



Paint Kitchen Floors Don't Scrub Them

Avoid the backache and sore knees caused by scrubbing bare floors. Painted floors are easy to keep bright and clean, are attractive and very inexpensive.

ACME QUALITY FLOOR PAINT

gives a hard, durable, sanitary finish for floors, steps or any inside surface to be walked on, easy to keep clean and hard to wear out. You can apply it yourself. It dries in a short time. Offered in appropriate and attractive shades.



Bandon, Drug Company, Bandon, Oregon



"I Got This Fine Pipe With Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture"

All kinds of men smoke Duke's Mixture in all kinds of pipes—as well as in cigarettes—and they all tell the same story. They like the genuine, natural tobacco taste of

Liggett & Myers

Duke's Mixture

Choice bright leaf aged to mellow mildness, carefully stemmed and then granulated—every grain pure, high-grade tobacco—that's what you get in the Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture sack. You get one and a half ounces of this pure, mild, delightful tobacco, unsurpassed in quality, for 5c—and with each sack you get a book of papers free.

Now About the Free Pipe

In every sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a coupon. You can exchange these coupons for a pipe or for many other valuable and useful articles. These presents cost not one penny. There is something for every member of the family—skates, catcher's gloves, tennis rackets, cameras, toilet articles, suit cases, canes, umbrellas, and dozens of other things. Just send us your name and address on a postal and as a special offer during January and February only we will send you our new illustrated catalogue of presents FREE of any charge. Open up a sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture today.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be awarded with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, and Coupons from FOUR ROSES 1 1/2 tin double coupon, PICK PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Premium Dent.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

St. Louis, Mo.



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- No. 25—101,365—Miss Gladys Gallier.
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Orange Pharmacy

BRAVERY WON A MAIDEN'S HAND

Lady Capitulates After an Adventure With a Bull.

I had courted Millicent for two years or more without success. I hadn't proposed, for whenever I'd get spoony she'd tell me just what kind of man her ideal was—no more like me than a landau is like a donkey cart. Her lover must be intellectual, profound, whereas I am stupid and scatter brained. But one thing I am, and I know it—I'm a dead game sport. At tennis, football, horses or yachts I can beat Mr. Ideal every time.

One afternoon I called on Millicent with my new four cylinder auto. If Millicent was always worshipping this imaginary puffed up being of ideas she didn't mind a sixty mile an hour jog in an auto. Sometimes I used to think she was holding the duffer up to bother me, for I didn't see where her own lofty sentiments came in. Anytime she ran upstairs and in five minutes was down again in a long gray silk duster and her hat tied down with no end of veiling. I was waiting for her in the hall, but she was in such a hurry that she brushed right past me and out on to the stoop. There by the curb was my automobile glistening for all it was worth.

"What a beautiful shade of red!" she exclaimed, jumping into the machine.

"Glad you admire it," I replied. We jogged along at a town pace till we reached the open road; then I let her out a trifle. She was a lightweight two seated vehicle and, with all her power on, a match for a hurricane. We soon put a matter of twenty miles between us and the town and came to a big stretch of open country all on a dead level. I wanted to get on another road to my right and, knowing that I'd have to go around Robin Hood's barn to do it, made up my mind to take to the fields. The ground seemed perfectly smooth, and there were but few fences, some of them down. I asked Millicent if she would like a ride of that kind, and she said she would. So, swerving to the right between two telegraph poles, we took to the open.

Of course we didn't attempt any rapid gait, and, considering our springs and big tires, we didn't find it uncomfortable wheeling. There were here and there a house and scattered herds of cattle. We'd gone a couple of miles when we came to a rail fence directly in our way. I got out to let down the rails. I was getting the last rail out of the way when, glancing at a herd of cattle grazing near, I saw a powerful bull break from among them and trot toward us. I glanced at my red auto shining in the afternoon sun and took in the situation. The bull would go for the machine, break up the tonneau, and Millicent would be at his mercy.

In two seconds I was in my seat and had the power turned on. I gave a quick look back and saw the bull coming on a gallop. Passing through the opening I had made, I hastened my pace, and had we been on a road we could have laughed at the bull. But we weren't, and as luck would have it we struck the roughest piece of ground to be met in four counties. The best I could do was about six miles an hour, and the bull could beat that easily.

"I'll keep my eye on the ground ahead while you watch the bull," I said to Millicent. "and tell me if he gains."

"He's gaining every moment!" she cried. "Go faster!"

The way became smoother, and I put on more power, but it was a question whether it was preferable to be knocked to pieces by the jolting or gored by the bull. Millicent evidently preferred the former, for she begged me to increase the speed. At the same time I received a solace in our danger. Millicent in her terror put her arm around my neck. She didn't know what she was doing, but it felt nice all the same.

While I was enjoying it I saw ahead the remains of a swamp. There was no water in it, but plenty of mud. I glanced to the right and the left, only to see that it was a long way round. I plunged into the bog, and when I did so I knew it was all up with us. The bull came on, and pretty soon one could hear the thud of his hoofs directly behind us. Millicent clung to me, and I clung to the wheel. We had nearly crossed the bog when I noticed before us on the other side a rail fence. I put on as much speed as I dared, and on reaching the fence, telling Millicent to crouch, I undertook to drive through it. At that moment the bull caught the machine on his horns we felt the tonneau rise, and it and we and flying fence rails came down in a scattered heap.

I saw Millicent rising on her knees, the bull charging toward her. Picking up a fence rail, I put myself in his way, poised the rail and took him with the end of it square on the forehead. Stunned by the blow, he stopped, looked at me in a dazed fashion, turned tail and trotted away.

I felt proud of myself. Yes, I admit it. I realized that I'd done something worth doing. I'd saved Millicent's life. I stood the fence rail on end, grasped in one hand, put my other arm akimbo, crossed my right leg over my left and said:

"Now fetch on your Mr. Ideal!"

But Millicent made no reply. She fainted. I took her in my arms. A farmer came running toward us, and—Mr. Ideal has gone up.

HUMOROUS QUIPS.

At the Rest Cure.

A rest cure is a crazy place beyond a shade of doubt. For everybody in the place is crazy—to get out.

The chess fiend on the second floor, the emperor of Rome, Defeated Laaker seven times—but lost his happy home.

The emperor of Germany—although he doesn't reign— Can whip the whole United States. That's why he wears a chain.

The rich and learned vicar who speaks of "pants" and "gents" Would like to meet a person who would lend him fifty cents.

The handsome king of Babylon, who owns the world's marine, Wears tennis shoes and overalls when calling on the queen.

The actress with eleven trunks of gowns Will play a year on Broadway when she gets the railroad fare.

The chap with many millions on deposit, Would like to borrow eighty cents to pay his laundry bill.

The lady with the pedigree—a duchess, too, I'm sure— Would love to be a singer—for she hates to manure.

The dame who scribbles sonnets on "The Evils of the Chase" Would like to know at 3 o'clock who won the second race.

The gentleman with whiskers, who deplores a gambler's lot, Can stack the cards and steal the ace and open every pot.

The authoress who's now in search of husband No. 3 In spite of all that I can do is bound to marry me.

But still a saritarium for rest and change is best— The bathhouse man gets all your change; the doctor gets the rest. —New York Globe.

His Side Line.

"Are you Mr. Leftwitch?" "That is my name."

"Your uncle died a few days ago, I believe?"

"The doctors pronounced him dead—yes."

"I have just read that he left his entire fortune to public institutions."

"Well, what about it? Are you a reporter? If you are I don't wish to be interviewed."

"No, my dear fellow; I am not a reporter. I am a lawyer. I thought you might have some will breaking to be done. I am an expert will breaker."

"I don't want any of my uncle's money. Since he preferred to cut me off without a dollar I am perfectly willing to work for my living."

"Permit me to hand you my card. In case they ever wish to try you for lunacy please remember me. I have kept a number of crazy people out of asylums."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Got a Definition.

"Who can give me the correct definition of the word intense?" asked Miss Emma Garwood, a teacher in the Whittier school, recently. Three or four of the pupils gave different answers, but none was correct.

"Surely some one can give that definition," Miss Garwood said, almost ready to explain the term. A hand went up from the rear, and a little girl was awarded permission to give her definition.

"Teacher, Indians live in tents," the pupil replied. Only the teacher realized the humor of the answer.—Kansas City Star.

Papa Was Busy.

In the picture of a battle which hangs in the living room of her home a little south side girl thinks all of the figures are those of her relatives.

"Who is that on the horse?" asked a playmate.

"That's my big brother."

"Who's that with a sword?"

"That's Uncle John."

"And who is that on the ground?"

"That's Uncle Ben."

"And where is your father?"

"Oh, papa," the little girl replied proudly; "he's over there making all that smoke!"—Youngstown Telegram.

Too Much.

Norman White, who was in the political ring recently, told this story to lighten up his tariff opinions. Here is the story:

A new baby arrived at a house. A little girl had been the pet of the family. Every one made much of her, but when there was a new baby she felt rather neglected.

"How are you, Mary?" a visitor asked of her one afternoon.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said, "except that I think there is too much competition in this world."—Lowell Sun.

Different.

Militta Officer (to trooper whose horse continually falls to the rear)—How's this? You told me your horse had won half a dozen matches against some of the best horses in the county.

"So he has, sir," replied the trooper. "It was in plowing matches he took the prizes."—New York Journal.

An Idea Here, Men.

"Does your wife want to vote?" "No. She wants a larger town house, a villa on the seacoast and a new automobile car every six months. I'd be pleased 'most to death if she could fix her attention on a small matter like a vote."—Washington Star.

All Round Man.

"Does he belong to the Four Hundred?" "Yes, indeed; he's one of the c-phans."—New York Mail.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Masonic.

BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.

W. E. Craine, W. M.

Phil Pearson, Secretary

Eastern Star

OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S. Meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge Visiting members cordially invited to attend. Alice C. Gallier, W. M. Rosa Bingham, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited. Chas. Betcher, N. G. Harry Armstrong, Sec.

Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend. G. R. McNair, C. C. B. N. Harrington K. of R. S.

Loyal Order of Moose

Meets Thursday evenings in I. O. O. F. Hall. Transient Moose cordially invited. Something doing every Thursday.

Rebekah

OCEAN REBEKAH LODGE, No. 126 I. O. O. F. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday at I. O. O. F. Hall. Transient members cordially invited. Alpha Wheeler, N. G. Josephine Stoltz, Secretary.

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