The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN

H. W. YOUNG, Publisher

H. ALLEN YOUNG, Local Editor and Manager

Subscription Rates

One Year ... $2.00
Six Months ... 1.00
Three Months ... .60

No subscription taken unless paid for in advance. This rule is imperative.

Advertising Rates

Display advertising, 25 cents per inch; less than 5 inches, 30 cents per inch. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents. Reading notices 10 cents per line. No reading notice, or advertisement of any kind, inserted for less than 25 cents.

Office Corner Second and Taylor Sts.

Entered at the Coquille Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

It cost the states of the Union twice as much for education in 1923 as in 1918.

Chicago's city council has passed a resolution expressing a desire to secede from the State of Illinois to form a new state of Chicago.

The milk of the goat, the ass, and the camel carried in skins was churned on the back of beasts of burden from the earliest days of recorded history.

Ten women are doing "men's work" in the Mount Clare shops of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway. They began the service during the World War, and proved so efficient that they have been retained ever since.

Washington's 2000-year-old cedar tree has been spared the ax through the generosity of nature lovers of that state. It stands 200 feet high, is 58 feet in circumference, and 18.4 feet in diameter, says a Seattle press dispatch. The Washington Natural Park association raised $2000 by popular subscription to buy the monarch, together with 20 of its companions, which stand 35 miles from there. The land occupied by the grove will be set aside as a state park.

Reading recently an extract from Mrs. Frances Trollope's work on "Domestic Manners of the Americans," where she tells of her sight of this western world in 1827, recalls vividly to this Sentinel writer the day he entered the same mouth of the Mississippi, which she describes, forty-odd years later. We were still looking for the country "Beyond the Mississippi," with which we had been enthralled in reading Albert D. Richardson's work thus entitled, and where we were destined to spend at least fifty years of our life.

The Soviet government has made a distinct departure from doctrines of pure Communism by annulling the law which set the legal limit for inheritances in Russia at $5000. Henceforth Russians may inherit fortunes without limit. In spite of the government's severe opposition to private trade many Russians in recent years have accumulated fortunes but have withheld from investment in international enterprises, the government thereby losing the benefit of active capital. It is to remove this condition that the new measure was introduced.—Moscow press dispatch.

It's a hundred years ago this month that the famous Sing Sing prison on the Hudson was opened as a place where New York's criminals might serve the terms to which they had been sentenced. And two hundred years since the time the New York Gazette was started in 1725 by William Bradford. The Christian Science Monitor on the tenth of this month printed a facsimile of the first page of one of its early issue which contains several sections of the treaty then just negotiated between the emperor of Germany and the King of Spain. Our grandfather's grandfather was then living on eastern Long Island not ten miles from where this writer was born. His son, our great grandfather in 1774 bought the homestead, (where we first saw the light), just before the American colonies decided to strike out for themselves. The home he built there then was still standing when we were a small boy. In fact when we were seven years old, its successor built by our grandfather in the early years of the eighteenth century was torn down by our father to build the house now standing there.

AN EX-PUGILIST AT SIXTY

After coffee, the children came down to say good night and begged for a story. Instead of one, I guess I must have told them fifty. And my wife afterward remarked that though I had been for years on the stage, never had I talked so well. I know that never did I have an audience that so inspired me as those three little one squatting there on the floor. Just to look into their faces, hear their childish questions, their laughter, made me feel that life was well worth while.

Then, their good nights said, we had music. Now I don't know one note from another and love the old-fashioned things best. And we had them—The Blue Danube, Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes, and Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming. Sounds sort of sentimental and funny for an ex-pugilist, doesn't it? But no, it isn't funny. I was happy enough just listening and saying never a word.

Then we took a walk on the lawn under the stars. It was a clear night and I thought to myself it was strange I hadn't noticed 'em much when I was young. I still don't know much about them—how far they are away, I mean, and how long the light takes to reach Long Island. Like the child in the old rimes, I just wonder.

I used to like to take watches apart. Well, up there are works you just can't take apart and put together again, and there are more than eighteen jewels, in the bargain.

No, I didn't use to think much about such things, but I do now. And when you do stop to think, how can you fear death? When it comes it will probably be a lot sweeter than life—what comes after it, I mean, and God knows that life's never been so sweet to me as it is now.

Tomorrow I'll get up and do a man's work; but I'll be a boy, too. Reasonable living and a fresh interest in life—child, youth and mature man, all in one; that's the secret.

Yes, life is never so sweet as when a man's sixty.—James J. Corbett in the Saturday Evening Post.

RISKS AT SEA

A New York dispatch in Wednesday's dailies tells about ships going to the aid of a Cunard liner rushing for land and on fire, with 200 passengers on board. This recalls to the Sentinel's senior the Sunday he spent early in November, 1882, on the barque Adeline C. Adams anchored near Governor's Island in New York harbor. We had gone aboard the day before as a passenger bound for Rio Janeiro, Brazil, on this sailing vessel. But it seemed that the vessel's cargo was not yet complete, and while she lay in the upper bay on that Sunday a launch came alongside to complete her cargo by the addition of some hundreds of rounds of ammunition for the south Atlantis squadron of the U. S. navy at Rio.

We knew that the barque's cargo already consisted largely of baled hay and petroleum in tin cans. These seemed risky enough in all conscience to go through the tropics and their electrical storms with; but we certainly wondered where we should get off during the tropical thunder storms we were certain to encounter if the barque should be struck by lightning and the powder explode. It added for us a new and greater risk to the perils of the deep that we never forgot while passing through tropical storms.

Well, few lives escape risks but we didn't forget during the forty-seven days of that voyage that we had a powder magazine beneath us with plenty of kindling for a big blaze if the barque should be struck. Had it been the probability that we should at this time be penning these lines here in Coquille would have been small indeed.

As it was, however, lightning didn't strike us and we saw that cargo safely landed at Rio where yellow fever did strike us. We, however, had nothing more combustible than hogsheads of sugar on the homeward voyage and have often found since that the dangers we most feared didn't happen.

ANOTHER GREAT LAKE

If any man doubts that we live in an age in which the mere magnitude of an engineering enterprise is no bar to serious consideration, let him regard the proposal, lately put forward in Canada, to divert the waters of a region half as large as the state of Oregon from their natural drainage outlet toward the Arctic to the Atlantic, by way of the Great Lakes. The international aspects of the scheme give it a political as well as an industrial significance.

Prolonged and futile battles in the courts over the lowering of Lake Michigan by construction of the Chicago drainage canal, apprehension as to the future utility of Niagara falls, the many phases of the so-called tragedy of the Great Lakes are suggested by the plan of a Canadian engineer and railroad builder to draw on the enormous supply of water now flowing north and east from the Patricia country as an offset to drafts now being made on the present lake basin. He would reserve the flow of the Albany river, which now flows into James bay, an arm of Hudson bay, by building dams across the James and the Ogoki rivers and confining the waters between two great heights of land which form the Albany basin.

He would then cut through a great southern height of land and direct the waters of the lake thus created into Lake Nipigon and down the Nipigon river into Lake Superior. The barrier to be penetrated is enormous, but so, it is contended, would be the benefits obtained.

Comparison with our local geographical features gives a vivid impression of the size of the job. The lake to be created in the Albany basin would be a little less than two and a half times the size of Lake Ontario, or approximately the size of either Clackamas, Jefferson, Morrow, Coos or Josephine counties, or of Lincoln and Benton combined. Given a body of water, then, nearly as extensive as Lake Michigan, perpetually renewed by a flow that for ages has been going to waste in the inhospitable ocean at the north, it is theorized that the troubles of the people along the Great Lakes would be ended for all time. Already there is talk about costs. The proponents argue that these would be more than recompensed by obviating dredging in many lake harbors and by raising the level of all the lakes two or three feet.

Industry thinks less of millions than it did even a few years ago. The estimate of $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 as the cost of adding a sixth lake to the great chain does not seem unduly large by comparison with something like $490,000,000 invested permanently in the Panama canal. The issue, as is common in instances of the kind, already has passed from the domain of the engineer to that of the financier. It would be physically possible, said an eminent engineer not long ago, to bridge the Atlantic, and only the question whether it were profitable to do so remained. Success or failure of the Canadian's scheme rests on ability to show that its advantages are sufficient to offset the item of expense.—Oregonian.

Eugene Educators in France

The battle-scarred fields of France, dotted with ruined villages and partly rebuilt towns, are described in a letter to Mrs. Prince L. Campbell, of Eugene, from Bertha Stuart Dyment. Mrs. Dyment and Dean Colin V. Dyment are enjoying a year's leave of absence travelling through Europe.

The Oregon faculty folk spent two days in Boulogne, and the most interesting thing there, according to Mrs. Dyment, "was the fish market with the attendant fish women.

"It seemed as if the ocean might suddenly have emptied itself of fish," she said. "There were hundreds of carts filled with baskets of fish of every variety; also crabs, clams, oysters, shrimps and lobsters. The large market building was filled and the street along the water was packed with two-wheeled carts. A cart would be rolled rapidly through a passageway in the market building. On either side of the passage was a raised platform filled with bidders. At the center the cart would be halted, an auctioneer would call out 'how much?' and the bidding would begin. In about half a minute he would declare it sold, and it would roll on to be followed by another. The contents of the cart had been sold for what in our money would be equivalent to from $3 to $8. Outside were huge drays filled with crushed ice, in which the fish were packed for shipment."

Three days were spent at Verdun, from which place they visited many surrounding points. They found everywhere barbed wire, trenches, dugouts, old guns, shell holes and much debris.

Fort Douaumont, taken by the Germans and recaptured by the French in 1916, and around which some of the most bitter fighting of the war took place, was described by Mrs. Dyment as extremely interesting.

"It has underground rooms and tunnels, electric-lighted when the Germans had it," she wrote. "There was the room of the commanding general, sleeping rooms, kitchens and washrooms, telephone and electric rooms, etc. The Germans had built an elevator which lowered the soldiers to a still lower level, from which an underground passage extended more than half a mile out into the forest."

"Verdun is being steadily rebuilt," continued Mrs. Dyment, "but in the village ruins are still standing and the work apparently progressing slowly. I was much distressed to find that the nice new houses still had the barns built as a part of them."

A Correction

In acknowledging the receipt of vegetables and flowers as yet untouched by frost last week from the "White House" ranch, we erred in locating it at Fairview. It was from T. M. Stover's ranch on the Middle Fork, one of the few places in the county which does not often feel the blighting touch of frost. When Mr. Stover bought it years ago he was looking for just that sort of a place. That is the reason he is first in the market with ripe potatoes in April, planting in November.

THE MAMA DOLL

The Mama doll is crying today:
She is not well, I fear;
She makes some sad discomfort known
In a helpless squeak, and queer

That has the thrill of the newly born,
And her small, barefooted mother
Rocks the poor child, and holds her close
The pain in love to smother,

While her papa, much hampered about the knees,
And with inarticulate speech,
Puts forth his earnest sympathy,
The seat of the pain to reach,

For he is a father, and well he knows
The things a father should do,
While the fact is nothing at all to him
That he is a baby, too.

I watch this small pair making believe,
Who just as willingly could
Spend this love that flowers in them
On a squash, or a stick of wood,

And think, in gardens that are hearts
The strongest vine of all
Is this which twines its tendrils tight
About the Mama Doll.

—Frances Holmstrom

Assessor Beyers' Plan

Summarizing the testimony recently given by county assessors before the state tax commission, the Oregon Voter reports on Coos county as follows:

"Assessor J. P. Beyers is proceeding with his zoning of the county, so as to apportion assessed values with more justice. Under this system he is assessing some timber as low as 10 cents a thousand, some as high as $6, the latter being white cedar. The assessed value is about 70 per cent of actual value of timber, he said. City property he assesses at 100 per cent of present value for lots and 40 per cent of the value of residence improvements.

Pacific States Lumber company pays one-tenth of the taxes paid in the county, indicating an assessed value of about $3,000,000, of which $388,960 is on the main plant at Marshfield, divided: Machinery, $161,000; merchandise, $35,000; land, $44,080; buildings, $148,880. This $3,000,000 assessment is supposed to cover property with a reported book value of $5,000,000, being part of property upon which an $8,000,000 bond issue was floated years ago by C. A. Smith; later re-organized into the present company.

Beyers reported it was impossible to obtain admission of intangible wealth, as owners would not pay an 8 per cent or nine per cent tax rate on securities yielding them only six per cent. He favored the California system of assessing at seven and one-half per cent of full value instead of the present law requiring 100 per cent full value assessment. "To assess intangibles at anything like full value would drive a vast amount of wealth out of the state and we would all suffer from it," he said.

Former Countess Visited

An Oregonian writer chats thus pleasantly about a morning call he made last Sunday on a former German countess in her two-room apartment at Oregon City:

If the German mark hadn't shrunk to nothing, a call paid Sunday upon Countess Emmy von Chmielewski, who works in a greenhouse in Oregon City, might have come about under different auspices. A footman would have ushered in the visitor upon rich, thick rugs and led her away to await the convenience of the titled lady. And the parlor would have been stiff and the servants in livery. And the reporter would have been the society editor, armed with her best engraved card.

While yesterday something firmer than plush, perhaps linoleum, or an ingrain carpet, met the tread, there was not a servant within a mile, and the little bob-haired countess, charmingly brunette, young and smiling, answered the knock at the door of a small, two-room, upstairs apartment. And the interviewer was merely a reporter, and not the society editor.

The countess wore a checked kitchen apron over a sweater and skirt, and it was the kitchen door she opened. "Come in," said she, cordially, "and excuse me a second while I tend those potatoes before they boil to pieces. We will talk in here because my boy is asleep in the other room."

If her rooms had been a palace, surrounded by a moat and a stone wall with spikes on top; if it took a passport to get you in and a pull with the government to obtain a personal hearing; if her gown had been of satin and she had worn a tiara on her black head, if countesses do such things before breakfast on Sunday morning, the Countess von Chmielewski could not have been more gracious and cordial or played hostess with greater assurance and ease.

Calling cards 100 for $1.50.

We have several lots of

Lumber

to move

At Bargain Prices

This stock is suitable for Sheds, Fences, or any construction where a low cost is desired.

E. E. JOHNSON LUMBER CO.

Coquille, Oregon

SOMETHING BETTER

Cream O' Coos

Butter and Cottage Cheese

For Sale by Leading Stores and Butcher Shops

Manufactured by

COQUILLE ICECREAM CO.

IN HONOR OF A GREAT EVENT

Birthdays are always important occasions, especially if one is very young or very old. Before long The Youth's Companion will be a hundred years old, and the event is going to be made a memorable one for The Companion's many friends. So, although the date is not until April 15, 1927, preparations will begin with 1926.

In honor of its birthday The Companion will come to you next year at the new low price of $2. It will be dressed in its party clothes, with new cover designs, enlarged illustrations, new brilliantly clear type, and over 200 pages more than last year. It will contain 9 book-length serial stories, fascinating mystery stories, tales of adventure on hand and sea, the new "Make-It and Do-It" Pages, radio, games, books, and puzzles, interesting special articles, and the ever-delightful Chrildren's Page. Don't miss this great year of The Youth's Companion; subscribe now and receive:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues in 1926, and
2. The remaining issues of 1925.

All for only $2.

3. Or include McCall's Magazine, the monthly authority on fashions. Both publications, only $2.50.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
S N Dept., Boston, Mass.
Subscriptions Received at this Office

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

FOR RENT—Sleeping room with stove and bath. Inquire at this office.

If you want to subscribe for a Portland daily the clubbing combination we offer with the Sentinel will save you money.

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 over 40 years

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio