

Every Part of the Art of
LAUNDERING
Has Had Our Careful
Attention

It is our business, so it
is necessary that we use
the very best and latest
methods to turn out the
best work possible

Our service is at your command.
If you are not already a customer
we would be glad to add you to
our host of satisfied patrons.

COQUILLE LAUNDRY & ICE CO.

Str. Elizabeth
Regular as the Clock
**San Francisco
and Bandon**
First-class fare only \$7.50
Up freight, per ton 3.00
E. & E. T. Kruse
24 California Street, San Francisco

For Reservations
J. E. NORTON
Agents, Coquille, Oregon

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.
Any one sending a sketch or description may
quickly ascertain our opinion on whether an
invention is probably patentable. Confidential.
We have secured for our clients many
valuable patents in all countries.
Patents taken through Munz & Co. receive
special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A hand-drawn illustration weekly. Largest cir-
culation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5
year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsde-
lers.
MUNZ & Co. 364 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

Theo. Bergmann Shoe Mfg. Co.
Incorporated
Manufacturers of
The Celebrated Bergmann Shoe
The Strongest and Nearest Water
Proof shoe made for loggers, miners
prospectors and mill men.
621 Thurman Street
PORTLAND, OREGON.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for
Chichester's Pills in Red and Gold
wrappers. They are the only
Pills that never become loose and
baggy as the shape is knit in, not
pressed in. They are Guaranteed for
time, for style, for superiority of mater-
ial and workmanship, absolutely stain-
less and to wear six months without
holes, or a new pair free.
Don't delay send in your order before
offer expires. Give correct size.
Wear-Ever Hosiery Company
Dayton, Ohio

Special Hosiery Offer
Guaranteed Wear-Ever Hosiery For
Men and Women
Ladies' Special Offer
For Limited Time Only—
Six pair of our finest 35c value ladies'
guaranteed hose in black, tan or white
colors with written guarantee, for \$1.00
and 10c for postage, etc.
SPECIAL OFFER FOR MEN
For a limited time only, six pairs of our
finest 35c value Guaranteed Hose any
color with written guarantee and a pair
of our well known Men's Paradise Gar-
ters for one dollar, and 10c for postage,
etc.
You know these hose; they stood the
test when all others failed. They give
real foot comfort. They have no seams
to rip. They never become loose and
baggy as the shape is knit in, not
pressed in. They are Guaranteed for
time, for style, for superiority of mater-
ial and workmanship, absolutely stain-
less and to wear six months without
holes, or a new pair free.
Don't delay send in your order before
offer expires. Give correct size.
Wear-Ever Hosiery Company
Dayton, Ohio

AUTOMOBILE TIRES
AT FACTORY PRICES
SAVE FROM 30 TO 60 PER CENT

	Tire	Tube
28x3	\$ 7.20	\$1.65
30x3	7.80	1.95
30x3 1/2	10.80	2.80
32x3 1/2	11.90	2.95
34x3 1/2	12.40	3.00
32x4	13.70	3.35
33x4	14.80	3.50
34x4	16.80	3.60
35x4	17.85	3.90
35x4 1/2	19.75	4.85
36x4 1/2	19.85	4.90
37x4 1/2	21.50	5.10
37x5	24.90	5.90

All other sizes in stock. Non-Skid
tires 15 per cent additional, red tubes
15 per cent above gray. All new,
clean, fresh, guaranteed tires. Best
standard and independent makes. Buy
direct from us and save money, 5 per
cent discount if payment in full accom-
panies each order. C. O. D. on 10 per
cent deposit. Allowing examination.
Tire Factories Sales Co.
Dept. A Dayton, Ohio

THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

SYNOPSIS
Jennie Brice and her husband, Ladley, quarrel. She disappears from Mrs. Pitman's boarding house during a Pittsburgh flood. Mrs. Pitman tells Holcombe, an amateur detective, that she believes Ladley has killed Jennie Brice. Holcombe finds incriminating evidence in Ladley's room. An onyx clock is missing. Mrs. Pitman's knife has been stolen and broken. Mrs. Pitman recalls that Howell, a reporter, was with Jennie Brice and Ladley shortly before Jennie disappeared. Ladley is arrested, but as no body has been found he is released for lack of evidence. Holcombe believes Ladley is guilty. Ladley returns to Mrs. Pitman's. Holcombe watches him through the ceiling. A woman's headless body is found. Mrs. Pitman says she saw a woman resembling Jennie Brice the night she disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII.
SHE looked at me attentively. "You know more than you are telling me, Mrs. Pitman," she said. "You do you think Jennie Brice is dead and that Mr. Howell knows—who did it?" "I think she is dead, and I think possibly Mr. Howell suspects who did it. He does not know, or he would have told the police." "I don't believe he took any woman across the bridge at that hour. Who says he did?" "Uncle Jim saw him. He had been playing cards all night at one of the clubs and was walking home. He says he met Mr. Howell face to face and spoke to him. The woman was tall and veiled. Uncle Jim sent for him one day or two later, and he refused to explain. Then they forbade him the house. Mamma objected to him anyhow, and he only came on sufferance. He is a college man of good family, but without any money at all save what he earns. And now—"

I had had some young newspaper men with me, and I knew what they got. They were nice boys, but they made \$15 a week. I'm afraid I smiled a little as I looked around the room, with its gray grass cloth walls, its toilet table spread with ivory and gold and the maid in attendance in her black dress and white apron, collar and cuffs. Even the little nightgown Lida was wearing would have taken a week's salary or more. She saw my smile.

"It was to be his chance," she said. "If he made good he was to have something better. My Uncle Jim owns the paper, and he promised me to help him. But—"

So Jim was running a newspaper! That was a curious career for Jim to choose. Jim, who was twice expelled from school and who could never write a letter without a dictionary beside him! I had a pang when I heard his name again after all the years, for I had written to Jim from Oklahoma after Mr. Pitman died asking for money to bury him and had never even had a reply.

my face. And from that he looked at my cloth gloves, at my coat, and he shook his white head. "I'm sure thought you was Miss Bess," he said and made no further effort to detain me. He led the way back to the door, where the machine waited, his head shaking with the palsy of age, muttering as he went. He opened the door with his best manner and stood aside.

"Good night, ma'am," he quavered. "I had tears in my eyes. I tried to keep them back. 'Good night,' I said. 'Good night, I like.'"

It had slipped out, my baby name for old Isaac! "Oh, praise Gawd, it's Miss Bess again!" He caught my arm and pulled me back into the hall, and there he held me, crying over me, muttering praises for my return, begging me to come back, recalling little tender things out of the past that almost killed me to hear again.

But I had made my bed and must lie in it. I forced him to swear silence about my visit; I made him promise not to reveal my identity to Lida; and I told him— heaven forgive me—that I was well and prosperous and happy.

"Dear old Isaac! I would not let him come to see me, but the next day there came a basket with six bottles of wine and an old daguerreotype of my mother that had been his treasure. Nor was that basket the last. The coroner held an inquest over the headless body the next day, Tuesday. Mr. Graves telephoned me in the morning and I went to the morgue with him. I do not like the morgue, although some of my neighbors pay it weekly visits. It is by way of excursion, like nickelodeons or watching the circus put up its tents. I have heard them threaten the children that if they misbehaved they would not be taken to the morgue that week!

I failed to identify the body. How could I? It had been a tall woman, probably five feet eight, and I thought the nails looked like those of Jennie Brice. The thumb nail of one was broken short off. I told Mr. Graves about her speaking of a broken nail, but he shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

There was a curious scar over the heart and he was making a sketch of it. It reached from the center of the chest for about six inches across the left breast, a narrow thin line that one could hardly see. It was shaped like this:

I felt sure that Jennie Brice had had no such scar, and Mr. Graves thought

That is the way the case stood on Tuesday night, March 13. Mr. Ladley was taken away at 9 o'clock. He was perfectly cool, asked me to help him pack a suit case and whistled while it was being done. He requested to be allowed to walk to the jail and went quietly, with a detective on one side and, I think, a sheriff's officer on the other.

Just before he left he asked for a word or two with me, and when he paid his bill up to date and gave me an extra dollar for taking care of Peter I was almost overcome. He took the manuscript of his play with him, and I remember his asking if he could have any typing done in the jail. I had never seen a man arrested for murder before, but I think he was probably the oldest suspect the officers had ever seen. They hardly knew what to make of it.

Mr. Reynolds and I had a cup of tea after all the excitement and were sitting at the dining room table drinking it when the bell rang. It was Mr. Howell. He half staggered into the hall when I opened the door and was going into the parlor bedroom without a word.

"Mr. Ladley's gone, if you want him," I said. I thought his face cleared. "Gone?" he said. "Where?" "To jail."

He did not reply at once. He stood there, tapping the palm of one hand with the forefinger of the other. He was dirty and unshaven. His clothes looked as if he had been sleeping in them.

"So they've got him?" he muttered finally, and turning, was about to go out the front door without another word, but I caught his arm. "You're sick, Mr. Howell," I said. "You'd better not go out just yet."

"Oh, I'm all right." He shook his handskerchief out and wiped his face. I saw that his hands were shaking. "Come back and have a cup of tea and a slice of homemade bread."

J. SHERWOOD, Pres. R. E. SHINE, V.-Pres.
L. M. HAZARD, Cashier O. C. SANFORD, Asst. Cashier
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF COQUILLE, OREGON.
Transacts a General Banking Business

Board of Directors: R. C. Dement, L. Harlocker, Isiah Hacker, A. J. Sherwood, L. H. Hazard, R. E. Shine, G. A. Robinson, Vice-Pres., R. H. Mast, Cashier.

Correspondents: National Bank of Commerce, New York City; Crocker-Woolworth Bank, San Francisco; First Nat'l Bank of Portland, Portland.

Farmers and Merchants Bank
COQUILLE, OREGON
Opened for Business March, 1890

CORRESPONDENTS:
Ladd & Tilton Bank, Portland; First National Bank, San Francisco; National Park, New York; First Trust & Savings, Coos Bay

OLD RELIABLE—EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS
STEAMER BREAKWATER
ALWAYS ON TIME
Sails from Portland at 8 A. M.,
June 2nd, 7th, 12th, 17th, 22nd, 27th.
Sails from Coos Bay
At 1 P. M., June 4th, 9th 14th, 19th, 25th, 29th.
W. L. KOLM, Agent Phone Main 181

Fred Von Pegert C. I. Kime
KIME & VON PEGERT
GARAGE
Machine Shop
General Blacksmithing, Wagon Making, Machine Work, Pattern Making.
COQUILLE, OREGON

Roseburg Myrtle Point Stage
And Auto Line
Leaves Myrtle Point 5 a. m.
Arrives Roseburg, next day
Leaves Roseburg 6 p. m.
Arr. Myrtle Point by 10 p. m.
Make reservations in advance at Our Drug Store, Marshfield.
Carrying Baggage and United States Mail
J. L. LAIRD, Proprietor
Office at Laird's Livery Barn, Myrtle Point, Both Phones

60 CENTS
Why not have an extension telephone installed in your residence, the price has been reduced to 60 cents per month. Think of the unnecessary steps this will save you.
Coos Bay Home Telephone Co.
Main Office Marshfield, Oregon

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS
Reported for The Herald by the Title Guarantee and Abstract Co.
May 4, 1914
Chas. E. Burns to Carrie B. Burns, war deed lot 29, blk 11, Bangor Plat A lots 25 & 26, blk 18, Bank add to North Bend, \$10.
Evan R. Hodson et ux to J. Albert Matson, war deed parcel of land in sec 31, twp 25 s r 11 w m., \$500.
S. A. Sanford, Trustee of W. E. Pike et ux to First National Bank of Roseburg, deed \$4000. Blk 42 & parcel adjoining same, Border & Benders add to Myrtle Point.
W. E. Pike et ux to P. W. Laird, war deed blk 42 & parcel adjoining same, Border and Benders add to Myrtle Point, \$10.
Geo. W. Halter to Alma Halter, q c deed lands in secs 24 & 25, twp 28 s r 13 w m \$10.
E. N. Smith to Ellen King, war deed lot 33, blk 5, Bennetts Plat B add to Bandon, \$10.
U. S. A. to Anna Nelson, patent netg of nw 1/4, sec 31, twp 21 s r 11 w m.
Oregon Coast Co. to Geo. M. Sells, q c deed sw 1/4 of sec 1/4 sec 33, twp 26 s r 14 w m., \$10.
Josephine Parsons et vir to Lena Baker, war deed lots 2 & 3, blk 22, Woodland add to Bandon, \$100.
Alice Norcross et vir to Ella Lehnher war deed lot 3, blk 17, Lehnher's add to Myrtle Point, \$100.
E. E. LaBrie et ux to Zipporah Russ,

TREAT HOUSE FLY LIKE DEVIL.
SCREEN your windows! If you cannot get wire screening use mosquito bar. Screen your doors! Keep out the fly as you would keep out the devil, for he is a devil. Swat those flies that are not eliminated by the starvation process. Keep a fly swatter for every room in the house. Cease your game to kill the fly. Stop conversation with your company and chase that fly. Swat! Never mind knocking over the vase or upsetting the lamp. Swat!
This is no time for mercy or gentleness. The land is invaded. Our enemies are upon us. The black typhoid fever brigade advances.
Kill, entrap, burn, starve. Spare not.