

# The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN  
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### "BE KINDLY AFFECTIONED"

The old man of the Sentinel feels that he has lived long enough to give the boys and girls of today some worth-while advice. He has lived to question the truth of the adage that "every grey hair has a well of wisdom at its root," because he has so often seen its companion aphorism "there is no fool like an old fool" so fully verified.

But the man who does not grow in wisdom with the steady flight of the years must, indeed, be hopeless. Not boastfully, but in a spirit of humility and thankfulness, does he recall the fact that while his fortunes appeared to have reached their lowest ebb when he came to Oregon from the middle west thirteen years ago, since then he has been more successful than he dared hope. It was done, probably at the risk, and perhaps at the expense, of the healthful old age, to which the man, who has attained a competence before he nears the period when the keenness of his faculties begins to abate. That he has succeeded during the lean years that so often lie beyond middle age in reaching a more comfortable position than he dared hope for, when he made the venture of taking a new start in the northwest after the frosts of age had whitened his locks and he was handicapped by the mistakes and failures of nearly three score years was not the thing to have been expected. Nor does he feel entitled to all the credit for what he has accomplished in these years, beyond the failures to have been expected. Without the cordial and hearty co-operation of the children who have been his efficient fellow workers, it would have been, he well knows, impossible for him to have evaded the failure he risked when he essayed a final venture in his old age, like the one he made in his late twenties, in leaving his eastern home for the middle west and a journalistic career in the Mississippi valley, in Illinois and Kansas.

He realizes now that when he made his first business venture in the late seventies and the early eighties of the nineteenth century he made serious mistakes. In that earlier trust with the fickle goddess he should have realized that a man who had given hostages to fortune in the shape of wife and family had no right to declare, as he was sometimes reckless enough to do, that he published a newspaper "for the sweet privilege of saying what he pleased."

Such reckless independence, combined with continued devotion to the political party, that for the generation following the civil war was hopelessly in the minority, may explain the lack of success in getting ahead financially experienced by the writer in Kansas, but falls far short of vindicating the wisdom of his course. He perhaps owes it to himself to confess that there were often periods during his middle life when he perceived clearly enough that he was not on the right track to win riches; but lacked the courage to desert the friends with whom he had fought so many losing battles and strike out anew on the course, which then seemed wiser and promised greater rewards.

So, until he broke with his old associations to make a new start in the northwest, he never felt free to form the new political affiliations that his better judgment approved and to seek the greater success to be found in that path.

The northwest has in the writer's case proved so clearly the "land of opportunity" that his only regret about making the change and starting anew on these shores, with a clean slate, is that he did not have the foresight or courage to have done it thirty years sooner. Making the change when he did as the evening shadows of his life began to lengthen, he can only be thankful that his assay of new fortunes on this coast has been rewarded as well as it has, and that the outlook for the future here in his declining years is as bright as it is.

Now as to the advice the writer in-

timated he had on tap for the boys and girls of today. It was suggested by that article of Edward Bok's in the Post five years ago, in which he told how America struck him when he came here as a boy of six, to learn our language and become an American. He found us carelessly and thoughtlessly wasteful and extravagant in the use of the things so bountifully provided in this new land. The advice suggested to me by his article is: Be honest; be kind; be thorough. The writer feels that his greatest mistake in life has been his disregard of the second admonition. Mr. Bok makes clear how neglect of the third is the glaring defect in the American character. The Apostle Paul and other sacred writers emphasize these virtues. They are interlocked. No one can be as honest as he ought to be without being kind. He really owes it to his fellow creatures to be "kindly affectioned," as Paul puts it, toward them. The last part of the admonition he owes to himself—and to all his fellow travelers through the world. It's lack is the besetting sin of our people. Slackness in doing and thinking is our greatest defect.

### TRAINING FOR CAMPING

It is too bad there is not some way to train the city dweller in the rules of the outdoors and the campfire, just as he must, for the safety of life and property, learn the traffic and sanitation laws of the city. He should know that it is wrong and intolerable to throw down the lighted match or cigarette in the forest, just as well as he knows he must not throw tin cans and old clothing into the street at home. He should learn the etiquette of the forest just as he does the drawing room. The smoker would not throw his match or cigarette stump or empty his pipe on his host's rug or table cover, but, without giving it a thought, the same smoker will toss a burning match or ashes on the floor of his host—the forest—where it threatens property worth millions and even human lives.

### A LESSON IN FORESTRY

Forty-three years ago one part of a western Oregon farm was cleared and prepared for a crop which for some reason was never planted. Large nearby fir trees took charge of the area and sowed it thickly with good seed. Today there is an excellent stand of young timber here of which the owner is rightly proud. About half of this area has remained untouched; on the other part, trees have been cut out here and there. This thinning gave the remaining trees more room to grow. The result is that only firewood and fence posts are to be had from the nature-grown stand, but on the thinned area are trees 18 and 20 inches in diameter—sawlogs, if you please. And less than forty-five years ago this was a plain land.

### OVER A MILLION FOR OREGON

The Second Deficiency Appropriation authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to apportion \$7,500,000 among the National Forest States for the construction of National Forest roads and trails," says the acting chief forester in a letter to Senator Stanford.

"This amount, however, will not be available for expenditure until appropriated by Congress.

"By Section 23 of the Federal Highway Act, the total is divided into two funds—\$4,500,000 for the Forest Highway fund and \$3,000,000 for the Forest Development fund.

"The Secretary of Agriculture has taken the required action. Of the \$7,500,000, Oregon will receive \$681,745 from the Forest Highway fund and \$457,729 from the Forest Development fund, or a total of \$1,089,474.

Honoring the memory of the patriots of 1876, and the men who at Concord and Lexington a hundred and fifty years ago this week so well did their part in making of the American nation, the Sentinel is glad to recall today what General John J. Pershing and Vice President Charles G. Dawes did and said last Sunday to keep green the memory of our revolutionary ancestors, in the account of what occurred at Boston that day elsewhere published in this issue. Every patriot's heart must beat a little faster today as he recalls with them the events that foreshadowed the birth of the United States of America.

Both President Coolidge and Governor Pierce have issued proclamations naming the week from April 27 to May 3rd as American Forest Week. The latter calls attention to the fact that Oregon now contains more standing timber than any other state in the Union, the timber, next to the land itself, representing the state's greatest resource.

Don't worry about your battery when you can take it to an expert at the Coquille Service Station and have it inspected.

## A BOSTON SCOUT

Honored Last Sunday by Dawes Whose Ancestor Shared Paul Revere's Ride

Last Sunday the following associated press dispatch was sent out from Boston, Massachusetts, recalling important events which occurred there a hundred and fifty years ago, as well as honoring a boy scout of today who proved no less brave than did the great-grandfather of Vice President Charles G. Dawes in those days of auld lang syne:

"Well, James," said the general of the armies of the United States to a little Boston Boy Scout who stood at rigid salute before him tonight on the illustrious platform of old Faneuil hall. Then John Pershing paused, swallowed hard, brushed something away from his eyes and resumed:

"Well, James, to be born on Christmas day and to be decorated in Faneuil hall on the 150th anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord is about as much honor as could come to a boy.

"I'm proud to stand on this platform with you, James, and from what you have done I know that your character is such that we will hear from you later on in life."

Then drums rolled and flags dipped and veterans of three wars stood at attention while General Pershing bent over the silent boy, who never moved a muscle, and pinned on his coat a jeweled medal of honor.

And the vice president of the United States, who was fairly giggling with enthusiasm, burst out with—in what was meant to be a whisper—"If that boy had been in these parts 150 years ago today he'd have been fighting red-coats on the Lexington-Concord road. He would, as sure as my name's Dawes."

After that there was an instant's hush and then little James Smith, aged 13 years and scout in troupe 13, East Boston, led the vice-president and the general of the armies and the New England governors and mayors and United States senators and old soldiers in repetition of the "pledge of allegiance" to the flag and government of the United States.

"Now that's how it came to pass on this 'patriot's day,' as they call this anniversary in Boston—that James Thomas Smith pretty nearly swamped the glories of Dawes and Pershing with 'Faneuil hall."

General Dawes and Pershing were tickled pink over being swamped, for they knew James Thomas Smith's story.

John Pershing read it from a big, important looking document before he pinned on the medal, the story of how one day last February James went out at bitter peril to his life on melting ice and how with much cleverness and daring he rescued a comrade who, skating there, had gone through a hole in the ice.

Only the other boy's hand showed above the ice when James Thomas Smith reached him, but James got him out, used first aid manipulations he had learned from the master scout, loaded his comrade onto his sled, dragged him homeward across the bending ice and then had very little to say about the matter. But Boston had a good deal to say. That breed is popular around here and they like to honor it.

James was born December 26, 1911, in Hamilton, Ont., came to Boston when he was six months old with his father, who is an American citizen, and—well, when his crowded hour came he fitted it.

As for Vice-President Dawes, Boston made him stand out in the cold rain today to honor the memory of a young man—dead now these 126 years—who just a century and a half ago last night leaped to meet his crowded hour and violently fulfilled its perilous demands; that young man, a young tanner, living then just around the corner from Faneuil hall, was William Dawes Jr., great-grandfather of Charles G. Dawes, and it was he who, riding furiously by a southerly and westerly route helped Paul Revere on the night of April 18, 1776, to rouse the colonists to battle on the morrow, Revere taking the northerly and westerly road to Lexington.

So they took Dawes to the building at 16 North street, which occupies the site of the house his ancestor lived in and there with many glowing words, which the rain could not damp, they unveiled a tablet to William the Tanner, while Charles, who also is good at tanning, stood bareheaded and hoarsely whispered: "Great! Where do we go next?"

Well, the next place was old Faneuil hall now beautifully restored by Boston at the insistent demand of Mayor Curley and today rededicated by Dawes and Pershing, as the oldest center of municipal life in America, and "a room belonging not to America alone, but to all humanity"—

the cradle of American liberty. This shrine was illuminated in joy for the repeal of the stamp act in 1767. Here the trial of the informer Richardson was held; here the body of the negro patriot, Crispus Attucks lay in honor after the Boston massacre. Here Daniel Webster thundered and here Wendell Phillips released words that were living lightning.

In making the just completed restorations workmen came upon one of the original well posts of the hall and from it a gavel was carved and incircled with gold for Vice-President Dawes to use in—and on—the United States senate.

In presenting the gavel Mayor Curley said he thanked his God that presiding over the United States senate was a "real full-blooded everyday American descendant from a patriot," and then he told the audience of the wood this gavel was made of, adding "believing this man may require some such medium as this for the senate, which seems not always amenable to sense and reason, we present him with it—this magic wand or club—which may enable him to bear it in on even the senators, that there are certain essentials to good government which rise superior to the success of party policies."

Then cheering, so insistent that General Dawes, who had sworn he would not make a speech today, just had to in order that the exercises might do on.

When he rose they turned up all the lights in the beautiful hall and he said:

"When a man gets up to make a speech he hasn't prepared he is much more interested in seeing the audience than in having the audience see him.

"About this gavel, it's precious to me because it comes from sacred timber—timber from this hall that has been—that is—the great intellectual battleground of America, a place for the establishment of principles through discussion and my message here is to ask you here to rededicate yourselves—here in this holy place—to the preservation of those principles which your ancestors died to establish."

### George Would Have Failed

If George Washington had attempted to cut down Querbracho trees instead of a cherry tree, the time-honored American folk story of the hatchet might have been lost. Literally translated Querbracho means "axe breaker." This tree of which the wood is one of the heaviest known, is native to a region undreamed of in Washington's boyhood—up river South America.

Every year several thousand tons of this wood are laboriously worked out of the Argentine wilderness to make the long journey north to New York, not for furniture or ornament, but for making special grades of leather.

The crude methods used for handling the logs in the South would prove prohibitive in this country with the average wage of the laborers at \$3.84 a day. At the plant where the tannin for the leather is extracted, however, it is necessary to carry the logs several hundred feet, from the waterfront where they are stored, to factory where machines chip them. Mules were formerly used to pull cars on which the logs were placed but mules, with all of their contrariness, came to cost too much. Electric tractors, whose oats came from a storage battery, were tried out for drawing the massive chunks of wood into the buildings. They have proved successful.

### Stop the Vandals!

It is up to all nature lovers to start a crusade against the picking of wild flowers, to invent some way to stop the hijackers, men and women, who visit our suburbs and countryside and rip and tear all the branches off the blossoming dogwood, mountain laurel, rhododendron and shad bushes and come to town in processions of flower-decked automobiles. If only one automobile did it the woods would not miss the flowering branch, but as soon as these shad bushes bloom, hundreds of thousands of automobiles loaded with thoughtless hijackers of the woods come humming into town covered with white blossoms ruthlessly torn from the mother plants.—May Boys' Life.

### 700 New Families in Oregon

More than 700 new families representing an investment in excess of \$2,000,000, have been located in Oregon during the past year through the efforts of the Land Settlement Department of the Portland Chamber of Commerce. During the same period, the number of agricultural inquiries received totaled more than 15,000, of whom 1087 prospective settlers have definitely announced their intention of coming to Oregon this year. During March more than 4700 requests for agricultural information were received, and these inquiries have been relayed to all Chambers of Commerce in the state.

## A Complete Line in Shoes

### Ladies New Patent and Tan Pumps

### Children's Sandals and Play Oxfords

### Men's and Boys' New Styles in Oxfords

We also have just completed a full stock in Tennis Shoes for the family.

## 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. 16

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Horizontal: (© by Western Newspaper Union.)  
 1—One who builds air castles  
 2—Walks in a haughty manner  
 3—Fettered  
 4—Occupant  
 5—Commercial announcement (abbr.)  
 6—Mixture; medley  
 7—Tidy  
 8—Conjunction  
 9—Pneumatically wrong  
 10—Full mouth  
 11—Ome  
 12—Tiptoe  
 13—Article  
 14—Long walk  
 15—External appearance  
 16—Before (poetic)  
 17—Primary  
 18—Negative  
 19—Land measure  
 20—Slag  
 21—Flick trap  
 22—Fit or suited  
 23—Assent  
 24—Article  
 25—Upon  
 26—Additional, different  
 27—Wipe up  
 28—Crawl  
 29—Any of various bamboo-like grasses  
 30—Part of verb "to be"  
 31—Cry  
 32—Bump  
 33—Not sterile  
 34—Female rabbit  
 35—You and I  
 36—Part of roof  
 37—Net  
 38—Fishes  
 39—Small steers  
 40—Clans  
 41—Trapezoid  
 42—Hate, loathe

Vertical:  
 1—Flays  
 2—Vegetable  
 3—For example (abbr.)  
 4—In the past  
 5—Prefix meaning song  
 6—Official order  
 7—Guide  
 8—Rip  
 9—Insert  
 10—Note of musical scale  
 11—Raps  
 12—Roadways  
 13—Same as No. 47 horizontal  
 14—Take notice (abbr.)  
 15—Bridge  
 16—Across (poetic)  
 17—Songs  
 18—Absorbed  
 19—Chronicle of past events  
 20—Boy's name  
 21—Polish person  
 22—Consumed  
 23—Hastened off  
 24—Make a mistake  
 25—Taint  
 26—Pierced cough  
 27—Fretting measure  
 28—Month  
 29—Have use for  
 30—One who irritates playfully  
 31—A grain  
 32—Stare off  
 33—To graze  
 34—Southern wharf  
 35—To please  
 36—Desecrate rapidly  
 37—Note of musical scale  
 38—Makes a mistake  
 39—To bow out  
 40—Immorse  
 41—Exit  
 42—Prefix meaning two

The solution will appear in next issue.

### Observe Forest Week

In 1925 there was a total of 78,629 forest fires in this country. The area burned was 26,135,000 acres, and the immediate damage amounted to \$27,783,000. The 1924 fire season was fully as severe. The American public must begin to realize the value of its timber resources, a priceless heritage that should not be wantonly destroyed. American Forest Week is from April 27 to May 3.

Calling Cards, 100 for \$1.50.

### Hall's Catarrh Medicine

will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for 25¢ per bottle.  
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

### Solution of Puzzle No. 16

S	E	G	M	E	N	T	F	L	E	K	E	D
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What \$2.25 Will Do  
 For \$2.25 you can have the weekly visits of the Coquille Sentinel and the Oregon Farmer—52 of each—for a year.