

The Sentinel

And The Coquille Valley
A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
BY E. W. YOUNG.

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A WILD PREDICTION.

This year brings the seventeenth presidential election in which the Sentinel editor has taken an active interest. The first was in 1856 when at the age of eight he was hurrahing for Buchanan and much interested in the "Wideawakes," as the Fremont marching clubs were termed. But he has never in the entire seventeen seen another in which some candidate did not seem to a bigger figure in the days before the nominating convention than has been the case this year. Nobody has known or has even pretended to know who would be nominated at Chicago this week, though it has looked of late as if the big three, Wood, Johnson and Lowden, were going to exhaust themselves in trying to kill each other's chances and thus pave the way for a dark horse. The standpatners and reactionaries have not even dared to groom a candidate. The progressives and radicals have wasted their efforts on the impossible Johnson, and the prize bids fair to go to some man not really in the running.

Wood's heavy campaign expenses have told against him. So have Lowden's, while the defection of so many of the latter's Illinois delegates at the behest of the Pro-German mayor of Chicago, has greatly weakened him at home. Johnson's fight on the League of Nations and the support he has received from the Bolshevik elements of our population have handicapped him heavily.

This is of course written before a ballot has been taken at Chicago, and it is quite possible that the candidate may be named before we go to press. Of the candidates favorably mentioned as dark horses, Hoover is, as he has been from the start, the Sentinel's first choice, but we could easily get into the band wagon behind Coolidge, of Massachusetts, or Allen of Kansas. It is not impossible that Hughes will be given another run for his money. Instances were not lacking in our early history in which a candidate defeated in one election was successful in the next. In this class we recall John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Win. Henry Harrison. Cleveland is the only president who was elected when first a candidate, defeated in his second race and elected again in his third.

SHE IS NOT THE FIRST

Four years ago, when the war between Germany and the allies had already been going on for two years, we remember having heard a political speech at the court house here by a candidate for a high office who told us that Germany, besides carrying on the greatest war perhaps of all history, was at the same time producing and piling up immense quantities of manufactured goods with which to deluge American markets when the war was over and that unless we made higher tariff rates to keep them out we should be practically ruined by having these goods dumped on our shores. The Germans were represented as working with feverish haste to fill their warehouses with the manufactured goods that were going to put our industries on the toboggan.

This prediction is recalled by a little booklet received from the Scandinavian-American bank of Marshfield, in which Reider Bugge, the cashier, who recently returned from an extended visit to Norway and Sweden, tells of what he learned in Europe.

It will be recalled that the Scandinavian countries are among Germany's nearest neighbors and principal customers. Well, he says that the value of Scandinavian money has "decreased to an alarming extent, owing mainly to the largely increased importation of goods from the United States."

Telling about Norway importations, Mr. Bugge says that before the world war we were shipping 75 million dollars' worth of goods to that country; that within three years the amount had increased to 551 millions—one-third of Norway's total importations

and has also shown a steady increase, and that the market there is now flooded with goods from Germany and English goods to say nothing of the goods from most of the rest of the world.

In other words, instead of being deluged with these mythical German goods that were being piled up during the war, now that the war is over we are actually "deluging" the markets of one of Germany's nearest and best customers to such an extent that its currency is being largely depreciated by the exchange rate running against it so strongly.

Outside of Bodiam a more absurd statement that the politician we referred to made here was never heard. It would have been just as sensible to say that our boys in the trenches two years ago were finding time to doll themselves up every day in the height of the New York fashions. Every last ounce of Germany's possessions were being called into use to win the war and that fiction about her piling up manufactured goods at the same time to "deluge" us when the war was over was very much on a par with Col. John Leader's cock and bull story about a German army of 400,000 men being organized in South America in 1917 to overwhelm the Pacific coast.

THIS MAKES SEVENTEENTH

We note that the Chicago press dispatches on Wednesday referred to Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter as "the first woman who ever addressed a national convention." Not by 44 years. At St. Louis during the sessions of the democratic national convention that nominated Samuel J. Tilden for president, the editor of the Sentinel heard Phoebe J. Cousins make a talk in favor of woman suffrage. Henry Watterson, now the veteran editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was presiding, and during a lull in the proceedings addressed to Miss Cousins's request that she be permitted to address the convention. Instantly there was a storm of protest, the Tammany and other delegates declaring the proposed talk was out of order.

Quick as thought, Chairman Watterson came back with, "No point of order is in order while a lady has the floor."

Then the protesting delegates subsided and Miss Cousins made her suffrage talk. Since then we have heard national conventions addressed by other women.

The Supreme court of the United States handed down a decision last Monday affirming the legality of the prohibition amendment and the Volstead law defining intoxicating liquor as any beverage containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol. That ends the fight against prohibition in the courts. Any one who tries to run a private still now runs a greater risk than if he tries house-breaking or forgery. It won't pay to break the law.

While sitting comfortably in the theatre Wednesday evening listening to the Chautauque lecture and concert, and more especially after emerging into the cool night air, we recalled protesting a year ago against an early June date for a tent Chautauque here. If a suitable evening temperature for an open air meeting occurs at this season in this climate it must be abnormally warm.

There has been some question about the religious affiliations of one at least of the most prominent candidates for president, but Herbert Hoover makes no bones of saying he is a member of the Oregon Society of Friends. In other words he is a Quaker.

Monday each of the eight columns on the first page of the Oregonian began with a dispatch from Chicago. Not only there, but on the editorial page as well, did Editor Piper's absence make itself manifest.

We are approaching the gasolineless age a good deal faster than anybody ever imagined we would.

Mythical Cervina Stone.

The corvix or cervina is the name of an imaginary stone that belongs to the superstitions of long ago. According to the old superstition this stone will cause the owner to be both rich and honored. It was to be obtained in this manner: Take the eggs from a crow's nest, and boil them hard, then replace them in the nest, and the mother will go in search of the stone in order to revivify her eggs. After the mother crow had brought the wonderful stone to her nest, it was, of course to be taken from her, and the robber of the nest would become rich and honored.

A New View On Life.

"In Europe we know an age is dying," said the British ambassador in his address at Washington. "Here it would be easy to miss the signs of the coming change, but I have little doubt but that it will come. A realization of the aimlessness of life lived to labor and to die, having achieved nothing but avoidance of starvation and the birth of children also doomed to the weary treadmill of life, has soured the minds of millions."

Perhaps this is a misanthropic vision of the weariness of the world, and that, as has been advanced, we are merely and briefly tossed in the terrific backwash of a giant war, with the comforting certainty that all will be well in the natural course of restored economic balance. But the thought intrudes that Sir Auckland Geddes may be more than half right, and that the epic conflict of the nations served but to shake millions of minds into focus upon the desire for wider ranges of happiness. If this be true, and certainly it does not seem specious logic, the problem is prolonged and simplified. The golden rule covers it in every sense of meaning.

For Europe such a mental attitude on the part of the governed might most excusably be voiced in terms of revolution—at least in Russia and Germany, where the rights of the toiler were circumscribed by the dictates of autocracy, and ambition's whisper to the man with the hoe was a saddening reminder of what might not be. The British ambassador sees the same signs in America, but he will pardon, doubtless, the reply that America is distinctive among the nations, and that from the birth of her history statesmen have wrought to answer the need of her people. Revolution in America is attained by ballot, and will so continue to be attained whenever the popular voice decrees it. Nor is this statement uttered to confute the self-evident claim that the present parallels in this country a tamer parallel of the unrest in Europe.

Beauty, service and truth are the prescription that will cure the world of its malady, says Sir Auckland Geddes. Insofar as human limitations and progress permit, these three have long worked for America. They constitute no new panacea. Our open institutions of higher learning, our public schools that reach the academe, our libraries, hospitals, diverse public institutions, and a free press, have given material expression to the triumvirate. These are essentially American ideas. In the land where they thrive, as here, revolution will not prosper.—Oregonian

MILK ALMOST PERFECT FOOD

War Taught Us to Save Cows and All Promising Young Stock for Future Raising.

The war taught us many new things. One of these is to save our cows and all promising young stock for future raising. No food that is grown on the farm has as much value as milk. Butter, cheese and ice cream are among our most wholesome, most toothsome and necessary foods. Breed up and produce more. Sell less. Not a drop of milk need go astray. What the family does not use the hogs will, or the chickens, or the calves, and every one of these will be profited by the use of milk. It is an almost perfect food.

SKIM QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE

Cream Testing From 35 to 45 Per Cent Butterfat Keeps Best—More Skim Milk Secured.

Skim the milk as soon after milking as possible, and cool the cream at once. Skim a cream testing from 35 to 45 per cent butterfat. Cream of this richness keeps best, and at the same time is not so sticky that it cannot be properly stirred and accurately tested. By skimming a rich cream, more skim milk is left at home for feed, and there is also smaller bulk on which to pay express charges.

DAIRY NOTES

Get rid of the unprofitable cows.

Chickens or a pen of shoats make the best market for skim milk.

The good dairy farmer not only studies how to feed his cow but how to feed his farm.

The conformation of a dairy animal is as important as the proper construction of a building.

If milk is cooled by the aid of a surface cooler the cans of milk should be placed in the cooling tank immediately.

Co-operative cow test associations are needed in several localities to help weed out the most unprofitable cows and to point out the best ones.

Longest Dance.
William Kemp, aged seventeen, in the reign of Elizabeth danced from London to Norwich in nine days, the longest dance on record.

Another Royal Suggestion

COOKIES and SMALL CAKES

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

WHEN the children romp in hungry as young bears, here are some wholesome, economical delights that will not only be received with glee, but will satisfy the most ravenous appetite in a most wholesome manner.

Cookies
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract or
grated rind of 1 lemon
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Cream shortening and sugar together; add milk to beaten eggs and beat again; add slowly to cream, shortening and sugar; add nutmeg and flavoring; add 3 cups flour sifted with baking powder; add enough more flour to make stiff dough. Roll out very thin on floured board; cut with cookie cutter, sprinkle with sugar, or put a raisin or a piece of English walnut in the center of each. Bake about 15 minutes in hot oven.

Cocoa Drop Cakes
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 egg
1/2 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
1/2 cup cocoa
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream shortening; add sugar and well-beaten egg; beat well and add milk slowly; sift flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa into mixture; stir until smooth, add vanilla. Put one tablespoon of batter into each greased muffin tin and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cover with boiled icing.

Orange Cakes
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 egg
1/2 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon orange extract
1/2 teaspoon grated rind of 1 orange

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly, beating well; add milk a little at a time; then add well-beaten egg; sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to mixture; add flavoring and grated orange rind; mix well. Bake in greased shallow tin, or individual cake tins, in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool cover with orange icing.

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"Bake with Royal and be Sure"

Olcott's Gasoline Proclamation
Here is what Governor Olcott says about the lack of gasoline, and the necessity of cutting out joy rides in a proclamation issued at Salem last Monday.

Russ Lands Offered for Sale.
The lands of the Russ Improvement Co. have now all been platted and are offered to the public in tracts of any size desired.
L. F. Branstetter.

The Oregon Farmer is still furnished for \$2.15 in connection with the Sentinel, and why its publishers couldn't ask a dollar or a dollar and a half a year for a paper as good as they furnish, we don't understand.

THE OLD or THE NEW

OR

OR

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OR

OR

OR

For full information call at the office of the

Mountain States Power Co.

Coquille Oregon

'Bear this in Mind'
says the Good Judge

You not only get complete tobacco satisfaction from a little of the Real Tobacco Chew—But it costs you less. The rich tobacco taste lasts so much longer than the old kind—you don't have to have a fresh chew nearly as often.

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