

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.
VIC. 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 Odu 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

DR. H. L. HOUSTON

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office at Bandon Hospital in Fahy-Morrison Bldg.
Hospital 492 Bandon, Ore.
Office phone 491 4-1-19

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

F. J. CHATBURN

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Practice in all courts. Office in Racket Store building on Second Street, 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 Phone 143
Office over Skeel's Store,
Coquille, Oregon

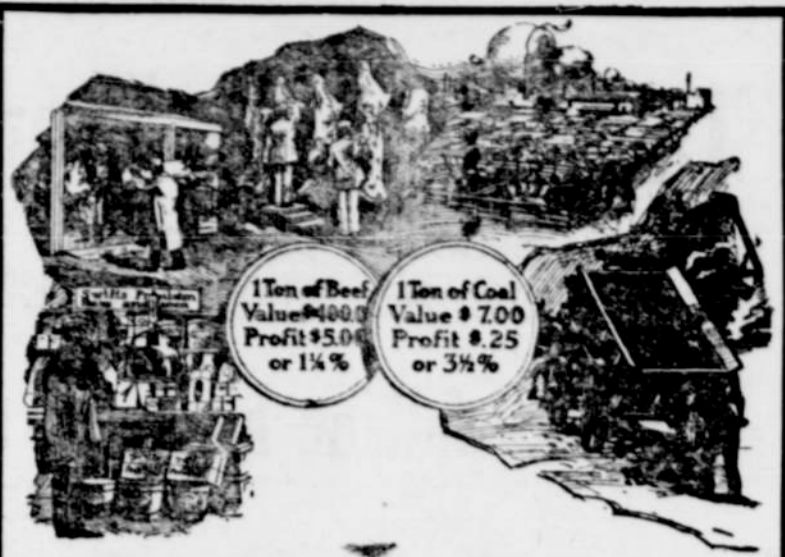
JOHN NIELSON

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

Just to ourselves. It is hard to be really just to ourselves. A great many of us are more lenient with our own faults than with those of other people, while not a few censure themselves far more harshly for a false step than they would think of censuring another. What we should strive for is to be neither too exacting nor too lenient where our shortcomings are concerned, but to give ourselves the benefit of simple justice.



Why Compare Beef and Coal Profits?

Swift & Company has frequently stated that its profit on beef averages only one-fourth of a cent a pound, and hence has practically no effect on the price.

Comparison has been made by the Federal Trade Commission of this profit with the profit on coal, and it has pointed out that anthracite coal operators are content with a profit of 25 cents a ton, whereas the beef profit of one-fourth of a cent a pound means a profit of \$5.00 a ton.

The comparison does *not* point out that anthracite coal at the seaboard is worth at wholesale about \$7.00 a ton, whereas a ton of beef of fair quality is worth about \$400.00 wholesale.

To carry the comparison further, the 25 cent profit on coal is 3 1/2 per cent of the \$7.00 value.

The \$5.00 profit on beef is only 1 1/4 per cent of the \$400.00 value.

The profit has little effect on price in either case, but has less effect on the price of beef than on the price of coal.

Coal may be stored in the open air indefinitely; beef must be kept in expensive coolers because it is highly perishable and must be refrigerated.

Coal is handled by the carload or ton; beef is delivered to retailers by the pound or hundred weight.

Methods of handling are vastly different. Coal is handled in open cars; beef *must* be shipped in refrigerator cars at an even temperature.

Fairness to the public, fairness to Swift & Company, fairness to the packing industry, demands that these indisputable facts be considered. It is impossible to disprove Swift & Company's statement, that its profits on beef are so small as to have practically no effect on prices.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Daily Thought. Light is the task when many share the toil.—Homer

When Chimpanzee "Comes Out." A chimpanzee "comes of age" at about fifteen years.

We are equipped with an AMBU

TROUBLE SHOOTER

Means no more Guesswork--

when your starter stops and your lights die out.

We locate your STARTING and LIGHTING SYSTEM TROUBLE easily and quickly with AMBU.

SAVES YOU hours of repair bills
SAVES YOU hours of waiting for your laid-up car.

Speedy Accurate Expert
Electrical System Repairs

because we have "inside information" about the miniature electric plant on your car—a complete knowledge of its construction—wiring diagrams showing every wire on your car, and AMBU, the systematic TESTER and trouble finder.

BANDON GARAGE COMPANY
FOSTER & WILSON
GAS, OILS, LAMPS, SUNDRIES,
EXPERT TIRE REPAIR

Old Glory

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
of The Vigilantes

I have a small boy—a four-year-old—and the other day I made him a "boat" out in the back yard, with a sail that he can raise and lower, and at the top of the mast I tacked on a "flag" to flutter in the breeze that blows continuously here on Long Island. The "flag," like the sail, is a piece of old canvas. It flaps in the breeze like any flag, but it does not mean a thing! I can look out of my window and see that "flag" fluttering and not feel the slightest emotion of any sort. I made it. I know it is nothing but a piece of old canvas, ripped from a large piece and nailed there.

Some day—but God forbid any such day—that "flag" might have a meaning for me. I might look out of my window and see it fluttering there and know that my boy would never again look up at it in his play and the sight of the poor rag might fill my heart with agony. If any neighbor then came into my yard and laid rough hands on that flag and tore it down and trampled on it I think I would kill him. The poor rag would be sacred because of the memories that cling to it.

It is because it means so much, is the symbol of so much, that our nation's flag is so sacred that the man who defiles it deserves to be shot down in the act.

A flag is a symbol, a sign, as the cross is a symbol and as the triangle is a symbol. The mere silk or bunting of the flag are nothing. A burial squad tramps through the woods bearing the body of a dead comrade, and digs his grave and covers him over in his last bed. On the ground lie two bits of wood. They are nothing but bits of wood, to be burned, or to be left to decay. The dead man's comrades pick them up and bind one across the other and plant the cross thus made at the head of the grave. Now the bits of wood have become a sacred sign and whoever destroys that cross, or defiles it, or throws it down is indeed a dog. The bunting and the silk of our flag are nothing; not until they are assembled in the Stars and Stripes of our flag and thrown to the breeze as the symbol of loyalty and patriotism do they demand our reverence.

Why We Honor the Flag.

We honor the flag because of what it stands for. Those who dishonor our flag dishonor all it stands for. In days like these, when our nation is at war, there might be placed under the dome of the capitol at Washington a great book of a thousand pages. On the first page might be inscribed the American's Creed, proclaiming a belief in national honor, national justice and national honesty and a belief in a free government for this free American people. To Washington then might be called all the people of the nation, to sign, one after another, their names in the great book so that all America and all the world might know how each man and woman and child stood, until all our millions were enrolled. There is no need of this. The American's Creed is written in the Stars and Stripes of our flag. Our flag stands for all that could be written in the great book at Washington. It stands for honor, justice, national honesty and a free government, and when the time of stress comes, as at present, the flag is at hand, ready to be raised in twenty million homes, a proclamation of loyalty as valid as a signed and sealed book. Our flag is not a gaily colored decoration to brighten our towns and villages; it is a creed—an "I believe"—to tell our neighbors, our nation, and the whole world how we stand.

It is remarkable to what an extent flags, even the simplest, tell the national stories. I chanced upon the flag of the little grand duchy of Luxemburg a few days ago for the first time. I had long been familiar with the Luxemburg coat-of-arms, which is a standing lion on a barred shield, surmounted by the ducal coronet, and I had imagined the flag of Luxemburg would be something like that. It is three straight bars, or stripes, of red, white and blue. These are the colors of France, but they are arranged on the flag of Luxemburg as are the red, white and black of Germany, and not perpendicularly as in the French flag. The flag tells its own story. The people of Luxemburg speak German; their sympathies are entirely French.

In something of the same way the flag of Great Britain tells its story, with the St. George's cross of England, St. Andrew's cross of Scotland and St. Patrick's cross of Ireland combined. The true story of Prussianism and its brutal aggressions is told by the German flag. The German empire, so much boasted, is shown by its flag to be but a footstool on which the king of Prussia wipes his feet, for in its center is the black eagle of Prussia, crowned, and the black cross of Prussia is smeared all over it. The German emperor is Prussia and nothing but Prussia—a military autocracy holding Bavaria, Wurttemberg, Saxony and all the other states in pawn, just as the king-kaiser would like to hold New York, California and all of America, and as he now holds helpless Luxemburg and brave Belgium. The black in all the German flags is the black of Prussia, and black is the

color that was chosen by the pirates and cutthroats.

Every one knows the story of our own flag, with the thirteen stripes that signify the thirteen original states of our Union, and the stars, one for each state in the Union today. Whether Betsy Ross or another first sewed together the stripes and stitched the original thirteen stars in place on their blue field matters little, for flags are not made in that way. Our flag was made when the wise fathers of our nation decreed that this should be a union of sovereign states and that no kingly crown or imperial eagle should appear on our banners. The long deliberations and deep wisdom of the founders of the nation made possible a flag of thirteen stripes when they decreed that each state should continue its individual existence under the national government, and in effect decreed the many-starred blue field when they said that new states, as they became worthy, might enter the Union.

Even then our flag was not a flag. It had to win a place for itself and a right to existence. It was as if the stripes were not yet welded together or the stars riveted in their places. Through the long years of the Revolutionary war the American fighting men gave their lives and shed their red blood that the flag might become a permanency. Each dying soldier by his death gave life to the flag. It was born of their blood.

There was no "separate peace" made by Massachusetts or New York or Virginia, to tear one of the thirteen stripes from the flag or to rip one of the thirteen stars from the blue field. Year after year, cold, hungry, half clothed, beaten about and buffeted, retreating and advancing, the Revolutionary heroes who had at first fought under a dozen different flags, fought under the Stars and Stripes, making it a flag. When the struggle ended at Yorktown the flag was already sacred, made so by the blood of those who died for the freedom of their fellow countrymen. Our flag was not made by those who worked with needle and thread but by those who died for high ideals. The blackest traitor that ever betrayed our country might sew silk or bunting together; our flag was made by Washington and his men, Jackson and his men, Lincoln and his men. The great minds and great hearts and brave men and women of the past made our flag a real flag. They made the flag for us; today we are making it for those who will come after us.

Must Be Made Again.

I say we are making it, because you and I, hope, are doing all we can to help our army and our navy win the fight against the blood-reeking autocracy that wishes to unmake half the flags of the world and put the modern flag of piracy in their places. For this is true: Each flag that is a real flag must be made again and again with the passing years. It is true our flag has been made and perpetuated. In times of peace it has been a flag of peace and a truer symbol of peace than the white flag of submission. It has also been a war banner as glorious as any that ever floated above the heads of armed men. Again and again, when brave men fought for what they believed to be right and justice, our flag has been torn by shot and shell and drenched with blood. It has gone forth at the head of armies, silken and fringed with gold, to come back torn and tattered but a more splendid ensign of liberty than it had ever been before. It has left our ports floating from proud ships and has sunk beneath the waves when the battered ships went down and was a greater flag then than it had been. Like the phoenix it has arisen from every fire of trial in renewed glory.

And on each Flag day, it will float from the staffs of a million American homes, perhaps from ten million or twenty million, but its greatest glory—the greatest glory of its 140 years—is that it will float in the breezes of France and Flanders beside the flags of Belgium, France and Great Britain, and on the seven seas of the world, in the world's greatest combat against autocratic brutality. No longer the flag of a group of colonies, Old Glory has become the banner of a world-power, the emblem of the mightiest free people that ever existed.

Old Glory's New Birth.

Never were the stripes of our flag brighter or the stars more brilliant on their field of blue than they are today. In field, in mine, in factory, in home, in garden, in camp, on ship, in trench and in battle line the men and women and the children of our vast free empire are united in one great cause, and the free flag of a free people floats over them, unstained and unspotted.

From generation to generation, since Old Glory was born, flags have died, but Old Glory has had new birth. The white flag of royal France and the standard of Napoleon have given way to the tricolor, but Old Glory still waves. From generation to generation our flag is born anew, re-created in our hearts, ever better loved and more sacred in our eyes, because it is the flag for which our heroes have died and because it is the symbol of the only government that can endure—a government of the people, by the people and for the people. It is the flag of no king or czar or emperor, but your flag and my flag and the flag of the brave boy who has gone with a song on his lips to die that we may remain free. Earth has no greater glory today than Old Glory. For a century and a half it has floated above our soil, a sign that we are free. Today it floats on alien breezes, in foreign lands, not for conquest but as an earnest that all nations that desire freedom shall henceforth be free.

IN CHARGE OF Y. M. C. A. WORK



Dr. E. M. Wylie, who has arrived in England from the United States to take complete charge of the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. in Great Britain. The work that the Y. M. C. A. has done for American soldiers in England and France has received praise from all sides. It cannot be overstated that it is a stimulating and invaluable factor in the high morale of our troops.

DIES LIKE A COWARD

Ex-Czar Wilts at Death; Propped to Post.

Collapses When He Faces the Firing Squad—German Paper Gives Account of Execution.

Amsterdam.—With two hours given in which to prepare for the end, Nicholas Romanoff, former Russian emperor, was taken out by his executioners in a state of such collapse that it was necessary to prop him against a post, says the Lokal Anzeiger of Berlin, which claims to have received from a high Russian personage an account of the emperor's last hours.

Nicholas was awakened at five o'clock on the morning of the day of his execution by a patrol of a non-commissioned officer and six men. He was told to dress and was then taken to a room where the decision of the soviet council was communicated to him. He was informed the execution would be carried out in two hours. The former emperor, it is added, received the announcement of the sentence of death with great calmness, but when he returned to his bedroom he collapsed in a chair. After a few minutes he was asked for a priest, with whom he was allowed to remain unattended. Subsequently he wrote several letters.

When the escort arrived to take him to the place of execution Nicholas attempted to rise from his chair, but was not able. The priest and a soldier were obliged to help him get to his feet. The condemned man descended the stairs with difficulty and once he fell down. As he was unable to stand without support when the place of execution was reached, he was propped against a post. He raised his hands and seemed to be trying to speak, but the rifles spoke and he fell dead.

BEE STINGS KILL QUICKLY

Aged Man Succumbs in Ten Minutes After Being Wounded in Wrists.

Philadelphia.—Ten minutes after he had been stung on both wrists by bees, Clargo L. Hume, sixty-six years old, a resident of Santa Ana, Cal., died. The bees' stings acted as a violent poison, physicians stated, probably because of Hume's unusual physical condition. Hume was stung by two bees when he attempted to destroy a hive close to his home.

Physicians, when told of the peculiar case, stated that there was a probability that the poison injected by the bees struck an artery and was immediately conveyed to the heart, causing death. It was also said that the bees' stings may have acted as a violent poison because of an unusual physical condition.

The physicians said that so sudden a death from bees' stings was very unusual.

SERVED AS GERMAN SPY, VINDICATES SELF

Atlanta, Ga.—Walter Wanderwell, a world-wide traveler arrested last year as a suspected German spy, having proven his innocence after five months' imprisonment to the satisfaction of the courts, is now making good in the eyes of the public by serving the United States in the office of scoutmaster of troop 31, Boy Scouts of America. At a recent street corner meeting of the boy scouts, Wanderwell finished a short talk and collected over \$200 for the Thrift Stamp boy scout campaign.