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LEO J. CARY

Phone 763

Room No. 9, First National Bank Building

Johnson's Mill

So many things have happened since I wrote last that I hardly know what to tell first. Rev. Mr. Shumard, the U. B. minister, came in last week from Los Angeles and preached at this place Sunday morning and evening. He seems to be the right man in the right place.

Some of the Johnson people got together Sunday afternoon and had an old-fashioned singing at E. B. Finley's. Such things make us think of the good old times when such things were a weekly occurrence.

Harry Hughes and family now live in our burg. They occupy John Stone's house at present, but expect to build on their own land soon. We are glad to have such people move into our neighborhood.

Mr. Ensele and helpers are getting on fine with the barn they are build-

ing on Main street for Riley Clinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Nile Miller and children were visitors at Mr. Finley's one day last week.

Orville Newton and wife, of Myrtle Point, were down here and attended church Sunday.

Littue Laverne Knife, who was sick in town, is at home now and much improved.

Miss Bess Finley, who is teaching on East Fork, was visiting home folks Saturday and Sunday. She returned to her school Sunday evening.

Mr. Lammey and Guy Finley are helping build the new barn here. Guess when it is finished we will have a sure enough barn dance.

Glenn Shores and family, of East Fork, spent the day at Finley's one day last week.

Rev. Mr. Gornell, of Myrtle Point, is conducting a series of meetings at

Fishtrap this week.

Carl Jensen, the Condensary man, was a pleasant visitor in our town Saturday night. He and some of the young people of this place motored to Marshfield and back in the evening.

All of the children of this place who are attending high school at Coquille speak well of the school and all the teachers and all seem to take great interest in their school work, and that tickles us old folks.

Miss Hazel Newton spent the day with Miss Verna Finley last Sunday.

Mrs. E. B. Finley has string beans, cucumbers, tomatoes and roasting ears all growing in her garden here the 18th day of October. Would the people back east believe it? She says if it stays this warm all winter she won't have to plant her garden next spring, it will just keep growing. Isn't old Coos a wonderful place? I wouldn't live anywhere else, would you?



ANOTHER HOSPITALITY STORY.

"Of course," said the night-watchman of the Hospitality hotel, "you knew you were coming here." He spoke to the boy and girl adventurers who were on their way to the House of Secrets. There they would learn that all the Secrets helped each other and that the great one of all was the Secret of Brotherhood. Without playing fair with everyone else no one could be a success, and no one who thought only of himself or herself could be a success—whether that person was old or young or middle-aged.

"You were told about this place before you came here with Master Thoughtfulness, but the people from outside I made come in did not know about us. They were passing and were tired and weary. They had had a long journey, but they didn't want to bother us.

"They looked at the many lights, but they said they were feeling tired and only wanted to know where they could have their supper and then a night's rest.

"I had a hard time telling them that the Hospitality hotel wasn't only for folks who were not weary. Gracious, Sir Hearty Cordiality, as inn keeper, or hotel keeper, and myself as the night-watchman, could never endure having a place where only those who felt entertaining and bright could come. That would be selfish of us, and we don't like selfishness. We really, really don't!"

He shook his head hard as he said this.

The boy and the girl looked at the night-watchman's night-stick which had surprised them so! They had no idea that his night-stick would be anything but a stout stick to beat bur-



"Night Watchman's 'Night-Stick'."

glars with! And instead they had read upon it these words written in large letters:

"Hospitality we love to show; So stop and rest ere forward you go."

The night-watchman had explained that the letters even stood out as he waved it about in the night for the lights from the hotel knew just how to shine upon it.



The live stock breeders of the East have been working to achieve perfection for nearly a century and they have secured remarkable results, but the picture shown above are not animals from the East and their type would not share the skill of any breeder on earth. They have beautiful conformation, style and quality in every line, and would stand high in any dairy show in the world. One of these animals is the junior Holstein bull calf shown at the Pacific International last year. He came from Hollywood Farm, Hollywood, Washington, and won high honors. The other is a Jersey heifer calf from Iron Mine farm at Oswego, Oregon, also on show at the Pacific International. The quality of dairy animals of all breeds on the Pacific Coast is a source of perpetual surprise to the dairy breeders of other sections. Without losing type, they have size and constitution, which the dairyman loves, and which any animal must have to endure.

The dairy industry of the Pacific Coast has grown steadily since its inception. This is partly on account of the favorable climate and wealth of feed produced here. The possibilities for increasing the output of dairy products are almost limitless. There are markets both at home and abroad for many times the amount of cheese and butter now made. The difficulty has been largely due to the unprofitable cows. High quality of animals will do away with this.

There is no place east or west, north or south, where one interested in dairy cattle can find so many in one place and select such quality as at the Pacific International at North Portland, Nov. 5-12.

"They finished a very fine banquet when Sir Hearty Cordiality said to the newcomers, 'Now you may rest, for you surely want that more than anything. It is a pleasure to have you here. Good-night.'"

Then he turned to the boy and girl. "As you like to see things and as neither of you look tired or sleepy, though I suppose you should, would you care to accept the brownie's invitation to see over the hotel?"

Of course the boy and the girl did want to see it over and they went off with a brownie after they had wished Sir Hearty Cordiality, a good night's rest and had thanked him for his kindness. He had given them each a hand shake which had been quite wonderful. The boy and the girl spoke to each other about it as they were waiting for the brownie to get the keys.

"He just shook hands as if he really and truly were so glad to see us," said the girl. "It made me feel so happy!"

Just then the little brownie came along with many keys.

"It's not," she said, "that we keep anything locked up here. Everything is open for all of us, and everyone who really wants the keys can have them. But I wanted to explain to you how in the first place of all, creatures who come to the Hospitality hotel and those who wish to take away a photograph of Sir Hearty Cordiality can do so."

"Oh," said the boy, "we forgot all about thanking him for the meals that were sent to us from here when we were on our journey."

"I'll tell him about it and all the rest too," said the brownie.

"But come, we must look around, for really it is late, very late, and you must go journeying again tomorrow."

The brownie took them through many rooms and through great halls. She showed them views from high

towers and she showed them the great kitchens. She showed them the wonderful vegetable garden with the wood of a little light she carried which she flashed from time to time when they were walking out of doors and they saw the many twinkling lights that shone from the Hospitality hotel.

Good to Get Rid of.

What is that which every one likes to have and still enjoys getting rid of? A good appetite.

Red Cross Gives \$310,000 to Aid 'Clean-Up' Drive

An appropriation of \$310,000 for Red Cross work in connection with the "clean-up" campaign instituted by the Government to bring the claims of all disabled service men who are entitled to Federal aid before the proper government bureau for action, has been made by the American Red Cross. The Executive Committee of the American Red Cross in making the appropriation authorized the appropriation of \$35,000 of this sum to the American Legion to defray the expense of the Legion representatives assigned to the various districts of the Veterans Bureau.

The remainder of the appropriation was authorized for apportionment among the several divisions of the Red Cross for carrying on that part of the "clean-up" work that falls directly upon the Red Cross organization.

Goldwyn Week at the Liberty October 29 to 29. A specially selected list of features will be found on page three. Don't miss a change as Sam says "the best is yet to come."

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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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Prince Albert's a new note in the joys of rolling 'em!

Talking about rolling your own cigarettes, we'll tell you right here that Prince Albert tobacco has 'em all lashed to the mast!

You've got a handful of happiness coming your direction when you pal it with P. A. and the makin's papers! For Prince Albert is not only delightful to your taste and pleasing in its refreshing aroma, but our exclusive patented process frees it from bite and parch!

And, for a fact, rolling up Prince Albert is mighty easy! P. A. is crimp cut and stays put and you whisk it into shape before you can count three! And, the next instant you're puffing away to beat the band!

Prince Albert is so good that it has led four men to smoke jimmy pipes where one was smoked before! It's the greatest old buddy-smoke that ever found its way into a pipe or cigarette!

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tippy red tins, handsome pouches and half pound tin humidors and in the grand crystal glass is an 8 oz. with sponge, suitcase, top.



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