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THE EDITOR'S TRAVELOGUE

(Continued from first page.)

the whole 3,000 miles of boundary from Eastport to Vancouver, were already too wise for that. What they did was to submit the entire matter to arbitration and of all men in the world, in the light of subsequent history, the sole arbiter was Emperor William I of Germany, the former Kaiser's grandfather.

The treaty between John Bull and Uncle Sam stipulated that the main channel between Puget Sound and St. George's channel should form the international boundary. There were two channels, the straits of Rosario and the Channel de Haro, England insisting that the former was the main channel and our country that the latter was. William, of Germany, glanced at the map, placed his finger on the De Haro channel, west of the San Juan Islands, and remarked "That is the main channel." How simple a way to settle a dispute. And the world war might have been obviated just as easily by a single word from William's grandson. England acquiesced, the war cloud passed and this delightful group of islands became a Washington county instead of a British province.

The second foot note has a less peaceful ending. It has to do with probably the most sanguinary battle of our Civil war, where the battalion of death on the southern side was Pickett's brigade, in command of the former captain of that name, who in his earlier years held the fort for Uncle Sam in that distant Puget Sound outpost.

But that day of days on Puget Sound in 1907 did not end with the circumnavigation of San Juan county.

Before we had reached the straits of San Juan de Fuca we made the acquaintance of a Seattle photographer named McCormick, who snapped the two Kansas pilgrims on ship-board at Friday Harbor. When we learned that he was a nephew of two of our Kansas neighbors, we cottoned to him at once and when he showed us his portfolio of Puget Sound photographs we were delighted beyond measure. Among them was the outlines of a cliff which made a picture bearing a striking likeness to Queen Victoria's profile, for which he anticipated an immense demand in Canada.

Not only did we luxuriate in these views that day, but we afterwards secured enough of them to fill a large album, but we have never since seen the Sound photographer, though we devoted a good part of a day to hunting for him on our second visit to Seattle.

The next acquaintance we made that day was an attractive young lady, who had been up the Sound on a hunting trip and had much to tell us of the wild game, which abounded there. The day closed with a wonderful sunset panorama, whose unusual brilliance still haunts us. The whole day was like a visit to fairy land, and we never recall it without again growing enthusiastic over its experiences.

Our next Puget Sound trip was four years later, after we had finally got foot loose in Kansas and were trying to find a newspaper property for sale in Washington or Oregon. This was an October trip, too, and we went as far north as Anacortes in our quest, without success. The day was chilly and the trip down without incident, so that we began to wonder where the charm of the Puget Sound section had vanished. Of course, the change was in us and in no wise in the country.

Three months ago, in midsummer the trip up the Sound was again a delightful one; but memory was too busy with the scenes and the companions of that day in 1907, when we first sailed those waters, to enjoy it as we might. We made no stop until Victoria was reached, but the swell of the straits had banished appetite for one of us and most of the hour given for sight seeing at the British Columbia capital was spent in securing a belated lunch.

The old gentleman, who piloted us to our desired haven, had recently come from a more Eastern section and was enthusiastic about the climate, as newcomers on the coast usually are. Of course, Victoria has an ideal climate and the day was as perfect there in Coquille at the same season, but we thought our new-found friend was putting it rather strong when he told us that every day in the year was like the one we were then experiencing. It reminded us vividly of the story of the eastern people, who visited Marshfield on one of the rare days of bright sunshine and June temperature in a very moist and rainy winter. Boosters at the bay took them down to Shoreacres that day and assured them it was a sample of the kind of winter days we always had here!

The Empress hotel and the parliament buildings are the principal show places of Victoria, and the whole of the western frontage of the former, six stories in height and

apparently several hundred feet long, was covered with a luxuriant growth of English ivy, which ought to have made it seem wonderfully homelike to visitors from the British Isles.

It was a lotus afternoon we spent in the voyage across the channel from Victoria to Vancouver. At first we retraced our path out into the straits, then turned north up that Channel de Haro, which the Emperor William had made our international boundary, by a single gesture, with the rugged hills of Vancouver Island towering into mountain ranges on our left and the evergreen islands of that wonderful San Juan archipelago on our right. The latter could hardly have been less beautiful than the isles of Greece, "where burning Sappho loved and sung," lying like gems in the Aegean sea, which Byron immortalized in his great poem of passion.

Fast this beautiful group of islands, which led us to so long a digression at the beginning of this travel story, we threaded among another group under the English flag and then launched out across the broad channel of St. George, through which most of our Alaska commerce flows in taking the inner channel up the coast to the far north. This inland sea, which is too wide to bear the name "channel" and midway of which we were almost out of sight of land, was almost unruffled and if we remember rightly rocked us so gently that we did not forego the post prandial nap that we are always to enjoy.

The coast of the mainland of British Columbia, with the adjacent islands, grew on the horizon as the afternoon waned and while the mellow rays of the afternoon sun were still illuminating the scene we entered Burrard Inlet, the harbor of Vancouver, approaching that city of 150,000 people from the north as do the steamships plying to San Francisco and across the Pacific to China, Japan and Australia.

Here this travelogue must end, and here we found almost a day on our hands before we could entrain for our transcontinental trip to Montreal. We had thought we might perhaps cover that entire journey in one article, but our pen has wandered so far afield that we have hardly got started, although we have left the home land, whose mountain peaks are still visible to the south away behind us, and reached a foreign shore.

Gouverneur Morris' remarkable story "THE PENALTY" at the Liberty October 25 and 26. Program on page three.

The Biggest Deer Ever

They are telling a little story through the Portland papers seemingly vouched for by the state game commission, the largest deer ever killed on the Pacific coast was one that was killed by the three amateur hunters of Portland, to-wit: Herbert Counter, C. C. Schenk and Dr. Anderson, which was claimed to weigh 300 pounds and had five antlers of what is known in Oregon as the bench-legged species of deer. Now comes Pete Cowan, an old pioneer who has lived almost a lifetime on the lower Umpqua and tells the Port Umpqua Courier that 30 years ago he and associates killed a bench legged deer of the same species mentioned in the Portland press which weighed 400 pounds after being dressed; antlers, head and internal taken out weighed over 400 pounds.

The deer was a freak variety which had six antlers. In those days it was not an uncommon thing to kill a deer of this species which would weigh 300 pounds or over. This species of deer has practically disappeared from the Lower Umpqua section of Douglas county where they previously ranged along the hear waters of Smith river.

The deer spoken of is probably the largest deer killed in the state of Oregon of which any record has been kept. The hide when taken off weighed 14 1-2 pounds, which was sold to a Mr. McKenzie, of the Gardiner Mill company of Gardiner for 40 cents per pound. Although there are many smaller species of smaller deer here, the large bench deer have disappeared.

Vivid pictures of the whirlpools of life is "THE PENALTY" at the Liberty October 25 and 26. See the program on page three.

Fraedrick's Auto Taken

The Eugene Guard says that E. E. Fraedrick, formerly of Coquille, was fined \$2 by the city recorder there for allowing his car to stand with no lights. Fraedrick's car was picked up by the police on Thursday after it had stood for three nights at the corner of Nineteenth avenue and Charnelton street. Fraedrick claims that his machine broke down and that he sent a garage man for it. He appeared at the police station greatly agitated yesterday when he returned to the spot where he had left his car and found it missing.

A tremendous grip upon the facts of life is "THE PENALTY" at the Liberty October 25 and 26. See the program on page three.

How MICHELIN has overcome the commonest causes of tire trouble



TREAD CUTS

When a tire is cut, dirt and moisture work in between the layers of cords weakening the tire and causing early decay.

Michelin Tires offer maximum protection against such injuries. The exceptional toughness and thickness of the Michelin tread prevent many cuts from penetrating; and if a cut does penetrate the injury is minimized by the Michelin body-construction. In this construction every cord is impregnated with rubber, the tire being a single mass that offers unique protection against the inroads of dirt and moisture yet is flexible in the extreme.

Let us show you a Michelin Cord.

Vulcanizing Battery Work
Solid Tire Press
Store Your Car With Us
Coquille Service Station
Service All the Time Phone 133

Fire Service Co-operation

J. M. Thomas, chief warden for the Coos County Fire Patrol Association, together with E. H. McDaniels, of Grants Pass, government forester, left Tuesday morning on a tour of inspection. They went out on the train to Powers and expect to go to Sugar Loaf mountain, to the Sixes and to Johnson mountain.

In this county there is government timber which comes under the supervision of Mr. McDaniels and he is here to arrange for better co-operation next year with the county association. It has been found that by the association, the state and the government foresters working jointly, a great saving can be brought about by avoiding going over the same ground and that a closer patrol can be maintained during the fire season.

Mr. McDaniels and Mr. Thomas will go over the ground on this trip to see what improvements can be made, especially in the way of building telephone lines. It is also planned

to establish a lookout on Sugar Loaf mountain and connect it with a telephone. Sugar Loaf obstructs the view on one side of the mountain and it will be necessary to have a lookout on top so a large territory can be kept in sight.—Coos Bay Times.

Have \$12,000 Worth of Radium

Dr. Phil J. Keiser and his brother, Dr. Russell Keiser, have purchased \$12,000 worth of radium for use in their offices at North Bend and the former has gone east to study the therapeutic uses of radium. He will visit the plants and laboratories at Denver, Colorado, where radium is prepared for use. He will then attend clinics in Chicago and New York to witness the use of radium in specific cases. Before returning he will attend a reunion of the First Gas Regiment with which he served in Europe during the war.

Gouverneur Morris' remarkable story "THE PENALTY" at the Liberty October 25 and 26. See the program on page three.

Feed
Just Received

Mill Run, per ton	\$29.50
Rolled Barley, per sk	1.45
Rolled Oats, per sk	1.40
Molasso Meal, per cwt	2.15
Grey Feed Oats, per cwt	1.95
Good White Oats for chicken feed, per sk	1.50
Cocoa Meal, per sk	1.85
Sure Lay, per sk	3.40
Cracked Corn, per cwt	2.45

Dunham's Groceteria
Coquille, Oregon

Many Called; Few Chosen

Judge Coke says that since he had been on the bench the group of aliens seeking citizenship here last week was the most poorly prepared of any he had ever had before him.

Many were instructed to study more about the government before they applied again. The judge insists that a man must be informed on the matters of government of this country before he will admit him.

Others were refused citizenship for two years because during the war they had taken advantage of the fact that they were not citizens in order to be exempted from fighting and the court held that such persons were not entitled to citizenship at this time.

Gustav Nagle, of Bandon, German—postponed for want of further study.

Momme Jacobsen, of Myrtle Point, native of Finland—dismissed for want of prosecution as applicant did not appear.

Julius Yutzler, of Leneve, native of Switzerland—postponed for further study.

Martin Dahl, of Prosper, native of Norway—denied without prejudice because applicant and witnesses were not qualified.

Carl Hanson Nelson, of Bandon,

native of Denmark—not present. Peter Rallo, of Riverton, native of Italy—postponed for further study.

New Source for Booze

Many fortunes have been picked from waste heaps. By-products of the packing plant, of the incinerator, of the many manufacturing enterprises, are worth money just as is the principal product. The profits of many a business come through the back door.

Garbage collectors frequently find valuables among the refuse. There is a demand for much of the stuff they gather from the back-door cans. Side lines also pay well for the garbage collector.

One of the guild with an east side route has been retailing "moon." It was a very tasty concoction and a good demand was created for the "hip oil," as it was crystal clear and delivered in neat packages. But a perfectly good trade was ruined when the bragging garbage man told one of his customers that it was one of the by-products of his route. He fermented the spoiled vegetables and refuse such as potato peelings, and distilled the result.—Oregonian.

The Sentinel and the Oregon Farmer can still be obtained for \$2.15 for one year.

Champion Ewe at Live Stock Exposition



The Pacific International Live Stock Exposition which will be held at South Portland this year, November 5-12, will probably contain the largest sheep show in its history. Manager O. M. Plummer believes that there may be 1000 head. In view of the fact that all the fairs and shows in the Northwest this year are showing greatly increased sheep exhibits, his prophecy is apt to come true.

The animal shown above is "Oregon Lassie," the champion yearling ewe of the Cheviot breeds, owned by R. A. Templeton of Halsey, Oregon.

Western Oregon has long been famous for its middle wool sheep, and already this year notable winnings have been made by exhibits from this section at fairs and expositions throughout Canada and the eastern part of the United States.

Perhaps it was not altogether a fable about Jason adventuring his life in search of the golden fleece. While the wool growers of the Northwest have had a hard time since the war, the ultimate future of wool and mutton production is certain to be financially profitable. The day will come when no sheep will be considered fully stocked without a small flock of sheep.

There is bound to be a great demand for breeding stock and the Pacific International will furnish an opportunity unequalled for securing foundation