

The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
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Four Days in Nazareth

The Near East has changed and is changing very fast. To me, who camped and roughed it all through Palestine fifteen years ago and resolved then that I would never bring any women I cared about to endure such travel, it was simply incredible to ride up from Egypt in a sleeper, breakfast in a diner, and ride from Haifa, Nazareth and Jerusalem in a new American automobile over superb modern roads. The British have built railroads and highways, and done much else beside that should make the whole country view their mandate with gratitude after centuries of the Turk.

Beggary and extortion and dirt has been greatly reduced; superstition and sectarianism are on the wane.

Our four days in Nazareth we shall never forget. The town itself is much cleaner and more attractive than any other we saw in Palestine, probably because most of its people are Christians and send their children to mission schools whose influence has now pervaded the whole community.

We lived in a simple German hotel where we were given squab and chicken until we scarcely dared look a winged creature in the face.

Three times we climbed the hill back of Nazareth, where an imaginative boy could have seen in the old days, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," as their caravans crossed the Plain of Esdraelon to the sea. We went down to the sea of Gallilee and saw the ruins of the synagogue where Jesus taught so often.

But we all thought that what really brought us nearer to Him in His own home town was a visit to the orphanage where the Near East Relief is caring for 132 little Armenian boys who have no one left to them in the world. There we were sure He could have felt at home in His own Nazareth today.

Of one group of fifteen hundred refugees who came to Palestine two years ago, only fifty are now receiving help, and the others subscribed \$375 at Christmas time for the work of the Near East Relief. On Golden Rule Day, last December, the orphanage boys themselves asked permission to go without a meal as their offering to the work in the refugee camps, but their diet is so closely figured that the director would not permit it.—Charles W. Gilkey in The New Near East.

Petrified Saurian Bones

The skeletons of two or more prehistoric monsters of the saurian family of lizard-like reptiles have been discovered by workmen of the Sagnaw Timber company near Vesta, in a cut made by the railway line of the company, says an Aberdeen, Washington, press dispatch of Tuesday. The skeletons, believed to be those of dinosaurs, ichthyosaurs or pterodactyle, measure more than 80 feet in length and are covered with from 40 to 60 feet of limestone deposit, opened by the railway cut.

The bones, due to the influence of the sandstone in which they are embedded, have become petrified. The excavation for the railroad evidently cut through one animal's ribs close to the backbone. The ribs, in two parallel lines, gradually running together toward the tail and the neck, can be seen along a stretch of more than 200 feet and indicate that the place was the burial ground of more than one animal. No skull was found, that portion of the animals possibly having been thrown down the precipitous bank along which the cut was made, but a long tearing tooth discovered among the debris points to the fact that the animals were carnivorous.

The ribs vary from 3 to 13 inches in thickness, while a portion of the shoulder blade is 4 feet long and 5 inches thick. Knee joints and other bones discovered vary in size from several feet in circumference to only a few inches.

SAVING LIVES ON THE MISSISSIPPI

The Sentinel senior took his first steamboat trip on the Mississippi river back in the later sixties about fifty-five years ago. It was after a sea voyage from New York to New Orleans that he went up the "father of waters" as far as Cairo, then up the Ohio to Cincinnati and back to New York by rail. Nearly thirty years later he went over a part of the same journey in a summer trip from St. Louis to Memphis, so that he read the following story in last week's Literary Digest with much more interest than if he had never voyaged on that river, as he occasionally did when living in Illinois and later in Kansas. The story is headed "When Tom Lee Just Happened By:"

"Tom," said the boss, "you bring the Zev up the river from Helena. And don't pile it up on a sandbar, and mind you keep an eye on floating logs." "Tom" is Tom Lee, a negro. The Zev is a motor-boat, the river the Mississippi, and the sentences just quoted his orders on the day the Norman went down—all the orders Tom had. So, as a special correspondent writes from Memphis, Tennessee, to the St. Louis Post Dispatch, "there were no dramatics at the start. Tom merely sat at the wheel of the motor-boat and kept her nose to the current, being careful to dodge driftwood." The story runs on:

The Mississippi is swift and wide between Helena, Arkansas, and Memphis; its banks are green; its waters dark and swirling. But Tom saw neither beauty nor danger. He sang: O dyin' Deacon when the world's on flash Don't yer want God's boosom to be yer pillow?

Or maybe he chanted a ditty about hard-hearted Hannah, the belle of Savannah. It does not matter, just so the picture is straight. Here was no hero: only a colored man in a motorboat on the Mississippi, bound for Memphis. Sunshine and bits of green boughs dancing on the muddy water. The motor-boat going put-put-put-put. Tom in blue jeans singing to pass the time away.

Before long, the Zev began to overhaul the U. S. Government steamboat M. E. Norman. A little above Coahoma Landing, Tom sped past her and saw that she was carrying excursionists:

A handkerchief or two fluttered and Tom waved back. He was a good hand with a motor-boat and could afford such little pleasantries, even when bucking a spring flood current.

As he went by, Tom noticed something peculiar about the Norman.

"Sure is ridin' curious," said Tom to himself. "She's rollin' too much to one side to suit me. I'll keep an eye on her."

It was a hunch, and Tom had a habit of respecting his hunches. So as he swept on ahead of the Norman, he looked back. He kept an eye on the boat.

The Zev had gone perhaps three-quarters of a mile ahead of the Norman when it happened.

Tom saw the steamer roll crazily. Night was coming on and a mist had settled over the Mississippi. But Tom could see clearly enough to recognize the danger. As the Norman listed, he swung his motor-boat around and sped down-stream.

He had not gone far, when the steamboat turned over on its side and began to sink. Tom saw heads bobbing in the water. He opened up the Zev's engine and made straight for the sinking vessel.

Dusk over the wide river. A sinking steamboat far from shore. Deserted banks lost in the mist. No help but one lone Ducky in a motor-boat. White folks struggling in the water. Cries for help. And Tom Lee driving down-stream toward the scene, his little craft spurning white froth in its wake.

The correspondent gives the rest of the story in Tom Lee's own words: "Before I got to the boat its hull had sunk down out of sight. I could see people in the water. The current was carrying 'em down-stream, strung out like corks bobbing up and down. It was a swift current—about nine miles an hour, I reckon. But I had a good boat. It's the best boat Mr. Hunter, my boss, owns.

"I swung in a sort of circle so as to come up-stream, and made for four white folks that looked to me as if they were tied together. I shut my engine down so it would hold the boat still against the current and helped these people out of the water.

"They took it calm. Mighty calm. Seems to me nobody was makin' any noise. After I had the first four in I began grabbing folks from the water right an' left. They told me I had a load pretty soon, so I stopped fishin' more out and turned the Zev for land. I opened her up and reached shore pretty quick. The folks all piled out. Some I had to help lift out of the boat.

of life preservers and pieces of wood and were drifting with the current. Well, I don't remember much, particularly.

"Men would grab hold of the side of the boat and I'd drag 'em up. Then there'd be a woman we'd have to lift in. I remember one little white boy. He was limp and they said he was dead.

"I think I made four or five trips. I didn't keep track. Soon as I got one bunch landed I started back. I kind of thought I was bringin' 'em all in. Everybody was so quiet. Nobody seemed to be much scared or excited.

"The boat sank about 300 feet from shore. I ran back to the bunch I had brought to the bank. The captain of the boat was there, and a lot of men. They said, 'Ain't there any more?' And I said, 'Don't appear to be, Boss!' Well they counted up and all the heart went out of 'em. There were a lot you didn't get, 'some one told me.

"So I made another trip up and down the river to see if I could find any more. But I couldn't. I went inshore again and helped the white folks make a fire. One man had gone for help to a farmhouse.

"They talked of sending word to Memphis. But that river worried me. As soon as I had them as comfortable as I could I took my boat out again. I reckon I was searchin' the water most of the night to see if I couldn't find more."

When morning came and word of the disaster had reached Memphis and boats sped down river to the scene, they told Tom he was a hero. They counted up and knew that he had saved 32 lives. There had been 72 persons on the Norman. Twenty-three were missing. Seventeen had swum to shore. That left 32 to Tom's credit. The survivors pressed about him with their thanks.

"Pshaw," said Tom, "pshaw, I'm mighty proud I could do anything for you-all. Pshaw. It wa'n't nothin'."

The correspondent tells us that Tom was the talk of the town when he reached Memphis. The Norman's captain said, "Lee deserves the greatest credit for the manner in which he handled his boat and saved the lives." Stories added by other survivors were as laudatory. Harry Wiersema said: "Tom Lee showed excellent judgment in picking up survivors, going to those who were most in distress, and did excellent work all through." James Wood said:

"My wife, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Miller and Maj. H. Montgomery Gardner of the War Department were on the lower deck when the boat started turning over. We all held hands and walked to the high side of the deck and as the Norman gradually settled in its side we clambered over, still holding each other's hands. The boat suddenly shifted and came to rest with its keel straight up in the air. It turned back slightly and then started down, sinking from underneath us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Major Gardner and I were standing together. That was the last any one saw of Major Gardner alive. I had gotten hold of a piece of brush and was holding my wife out of the water. Neither of us could swim and we just managed to keep our heads up. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were alongside. There's a boat, my wife exclaimed suddenly. I whistled as loudly as I could and my strength was fast ebbing away.

"Tom Lee started his motor-boat directly toward us. He knew the current. When he got within a few feet of the four of us he swerved the boat and ran alongside. Holding the wheel with one hand he reached over and drew my wife out of the water, then took Mrs. Miller into the boat next. He saw I was about gone and slipped a rope around my wrist. Then he pulled Mr. Miller over gunwale and started for me. At the end of the boat George Foster, a civil engineer, was hanging on. Tom left me lying on the gunwale and got Foster out of the water.

"If it had not been for Tom Lee, I would not be here today to tell this story. I owe my life and my wife's life to the labor of Tom Lee. And there are many others who will tell you the same thing."

The dispatch concludes: Tom Lee is a hero. In Memphis, where he lives when not working as a boatman for the construction company, white and negro friends alike have joined in singing his praises. The Commercial Appeal is sponsoring a subscription.

"What would you like, Tom?" he was asked.

"Why, I reckon I'd like a house," he replied.

Prominent Memphis citizens are resolved to push a claim for a Carnegie Medal for Tom.

A medal. A house. A hero. Tom is a little bewildered. He was born in Crittenden county, Arkansas, just across the river from Memphis, and during his forty years has never strayed far from the Mississippi. A medal. Tom will be proud of that.

A house. Tom will like that. But this hero business—Tom scratches his head and grins. "That boat was sinkin' and I just happened by," he starts to protest.

WHO KNOWS THIS TOWN?

Somewhere It Exists, but of Course a Thousand Miles Away

Salem Journal

A hick town is one that permits a passing show to stretch an advertising banner across Main street—a free publicity stunt denied the tax-paying merchant—giving a jay look to the burg.

A hick town is one that sanctions the distribution of dodgers and hand bills to strew the streets of the business sections pester the pedestrians, scare the horses and litter the autos.

A hick town is one that turns over a section of the best city streets to that itinerant aggregation of freaks, fakirs and fol-de-rols for feeble-minded, called a carnival, to bamboozle the boobies for a small handout for some local uplift.

A hick town is one where smart shopkeepers paint their store fronts glaring, garish discordant colors to attract morons and make the judicious grieve, to save advertising costs, and thereby affectually spoil the appearance of the street.

A hick town is one where residents are so lacking in personal and community pride that they fail to water and mow the lawn, grass goes to seed on curbing and vacant lots and unpaved streets are a sea of unkept weeds.

A hick town is one where the autos park in reverse, back side to, instead of heading in; where they turn around in the middle of the block and stand in files three deep for long stretches of time in the middle of the street.

A hick town is one where mooning sneaks and sleuths of the police force tap the pockets of tourists, smell breaths and search every auto parked for a few minutes on the street at night on suspicion, without warrant.

A hick town is—well perhaps you know such a town, or at least a town with some hick characteristics, not a thousand miles away.

Compound Interest in 859 Years

The vice president of a Boston National bank is credited by the Monitor of that city with the following statement:

If William the Conqueror, who came to the throne of England in 1066, had "celebrated his victory at Hastings by investing \$1 at 5 per cent compound interest, the sum of \$3,945,077,000,000,000,000 would now be to the credit of his heirs and assigns." It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? But just the same, if one were numbered among his favored descendants, the many costs involved in establishing the claim would probably reduce the sum actually received to a figure not greatly above the original amount.

Solution of Puzzle No. 22.

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GELATIN
SODA EROS
UP EXIST CO
AKIN YET BOMB
TEETER YET PAWNEE
ILL QI OK ILL
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OLEO BAR ROUE
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ABED VAIL
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TEARS
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