

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

Every Article in this Store is offered at a Reduction. Broken Stock and Odd Lots are sold at Cost Price and Bargain Shoes and Men's Suits are sold at a Loss to us. We reserve nothing and offer Discounts from 10 to 50 per cent.

Sale Opens Monday, January 11th

Men's Dress Wear

Hats Reduced	20%
Dress Shirts	30%
Silk Sox	20%
Dress Wool Sox	30%
Neckties	20%
Belts, Collars, etc.	20%

Ladies Holeproof Hosiery

Reduced 20%

Men's Work Clothes

Wool Shirts Reduced	20%
Coat Sweaters	20%
Rain Slickers	20%
All Gloves	20%
Heavy Wool Sox	20%
Rain Test Pants	20%

Ladies & Men's Umbrellas

Reduced 20%



All Shoes Reduced

Regular Stock

20 per cent

Broken Lines offered on

BARGAIN TABLES



Men's Dress Wear

Caps Reduced	20%
Sweaters	30%
Flannel Trousers	20%
Blazer Shirts	30%
Dress Scarfs	30%
Dress Gloves	20%

Ladies' Alligator Raincoats

Reduced 20%

Men's Work Clothes

Coveralls Reduced	20%
Overalls	20%
Work Shirts	20%
Rain Hats	20%
Rubber Boots	20%
Rain Test Coats	20%
Buckers & Fallers	
Black Undershirts	20%

Suit Cases and Hand Bags

Reduced 20%



Men's Suits

Reduced
25%

Boy's Suits

Reduced
25%

Men's Overcoats

Reduced
30%

Children's Overcoats

Reduced
30%



STAR BRAND SHOES AND HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

PHONE 100

When Better Merchandise Is Made We Will Sell It

PHONE 100

Hub Clothing & Shoe Co.

COQUILLE

OREGON

The Command to "Move On"

By MORGAN SHEPARD

(Copyright.)

THE shattering "morning of the earthquake" and the after days of flame and chaos had become memories only in our turmoil of untimed work and feverish readjustment. Bread and canned goods were plentiful while the embers of our city cooled, and there was promise, too, for time for rest, and time to gather our scattered faculties—but still we hungered, our canned and pickled stomachs cried out for fresh green stuff, and the gnawing ache was worse than thirst and more relentless.

Here and there a vicious jet of fire spouted upward with a hiss of triumph in searching out and finding some hidden chaff to deal with as a

great city had been dealt with. Chaos was subsiding and man had begun to think again. Eyes glazed by terror or dim with stupid resignation once more carried a low light of some reasoning thought.

The water front—that haven for the distracted throngs of the fire days—gave up its cowering and waiting crews. "Move on—move on," had been yelled from behind the bayonet's point. Little bands of aimless creatures stumbled forth into the ruins to start again, beyond or amid that crushed and still smouldering city of memory.

From my hill I could see scores of these plodding bands melt like shadows into the lowering murk that clung to the long stretches of gray streets—named streets in irony surely. All these shadows of men bent upon some vague purpose were the fatesman and jetsam after a storm of fire and a quaking earth. But to us who had worked and sickened for the lack of fresh green things the word "orange" was music and "potato" was song. I

was hidden to find them or anything, be it ever so green.

My path to the water front by way of Vallejo street looked comparatively cool and plain. It was no hard matter to select, for all streets were as clearly defined as if painted on a red map. Oakland lay bright and clean across the bay. Surely our need might be found for a price in that oasis beyond the water!

Coming my way I saw a mother, with no man to guide and guard. Through reeking ashes there trudged behind her four children, a boy, perhaps of twelve, and three girls, all younger—one of them a silent little toddler. Each wayfarer bore some burden too great, but too precious to abandon—pots, pans, besmudged bedding and the ever-familiar pillowcase, stuffed with God knows what—and bread.

"Move on, move on," the military had ordered. They were moving on, but action had no meaning. The mother's lips were dry, flabby and purposeless, her eyes dead, save for a name-

less gleam that distorted the heavy eyelids. She stared before her out of those dull eyes and turned neither to right nor left, her sordid little escort of wordless offspring following along after her.

In that company there was a sixth. Wrapped in a soiled red shawl to its mother was a nursing babe, with face buried deep in the bare breast of the woman. One little arm, released from bond, dangled in rhythm with the mother's plodding steps. I saw that the child was dead.

"Mother," I said, in the language of her people, "your baby—do you know, mother—that—that your baby is dead?"

She made no reply, there was no exclamation. She stopped heavily, as did all of her followers—my word might have been a military "halt." Her expression did not change a shade from its fixed despair, there was not even a twitch of the shadowed lips or a tremor of the swollen eyelids. Then with awkward, fumbling fingers she undid the bonds that held her babe

to her; the child's head fell back inertly against the mother's soiled hand and slowly she raised the little body to her parched cheek as if to listen for a heart beat; but she heard none, for, turning to the dust and ashes about her she stared forth vacantly as she had before I had given my message. Judging by that unmoved face life might have been to her the same as it was before she learned that death reposed upon her bosom.

Near where she stood there flared up one of those vicious spurts of flame, dying reluctantly amid a tangle of wreckage. Thrusting itself through this mass was a mound of glowing embers. Deliberately she stooped and laid her babe upon that waiting pyre, and leaned over it a little time. "Dust to dust," I said in my heart.

She spoke no word, there was no cry, no tears came to the dull eyes, and her lips were unchanged. Then she fell again into the weary trudging I had interrupted. The drowsy smoke hung low along the broken street up which the woman passed.

The sun shone red through a veil that rose over the funeral pyre of a city and a babe, as a mother obeyed the command of God and the military to move on.

Speed on the Cable

A new cable from New York to Italy was officially opened recently. By the use of permalloy, a nickel-iron mixture, around its copper core, the cable is able to transmit about 1,700 letters a minute as compared to some 250 a minute by ordinary cable.—Time

Discovery

When Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun he could not guess at coronium.

Fire Toll

Carelessness alone causes \$475,000, 000 fire loss in this country each year.

Blank Warranty Deeds for sale at this office.