

The Sentinel

GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
H. W. YOUNG, Editor

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We note that the Oregon Voter denies the story about Mr. Boalt of the Portland News, having been offered a bribe of \$1,000 to fight against the graduated income tax (not a plain income tax.)

That story featured in Sunday's associated press story about a waterspout chasing a ship for half a mile, sounds to us just a little fishy. During a 10,000-mile sea voyage to South America the writer saw a good many waterspouts, but never one that turned itself loose to chase a ship.

Senator Borah, one of the leaders of the Battalion of Death, who fought the Versailles treaty to a finish in the senate, is now quoted as saying that the number of friends of the League of Nations in that body is increasing. We have heard that nothing is ever settled until it is settled right.

If you sold your Liberty Loan bonds at a sacrifice you make be interested to learn that the Third and Fourth loan bonds are now practically at par, being quoted at not more than 10 cents discount on \$100, or one tenth of one per cent. They will all command a premium in time.

Even a state income tax in addition to the federal income tax we are now paying here in Oregon wouldn't come within sight of the rate our British cousins are paying. For incomes under \$5,000, where we are now paying four per cent and would pay eight if the state collected as much more, Englishmen are now asked for 30 per cent.

That alliance between Russia and Germany bodes ill for the future peace of the world unless they both join the league of nations. The United States ought to set them the example. That no man can live to himself alone we have long known and we are learning that no nation can, either, no matter how great or how isolated. We are "members one of another."

A New York publication avers that "No true gauge of the effect of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments will be possible for at least a hundred years, probably more." That is more than most of us will hang around to see what is going to happen, but we are glad to learn that a good many effects are already visible—notably that France has got over secretiveness in public affairs and her premier at Genoa is holding weekly conferences with the representatives of the press.

The Sentinel has referred heretofore to the evident desire of the Japanese residents of the Yakima valley to become desirable American citizens and we learn from a recent dispatch that they are "carrying on" the Americanization program by the selection of Mrs. George McKay of Mahton to preside for at least three days in the home of each Japanese subscribing to the program as "mother," to teach Japanese housewives American ways and ideals. Eleven Japanese families have signed for the experiment and others are being added.

Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury department, predicts that Uncle Sam will lack five hundred million dollars of paying expenses during the fiscal year which will end June 30, 1923, a little more than a year hence. That doesn't mean, of course, that we are going broke, as a great many nations would under so great a burden, but it does mean that the people of this country will next year be paying more taxes than they had been. Add to this the soldiers' bonus of \$75,000,000 that is to be voted to the World War veterans, the ship subsidy of \$50,000,000 President Harding is urging, and \$25,000,000 more additions to the river and harbor appropriations and there will be \$125,000,000 more to be provided for next year.

By that time the spell binders will be around telling how many billions the present administration has saved

us because appropriations are not as high as during two or three years after the war. Thus the mirage of lower taxes in the future often tantalizes us.

When we read in Wednesday's dispatches of the two Brazilian aviators, making the longest log of a trans-Atlantic flight from St. Paul's Rocks in mid-Atlantic to the island, Fernando de Noronha we wondered if any other Oregon reader would be as interested in that story as we were. It will be just fifty years ago next November when, after thirty days at sea, we first sighted that island of mountain pinnacles rising from the sea 300 miles off the coast of Brazil. This island is a Brazilian penal settlement and our barquentine did not make it a point of call. But how it adds to the interest of any news story to find the name of a place one has seen! And a host of memories of those weeks of sailing in tropical seas came trooping back as we read of this rocky island, which furnished our one glimpse of land between New York and Rio de Janeiro.

HAYS BANS FATTY'S FILMS

Will H. Hays has shown that as head of the motion picture producers association, he is the right man in the right place. Probably if he had not been in that place things would have taken a different course after Arbuckle had been acquitted of the crime of manslaughter in connection with Virginia Rappé's death, and his pictures would have gradually drifted back on to the screen, with results in every way detrimental to the moving picture industry, unless there had been a lowering of the moral standards of the nation. To secure the cancellation of the 10,000 contracts for the production of the Arbuckle films by merely requesting, shows that Mr. Hays' influence in the industry is as potent as it possibly could be. Why a man who lived as dissolute a life as Arbuckle did should not be allowed to become one of the heroes or models of the rising generation must be evident to every one who sees straight.

Mr. Hays evidently intends that the movie producers shall clean house, and that men or women who lead a shady life shall not be allowed to degrade the thoughts of the children of America, even by providing them with amusement. They are not even to be allowed to laugh at the antics of actors who flout the moral law and the law of the land.

This is one of the best things that ever happened in movie land. It will put the screen stars under stronger bonds for good behavior than any written instrument bearing a notary's seal in which a surety company became sponsor for them and guaranteed clean living on their part. The heart of America is sound. Despite individual instances of wrong doing there is no dry rot there. This decision to banish the Arbuckle films from the screens is in the interest of decency and right living.

ANOTHER BOOZE MURDER

The tendency of violations of the prohibition law to promote crime of a more serious nature is conspicuously illustrated by last Sunday night's tragedy in the Willamette valley of which a bootlegger was the victim.

Only four months ago Frank Bowker, the murdered man, then going under the name of W. C. Boucher, was sentenced to 90 days in jail by Judge Wolverton for selling liquor. Both he and the man in jail charged with killing him were residents of Portland.

The young man accused of his murder, and who has confessed his guilt, is Russell Hecker. He is 24 years of age and comes from one of the pioneer families of Albany, and was educated in the public schools of that city. Up to this time there is no hint of his having had a criminal record.

Last Sunday, according to Bowker's brother, he agreed to sell Frank Bowker 15 cases of bonded liquor and borrowed a car to take the latter out to 81st and Division street, where he said it was stored in an automobile in an old barn. Bowker was to go out with him to inspect this liquor and took along \$1400 to pay for it if he found it satisfactory.

That this liquor cache had no existence except in Hecker's imagination now appears to have been the case; but why the young man should have plotted murder to get the \$1400 is something that has not yet developed.

It had been arranged that Bowker's brother, Albert, should go along with Frank and Hecker, when they went to inspect the liquor, but that would seem to have threatened interference with Hecker's plans, as he absolutely refused to take the brother along in the car and it was agreed that Albert should meet them at the barn. He went there and staid until 11 o'clock at night but the others did not come, although they left Broadway and Stark street at 7 o'clock.

What did happen was that Hecker

came back to Portland alone early Monday morning and parked his borrowed car, which was found covered with spots of human blood, although the worst stains had been covered with a new cushion and a new floor mat.

Just where the murder was committed remained uncertain for a time, but young Hecker confessed to his father that he had put Bowker's body in a hop sack weighted it with stones and thrown it into the Calapoosia river two miles from Albany. When the father pointed out to the officers the spot in the middle of a bridge over that river the story was verified by finding blood stains on a rotten plank there.

Just what other lessons this story of wanton murder may teach—and there may be several—there can be no doubt that but for the persistent and persistent violation of the law against the traffic in intoxicating liquor it would not have occurred.

A TECHNICAL VINDICATION

Oregonian
The issue in the Arbuckle case seems to have been whether the young woman whose death Arbuckle was accused of causing died as a result of physical violence committed by him or from the effects of a liquor debauch in which he furnished the liquor.

The niceties of the law, it also appears, makes a distinction between physical violence which results in death and the illegal purveyance of intoxicants which results in death. One is murder, or one of the degrees of murder, the other is something else of which the law does not take very serious cognizance. Of physical violence there was some doubt; of the free flowing of liquor there was none. There being a doubt as to the physical violence, the defendant was "vindicated"—on the third trial.

Now, as an experiment, the producers will release an Arbuckle film. It had properly been assumed that the public would not care to witness the photographed antics of an actor, no matter how comical his obesity, so long as he was under accusation of making a fatal physical attack upon a young woman. But it is now assumed that the public may not be so particular concerning a comedian who has been tried and acquitted, but against whom there remains the undisputed charge of indulgence in low orgies, contempt of decent conventions and defiance of prohibition law.

Unward circumstances sometimes bring to public notice immoral practices by men who have had fair reputation in their communities. The road house may be raided, the wild joy ride end in wreck, or death may result from indiscretions. Such men occasionally go about their legitimate business thereafter with more or less financial success, but they rarely or never expect to perform their everyday tasks to the applause of the family circle, or seek the admiration of the young and innocent.

The screen actor is a public figure. His success depends upon his direct personal appeal to the righteous—the larger element of the people. The screen itself is subject to public regulation. It is presumed to be kept clean of indecencies. Crime of other immorality may be shown within bounds, but it may not be exalted. The public has the right to expect as much from the actors whom it favors with its custom. However inoffensive may be the production, the fact that an actor therein is known throughout the world as coarse, sensuous, immoral, and indifferent to law, should by right and decency condemn the production.

AN OPEN CONFESSION

One of the most remarkable statements that ever appeared in any newspaper, says the Editor and Publisher, is the following from the Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune, whose editor, Robert Quillen, is widely known as a writer for magazines and newspaper syndicates:

"Of all the hard jobs in the world, that of making a public confession is the hardest. But it is the only square thing to do, it must be done. This, therefore, is an open letter to the young fellows of Fountain Inn—the 'good fellows,' the fellows I love and loaf with at times—the fellows I have taken drinks with and fellowshipped with.

"All this while I have been a member of the church—just that and nothing more. And when my conscience bothered me about taking a drink when I could get it, I said to myself: 'Why, I am a liberal supporter of the church; I pay the tithes; I am a gentleman and a man of intelligence; there's no harm in my taking a drink when I want it for I can handle it.'"

"I said that, but I was a liar. And while posing as a church member and a follower of Christ and yet reserving the right to take a drink at my pleasure, I was considerably lower down than a snake's belly.

1922, not 2000, and by the time the Bellamy era of prediction is reached who dares to foretell the achievements of men.

TO COST A QUARTER BILLION

General Goethals' report on the Columbia basin project will prove to be a most important contribution to the whole cause of reclamation.

He says that the cost of bringing water by gravity to this project of approximately 1,750,000 acres in Eastern Washington will average \$145.56 an acre, that the cost of preparing the soil for cultivation will range from \$20 to \$50 additional, but that if the amount totaled \$200 to \$275 an acre returns would justify the cost.

He says that the project is fully as national in scope and character as the Panama canal or the Alaska railway, that it would add more to the national wealth than either, and that it should be financed as were the canal and the railway by direct government appropriation.

He says that in six years this great body of desert, treeless, almost uninhabited land could be green with crops and busy with new life on farms and in new towns.

He says that for every one of the thousands of carloads of products shipped from the project a carload of machinery and supplies would be shipped to it from manufacturers, merchants and jobbers.

He says that the same quality and proportionate quantity of production may be expected from the Columbia basin project as from the lesser Yakima and Wenatchee projects whose combined products last year were valued in excess of \$75,000,000.

There are other potentially productive lands in Oregon and Washington that could be reclaimed at less cost than \$145 an acre with \$20 to \$50 an acre added for expense of selling and preparation of soil.

When General Goethals says that the Columbia basin project is economically feasible he, inferentially, says that projects of less cost are proportionately more feasible.

When he says that the Columbia basin project is a national project that would add more to national wealth than the Panama canal or the Alaska railway he says that other projects could make, in proportion, even greater contributions.

When he says that the Columbia basin project merits a direct governmental appropriation, he argues in behalf of a national reclamation program equally helpful to other projects of proved merit.

General Goethals is a great engineer. His work in connection with the Panama canal is one of the great engineering achievements of all times. He speaks with an authority relative to great constructive works rarely equaled by any man.

If the government should take up the Columbia basin project on his recommendation, it would find itself committed to an expenditure of \$254,170,351 within a period of six years, which would straightway begin adding each year to the nation's wealth, judged by the experience of other projects, nearly, if not all, of the initial cost. The government would find itself responsible for a great colonist movement to the land, for measures that would protect the settlers from overcharge, for connections that would afford them markets and for conditions promotive of home life.

To accomplish such reclamation and to carry with it other reclamation as needed would be one of the epochal achievements of a century—Oregon Journal.

NOT SO FAR BACKWARD

Those who, like the writer read "Looking Backward" in 1884, will be interested in the following from the Detroit News. It is certainly a wonderful forecast of present day conditions. We wonder how many more of Bellamy's dreams will come true within the next seventy-eight years:

When Edward Bellamy, 38 years ago, wrote his fascinating prophecy, "Looking Backward" from the year 2000, people gasped at his daring while appreciating his imagination. In one astounding chapter the "Rip Van Winkle" of the narrative is taken to the music room, where he is asked to make known his choice from a very long 24-hour music program. He indicates an organ piece; his hostess "made me sit down comfortably, and, crossing the room, so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem."

Such an incredible prophecy that the Bellamy work was classified in the libraries as "fiction," and so speedily has scientific development occurred; that in many libraries it still is "fiction." Yet this is only

fellows; but I had it coming to me.

She Knows

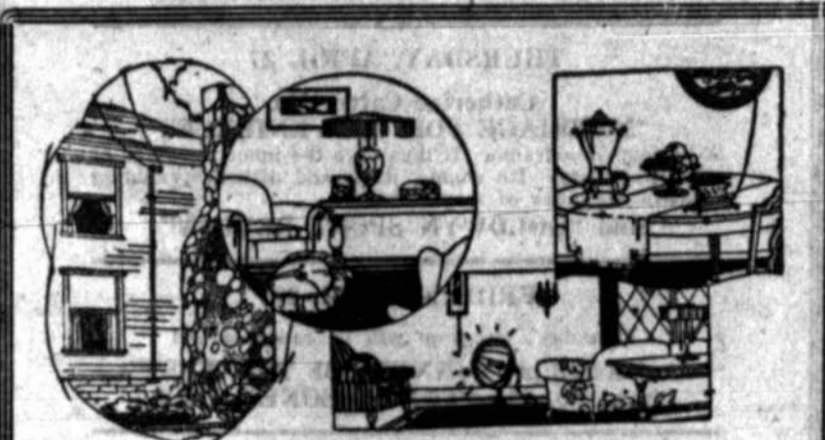
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And if my conduct has led any of you to believe that a man can retain his honor while carrying water on both shoulders, I want to make it clear that it's an impossibility. "I'm through. I'm 34 years of age, and have never struck a lick for my Lord. From now on I am His, to use as He thinks best, and I'll stick to Him; if it costs me everything I have and every friend I have. "I'm ashamed, fellows. Forgive me for not having been square. "Robert Quillen."



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