

SOCIAL NOTES

Joe Don Estes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Estes was given a lovely party at his home Saturday by his mother in honor of his eighth birthday. The afternoon started by Mrs. Estes taking all the children to the matinee and later bringing them back to her home on South Beach street, where they were served refreshments out on the lawn. Mrs. Estes was assisted by Mrs. W. L. Kistner and Mrs. George Davis. Invited were the following children: Phyllis Mae Litzberger, Doris Ann Wood, Margaret Ann Wilson, Harriet Anne Tozier, Verone Bailey, Phyllis Mae Christensen, Muriel Davis, Patty Brady, Kay Leslie, Margaret Rose Covatt, Fritz Kunz, Earl Haynes, Tommy Martin, Wade Cowan, Calvin Anderson, Le Verne Neal, Billy Kistner, Peter Wheeler, Lewis Allen, Jack Newton and Donald Cramer.

On Monday Mrs. Jennie Price and her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Norton, complimented Mrs. Levi Snyder, of Portland, who left Tuesday for her home after having been a guest of her sister, Mrs. James Watson, for a few days. The delightful affair was a dinner with bridge following. High and low score prizes were won by Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Robinson. Included besides the honor guest were Mesdames James Brady, Pearl Ellingsen, Annie J. Robinson, Inez Chase, and James Watson.

The O. D. O. club ladies are meeting this afternoon at the home of Mrs. B. B. Sanders on the Bandon road. Attending were Mesdames L. A. Christensen, George Sherwood, Fred Kunz, H. G. Grey, Grant Wilcox, Gus Tillman, Lee Hand and Ralph Lucas.

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Paul Van Scoy were hosts to a dinner party at their home on Knowlton Ave, with covers laid for Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Fuhrman, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lamb, Mrs. Emma Lyons, Fred and Ralph Fuhrman, Anne Van Scoy and out-of-town guests, Mrs. Marvin Lyons, of Marshfield; Mrs. Jane Williams, of Medford, and Mrs. T. M. Steifer, of Vancouver, Wash.

Tuesday evening Mrs. H. S. Norton entertained the ladies of her bridge club for dinner dessert at 7:30 o'clock with contract enjoyed following. Present were Mesdames A. B. Collier, F. C. McNelly, J. L. Aasen, M. J. Hartson, Geo. Johnson, E. M. Kay, and Jas. Brady. Mrs. Collier and Mrs. McNelly held the two highest scores for the evening's play.

Mrs. Willard Bosserman honored Miss Saima Lindros, bride-elect of C. G. Caughell, with a ten o'clock breakfast at her home on South Henry street on Tuesday of this week. A lovely bouquet, made up of white flowers and greens, centered the large table where the waffle breakfast was served with covers laid for Miss Lindros, Miss Edna Robison, Miss Blythe Cousins, Miss Jennie Lindros, Mesdames A. N. Gould, Geo. Bryant, Inez Chase, Henry Lorenz, O. L. Newton, Tracy Leach, Jas. Richmond, W. V. Glaisyer and Bertha Smith. At the close of the breakfast Miss Lindros was presented a beautiful electric waffle iron from the guests present.

The St. James Episcopal Church Guild ladies and their children enjoyed a picnic together Wednesday, just above the county park on the North Fork. They all gathered at the Parish house at ten o'clock, where cars were provided for those who enjoyed the day. Mesdames Lloyd Rosa, J. S. Barton, E. A. Woodyard, Annie J. Robinson, Muriel Pettit, Bert Folsom, W. H. Mansell, A. J. Sherwood, Luckey L. Bonney, C. D. Walker, H. A. Slack, E. L. Vinton, Jas. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. George Lorenz, Anne and Ben Barton, Anne Van Scoy, Faye McCue, Louise Woodyard, Clara Bell and Frederick Watson, Dick Vinton, Harry and Judith Slack, Sally Bonney, Charles Walker, George Folsom and Joyce Schroeder.

Members of the Needle Workers club were guests of Mrs. Jack Arnold yesterday afternoon at her home on the Marshfield highway. The hostess included two extra guests, Mrs. Sam Arnold, Sr., and Mrs. Ralph Sigby, besides the regular members: Mesdames W. D. Simmons, Ray Simpson, Frank Pook, E. C. Yarbrough, Ed. Detlefsen, W. E. Cross, C. C. Bonniksen, Swain Donsted, Josh Ruble, E. A. Wimer, Geo. Gilman and Fred Hickok.

Sea Shell Hikers

Three members of the 4-H camp cookery club, Eileen Kendall, Bonnie Gage and Imogene Hickam, accompanied by their leader, Miss Laura McLeod, went out Sunday morning for an early breakfast. They went up the Cunningham logging road and over a hill where they stopped and prepared their breakfast of toast, chip-beef gravy and eggs. Illness or the 6:30 hour for starting kept several others from going on the hike.

Ask for Cow Bell Dairy cream and milk, the only milk and cream made safe by pasteurization.

"Pussyfoot" Johnson to Speak in Coquille Next Friday

(Continued from first page)

of elephants, an honor reserved for very distinguished visitors. Wherever he goes, "Pussyfoot" carries a watch presented to him by a Prince in India in recognition of his services against the liquor evil.

"Pussyfoot" has personally investigated the results of various methods of liquor sale in France, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, and more distant points on the globe, including Australia.

"Pussyfoot" Johnson is at present on a tour from coast to coast, speaking against repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. His meetings are under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League of America in co-operation with the State Leagues and local dry organizations.

Thomas W. Gales

Thomas W. Gales, of Fargo, North Dakota, has devoted the greater part of his life to aggressive fighting against the liquor evil. He made his first temperance speech when only fifteen years of age.

At eighteen he was a detective in the city of Montreal helping enforce the law against the liquor dealers of that city. He faced the best liquor lawyers in Canada and lost only four



of a hundred cases in which he had gathered evidence against saloon keepers who violated the law forbidding sale to boys and girls.

So effective was the work of young Gales that threats were made against his life. At one time he was assaulted on the street by a gang of hoodlums who resented his dry efforts, and at another time he narrowly escaped assassination when a shot fired by one of his enemies perforated his hat.

Following his earlier experiences in the warfare against strong drink while a boy in Canada, Gales came to Chicago to study for the ministry. He became associate pastor with Dr. Johnston Myers of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, and was placed in charge of the Central Mission on South Clark Street in that city. Here night after night he saw the effects of the saloon as he worked to help the hundreds of hopeless drunkards who spent all they could beg in the barrooms.

Following his experience in the ministry, Gales joined the forces of the Anti-Saloon League first in Wisconsin, and then as state superintendent in North Dakota. In the latter state, he has been the leader in the fight to prevent repeal of Prohibition laws, directing state-wide campaigns and opposing the efforts of the wet forces at the State Capitol.

At the present time, Gales is in general charge of the speaking campaign of the Anti-Saloon League in the North west. He is traveling with "Pussyfoot" Johnson, whom he precedes on the program at "No Repeal" rallies with his address, "Bring Up the Reserves." In his remarks, he will explain the present drive of the wet forces to legalize beer in every state and attempt repeal of the 18th Amendment. He will outline the activities of the drys to resist repeal and maintain both state and national Prohibition laws.

Party for Phyllis Mae Johnson

Virginia and Marjorie Oerding, small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Oerding, entertained Wednesday afternoon with a doll party in honor of their cousin, Phyllis Mae Johnson, of North Bend, who has been their guest for the past week. The children brought their dolls and all had a grand time. Games were played on the lawn and later in the day refreshments were served to the little tots by Mrs. Oerding. Those enjoying the party were: Phyllis Mae Johnson, Marianne Rackleff, Patricia Brady, Betty Emery, Martha Jane Oerding, Phyllis Bunch, Agnes Dunkel, Ivelle Jackson, Jerry Oerding, Nancy Ann Haga, Franklin Oerding, Virginia and Marjorie Oerding and John Oerding, Jr. The little guest of honor is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Johnson, who were former residents of Coquille.

V. R. Wilson, "Optometrist." Errors in refraction corrected, without the use of drugs. "For glasses" see Wilson first and save money. 717

Decoration Day Fittingly Observed Here Tuesday

(Continued from first page)

tional anthem, Ray Brown was announced by the chairman, C. W. Gano. He sang, "Rose of No Man's Land." Mrs. Orville Newton, beautifully garbed in white, appeared from the wings during his song, representing the sister of mercy with whom the theme of the song dealt.

Robert McGilvery's delivery of Lincoln's Gettysburg address was as splendidly done as we in Coquille ever heard. Clear enunciation, excellent delivery and loud spoken, the recitation was heartily applauded.

Marvin W. Skipworth, of Marshfield, who made the principal address presented several thoughts worthy of consideration. We are too prone, he said, to neglect Memorial Day which was a day set apart for the living more than for the dead, although we delight to honor those who have served in their country's defense.

The audience present showed their interest in observance of this 65-year old Memorial day and he was pleased to see so many present.

We should pause for a short time, Mr. Skipworth said, to honor the dead, if for no other reason than for the effect on the coming generation. They should be so reared as to keep their patriotism at a glowing heat which will cause them to love and protect their country.

Another thought presented was the remark of an Englishman who said he could tell from the way in which a nation kept the graves of its dead how much religion played a part in the lives of its citizens.

Following the services at the theatre a procession formed and marched to the bridge where the W. R. C. sprinkled flowers on the water in honor of the unknown dead, and from thence to the Odd Fellows and Masonic cemeteries, where the graves of departed soldiers were decorated.

A squad of eight ex-service men, under the command of W. F. Oerding, fired a volley at each of the three stopping places, and taps were blown at each by Tracy Leach.

Clinic for Pre-School Children

To parents of entering primary children:

The annual pre-school health clinic will be held Monday, June fifth, in the city hall from ten to twelve a. m.

This announcement and any comment is from the standpoint of the public schools of Coquille. We urge that every parent having a child to enter school in the fall take advantage of this clinic. At the time of examination, pre-registration questionnaires will be given parents. These questionnaires properly filled out assist the primary teachers very much with beginning children.

We earnestly solicit the co-operation of all interested parents at this pre-school clinic.

Chester L. Ward, Supt.

Bandon Man a Suicide

The body of Dan B. Johnson, 66 years of age, was found in his cabin near Bandon last Sunday, and it is supposed that he committed suicide last Friday. He had placed the muzzle of a rifle to his head and pulled the trigger.

Schroeder & Gano, morticians, finally located one relative in the east, but so far as learned he was practically alone in the world. He had food in his cabin and funds in the bank at a rifle to his head and pulled the Bandon, showing that it was not destitution which caused him to commit self destruction. He had lived at Bandon for a long time.

Horses Mounted the Tractor

George Hermann, of Broadbent, met with a very serious and unusual accident Sunday morning while working in the field. He had been using his horses to drag trash from his field and left them standing with their doubletrees while he used the tractor in discing the ground. Before he realized what was happening the horses ran, frightened by the train, and straddled the tractor. One horse was cut severely by falling on the disc. Hermann was bruised from being struck by the horses. He was resting easier at press time.—Myrtle Point Harold.

Marriage Licenses

May 27—Clifford L. Yarbrough and Mabel M. Russell, both of Marshfield. They were married here Sunday at his home by Rev. P. D. Hartman.

May 29—L. L. Corikes and Lola M. Stanford, both of Myrtle Point. They were married by Rev. T. R. Jackman at the Foursquare parsonage here Tuesday.

SUNDAY - MON. & TUES.

KING OF THE JUNGLE
LIBERTY THEATRE

Listen, Son!

Below is a soliloquy that has had wide circulation but is so brimful of thoughts every father has or should have, that we believe its reproduction in the Sentinel may do some boy, or father, some good. Its title is "Listen, son!"

I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with the towel. I told you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called 'Good-bye, Daddy!', and I frowned, and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such a stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?', I snapped.

The Good-night Kiss
"You said nothing, but ran across, in one tempestuous plunge; and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, rattling up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible, sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. I was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

"And there was so much that was good, and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good-night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

"It is a feeble atonement, I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear Boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the damp forehead, and the yellow curl.

"Tears came, and heartache and remorse, and also a greater, deeper love, when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!

The Shrine of Sleeping Childhood
I do not know of a better shrine before which a father or mother may kneel or stand than that of a sleeping child. I do not know of a holier place, a temple where one is more likely to come into closer touch with all that is infinitely good, where one may come nearer to seeing and feeling. From that shrine come matins of song and laughter, of trust and cheer to bless the new day; and before that shrine should fall our soft vesper, our grateful benedictions for the night. At the cot of a sleeping

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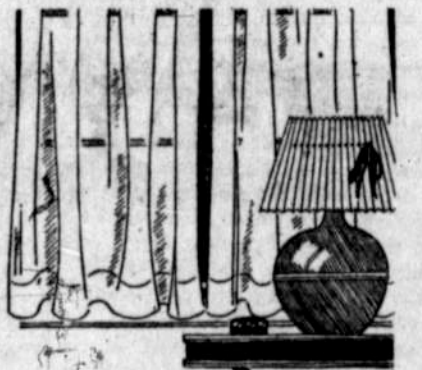
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babe all man-made ranks and inequalities are ironed out, and all mankind kneels reverently before the living image of the Creator. To understand a child, to go back and grow up sympathetically with it, to hold its love and confidences, to be accepted by it, without fear or restraint, as a companion and playmate, is just about the greatest good fortune that can come to any man or woman in this world—and perhaps, in any other world, for all we know.

And I am passing this "confession" along to the fathers who may be privileged to read it, and for the benefit of all the "little fellows"—the growing, earth-blessing little "Jimmies" and "Billys," and "Marys" and "Janets" of this very good world of ours.

Card of Thanks

For the kindness and sympathy shown us by our friends and neighbors during our recent bereavement, and for the beautiful floral offerings at the funeral of our husband and father, W. H. Wimer, we wish to express our sincere and heartfelt appreciation.

Mrs. Mary A. Wimer and family.

Calling cards 100 for \$1.00.

Want Ads

One Cent a Word Each Insertion

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