

The Sentinel

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

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If the world owes Uncle Sam eight-een billions, as a Washington dispatch affirms, the world is, certainly bankrupt. It wouldn't sell for enough to pay the bill.

Straw votes are of no further interest today. We are having the real thing now, and before morning any one interested enough to set up and hear the reports ought to know all about it.

We hear of some democrats today who are so anxious to take a hand in helping settle the contest between the six republican candidates for governor that they have adjourned politics and become protempore republicans.

We have heard of people who could never open their mouth without getting their foot in it—metaphorically speaking. The worst thing in that line we have seen in a long time was when Mike Maloney accused James Watson of paying the proceeds of that \$9,000 frame-up against Coos county to A. R. O'Brien for the gang. Whether it was willful mendacity or simple stupidity on the Times man's part opinions will vary.

A copy of the Southern Pacific's new booklet "Oregon Outdoors" is at hand. It is chock full of just the sort of information the vacationist wants, giving a good idea of the outing resorts and how to reach them, hotel and cottage rates, with names and addresses of managers or owners. The articles are well illustrated with neatly grouped half-tones.

The Coos Bay country is prominently featured on pages 13 and 14 and splendidly set forth in picture and story. The interesting trip from Eugene to Coos Bay is well described as are the many nearby resorts.

WHAT AILS AMERICANS

Americans are "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole," at a period when they should be discarding non-essentials and clinging to necessities, John E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, declared at the annual convention of the organization.

"High-priced hotels, theatres, ball parks and other camping grounds of amusement and non-production are enlarging their capacities to accommodate the ever-increasing army of refugees from the storms of life," he declared.

"Golf clubs, cigar factories, jewelry establishments, walking cane emporiums, pet dog kennels, canary bird dispensaries and bootlegging joints are flourishing as never before. Every street and highway throughout the land is teeming with automobiles that are burning expensive gasoline in the presence of self-imposed idleness."

"And all this time the coasts of north, south, east and west are teeming with the multitudes of the weary. The constructive forces of society, with marvelously increased demands upon them, are at this moment suffering for the lack of adequate nourishment."

Mr. Edgerton asserted that the chief economic problem of the day is that there are too many middlemen in the industrial fabric, with too many persons engaged in distributing the products turned out by the farmer and the manufacturer.

When you add to this excess of distributors the countless number of others whose chief activities are to reform, regulate, inspect, denounce, tax, plunder and otherwise live upon those who are trying to produce something, it will not be difficult to discover the principal factor in the continuing high cost of living," he said.

TO MAKE A MILLION

Daniel W. Davis came from New York to Chicago to make a million dollars selling "near beer" under the guise of real beer to residents of the "Gold Coast," the home of many of Chicago's wealthiest citizens, says a Monday press dispatch.

Today he sat behind the bars in

the lock up in the federal building and defied prohibition agents to prove that the "kick" in his brew registered more than one half of one per cent.

"I came here all the way from New York," he told federal officials, "because I knew from newspaper reports that Chicago was one of the best cities in the country to make money on booze. I am not a boot-legger and I am not a thief, but when a fellow can figure out that there are enough fools in the world to give him a million dollars through being fooled, I believe he is entitled to the dough."

"Here was my proposition: I knew that there were a number of beer lovers among the wealthy. I knew, too, that they would buy beer if it was delivered safely to their homes. You know, after three years, the average man forgets the taste of real beer. He can be fooled on the near stuff."

"So I bought up a lot of near beer and just sold it as beer to the men whose names I found in the 'blue book.' They never knew the difference."

BEYOND THE POWER OF COURTS

The power of prayer proved itself superior to the power of law in a Kentucky court the other day.

Peace officers had invaded Kentucky mountain fastnesses where distilling of white corn liquor is approved by local sentiment, though opposed by law.

Grim faced mountaineers who can shoot the eye from a squirrel crouched in the very top of a tall tree, were the hunted. They drove the officers out. They shot one of them.

Then they were gathered up and brought to court. One mountain man who was called to the stand to testify, abandoned the usual stoicism of her kind. Weeping she asked an aged minister who was present to pray that the hearts of her men folk might be softened. Her little girl had died not long before. She told her husband, a leader of the mountain group, that their loss was a warning to desist from his lawlessness.

The minister prayed—prayed with such fervor that the men broke down and wept. When he had done they asked the judge if they might go back up Mill Creek to their homes and bring back their stills. Their request was granted.

Courts in the Kentucky mountains have long tried to curb feuds and moonshining. They have been only partially successful. But an aged minister's prayer that that lawlessness may cease in Clay county will apparently do more to bring peace to that section of Kentucky than all uniformed authority. It is written that the prayer of a righteous man avails much.—Oregon Journal.

MAMMOTH METEOR

Few people ever watch the sky very long or very steadily without seeing more or less "shooting stars," that is small asteroids of planetary fragments, which have hit the earth's atmosphere and taken fire from friction with it as they fell. The question that often bothers those who see them is why more of them don't hit the earth, and why there is no record of anybody ever having been struck by one of them.

Thursday night of last week a big one did fall in southeastern Virginia and here is the story the associated press carried on Friday about the affair. In time we may learn more about it, of course:

The shock of a tremendous meteor which crashed to the ground in an isolated spot in Nottoway county 12 miles northwest of Blackstone late last night was felt within a radius of 50 miles, while the brilliant glare of the incandescent body illuminated the heavens over southern Virginia and sections of North Carolina.

The trail of light, as the meteor fell in a slow curve 45 degrees, was visible in Norfolk, in Richmond, and at points along the James river, creating general excitement and even consternation among the negroes.

The meteor, composed of metallic substance, crashed into a grove of oak trees with an explosive roar some distance from any house, making a hole with an area of 500 square feet and burying several trees with it. Flames immediately shot up which were visible for many miles, while trees caught fire.

A party of scientists and newspaper men immediately left Richmond and Norfolk for the scene, which is 120 miles west of Norfolk, but the results of their investigation were not known tonight, as the place is isolated and telephone communication unavailable.

The shock of the fall was felt in several towns. At Lawrenceville, 100 miles west of here, windows were rattled and houses shaken, while at Chase City, similar effects were noted. Automobiles on the roadways said it seemed as if their cars had caught fire, so great was the illumin-

ation.

In Norfolk the meteor appeared to be about half the diameter of the full moon and much like a street arc light. Its tail, of orange brilliance with a sharp blue flame fading out at the extreme end, apparently was about 10 or 12 times as long and fully as broad as the body.

In Richmond a streak of light was noticed before the ball of fire was seen whirling through space, to be followed by the reverberations of an explosion. The entire southeastern skies were illuminated as if by a flash of lightning and a burst of flames.

Good Coal Prospects

Bruno Augustino, who with associates control the coal leasing unit adjoining the proven Baxter property on Moose creek, is in Anchorage attending to business matters pertaining to the further development of the property. Mr. Augustino and associates have been working the unit for the past six months and he states they are highly elated over the prospects. Recently a seven-foot vein of coal was uncovered and the work at present consists of sinking a shaft and driving on the tunnel.

At the request of the bureau of mines B. W. Dyer, federal mine inspector, visited and examined the property and complimented Augustino upon the thorough manner in which the development was being accomplished and advised as to further work. The Augustino unit will be on the right-of-way of the Baxter spur that will be built early this year as announced by the Associated Press dispatch from Washington recently appearing in the Times.

Mr. Augustino is reputed as being one of the most reliable coal miners in Alaska and is confident that the Moose creek region will ultimately develop at least three large producing mines. In conversation with the Times this morning he said that Moose creek is the first creek flowing into the Matanuska river on the north, or right limit, upon which coal seams are encountered and this fact, in all probability, gave rise to the general opinion that coal would be found in place closer to the center of the coal area. However, constructive prospecting has proven the reverse, as the Moose creek units all show coal in large quantities and of high quality. Speaking of Unit No. 4 Mr. Augustino stated that he worked on the property and in his opinion it could be developed into a satisfactory commercial operating basis. Five separate seams of coal have been opened on Unit 4, and samples of the same gave an average of approximately 14,000 B. T. U.'s, according to an assay made by the Treadwell people of Juneau.

Mr. Augustino advises that he and associates will continue development work this spring and summer, with the intention of being prepared to ship their product next fall.

Champion Jersey

Owners of the St. Mawes strain of Jerseys in Coos county will be interested in the following item from last week's Tillamook Headlight:

The senior two-year old Jersey cow, St. Mawes Pretty Lady, not content with producing 824 pounds of butterfat and thereby annexing the title of champion butterfat cow of her class in the world, last Wednesday dropped a fine bull calf which entitles her to the further distinction of being the only cow of her class in the world to carry a living calf during her butterfat test, and then successfully drop it. No other cow in the world in her class has ever equalled this feat, and the owner, Lester Daniels of the Daniels Jersey Farm of this county, is elated and justly so.

Pleasant Hill Items.

Snow, rain, winter weather continues, delaying the farmers in putting in their crops.

Parties are viewing the market road work to be let by contract with the calculation of bidding on same.

Monday, May 22, all are invited to work at the Dora cemetery, our annual day to work and elect officers for the coming year. Also May 30 at one o'clock Rev. Elmer Shumard will address the people.

J. L. Crosby has the job of clearing the slides and opening ditches on the market road between V. Bennett's and K. C. Marcy's.

Lloyd Oddy takes the lead in early garden.

The last two teachers of Pleasant Hill school have entered into contracts to embark on the matrimonial boat, so we have to find another teacher.

Don Ren.

Next Tuesday and Wednesday the Liberty Theatre is going to give you the biggest thrill ever shown in a Western with Harry Carey in "MAN TO MAN."

"TRUTH WILL OUT"

By CAROLINE STOREY.

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It was surprising that the telephone made itself heard above the clatter of the five busy machines, for the tinkling little jingle it gave was comparatively faint. Perhaps, as no expectant faces were raised, the only one who did hear it ring was the girl who sat nearest and answered it impatiently.

"Peggy! Peggy! Somebody for you," she shrieked to one of the girls who was manipulating her machine with rapid accuracy. The young woman called arose, hurriedly crossed the room and took the receiver from its resting place.

"Hello! Oh, hello, Jim! What Jew say? Oh, I get you. No, 'maurful sorry, Jim, but I gotta 'nother engagement for this evening—thanks, thanks, just the same, though, Jim. Uh! huh! Whazzat? Oh! somebody you don't know. No—I couldn't!! honest, I couldn't—he'd be awful sore, I know; he's that jealous. Why don't you ask Mamie? She'd like to go, I think. Yuh—feeling fine, thanks. How're you? That's good—alrightee. Goo' bye, Jimmy, bye."

Peggy was as bright as they make them—and then some. It was rumored among the other girls that she was in line for the head of the office force, which was soon to become vacant. Eventually the rumor became a fact, and Peggy was authoritatively installed in the position.

The busy morning wore on until the stress and whistles began to call and scream over the smoky city, proclaiming a rest for the work-a-day world. Peggy, after settling a chic toque on her glistening locks and donning a modish coat, which enveloped her, joined her friend Mamie at the entrance to the building.

"Jimmy give you an invite to the show for tonight?" Peggy casually inquired, as they were making slow progress towards a small but respectable restaurant several blocks away from the building.

"Yeh! he called me up this morning an' asked me to go. How'd you know? Ask you first?" Mamie looked questioningly at her with one unoppliated blue eye—the other being obscured by the rakish tip of her hat.

Peggy extracted a small hand-mirror (cloudy with powder) from her handbag and critically regarded herself in it after she had wiped it clear with a slightly soiled handkerchief, from which exuded the plainly distinguishable odor of violet perfume. Peggy had a passion for perfume—especially the highly pungent kind that can be purchased at the bargain sales at \$1.49 per.

"Yuh! I suggested that he asked you," she explained, briefly, generously covering her nose with powder.

"Something's the matter, or you'd have gone with him yourself," commented Mamie, slightly nettled by the explanation. "I'll bet you hadda tiff—'bout time for one, anyway. You know you always useter give up any other dates for him—no matter what they were."

"I know I useter," Peggy admitted, aloofly. "but I got over that foolishness long ago. I like Jim, an' all that, but it's tiring to keep going round with the same fellow all the time. No tiff 'tall. I'm going out with Mr. Gerard this evening—he's been taking me out for about a week now."

The oncoming pedestrian traffic momentarily separated the two. When they had disentangled themselves and were united again Peggy continued: "First we're going to a swell cafe, then to a show, and wind up with a roof garden. He's a real nice man—even if he does need to use hair tonic and take a smaller size belt. An' when it comes to spending a fortune, he knows how," she announced emphatically, peeling the paper from a piece of gum. "An' Mamie, promise you won't tell."

"What is it?" asked Mamie, mildly interested, but still preserving a distant attitude of hurt friendship.

Peggy popped the gum into her mouth. "He's on the edge of proposing—I expect him to territe," she said confidentially. "Havva piece."

The next noon, over their coffee and doughnuts, and above the clatter of dishes in their usual eating-place, Peggy, with explanatory gestures, narrowed eyes and righteous indignation, informed Mamie the cold and bitter truth about Mr. Gerard.

"An' after his funny-faced wife finished with him," she ended her narrative, taking a long drink of her lukewarm coffee to give time for Mamie to become duly impressed. "I made myself scarce."

"You poor thing," exclaimed Mamie sympathetically. "I hadda punk time, too. What you see in Jim I don't know. Last night he was the deadiest, pokiest—"

Peggy's cup descended on the marble-topped table with an ominous and rather unnecessary firmness.

"Oh! is he?" she interrupted slowly, with deadly emphasis, becoming suddenly explosive. "I think he's dandy, and, if you don't mind, please confine further criticism to your own feller. Course you have a right to your own opinions, but don't air them in my face. I like him immensely, and—promise you won't tell."

Mamie acquiesced meekly—she was taken back at Peggy's outburst.

"He's on the edge of proposing," announced Peggy, taking another long drink. "I'm going to the show with him tonight."

Black Sand for Paint

The Gold Beach Reporter quotes E. J. Brazier, a mining engineer, as saying that the black sand found all along the coast in Southwestern Oregon is quite extensively used as a paint pigment and that he has assurance that a large paint manufacturing outfit will put in a plant on this coast providing the sand is to be found in sufficient quantities and is of the right quality. Mr. Brazier plans to conduct gold and platinum saving operations in connection with the paint plant.

Will Dive for Treasure

On a recent trip to Del Norte county, Supt. Lon Denio of the Southern Curry Telephone company, made a visit to Crescent City to see the diving bell which will be used in an attempt to salvage the wreck of the "Brother Jonathan," which lies at a comparatively shallow depth off Point St. George. Mr. Denio says the apparatus is quite an ingenious rig and the promoters are confident of success. Heavy seas due to the prevailing northwest wind have delayed the expedition.—Gold Beach Reporter.

Poultry Fanciers Here

Speaking of a couple of Coquille's poultry fanciers, the Daily News says: It is worth anyone's time to go and see the different purebred chickens at the homes of L. C. Call and M. T. Smith. Mr. Call has about 500, of all sizes. Both places have the Buckeye brooder. The silver and the golden spangled Campines are the two kinds that attracted the witer's attention. They are said to be wonderful layers. Both parties expect to have entries in the poultry fair this fall.

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

An Expert Writes:

"I used to be called a poor cook, and never pretended to bake a cake worthy of praise, but now I am called the champion cakebaker of my community, thanks to the Royal Baking Powder."

Mrs. R. W. P.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure
Contains No Alum
Leaves No Bitter Taste

Send for New Royal Cook Book—It's FREE. Royal Baking Powder Co., 126 William St., New York

Harry Carey's big picture, "The Fox," was good, but he says that his latest Universal-Jewell is his best one. It will be at the Liberty Theatre next Tuesday and Wednesday—"MAN TO MAN."

It's like picking up money in the street to get the Oregon Farmer every week for a year at only 15 cents when subscribing for the Sentinel.

Send the Sentinel to eastern friends.

Get a STRONG Bank Behind You

The co-operation of a strong bank is a mighty fine asset for any rising young man or firm.

There is peace-of-mind in knowing that you can consult any officer of this bank whenever occasion requires—that they are always readily accessible—always able and willing to confer with you in the safe conduct of your banking affairs.

We do not believe in red tape. Our idea of a bank's function is SERVICE, given cheerfully and freely at all times. Drop in some time and have us tell you more about it.

Farmers & Merchants Bank
of Coquille, Oregon

Notice to the Public

In order for us to improve the electric service in the Coquille Valley, it has become necessary to increase the voltage on our transmission line between Marshfield and Coquille. In order to do this work it is necessary to have the current shut off

Next Sunday, May 21
between the hours of
9 a. m. and 4 p. m.

We regret very much to cause our customers this inconvenience

Mountain States Power Co.
Phone 7