

INDUSTRIAL FAIR NOTES

The Children's Industrial Fair, Coos and Curry Counties will be held at Myrtle Point, beginning Sept. 10. Last year our Bandon children carried off several of the best prizes given at the fair. This year they ought to do better. Let every child bring his or her work to Mr. Zeck's office on Sept. 8 or the morning of Sept. 9 and it will be packed and sent to Myrtle Point, free of charge. The name and age of the child entering the exhibit must accompany each article brought.

RULES.

1. Every child may enter any number of contests.
2. No child shall make more than one entry in any contest.
3. Every boy and girl under 21 years of age who is a resident of Coos county is eligible.
4. All the work on these exhibits, except the plowing and harrowing of the ground for agricultural products, shall be done by the contestant.
5. In the case of poultry exhibits, the contestant must set the eggs and have entire care of the poultry.
6. Contestants are divided into two classes, A and B. Class A includes those from 13 to 21 years of age, class B those under 13 years of age.
7. In most of the contests there will be first, second and third prizes for each class.
8. A printed statement furnished by the county superintendent and signed by the parent or guardian, to the effect that all rules have been complied with, must accompany each exhibit.

LIST OF CONTESTS.

- Best general exhibit by a boy.
- Best general exhibit by a girl.
- Best general exhibit of needlework.
- Field corn, six stalks with ears.
- Sweet corn, six stalks with ears.
- Celery, three bunches.
- Lettuce, three heads.

- Radishes, six.
- Potatoes, ten.
- Cabbage, one head.
- Cauliflower, one head.
- Tomatoes, one half dozen.
- Squash, one.
- Pumpkin, one.
- Stock beets, two.
- Table beets, six.
- Stock carrots, six.
- Table carrots, six.
- Turnips, six.
- Onions, five pounds.
- Parsnips, six.
- Cucumbers, six.
- Strawberries, one quart basket.
- Canned vegetables, one quart.
- Sweet peas, best exhibits.
- Chrysanthemums, one dozen.
- Roses, one half dozen.
- Finest selection of other flowers.
- Bread, one loaf.
- Cake, one.
- Pie, one.
- Jelly, one glass.
- Canned fruit, one quart.
- Household furniture, one piece.
- Dress, made by and for the exhibitor.
- Dress for a doll, made by a class B exhibitor.
- Apron, fancy.
- Apron, plain.
- Embroidery.
- Dressed doll, for class B.
- Best specimen of mending.
- Crocheting.
- Buttonholes, six.
- Best specimen of drawn work for class A.
- Best specimen of hemstitching, for class B.
- Best pig under twelve months old.
- Best trio of chickens.
- Best pair of ducks.
- Best two-pound square of butter.

EXHIBITS SELECTED BY CHILDREN.

- These exhibits need not be raised by the children, but must be selected and prepared by them without assistance. The object of this is to cultivate their judgment and powers of observation.
- Best general exhibit of fruit, one plate.
- Best general exhibit of berries, one plate.
- Best bundle of grasses used for hay.
- Eastern oysters in the shell at the Wigwam.

A Well Played Game

By ALFRED W. STOWELL

"Some is continually findin' fault with Providence," said Abner Sleek to the party sitting around the stove in the center of Jones' store. "They don't reckon that the Lord takes care o' his own, no matter whether they're good or bad, honest or tricky, wise or foolish. What 'ud the sharpers do if it wa'n't for the suckers, I'd like to know? Speakin' o' sharpers, the purtiest game I ever knew of was played in Calumet when I lived thar. The feller that played it wa'n't a real sharper neither, and considerin' the circumstances some thort he was justified in the doin' of it.

"Jack Ketcham was his name, and he was as likely a chap as you ever seen. He had fine blue eyes and a pleasin' way with him just calculated to ketch the girls. He wasn't much account—at least at that time. Them girl ketchers never are; they get the girls by their appearance. Well, as I was a-sayin', Jack Ketcham instead o' tyin' up to a girl who was free—and there was plenty o' 'em—had to tackle Amanda Jenkins, who was engaged to an old feller, Simeon Ruggles, a bachelor fifty year old, but woth \$5,000 if he was woth a cent. Amanda's father wanted her to marry Ruggles to git the five thousand, and Amanda allowed she would, but when Ketcham come along she changed her mind and allowed she'd rather marry Ketch. But how could she, seein' that he hadn't nothin' but the clothes on his back? Her father could 'a' set 'im up if he had wanted to, but he wouldn't.

"One day old Jenkins was walkin' along the main street of the town when he seen a young man standin' lookin' at sumpin' particular. Jenkins stopped and watched the feller, who kept his eyes in the same direction right along. Bimeby he says to him: "What 'r' lookin' at, young man?" "He had to ax him twicet before he got his attention. Then he started, looked at Jenkins kind o' queer and said:

"I wouldn't 'a' believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes." "Seen what?" "Why, that wooden Indian down there in front o' that cigar store." "What's the matter with him?" "He puffs smoke out o' that wooden cigar in his mouth." "Bosh!" "Bosh yourself. I sees him doin' it." "When?" "Jest now. He'll do it ag'in, I reckon."

"See here, young feller, if the fool killer comes along he'll get you shore." "Who're you to talk to me that a-way?" says 'tother. "I reckon I know what I see with my own eyes." "Have you got any money?" "No, but I mought git some if I tried right hard."

"Well, you go git it and I'll cover it that a-wooden Indian don't smoke." "Oh, you wouldn't pay if you lost?" "I'll put up the money." "Supposin' I raise sumpin' to bet with, where'll I find you?" "Jenkins gave him his address, and the next mornin' the young man come to him with three \$1,000 bills. "Thew!" says Jenkins. "Where did you get 'em?" "My grandmother give 'em to me to set up a store with."

"And you're fool enough to lose 'em instead o' settin' up the store?" "I ain't a-goin' to lose 'em. I seen that wooden Indian smoke, and when a feller onct gits the habit fixed on him he can't stop. He'll be smokin' ag'in. All we have to do is to be thar to see him doin' it."

"Jenkins was just mean enough to take advantage of the boy, and they called in a man by the name o' Becker, and they put up the money on a bet that the Indian would be seen smokin' within a week by three witnesses besides themselves. "One day the youngster rushed into Jenkins' house kind o' wild and hollerin': "He's smokin'! Come quick before he stops!" "Jenkins got up and follered the feller who met a man, and then another man, and still another, takin' all three of 'em with him to the corner opposite the cigar store, and the hull lot of 'em stood lookin' at the wooden Indian. "What you bring us here fur?" axed one on 'em, turnin' away mad. "Jest you wait a minute. I seen him smokin', but he's stopped. He'll be at it!"

"At that moment the Indian commenced blowin' a cloud from his mouth to beat the band. Jenkins looked at him bewildered. Jist then the stakeholder come along, and there was nothin' for it but to turn over Jenkins' \$3,000 to the other feller. "Jenkins went to the cigar store, pulled down the Indian and found a rubber tube leadin' from the mouth into the store and the cigar holler and full o' tobacco. A man inside had done the smokin'. Jenkins made a big fuss and swore he'd have the swindler jugged, but he couldn't, because he'd skipped. "The next day the stakeholder called on Jenkins and explained that his money would be returned if he'd give his daughter to the winner. "Then it come out that the winner was Jack Ketcham and Amanda was in the game. Jenkins was so mortified at bein' made a laughin' stock that in order to keep his neighbors' good opinion he gave his daughter the money he had lost for a weddin' present."

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Different Kinds of Boosters.

Everyone is in harmony with a booster or should be. But there are different kind of boosters just the same as there are different kind of knockers. No one is in harmony with a knocker, except of course he is a knocker himself. Boosting is sometimes estimated by the blatant noise of a so-called booster, but the real booster, the genuine article, is the man whose boosting counts is the man who makes his surroundings better, who makes his business greater, who by dint of energy creates a new revenue, commercially or otherwise. The school teacher who makes his school the best is a booster, the merchant who brings trade to his town from the outside territory is a booster, the rancher who makes his place more productive and profiable each year is a booster, and so on, all along the line. Therefore it is a pleasure and a profit to be a booster. Weighing the knocker on the same scales we find that while a knocker may blat his head off in declaring he is a booster, and too, he may fool some into believing he is a booster, he is the one who allows his business and his belongings to deteriorate, always blaming the other fellow, demoralization and degeneration do not appeal to his sense of justice or honor and so long as there is an uproar or noise whether made by a base drum or a howling lunatic, he is perfectly satisfied—for isn't he a booster.—Cloyerdale Courier.

Militia is Prepared for Any Emergency.

Last December 14, 1911, by order of the Secretary of War, Adjutant-General W. E. Finzer, of the Oregon National Guard, issued a recruiting order, to bring the number of enlisted men in this state up to the full quota—well drilled, well armed and thoroughly prepared for

emergency. As a result the Oregon National Guard today numbers 1600 men. Their marksmanship is excellent, as shown by the recent competition at the Clackamas range and the present work being done by the Oregon marksman at the Camp Perry, Ohio, shoot of the National Rifle Association.

The entire Oregon National Guard could be mobilized at Clack-

amas in from 24 to 48 hours. The company farthest away is at Ashland. A train leaves there at 4:15 in the afternoon and at 7:30 the following morning this company would be in camp at Clackamas.

Spanish-American War Veterans have already signified their intention of enlisting as packers in the event of a call for men. This would keep them on the firing line constantly.

Fifty-Second Annual

Oregon State Fair

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