

Offers Life for Debt

Five-Part Laskey Comedy Contains Amusing Situations and is Exceedingly Well Played

There are situations that move to mirth in "After Five", the five-part modern comedy in which Edward Abeles has the leading role. Mr. Abeles is finely supported by Theodore Roberts and Succo Hayakawa. The script is founded on the play by William C. and Cecil B. De Mille and it is fair to assume that these men made the adaptation. The story deals with the efforts of Ted Ewing a guardian, to reimburse through a life insurance policy the ward whose money he has been responsible for losing. Ewing previously has laughed at blackmailers who demanded money. Later he comes to the conclusion that these men may be of service in accomplishing the destruction which, by the suicide clause, he is proscribed from personally bringing about. For a long time he is in terror, awaiting the expected "accident". Later, when he discovers that his investment has doubled, he is in a worse panic, as he endeavors to get word to the blackmailers that he will pay them an increased price to cancel the agreement.

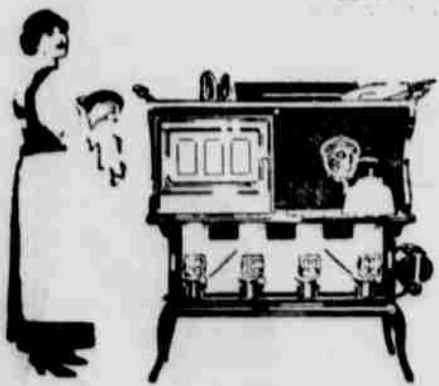
The story proceeds logically from a beginning that may strain the credulity of some—i. e., that a young man in good health will undertake to sacrifice his life in order that he may by that means raise money to restore to his ward and sweetheart money he had lost. New York City and Maine are supposed to be the localities in which the action lies. As to the latter there are many picturesque snow scenes finely photographed.

"After Five" will rank as good comedy. The work of the players is commendable. Mr. Abeles has now had considerable screen experience and his portrayal indicates it. Mr. Roberts gives a fine interpretation of the polished chief of the blackmailers. Young Hayakawa is a finished actor and is strong either in light or serious moments. Betty Shade has the role of the ward. If in the beginning, she impresses as being a bit theatrical the feeling is measurably lessened as the play proceeds. Jane Darwell is Aunt Diddy in love with Ewing, but quick to transfer her mobile affections to the handsome leader of the S. S. S. Monroe Saliabury is Sam Parker, the broker who induces Ewing to place with him two fortunes and then proceeds scientifically to double it.

Come and see this wonderful picture at the Grand Theatre, September 2nd.

Wilmington, Del.—Mrs. M. K. Grant a wealthy woman, gave a horse party in honor of the 14th birthday of her pet carriage horse, "Prince Grant". A luncheon was served in the stable, and an orchestra played throughout the festivities.

Indiana, Pa.—When lightning struck the home of A. L. Diehl of Pen Run, it lifted the necklace from his daughter, Belle, and dropped the lock- et hanging from it into one of her shoes. The back of her other shoe was cut from her foot as if by a knife. Ida Diehl, a sister, and Ruby Maxwell, a cousin, had their hair parted by the bolt and each has a streak of singed hair extending from their foreheads to the napes of their necks.



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CORRECTED HIMSELF.

The Judge Made a Mistake and Was Quick to Admit It.

It was an action against an insurance company in a civil court to recover the value of a quartz mill that had been burned. The defendant introduced the former foreman of the mill, who testified that the plaintiff had admitted to him that he had set fire to the mill in order to get the insurance money.

The presiding judge knew the witness and had a very low opinion of his veracity. He also knew the plaintiff to be an honorable and upright man, wherefore he burst forth with the remark, "Everybody knows that to be a lie."

Whereupon the counsel for the insurance company sprang to his feet in a rage. "I object to the language of the court," said he, "and I demand that he be taken down and my objection entered in the record."

"Certainly, Colonel Brown," said the court. "You are quite right, and the court was altogether wrong in making such a remark. The court will endeavor to correct the effects of its inadvertence. Gentlemen of the Jury, I instruct you that you must disregard my remark. You are the exclusive judges of the evidence and of the credibility of the witnesses, and it must have no weight with you that I commented as I did upon the fact that the witness told one of the most infernal lies that were ever uttered in a courtroom."—Case and Comment.

Placing His Kicks.

I do not wish to kick about this glad and smiling earth, for I have only landed here by circumstance of birth. I find it quite a pleasant place. I'm willing to remain. Please do not understand me as desiring to complain, and yet there are some changes I should like to recommend—not as a carping critic, but a calm, impartial friend.

The tropics are too beastly hot; the frigid zones too cold. Too much exertion is required to dig for iron and gold. The continents are far too large; the oceans full of salt. The rocks and mountains constitute a very grievous fault. The scheme of raining water from an accidental cloud is wasteful, un dependable and should not be allowed.—Chicago Commercial Tribune.

The Unexpected.

"Before engaging rooms in your house," said the bachelor, "I want to know if there are any families with crying babies staying here?"

"I'm afraid there is," replied the landlady, "but we—"

"Well, I was just going to say," continued the other, "that if there are I want you to put me in the room next to theirs. I want to wake up in the night and hear their trouble, so that I can congratulate myself again that I'm not married."—London Telegraph.

A Correct Diagnosis.

There was a sudden loud report, and Wiggles brought his car to a stand still.

"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Wiggles. "What was that? It sounded like a revolver." "It was," said Wiggles wearily. "It was our off-hand wheel. It has stopped revolving."—Pittsburgh Press.

Superior.

Tourist—You must get some business here, advertising "All the Comforts of Home For One Dollar." Rural Landlord—We did until the fellow opposite opened up with "None of the Discomforts of Home For Two Dollars."—Boston Journal.

Accounting For It.

"I wonder why barbers are generally such sociable men?"

"I suppose it is because they find it so easy to scrape an acquaintance."—Baltimore American.

Romance of a Back Yard

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

One morning, going to my window, which is in the rear of the house and looks out on the back windows of houses on another street, I saw a tiny white handkerchief pinned to the window sill. The same afternoon, going to my room, I was about to open the blinds when I saw through the slats a pretty girl kiss her hand to some one in the house adjoining my domicile. She at once disappeared, but it was evident that a flirtation, perhaps one that had developed into an affair of the heart, was in progress.

After this I saw many a signal in the window opposite which I would probably not have recognized as such had I not seen the throwing of the kiss. My next door neighbor, of course, I could not see, but I had noticed a good looking young man going and coming, and I presumed that he was the fortunate possessor of the young lady's favor.

I was one afternoon sitting at my window, with the blinds closed, when through a crack between the slats I saw a pantomime between the lovers. The girl looked down into her back yard and shook her head. After she had left her window I looked down into his back yard myself. It was inclosed in a high brick wall topped with broken glass. I was not long in deciphering the pantomime. The girl had put a veto on her lover's undertaking to effect an entrance to her premises over the wall.

About a week after this I saw a negro bring a barrel into the back yard through a rear basement door. He set it down very carefully and turned to go away. He had taken but a few steps when he turned, went back to the barrel and busied himself examining the head, which I could see was not fastened in the usual way. While he was doing this his lips moved. Moreover, I saw something passed from the barrel to his hand. Presently he went away again and this time disappeared through the basement door.

I was reading a love story without words, or, rather, was seeing one enacted, not on the stage, but in real life. It struck me that something would occur in the premises on the other side of the wall. Should I be mean enough to spy with a view to satisfying my curiosity? Would it be mean to enjoy what I could of a drama in real life?

The barrel was deposited shortly before my dinner hour, which was 6 o'clock. After dinner darkness had fallen. Without turning on my lights I took a seat at the window. The space between my home and the houses in the rear of it was dimly visible from the lights of the houses shining upon it. I could barely discern the barrel standing where it had been placed. Not caring to reveal myself by lighting my room, I concluded to while away the time in the darkness by smoking. I had consumed half a dozen cigarettes and was thinking that if there was any one in the barrel he must be pretty well cramped when something rose out of its top end.

There was a pause; then something larger followed. Curiosity sharpened my eyes, and I saw a bulk that looked like a man's figure get out of the barrel, take it up and proceed with it to a corner in the wall, where he was hidden from me. I fancied he was using the barrel for concealment from the opposite direction.

"That's the last of him for me," I remarked. "If the lights are put out." Nevertheless I was too interested to leave my post. I smoked till I fell asleep. When I awoke it was 11 o'clock, and there was but one light in the house visible to me, and that was in the room of the heroine of my story. As I looked it was turned off.

I was now thoroughly awake and believed that I had no great time to wait to see something more. I was right. Not long after the last light was turned off I saw the space occupied by the basement door of the house I was watching grow darker, indicating that the door was being opened. Then something stood in the opening. A dark spot flitted from the wall to the door, entered and the door closed.

I regretted that the elopement—for such I believed it to be—could not have been effected over the rear wall, where I could have seen it. They would go out the front basement door.

I went to bed and had just fallen asleep when I heard the crack of a pistol. Rising, I looked through the window at the house of my story. The basement and the two upper floors were lighted. I saw figures passing before the windows, but heard nothing. After awhile the lights began to be turned off, and in time all was again dark.

The next morning I saw in my newspaper an account of an attempted robbery of premises 73 Elm street. The police were called in, but the robber had escaped—nobody hurt, nothing lost. Elm was the street back of my home. After breakfast I walked around the block to note the number of the house. It was 73.

A few days later, while scanning the marriage notices in my morning paper, I saw that Miss Emma A. of 73 Elm street had been married.

I never learned what had occurred the night of the "robbery," but I found out this theory: In trying to get out on to Elm street the couple or, at least the lovers, had been detected, supposed to be burglars and shot at. The police entered, but were told there had been an attempted robbery.

LEARN HOW TO RELAX.

Nervous Women in Particular Should Be Kind to Themselves.

One of the important things to know in life, especially if you are a woman, is how to let yourself alone. The ability to relax, the art of being judiciously lazy, the tact to let herself alone, has saved many a woman from a nervous breakdown. We all know the housewife who nags herself into such a state of conscientiousness that she cannot rest. If she lies down she is continually worrying herself with thoughts of the work that she is neglecting.

Much of the blame for this state of affairs lies at the doors of the mothers. The mistake is in their training of their children, especially their daughters. They are taught from earliest infancy to be kind to others, to bear with them, to forgive them, to help them, but from birth to death no one ever tells them to be kind, also, to themselves.

The woman who nags herself can make herself more miserable than any one else possibly could. She can make her life more of a nightmare than any misfortune could possibly make it. If such women could learn to be kinder to themselves there is no doubt that their own lives would be lengthened, and not only that, but the lives of those with whom they come in close contact would be made far more pleasant.—Mary Carolyn Davies in Mother's Magazine.

CHEERED BY HIS FOES.

An Incident in the Career of the Duke of Wellington.

While the Iron Duke was still Marquis of Wellington he went from Paris to Toulouse, where he had fought and won the last battle of the Peninsular war. He attended the opera that first evening, and, though he wore plain clothes and sat in the back of the box, he was almost immediately recognized by some one in the orchestra chairs, who called out, "Wellington!"

The name was taken up by others, and at last the entire house rose, turned to the box and called, "Vive Wellington!"

Nor would the people be satisfied until he had stood up and bowed to them, when he was cheered and applauded again. At the conclusion of the performance the passage from the box was found to be crowded with people. The women of the party drew back nervously, but the duke said "Come along!" in his brusque way and conducted them on. While they were still in the corridor a man in the crowd was heard to say to his companion: "But why are you applauding so much? He has always beaten us!"

"This was very true, and the question seemed a natural one, but the answer was charming: "Yes, but he has always beaten us like a gentleman."—Washington Star.

Your "Funny Bone."

When you bump your nose or chin you bump the flesh and bone and not a nerve. Consequently you feel a sensation of pain just where the blow was struck. If you strike the point of your elbow it will be just the same. It's only when you strike that little hollow between the big central bone of the elbow and the little inside bone that the tickling, tingling sensation is felt. In the little hollow you strike one of the large trunk nerves that spring between the vertebra at the base of the neck and run through the arm to the wrist. In the hollow of the elbow the nerve lies over a bone. When you strike that spot you feel a tingling sensation which isn't exactly funny, but because it tickles the bone is called the "funny bone."—Milwaukee Journal.

First Sea Signals.

Richard I. when he set sail for the Holy Land found his flag and his patron saint provided for him by the church—St. George and his red-cross or a white ground. But Richard floated another banner at the mast-head—a red flag with three gold lions. The king's ships of those early days carried these two as well as a streamer. Signaling by means of flags gets its very first mention in 1350—"When I shall please the admiral to assemble the captains and masters of the fleet he shall carry high in the middle of the mast of his ship a banner of council."—London Chronicle.

Gold.

The specific gravity of gold is 19.50—that is, it weighs nineteen and a half times as much as its own bulk of water. The ductility and malleability of this metal are equal to no other. By ductility is meant the property of allowing itself to be drawn out into a wire and by malleability its property of flattening without spitting under the hammer.

Willing to Help.

"I don't see anything the matter with you," said the doctor. "Well, I'm worried, doctor." "About what?" "My money." "Oh, well, I guess I can relieve you of that."—Yonkers Statesman.

Acrobat at the Dinner Table.

He—Say, that friend of yours is the greatest soup eater in the universe. She—Why, how's that? He—Well, I've seen soup siphoned and gorged, but he's the first one I ever saw who jodelled it.—Cornell Widow.

In the Hospital.

"That gentleman who has just come in has a professional objection?" "What might it be?" "He has a couple of friends on his mind."—Bostonian American.

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NEBRASKA IN THE LONG AGO.

What is Now a Dry Plain Was Once the Bed of a Great Sea.

South of Platte river, opposite North Bend, Neb., the bluffs are conspicuous and consist of loess and glacial drift, overlying the Benton shale. This shale was formed when Nebraska was at the bottom of a sea. Evidence of the former presence here of sea water is found in the fossil shells of oysters and other animals that live in salt water and the bones of such sea monsters as the mosasaurus.

A comparison of these ancient conditions with those of the present day indicates the slow, continuous change that is now and always has been in progress. Where the tourist now travels comfortably over a dry plain these monsters sported in the water of the sea long ages ago. On the shores of this ancient sea lived equally strange beasts and birds of types that have long been extinct, and over its water sailed great flying dragons—the pterodactyls.

The animals of that day were strikingly different from those of the present. The birds, unlike any now living, had jaws armed with teeth. The monarchs of the air then were not in fact birds but flying reptiles, whose fore limbs had been modified into wings by the enormous elongation of fingers between which stretched thin membranes like the wings of a bat. These flying dragons, some of which had a stretch of eighteen feet, were carnivorous. They were animated engines of destruction that somewhat forcibly suggest the modern war airplanes, of which they were in a sense the prototypes.—Geological Survey Bulletin.

Import Half a Million Birds.

About 500,000 live birds are imported to the United States every year, including about 1,500 species, of which canaries, parrots and game birds are the most numerous. No birds can be imported without a permit from the department of agriculture, which issues about 500 a year.—New York World.

Up to Date.

"How's the story you are writing getting along, Robbie?" "Fine! Just now there's an awful storm, and every one aboard is afraid the boat 'll go to the top." "You mean to the bottom?" "No, I don't; this boat's a submarine."—Boston Transcript.

His Claim an Empty One.

"Isn't it funny how Boudierby delights in claiming he's a self-made man?" "Yes, and there's nothing in it. His wife selects his clothes, his mother-in-law regulates his hours and his wife's sister supervises his manners."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A report of survey recently made on the Siuslaw by Engineer Wright shows 12 feet at low water as compared to 10 feet last year.

The Southern Pacific is claiming a tract along the ocean in Lincoln county.

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ty 30 miles long under a grant made by the state legislature in 1874. Newport beach is included in the tract claimed. The attention of the public was called to this claim when the railroad officials presented the tract to the county assessor. The attorney general is considering the matter.

The Sentinel is informed by those who handled the goods that the \$700 worth of Myrtle furniture Jack Londonsaid he bought at Coos Bay was ordered from and made by J. J. Fox at his factory opposite W. C. Chase's residence on Hall street here in Coquille. Whether Mr. London mentioned Coos Bay in this instance we don't know although he was so quoted, but that the furniture was made in Coquille there is no question.

Edward Ellingsen of Coquille had a bone in his left arm broken as the result of an accident. He was operating an engine running a pile driver when a handle in the reversing apparatus struck him on the cheek and left arm. The blow on the cheek struck him unconscious but did not break any bones.

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