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PICTORIAL REVIEW
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We will give a pattern of this beautiful doll's dress to every child that calls at our Pattern Department, accompanied by an adult, during the coming week. Get one for your little girl to-day. It's FREE.

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THE GOLDEN RULE STORE

THEFTS IN HOTELS

Traps to Catch Guests That Have the Souvenir Fad.

DETECTIVES AND DIPLOMACY.

The Two Combine in a Very Effective Way to Foil the Efforts of Those Who Feel It a Duty to Help Themselves to Fine Linen and Silverware.

The concerted action of the house detectives of all the large hotels in America has carefully extracted the points from two erstwhile excellent stories, the first, ascribed to Adele Ritchie, who, when asked once if she had ever been in Kansas City, replied, "I can't just remember, but I will look among my towels and see," and the second the more pathetic narrative of the young man who was obliged to break off his engagement because as he left the dining room of a large hotel with his fiancée a number of forks and spoons fell from the sleeves of her gown, for the house detectives have devised a "system" whereby the man or woman who wants to take a souvenir from a big hotel finds her path beset with almost insurmountable difficulties.

The matter is carried on with the greatest artfulness. There are no "hurt feelings," no bones broken, no arrests made.

The house detectives simply extract the unrightfully attached articles as painlessly as they extract the points from old stories, and in the great majority of cases the frustrated "borrower" never knows at all what happened to him.

First the detective is provided with a complete list of everything which is owned by the hotel—every particle of linen, silver, soap, etc. Then he delegates the responsibility for the care of them to various head waiters, waiters, housekeepers and chambermaids.

Then he gets a list each day of new arrivals and of those who have remained a few days and are preparing to leave. From these lists of occupied rooms the detective calculates the areas where trouble might possibly brew and into these he goes with his subdivided lists and a checking up book.

The chambermaid is required to give an exact accounting of every piece of linen she has supplied to the man or woman who is about to leave. This is in turn taken to the laundries, where a balance is made of those sheets, towels, etc., which have come out of each room. If there is a precise balance the matter ends there, but woe to the woman who believes that the towels she placed carefully in her locked trunk will not be "missed."

Her trunks and bags on their way downstairs are simply carried to the basement floor as if by chance, and there the house detective, with the aid of a skeleton key, goes through them in search of lost hotel linen.

It is very gently removed and checked up on the housemaid's list, and the trunk is carefully repacked and relocked. Nothing is left to give warning that the search has been made, and nothing is ever by any remotest chance said to the departing guest.

She is sent cheerily on her way rejoicing and usually perplexed out of all reason to account for the fact that the towels and pillow cases that she knows well she put into her trunk have mysteriously disappeared.

Do you suppose for a moment that this is an extreme case nor even a rare one? It happens on an average once a day in every large hotel in New York and with almost as astounding frequency in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

And in the case of silverware the matter is almost as simple, though remedying these thefts requires taking into your confidence at least the man who pays the bill, for every waiter has had his eye trained to count up the silverware while he is placing the finger bowls, and if so much as one small spoon is not where it should be it is unostentatiously placed upon the bill. The hotel graciously leaves it to the discretion of the escort as to whether or not the culprit shall be told. But at least it does not permit him to be enlightened only by the belated method of a leaky sieve.

Again, the head waiter will assure you that this happens, not once or twice, but ceaselessly.

"Many a woman that thinks she's got away with it would be surprised to know that it is down in black and white on her escort's check and that both he and the hotel know just how many spoons and forks she is taking home with her," said one genial head waiter, who viewed the business with considerable indulgence. — New York Times.

French Fairy Tales.

French nursery literature if poor in rhymes is singularly rich in fairy tales. Three of the world's greatest fairy tale writers were French—La Fontaine, Charles Perrault, the Countess D'Aulnoy. Of these three the greatest in this particular line was undoubtedly Charles Perrault to whom we owe "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots" and "Bluebeard." But the Countess D'Aulnoy gave us the "Yellow Dwarf" and "Beauty and the Beast." To Antoine Galland, another Frenchman, we have to render thanks for the first European translation of the "Arabian Nights." — London Chronicle.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on the person and the face.—John Ruskin.

Ribbons.

The original spelling of ribbon was ribband, for it was a band that went around the waist, inclosing or binding the ribs. The hair ribbon is thus a very odd verbal paradox.

Size of Queensland.

To give some idea of the size of Australia, Queensland alone is half as big again as Germany, Austria and Hungary put together. Its area is 698,497 square miles.

BOTH WERE STUBBORN.

Lots of Good Will Power Was Wasted in Mere Obstinacy.

How much perfectly good, servicable will power people waste in mere obstinacy! Martha Mhlonc, after working three years for Mrs. Bixby, appeared one morning at Mrs. Wilson's back door and applied for a place.

"Why," said the surprised Mrs. Wilson, "I thought you were working for Mrs. Bixby!"

"I was, mum. But I've quit."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Wilson could not conceal her surprise. "I thought you liked her."

"Indeed I do, mum."

"And I'm sure she liked you."

"I believe she did, mum. Leastwise she always seemed to."

"Well"—Mrs. Wilson was still wondering what the trouble had been.

"Well," said Martha, seeing that some explanation was expected, "you see, it was like this, mum. I always put the blue china plates on the right hand side of the cupboard, and this morning the missus comes along and moves 'em and says, 'Martha, every mornin' for three years you've put the plates on the wrong side and I've had to come along and move them, and I can't stand it any longer.'"

"And," said Martha, "I says to her, 'Mrs. Bixby, every mornin' for three years I've put them plates in the right place and you've come and moved them, and then I had to come along and move them back, and I can't stand it any longer either.'"

"And so I quit." — Youth's Companion.

QUEER TRAP FOR LIONS.

Fly Paper Caught and Held the Monster Man Eaters Helpless.

You know what a ferocious, powerful beast the lion is. You can imagine what strong chains it would take to hold him fast. So can you even imagine a lion captured with fly paper? Well, not so very long ago four huge man eating lions were taken in that manner at the village of Gwalior, in India.

It happened that the headman of the village was able to shut the four lions up in a hut into which they had ventured in search of prey. He kept them thus barricaded for nearly two weeks, no one being willing to attempt to capture them. Finally he thought of a scheme that proved as successful as it was original.

He had thousands of sheets of fly paper spread on the ground before the entrance to the hut. Then suddenly the barricades were lifted and the four lions came bounding out—into the fly paper. Of course it stuck to their paws, and of course when they tried to lick it off it stuck fast to their faces and heads. The lions promptly forgot all about human beings and in their wild endeavors to get rid of the fly paper rolled over and over on the ground, roaring and fighting for breath.

Then the headman and his followers rushed forward with long ropes, lassoed the plunging lions and tied them up—fly paper and all!—London Tit-Bits.

Successful Disappearance.

One of the most successful disappearances on record was of William Howe. Howe was a successful tradesman in Jermya street, and one morning in 1706 he left his wife, telling her that he had business in the city. He never came back, and after some years an act of parliament was specially passed to enable Mrs. Howe to administer her husband's estate. Then one evening in 1723 the "widow" received a letter requesting an interview. Mrs. Howe duly kept the appointment—and discovered her husband. He had been living in disguise in the same neighborhood all the time, he explained, and keeping a close eye upon the movements of his wife. It is said that the reunited couple lived happily ever afterward.—London Standard.

The Only Cure.

Mrs. Keepup made it her private and particular business to have whatever her neighbor had, whether it was a question of chickens or diseases, so when Mrs. Gotthard complained to her one day of insomnia Mrs. Keepup was ready for her. "I have it, too, very badly at times." "What do you do for it, Mrs. Keepup?" "Why, I have never found anything that did me any real good except to go to bed and sleep it off."

Very Strange.

Mr. Fuss (furiously)—It is mighty strange you can't look after things a little better. Here I want to shave, and there isn't a drop of hot water here. Mrs. Fuss jolly—It is strange, why, that's the one thing I've never been out of since I married you!—Exchange.

Danger Not Imminent.

"Better go home, Jimmy. Your mother is looking for you."

"Has she got the hairbrush with her?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll play awhile longer." —Pittsburgh Post.

One Mind.

"Henry," called Mrs. R. over the partition in the voting booth, "how are you going to vote on amendment No. 5? He—I am going to vote 'yes.' She—No, you're not; you're going to vote 'no.' I have changed my mind. —Life.

Human experience, like the stern lights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over.—Coleridge.

Give Useful Presents

This store is full of beautiful and servicable goods that will solve the Christmas question in a practical manner. A gift selected from our stock will not only delight the recipient on Christmas day, but for years to come will be a source of pleasure. Come in while the selection is large.

A Few Suggestions

Chair—everything ranging from a dainty rocker to the big upholstered easy chair. Pictures—a beautiful assortment to select from. Tables in many designs and sizes. Fancy toilet boxes, beautiful dressers, side boards, rugs, etc., etc.

Bandon Furniture Co

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

Oregon Agricultural College

Farmers' Week, December 8th to 13th.

This will be a notable event in the educational history of Oregon. Farmers' Co-operation will be the leading topic of a stimulating series of lectures. The week will be crowded with discussions and demonstrations in everything that makes for the welfare of the farmer and home-maker.

Winter Short Course
 Jan. 5 to 30, 1913

The college has spared no effort to make this the most complete short course in its history. A very wide range of courses will be offered in General Agriculture, Horticulture, Animal Husbandry, Dairying, Poultry Keeping, Mechanics Arts, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Forestry, and Music. Numerous lectures and discussions on Farmers' Co-operation, at home and abroad, will be a leading feature. Make this a pleasant and profitable winter outing. No tuition. Accommodations reasonable. Reduced rates on all railroads. For further information address H. M. TENNANT, Registrar, Corvallis, Oregon.

Farmers' Business Courses by correspondence without tuition.

HOW ABOUT IT?

"FIFIELD"

Sailed from Bandon Dock last trip Dec. the 6th

Arrives Bandon Dock
 Return Trip, Dec. 11th

Round Trip, 5 Days, 1 Hour

Sails 11 a. m. Dec. 13
 Next Sailing Dec. 20th

"Wireless"
 "Twin Screws"
 and the popular skipper
Capt. John Lindberg
 (Careful and Capable)

Make the "FIFIELD" trips
SPEEDY, SAFE, COMFORTABLE

Try it once and then "The Only Way"
 you will always travel