar warning.

One morning every child in the room hastened to the board and wrote, "Somebody's petticoat shows." Forty sentences thus glaringly proclaiming the brazenness of a petticoat moved the teacher to unusual watchfulness, and as one little girl after another crossed the room she kept a sharp lookout for the obtrusive petticoat. But none appeared. So far as she could see, every petticoat present was modestly keeping itself within fashion's bounds. Her enlightenment came when the board was needed for arithmetic. With eraser in hand the teacher faced the class and said:

"Has 'somebody' tidied herself up so that I can now erase this warning?"

"No-o-o!" shrieked every child in triumph. "It's yours, teacher!"—New York Press.

Made Little Noise.

"My ancestors have been in this country for 250 years."

"Gee, but they've been keeping quiet about it!"—Chicago Record-Herald.