

## WHAT MEN LIKE



is a question that often puzzles women folks who wish to make some mere male a gift. If those ladies will take a look at our collection of scarf pins, cuff links, shirt studs, etc., they will be gazing at just the gifts every man appreciates. For they are for manly men who know what is what. Come and look at the collection.

**SABRO BROS., Manufacturing Jewelers**  
Bandon, Oregon.

### Local Lore

Mrs. E. Lewin and daughter Otilie are spending a week or ten days visiting friends on Coos Bay.

\$175 motor boat for sale for \$125.  
EARL DEPUÉ. 69-12

Don't fail to attend the excellent show at the Orpheum tonight. 4000 feet, only 5c.

WANTED—A room or two for light house keeping. Address F. L. G., care Bandon Power Co. 69-2X

C. B. Zeek has been duly appointed Notary Public, and will on pension day, have office in building on Main street, where Sam Barrows has bicycle repair shop. Will also attend to collections. 69-11

For house moving or house raising, see H. H. Dufort. 69-11

Atty. C. R. Barrow was down from Coquille Sunday, visiting at the Marshall home.

Mr. Murr of Kansas is visiting his cousin Will Marshall and is looking over the country with the view of investing here if conditions suit him.

The Bullards ferry made transfers for the month of August as follows: Passengers, 2952; double rigs, 227; single rigs, 92; saddle horses, 94; automobiles, 86; head of stock, 213.

Witter Water for your liver, kidneys and rheumatism. C. M. Spencer.

Mrs. Margaret B. Heater, Worthy Grand Matron, O. E. S. of Oregon, arrived in Bandon Sunday night and spent Monday on the beach. She went to Coquille today but will return here Wednesday noon and a special meeting of the O. E. S. will be held Wednesday evening in her honor of Mrs. Heater. All members are urged to be present.

Dr. S. C. Endicott, Dentist, Rasmussen Bldg. Phone 71. 85-11

On Saturday evening, August 31, 1912, a quiet wedding was performed at the M. E. parsonage by Rev. Harry Lee, the contracting parties being Mr. Thomas Hadsall and Miss Agnes A. Tu, per, both of Bandon. Only the immediate friends of the family were present at the ceremony.

Do you need a lamp, bell or other bicycle supplies? If so, see S. D. Barrows, the bicycle man. 58-11

The dedication of the Presbyterian church of Prosper will be held next Sunday, Sept. 8th at 3 p. m. Rev. H. C. Harranft and A. Haberly assisted by other ministers will conduct the services. The choirs of the Prosper and Bandon Presbyterian churches will assist in the music. A very large delegation from Bandon is expected to attend the dedication services.

Bishop Scadding arrived in Bandon Monday, and will hold services in the Episcopal church next Sunday morning.

FOR RENT—Three rooms for light house keeping, on Pine street, phone or inquire of Mrs. L. Boyd.

On account of absence from the city, Rev. S. R. Steele will not fill his regular appointment at the Methodist church, South, on the 2nd Sunday of the month, but will return in time for the 4th Sunday services. Those not attending church elsewhere are cordially invited to worship with this church.

Some thoroughbred Indian Runner ducks for sale.—Ira C. Zeh. 65-13X

### THE TRIUMPH OF LAW.

I yield to no man in sympathy for the unfortunate. My heart goes out in sympathy to every one in trouble. I would that the strong hand of the law could ever be stayed from descending upon a human creature. The hardest thing I have to do in this life is to pass sentence upon a man. I am not pleading for the punishment of men, but I am pleading to save men, to protect women and to shield innocent children. And, as I conceive it, the only way to do this is to stop crime, and the only way to stop crime is to punish the criminal. The penal laws are of divine origin. Their enforcement is the only way known to men by which life can be preserved, property made secure and homes protected. When the surgeon places the keen, sharp knife to the sensitive flesh and cuts to the quick and almost to the death it is done to destroy that which is bad and to save that which is good. So it is in the enforcement of the criminal law. The evil must be punished that the good and the pure may be saved. A family, a community, a state—aye, a nation—is honored, respected and esteemed just as it is law abiding, peaceable and loyal to authority, for where law and order stop anarchy begins, and in its mad trail wreck and ruin desolate the home, the state and the nation. The crowning purpose, then, of every good citizen should be to help enforce the law, compel obedience to authority in the home, in the community and in the state. The highest aim, the loftiest ambition, of every good citizen should be directed to this end, that peace may abide in our homes and order prevail on our highways.—Judge Robert T. Daniel.

### THE SOUL.

After all, it is right to give every possible form to our soul. It is a flame that God has entrusted to us. We are bound to feed it with all that we find most precious. We should introduce into our existence all imaginable modes and open every door of the soul to all sorts of knowledge and all sorts of feelings. So long as it does not all go in pellmell, there is plenty of room for everything.—Voltaire.

### GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead!  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun  
And hide in cooling trees a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new mown mead.  
That is the grasshopper's. He takes the lead  
In summer luxury; he has never done  
With his delights, for when tired out with fun  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never!  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.  
—Keats.

### CURE FOR FOLLY.

As there are twelve figures on the dial of a clock by means of which we reckon the progress of time, so there are on the dial of the conscience, which is the clock of the soul, twelve figures, and by them we can learn whether we are seeing as we ought to see. As the clock ticks, so conscience speaks, saying: I ought; I ought not. I ought to worship God with my whole heart. With over 100,000 words in the English dictionary by which to express every shade of human feeling, I ought not to swear and take God's name blasphemously in vain. Six days are enough to work or play, and seven are too many for one or the other. I ought to honor parenthood. I ought not to kill with a weapon like a gun, a lie or a trick. I ought to be pure. I ought to know that to take anything without offering an equivalent is dishonorable. I ought to bridle my tongue. "For out of thy mouth are the issues of life." Oh, what blissful quiet if only we would listen to the tick of conscience's clock saying, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Let the eyes of conscience be fixed carefully, steadily, on these figures on the dial. Eleven hours, during which conscience speaks these great I ought and I ought not words; then the twelfth hour: It is the judgment. All the bells ring in triumph or a star drops. And the pendulum swings no more.—Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins, D. D.

## A KODAK'S CLICK

By DOROTHEA HALE

An American gentleman was walking on the bank of the Serpentine lake, Hyde-park, London. He carried a traveler's kodak in his hand, with which he took views. Now he would aim it at a rowboat gliding past, now at one of the elaborate bridges and now at some one of the pleasant landscape views with which the park abounds.

Presently he sat down on one of the benches that line the lake. A lady was sitting at the other end, but he did not notice her till she moved near to him and said in a low tone: "I am in need of £20."

He turned and saw a woman, fairly well dressed and quite respectable in appearance. He was or had been a man of the world and took in the situation at once, but he did not realize its full importance. The woman would not be likely to ask for a loan from a stranger unless she had some means of enforcing her demand. This occurred to him, but the simplicity and the strength of her scheme had not developed in his mind.

"I am sorry not to be able to accommodate you, madam, but I haven't the amount with me."

"You have a well filled pocketbook. This I know. I saw you take it out in a shop on Oxford street when you made a purchase. I followed you here. And I know that you are an American both by your accent and the hotel to which you ordered goods sent, which is frequented by your countrymen. And you are a married man, because you bought goods for women and for children. The case between us is perfectly plain. I give a shriek and cry wildly for a policeman. I am found to be hot with indignation and burst into tears. The policeman asks what's the matter. I tell him that I was sitting here. You came and sat down beside me and insulted me. He takes you to a police station. If you are not able to find bail at once you are locked up for the night. In any event you will be examined before a magistrate in the morning. No one will know whether my charge is true or false, but there are plenty who will believe it true. I shall only be able to prove it by my own statement, and you will undoubtedly be discharged. Nevertheless your arrest will be cabled to America as an item of news."

The American sat listening to this presentation of the case, not replying for a few minutes. He was making up his mind what to do. Presently he said:

"What you say is every word of it true. I beg you to be careful what you do, for I am in dread lest you should sound an alarm unnecessarily. When we Americans are cornered we pay up like men. I will give you every penny in my pocketbook rather than be placed in the position you describe. But one thing I fear. I have noticed the policeman there is watching us. Should he see me give you my pocketbook he might suspect the real reason for its transfer. This would cause your arrest, and I would be obliged to appear against you. I would be smirched. My pocketbook must go to you without attracting the bobby's attention. I propose this plan—I will open the pocketbook and show you that there is £100 in it. Then I will get up, go to the margin of the water, drop the pocketbook and walk away. You can go and pick it up deftly that the policeman may not take notice."

The woman's eyes flashed uneasily. She was looking for a trick. "No," she said presently, "not that, just as you have proposed it. Your purse found on me would convict me. Drop a roll of bills, then come back to this bench. I will go and get them and walk away."

"Any way you like that insures your safety, which is more mine than yours." Taking five ten-pound notes from his pocketbook, he held them screened from any one except the woman, then, rising, strolled leisurely to the margin of the lake and, while standing there apparently looking out on to the water, dropped them tightly rolled. After waiting a few minutes he went slowly back to the bench and sat down. Not hastening, the woman arose and dawdled idly to the spot where he had dropped the money, put her foot on it, dropped her handkerchief and picked up the money and the handkerchief at the same time.

She was startled by a click. Casting a quick glance at the American, she saw him sitting with his kodak on his lap. The kodak pointed toward her.

"Police!" he cried.

Bobby, who at that moment was looking elsewhere, turned and at the American's beck came toward him.

"That woman has £50 blackmail that she has levied on me. Arrest her and I will accompany you to the police station."

The woman flashed a vindictive glance at the American. In a moment it came upon her that she had been outwitted.

The next morning the case was tried. The American was put on the stand and told the story as it has been told here. During the night he had developed the plan he had taken, showing the woman picking up his bills, and handed the photograph to the magistrate. The case was clear. The woman was identified as one who had played the same game before and was sent to prison.

The American sailed for his native country.

### The "Old Maid."

Some time ago a Rev. Mr. Huffer of Colorado advocated the banishment of all old maids to a desert island for the general good of society. Thereupon arose a storm of protest which came not only from spinsters, but from married women, from editorial writers and from mere men. The newspapers reported an answer from Miss Helen M. Gould which that lady afterward denied.

Observing the row he had started, the Rev. Mr. Huffer came back. He divided old maids into classes, the "clattered," the "disappointed" and the "talkative." He said he had in mind the "clattered" variety when he issued his edict of banishment. He added that they despised men and were sour. The talkative class were also bad. Only the disappointed had his sympathy. They had been crossed in love and could not help themselves.

Leaving aside the preacher and his fulminations, for he said little new, and that was unworthy of discussion, the question of unmarried women is an interesting one, especially to men. Moreover, it is not only interesting to individual men, but is important to society as a whole, for with the increasing employment of women the number of spinsters, or bachelor maids, which is a better term, is rapidly on the increase. The large majority of these self supporting women belong to none of the classes mentioned by the reverend gentleman, but are able to take care of themselves, are fairly contented with their lot, thank you, and are doing their part of the work of the world.

Yet it is not good for either men or women to live alone, and this remains true despite changed conditions. It is not good either individually or for society at large. For one thing, it tends to race suicide. For a second, it undermines the home. For a third, it undermines morals.

The love of one man for one woman, which is the foundation of the home and of pure family life, is approved by the experience of the ages, by religion, by common sense and by every right instinct. Yet this system of marriage is threatened from many different angles, threatened by wholesale divorce, by the widespread employment of women, by the high tension of modern life and by certain changes of standards in social relations.

It is time for serious minded men and women to think soberly on these things.

WANTED—1000 empty sacks at Central Warehouse. 2-11

### For Sale or Trade.

Ten acres of the finest kind of land with water to irrigate. Located in the famous Goose Lake valley at Lakeview.

Also 1 lot and house, furnished, at a great sacrifice. For particulars address Post Box 602, Bandon, Oregon. 45-11

For Carpet and Rug weaving, address Mrs. J. L. Foster, Bandon, 28-11

## When You Choose a Gift Remember

Everything in this Store is selected with the greatest care to secure the very latest and most correct style. This is a well known fact and greatly enhances the value of a gift from here. The cost is no more and usually it is much less.

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