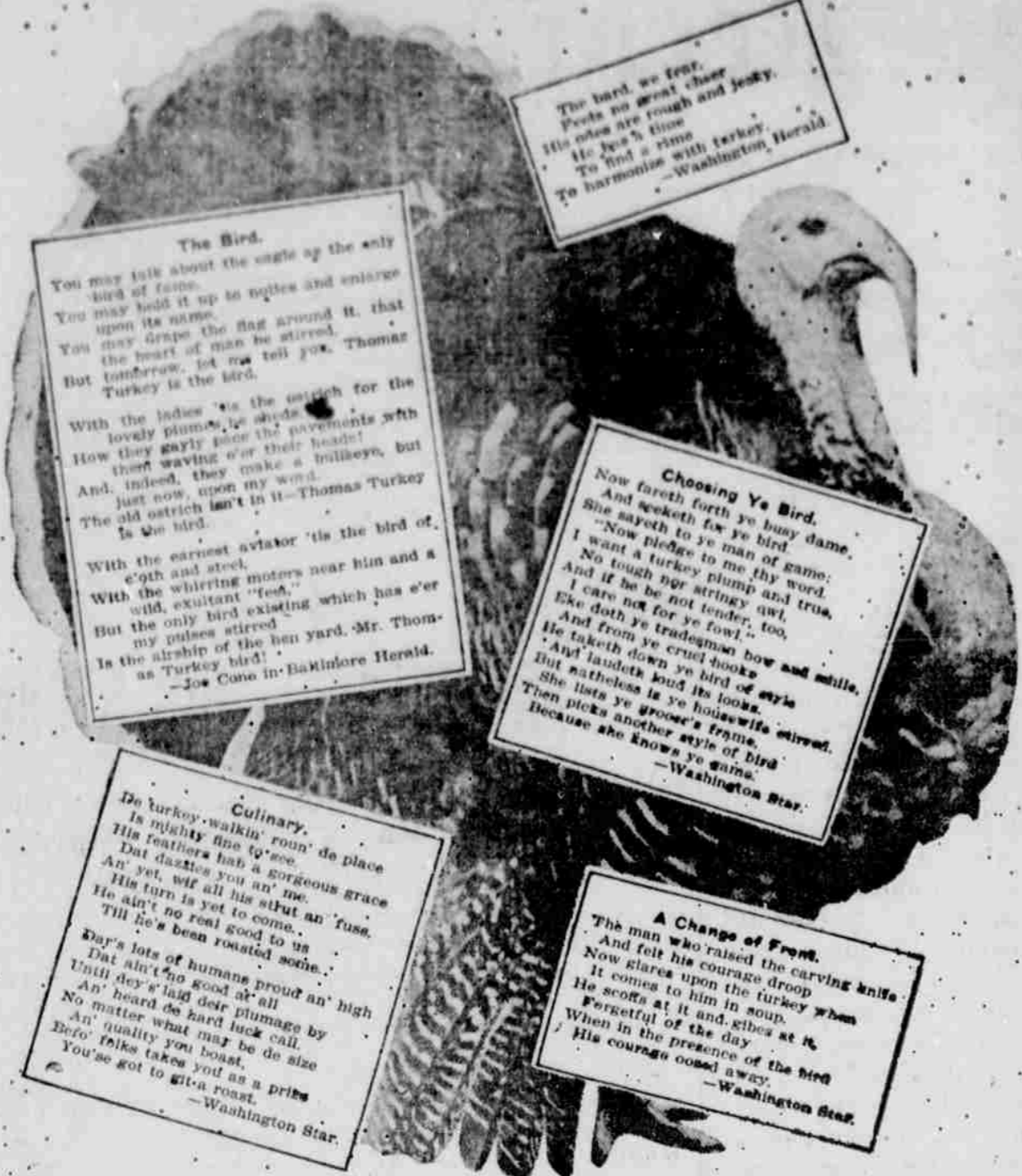


The Turkey and the Poets



The Bird.
You may talk about the eagle as the only
bird of fame.
You may hold it up to eagles and compare
You may name it upon its name.
You may draw the flag around it, that
the heart of man be stirred,
But remember, let me tell you, Thomas
Turkey is the bird.

With the ladies 'tis the turkey for the
lovely plumage, the feathers with
How they wave o'er their heads!
And, indeed, they make a bullock, but
just now, upon my word,
The old ostrich isn't in it—Thomas Turkey
is the bird.

With the earnest aviator 'tis the bird of
courage and steel,
With the whirling motors near him and a
wild, exultant "feed,"
But the only bird existing which has e'er
my pulsed stirred
Is the albatross of the hen yard, Mr. Thom-
as Turkey bird!
—Joe Cona in Baltimore Herald.

The bird we fear,
Feeds no great cheer,
His voice is rough and hoarse,
He has a time
To find a time
To harmonize with turkey.
—Washington Herald.

Choosing Ye Bird.
Now fareth forth ye busy dame,
And seeketh for ye bird,
Now bidde to ye man of game,
I want a turkey plump and true,
And if he be not tender, awl,
I care not for ye fowl,
And from ye tradesman how and while,
He taketh down ye bird of style,
And laudeth ye bird of style,
She listeth to ye housewife stirred,
Then picketh another style of bird,
Because she knoweth ye gains.
—Washington Star.

Culinary.
Do turkey-walkin' roon' de place
His feathers hab a gorgeous grace
An' yet, wif all his strut an' fuss,
He ain't no real good to us
Till he's been roasted sose.

Dat ain't no good at all
Unfil dey's laid dar plumage by
No matter what may be de size
An' quality you boast,
Dey's folks takes you as a prize
You've got to git a roast.
—Washington Star.

A Change of Front.
The man who raised the carving knife
And felt his courage droop
Now stares upon the turkey when
He comes to him in soup.
He scoffs at it and gibes at it,
When in the presence of the bird
His courage comes away.
—Washington Star.



M. G. POHL
BANDON
The best is not too good for
your eyes. Try me!



To Save Life First
and property afterwards is
the fireman's duty. Your
duty is to see that in case of
fire your loved ones are not
made homeless and penniless.
Order a fire insurance policy
from us today. Every day's
delay means the risk of see-
ing your family without a
home or the means of getting
one.
Donald Mac Kintosh

Sam Says:
The volume of business
we are doing attests
the excellence of G. W.
M. brands and methods
GEO. W. MOORE LUMBER CO.

S. S. ELIZABETH
Large Two Berth Outside State Rooms with Running Water
Eight Day Service Between the Coquille River and
San Francisco
First Class Passenger Fare, \$7.50
Freight Rates, \$3 on Up Freight
Reservations: Fuhrman's Pharmacy, Coquille; Perkins, Myrtle Point
E. & E. T. Kruse, owners and managers, 24 California St., San Francisco.
J. E. Walstrom, Agent, Bandon.

Strauhal & Dippel
Real Estate and Investments
Choice farms, stock ranches, city property and
business investments.
We are agents for some of the best fire insur-
ance companies in America.
We also furnish abstracts of title on short notice.
We can save you time and money. Give us
your business and keep your money at home.
Before purchasing elsewhere see us. Office in Old
Bank Building. Phone 33.
Strauhal and Dippel
Bandon, Oregon

THANKSGIVING.
By MARIAN DOUGLAS.
I counted up my little store,
Why was to others given more?
Why were their lips with honey fed
While mine had labor's hard-earned
bread?
A weary, hopeless task seemed liv-
ing,
I could not bring to God thanksgiv-
ing.
There came a poor man to my door,
I shared, with him my scanty store.
When, lo, my sense of want had
flown
And rarest riches were my own!
So sweet is love's divided bread
I seemed with heaven's own manna
fed.
What blessed joy, there was in liv-
ing!
I brought to God my glad thank-
giving.
—Harper's Bazar.

HOW THAT TURKEY LASTS.
Roasted turk on Thursday;
Friday eat it cold;
Saturday it's turkey hash
(Eat all that you can hold).
Sunday you will have croquettes—
Hal, Monday you'll eat stew;
Tuesday they will surely get
Some turkey soup in you.
"Durn this turkey! How it lasts!"
Every one will say.
"Don't let's have another one
Till next Thanksgiving day!"
—Philadelphia North American.

THE TRUTH OUT AT LAST.
Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cup-
board
To get the poor dog a bone,
But when she got there the cupboard was
bare,
And so the poor dog had none.
The cause of this ominous vacuum was,
The turkey, heck, stern and breast,
Being eaten, the cook had made up her
mind
To make hash and soup of the rest.

**THINGS TO BE
THANKFUL FOR.**
NOW Thanksgiving day we see,
And we all should thankful be.
If you do not know just what
Are the blessings you have got
Let us mention just a few
Which maybe pertain to you:
That your girls are not boys and are
not therefore filled with a consuming
ambition to play football.
That your boys are not girls and will
not therefore tax your digestion later
with the nice little things they have
learned to make at cooking school.
That up to date none of the aviators
have fallen down through your chim-
ney flue, filling your drawing room
with yells and soot.
That, thanks to the butcher having
refused you a further extension of
credit, that particular bill won't grow
any bigger.
That, having during the last year lost
the last remnant of your hair, your
capillary attractions have at last ceased
to fall out.
That, your joy riding chauffeur hav-
ing reduced your \$2,000 car to scrap
iron, you are relieved of a \$3,000 an-
nual expense in maintaining him
and it.
That, whatever else happens in the
way of draining your pocketbook, you
won't have to draw a check for the
payment of your own funeral expenses.
That your well beloved wife con-
sidering her new winter hat a dream—
only, tread softly lest you both wake
up when the first of the month brings
the whistling postman to your door
with sundry requests from the little
milliner.
That, having remained a poor, ob-
scure nonentity all your days, there is
no temptation for any mean, spirited,
envious person to try to pull you down
off your pedestal and prove to pos-
terity that you didn't know a bean
when you met one.
That, not being a woman, you don't
have to wear a hobble skirt to trip you
up when you go walking in public or
carry your car fare in a small porte-
manteau inside a pocketbook, inside a
wallet, wrapped up in a handkerchief,
inside a chain bag, inside your muff.
That, not being a man, you don't
have to smoke cheap cigars, pretend-
ing that you like them better than
those made of real tobacco, or think up
foolishly transparent explanations for
having stayed at the club until 4
o'clock in the morning. —Harper's
Weekly.

THE PUMPKIN

THANKSGIVING POEM BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
ON the banks of the Xeul the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up, with the fruit of the tangled vine laden,
And the creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold,
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the north
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crooknecks are colling and yellow fruit shines
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah, on Thanksgiving day, when from east and from west,
From north and from south, comes the pilgrim and guest;
When the gray haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored:
When the care wearied man seeks his mother once more
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What eels back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

Oh, fruit loved of boyhood, the old days recalling,
When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling;
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark, with a candle within;
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in row,
Our cheeks a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present. None sweeter nor better
E'er smelt from an oven nor circled a platter.
Fairer loaves never wrought at a pastry more fine;
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine,
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the same of thy worth like a pumpkin vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie.

FRANK GREGORY
Mechanical
Engineer
Contractor and
Builder
Bandon - Oregon

Miss Simpson
GRADUATE NURSE
Phone 934
Shoes shined at Hotel Galder by
Archie Jorgensen.

Brown & Gibson
The Leading Contractors
and Builders
We furnish plans and speci-
fications and if you are go-
ing to build anything, no
matter how large or how
small, we can save you
money. Let us figure on
your building.

Miss Simpson
GRADUATE NURSE
Phone 934
Shoes shined at Hotel Galder by
Archie Jorgensen.

PLUMBING BUILT TO LAST
Is the only kind worth its
price. Pipes that constantly
leak, flues that refuse to draw
are a continual expense and
trouble. The next time you
need plumbing work why
not try the experiment of
finding out why our work is
so highly spoken of. All
work done by us is absolutely
guaranteed.
BANDON HARDWARE COMPANY.

FRED L. LEEPER
Contractor and
Builder
Do you want pure drugs and
drug sundries, fine perfumes,
hair brushes and toilet arti-
cles? If so, call on
C. Y. LOWE
Bandon, Oregon
P. O. BOX 903, BANDON

Do You Want a

If So Call At The
Bandon Drug Company
We have over two hundred designs with prices to suit all
From \$1.00 to \$12.00 each
Every Conklin or Williamson Pen Guaranteed