

MINOR MENTION.

Telling About People and Events in the City and County

Rev. W. B. Smith, of Fishtrap, was a caller yesterday morning.

Vulcanizing and battery service at Graham's Garage.

See the line-up of big features for next week at the Liberty in the program on page three.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Eckblad, of Marshfield, spent Christmas here at the Fred Belloni home.

W. H. Mansell left Christmas morning for a month's visit at his old home in Oakland, Calif.

Auto repairing a specialty at Graham's Garage. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Many foreign countries are clamoring for Tanlac. Its fame is world wide. Fuhrman's Pharmacy.

Rev. John R. Scott and wife and daughter ate their Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Boldon.

A suite of 3-rooms to rent, stove and adjoining bath room. Light house-keeping doesn't go. See the Sentinel.

Grandpa and Grandma Leslie got their new titles last week when a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Keith Leslie.

The semi-annual installation of officers of Coquille Lodge No. 53, I. O. O. F., will take place next Friday evening, Jan. 6.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Laird, of Bridge, were down here Wednesday to attend the wedding of their niece, Miss Bonnie Laird, that day.

See the Great Nazimova in "BILLIONS," the poetic story of a Billionaire, next Monday and Tuesday at the Liberty.

The Coquille Laundry Co. driver will make his usual pick-up of laundry bundles next Monday, that day not being observed as a holiday.

Orders for shrubbery and trees from the Washington Nursery will be received by W. G. Wright, at the Title Guarantee & Trust Co. office.

We have sold 97,000 bottles of Tanlac and have never had a single complaint.—Jacobs' Pharmacy, Atlanta, Ga. Sold by Fuhrman's Pharmacy.

No waiting for your hemstitching when taken to Bonnie Walker's Millinery Store. Service and neat work is our motto. Let us convince you.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. McKenna and daughter, Frances, came in last Sunday from Corvallis to spend Christmas with Mrs. L. Harlocker and family.

Lex Cope and wife, of Langlois; were visiting at the Fred Belloni home here Wednesday. Mrs. Cope left for Corvallis that evening to visit relatives.

Bring us your hemstitching. New machine, experienced operator. Orders promptly filled. We can please you. Bonnie Walker's Millinery Shop.

W. R. Foote, formerly of this city, was up here from Porterville, Cal., recently. He is said to have negotiated the sale of his ranch on the Norway-Lee road to L. Stubblefield.

Coquille Encampment No. 25, I. O. O. F. will hold its annual installation of officers next Thursday evening, Jan. 5, and all members are urged to be present. The ceremony will be followed by a feed.

Spectacles and eye glasses quickly and skillfully repaired. Broken lenses duplicated. Optical repairs of all kinds done while you wait. Glasses fitted. By V. R. Wilson, "Optometrist." Coquille, Oregon.

Mrs. J. L. Harrison and daughter, who had spent Christmas with Mr. Harrison's folks near Broadbent, was visiting here Monday. She was formerly a teacher in the public schools here—Miss Elizabeth Griffin.

Money to Loan on City Property. No Commissions. W. G. Wright. 367

Phone 503x if you want good dry wood. They have plenty and will give you quick service. \$2.50 per tier delivered.

Hemstitching done while you wait. Compare work with others. Satisfy your own curiosity. All work guaranteed. Prices 10 and 12 1-2 cents per yard. Mrs. Maybelle Ford's Millinery.

WE are ready to do all kinds of dressmaking. One block west from the north end of the Henry St. bridge. Sackett & Staninger.

Mrs. Flora E. Dunne, who has been quite ill with tonsillitis at the home of her brother, J. E. Quick, is getting better and is now able to be up part of the time each day.

Send the Sentinel to eastern friends.

L. M. Ahsen, of Arago, was a caller at this office this afternoon.

E. P. Mast came in from McKinley this morning and made the Sentinel a call.

J. A. Cook, of Woodland, Wash., who is visiting in Coquille, was a caller Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Harvey, who teaches in the Myrtle Point school, is spending the Christmas vacation at home in Coquille.

See the line-up of big features for next week at the Liberty in the program on page three.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Groom, of Cottage Grove, are spending the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. W. E. Bossman, and family.

"BILLIONS" with the Great Nazimova in the leading role at the Liberty next Monday and Tuesday. See the program on page three.

The Scandinavian-American bank of Marshfield has reorganized as the Coos Bay National Bank. The capital stock has been increased from \$25,000 to \$50,000.

It is astonishing how quickly Tanlac will produce results. You usually feel better from the very first dose. Fuhrman's Pharmacy.

D. E. McDuffee, who was here with the Coquille Lumber Mills for a couple of years, and later returned to his former home in Minneapolis, Minn., was down here to spend Christmas. He left for home Wednesday morning.

Wanted—A housekeeper in the city. Mrs. C. D. Ritter. Phone 50L or call at Cash Market.

It was reported yesterday that Constable James Brown, of Powers, with another officer raided a moonshine outfit near there and shot at the bootleggers as they ran, wounding one of them. Fifteen gallons of moonshine are said to have been seized.

Harry A. Miller returned to Coquille the first of the week from Portland, where he was convicted, on the testimony of a handwriting expert, of forgery. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but paroled during good behavior.

Marshall Pointer surprised his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Pointer, by arriving home Christmas afternoon from Katchikan, Alaska, where he has been for the past two years. He says he will stay here and thaw out for a couple of months, intending to start back about March 1.

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

J. L. Laird, of Bridge, was doing business in Coquille yesterday morning and made the Sentinel a call. He says the school budget there to which he alluded last week was defeated by only one vote and that some of those who voted against it were not legal voters. There will be another vote on this budget January 9.

"BILLIONS" with the Great Nazimova in the leading role at the Liberty next Monday and Tuesday. See the program on page three.

C. L. Willey and family have been enjoying a visit from his son, Earl, and wife, who came in last week to spend the holidays. They are still living at Corvallis, where he is employed by the engineering department of O. A. C., in new construction work. Mrs. Willey was formerly Miss Ruby Lammey, of this city.

Hemstitching by Anna Morrison. Straight work, 10c; other work, 12 1/2c a yard, thread furnished. Prompt attention given to Mail Orders. Machine in Robinson's Store.

J. E. Ford & Co. at the International Livestock Show in Portland last month purchased a carload—75 head—of purebred Aberdeen Angus steers, which they are now feeding at the Ford ranch near Cedar Point. This is the first carload of this breed ever shipped into the county and anyone desiring to look the herd over will be welcome to go out there any Sunday.

Calling Cards, 100 for \$1.50.

Last Link Completed
The contractors have this week completed the last link of pavement for that portion of the waterfront highway in Marshfield connecting North Bend and Marshfield. This will be thrown open to traffic in about three weeks and will mean a great improvement to those who have occasion to use the street. North Bend laid the first of the pavement over three years ago, paving from the limits to the business section.—Coos Bay Harbor.

Own Your Home
Coquille City is a good place to build it. Sengstacken can furnish you the sites at a low price and upon your own terms.

See the Great Nazimova in "BILLIONS," the poetic story of a Billionaire, next Monday and Tuesday at the Liberty.

Sending Out a Booklet

We are sending out this week to each subscriber of the Sentinel a copy of R. A. Easton's booklet, "Ideals." We have no idea how many of those who receive it will read it; but we know that those who read it—and let it soak into their souls—will be richer by far than those who pass it up. There is wealth for the soul, light and joy for the life in that book.

How a man, who writes some of the things we have printed for him in the Sentinel (and some we did not) with a sting to them, could write so splendid a book as this we don't know. Neither can we imagine how the man, who ordered Uriah sent to the forefront of the battle to try to hide his foul crime against that man, could have written the twenty-third Psalm.

Don't throw this little booklet, "Ideals" aside without reading it. If you read it and let its light and joy into your life you will be richer than ever you were before. It is full of the Christ spirit, full of quotations from Christ's sayings and from the rest of the Bible; but it links the book of books up with the common things of life and so gives one a glimpse of the riches of the spirit, which all may freely inherit.

If you have lived without ideals this booklet may inspire you with them; if your heart has never before responded to the music of the spheres, it may begin to ring with the strains of the choir invisible.

If you want to spend a while on the Mount of Transfiguration and from its heights see a new earth—and perhaps a new heaven—read this little booklet. It has a message for you if you will receive it and after you have received it you can never be quite the same person again.

Even if you think you can't read this little book yourself, hand it to some one who will read it. If you do read it, we are sure you will want others to read it.

Dutton-Laird

In the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends last Wednesday afternoon, Miss Bonnie Jean, eldest daughter of Walter Laird, of Sitkum, was united in marriage to Mr. Robert Dutton, of Bakersfield, Calif. The ceremony was performed at 3:30 p. m. at the Seventh Day Adventist church by Elder George Harlow, of Fairview. Yesterday they went out to Sitkum for a few days, and next Sunday will start for the groom's home in Bakersfield, where he is a contractor and builder.

The Sentinel joins Mrs. Dutton's many friends in Coos county in wishing the happy couple a long and prosperous life together and in congratulating the groom on the helpmate he has won.

Elks' Christmas Show

The free show given by the B. P. O. E. Christmas afternoon at the Liberty theatre was greatly enjoyed by over two hundred children, besides many grown-ups.

The Elks had decorated a beautiful Christmas tree, which stood to the right of the stage, and lighted up with scores of tiny electric lights, which reflected on the tinsel decorations, it presented a spectacle which delighted the children. At the close of the program a sack of candy was presented to each child as he or she left the theatre.

A corking comedy and a fine picture with Mary Pickford in the leading role furnished a good clean afternoon's entertainment.

Card of Thanks

Those who so kindly assisted us during our recent bereavement and for the beautiful flowers we wish to extend our deepest gratitude.

Mr. F. P. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Staninger and family.

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the friends who remembered us so kindly on Christmas.

Mrs. John Hurley and children.

CHADWICK LODGE

No. 68 A. F. & A. M.

Stated Communication Saturday, Jan. 7

Visiting Masons Welcome

Making Over Paper.

The chemical processes for the reclamation of printed book paper have been in use for some time, their efficiency is reduced by the fact that the mechanical pulping forces the ink permanently into the fibers, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. A mixture of ten pounds of borax, ten pounds of soap, two gallons of kerosene and two gallons of pine oil is used for soaking 2,000 pounds of stock, with enough water to make a three to six per cent pulp. The beater is used to pull the stock apart gently, with a minimum breakage of the fibers and the process is continued for an hour or less, with the pulp heated to from 165 to 190 degrees Fahrenheit, by live steam. The separated ink and the chemicals are then washed away by the usual method, and the reclaimed pulp is ready to be bleached.

MY MUSTACHE

By VIVIAN C. BURBANK.

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It took three years to raise the thing the way I wanted it. Naturally I was attached to it and was proud of my achievement.

When the folks back home said flatly it couldn't be done, I knew it could and proved it!

Whatever possessed me to part with it is beyond me.

I stepped nearer the glass and looked closely at my upper lip.

Not a trace of my beloved mustache remained. The barber certainly had done a good job.

To be frank, I wasn't exactly pleased with the effect. I had been on the road for over a year and this was my first trip home in that time.

"Yes, that's him, all right." The next thing I knew a hand grasped my shoulder. Turning, I confronted a big burly cop!

"What's the big idea?" I asked.

"You're under arrest."

"Under arrest?" I stammered.

"What for?"

"All right for you, Jim O'Day! You tell your little story to your wife, here."

I looked stupidly at the woman who stepped up in front of me.

"Why, hang it all, officer, I never had a wife."

"That's all right, but you just come with me and tell it to the chief."

"Say, who in Sam Hill do you take me for?"

"Lost your memory, eh?" sneered the woman.

"You're all wrong, my man, this is an outrage!"

"It wasn't an outrage when you left your wife, was it?"

"You're mad, woman. Great guns, can't you tell your own husband?"

"That I can," screamed the woman. Already we were the center of a curious mob.

"See, that's my husband and that picture's you."

And neither did I! Of course I began then to see light. I burst out laughing, slapped the officer on the back good-naturedly, and said:

"One on you, old man. I may resemble this picture; you see, I've worn a mustache up to an hour ago."

"How long did you own a mustache?" asked the woman, sarcastically.

"For just about three years, up to an hour ago."

"Ha, ha! You should have kept the thing. Just three years ago the third of this month my Jim cleared out."

"You're a sly one," grinned the fat cop. "That gag is as old as your grandmother." I was furious. More so when I saw the patrol wagon pull up to the curb. I turned to the woman, and shaking my fist at her, told her in a few words just what I thought of her.

"You'd better be careful what you say, boss. What you say generally goes against you."

I climbed into the wagon, followed by that lunatic of a woman, and the officer. He was sizing me up in good shape.

"'Nother woman?" he asked under his breath.

"I tell you there's no woman. That maniac sitting there is no more my wife than you are."

"Maniac, am I?" She began to rave worse than ever.

"You're a fine man, you are. You're a fine man to be the father of eight darlings."

"Eight darlings be hanged," I thundered.

"Pooh—you know well enough, Jim, the baby—just wait until you see him. First in his class he is. And Charlie has a swell job at the box factory. Kate is some piano player. Gets \$10 a week down to Flam's movies. If you want to do the right thing, Jim, I'll tell the boss it's sorry I am I ever had you pinched, and we'll forget it all."

"Will you keep that trap of yours closed for five minutes?" I shrieked at her.

"I will not," she yelled back at me, shaking her fist. "You're just the same old brute you always were."

"Here we are, boss."

Believe me I was some glad to get out. I was led up the steps of the station house.

The door opened; I stood up and faced the chief.

"Jim Harrison, what the dickens are you doing here?"

"There, now, you heard me call Jim, didn't you?" piped up the woman in a shrill voice. "Try to tell me I don't know my own husband."

For once luck was with me! Funny I hadn't heard Billy Wayland had been made chief.

It didn't take me long to tell my story, and after Wayland had heard me through, it didn't take him long to straighten out matters.

Billy insisted that I go home to dinner with him. He and his wife sure did enjoy themselves at my expense.

"Oh, but you look lots nicer without it," smiled Billy's wife, sweetly. "Surely you don't let a little thing like that bother you?"

"Thank you," I retorted, "but that little thing can't sprout any too soon for me, and when it's back to normal again it's gonna stay."

A Certainty.

"Of course, there is nothing absolutely certain about a horse race."

"I'm not sure about that, Charley dear," said young Mrs. Torkins. "The horse you bet on invariably loses."

TO the many friends we have made during our five months in Coquille, to the friends we would like to make, to all our patrons and acquaintances, we desire at this time to extend the compliments of the season and wish you all

A Happy New Year

Hudson's Drug Store

Front St.

Remarkable Windmill.
At a recent fair in Paris there was exhibited a novel windmill, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Around the top of a light trussed-metal mast are disposed circumferentially a series of propelling blades parallel with the mast to which they are connected. These blades, of about one-fourth the length of the mast, are each formed of a semitubular piece with its open face radial to the mast, and bisecting this face is a thin flat blade of equal length. By this arrangement the propelling effect of the wind on these blades is the same, no matter what its direction. The vertical mast is supported by guys connected to radial arms that contain the upper pivotal bearing. At the bottom of the mast is a footstep bearing.

"Crepuscular Rays."
The beams of light sometimes seen radiating from the sun when not far from the horizon are called "crepuscular rays." They are due to rays of light passing through breaks in the clouds and made visible by dust or fine drops of water in the air. Their apparent divergence is an effect of perspective. The phenomenon is popularly described as "the sun drawing water." Sailors speak of the "sun's back-stays," while Homer wrote of the "rosy-fingered dawn."

Mental Science.
What are those dreadful pictures hanging on the walls of your waiting room? "They illustrate some of the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition," replied the dentist. "I should think they would be out of place here." "Not at all. After my patients have seen what people suffered in the old days, having a tooth filled seems mere child's play."

Bigelow's Corn Shop

Number, Number, Who's got the number?

101 H. H. Scovall	\$1.00
602 Jerene Low	1.00
1203 Lurline Wilkinson	1.00
1804 Mabel Grush	1.00
2405 ?	1.00

As advertised, Free \$5.00

When you need a

Flashlight Battery

buy a

Winchester Battery

These days while darkness comes early you have more need than ever for serviceable

Winchester Flashlight

Get one today. You will use it tonight

Coquille Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE