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Art Instincts of the Japanese. Possibly the Greeks may have been endowed with a universal instinct for art production and art appreciation, but certain it is that there is no other nation today living in which artistic taste and aptitude are more generally diffused than in Japan. Not only are the commonest kitchen utensils molded into forms of exquisite beauty by Japanese artisans, but it is also very unusual to find even a coolie who is not in some way a capable artist. To this so competent an authority as Professor Chamberlin bears testimony in saying that it is to the common people that the foreigner in Japan must go for those lessons in proportion, fitness and sobriety which Greece once knew so well. Do you want dowers arranged? Ask your house coolie to arrange them. Is something wrong in the laying out of your garden? Call in the cook or the washerwoman as counselor. It makes little difference whom you consult, so universal is the development of the art instinct among the common people throughout the entire empire.—Arthur May Knapp in Atlantic.

Our First Shoemakers.

The great American industry of shoe manufacturing, which now amounts to \$500,000,000 annually, appears to have had its beginning in Salem, Mass., when Thomas Beard and Isaac Rickerman, the first shoemakers of record in this land, settled there after the Mayflower had brought them over on her second voyage. They were adjudged so valuable an addition to the little colony that the selectmen voted to furnish them board and house room free. The shoemakers who first came to this country were most welcome men, for in the earliest settlements of New England boots and shoes were altogether an imported stock, and the rough land of the new country wore out even the strongest boots in short order. The growth of the shoe industry in the United States has kept pace with other lines of manufacture, and America manufactures the best shoes of any nation in the world.—New Orleans Picayune.

No Crowding in English Cars.

Americans submit to being compelled to ride in cars so crowded that they get their feet trod on, their clothes torn and get no seats, but pay just as if there was no crowding and abundant comfort.

The Englishman is subjected to no such injustice. And why? Because when framers first came into vogue an Englishman found the passageway in a car filled with passengers. He did not submit. He went to court and got damages, the court saying in accents which are echoing in England yet:

"The carrier is obliged by law to furnish not only transportation, but comfortable transportation. This is no more performed by furnishing transportation without a seat than it would be by furnishing a seat without transportation. And this is not all—the passenger is entitled to free ingress and egress."—Houston Chronicle.

Calling the Meat.

Extolling the virtues of the African "carrier," J. H. Harris in "Dawn in Darkest Africa" tells of a long caravan march through vast forests when food ran short. One of the natives suggested "calling the meat." Arriving at a quiet spot, a son of the forest fell on his knees, placed the tips of two fingers in his nostrils, "emitted a series of calls which made that forest glen echo with, as it were, the joyous cries of a troop of monkeys." When he had repeated these tactics in several places near by for about half an hour there was an excited cry of "Here they come!" And soon "a score of monkeys could be seen skipping from tree to tree toward the inimitable monkey cries of our carrier." Four were shot for the evening meal, and some of the men were so famished that they ate the flesh raw.

An Old Royal Romance.

Ustrub, the capital of the old Servian empire, is associated with one of the few real love affairs of a Turkish sultan. It was here, after the fatal field of Kossovo, that Bajazet arranged terms of peace with the Servian King Stephen. One of the most important stipulations was that Stephen should hand over his sister, the Lady Despina, as wife of the sultan. It was a lucky deal for the Servians, for we are told that "of all his wives the sultan held the Lady Despina dearest and for her sake restored her brother the city and castle of Semendria and Columbarium, in Servia."

Placing Him.

"Now, I don't want your patent case opener." "A rare chance, madam." "Don't want it." "You'll regret your decision." "Don't want it, I tell you." "Opportunity, madam, knocks but once." "Opportunity, eh? You look more like Impertunity."—Washington Herald.

Why We Can See Smoke.

Smoke is not composed of gases only, but of solid or perhaps partly liquid particles, which are mixed with the gases and carried along by them. It is these particles of matter that are visible to the eye and not the gases themselves.—St. Nicholas.

A Present.

He—What are you going to give Kitty and Jack for a wedding present? She—Oh, I guess I'll send Kitty the bunch of letters Jack wrote me when we were engaged.—Boston Transcript.

If your face wants to smile let it; if it doesn't, make it.—Anon.

She Wanted A Master

To Do Her Thinking and Decide For Her

By F. A. MITCHEL

I had been paying attention to Julia Adams for some time. Indeed, I would have proposed to her had I been reasonably sure of an acceptance. But Julia had another suitor, Frank Digby, and I fancied he was her first choice.

To tell the truth, I was at a disadvantage about that time, having, on being graduated from college, gone into business, for which I was by no means fitted. I had made a failure of it and was casting about for something more to my taste. My poverty was the principal reason why I did not propose to Julia.

The only talent I had ever shown was for sketching, and in that as a boy I showed considerable ability. When it was plain that I would accomplish nothing as a business man I made some sketches, which I showed to publishers and secured orders for illustrations to go with their publications. But I knew it would require some time to get this new hold, and while doing so I kept my own counsel from my friends and acquaintances. Julia tried to find out something about what I had in view, but I gave her no satisfaction. If I should fall in entering a new field I would be in a worse position than before. I put her off by pretending to be in doubt as to what I would do—said I would not hurry in making up my mind, and all that.

The result was what might have been expected. She accepted Frank Digby. Soon after I heard of her engagement I had a talk with her bosom friend, Edith Martin, about her, who said:

"Julia has been brought up with some one to do her thinking and make her decisions for her. Frank Digby has a strong will, and she can rely on him for guidance. He will take the lead in everything. There is nothing weak, nothing vacillating about him. I think it will be a very good match."

"Quite likely," I replied, wincing under what was probably not intended, but what was a lecture to me, holding up my shortcomings in contrast with Digby's strong points. I made the best of my disappointment, but I confess to having been mean enough to hope that he would rule Julia with a rod of iron since that seemed to be what she wanted.

Miss Martin, besides being a bosom friend of Julia's, was a gabbler. It wasn't difficult to set her talking, and, since she was a sort of confessor for Julia, I received a good deal of information simply by propounding leading questions. For instance, one day I said to her:

"The more I think of it the more I believe that our mutual friend, Julia Adams, has a fine prospect before her with Frank Digby. Opposites should mate. If the woman is easy going the man should be decided, and vice versa. I wouldn't mind getting a strong minded wife myself. I'd rather like to be ruled by a woman."

"Would you?" replied Edith, swallowing the bait and the hook together. "Why don't you marry a window smashing, theater burning suffragette?" "Just what I'd like. I'm glad Julia got the kind of man she wanted. When are they going to be married?" "I don't know. Not at present anyway. I wouldn't have you repeat it, but sometimes I think Frank is just a teeny weeny bit too decided for Julia. You see, there are certain things we girls like to have decided for us and certain things we like to decide for ourselves."

"For instance?" "Well, last week Julia bought a hat. When Frank saw it he said, 'Why didn't you buy a muff for your head and have done with it?' 'You wouldn't wish me to be out of fashion, would you?' retorted Julia. 'Fashion!' said Frank sneeringly. 'Do you know what fashion is? It's a lot of men who sell you women things, giving you new designs that are as different as possible from what you've been wearing so that you can't wear or make over what you've got.' It wouldn't have mattered if he'd stopped here, for we all know that, but he had to go on and say, 'I have always hoped that when I got a wife she'd have more independence than to submit to such nonsense.' 'But the fashion?' persisted Julia. 'We can't ignore the fashion.' 'Fashion be hanged!' Frank answered. 'I wouldn't want my wife to wear a hat like a grenadier or put a pot or a kettle on her head.' At this Julia swept out of the room without deigning to notice him."

"I'm!" I said. "That was on Wednesday. On Sunday morning Frank called to take Julia to church. She came down with a little prayer book and hymnal she had received at Christmas. 'You won't need those,' said Frank. 'Why not?' said Julia. 'I'm a member of the Presbyterian church,' said Frank. 'And I'm an Episcopalian,' retorted Julia. 'All form and no fervor,' said Frank. That made Julia mad, and she said, 'You can disapprove of my hats, but you shan't run down my church.'"

"Well?" I put in to help her on. "Frank went to his church, and Julia went to hers."

"I thought she wanted a man to make her decisions for her."

"As I told you, we girls want some of our decisions made for us; some we want to make for ourselves."

"I see. You don't wish to be interfered with in the matter of your hats or your religion."

"Certainly not."

"What things do you girls wish to have decided for you?"

"Let me see. There are lots of them, but I can't think of one all of a sudden. One couldn't be expected to do that."

"Of course not!"

We are all more or less dogs in the manger, and I am sorry to say that I was much pleased at this recital. If I couldn't have Julia I was not so unselfish as to wish her happiness with another man. I dare say it would have been very noble in me to do so, but that's not my kind of nobility. On the contrary, I felt as if I would like to throw some bones of contention between the two myself. But this was out of the question.

I was interested in the matter not only because I wanted Julia for myself, but on account of the fact that she had engaged herself to Digby because she wished to be bossed. She had intimated to me that I wasn't a strong enough character to domineer over her, but I had my doubts about the woman of the present day needing an overseer. That might have occurred in the days of our grandmothers, when no one thought of leaving out the word "obey" in the marriage service, but now, when women are ambitious for a voice in the government, it is different. The suffragette doesn't look like a woman pining for a master, and all women who earn their own living become more or less independent. I therefore took Julia's desire to set up a king for herself with a grain of salt. If, however, it was sincere I hoped that she would have the same experience as the frogs that chose a stork for a ruler.

The next time I met Edith Martin she had great news for me. "Haven't you heard?" she exclaimed excitedly.

"No. What is it?" "It's perfectly awful!" "What's perfectly awful?" "But he deserved it, every bit of it!" "Deserved what?"

Some time was required for her to express her opinion about it before she could curb herself to tell me what it was. This feminine trait, which seems to me akin to spending a lot of time over the address of a letter to discover whom it is from, instead of breaking it open to look at the signature, having spent its force, Edith came down to facts and told me the story. She had got it direct from Julia and had not troubled herself to inquire into the man's side of the story.

"Things had been going from bad to worse between them," said the bosom friend, "when one morning Frank called to see Julia for a better understanding. Instead of going in the afternoon or evening he went about 11 o'clock in the morning. He'd been used to running in on her informally, and, being told that she was in the pantry making a pie, he just went in there. 'I've come,' he said, 'with the olive branch. I dare say I have faults, but the principal trouble between us is that occasionally I would like to have my own way about some things.'"

"You don't mean he was as unreasonable as that?" I exclaimed. "Unreasonable! Julia took it as an insult. 'That means,' she said, 'that you consider me a person who wants to have her own way about everything; that I am obstinate, mulish, pigish—everything that is unreasonable.' 'You are putting those words into my mouth,' he replied. 'I have wanted a good, strong, noble man for a husband, but I haven't wanted a tyrant. Our engagement is broken. So there!' She had a scoop filled with flour in her hand, and she was so mad that she threw it all over him."

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed. "How he must have looked!" "Looked! He was white as a sheet in front and black behind. Julia ran through a door into the kitchen, then upstairs and into her room, locking herself in. Frank dusted the flour off his clothes as best he could with his handkerchief, then left the house."

"They'll make it up," I suggested. "Never. Julia is one of those pliable, gentle creatures who, when they are goaded to desperation, will turn, and when they turn they will never crawl again."

"Crawl?" "Yes. Julia gave way to him till she couldn't stand it any longer."

"Poor girl!" Not long after that, having proved that I could make a good living as an illustrator and believing that Julia's engagement with Digby was not likely to be renewed, I called upon her. I think she had had enough of being bossed and had demonstrated to her satisfaction that she didn't need an overseer. At any rate, she didn't mention such necessity, and when I told her that I had found success in a new field she seemed interested. I think Edith Martin had told her that I was looking for a wife to boss me, for Julia gave evidence that she would like the job. So I proposed and was accepted.

We got on very well together. I have a way of out-herding Herod with her. When she wants her way a little bit I give her a bucketful of it all at once. This breaks her up. I have 'ried yielding to her when her acts are sure to lead to grief, hoping to teach her by example. But this has been a failure. She invariably throws the fault on me. I never argue with her and when I find it necessary to act on my own opinions do so without a word. This plan works admirably.

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