

Local Lore

"FIFIELD"—The "ONLY WAY." 42-11

T. C. Russell of Beaver Hill, manager of the Beaver Hill Coal Co., was an oxcart Sunday visitor with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sullivan.

Don't forget that T. W. Robinson is handling all kinds of hay, grain, feed, etc., at the very lowest prices. 40-11

The Winter Short Courses at the Oregon Agricultural College commence Tuesday, January 3, 1911. At this time the indications are very favorable for a large attendance.

Ed Rackleff, representative from Coos County to the state legislature has gone to Salem to take up his official duties.

William Howard is spending a few days in Bandon. He was sawing for Charles Rickert and had his hand badly hurt just before Christmas and is now taking a little lay off until it gets better.

Anyone wanting seed grain, call on T. W. Robinson. Extra good seed oats 2c. 6111

Albert Garfield returned to Bandon last Saturday after a few weeks' absence, going as far north as Bellingham, Wash.

St. Valentine's Ball, Bank Hall, by Elythian Sisters, Sat. eve, Feb. 11th. Supper will be served. Music by Kausrud's orchestra. 111

Among the passengers on the Breakwater were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pullen and family, who have been running a hotel at Springfield. The many friends of this estimable family would welcome their return to North Bend, but we understand that they will make their home in Bandon, says the Coos Bay Harbor. Bandon people will gladly welcome them here.

See or phone L. J. Radley for all kinds of Fire Wood. 27-11

Bandon Grange, No. 398, installed their new officers at their last meeting, Saturday, Jan. 7th, and initiated two new members, also transacted other business of importance. The meetings hereafter will convene at 10:30 a.m. and will be held in Odd Fellows' Hall instead of Concrete Hall.

Wanted, girl or elderly lady, latter preferred, to do house work. Apply at this office. 111

Joseph Coumerilh, of Los Angeles, Calif., arrived Saturday evening to visit his son B. J. Coumerilh. He came by stage from Roseburg and says they were 23 hours between Roseburg and Myrtle Point. Mrs. Coumerilh, Sr., went on to Portland and Mrs. B. J. Coumerilh went to that city to meet her, and the two ladies will arrive on the Breakwater this week.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

Wanted, pair of Elk's horns. Apply at this office. 111

Andrew Perkins, of Seattle, arrived on the Breakwater and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Perkins, and sister, Mrs. A. D. Morse.

Mr. and Mrs. Ledgerwood leave on the Elizabeth for San Francisco, and will spend the winter visiting several points in California.

Definition FIFIELD—"Superior to all others."—Why not patronize the best and "ONLY WAY?" 5411

Mrs. B. A. Kolp returned from California on the Fifehead, having visited relatives near Stockton. Mrs. Kolp spent Christmas day with her brothers and a sister, the chief event of the day being an automobile ride to the Axtell homestead which had been in the family since 1852, but a few months ago the last remaining acres of which passed into the hands of strangers. A last fond farewell of the familiar scenes of childhood was taken, and then the remainder of the day was spent as is usual at family reunions.

Coos County Directory.

Representative.....Ed. Rackleff
Sheriff.....W. W. Cagle
Clerk.....James Watson
Surveyor.....A. N. Gould
Treasurer.....T. M. Dimmick
Assessor.....T. J. Thrift
Coroner.....Dr. Golden
County Judge.....John F. Hall
Commissioners.....G. J. Armstrong, W. T. Demeat

BANDON CITY DIRECTORY

Mayor.....J. W. Mast
Recorder.....F. B. Kausrud
Treasurer.....C. Y. Lowe
Municipal Judge.....Geo. P. Topping
Attorney.....F. J. Feeney
Councilmen.....G. Bask, M. Bruer, P. C. Stevenson, H. Manciet, R. W. Boyle, R. W. Windsor.

Mail Arrives at Noon.

The mail arrived at noon yesterday and today, although Post Mistress M. E. Walker has not been informed as to whether this arrangement will be permanent. Such an arrangement would prove very satisfactory to Bandon people, as it would give business men a chance to look over their mail and answer any pressing correspondence so as to catch the outgoing mail the following morning.

The mail has been very regular this winter, the outside mail not having missed a single time so far this winter, a thing that has not happened before in years.

Watch for the Redmen's St. Valentine Ball.

C. R. Moore has returned from Berkeley, Calif., where he spent the holidays visiting at his home.

John Devereaux returned from San Francisco on the Fifehead.

Stmr FIFIELD. The Popular Packet for Particular People. 5411

We are prepared to furnish estimates on cost of wiring and lighting your house with electric lights. Let us talk it over with you and give you figures. 6211 —Bandon Light & Power Co.

FOR SALE—Lot 50 x 100 with new three room cottage, etc. \$300.00 —Bandon Investment Corporation.

Miss McNair will organize a Boys' Glee Club, from the High School, this afternoon.

G. R. McNair returned on the Fifehead from an extended stay at San Francisco.

Next Sunday will be parents' day at the M. E. church and the Sunday school and preaching service will be combined. All parents of children who attend the Methodist Sunday school are urged to be present.

A. J. Macy and wife were very pleasantly surprised last Saturday evening when about thirty of their neighbors came with well filled baskets and took possession of their home. The guests departed at a very late hour with best wishes to Mr. Macy and his estimable wife.

Little Raymond, the four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Garfield, while playing in the yard yesterday, fell in such a manner that he broke his left arm.

The Epworth League of the M. E. church held a social at the parsonage last night. There was a large number present and all had a very enjoyable time.

Henry Axtell, who is well known to the majority of Bandonians, was married to a very estimable young lady of Grants Pass. Christmas day, 1910.

International Conservatory of Music

(Incorporated)
Home Office: Dallas, Texas. Capital Stock, \$100,000; Surplus, \$50,000. Western Division, Oakland, California.

Instructions on Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar and all Wind Band Instruments.

A FEW ADVANTAGES: You study at home. You get special instructions when needed. You get "boiled down" results of the study of the best professors in the universe.

References: Dunn or Bradstreet, or your local banker. If interested, drop me a card and I will gladly call and demonstrate our courses to you. I also solicit your orders for sheet music and musical instruments.

L. A. PINLEY, Bandon, Ore.
P. O. Box 111 Phone 275

HERE'S A REAL NOVELTY.

The Natty Fur Edged Veil is the Latest.



BRENCH LACE VEIL EDGED WITH MARABOU.

To make the eccentric hats of the season more bizarre in their effect come the fur edged veils. As the illustration shows, they are worn loosely about the face and are edged with fur or marabou.

Contrasting net and fur effects are the smartest.

Is a Man Ever Lonely?

Women should by nature make much better agents for renting furnished houses than men do, as they can point out the desirable features with persuasive and dulcet insistency and suggest remedies so simple and practical for the undesirable things that any man and most women would be keen to begin on the suggested "doing over." Every woman is really at heart a born homemaker. Like a bird, she has the nest building instinct, and the house ruled and run by a woman, married or single, has a charm and subtle refinement that other houses have not unless the man is an artist or has artistic tendencies. A man mostly longs to be comfortable and if comfortable will cheerfully enjoy quite hideous surroundings, just so that no one touches his pipe or his papers or "tidies up" the other belongings that crowd his den. Sometimes he will feel vaguely dissatisfied on coming back to a dreary bachelor's apartment after dining well in some gem of a home, but he always consoles himself by the thought that any alterations for style would cause him to lose some of his comfort.

Woolen Sheets.

They are not really sheets at all, but blankets.
They are "just the thing" for the cold nights.
They are extremely light in weight, but warm.
They come in attractively striped borders of pink and blue.
The size is 72 by 84 inches.
Designed for a similar need is the gauze wool blanket. Though sold in pairs, each blanket is bound singly.

Will They Wear This?

New York tailors put their heads together recently and evolved the suit pictured, which they have named the suffragette costume. But it remains to be seen whether there is a suffragette in Bandon.



Photo by American Press Association.

THE SUFFRAGETTE SUIT.

gette sufficiently advanced to appear in this reproduction of father's togs. The suit is of gray mannish suiting, and there are pockets enough to delight the heart of femininity. Just think of it, six of them, and the trousers are turned up in the approved "raining in London" style. What more could the suffragette want in the way of an equal suffrage costume?

A Sacrifice

By ANDREW C. EWING.

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I left St. Petersburg in the afternoon. When the guard closed the door of the compartment I was in I noticed a man sitting opposite me give a sigh of relief. Still, he continued to look out the window, as he had been doing, apparently dreading to see something or some one. The train moved out with accelerating motion, and the faster it rolled the more relieved looked my fellow passenger.

Suddenly I heard him give a smothered cry, and, following the direction of his eyes, I saw a man running like a deer to catch the train. The passenger put his head out the window to see the end of the race, drew it in and gasped:

"My God!"

"Did he catch the train?" I asked.

"He jumped on to the footboard of the last car."

"My friend," I said, "I judge that you are a political refugee."

"Why do you think that?" said the man, stiffening up.

"The man who ran to catch the train is a government official. His object is to arrest you."

"Who are you?"

"An American."

"Ah! Americans are our friends. I will tell you. That man, as you say, will arrest me, and I shall be sent to Siberia. Help me!"

"How can I do that?"

"We are not unlike—the same height, both light hair and beard, both wear glasses. Give me your traveling coat and your golf cap and put on these Russian clothes. When the train stops an officer will come here to arrest me. But by that time it will be night. I shall pretend to be asleep in my corner with the collar of your coat pulled up about my face and your cap down over my eyes. You say, with a groan of despair, 'I am caught at last, but I will not live to go to the mines!' While they are removing you I shall watch for an opportunity to get away before they discover their mistake."

When the scheme was first proposed to me I had not the remotest idea of perpetrating it. But since it was an hour before the train stopped he had that time to persuade me. I should have yielded, but I was not sure that I would not suffer a long term of imprisonment for interfering in the man's capture. Before we had reached the station he had promised if I would take his place to see that the American minister was made aware of the matter, and as the train slowed down, not being able to resist his pathetic appeals, I adopted his plan.

All happened as he had predicted. As soon as the train stopped the coach door was thrown open and a lantern thrust into the compartment. True to my promise, I cried out in Russian, "I am caught at last, but I will not live to go to the mines!"

I was jerked out of the coach and hurried away. What became of the "political" I did not know. I was taken into the station, given a closer inspection and the deception discovered. By the next train I was taken back to St. Petersburg and thrown into prison.

The next morning I asked for writing materials, which were given me, and wrote a note to the American minister, stating that I was an American citizen in a Russian prison and asking his assistance. The day passed and I heard nothing. A week, a month, went by. I gave up hope and cursed myself for a fool.

One morning a young man came to see me, saying that he was from the embassy. I asked him why he had been so long in taking cognizance of my note. He replied that no note had been received, but the very next day after my arrest the minister had been informed of all that had happened. He had since been trying to get the government to take the matter up. I had been twice moved from one prison to another, and each time the embassy had been informed of my removal. In short, my note to the minister had not been delivered, but some one had been keeping watch over me and informing the minister of my condition.

After another month's hard work the embassy succeeded in securing my release on condition that I leave the country immediately. I was escorted over the line, wondering the while whether I had been a fool or a fine fellow. I had no sooner got beyond the border than a man stepped up to me and said, "I am to take you to the count."

"Thanks, no. I don't want to go to any count. I've had enough of this business."

But he persuaded me and took me to a house where I was received by—the man whom I had helped to escape. He rushed forward and gave me a bear hug and kissed me on both cheeks. When his transports had subsided he said:

"I kept my promise. The government tried to lose you, but my friends prevented. After you left me I got out of the car and escaped. I have been here ever since. I am a noble, rich, and half my fortune is yours."

"No," I said. "It feels so good to have made one sacrificial act that you can't pay me for doing it."

But I found it impossible to get rid of the count's gratitude. I went to Paris and had no sooner arrived than a number of Russians called on me. One offered me a box at the opera, another the use of a house. There was nothing I wished for that was not forthcoming.

AN EQUINE JOKER.

Sculptor Ward's Model, Lex, Seemed to Have a Sense of Humor.

The late J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, found great diversion in watching the tricks and peculiarities of the horses which served as models for some of his equine statues. He made friends with them all, and he was a good friend to them.

"The only horse humorist that I have had experience with," Mr. Ward is quoted as saying, "was of thoroughbred blood, and he was a real joker. That was Lex, a horse of the blood of the immortal Lexington."

"Lex was of a splendid type. He stood for me for much of my early work. Somehow he discovered that a table on which I worked was easily shaken. It was a board on trestles so arranged that the position of the board might be altered to almost any angle. When Lex saw I was busied he would slide slowly and silently to the side of the table and turn his head to have a good look at me as he jostled the table with his shoulder or hip. It was amusing at first, but it sometimes hampered me, and I thought I would try a joke in return."

"Lex had a place at the table that he invariably approached, and when he struck it always leaned on the same corner. Lex was not conscious when I placed my compass, with the pointed ends out, barely half an inch extending over the edge of the table, and braced the other end against a weight."

"I had not long to wait before Lex gently came up, and I thought I could see mischief in his eye. He took his usual place, and then when I pretended to be very busy he pushed the table in his usual manner, pricked his shoulder on the points and jumped back with a snort. He looked long and hard at me, but took his place of duty. The joke was against him that time."

When the plague raged, Cat and Dog Laws in England in the Sixteenth Century.

Disease and the dog were believed to walk together in the sixteenth century. The terrier then was as much a suspect as the rat today. In plague times he had only to venture into the street to court death. Here is an order issued by the authorities at Winchester in 1583, which is typical of the rest: "That if any house within this city shall happen to be infected with the Plague, that these every person to keep within his or her house every his or her dog and not to suffer them to go at large. And if any dog be then found at large it shall be lawful for the Beadle or any other person to kill the same dog and that any owner of such dog going at large shall lose 6 shillings."

Among the records of King's Lynn, under May, 1585, appeared this: "For as much as it hath pleased Allmightie God to begynn to send us his visitation with sickness amongst us and that dogges and cattes are thought verie unfit to be suffered in this time. Therefore, Mr. Mayor, aldermen and common council have ordered and decreed that every inhabitant within the same Town shall forthwith take all their dogges and yappes and hange them or kill them and carrye them to some out place and burye them for breaddinge of a great annoyance."

"And likewise for cattes, if there be any nigh unto any house or houses visited with sickness. It is ordered that the cattes shall forthwith be killed in all such places." An exception was made in favor of any "dogge of accompt." Such a one was allowed to be kept if "kenelled or tied up or led in a lease."—Chicago News.

Iniquities Her Delight. She was walking around the corridors of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts with her place nez held at elbow length, evidently admiring some of the works. Although the gown that she wore was very expensive, it did not show good taste, and a single glance would convince one that she was of the class known as the "newly rich."

An acquaintance accosted her with the remark, "I didn't know that you were such an admirer of curios, Mrs. —."

"Oh, yes, indeed," she replied: "I just delight in iniquities." — Philadelphia Times.

The Lady or the "Tiger?" "Will you be my wife?" "This is so sudden!" "I know it, but will you?" "I must have time to consider." "How much time?" "An hour. Would the suspense drive you frantic?"

"Nope. 'Tisn't the suspense, but if you are going to turn me down I want to know it and get away in time for a poker party I have halfway promised to join."—New York World.

Sorrow. Sorrow is not an incident occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain has yet to learn what life is.—F. W. Robertson.

Shed Your Light. Talents are not wasted in a narrow sphere. Your lamp could add but little to the great glow that illumines the world, but it may dil with light a home that without it would be in darkness.

Be not hurried away by excitement, but say, "Semblance, let me see what you are and what you represent."—Epictetus.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

IT is a terrible disappointment to a chap to go home to get some of mother's cooking and find that sister has just taken a course in a cooking school.

Many an otherwise good husband is spoiled by having a good natured wife.

When the baseball season is over the wise fan packs his voice away in moth balls until he again has use for it.

June for rareness has no edge on those fall days so rare that they are raw.

The fool who rocks the boat will probably be succeeded by the fool who waves to the crowd from an aeroplane.

When two schoolgirls make a vow of eternal friendship it is not safe to inquire of one concerning the other next week.

The wise man will not boast of his culinary abilities before his wife lest she give him a job.

It is when mother asks who has been in the jam that the young man takes his first lesson in politics.

Has to Soak Through. "Why does Jones stay at home so much?" "To get his wife in good humor."

"Does it take him all that time to get her in good humor?" "Yes."

"I wonder why?" "She is such a big woman."

Chance For Management. "He never thinks of himself." "No."

"Only of her." "Yes."

"She will break him of that when they are married."

Can't Even Jump at Conclusions. "Do make up your mind about that dress, my dear."

"But I just can't." "Of course you can."

"No, I can't. My mind seems to be hobbled."

Bidding For Popularity. "I wonder why she will gossip so." "That's easy."

"Doesn't look easy to me." "She has to do something to make her acquaintances tolerate her."

Distinguishing Mark. "Why is he such a fool?" "He?"

"Yes."

"His friends wouldn't know him otherwise."

Chance Before Habits Are Formed. "My son painted that picture."

"How old is he?" "Only twenty."

"Oh, well, he may reform!"

Likely a Brass Watch. "I hear your uncle died and left you a fortune?"

"No; just all he had."

The Terror. Little Johnny-Jump-up, child of tender years.

Has the house in turmoil, always by the ears.

Keeps his mother nervous, drives his father wild.

Has the neighbors guessing, as becomes a child.

Quite inconsequential he appears to be, But when he is coming better climb a tree.

While he may dissemble, it is to deceive. He has—heed the warning—something up his sleeve.

Snakes are in his pockets waiting for a chance.

Down your neck to scamper while in wrath you dance.

Toads are his companions, and, as I have heard, He may let you hold one if you say the word.

Holds to an opinion logic cannot shake. That, concerning windows, they were made to break.

Stones are always handy, much to his delight, When the fussy owner nowhere is in sight.

If you think he's destined as he goes along, To become a preacher you have guessed it wrong.

He will be a pirate, chilly as the Alps, Or will roam the prairies, bringing in the scalps.

Aunts and uncles shun him, neighbors shake their heads; Say they wouldn't trust him when asleep in bed.

But that doesn't matter; in the life of crime That he joys in leading there's a bully time.

Do not stop to worry; do not be afraid. That's how we develop, how the race is made.

When he fights his battles in the world, I trow.