

The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
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Fake rabbits are said to be bootlegging sacramental wine in New York, Chicago and California.

Just why should anybody admire the girl murderer now on trial at San Francisco so much as to send her a box of flowers?

In the six years since 1919 our war debt was cut from \$26,596,068.948 to \$20,968,632,000, or at the rate of about a billion a year.

Prices for eggs are so much higher at Coos Bay than at Portland that they have been coming in from Douglas county by the truck load this week.

It sounds singular to read of a "millionaire sacramental wine dealer" being convicted of violating the prohibition law in a Chicago court last week.

The late John L. Vestal, of Portland, who left no family, had no doubt about where the estate he was leaving would do the most good. He bequeathed \$200,000 to the schools of that city.

We are in receipt of a letter from the Oregon-Idaho Dairy Loan Co., stating that although they are now authorized by Unifis Sam to charge interest at the rate of 7 1/2 per cent for the loans they make to dairymen they are still making the former rate of 7 per cent.

Governor Miriam A. Ferguson of Texas is said to be doing most of her governing by proxy, her husband, the formerly ostracized governor, attending to the affairs of state while she does the housework as of yore. In this "family affair" the Fergusons seem to have things coming their way.

Sixty billion cigarettes are said to have been smoked in this country last year, which is an average of about six per day for every adult male. To make up for the men who don't smoke cigarettes, we have to remember there are some women who do, but we certainly doubt the accuracy of the figures.

An interesting court scene was recently enacted in Chicago in a personal injury case in which the plaintiff, after four physicians had testified that he was hopelessly paralyzed, threw down his crutches, and, walking about the room, revealed that he was an investigator for the defendant railroad, and charged that he had conspired with an attorney to obtain a verdict fraudulently.

Heart disease is said to cause one-eighth of the deaths in the United States. That simply means that the heart is the first organ to give away in one-eighth of the deaths. Just multiply the number of times the heart beats in a minute by the number of minutes in a year and the number of years you have lived and you will begin to get some idea of the work your heart is doing.

We have no idea how often babies are born with six fingers or rather with an extra thumb, but reading of one in that way in a Long Island hospital last Saturday, where the mother had foreseen the odd member while under an anesthetic just before the birth of the child, recalls the fact that a Long Island schoolmate of the writer had a scar where a superfluous thumb had been removed at an early age.

Marshfield expects 3,000 autos a day to pass through there when the Roosevelt highway is completed from the California line to that place that ought to mean 6,000 day through Coquille, or really more than that, as some of the cars that come up here from California will not make the round trip from here to Marshfield and back but will go straight through to Roseburg. Three thousand, however, isn't even an estimate of the cars that will come up here when the

coast road is finished but is simply reckless talk

The Burnt Woods correspondent of the Philomath Review furnishes the following pulsating item of interest from her peck of the woods: "Mr. Orville Weaver of Albany came home Friday night to visit husband and baby, returning Sunday evening to her work." The young folk are right, times have changed, but we didn't imagine they would change to the extent that this item indicates.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

In his Iowa Register Chas. F. Scott, for many years a congressman from Kansas, says "In the Kansas City, Kansas, high school at the close of the last semester seventeen members of the senior class failed to pass their examinations. W. P. Harris, formerly principal of the Iowa High School, is science instructor at Kansas City and he undertook to find out why these seventeen had failed, with the result that the following alibis were disclosed. Card parties, radio, sickness, movies and cross word puzzles."

We learn from the Riverhead, Long Island News, that what we first knew seventy years ago as the county clerk's office, on the most prominent corner at the county seat, since a marble shop; and later as the library of the County Historical Society, in which we browsed among the old records and curios only four years ago, is now to be sold for \$15,000 though the lot on which it stands is only 40 by 145 feet in area. The prospective purchaser is a merchant who is to build a large store on a tract adjoining this corner.

"If I have learned anything in Europe," says Richard Washburn Child, who has spent most of his time in the capitals of that continent since the world war, "it is that we need international organization, not to engage in the pretense of forbidding war but in the more positive labor of offering all assistance needed in building peace. If I have learned anything in Europe it is that the next generation, when it hears about suppressing war, will want to hear how war may be put out when it is a spark in the cellar rather than barked at when the roof is falling in."

The Oregonian estimates the number of people fishing for smelt in the Sandy river on any fair day—and they have been uniformly fair to far—at 60,000, and the number of smelt there at 6,000,000,000, so the fishing must certainly be good while the run lasts. And the fish as we have sampled them here in Coquille are toothsome, too. Yet the Oregonian ends its article on the present run with this admonition:

"Abundant as the Columbia river smelt is today, with thousands of fishermen this very hour netting millions of fish in the Sandy river, it is presumptuous of any man, and foolishly greedy, as well, to take of this gift more than he has occasion to use."

START RE-BUILDING

All the talk now in the tornado-stricken cities and towns of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, is of rebuilding and trying to restore ruined homes and business places. The people there haven't any much better idea of the remote causes of the storm that killed their families and friends and wiped out their places of business than the inhabitants of an ant hill as to what hurt them when we crush into it with our feet in walking.

As to how many years or centuries will pass before another elemental cataclysm will strike the same locality again, they may not even stop to think; though many a preachment may be made on the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death.

But some of those who lost friends and the accumulations of toilful days and years there, may think it strange to learn that the prairies of the great central basin of the Mississippi valley and sections adjacent to it are almost the only regions on the globe subject to such destructive storms.

Many starting out from the eastern seaboard of the nation seeking a new home in the west, as the writer of these lines once did, may stop, as he did fifty years ago, in central Illinois, without giving any more thought than did he to the possibility of his life being shortened in the fury of such an elemental tempest as swept over the southern portion of that state last week.

And while he thought no more of the damages from earthquake or foreign attack in settling in Oregon than of the risk from tornadoes in the central west when he stopped there, he was one of the hundreds of thousands who blindly took a chance in youth and again in age. He has as yet no occasion to regret either move, but it will be strange if more and more people, as the years go by do not prefer to take the chances of a

cooling earth where earthquakes may possibly destroy their homes and endanger their lives to the much graver peril of the cyclone area in the middle west.

In any event it behooves us to so live that when our summons comes, as it certainly will come in a few years for all of us, we may be unafraid as we face the great adventure into which death will usher us, if we believe, as most men believe, in a life beyond the sands of time. As Bryant phrases it:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where
each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of
death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at
night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained
and sooth'd
By an unflinching trust, approach thy
grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of
his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams."

TRAINING IN PARENTHOOD

Under the title "Training in Parenthood," Dr. Harvey Wiley contributes to the current number of Good Housekeeping from which we are glad to make the following extracts:

Already many suggestions looking to the enactment of a Federal Divorce Law have been made. At the present time, most people who have become tired of living together are looking to Reno and Paris for relief. We have already a Federal Bankrupt Law. It is easier to get legislation for the salvage of wreckage than to secure safeguards to avoid the wrecks: The study of the fundamentals of business will ban bankruptcies; the study of the fundamentals of parenthood will diminish divorce.

Let us make a beginning right here. One of the most important propositions in the school for parents is to provide fathers and mothers who are sound in body, mind, and morals. A preliminary study would reveal the wide differences in state laws regulating the issuance of marriage licenses. There is no national marriage license law. A survey of the state laws would reveal a surprising variability. Only a few provide any protection of any kind for the poor to be born from the hereditary or transmissible diseases of either body, mind, or morals. Even persons suffering from active syphilis can get license to marry in most states. Civil marriages in so far as possible now, are not required, though legal in every state. A scientific study of marriage problems would soon lead to a proper control of marriage by national and state laws by which only healthy children would be added to our population.

We begin our work for good citizens too late. We take what we happen to have at six years of age and try to train them to be good citizens at the public expense. We should begin training our children a generation before they are born. The justifications for this paternalism is that the state must protect itself through its citizens. The word "paternalism" shows our great mistake. It suggests that we should begin our work of salvation before the marriage license is issued. Forbid the marriage of victims of disease, paupers, knaves, insane, and criminals, and save the country the burden which is speedily becoming unbearable. The burden of taxation, always an economic one, has, of late, become an acute political problem. The study of pagethood in our land-grant colleges would compel a survey of the problem of the cost of poorhouses, insane asylums, damage to our economic life through arrested development of the child, with production of enormous numbers of morons, homes for epileptics, tuberculosis hospitals, charitable contributions, jails, penitentiaries, homes for the feeble-minded (morons), and the whole category of outlay for the care of the unfit, whose advent into the world should have been prevented. Over one-third of the men between nineteen and thirty called to the colors in the World War were found utterly unfit to serve their country in its peril. Apparently it is not extravagant to estimate that one out of three of the babies born in this country is a liability on our resources. The best way to reduce taxes is to take such action as would make every baby born a potential asset.

It is true that no matter how thorough the training for parenthood may be, perfect elimination of the unfit can not be secured. The human animal will never achieve perfection. The law of heredity permits the transmission of imperfect cells which have long lain dormant. There may be a black sheep in every family. But such occurrences are infrequent and may be regarded as negligible.

The Taking of Silver-Gray

Lans Leneve in Oregon Sportsman I have been busy engaged this evening in sorting out, wrapping and tying up my winter catch of furs and getting them ready for shipment.

Already the hardships of the trail are forgotten and I live again in memory the taking of each pelt.

There's the big otter that went down the swollen stream with my drag and caused me a whole day's searching. There's the wise old bobcat that I had such a time persuading to put his foot in my trap. There are mink, coon and other pelts by the dozens and around each one I could weave a little story concerning its downfall.

Now my eyes turn to the big silver-gray coyote pelt. Almost a third larger than the other coyote hides, it looms above the others, both in size and color.

Slowly I run my fingers through the fine hair, each tipped with a speck of black, startling in contrast to the silver splendor that composes the body of the hair. As I stroke the fur my mind goes back there to the tall old mountains—way out there where "Silver-Gray" and I matched wits—and he played a losing game.

Three different men had glimpsed him and swore that he was a timber wolf. However, I had my doubts on that score.

After searching carefully I found the territory in which a very large-footed coyote travelled and judged this to be the supposed wolf and at once made preparations for his undoing.

Many were the coyotes that fell into my "sets" but still "Silver-Gray" roamed there, unharmed.

He seemed to possess an uncanny sense, based no doubt upon past experiences.

I have always maintained that there is no such thing as a "trap-wise animal," and if a trapper understands his "stuff" he can trap anything that walks; but old "Silver-Gray" almost upset my luck. I began to wonder. Was it dope, instinct, or what?—that caused him to avoid my sets.

Then one morning fortune smiled upon me and I witnessed a scene that is very rare on the life of a trapper, especially a mountain trapper.

I gained the top of a high ridge, just as the sun was shooting his rays down into the canyons. From my vantage point I could, by the aid of my powerful binoculars, see for miles.

About a quarter of a mile from where I sat was a rocky point and it was on this point that I had first discovered "Silver-Gray's" big tracks.

I had made a set for him on this point and I trained my glasses on it. As I brought them directly to bear on the location of the set I caught my breath and reached for my rifle. The powerful glasses caused objects at that distance to appear close at hand and for a moment I forgot that I was a good quarter of a mile from the sight I saw.

The sun was striking full upon the largest coyote I had ever seen. It was not so much the size of the animal that struck me, as it was the color—a silver-gray.

As I glimpsed him he was coming down a deer trail and within twenty feet of the set (a scent set.) I fairly held my breath.

Would he pass it? Suddenly he stopped stock still, lifted his long nose and looked directly at the bush that held the scent. Slowly he advanced toward it. When within six feet of it he stopped. He lifted his nose high in the air and sniffed at the unusual odor.

But a few feet ahead of him lay two number three Newhouse traps, ready to spring from their concealment and fasten about his legs.

Farther and farther ahead he shoved that long nose and my breath wheezed through my lips in a sigh of relief as I saw him again begin his advance.

One, two, three steps he took and then—high in the air he went and a long drawn wail of pain and rage came floating to me as "Silver-Gray" in maddened frenzy tore and chewed at the thing that held his leg.

And now as I stroked the fur my mind goes again back there and I live over again those breathless moments that I sat and waited for that sly old devil to stick his foot in that number three.

The Bible Most Read There

A recent press dispatch says that at the Pueblo county, Colorado, jail prisoners often send out and buy books which they want to read and then donate them to the jail. Sometimes they send books to Jailer Grundy long after they have been discharged.

One book was in such demand that copies of it were recently provided each of the seven departments of the institution. This book was the Bible. Prisoners look to the Bible as the most interesting volume in the jail

The New
Jerkin Sweater Coat
Latest in Pullover V-Neck
and Fancy Vests
now on display

Spring hats and caps

Men's fancy spring hosiery
and light tan shoes

Hub Clothing and Shoe Co.
Phone 100 Two Stores
COQUILLE—MYRTLE POINT
When Better Merchandise is Made We Will Sell It

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 12

Horizontal:
1—Legend
4—To stir up
8—Equal
9—Perform
11—Remnants in talk
12—Not any
13—Life
16—Had affection for
18—By or near
21—Imperious person
22—Addition to a will
24—Proceed
25—Indecent article
26—Association (abbr.)
27—Describing legal combination (abbr.)
28—Attempt
29—Initials of a continent
32—Measure of area
34—Like
35—Magazine
36—Thee
41—New England state (abbr.)
42—Select body
43—Lay's nickname
44—Boy's plaything
46—Buffet
48—Game
49—Drill
51—Swirl
52—Western state (abbr.)

Vertical:
1—Personal pronoun
2—Still
3—President with a famous gain
5—Boy's name
6—Indefinite age
7—Sign of the sodas
8—Before now
10—Broken tooth
11—Invade
12—Smile
14—English college
16—Bulwark
17—Prefix expressing direction toward
18—Course of study (slang)
19—Deliver a command
20—Flower
23—Motor truck
25—A ridge of earth
26—Direct a magazine
28—Outdoor game
29—Short
27—Prefix meaning not
35—Imperious person
36—Container for valuables
44—Digit
45—Age
46—Pore over
47—Large vase
49—Imaginary scene
50—Exist

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)
The solution will appear in next issue.

library, Mr. Grundy said. Only constructive and educational books are permitted in the library. "You would be surprised at the request of prisoners for the works of the great authors," Mr. Grundy continued. "There is little demand for common fiction."

A book-mending department has been started to condition the old books donated to the library and for the proper maintenance of the entire library. A trusty is in charge of the library, issuing books by cards with a two-day limit on each book without renewal.

Mr. Grundy's library at the Pueblo county jail, while only a few months old, is attracting wide attention.

If you pay for and read the Daily Oregonian and subscribe for the Sentinel, you can save from one to two dollars a year by paying for both papers at the same time.

Calling Cards, 100 for \$1.50.

Solution of Puzzle No. 11.

DESTRUCTIVE
EVE ITO TAX
MANE FETE
O DOT TAM C
NW SAPID NU
SO MAN IT
TO CELTS BI
R PAD SOS C
AMEN THAN
TIL MAP IRE
EXTORTIONER

For Sale
Dairy farm 25 acres, modern house and barn, place all under cultivation. Young orchard, 12 grade cows, team, machinery, all close to good school, town and highway. Very liberal terms.

For particulars see T. A. Walker, Farmers & Merchants Bank Bldg., Coquille, Ore. 5812