

The Sentinel

And The Coquille Herald
A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
BY H. W. YOUNG.

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OFFICE, NORTH END OF B STREET
Entered at the Coquille Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.



One of our exchanges manages to use the name of its own city as seldom as possible by overworking the word "local," which is sometimes used twice in a six line item.

To be able to get away was the best the Crown Prince's army in the Solsos-Rheims salient can boast and the flower of the Hun hordes had to be sacrificed for that respite.

It rounds good, says some old soldier at our elbow, to hear our soldier boys called "Yanks" again. The soft, treacherly term "Sammy" doesn't appeal to anybody who ever wore the blue.

In Holland now bricklayers are getting the there unheard of wages of 50 cents an hour. But even at that it requires four hours labor to buy a pound of beefsteak, six to get a pound of tea and 48 to secure a ton of coal.

This is a banner year for deer in Curry county, says the Gold Beach Reporter, owing to the mild winter. It adds that the hunter who loses no time in getting into the woods by the 15th will be reasonably sure of getting his share.

In four cases recently Douglas county physicians made affidavits that men registered for the draft were about to become fathers and the young men were given deferred classification. The doctors lied, though, and the young men have been promoted to Class I.

There is one thing that every man who is getting good wages or a bigger income these war times should bear in mind. The easy dollar will go just as far in paying debts as the dollar that used to be harder to get in the past and will certainly be harder to get "after some time be past."

The Coos Bay Times cusses out the county court when a road is not perfectly improved, and then when the court further improves it the Times come back with another cussing because it has been fixed and there is nothing more to find fault with. It's principal object in life is to cuss the court.

To conserve newspaper which is being produced in less amount than is required now, the U. S. government has directed daily newspapers to stop sending out sample copies or free copies to friends. The Sentinel is looking for a similar order to weekly papers and has begun to prune its list. Another order to send out no papers not paid for in advance will be next in order.

Bandon will have a city election Aug. 6, with four amendments to the city charter on the ballot. One is similar to the measure to be voted on here early in September, to make the city charter conform to the state law providing that city elections shall be held on the same day as state elections. The other three are in relation to street improvements and the manner of paying for them.

Every time you read, you purchasers of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, of what the United States is doing in France in building wharves and railroads, or deluging the Germans with gas or shelling them out of position with big guns or shrapnel, or of bombing their arsenals or cities, or of the great work of our Army and our Navy, or of the building of ships here, or of any of all of the great or small achievements of America, here or abroad or on the sea, you buyers of Liberty Bonds and

War Savings Stamps truthfully can say, "I had a hand in this;" "I contributed to this;" "I am helping do this;" "It is part my work."

Back in 1875, when the writer first embarked in the newspaper business, he used to be bothered by people who could find no answer to a long-standing problem, nor have we ever been able to learn "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Various insoluble problems have perplexed us since but none quite as difficult as the one occasionally sprung on us now, "What has become of the recall?"

According to the Marshfield idea, as expressed in a map printed on the invitation sent out by its Chamber of Commerce of that city to the editors of the state inviting them and their families to become the guests of that city at their annual meeting August 9, 10 and 11, the Southern Pacific extension from Coos county to Eureka will leave the present line somewhere about Beaver Hill Junction and run across country to Bandon, thence directly southward to Port Orford and Gold Beach. The river crossing is located near Parkersburg.

ON BRINK OF PRECIPICE.

How nearly the allies came to giving away in Europe during the first six months of the present year was thrillingly told by Walter M. Pierce at the Norway picnic last Saturday.

Not once alone but five times in succession were they on the brink of the precipice, to be saved by the God of battles in ways that formerly have been deemed miraculous.

The first was early in the year when the French government told the administration at Washington that their people were on the point of collapse and they must have more wheat or the strain would become unbearable. Then it was that heatless days were proclaimed and the coal for factories and stores was diverted to furnish fuel for the grain-laden ships in the harbors that had been unable to sail for lack of fuel.

Nothing the federal administration has done during the war aroused more bitter criticism than the proclamation of those heatless days in the dead of winter, but that was the only way to keep France fighting.

The next event, of which President Kerr also told us here two or three months ago, was like unto the first. Proud Albion was on the rocks. The food administrator there told us they must have 75 or a hundred million bushels of wheat right away, or they could not be responsible for the consequences. We then had only wheat enough to last us until the next harvest, but that was no obstacle. Our people were asked to save the situation by using substitutes and it was not long before all the big hotels in the country had absolutely banished wheat flour from their kitchens and tens of millions of housewives all over the country were using substitutes to the limit and trying out all kinds of "wheatless" recipes. No one went hungry in this country as a result of this change, and probably nobody's health was impaired, but we had made the sacrifice demanded, and England was tided over.

When the great German drive began in March the third crisis was encountered when the Kaiser's Huns captured 180,000 of the allied troops and the road to Paris and the Channel ports appeared to be opening before them. Then the days were darker than we ever imagined, and the Germans were on the verge of winning the war. Chimney corner critics never wearied of criticising Foch's strategy and telling how differently he should have managed that campaign. But while the allied lines bent they did not break and for every foot the Germans advanced they paid in blood.

It was during the same drive that one of the English generals—Maurice perhaps—got into a blue funk and thought of nothing but to get away from Fritz as fast as his legs would let him. This opened a gap on his flank where there was a general who held his ground, which grew wider as the scared one showed his heels. There was ten miles absolutely unprotected and the Boche had only to walk through and capture the bulk of the British army. Then an incredible thing happened. Telephone boys, bicycle couriers, engineers without arms, and non-combatants of all grades filled that gap with a thin line, using at first anything they could pick up to fight with and later being supplied with arms brought up from the rear. But this line, though seemingly weak as a rope of sand, did hold and it grew stronger every hour until that danger was past. The Huns never realized their opportunity until it was too late to take advantage of it.

The fifth and last time the allies stood trembling on the brink was at Kemmel hill to take which meant for the Germans the capture of Ypres and an open road to the Channel ports. This was the time every available ton of shipping was commandeered by the British admiralty and ships enough filled the harbors of Calais and

Nieuport and Dunkirk to carry the whole English army back to Blighty and leave all France to the fate of Belgium. Then 2200 French soldiers made a new Thermopylae of Kemmel hill and fought till the last man fell; but they won the battle by so blunting the edge of the German legions that Ypres was saved, and with it the cause of civilization and of humanity.

When the war began we were sure that America could not afford to see the allies boat-n. Since then we have seen more and more reason every day to believe that God would never permit the kingdom of hell to be established on earth by a German victory or a German peace.

ABOUT RURAL ROUTES.

There's many a true word in the advertisements which is seldom found in the news columns. Here for instance from the Oregon Voter the postulate without the conclusion:

"If the Government decided to abolish all deliveries and compel all persons to call at local postoffices for mail, imagine the congestion, yet this is the difference between a railroad and motor truck. The railroad delivers at terminals and compels all to call at depots for freight. The motor truck collects and delivers like the postal department."

This, of course, applies only to post-offices large enough to enjoy city delivery or from which rural routes diverge. Coquille is not large enough for the former, and our dependence on river transportation and the geographical configuration of this section renders the latter impractical. Of course, cities of the size of Myrtle Point, North Bend, Coquille and Bandon, without rural routes are anomalies. In fact, the only practicable rural route we can think of in this section which would serve enough people to make it worth while and which would not involve a return over the same road the carrier went out would be from Coquille up the river to Norway, thence across to Lee and up Middle Creek to Dora, returning by way of Fairview and the Cunningham district. This would be an excellent route, considering the number of customers to be served, though some of the Cunningham people would probably prefer to come to town and get their mail in the morning rather than wait until afternoon for its delivery. And probably some more road improvement would be needed on portions of this line even, before it would be in shape for all the year round travel.

When we get that Coquille to Bandon road finished so that it is good for winter travel, and the railroad gets "settled" so that the mail arrives here an hour or two earlier in the evening, a combination star route and rural service by auto between here and Bandon would serve all the points down the coast as far as Gold Beach and give them better mail facilities than they have ever yet enjoyed.

DAIRY COWS SACRIFICED.

In greater and greater numbers the dairy cows of Oregon are being sent to the meat block. Perhaps 15,000 to 20,000 dairy cows have been sacrificed out of the Willamette Valley alone within the last twelve months. Every day brings its toll to the packing plants.

High price and scarcity of feed-stuffs, together with uncertainty as to market for condensed milk, butter and fresh milk, are the reasons for going out of the dairy business. As a class the dairymen feel that the hands of the consumer are raised against them—that the consumer will be satisfied only at price too low to reimburse the dairyman for the cost of milk production. The difficulties of exporting surplus of condensed milk have made themselves felt, hundreds of dairymen having failed to receive pay for many thousands of gallons of milk so laboriously extracted pull by pull from their cows. Margins of profit in the creamery business are so low, and prejudice against cold storage companies so great, that the butter business is not being conducted aggressively and the cream-producing dairies suffer as a consequence.

The dry season furnished the climax of aggravation to all who were staying by the business.

Far-reaching effects may be produced by the shrinkage of the industry. The milk supply of the cities will be affected adversely. Dairy herds in Europe have been reduced to the point where it is inevitable that this country will be called upon to supply the lack. This will be true especially after war. The crisis will find America short of dairy cattle.

It is idle to preach and tell him to continue his hard work at a loss. There is no industry involving more hardship and self-deprivation than the business of milking cows and marketing the milk. Assured of a reasonable return for his effort, the dairyman will hang onto his cows and milk them, even if he make no profit higher than mere wages. But under present conditions he cannot make wages.

What is to be done? The situation

is easy to see, but it is difficult to find a remedy. Yet the health of the human race, especially the children, is largely dependent upon the dairy industry not being impaired. The biggest and best minds of the City of Portland should be brought together in conference in an effort to establish conditions that will save the dairy industry and insure an ample supply of dairy products, especially fresh milk for the babies and children. Action must be taken soon, as dairy cows are going to the butcher at the rate of from 50 to 200 a day.—Oregon Voter.

Pays \$106,000 for a Bull.

"Just to look at him," says the editor of Sunset Magazine in his "Pulse of the Pacific," notes, "he did not differ materially from others of his kind. He was merely a handsome Holstein bull calf six months old, snuggling up to his fifteen-year-old keeper when the two entered the auction ring. But the buyers rolled up their sleeves grimly. The first bid was \$5,000. The second was double this amount. When the offer reached \$40,000, ten bidders remained in the ring. At \$75,000 only four were left, and two more dropped out when the bids exceeded \$90,000. The youthful caretaker of the calf began to cry; a woman burst into tears; one of the auctioneers, overwhelmed by the excitement, sobbed aloud. When the animal was knocked down to Elbridge A. Stuart, president of the Carnation Stock Farms, for the world's record price of \$106,000, the hundreds of men and women gathered around the ring broke into loud cheers. And through it all, Carnation King Sylvia, overlord of all the Holstein Freisian breed, calmly and contentedly chewed his cud, indifferent to the fact that he had brought twice the price ever paid for a bull or a cow.

"Carnation King Sylvia is now at the Carnation Stock Farm near Seattle, having traveled to his new home by express on the fastest passenger train. His value is based on the obvious fact that a cow which consumes five dollars' worth of feed a week and produces 30 pounds of butter fat is worth a great deal more than a cow which, consuming the same amount of feed, produces only 20 pounds of butter fat. The champion's mother, May Echo Sylvia, produced 152.1 pounds of milk in one day, 1005 pounds in seven days, 12,898 pounds in a hundred days, not mentioning three other world's records.

"This phenomenal milk production is transmitted by heredity. The progeny of the bull calf will add many pounds of milk per day to the production of the Far Western dairy herds. The acquisition of that bull took courage and a long purse, but the effect of the improved strain on the dairy industry of the Far West will last for generations."

Money in Beach Mining.

C. C. Randall and two sons, who are mining on the beach just south of Cape Blanco, are making \$8 or \$10 a day to the man. There is about six feet of sand to strip off to reach the pay streak, and to do this they are using a team and scraper. The pay is below the water level and a gasoline pump is used to handle the seepage water, which is also utilized to operate the sluice boxes. Mr. Randall does not use a copper plate, but catches all of the values on riffles. He is now operating where T. C. Clark mined, having bought the latter's equipment. In speaking of the values on the beach, Mr. Randall said the platinum in the sand amounted to more than double that of the gold. And until recent years the gold only was saved, the platinum being thrown away.—Port Orford Tribune.

Wanted

Hides, Wool & Mohair and Chitham Bark, 1918 peel. Geo. T. Moulton.

Butter Wrappers and Trespass Signs at the Sentinel office.

Calling Cards, 100 for \$1.00.

AFTER FOUR YEARS.

This Testimony Remains Unshaken. Time is the best test of truth. Here is a Grants Pass story that has stood the test of time. It is a story with a point which will come straight home to many of us. Mrs. Amelia Lempke, 402 F St., Grants Pass, Ore., says: "I suffered from rheumatic pains and there were times when I could hardly get around I was so stiff and lame. At night I lay awake for hours on account of the pains, which went from one part of my body to another. I got up in the morning so stiff and lame it was all I could do to keep up. I tried many medicines and also used liniments but without the slightest relief. I finally started taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I was helped from the first and almost before I knew it I was free from the trouble." (Statement given in 1912.) A Later Statement.

On March 20, 1916, Mrs. Lempke said: "I am glad to confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I have never had anything give me so much relief as Doan's." Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Lempke had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP BUILD THAT BRIDGE OF SHIPS

An officer attached to the American Expeditionary Force in France sends the people back home this message:

"Build a Bridge of Ships to Pershing"

Our shipbuilding program calls for the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars the citizens of the United States must supply by taxes and by investing in Government War Loans.

Even 25-cent Thrift Stamps will help build that bridge of ships to Pershing. We sell them, also War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds.

SUSTAIN THE BOYS WITH YOUR DOLLARS

FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK

Commercial and Saving Deposits

COQUILLE OREGON

The Kind of

Pocket Cutlery

that does not wear out your pocket; no high shoulders nor sharp projections—something new in knife manufacture.

We also have a large stock of the best quality of

Scissors

—Look over our display—

Coquille Hardware Co.

G-E Motors in the Dairy

For milking, cream separating and churning, electric motor driven machinery is the dairyman's best aid. A single motor will furnish clean, safe "always ready" power for a number of machines.

Oregon Power Co.

Phone 71

Thousands of men have chewed Real Gravely Chewing Plug for twenty-five years and more. And every time they have tried some other brand it made them think more of Gravely than ever.

Peyton Brand Real Gravely Chewing Plug

10c a pouch—and worth it

Gravely lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

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What Does Your Label Say?