

MAKE GOOD SHOWING

Some late starters gained considerably on the lead of those who commenced taking part in the contest early. Among those late starters numbers 82, 77, and 61 have done particularly well and are well in the running, for first place number 103 gives promise of making things interesting.

The piano voting contest means that 16 valuable prizes will be awarded to people in Bandon or vicinity.

The person collecting and registering the largest number of votes will have the first pick of the prizes, the person with the second largest the second pick and so on.

Votes are given on the basis of one vote for every cent paid at the store of D. M. Averill, O. A. Trowbridge, Boyle Jewelry Co. and the Bandon Bakery. A number of contestants have registered and collected a good many votes. Anyone entering the contest now with a will would stand a splendid chance of winning a prize as easy and additional ways of obtaining votes will be introduced that will enable late starters to cover the lead of contestants already started.

Standing of contestants for week ending May 28th 1913.

No. 25—59,805
" 89—52,590
" 98—37,075
" 87—29,196
" 97—25,910
" 101—25,660
" 100—24,070
" 22—23,705
" 77—22,405
" 92—19,535
" 61—18,815
" 86—16,650
" 82—12,430
" 103—7,765
" 88—7,690
" 51—7,205
" 91—6910
" 93—6,185
" 99—4,800
" 52—3,370
" 20—2,600

Number 25 won the special prize of silverware for week ending May 28th registering 8,975 votes which was the largest number for that week. A special prize of silverware will be given each week until August the last month of the contest. The contestant handing in the largest number of votes in any week will be awarded the prize for that week unless the contestant has already received one of the special prizes, in which event the prize will be given to the contestant registering the largest number of votes who has not already received a special prize.

WALLACE IS INSANE

It is with regret that the Leader learns of the sad misfortune that befalls W. L. Wallace, a well known character in this vicinity, his being adjudged insane was no surprise to the people of Langlois. Mr. Wallace as many of us knew him made his initiated boy into Curry county by writing literature for the Lakeport Improvement company, and was later on connected with that company as a land agent. He left the employment of that company some time ago and took up selling insurance policies in Coos and Curry county and through irrational acts committed while there and other places where he had wandered he was finally found to be unbalanced.

Mr. Wallace has a fine education and is a good writer, it is thought trouble and worriment caused the breaking down of his mind. — Curry County Leader.

S. R. Steele can sell you one of the best farms in Coos county for acres rich bottom land, 25 acres fence. Better see Steele within the next ten days if you want this farm dirt cheap.

HUMOR OF A SCULPTOR.

Carpeaux in His Merry Mood With Napoleon III.

Although he was a man of great earnestness and seriousness of purpose, Carpeaux, one of the most famous French sculptors of the last century, had a droll tongue and a capricious humor that he vented on his king and emperor alike. Lecture Pour Tous relates some amusing anecdotes of him.

At a reception at the Tuileries Napoleon III. engaged in a few minutes' private conversation with Carpeaux. At its conclusion the young sculptor was besieged by a crowd of courtiers and envious rivals, who wanted to know what the emperor had talked about.

"Promise to tell no one!" whispered Carpeaux as he drew the eager listeners to one side of the ballroom. "Well, then, the emperor was trying to borrow 5 francs from me."

Some years later, when Carpeaux had received the commission to do the decorations for the Pavillon de Flore of the Tuileries, Napoleon often came to watch him at work on the scaffold that had been built against the face of the building. Occasionally the emperor mounted aloft to this improvised studio, hung between earth and sky.

One day Carpeaux, in a particularly merry mood, told him that when he wished to rest from his labors he would make tiny pellets of clay and drop them on the heads of passersby.

"It's very amusing," he explained. "People stop and look about them. They can't imagine where the missiles come from."

"Here," he continued, holding out some of the little clay bullets; "try it yourself."

"I wouldn't dare," laughingly said Napoleon, amused at the idea of the emperor of the French, mounted on a scaffold, throwing pellets of clay at his subjects.

"Bah!" muttered Carpeaux. "What's the use of being an emperor?"

Napoleon did not forget this remark. A few months later, when the sculptor sought a title, the emperor, unable or unwilling to grant the request, exclaimed:

"Bah! What's the use of being Carpeaux? Isn't that better than baron?"

MENACE OF THE CURTAIN.

Window Draperies and the Campaign Against the White Plague.

If the worldwide campaign against tuberculosis is going to be a success it cannot be too strongly impressed that, like charity, preventive measures must begin at home. Fresh air must be obtained by each occupant of every room in the house. This can never be accomplished until housewives realize that the body is of more value than raiment and an abundant supply of pure air of more importance to life than the maintenance of the traditional snow whiteness of a pair of window curtains.

The fear of soiling white curtains and also of admitting dust and dirt into the rooms where it can settle on furniture and ornaments is quite as much responsible for the closed window habit as is the dislike of drafts. It is hard to overcome prejudice and harder still to root out an old established custom, but nevertheless these elementary facts of hygiene should be taught plainly and simply to elder girls in school so that wiser habits of house management may be inculcated.

To abolish curtains altogether from the windows of private dwellings would be, perhaps, too much to expect of the present generation, but if this ideal cannot yet be attained they might be made of some less expensive or more readily renewable material. For the sake of appearances human lives must not be allowed to suffer. — London Medical Press and Circular.

Feeling Heat and Cold.

The principal reasons that we feel objects that are cold when brought in contact with the skin quicker than those that are warm is that the skin, being a very poor conductor of heat, absorbs heat slowly from an object of a higher temperature than itself, while other objects which are cooler and which in nearly every instance are better conductors of heat than the skin absorb heat readily from the skin, and hence a sensation of cold is felt at once.

Sizing Up the Situation.

The young girl had been engaged as an amanuensis by a society woman. She discovered that nearly every day the husband and wife had a quarrel, so she gave notice that she was going to leave.

"Why?" inquired the lady, in surprise.

"Oh, you don't need an amanuensis, madam," replied the girl. "What you want is a war correspondent!" — Youkers Statesman.

No Cause For Worry.

"What do you suppose your father will say when I ask permission to marry you?"

"I don't know. But I wouldn't worry. He didn't refuse any of the men who asked for my four older sisters." — Detroit Free Press.

Identified.

"Is that your prodigal son?" inquired the visitor to Uncle Zeke's farm, pointing to the youth who spent most of his time swinging in a hammock.

"No," laughed Uncle Zeke pleasantly. "He's my fatted calf." — Harper's Weekly.

Much Worse.

Heck: Can anything make a man feel worse than to have his wife continually begging for money? Peck—Sure! To have her demanding it. — Boston Transcript.

AVERTED A WRECK

Thrilling Railroad Experience on Horseshoe Curve.

SAVED BY A WEIRD WARNING.

The Remarkable Signal Light That Summarily Stopped Two Trains That Were Rushing on to Certain Destruction in a Head-on Collision.

Once upon a time if any man had asked me if two locomotives rushing toward one another head on and with no human agency between could avoid a collision I would have replied, "Not by any earthly power." Since I have had my ding at railroading as a Grand Trunk brakeman in Canada, however, I do not feel so cocksure about impossibilities. I venture to say that any man who passed through that affair at Sandy curve, in western Ontario, finding himself as suddenly rescued as he was suddenly in peril, would not be too glib in future regarding what can and what cannot happen.

On one section of my run lay what was probably one of the most dangerous curves on any railroad route in America outside the Rocky mountains. They called it by many names—Sandy curve, the Horseshoe, the Devil's elbow and the Switchback—but of all descriptions none fitted it so well as the Horseshoe, for the track formed exactly that shape. In order to save the cost of a tunnel the construction engineers had taken the road around the head of a mountainous cliff that jutted out into the lake and then back 100 yards to the mainland. Between the points of the curve loomed an ugly wall of granite 300 feet in height, a barrier absolutely impenetrable to light and sound. The curved roadbeds forming the two sides of this curious piece of pioneer construction had their point of contact, of course, at the toe of the shoe, beneath which lay the glistening waters of the lake. The Horseshoe curve was notorious for a long series of nasty accidents.

It was the 7th of November and miserably dark and foggy. Five miles from the curve I was passing across an open platform between two coaches when I heard our whistle shrieking. In the forest of spruces and those ugly galleries of granite the sound echoed and throbbed until it fell to a murmur. At that moment it seemed to me that I caught the blare of another whistle, a trifle louder than our last echo. A shudder ran down my spine, and I leaped far out on the steps, but nothing could be seen, and the sound was not repeated. I mentioned the incident to the conductor, but he only laughed at me. That did not make me forget the blast I had heard sifting out of the spruce trees, and I knew in my heart that it did not come from our locomotive.

To keep my mind off my fears I went forward to the baggage car and chatted with the "newsy." Then I fell asleep on a bench.

"Crunch, elck!" and then a final series of crunches.

I knew that meant the air brakes, and jumped on to the limit. In an instant I was up and, grabbing my lantern, tumbled through the door after the news agent. The long train was swinging far out on the Horseshoe curve. The lurching and grinding of the brakes were like the torture of a nightmare. With a last painful gritting of the buffers the train came to a standstill. Passengers, conductor and train crew were coming forward in great alarm, but before we could reach the locomotive the engineer loomed out of the darkness, his face glowing with a fearful excitement. "Did you see?" he cried vaguely, and I never saw a railroad man more overcome. "Look yonder!"

We all stared where he pointed. Above the dismal lake, about a hundred yards from shore, there hung suspended a ball of brilliant, snow white fire, as if the moon had lost her bearings and had tumbled toward the earth. We were deathly silent at the sight. No one volunteered an explanation.

"Don't you understand?" yelled the engineer. "Don't you people understand? There is a train on the opposite side of the Horseshoe, and it was coming up to meet us at twenty miles an hour. We missed each other by an act of God!"

Then I saw what he meant. That strange ball of light suspended out there in the darkness was the focus of the two headlights, and both engineers had seen it in the nick of time.

We stood there like statues. I know my heart was beating like a hammer, and my comrades were pale faced and open mouthed with wonder.

When we had in some measure recovered ourselves we all marched forward to shake hands with the fellows on the other train. An inquiry? Of course there was, and our conductor was "fired" for disobeying instructions. The fact is we should never have approached the curve until the other train had passed us on a switch several miles this side of it. — Wide World Magazine.

A Hint Taken.

"These opera glasses were given to me a year ago," she said sweetly. "Aren't they beautiful?" he replied. "Yes," she answered, "but I discovered this afternoon that they're beginning to rust from lack of use."

Whereupon he tumbled to himself and invited her to go to the theater. — Detroit Free Press.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. — Lord Bacon.

This Is Your Chance!

To win something big. Don't let the chance slip, but go after it. Enter the big piano voting contest. There is yet time, but if you put it off for another week it may be too late. Collect voting coupons at D. M. Averill's, O. A. Trowbridge's Boyle Jewelry Co., and Bandon Bakery. Votes are given on the basis of one vote for every cent paid. Each yearly subscription paid to the Recorder is good for 1,000 votes.

Even if you do not contest yourself by collecting voting coupons you can help your favorite contestant.

CLASS SERVICE SUNDAY NIGHT

Rev. J. J. Mickey delivered the baccalaureate address Sunday night at the school house. The high school Glee club sang "Ave Maria." A solo, "Rock of Ages" was rendered by Miss Elizabeth Fox. Also a solo, "The Lord is my Shepherd" by Miss Winifred McNair.

Both of these solos as well as the music by the Glee Club was much appreciated by the audience. Rev. H. C. Hartman and F. J. Chaburn assisted in the exercises. The auditorium was filled to its full capacity and was appropriately decorated for the occasion.

Mr. Mickey received many compliments upon his address.

SENATORS BY DIRECT VOTE

Washington, D. C. May 31.—In the presence of a notable company including many legislators, who had to do with its adoption, Bryan today signed the formal announcement of the seventh amendment to the constitution, providing for direct election of Senators.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Barred Plymouth Rock eggs \$1.50 per setting. Apply N. J. Crain, Bandon. 211f

For rheumatism you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. Try it and see how quickly it gives relief. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

Ruling From Attorney General.

One of our citizens has received from the Attorney General a ruling in regard to qualified voters. The import of the ruling is to the effect that any qualified voter any person who can register may vote at any election-city, county and state upon any measure whether it be a bond issue, for public officials or for any tax assessing it.

This ruling refers to Section 11 Article 11 of the Constitution of the United States of America. The law concerning qualified voters, is therefore, all inclusive, and any one who may vote at all can vote on any one of the measures presented at the coming election of June 9th.

Women's Commercial Club.

The Sweet Pea contest has not been forgotten and it is hoped that there will be good results of the contest, and the prizes will be well deserved. All join in help to beautify our city.

Remember the next meeting will be on Friday, June 13, and all are welcome.

Let all women who are interested in the good of our city, register and be ready to vote at the coming election on the water question, and the one mill tax for the library. There are questions too, and all should get posted on both sides and thus be able to form an intelligent opinion of their own.

Voting Coupon

Good for 25 votes in Piano Voting Contest

One of these coupons will appear every issue of the Bandon Recorder. See Advertisement

Book Selection of Public Library.

The librarian has on file letters from the Portland Library Association and from the Library of the University of Oregon which compliment very highly the list of books selected for the Bandon Library. Both of these letters state, furthermore, that they exercise a very strict censorship in selecting books for their shelves. No controversial or incendiary literature is allowed. Problem novels are excluded. Church papers are kept on file, but in files to themselves and separate from the secular literature.

Orrine for Drink Habit

TRY IT AT OUR EXPENSE. We are in earnest when we ask you to give ORRINE a trial. You have nothing to risk and everything to gain, for your money will be returned, if after a trial, you fail to get results from ORRINE. This offer gives the wives and mothers of those who drink to excess an opportunity to try the ORRINE treatment. It is a very simple treatment, can be given in the home without publicity or loss of time from business, and at a small price.

ORRINE is prepared in two forms: No. 1, secret treatment, a powder; ORRINE No. 2, in pill form, for those who desire to take voluntary treatment. Costs only \$1.00 a box. Come in and talk over the matter with us. Ask for booklet.

Orange Pharmacy

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