

The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone

Elbert Bede and Elbert Smith Publishers

Elbert Bede Editor

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1918

THE KAISER'S ALPHABET.

Charles Whipp sends the following, which he clipped from the *Mare Islam Bulletin*:

A—for Austria-Hungary; the partner of my crime;
B—for Belgium's bravest blood, that flowed like river Rhine;
C—for Camouflage, with which I fooled the fatherland;
D—for Death, Destruction, which I left on every hand;
E—for England, hated foe, who trumped me with her Jack;
F—for France, whose lands I stole, then stabbed her in the back;
G—for glory, which I sought on fields of blood and strife;
H—for Hell, my sole reward—my leg-acy for life;
I—for Italy—the double iron cross;
J—for Justice, which has weighed my soul and found it gross;
K—for Kaiser, Kultur, Kill—three words I hold supreme;
L—for Lusitania, of which I nightly dream;
M—for Mothers, Maids and Men, who'll curse me through years;
N—for Nemesis and Nurse—the Cavel of their tears;
O—for Oath, a sacred pledge—to me a paltry scrap;
P—for Peace I never meant, unless I made the map;
Q—for Query: How will end my plans of world-wide strife?
R—for Revolution, which in Germany is Rife;
S—for Sorrow, Sin and Shame, with which my head is bowed;
T—for Triumph—Right or Might, whose voice is growing loud;
U—for Uncle Sammy's troops—whose millions tramp I hear;
V—for that Vox Populi, whose Stars and Stripes I fear;
W—for War, whose futile arts and emptiness I see;
X—for Cross of Hate I'll bear through all eternity;
Y—for that Yesterday of Peace, on which I rang the knell;
Z—for the Zepps—those bags of wind—like me, all shot to hell!

—George Allen.

POOR OLD KAISER BILL.

Poor old Kaiser Bill.
For 30 years or more you dreamed of world empire.
In your dreams you beheld the millions of other nations at your feet.
They were not willing subjects—they were conquered peoples.
They were victims of German militarism.
They were held in your empire by force of German arms at your feet.
What cared you that the conquered nursed a hate that a life time could not erase?
Germany would be the greatest military power the world had ever produced.
You saw hundreds of thousands—yes, millions—some of them your own people, die for the glory of Germany—your glory.
You saw the countries of the conquered ransacked.
You saw the maidens carried off into captivity.
You saw them made breeding machines for the repopulation of an empire.
You saw them raising babes in whose veins ran the blood that flowed would be German.
You saw a great empire of Germans built up in that way.
You saw resistance to German sway vanish as German blood began to predominate through your cunning, though bestial, method of reproduction.
What cared you that millions might be made widows—that millions might be robbed of their boys—that millions might be robbed of a life time of toil?
What cared you for the sorrow and desolation?
What mattered anything as against the ambition to make your place in the sun secure?
What mattered anything when the future of Germany was at stake?
Weren't you delegated by God to rule a race of super-men and were you going to neglect so solemn a duty?
Germany and Germany's kaiser were a nation and a man of destiny.
If there were no other way to achieve that destiny than by bringing misery, death and desolation upon the world, mere sentiment must not stand in the way of the achieving of that destiny.
Nothing counted except "Deutschland über alles."
And so you planned and dreamed, dreamed and planned.
You would avoid the mistakes of Napoleon.
You would improve upon the methods of Alexander and Frederick.
Even the glory of the great Caesar would dim before the resplendent glory that would halo the throne of the conquering Hohenzollerns.
You would be overlord of the world.
And so, while others slept, a great military machine grew up in Germany.
The submarine was developed to an efficiency not even dreamed of in other countries.
Then came the time when the world was at your mercy.
It was impossible that the world could prepare in time to meet the resistless supersoldiers of imperial Germany.
The submarines would bring England to her feet.
With a scrap of paper in the form of a peace treaty you would hold the British empire until France and Russia were whipped.
With millions of recruits from the countries of the conquered and their navies and military supplies there would no longer be reason to respect a peace treaty.
England could last but a few weeks.
The submarines would keep America from coming to her aid.
Then with the fleets of the world—with the greatest armies of the world—with unlimited resources collected in

taxes upon the conquered, why should the western world remain a thing unto itself?

The blow was struck.
It was swift and sure.
Every move worked out just as it had been carefully planned and rehearsed.

Opposition crumbled before the terrible onslaught of the German arms.
The submarines were murdering all who traveled the high seas.

No longer did you fear that some detail might have been overlooked.

You swelled with pride when, as the viceroy of God, you addressed congratulatory messages to your conquering, victorious, irresistible armies, now within a few miles of Paris.

The whole world seemed within your grasp.

With avaricious mendacity you counted the billions that would be wrung from the conquered and flow into your war chests.

Hadn't you planned for thirty years for this day?

Hadn't you been the one who had ordered his armies to strike at the psychological moment?

Hadn't you planned all this out?

Hadn't every plan worked just as you had dreamed it out?

Hadn't you shown the military genius of the ages by shattering every precedent and striking at the enemy through a friendly neutral country?

Hadn't you above all things demonstrated that might is right and German Kultur supreme?

For a few days you stood upon this pedestal, the idol of your people, the vice-regent of God, the brains of the great military machine of Germany.

And then, then, with all this just within your reach, something went wrong.

You could not be at the elbow of every one of your military chiefs.

Through some grave military error the German army, the conquering hosts ready to enter Paris with the crown prince at their head were turned back by a still greater military genius.

Paris was not reached.

The French poilus fought with a love of country unsurpassed and seldom equaled in the history of the world.

Then the army of English clerks and business men and others who had never dreamed of a military life, joined the brave French.

Then the Canadians, with all the spirit of the Yankee, bravely made sacrifices that will never be surpassed.

This conglomerate force at which the imperial militarists had laughed held the great German machine for three years.

But such a force could not stand for ever.

German militarism was gradually winning the day.

Even though somewhat delayed, victory was within sight.

It would be all the more sweet because of the greater sacrifices made.

Europe would soon be at your feet.

But what was this?

A few thousands of contemptible Americans.

But what of them? That was the whole of America's trained army.

A great peace-loving nation would never really get into the war.

And the submarines would see that no American army or supplies ever got to France.

But a million or two did get to France.

And what of that?

What was there to fear from men and boys who had never been trained to war—men and boys who a year before had been tilling the soil, selling ribbon behind a counter, making goo-goo eyes behind a soda fountain, running elevators or fagging their brains devising methods to spend dad's money.

The great German machine was directed to give these foolish Yankee boys a wholesome lesson, and to demonstrate to the folks at home that such a force meant nothing—absolutely nothing to the super-soldiers of Germany.

Then something happened.

It was impossible, unbelievable.

Those super-soldiers of Germany, with their spiked helmets and super-artillery—the flower of Prussia's century-trained army—retired before this mob of farmers, clerks, mechanics, flabby business men and mollycoddlers.

What was there for a great military genius to do when an army trained for generations retired before a mob picked up in the highways and byways and sent to France on a fool's errand?

What was there to do when these soldiers were able to elude the submarine and their knees in six months and shoot the fire brand of liberty out of the hand of the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor?

What was the matter with everything?

Why could not your soldiers drive back the rabble?

Why did the submarines let the transports get through?

Where were those German reservists who were going to rise up in a day and cause a revolution in America?

Why had plans miscarried in Mexico?

The impregnable Hindenburg line crumbled before the onslaught of soldiers made in a year.

In a few months all those dreams of world empire have vanished.

The blustering Yanks have blown your house of cards to pieces.

Your throne is to be taken from you.

And where will you go?

Not to raped Belgium.

Not to desolated France.

Not to betrayed Russia.

Not to mistreated Italy.

Not to Italy, which you would have subjugated by intrigue and force of arms.

Not to Austria, for at your door is laid the slaughter of her soldiers and the ruin of the empire.

Not to Turkey, for even the bloody Turk realizes that he was drawn into an impossible dream by fair promises of one who would have made Turkey a subsidiary of Germany.

than death and dying will be unwept, unhonored and unsung, reviled by those who formerly adulated, hooted by those who formerly cheered.

Poor old Kaiser Bill! You would have kicked the whole world around and now the whole world will kick you.

TOWNLEYISM GOES GLIMMERING.

A more than pleasing feature of the recent election is the indication that the Townley Non-Partisan party has run its race and is now about to follow the populists and others who sprung forth like a mushroom, grew and blossomed in a day and as quickly passed into oblivion. The Non-Partisan league was defeated in both its stronghold of North Dakota and in Idaho, another state it had hoped to add to the string. Oregon probably has little to fear from future activities of this socialistic, industry-destroying, bolshevik movement.

KAISER CAN GO TO.

President Wilson should not take too serious his defeat in the congressional elections. We would advise him not to take it any more seriously than the voters took his cry for a democratic congress.

The tendency to again swing over to republican principles does not mean that the country is divided in support of the war, or divided in supporting the administration in its conduct of the war.

The election of republicans to succeed democrats is not a protest against support of the president.

The election means three things.

First, that the voters thought the war was near a close and they have more confidence in republican principles during the reconstruction period than in democratic principles.

Second, the great American people, fighting for the freedom of the world, do not intend that they shall be dictated to by any man, even though he be the president of the United States.

Third, that the American people do not take kindly to the insinuation that the republicans have been less patriotic than the democrats, and that they do not believe that all high qualities of leadership are lodged in the members of the democratic party.

The appeal of the president that a republican victory would have a great effect upon the outcome of the war in Europe and would be of aid to the cause of his leadership had exactly the opposite effect from what the president had hoped for.

The people of the United States do not care a tinker's dam what the kaiser and his bunch of huns and vons think of them.

The kaiser would get what is coming to him regardless of whether republicans or democrats were elected, and the republican victory can not stay the punishment that is due him.

If the kaiser thinks anything about the election he must be thinking that his fate is surely sealed now, for those who were first to say that the time to strike longer started in my big book, those who were first to say that Germany must be licked, won out Tuesday.

If the kaiser can get any satisfaction out of that, let him have it. We don't care what he thinks about our elections and it is a sad state of affairs that we can have any influence upon them, directly or indirectly.

CLOWN PRINCE WRITES TO PAPA.

Sends Special Delivery Letter After Meeting Ignorant Yanks.

The Sentinel has received so many requests for the issue which contained the Clown Prince's letter that the issue has been exhausted and the letter is hereby reprinted:

"On the Run, Somewhere in France. Everywhere in France. All the Time."

"Dear Fadder: I am writing on der run, as dey have and glorious soldiers under my command have not seen der Rhine for so long dat dey have started back dat way, and of course I am going mit dem. Oh, fadder, dere has been some offel dings happened here in France. First I started in my big offensive which was to crush der fool Americans, but dey know so little about military tactics dat dey won't be crushed like I vant 'em. I sent my men in der fight in big waves, and ven dey got to de Americans dey all said 'Boo' as loud as dey could holler. Vell, according to what you have always told me, de Americans should ought to have turned and run like blazes. But vat do you tink? Dem fool Americans dey know anything about war, and instead of running de odder way, dey came right toward us. Some of dem was singing 'Ve von't come back till it's over over dere,' or some odder foolish song, and some of dem were laughing at de fools dey are so ignorant. But dey are so offel reckless mit dere guns, and ven dey come toward us it vas dat my men look a notion dey wanted to go back to der dear old Rhine. Ve don't like de dirty Marne river anyway. And oh, fadder, dem Americans use such offel language. Dey know nothing of kultur, and say such offel dings right before us. And dey talk such blasphemy too. Vat you tink dey said right in front of my face? One of dem said from a place dey call Missouri, he said—oh, fadder, I hate to tell you vat an offel thing he said, but I can't help it—he said 'To hell mit der kaiser!' Did you ever hear anything so offel? Did I tink any one would say such a offel thing? It made me so mad, I wouldn't stand and hear such an offel ting, so I turned around and ran mit der odder boys. Vas I right? Vat? And oh, fadder, you know dem breastplates vat you sent us. You know ve are going de odder way now, and breastplates are no good for de cowardly Americans are shooting us right in der back. Some of our boys look like der fool Americans, but we are der best fighters on earth, and der best runners sure. Nobody can keep up mit us ven ve tink of der dear old Rhine, and my army never tink so much of vat dear old river. Let me right away know vat do by, return postoffice."

"July 20, 1918."

CLOWN PRINCE VILLIE.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to those who were so kind to us during the illness and death of our mother, Mrs. Catherine R. McQueen.

THE FAMILY.

BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Mark Wallace, a young officer in the United States army, is wounded at the battle of Santiago. While wandering alone in the jungle he comes across a dead man in a hut outside of which a little girl is playing. When he is rescued, he takes the girl to the hospital and announces his intention of adopting her.

CHAPTER II—His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hampton, a traitor who sold war department secrets to an international gang in Washington, and was detected by himself and Kellerman while they were working in the same office with him. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's shame.

CHAPTER IV—Years pass. Wallace is stationed out West. On the outbreak of the European war Colonel Howard secures him a staff post in Washington.

CHAPTER V.

When at last he alighted at the door, and was shown into the reception room, he felt that he was almost trembling with eagerness.

He looked uncertainly about him, at the group of young officers, the ladies, at Mrs. Howard, and then at the stylishly dressed young woman at her side.

And, forgetting his manners, he approached her in stupefaction, ignoring his hostess for the moment.

"Eleanor!"

"Uncle Mark! It's never you, Uncle Mark!" cried the girl. "Why, I should never, never have known you!"

But would he have known her, had he not looked closely into the clear eyes to discern the face of the little wall beneath the beauty of the woman? He had often and often imagined her, grown to womanhood, and dressed as

he would have dressed her, but somehow she had always had the look and aspect of the child, blended with the schoolgirl. A sudden chill went through his heart at her self-mastery, the well-bred welcome that had in it little of real eagerness. And he realized that, though he had always looked on her as lost, at the bottom of his heart he must have hoped to find her again.

He stood, a gray-haired, uncomfortable, almost middle-aged man, trying to feel at home. He saw Kellerman looking at him across the room, as if there was some message in his eyes.

"I hope I haven't changed so much as all that," said Mark, trying to smile.

"No," she answered, looking at him with a searching, direct gaze. "Not really—only at first appearance. Why, Uncle Mark, your hair is turning gray. What have you been doing with yourself?"

He felt that the unconscious shaft had gone well home. He only answered vaguely. There was a little informal dancing, and as he felt belittled his age, he waited a few turns with Eleanor and sat back with Mrs. Howard, surveying the gay crowd, and recalling memories—the most disheartening thing that he could have done.

"What do you think of Eleanor?" asked Mrs. Howard. "You didn't expect to find the little schoolgirl grown up like this, did you?"

"Nor she—like this," answered Mark humbly. But the Colonel's wife missed the allusion.

"She has been crazy to see you," Mrs. Howard continued. "She gave the Colonel no rest after he told us that he was trying to get you for the war office. I believe she had always had a sort of romantic recollection of you, and looked upon you as a sort of guardian, although, of course, it was a fortunate thing for her and us—and you, too—that Colonel Howard did succeed in inducing you to let us take her. She has been everything to us."

"Of course," said Mark mechanically.

"It would have been a terrible life for her out in the desert," sighed Mrs. Howard. "I think that you were very brave, Captain Wallace. And what a dreadful burden and responsibility you would have had!"

This time Mark did not attempt to answer.

"She has been a daughter to both of us," pursued his hostess. "And now I'm afraid—we're both afraid, Captain Wallace, that we cannot hope to have her for long. She was quite the rage in New York last season."

Wallace followed the girl with his eyes. She had just been dancing with a young officer; it had been a two-step, and as the band of three pieces broke into the wildest and merriest part of the piece he saw her, with flushed face and laughing eyes, accept Kellerman's arm and surrender herself to the dance.

Kellerman caught Mark's eyes across the room. He looked straight back with a meaning challenge which was unmistakable. Mark knew at that

ward whom I've always thought about. And, of course, I ought to have reflected that your environment has been very different from the one I could have given you."

"I wish I'd been with you, Uncle Mark," she answered impulsively. "Why didn't you keep me when you had your chance, if you wanted me? Oh, dear Uncle Mark, that was so like you, too—giving up to others. And you never sent me that photograph!"

"I've never had one taken since, Eleanor."

"But I've got you yourself now," said the girl. "So you mustn't give me up any more, no matter who seems to have a better claim on me. Will you promise me that?"

Mark knew now for certain that he had found his own. "I promise," he answered.

"Because, you know, I've been very happy with Colonel and Mrs. Howard. But this isn't the best and biggest part of me that you see here. If I could have had my way I'd rather have been living a more useful life somewhere—somewhere where I hadn't quite so many things that I want. Colonel Howard gives me everything he thinks I want. But—see, Uncle Mark, something is missing. You remember what we talked over—about my being the regimental mascot?"

Mark nodded, watching her face closely.

"Well, all that's over and gone. There isn't any regiment now, anyway. All the old people have gone out of it. And we were three years in San Francisco, you know. And—oh, Uncle Mark, I wish we could have those days again, when I used to dream about my father and—"

"I know, my dear," said Mark.

"I've always secretly hoped that I should know, some day. But I've almost stopped hoping, except for one thing that I've never told anybody. You remember what I said to you about a man watching me?"

"He doesn't watch you now, Eleanor?"

She nodded. "He has come back," she answered. "He's older and grayer, but he's the same man. I've seen him here, in Washington. And I've never dared to speak of it, even to Colonel Howard, but I know it's not a delusion, Uncle Mark."

"And you think he has some connection with your father, Eleanor?" asked Mark.

"I don't know what to think. What do you think, Uncle Mark?" asked the girl.

"I think, my dear," said Mark deliberately, "that it isn't the same man. It stands to reason it can't be. Why should he have watched you all these years and never spoken to you? No, Eleanor, I think you've had this idea so long that you have misinterpreted—I mean—"

"I know what you mean, Uncle Mark. Well, it doesn't matter. And now I must go back to Mrs. Howard or they will be wondering what has become of me. But we've picked up our memories, haven't we? And I'll see a lot of you, Uncle Mark, before you go to the war?"

(Continued next week.)

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