

Don't Give Yourself Cause To Regret It



because you regretted placing your valuables in a safety deposit vault. Many have regretted their tardiness in acting fires and burglars have cost them dear. Anything valuable is worth taking care of. Our vaults are fire and burglar proof. We invite your inspection.

THE BANK OF BANDON THROUGH ITALY IN WAR TIMES

By Richard Harding Davis

At home we talk glibly of a world war. But beyond speculating in mutations and as to how many Americans will be killed by the next submarine and how many letters the president will write about it, we hardly appreciate that this actually is a war of the world, that not only in Europe but that all over the globe, every ship of state, even tho it may by trying to steer straight course is being violently rocked by it. Even the individual as he moves from country to country is rocked by it, not violently, but continuously. It is in loss of time any money he feels it most. And as he travels he learns, as he cannot learn from a map, how far-reaching are the ramifications of this war, in how many different ways it affects everyone. He soon comes to accept whatever happens as directly due to the war. Even when the deck steward tells him he cannot play shuffleboard because owing the war there is no chalk.

Two days for Passport.
In times of peace to get to this place from Paris did not require more than six days, but now, owing to the war in making the distance we wasted fifteen. That is, not counting the time in Paris required by the chief to issue the passport without which no one can leave France. At the prefecture of police I found a line of people—French Italians, Americans, English, in columns of four, winding thru gloomy halls, down dark stairways and out to the street. I took one look at the line and fled to Mr. Thackara, our casual general, and thanks to him, was not more than an hour obtaining my Kaiser pass. The police assured me I might consider myself fortunate as to time they usually spent in preparing a passport is two days. It was still necessary a visa from the Italian consulate permitting me to enter Italy, from the Greek consulate to enter Greece, and, as my American passport said nothing to Serbia, from Thackara two more visas—one to get out of France and another to invade Serbia. Thanks to the war, in obtaining all these autographs two more days were wasted. I peace times one had only to go to Cook's and buy a ticket. In those days there was no more delay than in reserving a seat for the theater.

Summer Resort no More
War followed us south. The windows of the wagon-lit were plastered with warnings to be careful, to talk to no strangers, that he enemy was listening. War had invaded even Aix-les-Bains, most lovely of summer pleasure grounds. As we passed it was wrapped in snow. Cat's Tooth that towers between Aix and Chambéry and that lifts into the sky a great cross two hundred feet in height, was all white, the pine trees around the lake were white, the streets were white, the Casino des Fleurs, the Cercle, the hotels. And, above each of them, where once was only good music good wines, beautiful flowers and bacchic, now droop innumerable Red Cross flags. Against the snow covered hills they were like little splashes

of blood.
Different in Italy
War followed us into Italy. But from the war as one finds it in England and France, it differed. Perhaps we were too far west, but, except for the field uniforms of green and the new scabbards of gun metal and, at Turin, four aeroplanes in the air at the same time, you might not have known Italy was one of the allies. For one thing, you saw no wounded. Again, perhaps it was because we were too far south, and west and that the fighting in the Tyrol is concentrated. But Bordeaux is farther from the battle line in France than is Naples from the Italian front and the multitudes of wounded in Bordeaux, the multitudes of women in black in Bordeaux, make one of the most appalling, most significant pictures of this war. In two days in Naples I did not see a wounded man. But many Germans and German signs, and no one had scratched Mumm off the wine card. A country that is one of the allies, and yet is not at war with Germany, cannot claim to take this war very seriously. She even leaves herself open to suspicion.

Has Italy an "Object"?
In Naples the foreigners accuse Italy of running with the hare and the hounds. They ask what is her object in keeping on friendly terms with the bitterest enemy of the allies. Is there an understanding that after the war, she and Germany will together carve slices off of Austria? Whatever her ulterior object may be her present war spirit does not impress the visitor. It is not the spirit of France and England. One man said to me, "Why can't you keep the Italian-Americans in America? Over there they earn money and send millions of it to Italy. When they come here to fight not only that money stops but we have to feed and pay them."

It did not sound very grateful. Nor as the Italy was seriously at war. You do not find France and England, or Germany, grudging the man who returns to fight for his country his rations and pay. And Italy pays her soldiers five cents a day. Many of the reservists and volunteers from America who answered the call to arms are bitterly disappointed. They expected to be led at once to the firing line. Instead, after six months, they are still in camp. The families some brought with them are in great need. They are not used to living on five cents a day. An Italian told me the heaviest drain upon the war relief funds came from the families of these Italian-Americans stranded in their own country. He also told me his chief duty was to meet them on their arrival.

Italian Robs Italian
"But haven't they money when they arrive from America?" I asked.
"That's it," he said, naively. "I'm at the wharf to keep their countrymen from robbing them of it."
At present in Europe you cannot take gold out of any country that is at war. As a result, gold is less val-

uable than paper, and when I exchanged my double eagles for paper, I lost. But I did not really lose, for as I had turned in the gold in France, I received a beautiful certificate "suitable for framing," which testifies that unselfishly and patriotically as a true son of France instead of hoarding my gold, I surrendered it to the republic.

And would I accept and perpetuate that erroneous and undeserved tribute by framing it? I would.

French "High Finance."
On the advice of the wisest young banker in France I changed, again at a loss, the French paper into Bank of England notes. But when I arrived in Saloniki I found that with the Greeks English bank notes were about as popular as English troops, and that had I changed my American gold into American notes, as was my plan, I would have been passing rich. That is what comes of associating with bankers.

At the Italian frontier a French gentleman had come to the door of the compartment, raised his hat to the inmates, and asked if we had any gold. Forewarned, we had not; and taking our word for it, he again raised his hat and disappeared. But, on leaving Naples, it was not like that. In these piping times of war your baggage is examined when you depart as well as when you arrive. You get it coming and going. But the Greek steamer was to weigh anchor at noon, and at noon all the port officials were at dejeuner, so, sooner than wait a week for another boat, the passengers went on board and carried their bags with them. It was unparadise. It was an affront the port officials could not brook. They had been disregarded. Their dignity had been flouted. What was worse, they had not been tipped. Into the dining saloon of the Greek steamer, where he was at lunch they burst like Barbary pirates. They shrieked, they yelled. Nobody knew who they were, or what they wanted. Nor did they enlighten us. They only beat upon the tables, clanked their swords, and spoiled our lunch. Why we were accused, or of what we were accused we could not determine. We vaguely recognized our names, and stood up, and while they continued to eat upon the tables a Greek steward explained they wanted our gold. I showed them my bank notes and was allowed to return to my garlic and eel. But the English cigarette king, who each week sends some millions of cigarettes to the Allies in the trenches, proposed to make a test case of it.

"Let George Do It."
"I have on me," he whispered, "four English sovereigns. I am not taking them out of Italy, because, until they crossed the border in my pocket, they were not in Italy, and as I am now leaving Italy, one might say they have ever been in Italy. Its as tho they were in bond. I am a British subject and this is not Italian but British gold. I shall refuse to surrender my four sovereigns. I will make it a test case."
The untipped port officials were still angling their swords, so I advised the cigarette king to turn in his gold. Given a Greek steamer is better than an Italian jail.
"I will make of it a test case," he repeated.

"Let George do it," I urged.
At that moment, in the presence of all the passengers they were searching the person of another British subject, and an ally. He was one of Lay Padgett's suit. He was in uniform, and as they ran itching fingers on his body, he turned crimson, and the rest of us, pretending not to witness his humiliation, ate ravenously of oysters and cheese.

The cigarette king, breathing defiance repeated, "I will make of it a test case."

"Better let George do it," I urged.
And when his name was called, a name that is as well known from Kavalla to Smyrna in tobacco fields, sweetmeat shops, palaces and mosques, as at the Ritz and the Gaiety, the cigarette king wisely accepted for his four sovereigns Italian lire.
At their rate of exchange, too.

Later, off Capri, he asked, "When you advised me to let George make a test case of it, to which of our fellow passengers did you refer?"

Another War Order
In the morning the "Adriaticus" picked up the hind falls of Messina, but instead of making fast to the quay, anchored her length from it. This appeared to be a port regulation. It enables the boatmen to earn a living by charging passengers two francs for a round trip of fifty yards. As the wrecked city seems to be populated only by boatmen, rowing passengers ashore is the chief industry.

Stricken Messina
The stricken seaport looks as tho it is recently as last week the German army had visited it. In France, altho war still continues, towns wrecked by the Germans are already rebuilt. But Messina after four years of peace, is still a ruin. No effort that is apparent has been made to restore it. The postcards that were printed at the moment of the earthquake show her

exactly as she is today. With, in the streets, no sign of life, with the inhabitants standing idle along the quay, shivering in the rain and snow, with for background crumbling walls gaping cellars and hills buried under acres of fallen masonry, the picture was one of terrible desolation, of neglect and inefficiency. The only structures that had obviously been erected since the earthquake were the "ready-to-wear" shacks sent as a stop-gap from America. One should not look critically at a gift-house, but they are certainly very ugly. In Italy, where every spot is a "location" for moving pictures, where the street corners are backgrounds for lovers' trysts and assassinations, where even poverty is picturesque, and each landscape "composes" into a beautiful and wondrous painting, the zinc shacks in rigid lines, like the barracks of a mining camp, came as a shock.

Sympathetic Americans sent them as only a temporary shelter until Messina rose again. But, it was explained as there is no rent to pay, the Italians, instead of rebuilding, prefer to inhabit the ready-to-wear houses. How many tourists the mere view of them drives away, no one can guess.

There's a Reason
People who linger in Naples and by train to Reggio join the boat as Messina never admit that they followed that route to avoid being seasick. Seasickness is an illness of which no one ever boasts. He may take pride in saying, "I've an awful cold!" or, "I've such a headache I can't see!" and will expect you to feel sorry. But he knows no matter how horrible he suffers from mal de mer, he will receive no sympathy. In a Puck and Punch way he will be merely comic. So the passengers who come over the side at Messina always have an excuse other than that they are dodging the sea. It is usually that they lost their luggage at Naples and had to search for it. As the Italian railroads, which are operated by the government, always lose your luggage, it is an admirable excuse. So, also is the one that you delayed in order to visit the ruins of Pompeii. The number of people who have visited Pompeii solely because the bay of Naples was in an ugly mood will never be counted.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

Sadness hereabout is general over the demise of Mrs. Mary (Gibson) Thrift, which occurred at her home on Thursday, Jan. 13, 1916, at the age of 42 years.
Deceased was born at Ellensburg—now Gold Beach—and was eldest of three sisters, Mary, Henrietta, Jeanette, the second having espoused a religious life and retired is known as Sister Mary Aquinas.
Deceased was united in marriage with Edward B. Thrift, May 14, 1899 and to the union have been four children, two boys and two girls, all whom including her husband, survive to mourn the passing of a kind, indulgent, wife, and a loving tolerant and humane mother.

Deceased along with her two sisters above mentioned, entered Mount Angel College in 1890, where the more immediately useful sciences are taught and where artificialities of behavior are eschewed, and naturalness and right thinking are sedulously encouraged. Wherefore it is as occurred that deceased had endeared herself to a very large circle of friends and acquaintances to a degree seldom equalled, in the intercourse of mortals with their kind.

None knew her but to hold her in highest respect for her many humane and amiable qualities and helpful traits, and none will remember but to grieve over our common bereavement.

Interment took place at Denmark, cemetery on Saturday, Jan. 15, where the obsequies were witnessed by a very large attendance of people considering that the day was the most inclement and forbidding of the season.

The husband, sisters and the two sons and two daughters as well as the aged and honored father, Mr. M. B. Gibson, are objects of sincerest condolence in their great bereavement by their whole circle of acquaintances.
—J. H. Upton in Port Orford Tribune.

FOREST NOTES

On the Alaska coast the salmon packers, towns and settlers use 40,000,000 feet of timber a year from the Chugach and Tongass National Forests.

It is estimated that 100,000,000 pounds of beef and mutton are sold each year from herds and flocks occupying the National Forest range.

Timber trespass on the National Forests is no longer important in amount or character. The incentive has been largely removed by the availability of National Forest stumpage under free use or reasonable terms of sale. New trespass cases are usually the result of unintentional error in regard to title or the location of boundaries.

A million and a half railroad ties are now cut from the National Forests yearly.

The number of animals now sustained on the National Forests in proportion to the area, is 58 per cent greater

SPARK'S

GOOD GROCERIES
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
PROMPT DELIVERY
& COURTEOUS TREATMENT
PHONE 291

than it was 10 years ago.

The Forest Service is co-operating in game protection under definitely agreed plans with the States of Arizona, New Mexico, California, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, and South Dakota.

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

MEATLESS DISHES.

DINNER MENU.
Tomato and Onion Pie.
Buttered Beets Green Peas.
Lettuce Hearts. Red Dressing.
Raised Biscuits.
Huckleberry Pie. Cream Cheese.
Iced Tea.

Tomato and Onion Pie.
PARBOIL some onions, slice them and fry in butter until colored. Dip some tomatoes into boiling water, skin and slice. Lay alternate layers of tomato and onion in a pie dish, sprinkling each layer with bread-crumbs, small pieces of butter, salt and pepper. Cover with mashed potato. Score with a fork and brown in the oven.

Tomato Rice.
Wash two ounces of rice thoroughly and cook it in half a pint of milk until quite soft and flavor with salt and pepper. Take one pound of stewed and sieved tomato and beat together. Stir in one ounce of butter and cook until quite moist, but not wet. Serve very hot and, if liked, strew grated cheese over.

Tomato Rice and Eggs.
Serve the tomato rice in a fireproof dish with poached eggs on the top.

Stuffed Tomatoes.
Prepare the tomato rice as before. Take the necessary number of large dry tomatoes, dip into boiling water, skin, cut the tops off and remove some of the pulp (the tops and pulp can be used for the puree). Fill the tomato cases with rice. Scatter with fine browned crumbs, seasoned with celery salt and cayenne. Put a little piece of butter on each and bake on a greased tin in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Serve hot.

Vegetable Curry (Hot or Cold).
Weigh five ounces of margarine. Chop very fine four medium sized onions. Melt the margarine and cook the onions in it until they are a deep gold brown, a process which takes time. Meanwhile put on a saucer in the oven a tablespoonful of curry powder and leave it for ten minutes and then mix it smooth with a little milk or cream. Add to the onion mixture and cook gently for two hours at least, stirring now and then.

Cut into neat squares one small vegetable marrow, a small peeled cucumber, one raw apple, two tomatoes (peeled) and some French beans with the strings removed, all of which have been previously cooked. Place in the curry mixture and cook gently for thirty minutes. Serve very hot with well boiled rice or ice it.

Almost any leftover vegetables may be used in the curry, such as peas, cauliflower, broad beans, etc.

Anna Thompson.

Chicago, Ill.—The mysterious "pepper bandit," who has been holding up pedestrians for many weeks was arrested recently. He was an anemic boy, 18 years old, named Fred Logue. He confessed nineteen holdups, all accomplished with a toy glass pistol.

South Bethlehem, Pa.—Joseph Danzko arrived at this place recently with 10-months old child strapped to his back, on his way to New York. He had walked with the baby on his back from Canada, a distance of 250 miles, keeping the child alive on crackers and water.

Columbus, O.—An apple pie which won a prize of bushel of apples at the O. S. U. apple show, was baked by a five-year-old cooking marvel Esther Rae Johnson. She was pitted in the contest with seventy-five housewives and one man. The prize was a special one awarded for the excellent cooking.

The Ladies' Aid of the St. E. church will meet every Wednesday afternoon in the parlor of the church until otherwise notified. War's solicited. All are invited.

A Rainy Day Need Not Be Dull

Cheer up! Get to work in a FISH BRAND



Reflex Slicker \$3.00

Strong, easy fitting, light, and water-proof, absolutely. Reflex Edges etc. water from running in at the front.

Black, Yellow or Olive-khaki. Protector Hat, 75 cents. Satisfaction Guaranteed. A.J. TOWER CO. BOSTON.

COQUILLE VALLEY COVERED WITH A BLANKET OF WHITE

The heaviest snow fall in seven or eight years occurred in this valley on New Year's eve and the first day of the year. The residents in the valley frequently get glimpses of the snow on the high hills to the south of here, but for them to see at close range and actually handle any number of these "crystals of frozen vapor" is a rare treat, and Saturday saw many a young American getting his first practice at "sno balling" while some of with whom it has almost become a lost art had a chance to get into trim and "come back".

About three inches of snow fell and remained on the ground Saturday and Sunday and there were a few traces of it left on Monday. The snow which was wet and heavy in fact rain fell with it at times, lodged in the boughs of the spruce firs and myrtles causing them to break, and in this way there was considerable damage done to telephone lines in various sections.—Myrtle Point Enterprise.

YELLOWSTONE WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

The steam schooner Yellowstone arrived off the bar this morning at 8 o'clock but owing to rough water, stayed outside until ten o'clock, when she entered.

The Yellowstone was passing Coos Head at the time the worst of the thunder storm was prevailing, and received a bolt of lightning which struck the foremast and scattered down the guys to the deck. No particular damage was done the vessel, excepting the mast head light was demolished. The sailors on deck were slightly shocked but no one was injured. Captain John Fagerstrom while speaking of the storm in California last week said the Yellowstone was lying in Oakland creek and the wind was so strong it drove the vessel against one of the wharves and broke one of the rails. "Records" Captain Fagerstrom said, "showed the storm was the worst that had occurred about San Francisco Bay in 26 years.—Marshfield Record.

Hood River, Ore.—A sturgeon which has been a captive in a small pool for over 30 years, has been released by Mrs. Sue M. Adams Armstrong who owned him. The fish had grown from a small one to over six feet in length. Dazed, at first, by his freedom, he quickly recovered himself and disappeared in the deep channel of the Columbia river.

AGENTS WANTED

Everywhere To Sell •
Madame Du Four's Face Powder
which is prepared in four colors and two sizes.
25c & 50c
Send for sample, Department D.
The Du Four Co., Wash., D.C.

A Desk Phone is Cheaper!

Because it takes less of your time and energy to answer.

Because the convenience will cause you to use it more and receive the

Dividends of Service

Because it costs you less in dollars and cents than in the past.

The cost of a desk telephone is 25 cents per month—less than one cent a day.

Coos and Curry Telephone Company