

The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
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PRICE OF BOOZE

It Costs Many Lives and Much That Men Hold Dear

The Outlook
The grizzled inkeeper in the little village just south of "the line" tamped his pipe with a leathery forefinger and glanced at the clock as a heavy truck flashed under the lights outside and vanished down the glistening road, says Stanley Frost in the Outlook.

"That'll be Jake Ranett," he observed, meditatively. "He's a mite ahead of time tonight. Mostly there's a couple of other runners gets through fust. Wonder if he's gittin' it somewhere else for a spell. He's been sayin' he needed a change of luck. Me, I allow what he needs to change is his brains. He's had all the luck one feller is entitled to, seems as though.

"Jake's he's been rich and poor three four times these last two years. He makes a-plenty, like all o' the runners, but I allow there's something about this booze money makes it hard to hold on to. Jake, he spread his every which way—rolled the bones, played the bosses, tried to buck the market, besides livin' like J. P. Morgan. Some fellers says he's lost half a million, though most like that's too high. But it's been a heap, all right. Same with most of 'em. This town would be rich if they'd hold onto it, them that don't git killed.

"Oh, yes, they's been a paasal of these boys killed—three right here in the last ten months. One of 'em wasn't rightly in the booze business at all. That was another piece of Jake's luck, too, him bein' the feller that ought rightly to have got it.

"Why, yes, everybody knows it, so'e they's no reason I shouldn't tell you. They's nothin' secret"—the fire hissed as he spat to emphasize the last word—"about this booze business up here. Everybody knows about it, or can find out, includin' the Government men, if they want to.

"It was along last spring. They was four boys down the road got held of a big car, second-hand, of course, but a big fast one. They kind of aimed to make a little money like the rest. You know, what with so many fellers makin' so much, and with stories goin' around even bigger than the money, the kids just naturly itch to git after it. You can't hold 'em in school, and you can't git 'em to do no real work, neither. Who wants to work for three four five dollars a day when he might clean up a month's wages in one night? It's awful temptin' to the kids, what with law enough to keep the prices high and not enough to make it dangerous, much. And the real danger ain't from the law, neither.

"These was real nice boys, some of the best families down the road—folks all right. Well, they drove up to Jake's one noon and asked him could he sell them fifty cases. Of course, he says 'yes,' but he ain't got it right then, and tells 'em to come back at five o'clock. They agreed and drove off, and Jake he takes a car—no use using the truck for a small job like that—and goes up across the line and gets it.

"On his way back something went wrong with his engine, and there he is stalled half a mile from home. Now, you know, they's some things they won't stand for even around here, and he didn't allow it was good judgment to leave his booze sittin' there in the road whiles he went for his truck. Besides, he figured he'd be late and maybe lose his sale. So he went into Frank Blanchard's and asked him for a tow. Frank got out his Bivver and hauled him home—Jake and his booze.

"There was the boys, three of 'em. One hadn't come back for some cause. Frank hauled the load around behind

the all of the house, and they all packed the stuff into the boys' car. Then one of 'em says to Jake, if he'll step inside the woodshed they'll pay him. Jake went, not suspectin' nothin', and when he got there the boy hauled out a gun and told him to stick up his hands. He said at the trial as they had planned to pay Jake soon as they turned over the stuff, but they didn't have cash, bein', as I said, just nice kids and tryin' to git a start.

"Now Jake, he's a old feller, but spry. 'Stead of puttin' up his hands he done a dive for the boy's legs, and upset him. The boy pitched down and the gun went off, and Frank, who'd sort of follered 'em in, got it right through the middle. He died next day. The two boys in the car they let her into high and went around that house like the devil was after 'em, leavin' the one that had killed Frank.

"Jake, he picked himself up and ran through the shed, grabbin' a shotgun, and he got in range and let fly just as the car was turin' into the road. He didn't hit the boy, but it must have fussed him, for he missed the turn and went into a telephone pole. They was bottles and busted glass scattered over an acre, and a smell there for days. Good stuff, Jake handles. The driver boy, he was in the hospital for two months. When he got out, they sent the three up for eight years, all alike, the killing of Frank bein' accident like and not intended.

"I s'pose that's fair enough, and I'm mighty sorry for Frank. But it's pretty hard on the boys, considerin' that things sort of leads 'em into temptation, as the Book says. They'll be in just durin' the years that'll count most, when they ought to be gittin' through school and gittin' started. They'll be around twenty-four when they git out. The fourth feller? Oh, they got him down State a while later and sent him along with the rest.

"The next feller to git it was Ed Simmons. Ed, he'd been workin' on a new bridge for the railway, when some feller hit him with a hot bolt and he quit. He was just married—a mighty nice girl, too, and ambitious to git ahead—and he got him a job with the customs. But he squinted live on what they paid him—about three and a half a day. You know a man can't live on that with prices what they are and taxes what they are and beer a dollar a bottle.

"Anyway, pretty quick Ed learned the ropes and sort of stretched his pay by takin' his five dollars a case for not bein' there when the runners went through, or for tellin' 'em when and where there wouldn't be no one. That's the reg'lar price—no more, no less.

"Ed, he made a right nice stake at that and saved his money. He was fixin' to go to runnin' himself as soon as he had enough. But they fired him before he quite got it and they put in another feller who did the same thing. He's runnin' now. That's the way a sight of the boys gets their start, you know—that five dollars a case. With some of the trucks runnin' as high as a hundred fifty cases, some nights is right profitable.

"But here Ed was without quite enough to start with. It takes real money to handle a load of booze, you know, but two loads doubles your stake. One sure thing was that Ed couldn't finish makin' his stake at day wages. So after a while he took a flier with the hold-up fellers. That was pretty easy pickin', because when one of the runners got held up he couldn't scarcely kick, because he was breakin' the law himself, technically, anyway. So the hold-up boys was pretty bold for a while. There was nights they'd search every car and truck headed south—even in daylight, sometimes.

"Ed, he did pretty well, and they say it was his last job—that he'd have enough to start for himself next day. But you never can tell whether them stories is true or not. Anyway, it seems some fellers that had been held up was so mad they'd risked goin' to the officers, and word was passed out that if anything happened to a hold-up man there wouldn't be too much asked about who done it.

"So when Ed tackled this car some feller began shootin' right off. Ed, he got forty-seven shot in him and he was dead when they got to him. The fellers in the car, they run. One of 'em lives about two mile down the road here, and he give himself up pretty soon, but they let him go. The other feller kept away for a while, but he's back now. Folks didn't seem to think no more of Ed than if he was a dog. I s'pose he had been kind of interferin' with business. But it ain't right, in that kind of dealin', for the law to stand by one feller and turn another down. They's all in the same bar'l, seems as though.

"Oh, yes, it did sort of stop the hold-up business and make it safer for the runners. You can figger that's an advantage or not, just accordin' to how you figger it. The hold-up fellers did a heap more than the customs men ever did in enforcin' that law.

The old man leaned toward the big

Franklin and stirred up the fire, got his pipe going, and settled back as if his story were done.

"That only makes two men killed," I reminded. "You said there were three."

"Oh, yes. Him? That was Frank Bronson, a reg'lar runner. Why, one night he was comin' down with a load near a hundred cases, and a feller jumped out in the road with a gun. Frank, he naturly thought it was one of the hold-up fellers and that he likely wouldn't shoot, so he just stepped on her. But, by gum, it was some new customs man, and he did shoot.

"That's one trouble with this runnin' business—you can't never be sure when some feller'll cross up the game."

(The names and scenes of these incidents have been disguised for obvious reasons.)

ADVERTISING THE BREAD OF LIFE

From the Literary Digest
When Gladstone awoke in the morning his eyes fell on this text from Isaiah lettered on the foot of his bed: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." The thought is said to have remained with the great statesman as a spiritual support throughout the day, and we are asked to consider what a fine moral texture might be woven into the nation if scripts such as that which daily greeted Gladstone's eyes were as conspicuously and frequently posted as are the virtues of some new brand of bread or of soap. "Who," asks one keenly aware of the value of advertising, "can calculate the value of outdoor signs, streetcar cards or newspaper space, containing such a text as this: 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another, for he that loveth another has fulfilled the law.' Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." In practical precepts like this the Bible abounds.

Advertising the Bible is not a new idea. We see occasionally texts from Scripture posted in streetcars and on billboards; but we see much more about bread and soap. However, a fresh impetus is given to the subject in an advertising journal by a writer who believes that the Bible could be advertised to better advantage and suggests how it could be done. In "An Open Letter to an Unknown Millionaire," in the Advertising Fortnightly, Ray Giles says that the advertisement suggested by him aims to present with particular emphasis the more transparently practical teachings of the Bible, on which denominational interpretation would be difficult or impossible. After all, the success of the churches depends on the public appreciation and acceptance of the Bible and just now there is "a most unusual interest in practical religion." The time, therefore, is particularly opportune for advertising the wisdom of the prophets and the teachings of Christ.

Most people have but vague conception of God, and many of them differ so, suggests Mr. Giles:

"Why not present the definitions of God that we have and let them make their own appeal? For one of the series of advertisements, I would suggest a billboard on which we present the following Bible texts:

"God is a spirit," John 4:24.
"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all," 1 John 1:5.
"God is love," 1 John 4:16.
"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him," 1 John 4:15.

"Has Christianity a program? What is it? Is the program inviting? We will never know how many millions have wondered about that. Yes; Christianity's program was announced very clearly by its founder. It is expressed in a modern translation which we suggest for use in large newspaper space:

"To Preach Good Tidings Unto the Meek:

"To Bind Up the Broken-Hearted:
"To Proclaim Liberty of the Captives and the Opening of the Prison to them that are Bound:

"To Proclaim the Acceptable Year of the Lord, and the Day of Vengeance of our God:

"To Comfort all that Mourn:
"To Appear unto them that Mourn in Zion:

"To Give unto them—
Beauty for Ashes,
The Oil of Joy for Mourning,
The Garment of Praise for the Spirit of Heaviness."

Again, the printed word has a power and influence unknown to the spoken word, and there is force, says the writer, in sheer size of type. For example, take this statement of St. John:

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

We get one impression from this type. Now compare it with this size:

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen,

how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

How does one become, or recognize, a Christian? The wayfarer, pondering the question, might read an answer, we are told, in such messages as these: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." Matt. 5:16; or "If we love one another God dwelleth within us." 1 John 4:12.

Another common question which suggests itself is, "What relation has Christianity to my job?" An answer says the writer, can be found among the following quotations:

"They helped everyone his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothened with the hammer him that amote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering; and he fastened it with nails, that it should not be moved." Isaiah 41:6-7.

"Would the workmen of today sometimes be happier if the unity, co-operation and thoroughness pictured above were equaled or approximated in their own daily work?"

"These texts also suggest themselves:

"Study to be quiet and to do your own business and to work with your own hands," 1 Thessalonians 4:11.

"Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established." Proverbs 16:5.

"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Psalms 37:25.

OREGONIAN REPORTER'S BREAK

The lad with the misplaced eyebrow, who covered the Covell trial here last week for the Oregonian, may be a reporter of ability, but he did not do his paper any good when he closed his article in Sunday morning's paper with the following paragraph:

"The Covell trial was a big event in the life of this town. Seats have been at a premium, and long lines of persons, principally women and girls, have stood about for hours at the courtroom doors for the chance to glimpse the much-discussed prisoner."

It is true there were a lot of women and girls in attendance at the trial who could probably have been better employed at home, but they were not all from Coquille, and the "big event in the life of this town" statement is what might be expected from a youth just breaking into the newspaper game.

There was no more interest exhibited in Coquille than there was in Roseburg, Eugene, Salem, or Portland, and the excitement stirred up by the Portland daily press is entirely responsible for making this a much more talked of case than any other sordid murder trial. Everyone wanted to see justice done, but the impression given that Arthur Covell's trial was a "big event" here is absolutely false.

This town is no different from the overgrown village on the banks of the Willamette, except in size. And the sensation seekers are no more numerous here in proportion.

A LAW THAT DOESN'T WORK

The so-called law of "supply and demand" is another lot of political bunk, for "there ain't no such animal." During the war wheat was sold for \$2.50 per bushel, and bread sold in Canyon City two loaves for 25 cents. Wheat has dropped to \$1 and bread still sells at the same price. If there is any such thing as the law of supply and demand it is gummed up on the wheat situation. Department of agriculture states that the five staples of hogs, cattle, wheat, hay and eggs have declined in price from 21 to 44 per cent and at the same time the manufactured products from these articles advanced 38 per cent. Where is the mythical law of supply and demand? A beef hide in Grant county is worthless, and yet shoes sell up to \$15. Is this the result of supply or demand or both or either or neither? No, we are all in the same boat and victims of the same preferential laws which have built up in this country an aristocracy of wealth at the expense of the many.—Blue Mt. Eagle.

Observers at Garden City, L. L. Saturday declared that Lieut. Brow in making his flying record of 259.15 miles an hour went too fast for the eye to follow his flight. This may be a slight exaggeration, but at times he was traveling 390 feet a second, which would make a smaller missile invisible. Flight at such a speed has more in common with the flight of a bullet than with travel such as mankind has been accustomed to.—Republican.

The proposed bond issue of \$94,000 for funding Curry county warrants was turned down by local voters at the special election. But slight interest appeared to be taken and only 59 ballots, one of the smallest votes in the history of the town was cast at Port Orford, says the Tribune.

Over Five Million

Savings Banks are in active use in the United States. Are you using one of the Five Million? You can start a SAVINGS ACCOUNT in this bank with a dollar or more.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

of Coquille, Oregon

J. E. NORTON—President
C. J. FUHRMAN—Vice President
JNO. E. ROSS—Cashier
J. W. MILLER—Director

For Sale!

- 1 40-H. P. Russell Traction Engine. Good condition.
- 1 40-H. P. Advance Traction Engine. Good condition.

PRICES RIGHT

See

Gardner's Garage

Phone 46J Coquille

Why Advertising Pays

- If people did not move away, and some die—
- If new generations did not grow up—
- If competitors did not compete—
- If people were not receptive to new ideas—

THEN

and only then

- Would there be no need of advertising.
- Because of changing business conditions—
- Fluctuations in wages—
- And the natural aggressiveness and progressiveness of the normal man.

He is your prospective buyer today who could not use nor afford your product yesterday.

These were the reasons pointed out recently by a well-known sales manager of a large corporation why it is imperative that advertising be consistent and regular.

EAST AND WEST

In the sober days of reflection following the World War the publishers of The Youth's Companion resolved to devote the special covers to some constructive, worth-while purpose. Out of that resolution came the idea of the Historic Milestone Covers—a series of subjects presented in full color representing some of the outstanding incidents in our history and designed to stimulate in our present and prospective citizens a desire to know more of America's wonderful story.

The Milestone Cover that will appear on the issue of November 22

carries the following message:

"In 1792 Capt. Robert Gray, sailing from Massachusetts with Betsy Ross's original Stars and Stripes fluttering at the peak, entered the mouth of a great Western river which he named the Columbia, after his ship, thereby giving the United States a claim to all the territory of a vast and opulent watershed."

Through this Historic Milestone Cover the East salutes the West, and Massachusetts pays homage to her distant sister states, Oregon and Washington.

Calling Cards, 10¢ for \$1.50.