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SHIPBUILDING REVIVED

That the Bandon shipyard will be able to secure contracts to continue operation indefinitely after it is once under way, is the general belief among those posted in shipping matters. In this connection the following from the Eugene Register is pertinent:

With the list of ships destroyed in the war zone growing larger each day it is evident that the world is facing a shortage of bottoms never equalled in modern times. The destruction, it must be remembered, is not confined wholly to ships actually sent to the bottom. Freight rates are so high and the demands of shipping so pressing that every vessel in service is being driven to the utmost limit of capacity without adequate provision for repairs and replacements. The need for bottoms is so great and earning powers are so high that no time is spent in drydock unless there is absolute and compelling necessity. This means of course, that the ships in service are being worn out much more rapidly than in normal times and will have to be replaced much sooner than would otherwise be necessary.

With the supply of bottoms being steadily reduced through the hazards of war and the sea, and by overwork without proper repair, the question of new construction becomes a vital one. Stories of fortunes in shipping are common, and everyone who has a ship ready for charter has large profits in sight. The shipyards of the world are being pushed to the limit, and the demand is increasing, rather than abating. Well informed shipping men assert that it will be ten years after the war before production catches up with demand.

In its recently developed shipbuilding industry, the Northwest stands a good chance of getting its share of the inflated war prosperity that has been so long evident in the East, for the Northwest is splendidly equipped to build the type of ships that are called for at the present time. High war risks and tremendously high prices are forcing attention again on wooden ships, and here the Northwest finds itself in practically the same condition under which the great American merchant marine of a century ago grew up. It has an abundance of timber and is rapidly finding the skilled builders. The market is unlimited, and this in itself assures large profits. As these conditions become better known, it may be that shipping stock in the Northwest will duplicate the performances of munitions stocks in the East.

CHARITY AT HOME FIRST

This paper is in receipt of a lengthy appeal, seeking that through these columns the good people of this community be called upon to contribute their mite to the aid of starving Belgians.

Without a doubt the Belgians are in need of succor; without a doubt at least a portion of contributions sent from this community would be used in alleviating their sufferings; without a doubt the Belgian Relief Fund movement is a great and noble work.

Yet, with hundreds of families in various degrees of need, and numerous other evidences that this great and rich country has citizens actually as destitute as the Belgians possibly could be, there should be no hesitancy in turning from the appeal of a foreign want, to that so much in evidence in our midst. For truly, "charity should begin at home."

In any such movement these columns will gladly be opened, and we will further the good cause with contributions from our time, labor and funds.

If you are in circumstances where in you feel it is possible for you to aid those less fortunate, and feel as does the writer, then communicate with any of the local church organizations and they will doubtless be able to find a worthy use for your contribution. And should all local cases be cared for, then remember the great work of the Salvation Army or kindred organizations.

Such may not be so spectacular or give so much gratification to personal vanity as is to be found in reading one's name associated in a list of notables and otherwise, as contributing to the aid of Belgium, but it will probably be just as worthy in the eyes of the Lord—in fact we have a suspicion it will be even more so. —J. H. H.

ROAD QUESTION AGAIN

The Gold Beach Reporter apparently misunderstands the contention of Bandon people in the Bandon-Curry road question. It says in part: "Were the bed of the road made permanent on the start, and such funds as remained used to put a proper dressing thereon, so far as the funds would allow, it would be but a couple of years until the people had a splendid and permanent road that would not have to be periodically torn up to replace the rotting wooden culverts."

Certainly, the road bed is to be made permanent and there are to be no wooden culverts. Substituting white cedar for concrete in one or two large bridges, and eliminating a costly fill is all that is being asked by the local people. They want the remaining funds spent in building a sub-grade of Floras creek gravel, which would immediately give us an all-year-round highway and would at the same time form a suitable base for a hard surface in the future, if desired.

Editor McDaniels of the Harbor (North Bend) says: "The first person that brings a line of poetry to this office on the 'snow, the beautiful snow,' will enjoy the pleasure of having the shooting stick bounced off his head and the ink roller shot at him from close range. We came West to get out of the snow and do not want anyone to refer to its beauties." Not so hasty, Mack; anything for a change in the alleged poetic stuff. Now just suppose you had such a constant inspiration as Bandon's beach as a challenge and spur to all with poetic ambitions!

The way local citizens are "digging up" to help get dormant industries back into operation indicates that the much spoken-of "old Bandon spirit" is still alive. Opportunity combined with initiative is bound to bring results here very shortly.

Life is beautiful! In this day of mad struggle for wealth and power, let us stop for a moment and think how trifling is the total of this latter which we may carry with us to the grave. Is it worth the whole of what many are willing to pay?

If prices of necessities keep on rising the humble potato or onion will not be the only things that will appear "hors de menu." It will be that acute stage when anything edible will "look like pie."

The greatest event in at least four years of the history of Bandon is now in state of evolution. It is that frame of mind wherein all of us have conceived the future of our city is "what we shall make it."

When the snow went off the roofs during the quick thaw Sunday, it took considerable moss with it. It's too bad some folks remained under shelter while all this was going on.

The paper salesman was in the other day and informed us prices on print paper had taken another jump. Wonder if that's the result of the Congressional investigation.

Local people are beginning to observe many things considered impossible yield readily to a co-operative state of mind.

Things must be getting dull in Portland—they've sent for Billy Sunday.

The Chinese are neutral—but not in Portland.

"Right thinking is the first step toward right doing."

A bouquet of onions would be rather an acceptable gift these days.

Comments on the beauties of the weather are again permissible.

"Don't wait to be told—think."

BEGIN AT HOME

If thou wouldst right the world,
And banish all its evils and its woes,
Make its wild places bloom.

And its drear deserts blossom as the rose—
Then right thyself.

If thou wouldst turn the world
From its long, lone captivity in sin.

Restore all broken hearts,
Slay grief, and let sweet consolation in—
Turn thyself.

If thou wouldst cure the world
Of its long sickness, end its grief and pain,
Bring in all-healing joy, and give to the afflicted rest again—
Then cure thyself.

If thou wouldst wake the world
Out of its dream and death and darkening strife.

Bring it love and peace,
And light and brightness of immortal life—
Wake thou thyself.

—New York Mail.

Editorial Comment

(FROM OUR EXCHANGES)

COUNTRY COMMISSION MAD

In the past few years there has been an enormous increase in government by commission. Now if something had been lopped off when the commissions were created, so that the expense of government would not be increased, the commission might have been justified.

But the creation of the first commission was only an addition to the salary list—more officers had been created. Encouraged by the venture the job hunting class moved for a flock of commissions, and now we have some ten or fifteen state commissions. Each commissioner draws a salary ranging from \$3,000 per annum up, and all expenses. Now, like Wisconsin, we are to have a commission to regulate commissions. The next thing is to have regulators to regulate the commissions, and then, of a certainty, we will surely need regulators to regulate the regulators. Is there not some way to get us all on the salary list? Salaries are exempt from taxation. —Leavenworth, Wash., Echo.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES

Keep your promises—so don't make any you can't fill.

Don't make any in conflict with agreements. Neglecting the exact terms of a definite promise is often a very serious thing.

The keeping of promises in business transactions is the "sheet anchor" in the establishment of credit among one's business associates. The world of business places great value on promises.

Not only in all business transactions but in everyday life the keeping of promises should be looked after with care.

Whatever you do, keep your word, for the man who breaks his promises even in little things is sure to break them in the more important ones.

It is a good plan when making a promise as to appointments to jot down in a memorandum book the hour, the place and the person's name so that no mistake can be made.

It is a question of obligation that is not cancelled until it is paid.

The man whose promise or word can be relied upon is the one whose influence is far-reaching in any community or in any business.

Keep your promises—so don't make any you can't fill.—Ford Times.

A SOURCE OF EMBARRASSMENT

Newspapers of southwestern Oregon are poking fun at the citizens of North Bend for opposing Charles Hall, a Coos Bay man, for a member of the State Highway commission. As the Chamber of Commerce, composed of a small coterie of men, is responsible for this unpleasant situation and as a result hundreds of friends of Mr. Hall who reside here are embarrassed. The opposition to Mr. Hall was approved by ten men, so it can readily be seen that the action does not represent the city of North Bend.—North Bend Harbor.

GRAY HAIRS DON'T MAKE IT

People do not grow old so fast as they used to. Time was when the fathers and the mothers seldom left home. They would not think of taking part in any sort of frivolous conversation. Grandfather—and father, too—went around the house with a "dark-as-the-tomb" sort of face, and if the young folks got too hilarious, "Tut-tut!" you would hear them say. Now, granddad enjoys a good play, a football game—and a basketball game makes him as young as the next one.

Bravo! That is the right idea. Don't give up to the gray hairs. Silver threads should not absorb all the golden hues from your life. Keep abreast of the times. Read up so you can converse with your children on modern topics. Interest yourself in their work and their play. Help them play, and you will keep your heart young.—International News.

Opportunities are everywhere; their value to a community depends largely upon the readiness with which its citizens take advantage of them.

JUST FORGET IT

"If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,

A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,

And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud,

Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

"If you know of a skeleton hidden away

In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day

In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,

Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

"If you know of a thing that will darken the joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,

That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to ebb,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

The Sword of Damocles

By ALAN HINSDALE

I was sleeping uneasily. First I dreamed that I was looking down from a great height and was dizzy. Then I was conscious of tossing about half awake in bed. Next I was wandering, but where I knew not.

"Begone! What do you mean by coming here at this time?"

The words and a sudden light flashed in my eyes awakened me. I was standing in my pajamas in the room of the sister of my chum, Allan Twombly, whose guest I was.

I had walked in my sleep before, but my somnambulist adventures, from one of which I had barely escaped with my life, troubled me, and I was so sensitive about them that I kept them to myself.

And here was the most unfortunate of all of them. Better that I had been awakened tilting over the peak of a roof high in the air than in this fashion, which, unless understood, would cover me with disgrace. And, to make matters worse, instead of then and there giving the cause of my intrusion I slunk out of the room without a word.

Returning to my chamber, I threw myself on my bed and moaned. This breach of hospitality, this apparently dishonorable act, must be revealed in the morning. I pictured myself dismissed from the house by Allan, his friendly bearing toward me turned to anger. His sister, Gwendolyn, whose room I had entered in the middle of the night, I did not expect to meet. She would doubtless avoid me as she would a serpent.

Give as an excuse that I was a somnambulist? Who would believe such a statement. Nor could I prove it. No one except myself knew that I had walked in my sleep. Once I had awakened to find myself standing before a mirror crying. That was several years before this, when I was a boy. Again I had suddenly found myself at dawn sitting on a gutter, my legs dangling over, forty feet from the ground. I was near a dormer window and managed to get back through it to my room. But neither of these exploits I had mentioned to any one. The only person I had cared to tell was my mother, and I feared that if she knew I was executing such acrobatic performances it would worry her terribly.

If there is one thing a young man is ignorant of, it is a young woman. A good woman is the last person in the world to charge a man with insulting her. If I had explained to Gwen why I entered her room she would have believed me. There was no danger of her telling how, hearing a sound, she had turned on an electric light and exposed me standing in the middle of the room. Had I been ten years older I would have known this, for there was no nobler girl living than Gwen Twombly, and she would naturally have shrunk from punishing me and bringing me and her brother into antagonism, to say nothing of the rest of the family.

But as I lay tossing on my bed I presumed that the morning would bring disgrace for me. Should I leave before any of the family had arisen or stand and take my medicine? Of the two courses I chose the latter as more suited to my nature. Knowing that I was innocent of a guilty intention, I could bear the lashing in store for me, whereas if I slunk away like a cur I could never face any of the family again.

When I went downstairs in the morning I knew not just where the blow would fall. The cheery "Good morning, old man!" of Allan stung me, for I knew that my episode of the night before had not yet been revealed to him. Then came a greeting from his father, his mother and the others. They had not yet been informed that they were entertaining a villain unaware.

When we sat down at the table Gwen was not present. "Where's Gwen?" asked the father. "I think she has overslept," replied her mother. Both the question and the reply were like sticking a knife between my ribs. It was evident that Gwen was going to let me get away without giving me a lashing, and if she intended to tell on me would not do so before I had gone. Thank heaven, this would spare me the scene I had anticipated. Besides, there was a hope that she would keep the secret, though it was not to be expected that I would dare enter the Twombly home again.

Shortly before we rose from the breakfast table Gwen came in. "Good morning, papa. Good morning, mamma. Good morning, Mr. Williams. Good morning, Al!" Her good morning to Mr. Williams, who was and is myself, was as cheery and even more kindly than any of the rest. Oh, that they could all be extinguished that I might fall at her feet and worship her!

One by one the others left the table finally leaving me and Gwen alone. "Why have you not slain me?" I asked.

"Because you are perfectly innocent of wrong."

"Why do you infer that?"

"You started from sleep when I turned on the light."

I told her how I had awakened before a mirror and later sitting on a gutter. Her look of terror at the later revelation was a revelation to me and when she saw that I had been made aware of her interest in me she blushed.

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