

The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
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"It's too late," was the outstanding thought in Candidate Roosevelt's speech at Pittsburg, Wednesday evening. Too late for returing prosperity to affect the election; too late for the definite swing to Hoover of the last few weeks to return the president to the White House; too late for everything!

And what a hopeful thought is that, "the day I am elected president, prosperity will begin in the United States." We agree with him, it would be "too late," too far in the future.

Gov. Roosevelt said Wednesday night that he had not changed his attitude, that he was for the payment of the ex-soldiers' bonus, when the treasury of the United States warranted the \$2,300,000,000 payment! And according to the democratic presidential candidate the treasury will be in a condition to pay the bonus when beer is legalized and the federal tax on it begins to cure all the nation's financial ills. By paying more tax the bonus can be paid! Probably everyone will agree that the only way it can be paid is by more taxes—unless the United States should get into Germany's class and print millions upon millions of paper money, thus depreciating the value of our currency. You remember when a five million mark note could be purchased for a dollar, United States!

HOW HE IS CONSIDERED

IN HOME STATE

In a long letter received by F. G. Leslie of this city, from the brother-in-law in New York City, some idea can be gleaned of how part of the people in that state regard their governor. The letter is too long for a newspaper article but we reprint the following excerpts from it:

"I am interested in getting your ideas of the political situation in your state, and the West generally. The persistent reports that Hoover will lose everything in that section makes me wonder if these reports are mere assertions, or if they have basis in fact.

"If it is true that there is such widespread dissatisfaction with Hoover and that former republicans are deserting his support, I am interested to learn what they look forward to in the way of relief or improvement in the election of Roosevelt.

"It is, I believe, logical to select one for any job by his qualifications to fill it. If the supposed drift to Roosevelt is merely to give voice to resentment, entertained justly or otherwise, against Hoover, is there reason to suppose or expect that Roosevelt is the 'Moses' that will lead us out of the wilderness? . . .

"The truth is that as governor Roosevelt has shown no conspicuous ability. He has done nothing whatever that stamps him as a great man or that he is even qualified to hold the job of president.

"He was most unfortunate in the selection of some men he chose to fill state offices. One bank examiner he appointed is now in the penitentiary. In the failure of The Bank of the United States, a New York State institution, over one hundred and eighty thousand depositors were defrauded. The illegal juggling revealed in the investigations proved a laxity on the part of the State authorities which reflects discredit upon Roosevelt's administration.

"Appointments he made of state officials here in the city were selections of the local party organization, Tammany. Their short comings are continually apparent and contribute to the generally corrupt conditions.

"Roosevelt rose to the lime light by his nominating speeches for Smith in the national conventions. He has done nothing else that should bring him fame.

"His opponents, I think, are too considerate in dealing with him. He should be dangled before the eyes of the public as incompetent and unworthy."

Calling cards 100 for \$1.50.

TABLOIDS

By W. S. Sicksle

An Opinion Rendered

Some time ago City Attorney Corby was approached by a dear old lady who wanted to know if there weren't some legal regulations applying to wearing apparel, particularly the scantiness thereof. It seemed she did not quite approve the habitory effects common to the up-to-date members of her sex. Mr. Corby promised to look into the matter, carefully and profoundly, as is his wont. After delving among the tomes of legal lore he found an ancient law which intimated, or suggested at least, that human-kind were required to wear some clothing. However, this old law, through many years of non-application, has become obsolete and therefore is not being enforced.

Service Satisfactory, After All

A postmaster received the following letter from a peeved patron:
 Mr. postmaster—dear sir—I dont no your name but I bet it aint much. Why dont i get anny male in my box, what for you think i got a box and pay U. S. 20 cts a mo and dont get no male. I will rite to pres Hoover about this and you will be sorry. Your truly Ole Rabinovits
 P. S. since i wite this i get a book all paid for in my box from Secy Hors telling me how to vote. please excuse.

But It Could Be Worse

"But for the dread something after death."—Hamlet. More taxes, perhaps.

Halloween—Newswallah

About six years ago the Sentinel printed a little story about the Newwollah annual festival held on October 31 in Independence, Kansas, where I formerly lived. The celebration in the Kansas town has been going on for fifteen years. Its name is derived from spelling the word "Halloween" backwards, and had its inception in the idea of drawing children down town to witness an illuminated pageant and to have a part in plenty of clean carnival, thus diverting their minds from the customary Halloween development. It worked. People are drawn to the event from three adjoining states, and many towns in that territory elect queens to represent them, build beautiful floats upon which the queens are enthroned, and send along their military bands. Even big Kansas City, Missouri, and Tulsa, Oklahoma, do not overlook it and national news-reel companies annually have their camera men on the job. But what I am leading up to is this: the year following the publication of the Sentinel's story, Marshfield adopted the idea at the suggestion of one of its citizens, who claimed it to be original with him. I am glad to see Marshfield has this annual feature in its scheme of things worth while, but I have yet to see harm result from bestowing credit where it belongs.

Arabian Nights Entertainment—Modern

I have discovered that I am behind in my reading. In fact I am at least one generation behind. I have no good excuse for this either, as fishing and hunting are entirely out of my line. I refer to the "best-seller" type of books that are in greatest demand at the public libraries. However, there has been opportunity recently to glance over a few pages of two books that are reported to have long waiting lists.

Should I quote here some of the language used in describing situations in these "modern" novels, the postmaster would confiscate this issue of the Sentinel and the editor would be sent to jail for placing obscene matter in the mails.

Many years ago the federal government forbid importation into this country of the unexpurgated editions of Arabian Nights Entertainment. Of course, they were later bootlegged into the country by the shipload, along with banned French literature, and people read the stuff just the same, but at three times the cost, and took delight in passing it around, simply because it had been outlawed. Previously, owners of this class of literature were in a sort of exclusive circle, and not the least boastful of their possessions. However, as mentioned at the beginning, this was a generation ago, and whenever I discuss the "moderns" with any of my friends they come back at me with the reminder that the new books have nothing on my Shakespeare, and well, er—

Anyhow, something must be done about it. The younger generation is merrily going to hell and the way to save it is to "pass a law." O yeah?

An Inexhaustible Subject

My attention has been drawn recently to two instances where ranch owners, near Coquille, have decided not to increase tillable area for the reason their taxes will be increased by so doing. The taxing power thus regards putting the plow to unbroken terrain as a misdemeanor.

In our neighboring city, Marshfield, well-meaning citizens a few years ago

formed a company and started the erection of a modern hotel. Today, half-finished, its nine stories tower apertally into the air, a steel and concrete monument to an erring ambition, but commendable as a civic effort, nevertheless. Unpaid taxes against the property amount to more than \$10,000, although only loss and dis-appointment have been the portion of those who invested their money in the project. So it appears that the rest of us, the public, have imposed a heavy fine upon these people for committing the daring act of attempting civic improvement.

Here in Coquille Ed MeeKown is remodeling and making over an old building which has been a conspicuous offense to the sight for many years. We, the public, will see to-it that Mr. MeeKown is penalized accordingly, although it doesn't appear how this improvement is going to increase the cost of government.

Three years ago one of our citizens purchased a deserted old shack. He was handy with all kinds of tools, and during spare hours from his regular employment he made it over and obliterated from the neighborhood an eyesore. Only his labor and a small amount of material were involved. We have jumped on him for doing this, good and plenty.

The officials in the Coos county court house are not to blame; they get their orders through state laws emanating from the state capitol, and thus it is done in every other state in the Union.

It seems more than passing strange that after one hundred and fifty years of social organization our nation has not adopted a system that would correct the evils I have attempted to describe.

WE DONT WANT BEER

(William Dudley Browning)

We, the workmen of these United States, do not want beer back as a beverage any more than we want more rattlesnakes.

With growing indignation I have read, in hiterto respectable publications, column after column demanding beer and light wines for the workmen.

Now not one of these articles was written by a genuine workman, in fact no worker of prominence has been quoted as favoring the return of beer. The articles one and all were written by those who are interested in the selling of beer to the workers.

And here's what they boast that they can take out of the worker's pockets:

John B. Kennedy, in *Colliers Weekly* of July 16, estimates that the Government license money alone will amount to three hundred million dollars!

Now, of course, the manufacturers and sellers of beer are not going to pay the United States Government this vast sum unless they see a generous profit over and above this license money.

But this is not all. Mr. Kennedy figures that the transportation of beer would bring the railroads two hundred million dollars yearly.

Then he figures another two hundred million that would be spent in improving the breweries. Other expenses (he figures them as profits) incidental to the return of beer would easily bring the sum up to a billion dollars to be spent before the sale of beer to the workers would begin. I agree with Mr. Kennedy that this sum, and possibly more, would be spent by the brewery capitalists of our country before they were prepared again to sell beer.

Now from whom—out of whose pockets—do these beer capitalists expect to get back this billion dollars and the other billions which will be required to keep up the manufacture and distribution of beer?

Why out of the pockets of the over-taxed and unemployed workmen! They don't deny it; they actually boast of it to our faces!

Well, here is one workman who will fling that taunt back in their teeth. I, William Dudley Browning, although for upward of fifty years a worker with my hands, am a descendant of the Putnams, of Revolutionary fame, who, when the British tried to make them drink taxed tea, threw it overboard into the sea.

So be careful, ye beer capitalists, about trying to weigh down the already overtaxed workman of our land with your taxed beer, for I warn you, we will overthrow such a system of taxation along with the false friends who are trying to fasten this new burden upon us.

Ben Flaxel's Platform

The following is submitted by Ben C. Flaxel, democratic candidate for district attorney, for the voters' perusal as to his training and platform on which he seeks their suffrage:

I have lived in Oregon for the past twenty-five years. I have received my legal training in one of the best law schools on the coast and have supplemented that training with the active practice of the law in Coos county.

In my general practice, I have been able to observe and to estimate the needs of the county and the corre-

SEE YOU AT

DUNHAM'S of course

Bargains Galore—Dunham's Removal Sale

From Friday, Oct. 21st, to Thursday, Oct. 27th

CALUMET
BAKING POWDER
 2½-lb TIN 57c

Kraft's
Salad Dressing
 PINT JAR 15c
 QUART JAR 29c

FLOUR Specials
 ACME 49-lb Bag 85c
 VISTA 49-lb Bag 99c
 PURITY 49-lb bag \$1.15
 ARCTIC SNOW
 49-lb Bag \$1.13
 All guaranteed hardwheat

ARM & HAMMER
Washing Soda
 9c PKG.

Crackers
 Slightly Salted
 2 lb. BOX 19c

scratch Feed
 100-lb Sack \$1.35

RECLEANED
Wheat
 100 lb Sack \$1.23

HAMS
 Nebergall's Sugar Cured
 Half or Whole
14c Pound

Cabbage
 Make Kraut Now
83c Crate

Bacon Squares
10c Pound

MAXWELL HOUSE
COFFEE
33c Pound

Walnuts
 Oregon Grown
 2 lbs. 29c

Sunripe
Rolled Oats
 9-lb Bag 27c

Oregon No. 1
Onions
 10 lbs. 13c
 50 lb Bag 57c

Double Dutch
Malt
 3 LB. TIN 49c

DUNHAM'S of Course, Coquille — PHONE 81
 TWO DELIVERIES

Super Suds
 3 Pkgs. 19c

Purex
 2 Quarts 25c

Honey
 5 LB Tin 43c

Oregon Milk
 6 Cans 25c

Brooms
 Lightweight
33c EACH

SHORTENING
 Swift's Crescent
 3 lbs. 25c

Post Toasties
7c PKG.

Stidd's CHICKEN
Tamales
19c CAN

First Fall Rain

"It isn't raining rain to me: it's raining"—well, big heads of broccoli, for one thing, and crisp winter cabbage, a grass-blade for every rain-drop, and a final burst of color in the petunia bed.

How miraculous a thing the coming of the first winter rain is! As great a wonder as the glory of spring growth, and resembling it as moonlight resembles sunlight. Nature, having gotten the habit of sunshine, can only by an effort readjust herself to the production of rain, and requires days to bring the first downpour to pass. Breathless, pregnant days, through each of which the late summer smoke pall grows denser, the clouds lean a little lower as their weight of vapor grows heavier, its atoms condensing into molecules; its molecules gathering into drops, till the air can support them no longer and the brooding promise descends in rain.

How glad I am, and how glad Coos county is! (Forgetting that by January we will be wondering if it will ever stop.) In twelve hours the sad flower beds are bathed and retouched with such hues as no artist but rain keeps in his paint-box. In twenty-four hours, the lifeless dry grass-clumps which you could kick out of the ground with no effort, show tiny green spears among the brown. In thirty-six, billions of seeds which have been sowing themselves all summer, are as green a scum over the bare ground as algae on a stagnant pool. And how quickly the cattle, who have been wading up and down the creek eating willow leaves from the bushes, turn to the open pasture for the delicious new succulence.

My mind, too, loves to follow the gradual descent of moisture into the earth, to ponder the gratitude of dry roots as the first sip reaches them, and of the bulbs that have lain dormant far down. How instantly the first finger touch of autumn rain rouses them to busy preparation for spring bloom! How instantly all the bark-walled leaf-factories which we

call branches set to work on twenty-four hour shifts, preparing for their spring opening, so that when in December, the bracken bows in long curves of brown lace over the lichened fences, and the fine-fingered, crimson leaves on the blackberry briars grow numb and loose their hold on the parent vine, and the flickers and blue-jays have hollowed the last apples left on the naked boughs to mere red cups—when hope appears to have vanished from the sodden world—we who seek deep shall find, suddenly, strong green lances of daffodils piercing the decaying grass, and silver pussy-willows thrusting open their brown doors, and a pink life-color creeping over the ashen alder thickets, and shall read in the earthen book that a year is only a turning wheel, and death the dark camouflage of unending life.

Frances Holmstrom,
 McKinley, Oeagon.

How One Woman Lost 20 Pounds of Fat

Lost Her Prominent Hips—
 Double Chin—Sluggishness

Gained Physical Vigor—
 A Shapely Figure.

If you're fat—first remove the cause!

Take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—you feel younger in body—Kruschen will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

But be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first—and SAFETY first is the Kruschen promise.

Get a bottle of Kruschen Salts from Fuhrman's Pharmacy, Inc., or any leading drugstore anywhere in America (last 4 weeks) and the cost is but little. If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, SAFEST and surest way to lose fat—your money gladly returned.