

Lodge Directory

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

Stated communication Friday after the full moon of each month. Sojourn Master Masons cordially invited.
E. W. SCHETTER, Secretary.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Delphi Lodge No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting Knights invited to attend.
CHAS. F. PAPE, C. C.
W. C. BREUER, K. of R. & S.

BANDON LODGE No. 133
I. O. O. F.

Meets every Wednesday night at the I. O. O. F. hall. Visiting Odd Fellows always welcome.

W. A. PANTER, N. G.
PHIL PEARSON, Sec'y

OCEAN REBEKAH LODGE
No. 126

Meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at the Odd Fellows hall. Visiting Rebekahs always welcome.

LENORE HUNT, N. G.
LELIA FISH, Secretary.

Professional Cards

DR. R. V. LEEP
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Ellingson Bldg.
Phone 394.
BANDON, OREGON

F. J. CHATBURN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Practice in all courts. Office in Racket Store building on Second Street, Bandon, Oregon.

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

DR. FRED COVELL
CHIROPRACTOR
Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.
Opp. Hotel Gallier
Office in Bandon Sanitarium,
Bandon, Oregon

DR. F. A. VOGEL
DENTIST
PYORRHEA SPECIALIST
Telephone 1222
Ellingson Bldg. Bandon, Ore.

DR. S. C. ENDICOTT
Dentist
Office 1241—Phones—Res. 1161
Office in Ellingson Bldg.
BANDON, OREGON

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

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

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

MISS E. McKENZIE
TRAINED NURSE
District Nursing: Short calls;
Emergency work
Emergency Hospital, Oakes Bldg.

Potatoes are nourishing, palatable and well liked by all of us. The more we eat the more wheat we can ship to the boys at the front and the famishing people of the Allies.
Save a loaf of bread a week. Help win the war.

\$100 Reward, \$100
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is cataract. Cataract being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Cataract Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, Inc.

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KODAKS - SUPPLIES

Bandon Garage
Is now one of the very best equipped garages in Southern Oregon, being better than ever prepared to take care of any and all Automobile Repair Work both large and small.
With a complete machine shop and a complete blacksmith shop combined, and with seven expert and experienced mechanics, including specialists in all the different lines, there is nothing an automobile might require that cannot be furnished.
The storage battery department has been made complete with all the necessary equipment, thus providing for any demand that might be made upon it.
Nothing has been left undone to give Bandon auto owners the best possible service. Their patronage is respectfully solicited.
BANDON GARAGE CO.
Foster & Wilson
Auto Parts Accessories

SAVED BY MIRAGE
How British Army Escaped Defeat in Mesopotamia.
Turkish Commander Saw What He Believed Were Re-enforcements Coming to Aid Enemy and Ordered Retreat.

We went on toward nowhere, intending to make a wide detour and come into old Basra city by the Zobeir gate in the south wall, Eleanor F. Egau writes in the Saturday Evening Post. There was no dust out there; only hard-packed sand, out of which the fierce hammering sun struck a myriad glinting, eye-searing sparks. But it was beautiful beyond words to describe. We spun along at fifty miles an hour with a cool, clean breeze in our faces. Then just over a slight rise in the sparkling plain I saw my first mirage. It was impossible to believe it was a mirage and not really the beautiful lake that it seemed—a lake dotted with wooded islands and fringed in places with deep green forests.
I have seen mirages in other deserts in other lands, but I have never seen anything like the Mesopotamian mirage. We drove straight on and it came so close that I was sure I could see a ripple on its surface. Then suddenly it went away off, and where it had been our skidproof tires were humming on the hard-packed sand and I saw that the wooded islands had been created out of nothing but patches of camel thorn and that the trees of the forests were tufts of dry grass no more than six inches high.
Off on the far horizon a camel caravan was swinging slowly along and the camels looked like some mammoth prehistoric beasts, while in another direction what we took to be camels turned out to be a string of diminutive donkeys under pack saddles laden with bales of the desert grass roots that the Arabs use for fuel.
The mirage has played an interesting part in the Mesopotamian campaigns. In some places it is practically continuous the year round, and it adds greatly to the difficulties of an army in action. It is seldom mistaken for anything but what it is, of course, but it does curious things to distance and to objects both animate and inanimate. Incidentally it renders the accurate adjustment of gun ranges almost altogether impossible.
One of the most curious incidents of the whole war happened in connection with a mirage and on the very spot over which I drove that first day out in the desert.
The battle of Shaiba was one of the hardest-fought battles in the whole Mesopotamian campaign and victory for a while was anybody's. It was going very badly for the British, their losses being heavier than they could stand for long. And though the Turks were in overwhelmingly superior numbers it was going very badly for them as well. This the British officer commanding did not realize and he was just on the point of giving an order for retirement—which would have been fatal to the British in Mesopotamia—when to his astonishment he discovered that the Turks were in full retreat! What a moment!

The desert was full of mirage and the Turkish commander—who really ought to have been more familiar with local phenomena—saw approaching from the southeast what looked to him like heavy re-enforcements. It was nothing but a supply and ambulance train magnified and multiplied by the deceptive desert atmosphere! When he ordered an immediate retreat his already unnerved troops stampeded and his demoralized rear guard was bounded and harassed by great bands of nomad Arabs all the way to Khamsisayeh, nearly ninety miles away. He learned the truth a few days later and committed suicide!

Oliver Goldsmith Memorial.
At Auburn, County Athlone, Ireland, the poet's birthplace, a memorial is being erected to Oliver Goldsmith. It will take the form of the restoration of the church where the poet's father ministered so many years. Oliver Goldsmith was born in 1728 at Ballymahon, County Longford, and two years later his father, Charles Goldsmith, became rector of Kilkenny West and settled in Lissoy, which is now known as Auburn. It is a village on the road between Athlone and Ballymahon. Auburn of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" in some degrees represents Lissoy, and the story of an old eviction by General Napier was probably in Goldsmith's mind when he wrote the poem, although it is intended to apply to England.

Died at Post of Duty.
During the storms the early part of the year, which marines say were "the severest known on the coast, the United States navy suffered the loss of the big ocean-going tug Cherokee. This vessel was manned entirely by members of the naval reserve. Caught in a terrific sea the tug foundered and was lost. It was at this time an important duty for the Washington navy yard to get guns to an Atlantic fort. Among the men who met a heroic death at this time was a lieutenant (junior grade), E. D. Newell, U. S. N. R. F., commanding officer.

Women for British Pulpits.
Woman preachers for Great Britain are a possibility if the government's drafting of men between forty-five and fifty causes a much further shortage in the crop of clergymen.
Already three clergymen have enlisted rather than be put in a non-combatant corps.
That women will make good preachers is the opinion of many of the British clergy.
"Women can deal with many questions that I cannot deal with," says the Rev. Newell of the City Temple.

Saving Wool Rags.
The answer to the question, "Why should we save wool?" is that a fully equipped soldier uses 13 times as much wool as does a civilian. Also that there are not enough sheep raised to meet the needed wool supply.

GENERAL KINSHIP WITH SEA
Fondness for Salt Water Seems to Be a Characteristic of the Whole Human Race.
A kind of kinship with the sea is in every one of us, says Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' magazine. Noah built the ark as a matter of religious duty, we are told. But if old Noah could have written a few lines to go with the half dozen paragraphs of the Bible narrative—not for religious effect but as a man to man, to let us know just how he felt about the job—what a story it would have been!
A landsman, getting ready for his first voyage! Big and important responsibilities to carry, but back of all the study, all the labor, and the "kidding" of his friends, that ecstasy of anticipation that grips your throat and makes you want to yell for joy.
Noah was a "regular fellow." You can tell that by the way he "carried on." You bet the fact that he was performing a religious duty didn't make him feel like some folks look in prayer meeting. You bet that when he put aboard the ark one pair of worms, per order, he put in an extra few for bait. You bet he had that same hankering for the sea that you and I have.
It's in the very blood of every man. Remember how, when you were a kid, you put your finger in your mouth after cutting it with your first jack-knife? Didn't the blood taste salty? Ask any doctor what they put into a man's veins to fill them when he has lost a lot of blood. He will tell you "salt water." Doesn't that prove our kinship to the sea?
Did you ever know even a grown-up to pass a gang in swimming, or a kid with a string of fish, or even a picture of a ship, without stopping a minute to look? It can't be done. We all love the water.

Germany's Labor Army.
"Our growing labor army" is the description applied by the Hun to their prisoners of war. According to a communique in the latest Berlin papers, Germany and her vassals between them now hold 3,575,000 prisoners. For the first time the German military authorities lay stress on the supreme value of their prisoners as man power for industry and agriculture. They are so numerous, it is asserted, that they go far toward compensating Germany for the men she has had to withdraw from peaceful pursuits for active military service. "The longer the war lasts," the communique adds, "the more adaptable these prisoners become to the work assigned them, and the more useful to us."
Huns have a majestic awe of big figures. Thus it is explained for their edification that the "labor army" in prisoner camps is numerically greater than the whole male working-class population of Denmark, Norway and Sweden combined, "and is equivalent to one-fifth the total number of working men in Germany before the war."

Cherries From Russia.
That the cherry world has its bolshevik is explained by Frank A. Waugh in the Country Gentleman. Speaking of the supremacy of certain American varieties, particularly the Morello, Montmorency and Early Richmond, he writes:
"Their supremacy has been often challenged. Other varieties have been offered by dozens and almost by hundreds.
"The greatest competition arose through the introduction of the so-called Russian cherries. These came along with the other Russian fruits, mainly in the importations of 1870 and 1883, and were exploited mainly in the Northwest states.
"Prof. J. L. Budd propagated several of these sorts and recommended them highly. In this company were included Vladimir, Lutovka, Sklanka, Ostheim, George Glass, Double Nette, Lithauer, Brusseler, Braune, Bossarabian, Bunte Amerelle and Spaete Amerelle. There were some others also, bearing the same flavor of northeast Germany and southwest Russia."

Pure Water for Men in Trenches.
Filtered and sterilized water for the men in the trenches at all times is being provided by water trains, the war department announced.
Under the direction of the surgeon general's office sections held by the American forces where permanent waterworks have not been established will be fully supplied by these trains, which are in reality miniature waterworks that chemically treat, filter and sterilize all water used for drinking purposes. Each unit carries an expert chemist, bacteriologist and pumpman, and the water tanks are mounted on motortrucks equipped with powerful lights so that the work can be carried on at night.

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Concentrated Attention.
"Does motoring help you to forget your troubles?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins. "When a tire blows out I can't think of anything else."

WIT and HUMOR



That Toul Weather.
There are places in the world where the weather has been better the last few weeks than in the American sector northwest of Toul, but the prevailing dampness never even tarnishes the American sense of humor.
The colonel of a regiment, making a night tour of the trenches, was challenged by a sentry who had been standing at his post for two hours in a driving rain.
"Who's there?" said the sentry.
"Friend!" replied his colonel.
"Welcome to our mist," said the sentry. And the most serious thing the colonel did was to laugh.—From Stars and Stripes, France.

Who Ever Saw?
The log that people sleep like.
The chickens that the farmer's kids have to go to bed with.
The deer that a small boy can run like.
The horse that everybody thinks he works like.
The dog that the pirates used to die like.
The house and home that one is eaten out of.
Some One Else Got Her.
Cholly—I thought I'd try an innovation.
Molly—And did you?
"Surely, I decided to propose marriage to a certain party by telephone."
"How did it work out?"
"I was told the line was busy."

It Was Correct.
This teacher was having some trouble with a certain pupil in grammar.
"Now, little girl, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?'"
"Yes'm, it would," replied the girl.
"Oh! Perhaps you'll tell me why!"
"Cause you can't!"



DEDUCTION.
"There are 14,000 oysters of full size in a ton."
"Then a boarding house stew must be one-fourteen-thousandth part of a ton."

Biblical Lore.
Samson was a tall, tall man,
And so was old Goliath,
But Ananias, so they say,
Was the tallest liar.

Its Effect.
"Mayne said if she had a soldier lover she would make him carry her picture in his pocket and it might stop a bullet aimed at his heart."
"It would be a life-saver all right. Her picture is enough to give a bullet shell shock."

A Believer.
"Do you believe in socialism?"
"Yes."
"What do you understand by the term?"
"I merely believe there is such a word. I don't pretend to understand it."

In the War Garden.
Wife (musingly, after digging up a potato by accident)—Well, well, and here we have been looking our eyes out for the things. Won't Harry be surprised when I tell him he planted those potato seeds upside down?

No Wonder.
"That man is very exacting in his attachments."
"One of the wearying kind of friends, is he?"
"Oh, no; he's a sheriff's officer."

Exercise.
"So you think the dancing craze was beneficial."
"Yes," answered Mr. Rufnek. "It strengthened a large number of ankles for sewing machine work."

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