

Liberty Theatre

May 23 to May 29

SUNDAY ONLY
"THE STORM BREAKER"
 With House Peters and Ruth Clifford
 A rugged, rousing drama of mighty heart throbs and stirring thrills.
 Also two reels of fast fun and snappy action
"HELLO, GOODBY" with Lige Conley
 Added Attraction
"PAUL'S SAXOPHONE QUARETETTE"
 Playing Popular and Standard Numbers
 The first Saxophone Quartette to be presented in this territory

Regular Admissions
MONDAY AND TUESDAY
"THE MERRY WIDOW"
 With Mae Murray as the Widow and John Gilbert as the Prince
 Thousands of players! Scenes of wild revelry in night-time Vienna! Tender, throbbing romance—Madcap adventure—Unbelievable beauty. You'll be entranced from the start to finish. A picture for 35c that has brought \$1.50 in many places.

Also
"AESOP'S FABLES" "WEBFOOT WEEKLY"
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
"PEACOCK FEATHERS"
 With Jacq. Logan and Cullen Landis, Geo. Fawcett and Ward Crane.
 From the sensational novel by Temple Bailey. A come-back at the moralist who sniffs at the modern girl. A drama of the triumph of dire poverty over great riches with plenty of comedy.
 Also "HEAVY LOVE" 2 reels of laffs
"NEWS WEEKLY"

FRIDAY ONLY
"THE UNGUARDED HOUR"
 With Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in a story of romance on the Riviera. One word tells the story: SUPERB!
 Also Charley Chase in "ISN'T LIFE TERRIBLE?"
 A Hal Roach Laugh-Maker

SATURDAY
 Tom Tyler in
"THE WYOMING WILDCAT"
 A wholesome, peppy, rollicking Western melodrama with splendid high-lights of comedy and sweep and the thunder of galloping hoofs.
 Also "ALL TIED UP" A two reel comedy.
NEWS WEEKLY
 Albert Avilla at the Marr & Colton, America's finest organ

Coming Soon:
 Colleen Moore in
"IRENE"
 Colleen's greatest picture.

A Classic
 "Speaking in Tongues" by John Matthews, price 40 cents, Nazarene Publishing House, Kansas City, Mo., is a marvelous book. It fairly thrills its readers with its plunges into history from "The Tower of Babel" to the present moment. It teems with information that is sealed to most people but cannot but profit all who read it.—J. S. Penix.

Six children in Kansas protested to the probate judge that their mother was an unfit guardian for them because she bobbed her hair and wore gay clothing. It wouldn't probably miss the mark very far to guess that she was a stepmother.
 Why not eat Sunday's dinner at the Hotel Coquille? You'll enjoy it, as well as a day of rest.

SOCIAL NOTES

Mrs. H. C. Getz entertained with two tables of bridge Monday evening the following being guests: Mesdames Jas. Brady, J. L. Aasen, M. J. Harrison, J. A. Burket, H. S. Norton, T. B. Currie and H. W. Pierce. Mrs. Aasen held high score.

The Coquille Woman's Club are to get out a cook book in the near future with the following ladies as heads of the different divisions:
 Mrs. C. J. Fuhrman, Soups.
 Mrs. Ed. McKeown, Fish.
 Mrs. O. C. Sanford, Meats.
 Mrs. J. L. Shawver, Salads.
 Mrs. H. A. Young, Breads.
 Mrs. Jas. Brady, Cakes.
 Mrs. C. T. Skeels, Pies.
 Mrs. Paul Van Scoy, Deserts.
 Mrs. Nels Osmundson, Doughnuts and Cookies.
 Mrs. C. C. Farr, Jams, Pickles and Relishes.

Mrs. H. C. Getz, Miscellaneous.
 Mrs. J. L. Aasen, Sandwich fillings.
 Miss Marian Young, Candy.
 Anyone having an especially good recipe, please phone or mail it to the lady in charge of that division or bring it to the club meeting Tuesday at the home of Mrs. C. C. Farr.

The Coquille Woman's Club will meet Tuesday afternoon May 25 at the home of Mrs. C. C. Farr on Spurgeon Hill. All ladies of the town cordially invited whether members or not.

Mrs. Jennie Price and Mrs. H. S. Norton entertained at a delightful sewing party Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Price, complimenting Mrs. Jennie Keller. Bouquets of roses were very effectively used for the decorations. Those enjoying the afternoon were the Mesdames H. C. Getz, T. B. Currie, Viola Collier, H. W. Pierce, Roy Neal, Pearl Ellingsen, Arthur Ellingson, W. V. Glaisyer, Ed. McKeown, J. L. Aasen, F. C. McNelly, Jas. Watson, Chas. Ashton, J. A. Burket, Wm. Howell and Dodge and Miss Amy Johnson, of Tacoma.

The Coquille Woman's Club will give a gingham ball at Graham's Hall, Wednesday, June 2. Watch for further announcements and posters.

The Justamere club met with Mrs. H. A. Young Thursday for a one-fifty-dollar dinner.
 Sweet Williams were used about the rooms and roses were used on the luncheon tables. Covers were placed for Mesdames O. C. Sanford, M. O. Hawkins, C. J. Fuhrman, L. H. Hazard, H. W. Pierce, Paul Van Scoy, F. L. Greenough, J. A. Lamb, Thos. White, A. J. Sherwood, Nels Osmundson, Mis Ella Walstrom and the hostess. The afternoon was spent very informally with fancy work and chat.

Fred Lorenz of the Leader is giving the Coquille Woman's Club 10 per cent of the receipts of Monday's sales. Let all who are interested in Coquille, whether members of the club or not supply their needs on this day, as the money is used for civic improvement. Remember the day, Monday, May 24th.

For the pleasure of her son, Frederick's, birthday Mrs. Jas. Watson entertained at a delightful children's party. The following little guests were present: Beverly Jean and Joy Norton, Rolph Fuhrman, Ann Hawkins, Jottie and June Watson, Robert Donald and Sammie Kramer, Lorene Childs, Barbara Ann Keller, Dorothy May Bender, Jean and Carolyn Schroeder and Clarabel and Frederick Watson.

Thirty-two members and guests of the Coquille Business and Professional Women's Club enjoyed a weenie roast and picnic at Bandon Monday evening. After nine o'clock a swim was enjoyed in the Wecoma Baths. Those making the trip were: Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bosserman, Mesdames Fred Sample, Inez Chase, Martha Mulkey, Margaret Crouch, Carrie Alice Schroeder, Mary Corthell, Rose Kerr, Ida K. Owen, Anna Rooney, Edith Miller, Belya Gage, James Richmond, Kate Hanson and Misses Ernestine Hicks, Eva Lenox, Saima Lindros, Pauline Chase, Charlotte Bell, Gladys Burgess, Mary Druley, Edna Asplund, Mabel Eisman, Edna Robinson, Maymie DeLong, Ella Horn, Blythe Cousins, Mary Griner.

The longest telegraph line in the world is that between Liverpool and Teheran, capital of Persia. It is 4,290 miles in length.

A dentist's drill of excellent workmanship was discovered in England during excavations on the site of an ancient Roman camp.

The city of Lima, Peru, experienced an earthquake on an average of once a week, but during the past ten years there has been no loss of life or property.

Buy at Nosler's—and Save

Regular Prices	SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY, MAY 22
Instant Postum 40c	Extra Standard Tomatoes 2' for 25c
Postum Cereal 20c	Fancy Sliced Peaches 25c
Kellogg's All Bran 20c	Fancy Olives, pints 2 for 45c
Cornflakes & Post Toasties, pkg. 10c	Fancy Budded Walnuts, per lb 30c
Canned Milk 10c	Mazola Oil, qts. 47c
Jello 10c	Old Dutch Cleanser 4 for 25c
Wellman Fancy Tomatoes 2 for 35c	Scratch Food \$2.75
Schilling's Baking Power, 1 lb 45c	
All Tobacco & Cigarettes 2 for 25c	
Campbell's Soups 10c	
Citrus Powder, per pkg. 25c	
Carnation Wheat & Oats 40c	

Specials After 6 o'clock p. m.

Hotel Benson Coffee, per lb	48c
4 lb Snowdrift	93c
Fancy Pineapple, per can	25c
Schilling's Baking Powder, 1 lb can	40c
18 lb Sugar	\$1.00
Olympic Flour	\$2.10

It always pays to pay Cash

NOSLER'S CASH STORE

Free Delivery

Shadow's Kill

Lans Leneve

It was a mystic night of Indian Summer, that golden month of the woods, the month that has no equal.

The sharp twang in the air already told of the approach of grim winter. The pine squirrels no longer took time to bark and scold at the approach of a hunter, or some denizen of the big woods, but were busily engaged in storing up a hoard of nuts for the approaching winter. Song birds were migrating for the South and the whistling of ducks' wings and the honk, honk of geese, high over head, was another unfailing sign that spoke only too plainly of the coming of storm-cloud months. Now and then a gay splotch of color was added to the scene, as a gorgeous winged butterfly flitted about, sipping from the wild honeysuckle, as if loathe to leave to where the warm sun's rays beckoned from the Southward.

The silvery brook, laughing and slashing through the mossy dells, wending its way to the big river far below, alone seemed unmindful of the approach of Winter. It was into this setting that Shadow came, his great, yellow body hugging close to the winter-brake that bordered the big timber.

Shadow, the biggest panther of the Cascade Range, was hungry. He had traveled far in quest of food and he was not in a pleasant frame of mind. Miles back in the mountains behind him, the carcasses of many deer bore mute testimony of where Shadow had roamed. There he had roamed for many days, unmolested, until the hunters came—hunters with a yelping pack of dogs, who drove all before them.

At thought of this, a low snarl came from the beast's lips. Hate was planted deep in his heart against the dogs and hate against the men who followed them. Suddenly the great beast halted and slunk still closed to the ground. From far in the rear came the faint voices of hounds—dogs on a cold trail.

So they were still pursuing him? Miles and miles of rough country lay between him and where he had last heard the voices of the pack. The breeze coming down the little draw brought a familiar odor—the smell of man, the panther's greatest enemy.

The hair on the beast's neck stiffened and his long, rope-like tail lashed savagely against his sides. His eyes took on a greener tinge and he growled deep down in his throat. The man came into full view at the head of the little draw. He paused for an instant, looking in the direction of the coming hounds. His eyes held a look of fear and his hands gripped the rifle he carried until the

knuckles showed white beneath the skin.

He was a hundred yards in advance of Shadow and was unaware of the presence of the great jungle beast.

Both fear and anger beat in the heart of the beast. He was not trapped exactly, for there were chances to escape on either side, but even stronger than fear, there burned in the heart of the huge cat—hate; hatred against man, his ancient enemy. Hatred triumphed over fear and as the man turned from the opening and struck out in the direction of the bubbling stream, the skulking form of the panther was close upon him.

Reaching the stream, the man plunged in to his knees and started wading rapidly down stream. Shadow followed closely, following the brushy bank of the creek. Watching his movements, it would have been easy to understand how he derived his name.

His padded feet made scarcely a sound and his long body slunk behind every bit of cover.

The dogs in the rear were forgotten by the beast. Just ahead was his hated enemy—and food. The big cat drew nearer and nearer. Again the hair raised on the back of his neck and again came the low growls from his throat. The huge body grew taut and crouched low, the long hind legs drew up close beneath his belly. Then like a darting streak of lightning, the long body shot through the air.

A scream of fear rose to the lips of the man, as the panther's body struck him full upon the back, knocking him down into the flowing water of the stream—then silence as the gleaming teeth of the brute sank deep into his throat.

Shadow emerged from the stream, dragging the body of his victim with him and as he did so the loud, clear voices of the hounds, on a hot trail, rang out behind him, only a few hundred yards distant.

Forgotten were the pangs of hunger and his hatred for the dogs and man. Forgotten was everything, except that instinct of self preservation which is born in the hearts of beasts as well as man.

With a savage growl he whirled and plunged into the stream, going down at least a hundred yards before he emerged, for Shadow was a wise animal and had used this same trick many times in the past to fool dogs that pursued him.

Five minutes later a pack of hounds burst into the little clearing and set upon the dead body of the man, and when, several minutes later, the Sheriff and his posse arrived upon the scene, the body was torn to shreds and the hounds sat about on their haunches, wagging their tails in welcome.

The sheriff and his men stopped in amazement. "Can you beat that?" exclaimed the sheriff. "Not a dog damaged."

He picked up the rifle of the dead man and examined it. "Not one shot fired. How do you figure that?"

And then addressing the dogs, "Old sports, you sure did fine, but how in thunder you ever caught and killed the worst desperado in Oregon is sure a mystery to me."

Far up the mountain side Shadow halted in his retreat to the Southward to draw his lips back over a swimming fangs as he gazed back down into the valley where the voices of the dogs had long ceased.

Was the low growl Shadow's cry of his throat?—Sportaman and Fancier.

Room for rent—with connecting bath. Garage also, if desired. Inquire at this office.

Want Ads

One Cent a Word Each Insertion

FOR SALE—Span of mares, weighing about 1600 lbs. and one horse, weight 1000. Will sell cheap or trade for helpers or cows! C. J. Holmes, Sitkum, Ore. 1814*

FOR SALE—Two-year old registered Jersey bull, sired by son of Holger—Gold, Silver and Medal of Merit winner. His dam is a splendid young cow, not officially tested. She combines the blood of St. Mawes, Kosaire's Olga Lad and Golden Glow's Chief. For particulars write O. H. Aasen, Arago, Ore. 1812*

FOR SALE—As I want to spend more time developing my farm I will sell my entire herd of dairy cows, cream separator and milk cans. C. O. King, McKinley, Oregon. 1812*

DAIRYMAN and family wanted. State age, number in family, experience, wages wanted, references. Dixie Ranch, RFD 2, Grants Pass, Oregon. 1712

FOR RENT—Pasture for cattle on bottom land with good feed all summer. Inquire of Joseph Harville on Marshfield Highway. 1714

FOR RENT—Nice sleeping room with connecting bath. Garage if desired. Inquire at this office.

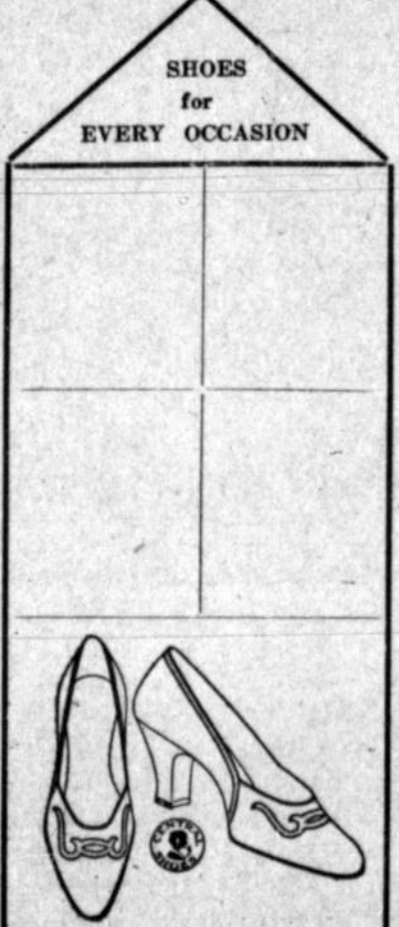
WANTED—To trade used car for vacant lot in fairly good location. Geo. Burr, Coquille. 1712

MIDWEST UTILITOR TRACTOR for sale. L. E. Teters, postoffice, Sumner, Oregon. 1613*

I WANT FARMS for cash buyers. Deal with owners only. J. Stiver, Dept. F 38 Wabasa, Minn. 1613

WANTED—A middle-aged lady to do house work. E. M. Clayton, 515 N. Henry, Box 594, Coquille. 1613

FOR SALE—Single combed White Leghorn Eggs, Tinkard strain, Imperial mating. \$1.00 for 15 eggs. M. L. Daniels, Care Dunham's, Coquille, Ore. 10110



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