

LIBERTY THEATRE

WEEKLY PROGRAM

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JULY 1 & 2
"GIRL OF THE RIO" with Dolores Del Rio

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, JULY 3 - 4 - 5

"Steady Company"

With Norman Foster, June Clyde and Zasu Pitts

When a boy fights for his girl, that's not news, but when a girl fights for her boy—that's news and here you have such a boy—and such a girl—in the most exciting, most actionful, most compelling and most humorous comedy-drama of the year.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 6 - 7

"Strangers In Love"

The Romantic Comedy Surprise of the Year with Frederic March and Kay Francis. She wishes she knew! For she is in the strange predicament of being in love with twin brothers and she doesn't know which is which, when they switch fun, romance, fast action.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JULY 8 - 9

"Misleading Lady"

With Claudette Colbert and Edmund Lowe

She tries to mislead a He-man into Love—and gets herself kidnaped! It's mirthful and thrilly.

Selected Shorts. Prices 35c, 10c

Coming—"THIS IS THE NIGHT"

Starting Sunday, July 3, two persons will be admitted for one adult admission for the entire week.

SOCIAL NOTES

Mrs. Otto Davis invited the "Entre Nous" club ladies to meet with her Tuesday evening at her home in Myrtle Point. Mrs. Richard Barnes and Mrs. Rhea Luper were additional guests. Mrs. Hudson won the high score prize that evening. Members present were Mesdames Harry H. Oerding, E. L. Vinton, Walter Litzberger, Julius Ruble and F. C. Hudson. In two weeks Mrs. Estes will entertain the club.

Mrs. Lyman Carrier was hostess to the ladies in the Eastern Star chorus at her Bandon cottage Wednesday. A potluck luncheon was enjoyed at noon with various diversions following. The ladies in the chorus are Mesdames John Miller, R. E. Boober, Paul Walker, Geo. Johnson, E. A. Woodyard, H. W. Coyalt, Bert Folsom, C. T. Skeels, Lyman Carrier and Mrs. C. A. Rietman, who is the accompanist. Mrs. J. A. Lamb, Mrs. J. L. Smith and Mrs. Paul Van Scoy were also there for the day.

Mrs. Josh Ruble entertained for luncheon on Thursday the Needle Workers club ladies at her home on the Marshfield highway. Covers were laid for Mesdames Frank Pook, E. C. Yarbrough, Ray Simpson, Dave DeVoto, Frank F. Schram, E. A. Wimer, W. E. Cross, W. D. Simmons, C. C. Bonniksen, T. C. Zosel, Ed. Detlefsen, Jack Arnold, Cecil Elwood, Misses Ula Mae Elwood and Verda Zosel. In two weeks the ladies will meet with Mrs. Schram.

Marriage Licenses

June 25—W. A. Travis and Elsie A. Mael, both of Bandon. They were married Sunday at the Presbyterian church by Rev. Donald J. Henry at Bandon.

June 27—Edward Streiff, of Houlton, Ore., and Gertrude Goodman, of North Bend. They were married at the M. E. Church here by Rev. C. G. Morris, Sunday.

June 29—Richard Edgar Wilkes and Adeline Carey, both of Bandon. They were married here Wednesday by Rev. P. D. Hartman at his home.

June 29—Wm. H. Griffin, of Coquille, and Goldie Gertrude Clausen, of Riverton.

Owner's Name Lost

History makes no mention of an owner of the Mayflower. The expedition was financed and equipped by a group of interested merchants, and the ship's captain was one Thomas Jones.

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HELMKIN & SON

THE ART OF LIVING

The Science of It Written for The Sentinel by R. A. Easton at Ashland

(Continued from last week)

Henry Dedrick was an old neighbor; he was of the generation of my father. His farm joined the old Uncle Rob Easton farm on the south. On the Dedrick place were butternut trees. Our farm did not have any. We boys in the fall of the year, when butternuts were ready to drop, would go to the Dedrick place and gather butternuts on shares. The bargain we made with Mr. Dedrick was that we might gather them on halves. We would be three or four afternoons picking them up and each night we carried those we had gathered and put them in the woodshed. When we were all through we would ask Mr. Dedrick to divide the butternuts. He did, and from the pile he would make a pile much smaller than one half of the whole pile and say, "Boys, this pile is mine, that pile is yours." Looking back down the years, my recollection is that he took scarcely one-fourth of the butternuts for himself.

It is probable that Henry Dedrick's way of dividing butternuts was an influence which has carried on through the years, in the lives of those boys as an art of living of which one need not be ashamed. For I tell you, that when the influence of a man's life for good on the life of a boy, like the beauty and fragrance of lilacs, spans the years of a lifetime and the width of a continent, it has reached out toward the Eternal in the art of living.

Many people have been a helpful influence on my life. John Ward, who drove an express wagon, was one of the best-loved men in Stockton, California. There was no richer home in Stockton than the Ward home. As far as property value went it did not rank high on the assessment roll. But the character home which Mr. and Mrs. Ward builded for their four children has endured with the years. It was always a good day for me when the furniture pieces he delivered from the store (where I worked) were so heavy that I might help set them up.

Two things which he told me are keenly remembered. It may be we were talking about getting money-rich. Mr. Ward said a man does not get rich because he is smarter than other men. Many men get rich because they can't help it; neither their judgment nor smartness had anything to do with it. He illustrated his statement by saying, "Before we moved into town, we owned a ranch near the city limits. My next neighbor also owned a ranch. We both wanted to sell and finally I made out to sell my place and my neighbor could not find a buyer; he still has his place and the increase in the value of the land has made him a rich man. He wanted to sell as badly as I did. It was not his smartness that caused him to hang on to his land or increase the value of it. He is rich because he could not help it; he could not sell. There was no note of regret in his voice for the reason he sold his land and his neighbor had not been able to sell and therefore became rich. He simply stated a fact that is illustrated in the lives of many people and he knew it to be true.

Another day we were out on his wagon and he said, "I gave a boy a ride this morning; after a while I said to him, 'You had egg for breakfast.' The boy asked, 'How do you know?' 'Because you have egg on your lip.' The boy looked at me and said, 'You had egg for breakfast.' 'How do you know?' 'You have egg on your mustache.'" Mr. Ward laughed and said, "The boy had me there for I did have egg for breakfast and had forgotten. It is often true that we see the eggstain that is on the other fellow's lips and forget the drip that is on our own chin."

The winter of '77-'78 I taught school in the John Kruse district on the west bank of the Willamette river, eight miles above Oregon City, two miles below Boone's Ferry, boarded around, but the Kruse home was my home. A week or two after school commenced books and other things were needed. I told the pupils I would go to Oregon City and get them. Loren Kruse let me ride his horse, "Nig." That Saturday morning was lowery and wet. Loren also loaned me his rubber raincoat. It was a long coat for a big man. When opposite Oregon City I tied the horse in a little shed near the bank, went across the Willamette on the ferry-boat and bought the needed articles. It was probably the middle of the afternoon when I recrossed the river. The fog and the dripping mist caused me to know it would get dark early, so I ran down the apron of the ferry-boat and started up the bank, stepped on the front edge of Loren's coat and went over head first. After gathering together myself and parcels, I held up the front of that raincoat and

did not tumble down again getting to the shed, put the parcels in the saddle bags and Nig and I took the back track for home; where we arrived about dusk.

I had forgotten all about tumbling down and did not think of it again till two or three weeks later when Mr. Kruse said, "Drew, I hear you got drunk the day you went to Oregon City." "I got drunk?" "Yes, a man who saw you go off the ferry said you were so drunk you could not stand up when you went to get your horse. That man is a relative of some folks he is visiting, who live in the next district. And those folks are telling it around that the young fellow who is teaching the school in our district can get awful drunk."

Then I told them how I stepped on the front of Loren's coat and went over headfirst. Named the stores where I bought the things and that I was not in a saloon. That I was not drunk for I did not have anything to get drunk on. Mr. Kruse said, "I told them you did not show any signs of being drunk and that your breath did not smell of liquor." As far as I know, that is the only time I was ever accused of being drunk. Yet I have tumbled down many times before and since. The positive proof to the Kruse family that I was not drunk was my breath did not smell of liquor.

Part of the science and art of living includes so living that our physical, mental, moral or spiritual breath does not condemn us. These three men, I have just mentioned, had in their lives the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin" as their common denominator. There was no agreement in their theology. Henry Dedrick was a Freewill Baptist, John Ward a Roman Catholic, John Kruse a spiritualist. But "the milk of human kindness" in their lives was as living waters. On life's highway it is probable that we all limp more or less from the same cause, and are therefore not only dissatisfied with the wayside scenery but are also ashamed of the record of our weakness as evidenced by the miles covered. That is, when counting the mileposts is the main interest of the journey, and we forget that the science and art of living is nothing more nor less than playing the game of rive and take. And that it is only when we play that game backwards we make total failure of our lives.

Take the man who looks over a place with a desire to locate, if the only thing he sees in that place is how much he is going to get out of it, either in dollars or the enlarging of personal ambitions, then is that neighborhood less valuable as a residence for those who realize that the first duties of citizenship require that if we are to partake of the benefits of material and social welfare we must first be supporters of those benefits.

The late A. J. Sherwood, of Coquille, was a good friend of mine. In one of his letters he wrote of the commencement time at the University of Iowa in '82 or '83. He and a classmate were walking through the campus and talking, now that their college days were over, of their ambitions for the future. Mr. Sherwood said to his friend and classmate that there might be aspirations in his classmate to go to congress. His friend replied, "It will not be a question with me as to whether I go to congress, but that I might be prepared to perform the duties of congressman whether I go to congress or do not go." That college graduate realized that if he got anything out of life, he must first put something into life. And that was the thought Mr. Sherwood emphasized.

One of the arts of living is to be "assessed by the things that perish not."

A fine example of so living was Mr. Schindler. In the '70's and '80's he was the head of one of the largest furniture stores in Portland. The firm was Schindler and Chadborn. They also owned a furniture factory. The business was prosperous and the owners well to do. Fire burned the factory and other circumstances caused losses that put them out of business. In '95 Mr. Schindler and I were in the same Bible class at the Plymouth Congregational Church, San Francisco. I knew his losses had put them down to "cases," but they did not advertise it. One Sunday in the class Mr. Schindler told about a trip he and his family made to Europe and of their visit to St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. He told of its stately magnificence and the beauty of the dome. It is by that I remember Mr. Schindler. Not that he had been money rich and was then old and poor, but that he was yet rich as a possessor of the beautiful things he had gotten out of life for the reason he had put beautiful things into his life.

July 4th, 1877, I was in Yosemite Valley. Went in with a horse and sewing machine wagon by the way of Sonora, old Tuolumne City, the Oak Flat grove of big trees and Crane's Flat. Between the crossing of the Tuolumne river at the old townsite and the grove of big trees, the road for a number of miles led through a forest of big sugar pine and yellow

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Safeway brings you quality foods for the 4th of July Holidays at prices that are the lowest in many years. Make this a safe and sane Fourth by Food Shopping the Safe way.

FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Pork & Beans 2 Cans 9c

Campbells for economical picnics.

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Highway, delicious ripe. Libby's Fancy, Queens or stuffed. 3 oz. bottle 10c

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Gelatin, for making a quick salad or dessert. 6 Pkgs. for 25c

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Fresh Stock. 2 lbs. for 19c

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Snowflakes, the best cracker. 1 lb. Pkg. 15c

Cheese
Oregon Full Cream 1 lb. 11c

MILK Your choice. 7 small cans 19c

Pickles
Best Food Bread and Butter Pickles. 14 oz. jar 13c

Peanut Butter LB. 9c
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2 LB. Glass Jar

AIRWAY COFFEE
Always tastes good on a picnic or at home. Real quality at a low price. LB. 23c Pkg.

Refreshing Beverages
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Cookies Your choice of our fancy assortment LB. 29c

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pine timber. It was the first big timber I had ever seen.

As I remember those tree and with the knowledge I now have of timber, it is safe to say that belt of timber averaged to the first limbs 5,000 or more feet of timber to the tree. As I drove along I wondered when I would come to the big trees. This was riding through big timber, but it was a forest, not a grove. Finally I came to the edge of the forest and in sight of a group of trees that stood out by themselves. Their bark was different, yet they did not look so big. A sign said they were the big trees. But I could not comprehend their size, and said to myself, "this is another California yarn." One of those giants stood close by the road—'f my memory serves me correctly it was named "General Giant."

Coming up to that tree I said, "Whoa," looked at the tree, got out of the wagon went up to it, then tried to measure it as I often tried to measure or climb trees in the meadows and pastures of the old farm back home. I stretched out my arms and tried to reach around it. I might as well have tried to reach around a barn. Then I walked around the tree, stood off and looked up its great trunk to the tip top of its towering limbs. Then I knew that the label on the tree which

said, "90 feet in circumference and 300 feet high" was no lie. It was not necessary to prove the correctness of the figures for the size of the tree was the proof of its greatness.

(To be concluded next week)

Calling cards 100 for \$1.50.

Want Ads

One Cent a Word Each Insertion

LOST—Black kid glove, right, Saturday night, in Coquille. Finder please leave at Sentinel office.

HAVE 5-acre tract near Normal School, Ashland, Oregon, modern house, to trade for Coquille. J. Konop, Rt. 1, Ashland, Ore. 2512*

FOR RENT—New 5-room house with every modern convenience. With or without furniture. Lowest possible price. B. C. Minard, 600-R, Coquille

FOR SALE—Peas for Canning. W. M. Tway. Phone 2R24.

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