

The Sentinel

Published by the Coquille Post-News Service, Inc.
BY E. W. TORRES.

Subscription Rates:
One Year \$2.00
Six Months \$1.25
Three Months75
Single Copies 10c
No subscription taken unless paid for in advance. This rule is inflexible.

Advertising Rates:
Display advertisements, 10 cents per inch; less than 10 cents, 15 cents per inch. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents. Reading matter 2 cents per line under Matter Section, 10 cents per line. Want advertisements one cent a word. No reading matter, or advertisement of any kind, inserted for less than 25 cents.

Office Corner Second and Taylor Sts.
Owned by the Coquille Post-News Service, Inc.
Printed at the Coquille Post-News Service, Inc.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL

(Continued from first page.)

ill, had also gone into the station. "When the gods love die young." When we started to put this letter we intended to devote it to our 1923-24 trip from tide-water on the sunset side of the continent to the seagirt shores of our old Long Island home, but the flood gates of memory opened and we were for a few moments swept away on the current that rushed through. Before getting back to the starting point though, we must also confess that the great-headed old lady, ten years our junior, whose hand we clasped yesterday, and who at sixteen had called us teacher during our last eastern term of school in Number Ten, never caused us a moment's worry. Much to the contrary. At Portland we spent a couple of days, according to schedule, but had to cut out a part of the program. For years we had been promising ourselves a boat trip up the Columbia to the Dalles, but alas.

"From earliest youth I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower, but it was the first to fade away."

That boat line on the Columbia is a thing of the past. The Columbia Highway has sapped its nourishment. Nor can we blame any one else for its decadence more than ourselves. Two years ago we journeyed joyously over that scenic road without a thought of the boat line.

The afternoon of the second day we embarked for Tacoma, and after crossing successive bridges we turned our backs on Oregon for the first time in six years and entered the state of Washington, which had proved the greatest magnet of the Pacific Northwest when we first visited this coast.

The valley of the Cowlitz, up which we sped in the train's dust and clatter, intrigued us. Much in this valley reminded us of the Coquille, though its scenes are more quiet and pastoral and its sawmills more infrequent. During the first stages of the journey to Tacoma, Mount Hood dominated the landscape; then came Mount St. Helens, but ere long it was magnificent Rainier, that snow-clad height, claimed oblation.

Meanwhile, we had passed Chehalis, which had gained for us an added interest, since we had seen it last, as the home of our popular home demonstration agent, Miss Minnie Kalbus, since banished by her own election to the sage brush wilds of Eastern Oregon where her name even has been lost.

Four miles beyond Chehalis we gazed with interest on the streets of Centralia, where on Armistice Day less than two years ago the warm life blood of veterans of the American Legion was spilled by murderers of an organization that will be hated for generations to come for the mark of Cain, with which its members there branded themselves, thus damning themselves to eternal infamy as the Judas Iscariots and Benedict Arnolds of the Twentieth Century. The bloody horror of that November day was most vividly recalled as we gazed upon the scene where the tragedy was enacted. The men who fell there were no less martyrs of liberty than those who died at Brandywine and Valley Forge.

Saturday morning we seated ourselves in one of the stages of the National Park Transportation company, for a trip as far towards Mount Rainier's shining heights as they could carry us, only regretting that it was but 5,500 feet of the 14,560 that stamps this as one of the loftiest peaks of the American continent.

It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

any people do, and we had seen in our travels the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen. It was a ride of 78 miles, of which the first fifteen or twenty were over one of Washington's splendid concrete highways amid scenes of varying beauty and interest. Our first stop was made at Eatonville, which gained an added interest when one of our oldest Long Island friends told us of spending some months there a few years ago visiting his daughter. We Americans come and go more than

8% Investment Opportunities Will Not Always Be Available

EVERYONE who has studied economic history knows that the days of high investment returns, as well as the days of high commodity prices, will not last forever. High interest rates will gradually decrease as conditions return to normal.

This is why saving and sound investing are especially valuable to the individual today. A 50-cent dollar saved now will be worth 100 cents or more to you, in all probability, when you most need financial independence.

Sound investment securities are bargains today. The securities purchased now will pay their generous income yields into the future. The 8% Gold Notes will pay you a full 8% return until their maturity in 1930, when the principal will be returned to the investor.

Act while you can take advantage of the present investment opportunities.

An 8% Investment - With Safety

Mountain States Power Company

H. M. BYLLESBY & COMPANY
Fiscal Agents

BYLLESBY ENGINEERING & MANAGEMENT CORPORATION
Engineers and Managers

Have you seen our new stock of Agate Rings Lavalieres Charms and Loose Stones

W. H. Schroeder & Sons
Watchmaking - Engraving - Jewelry Manufacturing

LONG'S Machine and Repair Shop

We specialize in Carburetor, Ignition and Generator Troubles

Philadelphia Batteries with a Two Year Guarantee

Acetylene Welding Machine and Auto Repairing

Phone 611 At Graham's Garage

OAC TECHNOLOGY

Oregon's Higher Institute of Technology

Eight Schools, Seventy Departments

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 19, 1921

For information write to the Registrar, Oregon Agricultural College, CORVALLIS