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APPAREL EVENT OF THE AUTUMN MODES

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HATS

A presentation of new and correct Millinery Modes concentrating on the Ultimate Smartness of the Entire Ensemble

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Values extraordinary

Pure silk Umbrellas with wide satin borders or fancy two-tone borders. Plain color or the new Scotch plaid. All new style, with amber tips and ferrules.

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Pure silk hose, life re-inforced, in the new shades, Manx, Lariat, Hanger. Every pair a dream.

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Colors Blue and White, Pink and white, size 12x20. Special value at 98c

One lot of Ladies Silk and Woolen DRESSES
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Exquisite modes which interpret the new fashions for elegance with a perfection of feminine grace are now being shown as our suggestion for modish Fall and Winter wardrobe.

Dresses of unusual distinction featuring circular Flares, Draped Lines, Slim Silhouettes and Molded Bodice effects—in glittering satin—cut velvets—georgette—charmeen—cotton crepe. All the wanted materials in all the wanted shades.



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Delightful new designs and colors in wonderful variety. Dressmakers and others who are planning new Fall garments will find it decidedly advantageous to shop at this store. Beautiful crepe de chine, flat crepes, satin crepes, bordered crepe, charmeen, novelty flannel in borders and stripes in all the wanted colors. You are cordially invited to view these lovely creations at your earliest convenience.

The New Utz & Dunn Slippers for Fall

And they are beautiful. Delicate lines. Lovely effects. So new. So different. So daintily feminine and so typically Utz & Dunn.

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- N. B. Rain Pants
- N. B. Rain Coats
- Filson Rain Pants
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Coquille, Oregon

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SOCIAL NOTES

The senior "500" club met at the home of Mrs. Geo. Chaney for a one o'clock luncheon Wednesday. As this was the first meeting of the club since the summer vacation, every one enjoyed the afternoon very much. Bright colored asters were used as decorations. Dainty place cards marked places for the following: Mesdames H. W. Pierce, Lynn Parr, J. E. Paulson, J. F. Cramer, T. B. Currie, Viola Collier, C. A. Baer, L. H. Hazard, C. C. Evland, Bert Folsom, Frank Thrift, W. V. Glaisyer and the hostess. Mrs. H. W. Pierce and Mrs. T. B. Currie assisted the hostess in serving. Mrs. C. A. Baer held high score.

Mrs. H. S. Norton entertained at a one o'clock bridge luncheon Friday for Mrs. Earl Willey of Corvallis. Seated around the beautifully appointed table were the Mesdames Viola Collier, H. W. Pierce, J. W. Miller, T. B. Currie, Jennie Price, W. V. Glaisyer, Roy Neal and the honor guest and hostess. Mrs. T. B. Currie received a novel box of bridge scores and numbers as high score prize.

Complimenting Miss Pauline Lorenz, who recently announced her engagement to Mr. Merle Pettit, of Eugene, Mrs. Tracy Leach entertained with a surprise shower Friday evening. Many beautiful gifts of silver, linen and china were received from the following invited guests: Mesdames J. A. Lamb, J. L. Smith, H. W. Pierce, F. L. Greenough, Jack Leach, Fred Lorenz, G. Earl Low, Bert Folsom, Henry Lorenz, R. F. Miller, C. C. Evland, Geo. Johnson, E. W. Lorenz, J. L. Aasen, E. Wimer, W. E. Rosserman, Nels Osmundson, A. N. Gould, Sarah Wickham, Geo. Leach, Judith Collier, H. A. Young, M. J. Hartson, C. A. Reisman, and Miss Harriet Gould and Mrs. S. S. Norton, of Redding, Cal., Mrs. L. L. Mahan, of Hempstead, Texas, and Mrs. Phillip, of Bandon. Cards and fancy work were enjoyed during the evening and later dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. Jas. Watson entertained the Junior Bridge club Wednesday evening. Masses of red dahlias and maple leaves were used about the rooms. The club members present were the Mesdames J. S. Barton, T. B. Currie, H. S. Norton, H. W. Pierce, A. O. Walker, J. L. Smith, C. L. Tuttle and Miss Marian Young and the special guests were the Mesdames M. G. Hawkins, J. A. Burket, Viola Collier, Jennie Price, C. C. Evland, R. H. Mast, Bert Folsom, Anna Rooney, Lynn Parr, Robt. Kramer, W. V. Glaisyer and the Misses Ella Horn, Mabel Eisaman, Myrtle and Maymie DeLong. Mrs. Currie received club prize and Miss Horn guest prize.

Mrs. Anna Rooney entertained the members of the G'n G club Monday evening. This was the first meeting of the fall season as many of the members were away during the summer. The club voted to help in every way the organization of business woman's club for Coquille. The following members were present: Misses Myrtle and Maymie De Long, Marian Young, Connie Willoughby, Eva Lenox, Agnes Whetstone, Della Lund, Ella Horn, Mabel Eisaman, Ruth Nissen and Mrs. Bertha Smith and Mrs. Mary Corthell. Miss Ella Horn and Miss Mabel Eisaman assisted in serving refreshments.

Mrs. Paul Van Scoy was hostess to the members of St. James Episcopal Guild Wednesday afternoon with the following present: Mesdames A. W. Bell, Thos. White, Roy Neal, F. L. Greenough, H. A. Young, E. D. Webb, C. J. Fuhrman, Geo. Lorenz, Helep Sperry and Coon. The meeting next week will be with Mrs. Nels Osmundson.

The Coquille Woman's club met with Mrs. Nels Osmundson Tuesday afternoon with the president, Mrs. T. B. Currie presiding. The following members and visitors were present: Mesdames L. H. Hazard, C. J. Fuhrman, T. B. Currie, Viola Collier, Whitehead, Curtis Townsend, L. P. Maury, Lufe Compton, Ida Owen, Chas. Ashton, A. W. Bell, E. B. Rogers, J. T. Nodler, Frank Thrift, Ed. McKeown, Geo. Leach, Sarah Wickham, Miss Ella Horn and the hostess committee, Mrs. W. V. Glaisyer, Mrs. Roy Neal, Mrs. G. Earl Low and Mrs. Paul Van Scoy. Miss Horn spoke on the needs of the nurses' chest and county hospital and Mrs. Ida Owen was appointed chairman of a committee to help get the needed articles. Will any one who has old warm clothing, old white rags and furniture, curtains, etc. which are not needed take same to city hall or call Mrs. Ida Owen.

The club meeting of Tuesday, Oct. 27, will be held at the home of Mrs. L. H. Hazard with Mrs. J. A. Lamb, Mrs. Geo. Leach, Mrs. C. J. Fuhrman and Mrs. Lufe Compton as the committee.

What a Liar She Was

By ZONA DAVIDSON

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ELIZABETH MOORE turned impatiently at the call of a weak voice that came from an inner room. She had been watching the tall, virile form of Doctor Gresham as he passed through the gate and entered the car, waving a good-by to her, and her eyes were heavy with the memory of the kiss she had permitted him to give her while the Man slept in the darkened room.

Now the Man had awakened and his call had taken the sunshine out of her eyes and the eager youthfulness from her face. Yet, when she entered the sick room, she smiled and softly asked:

"Is there something I can do for you, dear?"

"What did the doctor say?" the Man asked, weakly. "You two seem to have a lot of secrets; I could scarcely hear your voices." Suddenly he said: "Gresham loves you, Elizabeth."

The color flooded Elizabeth's face and she turned quickly away. It was true. And it was sweet. Gresham did love her and only this—the mistake stood between her and happiness.

"You—you—love him?" the Man asked, timidly, his voice weak with fear. "You don't love him, Elizabeth?"

"No, dear, no, no," she said, and pressed her soft mouth against his wasted throat. "I only love you, only you, dear."

"Sometimes, Elizabeth," he said, with a pathos that hurt her, "sometimes I think of the terrible price you have paid for your little happiness. When we did it—"

He stopped a moment, then went on—

"When we ran away, I believed I could make you happy. Always remember that I believed I could make you happy, won't you, dear? But you were eighteen and I—I was forty."

"Hush," she said, soothingly, "hush. You will only excite yourself. I sacrificed nothing and I have nothing to regret. You have made me happy, always. It was you who paid the price. You gave up your home and your children, your business and your friends, you even disgraced the name you were so proud of, for my sake, and all I have given you has been my foolish love. Yet I did—I do love you."

"Do you really love me?" he asked, eagerly.

For a moment Elizabeth's eyes closed and her face was drawn and old, then she silently answered by pressing the Man still closer to her breast; she kissed him and crooned over him, calling him a thousand endearing names, until he fell asleep.

When she awoke to her feet and saw his placed his head back on the pillow, her lips were as white as her cheeks.

"God! What a liar I am. What a farce life is," she whispered. "Two years ago I asked only the right to bear his name, to tell the world I was his wife; to forget the shame of being—just the other woman, and then—she died. I was glad. It meant that he was all mine and we need never hide any more."

She tried to count the few months that the ecstasy of possession had thrilled her and was conscious that though the fire had swiftly burned out, there had always been a feeling of ineffable peace until she met Gresham.

And while she mused upon him she heard his step on the walk and sprang forward to meet him. In the moonlight she searched his face and its peculiar expression chilled her.

"How is he?" he asked, tersely.

"About the same," she answered.

"What is the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," he said. "I don't know how to tell you this, Elizabeth, but I have been fighting with myself ever since—since this afternoon and even before. I love you, dear. He paused.

"Well?" she questioned.

"You will have to get another doctor for him. I am afraid to trust myself. I can't help hoping—don't shrink like that. I am not a murderer, but I hate him because he dared wreck your life with his selfish passion and I hate him because I love you. The temptation is terrible! A little negligence, the wrong medicine—God! I can't face it, girl. Don't listen to me, the temptation is damnable. I cannot attend him any longer."

Elizabeth stood silently facing the clear sky, and the expression in her eyes startled Gresham.

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fought herself free.

"Tell me," she commanded, and stamped his wrist until her fingers seemed to press the bone. "Tell me, have you—do you mean—"

"Elizabeth," Gresham said, sharply, "I have at least a little honor. I am not a murderer. I simply asked you to take the temptation from me."

Elizabeth suddenly sobbed and pushed him aside.

"Don't touch me," she said, "don't dare touch me. I'm going to get another doctor. I want him to live, I want him to live, I didn't lie, I love him, oh, how I love him!"

And Gresham watched her stumble into the house.

Meanings of Words

A dialectical word is one derived from a dialect, such as the Scotch word "ay," which means present. An obsolete word is one no longer in use, such as the term "recept," meaning "called." A foreign word is one which has not yet been incorporated into another language. An example would be "hainweb," meaning "homestead."