

The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN
BY E. W. SWEET

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TWO WAR PICTURES

Our former ambassador to Germany, James W. Gerard, who left Berlin last February, is writing a book telling about the war situation in Europe as he saw it from the German capital. This work is being published day by day in the Portland Oregonian now and its opening statements in last Sunday's issue of that paper are worthy of careful reading and earnest consideration. He says:

I want to bring home to our people the gravity of the situation; because I want to tell them that the military and naval power of the German Empire is unbroken; that, of the 12,000,000 men whom the Kaiser has called to the colors, only 1,500,000 have been killed, 500,000 permanently disabled, not more than 500,000 constitute the number of wounded or in the sick list of each day, leaving at all times about 2,000,000 effective under arms.

I state these figures because Americans do not grasp either the magnitude or the importance of this war. Perhaps the statement that more than 5,000,000 prisoners of war are held in the various countries will bring home to Americans the enormous mass of men engaged.

There have been no great losses in the German navy, and any losses of ships have been compensated for by the building of new ones. The 2,000,000 men and more—for at least 400,000 come of military age in Germany every year—because of their experience in two and half years of war, are better and more efficient soldiers than at the time when they were called to the colors. Their officers know far more of the science of this war, and the men themselves now have the skill and bearing of veterans.

Nor should anyone believe that Germany will break under starvation, or make peace because of revolution.

The German nation is not one which makes revolutions. There will be scattered riots in Germany, but no simultaneous rising of the whole people. The officers of the army are all of one class, and of a class devoted to the ideals of autocracy. A revolution of the army is impossible, and at home there are only the boys and old men, easily kept in subjection by the police.

There is far greater danger of the starvation of our allies than of the starvation of the Germans. Every available inch of ground in Germany is cultivated, and cultivated by the aid of the old men, the boys and the women and the 2,000,000 prisoners of war.

The arable lands of northern France and of Roumania are being cultivated by the German army with an efficiency never before known in these countries, and most of that food will be added to the food supplies of Germany. Certainly, the people suffer; but still more certainly this war will not be ended because of the starvation of Germany.

Although thinking Germans know that if they do not win the war the financial day of reckoning will come, nevertheless, owing to the clever financial handling of the country by the government and the great banks, there is, at present, no financial distress in Germany, and the knowledge that unless indemnities are obtained from other countries, the weight of the great war debt will fall upon the people, perhaps makes them readier to risk all in a final attempt to win the war and impose indemnities upon not only the nations of Europe, but upon the United States of America.

We are engaged in a war against the greatest military power the world has ever seen; against a people whose

country was for so many centuries a theater of such devastating wars that fear is bred in the very marrow of their souls, making them ready to submit their lives and fortunes to an autocracy which for centuries has ground their faces, but which has promised them, as a result of the war, not only security, but riches untold, and the dominion of the world; a people which as from a high mountain, have looked upon the cities of the world and the glories of them, and have been promised these cities and these glories by the devil of autocracy and of war.

We are warring against a nation whose poets and professors, whose pedagogues and whose priests have united in stirring its people to a white pitch of hatred, first against Russia, then against England, and now against America.

The U-boat peril is a very real one for England. Russia either may break up into civil wars or become so ineffective that the millions of German troops engaged on the Russian front may be withdrawn and hurled against the western lines. We stand in great peril, and only the exercise of ruthless realism can win this war for us. If Germany wins this war it means the triumph of the autocratic system. It means the triumph of those who believe not only in war as a National industry, not only in war for itself, but in war as a high and noble occupation. Unless Germany is beaten every nation will be compelled to turn itself into an armed camp until the German autocracy either brings the whole world under its dominion, or forever is wiped out as a form of government.

While the picture Ex-Ambassador Gerard prints in the foregoing columns may be too darkly drawn, we certainly have no reason to believe that he is not correctly stating the facts as he sees them.

Below we present something on the war situation from an entirely different viewpoint, and with different conclusions. It was published without the name of the author in the Hants Journal of Windsor, Nova Scotia, of July 25, a copy of which was handed us by our friend, J. E. Sweet, at whose old home it is published:

Some Germans do not believe in the possibility of Hun ultimate success as is evidenced by the statement of a German prisoner to a British officer. This prisoner, who had lived in the United States without being naturalized, was in England when war broke out. Fearing to be interned he crossed to the continent, made his way into Germany, and was called up for service at the time of the Somme offensive. Here is his statement as jotted down by the British officer.

"This war is the greatest crime the world has ever seen. The crimes that made the French Revolution are nothing if you compare them with the crimes of the beasts who are running Germany today and keeping this war going. They were only thieves and brigands when they began it, and thought they'd bring it off, but now they're the bloodiest murderers by wholesale that the world ever produced. There never was anything like it before. They know perfectly well they've lost the war, they've known for months that the last chances that they ever had have gone. But they are frightened of their own miserable skins to admit it and call a halt, and they are frightened of what the people might do when they learned the truth. They keep the thing going, and sacrifice many thousands of Germans every single day and millions of money. For what? To shield the reputations of a handful of princes and politicians. It's the greatest crime the world has ever known. Here on this front our people are being killed like flies. Your artillery kills them in bunches. There isn't a minute of the day but legs and arms are being blown off. Our men would gladly give themselves up to end it, but you know they cannot. When there seems to be a chance there is always an officer or N. C. O. about. It's not only your guns that kill. Many Germans fall every day with German bullets in them. They are driven like dogs to the fighting. Add to what end? Because our cursed Kaiser and the creatures we call statesmen are afraid of their lives for what will happen to them when the people know it's all up.

"But plenty of them know it now. Many knew it before I was forced to join up. And perhaps I never should have been made to join if I had known less and never said a word of what I did know. I talked a little of what I knew. And that is enough. In Germany today the man who will tell the truth must be hustled out of the way. That is why I see no hope for Germany, because those left in the country have no spirit, can do nothing. All the strength of the country, such as it is, is in the fighting lines—helpless as slaves—starving, starving quietly, never daring to say a word. The few who speak soon

and themselves labelled into the front line, and no more is heard of them. They go on paying the price—thousands of lives every day, every single day. The Central Powers' casualties now must be a hundred thousand a week. And all for what? The crazy dreams of a few bankers and merchants, and the cowardly fears of a few politicians and of the Hohenzollerns. They say the Hapsburgs, too, but the Austrians would be thankful to make peace tomorrow, but they cannot. They are as much sacrificed by Berlin as we poor devils are here on the front. All the bloody slaughter of this war, with its millions of money and thousands of lives lost—every single day—what keeps it going long after it has been finally decided is not the will of nations. No, it is the murderous criminality and cowardice of a little handful of men in Berlin who never have been anything but a pest in Europe.

"Is not that the greatest crime the world has ever known? And is it not strictly true? Does any sane German suppose the appointed end can be altered when the whole New World is ranged against Germany as well as the Old? They know all about the hundred million men in the States, and the millions and millions of money, the innumerable factories and shipyards. They know that America can put hundreds of thousands of fresh troops on this front next spring, and that the exhaustion of Germany long before then will be frightful. It is frightful now, it has been frightful for a year and more. They know it all, and brute devils that they are, they choose to keep the awful slaughter going, not because they hope it can alter the end but for what you call 'wait and see' because they fear to face today what they can put off till tomorrow, at the cost of another few thousand decent lives, another few millions of money.

"Never before since the world began has a twentieth part of such suffering been allowed to continue to protect a handful of exalted criminals from general recognition of their crimes. The Russian people rose and smashed the bonds that bound them. Yes, but not our people. Our tyrants have been cleverer, it was only the bodies of the Russian people that were fettered. Their minds were free. No German mind, in Germany, has been free since 1870. The Berlin criminals have seen well to that. Our people think they have been well educated. So they have—very well, very carefully—for just what they are doing now, for the blindest and most damnable kind of slavery the world has ever seen, for a slavery in which the will of the masters must be paid for daily by steadily running streams of the blood of their victims, victims taught to bare their own throats to the knife on the word of command. If your armies could reach Germany itself the slavery might end suddenly. But German today is one vast prison full of starving slaves who cannot lift a hand to help themselves, and that if will remain while William the Murderer can go on buying a daily reprieve for his own miserable family in return for the blood of ten thousand of his slaves. Thank God I am out of it!"

BILLIONS OF INSURANCE.
During the year 1916 the new life insurance policies written in the United States and Canada amounted to forty-five hundred millions of dollars. At the same time improved business conditions were also emphasized by the fact that the increased borrowings made by policy holders on their insurance was less than two millions while in 1915 it was over 34 millions and in 1914 nearly 68 millions. That is certainly a wonderful record. It means the reduction of 97 per cent in such increase of loans in two years, or the borrowing of only \$3 above the amount of loans paid on policies last year for each \$100 secured by that extreme result in 1914. General Prosperity was certainly in supreme command of the American industrial army during those years.

The amount paid to holders of life insurance policies in the United States and Canada last year by the companies in which they were insured was \$788,500,000. In figures this represents an immense sum, and yet if that amount were distributed per capita, it would mean only about \$7 for every man, woman and child in those two countries. The reports so far this year indicate that the new insurance written in 1917 will be about six billions of dollars—figures in the same class with the war expenditures of the United States.

The President has given his approval to a resolution relieving owners of mining claims who are in the military service from performing assessment work during the war. Another bill is pending to make the exemption general so that all owners of mining claims may put in full time on farms and orchards during the war.

It seems only yesterday that the opposition papers began to howl about

a "million dollar congress" when the annual appropriations for the conduct of the government first reached five hundred millions a year. And now a bill is being prepared to raise two billions in one year for war purposes. And we all approve of spending all the money needed to win the war quickly.

HOW THAT LAW WORKED.
Some odd situations arise in administering awards under the Workmen's Compensation law in this state, says the Oregon Voter. And this is one of the instances it offers in evidence:

A young man and woman, the latter only fifteen years old, went across the state line to get married. A few days later he got a job. Owing to his own carelessness he was killed by a log. Although the young woman had lied about her age, claiming to be eighteen, she got a pension. Five and one-half months after marriage a child was born. Marriage had legitimized the posthumous child, so she got \$6 a month more pension for the baby. The baby's pension will cease when it arrives at the age of sixteen but the young woman's pension of \$36 a month will continue until she dies or marries again. No matter how able-bodied she may be, no matter how much she earns, she will always have this nice little income. Even if she travels to other states or abroad, the pension will follow her. Her shot-gun marriage proved to be an excellent investment.

CONVERTED TO PROHIBITION.
When it came to the boys in the trenches, our friend Chapman, of the Oregon Voter, who has always strongly opposed prohibition, experienced a conversion almost as miraculous as that of Saul of Tarsus. The first thing he says in his last issue is:

Sale of strong liquor should be stopped in the United States during the war.

Our boys are going to the cantonments. Many of these cantonments are in wet states. The bottles pass around, and then whole companies are ready to go down the line. Disease is contracted, and the boys' futures blasted.

Boys away from home restraints and home community social influences are just like animals. Give booze to them and they go wrong.

The emergency justifies throwing aside the older ideals of personal liberty, for the sake of saving the youth of the nation to health and moral vigor. Parents of Oregon, let's work for nation-wide prohibition during the war.

Butter Wrappers and Treadmill signs at the Sentinel office.
Calling cards 100 for \$1.00.

A UNIQUE RECORD.

Very Few Like It in Our Broad Republic.
Grateful testimony for Doan's Kidney Pills, published everywhere is of itself convincing evidence of merit. Confirmed testimony forms still stronger evidence. Years ago, a citizen of this locality gratefully acknowledged the benefit derived from Doan's Kidney Pills. The statement is now confirmed—the proof more convincing. Cases of this kind are plentiful in the work of Doan's Kidney Pills—the record is unique.

A. J. Carman, railroad conductor, 445 S. Pine St., Roseburg, Ore., says: "Continual riding, no doubt, affected my kidneys and caused a dull ache that settled in the small of my back. I used Doan's Kidney Pills with the very best of results." (Statement given February 24, 1913.)

STEADFAST CONFIDENCE.
On March 22, 1916, Mr. Carman said: "I still consider Doan's Kidney Pills a very reliable kidney medicine. Whenever occasion calls for a kidney medicine Doan's Kidney Pills do good work."

Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Carman has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Company, props., Buffalo, New York.

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THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BACK OF A REPUTATION THAT LIVES AND LASTS LIKE THAT.

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BEFORE THE INVENTION OF OUR PATENT AIR-PROOF POUCH GRAVELY PLUS TOBACCO MADE STRICTLY FOR ITS CHEWING QUALITY. WOULD NOT KEEP FRESH IN THIS SECTION. NOW THE PATENT POUCH KEEPS IT FRESH AND CLEAN AND GOOD. A LITTLE CHEW OF GRAVELY'S IS ENOUGH AND LASTS LONGER THAN A BIG CHEW OF ORDINARY PLUGS.

LOOK AT THE GOOD WORK BILL POSTER'S BILLBOARDS HAVE STARTED