

THE NEW STREET

Many Different Views Expressed About it and the River Bridge.

When the Commercial Club met Wednesday evening the property owners affected by the condemnation proceedings that had been instituted in the matter of opening a new street to get a good approach to the river bridge were all present.

W. L. Kistner said he didn't want to stand in the way of such an improvement but he had no upland to sell and all too little as it was for the bottom farm he is running on the lower Cunningham.

Henry Lorenz speaking for his mother, said she and his father during the latter's lifetime had both been agreed that they would donate the right of way for such a street, provided other property owners did the same, but she decidedly objected to making the gift now if all the rest were to be paid damages.

While neither W. J. Longston nor J. A. Collier said they would refuse the amount awarded them by the viewers, they both seemed to think that the building of a high bridge from which dirt and trash would be blown over their lots would render them very much less valuable.

J. A. Lamb, representing his four sisters as well as himself, said with further consultation with them he could not state exactly what they would offer. While he was of the opinion that they would be willing to donate the street opposite the Masonic Hall and ask nothing for the cost of removing the residence, they did not want at the same time to be called upon to hard surface a full block of paving as the next proposition. However, if the city would purchase the Myrtle wood grove back of the place for a park they would give the street to it and run the risk of what might happen in the way of improvements.

Speaking along the same line, Mr. Collier said that he had donated the land for Front street out towards the depot with the result that he had been taxed \$5,000 to improve it.

Several alternative propositions for a bridge approach were discussed. First to accept Mr. Collier's offer to sell an approach leading west alongside of his residence, which would have to be moved, and then turn on the Lonston property to the south and go high over a couple of lots of his between Front street and the railroad. For this Mr. Collier asks \$2,000, practically the same amount as the street through the Lamb property would cost according to award of the viewers.

The third suggestion was to make an elbow in the bridge between the river and the railroad and run it east down an incline coming to earth about where the Myrtlewood factory of J. J. Fox stands.

After listening for an hour or two to the arguments pro and con on all these propositions the Sentinel reporter felt that it would be almost as difficult as agreeing upon terms of peace in the European war.

Coin Here 269 Years Old.

J. N. Jacobson brought in Tuesday a relic and coin 269 years old, which in antiquity discounts anything we have heard of in Coos county. It is in the shape of an old pipe half as long as our arm, with a bowl of immense size. This has a hinged cover nearly two inches and a half in diameter, into which is set an old coin quadrangular in shape and about half an inch across. The inscription on this has been kept bright by fingering all these years and is just as clear today as ever. Around the edge it reads "Frederick 3, D Gra. Danie 1648" surrounding a bas relief of what is evidently the head of that sovereign. This is in the style of almost all coins minted in monarchical countries, and doubtless contained on the obverse side, which has been rusted with the tobacco smoke of centuries, the denomination of this silver piece. The reading simply is "Frederick 3, by the grace of God, of the Danes." This pipe had been handed down from father to eldest son in the Jacobson family for generations and when our Mr. J's father made a visit to the old country in 1885 his brother, who did not smoke and was a bachelor, gave it to his American brother who was next in line. At the age of sixty, however, the bachelor married and the first child was triplets. So as he is provided with male descendants the pipe will go back to that family again.

The 25 per cent raise in the price of milk in this city went into effect the first of the week but we are not yet certain whether it will mean a less or greater consumption, as those who will take as much as three quarts a day still get it at the old rate.

The Declamatory Contest.

The Coos County High School Declamatory-Oratorical Contest will be held in Coquille on April 20. Each of the five high schools of the county will be represented by an orator and a dramatic reader. A silver loving cup is the prize in each of the two sections. The McCormac oratorical cup has been in the possession of the Coquille high school two different years and a victory this year would make it the permanent possession of the school. In 1914 Earl Leslie was the winning orator. The following year, Merton Tyrrell carried off the laurels. Last year, Marshfield local school has never been in possession of the girls' declamatory cup though our representatives have always stood well up toward the top of the list.

Arthur Hooton will represent the Coquille High School in the oratorical section of the contest and will deliver an oration on John Brown written by W. M. Thompson. A speaker for the declamatory section is being selected at a tryout this afternoon.

For several years it has been the custom to have a representative from the teaching force of each of the high schools act as judges, each judge turning in grades for all the contestants except those of his own school. This year a new scheme is to be tried and a man from outside the county will be asked to select the winners. It is somewhat out of the ordinary to have only one judge but the matter of expense makes it impossible to secure more than one unless some of them are local.

Work in preparation for the County Track Meet began this week under the direction of Mr. Noblet. The track men met Tuesday and elected Fred Lorenz as captain for the season.

The seniors are planning to present a silk flag to the high school to be hung in the assembly room.

Miss Bay has been harvesting a crop of spring poetry in her senior English class. That some of the students have caught the real spirit of the springtime is shown by some of the verses that have been produced.

The following is an example: Spring is here, the best of seasons! I like it much for many reasons. The birds are here, The sky is clear And all the world is bright. The breezes blow, The flowers grow From morning until night.

Epworth League Program.

The following is the program of the County Epworth League convention to be held at North Bend Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 13, 14 and 15.

Friday P. M.

Welcoming Delegates.

7:30 Social Time in Church Parlors.

Saturday A. M.

9:00 Devotional, led by District President Mrs. Jas. Richmond.

9:20 Organization.

9:40 Address of Welcome by North Bend, Response by Myrtle Point and Music by Bandon.

10:00 Address, Spiritual Life of the Young People; How to Develop it in Ourselves and Others, by Coos Bay Circuit and Marshfield.

10:30 School of Methods, by Dr. Moore, Teacher.

11:00 Music by North Bend.

11:10 The League and the Town, by Myrtle Point.

11:30 Social Clinic, by Director Dr. Moore.

11:45 The Cigarette, by Coquille, Dr. Richmond. Followed by Discussion.

Saturday P. M.

1:30 Devotional led by Myrtle Point.

1:45 Music by Marshfield.

1:50 Two Talks or Papers on Tithing. (1) That it is Scriptural, Marshfield. (2) That it is Obligatory and Pays, North Bend.

2:40 Music by Coquille.

2:45 Address, Demands of the Youth Today; How May the League Meet Them, by Coquille.

3:00 Discussion.

3:10 Address or Paper, How May the Sunday Evening Devotional Hour be Made More Interesting, Instructive and Uplifting, by Bandon, followed by discussion.

3:40 Business Session.

Sunday Evening.

7:30 "County Home Talent Entertainment." Readings and Music.

Sunday.

9:30 Sunday School. 10:30 Communion. 11:00 Sermon, by Dr. Moore. 2:30 Junior Hour, Marshfield. 6:30 League Devotional Hour, led by North Bend. 7:30 Sermon.

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CITY WINS FIRST STREET

CASE—JUDGE'S OPINION

(Continued from first page.)

and present city attorneys, representing the city of Coquille; R. O. Graves and J. W. McInturf for the First street people; Claud H. Giles for the contractors, Edwin Ellingsen and A. Bergon; and A. J. Sherwood for the owners of the \$1,750 in warrants which the city had refused to honor.

Judge Coke said that the parties to this case were all at fault. The property owners he blamed for selecting the sort of improvement they did and also for failing to see to it that the contract was executed according to its terms. The council was at fault, he said, in not seeing that the work was done according to contract and the engineer was especially blame-worthy on the same account.

There was nothing to indicate that the property owners or the members of the council had a clear understanding of what they were doing. The trouble was due to the fact that none of them understood road building well enough to know what sort of a street they were going to get under the contract they were making, though they had the matter under consideration about a year before the contract was let. In this connection it should be noted that a city election occurred and one or more new councilmen came in after much of the business had been done.

The Judge's most significant statement, however, was his position declaring that the city owed a moral obligation to the property owners on First street to go to work and make that street good at the expense of the general fund.

It seems to us a great pity to us that former councilman Lyons was not able to secure full agreement to the compromise plan for the reconstruction of that street to which he devoted a good deal of time last year. It is probable that something like it will have to be done in the final outcome, and it would much better have been done before a lawsuit than after.

Give Liljeqvist the Credit.

Some of the First street people have felt that former City Attorney Liljeqvist had been giving them the worst of it in the street paving case he has been handling for the city; but how far they were mistaken will be evident when we have made clear a single fact about that case which does not come to us from Mr. Liljeqvist.

When the issues were formed in that case Mr. Liljeqvist found that he had a lead pipe cinch on the plaintiffs in the case. With the exception of those who were not trying to protect their property and had neither paid their improvement taxes nor bonded for them every one of the property owners in the case had waived any and all irregularities in the performance of the work by the city and all the proceedings connected therewith. Thus they were in a position to be thrown out of court on a demurrer stating that they had no cause of action. Did Attorney Liljeqvist take advantage of this technicality to unhorse them? Not at all. On the contrary, he went to work and amended his pleadings so as to give them an opportunity to have the case tried on its merits.

There are very few attorneys practicing law, who would not have availed themselves of the opportunity that was here open to Mr. Liljeqvist to take a fall out of the opposing counsel. That he did not do so indicates that instead of trying to give the other fellow the worst of it he was unusually kind and considerate and deserves their gratitude rather than their ill will.

New Cases in Circuit Court.

April 2—Walter McLeod vs. A. S. Hammond.

April 3—The Brunswick-Balke Colender Co., of California, vs. Myrtle M. Beckett, E. A. Beckett and E. Ellingson. Suit to foreclose mortgage.

April 5—Coos Bay Times Publishing Co. vs. Felix Vernon and Oliver D. Kephart.

April 5—Same plaintiff vs. Felix Vernon.

April 5—Susannah Hayes and Peter W. Hayes vs. James D. Hayes, John Gant, Lura R. Gant, John P. Hayes, Mary S. Hartley, Henry W. Gant and Eva Jennings.

Rev. J. F. Vernon, of Myrtle Point, was on the Bay yesterday as chairman of the Home Missionary committee of the Coos Bay Presbytery, to meet the trustees of the North Bend Presbyterian church and discuss the possibility of maintaining a pastor full time in North Bend. A canvas of the members is to be instituted. Coos Bay Times.

The Eugene people now have a round trip one fare rate to coast points as far as Lakeside, on Fridays and Saturdays, beginning next week.

Paul's Christmas Gift

With Some Clever Detective Work

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Two years after Paul Wakely sailed for South America in search of a fortune he sailed home again with the fortune a certainty in a phosphate mine. He arrived in New York on Christmas eve, and as soon as he had secured quarters at a hotel and made a careful toilet he took a taxicab and glided to the Bartram's home on Fifth avenue.

He had promised Linda Bartram that he would come to her at Christmas—this year—with the fortune that her father insisted he must possess before he could hope to win lovely Linda, who would some day be mistress of much money. So Paul had taken Linda's promise, had given Mr. Bartram his word not to communicate with the girl of his heart and had gone away. He was without close family relations himself, and although he occasionally saw the New York papers, he had not read any news that prepared him for the blow he was about to receive.

The avenue was its gayest and brightest on this cold afternoon. The shop windows were brilliant, the sidewalks were crowded with Christmas shoppers, and there was a steady stream of vehicles passing to and fro.

Paul continually glanced from the window, hoping for a sight of Linda's glowing face, but his wish was ungratified. He leaped up the steps of the stately home and pushed the button impatiently.

A Japanese opened the door. "Mrs. Bartram?" asked Paul eagerly. The butler shook his head. "No such name, sir," he said.

Paul looked again at the number. "Surely this is Mr. Bartram's house," he repeated.

"It may perhaps have been so, sir," replied the man. "It is now the residence of Dedrick Jones."

"Is there any one here who can tell me about the people who lived here before?"

"There is a housekeeper who has been in the house many years. If you will come inside I will question her, sir."

Paul entered a reception hall that was entirely unfamiliar. In a few minutes a gray haired woman attired in a dark silk gown approached:

"Mr. Wakely?" she exclaimed.

"Well, Mrs. Smith! I am glad to see some one who can give me news of the family," he said warmly.

"Haven't you heard, Mr. Wakely?"

"Nothing at all—I hope there isn't bad news," he said quickly.

"Not very good news. Mr. Bartram died six months ago, and all the money vanished into nothing. Mr. Bartram and Miss Linda were left penniless. Mrs. Bartram lived only three months, and then Miss Linda was left alone. Some of the relatives offered her a home, but she was too independent for that. Although she had never been trained for any special business, she has found work of some kind. She has written me that she is earning a living, and this very day she sent me a Christmas gift—this pretty brooch. I am afraid that she needed the money for other things, Mr. Wakely, yet she was always so generous."

Paul was thoughtful. "Was her letter dated from New York?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I shall find her in some way. Will you lend me your brooch, Mrs. Smith?"

"Certainly, Mr. Wakely. Perhaps it was bought in one of the department stores—I hardly think Miss Linda could patronize the jewelers nowadays. It was dear of her to remember that the amethyst was my birthstone too. But she was always so thoughtful."

"I will bring the brooch back to you, Mrs. Smith, and tell you all I hear from Miss Linda," he said as he shook hands with her before leaving.

"She must eat Christmas dinner with me," he said to himself firmly.

First he went into a jeweler's and submitted the amethyst brooch for the examination of a supercilious clerk, who smiled and returned it to him.

"No indeed; we do not carry that class of goods at all," he said in a shocked tone. "It looks as though it might have been bought in a department store."

"Thank you. That is what I wanted to know," said Paul gravely. Then he proceeded to shock the clerk still further by purchasing a diamond ring of great value and paying for it from a roll of crisp bills of large denomination.

"Department store! By Jove, a long search and may be a blind one, but I'll do it. First I'll try Labler's."

Paul tried Labler's and many others before he found a shop that identified the amethyst brooch as coming from its stock. There were other amethyst brooches just like that one, and Paul bought one of the exact pattern as the one the housekeeper had loaned him.

He asked the clerk at the jewelry counter if they numbered a Miss Bartram among their customers.

She smiled and said she did not know. He could find out at the office, she was quite sure.

A floorwalker directed him to the office. Paul knew that he was taking a chance in expecting to trace Linda through a piece of cheap jewelry bought in a department store by a casual customer. But still there was the chance, and Paul was persistent. It was persistency that had brought him a fortune.

At the office they could give him no information whatever.

The office was on the same floor as the department of porcelain, oriental goods and rare treasures from every clime. Paul sat down in a carved oakwood chair and gnawed his lip impatiently. This hunting for Linda was like searching for a needle in a haystack. If he had some clew—if she would only come into the range of his vision now, her face glowing with the cold, her furs snuggled around her chin, her brown eyes sparkling. And at that moment he heard her voice.

"This vase, madam," said Linda's voice sweetly, but, oh, so wearily—"this vase dates back to the first Ming period. Yes; it is quite perfect. Yes; you wish to take it with you?"

Paul looked around the corner of his carved chair.

There was Linda Bartram, his Linda indeed, but not among the throng of rich Christmas shoppers who frequented this particular store. She was standing, slim and pale in a black gown, the electric lights bringing out the sheen of her bronze hair. Her eyes were not sparkling. They were tired and tired eyes, and there was a tired droop to her lips.

It was Christmas eve, and Linda Bartram, petted daughter of indulgent parents, was a saleswoman in a shop. Paul's joy at finding Linda was dimmed by the discovery of his love under such circumstances.

He saw Linda's customer depart, trailing rich furs after her, and he saw the girl pause to rearrange some porcelains on a table. He approached her.

She looked at him without recognition. Her glance was very casual. He was only another customer, and this was Christmas eve, and she was, oh, so much alone! It was so different from every other Christmas Linda had ever spent. She was proud, and she had hidden herself from friends, and she had not told Paul of her troubles. Her father had rejected him because he was not as rich as she was, and now, now she was poor, and she would be ashamed to look into Paul's face.

So Paul stood there, and she did not recognize him, for there was a blur before her eyes and a lump in her throat. Her ears caught a familiar note in his voice, but she never guessed his identity then.

"Please show me some—some Canton ware," hazarded Paul—"a tea set, I think."

She led the way to a table where rich wares of blue and white blue were spread out.

"Have you a Christmas?" burst out Paul, without looking at the Canton ware.

"A—what?" she stammered.

"A Christmas. I want to buy a perfectly happy Christmas."

She laughed softly. "Oh, you mean a Christmas present."

"No; I mean a Christmas, a real Christmas for two people who have been parted for many years," he said in a low tone.

Then she looked up at him, and a shocked look came into her eyes, and her face seemed paler than before.

"Paul—Wakely?" she gasped.

"Linda!" he said, strongly resisting a desire to take her hands in his own. He knew that he should not be talking to her then without making a purchase, because a floorwalker was watching them rather suspiciously.

"Please sell me something," he said desperately.

"What shall I sell you?" she asked, looking over the stock.

"Something for our home, Linda."

"I cannot marry you, Paul."

"So your love did not last?" he asked coolly as he examined a Canton teapot.

"It did, but—"

"Then why not?"

"You don't understand, Paul. You have not heard about our—"

"I have been up to the house. I have seen Mrs. Smith, and she has told me all. She even lent me the brooch you sent her so I could trace you. Of course you bought it here because you were working here, so I am quite a detective after all," he flattered himself.

"I cannot marry you, Paul," insisted the girl. "Oh, here comes Mr. Beebe. The floorwalker was drawing near."

"I will take the entire set," said Paul coolly. "Can you send it to me tonight at the Clarion hotel? The price, please?"

Linda and the floorwalker watched him with dazzling eyes as he brought out the great roll of bills and depleted it by many crisp yellow backs paid into Linda's trembling hand. The floorwalker moved away, and Linda entered her sale in the book and sent the money away.

"I've always wanted to be married on Christmas day," declared Paul.

"I cannot," quavered Linda.

"Then you won't give me the only Christmas gift in your power? You won't make me happy? You love your pride better than you do me? Why, dear, I've been just living on this meeting!"

"Do you mean it, Paul?" she whispered.

"I sure do, honey. See this ring! I just bought it. You can't put it on now. It's got to be put on in due ceremony. Understand?"

Linda flushed rosily. "I understand." "I'll be waiting for you after the shop is closed," he said. "I'll take you home, and I'm coming after you tomorrow, am I?"

"I hope you are," she murmured. "Will it be Merry Christmas, dear wife?" he said.

Linda's eyes gave him the answer. So Paul got his Christmas gift after all.

Leslie Got Back at Them.

A Marshfield citizen, talking to Frank Leslie, of this place, made some disparaging remarks about the display of patriotism here as compared with Marshfield. Mr. Leslie did not agree with him and named over a number of the young men who had answered the call to the colors.

Continuing in the same strain the Marshfield citizen said, "I suppose that should the Germans come in here you would want Marshfield to come over and take care of Coquille."

Mr. Leslie replied, "If the Germans came into Coos Bay, you people would never intimate that there was such a place as Coquille on the map."—Herald.

Send the Sentinel to eastern friends

\$100 Reward, \$100
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
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