

The Sentinel

A Weekly Newspaper With Plenty of Backbone.

Elbert Bede and Elbert Smith Publishers
Elbert Bede, Editor

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THE LUST TO KILL.

There surely must be something in the snappy air of the November day that harkens the soul of mankind back to the call of the wild—the days of the cave man when he had to find his food as best he could and fight the beasts that opposed him, and win.

We long for the chase—to kill. The fragrance of the balsam comes to our widening nostrils, the sweet perfume of the forest and as we close our eyes we can again see the white "flag" of the fleeing deer as it speeds to cover amid the crack, crack, crack of the repeating rifle.

The big woods call and we beat against the time that must elapse before the coming of the day that will give us license to load the pack sack, don the red mackinaw, shoulder the beloved old Winchester and match our wits and cunning with those of the denizens of the forest—with all the advantages on our side.

And we go forth to kill, and our blood lust having been satiated we come back to civilization and of civilization again become a part.

We have tried to describe the feeling but it is beyond us.

During the months of winter's rule, in the budding spring time and in the hazy days of radiant summer there comes ever and anon to my mind the picture of the splendid fight "that big buck" made for his life "last hunting season," and truly my heart seemed to shiver up and I was ashamed of myself for the part I played in the murder of an innocent creature.

I vividly recall the picture of the noble old fellow as I sighted him below me from a rocky hill on which I stood. He "scented" me but could not locate the danger—his magnificently antlered head was thrown high, his nostrils distended, partly with fear and partly with the sense of fight. He sought to protect himself in a near-by clump of jack pines, but before he reached cover there was the sharp crack of a rifle and a leaden bullet pierced his quivering body—a little too far back to touch the vital spot that

would have ended his life right there. He went to his knees, but was up again in an instant and off like the wind, but his "flag was down"—the never-failing sign of a wounded deer. I marked his trail and when I took it up the snow on both sides was stained with bright red spots and splashes. I knew that sooner or later my victim would lie down in his misery and that all depended on my caution to get in the killing shot before he was up and again out of sight.

Proceeding along the trail with the utmost caution I soon came upon him, but he had been watchful and was on the go when I got the first sight; there was opening enough for another shot and it broke a front leg. The additional injury only served to spur him on to greater effort to get away. I followed relentlessly and he led the way through a tamarack swamp where he tried to throw me off the trail, but the heart's blood, slowly dripping, dripping, dripping, blazed the way and his remorseless enemy became more cautious than ever.

Another sight, another shot, and the shoulder of the injured leg was torn to shreds by the soft-nosed bullet. This time he went down and I thought the chase was ended. But no, he was up and away before I could get in the finishing shot. Weaker and weaker he became; no more he jumped unbecomingly distances as he ran; I could see that he staggered as he walked and knew that the end was not far off. Presently I came suddenly upon him as he lay, but he sprang into the air with the seeming vitality of a whole deer and with one mighty jump fell into a windfall, where he floundered about trying to get his feet under him for another spring, but it was useless—he was all in. Mine at last.

As he ceased his struggles he turned his big, brown, beseeching eyes, showing no glint of fear or hatred, toward me in seeming mute appeal for a life that never did me any wrong and that I had no moral right to take. But I am only human and in answer there sped through his noble head the bullet that ended the struggle. My, but what a splendid fight he made for his life.

A majestic beast he was, king of his kind, but I never felt the searching power of those wonderful eyes, closing in death, until long after the close of the hunting season, and then it was that my heart withered within me and I resolved never again to take the life of such a beautiful, harmless and defenseless creature.

But now, this snappy November day, there comes again that mysterious something that pours into my veins the lust for the chase, to kill, and I am powerless to resist.—Mesabe (Minn.) Ore.

IMPRESSIVE LACK OF FLOWERS.

Though American relatives usually want to plant flowers on the graves of their sons or brothers in the American army cemeteries in France, an army ruling forbidding this has been adhered to. The cemeteries, a uniform stretch of green grass with white crosses, look like "acres of white lilies," according to Miss Elsie Goddard, a Wellesley graduate who has returned to this country after having had supervision of the Y. W. C. A. rest huts built for the comfort of relatives visiting the graves in four of the American cemeteries in France. "At first everyone wants to plant flowers on the grave they love," says Miss Goddard, "but they soon see that the army ruling keeps the cemeteries most beautiful and impressive because of the uniformity. Cut flowers can be placed on the graves, and flowers can be planted in the flower beds near by, but not on the graves. The French people who are eager to decorate the graves in some parts are often surprised at this ruling, but our cemeteries, as cared for, are wonderfully impressive. After visiting them few Americans want to take the bodies of their boys home, though they had been determined to do so before they came." The Y. W. C. A. and Red Cross combine in maintaining rest huts at Romagne, Bony, Belleau Woods and Per-en-Tardenois. "No matter how prepared a mother and father are for what they expect to see, the first sight of the field of American graves overwhelms them," says Miss Goddard.

It's peculiar that so few of the unusually bright children ever get to be president.

Don't be discouraged. Think of the fools who have succeeded in winning the position to which you aspire.

The only side of the money question we hear is the one the Goddess of Liberty is on. The other side doesn't talk.

It is so damp in Panama that pianos are an impossibility. That is one advantage that even this enlightened country does not have.

When Lot's wife insisted on having her own way, she turned to salt, and ever since then woman has turned to salt water to get her way.

The mosquito who punctures the epidermis of the grouch with his proboscis and makes a meal of the corpulence must want to commit suicide.

Statistics state that twenty billion telephone messages were sent in the United States during 1920. There must be an error somewhere—we found the line busy more times than that.

The railroad showed considerable discernment of judgment that hired girls to take the place of male strikers, but the girls will soon be taken to court and a justice-of-the-peace will tie them up so that they will not bother the men's jobs very long—if the unmarried strikers are onto their job.



Here we have the picture of the Oldsmobile truck that hauls the stuff, as well as the picture of the Mutual cream station and feed store, with J. F. Spray, the proprietor, standing on the running board of the truck. E. O. Elliott stands on the right by the cream tester that never gives the customer one penny too much nor takes a penny from him. The tester gives the customer exactly what is coming to him.

This truck has been making regular trips for the past 14 months every day

in some direction from Cottage Grove, paying out thousands of dollars to the farmers for produce and delivering feed and poultry supplies at city prices.

The only thing that keeps this truck going is the liberal patronage given by the farmers. When the truck first started on its trips that was a new way of doing business. A good many people thought Spray couldn't get by with it but he now has a good start on the second year and is just starting a new deal.

Arrangements have been made with the well-known merchandise firm of Powell & Burkholder to handle their line. All the farmer has to do is to call No. 70 (Powell & Burkholder's number) and give his order and the Missing Link truck will deliver the order at the farmer's door at city prices with no hauling charge. The truck will make deliveries as follows: Mondays north, Tuesdays south, Wednesdays west, Thursdays north, Fridays Row river and Mosby creek. Orders should be in the day before delivery.

but orders will be filled up to 7:30 on mornings of delivery. Now, Mr. Farmer, your farm is worth more with rural delivery at your door.

The condition in which cream and eggs are kept has a whole lot to do with the price that can be paid. Let our motto be: "More cows, better cows; more hens, better hens; more cream, better cream; more clean white eggs." Phone 57.

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