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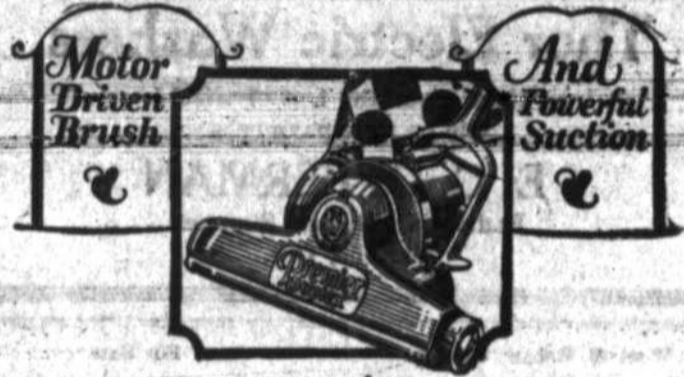
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WINTER LOGGING IN CURRY

White Cedar Camps to Continue in Operation All Through This Month and Next

Bandon World

There is a pronounced activity in the market for Port Orford cedar, according to reports from many sources. This applies both to the local market which is taking care of all offerings and to the conditions abroad where there is every indication that this will be one of the banner years for white cedar.

Well-informed timbermen expect that prices this season will be fully as high as for any previous year, and that there will be demand for all that can be logged. A number of sales of sizeable tracts are reported to have been made on the strength of future prospects.

In certain sections there is interest in the comparatively recent introduction of methods that will permit logging in rainy weather. This has reference to logging where there are no roads or rails on which to take timber out. The work is done with caterpillars and donkeys and the logs are 'piled' into streams where they can be driven to mills or to points where they can be loaded on trucks operating on improved highways.

An example of winter logging is seen in the Mather-Carey camp that has been established on Floras creek about nine miles above the bridge. Last fall a 3-drum-gas-donkey was taken in over the old Langlois-Myrtle Point road, and placed in a tract of timber that lies close to the creek and provides a good show for easy delivery of the timber. Gas and supplies were also taken in to equip a camp for the winter, since there is no chance for economical transportation after the road gets soft.

The plan is to open Floras creek so that logs can be driven to the old bridge site. At that point they will be loaded and hauled on trucks to Bandon. Mather and Carey plan to have a crew of thirty men working on the job of cleaning the river and logging. They will build one splash dam, and perhaps two, according to the necessities of the situation after the banks of the river have been cleared of obstructions, and the channel opened all the way.

A second donkey, will be used at the loading point, and probably a third one in the woods. On this entire project there will be small necessity for roads, at least for the type of road that will allow hauling with large trucks.

The tract of timber which these men bought from Frank Boutin contains five million feet of which it is estimated two million are export. This indicates a high quality of timber. They expect to be two years taking out the entire amount.

The present inactivity of some of the camps that depend on weather conditions has encouraged several operators to try the experiment of getting out cedar regardless of weather. They figure there will be some extra expense with the plan but compensating features are seen in the saving of time in getting started in the spring.

One man named Sauer has a couple of hundred thousand export that can be got at about \$10 a thousand higher than the cost would be under open weather conditions, but he will still operate at a profit and leave the summer months open for other work.

At Denmark the Keeler mill has a contract for cutting 30,000 feet of four-inch plank that will be used in building a road to the Sauer timber—a tract that contains upward of a million feet of export cedar. This activity is giving employment to a number of men and bettering local conditions.

The Pertness of Lucy

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright)

"YOU'RE a pretty girl, Lucy," grandmother said, regarding her granddaughter narrowly, "and you ought to have more beaux."

"Why, grandmother," protested Lucy, "I have as many men friends as the other girls—"

"Not enough, and not the sort you want," replied her grandmother. "The trouble with you, Lucy, is that you aren't pert enough. I know your mother would be shocked at me for saying that. She's so proud to think that you aren't one of these modern flappers—smoking cigarettes and carrying a flask and the rest—that she is perfectly content with you the way you are—"

"Maybe you don't know," Lucy interrupted proudly, "that I've had three proposals this summer."

"Pooh," said the grandmother. "Wasn't one of them worth considering; besides it's not a good plan to count your scalps. But, as I was trying to say, there's a big difference between the brazen flapper and a girl that is as meek as a primrose. Men like pertness—did you know I was young, and I guess they do yet."

"Why, grandmother?"

"Take it or leave it," said Grandmother Mills, as she bent her iron-gray head over her colorful embroidery stretched before her.

"I'll probably take it," laughed Lucy, as she rose and drew on her coat. "I generally do take your advice—and profit by it. Now I'm off to the Red Cross headquarters. We've been getting some boxes ready to send West. I've got to go and help pack."

Lucy walked slowly down the street and did a deal of thinking as she walked. She concluded that her grandmother was right. Probably she—Lucy—was pretty, but the men she knew didn't always seem to find her so. There was Radnor Jackson—Radnor was not one of the men friends of whom she had boasted to her grandmother. There was no reason why Radnor shouldn't admire her; they were together often enough and Lucy was always very pleasant. But undoubtedly she wasn't pert enough.

The only other person at headquarters was a meek little high school girl who had come that afternoon to help her. A pale young man came into the room, peered around through his spectacles, and asked Lucy if the boxes had been sent West yet. Lucy recognized him as the new minister of a nearby country congregation. He had some contributions to make in the way of garments made by his ladies' aid society.

"You were a perfect lamb," Lucy said, clapping her hands, "to bring those things all the way in." And then putting out two imploring arms: "These are some things up on that closet shelf that we want to put in the boxes, and I just can't reach them. Would you hop up on that chair and lift them down?"

"Would I though?" said the young man, forgetting for the instant that he was a clergyman in a clerical collar. He lingered with Lucy for ten unnecessary minutes, and left casting back smiles of happy admiration.

So far pertness had worked very nicely.

In the course of another hour the three boxes were packed and Lucy and her meek little assistant faced each other wondering.

"How can we get them fastened shut?" asked the girl. "We ought to have a man."

"I'll get one," said Lucy. "Wait—" Lucy went to the door and, glancing out, espied an immaculately dressed man of about sixty passing. "If you can hammer a box shut," she said, looking pertly at him, "I wish to goodness you would."

Somewhat confused, the immaculate stranger came into the headquarters, and under Lucy's directions and amidst many ill-hidden chuckles he got the boxes ready for shipment. Then he went, asking Lucy for her name, but not giving his own.

Pertness had worked so well thus far that Lucy determined to keep it up at least for the remainder of the day. Just before dinner time she telephoned to Radnor Jackson.

"Say, this is Lucy," she said. "I've been working like a little busy bee all day, Rad, and I just feel like doing something thrilling. They danced out at the Country club tonight. Won't you take me out?"

Two weeks later Lucy burst in upon her grandmother, working diligently over her embroidery frame. "I've the most wonderful news," she said. "Radnor Jackson has asked me to marry him and—so we're engaged. Isn't that wonderful?"

"It's at least very satisfactory," said the grandmother, beaming her approval. "Yes, I should say Radnor Jackson was well worth your while. Radnor's father and I have always been friends. He's president of my bank, you know. May I speak of the matter to him?"

Lucy said she might, and Grandmother Mills found excuse to go to the bank that very day.

"So Lucy Mills is your grandchild?" he said. "Extraordinarily charming girl," he said, and laughed softly to himself. "I met her a few days ago at the Red Cross. Most amusing incident. But excuse me, Mrs. Mills, if I say that no girl of your generation would have been quite so pert."

And Grandmother Mills shook her head and said: "Of course not."

Good Advice

The road to the poor house has been paved with the "I can't's" of men and women. The average citizen can save if he will. It may mean the elimination of some luxury—some self-denial, but it can be done. Adopt the Ten Per Cent idea. Make it a part of your scheme of life, and then bring the 10 per cent of your earnings thus saved to this Bank and receive 3 per cent additional, compounded semi-annually.

Farmers & Merchants Bank
of Coquille, Oregon

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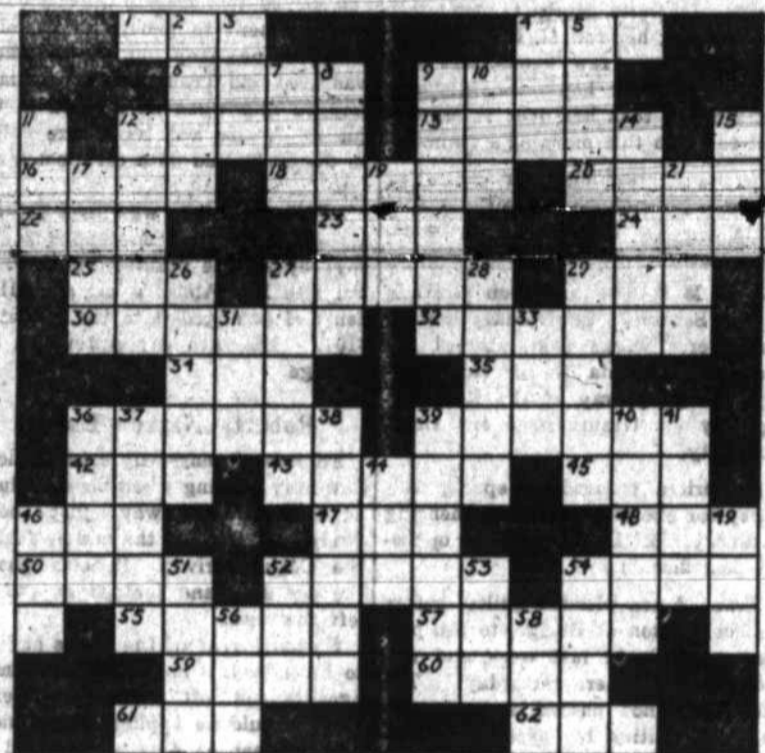
\$8.00 a ton

Delivered in Coquille

Phone 75J

William Peart

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 7



(© by Western Newspaper Union)

Horizontal.

- 1—March
- 4—Young goat
- 6—Deeply engrossed
- 8—Organs of head
- 12—Dull, spiritless person
- 13—Purchaseable
- 15—Exclamation of regret
- 16—Pastimes
- 20—A quick pull
- 22—Having been victorious
- 23—Small room
- 24—Fish eggs
- 25—Turf
- 27—Girl's nickname
- 28—Long period of time
- 30—One who follows up
- 32—Boy's first name
- 36—Old horse
- 38—To pull with force
- 39—Hill
- 40—University official
- 42—Prevaricate
- 43—Becomes fatigued
- 45—Boy's name
- 46—Distress signal
- 47—Mixture of earth and water
- 48—Unlaced (poetic)
- 50—Shoemaker's tool (pl.)
- 53—Yellow
- 54—Belonging to a person
- 55—To run off
- 57—Acquires by labor
- 58—Insured
- 60—Flesh
- 61—Nickname of martyred President
- 63—A weight

The solution will appear in next issue.

Vertical.

- 2—God of love
- 3—Short sleep
- 5—To know (Scottish)
- 7—Englishman's salutation—(two words)
- 9—Projecting piece of wood
- 10—Dealer
- 11—Happening
- 14—Affirmative
- 17—Face bone
- 18—Mansion
- 19—To earn
- 21—Parted with
- 26—Came face to face with
- 29—Christian's creed
- 31—Freak meaning by means of or through
- 33—Author of "The Inferno"
- 34—Aquilo
- 35—Belonging to an eastern nationality
- 37—A drill
- 38—Domestic animal
- 39—Cup
- 41—Fanciful stroke
- 44—Passageway
- 46—Darkened
- 49—To make amends
- 51—Middays
- 52—Metal stamp
- 54—Chafe with friction
- 56—Carpenter's tool
- 59—Latin or French for "to"
- 62—Thick slice of anything
- 64—To initiate
- 65—Girl's name
- 66—Upon
- 68—To be in debt
- 69—Redoubt

BRIDGE BRIEFS

Miss Mabel Eisaman, health nurse, will speak at the Parent-Teacher meeting next Tuesday evening, Feb. 10th. It is hoped that a large crowd will be present.

Mrs. H. H. Brownson went to Myrtle Point Saturday to help take care of her daughter, Mrs. Hiram Hatcher, who is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. Mrs. J. D. Benham, of Fairview, is keeping house for her father during Mrs. Brownson's absence.

W. A. Lett and son, Orin, went to Coquille Tuesday. Orin brought home a team of horses that his father had purchased.

The Charlie Brewster family, who have been living for the past year on W. A. Lett's farm, are moving this week to James Culver's house across Rock Creek from the Rock creek road.

Along the Highway

B. B. Werner has sold his home to Mr. Minard, who is a contractor. Werners have moved to Shingle House Slough on the old Graves place, where they will raise chickens.

Mrs. J. W. McGuffin returned home Sunday. She had been cooking at the county farm for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Von Pegert spent several days the past week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Von Pegert.

Warranty and Bargain & Sale Special Chicken Dinner at the new Deeds for sale at the Sentinel office. Coquille Hotel every Sunday.