Neighborhood News

BLUE MOUNTAIN.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

April 11.—Mrs. Wade Watts and little son visited with Mrs. Albert Rissue a few days last week.

Mrs. Edd Jones and son Archie visited at the Thena Miller home Sunday.

There will be a basket dinner at the Blue Mountain church Easter Sunday. All are welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lancaster and children visited at the Bert Lancaster home Sunday.

Sadie Allen visited Sunday with Gladys Whipps.

John Palmer was a Grove visitor Friday. He spent the night at the Bert Lancaster home, returning to his ranch Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Perkins Jr. and daughter Sarah spent one night last week at the home of Mr. Perkins' father near Cottage Grove.

A number of young folks from here attended a surprise party at the Layng home Saturday night.

Miss Dora Bruer went to Eugene Monday to attend the wedding of her sister.

WALDEN.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

April 11.—John Martin spent several days at the R. T. Martin home helping care for Mr. and Mrs. Martin, who both had the flu but who have recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Smith and Mrs. G. Johnson were in the Grove Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gourley and children, of Albany, spent the week end with Mrs. Gourley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Lebow.

Mrs. J. C. Porter, who has just returned from San Diego, where she spent the winter, visited Wednesday night at the home of her sister, Mrs. D. H. Brumbaugh.

James Lebow, Harry Castle, Fred Frost and Horatio and George Mosby were in the Grove Monday.

D. H. Brumbaugh has purchased a Ford car.

George Hastings spent the week end with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Castle and children visited in the Grove Tuesday.

Miss Dora Housted spent Thursday night at the Hastings home.

The Walden school and the sixth grade from the Grove played ball Friday, the score being 26 to 5 in favor of Walden.

Peters & Mosby loaded another car of lumber Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Perkins Sr. were in the Grove Thursday.

MOUNT VIEW.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

April 11.—C. W. Sears went to Eugene Tuesday of last week to consult an eye specialist.

Mrs. Joe Schneider spent Friday in Cottage Grove visiting friends.

Mrs. W. D. Heath visited Sunday at the home of her son, Fred Frost, at Blue Mountain.

Mrs. Louis Sears returned Thursday to her home at Hood River. Mr. Sears will leave for there this week, having quite rapidly recovered from his recent serious illness.

Mrs. Kate Hannigan, of Portland, arrived Sunday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schneider. The Schneiders and Mrs. Hannigan are former neighbors at Lorane.

William and Addison Heath went to Eugene on business Saturday.

Miss Evalina Hoffman, of Eugene, arrived Saturday from an extended visit at the home of her aunt, Mrs. C. W. Sears.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Jones and children visited Sunday with Mrs. Jones' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Brumbaugh, at Blue Mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cooley and Elizabeth Cooley, George Layng and W. D. Heath and sons were among those from here in the Grove Saturday.

Leston Dowens, of Blue Mountain, visited over the week end with his brother Walter Dowens.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schneider entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Heath and family Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Creason, of Cottage Grove, Mrs. Otho VanSchoiask and Sarah Riley, of Fairview, and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cooley and Elizabeth Cooley were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sears.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hogate were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Vaughn spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Miller.

Mrs. Joe Schneider motored to Drain Sunday, accompanied by Mrs. Katie Hannigan.

Mrs. Kate Sears, of Cottage Grove, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bales.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sears, of Delight Valley, visited Sunday at the W. A. Hogate home.

Waldo Miller has been ill during the past week but is now somewhat improved.

Mrs. Waldo Miller was in the Grove Monday.

BLACK BUTTE.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

April 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Funk and family were in town Sunday evening.

Miss Mildred Hopper spent Friday afternoon in the Grove.

The Black Butte school house has a new door.

The Black Butte school will hold a basket social Saturday night, April 15. The proceeds will go for improvements of the school.

Mrs. Levi Geer and Mrs. Anna Lively visited Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Susan Walker.

Mrs. Mary Groat visited Friday with her mother, Mrs. Susan Walker.

Harry Garman has been laid up for a few days with the grip.

Gus Labsch, who had been employed for W. White, has moved back on Miss Emma Jones' place for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Geer spent Saturday night at Wm. Lively's.

Several in this vicinity have suffered severe attacks of the grip this week.

Thos. Funk and three men from the mill who were exposed to small pox are baching a mile or so from the mill.

All the high peaks around Black Butte are white with snow and an inch fell Friday night in the valley.

ROW RIVER.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

April 11.—J. S. Magladry motored up from Eugene Monday and attended to business matters.

Mrs. Wm. Eusted and daughter Emma, of the Grove, are visiting at the Henry Sanders home.

The Elmer Wicks family has moved to the Grove. Mr. Wicks will leave soon for Montana.

Mrs. Allan Koeppe, of Hilts, Calif., is a guest at the Frank Tanner home.

Alice Thrun, Nellie Pleuard, Mrs. Mabel Koeppe and Alfred Williams attended a dance in the Grove Saturday night.

Mrs. Wm. Satterfield, of Junction City, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Eva Williams, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pleuard and children spent the week end in the Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Williams, of the Grove, were week-end visitors of Mrs. Eva Williams.

Elmer McCollum is in Eugene receiving medical treatment and will have his tonsils removed. His father B. F. McCollum, is with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Perini and children were week-end visitors at the A. Tonole home in the Grove.

The only conquests that bring real satisfaction are those that are made over temptation and hatred.

Of course kissing is sinful, but there are times when a man doesn't want to go to heaven.

BOON TO MANKIND

Science of Canning Food of Immense Practical Value.

Few Discoveries or Inventions, It is Pointed Out, Have Been of Greater Benefit to Humanity.

Though less spectacular, the science of canning was a discovery only equaled in importance by such inventions as the telephone, the wireless and the airplane. When we stop to realize that food, shelter and clothing are man's most vital needs, and what a large proportion of our food is preserved for us today in canned form, we better understand the full significance of this important discovery.

Pickling or drying were the only methods of preserving foods that were known up until about a century ago. In 1795 the necessities of war prompted the French government to offer a reward of 12,000 francs for a better method of food preservation. The prize was awarded to Nicholas Appert, and his method stands today as the real basis of our present process of canning—namely, hermetic sealing and sterilization by heat.

This discovery has added immeasurably to the wealth of the world, because it has meant that at times of harvest the surplus crops, which it is impossible to get to market before they spoil, have not had to go to waste, but have been preserved for use at other periods of the year when Nature is producing less and when, but for the science of canning, we would have to subsist on much less attractive fare. This is conservation in the broadest and most economic sense of the word.

But the process of canning not only benefits the world at large; it has very definite advantages for each of us as individuals. For that much-talked-of Mr. Average-Man-in-the-Street and his Housewife-in-the-Kitchen, "canning" eliminates the seasons. In effect, it "makes summer last all the year 'round," and in midwinter brings us the crops of midsummer.

And canning also eliminates space or sectionalism, for those of us who live in the interior may still enjoy oysters, crabs, lobsters and other sea foods whenever we wish; and those of us who live in the eastern states may nevertheless have access to the delicious fruit crops of California and Hawaii. And so on the world over. The pioneer in Alaska, and miner in the mountains of South America, the explorer in the Antarctic, men and women everywhere on the fringes of civilization, all have at hand—thanks to the can—the same wholesome appetizing foods that are served to the most exacting guest in an exclusive New York hotel.

Because the science of canning has so done away with time and space—with respect to food—the can has come to be known as a modern genie of the home. The housewife whose pantry shelves are well stocked with canned foods is able to choose her meal from whatever corner of the world her whim suggests.

Sacrifice Worthy of the Name.

The word "sacrifice" gains new meaning when we think of the story that is told about the three hundred children of an Armenian orphanage.

So small amount of food had reached the American relief workers in charge of the orphanage that they could give almost nothing even to the three hundred. Each child got only a small piece of bread and a few walnuts twice a day. Of course the food did not nearly satisfy their hunger, but it was enough to keep them alive.

When the children learned that there were hundreds more in the nearby villages who could receive nothing at all they voluntarily gave up the walnuts. Before each meal they dropped their nuts into a sack in one corner of the room, and when it was full some one of them would carry it to the frantic crowd in the street. Could there be a more generous sacrifice than that?—Youth's Companion.

ART IN CUTTING DIAMONDS

Peculiar Properties of the Precious Gem Must Be Thoroughly Understood by the Lapidary.

A diamond cutter, writing for the London Mail, relates some interesting facts as to forms into which diamonds are cut to enhance their luster. A diamond is the hardest substance in nature and cannot even be scratched except with another diamond, while some stones can be cut only with their own powder.

Yet the hardest of all can be cleft by a heavy blow delivered in the right direction; that is, parallel to the faces of the eight sides which its crystal shows. It is this property that permits the very large stones, such as the "Cullinan" diamond, to be worked.

In spite of this, a diamond has the simplest composition of all precious stones, for it is only crystallized carbon, and a near relation to ordinary graphite, usually called "blacklead."

But it has been formed by enormous pressure in the remotest depths of the earth's crust, and probably forced toward the surface by steam.

The principal forms into which a diamond is cut are:

Brilliants, with an octagonal face surrounded by many smaller facets.

Rose diamonds, with a flat base, above which are two rows of triangular facets, the uppermost terminating in a point.

Table diamonds, which are thin stones cut with triangular facets.

What makes the diamond so precious is the presence of inward "fire"—the mysterious gleams of blue and red that change with every movement, and which makes such an appeal to our sense of beauty.

The charm of precious stones lies in their brilliancy and luster, the intensity of the latter depending upon the polish of the surface; for if the stone is dull or uneven the light is scattered and not reflected.

The only stones at all approaching it are zircon and the green garnet called "olivine." The luster of all other stones is vitreous, such as seen on the surface of broken glass. And the third type is that shown by resins.

In order to bring out the full beauty of a stone it must be cut in such a way that the facets reveal its splendor, and the art of the lapidary rests upon his knowledge of what becomes of the light when it falls upon the stone; so he must understand the laws of reflection and refraction.

When a white light is refracted into a colorless stone it changes and is split up into a spectrum. Since the refractive index increases progressively as the wavelength of the light decreases, a normal spectrum is violet at one end and passes through green and yellow to red at the other end; for instance, in the familiar rainbow. The width of the spectrum also varies, and it is this "dispersion" that determines the "fire."

It would be difficult to name any substance around which has been woven such a web of romance.

Safety Deposit Free.

The story comes from Scottsburg and it shows all the shrewd persons are not in the large centers of population. A stranger of ordinary appearance and apparently of moderate means walked into the bank and asked to borrow $5. He was told the bank did not loan such small sums, but when he insisted that the business of a bank was to loan money, that he needed the sum mentioned, and that he had good collateral, the note was made out, the banker regarding it as a good joke. Then the stranger pulled out $10,000 worth of Liberty bonds as collateral and left them, remarking that at another bank they had wished to charge him $5 for a safety deposit box to keep them in, but now the bank would keep them for him free, and he would have the bank's $5 to amuse himself with.—Indianapolis News.

Thinking and Doing.

"It is perfectly easy to write '1922' if you only think what you are doing," remarks the Boston Globe.

That is one of the great Ifs that continually interpose hazards and obstacles in the path of the weary mundane pilgrim. Possibly it is the most important one of all. The majority of our errors and sins of omission, especially those of a minor character, are due to our failure to think what we are doing. But the mere recognition of this failure and the earnest desire to correct it will not prove sufficient in most cases as an effectual remedy. The great trouble is that it is practically impossible to think what one is doing in very many particulars.

Valuable Phosphate Fumes.

Millions of tons of phosphates previously wasted will be saved potentially as a result of the perfection of a new reclamation system devised by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Heretofore heavy annual wastes of valuable phosphatic material have occurred during the mining and manufacturing processes. The new method of controlling these losses consists in mixing the "run-of-mine" phosphate with sand and coke and smelting the mass in an electric or fuel-fed furnace. In this process the phosphoric acid is driven off as a fume and may be readily collected in concentrated form.

Chilean Oil Field.

The most promising petroleum field so far discovered in the Province of Antofagasta, Chile, is that in the pass of Siglia, near the Argentine frontier; but it remains to be seen if the petroleum will be found in paying quantities.

DISASTER OF 1917

Inside Secret of the Great World War Now Revealed.

Crushing Defeat of the French Armies Under General Nivelle Due to That Leader's Overconfidence.

The Revue de Paris is printing, month by month, the fullest account yet given of the greatest disaster sustained by the allies on the western front during the war. This was the defeat of the French armies under General Nivelle between Reims and Soissons on April 16, 1917. The account is given by M. Painleve, who was the French war minister at that time, though he only came into office when the plans for the battle were complete and their execution almost inevitable. M. Painleve often has been attacked for his own action before and after the smash, so he speaks as a party to a case. Still, more of what he says is only new in the sense that it has not been fully published before, though it was substantially known to the French and British general staffs within a few weeks of the calamity. The French attack, commonly known at the time as the Chemin des Dames attack, was to be the main blow of the Franco-British offensive for the year. Sir Douglas Haig, placed provisionally and with some qualification under the supreme command of Nivelle, was to attack on April 9 from near Arras in the north to our right flank near St. Quentin in the south.

Our part of the work was to draw off the German strength from the critical point, to kill and be killed and keep Ludendorff busy rather than to penetrate far. The whole scheme was Nivelle's. Nivelle had been made commander in chief in succession to Joffre the Christmas before, to the exclusion of Foch and Petain. Nivelle was at the moment the latest fashion in generals. French political feeling that winter was in a state of reaction against the "Somme school"—the school of Foch and Haig, the "limited objective" school, the school which restricted the depth of infantry advances to ground on which artillery had quite ruined the enemy's defense. Nivelle represented a new "Verdun school" of swifter, deeper advance. He had succeeded at Vaux and Douaumont a few months before, by making his men advance in a way that the "Somme school" would have thought reckless—because they or their predecessors had tried it in 1915 and found it disastrous, but this was forgotten; fashion had changed; it had gone back to the more slashing fashions of 1914 and 1915; Foch and Haig were back numbers, Nivelle was the man, and wisdom would die with him. So he was given the whole Franco-British offensive in 1917 to mold at his will.

His mind was completely made up by New Year's day, 1917. He had not a shadow of doubt, from then on, that he would be able to drive straight northward from Reims towards Brussels, behind the German front, cutting off the German northern armies. To anyone, soldier or statesman, who suggested a doubt or an extra precaution he said, in effect, "Leave it to me. I pledge you my word we shall win." To infect the troops with his own optimism he circulated freely among regimental officers full written details of the plan of attack, the date, the attacking strength, everything. This was done in January. Within a fortnight the enemy knew it all. Ludendorff in his book of memoirs tells us how a German raiding party captured, in the pocket of a dead French captain of the second division, the French plan of battle. The Germans had now two months in which to fit up as an abattoir the ground which Nivelle meant to capture first. They drew back their whole line between Arras and the British right, futilizing the great part of the intended British division. Then they sent down to the Reims-Soissons front the troops thus economized. Then they rigged up on the high flats of Vauclerc and Craonne, where the chief hopes of Nivelle's coming attack centered, such an aggression of machine guns and quick-firing guns, hooded with concrete and metal, as no troops ever had to face, before or after.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

A Welsh Poet Miner.

Huw Menai Williams is Wales poet-miner, who bids fair to bring Welsh literature to the attention of the Anglo-Saxon world. Born in Carnarvonshire, Williams has been a coal miner at Glamorgan since he was sixteen. His work has therefore been entirely inspired among the sordid surroundings of a mining town. Intellectually, he is a self-made man. The remarkable thing about William's verse is that it is written in English—an acquired language for him and one that he has no extraordinary command of. His book, "Through the Upcast Shaft," is causing a furore in England.—From Argonaut.

Iceland Ponies.

Iceland ponies run well in company. Out of fifteen or twenty, one or two will soon be recognized as the leaders, and the rest will follow these; but no amount of whipping will persuade them to go even a short distance separately—a fact which the traveler soon finds to be very inconvenient if his pony does not happen to be a leader, and he is yet anxious to deviate occasionally to examine objects of interest off the track. This inability to run except in company has gained the Icelandic ponies a character for stupidity in this country, where they are seldom used except in the coal mines.

BULL POUT QUITE AT HOME

Heroes of This Remarkable Fish Yarn Furnish Something New in Piscatorial Stories.

One feels almost like apologizing for telling a fish story that isn't a bit like any other fish story ever told since the days of Jonah, but there is one good excuse for the uniqueness of this fish story. It is gospel truth, says George L. Brown, according to the New York Sun. The scene of it is Elizabethtown, a village completely surrounded by Adirondacks.

The streams and ponds around Elizabethtown have been famous in their day for speckled trout and more recently for pickerel, perch, black bass and bull pout.

Let the humble bull pout be the hero of this yarn, the "Sacramento cat," as he has been named in California, the sluggish browser of weedy ponds, that will live wherever a frog can and bite anything from an angleworm to a piece of a tin dinner pail. And the bull pout's tenacity of life may be credited with a good share of the uniqueness of this unprecedented fish story.

In the days when the thing happened the young fellows of Elizabethtown used to go fishing for bull pout Saturday nights in Lincoln pond or in the "marsh" not far away. And on Saturday night Carl E. Daniel and his cousin, the late Arthur H. Norton, went out and brought home a fine mess after midnight.

Carl was tired and he just dumped his bull pouts with the grass in which he had carried them home, into a dishpan. Then it occurred to him to put the dishpan in the kitchen sink and turn on the faucet a little, and he did so before going to bed.

That's where the story begins. The rest of it happened while Carl was asleep. You see, the grass overflowed with the water from the dishpan and clogged the drain of the sink. And then the sink filled up and overflowed. And then the whole of the ground floor of Carl's home, "Colonial Cottage," became a pond. And when Carl got up on Sunday morning and went into the kitchen he found all his mess of bull pouts swimming around over the floor as happy as if they were back in Lincoln pond.

That's the story, and if you doubt that it happened in just that way you can ask Carl, who is now head of the Elizabethtown Hardware company, Inc.

A Secret Society.

"It would shock, or bore, or disgust the world in general, I suppose, if all the school teachers and office workers who want to marry should suddenly tell the truth. The public prefers to believe that women cherish their economic independence more tenderly than they ever could cherish husbands and babies. And our pride helps to keep up the great delusion.

"Many of us, especially the older ones, would never admit our loneliness and disappointment, perhaps, even to ourselves; but the majority, I believe, have 'had to tell' someone—some equally lonely woman friend—whether or not we told it in words, the story of frustrated hopes, of baffled instincts, of imprisoned powers.

"We form a kind of great secret society. The initiation is, mercifully, gradual; the dues are endless; the badge may be anything from a commutation ticket to a Phi Beta Kappa key; the password, seldom uttered, is always the same—loneliness."—From "No Courtship at All," by Another Spinster, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Clever Smuggler Caught.

What is said to be one of the cleverest devices ever developed for smuggling was uncovered on Puget sound recently by federal officers, when a speedy power boat, believed for several months to be a successful smuggler of illicit goods from Canada into the United States, was captured at Seattle. It had been known for some time, federal officers state, that a dumping device was in use on some of the smuggling boats, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, but a complete outfit of this type had never before been captured. Along with the seizure, more than $2,000 worth of contraband was taken, which made it possible for the government to confiscate the boat.

Climbs Fujiyama Top.

Maj. Orde Lees, British balloonist and Arctic explorer, has just completed a trip to the summit of Fujiyama, the celebrated mountain in southeastern Japan. It is said he is the first European to have reached the top of the mountain in winter, which is 12,365 feet above sea level.

Major Lees was accompanied by H. C. Irish of London, and accomplished his feat in 48 hours. The last 4,000 feet of the climb were made over slippery ice. Major Lees was a member of the Shackleton Antarctic expedition in 1914, and he and Mr. Irish are members of the British air mission to Japan.

Electric Sealing Machine.

A sealing machine, in which the wax is electrically melted and which is intended to meet the requirements of bankers, brokers, jewelers and large commercial institutions in the sealing of valuables, has made its appearance. The machine can be attached by a cord to any light socket and operated at a cost of one-half cent an hour.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Spanish Shawl Is Theater Curtain.

A new drop curtain in one of the New York theaters is really a gigantic Spanish shawl of silk and lace, 85 by 40 feet in dimensions. To embroider the huge fabric took 75 of the most skillful Spanish needlewomen 34 days.