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LEO J. CARY

First National Bank Bldg

Phone 76J

Jim Davis in the Toils

James Davis, a Bandon negro (probably our old friend of the schap heap across the street from the Tuttle house) has been fined \$300 and sentenced to four months in the county jail for moonshining and peddling booze.

Calling Cards, 100 for \$1.50.

How about that cylinder of yours, does it need reboring? You can get it done at GARDNER'S GARAGE, Phone 46J.

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

Jackie Coogan says "betcha I'm tougher'n any kid in this town, an' I'll prove it in 'PECK'S BAD BOY' at the Liberty next Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

If you want the Oregon Farmer, a splendid weekly family farm paper you can get it for only 15 cents a year in connection with the Sentinel.

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A PIONEER HOME

What Living in This Valley Was Like in the Days of Long Ago

It is with pleasure I am looking forward to August 30th, expecting to meet with old pioneers and am happy to state I am a daughter of one of those old pioneer mothers, Mrs. Figg. Benjamin Figg was our stepfather, but he filled the place of a father, indeed, to us three step-children in those dear old pioneer days. Yes, I am proud I belonged once to that dear old couple who helped to blaze the trail for the advance of civilization, uncomplaining, and enduring trials and tribulations that always confront the early pioneer, and to our good fathers and mothers we owe our present and future destiny.

Those early Coquille pioneers that I have in mind came with the same will, spirit and determination of our Pilgrim ancestors who landed on the Plymouth Rock; the environment was similar. And when I look backward I remember my parents had their joys and triumphs with their trials and endurances.

Well do I remember when the evening meal was over and bed time drew near, gathered around our mother upon our knees with that mother's smiling face above us, she sitting in her old rough, home-made chair, and we would repeat after her in concert those sweet little prayers, and then she would tuck us in our bed which was a large sack filled with straw, and laid on split-out boards, and a bedstead made out of split-out boards also, and we had a few warm wool blankets.

In a few later years sheep were driven into the valley, and a small supply of dry goods was brought to Coos Bay. Then all those pioneer mothers got busy making comforters. I do not remember the date but I well remember the joy of those first quilting parties when all the neighbor women would gather together at one cabin; and the mothers always brought their children, and while they made quilts in the cabin we smaller children played in the yard and under the trees and the larger girls would spread the dinner. And those wonderful dinners! Our menu was about the same as our every day dinners, but the joy was the gathering together of the few pioneers and eating the humble meal together.

Only one of those pioneer women who lived in our immediate vicinity is now living, Mrs. Lillie, of Arago. She was then Mrs. David Doyle, and after Mr. Doyle died she married Mr. Albert Lillie, of Arago, where she still makes her home with her children.

In pioneer days when one neighbor was taken sick other neighbors were sent for to come and take care of the sick and those requested to come were not daunted if the night was dark or the storm was raging.

I recall an instance of one stormy night when Mrs. Nellie Dement, of Myrtle Point, was a baby in our mother's arms, a neighbor boy came and asked mother to come to his sick sister. Hastily dressing, and wrapping her baby warmly, she gave it to the youth to carry and started out to walk two miles over the hill on a foot path. The youth took the lead and on their way they came to a swollen creek with only a foot log to cross over. The log being wet and the wind blowing, mother lost her balance and slipped into the creek. With the assistance of the boy she gained the opposite bank and never once thought of being daunted, but hurried on and when she reached the sick woman's cabin, and after putting on dry clothing, she was ready for duty. And when mother was sick, this neighbor, or some other one, was sent for and they would do all that willing and energetic hands could do to relieve one another in sickness.

Church and Sunday school we did not have. Our mother told us of Jesus who died on the cross, and often repeated to us the commandments and, as I stated before, we knelt at her knees and said our prayers.

I think I was about ten years old when the South Methodist church established a Sunday school at Fishtrap and presented me with a New Testament, the first one I ever had the pleasure of touching with my own hands.

The first manufactured furniture and wall paper I ever saw was in a small house that was built on the corner of the block where the Farmers & Merchants Bank is now. Dr. Angel, who all the old settlers well remember, had moved his family to Coquille and Mrs. Angel had brought with her several upholstered chairs and had the house newly papered. Mother took my sister and me with her to visit Mrs. Angel. After mother was seated Mrs. Angel invited me to sit down and motioned toward one of the spring cushioned chairs. I sat down but sprang up again quicker than I had sat down, feeling sure I had just mis-

ed hitting the floor. I went quickly to mother's side and looked back at the chair that looked just as nice as it did before I sat in it, and then I wondered if I had broken it, or if it had been broken before I sat in it.

As we left the house my younger sister inquired of mother if she noticed the very pretty calico Mrs. Angel had on her walls, referring to the first wall paper we had ever seen.

Those were my childhood days that have passed away, and so have passed my dear pioneer parents, but their teachings and those memories will ever be sacred to me.

Mrs. M. H. Hersey.

The Game of Love

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

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"Hugh, by heavens!"

Hugh's figure, side by side with Lucy's, paced through the dark, and Henry Wilcox watched them somberly from the window of his office.

At first hideous thoughts filled his heart, but then he grew calmer. He had no great passions; all that he had he had bestowed upon those two. It was life. It was what he should have expected.

He would live on and on in his great, lonely house, as he had done so many years.

Henry Wilcox had never married. He had loved in youth and he had been betrayed. All his love had gone out to his nephew, Hugh, whom he had taken in childhood from his dissolute brother, and to his ward, Lucy Pendle.

He had adopted her, too, when her father, a distant cousin of his, had died. That was years ago. And she had twined herself round his heart.

Lucy was twenty-two, Henry Wilcox was exactly twice her age. He had always known the day must come when he would lose her. But he had not expected that it would be Hugh. Hugh and she had grown up together from childhood. It was a year since they had met, and now . . .

Well, he had been a fool to cherish those dreams of her. An old fool, for what part had youth with age? A mad fool, to dream that Lucy could ever grow to care for him.

They were coming in. He read the happiness in their faces. Lucy came to him and kissed him. She would never know how it seared his heart, that touch of her lips on his.

"Had a good time, young people?" he asked cheerily.

"Pretty good," said Hugh. "By the way, Uncle, you know I'm leaving in the morning? I've got something I want to say to you first."

"Tomorrow morning," said Wilcox, with the mad desire to postpone his inevitable fate.

And he paced his room for hours. There had been a time when he almost thought that Lucy cared for him. What a fool he had been!

He went into the living room. "Good night, my dear," he said, taking her into his arms and kissing her again. "I hope you'll be very happy," he continued.

Lucy's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, my dear, if you could know!" she murmured.

"Now I won't have you crying when you've nothing but happiness in store for you!" said Wilcox. "You women don't seem to know the difference between smiles and tears."

"They're not always very far from each other, are they, my dear?" Lucy murmured.

She looked at him in such a strange way as she went out of the room. He wondered whether she guessed his feeling for her. Yes, women were intuitive! Lucy must have known.

He waited for Hugh next morning in his office. Hugh came running, down the stairs, carrying his traveling bag, youthful, vigorous, alert.

"You wanted to see me, Hugh?" asked Wilcox.

"Yes," answered Hugh, looking a little sheepish.

"It's about Lucy, I suppose?"

"It is," said Hugh. There was a sort of strange challenge in his voice.

"You want to marry her?"

"No, I don't," answered Hugh, and Wilcox stared at him in astonishment. "I don't understand you," he said coldly. "I thought you and she cared for each other."

"We do, all right, but not in that way, Uncle Henry. The fact is, we get on each other's nerves dreadfully. But I've been playing gooseberry ever since I came back. You see, Lucy thinks she's in love with another man—but she isn't sure he cares for her, and—between ourselves—I think that's her idea of—sort of encouraging him, because he'll never speak unless he thinks he has a chance." He clasped his uncle's hand. "I guess it's all right, isn't it?" he said. "Good luck."

"You infernal scoundrel!" ejaculated Wilcox.

But he could not trust himself to say another word. And he could hardly believe. He waited, watching Hugh's little figure disappear down the drive, and then went into Lucy.

"My dear, I'm an old fool, and perhaps I misunderstood him. But he gave me to understand that your heart was engaged. Is it?"

"Why, my dear, it's been engaged ever since I can remember!" Lucy answered.

"To—?"

She put her arms softly about his neck. "And I was sure you cared, and there wasn't any other way, guardian, dear," she murmured.

Not Like Other Girls

By CLARA DELAFIELD

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I wonder. I wonder so much. And there's nobody can tell except Elsie Divis Middleton now—and she won't.

Not that I've ever asked her. I wouldn't dare to do that. No one could take liberties with Elsie. You see, she never was like other girls. There's a sort of free masonry among girls, just as there is among married women, and among men, of course. But Elsie always ran by herself. That's what rather put the girls against her.

I remember when she left college she adopted a sort of highbrow attitude toward life. Instead of going about with the young fellows, she'd be off to a nook with a shady book—I mean, off to a shady nook with a book, poetry usually. And there she'd sit, wrapped in meditation fancy free, and listening to the other girls having a good time with the boys.

I wonder. I wonder if Elsie really liked it. She never wanted anything to do with the men. She said love was a sacred thing, and came once only in a lifetime, and if you didn't find your love returned you just kept quiet about it, and went on holding yourself in as long as you lived, until you either died or pined away.

I remember young Rowell. He was a queer, poetical sort of chap, with a far-away look in his eyes, and when he was staying here one summer—it must have been five years ago—he and Elsie just naturally gravitated toward each other. They'd saunter off together into the shade of the old apple tree and sit there, with their books in their hands. First young Rowell would read a bit and then Elsie'd read a bit—and all the time the other young folks were enjoying themselves in a beautiful, natural way in hammocks, and walking off in pairs, and buggy driving.

Well, what naturally happened? Florence Keith came down for the week. She was a fluffy little thing, full of spirits, and she hadn't been here a day before she fixed young Rowell with her basilican stare. Next day, when Elsie wandered off with her book, young Rowell didn't turn up. He'd taken Florence off to see the hermit in his cave—Joe Briggs, who works winters in the boiler factory. And all that week Elsie was left alone, and at the week-end young Rowell saw Miss Keith on the train as far as Philadelphia, and then went on his own way.

Marry? No, nothing but a summer flirtation, of course. Maybe Elsie wasn't mad. She didn't eat hardly anything the rest of her stay here, and she used to mope more than ever, and read her love poems to herself under the apple trees.

You know, the same crowd comes down here pretty regular year after year. Next year Elsie was just the same, only a little more so. She wouldn't have a thing to do with the young men, and Florence had things all her own way. Young Rowell? Oh, he'd gone West. Yes, he married a rancher's daughter out in Utah. He doesn't appear again in the story.

"For the lord's sake, Elsie, why don't you make up to some of the young fellows?" I asked her. I think it was the year after that. "You're good-looking, and you can be bright when you want to. What'd you want to scare 'em off for? They don't want a highbrow. Why, the sight of those books of yours puts the lid on your chances."

I'll never forget how Elsie looked at me and answered: "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

I hadn't a thing to say to that, and I let her keep on loving next year, and the next. The fifth year little Florence Keith met her fate. She'd played with the boys' hearts so long, it was high time she got caught herself. Young Middleton was the son of the banker of Boston—ever hear of him? Worth a few cool millions, but nothing like what some of those bankers have got. Still, he was a good catch, and the odd thing was, Florence really was crazy over him.

And there was Elsie with her shady book—I mean her book and her shady nook, and—next thing that happened was when Florence and Middleton had had a little tiff. I was walking along the creek, and who should I see but Middleton and Elsie, sitting side by side staring into the pool.

"I shall never love again," I heard Elsie say in her wistful way. "One life—one love. Ah me! 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

I turned and raced back. "Florence, for the love of Mike get your books into him," I gasped. "Elsie Davis is out for battle."

It was too late. Well, what could you expect? They were engaged by supper time, eloped that night, and were married next morning over the state line.

Size of an Atom.

During a lecture delivered before the Royal Society in London Sir Oliver Lodge gave a striking illustration of the incredible minuteness of the atom. The amount of gold in sea water, although very small, seems considerable when stated in atoms, for a single drop of sea water contains 50,000,000 atoms of gold. That stupendous figure, however, indicates merely one-fiftieth of a grain in a ton of sea water, and it would take 100,000,000 atoms to be visible under a microscope of the highest power.