



OREGON WELL REPRESENTED IN THE PERMANENT ST. PAUL AGRICULTURAL DISPLAY FROM "ZONE OF PLENTY."

Oregon will no doubt derive great and lasting benefits from the permanent display of grains and grasses in the exhibition room of the Northwest Development League in St. Paul. Splendid samples of wheat, oats, flax, rye and barley were part of the state's magnificent agricultural exhibit at the recent Minneapolis and Chicago land shows and were brought East for display purposes by the Great Northern Railway. Commercial organizations, the railroads and the Development League are carrying on an extensive publicity campaign to attract the attention of visitors in the Twin City to the display of the products of the soil of the American Northwest and it is likely thousands of people will view the exhibit annually.

One of the features of the Oregon exhibit is a sample of fall rye seven feet high. Varieties of oats include Mammoth Cluster, Storm King and Silver Mine. White Bonanza is also shown in the display. Crail Fife, Big Club, Blue Stem and Red Club varieties of wheat are well featured in the Oregon grain exhibit. Excellent flax samples and six row barley form a part of the display. Shelled grains in glass jars complete the grain exhibit. Grass samples include

timothy, red clover, alsike, alfalfa, bunch grass, blue joint and brome. In the Oregon exhibit are a large number of jars containing fine samples of processed fruits of different varieties. The forests have provided an exhibit of woods of several kinds. The exhibition room is well supplied with Oregon literature descriptive of the state in general and by communities. The exhibit is open morning, afternoon and evening and representatives of the League give information about the states of Oregon, Minnesota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and the Dakotas, the seven states which the Development League is seeking to advance.

The Serbs' Rout.

It was on the banks of the Maritza, near Adrianople, in 1354, that the Turks first came into conflict with the young Slavonic races, the Servians, the Bosnians, the Bulgarians, Louis I, king of Hungary and Poland, with the princes of Bosnia, Servia and Wallachia, had decided to conquer the sultan, a task that the Greeks had been unable to manage. The Turks were only half as strong as the allies, but the commander took advantage of the intoxication of the allies to make a sudden night attack. The Slavs were aroused by the beating of the Turkish drums. "The Ottomans were upon them before they could stand to arms. They were like wild beasts scared from their lair," says Sa'd-ud-Din. "Speeding from the field of light to the waste of flight, those objects poured into the stream Maritza and were drowned." The spot can still be seen on the map as Sirf Sivadugh, the "Serbs' rout."

Marat and His Ugliness.

Jean Paul Marat of the French revolution is said to have been not only one of the ugliest men in all France, but to have been positively repulsive in person, habits and manners. Yet in his early career he was beyond question the most popular physician in Paris, particularly with the women. It is said that his consulting rooms were daily crowded by the loveliest women in Paris. Even when he was suffering from a loathsome skin disease, contracted while hiding in the sewers of Paris, he was tenderly nursed by one of the loveliest of his admirers, whom he eventually married.

When Edward Was Peeved.

In "King Edward in His True Colors" is this story of the late king: At Marlborough House one night in the eighties the king, who was then the Prince of Wales, was playing billiards with some of his guests. His royal highness was not in particularly good form, and after a rather bad shot one of the younger men shouted, to the amazement and disgust of the others, "I say, Wales; pull yourself together." The prince made no reply, but, beckoning a servant, said, "Call Mr. —'s carriage."

How She Struck Him.

"Oh, yes, I know Mrs. Wadleigh. I saw her last night, and she struck me as—"
"I know what you were going to say. She struck you as being about the prettiest woman in this town."
"No; that wasn't it exactly. She struck me as I was trying to get across the street in front of her new electric."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Surprise All Right.

"My husband has promised to allow me to choose what I want for my birthday."
"Oh, then there will be no surprises this year."
"Yes, there will. He will be surprised enough when he gets the bill!"

He Was Willing.

Friend—What was the title of your poem? Poet—"Oh, Give Me Back My Dreams." Friend—And what did the editor write to you? Poet—"Take 'em!" —McCall's Magazine.

Waiting For the Lightning.

Curious information on the habits of the big trees of California is given in one of John Muir's books. "These big trees," he says, "seem to be immortal unless they are destroyed by accident. There is no absolute limit to the existence of any tree. Death is due to accident, not, as that of animals, to the wearing out of organs. Only the leaves die of old age. Their fall is foretold in their structure. But the leaves are renewed every year, and so also are the essential organs—wood, roots, bark, buds."

"Most of the Sierra trees die of disease, insects, fungi, etc., but nothing hurts the big tree," adds the distinguished naturalist. "I never saw one that was sick or showed the slightest sign of decay. Barring accidents, it seems to be immortal. It is a curious fact that all the very old sequoias had lost their heads by lightning strokes."

"All things come to him who waits." But of all living things the sequoia is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck by lightning."

A Scot as Grand Vizier.

In "Further Reminiscences" Mrs. Hugh Frazer tells of James Keith, a Scotsman, who served with Spain, Russia and Prussia. As general officer of the Empress Anna Petrovna he was intrusted with the conduct of some preliminaries of peace with Turkey prior to the treaty of Belgrade.

On the completion of the negotiations, which were conducted in French, the Turkish representative, no other than the grand vizier himself, a tall, red bearded personage dressed all in the sacred green of a hadji (or holy man who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca), arose and came round to where Keith was standing by the table. "It affords me great pleasure, sir," the grand vizier began to the astounded Keith in excellent English, with an entrancing Scottish accent, "to have the opportunity of meeting again with so distinguished a person as yourself. You look surprised, but I well remember you and your brother going to school. My father, sir, was the bellman of Kirkcaldy."

Selling the Children.

At Ravensburg, in the Tyrol, a children's market is held every year, where the children of the poor are sold by auction to the highest bidder. As a rule, boys and girls do not fetch more than a few shillings. When bought the children are taken away to do hard work, the boys being used for agricultural purposes and the girls for domestic work. Sometimes when a would be purchaser cannot decide between two boys he makes the youngsters fight and parts with his money for the winner.—London Answers.

Robin Red Breast.

The Welsh have a particularly interesting solution to account for the red breast of the robin. They believe that the songster was delegated by a "higher power" to quench the flames of burning souls. While employed in such a procedure the feathers of his breast accidentally took fire, and before they could be extinguished were scorched a deep red.

Encouraging Father.

"I cannot understand how you have the presumption to think that I would permit my daughter to become your wife."

"It does seem rather surprising, I suppose. But cheer up. You are not half as badly upset as I was when she suggested it to me."—Chicago Record Herald.

Turner Admitted It.

One day George Jones, R. A., while discussing the merits of Turner's "Bay of Balaie" with a traveler who had recently seen the bay, was surprised to learn that at least half the scene was pure invention. Upon this Jones playfully wrote on the frame of the picture, "Splendid Mendax." When the inscription caught Turner's eye he merely laughed. He never removed it.

Ink Stains.

Soak ink stains in sour milk and should a stain still remain rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Two Chords.

Willie—Say, pop, what's a major and minor chord? Father—The major chord, my boy, is what I pay for; the minor chord is what I get.—Satire.

An angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason.—Publius Syrus.

LIFE.

Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient. To act is easy; to think is hard. To act according to our thoughts is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful. The threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished. His impressions guide him. He learns sportfully. Seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us. What should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us; the steps to it do not. With the summit in our eye we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught. The artist needs it all. Who knows it half speaks much and is always wrong. Who knows it wholly inclines to act and speaks seldom or late. The former have no secrets and no force. The instruction they can give is like baked bread—savory and satisfying for a single day—but flour cannot be sown, and seed corn ought not to be ground. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing while he acts aright, but of what is wrong we are always conscious. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown and approaches more and more to being a master.—Goethe.

In the January Number of the *Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society* Professor J. F. Raper has announced the belief that the visible universe is not single, but double—that what we behold is not a system of stars, but two systems. Since this announcement A. S. Edington of Greenwich, A. W. Robertson and H. C. Plummer of Oxford and T. J. See of the Lick observatory have given their concurrence to it. Mr. Edington, for example, has analyzed the motion of six different groups of stars, and he has shown the existence in every case of two sets of curves indicating two paths along which rival star systems are streaming. One stream travels at the rate of seventeen miles a second and the other at the rate of five miles.

The movement of our sun is thirteen miles a second toward the region in the heavens now marked by the great star Arcturus, though he is hastening to meet us. The two pointers of the Great Bear are going along with the earth, other stars of the Great Bear away from the earth. Sirius is in our stream; so are the brightest stars of the Northern Crown—one in the Lion, one in Eridanus and one in Auriga.—William Bayard Hale in *World's Work*.

Got Her a Seat.

A young woman entered a subway train at Seventy-second street and, seeing that she would have to stand, meekly grasped a strap near one on which a stout, well built man was hanging. Hardly had the train pulled out from the station when she heard a voice saying, "There's a seat, madam," and turning around she beheld her big neighbor pointing to a little space between two men. She stepped forward, but as neither of them seemed inclined to make room for her she smilingly declined to sit where she was so evidently not wanted. Whereupon the big man decided to occupy the space himself! He sat down and after a few seconds began to work himself backward and forward, to right and to left, until presently his neighbors, yielding to his bulk, moved up, and lo! he was in possession of a comfortable seat. Then he arose, politely doffed his hat, bowed to the woman and said: "Now, madam, I think you will find room! Won't you sit down?"—New York Tribune.

How Old is the Earth?

Sir George Darwin's statement at Cambridge that the late Lord Kelvin's estimate of the earth's age has been seriously vitiated by the discovery of radium since the calculation was made will meet with the entire approval of geologists. For many years physicists and geologists have been disputing on this matter, and the latter have utterly failed to make the facts of geology fit in with what they termed Lord Kelvin's "miserable allowance" of time. Now, however, that it is established that the earth has a large store of heat producing radium and other radioactive substances, mathematics is able greatly to extend the "miserable allowance" a trifle of 20,000,000 years, and the 800,000,000 years necessary to account for the geologists' phenomena is no longer considered too big a draft on the bank of time. The Hon. Mr. Strutt has assigned a minimum age of 711,000,000 years for some archaic rocks from Canada he has examined.—Dundee Advertiser.

Broke Up the Game.

Willie finally persuaded his aunt to play train with him. The chairs were arranged in line, and then he said: "Now, you be the engineer and I'll be the conductor. Lend me your watch and get up into your cab." He then hurried down the platform, timepiece in hand. "Pull out there, you red headed, pie faced jay!" he shouted to the astonishment of the young woman. "Why, Willie!" she exclaimed in amazement. "That's right; chew the rag," he retorted. "Pull out. We're five minutes late already." They have had to forbid his playing down by the tracks.—Illinois Central Employees' Magazine.

The Paradise Fish.

There flourishes in Chinese rivers and lakes a small fish remarkable for its brilliant coloring of crimson and blue. It is called the paradise fish. In the sunlight it shows in rainbow hues. The most interesting thing about this little fish is the nest made by the male of glutinous bubbles below the surface of the water and measuring up to six inches across. Here it places the eggs, some 200 in number, and mounts guard over them during incubation.

Sly Management.

"Haven't you a handsomer chafing dish than that?" asked the customer. "You want something even more ornamental than this?" "Yes, I want one so beautiful and expensive that my wife wouldn't think of trying to cook anything in it."—Exchange.

Herself Alone.

"Harold, do you love me for myself alone?" "For yourself alone. And that's why I object to loaning your father money and standing for your little brother's pestiferousness."—Kansas City Journal.

Doesn't Mean It.

Isn't it queer that when a man addresses you by saying "Say!" he wants you to keep still so that he can say something himself?—New Orleans Picayune.

So It Does.

"Always hit the line hard, my boy." "Oh, I don't know, dad. Sometimes it pays to try to run around the end." —Detroit Free Press.

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