

# The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN

H. W. YOUNG, Editor  
E. ALLEN YOUNG, Associate Editor and Manager

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The prospects are that next year there will be more bloom in the senate than there are now—and more block-heads.

"Walk if you would live long," Health Commissioner Bundesen of Chicago says. Also keep both eyes on automobiles.—Canton News.

Doctors report a steady increase in baldness, due probably to the fact that the hair tonic is not being put to its intended use.—Indianapolis Star.

You gotta say this for the Ford: the train always wins, but the Ford keeps right on coming back for more.—American Lumberman.

How much of an asset Newberry proved to the republicans party after the senate had voted to white-wash him can be very well understood by this time. Also just how much of a liability.

A Calgary paper in speculating about the coming election in this country hit the bulls-eye when it suggested that they would probably prove that the people of different sections of this country were "mad about different things."

It certainly looks as if Senator Newberry, if he is wise, will get out of the senate while the getting is good. He can resign now more or less gracefully; but the new senate which will come into being March 4th, 1923, will be cocked and primed ready to kick him out.

It is suggested that immigration be reduced to one-half of 1 per cent. There is a reminiscent ring about those figures which checks our enthusiasm. If we are going that far, why not cut off importations altogether, and trust the future of the country entirely to home-brewed citizens?—New York Tribune.

In the new senate, which will organize next March LaFollette, the great disturber, will have eight or ten votes at his complete disposal, which will mean that he will have an absolute veto—much more effective than President Harding's could possibly be—on any party legislation that doesn't suit him. Add the LaFollette bloc to the democratic roster on any legislation of republican brew and it will leave only a minority.

Notwithstanding the promises made by Governor-elect Pierce and other newly elected officials to reduce taxation, the Cottage Grove Sentinel expresses the belief that that the howl about high taxes will be greater two years and four years from now than it is now, largely due to the fact that the people are going to insist upon having things which will keep the tax rate just as high as it is now, if they do not force it even higher.

For as able a man as he is and one who is so generally right, Charles E. Hughes has been guilty of making a couple of horrible breaks. We don't imagine he would have done so, though, in either case, if it hadn't been for damphool advice. He probably lost the presidency—he certainly lost the one vote that we had to cast when he shamed Woodrow Wilson like a fishwoman during his 1916 campaign. The next time was when this fall attempted to give Truman H. Newberry a clean bill of health.

The highest license fee in the United States for motor vehicles is charged in Oregon, where it averages \$27-34. Connecticut comes next with an average charge of \$24.29 and the District of Columbia is lowest with \$5.32. The combined license fee and gasoline tax is also highest in this state averaging \$31.66; while Colorado and Arizona are tied for the minimum charge at \$5.42. On the other hand Oregon is spending more

money per capita for roads than any other state in the Union—and probably is more in need of improved roads.

### TWO FOR ONE AGAINST

Three states voted last week on the question of re-enforcing the prohibition law by similar state laws. In Massachusetts the proposed law was defeated, placing the descendants of the Pilgrims in the position of doing all they can to nullify a national law by refusing to assist in its enforcement. In Ohio and California, though, similar laws were enacted by decisive majorities, the figure reaching over 90,000 in the case of our southern neighbor. The trouble with the old Bay state is that instead of being a representative American commonwealth, it is largely dominated by its foreign citizens and their descendants, so that the vote to nullify the prohibition law as far as that state is concerned is anything but typically American.

California is one of the states that has a very large population interested in wine making, but on the issue of law enforcement its citizenship speaks with no uncertain tones. There is also a powerful brewery influence and a very large German vote in Ohio, but not enough to control it in the interest of an attempted nullification of our national laws.

A modification of the Volstead act is a bare possibility of the future, but the saloon will never be voted back by the American people.

### FROM HIS OWN STATE

Recalling what we said last week about Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts when we thought he had been defeated for re-election, it is interesting to note what is said about the narrow squeak by which he got through by the Springfield Republican, the most prominent newspaper of his own state:

Although Senator Lodge has been re-elected over Col. Gaston by a small plurality, he has sustained the severest moral reverse of his long career. What no one intimately acquainted with Massachusetts politics had forecast seems to have happened. This "Massachusetts institution" has, morally speaking, at least, been knocked flat from his pedestal.

The Republican revolt against Mr. Lodge assumed proportions beyond all expectations. At the same time the Irish Democratic support that Mr. Lodge depended upon to make good his losses in his own party failed him. So sensational a reversal since 1920, when the Republicans carried Massachusetts for President Harding by over 400,000 plurality, must be regarded as a personal defeat and rebuke to the leader of the Republican party in this state.

This is the first time Senator Lodge has come before the people of Massachusetts for vindication since he led the United States Senate in its war on the League of Nations. Strangely enough that issue was not discussed in the campaign, yet it is certain that the better memory of Mr. Lodge's association with it turned ten thousands of Republican votes to Col. Gaston or to Mr. Nichols. The heavy Gaston and Nichols vote is pre-eminently an anti-Lodge vote; it takes the senior senator's measure as a representative of Massachusetts sentiment in the last years of his long public life.

### TO MUDDLE THROUGH

We have had plenty of presidents in the past hundred and forty years who lacked vision. For instance, the younger Adams, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson, Hayes, the younger Harrison and Taft. Most of them, however, were at the head of the nation in untroubled times when real vision was not essential and the government might almost be left to run itself.

Not so in the third decade of the Twentieth century, however, with the aftermath of the World war to face. When the old guard picked Harding as the ultra conservative they needed at the Chicago convention in 1920, they chose worse than they possibly could have imagined. A real leader of men was needed and they picked a follower, who promised not to interfere with the work of congress.

The result is that so stalwart a republican paper as the Portland Oregonian says that instead of the compelling personality of a man like Roosevelt or Wilson, we have one who is a misfit, so that all we can hope to do is to "muddle through until 1924."

A day or two later it suggests Borah as a Moses to lead us out of the Slough of Despond into which we have fallen. Borah, bahl! The leader of the battalion of death which killed the league of nations! The man who was off color when we were at death grips with Germany in the struggle to crush autocracy and make it possible for free governments to exist in the world. We need a man as determined as Borah, indeed, but by no means one who has been determined

as to so many wrong ways. Our first choice two years ago when we cast no vote for president, was a man now in Harding's cabinet. Who it will be two years hence—death not yet appear.

### THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

"By the President of the United States of America—

"A proclamation:—  
"In the beginning of our country, the custom was established by the devout fathers of observing annually a day of Thanksgiving for the bounty and protection which divine Providence had extended throughout the year. It has come to be perhaps the most characteristic of our national observances, and as the season approaches for its annual recurrence, it is fitting formally to direct attention to this ancient institution of our people and to call upon them again to unite in its appropriate celebration.

"The year which now approaches its end has been marked, in the experience of our nation, by a complexity of trials and triumphs, of difficulties and of achievements, which we must regard as our inevitable portion in such an epoch as that through which all mankind is moving. As we survey the experience of the passing twelve-month we shall find that our estate presents very much to justify a nation-wide and most sincere testimony of gratitude for the bounty which has been bestowed upon us. Though we have lived in the shadow of the hard consequences of a great conflict, our country has been at peace and has been able to contribute toward the maintenance and perpetuation of the world.

"We have seen the race of mankind make gratifying progress on the way to permanent peace, toward order and restored confidence in its high destiny.

"For the divine guidance which has enabled us in growing fraternity with other peoples, to attain so much of progress; for the bounteous yield which has come to us from the resources of our soil and our industry, we owe our tribute of gratitude, and with it our acknowledgment of the duty and obligation to our own people and to the unfortunate, the suffering, the distracted of other lands. Let us in all humility acknowledge how great is our debt to the Providence which has generously dealt with us and give devout assurance of unselfish purpose to play a helpful and ennobling part in human advancement. It is much to be desired that in rendering homage for the blessings which have come to us, we should earnestly aim to make our own great fortune a means of helping and serving, as best we can, the cause of all humanity.

"Now, therefore, I, Warren G. Harding, president of the United States of America, do designate Thursday, the 30th day of November, as a day of Thanksgiving, supplication and devotion. I recommend that the people gather at their family altars and in their houses of worship to render thanks to God for the bounties they have enjoyed and to petition that these may be continued in the year before us.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington 2nd day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1922, and of the independence of the United States of America, the 147th.

### "WARREN G. HARDING."

### CAN'T CUSS A CAR

That horses and motor cars exert a vastly different influence on the character of the human beings who use them for transportation purposes is the view taken by Dr. E. E. Slosson in World's Work. He says:

"A horseman realizes that he is dealing with a wilful, capricious and perhaps vicious animal. A chauffeur knows that he is handling a machine which cannot be either punished or coaxed. Anger has no effect on an auto engine. To display or even to feel any emotion toward it is simply silly.

And yet we have seen the equanimity of its operator very much disturbed by the antics of a natural gas or even a gasoline engine. That sort of thing happened very frequently in the Sentinel office before we installed electric power.

### LIKE A VOICE FROM THE PAST

Speaking of ex-President Wilson's address to a crowd of his friends since election, a Washington correspondent says:

"He stood in the doorway of his home, just beneath the stone portico—he looked like an etching on a page of history. It was as if Jefferson of Jackson or some of the figures of a century ago had stepped forward out of the portal of another world, to bring back a word of caution to a new generation."

The Sentinel and the Oregon Farmer both for \$2.15 a year

### BURNING OF THE BAXTER

The following poem by Mrs. Alf Johnson was written Sunday night, Oct. 22, while the fire at the Baxter was still raging.

The unsuspecting town was wrapped in slumber  
In comfort, rest and quiet  
And all were sleeping soundly  
In the dead of night.

When suddenly awakened with a terrible  
Sickening scare and frown,  
For the frantic ringing of the curfew  
Was announcing fire in the town.

The buildings were illuminated  
With the raging flames of red,  
The sparks ascended heaven-ward,  
To kiss the stars, then fall back dead.

The black and greasy smoke  
Appeared to belch and roll and boil  
As if the demons from Hades  
Were feeding them explosive oil.

Frantically the siren screeches  
Amid the mingled yells of men,  
Stand back! Turn on the water!  
Water! Water! Then

While wrestling in a death grip with frenzy,  
The word comes, "the water's down!"  
Then as by magic the call was carried  
By trembling wires to the neighboring town.

The heavens changing from dark to crimson,  
By the sudden deadly spell,  
Gave vent to uncontrolled excitement  
As the ghastly noises swell.

Clear the highway! They are coming!  
List! The clanging bells and thunderous groans,  
Amid the stinging steady rhythm  
Of the engine's mighty groans.

In amazement they repeat, "No water!"  
While near, the river lay asleep in its muddy bed?

They dare not disturb with the pumps  
Chug! chug! diligently at work over head.

The mighty fighter facing the cauldron of flame,  
Showing every inch was groomed so grand,  
Responding to action, for all the boys  
And pumped on with a wondrous, powerful hand.

The swelling hose leaps high and plunges,  
Trying hard to gain command,  
But the boys wildly flounder till at last

They seize control and play a master hand.  
"All together boy! Hold her steady!"  
Yells the chief with fearless face  
On with a mighty vicious battle  
And gain a victory in this fiery race.

Though a battle of water and fire was raging  
In a deadly dealing fight,  
All the fireman proved their title  
That dreadful, fearful night.

The flames, they leaped and licked,  
Most fearful to coral,  
Like the devil's imps released  
From the fiery depths of Hell.

The plate glass windows crashed  
And shattered to the ground,  
All the while water was skillfully  
plied  
In a merciless, steady bound.

The treacherous flames died down  
At last,  
Giving vent to the heavy,  
Black smoke that passed.

On-lookers, with nerves drawn tense  
Were pressing excitedly near,  
While the reflections in the heavens  
Filled them with the deadly fear.

Small boys, speechless, spellbound,  
And quiet,  
Silently wondered if their elders  
Could keep up the courageous fight.

She breaks again as the flames  
Leap high,  
"Water! Water!" Above the din  
You can hear the chieftain cry.

"Stand well to the hose, boys!  
"We'll play her strong!  
"Ye Gods! She cannot resist  
"This terrible onslaught long."

The flames died hard in despair  
And defeat,  
In the loss of a victory  
They again hoped to reap.

In all reverence to the neighboring towns  
We bow our heads en-masse,  
While we score one more blackened monument,  
Erected to us, through the hand of carelessness.

—Mrs. Alf Johnson.

Things are getting so mixed up that an honest, hard-working politician hardly knows when to be "dry" or when to be "wet."—Columbia Record.



## What a Wise Woman Knows

The woman who takes pride in her baking and is watchful of the family health is never won away from ROYAL Baking Powder.

She knows that it is absolutely pure and dependable—that for over 50 years it has been used in the best homes in the country.

It Contains No Alum  
Leaves No Bitter Taste

### Sequel of Curry Divorce

The following story, hinging on a Curry county divorce, we find in Tuesday's Oregonian:

In becoming Mrs. C. H. Law, Anna-May Rowe disregarded the law of Oregon, according to action instituted in circuit court by Mr. Law, who asks that their marriage be declared unlawful and void. According to Law's complaint his spouse had not been divorced long enough from her ex-husband, Edward Rowe, by more than a month.

An unusual point of the suit is the fact that Law seeks to be declared part owner of real estate which he admits belonged to his wife when they were married. Mrs. Law was granted a divorce from Rowe April 22, 1918, in Curry county. She wedded Law September 5, 1918. So

far as the complaint discloses they have been living together since that time.

**Philosophy**  
Whatever else may happen,  
Now that the world's gone dry,  
The sailor still will have his port,  
The farmer have his eye;  
The cotton still has got its gin,  
The sea coast has its bar,  
And each of us will have a bier  
No matter where we are.

A Screen version of Hal Reid's famous stage success, "HUMAN HEARTS," with House Peters and a brilliant supporting cast at the Liberty next Tuesday and Wednesday.

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## Give Your Children a Chance

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JNO. E. ROSE—Cashier  
J. W. MILLER—Director

## To Our Patrons

We desire to thank all our friends and customers for their patience and forbearance during the past few months when the power has been off on Sunday. The improvements are well enough advanced now that construction work can proceed without interrupting service, and we do not anticipate that it will be necessary to shut off the power on Sunday again.

## Mountain States Power Co.

Phone 7