

BANDON CHURCHES

Presbyterian Church
 Sabbath School, 10:00 a. m.
 Public Service, 11:00 a. m.
 6:30 p. m. C. E. Prayer Meeting
 7:30 p. m. Preaching
 Wednesday 8:00 p. m. Prayer meeting
 A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend these services
REV. WINFIELD S. SMITH, Pastor

Methodist Church
 Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
 Public Service, 11:00 a. m.
 Evening service, 7:30 p. m.
 Mid-Week Service, Thursday, 7:30
 All who do not attend church elsewhere are invited to worship with us.
C. MAYNE KNIGHT, Pastor

Episcopal Church
 Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
 Preaching, 2nd, 4th and 5th
 Days at 11:00 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.
REV. WM. HORSFALL, Vicar

M. E. Church South
 Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
 Preaching, 11:00 a. m.
 Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.
 Preaching, 7:30 p. m.
 Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30
 Missionary Society, Friday, 2:00
W. B. SMITH, Pastor

Baptist Church
 Sunday School, 10:00 A. M.
 Preaching Service, 11:00 A. M.
ELDER A. B. REES*

Church of the Brethren
 Sunday Services: Sunday School
 10:00 a. m.; Preaching service at 11
 a. m. and at 7:00 p. m.
 Everybody cordially invited.
L. B. OVERHOLSER, Pastor

**L. I. WHEELER,
 WHEELER STUDIO**
 Fine Portraits
 Amateur Finishing
 First St. East of Hotel Galier

KISSED WRONG GIRL GOOD-BY
 The Young Man Was Shifted by the Crowd at the Critical Moment

The lobby of a crowded hotel isn't always the safest place to kiss a girl good-by. At the Waldorf-Astoria recently a pretty Southern girl and a Gibsonsque giant were having a tearful parting.

He had his head poised and was just about to land a good smack on her lips when the surging throng in Peacock Alley separated them.

When he "came to" he was standing by a red headed girl, and she was close to a blond haired young man, who was supposed to be with the red haired girl. The Gibsonsque giant may not have kissed the red haired girl, but everybody thought that he did.

She gave a little scream and he blushed to the roots of his dark hair. And as to the pretty girl from the South, she found herself saying:

"Good-by, dear," and wondering why. Soon she knew and she, too blushed. Then several persons laughed. Then the young giant and the girl from the South decided to get into a waiting motor car and explain the awfulness of a crowd.

Here are a few clubbing combinations
 The Recorder and the Evening Telegram both one year, \$4.50
 The Recorder and the Daily and Sunday Journal one year \$6.50

The Recorder and the Daily Journal, both one year \$5.25
 The Recorder and the Sunday Journal, both one year for \$3.00
 The Recorder and the Semi-Weekly Journal, both one year for \$2.25.

The Recorder and the Weekly Oregonian both one year for \$2.50
 The Recorder and the Daily San Francisco, Bulletin both one year \$3.50
 The Recorder and the Tri-Weekly New York World both one year \$2.50

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 FREIGHT RATES, \$3 ON UP FREIGHT

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J. E. WALSTROM, Agent, Bandon

FOR PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONER

Fred G. Buchtel, Deputy State Sealer of Weights and Measures has announced his candidacy on the Republican ticket for Public Service Commissioner for the Western District. Formerly the title of this office was Railroad Commissioner, but the last legislature changed it to Public Service Commissioner.

Deputy State Sealer Buchtel is the son of Joe Buchtel the pioneer photographer and Fire Chief of Portland, and is 38 years old. After graduating from the common school he completed his education in the high school of Portland. His public career began as clerk of the County Board of Relief of Multnomah County, when Judge Lionel R. Webster as County Judge and Frank Burnes and W. L. Lightner present County Commissioner constituted the Board of County Commissioners for the County.

After passing a rigid civil service examination he was named Sealer of Weights and Measures of Portland in May, 1905. He has been identified with weights and measure work ever since, and is regarded as an authority on the subject. Recognizing his ability State Treasurer Kay appointed him Deputy State Sealer when the weights and measure law passed by the 1913 legislature became operative and since then he has been in active charge of the state department. He is the author of the comprehensive weights and measure law passed by the last legislature, which in addition to reducing the cost of the administration of his department, put the state in the weight and measure work. Because of his wide experience with weights and measures he is regarded as excellently qualified for Public Service Commissioner, the duties of the two offices being in many ways alike.

29 PAROLED MEN OUT OF 94 VIOLATE PLEDGE

Salem, Ore.—Since Governor Withycombe was inaugurated 94 prisoners have been paroled from the penitentiary on the recommendation of the parole board, and of that number 29 have violated their paroles, according to the annual report of Captain Keller, parole officer. Of those who violated their parole 17 have been returned.

During the period Captain Keller has traveled a total of 26,334 miles in bringing back paroled violators and escaped prisoners, and the railroad fare, lodging totaled \$1,507.02. Three paroled prisoners—Dan B. Brundridge, Ed Burns and C. B. Smith—have violated their paroles by committing crimes in California, and are serving sentences in San Quentin, the first for burglary, the second for passing fraudulent check and the third for forgery.

THE LOVE WE LIVE.

To live love, not to speak it;
 To act love, not to tell it;
 A haunting charm and beauty,
 A fine and secret spell.
 To breathe it and exhale it,
 To scatter it as one
 Who walks the bubbles of the air
 And treads on hills of sun.

THE love we tell is shallow,
 The love we live is true;
 With all its ancient passion,
 The love we live is new.
 Fresh as a spring just happened,
 Glad as a rose just born,
 It is the singing summons
 Of rapture and of morn.

AND what is romance, dearie,
 And what is all life's glow,
 But love that true hearts living
 Have known and ever know.
 Not merely lips' outpouring,
 Not merely vow and word;
 The love that counts as action,
 That sings and feels unheard.

FOR love lived is so lasting,
 It braves and tenses and fines;
 Undaunted through all danger,
 In shadow as in shine,
 And back from its own reaping
 Of bliss and joy and trust
 It brings to time's keeping
 The faith that makes us just.
 —The Denton Bard.

The Signal Of the Rose

A Girl Who Had Everything She Wanted

By AGNES G. BROGAN

David Bourne turned from the wild commotion of the "pit," with its babel of high keyed voices, and passed out into the morning sunshine. "So old Richards has won again." Failure seemed a word unknown to this wizard in the world of finance. How did he do it? What "god of fortune" waited upon this great speculator, giving him infallibly the proper cue? And what new extravagance would this later victory bestow upon Paula—Paula, the daughter of whom her father so proudly boasted, "She shall have everything she wants?"

"The girl who has everything she wants," Bourne thought of her now as he strode along, and an inner light passed over his features, erasing all weariness. It had been a mistaken kindness upon the part of the dotting father, carrying out this humble clerk in his employ to spend delightful days at his famous home on the Hudson. Had it been an intentional kindness, David wondered gloomily, or merely the insatiable desire of the man to impress another with his greatness? And the daughter, who was beautiful, had also been kind. David pictured her now moving with a sort of stately dignity, her little dusky head held high, her rare and radiant smile. And she had done justice to the generous advantage of her training; her touch upon the piano was a joy, her voice a charm to be remembered.

David sighed abruptly. "The girl who has everything she wants." He recalled half bitterly the luxury of her surroundings, the rich draperies which clung about her slender figure, the little jeweled fingers—Paula Richards, only daughter of the king of finance—and he, David Bourne, loved her. Sometimes he had fancied a tenderness in the girl's eyes upraised to his, a wistfulness answering to his own unspoken longing. But David put these dreams resolutely from him. He even laughed contemptuously as he squared his shoulders.

"You poor simpleton!" he breathed. Still it was growing—the little board in the bank—growing, oh, so slowly, with such painful self sacrificing, with almost hopeless desperation. Yet there were times when the hopelessness vanished, and David smoked on in subdued excitement as he planned his one plunge, his first venture in the pit of the Stock Exchange. And if he were successful, if he could follow the lead of his great employer, if his money should come back increased a hundredfold, why, then she might be his and still continue to be "the girl who had everything she wanted." Until then he must worship at her feet as long as she should be kind.

She met him that evening with her usual sweet gravity. He had always admired this pretty seriousness, lightened by her rare smile. Tonight the smile seemed more rare than ever. She glanced at him with concern.

"You are tired," said Paula, "or troubled."

David laughed shortly. "Troubled, I think," he replied. "Will you play for me?"

With her characteristic understanding the girl seated herself at the piano. Throughout the "Love Symphony" he wondered wildly if a millionaire's daughter might not possibly find happiness in a small apartment, if romance might not be made to atone for the absence of a retinue of servants, if and if—A song of Caruso's brought him back to the opera and Paula there in her father's box, with her the people of her kind.

"Paula!" he cried abruptly. The girl quietly arose and stood before him. David pointed a tentative finger at the diamonds upon her hands. "You love those things?" he asked.

"Why, of course," she answered, wondering. "I love everything beautiful." She smiled at the roses upon her breast. "I cover myself with roses, and I cover myself with jewels."

"And you may have for the wishing anything which money can buy?" Paula nodded. "Yes," she said.

David jumped to his feet. "If I could say that," he cried, "I'd be the happiest man in the world!"

Her voice came to him softly. "Is there something, then, that you wish for so very much?"

He laughed shakily. "The moon, I think," said David.

"And," she persisted, "would money purchase this particular moon of yours?"

"Perhaps not," he answered, "but it would at least give me a chance to try." Passionately he swung around upon her. "I'm quite mad tonight, Paula," he said tensely. "You and your nurse have sent me up into a fool's paradise of hope. I want to tell you something, not of my love for you; you have always known that. Your father's success has got into my blood. I've thought that if I could make one deal like his today I'd dare to voice the longing that's consuming my heart. I have been able to save a little money, and—Fm going to make a plunge. If by any glorious chance it should win out I'll try

DANGERS OF BAD AIR

By H. Addington Bruce.

In winter as in summer for the sake both of the physical health and of the mental health, it is important to get outdoors as much as possible. Also, when indoors, it is important for the same reason to keep the house well ventilated.

This applies in the night as well as in the day. The more fresh air one has in the house, the less the liability to disease and the more vigorous the mental power.

Many people—perhaps most people—still are unaware of the dangers to which they expose themselves when they fail to ventilate their houses properly. They are sadly ignorant of the effects of impure air on the human organism.

For one thing, the breathing of impure air prevents the brain from obtaining the supply of oxygen indispensable to its proper functioning. Oxygen in sufficient quantities to keep the brain working effectively can be had only by giving the lungs the chance to absorb fresh air.

Deprive them of this chance and you not only starve the brain, you also poison it. For air that is not fresh is air which always contains substances toxic to the brain.

Drowsiness, a feeling of heaviness in the head, inability to concentrate the attention, was among the first symptoms of this brain poisoning.

Many people especially if seated in rooms lighted by gas or by oil lamps, experience these symptoms without realizing that they are due wholly to the absence of fresh air.

According to Dr. Horace Greeley of Brooklyn, who has made a special study of the air problem, a single gas jet of the bat-wing type eats us as much air as five people would consume in the same time. An oil lamp of the ordinary burner uses as much air as seven persons.

This is something worth remembering in the long winter nights. Burn oil or gas in your house, and you have all the more reason to make sure that the house is kept well ventilated.

The breathing of impure air, moreover, has a directly injurious action on the lungs themselves.

It weakens them in common with the physical system generally, and increases the susceptibility to colds and other germ diseases, notably the dread disease pneumonia.

This is not surprising when we consider that the air of an unventilated room, occupied by one or more persons, is necessarily laden with substances unfit to be consumed by the lungs—substances which have been manufactured by the rooms occupants themselves. As Dr. Greeley admirably puts it:

"Our respiratory system, besides serving to admit oxygen, has important excretory duties. The overflowing air carries away waste matter, including carbon dioxide and patrefiable organic matter, greater in amount, and no more fit to be taken in to the body again than that thrown off by the kidneys."

"This waste, and the emanations from the body, varying greatly with the persons present, are the most harmful contaminants of the air we breathe."

THE NATIONAL HONOR.

The happiness of America is intimately connected with the happiness of all mankind. She will become the safe and respected asylum of virtue, integrity, toleration, equality and tranquil happiness.—Lafayette's letter to his wife, May 30, 1777.

MY country! Glorious, happy and secure,
 Write Hunker Hill, the banner of thy shield,
 And that dear guardian, Washington the pure,
 Be thy true crest upon an azure field.
 Think of the past, its wrongs, its tale of woe,
 Think of the huts of logs where patriots dwelt,
 Think how ere Freedom struck the final blow
 Her God she did invoke and at his footstool knelt.

WHEN with thy memory stored with noble deeds,
 Stretch thy broad arms to clasp each ocean wide,
 And vow that he from honor who recedes
 Shall be to fool contempt and scorn allied.
 Be thine the flag which knows no spot nor stain,
 Be thine the sword which flashed at Eutaw Springs,
 And throned upon thy mountains shalt thou reign.
 When diadems are dust and time has swallowed kings,
 —Edward C. Jones in "Lyrics of the Revolution"

One hundred five-pound cans of milk powder, equivalent to three tons of milk, were recently sent by the citizens' committee for food shipments by registered mail to German and Austrian babies on the steamer Stockholm, sailing for Gothenburg. The postage on the shipment is \$348.

Peria, Iowa—For eleven hours Mrs. August Selden lay in a trance and saw her friends and relatives preparing for her burial. When the undertaker was about to place her in the coffin, she succeeded in sighing and thus prevented her burial alive. She is expected to recover.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTE OF THE STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION OF OREGON

Meeting of November 11, 1915.
 "A delegation was present representing Coos County."

"Also: That the County Court Coos County be and hereby is advised that in case said county votes for permanent road construction, be expended under the direction of the Engineer of the State Highway Commission that said Highway Commission will appropriate from the 1917 road funds money to assist said road construction."

Meeting of December 11, 1915
 "Representatives were present from Coos County to learn what the Board could do for them in case they vote bonds for road construction. They were informed that the Board was no position to make any promise this time other than that contain in the minutes of November 11, 1915 except that the Chief Deputy State Engineer was directed to send a party over to Coos County some time next spring to make a reconnaissance survey over the proposed trunk route, the cost of this work to be taken out of the \$5000 miscellaneous fund included in the allotment for administrative work."

"A letter was read from the United States Department of Agriculture inquiring whether the Chief Dep. Sta. Engineer would recommend that the United States Engineer do work for Coos County in case they were requested by the county officials to act. The consensus of opinion of the Commission was that to employ outside engineers would cause confusion and not be advisable."

County Superintendent Raymond I. Baker has received a certified statement from the State Board of Education, consisting of State Superintendent Churchill, Governor Withycombe and Secretary of the State Olcott, to effect that the following high school of Coos County have not all the requirements prescribed by the State Board of Education for standard high schools:

District No. 54, Bandon; District No. 36, Coos River; District No. 8, Coquille; District No. 9, Marshfield; District No. 13, North Bend; and District No. 41, Myrtle Point.

St. Louis, Mo.—"Hands up!" The command came from one of two robbers who entered a saloon recently. The crowd at the bar raised their hands, all except one—armed Michael McCarthy. Then a pistol spoke and McCarthy dropped dead. When the robbers saw McCarthy's empty sleeve they fled panic stricken.

Pat Maloney was mailing a box containing articles which he intended sending by parcel post. From the nature of the contents a friend knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted during the passage. He ventured to suggest to Pat to write conspicuously on the case "This side up with care." A few days afterward, seeing Pat again, he asked: "Heard any more about your goods? Did they get there safely?" "Everyone of them broke," said Pat.

"The whole lot? Did you label it?" "This side up," as I told you?" "Yes, I did. And for fear they shouldn't see it on the cover, I put it on the bottom, too."

Dassel, Minn.—Nels Benson, 77, and Johanna Dahlberg, 81, were married here recently. Mrs. Benson is the oldest bride Minnesota has ever had.