

The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
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NOTES ON THE ALASKA TRIP OF SENTINEL PEOPLE

(Continued from first page.)

face, right beside a field of ice thousands of acres in extent, we were ready to admit that the write up, which told us it was three and a half miles long and where the ice was breaking off tons at a time to fall into the sea before use it formed a precipice 350 feet high, might be entirely correct. How many tons of ice were in evidence here where the stuff presented the face of a precipice of that length and breadth, above the water, and no one knows just how many much below the surface, and starts 25 or 30 miles back, we will leave it for some of our mathematical students to figure out. It would without question be enough to keep a great many thousands of people cool for a very long time.

This view of an iceberg at close range gave us the first and the only occasion we cared to wear the heavy winter overcoat we had packed all the way from Coquille. Besides it afforded us an opportunity to speculate how long one could keep cool by the use of the ice here in evidence. After turning our backs on this biggest bunch of ice we need ever expect to see, we made a call at Valdez, which we have long remembered as the place in which our old friend, John W. Leedy, who was the second populist governor of Kansas some twenty odd years ago, buried himself when his term was over. Back of this place is another big glacier not quite comparable with the one we had just seen but which certainly would have furnished a cool enough background for a town several times as large.

We called at several more places in Prince William Sound before the following night was over and began to load with boxes and barrels of herring and salmon, but by Saturday morning we were out on the open sea again, headed for Resurrection Bay, where we arrived Saturday morning, a few hours more than a week after our departure from Seattle, at the end of our voyage, at the wharf at Seward, one of the few Alaska coast towns that has plenty of ground to spread out on, although lofty mountains in the west forms its background and in only one direction is there opportunity to build a road—directly to the north. As far as it goes this road parallels the railroad, but when we came to ride over the latter we were as dubious as some of the people there about how long a time would elapse before the road would be built to Anchorage a hundred miles north. Not only do the mountains furnish an obstacle but in the forty miles the steam cars hug the coast it will prove more difficult than it did up at Mapleton to find a place to build a wagon road beside it. We had plenty of time during the two days we spent at Seward to familiarize ourselves with this Alaskan city, and its business houses. This town of probably less than a thousand people actually supports a daily newspaper, for metropolitan sheets do not reach here the day they are printed and there is no other city with or without a printing office within a hundred miles. However, the "Daily Gateway," here is not like some of the Alaska papers, supported by a corporation, with an axe to grind, but is a business enterprise standing on its own merits and keeping the proprietor, Mr. Hal B. Shelby, and most of his family pretty busy. However, he took time on Sunday to give the Sentinel people a ride out on the highway for ten miles north of that city, up the valley, where we saw some suburban places that furnished fresh vegetables for the town people, just the same as in the states.

Monday morning we boarded the semi-weekly train with tickets for Fairbanks its northern terminus, and were soon on the way. This train started out well with a sleeping car and a buffet lunch car for which the extra charges were not as high

as might have been expected. Indeed, while the fare on this road, now operated by the department of the Interior, is six cents a mile, the round trip rate of a fare and a third, which had just gone into effect, made the trip here in Alaska but little more expensive than for the same distance in Oregon. However, the parlor car and buffet car, were taken from the train before we had gone much over a quarter of the way to Fairbanks, to use for the Brooklyn Eagle party, which had a special for their trip and which we met going up on the following Saturday, when we returned. Just why the sleeper which was already well filled with paying passengers should be snatched from us to give to people who probably paid no more than we, for its use,—the Eagle excursionists—has never yet been satisfactorily explained to us, though the extra fare we had paid on it was refunded at Fairbanks.

In the first third of the hundred miles to Anchorage, where the car was taken from us, we got a thousand feet skyward. The grade was so sharp where this rise occurred that the road doubled on itself six times in quick succession and took us up to the face of a glacier on the summit. We were certainly getting arctic surroundings at a rapid rate here, but to get over the mountains that face the coast, takes a steep climb almost anywhere. We hadn't expected any such corkscrew effect as this, however, and were greatly interested in the way the lift was accomplished. On the north side we didn't drop so speedily to bring us down to tide-water very quickly after which we rode for a long distance on the "Turnagain" arm of the sea, for most of the remainder of the way to Anchorage, one of the newer Alaska towns, which was too far from the station for us to get a view of it.

From here to Curry, where our train halted for the night, our road lay across a flat country, which seemed very monotonous after the declivities we had encountered at the start. At Mantanuska we found a spur leading up the river of the same name to the government coal fields about which we had read so much, but which are not being mined now, so long as the privately owned mines in this section of the territory are furnishing "black diamonds" at a moderate price.

At Curry we found as fine a railroad hotel as the best we saw on the Canadian Pacific two years ago, and slept as comfortably as if at home. Up and away betimes on Tuesday morning we found ourselves steadily rising again. The afternoon before we had had our first view of Mount McKinley, the loftiest peak on the American hemisphere, rising 20,500 feet or nearly four miles skyward; but instead of seeing it nearer at hand as we passed, the morning clouds hid it entirely, though the nearer hills loomed immensely alongside the road and made us realize that we were crossing another Alaskan backbone. At Summit the elevation was 2337 feet or considerably more than double the height reached near the coast the previous day. At Mantanuska the previous afternoon we had been practically at the tidewater level at 36 feet elevation, and at Curry where we spent the night only 546 feet above that point; but we rose rapidly during the morning, before noon passing the summit and took the down grade where the waters flow toward the Yukon, and began to realize we were in the far north. About twelve o'clock we halted at Windy where a dinner had been hastily prepared for us at a boarding or road house as they are called, where we were all fed in a room with an immense kitchen range, although it was amply warm here out of doors, notwithstanding the 2,000 feet altitude and our rapid nearing of the arctic zone. That the people here were able to get up so appetizing a dinner on an hour's notice was a surprise to us, but we had generous portions and a good meal.

The next two hours were thrilling ones, as we ran most of the time along a precipitous cliff beside the Tanana river and from 50 to 100 feet above it. The road proved safe enough and there is said to have never been an accident here, for all the blood curdling we experienced as we gazed down the at times nearly perpendicular precipices to the water below. The latter part of the afternoon was humdrum again after we bade farewell to the canyon and came out on level ground, though the high, snow-covered hills were never out of sight. By the time we reached Nana and stopped for lunch, it was lots later in the day than it seemed; but we crossed the river there on what is said to be the second longest bridge span in the world, which had been completed only two or three weeks previous. As the crossing could be made half a mile east of the town in this way we went that distance up the river to find a shorter crossing, where a direct one would have required a second span, and then came down the river on the other

side before starting east again.

The timber here consists principally of willows, and though plenty of trees are large enough for the building of log houses the carloads of cordwood we saw on the road were mostly of smaller timber. During the two hours or more it took to finish our day's ride the sun was low in the western sky and seemed extremely slow in setting; but the weather was so warm that through the open windows of our coach great swarms of mosquitoes drifted in to get a taste of tourists in the states. Singularly enough we found ourselves immune to their bites, though, having probably reached the age limit so that our blood ceased to respond as it once did to the attacks of these pests. Though it was about 9 o'clock when we arrived at the end of our journey and found quarters at the "Alaska," the sun did not seem disposed to retire, although it was low in the west and its light was rather weird. Some of our fellow passengers stayed up as usual for it to get dark before retiring, but were fooled a trip as they found when it began to grow lighter again after midnight. There was no difficulty at any time during the starless night in reading fine print with ease.

Certainly our experience here so near the top of the world was a novel one, but the story of our two days' experiences at Fairbanks only 150 miles south of the land of the midnight sun must be told in another travogue.

HARDING'S ILLNESS

The news Monday that President Harding was seriously ill in San Francisco followed by statements about his having heretofore experienced symptoms that were threatening in character, recalled the time when the writer had a close up view of him for several minutes in the vestibule of the Washington church which he attends and of which we understand he is a member. We were only three or four feet from him at that time and the most striking impression we got from this view was the extreme sallowness of his complexion. We did not then think of this as an indication of illness, though we can well see now that it indicated an unwholesome condition of the circulation. So we weren't so much surprised to hear of his present attack, though we wonder that his physicians say nothing about his sallowness in their bulletins.

We hope Harding will fully recover and that he will be able to make another race for president next year. Otherwise a condition of extreme capitation is bound to prevail in the politics of the nation.

Oregon's Increase in Autos

This year's motor vehicle registrations, sales and gains in Washington, Oregon, Utah and Idaho have opened the eyes of automobile manufacturers to the business realities and possibilities of the great northwest. They are beginning to realize the business opportunities and the scenic attractions the northern section of the great Pacific region offers to settlers and to tourists.

What has already been accomplished by the motor car industry in the sale of automobiles in this promising section of the Pacific coast region certainly gives great encouragement for the future.

During the first six months of 1923 the four states named registered nearly half a million motor vehicles, and showed a percentage gain not far from the 28.7 per cent increase scored during the first half of 1922 by California.

The actual figures were:

	First	Gain	
	Half	Over	Per
	1923	1922	Cent
Washington	182,443	40,637	28.6
Oregon	130,868	24,488	23.0
Utah	49,174	13,177	38.1
Idaho	49,070	6,205	14.4
	411,555	84,507	22.7

The figures quoted are from a report made by John Perrin, to the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.

Sales figures are not available except for Oregon and Utah and they only for the first four months of the year. This record for this period from a percentage standpoint far outstrips California, whose gain in new passenger car sales during the first half of the year was 73 per cent as compared with 187 per cent increase for Oregon and 154 per cent for Utah in the first four months of 1923, if such a comparison be permissible, the figures being:

	Sales	Gain	Per
			Cent
Oregon	10,926	7,125	187
Utah	2,386	1,415	154
	13,262	8,540	180

—Wetmore's Motor News.

It seems revolutionary now that an auto trip to Roseburg which used to take six hours in the summer and sometimes two days in the winter can be made in two hours and a half.

MISTAKEN

By MOLLIE MATHER

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"SHE'S a little heart-wrecker, Barry," Tomlina said, "and if you'll take my advice you'll stay away from her."

Barry MacAndrews laughed; he was rather confident of his own charms, where women were concerned.

"So-called 'heart-wreckers' are usually disappointments," he remarked. "But this friend of your sister's has a winsome way, I'll admit. And therefore I do not intend to stay away from her."

"Others as wise as yourself have mocked and suffered," Tomlina darkly replied. "In those good old days when you and I attended college together I brought, innocently enough, our nice little pal, Fred Simmons, home with me for vacation. Rhoda, the sweet and guileless, turned her soft lamps on poor Fred in much the manner she favored you today, as you sat here on our veranda. Freddie fell for the glance to the extent that their engagement—I mean his and Rhoda's—was announced the following season. Why that engagement failed to culminate in marriage was due to her flirtatious tendencies. Next in line to fall for the enchantment of her smile was Sanders. He didn't get as far as an engagement—Rhoda, at the serious moment, insisted that she had considered him but a friend all along. And Sanders never forgave me for being the instrument leading him to his pain. The idiot had insisted upon my introducing him to Rhoda."

Barry looked up in new interest.

"And how about you?" he asked sarcastically—"have you escaped the sad enchantment?"

"Haven't!" Tomlina's tone was doleful. "Rhoda began and finished with me long ago. I remain a shattered sign, pointing the way past danger."

Before many days of favored friendliness with the demure little Rhoda, Barry admitted gravely to Tomlina the fact of her undoubted charm. But seven Tomlina himself would have been surprised had he known the masterful manner of Barry's wooing. When he had known Rhoda a fortnight he had proposed—and had been accepted. The engagement Rhoda appealingly requested be kept secret until the necessary time of his departure.

"We will announce it," Rhoda assured him, "when you return to stay."

"I'll admit," Barry told her laughingly, "that it makes me jealous to see you walking around with one of those men who would have been your admirer if I hadn't got the start, Rhoda."

"But you won't see me when you are away from town," she ingeniously comforted. The thought rankled, and one evening Barry, happening to have a business errand a good many miles from his sweetheart's home, still made a point of stopping over at that town. He dropped in on Tomlina unexpected. "Going right over to see Rhoda," he said.

"Then," Tomlina explained, "you may as well rest on our veranda; Rhoda, I happen to know, is attending a meeting with my sister. They will be home about nine o'clock. Impatient to see the face of winsome charm that held his dreams, Barry, nevertheless, was forced to linger. When Tomlina was called in to the telephone Barry still lingered on the veranda. And presently from the shadows screening him he saw two figures pass the bright street light and come on, continuing their conversation; the woman's figure was unmistakable. No one save Rhoda carried herself with such graceful lightness. The other Barry recognized as one of the admirers whom he had vanquished. Rhoda's sweet voice came to him distinctly.

"I wish our engagement to be kept secret until I myself tell you to announce it. You will have to trust me that this is best. And if you cannot trust me—" The words trailed into silence.

Barry, with a sinking heart, saw Rhoda's companion bend closer as they walked. He did not know how long he sat there; a sense of Tomlina's warning conversation came to him—

"When you are pretty darned sure of her—look out." And he had been pretty—darned—sure.

Barry did not want to see anyone that night, so he slipped quietly away in the darkness. Still, in his sorrow, he was foolish enough to pass, for a farewell glance perhaps, Rhoda's home. She was in the garden; he saw the white of her gowns beneath the trees, where they had sat together. In his blur of pain he forgot that he would be visible in the light from the gates. Rhoda came swiftly running. "Of course," her happy voice sang, "it's not really you, but a part of my dreaming. Why don't you speak to prove yourself true, Barry?"

Barry spoke tonelessly. "I heard you talking to Danvers. I was on Tomlina's veranda; you were asking him to keep your engagement secret. You said—"

A moment Rhoda stood thoughtfully, then her hand caught Barry's shoulder, to draw his face near hers.

"Stupid!" she said. "I was giving an account of the breaking of my engagement long ago to a friend of Mr. Danvers. I was a young girl when Fred Simmons and I fancied ourselves in love. To justify—your—decisions of Fred's unreasoning jealousy, I repeated to Mr. Danvers my actual words at the time. And if you, too, are going to be jealous, Barry—"

"Nevermore!" declared that happy man.

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The Marsh Mallow.
An erect perennial herb closely related to the hollyhock and commonly called marsh mallow, is found growing in salt marshes along the coast of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. It is known to botanists as *Althaea officinalis*, but it is not recognized by physicians as a drug plant. It yields a bright of two to four feet and has attractive pink flowers about an inch across. The roots are thick, mucilaginous and used in confectionery and, to some extent, in medicine.

Improved Phone Service.
Edmonton people are now able to talk to those in Salt Lake City, Utah, 1,100 miles away, as a result of satisfactory phone connection established between the Alberta government telephone system and the Mountain States telephone system, which serves some of the western states. It is now possible to talk long distance on a 1,000-mile circuit from Alberta. The new connection was made at Coult's a few days ago, and a conversation held between Edmonton and Helena.

Calling Cards, 100 for \$1.50.

Send the Sentinel to eastern friends.