

LODGE DIRECTORY

Masonic. Bandon Lodge, No. 130, A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications Master Masons cordially invited. C. R. MOORE, W. M. PHIL PEADSON, Secretary.

Eastern Star. Occidental Chapter, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evenings before and after stated communications of Masonic lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend. L. KATE ROSA, W. M. ROSA BINGAMAN, Secretary.

I. O. O. F. Bandon Lodge, No. 133, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited. S. E. HINES, N. G. LOGAN KAY, Secretary.

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 second and fourth Tuesdays at I. O. O. F. hall. Transient members cordially invited. LENA DAVIDSON, N. G. MINERVA LEWIN, Secretary.

W. O. W. "With Charity Towards All" Seaside Camp, No. 212, W. O. W. meets Tuesdays, K. of P. hall, 8 p. m. Visitors are assured a hot welcome. By order of W. A. KELLER, C. C. C. M. GAGE, Clerk.

Professional Cards.

THOMAS F. HAGGERTY Attorney-at-Law Over McNair's Hardware Store Phone 482 BANDON, OREGON

C. R. WADE Lawyer BANDON, OREGON

DR. H. L. HOUSTON Physician & Surgeon Office over Drug Store. Hours, 9 to 12 a. m. 1:30 to 4 p. m. 7 to 8 in the evening. BANDON, OREGON

DR. SMITH J. MANN Physician & Surgeon Office in Panter Building. Hours, 9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. BANDON, OREGON

DR. L. P. SORENSON Dentist Office over Vienna Cafe. Telephone at office and residence. BANDON, OREGON

G. T. TREADGOLD Attorney and Counselor at Law Office with Bandon Investment Company Notary Public BANDON, OREGON

DR. R. V. LEEP Physician & Surgeon Office in Rasmussen Building. Phone 72. BANDON, OREGON

DR. ARTHUR GALE Physician & Surgeon Office over Orange Pharmacy. Office phone, 352. Residence phone, 353. BANDON, OREGON

DR. S. C. ENDICOTT Dentist Office Phone 71; Res. Phone 312. BANDON, OREGON

DR. I. L. SCOFIELD Dentist Will occupy office over Bandon 137 Goods Co. store after Jan. 15, 1914.

The Scrap Book

The Horse Was There. The late P. T. Barnum had a keen sense of humor and delighted to play a practical joke on all and sundry. Keene, the great tragedian, was playing Richard III. in San Francisco at the same time as the "only and original greatest show on earth" was in the city. One night, when the well known sentence was uttered, "A horse, a horse—my kingdom for a horse!" out from the wings there issued forth a quadruped that struck the audience dumb—a veritable living skeleton, with disjointed knees and striped with all the colors of the rainbow. A large card, bearing the legend, "How's This, Sonny?—P. T. Barnum," was fastened above the animal's head. It was the best ad. "P. T." ever issued, but it cost him hundreds of dollars to square things.



A QUADRUPED THAT STRUCK THE AUDIENCE DUMB.

Do It Now. Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same tomorrow, and the next more dilatory: Thus indecision brings its own delays And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days. Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—What you can do or dream you can, begin it. Courage has genius, power and magic in it. Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—Begin it and the work will be completed.—Goethe.

Having Fun With a Bostonian. A Boise City (Ida.) man tells of a poker game in that town wherein there sat "a good thing" in the person of a nice young man from Boston. Now, as the players were professional gamblers, there did not seem to be much chance for the Hubbitie. The latter, however, did pretty well. So well, indeed, that the gamblers were puzzled. On one hand there was bet \$2. This the tenderfoot promptly raised \$12. "I'll just lift that \$150," announced one of the gamblers. To the astonishment of all, the tenderfoot saw the raise. "What have you got, anyway?" demanded the gambler testily. "A pair of kings," said the Bostonian, laying them down. "Bill," said the gambler, turning to a friend, "tell him they're good—I can't."—Lippincott's.

Avoiding the Issue. Gloom in the law office of Platt & Jones was thick enough to cut. Clients were unknown and neither of the partners had any ready money. Nevertheless, at the close of the day, Jones, who was young and audacious, approached the senior member of the firm, who was working out an imaginary case. "I say," he began nervously, "lend me five for a week, old man." The other shook his head, without looking up. "Lend me do it for a weak old woman," he said, "but not for a weak old man."—Youth's Companion.

Sure of His Man. One afternoon a stranger entered a store in a western town and asked the young man clerk for a pair of boots. While trying them on the prospective customer said he had only \$3 with him and asked if he could be trusted for the balance of 50 cents until the next day. The young clerk willingly agreed. After the boots had been wrapped and the customer had gone the proprietor of the store sternly took the clerk to task. "What in the world did you do a think like that for?" he peevishly exclaimed. "You don't know the man, and he will never come back with that 50 cents." "Oh, yes, he will be back all right," was the smiling assurance of the youthful clerk. "You seem very certain of it," cried the displeased boss. "What grounds have you for thinking so?" "The boots that I wrapped up for him," responded the foxy clerk, "are both for the left foot."—Christian Endeavor World.

The Son's Answer. After his son's great success with the "Dame aux Camellias" Alexandre Du mas wrote to him as though a stranger congratulating him on the book and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he in conclusion, "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte Cristo'." Du mas file was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making the correspondent's acquaintance, especially on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte Cristo."

Flattering Epitaphs. Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walking in a churchyard with his sister and reading the epitaphs, said to her, "Mary, where are all the naughty people buried?"

Woman's Triumph. Before she is married a woman's idea of triumph is a man, after marriage her notion of great achievement is to get him to go to church.—Atholton Globe.

That is every man's country where he lives best.—Aristophanes.

A Real Genius. "What kinder a feller is Pete Doolittle?" "Bright as a dollar, patient, an' a hard worker." "Why, he can't hold a job for more'n a week, an' I hear his family ain't got enough to live on." "Sho; that may be, but what's that got to do with it? You see that meerschaum pipe o' his'n? Colored it himself. You see that there hoshair watch chain he wears? Braided it himself. Notice the peach stone charm hangin' to it? Carved it himself, an' it took two months to finish. See that houn' dawg he's got? Pete trained that dawg to do everything a circus dawg kin do. Ever hear Pete play on the mouth harp an' accompany himself on the guitar? Taught himself. Ever see his handwritin'? Jest like copperplate, all shaded an' flourished, an' he kin make a swan without takin' his pen fr'm the paper. Pete may not keep a job or feed his family, but he's a genius—that's what he is!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Presence of Mind. Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") once told the following story of one of his comrades of the plains known as Wild Bill: "A man who nursed a grudge against Wild Bill swore to kill him. He stood concealed in a doorway, stepped out and confronted Bill as the latter passed and leveled a pistol at his head. 'I've got you now, Wild Bill,' he said, 'and I'm going to kill you, but I'll give you one minute to pray.' 'Well,' said Bill with an easy smile, 'it does look like the jig's up!' 'Suddenly Bill peered over the man's shoulder and waved a deprecatory hand. 'Don't hit him, Andy!' he said. 'The man wheeled to protect himself from the supposed enemy in his rear. He gazed into empty space. There was no Andy nor any one else behind him, and before he could turn round again Wild Bill had killed him.'

The Wild Boar. The wild boar is a most courageous animal. The element of luck counts for a great deal in pig sticking, as in most other forms of sport, and it often happens that the foremost sportsman who by dint of hard riding or thanks to the fastest horse has come up with the quarry is deprived of the coveted honor of "first spear" by a sudden "jink" or turn of the pig. The boar, in spite of his clumsy appearance, is not only possessed of a great turn of speed, but is extraordinarily active. He will turn and twist like a hare, putting every obstacle in the shape of bushes, rocks, water, etc., between himself and his pursuers, but all the time making for the nearest patch of jungle and safety. The pace after a pig is faster than the best of runs with bounds, but is sooner over.

Canned Music in Scotia. Early in the last century an old Forfarshire lady installed in the bedroom corridor of her castle an automatic organ. It was her delight of a morning to wake her guests with its strains. But it was not the delight of one of them, Miss Sophia Johnstone of Hilton, to be so awakened, and she said so. "Ye dinna like the music? Ye shouldna say that, Sophy," said the hostess. "Ye'll no' win to heaven an' ye dinna take pleasure in music. It's to be all music there, ye know."

Deed. "Deed," said the incorrigible one, "an' if heaven's a place w' auld wives playin' on hand organs at 6 o'clock in the mornin' it's no the place I tak' it for, nor yet the place I want to be in."—New Witness.

Handel in Dublin. There was a period of his life in which Handel, the famous composer, retired from London in a fit of disgust. He went to Dublin, and it was there—in the Dublin Music hall—that his great masterpiece, "The Messiah," was produced. "The performance," writes D. A. Chart, "was for the benefit of Mercer's hospital. In order to provide room for a large audience ladies were requested to lay aside their hoops and gentlemen their swords. By this means an audience of 700 was crowded into the space, and the concert realized £400."

Oblong Houses. Square and oblong houses are cheaper to build than odd shaped structures. The oblong house is cheaper than the square. Timbers come in certain lengths, and the house that is long and narrow takes less timber than one that is square—that is to say, the material cuts to better advantage in the oblong house than in the square house; also less labor is involved in the making.—Pictorial Review.

Wasted Sarcasm. Indignant Wife—I wonder what you would have done if you had lived when men were first compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. Indolent Husband—I should have started a little notion store and sold handkerchiefs.—Chicago Tribune.

Immune. Mrs. Jones—What a man has done he can do. Jones—Not if it's me that he's done!—Washington Star.

Making Good. Mrs. Justwad—Does your husband always live up to the promise of his courtship days? Mrs. Langwood—Always. In those days he said he wasn't good enough for me, and he's been proving it ever since.—Richmond.

When Trouble Began. "How long did the honeymoon last?" "Until the first day I asked Fred for money, I think."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Change. She—Two years ago you said you were dying for love of me. He—That was before my poems made me immortal.—Jugend.

An Expert. "Weren't you surprised that the customs inspector didn't find those things you smuggled in?" "Oh, no! My sister stowed them away. She can pack things in a trunk where she can't even find them herself."—Exchange.

A Compromise. The Proprietor—I don't know what to do about this music question. Some don't like the noise, and some won't eat here if we don't have music. The Manager—Let's just print the popular tunes on the bills of fare, and those that want music can read 'em.—Chicago News.

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"Clean Up the Bowels and Keep Them Clean" There are many remedies to be had for constipation, but the difficulty is to procure one that acts without violence. A remedy that does not perform by force what should be accomplished by persuasion is Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets. After using them, Mr. N. A. Waddell, 315 Washington St., Waco, Tex., says: "Almost all my life I have been troubled with constipation, and have tried many remedies, and have seemed to cause pain without giving much relief. I finally tried Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets and found them excellent. Their action is pleasant and mild, and their chocolate taste makes them easy to take. I am more than glad to recommend them." "Clean up the bowels and keep them clean," is the advice of all physicians, because they realize the danger resulting from habitual constipation. Do not delay too long, but begin proper curative measures. Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets are a new remedy for this old complaint, and a great improvement over the cathartics you have been using in the past. They taste like candy and work like a charm. A trial will convince you. Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents a box containing 25 doses. If not found satisfactory after trial, return the box to your druggist and he will return your money. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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