

Wonderfully Attractive Offerings in Practical Gift Suggestions for One and All

The pleasure of giving will be increased fourfold if your gifts are chosen from selections which offer great latitude for choice—selections which cover so large a field that suitable and useful gifts can easily be chosen for all your friends and relatives, no matter how long your lists or how varied your tastes. Below we offer a few helpful suggestions for making out your lists.

- Beautiful Silk Hosiery
- Undersilks
- Silk Waists
- Silk Dresses
- Kimonos
- Handkerchiefs
- Ladies' Coats
- Skirts
- Handbags
- Purses
- Musing Underwear
- Table Linen
- Neckties
- Fancy Shirts
- Slippers
- Hats
- Bath Robes
- Silk Umbrellas
- Sweaters
- Mackinaws
- H. S. & M. Suits
- Suspenders
- Gloves
- Bedspreads



Taxed to Death and Damned Near Ruined

People who are squirming under present taxation burdens will read with keen interest the following letter sent to C. D. Halferty, vice-president of the Farmers & Merchants Bank of Cashmere, in which is very succinctly set forth why one of their customers cannot meet his financial obligations, says the Cashmere Valley Record.

"Dear Sir: For the following reasons I regret being unable to reduce my overdraft. I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, sat upon, flattened out and squeezed by our income tax, the excess profits tax, war loans, war bonds, war savings certificates, the automobile tax, and by every society and organization that the mind of men can invent to extract what I may or may not have in my possession.

"The government has governed my business so that I do not know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded, so that I don't know who I am, or why I am here at all.

"All that I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about, and held up, hung up, robbed and damned near ruined, and the only reason why I am clinging to life now is to see what will happen next."

From the Orange Groves

Miss Helen C. Sperry, who left here a few weeks ago to spend the winter with relatives in Florida, in a letter to the Sentinel says:

This beautiful land certainly "begs for description," so many varieties of brilliant flowers, trees, fruits, all new to me. A small banana never seen in market, wee oranges, large guavas of several sorts, including one with the pulp of a blood orange, etc., etc., in this Orange county; so many lakes, resorts and drives, "Winter Park" being best known likely; hotels without number, more building (eleven stories high.) Here in Orlando, which has developed into a small city in the past few years, are beautiful hotels, mansions of men like the "Beeman," of chewing gum fame, homes of such men as Irving Bacheller, hundreds of fine cottages and bungalows, several fine, large schools, a new high school on the way, a convent, Cathedral school (Episcopal), and nearby is Rollins College and Conservatory of Music.

I have "shuffled off care" and have nothing to do but go, receive and enjoy myself generally but cannot say I am quite acclimated as yet. Warmer weather just now than our summer day at home, really, and a damp heat, though often a very refreshing breeze, and we had two quite cool days last week.

Soon we shall go to Daytona Beach and also plan a trip to St. Petersburg, well known to our northern friends. This is fairyland and I wonder at times, like the old woman of nursery fame, "if this be it!" Still I shall always prefer our Oregon climate, I believe, and could hardly hope to be comfortable here in summer as many of the permanent residents seem to be.

Want to Get Coal Too

The Japanese, who have been buying Coos county cedar for some time past are now negotiating for the purchase of coal at Coos Bay. They think they can get it here cheaper than anywhere else on the west coast of this continent, but are uncertain about the depth of water on the bar there being sufficient to float their ships when coal laden. The schooner, William Taylor, drawing 21½ feet of water, however, went out safely Tuesday loaded with lumber for the flowery kingdom.

"The LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER," a story embracing the well known characters of "The Lone Wolf" and "False Faces" will be at the Liberty next Wednesday. See the program on page three.

It only costs 15 cents more to get the Oregon Farmer when subscribing for the Sentinel, and everyone agrees it is the biggest 15 cents' worth of reading they ever saw. The Farmer is issued weekly.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound as if perfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is destroyed by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. It is a blood purifier and cleanses the mucous surface of the ear.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c.

CHARLIE

By ADDIE GRAVES.

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The four girls stood in the open gateway of "Aunt Carlina's" summer boarding house.

"I'll bet you'll marry Hiram Green inside of three months," exploded Alice.

"I can see, 'in his eyes, that you will," added Marie.

"And I see it in the set of his jaws," continued Jessie.

"And," supplemented Marie, "I can also see it in your own eyes."

"Me marry 'Wheelbarrow Charlie'?" You girls must have escaped from some feeble-minded institution. I am going to call up the selectmen and have you returned to where you belong.

"You can't do that. Hiram happens to be the first selectman in this town," informed Alice.

"His hair is like his carrots; His cheeks are like his beets; With wheelbarrow he peddles All kinds of greens for sets."

None of the four imaginative misses noticed a curly, redheaded young man sink out the back door of the hall that reached through the house. Hiram strode energetically down to the Hunter garage.

"Say, Bob, have you got a good 'tin Lizzy' to sell this morning?"

"I got a brand new one—came last night—want it?"

"Yes, right now. Hadn't intended to get one till next month. Changed my mind. You know I got a license—used to run Uncle David's truck last winter in the city. No one knows it around here, though."

In less time than it takes to tell it, Hiram's car was loaded with garden truck and back to the gate where had stood the four girl vacationists. "Aunt Carlina" preceded four pop-eyed gigglers to select dainties for dinner. Cantaloupes, a water melon, green corn, tomatoes, cucumbers and bright red horticultural beans filled the arms of the crowd, who gazed at the luscious fruit and fresh vegetables with longing.

The next day was "Town Picnic" day. "Aunt Carlina" hired Hiram to take her guests and herself to the festivities. Hiram arrived minus his thick red curls, having had a short cut. His white flannels, white silk hose and new Panama were immaculate.

Marie, the wit of the crowd, whispered: "He ought to have a white wheelbarrow and peddle pond lilies." Estelle registered rebuttal.

"Oh, you're softing fast, aren't you?" sneered Alice.

While the picnickers were gathering, the younger element enjoyed a few dances. After watching Marie and Hiram steal through a sweet, old-fashioned waltz, the "bald-headed carrot" glided over to Estelle and led her into a maze of modern, newest fancies. Soon it required all the concentration she possessed to follow him.

There was no time to wonder until he led her to a far corner of the grove by the water. Unable, then, to withhold her curiosity, she ventured:

"Where did you learn to dance like that?"

With quiet tones of concealed conquest, he replied: "I am a dancing teacher, winters. But I thought I would try dancing with a wheelbarrow on a farm—scientific dancing—so I came to the old place to experiment. I find it very interesting—in more ways than one," with a sly glance out the corner of his eye.

Just then some one came asking Hiram to take him home.

Estelle had seen—what in Hiram's big brown eyes? Whatever it was, it caused her to get into the boat and row a short distance to an island in the lake.

No one saw her depart. When the excursionists started for home, the verdict was that Estelle had stolen a march on them, or a ride. After driving his passengers home, and not finding Estelle there, Hiram returned to the boat landing.

The boat was floating near the shore, having drifted near its stake. Estelle's amateur knot had not held. A forlorn little figure stood waving on the island.

Hiram removed the white shoes and socks, waded to the boat, and soon reached the shore of the island. He did not land, however, but dropped the stone used for an anchor, pretentiously laid the oars in the bottom of the boat, and folded his arms.

Estelle looked at him in amazement.

"Aren't you going to take me ashore, Mr. Green?"

In a fine tenor, he sang to his own improvisement:

"His hair is like his carrots; His cheeks are like his beets; With wheelbarrow he peddles All kinds of greens for sets."

Estelle's face gradually grew "like his beets."

"Say, Estelle, will you ever have a use for my old wheelbarrow?"

Estelle turned and fled to a clump of spruce and threw herself on a rock.

Soon a pair of strong arms grasped her tight. A voice whispered gently: "I'm not quite as hard as that rock—but if I take you home, will you marry a bald-headed carrot and have tiger lilies in the flower garden? Will you be Mrs. Charlie Wheelbarrow?"

Estelle couldn't see the freckles, for her eyes were shut and her head buried into a blue silk shirt. Her hands were reaching for red curls that were gone and could not be pulled.

Santa Claus

Will be at

The Variety Shop

Saturday, December 17th

Owing to the lack of snow Santa cannot drive his Reindeer, so he will arrive on the 2 o'clock Bus from Marshfield and will be at the Variety Shop until 5:00 o'clock.

Santa will have a package for all children up to 8 years old if they are accompanied by guardian.

Bring the children and let them tell Santa what they want him to bring them for Xmas.



Marshfield-Coquille-Myrtle Point-Roseburg AUTO STAGES

Subject to change without notice

Marshfield - Coquille

Leave Coquille for Marshfield

7, 8, 9, 10, 11 a. m. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 p. m.

Leave Marshfield for Coquille

7, 8, 9, 10, 11 a. m. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 10 p. m.

Saturday night only, leaves Marshfield at 12 instead of 10

Myrtle Point - Coquille

Leave Myrtle Point for Coquille

7:15 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 1:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m.

Leave Coquille for Myrtle Point

9:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 2:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m.

COAST AUTO LINES

George W. Bryant, Manager

CONDITION HARD TO IMAGINE

What Would Happen to the Sun and Other Heavenly Bodies if There Were No Atmosphere.

Were the earth deprived of its atmosphere and existence possible under such conditions, we should find that no rosy dawn would herald the rising of the sun in the darkened east, or gorgeous colors mark its setting in the west. The sky would be dark by day as well as by night, says a writer in London Answers.

The stars would shine brightly through the entire 24 hours, but we should see thousands more of them than are now visible on even the clearest nights. They would not twinkle in the least.

They would be seen almost up to the very edge of the sun itself, but immediately round the sun there would be a glow having the appearance of broad wings, and red flames would add their grandeur to the impressive scene.

The zodiacal light would appear as a broad beam of light in the spring, up to the left of the place where the sun had set. It would be possible to study this remarkable object, and no doubt to solve quickly the mystery which has clung to it for so many centuries.

The appearance of the milky way would be far more magnificent than it is now, seen even from tropical countries.

A big comet would be seen months before it got to the sun, and we should witness it sweep round the sun with incredible speed and dart off into space again.

Mercury and Venus could have their movements followed with ease, and any other planet there might be between Mercury and the sun would soon be discovered.

LAND BIRDS FOLLOW STEAMER

Perch on Spars and Rigging of Vessels and Are Carried Far From the Land.

Land birds far from land form one

General Hauling and Delivery

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of the sights to be witnessed by passengers on board the steamers crossing Lake Michigan. This is said to be especially the case on the steamers of a line plying between Muskegon and Chicago, a distance of 190 miles. The steamers sail after dark.

At sundown the spars and rigging of the vessels in the dock form good resting places for the land birds. When darkness comes and the boats begin to move it is too late for them to go ashore.

It is said to be no uncommon thing for the passengers to see a strange sight just between daybreak and sunrise. The birds are waking up and find themselves some thirty-odd miles from land. They circle about the boat until they are compelled to rest on the rigging, some of them seeming much perplexed, while others make the best of circumstances.

On one trip two yellow hammers or flickers were among the company, as well as a silent little sapsucker that pecked away at ropes and spars as if he were breakfasting heartily on grubs. There was a frightened brown thrush, as well as a pair of tiny wrens and several grass sparrows.

The birds accompany the vessel until it reaches the other port and then fly ashore.

For Christmas

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