

# GRAND OPENING

## Wecoma Baths

### The New Salt Water Natatorium at Bandon-By-The-Sea

# Sunday, June 7,

at 1 p. m.

MUSIC BY BANDON CONCERT BAND

Fancy Diving and Swimming Exhibition

Free Parking Space

J. F. Kronenberg, Prop.

Come and Enjoy a Dip in Warmed Ocean Water.

### The White Hyacinth

By NELLE E. EBERHART

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

SIDE by side they sat in the beautiful auditorium in orchestra chairs. It was Marcia's birthday and this concert with a little supper afterward had weeks before been chosen by Judson for an extravagant celebration.

Such luxuries were few, yet they waited little breath in lamentation. Young, healthy, in love, their simple pleasures were many. A Sunday morning walk in one of the parks, a ferry trip to Staten Island, a moonlight bus ride along the Hudson, the nine o'clock singing hour at St. Mark's-up-the-However, the discussion of their daily affairs, the details of his study, the planning of their future home—these joys were unalloyed springs of delight.

One thing they lacked—passionately fond of music, they never heard enough good singing, for Judson's salary was small, he was attending night classes as well as attending a talented brother, Marcia, herself, supported her mother and high school sister.

From this strange soil the thought of the concert had blossomed like an orchid on a window sill. It was a wonder, an excitement, an entrance into an artistic concert, too—almost as good as the opera. And for once they were to hear the performance nearby instead of from the dimly lit heights of the family circle.

For the occasion, Florence had fashioned her a straight, sleeveless gown from three yards of midnight blue satin. She had no ornaments, but her slim white arms needed no further adornment than the dimple at the elbow and the adorable young curve of her wrist.

Knowing that many men wear business suits to concerts, Judson contented himself with buying a handsome tie and a new pair of gloves. Then, suddenly, their first quarrel, sitting now in the luxuriance of her velvet seat, her eyes strained to her program, Marcia, thinking back, could scarcely remember what had caused the unexpected furore. Somebody without permission they quarrelled bitterly and parted in fright silence.

In the early next morning's mail, Marcia had received a stiff note from Judson enclosing the tickets and requesting her to take Florence with her as he would be busy that evening.

Marcia had been agitated and had spun on the telephone just in time to catch him before he left for business. There had been a compromise but no reconciliation. Marcia returned Judson one ticket and they had each gone alone, hurt and aloof. Marcia sighed—without response; Judson's gaze explored the partners, the grand tier, the dress circle, the balcony; it scanned the family circle and dropped to the stage as the conductor took his place, yet never brushed the edge of Marcia's gown. Very sleek and handsome was Judson in his well pressed suit and new tie. Marcia shifted with pride, casting furtive, hungry glances toward his shiny profile. In her observation, the curtains left her cold. Then a familiar stroke; Marcia caught her breath; Judson's handsome features changed indelibly. This was Judson's song—Judson, who could not stop a note but slightly voiced his love to her in Dr. Grogan's photograph record of Mamma's "Fighting Victim." Now for the first time they were to hear it sung by a living voice, yet they were not to enjoy it together! Through all its heavenly melody they were to sit apart, though side by side,

separated by a foolish, almost forgotten, misunderstanding. And this was her birthday treat!

Marcia recalled what Judson had said when he first shared with her his golden idea:

"Suppose I can't afford the money, Marcia. Suppose I have no spring overcoat and Chester needs a new piano. This concert is to be a white hyacinth for our souls."

Marcia's prudent objections had died. She had added joyously: "And we'll remember it afterward, note for note, word for word, to help us over the hard places."

Marcia sighed again as the music stopped and the applause assailed her ears; she looked openly, invitingly at her lover. His stubborn mouth had relaxed, his hands gripped the chair arms, he looked woefully tired. And here was his beautiful thought for her, carried out at the cost of wearisome self-denial, coming to a pitiful end. If she spoke now they would still have an hour of music and the intermission together. One of their plans had been to promenade the Metropolitan corridors during the intermission.

Impulsively she turned to him and intercepted a shy, fleeting glance. Before her lips opened, however, she heard the prelude to the Habener's. She sank back mentally following the glorious voice and translating:

"Love is like a woodbird rebelling. Her hand slid over the chair arm, found Judson's, which stole to meet it. With tears raining down her face, oblivious of the surrounding audience, she turned to her lover. To her joy, his transfixed gaze met hers.

"Lamour! Lamour!" Their hands clasped fervently. Inspired by the spirit of song, their hearts again marched to the music of the spheres. It was a white hyacinth for their souls. Note for note, word for word, this concert would go with them even to the gates of Paradise.

### A Key to the Situation

By ANNA R. BURR

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

MISS BENT felt herself remarkably lucky that her window overlooked the Jewetts' back garden. When one sits in the same room sewing, day after day, winter and summer, it means much to have something pleasant to gaze upon—something, too, which is shut from the rest of the world by a high wall. The Jewett garden seemed Miss Bent's particular property, the maple trees, the grass plot with the bed of scarlet cannas, the border which saw the seasons through from daffodils to dahlias and the little summer-house. All this was like a stage set for small, pleasant happenings; the coming to and fro of the man and grocery boy; children at their games; the kitten capering after a bit of paper—a drama (domestic) for an audience of one. Miss Bent's spectacles would stare at it, her tired old face brighten, she felt a stitching harder than ever. It belonged to her; and when a child got its feet wet or the kitten mewed for its forgotten saucer of milk, Miss Bent almost rang the door-bell. Once or twice the play had a society scene in it, such as Molly Jewett's garden party, and then the audience was rapt. A striped tent, rags on the grass, and waiters who ran about with tea cream and strawberries! Molly herself, aged eighteen, wasn't happier than the uninvited guest. Susan Bent came (at noon, with the ice cream tressers) and stayed until dusk hid the last glimpse of departing young people. She was in an ecstasy; although she would have to sit up all night over her neglected work in order

to finish it on time.

Her sense of possession; the garden she looked at, had led to an odd incident—odd, because of Susan's nature. She was honest as the day, honest in fact than many April days; but when she picked up a key on the sidewalk which had plainly fallen out of the garden door, she kept it. She kept that key, though it unquestionably belonged to the Jewetts; and she hung it up on a nail by her looking-glass. Somehow that key confirmed her queer sense of ownership in the garden. In her twilight hour of rest she would sit and twist it between her fingers, to look dreamily out on the maples and the red cannas and sage, and always she dreamed of another party—she longed for it.

This hope grew very high when Molly Jewett began going with the Taylor boy. He was a nice looking boy, Roddy Taylor, if rather thin; he had a turn-up nose and he whistled as he came along about five o'clock. Later on the pair took to going in and out by the garden door. "Sometimes they stayed at the gate a long time, and then Miss Bent would rise hurriedly and leave the window. What she saw there once or twice made her feel uncomfortable like an eavesdropper; she realized humbly that it had nothing to do with her.

One afternoon that spring she saw them coming but there was something different somehow. Molly was walking stiffly, very far away from the Taylor boy, and his young face looked proud and angry. When they reached the garden door it was plain that this time Susan Bent need feel no delinquency about staying at the window. So she stayed and stared; she could hear nothing, but she saw very well. She saw Molly's angry toss of the head and that she pushed open the door and ran within, glancing it behind her, and leaving Roddy Taylor on the wrong side. Once alone, the girl turned uncertainly toward the house and then paused and ran instead into the summer house in the corner. The watcher from the window could see the bright head bent on her arms.

"My land!" cried Susan Bent. The party; the reception with the tent and the guests and the refreshments, which had seemed so certain—was it put in peril? There stood Roddy Taylor, dumb and dazed, outside the shut door in the garden wall. His miserable face looked up and down the street. If he walked away—well, there would be no reception that spring. Susan Bent wasn't sentimental; she didn't care about the silly young creatures, not she! But she did want her bright hour! With an inspiration, up she threw the window and called aloud:

"Roddy Taylor!" "Roddy Taylor!" Instinctively, the boy looked up and a heavy key clattered on the pavement at his feet. "The summer house!" Miss Bent cried wildly, and under her breath she added: "You gump!"

Then she jammed down the window and turned into the room, covering her eyes. I think probably she prayed. She heard a rush of quick steps and then silence fell. 'Twas a long time before she went to the window again; it had grown quite dusky. But a bright light from the Jewetts' hall door showed two persons on the path; that is, Miss Bent's recent experiences made her judge them to be two persons. Otherwise she would have thought they were one.

A great sigh of relief came from her as she turned to light the gas.

"After all," she said aloud, "the very nicest weather for a wedding reception is in June!"

### Prove It

"You aren't superstitious?"  
"No, why?"  
"Then lend me thirteen dollars."

### Beyond Understanding

By G. F. WILSON

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

I HEARD a fellow make a speech once and he claimed it was easy to learn all about women. All you had to do was to study them. I've wondered since how he got away from his keeper. It's like this. Hazel got sore at me because I said that a woman wouldn't clerk in a grocery store.

"It's more refined and takes more brains than driving a mule in a coal mine," she argued, haughty like.

"Meaning that because I'm a 'mule skinner,' I'm shy under the hat," I said, getting sore myself. James Johnson, a clerk in the company store, has been trying to beat me out of Hazel for a long time. Naturally having him thrown up to me didn't make a bit.

"Meaning that very thing," Hazel agreed.

"All right, I'm crazy," I told her sarcastically. "I pull down eight dollars and a quarter every day I work and that 'counter hopper' you refer to doesn't make over twenty a week."

"Money's not everything," I said, looking wise.

"It won't buy culture and refinement," Hazel answered. "What future is there ahead of you? Nothing, but following a mule around until you get too old or all crippled up."

"Well, I'll die game, anyway," I said. "I won't be standing behind a counter going stale with the rest of the cheese. And that's that, as the fellow said when the white mule kicked him. I'll be around at eight o'clock tomorrow night to take you to the dance."

"If you do you'll have a trip down here for nothing," Hazel told me, "I'm going to the dance with James."

"Where's he going to get the price of two tickets? Knock down enough out of the cash sales?" I asked, getting ugly. "I hope I never see you again."

I hated this Johnson bird worse than any of my rivals. He was a classy dresser and a good looking and he sure swung a mean line of talk about ambition and culture. He could spring a convincing line of dope about a laboring man never getting anywhere, and he could show you, with talk that grimy hands never handled much money. He about had Hazel believing it, too. That's what made me sore. Me making more in two weeks than he did in a month and then him raving about me not getting anywhere.

The dance, I thought I was going to take Hazel to, was to be some affair. It was generally understood around town that Hazel was my girl and I knew if I didn't take her to the dance that the coal diggers on my run would raze me ragged about it.

After I'd got home and cooled off, I gave myself a good cussing for getting into an argument with Hazel, but I couldn't figure out a way to square myself. I did call her up the next evening, figuring maybe she had changed her mind or that Johnson couldn't raise the price, but she wouldn't talk to me.

There was a big crowd at the dance. I didn't want to go but I'd helped get it up and couldn't very well stay away. Johnson was there, all dolled up like a clothing store dummy and Hazel was with him, looking like a million dollars.

It made me feel awful blue to watch them dance together, love lost, shattered romance, effect, if you know what I mean, and you do if you were ever in love and had a fellow take your girl away from you. The boys were carrying on pretty high about me losing my girl and that didn't help calm me down any. I'd heard that women were crazy about cave-man stuff, so I figured that if I pulled off a little of the same, it might set me right with Hazel. I watched until I saw Johnson go in the coat room to take a smoke and followed him in.

"You've got your nerve with you, bringing my girl to this dance," I said.

"Your girl?" he said, smiling at me.

"How do you get that way?"

"Maybe after I get through changing your map, you'll understand," I told him.

"Let me get you right," he said. "Are you trying to pick a fight with me because I brought Hazel to this dance?"

"Not trying to, I'm going to," I answered, and slapped him on the side of the face.

He stepped back and began taking off his coat.

"I hate to do it," he grinned, cool and calm. "Always remember that you brought it on yourself."

Some of the boys who saw the fight say that it was short but fast and furious. I don't remember much about it myself. Johnson did most of the fighting and I did most of the trying. I'll have to admit that he whipped me good and plenty, and I don't think I so much as mused his hair. After it was all over the boys washed my face and went back to the dance.

While I was sitting there by myself waiting to get enough strength back to leave, Hazel came in. She didn't say anything, but she put her arm around me and began dabbling around over my face with her handkerchief.

"I'll take back what I said about 'counter hoppers,'" I said sheepishly. "They're the best in the world."

"They're not," Hazel grinned, giving my face an extra pat. "I'd rather have a 'mule skinner' myself."

I'll leave it to you. If a guy claims he understands women, he's nuts. Ain't I right?

## For The Home

Russwin Food Cutters	\$1.80 to \$3.45
Galvanized Waterpails	35c
Aluminum pie plates	10c & 15c
Aluminum dipper	10c
Aluminum fry pans	79c
Black Silk Stove Polish, pint size	20c
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## to Portland

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### Palmer Awards for Writing

Pupils in the Coquille grade schools earned 254 Palmer awards in writing during the past school year. The awards were made in the following divisions:

- 65—Silver stars.
- 67—Gold stars.
- 62—Palmer buttons.
- 36—Progress pins.
- 22—Improvements certificates.
- 12—Student certificates.

The pupils' papers are sent to the A. N. Palmer Company in Portland to be graded. The awards are made by that company.

### Baby Clinic at Bandon

Eleven babies were examined at the clinic held at Bandon Wednesday afternoon by the county health officer, Dr. P. M. Drake, and the county nurses, Miss Horn and Miss Eiseman. They were assisted in the work by Mrs. L. Christensen and Mr. A. H. Rosa, of the local committee.

### Last Vice President Is Dead

Thos. R. Marshall, vice president of the United States during both terms of Woodrow Wilson as president, died at Washington, D. C., last Monday morning. Death was due to a heart attack and came without previous warning. He was buried at Indianapolis yesterday. Marshall was the last living ex-vice president, except President Coolidge, who served over two years in that office.

### Politics Strenuous in Curry

Politics in Curry county are becoming serious; it has reached the point where the editor has been licked. The Curry County Reporter of Gold Beach explained in last week's issue how District Attorney Buffington struck Editor Hassler in the eye, following an argument in the office of the county clerk. The row was over the county warrant situation.

Calling Cards, 100 for \$1.50.