

The Coquille Valley Sentinel

THE PAPER THAT'S LIKE A LETTER FROM HOME

VOL. XVII, NO. 1

COQUILLE, COOS COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1921.

SEAN THE YEAR

A GREAT MENACE

That is What Dr. Banks Predicts Unless World Prohibition Prevails.

Tuesday evening Rev. Louis Albert Banks, national speaker of the Anti-Saloon League and an orator of international fame, spoke at the Methodist Church here on the theme, "World-wide Prohibition Coming and America Heads the Way."

He was introduced by Mayor V. L. Hamilton in these words:

"Ladies and gentlemen; we are highly honored this evening in having in our midst one of the greatest lecturers on the American platform. I will introduce to you Dr. Louis Albert Banks."

The speaker made a rousing talk and lived up to his reputation as a great Chautauqua speaker and pulpit orator.

He began by telling his hearers that we were living in a wonderful time. "If you are optimists," he continued, "you are likely to say it is the most hopeful age in all history. At the same time it is the most dangerous age." This theme he proceeded to develop at length and to show in what quarter the storm clouds lowered.

The Anti-Saloon League, he said was now asking five times as much money as any dry leader would have asked five years ago. Seven years ago it was deemed little short of lunacy when they predicted the adoption of national prohibition in that short a time.

He came to bring to the people the tragic truth of the peril which now threatens our country. The Kaiser Brewing corporation has now nearing completion in China the largest brewing plant ever built in the world. Other plans to furnish liquid to the dark races of the world were dwelt upon. Those people to whom liquor was to be carried were not so far away as we used to think they were.

As we are thinking what he predicted he went back to the last days of the Nineteenth century and told about a trip he then made across Germany when he saw in one day 100 threshing outfits operated by women and children and old men, while tens of thousands of able-bodied men—yes, hundreds of thousands—were practicing the manual of arms in the region through which he passed that day. He knew what it betokened, knew it was breeding trouble for Europe, but did not then think of the possibility of its making soldiers of his three little boys at home in this peaceful land.

Yet when a little later he saw many thousands of our own young men marching away during the Spanish-American war, he began to wonder if he was raising up his little boys for that sort of thing. And still later he saw one of them go to Europe as a lieutenant of artillery in the world war and all of them soldiers on the embattled fields of France—all on account of those men he had seen drilling in Germany.

Then he summed up the misery that had been brought upon humanity as a result of the German preparation for war; what a nation of 70,000,000 inflamed by the spirit of conquest, brutal, savage and lustful, inflicted on the world. Their outbreak had resulted in the killing of ten millions of human beings, the wounding of thirty millions, tens of thousands of women outraged, a hundred millions of children slain, and debts of 200 billions of dollars piled up to burden the generations to come.

What made it possible that those 70 millions of people should indulge in such awful crimes and brutality? Burbank was quoted as attributing it to the atrophy of higher centers of the brain and the brutalizing of the lower, through generations of indulgence in alcoholic liquors.

If those did this by its effects on 70 millions of people, what would be the result on 800,000,000 of the least educated and most animal people of the world should they be similarly inebriated by drink? That would be more than one half the entire human race. Suppose they should run amuck; how would we fare then?

In such an alignment of the black and brown races of the world madened by drink, thoughtful men and women see the greatest menace to the world.

That will be a yellow peril in the face of which ninety white men out of a hundred are already shivering. If we ever permit these races to become brutalized by intoxicating li-

quors they are eight-to-one against us.

And then he told how when the world war was shaking the foundations of civilization and threatening an era of anarchy, there were gleeful predictions among far-sighted representatives of the dark races that the colored man would yet see the white man to death.

The sort of appeal for funds to make prohibition world wide that the speaker made must be left to the imagination. That it was not made in vain was apparent to every one present.

The exact amount of the subscription cannot be stated. The cash received was \$34 and the pledges were approximately \$250 a year for five years, so that the total donations to help make the world dry as the result of this meeting must have been about \$1300. At this rate the League must soon be amply provided with funds.

Personally the writer would as soon expect to see the moon fall from the heavens as to see the black and brown races of the world put the civilization of the white race in jeopardy; but there remain plenty of reasons why the world should be made, as far as possible a dry world, without appealing to fear, which, we consider, the very lowest motive for right action and a noble life.

WHITSETT IS RE-ARRESTED

When Harlow Whitsett and Jack Gaffney were taken before Justice Stanley last Saturday to answer to the charge of robbing Jas. King of \$400, the officers had made no attempt to secure the presence of witnesses who might give testimony in the case, relying on Whitsett's promise that he would make a clean breast of it. But when put on the stand he refused to tell anything and there was nothing for the justice to do but discharge both men, which he did Monday morning, after allowing Gaffney to be bonded by a suretyman after-noon.

The sheriff's office was not content to let the matter drop, however, and re-arrested Whitsett who has been in jail since Monday. His preliminary is set for 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. One fact which will practically assure his being bound over to the grand jury is that he told the officers to turn over the \$100 found in his effects at Marshfield, to King as it belonged to the latter.

It is intended to have all possible testimony offered tomorrow morning which will help fasten the crime on Whitsett and Gaffney if they are guilty.

Highway Already Crowded

Except for the short distance at the edge of town, from the end of the T bridge to the Masonic cemetery, the pavement is all laid between Coquille and Davis Slough and is crowded with autoists every Sunday. The planks, however, are gradually sinking from sight beneath the traffic and will have to be renewed soon if an open roadway is to be maintained between here and Delmar for the rest of the winter. The pavement is all in first class condition except at a point beyond Delmar where a few of the sections between expansion joints have tilted up an inch or two or have slipped out a few inches from the lateral line of the road. The wonderful improvement made in Coos county roads is forcibly impressed on the mind while swiftly rolling over this smooth highway as one catches occasional glimpses of the old dirt roadway winding up and down over hills and vales.

The tendency among some autoists, especially young drivers, to "hit 'er up" on this new road is one that should be curbed. Sixteen feet is ample width for cars to pass, but there is seldom occasion for a 50, 40 or even 30 mile an hour speed.

Sentinel Fully Convinced

At Eugene last week the Sentinel man was fully convinced that the newspaper which publishes advertising at less than 20 cents an inch is doing it for less than its average cost. The Sentinel being averse to losing money in that way, or any other, embraces the first opportunity to announce that our published rate of that amount is going to be adhered to in the future, except where the publisher has been so unbusiness-like as to make contracts for a lower figure.

Acetylene welding, brazing and machine work at Graham's Garage.

FOR SEVEN YEARS KNOCK AND BOOST

Sentinel Has Been That Long Under Present Management—Looking Forward.

With this issue begins the seventeenth volume of the Coquille Valley Sentinel. Of the sixteen volumes which have already been completed, seven have been published under the present management. During those years our ambition has been to make the paper "like a letter from home," as interesting, as accurate and as complete a record of local events as possible; and though we have never achieved our ideal the size of its paid-in-advance subscription list and the patronage which has been given its advertising columns afford gratifying evidence that neither have we entirely failed.

So far as light has been given us to see the way, we have tried at all times to stand for the things that were best and most worth while in the city, the county, the state and the nation, and it was very early in the world war that we perceived the course we thought our country ought to take and which it eventually did take. That war began during our first year of our connection with the Sentinel and the entire seven years have been years of upheaval, of turmoil and of trouble.

Great world problems have been pressing for solution ever since that late July day in 1914 the German Kaiser started out to conquer the world; and today problems of reconstruction both at home and in Europe are crying for solution. We have faith, however, to believe that all will well with the world and that these problems will all be settled right. Compared with the year immediately following the armistice, conditions have become stable; and that the madhouse world of five previous years is regaining its sanity.

As to the future course of the Sentinel we think perhaps we have less to say than in fewer years were behind and more before us. But we are living in the present, as every newspaper man worth his name must and studying its problems and those that are already on the horizon in the light of an experience of more than three score years and ten, so that we hope always to stand for the best things, the highest ideals, the noblest and most helpful manhood and womanhood. Humanity makes headway very slowly but, despite such great relapses as the world war, we feel certain that our race is moving forward and that it is, in the words of Hugh Miller, the great Scotch geologist: "That dominant race which no other race shall ever supplant or succeed, and to whose upward and onward march the deep echoes of eternity shall never cease to respond."

County Court in Conference

The Coos County Court arranged for a conference with the state highway commission at Salem on Wednesday, Jan. 19, but so far we have received no news of what was done. The court went up short-handed, only Judge Wade and Commissioner Kern being in attendance owing to Commissioner Yoakam going to California for his health.

The chief subjects for conference were to be the Myrtle Point-Roseburg road, and the Coquille-Myrtle Point section, also North Bend-Glasgow ferry matters, and the Glasgow road north.

State co-operation on the Bandon to Curry road on the basis of 50-50 for maintenance was also to be asked for.

The general situation, covering Coos county road matters for the coming year was to be fully discussed and outlined.

The members of the court expect to return today.

Road Wages Reduced

Roadmaster McCulloch has been informed by the County Court that it has issued an order, effective next Tuesday, Jan. 25, at the beginning of next fiscal month, which reduces the wages of labor on county road work from \$5.25 to \$4.50 per day. The pay for teams has been cut from \$4.50 to \$4.00.

As will be noted from the advertisement elsewhere published that the bids for the Beaver Slough dredging projects between Beaver Hill Junction and Leneve will be opened next Tuesday, Jan. 25.

SENTINEL MAN INDULGES IN BOTH ANENT EDITORS' MEETING AT EUGENE.

Last Saturday at Eugene the editorial conference was entertained at Hendricks Hall, with the University class in journalism as its hosts and hostesses, at 12:30. Note that, for time is one of the essential elements in this story—"of the essence of this contract," as is sometimes provided in agreements for the payment of money. The banquet was an appetizing one and at its conclusion there were talks from some of the students that did credit to them and their instructors.

But between the conclusion of the eating at 1:15 and the departure of the Oregon Electric train for the north at 1:58 only 40 minutes intervened. Though the railroad officials gave the editors and members of their families five minutes leeway and postponed the departure of this train until 2 o'clock, it can be seen that there wasn't time for many long speeches, especially when it is remembered that the University grounds are two miles from the depot, though it does not take an auto many minutes to cover that.

President Campbell, however, took the floor as the last speaker, and while those who were planning to go north on the Electric nervously fingered their watches and calculated their chances of being left, he went on to repeat the speech he had made at an banquet the night before with great prolixity, aiming, it seemed, to use up the last possible available minute in thanking and rethanking the editors for the work they had done last spring in putting over the University appropriation bills.

His hearers knew they were helpless, especially those who had to stop at the Osborn on the way to the train, settle their accounts and perhaps get their baggage from the upper stories of that caravansary of magnificent distances.

Well, when President Campbell very unwillingly brought his remarks to a close and three score husky editors began to dig their overcoats and hats out of the pile into which they were thrown, there was probably less than fifteen minutes left to catch that electric train and most of them made it.

But when the writer emerged from the hotel and found the car in which he had come in from from the University awaiting him, its other belated passenger had brought his room key with him; but he entrusted it to the little lady who was driving the car and we were off. That little woman was a jewel, and though, the falling snow obscured the wind shield so that she had to reach over and peer around to obviate the danger of collision in the crowded streets where it was impossible to see very far ahead, she piloted us safely to the depot. At almost the instant we stopped for safety twenty feet in the rear of the vestibule train—perhaps a second before—its wheels began to revolve, and so far as the writer was concerned the stuff was all off and we missed the train.

But it was another case of one being taken and the other left. Our fellow passenger jumped out and rushed for the train. Before it had acquired much momentum he had found a hand hold somewhere around the butt end of that train and was being partly carried and partly dragged with it as it began to gather speed. For a moment we feared to see him roll under the wheels but the door was soon opened and the train took him in. The writer is not agile enough at his age to have taken any such risks if he had wished to. So we went over to the Pacific to see if we could make connections in that way but found it impossible. What we thought of President Campbell's dilatory tactics by that time it will be just as well not to say.

But even yet the reader has not reached the nub of this story. While, of course, we thanked the little lady for her kindness in taking us to the train and bringing us back to the Osborn, and hept a look out around the right side of that misted windshield as she did on the left, for other cars, we did not realize how much nerve and grit it took for her to navigate the car on that day until she remarked that in that storm she was going to take her car to a garage and go home on the street car.

Of course, it would have been far

and away an easier task to drive out into the residence section than to have steered it safely through the business streets leading to the railroad station; but evidently the relaxation from the strain of the drive she had made had left her almost collapsed. The writer realized then, as he had not thought of doing before, the strain under which she had been while taking her passengers to the depot, and the obligation he was under to her.

This little woman was perhaps of middle age and though not of such striking beauty as to attract attention in a crowd, or markedly different from nine-five per cent of her sisters, on the principle of the old adage that "handsome is as handsome does," she was one of the most beautiful women we ever saw. Of course, despite that old insinuation that because women detest a mouse they are timid creatures, entirely lacking in courage, we all know that both in war and peace they make good in this respect under every test applied to their brothers; and we certainly take off our hat to that little Eugene woman as a real heroine, who would face any crisis with unflinching spirit.

We don't even know her name, and she will probably never see these lines; but we believe she would do her duty dauntlessly in any emergency she might be called to face.

THE OTHERS ARE ALIVE

At the banquet at Eugene last Friday night tendered the visiting editors by the Commercial Club of that city, one of the speakers on the program was Mary Ellen Bailey, a student in the U. of O. school of Journalism. Miss Bailey is pretty and graceful and talked with girlish naivete and what seemed like artless simplicity, winning unstinted applause from her hearers. We have never before heard a school girl make so effective an after dinner talk. With a becoming humility she said though students in Journalism could not all expect to become Horace Greeyes, or Bedes or Ingalls, referring to one of the best known members of the editorial association and its president, they might fill some more humble roll.

The next speaker was President Ingalls himself, of the Corvallis Gazette; and he countered by remarking that the charming young woman who preceded him could not, of course become a Horace Greeley because Greeley was dead; and closed his sentence abruptly with a "but" that implied that Bede and Ingalls were still very much alive. This, of course, brought down the house.

Whereupon a probably feminine editor of "Gibes and Scribes," the little paper got out by the students of journalism in honor of the visiting editors, came back with this retort: "We arise to remark that the speaker was out of order. There are several single men left in the profession and they are having a hard enough time trying to get a wife. Lay off this married men stuff. Don't get them into the contest. It ain't fair, and besides it is poor ethics, whatever that may mean."

Weather Is Spotted

The weather here this week has given us some variations on the regular order which has prevailed most of the time for the past five months—that is, cloudy with occasional rains. Tuesday there was a downpour, Wednesday afternoon we had the first snow of the season, mostly melting as it fell but by Wednesday morning the ground was white on the hills and in the higher parts of town, with ice on the streets and slush almost everywhere. Yesterday we had as fine a winter day as was ever seen anywhere, with brilliant sunshine and cloudless skies. The air, though, was sharp and the snow and ice did not entirely disappear during the day. This morning there has been a dense enough fog to presage another bright day.

Dr. S. J. Sparks To Be Here

The third lyceum under the auspices of the American Legion will be held next Monday evening, Jan. 24, at the Liberty Theatre, with Dr. S. J. Sparks, a speaker of national prominence on Chautauqua platforms, as the attraction. See the advertisement on the third page of this issue.

The Sentinel and the Oregon Farmer can still be obtained for \$2.15 for one year.

WATER QUESTION

The Council Want More Light Before Deciding What To Do.

Mayor Hamilton and all councilmen were present at the regular meeting of the common council last Monday evening, besides Recorder Lawrence, Attorney Stanley, City Treasurer Sanford, Marshal Miller and Water Superintendent Epperson.

A letter from the Woman's Club was read by the recorder, in which they pledged their support to any progressive steps initiated and mentioned particularly the need of a greater water supply and a better, cleaner city.

The bonds of O. C. Sanford, as treasurer, in the sum of \$1000 with L. H. Hazard and A. J. Sherwood as sureties; B. L. Hollenbeck for \$500 with A. T. Morrison and S. M. Nosler, as sureties; and A. P. Miller, for \$500, with S. M. Nosler and S. N. Hall as sureties were read and ordered filed.

An ordinance establishing the grades on Heath, Coulter, Henry, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh streets, all north of the gulch was adopted, and the city is now in position to go ahead with the improvement of that section whenever the people living out there are ready.

The street committee, on the suggestion of Councilman Mansell, was authorized to have the T bridge repaired by laying a 24-inch wheel track there the full length of that structure. He reported that the ten thousand feet of lumber required for the job would cost \$140, and that the repairs would and for the present the constant expense of replacing a few planks at a time.

The Street committee was also authorized to have the south shed roof over the high dock repaired, Councilman Gregg estimating the cost at \$55 or \$75.

The resolutions presented by C. R. Barrow, which would permit him to remove the earth from Eighth street where it was above grade, was tabled until it was ascertained whether the proposal would suit the property owners facing on that street. He desired the dirt to fill in for the sidewalk he expects to lay along his frontage on the Fairview road.

Councilman Davis urged the necessity of abating the nuisance of all vault toilets in the sewer district and the marshal was instructed to serve notice to all such offenders requiring them to connect with the sewer inside the time limit prescribed by law.

O. C. Sanford directed the council's attention to the need of street improvements, especially in the section where he lives on Sherwood Heights. Most of the property owners want an improvement made but are not agreed as to the kind and he thought the council would have to inaugurate a plan. The plank roadway up the hill is in a very bad shape and should be replaced by a permanent improvement this summer, was his idea.

Nothing else coming up the council devoted an hour or more to the water question. Most of the members had made the trip up to the reservoir on Rink creek the Sunday before, and after viewing the lay of the ground none of them were disposed to favor building a storage dam up there.

Cunningham was again urged by Councilman McLeod as a source of supply sufficient to carry the town through the driest of summer seasons, but the majority were looking with favor on the plan suggested by J. A. Lamb last year, that of pumping from Lost creek just before it flows into the North Fork, with that larger stream as something to fall back on in the future when needed. The need of expert advice, however, was continually urged by all, and Mayor Hamilton said he would write to a couple of men at Eugene whose names had been given him by U. of O., to see if they would come down here and advise the best course for the city to pursue. Neither of them would be interested in the sale of any equipment to the city and their reports would be unbiased, it was felt.

Whether the bonds voted last fall would be sufficient to bring the water over the hill is uncertain, but Engineer Gould's estimate is not greatly in excess of the \$30,000 issue which can be sold whenever the proper time comes.