



The Western World

Owned and published by
FELSHEIM & HOWE

L. D. Felsheim, Editor,
Jas. H. Howe, Manager

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Bandon, Oregon, January 24, 1913, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Official paper of the City of Bandon, Oregon.

Official Coos county paper for officers' reports.

Subscription Rates: \$1.50 per Year
Six Months, 75c; Three Months 40c.

Telephone 901

OLD MEN AND THEIR JOBS

A recent newspaper dispatch reports a movement to secure pensions for superannuated government employees. The graybeard of the departments has always been one of Washington's most perplexing problems. In spite of all the red tape that interferes with government efficiency, the government clerk is apt to be a hard-working man. He has at least done his best by Uncle Sam. It is a hard proposition to know what to do with him when he gets by the age of greatest efficiency.

An exchange adds: In business it is much the same. There are a great many concerns that keep him long after the time when he really earns his pay. But in perhaps more he is coldly and curtly told that his place is needed by a stronger man. It is a bitter day when he is turned adrift. His heart and hands are as ready to work as ever, but the snap and vim of youth have gone. He absolutely is not worth a great deal of money, but the world seems to turn to dust and ashes when he is told of that fact.

The proposition in the movement referred to is to establish a government pension system for aged employees. It may be possible to work this out. But the taxpayers already regard the cost of government work as too high. If the departments could be systematized by the same kind of business ability that organizes a big factory, they ought to be able to pay their present wages, provide pensions and not increase the cost at all.

The individual worker needs to think carefully over this question of superannuation. Most men grow into elderly life without realizing that their power is gradually slipping from them. They spend money freely and then are out of sorts with the social system because some one does not supply the needs which they themselves have failed to anticipate. In the long run it pays a business concern to have a heart. It can not decide all relations between its employees simply on the basis of buying so much labor for so much cash. It has to create favorable sentiment in its own workshops and in the community it serves. Where it can recognize long terms of service by special favors, it creates a sentiment of loyalty that does not otherwise exist.

CRIMINAL WASTE

A thing that impresses the average city businessman most, usually, on a visit to the average farm, is the careless manner in which the farmer is wont to treat his machinery and other equipment.

Scattered here and there, usually just where the farmer happened to cease using the article last, unsheltered from the sun, wind or rain, lie plows, harrows, expensive binders with perishable and costly belting, mowing machines; in fact all the various equipment required. Over there in the corner of the yard lies a fruit tree spraying apparatus that cost only last spring the sum of \$12.50 which by next year, if not run over and mashed by the wagon or some of the horses, will at the most only about half work; flattered in the same corner with it are a sythe from the wooden handle of which the head holds are rusting away, and the blade looks so rusty one would judge it could never again be used; intermingled with the two are a pruning hook, grass seeder, in fact all the equipment used in caring for the small tree orchard, which cost the farmer not only a year ago about \$125. Over in another corner of the fence is a variety of odds and ends such as pieces of harness, clevecos, single trees, double trees, an ensilage cutter that cost about \$75 and was used for the first time last year, but which owing to the fact the sun has warped and split the decking badly

The Christmas Uplift

By the Rev. George B. Van Hradall of Denver

As the moon lifts the great waters of the deep to floodtide, so Christ's magnetic personality lifts our great human race at the Christmas season, as by the irresistible compulsion of love, out of our sordid selfishness into the practice of peace and good will. Those who have struggled against each other in business, society and politics forget the plottings of selfish preferment in the contagion of wellwishing.

Oh, that this good spirit of Jesus might abide with us through all the days of the new year! It is applicable to every day. It is here if only we will practice it. Let us cultivate the fine art of expressing the best that is in us for and toward each other. Surely every man wants his neighbor to prosper and be happy. Surely no man wants to build himself up at the expense of another. No man wants to see poverty and sin and misery become the portion of his fellows. Such a sight cannot be pleasing to any human being. Shall we not then say every man to his neighbor, "Be of good cheer, brother," and seek each to help the other? Practice fraternity, justice, sympathy and good will with all men.

will need considerable repair and several of the boards that have been carried away and lost will have to be re-made.

One could go on down the list naming practically everything used on the farm which has been dropped in the most convenient corner and left to shift for itself until next need when the farmer perhaps in one of his most rushed-for-time periods wants to use it; spends an hour or so locating where he left the article in question last, and then spends from an hour to a day or so repairing the ravages of his gross carelessness.

The average farmer perhaps purchases from \$100 to \$700 worth of new equipment consisting of everything from plows to small 19 or 15c odds and ends every year which in the all too numerous a majority of cases is criminally wasted by careless handling or by being thrown here or there instead of being cared for by proper housing and the intelligent use of rust preventatives. Yet these same careless, happy-go-lucky farmers are closer than the mill tails of Hades when it comes to selling two-bits worth of eggs to the groceryman, and have been known to even spend two hours time and the use of a \$700 wagon and team in order to make two cents more on the sale of a dozen eggs by traveling to the next store a mile or more on down the line.

It can be asserted without fear of contradiction that if the average manufacturer was as slovenly as the average farmer in the care of valuable machinery, he would go broke within approximately fifteen minutes by the clock. And the average manufacturer article would be so expensive none but the rich could purchase it.

Yet many a farmer wonders why he is so near the verge of failure, and spends his spare time in envying the city dweller; instead of figuring that "if a \$125 shed and twenty-five cents worth of grease and a few hours time each year will prolong the life of \$900 worth of machinery six years over that of the same machinery if left to shift for itself in the fence corner, I will then have as many hundred dollars profit which I can lend Jones, the merchant on first mortgage on that practically new \$12,000 building of his."

THE BONDS OF HABIT

Recently a prize was offered to the Pulitzer School of Journalism for the best editorial on "Habit." The committee of distinguished newspaper writers awarded the prize to Lincoln Schuster, a junior in the college, only nineteen years old. His editorial follows:

"Habit is the greatest friend and the greatest enemy of mankind.

"Habit is life—the very life of life.

"Habit is the backbone of character.

"Habit is the basis of ninety-nine per cent of what you do.

"Habit is not second nature; rather, as the Duke of Wellington said, it is ten times nature.

"Bad habits are vices; good habits are virtues.

"Bad habits destroy; good habits

build.

"Bad habits enslave you; good habits make you the master of yourself.

"Bad habits tie you to the greatest monkey god. You whirl round and round, tied to bad habits. You go fast but not far. You are powerless in its clutches.

"The smoking habit; the drinking habit, the swearing habit—all these are chains of slavery.

"A mental slave to bad habits is far worse than a physical slave, for the little string that binds him can not be cut with the sharpest knife that man can devise. It can only be broken by power of will.

"Bad habits keep you from getting anywhere in life—except in the narrow circle around the stone monkey.

"The little thin string that ties you to bad habits grows stronger and stronger every day. If you want to be free, you must determine to break that string now.

"Don't postpone—postponing is another bad habit.

"Cut that string now!

"But don't be afraid of all habits. Good habits are to be prized.

"Good habits are the greatest time-savers in your life.

"You get up in the morning, you wash, you dress, you eat, you go to sleep—all by habit.

"You do these necessary things automatically—good habits give you the power.

"If you didn't develop these simple habits, if you had to think every time before you got up, before you dressed, before you ate, you would have no time for anything else.

"Thinking about things you can do by habit is a great waste of time. Habit is the great short-cut to action.

"Don't be the slave of habit. Let habit be your slave.

"Let habit do the routine things of life for you.

"Let habit give you daily efficiency, punctuality, exactness and neatness.

"Let habit give you healthy exercise every day, deep breathing, wholesome food and regular hours.

"Let habit give you a pleasant smile, a warm greeting, and joy in your work.

"This will save you time, worry and energy.

"Then you will have room for the greater things of life—thinking, reading and character building."

PRESS GOVERNMENTIZED

Mr. Bryan wants a law to compel newspapers to give a greater space for matters the government desires published.

Every newspaper is flooded now with requests for publicity from nearly every department and official bureau, state and national.

Newspapers receive from five to ten letters in a day's mail setting forth the importance and value of services performed by boards, officials and commissions many of whose chief aim, duty, and entire time is directed toward putting as many deserving politicians as possible on the government payroll.

Time taken to prepare all this matter, paper and postage, are all at public expense and increase cost of government and seek to expand public functions. High taxes, high cost of officialism, and constant increase of overhead expenses largely are due to governmental press bureaus.

Why should the newspapers be asked to come forward as the goat?

If you haven't already planned that Christmas basket for the Santa Claus committee do so today. The names of those in charge of distribution is given elsewhere.

Yule Song

High are hearts in hut and hall—
Cry "Noel!" sing "Noel!"
And in stall
Lowly kneel the cattle all.
To the merry Yuletide bell
Shout "Noel!"

Bees in slumber buried deep
Cry "Noel!" sing "Noel!"

Out of sleep
Into mellow murmur leap
To the joyous Yuletide bell
Shout "Noel!"

At the dawning if ye mark—
Cry "Noel!" sing "Noel!"

Ye may hark
Voices in each airy arc—
To the blessed Yuletide bell
Shout "Noel!"

Angels that with triumph thrill
Cry "Noel!" sing "Noel!"

Echoing still
"Peace on earth, to men good will!"
To the glad Yuletide bell
Shout "Noel!"

—Clinton Scollard in Lippincott's.

How Billy Was Sent to His Mother

By HANNAH HIRSHFIELD

"Tom," said James Gowan to the man in charge of an express car that was about to be pulled out, "here's a package I want you to carry to Milford Center."

Gowan produced a box about three feet long by eighteen inches broad and deep. The lid was hinged and held closed by a hook and staple. The box was perforated and marked: "Perishable. This side up with care."

"I can't take it," said the expressman. "You must put it through the office in the regular way."

Gowan took a ten dollar bill from his pocket book and put it in Tom Murphy's hand.

"Tom," said Gowan, "it's my boy Billy. His mother went to Milford yesterday, and I've got to leave home tonight. Billy must go to his mother. He's too young to travel alone, and the company wouldn't take such perishable property. You'll be alone in the car, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be alone in the car, and I can let the boy out between stations. Leastways I can let him sit up in his box. How old is he?"

"Five."

"Well, I'll try it on for you, Jim, but I don't want your money."

Gowan took the box into the open car, lifted the lid, and Billy clinched his arms around his father's neck.

"Billy, you must keep very quiet unless Mr. Murphy opens the box. If any one hears you in the box you won't get a ride."

"Yes, daddy. I'll be quiet."

"Well, goodby. Give mother a kiss for me."

"All right, daddy."

"I'll close the lid till the train is off and the car door closed, then Mr. Murphy will let you out."

The father unwound his son's arms with a kiss, closed the lid, slipped the hook through the staple and left the car. In a few moments there was a puffing and a grinding of wheels, and the train pulled out. The lid was again lifted, and Tom Murphy stood looking down at Billy with an amused smile.

"Is it time to get up?" asked the boy. "I reckon I'll let you get out for twenty minutes. Then when we stop at the station you'll have to get back again."

Billy sat up, and Murphy lifted him out onto the floor of the car. Billy looked about him wondering at the boxes and packages piled here and there. Seeing a tricycle, he was much interested and wished to mount it and have a ride. But Murphy objected. When the whistle sounded for the next station Murphy said:

"Now, Billy, you must get back into your crib and keep very quiet until you hear the door shut and the train move on."

When the train stopped a special agent of the express company got in the car. He told Murphy he was going to the next station and would ride in the car. Murphy suggested that he would be more comfortable in a passenger coach, but he was not to be dissuaded. Settling himself on a box near Billy's crib, he lighted a cigar.

When the train moved on Murphy was much disturbed. The next stop would not be made for half an hour, and he feared Billy would not be able to keep quiet so long. But Billy undoubtedly appreciated the situation, for he lay perfectly still. The special agent, who was a supervisor as well, took occasion to say to Murphy that there had been many cases of goods carried by the company's agents the charges for which had gone into the agents' pockets. He had been on the watch for such and had caught several agents in the act. They had at once been discharged. While communicating this fact he looked about him. Murphy thought, with a view to discovering another case.

Finally the supervisor got tired of talking and smoked in silence. Suddenly he cocked his head on one side and listened. Was that some one breathing? He got up from his seat and walked about trying to locate the sound till he finally stopped bending over Billy's crib. He distinctly heard the sound of some one breathing in sleep. Murphy was at a rude desk at an end of the car looking over some way bills. His back was to the supervisor, who unhooked the lid of Billy's box, and lifting it, there was Billy sound asleep. Glancing at Murphy, the supervisor saw he was not observed. He stood for a moment with his eyes bent on the boy's innocent face irresolute, then softly lowered the lid.

A few minutes later the train stopped at the next station.

"Tom," said the supervisor, "all I want from you is that you haven't made any money that properly belongs to the company."

"I haven't," was Tom's reply. "So long." And he left the car.

As soon as a new start was made Tom went to Billy to let him out of his box. The hook was not in the staple. He was sure he had put it there at the last stop. Only the supervisor could have removed it.

"Time to get up, Billy," said Tom, raising the lid.

"Are we there?" asked Billy, wide awake.

"No, but at the next station I'll turn you over to your mother."

When the train pulled up at Milford Center Billy was standing at the door of the car. His mother, who was waiting for him, saw him and ran toward him. When she came near enough he sprang into her arms.

Took the Hurt Out of Her Back Mrs. Anna Boyd, Tusculum, Ala., writes: "I was down with my back so I could not stand up more than half the time. Foley Kidney Pills took all of the hurt out." Rheumatic pains, swollen ankles, backache, stiff joints and sleep disturbing bladder ailments indicate disordered kidneys and bladder trouble.—Sold everywhere.

DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

A Clean Tooth Never Decays

By having your teeth examined and the necessary work done about twice a year you reduce your dental bills very materially. I do your work with no more pain than the prick of a needle. One trial will convince the most skeptical. Pyorrhea is easily cured and does not cost much when taken in time.

Dr. F. A. Voge

First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Bandon, Oregon



OUR BREAD MAN

is one of the most skillful in the business. What he doesn't know about bread making isn't worth knowing. Just to prove to yourself how foolish it is to swelter over a hot oven, try a loaf of our light, white, toothsome bread. Once tried it is always a favorite.

Six 5c Loaves
for 25c
Seaside Bakery

OXFORD HAND-TAILORED CLOTHES

"Distinctively for Gentlemen"

SPRING STYLES AND SAMPLES NOW ON DISPLAY.

Mark Windle

THE TAILOR
CLEANING PRESSING

Dippel & Wolverton

REAL ESTATE
Insurance Conveyancing
Abstracts
and Notary Public
Opposite Bank of Bandon
Bandon, Oregon

Prof. A. RICHARDS

Professional
Teacher of Piano



Committing of Solos
a Specialty
Teacher of All Grades
Studio Over
J. A. Bryne's Store
BANDON — OREGON

Lodge Directory

BANDON LODGE No. 130
A. F. & A. M.

Stated communication Saturday after the full moon of each month. Sojourn Master Masons cordially invited.

W. A. Le GORE, W. M.
C. E. BOWMAN, Secretary.

L. O. O. M.

Loyal Order of Moose meets Every Thursday Evening in Moose Home. Transient Moose cordially invited. Something doing every Thursday.

W. A. Le GORE, Dictator.
GUSS D. GROSS, Sec'y.

W. O. W.

Seaside Camp No. 212, W. O. W. Meets first and third Tuesdays in each month at 8 P. M.; Knights of Pythias hall. Visitors are assured a hearty welcome.

J. N. HOSKING, C. C.
F. H. COLGROVE, Clerk.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Delphi Lodge No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting Knights invited to attend.

W. A. HOOVER, C. C.
S. R. DIPPEL, K. of R. & S.

Professional Cards

DR. R. V. LEEP

Physician and Surgeon
Office in Ellingson Bldg.
Phone 394.
BANDON, OREGON

CHATBURN & GARDNER

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
We Practice in All Courts.
Suite 3, First National Bank Bldg.,
Bandon, Oregon

I. N. MILLER

Attorney and Counselor at Law
Notary Public
Rooms 1 and 2, First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Bandon, Oregon

DR. S. C. ENDICOTT

Dentist
Office 1241—Phones—Res. 1101
Office in Ellingson Bldg.
BANDON, OREGON

GEO. P. TOPPING

Attorney at Law
Practices in all Courts. Office
Over Bank of Bandon.

DR. H. L. HOUSTON

Physician and Surgeon
Office over First National Bank:
Hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 1:30 to 4 p. m.;
7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 491.
BANDON, OREGON

C. R. BARROW,

Attorney and Counselor
at Law
Notary Public
Farmers' Phone: Office No. 481
Residence No. 143
Office over Skeel's Store,
Coquille, Oregon

JOHN NIELSON

Notary Public, Insurance, Real
Estate and Book-keeping
Bandon, Oregon

SMITH J. MANN

Physician and Surgeon
Office in Ellingson Bldg.
Office Hours 9 to 12—1 to 5
Phones: Office 392; res. 214.
BANDON, OREGON

DR. ARTHUR GALE

Physician and Surgeon
Phones: Office 351; res. 352.
Office in Ellingson Bldg.
BANDON, OREGON

I. L. SCOFIELD

Dentist
Office hrs.: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.;
Phone: res. 442, office 541.
Rooms 9-10 Ellingson building
18 yrs. Experience, all work guaranteed.
Bandon, Oregon

DR. FRED COVELL

CHIROPRACTOR
Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.
Office in New Bakery Building
Bandon, Oregon.

C. M. SPENCER

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
OVER BANK
OF BANDON