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A BRAVE FOOL

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

George Carroll was sauntering across a field as free from care as the day he was born. He was looking up at the sky, over which white clouds were sailing as lazily as he walked. He was a city chap, who had been ordered by his physician to go to the country, even though the January winds were blowing cold, and recuperate. He was thinking as he walked what a hum-drum thing life was, to be sure, how free from any kind of risk or excitement his own individual life was and how when he was "bowled over," as he expressed it, it would probably be by an animalcule, so small that he could not see it, entering his system, increasing and multiplying vigorously, the colony at last eating him up.

Strange it is how often fate is doing with us what we least suspect. At the moment this last idea entered George Carroll's brain a death dealing force was driving at him from behind. A shadow, accompanied by the sound of horse's hoofs, shot transversely before him. Turning, he saw a girl on horseback in a red coat, moving between him and a bull that was making for him, the girl glancing backward as she rode to observe the bull. She was about to turn and ride back again when the bull caught sight of her, abandoned the straight line he was following in the direction of the man and turned his attention to the girl.

Now, George in regard to all matters pertaining to the country was very stupid. He did not realize that he was or had been in any danger. He did not gather from what he saw that this girl, seeing the bull going for him, had leaped a fence and ridden between him and his enemy for the purpose of turning the animal from him to herself. Instead of thus taking in the situation and getting out of the field as soon as possible, he stood looking at the bull chasing the girl.

The inclosure was about ten acres, and George stood near the middle of it. The girl led the bull as far as possible from him, then turned and, eluding the animal as dexterously as a treader, galloped away in the opposite direction. By that time it began to dawn upon the city man that the horse and the girl were being pursued by the bull for the purpose of goring. But not even yet did he realize that she had taken this danger upon herself for the purpose of saving his life; that had it not been for her a pair of horns would have taken him in the back, broken it and the earthly spark of his existence would have gone out forever.

What occupied George Carroll's mind to the exclusion of all else was the danger that threatened the girl and what he could do to relieve her from her perilous position. The only thing he could do was to run for the fence as fast as his legs could carry him and climb over it. If he had done this the girl would have made her exit as she had made her entrance—by urging her horse over that same fence. She was waiting for him to get out of the field before securing her own safety.

It is singular how a brave man may be a fool, or, rather, is not a good deal of what we call bravery folly? George by his stupidity was leaving both himself and the girl in danger. She could see him standing there gaping at her, but was so close pressed that she was unable to make a sign to him to fly

for his life. Seeing the opposite end of the field, she turned her head to see George running toward her! She could have jumped the fence, but when she saw the man she was trying to save hurrying again into danger, instead of saving herself she turned about and started again across the field. If she went near the man the bull might leave her and turn upon him. So she galloped diagonally across the field, making an effort at a sign for him to leave it. But he did not understand and, turning, continued his pursuit of her.

Then followed events in such quick succession—so quick that George could scarcely separate them. He saw the horse stumble and fall; he saw the bull's horns go into the horse's belly; he heard a report, and the bull, too, fell to the ground. A man dropped a gun, dashed to the fence and, jumping it, ran to where the girl was trying to get up from the ground. George and the man reached her at the same time. The man lifted her up, and she stood on her feet.

"Are you killed?" asked the man. "No; not even hurt." Then the man turned to George. "For heaven's sake," he cried, "how in the world have you escaped the fool killer all these years?"

"He's not a fool at all," said the girl; "he's a brave man. He didn't realize his own danger, he was so intent upon mine."

When George Carroll realized what the girl had done for him and how he had stupidly come very near being the cause of her death he was paralyzed. As it was, he had been the cause of the loss of her horse and a bull worth \$100 had been shot. Fortunately George had a fortune and could repair the monetary damage. The rest of it could not be paid for in that way. But fate, when George was walking across the field regretting the uneventful tenor of his life, had another purpose. All this chain of events was but one of fate's tricks to make a match. The girl repaid her reward by helping George spend this income.

He Admired Her Judgment.
She—Oh, Fred, dear, you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every man I meet, I can't help loving you now, what can you see in plain little me to admire? He—Oh, I don't know, dear, but you certainly have very good judgment.—London Tit-Bits.

She Knew.
The teacher had given a class a talk on household pests. "What, now, is the greatest foe the housewife has?" he asked. Up went one little hand. "All right, Mary, what is it?" "A husband," came the quick reply.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Away From Home.
"He is one of those near vegetarians." "What is a near vegetarian?" "He never eats meat except when he is invited out."—Pittsburgh Press.

Force of Habit.
"Why did she want to set her husband's will aside?" "Merely because it was her husband's and she had got in the habit of setting it aside."—Houston Post.

We must not take the faults of our youth into our old age, for old age brings with it its own defects.—Goethe

The Price of Sugar
Saturday morning there was a refiners advance of 15 cts a hundred lbs in the sugar market in Portland, making the price from wholesalers to retailers \$6.45. The Telegram says that this will probably be followed by a

their plan to secure control of the "Master Key" mine. Ruth, secreted in her room, overhears the conversation and learns for the first time that she has been entrapped by her dead father's enemies. In order to prevent the conspirators from securing the deed to the "Master Key" mine, Ruth locks them in the dresser drawer and puts the key in her grip. The conspirators enter Ruth's room soon afterward and realizing that she has been listening, seize her. In the struggle, Ruth faints and the conspirators decide to get her out of the hotel at once. They 'phone for a taxicab, bundle Ruth up and rush her down stairs through the lobby of the hotel to the taxi, only stopping long enough to pay the bill.

The hotel clerk and house detective think their hurried departure is strange and try to stop Drake and Mrs. Darnell. Failing in this they give chase in another taxicab. The pursuit brings them to Chinatown where they arrive in time to see Wilkerson force Ruth into an opium den owned by Sing Wah, a former opium smuggler.

Dore in the meanwhile arrives in San Francisco and goes to the Manx hotel. The only suite vacant is that just given up by the conspirators. Dore unpacks his personal effects in the room from which Ruth has just been hurried away. One of the dresser drawers is locked and Dore sends for a key. The drawer is opened and to his surprise, the young mining engineer finds deeds to the "Master Key" mine within.

At the Grand, Thursday, March 26

withdrawal within 15 days of the 28c jobbers' decline which would make an advance of 40 cts. But it is not certain that this will be done, as the refusal of a single jobber could hold it off. On Friday raw sugar advanced in the New York market 11 cents and was followed by an advance of 15 cts in all refineries. The refined market is now very firm and one of the leading sugar brokers of the Pacific coast stated that sugar would go no lower before next fall but that there would be a series of advances. What the reason is, does not appear, but to some it looks as if there had been a "get together" meeting at which a common understanding had been agreed upon.

RECENT EXPERIMENT WITH ALFALFA MOLASSES MEAL

Professor R. R. Graves, of the department of Dairy Husbandry, Ore. Agricultural College, reports the results of an interesting experiment made to determine the relative economy and efficiency in milk production by replacing the grain ration with alfalfa molasses meal. Two lots of cows were selected, each lot containing four animals, all being as nearly equal as possible in age and period of lactation. The cows in both groups were fed a balanced ration consisting of practically all of the alfalfa hay they would eat, thirty pounds of corn silage, and one pound of grain equivalent to each four lbs of milk produced daily. One lot of cows were used as a check. For the other lot during the second day period, one third of the digestible nutrients of the grain ration were replaced by an amount of alfalfa molasses meal sufficient to give the same amount pound for pound of digestible nutrients. The third ten days the substitution was one half. The fourth period the grain was entirely dispensed with. The conclusions reached as a result of the experiment were briefly as follows: First, that alfalfa molasses meal can probably be used economically to substitute one half the digestible nutrients in the grain mixture when its cost is not more than 80 per cent of that of grain. Second, it may be used as a substitute to the extent of replacing one-half the grain ration in a proportion of five parts meal to four parts grain or nutritive value pound for pound without affecting the flow of milk. Third, when more than one half is replaced the milk flow is checked. Fourth, when more than one half is replaced under the combination used

in this experiment some cows fail to relish the ration.

During the calendar year 1914, the Forest Service reforested 1,074 acres of burned over land in Oregon. To do this required the planting of 600,000 trees. It is expected that three times that many will be planted out during 1915.

At present there are three and one-half million trees growing in the Forest Service nurseries of Washington and Oregon. This number is sufficient to plant five thousand acres of burned over land. One and one-half million of these trees will be shipped out this spring for planting on the National Forests of Oregon and Washington.

The Forest Service plans to plant trees this spring upon a thousand acres of burned over land on Mt. Hebo in Tillamook County, Oregon. A crew of fifty men will be employed.

A plant has been built at Auburn, Washington, to supply that city with gas made from wood.

Bed alder is now being used to make matches, and western juniper has been found to make good pencils.

More Douglas fir is used than any other wood in the world.

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THE MASTER KEY

by JOHN FLEMING WILSON
A Thrilling Story of Mystery and Romance!

THIRTY UNIVERSAL WEEKS REELS

"THE MASTER KEY"

CAST

Harry Wilkerson Harry Carter
James Gallon Wilbur Highy
Ruth Gallon Ella Hall
John Dore Robert Leonard
Story by John Fleming Wilson

In the fifth installment of John Fleming Wilson's dramatic photoplay of love and adventure, "The Master Key", the action of the drama is transferred to San Francisco. The gay hotel life of the far western metropolis figures in the latest episode of the serial, while a visit to Chinatown gives one a glimpse into the Oriental colony which has grown up in the coast city since the memorable fire of 1906.

The catastrophe which eight years ago laid waste the metropolis of the Pacific coast based dozens of long tunnels leading from one dive to another in the old Chinatown. These tunnels serve to recall the many mysterious disappearances and murders that had taken place in years past in the yellow light district.

It is reported that the Chinese, who

have reconstructed their resorts since the earthquake have again built similar underground tunnels to facilitate their escape in case of pursuit by police. It is in one of these resorts, well known now to the San Francisco police, that the concluding phase of the fifth episode of the Master Key is laid.

Mr. Wilson, the author of the Master Key has surpassed himself in the dramatic construction of the Universal serial photoplay. His admirers who have read "The Land Claimers", "The Man Who Came Back", "Across the Latitude", and "Princess of Sorry Valley" are unanimous in their opinion that "The Master Key", for virile, dramatic value far surpasses his previous works.

The Universal has given Mr. Wilson carte blanche in the construction of this drama. No matter what feat the scenario calls for, the Universal is prepared to fill the demands of the author. True, the ingenuity of the Pacific Coast directors and actors is being taxed to the utmost in the staging of sensational feats never tried before but in the bright lexicon of the Universal there is no such a phrase

as "It can't be done."

With each succeeding reel this interesting serial gains in dramatic intensity. Climax piles up on climax with genuine Universal profusion and the spectator is barely permitted to gasp one breath stopping sensation before he is hurled along into a still more thrilling adventure. It is to be remembered that in the conclusion of episode four of "The Master Key", Dore barely saved himself from plunging through a burning bridge into the depths of the canyon. The introduction of the fifth episode of the serial shows Tom Kane, cook of the "Master Key" mine, coming to the rescue of Dore as he lies, half conscious on the brink of the precipice. Wilkerson, who set fire to the bridge meanwhile is on his way towards San Francisco. Enroute, he sends a telegram to Drake and the latter meets him at the station.

Mrs. Darnell, Drake and Ruth are registered at the Manx hotel, the adventures and confidence man passing off the pretty young woman as their daughter.

Upon arriving at the hotel Drake, Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell discuss