

# The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN  
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## DISCOVERING NEW NORTHWEST

Literary Digest

There was no note of politics in President Coolidge's address at the Minnesota State Fair Grounds on June 8, yet political strategists and Washington correspondents, by reading between the lines, claim to have discovered in this invasion of the near-Northwest the opening wedge of the 1928 campaign, with Mr. Coolidge as a third-term candidate for the Presidency. Staff correspondents of the Washington Post, a strong Administration supporter, and the New York World, independent Democratic in politics, who accompanied the President, agree on this score, and David Lawrence, an independent observer, asserts that "while Mr. Coolidge has not indicated that he will be an active candidate for the Presidency, he has his eye on 1928. For the President is by nature a politician, and he has been advised that there will be little opposition to a third term if he makes a good record during the next three years."

The President's speech was a tribute to the ancestors of the Norwegians in America, and to their descendants, who are said to equal the present population of Norway. In addition to his praise of the hardy Scandinavian immigrants who helped develop the Northwest, he held up the American melting-pot as an example for the world. The scene of the President's address recalls the Philadelphia Public Ledger, "is the same as that at which he was shabbily treated in 1922." We read on:

"That summer Northwestern farmers were facing ruin from low grain prices. They were in a radical mood, unwilling to listen to anything other than promises of immediate Federal relief. When Vice-President Coolidge began talking of wheat prices the Northwest turned its back upon and left to watch a fat-stock show and a horse-race."

The difference between the reception accorded Vice-President Coolidge in 1922 and that shown President Coolidge in 1925 is pointed out in a Minneapolis Journal by Charles B. Chaney, which reads in part as follows:

"It was less than three years ago that Mr. Coolidge paid his first visit to the State. He was Vice-President then. He came at the request of the State Fair management to talk on the problems of the farmer. "Farmers of the Northwest were in a bad way, and they were demanding relief measures by the Government. Radical leaders had been fostering this feeling. They were offering the farmer panaceas to lift him out of the economic depression from which the whole country was suffering. The idea was quite firmly planted that the Government must take charge of the farmer's crops and see that he got adequate prices for them."

"That was what the people in the grandstand wanted hear from Mr. Coolidge. But Mr. Coolidge does not believe in class legislation, or in futile promises to teach an industry the trick of lifting itself by its bootstraps. He refused to submerge his judgment and indulge in demagoguery to win applause. He told them that a high tariff had helped the farmers by preserving their home market in the manufacturing East. The Government already had done its best to help the farmer, he said, through the loan facilities of the Federal Land Banks and the War Finance Corporation, through reductions in taxes and freight rates, and through regulation of the markets."

"Any further Government help, he plainly said, must come along these lines, and not through artificial bolstering of the market on farm products. "That was not what some people in this section wanted to hear. Nevertheless, under other conditions, it would have been listened to in respectful silence. But a burning sun, with the mercury 97 in the shade, was beating down on the audience. Most of them had come to races, not to hear a speech. They grew restless,

then noisy. "The disturbance grew until Mr. Coolidge could not be heard. He stopped, and it seemed for a moment that he would not be able to finish the speech. He waited and the noise died down. He started again and the din was renewed. He was nearly through, however."

"Minnesota's greeting to President Coolidge today was a fine personal tribute. In another sense, it was something more. It was a demonstration of a changed and changing public sentiment in the Northwest. In the same spot Mr. Coolidge faced another vast throng, but it was eager to hear him, uproarious in its welcome. It hung on his words. It gave him the closest attention all through a speech even longer than the one three years ago."

"Farmers and their friends have become fed up with political hokum. Prosperity has been steadily returning and paternalism has been losing its glamour. The Northwest has been coming to the Coolidge view. By his steady plugging away in the White House, forcing economy, cutting taxes, working patiently and sanely for world peace and for economic prosperity, this man Coolidge has won his way to undisputed leadership."

"By its applause, and still more by its close, respectful attention, the crowd at the Fair Grounds near St. Paul and Minneapolis paid tribute today to the statesmanship of Calvin Coolidge. Both by its silence and by its tumultuous approval, it conveyed to Mr. Coolidge the apologies of Minnesota for that petulant interruption of 1922."

"Bygones are bygones. Coolidge and Minnesota are friends." "There has been a change in the last three years," agrees the New York Evening Post. "The radical fever has been burning itself out. The happy hunting grounds of La Follette is enemy country for Calvin Coolidge no longer." As a result of his trip to Minnesota, "the Republicans of the Northwest are looking to his leadership to cement the party and eliminate the radical factions," according to a New York Times correspondent.

## THE THRIFTIEST MONTHS

The Literary Digest

There are two months in the year when people are more likely to put their money in the savings banks than at other times. At least such is the conviction of a young woman who has been carrying on an educational campaign to induce people with small salaries to open savings accounts. Her experience, we read in The Thrift Magazine (New York), "has taught her that there are happier months in saving as well as in anything else."

Two things make an irresistible appeal to the small salaried person—Christmas and vacations. Consequently twice a year there is a swell in the small thrift accounts. January and October are the banner months, the one directly after Christmas when folks begin to save for their summer vacations, and the other in October, when the clerk and stenographer begin to think of Christmas.

The map which served to inspire the voyage of Columbus to the New World is carefully stowed away in a wooden box, less than a yard long, in the National Library in Paris. It is a hand-painted chart of the design known as "Planisphere," which means the representation of the circles of the sphere on a plane; especially a projection of the celestial sphere and the stars on a plane passing through the Arctic or the Antarctic circle. This map is believed to have been presented to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella by Columbus when he went to Spain in 1491 and asked for vessels with which to cross the Atlantic. The map was bought for \$50 in 1849 at a sale of books, and today is estimated to be worth many thousands of dollars. In spite of this one wonders why some effort has not been made to bring it to America, for that hand-painted chart was the real charter of world expansion and of the universal liberty which we enjoy today.—Dearborn Independent.

Tucked away in an obscure corner of a recent detailed newspaper account of a destructive fire in a large American city was a sentence which casts a brighter light upon the progress of humanitarianism in civilized countries today than volumes of encyclopedic or statistical information. The paragraph including it told of the fact that the boss stableman of the place aided by four helpers succeeded in leading to safety fourteen horses from the company's stables. And the sentence itself was a classic for its simplicity: "They also saved two kittens which were in one of the stalls." World wars may come, and world wars may go, but so long as this spirit of kindness is in human consciousness one need never despair of the future.—Christian Science Monitor.

## THE PATCHWORK QUILT

Spread it out smoothly, dear, across our laps,  
Just you and I, and name the pieces o'er,  
That fit so closely—all these tiny scraps  
Sewed with such care by hands that work no more.  
A scrapbook full of tender memories  
Of childhood days that may not be again,  
In every bit of calico there is  
A thought of pleasure and a twinge of pain.  
This bright pink gingham—have you yet forgot  
The mother-hubbard that you used to wear  
Picking wild berries when the day was hot  
And sunburned legs were brier-scratched and bare?  
Here's this green chambray—oh, I weeded rows  
And rows of carrots, just to earn that dress!  
Times leaves us changing standards as he goes;  
I've since had velvet that I valued less.  
And do you recollect this stripe of brown,  
Clean and fresh-ironed, Mother liked the best,  
Driving with eggs and butter into town?  
You're like her, Sister, at your prettiest!  
This was the baby's romper, and this blue  
Was bought to match the ribbon on your hair,  
And made, we thought, a beauty out of you  
The day Dad took us to the County Fair.  
But lay it away dear, for about it elings  
Too much of sweetness, and its pattern holds  
Too clear a print of dear and bygone things  
And faded childhood in its faded folds!

Frances Holmstrom,  
McKinley, Oregon.

## THE ROOSEVELT HIGHWAY

From Portland Oregonian  
A few years ago the Roosevelt highway was a dream, a hope, an inspiration, a vision of a picturesque and beautiful boulevard, painted by the imagination of forward-looking men and women. This great thoroughfare was to skirt the coast of Oregon from north to south over wooded hills, through fertile valleys, across rushing streams, always near the waters of the boundless Pacific. The military idea, too, was behind it, for it was thought that a finished highway near to the ports and fortifications at the shore line of the ocean would have great strategic value in time of war. For this latter reason it was believed that co-operation of federal government might be secured, since preparedness and security from enemy invasion is the prime duty of any nation.

The story of the failure to procure government aid for the Roosevelt highway up to this time is well known. But there has been no failure on the part of the state to go as far as it could with the means at command to make of the highway a reality. The counties, too, along the coast have strained their resources to promote development of the highway plan. Much has been done in the northern section and just now the highway commission is devoting special energies to southwestern Oregon.

Here is a part of the state which has been from the earliest days a part of the Oregon geographical unit, but which, by reason of difficult communication, has been a neglected and isolated section. Roads have been built into Coos bay, Rogue river, into the Umpqua, but they have been poor and have been traveled only under the compulsion of real necessity. Transportation by water, too, has been attended by many difficulties. For these reasons the face of southwestern Oregon has long been turned towards California, since it was easier to go and come from San Francisco than it was to and from the metropolis of this state.

Completion of the railroad to Coos bay in 1916 brought about a considerable change in the situation, but it was not enough. Later came the paving of the Pacific highway and within the year a broad and fine connecting road has been built from Roseburg to Coquille, Bandon, Marshfield, North Bend and other places at and around Coos bay. These enterprises, important as they are, and giving to the Coos bay region easy and immediate means of transportation to and from the Willamette valley and the city of Portland have been by no means adequate for the needs and expectations of that great region. But they have, on the contrary, made more immediately feasible the magnificent project of the Roosevelt highway. From Bandon by the sea south a large amount of work on the highway has been done and a very great deal more remains to be done. The distance from Bandon to the state line is not quite 100 miles. Contracts for construction at several points have been awarded and completed and a great many miles of smooth thoroughfare are now available to the traveling public.

The highway commission has under consideration at the present time location of the road at several difficult points and under the advice of competent engineers has reached a decision as to the final route. The road in much of the territory goes through high hills covered with rich forests, crystal water courses, and productive valleys, and here and there a point is reached where the magnificent stretch of the Pacific meets the wondering eye.

Although the Roosevelt highway in southwestern Oregon is a real de-

sign for a great tourist and commercial thoroughfare, traversing scenes of beauty and compelling interest not excelled anywhere else in the world. It is not to be marvelled at that the people of southwestern Oregon have been so thoroughly interested in completion of this project because they have known as none others could have known what the highway ultimately could disclose to the world. The highway commission will immediately expend a large amount of money upon this part of the road, so that within another year it probably will be practicable to travel from Portland to Roseburg, Coos bay, Coquille, Bandon, Wedderburn, Gold Beach and Brookings to the California line.

The people of Oregon are proud of the Columbia river highway, the Pacific highway, the Oregon Trail, the John Day highway and many other beautiful and wonderful roads. They will have reason to be doubly proud of the magnificent road system of the state of Oregon when the Roosevelt highway shall have been completed in southwestern Oregon and northwestern Oregon. The intermediate sections will be taken care of in due order.

## HE HAS SEEN THE LIGHT

During last year's presidential campaign Frank Kent, an author of repute and correspondent of the democratic Baltimore Sun, wrote articles scoring President Coolidge during the presidential campaign, declaring his "inadequacy" for the position he holds, and spoke of him as being "as close to futility as any man in his position ever gets." That was a year ago. Since then he has seen the light, and now after a three months' trip from coast to coast, making a survey which Mark Sullivan says "included all aspects of American life," and which as a work of current literature might reasonably be given a high place as a picture of present-day American, last Thursday, in the Baltimore Sun, Mr. Kent summarized that part of his observations that had to do with Coolidge as follows:

"About his hold on the people there isn't the slightest doubt. His most ardent admirers underestimate it. Literally everybody save a jaundiced few, is satisfied. Even the radical press teems with praise. No White House incumbent ever sat on a higher peak of popularity. In a country uninterested, indifferent and uninformed on public affairs, at a time of high prosperity and unprecedented absorption in money-making, with no issue, crisis or question to cause division or divert interest, he is exactly fitted to the period and especially built for the popular mood.

"So long as these conditions last, so long will he retain his strength—even grow stronger.

"It is a great hour and he is the man of it—his popularity has grown by leaps and bounds since congress adjourned.

"At the end of his vacation he will return to Washington even stronger in the public regard than now. Mr. Coolidge does not play golf or bridge. He takes no interest in sports. He does not swim or ride a horse or chop down trees. He takes a daily walk and a daily nap and thinks about politics. He isn't much interested in anything else. Politics is his hobby and it would be a better country if more people shared it with him."

Perhaps it should be added, says Mr. Sullivan, in clearness to the public and in fairness to Mr. Kent and his political associations, that in parts of his article he has an air of not wanting it thought that he shares the country's emotion. He is not voicing this feeling, he is merely recording it.

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## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 23

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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- (By Western Newspaper Union.)
- Horizontal.
- 1—Answer
  - 2—To let
  - 3—Pertaining to the sun
  - 4—Adrenal
  - 5—Vicious mad
  - 6—Twist
  - 7—Enlarge
  - 8—Terminate
  - 9—Card game
  - 10—Container
  - 11—Saucy
  - 12—Barricade
  - 13—Still
  - 14—Precious metal
  - 15—Point
  - 16—One of the genders (abbr.)
  - 17—Man's title
  - 18—Small sign
  - 19—Get up
  - 20—Any of various reeds, such as copal
  - 21—Christmas carols
  - 22—Fret
  - 23—Town in northeast Greece
- Vertical.
- 1—Part of one's property
  - 2—Dance of Polish origin
  - 3—Foreign
  - 4—Male sheep
  - 5—Woody plant having single main stem
  - 6—Vicious
  - 7—Organ of head
  - 8—Stry
  - 9—Spanish title
  - 10—Fungus disease of cereals
  - 11—Basket
  - 12—Solution
  - 13—Projecting piece of wood
  - 14—Mixture of vegetables
  - 15—Climbing plant characteristic of tropical regions
  - 16—Circuit, compass, precinct
  - 17—Any of various willow trees
  - 18—Kind of thread
  - 19—Dark
  - 20—Pertaining to Finlanders (abbr.)
  - 21—Supplies with sun
  - 22—Australian bird
  - 23—Fish eggs
- Solution will appear in next issue.

We have no quarrel with Better Mailing Week, but we think the post-office authorities might have selected some more propitious time for it than the first of the month.—Life.

The German women, who are credited with having elected Hindenburg, are now demanding that he take to himself a wife. He might have known there was a catch in it somewhere.—Life.

It would cost \$250,000,000 a year to keep the dry fleet at its present strength on the Atlantic Coast, but the boys who operate motor trucks along the Canadian border agree that it would be worth it.—Life.

We are not without a twinge of envy for J. T. Scopes. A young high-school teacher who can give a simple lesson in biology and become a great national menace is getting into the hall of fame on an uncomplimentary ticket.—The New Yorker.

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