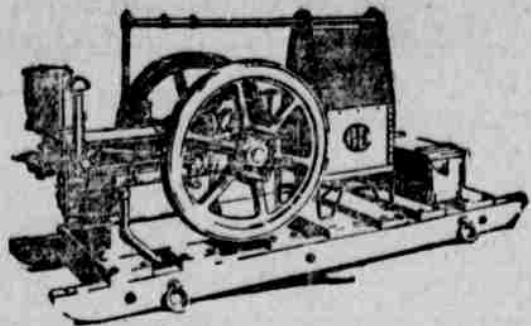


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HOW GIRL'S FAITH SAVED JENNINGS

Candidate For Governor of Oklahoma Former Convict.

TURNING POINT IN HIS LIFE

Ten Years Ago High School Girl Smiled Confident Trust Into Eyes of Desperate Man Just Released From Prison—Now He Explains That Her Belief Turned Tide of His Life.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Once an outlaw, train robber and convict, Al Jennings is now one of the leading candidates for governor of this state. But that is another story. This is how he was made to lift his head and see something bright in the future. A girl of sixteen was traveling across the state with her grandparents. She was a high school student of Edwardsville, Ind., and carried about a pretty safe map of human nature in her own little head. Her grandfather met Al Jennings in the smoking car. Alice Warder, the high school girl, thought that Jennings looked really nice in spite of the fact that his face was seamed and marred with a thousand wrinkles. His smile, however, was like the smile of all humanity. And there was in his eyes a certain dignity in his five feet five inches. He said his name was Mr. Jennings and he had been talking to Alice's grandfather of train robbers.

Mr. Jennings knew everything in the world there was to know about train robbers. He described them in glowing detail in the light of his intimate knowledge. Alice Warder had never in her life spent a more thrilling two hours.

It was dark and Mr. Jennings was still talking. Alice's grandfather drew



AL JENNINGS.

his wife to another seat, leaving Alice to drink in more adventures.

"Miss Warder, I have deceived you a little bit, I guess. I talked as if I had only heard of these holdups from other people or maybe read about them. The fact is I planned every one. I am a train robber myself. Got sent up for it. I am just out of the Leavenworth prison."

"I thought I'd tell you about it so you wouldn't think I had imposed on you. I'm through lying. Never did lie except when I had to. There is mighty little difference between acting a lie to a girl like you and telling one. I am going to tell your grandfather about it in a minute."

Suddenly Alice, with her knowledge of human nature—this girl believer in the innate goodness of bad men—had an impulse that the man who witnessed it has never forgotten. He says now it had a great deal to do with changing the drift of his life, then black with defeat. Alice Warder, her eyes shining, stretched out her hands and cried:

"I don't care about your past—I don't care a bit—so long as your future's all right."

Five minutes more and the two parted. The ex-convict went on riding in the smoking car toward a future of which until that night he thought usually with cynical contempt. The man and the girl with hopeful eyes did not meet again for ten years.

Now she is Mrs. L. O. McLean of Pittsburgh. Recently the maid ushered a caller into Mrs. McLean's library. And without other warning a well dressed little man, his face very lined and his hair very red, stood before her. "Al Jennings!" "Alice Warder!"

It was the first time they had met in ten years. Both had many stories to tell during the four hours' conversation.

"Goodby, Alice." The farewell came after dinner. "Have got to get back to Oklahoma. And, say, I'm going to run for governor out there in the spring. Among other things they want the Oklahoma prisons reformed, and they want a man who is familiar with the problems from the inside."

And Mrs. McLean gripped the little man's hand. "There were tears of gladness in her eyes. 'You'll win, take it from me' she said. 'Don't I know what you can do?'"

The Scrap Book

A Merry Evening.

The near sighted man watches his friend restore to a portly dowager a ridiculous little head bag that she had dropped as he sailed past their corner of the room. "I wish," he said, plaintively, "that women would learn not to drop things. My wife got me into a ridiculous scrape the other night by not being able to hold on to her belongings."

"How was that?" his friend inquired. "It was at the opera," continued Benedick, "and in the middle of the first act Carrie let her opera glasses slip off her lap. She asked me to get them. I looked down and thought, I saw them under the seat in front of her. I grabbed them, but they didn't come at once, and there was a squeal from the woman in front. It was the heels of her two little slippers I had grabbed and nearly tipped her out of her seat. She got hysterics and had to go out until she calmed down. Oh, I had a merry evening."

Is It Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jeer at each other in blackness of heart—that we war to God pity us all in our pitiful strife? God pity us all as we jostle each other! God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel. When a fellow goes down—poor, heart-broken brother!—Pierced to the heart! Words are keener than steel. And mightier, far, for woe and for weal. Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the herds all at peace on the plain. Man, and man only, makes war on his brother. And dotes in his heart on his penit and pain. Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain. —Joaquin Miller

It's Unsafe to Laugh at Others.

Dr. A. R. Taylor, a foremost western educator and for many years president of the Kansas State Normal school in Emporia, tells this story: "As I was walking downtown one day, just a few steps ahead of me was a fine old gentleman in silk hat and broadcloth, who had a most absurd poster pinned on his back, contrasting oddly with his dignified bearing. Just then around the corner came a young fellow with an even more ridiculous poster pinned to his back. Being ignorant of his own decoration the youngster immediately began laughing at the older man."

"So I felt to moralizing," says Dr. Taylor, "deducing something like this: 'Could we but see ourselves as others see us, we would often change the theme of our discourse.' Then as I stepped into a butcher shop the proprietor called out to me: 'Good morning, Dr. Taylor. Why, what's this the boys have been pinning on your back?'"—Kansas City Star.

One For the Lawyer.

The late Lord Grimthorpe drew up the will of Dent, the great London watchmaker. He had assisted Dent in designing "Big Ben" and had advanced him money to aid him in his scientific work. This was to be repaid by will, but the technical irregularity of his drafting led to litigation on Dent's death in 1853, when the facts came out in court. A little while afterward Lord Grimthorpe was examining a well known engineer who showed too much confidence in the witness box.

"I suppose," said the barrister sarcastically, "you can make everything."

"No," was the reply; "there are two things I can't make. One is a clock; the other is a will."—London Opinion.

Queer Feathers.

Baron Kenyon, at one time lord chief justice of England, loved to hear himself talk, and his summings up were at times extraordinary examples of flamboyant speech. Here is a specimen taken from "Law and Laughter":

"Addressing a butler convicted of stealing his master's wine, Lord Kenyon once said:

"Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choice vintages of southern Europe. Like the serpent of old you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer you might without discovery have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity and even with some of the luxuries of affluence, but, dead to every claim of natural affection and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles."

The Ruling Passion.

Two worthy Scots, followers of the royal and ancient game of golf, were in the habit of daily playing together. In the course of time one lost his wife, and on hearing the sad news his friend of the links paid on the following morning a call to express his sincere sympathy. Condolence having been declared, second nature manifested itself.

"You'll no' be gowin' the day?" "There was a pause ere the answer came.

"Weel, I'll just tak' the clock an' we'll play th' or two holes. Anyway, she died yesterday."

AN OPEN LETTER

Roseburg, Ore., March 10, 1914
 To the Voters of the First Congressional District:

Hundreds of people living in every county in the First Congressional District have never written, telegraphed or asked me to become a candidate for Congress. However believing in the principle that if a man wants anything the best way to get it is to go after it, and not wait for it to come to him, and holding to the doctrine that under our form of government it is no disgrace to seek an office at the hands of the people, I therefore desire to say that after due consideration and without any mental reservation or undue influence, have decided to become a candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket at the coming primary election.

Being a stranger to many of you at the risk of being called an egotist I am going to tell you something about myself in order that you may be able to form an opinion as to whether I am as well qualified for the position as other candidates who are seeking the office.

First, in order not to try to deceive you, must say that I have as many faults as the average man, and when the campaign begins to warm up the other fellows will tell you all about them. From first evidence I have learned that I first opened my eyes in a modest dwelling on a farm near Lawrence, Douglas County, Kansas, more than half a century ago. My father died when I was eight years old, and I came to Oregon with my mother in 1870, and settled upon a homestead in the Yaquina Bay country. Two years later my mother died, and I worked for ranchers and farmers until I was eighteen, going to the public schools during the winter months.

From 1876 to 1893, I worked in the logging camps, on the stock range and at steam-boating. From 1893 to 1898, was county clerk of Lincoln county, during which time I studied law and was admitted to practice in 1897, since which time I have been in active practice.

Represented Polk and Lincoln counties in the legislature three terms. Appointed Register of the United States Land Office at Roseburg by President Taft December 18, 1909, serving four years.

While a member of the legislature in 1903, I introduced what was known as the car shortage or demurrage bill. It was defeated, and in 1907 I again introduced it, and being a member of the committee on railroads, got it incorporated in the Railroad Commission Bill, which became a law. At this same session I introduced and secured the passage of a law providing for the Director's Parents-Teachers' meetings. I also at the same session introduced the Jones Free Locks Bill, which became a law, appropriating \$300,000, contingent upon the government appropriating a like sum, for the purpose of building new, or purchasing the old locks at Oregon City, and the operating of the same free to the people by the Government. The Government having failed to appropriate any money for that purpose, at the 1909 session I again introduced a bill continuing the said appropriation of \$300,000 for another two years, contingent upon the Government making a like appropriation to purchase the locks. Since that time the Government has appropriated the sum and has taken the locks over, and navigation on the Willamette river is now free to all.

At the 1907 session I introduced a resolution to provide for the amending of the Constitution to allow women the right of suffrage. It passed the House, but received only seven votes in the senate. However, since that time the progressive voters of Oregon have voted to allow our mothers, wives, daughters and sisters the right of equal suffrage, and another stake has been set along the line of good government.

During the 1909 session I introduced a bill which became a law, repealing a former act of the Legis-

lature granting to the Willamette Valley and Coast Railroad Company all the tide and overflowed lands on the Alsea, Siletz and Yaquina Bays. At the same session I introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000 to pay the Indian War veterans claims, due for use and loss of horses in the Indian wars of Oregon, a debt contracted by the Oregon Territory and standing unpaid for over fifty years. This bill passed the House but was killed in the Senate, but a similar bill became a law in the session of 1913.

In 1908, upon my own motion and at my own cost, I commenced suits against the Wells Fargo and Pacific Express Companies of Oregon for a reduction of express rates. Both these suits were decided in favor of the shippers, and a reduction of twenty per cent was made in Oregon rates.

During my term as Register of the Land Office I worked for the revision of the public land laws in the interests of the bona fide homesteaders who were seeking to settle the wild lands of Oregon. I prepared and introduced in the Senate and House of the United States a bill providing for an annual six months leave of absence, for the purpose of giving the homesteader an opportunity to earn money with which to live on while improving his homestead, and, to allow those who had children of school age an opportunity to send the mto school. This resulted in the five months leave of absence law.

If elected I shall stand squarely and fearlessly for legislation in the interests of all the people, for the improvement of our rivers and harbors, for the deepening of the Willamette River that it may be navigable from Portland to Eugene at all seasons of the year, for more and better roads, for the amending of and enacting of our public land laws to conform to present conditions, and for the surveying and classifying of the lands in our forests reserves that the vast areas of grazing and agricultural lands may be opened to settlement.

If the Government shall finally win the suit now pending against the Oregon and California Railroad Company I shall do all in my power to keep these lands from being placed in the forest reserves, and work to the end that the grazing and agricultural lands may be open to settlement under the homestead laws.

Having lived forty-three years in Oregon, being acquainted with the conditions in every county of the district and with many of the people, having worked as lumberjack, farmed the rich valley lands, run an "arm-strong" mowing machine on the fertile bottoms where the timothy, red-top clover and tide grass grow six feet high; having walked nearly every mile of the west line of seven of our counties that border and stretch along the Pacific ocean for three hundred miles, from Clatsop to Curry, pulled stroke oar in a fishing boat on the moonlit waters of the mighty Columbia when the splash of the Silverside and Chinook was music to the ears of three thousand fishermen; double reefed and scudded before a booming southwest when the storm king was on and the white caps lit the way from Sand Island to Astoria, worked as deck hand and captain on steam and sailing vessels on our rivers and bays, with this personal knowledge of Oregon I believe that I can be of some service to the state and the people whom I seek to represent.

If I am elected, come and see me. Being of modest means, I will not be able to entertain you in the latest style, but you will be as welcome as the flowers in springtime, and if I only have a tent on the capitol grounds, the latch string will be on the outside, and there will be no sign, "keep off the grass."

Sincerely yours,
 B. F. JONES.

(Paid Advt.)

For Representative.
 I hereby announce myself as a candidate for state representative from Coos county, before the Republican primaries to be held May 15, 1914. MILES A. SIMPSON.

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