

The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
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No auto numbers could possibly be more easily read than those of Oregon for 1926. They are black with white figures.

The sunburst about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, made the day seem for the time a gorgeous one, after the drizzle of its earlier hours, but the clouds soon closed down on us, and we had normal weather again.

These sunshiny winter days are very enjoyable but when we see young women on our streets with their arms bare to the shoulders and seeming to be entirely comfortable we wonder if they are so warm as they appear to be.

The ordinary house fly makes 300 wing-beats per second, which is probably the world record for rapidity among all natural fliers.

The buzzing about those wing beats has, nevertheless, spoiled many a good summer nap for this scribe.

All public places at Klamath Falls were to be closed and meetings banned until danger of a spinal meningitis epidemic was over, according to a decision reached Monday afternoon by Dr. G. S. Newsom, county health officer, after a conference with a number of representative physicians.

The largest grain elevator in the world is that of the Canadian National Railways at Port Arthur and Port William, holding 8,500,000 bushels.

In sailing out from Fort Arthur, for a trip across Lake Superior, Lake Michigan and Lake Huron four years ago this summer on a July afternoon, the writer enjoyed a fine view of this elevator.

If sugar from dahlia and artichoke tubers can be grown to supplement sugar beets, California sugar manufacturers may soon run their factories all the year round, says an exchange.

Well, beet sugar is not considered equal to that produced from sugar cane, and it will be a long time before dahlia and artichoke roots begin to be used in our kitchens.

The senior editor of the Sentinel who yesterday passed his 78th birthday expects to celebrate it tomorrow by a family dinner with his youngest grandchild, Carol Young, aged 11, who was born on his birthday—the first he celebrated here in Coquille. And yet we can't say, as so many elderly people do, that birthdays seem to come any oftener now than when we were younger.

Reports from Florida state that nurses are getting \$10.50 per day with board; watered milk is selling for 15 cents per glass; hotel rates of \$50 per day are predicted; apartments formerly renting for \$100 per month now bring \$500; haircuts have gone up to 65 cents; and day laborers are getting \$20 a day. Bogie is still cheap. Whisky is plentiful at \$5 the quart and from \$28 per case up.

John Muir wrote of Mount Rainier's beautiful flowers: "This is the richest subalpine garden I ever found, a perfect floral elysium."

The Sentinel writer visited Mount Rainier too early in the season to see the whole show, but although in July everything was practically covered with snow, there was a wonderful display of small alpine blossoms wherever the snow had begun to disappear.

Though it is claimed that man has been on the earth 500,000 years, half his knowledge and control of nature has come within the last hundred years, says an exchange.

Indeed, it seems to the writer, whose seventy-eighth birthday occurred yesterday, that more progress has occurred in this world during his lifetime than in all the unnumbered centuries and aeons that passed before his birth.

The first newspaper published in United States would now be 200 years old if it were still living. And

yet our first ancestor in the United States was Rev. John Youngs, who came to America and settled on Long Island in 1540, two hundred and eighty-five years ago, and certainly never subscribed for or read a newspaper. His father was Rev. Christopher Youngs, Vicar of a church at Southwold, England, from which the settlement his son and his fellow settlers made on eastern Long Island was called Southold, a name which the village and township still bear, and where we visited his grave when we were back there four years ago.

Low-flying airplanes are frightening the chickens of Santa Rosa, California, to the extent that they are refusing to lay eggs. The county board of supervisors of Sonoma county have ordered aviators to fly higher when going over that region.

That reminds us of one of our visits to our old home on Long Island less than 25 years ago, when we found farm horses not yet automobile-broke and manifesting considerable nervousness when they met one of these machines that have now practically supplanted them on the streets.

FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE

In an article on "The Spiritual Foundations of Peace," in the December Good Housekeeping, Ernest F. Tittle, a Doctor of Divinity, says:

Would not a vital test of religious faith be some such question as this: Do you believe that it is possible so to organize the world's economic and political life as to secure justice among nations and a permanent peace?

To faith must be added knowledge. "Where there is no vision," says an old Hebrew proverb, "the people perish." They do. In our time we have seen them do it. In the Europe of 1913 there was, on the part of the masses of the people, no vision; no understanding of such momentous matters as "economic concessions," "spheres of influences," "favored nation rights," etc., etc. And so the people perished. By the millions they perished, led on by kindling watchwords and glowing ideals which, since the signing of the armistice, have been quietly ignored or cynically repudiated by the war-makers. Where there is no vision the people perish—in vain.

When the bill calling for the disposition of the phosphates of Naurea was being debated in the House of Commons, one of the members speaking in support of it said, "On the matter of the League of Nations, I think it is a violation of the Covenant, but on the ground of imperial needs, and the necessity for procuring this tremendous and vital product, I shall be inclined to support the government." And Mr. Dickenson closes his recital thus: "O young men, dead in your millions, for what then and for whom has your blood been shed?"

A well-known "missionary" hymn contains these tall-tale lines:

"What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile?"

Translate this hymn into Hindoostani, or into Japanese, or into any one of the Chinese dialects; ask oriental "Christians" to sing "Where every prospect pleases, and only we and our brothers and sisters, and fathers and mothers and aunts and uncles are vile"—and see how much progress you do not make in the direction of world-wide peace.

As another example of the typical white attitude, consider this:

"Take up the white man's burden; Send forth the best ye breed. Go bind your sons to exile, To serve your captives' need; To wait in heavy harness On fluttered folk and wild, Your new-caught, sullen peoples, Half-devil, and half child.

There you have it, Rudyard Kipling, western imperialism, Victorian piety, white world supremacy—the whole precious combination, with its terrific threat to the future of mankind.

9,000,000 GALLONS A YEAR

Uncle Sam Has Been Permitting Wineries in California to Make That Much Booze

The most important event in the war on liquor, says the Outlook, is the order revoking wine exemptions. In every-day language, these are permits to individuals to manufacture wine to the volume of 200 gallons tax free, the wine to be manufactured and consumed in the home. The authority for the issuing of these by Collectors of Internal Revenue is a relic of pre-prohibition days. It doubtless should have been withdrawn by provision of the Volstead Act itself or by the regulations under that law, but was overlooked—or worse—and Collectors have continued to issue such permits in very considerable numbers. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that General Andrews has by this action spiked a "spigot" almost big enough for a bung-hole through which the illicit liquor trade has drawn largely of its supplies.

In California alone 45,000 of these "exemptions" were in force. If each permit holder manufactured wine up to the limit of his permit, the output was nine million gallons a year, a quantity quite sufficient to supply stock in trade for a good-sized army of bootleggers. Not all of the permit holders, in California or any other State, have permitted leaks from the home supply into illicit channels, but, on the other hand, it is quite probable that many permit holders have manufactured quantities of wine far in excess of the 200-gallon limit. This is the more probable in view of the fact that the whole wine-permit situation was apparently forgotten by most of the officials concerned and held in slight regard by the few who may have remembered it.

A further plugging of the supposed wine leak is in process by the drafting of new regulations covering sacramental wine. Assistant Secretary Andrews and his lieutenants held a long series of conferences with church leaders, particularly those of the Jewish faith, whose churches are the largest users of sacramental wine. An amicable agreement was reached, under which the church heads will cooperate with prohibition officials in preventing leaks. They have been assured that there will be no interference with legitimate ritualistic use.

"It is highly probable," states Professor Forest Ray Moulton, of the University of Chicago, in an Outlook interview, "that the earth will continue to revolve about the sun and be in a condition suitable for the abode of the higher forms of life for hundreds of millions of years. Its ultimate destruction, however, is likewise highly probable. When our sun passes again near another sun, the planets which revolve about it at present will probably be utterly destroyed and scattered along the arms of a new spiral nebula, to be swept up and become parts of a new generation of planets."

"Hundreds of millions of years," seems like an approximation to eternity yet why should we worry when not a man or woman now living will be in this state of existence a hundred and fifty years hence.

There are no storms or hurricanes on the island of St. Helena. In the course of sixty years only two flashes of lightning were recorded. There are no motor cars, no lawyers there, and only five policemen.

Will it be not recorded that the great Napoleon was ever reconciled to his enforced residence there; and from what this Sentinel writer saw of the waters of the South Atlantic in 1872 and 1873, he would much prefer Coquille to St. Helena as a place to spend his declining years. Hundreds of magnificent specimens of the weeping willows, propagated from slips brought from a tree at Napoleon's grave on the island are to be seen on eastern Long Island in the neighborhood of our boyhood home.

Alaskans Coming to Oregon

The nucleus of a "sourdough" colony is being started on the Tumalo Irrigation Project in Deschutes County. The new Oregon settlers who come from the far North are John Ross, of Rampart, Alaska; Samuel E. Gardner, of Fairbanks; and John Rile, of Sitka. Both Mr. Ross and Mr. Gardner are on the land and are enthusiasts in their farming ventures.

Mr. Ross has started to clear his land and is falling logs with which to build his house. It has been reported that Mr. Ross has started something, as one of the largest land owners in the district has the "log" and is going to build him a log house of the same type also. Others are preparing to follow his example. The logs are not far from the district and are said to be just right for that purpose.

A recent crop census taken on the Tumalo gives the average of \$200.00 an acre. It is reported also that

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poultry raising and dairying have done exceptionally well in the district.

Brewster Valley

The Ladies Myrtle Leaf club met in the community hall on Thursday, Dec. 10. Mrs. Stella Crowley and Mrs. Polly Nickason acted as hostesses. They served delicious refreshments of salad, cake and coffee to the following members: Mesdames Belle Laird, Mildred Benham, Fred Nickason, Theodore Parks, Flossie Wilson, Daisy Laird, Chas. Wilson, Ethel Abernathy and Zilpha Krewson. The ladies gave Miss Parks a surprise by calling her from the school house at recess time and each one presenting to her a tea towel and hot dish holder to use in serving hot lunches to the school children. The rest of the afternoon was spent in fancy work and chat.

Mrs. Henry Livingston, of Portland, came in Tuesday to stay with her sister, Mrs. Hailey Laird, who is getting over a spell of la grippe.

This seemed to be Brewster Valley Week for going to town. Hailey Laird went to Myrtle Point on Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Myrtle Crowley on Wednesday to Coquille, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Benham to Coquille on Friday, returning on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Laird to North Bend on Friday returning on Saturday, Louis English to Coquille on Saturday returning on Sunday, Elwin Alford to Coquille staying over Tuesday night and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Moore and children to Coquille on Saturday.

The Ivan Laird and Chas. Wilson homes seem to be all the attraction since they have the new radio installed.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wilson had as guests Sunday for dinner, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Nickason and baby, Betty Jean, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Laird, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilson and Miss Parks.

Everett Howe was a Brewster Valley caller one day last week.

A Bank of Character

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